PUBLIC MONEYS PAID FOR WHOOPEE, GRAND JURY TOLD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, April 20.—More tales of "whoopee parties" by members of the sanitary district trustees were reported today to have been laid before the grand jury investigation alleged extravagance and graft by the board.

Arthur Mathiesen, described as private secretary to Timothy J. Crowe, former president of the board who was defeated at the November election, was before the jury yesterday. The story he was reported to have told detailed a trip by members of the board to New York in 1927, and mentioned a "whoopee party" at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in which broken furniture was tossed out of windows and property damaged to the extent of $6,900.

The jury was understood to have been told that vouchers were padded in order to cover up large expenditures for the delegation of trustees and their friends who chartered a special train which set out for a flood control conference in Washington, but which, according to Mathiesen, also touched at New York. Liquor and revelry were said to have been indulged in, and there were expenditures of the district's moneys, according to Mathiesen's story, for flowers and candy for night club hostesses.

Prosecutors were told that the Waldorf - Astoria party started when members of the Chicago party supplied themselves with electric light bulbs and began a bombardment of the walls and the sidewalk. This was followed by the hurling of pieces of furniture the hotel later presenting a bill for $6,900 damages.

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

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By Martin

It's All Off Now

WOMAN'S CLUB SHOW AT JUNIOR HIGH TONIGHT

Tonight there will be "hi-yu" style and "comic doin's" at Junior high auditorium when "A Wedding Without Women" is trotted forth for the inspection of the multitude. The curtain will rise at 8:15 and then the fun is on.

The Roseburg's Woman's club for which the big spectacle will be staged have sold a big "gob" of tickets and declare that no one will be disappointed in the results. It will be worth while to see the program and note who is "in it." C. H. Arundel and Prof. Ott will start proceedings with appropriate music as the "two music hounds" and the "wedding processional as well as all necessary ceremonial songs will be used to serve the happy couple sympathetically.

"A Wedding Without Women" is a great fun show, but the ladies—"oh, whoops my dear! wait and see them." One of the best numbers is by Dr. Dillard entitled, "What did Cleopatra have that I haven't got?"

Essex coupe, 1928 model, this is a good looking and easy riding small six sylinder automobile. For sale by Roseburg Motor Co., Oakland and Pontiac dealers.

Fresh salmon eggs. Idleyld Park.

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TO ATTEND MEETING

C. A. Lockwood, president of the Oregon State Sportsmen's association, and Gus Peret of Yoncalla, professional marksman, are to attend the meeting and banquet of the Jackson County Game Protective association at Medford Wednesday, April 24. Mr. Peret will show the motion pictures that were recently presented before the sportsmen here. Mr. Lockwood will be the principal speaker at the banquet.

Fishing contest at Idleyld Park.

WHOOPING COUGH
No "cure"—but helps to reduce paroxysms of coughing.
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THE BLACK PIGEON

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

On Monday morning Ruth Lester, secretary, finds the body of her employer, "Handsome Harry" Borden, sprawled beneath the airshaft window of his private office.

McMann, detective sergeant, questions the following suspects: 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 fiance, whose office is across the narrow airshaft from Borden's.

Jack's guilt seems emphasized by McMann's discovery that Jack's pistol is missing from his desk; by Jack's admission that he returned to the seventh floor Saturday afternoon, and by the testimony of Micky Moran and Otto Pfinger, elevator boys. Bill Cowan, Jack's friend, unwillingly admits having heard Jack threaten Borden's life Saturday morning.

McMann questions Benny Smith, Borden's office boy; Ashe, his manservant; Minnie Cassidy and Letty Miller, seventh floor scrubwomen, and Cleo Gilman, Borden's discarded mistress. Martha Manning, mother of Borden's illegitimate son, is questioned. She says she last saw Borden Friday night in his office after his bodyguard, Jake Bailey, had left him, and that her incriminating fingerprints were made then.

Martha says she did not call Saturday afternoon but telephoned Borden. McMann pointblank accuses her of the murder and Martha challenges him to bring forward anyone who saw her in the building Saturday. Benny Smith bursts in upon them crying, "I've come to give myself up. I shot Mr. Borden."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Ruth Lester was miserably ashamed later to remember that her first emotion upon hearing Benny Smith say he had shot Borden was one of relief. Jack Hayward was saved! But that emotion was almost instantly submerged in pity. And she was glad later to remember that she was conscious of no horrified shrinking as she ran to put her arms about the unsteadily swaying boy who had just confessed to murder.

"Here! Let me help!" McMann gruffly commanded the girl, and with as much ease as if he were lifting a baby the giant detective lifted the boy in his arms and carried him to the big, overstuffed leather chair from which the murdered man had manipulated his ruinous schemes and which for two days had served the detective in charge of the investigation into his murder as a vantage point from which to heckle, harass, bully and confound suspects.

When the boy was lying back weakly in the big chair, McMann whirled one of the straight-backed visitors' chairs to the desk and commandeered Ruth Lester's services as a stenographer, to take down the confession. Her eyes were now so blinded with tears that she could hardly find her notebook and pencils—pencils upon which Benny himself had put such a fine brave edge just last Saturday!"

"Ready, Miss Lester? . . . All right, Benny. Tell us all about it now," the detective commanded, almost gently. A glass of cold water from the tap in the outer office had been fetched by the detective himself and stood beside Benny's right hand.

"Well, sir," Benny began, after a strange, wistful look at Ruth Lester, who waited with poised pencil, "I lied yesterday when I said I didn't come back. I did come back, but nobody didn't see me, 'cause I walked up."

"Why did you walk up, Benny?" McMann interrupted.

"'Cause I was sore at Mr Borden, 'n I—I wanted to have it out with him," Benny answered, his adolescent voice going suddenly soprano on the last word.

* * *

"What were you sore about?"

"'Cause he—he bawled me out!" Benny cried, rolling his head from side to side against the brown leather back of the chair.

"Isn't it true that you were more sore at him because he'd 'got fresh' with Miss Lester Saturday morning?" the detective suggested.

"You keep Ruth's name outa this!" Benny protested shrilly. "I tell you—I was sore at Mr Borden 'cause he was always pickin' on me, 'n Saturday he talked to me like a dog, jist 'cause I wanted to borrow Ruth's pistol for target practice."

"Then you were also lying when you said the pistol was not in Miss Lester's desk when you returned the first time—at half-past one?" McMann asked.

"Naw—it wasn't there. 'N say, I didn't come back up the second time to kill him—"

"But you walked up six flights of stairs so you would not be seen entering the building," McMann pointed out grimly. "Listen, Benny, now that you're confessing, make a clean breast of everything. Your actions prove you premeditated murder."

"No, I didn't!" Benny denied, his head rolling wildly against the chair back.

"Well—go on," McMann directed resignedly.

"I come back, like I said, and opened the door with my key," Benny began rapidly, and was again interrupted by McMann.

"At last what time?"

"I—" Benny looked pitifully confused. "I don't know—exactly. 'Bout two o'clock, I reckon—"

"Then—" McMann said parenthetically and triumphantly to Ruth, "my theory that Rita Dubois robbed the body is correct." Then, remembering the mysterious telephone call, a fragment of which Bill Cowan had said he overheard when he had called Jack Hayward's number at 2:10 and was dogged in on a busy line, and Rita's corroborating story of Borden's line being busy from 2:05 to 2:15, the detective asked: "Have you any way of fixing the exact time of your second return, Benny?"

The boy looked at the detective suspiciously, even fearfully. Ruth thought—though what could he fear now, after confessing? "Naw, I don't know. I tell you, but it was about two o'clock. 'At's all I know. I unlocked the door and come in, and Mr. Borden was settin' at his desk, 'n I—I come right in here, 'n we—we quarreled—"

"What about?" the detective interrupted sharply.

"Aw—jist about him pickin' on me 'n—everything! 'N he picked on a"—his fevered eyes roved over the desk and lighted upon the glass ink well, empty now, since McMann had used its contents with which to take Martha Manning's fingerprints—"that there ink well and started to throw it at me, 'n I grabbed Ruth's gun—"

"Wait! Just where was this gun?" McMann cut in.

"Lavin' on the desk," Benny answered. "Right—right here!" and he laid his hand in the center of the big green blotter. "The big stiff tried to beat me to it—'n I thought he was goin' to shoot me—"

* * *

"After hitting you with the ink well?" McMann asked mildly.

"He—he put the ink well down," Benny amended desperately. "'N I—I pulled the trigger, 'thout knowin' what I was doin', 'n—'n the gun went off—'n 'at's all!" he concluded, seizing the glass for a long draught of the cold water.

"So—you shot Borden while he sat at his desk," McMann said slowly. "That right?"

"Yeah, 'at's right!" Benny retorted defiantly.

"Then how do you account for the fact that his body was found away over there under the airshaft window?" McMann demanded.

"I—I forgot that," Benny confessed. "But—say, don't you go and try to make me say I didn't kill him—'cause I did! I—did it in self-defense," he added, obviously a little proud of his use of a legal phrase. "After I shot him, he got up and walked over there and fell down—'at's how I account for it!"

The detective extracted an official-looking, typed document from his pocket. As he unfolded it, Ruth caught a glimpse of the wording of the printed letterhead: "Office of the Chief Medical Examiner, Department of Police—" McMann studied the detailed report in silence, then folded it slowly and replaced it in his pocket.

"Now, Benny, you know it can't make any difference in the long run whether you shot Borden while he was seated at his desk, or while he was standing at that window. Come, now—just where was Borden when you shot him?"

"Settin' at his desk!" Benny repeated stubbornly, and began to cry, like a small boy, and not at all like the 17-year-old young man-about-town that he fancied himself to be.

"And Benny?"—McMann's voice was very gentle now—"how many times did you shoot Borden? How many bullets were fired?"

"Just one! I—I sorta come to when I seen what I'd done, 'n I dropped the gun 'n beat it—"

Just one bullet! Ruth repeated to herself. And two bullets had been fired on Saturday, one imbedding itself in Borden's chest, and the other scarring a brick beside Jack Hayward's office window!

"So you dropped the gun, eh, Benny?" McMann asked gently. "Odd we didn't find it—"

"I—I picked it up again 'n stuck it in my overcoat pocket, 'n then I beat it down the stairs," Benny corrected himself feverishly, shrilly. "I—gosh, I was scared! I—I wrapped the gun in a newspaper what I—I found on the stairs—I mean in one of them big sacks in the hall, what the cleaning women use to dump wastebaskets in—'n I—I chucked the gun in a—a big trash can on the sidewalk—"

"Where?" McMann interrupted.

"I don't remember. Aw, gee, Mister, what does all them things matter now? Ain't I told you I done it?" the boy pleaded, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his coat.

* * *

"Benny, after you'd—shot Borden, did you go around to Mr. Hayward's office for any reason whatever?" Ruth interrupted with a question of her own.

The boy stared at her, frankly puzzled. "Naw—why should I?"

"I thought so! Oh, Benny! Why are you doing all this? For my sake, Benny?" the girl cried, her voice shaking. Jumping up from her chair at the desk, she abandoned her notebook and pencil and ran to the boy. "I know you're just making it all up, Benny darling! Why, why?"

"He—he—'at detective"—Benny sobbed—"told me yesterday I'd better come clean, or you—you'd be arrested for murder."

"Oh!" Ruth cried, her blue eyes blazing scorn at the embarrassed detective. Then, to the boy, soothingly: "Dear Benny, I told you yesterday I was in no danger—"

"But after he'd sent you for Minnie, he said you was, 'n just didn't know it, 'n all last night 'n this mornin' I studied how I could get you out of it, 'cause I'm just a kid 'n they wouldn't 'lectrocute me—" The boy broke off, sobbing heartbrokenly.

The door opened. "Mrs. Smith's here, sir—"

But Benny's mother waited for no permission. A small woman, her sharp-featured face framed in frizzly waved light-brown hair, pushed past Detective Birdwell and ran to the sobbing boy.

"Benny Smith, if you wasn't sick, I'd spank you right here in front of those folks!" she scolded the boy sharply, but Ruth knew that the sharpness covered acute maternal anxiety. "I mighta known you'd pull some stunt like this, minute my back was turned!"

Then she whirled upon Detective Sergeant McMann. "Are you the detective, mister? . . . Well, I hope you're satisfied! You and your third-degree have run my boy's fever up till it's something awful! I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, listening to this poor child rave about keepin' Miss Lester out of jail! The doctor and my girlfriend, Mrs. Thompson, who helped me set up with him and hold him in bed, can tell you how he took on—ravin' in fever he was—about confessin' so this Lester girl wouldn't have to go to jail—"

* * *

"Please, please, Mrs. Smith!" McMann at last succeeded in stopping the torrent of words. "I'm very sorry indeed if anything I said to Benny yesterday gave him the impression that I was about to arrest Miss Lester. Now, I think we'd better call an ambulance and have this boy taken to the hospital. I'm afraid he's a pretty sick youngster."

After Benny, who had lapsed into a fever stupor, had been removed on a city ambulance stretcher, the whole proceeding frantically recorded by newspaper cameras outside the Borden suite, a wet-eyed girl faced a flushed, penitent detective across the dead man's desk.

"Pretty rotten, I know," McMann admitted defensively, dropping his eyes to the sheaf of notes he was shuffling between his thick fingers, "but if the police didn't use old-fashioned methods occasionally we wouldn't solve half the crimes we do. Don't like 'em myself, but—" He paused and shrugged. "Leaves us pretty much where we were before Benny burst in on us, doesn't it? If you'll pardon my language, Miss Lester, this is a hell of a case! Of course I knew the kid was lying before he'd been 'confessing' five minutes! . . . Well, better go to lunch, child. It's after one—by George! It's half-past!"

Ruth rose, her notebook with its stenographic report of Benny's chivalrous lies held against her breast, tenderly. She would transcribe every word of them, keep the record always. "And—may Mr. Hayward go with me?"

(To Be Continued)

With Benny's confession worthless, the investigation is back where it started. Who killed Harry Borden?

GOV. LONG TAKES STUMP TO STRIKE BACK AT ENEMIES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

BATON ROUGE, La., April 21.—Striking back at his enemies from the stump, Governor Huey P. Long is out championing the cause of the "poor unfortunates" before the people and answering to charges of his impeachment before he goes on trial in the state senate.

"They may put me out, but they will have a fight," he challenged from the platform.

"They say I'm a coward, that I won't fight. Well I've had my share of fights in the thirty-five years of my life. But right now I'm too busy watching the state's millions to soil my hands with them bums."

If his foes want to find out whether he carries a gun or not, he added, "let them put a gun down on me."

The head of a state insane institution "wasn't fired for politics," Governor Long said. "He admitted to me that there had been crooked work but said his assistant put it over on him."

The chief executive attributed his break with Colonel Robert Ewing, national committeeman and publisher of the New Orleans States to a quarrel he had with Col. Ewing's son in Shreveport.

The governor wanted the state to distribute free text books and the north Louisiana city asked legislation to enable them to establish a municipal airport.

"I felt," said Long, "that if that gang in Shreveport was going to keep the children from getting an education they didn't deserve an airport."

AMERICANS INVEST $300,000 IN REINDEER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WINNIPEG, Man., April 21.—Sale of 5,000 reindeer to an American corporation for $300,000 was reported here today by T. J. Howard, president of the Dominion Reindeer company. He declined to name the purchaser, but said the deer would eventually be butchered for sale in the United States.

The Canadian company, which owns over 10,000 head, Howard said, has completed arrangement with the dominion government for the lease of 1600 square miles in Northern Manitoba as a range for the herd.

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park.

FIFTY-ONE CARS BROCCOLI SHIPPED

Although the peak of the broccoli movement has passed shipments will continue until after the first of May. Fifty-one cars have been shipped up to the present time, while auto trucks have handled enough broccoli to load 60 or more cars, it is estimated. Due to the shortage of the California crop the Pacific coast markets have absorbed a larger part of the Umpqua valley product than ever before, and the bulk of the supply for the coast markets has been handled by truck. Growers have been getting good returns for this year's crop. Rail shipments have been bringing from $1.40 to $1.50 per crate at the warehouse, while the truck operators have been paying $1.20 to $1.30 per crate at the fields. Seconds have brought from 80 cents to $1.00.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Doctrine of Atonement" was the subject of the lesson-sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, April 21.

The golden text was, "Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour" (Eph. 5: 2).

Among the citations which comprised the lesson-sermon was the following from the Bible: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. 51:17.)

The lesson-semon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Self-abnegation, by which we lay down all for Truth, or Christ, in our warfare against error, is a rule in Christian Science" (p. 568).

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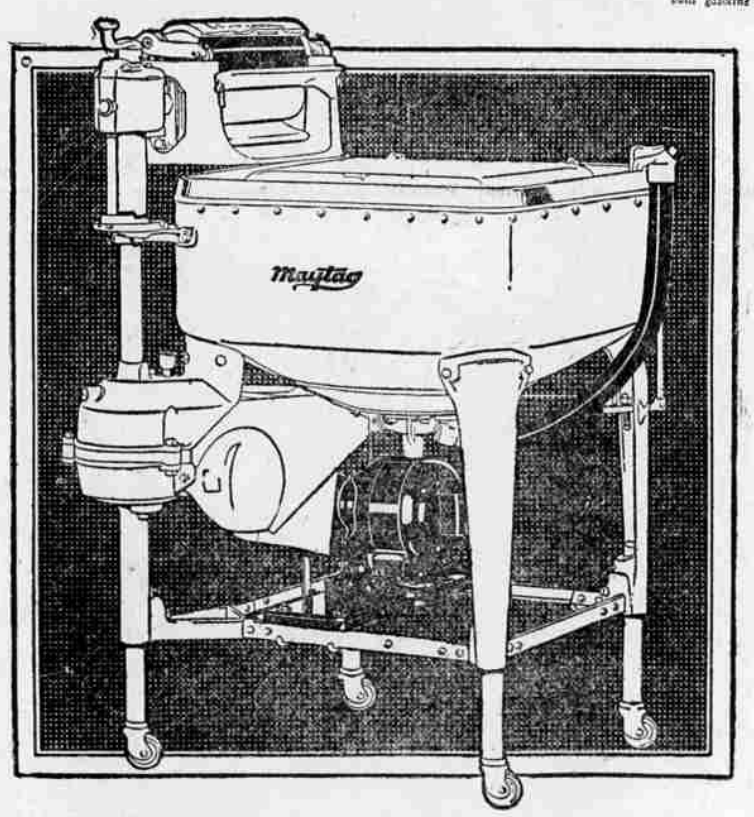

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