

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

DRY LIME, sulphur and all spary material. Denn-Gerretsen Co.

FOR SALE—Wicker baby buggy, cheap. Phone 42-L.

FOR SALE—15 head of 125-lb. shoats, \$8 each. Weanling pigs, \$1 each. Phone 34F2.

2ND HAND wood range, \$20.00. Roseburg Electric.

COAL? Call Page's, they've three kinds.

FOR SALE—12 shoats, R. B. Banning Phone 14F41.

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

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts, Phone 26F3.

NOTHING better than a Western Electric loud speaker. Try it one evening. Roseburg Electric.

KOHLER lighting plant for sale. Practically good as new. S. C. Miller, Dillard, Phone 46F11.

YES—We sell no bananas, but we do sell the best silk hosiery in the city for the price. Goettsels Variety Store.

FOR SALE—250 Shrop. sheep; 100 goats; 160 lambs; 30 kids, good stuff. My fine sheep ranch to lease. Retiring. W. J. Butler, Creswell, Ore.

FOR SALE—30 Barred Rock pullets, laying; \$1.25 each. Mrs. J. H. Carnes, Carnes Station, Phone 6F4.

FOR SALE—Fresh Holstein cow with heifer calf; also 300-chick incubator. Emma Lee, High and Kane Sts.

DINNER SETS—Wonderful bargains in decorated dinner sets this week. Wide range of choice at \$4.50 up. See these beautiful dinner sets at Goettsels Variety Store.

FOR SALE BROCCOLI SEED—300 pounds purchased at auction sale, price \$8 a pound. It is not guaranteed but should make excellent quality for feed. Write Ben S. Fisher, Marshfield, Ore.

FOR SALE—Mammoth thornless blackberry roots, 50 each; Giant Everbearing red raspberry roots, 50 each. Canary birds that are real warblers, \$3 each with female bird free. Inquire Goettsels Variety Store.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Building at 225 N. Jackson. Phone 123.

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

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, garage, \$10 per mo, 518 S. Main. Phone 15F12.

FOR RENT—10-room modern, partly furnished house on Winchester St., North Roseburg. S. W. Sturmer, 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 217 Oak St., J. M. Weatherford.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Electro - Chiropractor - Druggist
Health Center, 327 Cass. Ph. 491.

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Upson Board and Veneer Panel
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16 Cass St. Phone 417

FOR RENT—Room upstairs in

Bell Sisters Bldg., reasonable
for a dressmaker or alteration
work and dressmaking. Phone
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WANTED

WANTED—250 men to take dinner
at Roseburg Cafeteria.

YOUNG lady wants place to room
and board, close in. Address Box
95, care News-Review.

WANTED—Ladies not to forget to
take lunch at Roseburg Cafe-
teria.

SEWING WANTED—Kohlhagen
Apt. 308, Phone 496-J. Mrs. M. E.
Pearce.

MISCELLANEOUS

5-ROOM house to trade for late
model sedan car. J. D. Broughton,
Miller's Addition, Roseburg.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to
call 553 when in need of auto
parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking
House.

LOST

LOST—Feb. 26, between Eugene
and Yoncalla, new 34x7 First
stone tire on wheel. Notify Rose
Garage.

By Rail or Highway to Portland

{New silver-gray motor-
coaches; faster trains.}

New convenience for travelers to
Portland and intermediate stations.
Luxurious motor-coach service by
Southern Pacific Motor Transport
Co. in addition to improved sched-
ules of Southern Pacific trains.

to Portland

Oregonian . . . 11:45 p.m. 7:15 a.m.
Shasta . . . 4:10 p.m. 10:30 p.m.
Motor Coach . . . 6:45 a.m. 2:45 p.m.
Motor Coach . . . 11:32 a.m. 7:55 p.m.

Returning

Oregonian . . . 9:30 p.m. 4:25 a.m.
Shasta . . . 8:30 a.m. 2:35 p.m.
Motor Coach . . . 9:30 a.m. 5:57 p.m.
Motor Coach . . . 2:30 p.m. 10:35 p.m.

Buy 10-ride Tickets

for use on motor-coaches and good for
60 days. Save money with these low
fares.

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Pacific**

J. E. CLARK
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Not only do our cus-
tomers 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

THE CANARY MURDER CASE

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

CHARACTERS

Philo Vance.
John F. X. Markham, district at-
torney of New York county.
Margaret Odell (the "Canary").
Charles Cleaver, a man-about-
town.

Kenneth Spotswoode, a manu-
facturer.

Louis Mannix, an importer.

Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fa-
mous neurologist.

Tony Skeel, a professional bur-
glar.

William Elmer Jessup, tele-
phone operator.

Harry Spivey, telephone op-
erator.

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
proved later that Mannix, Cleaver
and Dr. Lindquist all had been
lying about their whereabouts the
night of the murder. The truth
comes out that Mannix had been
calling on a young lady in an
apartment adjoining the "Can-
ary's"; that Cleaver had been in
the building around midnight and
that Dr. Lindquist, knowing that
Spotswoode was calling on Mar-
garet Odell, had planned in a jeal-
ous fit to kill him. But this plan
was frustrated when Spotswoode
jumped into a cab. Later a street
cleaner finds Margaret Odell's
jewels wrapped in a newspaper.
The paper has punctures in it,
suggesting that it came off a club
leading rack.

CHAPTER XXXIX

When Swacker appeared, he
asked that the club's steward be
got immediately on the telephone.
After a short delay, the con-
nection was made. At the end of five
minutes' conversation Markham
hung up the receiver and gave
Heath a baffled look.

"The club takes two Heralds.
Both of yesterday's copies are
there on the rack."

"Didn't Cleaver once tell us he
read nothing but The Herald—that
and some racing-sheet at night?"
Vance put the question offhand-
ly.

"I believe he did," Markham
considered the suggestion. "Still,
both the club Heralds are account-
ed for." He turned to Heath.

"When you were checking up on
Mannix, did you find out what
clubs he belonged to?"

"Sure." The sergeant took out
his note-book and rifled the pages
for a minute or two. "He's a mem-
ber of the Furriers' and the Cos-
mopolis."

Markham pushed the telephone
toward him.

"See what you can find out,"
Heath was fifteen minutes at the

task.

"A blank," he announced finally.

"The Furriers' don't use holders,
and the Cosmopolis don't keep any
back numbers."

"What about Mr. Skeel's clubs,
Sergeant?" asked Vance, smiling.

"Oh, I know the finding of that
jewelry gums up my theory about
Skeel," said Heath, with surliness.

"But what's the good of
rubbing it in? Still, if you think
I'm going to give the bird a clean
bill of health just because the
Odell swag was found in a trash-
can, you're mighty mistaken. Don't
forget we're watching the Dude
pretty close. He may have got
leery, and tipped off some pal he'd
cached the jewels with."

"I rather fancy the experienced
Skeel would have turned his booty
over to a professional receiver."

But even had he passed it on to a
friend, would this friend have
been likely to throw it away be-
cause Skeel was worried?

"Maybe not. But there's some
explanation for those jewels being
found, and when we get hold of it,
it won't eliminate Skeel."

"No; the explanation won't eli-
minate Skeel," said Vance; "but—
my word!—how it'll change his
standing."

Heath contemplated him with
shrewdly appraising eyes. Some-
thing in Vance's tone had appar-
ently piqued his curiosity and set
him to wondering. Vance had too
often been right in his diagnoses
of persons and things for the ser-
geant to ignore his opinions
wholly.

But before he could answer,
Swacker stepped alertly into the
room his eyes animated.

"Tony Skeels on the wire,
Chief, and wants to speak to
you."

Markham, despite his habitual
reserve, gave a start.

"Here, Sergeant," he said quick-
ly. "Take that extension phone on
the table and listen in."

He nodded curtly to Swacker,
who disappeared to make the con-
nection. Then he took up the re-
ceiver of his own telephone and
spoke to Skeel.

"For a minute or so he listened.
Then, after a brief argument, he
concurred with some suggestion
that had evidently been made;
and the conversation ended."

"Skeel craves an audience, I
gather," said Vance. "I've rather
been expecting it, y' know."

"Yes. He's coming here tomor-
row at ten."

"And he hinted that he knew
who slew the Canary—eh, what?"

"That's just what he did say.
He promised to tell me the whole
story tomorrow morning."

"He's the lad in a position to do
it," murmured Vance.

"But, Mr. Markham," said Heath,
who still sat with his hand on the
telephone, gazing at the instru-

ment with dazed incredulity, "I
don't see why you don't have him
brought here today."

"As you heard, Sergeant, Skeel
insisted on tomorrow, and threat-
ened to say nothing if I forced the
issue. It's just as well not to an-
tagonize him. We might spoil a
good chance of getting some light
on this case if I ordered him
brought here and used pressure.
And tomorrow suits me. It'll be
quiet around here then. More-
over, your man's watching Skeel,
and he won't get away."

"I guess you're right, sir. The
Dude's touchy, and he can give a
swell imitation of an oyster when
he feels like it." The sergeant
spoke with feeling.

"I'll have Swacker here tomor-
row to take down his statement,"
Markham went on; "and you'd bet-
ter put one of your men on the
elevator—the regular operator is
off Sundays. Also, plant a man in
the hall outside, and put another
one in Swacker's office."

Vance stretched himself luxu-
riously and rose.

"Most considerate of the gentle-
man to call up at this time, don't
y' know. I had a longing to see
the Monets at Durand-Ruel's this
afternoon, and I was afraid I
wasn't going to be able to drag
myself away from this fascinatin'
case. Now that the apocalypse
has been definitely scheduled for
tomorrow, I'll indulge my taste
for Impressionism."

"A demand, Markham. By-by, Sergeant."

(Sunday, September 16; 10 a. m.)

A fine drizzle was falling the
next morning when we rose; and
a chill—the first forerunner of
winter—was in the air. We had
breakfast in the library at half
past eight, and at nine o'clock
Vance's car—which had been or-
dered the night before—called for
us.

We rode down Fifth Avenue,
now almost deserted in its thick
blanket of yellow fog, and called
for Markham at his apartment in
West 12th Street. He was waiting
for us in front of the house, and
with scarcely a word of greeting, from
his anxious, preoccupied look I
knew that he was depending a
good deal on what Skeel had to
tell him.

We had turned into West Broad-
way beneath the Elevated tracks
before any of us spoke. Then
Markham voiced a doubt which
was plainly an articulation of his
troubled ruminations.

"I'm wondering if, after all,
this fellow Skeel can have any
important information to give us.
His phone call was very strange.
Yet he spoke confidently enough
regarding his knowledge."

"No request for immunity
—just a plain, assured statement
that he knew who murdered the
Odell girl," and had decided to
come clean."

"It's certain he himself didn't
strangle the lady," pronounced
Vance. "My theory, as you know,
is that he was hiding in the
clothes-dress when the shady busi-
ness was being enacted; and all
along I've clung lovingly to the
idea that he was an acrobat to the

entire proceedings.

"The keyhole of that closet door
is on a direct line with the end of
the davenport where the lady was
strangled; and if a rival was op-
erating at the time of his conceal-
ment, it's not unreasonable to as-
sume that he peered forth—eh,
what? I questioned him on this
point, you remember; and he
didn't like it a bit."

"But, in that case—"

"Oh, I know. There are all kinds
of erudite objections to my wild
dream—Why didn't he give the
alarm? Why didn't he tell us about
it before? Why this? and why
that? . . . I make no claim to em-
phaticness, y' know; I don't even
pretend to have a logical explana-
tion. My theory is only sketched
in, as it were. But I'm convinced,
nevertheless, that the modish Tony
knew who killed his bona toba
and looted her apartment."

"But of the three persons who
possibly could have got into the
Odell apartment that night—namely,
Mannix, Cleaver, and Lindquist—
Skeel evidently knows only one
—Mannix."

"Yes—to be sure. And Mannix
it would seem, is the only one of
the trio who knows Skeel. . . . An
interesting point."

Heath met us at the Franklin
Street entrance to the criminal
courts building. He, too, was anx-
ious and subdued, and he shook
hands with us in a detached man-
ner devoid of his usual heartiness.

"I've got Snitkin running the el-
evator," he said, after the briefest
of salutations. "Burke's in the
hall upstairs, and Emery is with
him, waiting to be let into Swack-
er's office."

We entered the deserted and al-
most silent building and rode up
to the fourth floor. Markham un-
locked his office door and we passed
in.

"Guilfoyle, the man who's tail-
ing Skeel," Heath explained, when
we were seated, "is to report by
phone to the homicide bureau as
soon as the Dude leaves his
rooms."

It was now twenty minutes to
ten. Five minutes later Swacker
arrived. Taking his stenographic
notebook, he stationed himself just
inside of the swinging door of
Markham's private sanctum, where
he could hear all that was said
without being seen. Markham lit
a cigar, and Heath followed suit.

Vance was already smoking
placidly. He was the calmest per-
son in the room, and lay back
langorously in one of the great
leather chairs as though immune
to all cares and vicissitudes. But
I could tell by the over-deliberate
way he flicked his ashes into the
receiver that he, too, was uneasy.

Five or six minutes passed in
complete silence. Then the ser-
geant gave a grunt of annoyance.

"No, sir," he said, as if com-
pleting some unspoken thought, "I
can't get a slant on this business.
The finding of that jewelry, now,
all nicely wrapped up . . . and
then the Dude offering to equal
. . . There's no sense to it."

"It's tryin', I know, Sergeant;
but it's not altogether senseless,"
Vance was gazing lazily at the

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CHICK FEED**

See us for incubators, brooders, chicken wire,
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Seed Spuds \$3.00 and \$3.25

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ceiling. "The chap who confis-
cated those bangles didn't have any
use for them. He didn't want them,
in fact—they worried him abomin-
ably."

The point was too complex for
Heath. The previous day's devel-
opments had shaken the founda-
tion of all his arguments; and he
lapsed again into brooding silence.

At ten o'clock he rose impatient-
ly and, going to the hall door,
looked out. Returning, he com-
pared his watch with the office
clock and began pacing restlessly.

Markham was attempting to sort
some papers on his desk, but pre-
sently he pushed them aside with
an impatient gesture.

"He ought to be coming along
now," he remarked, with an effort
at cheerfulness.

"He'll come," growled Heath.
"or he'll get a free ride." And he
continued his pacing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How's your bet?

FIGHTS LAST NIGHT

(Associated Press Local Wire)

LOS ANGELES—George God-
frey, Pennsylvania, defeated Pa-
olino Uzendun, Spain, 10, Andy Gill,
Los Angeles, technically knocked
out Dominie Angelo, Philadelphia,
3.

SEATTLE, Wash.—Roy Wil-
liams, Chicago, won from Norman
Williams, Moosejaw, Sask., 6.

WILMINGTON, Del.—Tommy
Dundee, Camden, Del., defeated Al
Martin, Baltimore, 8.

HUSMARK, N. D.—Billy Pe-
troll, Fargo, knocked out Rusty
Jones, Kansas City, 4.

ST. LOUIS.—Chuck Wiggins, In-
dianapolis, defeated Yale Okunk,
New York, 10.

Eat barbecue, sandwiches and
live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

RYAN FRUIT CO. INTERESTS TAKEN OVER BY PACIFIC CO.

Through a deal effective here to-
day the Pacific Fruit and Produce
company takes over the agencies
of the Ryan Fruit company in this
district. The Pacific company will
discontinue operations in the Ida-
ho district, according to the agree-
ment, and the Ryan company will
give up business in the Southern
Oregon district. The Pacific Fruit
and Produce company takes over
the agencies in Roseburg, Eugene,
Medford, Ashland, Grants Pass
and Marshfield, while the agencies
of the Pacific company in Idaho
are taken over by the Ryan Fruit
company. The change does not af-
fect the Ryan Fruit company's
broccoli organization, and makes
no changes in personnel here as
the local interests of the Ryan
company, aside from their broccoli
activities, have been handed out
of Eugene.

CALL FOR WARRANTS.

All warrants of School Dist. No. 8,
Canyonville, Ore., Douglas county,
are called up to and including
804. Interest ceases after this date,
Feb. 27, 1928.

JESSIE M. NEWTON, Clerk,
School Dist. No. 8, Canyonville,
Oregon.

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

NEURALGIA
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—smell and inhale the vapors
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