

MAY TERM OF CIRCUIT COURT CONVENES 27TH

The May term of circuit court is to be convened Monday, May 27, and from present indications will be a rather light term.

There are several civil matters demanding attention, but there is little criminal work to be done, unless the grand jury develops new cases.

The grand jury is to meet May 29 and will probably give considerable time to the investigation of the Hess murder case.

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Gardiner, Claud W. McDonald of Elkton, John Burnett of Drain, Lester A. Blakely of Glendale, Wm. L. Edwards of Elkton, Jacob S. Smith of Milo.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Adam and Fallen Man" was the subject of the lesson-lesson in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, May 12.

The golden text was: "They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God; but the children of the promise are counted for the seed" (Romans 9:8).

Among the citations which composed the lesson-lesson was the following from the Bible: "But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand" (Isa. 64:8).

The lesson-lesson also included the following passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Whatever indicates the fall of man or the opposite of God or God's absence, is the Adam-drawing which is neither Mind nor man, for it is not begetting of the Father."

When man is spoken of as man in God's image, it is not sinful and stinky mortal man who is referred to, but the ideal man, reflecting God's likeness" (pp. 282 and 346).

KIDDIES' ENSEMBLES

Cute little dresses and coat sets for the kiddies, sizes 2 1/2 and 6, come in beautiful prints and elegant sets, dress and coat match set. The ensemble set is \$1.95. See them at Carr's.

RIVAL WIVES by Anne Austin, Author of The Black Pigeon. NEA SERVICE INC. 1929

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll is private secretary to Attorney John Curtis Morgan and happy over prospects of passing her bar examinations in June. On account of her brilliant mind Nan is a great help to Morgan and he depends on her.

Iris Morgan, the lawyer's beautiful though selfish wife, comes into the office often, treating Nan with the insolence she would accord a servant. When Willis Todd, an ardent suitor, proposes marriage for the fifth time to Nan, she refuses, saying she cannot give up her position with Morgan. Jealous, Willis accuses her of being in love with Morgan and Nan is forced to admit the truth of this herself.

Being honorable and straight, Nan despises herself for being in love with another woman's husband and determines to resign the next morning. In the morning's mail she finds a blackmail note addressed to the lawyer. In a postscript a nasty insinuation is made about Iris Morgan. Nan cannot bear to hurt him with the note, and so tucks it in her bag when he comes in.

Nan discovers a clew which enables her to win a big case for Morgan. As they start to leave the courthouse, Bert Crawford, handsome friend of Iris Morgan, comes up and asks to drive them to the office in his car. Nan, for some unaccountable reason, dislikes Crawford. Morgan invites the two of them to his home for a dinner in celebration of the day's triumph.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII

"I'd had the nerve to resign, I could have missed this agony," Nan told herself angrily as she sat stiff and silent in Iris Morgan's charming living room, watching two men pay court to Iris' beauty. "But how could I resign today, when he was heaping appreciation and rewards upon me? Ten dollars a week raise—no, I could have done so much with \$10 a week. But I must give him my written resignation tomorrow, tell him some plausible lie, hurt him as little as possible."

If it weren't such bad taste she could tell him now, for he seemed curiously alien to her, here in his home, or rather in Iris' home, for the place seemed wholly hers somehow.

Nan had never been in the Morgan home before. It had obviously never occurred to Iris to elevate her husband's secretary to the status of a friend of the family, and likewise it had never occurred to Nan to resent the fact that she had not been invited to her employer's home. Now that she found herself there she was tasting to the full the horror of the realization that had come upon her the night before.

Punishment for loving another woman's husband had descended upon her swiftly and surely. For an entire evening she would have to be the unwilling guest of an unwilling hostess, and that hostess the wife of the man she loved. Heaven knew it was hard enough to go on seeing John Curtis Morgan in his office. There he was not a husband but a man, and a great man. In his home he was all lover and husband, so completely possessed by Iris that Nan's tortured eyes roved desperately around the room to escape the picture he made, bending eagerly toward his adoring her, so pathetically grateful for her careless smiles, her lightly flung endearments.

"Nan's overwhelmed by your portrait, Iris," Bert Crawford sang out in his slightly too loud, too jovial tone. "Isn't a perfecter, Nan? Benet's masterpiece—Benet, the famous portrait painter, you know."

Nan realized then that her agony-blinded eyes had indeed been fixed upon the life-size portrait in oils that was hung above the fireplace, dominating the room. The artist had immortalized Iris' flamboyant beauty with a subtle touch, for the close observer could read cruelly,

selfishness and vanity in the exquisite face.

Nan knew now the source of the pose which Iris nearly always struck when she took a seat, for the artist had chosen it as the one best calculated to show off every point of her beauty.

"It's very beautiful, almost as beautiful as Mrs. Morgan herself," Nan forced herself to say graciously.

"Thanks, Nan. She's a dear little flatterer, isn't she, Jack?" Iris acknowledged the compliment carelessly, but her eyes remained upon the portrait, worshipping her own beauty. "It was hung in a Paris salon, you know. My poor husband had to pay a fearful lot of money to get it. You see, the artist saw me and begged me to pose for him, and poor Jack somehow got it into his stupid head that I'd flirted with the jolly little Frenchman. I think he would have stolen the picture if he hadn't been able to buy it."

"I said that the jolly little Frenchman was in love with you, and he was," Morgan corrected her, every word like a caress. "I didn't blame him. Who could help being in love with you, darling? But I wasn't going to have anyone else buying my wife's portrait."

Bert Crawford's laugh rang out. "I'm glad you're so broad-minded, old man! It gives me a wonderful chance to confess that I'm mad about Iris, too. As you say, who could help being in love with her?"

"This morning it was Nan you were mad about," Morgan laughed comfortably. "Some woman's going to take you seriously one of these days, and then you'll come whinpering to me to go you out of a broach-of-promises suit."

"Oh, so you've been unfaithful to me, you bad boy!" Iris Morgan chided Crawford lightly, but Nan, watching closely, saw a glint of malice and anger and something strangely like warning in those old blue-green eyes. "You mustn't let him raise your hopes, too high, Nan. He's a gay philanderer, as Jack says. But there's Estelle, with the good news that dinner is served."

Iris, linking her arm with Crawford's, led the way into the dining room, her red-gold head bent toward him in a low-voiced confidence. Nan followed with Morgan, who twinkled at her fondly.

"You mustn't mind Iris' teasing you, Nan. This thrice of us always carries on like that and don't mean a thing by it. She's as full of spirit as a coffeee child," he added admiringly.

When they were seated and the soup served, Iris flashed her brilliant eyes at her husband and suggested archly: "Now, Jack, do tell us all about this scandalous Grace case. I haven't had time to read them, but I know I'd love to listen to the story all over again from the hero. You were a hero, weren't you, Jack? I seem to gather that idea from your strut this evening."

Morgan's gaunt, sensitive face flushed darkly. "I didn't realize I was strutting, darling. I simply received a dismissal of the indictment against my client; didn't even go to the jury."

"How you must have hated that!" Iris laughed a mocking little. "He does love to strut before a jury. But I suppose all lawyers have exhibition complexes, or they wouldn't be lawyers. Does he practice his appeals to the jury before you, Nan?"

Nan's face was as full of distressed color as her employer's. "We're both so busy, he doesn't have time," she answered curtly. "I owe this case to Nan, by the way," Morgan cut in, trying to look as if his wife had not hurt him deeply. "It was she who discovered my str., witness for me"

and hauled her to court this morning. "Very dramatic!" Iris twinkled, but the music had a hollow ring to it. "I hope you don't have to split the fee with her, for I warn you, husband of mine, that I spent a small fortune on clothes yesterday and today. But the loveliest thing I got was a change for a trouser. I'll have to run away with one of my important admirers, in order to get the full benefit of them." And the blue-green eyes laughed a challenge at Bert Crawford.

That was the extent of the celebration of John Curtis Morgan's sensational triumph in the Grace case. Nan watched the lovely face of her employer closely, loved her wept for him, but she could have shaken him, too, for being so fatuously content with the crumbs that Iris tossed him. How could a big man like Morgan be so blind?

Iris gaily took the conversation into bypaths more congenial to herself. Nan would have enjoyed, as much as she could enjoy anything at Iris Morgan's table, hearing a discussion of new books, plays and politics. She could have taken a modest but intelligent part in such a discussion, for among her own friends she was rather noted for her crisp, keen comments, her jovious sense of humor, but such conversation was, apparently, not one of Iris' talents.

Personalities were abtitled briskly between Iris and Bert Crawford—choice tidbits of scandal, caustic comments on the dress, manners and affairs of their absent friends. Through it all, John Curtis Morgan ate absent-mindedly of the rather haphazard meal that his wife had provided, or rather, that her cook had deemed good enough for a small, informal party.

After the clear soup, the lamb chops, a tiny, hard-fried one for each plate; big stalks of expensive California asparagus, but not quite enough of them to make a decent serving; a salad of lettuce and pineapple, with balls of cream cheese; arbut whip in tall, thin glasses; demi-tasse.

For herself, Nan was fiercely glad that the food was meagre and not too good. It made her saying of it less of a crime somehow, for it was shameful to break bread with a woman whom she hated and whose husband she loved. But for John Curtis Morgan Nan felt a hot surge of angry pain.

"She's half-starving the poor darling," she told herself. "And she pays a cook \$80 a month of his money to give him a puny little meal like these. Of course she doesn't want substantial meals! She's too afraid of adding a pound to that luscious figure of hers. I'm sure she calls it 'bosome,' she added maliciously. Then, "Oh, I'm becoming unpeppably catfish! I'll have to get out of all this."

As if Iris had read Nan's thought, the lovely, careless voice of the hostess came to her: "I'm sorry there aren't two chops for you, Jack. I've already done my ordering before I knew we were to have Nan with us this evening. The greedy pig likes two chops," she explained to Nan. "I don't understand how men can eat so much. Bert's on a diet, thank heaven, so I don't have to plan to stuff him when he comes to dinner. Not that he weighs an ounce too much," she added, reaching across the corner of the table to lay an affectionate hand on Crawford's.

After dinner Crawford made for the radio like a homing pigeon. When the syncopated blare of a jazz orchestra came flooding into the room, he snapped his fingers to the rhythm for a jocular minute, then held out his arms for his hostess.

"Shall we dance, Nan?" Morgan bent awkwardly over her, his eyes smiling and fond.

"No, please, I'd rather not!" Nan gasped. "Let's just watch them. Aren't they a perfect pair?" she babbled, to hide her confusion. She could not tell him that she did not dare add the agony of his arms about her to the agonies she had already suffered during the last 24 hours.

Bert and Iris were still dancing half an hour later, sublimely oblivious of Morgan's wistfully following eyes, when the maid, Estelle, appeared in the living room door, her eyes big with fright.

"Please, Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman and a policeman at the door. They want to see you and Mr. Crawford both."

Before Morgan could answer, the "gentleman and the policeman" loomed behind the maid.

"Sorry to interrupt a party, Mr. Morgan, but I have a warrant for the arrest of Herbert S. Crawford."

(To Be Continued)

COLLAR AND CUFF SETS

New express delivery of the very latest styles of collar and cuff sets. Beautiful new lace materials, other narrow heavy laces or the wide sheer styles. Come in assorted shapes. Big values at 39c, 59c, 75c, and \$1.00. Some come collared alone, others have the cuffs. See this new up-to-the-minute line at Carr's.

We are a hardy race, else we could not endure so many amateur shows.

HEINLINE PIANO RECITALS at the FIRST M. E. CHURCH Tuesday, May 14 (Melody Way Classes). Wednesday, May 15 (Advanced Pupils). PROGRAMS AT 8 P. M.

CARDS AND CUBS BATTLE FOR LEAD IN THE NATIONAL

BY WILLIAM J. CHIPMAN (Associated Press Sports Writer)

With the first western invasion of the Polo grounds drifting into its final phase, the Giants remain in need of victories as the Cards and the Cubs make the race out front together. While the clean McGray can exhibit his three victories against five defeats and one tie for the western stand, the Red Birds have won seven out of nine and one tied on their eastern trip.

The Giants ended the more difficult part of their stand against the west by playing a 6 to 6 tie with a sudden rain-storm. The Cardinals, of course, defeated Brooklyn. The score this time was 13 to 7, giving the Red Birds a sweep of three games in Brooklyn and running the Robin losing streak to six. The Reds subjected the Braves at Boston by 9 to 3 behind the fine left-handed of Eppa Rixey.

The Phils and the Pirates got the day off because no Sunday ball is played in either city.

Detroit Trims Yanks The American league race was plunged into a deadlock as the Tigers won their second straight from the Yanks while the Athletics met rain in Cleveland. The Tigers won 9 to 7. It was Hoyt's first defeat.

The Browns are taking it out on the poor Red Sox, the score yesterday was 15 to 3 in a game broken up in the seventh by rain. This victory put the St. Louis contingent within one and one-half games of the top.

The White Sox rallied sharply in the ninth to pull out a victory over the Senators for old Red Epler by 3 to 2. Urban the red save the Washington invaders four hits.

UMPOUA SALMON FACE EXTINCTION, MAJOR MOTT SAYS

(Continued from page 1)

left the famous Catalina waters entirely!

Why all this? Because the insatiable canneries at San Pedro drove the captains of their big prave—some boats—night and day with the order: "Get the fish!" And while the bank rolls of the cannery men rose skyward the stock of fish fell! The result has been that the canneries, at enormous expense, are now forced to send their boats and crews far down into Mexican waters, with powerful vessels loaded with ice for the preservation of the catch, in order to keep on a working schedule at all! The cost of getting the fish, plus the long haul back to San Pedro, plus the large percentage of losses by spoiling, have reduced the canneries to a startling government, having weakened the fact that their waters, too, are rapidly being depleted, has put a heavy tax per ton on all fish taken in its waters, in a desperate hope of salvaging something from the ruthless depredations of the American cannery boats.

I know all the cannery chiefs—know them well, for I was the instigator of the famous "three mile limit" law around Catalina island, that prohibited the purse seine vessels from operating within that distance.

Before I left for this lovely Umpqua region, one of the biggest canneries said to me, "Major, you were right! But it's too late—now!"

And this brings me to the Umpqua—and the question that rides high over the horizon in the minds of many in Douglas county, are there a good deal of bitterness toward the so-called "sportsmen"? I find that the inhabitants of the river's banks—all the way to the sea—feel that in the law prohibiting nets in the river they are "done" out of a good living wage—as they considered it. And I have found this same feeling on the east coast rivers—until the residents were painstakingly shown their shortsightedness.

Why kill the goose that lays the golden egg? Don't you river men of the Umpqua know enough about the history of salmon and their habits to realize that a salmon returns to FRESH WATER TO SPAWN—AND TO NO OTHER? Don't you realize that when you have so decimated the Umpqua migration of breeding fish that—"there ain't no more"? The fish of the northern rivers aren't going to come down to the Umpqua! Nor do the southern fish come north!

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Do you care? Or are you like the killers of the buffalo—the olden days—"Who the hell cares?" There is such a thing as "poverty"! Without it the world would not last long! And what shall this posterity of ours say—in the not too far distant future—when the salmon are GONE? Buffalo gone! EVERYTHING gone, that their forebears could lay hands on—and destroy for cold cash!! Were I a descendant myself, I should say—and with the deepest disgust—"What a selfish hog he was!"

So much for this. I have not yet fathomed WHY the term "sportsman" elicits—by and large—the opprobrium that it does! True—the sportsman, in his TISM of both animal and fish life! And it has always seemed to me more than passing strange that it takes an "utlander"—as we say in South Africa, meaning "a stranger"—to show us the error of our ways.

I have seen the "remains" of the "jetties" built at the most likely spots where salmon came for a rest and having eaten a hard rapid—all along the river—and I have studied these with more than passing interest, for they were cleverly designed to frustrate the nature-law of the fish! Man's destroying wit pitted against those of the salmon! There is, always, that which is known as a "saturation point" in everything—meaning that beyond that point nothing—chemically—functions. The saturation point of the Umpqua river—IF it is to endure as one of the greatest salmon rivers on the Pacific coast—has been reached, and the new law against netting along its flowing length was the result.

I am faced with another perplexing question: The up-river men tell me, "We are entirely willing to cease netting, but what about the men at the mouth?" It is an eminently equitable one. The very natural question on MY part is: "Is there no one at the mouth to ENFORCE the law?" I am told—many things! Before I leave I shall ascertain for myself!

But of ONE thing I do want to assure the men of the Umpqua river, and that is: Preserve your fish as you would a gold claim! I can assure you that if you give the salmon half a chance—just HALF a chance—the "sportsmen" that you now decry will bring into Douglas county more dollars than you ever knew were minted!

You ARE breaking the law! You are netting on the slip! You ARE putting a terrific black eye on the marvellous income that is yours—almost!

J. R. WHEELER IN CITY

J. R. Wheeler, former superintendent of the local power plant, was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday. Mr. Wheeler is now engaged in the electrical contracting business in Reedsport and has the contract for installing the electrical equipment in the new pulp mill at Empire. A few years ago Mr. Wheeler invented an automatic fish lift that promises to do away with fish ladders in power dams. It operated very successfully and has been taken over by a large company, which is preparing to make some large installations during the coming summer.

MISSSES DRESSES, \$1.00

We have added 12 to 18 sizes to our wondrous line of \$1.00 dresses. These children's sizes come in the colorful prints, each dress beautifully styled. We also have a kiddies' line in 3 to 6 sizes at \$1.00. You can't afford to make them for \$1.00. See these at Carr's.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand. Picnic at Idlewild Park.

SHIP EXPLOSION SLAYS FOUR MEN

CASABLANCA, Morocco, May 13.—Tragedy has overtaken the Dutch tanker Barendrecht, which twice went out of its way to save others from a dire fate. Wireless messages from the ship yesterday said she was returning to this port with four of her crew dead and one injured as a result of a boiler explosion 50 miles at sea.

In 1927 the Barendrecht rescued Ruth Elder and George Haldeman when a broken oil line forced their trans-Atlantic plane down near the Azores. On April 12, 1928, she rescued the survivors of the Russian bark Imperator which was sunk by an Austrian submarine off Barcelona, Spain, after having been the target herself of the undersea craft.

LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE PASSE, EDUCATOR STATES

WASHINGTON, May 13.—Dr. William J. Cooper, recently appointed head of the United States bureau of education, believes that the little red school house should be relegated as rapidly as possible to things of the past.

Dr. Cooper believes that to obtain best results the educational system should be organized in large units. Instead of having one teacher to a building, as pictured in word and song, he would have school houses in large administrative centers, supplying complete elementary and secondary courses.

He also feels that states should give careful consideration to the framing of educational laws, and not permit local authorities to select poorly trained teachers. As there is a large surplus of teachers, he says, only the most competent should be accepted.

LOCAL CAR DEALERS ADOPT NEW PLAN FOR SELLING

"Announcement of a money-back guarantee on used cars by J. O. Newland and Son, local dealers, in a new plan and a revolutionary one for Roseburg automobile merchandisers," says the Junior Newland.

"So many cars are reconditioned with a paint brush that the public is becoming rather skeptical of used cars," says Mr. Newland of the local firm. "We are out to obtain the car buyers' confidence. We have always given our first attention to the mechanical condition of the used cars we prepare for sale."

"Many times we have seen prospects, who should have known better, fall for a bright color and forget to look under the hood or investigate the dealer. These same buyers came to grief with their purchase. Often every dealer is blamed and every used car distrusted thereafter."

"Theoretically, the used car is the better buy. Practically, it's the better buy if the dealer who sells it is a dependable dealer. Very often a used car has been used to only one-fourth of its capacity miles. The owner, wanting to be in style, has sacrificed three-fourths of its wear for about one-fourth of its original cost."

"In order that a prospect may select the car he likes without fear of what he may find under the hood after he owns the car, we have placed the money-back guarantee on our reconditioned used cars. If, before three days, he finds he does not like the car, he may return the car and every dollar that he paid for the car will be refunded him. Our plan does not have a string attached to it; namely, that the down payment will be acceptable on any other used car in our stock. We shall return the money without obligation."

Northside Beauty Shop will be closed from Monday until Thursday morning. Proprietor, Emma Pitchford going to Portland to attend some demonstrations and look after other things in her line of business.

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DOUBLE EDGED

"Isn't it hard," said the landlady, "to think this poor lamb was cut down in its youth to satisfy our appetites?"

Picnic at Idlewild Park.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Turkey Growers! Try Crown Feeds They are right, made right and sold right. We sell on quality and results. Not on price and propaganda.

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DEMPSEY HANDS WALLOP TO JOE BENJAMIN (Associated Press Licensed Wire) NEW YORK, May 13.—The Daily News today printed an account of an altercation between Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion, and Joe Benjamin, a former light-weight, at a party in a hotel.

As the story goes, there were words over girls at the party, and Jack gave Joe a short crushing right. Joe went down and got up again. Dempsey left. Benjamin yelled after him to return and fight. He didn't.

DOUBLE EDGED "Isn't it hard," said the landlady, "to think this poor lamb was cut down in its youth to satisfy our appetites?" Picnic at Idlewild Park. Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

ROSEBURG UNDERTAKING CO. Established 1901 M. E. RITTER, Manager Founded and Maintained on Efficient Service and Courtesy Phone 284 Oak and Kane Sts. AMBULANCE SERVICE Licensed Lady Embalmer

Laying Heavy on the Brass Some printers believe that shouting their message carries conviction. In the show business this is called "laying heavy on the brass," meaning that the big horns furnish the noise if not the music. Some of the greatest lawyers of today rarely raise their voice above a normal speaking tone when addressing a jury. And we notice that ex-President Coolidge held both the ear and the respect of the nation by his silence. As printers, we believe that our claims of being good printers, stated modestly with truthfulness and sincerity is far better than extravagant claims that cannot be backed up—and which you would not believe anyhow.

No matter how much or how little YOUR MONEY placed with us EARN 5% YOU Start today to accumulate money faster, by keeping it in, and adding to it. Under this plan you can save as little or as much as you desire; you can add to your account whenever you please. Whatever your balance is—it EARN 5% per annum—payable semi-annually. This plan is ideal for those who don't want their money tied up for any definite time. To start, all you have to do is to attach your check, money order or draft to the coupon and mail it in. We will send you the necessary pass books, identification cards, etc., by return mail. UNDER STATE SUPERVISION Mail This Coupon Either to open account or to secure complete information and free folder "DOUBLING YOUR PRINCIPAL". Begin earning 5% today. Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Assets Over \$1,000,000.00 Western Savings & Loan Association Y. M. C. A. BUILDING PORTLAND, OREGON