

FOREST FIRES ON COAST INCREASING

PORTLAND, Ore., July 11.—Pacific coast forest fire conditions were unusually favorable until July, with losses negligible, but this month is starting with alarmingly sharp increase of hazard everywhere, according to the first of the simultaneous monthly reports made throughout each fire season by all federal, state and private protection agencies from California to Montana to their clearing house, the Western Forestry and Conservation association. About 1900 fires have been handled so far, with the season now really commencing.

Dry, windy weather in May and June, usually resulting in bad slashing and reforestation fires, with loss also of loss and logging equipment, did not occur this season, consequently the protective

agencies were able to build up their defenses by trail, telephone and lookout building. There was small damage to reforesting lands. July's first week, however, has started with accumulated danger. California is already suffering severe range and brush fires at lower altitudes, with heavy loss of homes and property in the Mt. Valley region north of San Francisco bay. Two lives were lost in fighting a small slashing fire near Wenatchee, Wash. From now on every cooperation must be given by forest-visiting public, loggers and others to help the protective agencies hold the situation down. Campfires, cigarettes and slashings are potential sources of destruction of property and life.

Up to July 1, Montana reports five fires, confined to cutover and range lands.

Idaho has had 25 fires on state and private land, with negligible damage, and only 51 fires, also small, on federal lands.

Washington reports, up to July 1, 99 fires on private and state and 29 on federal lands, totaling almost no merchantable timber or logs damaged, about 3000 acres of re-

forestation lands burned but with small loss, and not over \$1400 damage to settlers' and logging equipment.

Oregon has had 54 fires on federal land and a proportionately small number on other lands, with little damage anywhere.

California, with its longer dry season, is being hit hardest so far. Up to July 1 there were 170 fires on government lands, mostly low altitude brush lands, with only watershed damage hard to estimate, and 394 fires on other lands, nearly all range and grass lands, with some 22,000 acres of the latter injured, with a loss of \$25,000 or more, but nearly no true forest loss. In the last week, however, there have been many more of these brush fires, doing great property damage as yet unestimated.

In short, the 1929 fire season, after a full breeding false security, is suddenly heating up with hot weather and low humidity to a danger stage hardly realized, which demands every public cooperation. It looks like a bad season from now on. The woods are getting very dry.

"The butler protested. 'You found him, didn't you?'"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At two o'clock. I have already told the gentlemen. He gave me the evening off. He was going to a party. And I went to Elizabeth town where I have my friends, and I did not come home until two o'clock. Then I opened the door and put on the light, and I am thinking of nothing, and I go into this room when—"

The butler turned to look at the seated corpse, and paused.

"You found him in this chair?"

"Yes. So I go to the elevator, and make excitement, and that is all I know."

"Mmm. . . Was this your night off?"

"No, sir. Mr. Sewell asked me to take the night off."

"Did he often ask you to take the night off?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"How long have you been with him?"

"Six months."

"Where were you before?"

"Russia."

"Mmm. . . What did you do in Russia?"

"I was an officer in the Guards before the revolution." The man seemed a little more certain of himself then. Marx looking at him could believe he had been a soldier.

"Now, listen," began Marx, taking out a cheap cigar and lighting it, "was there anything taken that you know of?"

"I do not know," the butler waved his hand.

"Was the place out of order, any?" snapped Marx.

"No. Just like always."

"You found him sitting in his chair?"

"Yes."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"When did you leave the house?"

"At six o'clock."

"And you came back at two?"

"Yes, sir."

"So he was murdered between six and two, ha?"

"I do not know."

"No. You don't seem to know a helluva lot," Marx glared at him. The butler puzzled him. "You go, no idea where he went?"

"No, sir."

"You know who his friends are, don't you?"

"No, sir. He never told me."

"Oh—he didn't?" Marx sneered. "I suppose nobody ever called on him, did they?"

"Yes, sir. They did."

"And when they called they never gave you their names—did they?" Marx was obviously trying to trip the butler.

"No, sir. They didn't."

"They didn't? Say—who were his visitors—all women?"

"Yes, sir. All women."

"You mean to say a man never called here?"

"No, sir. He met his gentlemen at his club. Here was only for women."

"Well—what do you make of that?" Carraway asked Marx.

"Nothing much," Marx grunted. "This guy Sewell musta been a bear for women. I knew that much before I started out. Now look here—let's go over the doors. Here, you?" This to the butler.

"Did you touch any of these doors, when you got in?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing wrong with the front door, was there?"

"No, sir. I opened it with my key."

"All right. Then you got in here. This door to the terrace was locked?"

"Yes, sir. I remember, I was nervous and I noticed, it was the same as usual. Mr. Sewell never went out there. It was always locked."

"I know nothing—nothing at

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of J. W. Cowan, deceased, and of the partnership estate of J. W. Cowan and W. D. Cowan, who did business under the name of Cowan's Garage, has filed his final account in said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, and the Honorable W. R. Hamilton, Judge of said Court, has appointed Thursday, August 8th, 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said date, in the County Court Room at the Court-house in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to said account and the settlement thereof. All persons interested in said estates are hereby notified to file their objections, if any, to said account or to the time and place appointed for final hearing as aforesaid. Dated this 27th day of June, 1929. W. D. COWAN, Administrator of the estate of J. W. Cowan, deceased, and of the partnership estate of J. W. Cowan and W. D. Cowan.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of George E. Matthews, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, and the Honorable W. R. Hamilton, Judge of said Court, has appointed Thursday, August 8th, 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said date, in the County Court Room at the Court-house in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to said account and the settlement thereof. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objections, if any, to said account or to the time and place appointed for final hearing as aforesaid. Dated this 27th day of June, 1929. ALBERT A. MATTHEWS, Administrator of the estate of George E. Matthews, deceased.

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The Skyscraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

DWELLERS in big cities go from one mystery to another these days. Crimes are committed, men and women are killed in apparently the most open fashion and frequently that is the last heard of it. Of course, there is an investigation—there is always that. Then, after the customary seven days allotted to wonders, the whole thing drops out of sight.

But not so with the Skyscraper Murder. Here is one that was run to earth and in the process the delivers into the mystery are given plenty of thrills.

Mr. Spewack is a master hand at depicting situations of this sort. Obviously the story is fiction but perhaps there will be those who can see in it a marked resemblance to actuality.

There is a thrill a day in the Skyscraper Murder.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Philip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just-recently-divorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportman and Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorcee are to be married.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III.

Edison repaired to the lounge, decorated excessively in the Louis XV period as conceived by a real estate entrepreneur from the Bronx. He lit a cigarette in his impatience and paced up and down the too-thick rug. Finally, weary, he slumped into a gilt armchair and tried to relax, but couldn't. He kept his head turned to the entrance, watching for Sewell to be ushered in through the bronze door. A half hour passed. Then an hour.

Suddenly the telephone operator raced into the lounge.

"You wanted to see Mr. Sewell, sir?" He was obviously laboring under considerable excitement, and he did not wait for a reply. "Mr. Sewell's been murdered!"

"Murdered?"

"Yes—sir." The operator swallowed. "I've just telephoned the police. Are you a friend of his?" Edison paused.

"Why—yes," he replied finally.

THE MURDER

Inspector Marx was that type of police officer who, in mystery plays, is made the butt of ridicule. His grammar was primitive, his conversation inelegant. He had no scintillating powers of deduction to present with the flare of the showman. In short, his general equipment fitted him for the police station rather than the stage, which, upon due reflection, is not as incongruous as it may seem.

Ten minutes after the news of Sewell's violent end was telephoned to headquarters, it was relayed to Marx's unpretentious flat in the East Nineties.

"Robbery?" demanded the Inspector of Detective Sergeant Carraway, who was telephoning from Sewell's flat.

"No. Not a sign of it. Looks like straight murder."

"All right, I'll be up."

Marx put down the telephone, and his big red face seemed sour with displeasure.

"What's up, precious?" demanded Mrs. Marx, who was big and fat and housewifely.

"Killing."

"Who?" Mrs. Marx displayed the usual interest of a spouse in her husband's labor.

with a miniature minstrel gallery gracing one side of it. Sewell had covered the four walls of this giant room with clear mirrors that flashed into Marx's bewildered eyes and made him blink.

From this room of mirrors, through a narrow door, you came upon a terrace garden, wide enough to hold several chairs, a table and a garden lounge. Here one could look out upon a city of lights and stone, and a sky that was not quite so black and smudged and mottled as it appeared from the streets below.

Returning to the mirrored room, you mounted the walnut stairway to the gallery, and found there a master bedroom and bath. The bedroom had four separate closets, which struck the practical-minded Marx as wasteful luxury.

It was in the room of mirrors that Sewell was found. He was seated in a low blue and white chair, his head bent, hands folded, facing the mirror of the left wall. He was dressed for dinner, and the blood on his shirt bosom told Marx he had been shot through the heart. As Marx surveyed him, he had an uneasy feeling that other dead men were in the room—for the mirrors echoed the murder from each wall.

Marx moved nearer to Sewell. He was struck by the unusual calm of the still face. It was as if the man had been murdered in his sleep.

"Pretty, ain't it?" breathed Carraway, who stood behind Marx.

"Yea," drawled Marx. "Now—let's see. . . He paused reflectively. "Who found him?"

"His butler, valet or whatcha call him. Russian, or something."

"Where is he?"

"Jim!" Carraway bawled to one of the detectives. "Bring in the slobs!"

The detective brought Sewell's sole servant from the corridor into the room. He was a little over forty, with high cheekbones, and rather small black eyes. He carried himself well; not so much with the faintly subservient manner of the good domestic as a man who had known wealth.

"What's your name?" growled Marx.

"Ivan Stanupin."

"Good." One of the detectives grinned.

"I know nothing—nothing at

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, duly appointed administrator of the estate of George E. Matthews, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, to the undersigned administrator at the law offices of Rice & Brunson, located at the First State and Savings Bank Building in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, which is June 13, 1929. Dated this 13th day of June, 1929. GOLDFIE BRUNSON, Administrator of the estate of George E. Matthews, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Dora May Cowan, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, and the Honorable W. R. Hamilton, Judge of said Court, has appointed Thursday, August 8th, 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said date, in the County Court Room at the Court-house in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to said account and the settlement thereof. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objections, if any, to said account or to the time and place appointed for final hearing as aforesaid. Dated this 27th day of June, 1929. W. D. COWAN, Administrator of the estate of Dora May Cowan, deceased.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Douglas, Eliza Hobbs, Plaintiff, vs. George Tarrant, his wife, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To Eliza Hobbs, Jessie Hobbs, D. Vandeventer, George Tarrant, and Anna J. Tarrant, his wife, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon you and each of you are hereby notified and required to appear and answer Plaintiff's complaint against you in the above entitled court and cause or to file the expiration of four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer Plaintiff's complaint, the plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the court for the relief demanded in her complaint, a

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, Clerk of Union High School No. 5, Wilbur, Oregon, for the construction of a concrete walk from the south entrance of the school building to the entrance of the gymnasium. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned.

R. E. BROWN, Clerk.

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Saturday Night, July 13th
Music by The Merrymakers

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Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, Clerk of Union High School No. 5, Wilbur, Oregon, for the construction of a concrete walk from the south entrance of the school building to the entrance of the gymnasium. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned.

R. E. BROWN, Clerk.

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July 13, 1929

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