

GANGSTERS SLAY TWO POLICE AGES OF CHICAGO FORCE

CHICAGO, May 24.—"Cop-killers," most despised of murderers under the policeman's code, have within a week struck two aces from the Chicago force; an unusual circumstance in a city where gunmen have been cautious heretofore about pulling the trigger against men wearing stars.

Gang murders, crime and go, crime grist in the police working day; but "cop-killing" strikes anger and a determination for vengeance throughout the force. The killing yesterday of Detective Joseph Sullivan was looked upon as a particularly severe blow, not only because Sullivan was one of the aces of the squad which has been working on the Valentine's day gang massacre but because he also was on the trail of men who killed Detective Lawrence Martin last week.

Deputy Commissioner John Stege, driving ahead to find the killers, was nevertheless openly despondent. Asked what he thought would develop as a result of the Sullivan killing, Stege said: "Oh, nothing, I suppose. The public doesn't care any more when a policeman is killed."

Stege has established that Sullivan was killed in a "dive," as he called it, operated by Joe (Red) Bolton. Bolton surrendered last night, but said he knew nothing of the shooting. He said several men were in the place when he left

FLOOD CONDITIONS ALONG MISSISSIPPI MORE FAVORABLE

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 24.—Another 36 hours of dry weather was hoped for today by workers fighting to keep the Mississippi river and its tributaries within their banks.

At Hickman, Ky., and Mounds Landing, Miss., where the river has threatened to break through levees and at Kennett, Mo., where the St. Francis did break through and flooded approximately 25,000 acres bulwarks had been strengthened today sufficiently to withstand another onslaught of the high waters.

Heightened flood stages on the lower Mississippi as a result of the high waters the last week in the river's upper reaches were the main fear of rivermen and residents of Louisiana and Mississippi. The Mounds Landing levee is in no immediate danger at the present time and it is believed it will be able to withstand the great volume of water which is predicted for the middle of next month.

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BOTH JOE WELCH AND SON WORKING FOR NO. UMPQUA

John Ewell, of Camp View, has received a letter from Joe Welch, noted manufacturer and importer of fishing tackle and sporting goods, who has a summer home on the North Umpqua. Mr. Welch reports that his son, Stewart Welch, who recently suffered a very severe attack of pneumonia as a result of exposure while on an outing trip, is now nearly recovered and has accepted a position with a large company handling sporting goods. Young Mr. Welch conducts an information bureau in which he aids sportsmen in planning their outings, telling them where to go and how to get there and is getting in some strong boosts for the North Umpqua river. Mr. Welch, senior, and his son, together with Jack Boaz, another sport scout, are "sold" on the Umpqua as a fishing stream and are constantly at work to interest their sportsmen friends in trips to Oregon. As a result of their efforts the recreational facilities of the Umpqua Valley are being widely heralded in the Pasadena and Los Angeles districts. Mr. Welch, who has a great host of friends in Roseburg and vicinity, plans to come here for a fishing trip early in July.

PROBE INTO TAX DODGING HITS TWO MORE SCREEN FOLK

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short month before names of eleven others, most of whom are prominent on the screen, were listed in charges of fraud filed against Miss Marjorie J. Berger and Edward H. Hayden, so-called income tax experts.

Miss Berger's name appeared in two of the six counts filed against Miss Boardman, which involved returns from the years 1925, 1926 and 1927. In a previous indictment returned May 15, Miss Berger had been accused of preparing and returning a false report for the attorney and her husband in 1925. It was the fifth indictment for the income tax counselor.

Income tax returns of William Haines, Rod La Roque, Dorothy MacKall, Fred Niblo, Paul Walsh, Ramon Novarro, George O'Brien and other lesser lights of the screen were listed in indictments against Miss Berger and Hayden, growing out of tax returns prepared by the so-called experts.

No charges were filed against the actors themselves.

MANUAL TRAINING CLASS ARRANGING PROJECT EXHIBIT

The manual training class of the junior high school is arranging a display of products in the chamber of commerce office. This class of boys from the 7th, 8th and 9th grades, in under the supervision of Prof. T. T. Mackenzie, who is also instructor in trades at the senior high school.

The boys during the school year have completed approximately 300 pieces of furniture. Not all of this work will be on display, but enough of the articles will be shown to represent the extensive activities of the department. It is planned to change the display daily, so that there will be a great number of the projects exhibited during the week that the event will be staged.

The total cost of the materials for the pieces completed by the boys amounted to about \$200, Mr. Mackenzie states, and all of the wood used was cut in Oregon.

In past years it has been customary to arrange an exhibit at the school house and have the parents of the boys attend, but this year it was thought that greater attention could be secured by a more elaborate showing at some central location, and the chamber of commerce office was offered and accepted.

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Rebuilt Champion Mower \$45
Rebuilt Champion Rake \$35
4 in. Byron Jackson Pump \$70

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg AGENTS FOR Oakland
L. & H. Electric Ranges Sean Spray Pump Co.
Hood River Spray Co. John Deere Plow Co.
Sutherland Spray Co. Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

HONESTY IS—
SALT LAKE CITY.—At least 50 per cent of the students cheat in their examinations, psychologists claim. Crowded rooms make it easier for the students who believe cheating pays, they say.

Would You Jump

From the Roof of a Ten Story Building?

That's a sort of a funny question, and we won't exactly blame you if you answer, "Gosh, No! I wouldn't even jump from the roof of a two story building!"

But just the same—you are putting yourself in a position almost as dangerous if you continue to drive the modern way on old, smooth tires. Ride on the new and improved "Kelly Registered" balloons, they're built to stand the gaff for the life of your car. Come in and let us show you our line of Kelly Springfield tires—all sizes and prices.

We do motor reconditioning, car washing, greasing and tire repairing.

ROSE GARAGE

Rose and Lane Sts. McMillin & Robertson Phone 66

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon
© 1929 by NEA
SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, discovers she is in love with her employer. Being honorable, she determines to resign. Her resignation is postponed when she learns Morgan is staking his professional honor on the innocence of his friend, Bert Crawford, who is indicted for embezzlement.

Nan dislikes Crawford, distrusts him and is, incidentally, the wife of the lawyer. Nan overhears a conversation in which Crawford "fixes" a witness and admits his interest in Iris. Nan confronts him with the facts, telling Crawford the price of her silence is that he give up Iris Morgan at once.

On the last day of the trial she finds convincing proof of his guilt and his intention to elope with Iris in a note which little Curtis Morgan has evidently stolen from his mother's handbag. She arrives in the courtroom just as the jury brings in a "not guilty" verdict. Morgan refuses the fee of \$20,000 which Crawford offers him and Crawford cleverly suggests he give it to Iris.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

Nan wanted desperately to run from the room, so that Morgan should be spared the added humiliation of having a witness to his shock and grief. But he, so pitifully unprepared, had told her to stay while he read his letter from his wife. And now, before she had time to collect her wits and make an excuse to go into her own office, Morgan was drawing the crackling sheets of expensive newspaper from the big square envelope addressed in Iris's handwriting.

Out of sheer decency and pity she did close her eyes, so that when he looked at her—as at length he must—he would think that she was still concentrating on the Lois Downs mystery, would be grateful that she had not seen his face before he had time to control it.

Nan never knew how long she sat there, with her eyes screwed tightly shut and her mind reeling drunkenly from thought to thought. However long it was, there was no sound at all from the man who sat less than two feet from her, until his voice, unrecognizable in its restrained harshness, called to her: "Nan—"

"Yes, Mr. Morgan." She tried to make her voice sound normal—cheerfully expectant. In case he was looking at her, she blinked her eyes rapidly and smiled.

But the bit of acting was unnecessary. The man's long, thin body was hunched forward against his desk, his face, shielded from her sight by a cupped hand.

His words came jerkily, with the sound of labored breathing between phrases. "I'm sorry—but I don't think—I'll work any more—tonight. Tomorrow—" But he could not drag his voice past that word, which can be the most terrible in the English language.

Nan could feel in her own heavily throbbing heart the man's hot, moist recoil from all that the word meant—days stretching endlessly ahead—The need to annihilate those two feet of space between them—that small yet infinite distance that had always separated Nan Carroll, private secretary, from John Curtis Morgan, employ-

er and married man—became such an unbearable ache that the girl was impelled to feet, was bending over him, her arms outstretched in a passion of tenderness and pity to clasp his beloved head to her breast, when Morgan straightened in his chair.

Nan's arms dropped to her sides. She stepped backward just in time to prevent his head striking her. "Thank God, she hadn't betrayed herself," he hadn't seen. He would think she was simply leaving the room at his implied bidding. . . .

"I apologize for accusing you—of curiosity, Nan—"

Amazed, then more profoundly moved than she had ever been in her life, Nan halted on her way to the door, waited, scarcely daring to breathe. He was not buckling up weakly under the blow. Not he! Not he! Oh, she might have known he would be like this. . . .

His voice was jerking on: "But I—want you—to know, I'm afraid I can't—talk about it—yet. Will you—read this letter, Nan?"

From the expensive pale-gray sheets rose the faint but unmistakable odor of Iris's favorite perfume, a fragrance of which had been one of John Curtis Morgan's Christmas gifts to his wife. Now its seductive odor was helping Iris to enslave the senses of another man. . . .

But anger cleared Nan's vision. Her eyes leaped down the page: "Dear Jack: I am not coming back. You must have suspected for a long time that I did not love you. My chance for freedom has come at last and I have taken it. You told me the \$20,000 was mine to do with as I pleased, and I am using it to start life over. You must not worry about me, for I am safe and happy. If I told you my plans you would try to find me, and that you positively must not do. Of course I wanted to take Curtis with me, but I know how deeply you love him, and I did not think it would be fair to take your son from you. I know that you will take the best care of him and that you will not teach him to hate me. No man could have been a better husband than you, Jack. It is not your fault that I do not love you. But it isn't mine either, is it? Do one last generous thing for me, Jack: do not try to find me. It would be worse than useless, Iris."

Nan's first reaction to the letter was a deep, quivering breath of relief. Whatever her motive—and Nan knew that Iris Morgan had not been actuated by pity—the deserting wife had not mentioned Herbert S. Crawford. Morgan was still spared the supreme humiliation. He need never know now that the man he had called friend, and whom he had defended against a criminal charge, had been planning all the time to use the true-

dom which Morgan had won for when she was putting on her hat she realized that she could not leave him yet. It would be like leaving a man to sit up alone with his dead. She removed her hat, then tiptoed silently about her office. If he found her working he could not be so very angry with her for staying.

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cepted.

DANCE!
AT WIGWAM
Saturday Night, May 25
Let's go. Everybody will be there.
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There's no substitute for real quality products.

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ROSEBURG, OREGON



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