

RICHFIELD AND RICHLUBE STAND ENDURANCE TEST

LOS ANGELES, July 17.—In bringing the world's endurance record back to California, Loren W. Mendell and Pete Reinhardt, co-pilots of the Buick plane "Angelino" used California motor products exclusively—Richfield gasoline, Richlube motor oil, and Richlube high-pressure grease—it was disclosed today.

The "Angelino" broke all records for sustained flight. The refueling ship was a Curtiss carrier plane, piloted by Paul Whittier and Slade Hubert. At regular intervals the Richlube oil was being changed by means of special facilities in the plane.

To prevent any possible recurrence of the difficulty which forced down the "Question Mark" plane after 150 hours in the air, due to failure of the rocker arms, a special arrangement for forcing a continual feed of oil to this vital part of the motor was worked out by the flyers, it is stated.

The selection of Richlube motor products for this flight was made after repeated tests by the pilots who left no stone unturned to assure the success of the flight before taking off. The gasoline which

PLYMOUTH IS IDEAL FAMILY AUTOMOBILE

Summer time is picnic time to the average American family. Not so many years ago the family could enjoy only one or maybe two outings in the country a year. To go on a picnic was a task as well as a pleasure. Lunch baskets had to be carried to the street car, for the hot, uncomfortable ride to the picnic grounds at the edge of the city. The more fortunate were able to hitch old Dubbin to the surrey for the slow, tiresome ride into the country—not over five miles away. Long before the day was over, spirits were dampened by thoughts of the long, dusty ride back home.

Now conditions have changed. The modern family packs the lunch, steps out to the automobile and is away on a pleasant, comfortable drive far into the country. Distance from home now lends pleasure to the picnic, for a car that is dependable, powerful and sturdy always furnishes enjoyable transportation.

The large and roomy bodies of

NEW TYPE OF MOTOR CAR NOW NECESSARY

Increasing traffic on streets and highways of America offers a unique challenge to automobile manufacturers who are seeking to adapt their cars to the multiple complexities of modern transportation, according to J. O. Newland, local Dodge Brothers dealer.

"To meet the demands of present day motoring, new standards of performance and safety have been developed by engineers," said Mr. Newland. "Typical of this is the fact that the New Dodge Brothers Six was built to specifications designed to cope with all conditions encountered in heavy traffic. In this model, engineering skill has produced a car with:

"Maximum flexibility and acceleration, in traffic or away from signal lights.

"A turning circle of small diameter for easy parking.

"Four wheel, hydraulic, internal-expanding brakes that afford positive control.

"Convenient controls, requiring the minimum of effort in driving.

"Mono-piece body free from annoying squeaks and rattles.

"Fuel economy that provides the greatest mileage possible when the engine is idling in traffic.

"It is only a matter of a few seconds to accelerate from a standing start through gears to 25 miles an hour, or from five to 45 miles an hour in high, with the New Dodge Brothers Six. Such power and flexibility when protected with positive braking facilities insures the greatest degree of safety. State and municipal officials have recognized these features by taking the mechanical condition of cars into consideration when handling traffic cases.

The Dodge car can be turned completely around in a street only 29.9 feet wide, the short turning radius providing easy parking. The ease of operation, convenient controls and full vision afforded by the Mono-piece body construction simplify its operation under every condition."

SPORTSMEN ARE PLEDGED HELP OF LOCAL CHAMBER

Cooperation of the Roseburg chamber of commerce in the work of the State Sportsmen's association is pledged in a communication received by C. A. Lockwood of this city, president of the state organization, today. The letter from the chamber of commerce is as follows:

July 16, 1929.
Hon. C. A. Lockwood, President State Game Protective Ass'n, Roseburg, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Lockwood: Roseburg chamber of commerce through its board of directors takes this means of volunteering its good offices to you as president of the Oregon Game Protective association.

We feel that this organization is doing a wonderful work in its efforts to conserve the wild life of our state and we desire to be of any and all possible service to you.

We as a people are just now beginning to appreciate the fact that one of our chief assets, as a state, lies in our game and fish, and we are wide awake to the further fact that forceful and immediate means must be taken to preserve this asset to our oncoming generations as ruthless intruders are even now being made in this domain, and especially so in that of our fish realm.

We desire you to feel assured of our 100 per cent support in any remedial measures your organization undertakes. Selfish, practical interests, unless legally curbed, will soon rid our streams of fish and make of angling a lost art.

The state of Oregon is largely dependent upon your organization to safeguard the people's interest in perpetuating fish and wild life.

Very truly yours,
ROSEBURG CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
By W. C. Harding, Secretary.

4 EX-POLICEMEN FACING CHARGE OF FRAMING MURDER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
PHOENIX, Ariz., July 17.—Charges of first degree murder are facing four former policemen here on complaint accusing them with the fatal shooting of a Mexican and a Nicaraguan during a drug store holdup said to have been prearranged by them.

A fifth officer, E. L. Guernsey, had been dismissed on stipulation of the county attorney that he turn state's evidence. The murder complaint was filed yesterday by the mother of one of the victims. Another Mexican was wounded in the affair.

The complaint charged that former officers M. E. Freasier, Stanley Shockley, Ray Shockley and W. A. Walker, deliberately shot down the would-be robbers. Freasier and the Shockley brothers will appear for preliminary hearing July 19. They are arraigned and then released under bond of \$5,000 each. Walker is being sought as a fugitive from justice.

WELL PUMPED DRY TO RESCUE HORSE

CHICAGO, July 17.—A horse with the high faluting name of Minerva Cheevy fell in a well yesterday, being rescued after much to-do and with great difficulty.

Minerva Cheevy, who pulls a meat plow on John Nebore's farm near Libertyville, was standing in deep thought on some boards covering the well. The boards had seen their best days. They broke, dropping Minerva Cheevy 15 feet into a lot of water.

The water was over Minerva's head and the nag was in imminent danger of drowning. A man jumped in to the rescue. In the excitement his name was not learned. Whoever he was he jumped in.

The man and horse floundered around for a while until finally the man made connections with the halter the animal wore. A rope was dropped down and the halter strap was made fast to it, after which the rope was pulled taut so that Minerva's head was held above water.

In this unnatural but necessary posture the horse remained until the Libertyville fire department got there. It was decided to pump the well dry, and this was done. A belt was then placed around Minerva, a crane was brought forward, and the horse was hoisted to safety.

Minerva Cheevy today was back on the front of a cultivator.

Manchuria, with a population of 7,500,000, smoked 8,500,000,000 cigarettes last year.

Be Comfortable

After a day of hot, dusty harvest work a good bath is worth the price of a bathroom outfit.

**Only \$55.00
WHY WAIT?**

Come in and see the oilburning refrigerator.

**SPECIAL
Rebuilt 7-ft. Binder \$125.00**

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg

AGENTS FOR

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Sutherland Spray Co.

Bean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

BEGGARS UNIONIZED

TOKIO.—The grand old art of begging has been unionized in this city and the boys only work three hours a day now. Increased competition is given for this getting together and city-wide laws compel the gentry to knock off after three hours. If caught working longer than the set time, a beggar forfeits his days earnings to the co-worker catching him cheating. A guild enacts and enforces laws.

In South America there are some trees known as "cow-trees," which, when pierced, yield a rich, milky, nutritious juice in such abundance as to render it an important article of food.

LOW FARES TO THE EAST

**EFFECTIVE MAY 22 TO SEPT. 30
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Reduced fares all parts of east liberal stop-overs. Fine trains; modern equipment; splendid service; scenic route. Short side trips enables you to visit—

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NAT'L PARK**

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UNION PACIFIC

General Passenger Dept., 637 Pittcock Block, Portland, Ore.

The Skyscraper Murder

by SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Philip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just recently divorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorcee are to be married. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and while he is awaiting his return, is informed Sewell has been found dead. Inspector Marx begins a police investigation. He questions Sewell's Russian valet. The elevator operator is also questioned. He did not see Sewell return. A young medical examiner, with a taste for detective work, assists Marx. Their search of the apartment reveals a complete wardrobe in different colors, for women. In a safe-deposit box they find a scrap of paper bearing the inscription, "Paid in Full." The following day a Major Preston, who has been a sporting associate of Sewell's, is interrogated. Then Sewell's widow visits this apartment. She intimates that Preston might know something.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII.

"Let me understand you," begged the doctor. "In addition to such ladies as came here, there was another individual living with Mr. Sewell—presumably a woman."

"Yes, I think so."

"Because you always made breakfast for two?"

"And lunch and dinner also. And sometimes when Mr. Sewell went out, he would instruct me to make the meal just the same."

"And to whom would you serve it?"

"I was instructed to leave it on the table on the terrace."

"And didn't you ever look to see who took up the food?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes. But I couldn't. When I looked, either the food and the tray were still there, or suddenly they were gone."

"Yeah. Now suppose somebody was living here. Where could they hide?"

"That I do not know. I have told you everything I know. I thought Mr. Sewell did not want me to see the person who was living with him. And in Russia I have learned it is always best not to know too much."

He bowed, and made his way back to the corridor, and to his room.

The doctor rose from his chair, chuckling.

"Marvelous!" he enthused. "This case has all the ingredients that are positively fascinating. An unknown second person lives in this home of mystery. A healthy normal person, apparently, who eats three meals a day, and yet remains invisible. And presumably this shadowy entity is no more. She has vanished with the murder. Do you see the possibilities, Inspector?"

"I don't see a damn thing," snapped Marx.

"But you see the possibilities, don't you?" insisted the doctor. "Think! What would Sewell be doing with a second person—man or woman—whom he was determined to hide from the world?"

"I'll answer that," growled Marx. "When you answer the other questions we haven't tackled yet, how did Sewell get up here? How did the guy who bumped him off get out of here? How?"

Marx stopped short. He was facing the left wall of the mirror. Now he blinked as the lower half of the mirror swung open, as if it were a door. A young woman in a blue afternoon tea gown tottered forward.

The doctor stepped quickly to wards her.

"Mrs. Edison, I believe?"

"Yes," the girl managed to reply. And then she sank into the chair and buried her head in her hands.

"What are you doing here?" Marx found his voice. For he was still staring at the newly discovered mirror-door that walled up an alcove.

"Oh—God—I don't know!" she groaned. She stared at Marx. "Are you a detective?"

"Yes," confirmed Marx. "And we've been looking for you."

The girl rose quickly.

"I didn't kill him! I didn't kill him! I tell you, I loved him! I—"

The girl averted, and fell back in her chair. The doctor said she had fainted.

"Now, Mrs. Edison," began the doctor, "there are certain things that my friend here wants explained—and only you can explain them."

The young woman held a steaming cup of coffee in trembling hands, and she sipped the black liquid gratefully.

"What I want to know is," amended Marx, "exactly where you went after the three of you left the night club."

"And how you came here," added the doctor.

The two men waited for her. She looked at Marx carefully. He interpreted the glance correctly.

"You don't have to worry about anything if you tell the truth," Marx assured her. "If you don't, there'll be trouble."

The young woman leaned back and closed her eyes as if in pain.

"It's so frightful," she whispered, half to herself. "I can't."

"No, come on," prompted Marx. "You and Sewell left the club in a taxi."

"Yes. We drove to my hotel. I got out there to get my things. I was checking out."

"Oh!"

The girl's eyes were downcast. "I know what you're thinking. But it doesn't matter to me. I loved him. I was mad about him. I'd give up anything for him. And he loved me!" She lifted her eyes defiantly. "He did! As soon as he was free of his wife, he was to marry me. Until then I didn't care."

"All right," said Marx easily. "You checked out of the hotel."

"Yes. And the taxi drove around to the next street and I got back into the taxi, and we drove off for the apartment." She stopped.

"Mr. Sewell felt we were being followed. That's why he drove around to the other entrance."

"Who was following you?"

"I didn't believe it at first, but I looked back and I saw my husband in another cab."

"Huh," Marx nodded. "Go ahead."

"But we lost him. And then we came here."

"Now wait a minute," interrupted Marx. "Everybody in this building swears nobody came up here that night."

"They're rather careless downstairs," she said after a pause. "Sewell didn't want them to see us. So he waited until—until they weren't looking."

"And then?"

"And then we walked up here," "Walked up?" repeated Marx. "We went very slowly."

"Go on," said Marx, after a pause.

"We got in," continued the girl, "and—"

"Now let's have everything that happened!" commanded Marx, leaning forward.

"Well, he went to the butler's pantry, and he mixed a cocktail and we drank. And then I sat down here—pointing to the chair which the doctor occupied. "And then we began to talk."

"Anything on his mind? Was he worried about anybody?"

"No. He seemed very happy. And then suddenly, while we were talking, the lights flickered and then went out. We were in the dark. I screamed. But I felt someone near me and a hand over my mouth, and then I had a feeling of being dragged and door closing on me. Then I heard a shot. But I was still in the dark. I couldn't see anything. I couldn't hear anything."

The girl rose as she enacted the terror of that night.

"Then it seemed hours, but everything was still, and I kept groping around, and then I got hysterical and began beating on the wall. I thought it was a wall. But it was a door. And I opened it. And somehow I found the switch, and I turned on the lights, and—"

She fell back in her chair. "He was dead."

"In this chair here?"

"What did you do then?" demanded Marx.

"I was half mad. I screamed and cried, and then I heard some one coming in. And I realized I'd be in a terrible mess. I tried to get out through the terrace, but I heard the outer door opening. So I put out the lights and I ran into this room back of the mirror. And I just waited and waited. But I couldn't get away. There's been someone here all the time. Finally I just couldn't stand it any more. I just ran out and—"

"She slumped in her chair, helpless but futile. Her eyes looked up at Marx expectantly.

"Mrs. Edison," began Marx. "Are you sure that you heard nothing saw nothing that night?"

"I tell you I didn't," protested the girl.

"Did you hear the steps of the person who dragged you? Did you feel the arm, the hand? Was it a man or a woman?"

"I was too frightened. I think it was a man. It must have been."

"And when you put the lights up again Sewell was dead and sitting in that chair?"

"Yes."

"And," intervened the doctor, "for a day and a night you waited in that room?"

"Yes."

"Shall we take a look at that room, Inspector?" asked the doctor, rising. "It's a rather unusual room, to say the least."

Marx got up. The doctor walked to the mirror.

"It's the secretary that fooled us," the doctor said, grasping an ornamental knob that seemed part of the furniture, but was in reality the knob of the door. "Now, what have we here?"

The room they entered was an alcove, equipped with a skylight ceiling for light and air. A table, an old couch, a bookshelf and a bridge lamp comprised the furniture.

"What did Sewell use this room for?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," the girl replied. "I never dreamed there was a room back of the mirror, and I know the apartment well."

"While you were in this room," asked the doctor, "what did you do?"

"I lay on that couch there. I just waited. I couldn't do anything."

"You found nothing to eat, I take it?" The doctor put the question casually, as if one could find food in a hidden alcove.

"I was too upset to think about food," the girl laughed shortly. "I was mad, I tell you. I can't talk about it. Just lying here and waiting, and all the time the picture of him out there."

"And wondering how'd you get out of the mess," concluded the doctor.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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COLONEL J. N. MANGAN HEADS "FIGHTING IRISH"

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
BALTIMORE, July 16.—Colonel John N. Mangan, former supply officer of the 165th Infantry of New York, known for years as the "fighting Irish sixty ninth" was elected president of the Rainbow division veterans today.

KIWANIS HEAR TALKS BY SPANISH WAR VETS

Three Spanish war veterans were speakers at the Kiwanis club luncheon at noon yesterday: Robert Campbell, department commander; E. L. Clark, senior vice-commander; and R. B. Kirk, of The Dalles. The three short talks were greatly enjoyed. Charles V. Stanton sang two solos as a part of the musical program.

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

Camp at Idleyd Park.

EXCAVATION IS BEGUN FOR NORTH ROSEBURG MILL

Work of construction on the proposed sawmill in North Roseburg was started on a large scale yesterday. The grading equipment ordered several weeks ago, arrived in town, and was placed in immediate use. The grader will be used in excavating for the log pond, which will be 300 feet long by 150 feet wide and 5 feet in depth. Carpenters also started work on the buildings which will house the mill machinery, soon to be moved to this city. The materials are on hand for the extension of the Creason spur to the mill site, but construction work on the track is awaiting the approval of the Southern Pacific company.

BEAN'S SUCCESSOR FOR CROSS-STATE RAILWAY

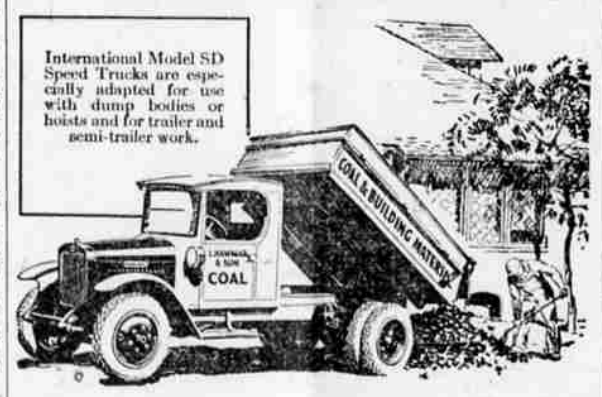
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
EUGENE, Ore., July 16.—The campaign of western Oregon cities for the lower fruit rate from San Francisco to intermediate points, and the proposed cross-state railroad from Crane to O'Dell, having the endorsement of Frank J. Miller of Albany, newly appointed member of the public service commission.

"I have always been opposed to increases in freight rates without proper compensation to all parts of the state," Miller declared today. "I think the building of a railroad from Crane to O'Dell is the proper thing to do. A member of the interstate commerce commission has already recommended construction of the line and I see no reason why action to complete the line should not be taken."

"The homes of yesterday," said Prof. Maier, "used to be sanctuaries and a veritable haven of spiritual refuge but today it is hardly more than a human filling station. The question used to be 'what shall we do tonight?' and the answer was found in the radiant companionship that encircled the family hearth, but the question now is: 'where shall we go tonight?' and the answer is found in a series of suggestions which lead very definitely away from the home."

Martin Luther, in his small catechism, said Prof. Maier, gave the following injunctions: "We should

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THE satisfaction you get when you see a good looking International going out on your jobs is exceeded by the satisfaction you get when you tabulate operating costs. You will find that it has served you well in all-around economy.

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C. J. WALKER
Rose Garage
Roseburg, Ore.

Thousands more NOW ENJOY SLEEVE-VALVE SMOOTHNESS

In a setting that rivals custom-car beauty....

The Willys-Knight "70-B" is bringing a new and higher order of pleasurable, carefree motoring to added thousands of enthusiastic owners.

The simplicity of the patented Knight double sleeve-valve engine results in remarkable smoothness and efficiency, sturdy endurance and sustained speed. An unusual degree of freedom from adjustments, carbon troubles and repairs makes the Knight engine decidedly economical to operate.

The new style Willys-Knight "70-B" is the largest, most beautiful and most powerful Knight engine car ever offered at such a low price. In smartness of design, the "70-B" finds adequate comparison only among more expensive cars.

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