

BROOMS

We have a special lot that will sweep clean and give satisfaction. You can get them this week at only

49c
EACH

Be on hand early and get yours, as the quantity is limited.

Churchill Hardware Co.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—12 abouts, R. B. Bannin Phone 1441.

SMALL Delicious apples, 50c box. Cripps ranch, Riddle, Ore.

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts, Phone 2673.

KOHLER lighting plant for sale. Practically good as new. S. C. Miller, Dilard, Phone 4611.

COOKED FOOD SALE—The ladies of St. Joseph's Church will hold a home cooked food sale Sat., March 3, at Zigler Hardware store on Jackson St.

FOR SALE—250 Shrop. sheep; 100 goats; 100 lambs; 20 kids, good stuff. My fine sheep ranch to lease. Retiring. W. J. Butler, Creswell, Ore.

FOR SALE—One pen thoroughbred White Wyandottes; 4 pullets of the Gronewald strain, "bred to lay," fine last spring's cockerel, no relation to pullets, \$10. Also, 2 cockerels of the Gronewald strain, \$3 each. Eggs for hatching, \$2 per 15. Mrs. L. E. Hartwig, Elkton, Ore.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt., ground floor, close in. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, garage, \$10 per mo. 618 S. Main. Phone 1912.

FOR RENT—10-room modern, partly furnished house on Winchester St., North Roseburg. S. W. Starnier, Soldiers' Home.

FOR RENT—75 or 80 acres for broccoli or melons, \$20 per acre with good bankable note. Ed Weaver, Myrtle Creek.

FOR RENT—Ground floor concrete Bldg., corner Oak and Pine Sts. Inquire 317 Oak St., J. M. Weatherford.

FOR RENT—New attractive 2-room apartment, stationary tubs and other conveniences. Dearborn Apts., 112 Brockway. Phone 403-R.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Electro-Chiropractor—Dr. Eugene Health Center, 327 Cass. Pa. 491.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

230 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upon Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Saw Filing a Specialty
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

Public Liability and Property Damage

Two mighty important insurance coverages for the automobile owner. Are you protecting yourself by carrying this coverage on your car? This agency is at your service in writing all lines of automobile insurance.

G. W. Young & Son
INSURANCE

116 Cass St. Phone 417



Food Savings

Not only do our customers save in time by ordering over the phone, but they get the best of Groceries at economy prices.

Try our service and you'll become a satisfied patron.

The Economy Grocery

CANARY MURDER CASE

by S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF THE BENSON MURDER CASE

CHARACTERS

Philo Vance.
John F. X. Markham, district attorney of New York.
Margaret Odell (the "Canary").
Charles Cleaver, a man-about-town.
Kenneth Spotswoode, a manufacturer.
Louis Mannix, an importer.
Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fashionable neurologist.
Tony Skeel, a professional burglar.
William Elmer Jessup, telephone operator.
Harry Spively, telephone operator.
Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR

Skeel's finger prints were found in the apartment of the murdered Margaret Odell, but Vance does not believe him guilty. It is pointed out later that Mannix, Cleaver and Dr. Lindquist all had been lying about their whereabouts on the night of the murder. The truth comes out that Mannix had been calling on a Miss Friesbee in an apartment adjoining the "Canary's"; that Cleaver had been in the building around midnight and that Dr. Lindquist, knowing that Spotswoode was calling on Margaret Odell, had planned in a jealous fit to kill him and had been waiting in the alley outside.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

As Lindquist talked he became more and more agitated. The nerves about his eyes had begun to twitch, and his shoulders jerked like those of a man attempting vainly to control a chill.

"Remember, sir, I was suffering agonies, and my hatred of Spotswoode seemed to cloud my reason. Scarcely realizing what I was doing and yet operating under an irresistible determination, I put my automatic in my pocket and hurried out of the house."

"I thought Miss Odell and Spotswoode would be returning from the theater soon, and I intended to force my way into the apartment and perform the act I had planned."

From across the street I saw them enter the house—it was about eleven then—but when I came face to face with the actuality, I hesitated. I delayed my revenge; I—I played with the idea, getting a kind of insane satisfaction out of it—knowing they were now at my mercy."

His hands were shaking as with a coarse tremor; and the twitching about his eyes had increased.

"For half an hour I waited, glancing. Then, as I was about to go in and have it over with, a man named Cleaver came along and saw me. He stopped and spoke."

"I thought he might be going to call on Miss Odell, so I told him she already had a visitor. He then

went on toward Broadway, and while I was waiting for him to turn the corner, Spotswoode came out of the house and jumped into a taxicab that had just driven up."

"My plan had been thwarted—I had waited too long. Suddenly I seemed to awake as from some terrible nightmare. I was almost in a state of collapse, but I managed to get home. That's what happened—so help me God!"

He sank back weakly in his chair. The suppressed nervous excitement that had fired him while he spoke had died out, and he appeared listless and indifferent. He sat several minutes breathing stertorously, and twice he passed his hands vaguely across his forehead.

He was in no condition to be questioned, and finally Markham sent for Tracy and gave orders that he was to be taken to his home.

"Temporary exhaustion from hysteria," commented Vance indifferently. "All these paranoiacs are hyperbolic. He'll be in a psychopathic ward in another year."

"That's as may be, Mr. Vance," said Heath with an impatience that repudiated all enthusiasm for the subject of abnormal psychology. "What interests me just now is the way all these fellows' stories hang together."

"Yes," nodded Markham. "There is undeniably a groundwork of truth in their statements."

"But please observe," Vance pointed out, "that their stories do not eliminate any one of them as a possible culprit. Their tales, as you say, synchronize perfectly; and yet, despite all that net coordination, any one of the three could have got into the Odell apartment that night."

"For instance," Mannix could have entered from Apartment 2 before Cleaver came along and listened; and he could have seen Cleaver going away when he himself was leaving the Odell apartment—Cleaver could have spoken to the doctor at half past eleven, walked to the Ansonia, returned a little before twelve, gone into the lady's apartment and come out just as Mannix opened Miss Friesbee's door."

"Again," the exaltado doctor may have gone in after Spotswoode came out at half past eleven, stayed twenty minutes or so, and departed before Cleaver returned from the Ansonia. . . . No; the fact that their stories dovetail doesn't in the least tend to exculpate any one of them."

"And," supplemented Markham, "that cry of 'Oh my God!' might have been made by either Mannix or Lindquist—provided Cleaver really heard it."

"He heard it unquestionably," said Vance. "Some one in the apartment was invoking the Deity around midnight. Cleaver hasn't sufficient sense of the dramatic to

fabricate such a thrilling tale."

"But if Cleaver actually heard that voice," protested Markham, "then he is automatically eliminated as a suspect."

"Not at all, old dear. He may have heard it after he had come out of the apartment, and realized then, for the first time, that some one had been hidden in the place during his visit."

"Your man in the clothes closet, I presume you mean."

"Yes—of course. . . . You know, Markham, it might have been the horrified Skeel, emerging from his hiding-place upon a scene of tragic wreckage, who let out that evangelical invocation."

"Except," commented Markham, with sarcasm, "Skeel doesn't impress me as particularly religious."

"Oh, that?" Vance shrugged. "A point in substantiation. Irrational persons call on God much more than Christians. The only true and consistent theologians, don't you know, are the atheists."

Heath, who had been sitting in gloomy meditation, took his cigar from his mouth and heaved a heavy sigh.

"Yes," he rumbled, "I'm willing to admit somebody besides Skeel got into Odell's apartment, and that the Dude hid in the clothes closet. But, if that's so, then this other fellow didn't see Skeel; and it's not going to do us a whole lot of good even if we identify him."

"Don't fret on that point, Sergeant," Vance counseled him cheerfully. "When you've identified this other mysterious visitor you'll be positively amazed how black care will desert you. You'll rubricate the hour you find him. You'll leap gleefully in the air. You'll sing a roundelay."

"The hell I will!" said Heath. "Swacker came in with a type-written memorandum, and put it on the district attorney's desk."

"The architect just phoned in this report."

Markham glanced it over; it was very brief.

"No help here," he said. "Walls solid. No waste space. No hidden entrances."

"Too bad, Sergeant," sighed Vance. "You'll have to drop the cinema idea. . . . Sad."

Heath grunted and looked disconsolate.

"Even without no other way of getting in or out except that side door," he said to Markham, "couldn't we get an indictment against Skeel, now that we know the door was unlocked Monday night?"

"We might, Sergeant. But our chief snag would be to show how it was originally unlocked, and then rebolted after Skeel left. And Abe Rubin would concentrate on that point—No, we'd better wait a while and see what develops."

Something "developed" at once. Swacker entered and informed the Sergeant that Snitkin wanted to see him immediately.

Snitkin came in, visibly agitated, accompanied by a wizened, shabbily dressed little man of about sixty, who appeared awed and terrified. In the detective's hand was a small parcel wrapped

in newspaper, which he laid on the district attorney's desk with an air of triumph.

"The 'Canary's' jewelry," he announced. "I've checked it up from the list the maid gave me, and it's all there."

Heath sprang forward, but Markham was already untying the package with nervous fingers. When the paper had been opened, there lay before us a small heap of dazzling trinkets—several rings of exquisite workmanship, three magnificent bracelets, a sparkling sunburst, and a deliciously wrought locket. The stones were all large and of unconventional cut.

Markham looked up from them inquisitively, and Snitkin, not waiting for the inevitable question, explained.

"This man Potts found 'em. He's a street-cleaner, and he says they were in one of the D. S. C. cans at 232 Street near the Flatiron Building. He found 'em yesterday afternoon, so he says, and took 'em home. Then he got scared and brought 'em to Police Headquarters this morning."

Mr. Potts, the "white-wing," was trembling visibly.

"These right, sir—these right," he assured Markham, with frightened eagerness. "I allus took into any bundles I find. I didn't mean no harm takin' 'em home, sir. I wasn't gonna keep 'em. I laid 'em awake worryin' all night, ah! this mornin', as soon as I got a chance, I took 'em to the p'lice. He shook so violently I was afraid he was going to break down completely."

"That's all right, Potts," Markham told him in a kindly voice. "Then to Snitkin: 'Let the man go—only get his full name and address.'"

Vance had been studying the newspaper in which the jewels had been wrapped.

"I say, my man," he asked, "is this the original paper you found them in?"

"Yes, sir—the same. I ain't touched nothin'."

"Right-o—"

Mr. Potts, greatly relieved, shuffled out, followed by Snitkin.

"The Flatiron Building is directly across Madison Square from the Stuyvesant Club," observed Markham, frowning.

"So it is," Vance then pointed to the left-hand margin of the newspaper that held the jewels.

"And you'll notice that this Herald of yesterday has three punctures evidently made by the pins of a wooden holder such as is generally used in a club's reading-room."

"You got a good eye, Mr. Vance," nodded Heath, inspecting the newspaper.

"I'll see about this," Markham viciously pressed a button. "They keep their papers on file for a week at the Stuyvesant Club."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WELL DRILLING

Best steel casing \$1.00 a foot. Heavy steel metal casing, 50c a foot. For drilling estimates see or write W. F. Kernin, Roseburg.

How's your bed?

Don't Gamble

With your next year's profits. Other feeds MAY BE ALL RIGHT—YOU KNOW CROWN FEEDS ARE ALL RIGHT

KOMLETE CHICK, MILK AND GRAIN CHICK FEED

See us for incubators, brooders, chicken wire, roofing, etc.

Seed Spuds \$3.00 and \$3.25

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

ROSEBURG AGENTS FOR OAKLAND

Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.

John Deere Plow Co. Shorwin-Williams Co.

Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

MOVIES

MADGE BELLAMY IN "SOFT LIVING" COMING TO THE LIBERTY

Charming, dark-eyed Madge Bellamy, who plays the stellar role in "Soft Living," a riotous comedy-drama coming to the Liberty theatre, says that she gets a great thrill out of humorous roles.

"After all," quoted Miss Bellamy, "the days that make us happy make us wise and it is just as much fun to depict a humorous situation on the screen as something that happens in real life."

"What person is really interesting without a sense of humor? I don't believe anyone, unless he was so dry that he appeared hilariously comical."

"If one looks at the world through rose-colored glasses there are a hundred little things in every day life that afford joy and amusement."

"That is why I like comedy-drama. When you play just an ordinary girl who experiences all of the enjoyment and humor of life, then it is a real pleasure."

Supporting Madge Bellamy in "Soft Living" is Johnny Mack Brown. Others included in the cast are: Mary Duncan, Joyce Comp-ton, Henry Kolker, Olive Tell, Thomas Jefferson and Tom Dugan, James Tilling directed.

CLARA BOW IN "GET YOUR MAN" AT THE ANTLERS

Round four—Clara Bow in the lead.

The little red-haired screen flapper who won the championship in public popularity in "Mantrap" and "Kid Boots" proves her right to the

Beds, springs and mattresses at McKean, Darby and Baldwin's.

L. F. T.

K. of P. hall Tuesday night, Feb. 28th. This is a masquerade dance and all members are to be in costume or "what have you?" The "cop" will get you and part of your pocket book, if you are not there with the "fixings."

title in her latest picture "Get Your Man," which opens a 3-day run at the Antlers today.

"Get Your Man" was built for Clara Bow. It shows her a care-free American girl who starts out to see Parisian life and winds up by falling in love with a youth of that country—Charles Rogers.

But the big item in the story concerns a betrothal in which Rogers figures. The French boy has been engaged to a French girl, Josephine Dunn, since he was five years old. Although it is a loveless match for both Rogers and Miss Dunn, they do not care to incur the wrath of their fathers by breaking the betrothal and it is up to the American girl to do the work.

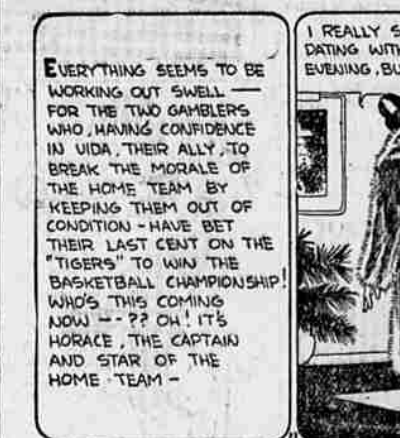
And how she does it!

The picture abounds in humor. Miss Bow furnishes the majority of this but she has able assistance from Harvey Clarke, who appears as the Marquis. Rogers makes a distinctive hit as the leading man and Josef Swickard, as Rogers' father, is the same strong character actor that he has been in the past.

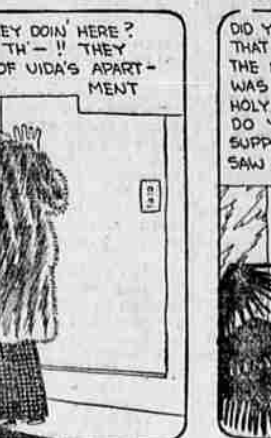
Dorothy Arner must be given a huge bouquet for the direction. She has achieved her greatest success.

How's your bed?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Oh! This Is Terrible



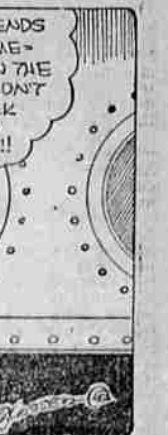
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Homesick!



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



That's True



By Small



Pain in Your Shoulder?

It's Probably Neuritis; Use Tymsol for Relief

Knife-like jabs of pain in the vicinity of the shoulder blade are generally due to neuritis, brought on by exposure to draughts or sudden changes of weather. In some cases there is stiffness or soreness in the muscles, making it difficult to raise the arm.

The safest and easiest way to relieve such an attack is to apply a small quantity of Tymsol over the affected area. This soothing liniment, preparation is quickly absorbed through the pores and carried to the throbbing, aching periphery of the nerve. Recommended for all forms of neuritis, sciatica or rheumatism. You can get a good supply for \$1 at any drug store. Always on hand at

NATHAN FULLERTON'S