

COLORADO PRISON SEARCH BRINGS TO LIGHT MORE GUNS

Another Convict Goes Into Solitary Confinement and Noose Menaces Heads of Three.

(Associated Press Local Wire)
CANYON CITY, Colo., Oct. 8.—Tenseness brought about by a search for more guns was not lessened here, today, by the discovery of a second gun.

Coincidentally with putting a second convict in solitary confinement, search of the institution yesterday revealed two more guns hidden in a coal pile. The guns were found close to three heads as a result of the investigation and findings thus far, it was generally understood, with the official inquiry just getting underway in full force.

One official, unnamed, said he was certain five convicts in the prison were armed—that is, they had hidden arms which a careful search had failed to disclose. The official would not comment on the basis for the belief.

Charles Davis was ordered placed in solitary confinement and soon after this action, two convicts were found and Leo W. McCreath, 35, Denver gunman, was ordered confined. Both of these men, Warden F. E. Crawford said, were in possession of weapons when the mutiny in the prison broke out. Before this mutiny was over Friday morning after 18 hours of war, twelve convicts had lost their lives. Several were injured and five were convicts. Four of the convicts were killed by Danny Daniels, leader of the revolt, who then ended his own life and with it ended the revolt.

Identity of the third convict to whom suspicion attached, was not made known.

Stakes Conflict
The weapons sought now in

Destruction Threatened By Voracious Insects



The famous San Miguel Archangel mission founded in 1731 is in imminent danger of collapsing. Termites, eating at unprotected wood, have brought the old structure to a critical point, according to C. James Lansing, secretary of the California Restoration society. An appeal is being made for funds to repair the building.

clude a shotgun, a 30.20 rifle and three revolvers. As the officials probed further and deeper into the plot back of one of the bloodiest prison mutinies in the history of the nation, more and more convicts piling in procession through the warden's office for questioning. Fifty men have been examined so far. Out of hatred for others, the fear of "stool pigeons" or fear of being called that, prisoners told many and conflicting stories.

These disclosures and developments, coupled with a general uneasiness and turmoil within the prison, may serve to give one condemned man, a reprieve. Eddie Ives, Denver slayer sentenced to go to the gallows this week, may win a temporary reprieve until the situation at the prison is quiet and becomes more settled. Anticipation with the atmosphere of the prison surcharged as it is, might result in serious consequences, officials believe.

Klamath Falls—Building to be erected soon for occupancy by cleaning establishment.

Tents and tarpaulins at Wharton Bros.—(Adv.)

News Briefs

(Associated Press Local Wire)

NEW MARKET, N. J., Oct. 8.—Notwithstanding blue laws, Record or R. P. F. Von Minden is for Sunday football. He praised two teams for "engaging in such a healthy game instead of hanging around corners and frequenting speakeasies" when the 22 youths were arraigned before him. The case was continued.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—Football fatality: Edward, 18, left guard on the East Falls professional team, died of a broken neck received in a game with Holmesburg.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—A thirty-five foot dory with a cargo of liquor valued at \$30,000 was captured and another believed to be similarly loaded was sunk in the Harlem river off the lower bay today by customs guards after a running

machine gun battle. The crews of both boats escaped.

The raid was the result of a tip that large cargoes of liquor were to be landed near Perth Amboy, N. J.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Phil Edwards, negro captain of the New York university track team, is engaged to Miss Edith Odel-Shoff, 19, white, of Weehawken, N. J. Her mother is French, her father German.

RENO, Nev., Oct. 8.—Mrs. Mathie Sedgwick Colby, author, was granted a divorce here yesterday from Bainbridge Colby, former secretary of state in the Wilson cabinet, and also a member of the shipping board and emergency fleet corporation.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—The high mark in bomb outrages will be reached this year, the employers' association predicted today on the basis of 58 bombings since December 12, 1928.

The association notes that the year's bombings have been directed in 45.9 per cent of the cases against business places rather than against speakeasies and gambling houses as formerly.

AVIATOR AND BANKER MISSING IN ALASKA

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SEWARD, Alaska, Oct. 8.—Additional reports of distress flares yesterday caused renewed anxiety in the search for Russell Merrill, missing Alaskan aviator, former Portland resident.

The flares were seen nine miles from Cape Resurrection, where it is believed that Merrill may have been forced down three weeks ago. Airplanes, which have been unsuccessfully searching for James Stillman, New York banker, will be sent to search the district.

Stillman was still missing today. He was due to arrive at Anchorage Saturday, but failed to return from a hunting trip and a search from the air was started.

Tractor plows or all size tractors are sold at Wharton Bros.—(Adv.)

FLOWERS and Gardens

By CHARLES A. BRAND

(Editor's Note: The following appeared in the "Flowers and Gardens" column conducted by Charles A. Brand. Because of the widespread interest in it and for the benefit of those who wish to clip it and save it, it is being printed again.)

Readers of this column are entitled to a little relief from the regular grist, and here it is. A man's last will and testament is not a very cheerful subject, you will say, but wait until you read it. One of the finest things ever written, I think, and if you love flowers and outdoors and home and children and all the other fine things in the world I know you will cut it out and save it. Here it is:

A Legacy to Mankind

In the name of God, amen. I, Charles Lamboury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do now make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal; but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quiet pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children exclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the field, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children warning them at the same time against the thistles and the thorns. And I devise to children, the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but not just nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes

one may skate to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there to be found. And I give to said boys, each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without hindrance, and without any encumbrance of cares.

ITEM: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need—as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and anything else that they may desire, to figure to each other the lastings and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and unshaken confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and have choruses to sing, with smooth voices to tell them forth. ITEM: And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave Memory, and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be any, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without time or diminution.

ITEM: And to the loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, and the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

ROSEBURG WOMAN'S CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

The Roseburg Woman's club held its first meeting of the club year on Tuesday, October 1, in the club rooms. Mrs. J. C. Leedy and Mrs. Carl B. Neal were joint chairwomen of the program and refreshment committees. The meeting was opened by community singing, with Mrs. A. G. McMillan, president, in charge. District Attorney Guy Gordon was the speaker for the afternoon, using as his topic, "Hoover's Plan of Land Transfer." His talk was very interesting and instructive. Mr. Roy Goodman, of the Goodman Music conservatory, played two beautiful piano solos. The afternoon proved one of the most pleasant ever enjoyed by the club.

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KLAMATH DOCTOR ACCUSED OF DRUG LAW VIOLATION

MEDFORD, Ore., Oct. 8.—Trial of Dr. A. A. Soule, Klamath Falls physician, charged with violation of the Harrison narcotics act, opened in federal court here yesterday. Fred G. McDonald, star witness for the government, was the first witness to take the stand.

The defense contends that Dr. Soule administered narcotics to McDonald as an "act of mercy," within the province of medical practitioners, and that McDonald "preyed on his sympathies to secure evidence." The defense declares the drugs prescribed for McDonald were, designed to "relieve suffering and were administered in the course of legitimate practice."

The government contends that the prescriptions were furnished "on a commercial basis for profit" and that Dr. Soule stepped beyond the medical limitations provided in the Harrison act, prohibiting supplying of drugs to confirmed addicts.

McDonald said he had resided in Medford and Klamath Falls for several years, employed as a swimming instructor. He said he had been a drug addict since 1929. The defense said he had been employed as a Boy Scout and Girl Scout worker at the Lake-of-the-Woods camp last summer.

McDonald declared he could identify a dozen prescriptions as having been purchased by him from Dr. Soule.

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Blue Blood And Red

by ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Eddie Regan, once a member of a New York gang, has escaped and come to Virginia, where he meets Marian "Paradise," with whom he falls in love. He forgets the "gang" girl, Bernice Veresot, with whom he once fancied himself in love in his dreams of Marian. Penfield Paradise, last member of an old aristocratic Southern family, whom Eddie befriended, dies and makes Eddie his sole heir. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she discourages him and tells him she expects to marry Tom Freeman. Eddie goes to call on Marian, but Freeman orders her to eject him from the house. A fight ensues, and Marian tells Freeman to leave. Eddie tells Marian of his past, and she explains how impossible it is for him to think of love and marriage in connection with her. Discouraged, Eddie leaves the country to go to Richmond.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter XXVI
Eddie went to the largest hotel and registered.

"You have no baggage with you, Mr. Regan?" the clerk asked, looking at the register.

"I am buying some things and I'll have them sent up to the room," he explained.

He went down the principal street and his reflection in the store windows looked thoroughly shabby. He was fitted in a clothing store with a new suit of blue serge and before he left he had bought twenty-five dollars' worth of haberdashery besides. While the alterations were being made on his new suit, he went into the grill room of the hotel and ordered luncheon. Somehow the atmosphere of a restaurant restored to him something of his old, care-free demeanor. He lit a cigarette while waiting for the meal and filled his lungs with smoke. Again, that night he returned to the grill, dressed smartly in his new clothes. Later on he meant to go to a movie.

A hand clapped him on the shoulder from behind and turning he looked up at a dark, smiling face.

"Well, I'll be darned—Mike Arno!"

Eddie was on his feet, shaking hands with the tall, deedly groomed man. Mike Arno was older than Eddie and when, too, if there was any significance in the brightness of his dark eyes and the fox-like smile around his thin lips. Never exactly a member of the Big Guy gang, Arno had, nevertheless, been of his breed and association. Sometimes he had been referred to as the "One Wolf."

He sat down beside Eddie and a cloud of cigarette smoke rose around his head.

"I heard about the vanishing act you did through a bathroom window, Kid," he said, with a mocking simulation. "What in hell was it all about?"

Eddie shrugged. Arno looked at him with bright, direct eyes. "You took it on the run, he said, you were having any trouble with the Big Guy—you needn't say any longer to go back. I suppose you've heard the big news?"

Eddie shook his head.

"The Big Guy knocked off. He went out with the mob one night—think he should never have did—and the cops were tearing for him. They got the Big Guy with seven or eight bullets right

through the chest. The whole mob has gone to smash—so you ain't got a thing on earth to worry about—Kid. You can go back to New York any time you want to."

A swirl of amazement, of relief—passed through Eddie. Subconsciously he had carried with him a sense of menace ever since he fled from New York—and now it was ended. The Big Guy was dead. It scarcely seemed possible so filled with brazen dominance had the mob's leader been on final last night back there. The hand that had held the point of life or death for his underlings was now feeble and motionless. A load was lifted from Eddie's chest. No longer was he an exile and an outcast from his native city. Mike Arno informed him further that the subleader of the gang had been arrested and speedily convicted. But for his own last minute flight he, too, might now be dead—or in prison. A silver of relief ran through him.

"You don't seem to feel very bad about it," Mike Arno suggested.

"I don't," Eddie said. "The Big Guy got what was coming to him. He made a lot of little guys do the dirty work while he got the big dough. Thank God I broke away in time. What are you doing down here in the sticks, Mike?"

Arno closed one eye slowly. "I'm a business man," he said, "and there's a rich bozo here in town that's going back with me to New York and learn how to tap a telegraph wire and beat the race."

Eddie couldn't help grinning. "Do you mean to tell me, Mike, they're still falling for that old game?"

Arno narrowed his shoulders. "Why not? There's a million suckers never heard of it yet. Listen, Kid, you haven't told me yet what's your own racket down here in Dixie."

Coffee was served to them and Eddie felt comfortably expansive. His principal companion for months past had been an ignorant old negro, and it was good again to be with someone who knew what was going on in the world.

"Why, Mike, I'm not on any racket at all. You see this suit of clothes I've got on?"

"I was looking at it," Mike said. "It looks pretty good—a little lack but O. K. I guess."

"That suit I bought with honest money, Mike. You see this number on the finest old gentleman that ever lived took me into his house. He liked me and I liked him and he didn't have any relations. Before he kicked off he made a will and I got everything."

"You mean you inherited a plantation?"

"You might call it that."

Mike whistled under his breath. "Well, we can't all be that lucky, some of us have to dig for a living. So you're going to stay with it?"

"I guess so."

Mike passed back and lit another cigarette. "Guns like you

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