

BORAH'S ANTI-WAR CRUSADE ENDED BY S. O. LEVINSON

Prominent Chicagoan Gives \$55,000 to University of Idaho to Carry on Peace Work.

MOSCOW, Idaho, April 11.—A gift of \$55,000 from Salmon O. Levinson, Chicago attorney and prominent peace advocate, for the establishment of a "William Edgar Borah outlaws of war" foundation, was announced here today by Dr. Frederick J. Kelly, president of the university.

The endowment was offered to perpetuate "the great contribution of William Edgar Borah to the cause of world peace and democracy." Levinson did not state why form the foundation should take.

In a resolution accepting the offer, the board of regents of the university intimated that a lectureship would be established, correlated with courses dealing with various phases of international relations, with special consideration of the possible establishment of world peace.

Kellogg Pact Worker Mr. Levinson, Dr. Kelly said, is recognized internationally as the originator of the plan for outlawry

of war which the Idaho senator has championed for years. It is said to have formed the basis for the Kellogg pact, signed since 1917, the date of America's entry into the World war, he has visited many European nations in the interests of world peace. He was the organizer of the American committee on the outlawry of war, of which he is now chairman.

Senator Borah, chairman of the committee on foreign relations in the senate, has just advocated anti-war proposals, and lectured for the cause of peace.

Borah's plan for abolishing war was embodied in a senate resolution introduced in 1923. It was based on the contention that international peace proposals would be helped "if war itself were declared a punishable crime in international law."

His resolution advocated a universal treaty making a public crime under the law of nations; a code of international law to foster a peace founded on equality and justice among nations, and an international court modeled upon the United States supreme court.

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Free camp grounds, Idlewild Park.



THIS HAS HAPPENED

"Handsome Harry" Borden is shot between one and four Saturday afternoon. Ruth Lester, secretary, finds his body Monday morning, sprawled beneath the aircraft window of his private office.

McMann, detective sergeant, questions the following suspects: Ruth, Mrs. Borden, Borden's estranged wife and mother of his two children; Rita Dubois, night club dancer, with whom Borden was infatuated, and Jack Hayward, Ruth's fiancé, whose office is across the narrow airshaft from Borden's.

McMann's belief in Jack's guilt is strengthened by the testimony of elevator boys, Mickey Moran, and Otto Pfingner, and of Bill Cowan, Jack's friend, who says he heard Jack threaten Borden's life Saturday morning when he saw Borden struggling with Ruth in the opposite office. McMann sends detective to bring in Cleo Gilman, Borden's discarded mistress, and Jake Balley, his bodyguard.

Meanwhile he questions Benny Smith, Borden's office boy; Ashie, his manservant; Minnie Cassidy and Latty Miller, seventh floor scrubwomen. McMann shows Ruth a fresh scar in the wall outside Jack's window; also a flattened bullet found in the cement seven flights below. He says Borden fired this bullet too late at his murderer who stood in Jack's window.

That evening at Ruth's apartment she and Jack try to fit into the sordid puzzle Ashie's and Minnie's testimony about some vague testimony woman with a contralto voice whom Borden feared. Jack recalls a Martha Manning with such a voice who called on him about insurance and who was strangely interested in Borden's office across the airshaft. Ruth wonders if this is the mother of Borden's illegitimate son, and makes a joking promise to Jack to take charge of the investigation herself on Tuesday.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXV Perhaps it was because she was so tired and suddenly so sleepy that the prayer for help which Ruth Lester addressed, with childlike faith, to her Heavenly Father, ended in an extremely unorthodox manner, designed to confound a less understanding God than the one in which she believed.

For her last words, before sleep settled upon her, like a smothering elderdown comfort, were: "Please come back to me, daddy. I'm not clever enough to save Jack without your help. It's just the kind of case you always loved. You could make all the pieces of the puzzle fit. Come back and laugh at me for being so stupid—so stupid."

And with miraculous suddenness, part of that drowsy, native prayer was answered. Subconsciously, Ruth Lester knew that she was dreaming, that her actual body—aching with fatigue—was lying on her couch bed in her tiny bachelor-girl apartment, that her adored father, Colby Lester, always referred to as "the famous criminal lawyer," was dead. But her prayer was being answered, and what did it matter that it was only a dream? But she mustn't wake up too soon.

The dream was a kindly one, not fantastic or absurd. She was back again in her father's library, curled kittenwise in his arms, as his long, silver fingers arranged and rearranged bits of a jigsaw puzzle spread out on the desk before him.

"What is that big, square-shaped piece, daddy?" she heard her own voice inquiring, as those expert fingers made a quick arrangement of the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle. "That, infant?" She distinctly heard his beloved, familiar chuckle. "Why, that's the orchid-tinted letter, of course."

Perhaps Ruth mourned later, if she had not cried out so sharply at that she would not have awakened, would have seen the complete solving of that jigsaw puzzle under the expert manipulation of Colby Lester's fingers. But she did wake up, with her own exclamation of self-disgust and her faith-

er's last words ringing in her ears.

With the sharp clarity of mind and memory which comes in the small hours of the night, Ruth recalled every detail of a scene which she had forgotten throughout the dreary first day of the police investigation into the murder of Henry P. Borden.

She saw again the large, square, orchid-tinted envelope, with its distinctive angular handwriting in violet ink, saw herself seated at her desk in the outer office of Borden's suite, sorting Saturday morning's mail, laying aside unopened the exotic missive marked "Personal," saw, later, the seizure of regulation and answer with which Henry Borden flicked the unwelcome letter across his desk, then heard again the muttered oath with which he picked it up and thrust it, unopened, into the breast pocket of his vest.

In her excitement, Ruth sat straight up in bed, her hands clasped to her wildly beating heart. Where was that letter now? She had seen Detective Sergeant McMann lay it on the desk of the "orchid-tinted" envelope, could clearly recall now every item he had taken from it. And no orchid-tinted letter had been among them!

Had Borden, some time between his receipt of the letter and his death, taken it out of his vest pocket, read it, torn it across and tossed it into his wastebasket? Certainly he had not done so before she herself left the office at 20 minutes after one, for her last act of service to the man who had been murdered had been to help him clear his desk of accumulated memoranda and advertising matter issued by other promoters on stock as dubious as his own. She had tossed the worthless papers into the empty wastebasket which stood beside his desk.

Perhaps he had read the letter and thrown it away after she had left, but if so, it was the first of the orchid-tinted letters, of which he had received several during the four months she had worked for him, to find its way into his office wastebasket and thence, possibly, into the possession of a curious reader. But if it had not come into the basket and been taken out with the rest of the papers, by Minnie Cassidy, where was it now?

If, as McMann seemed to believe, Rita Dubois had robbed his dead body, why should she also send a letter written to Borden by another woman? There was no possibility that Rita herself was the writer. The orchid-tinted envelope marked "Personal" had been coming back on her pillow, welcomed by her had ever met and fallen in love with the dancer.

If Mrs. Borden had killed her husband before Rita's arrival and robbing of the body, she could not have known of the existence of the letter, could have had no motive for taking it if she had known, for the letter had not been written by Elizabeth Borden. Ruth knew the discarded wife's handwriting very well, had seen her small, delicate, precise signature each month as an endorsement of Borden's check for her separation allowance.

Suddenly the obvious course of action occurred to the excited girl. There was no use in puzzling and worrying over the letter now, but tomorrow morning. She lay back on her pillow, welcomed the waves of sleep which immediately began to dull her brain, for maybe Colby Lester, her father, would come to her again.

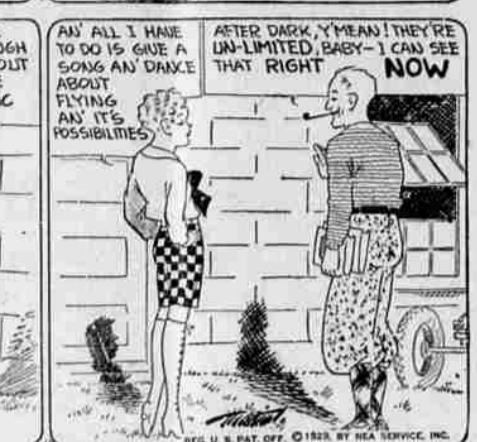
Colby Lester did not come again that night, but the next morning his daughter woke, feeling strangely happy and comforted, quite equal to performing the two errands she had set herself—without benefit of police sanction—and then, as she had, independently expressed it to Jack Hayward the night before, to taking charge of the investigation into the murder of Henry P. Borden!

While she was dressing, a sudden thought occurred to Ruth, and she ran to the front window of her tiny apartment. As she had expected, she saw a man strolling

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin



Bub Is Optimistic

leisurely up and down the sidewalk across the street from her apartment, his head turning now and then to glance casually toward the cheaply pretentious entrance.

Ruth blew a finger-tip kiss to the unconscious watcher, laughed exultantly, then whirled back to her dressing-table. "I'm going to lead you an awful chase, dear, obvious old 'shadow'!" she promised him.

And she kept her promise. Twice, as the detective's taxi drew almost abreast of hers, the girl thought she was going to be stopped and questioned, but undoubtedly the man had his orders not to jerk on the leash.

The first was not a long trip. Ruth's taxi drew up before an old but dignified apartment house in one of those side streets which offer their residents an impeccable address—the kind of address which makes department store saleswomen look at the owner with interest and respect.

"Please wait, I shan't be long," Ruth directed her driver. "Mrs. Borden is not seeing any one, miss," the uniformed doorman told her, when she asked to be announced over the house telephone.

"Please see Mrs. Borden on the phone, and tell her that Miss Ruth Lester wants to see her on a matter of vital importance," Ruth directed crisply.

Three minutes later Borden's widow and his secretary confronted each other in the large foyer of Mrs. Borden's apartment. Deep shadows from a sleepless, grieving night lay like black moth wings beneath the widow's eyes, and accentuated the ghastly pallor of her face.

Before Mrs. Borden could frame her dignified protest at the intrusion, Ruth put the question she had come to ask: "Mrs. Borden, would you please tell me what you know about Martha Manning?"

At that name, color flooded her pale face and her eyes flashed angry fire. Ruth was almost sorry she had come.

"How dare you mention that woman's name to me?" Mrs. Borden gasped, her hand at her throat, as if the words were choking her. Then, by a visible effort, she regained a measure of control: "I—don't know whom you mean, or why you ask, Miss Lester? If Mr. McMann has any further questions to ask me—"

"Oh, please, dear Mrs. Borden!" Ruth pleaded. "I know you want to protect your husband's—past from the newspapers, but—he is dead, and it is your duty to tell anything you know which might help—"

"I have nothing to say to you, Miss Lester," Mrs. Borden interrupted coldly.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. Borden," Ruth said gently, "and I want you to know that you have my—my deepest sympathy," and without waiting for a reply, she reached for the knob of the door by which she had entered.

Her question had been answered, far more completely than the murdered man's widow could suspect. Ruth knew now why Mrs. Borden had refused on Monday to identify "the woman with the contralto voice." The mother of Harry Borden's legitimate children would die before she would admit, and thus push to the world, her knowledge of the existence of an illegitimate half-brother of those children. How dreadful a burden that knowledge must have been all these years.

It was a saddest, subdued girl who gave the next address to the taxi driver.

"That gyp cab's following us, with a dick inside," the driver told her, out of the corner of his mouth, as she climbed into her taxi.

"I know," Ruth smiled at him reassuringly. "The 'dick' is only doing his duty. There won't be any trouble."

The driver shook his head, hesitated about starting his motor. "I don't want to get mixed up in nothing, miss—"

"Very well," Ruth agreed cheerfully, preparing to disembark. "If you don't want to drive me, I'll

get the 'dick' to take me in his cab. I'll save fare."

"Guess it's all right," her driver concluded, grinning at her impudence.

This time the trip was a long one, so long that Ruth cast more than one anxious glance at the meter, but at last she reached her destination—the suburban grocery store over which Minnie Cassidy lived in two cheerless rooms. Ruth had made the trip once before—on Christmas Day—to visit the old scrubwoman, temporarily bedridden with rheumatism.

Entrance was through the mean, dirty little store, inefficiently run by Minnie's son-in-law, with the help of the girl, Rose.

"Hello, Rose!" Ruth greeted the pretty, untidy girl behind the counter. "I want to see your mother."

"She's upstairs, Miss Lester. Bud isn't here, and I'm alone in the store. Would you mind going up alone?"

Ruth found Minnie Cassidy pattering about a disordered kitchen. "Good land, child! What brings you here?" Minnie greeted the girl.

"Here, take the weight off your pretty feet! . . . Phut! Don't bother! That's only the cat's saucer and it was cracked anyway. . . . Now, what's I'm up to? Has he arrested your young man, and do you think old Minnie can help ye out?"

"I do think you can help me out, Minnie," Ruth smiled, "but Mr. McMann has not arrested Mr. Hayward—yet. . . . Listen, Minnie, and try hard to remember: when you were emptying Mr. Borden's wastebasket Saturday, did you notice an orchid or lavender-colored letter? It may have been torn up, of course, but I thought you might have noticed the unusual color."

"There! I noticed I'd forget something—what with Tommy McMann pestering the life out of me with his fool questions!" Minnie Cassidy interrupted, snipping her fat old thigh with a triumphant hand. "I saw the very letter, ye bawble, but not in the wastebasket. A reading of it the poor man was, his face as black as a thundercloud, and his fist pounding up and down on the drawer, as if he wished it was the poor lady's face he was pounding, not a drawer without feelin'—"

"Drawer?" Ruth repeated blankly. McMann had gone through every drawer in Borden's desk. . . . (To Be Continued)

In the next chapter: A secret drawer.

'DOUG' AND 'MARY' TO STAR TOGETHER IN SHAKESPEARE

(Associated Press Leased Wire) HOLLYWOOD, April 12.—From "Pickfair," beautiful home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, came the definite announcement today that the motion picture colony's two most famous stars were to appear together for the first time in a screen production.

To add to the motion picture fan's delight, the couple will appear in the first Shakespearean production to be attempted in recent years by the movies. The story to be filmed will be the comedy "Taming of the Shrew."

In their announcement the couple, who in private life are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, said that the picture will be a "ball game," probably in color. Work on the production is planned to begin the first week in June.

"Mary" and "Doug," the leading stars of Hollywood movieland, although they have appeared separately in numerous memorable pictures, never have been filmed together, and the announcement consequently was received with the greatest interest among producers and stars.

Early Rose, Earliest of All, Irish Cobbler, American Wonder, Barbank and Nettleed Gem seed potatoes are sold at Wharton Bros.

FISHERMEN ARE OFFERED VALUABLE PRIZE FOR 'BIG ONE'

Fishermen of the county are greatly interested in the prize contest being announced by Earl Vosburgh, proprietor of Idlewild park. Mr. Vosburgh conducted one of these contests a few years ago and attracted a great deal of attention to the North Umpqua and its recreational features by this method. This year he is offering a leather bound reel and a flyweight automatic reel as a prize to the fisherman who catches the largest rainbow trout or cutthroat trout or the largest steelhead on the North Umpqua river above Idlewild. Any fish entered in this contest must be weighed in at Idlewild park, where the records will be maintained. The contest will start with the opening of fishing season on Monday, April 15, and will continue until the close of the season October 31.

MEDFORD PEAR GROWERS BEING PAID \$60 PER TON

Medford pear growers are contracting for the sale of their fruit at \$60 per ton, according to word received here. So far the Bartlett pear price in this locality has been around \$35 per ton. Local growers, expect this year that the Bartlett pears of this locality will be sold on the same plan as those from Medford, which discounts only in proportion to handling costs.

DOCTORS CHARGING TOO MUCH, CHICAGO CORONER STATES

(Associated Press Leased Wire) CHICAGO, April 12.—Dr. Herman N. Bundenes, president of the American Public Health association, former Chicago health commissioner and now coroner by virtue of the largest majority ever given any candidate in Cook county, has resigned from the Chicago Medical society in protest against the doctor of his colleague, Dr. Louis E. Schmidt.

Dr. Bundenes joined Dr. Schmidt in declaring that the cost of being sick is too high, and that "it is the duty of the medical profession to assume the burden of bringing these costs down to a reasonable level."

"I do not say that doctors' fees are high, nor do I understand Dr. Schmidt ever to have taken that position," Dr. Bundenes said in his letter of resignation. "But we all know that the other costs of being sick are overwhelming the families of modest income. The great hosts of the middle classes simply cannot afford to have treatment unless they borrow or beg the money—and Americans do not like to beg."

MUSIC WEEK OBSERVATION URGED BY PATTERSON

SALEM, Ore., April 12.—In a letter to Mrs. Walter A. Denton of Salem, Governor Patterson recommends to the people of Oregon the "enthusiastic observation of music week from May 5 to 12." Mrs. Denton is state chairman for the week.

The letter points to the importance of music week in the state.

ATLANTIC CITY, Feb. 24.—In response to Mrs. Albert Gildersleeve's court plea seeking separate maintenance, it was revealed by Gildersleeve that between himself and his wife's collie dog, he ranked second in her regard. Gildersleeve charged that the dog got all the juicy steak and he got all the gravy.

STARTS IN YOUNG

YAKIMA, Wash., Feb. 25.—Isabel Abella daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Abella of Wapato, recently completed seven weeks of this worldly life and celebrated the event by having her hair bobbed. At that age, the child had hair equal to that of the average year-old baby. It was long, silky and black and Isabel decided on a modish shingle.

Garden seeds in packages or bulk are sold at Wharton Bros.

Good Weather! When it comes will mean a grand hurry-up to get your land in shape and keep it from baking. Don't lose money with poor equipment. Get a John Deere. Order your mowers, rakes and binders now for special car door prices. Special 1-horse Cultivator \$5.00, 3-section Disc Harrow \$18.00, P. & O. Drag Harrow \$30.00. Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange, Roseburg, Oakland. AGENTS FOR: L. & H. Electric Ranges, Hood River Spray Co., Sutherlin Spray Co., Dean Spray Pump Co., John Deere Plow Co., Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT. U. S. Weather Bureau Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Data reported by E. H. Fletcher, Meteorologist in charge. Barometric pressure reduced to sea level) 5 a. m. 29.86, Relative humidity 5 p. m. yesterday (per cent) 52, Highest temperature yesterday 55, Lowest temperature last night 22, Average temperature for the day 48, Normal temperature for this date 51, Precip. in inches and hundredths: Precipitation for 24 hours, ending 5 a. m. .02, Total precip. since 1st month 1.46, Normal precip. for this month 2.27, Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1928, to date 1.78, Normal precip. from Sept. 1, to date 28.22, Total deficiency since Sept. 1, 1928 26.44, Normal seasonal precip. Sept. 1, to May, inclusive 31.7, Forecast for interior southwest Oregon: Rain tonight and Sunday; moderate temperature. Hot-Kaps for protecting plants are sold at Wharton Bros. Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand. Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand. Peat moss for loosening soil and holding moisture is sold at Wharton Bros. Fishing tackle at Idlewild Park.

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