

TWO COOS COUNTY PHYSICIANS PASS AWAY ON SAME DAY

MAHSHFIELD, Oct. 15.—Dr. E. E. Straw, 50, prominent Marshfield eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, died suddenly of heart attack here yesterday. He was president of the state medical association from 1916 to 1918 and was a veteran of the World War. For several years he was mayor of Marshfield.

Dr. Straw is survived by a brother in Klamath Falls.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 15.—Dr. Phil J. Kelzer, prominent Coos Bay physician, died Monday at

Good Samaritan hospital where he underwent an operation Thursday. He had been ill for more than a year.

Dr. Kelzer was associated with his brother, Dr. Russell Kelzer, in the Kelzer Brothers hospital at North Bend. He was 42 years old and had been practicing medicine at North Bend since 1912. He was born and reared near Salem and was graduated from the University of Oregon medical school.

During the war Dr. Kelzer served as captain in the medical corps and was with the gas and flame division in France. He served two terms as mayor of North Bend and was first commander of the American Legion post there.

Dr. Kelzer is survived by his wife and brother and three sisters.

TRESPASS NOTICE

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt, with or without dogs, nor trap, or in any way trespass on the premises of the undersigned without permission. Anton Bursik, C. E. Mahley (Krusse Place), M. B. Green, Crested Landy, Fred A. Goff, M. Annie Peterson, Keith L. Baker, by Kenneth Conn, J. E. Conn, H. P. Conn, O. O. Matthews, Jusebark Bros., N. L. Conn, Rose Conn, Howard Wilson, Thos. Scott, C. W. Hagan, Frank Bursik, Vinson Prochoren, George Anderson, George A. Crane, E. R. Penn, J. W. Bass.

Multiplex union gets at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

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Eddie was astonished at Tom Freeman's avowal. The fact was incredible, but there stood Tom Freeman before him, his face marked and discolored from blows, with his hand outstretched. Behind his blustering manner Eddie began to realize with difficulty there was an unsuspected fairness.

"We can't carry on this grudge without making fools of ourselves," Freeman said, frankly. "Besides, we're going to start people talking unpleasantly about Marian if we don't cut it out. You've fought me a fair fight and you treated me right, too, after I was knocked out. Let's shake."

Eddie was compelled so swiftly to alter his whole opinion about Tom Freeman that he was confused. But he took the proffered hand.

"We'll just forget all about it," he murmured.

"It's still pretty hard for me to believe," Freeman went on, "that you licked me in a square stand-up fight. I thought I'd eat you up. Boy, you sure can hit hard—I must have been unconscious for half an hour."

"I think you hit your head on something when you fell," Freeman rubbed his jaw reflectively. "Well, I got no kick coming." He grinned ruefully. "If Marian and her father want to stand for you—it's all right with me."

"That's the way I feel about you, too," Eddie told him.

Marian returned to the room, her eyes widening with surprise at the apparent amicability between the former enemies.

"Oh!" she said.

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ly. "We've patched it up," he told her. "From now on we're both going to behave."

She looked from one to the other. Eddie's face, except for a red blotch on his temple, was unmarked, but Freeman's countenance was purple in spots and swollen. Both of them were as embarrassed as school boys. Neither of them could possibly know the relief she felt at this armistice.

"Well, in that case, suppose we all go downstairs?" This was her own house and, however bizarre the circumstances, she maintained her poised air of hospitality. "I think you two have behaved with perfect idiosyncrasy. I'm simply delighted you have come to your senses at last. Do you feel all right now, Tom?"

"I don't feel like a million dollars but I'm pretty good," he responded.

There was no necessity of her inquiring about Eddie's condition. Obviously he was chipper and filled with a repressed cheerfulness. Downstairs, Freeman decided to drive on home and, temporarily at least, leave his rival in possession of the field.

"I didn't have a date here to-night and you did," he told Eddie.

Marian looked at him with more suspicion than tenderness.

He had suffered a severe physical jolt and there remained with her a fear that he had not quite recovered. No man who had been knocked unconscious could possibly be entirely recovered so soon.

(To be continued tomorrow)

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Roofing and roof coating at

Wharton Bros.—Adv.

COTTAGE GROVE AND ROSEBURG DUE FOR FOOTBALL BATTLES

Roseburg and Cottage Grove football teams will meet in two games this week. The senior high school team goes to Cottage Grove Friday to play a game against the senior high school of that city. This is not a conference game but will be of importance to the local team, which is badly in need of experience. Saturday the Cottage Grove junior high school team comes to Roseburg to play against the team of the Roseburg junior high school. This will be the first game of the season for the juniors and, in fact, the first real football contest for most of the players on the team. Coach Warberg has developed an exceedingly fast team from among his junior high school boys, and local fans should see an excellent game on Saturday afternoon. The game will be an addition to the courtesies celebration, and will start late enough to enable the crowd to get to Finlay field after the dedication program has been completed.

HOTEL CHAIN HEAD WASHED DISH'S AS TRAINING START

ATLANTA, Oct. 15.—A young man of 34 who started learning the hotel business as a dishwasher will direct construction and operation of the south's largest hotel, a \$10,000,000 structure.

He is Carling L. Dinkler, son of the late Louis Dinkler, who founded Dinkler Hotels, Inc. The company operates nine hostels, six of them in the south, of which the young hotel executive is president.

The new hotel will be the Louis Dinkler, tenth in the chain, and will rise 20 stories on the site of the Aragon hotel, one of Atlanta's "skyscrapers."

The 1,000-room structure will include a garage for 1,000 cars. Rent of the ground over 99 years will amount to \$9,000,000. Construction will start March 1, 1930.

A graduate of Georgetown university at 20, Carling Dinkler stepped into the dishwashing department of his father's first hotel, the Dinkler, in Macon, Ga. Then he took a flier at running an elevator and working in the baggage room.

When his father sold the Macon hotel, the son remained in the employ of the house, and after a turn as clerk he became assistant manager and then manager. Then he came to Atlanta, took a job as chief clerk of the Kimball house and rose to manager.

His father, starting with three hotels in Atlanta, had acquired the nucleus for a large hotel chain, and when he sold his holdings in the Dinkler Hotels, Inc., the son became president.

TRESPASS NOTICE

All persons are notified not to hunt or in any way trespass on the Overland orchards.

Dan Wulfe & Co., Inc.

Simple Way to Stop Fits!

New York, N. Y.—It has been reported that wonderful results have been accomplished in Epilepsy Cures with a new remedy. The most stupor cases of fits have been stopped through this simple, harmless non habit forming treatment.

Any reader who sends their name to: Epilepsy Laboratories, Dept. 334, 345 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will receive a FREE booklet explaining this new guaranteed treatment. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.—(Adv.)

NARCISSUS BULBS

Fine quality large size narcissus, grown in Douglas county. Orange Phoenix, paper white, emperor, golden spur, King Alfred, Chinese lilies, etc. Most of these fine named varieties at 15c each or 5 for 75c. Carr's New stocks of lilies and tulips are in also.—Adv.

All day Wednesday the Roseburg public will have a chance to see the new 1930 Chrysler at the Chase garage and showroom. The Chrysler road show will be there that day.—Adv.

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 gone to Virginia, where he befriends Penfield Paradise, who dies and leaves all his possessions to Eddie. Eddie had been in love with Bernice Vavess, "Ganz girl," but thought of her is put out of his heart when he meets and falls in love with Marian Thorndike. Eddie declares his love to Marian, but she discourages him and tells him she expects to marry Tom Freeman. Freeman dislikes Eddie, and one afternoon when Eddie is calling on Marian, Freeman comes in and insults Eddie. Marian tells Eddie it is hopeless for him to love her, and Eddie, discouraged, decides to go to Richmond. While he is there he meets Mike Arno, a former member of the gang. Arno tells him that Bernice is still in love with him (Eddie) and Eddie's thoughts once more swing to her. Arno tries to make Eddie return to the city, but Eddie refuses and goes back to the farm. Freeman listens in on a conversation over the telephone between Marian and Eddie, and promptly rings Eddie back and tells him that things must be settled between them. They meet and a fight ensues in which Freeman is knocked out. Eddie puts Freeman in the automobile and takes him to Marian's house.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII

The great chest of the man on the bed began to rise and fall with a deeper breathing. He closes his eyes and then opened them again.

"Hello, Marian," he said in a peculiar feeble voice. "I'll be with you . . . in a minute."

But his eyes shut again and Eddie was moved with the conviction that it was dangerous to let consciousness lapse, once it had been aroused. He took Freeman's head in his hands and massaged the temples, drew strong fingers through the scalp and down over the back of the neck.

"Snap out of it, Freeman! Wake up! You've got to pull yourself together!"

He took Freeman by the shoulders and shook him.

"Don't be so rough with him," Marian protested. "You might in-

crease his injury."

"I've got to be rough!" Eddie said, nervously. "I've got to get him out of this!"

"Don't you think we had better call the doctor, Eddie?"

"Not yet," Eddie took a chunk of ice and rubbed it on Freeman's spine. No man partly conscious could resist the indignity of such treatment. An awakening vigor surged through the victim and he flung out a protesting arm.

"Hey—cut that out!" His voice was normal. Rapidly he batted his eyes. "Say—"

His gaze fell upon Marian and suddenly he became aware that he was in bed and covered with a sheet except for the upper part of his body, which was scantily protected by his summer undershirt. That, possibly, he had been near death, that he had fought and been defeated by his hated rival—all this vanished into insignificance. What startled and flooded him with humility was the fact that he was ridiculously immodest and helpless in the presence of Marian Thorndike. With a wild clutch he pulled the sheet up around his neck. His eyes avoided the girl and turned rebelliously toward Eddie.

"You—you." His voice shook with rage. "You stole my clothes! Where's my shirt? Give it back to me!" Eddie motioned Marian to leave the room. He picked up the bundle of Freeman's clothes and shook the shirt out. They were alone.

"Here you are, old man."

Freeman, confused and abashed, sat up in bed, submitting to the indignity of Eddie helping him in to his garments. He reached for his collar and tie, staring hatefully at his enemy.

"How do you feel?" Eddie asked him, apprehensively.

"I've got a headache," Freeman declared, antagonistically. "What I want to know is—how did I get here? I remember having a fight with you and then I woke up. You're making a fool out of me in front of a lady."

"I couldn't help it," Eddie protested. "I was trying to save your life."

But the iron had entered Tom Freeman's soul, and he had no pa-

ience with such trifling explanations.

"Any time you try to save my life I'll thank you to make the attempt without taking my shirt off. No wonder I wanted to fight with a guy like you. What happened—did you knock me out?"

"It was right to the chin. You left yourself wide open," explained Eddie.

Freeman knotted his tie. "All right—I can't kick about that. I remember that you put up one whole of a scrap for a fellow your size. Yes, sir, you put up a better fight than I thought was in you. You licked me fair and square and so far as that part of it is concerned I hold no grudge. Where are we—whose house is this?"

"You stayed unconscious so long I thought you might die, so I brought you here to—Miss Marian," Eddie admitted, haltingly.

"Why did you bring me here?"

"Listen, Freeman, all I was thinking about was trying to save your life. This was the quickest and best place I could think of. Miss Marian acted like a good sport, and she worked like a Trojan to bring you to."

"Hand me my coat," Freeman grumbled. He threw his legs over the side of the bed and stood up.

"So you were afraid I was going to die, eh?"

"You had me worried," Eddie admitted.

He helped Freeman into the coat. For a moment they stood looking at each other awkwardly. Unexpectedly, Tom Freeman grinned.

"Any fellow that can lick me," he spoke slowly, "I've got to respect. Maybe I had the wrong idea of you all the time, Regan. I thought you were just a fresh little squirt—but you're more of a man than I thought. How would

you like to shake hands and call it square?"

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EXCELLENCE that is long-lived

Any comparison of the Dodge Six with other cars at its price reveals this truth: the Dodge Six is built to perform more capably—to serve more dependably—to last longer. Body construction is stancher. Its motor has greater piston displacement—finer pistons—more piston rings—more crankshaft bearings. It has a deeper frame with more cross members—longer springs—better brakes—bigger tires. In every detail that assures finer performance, safety, dependability and long-lived excellence, the Dodge Six excels.

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

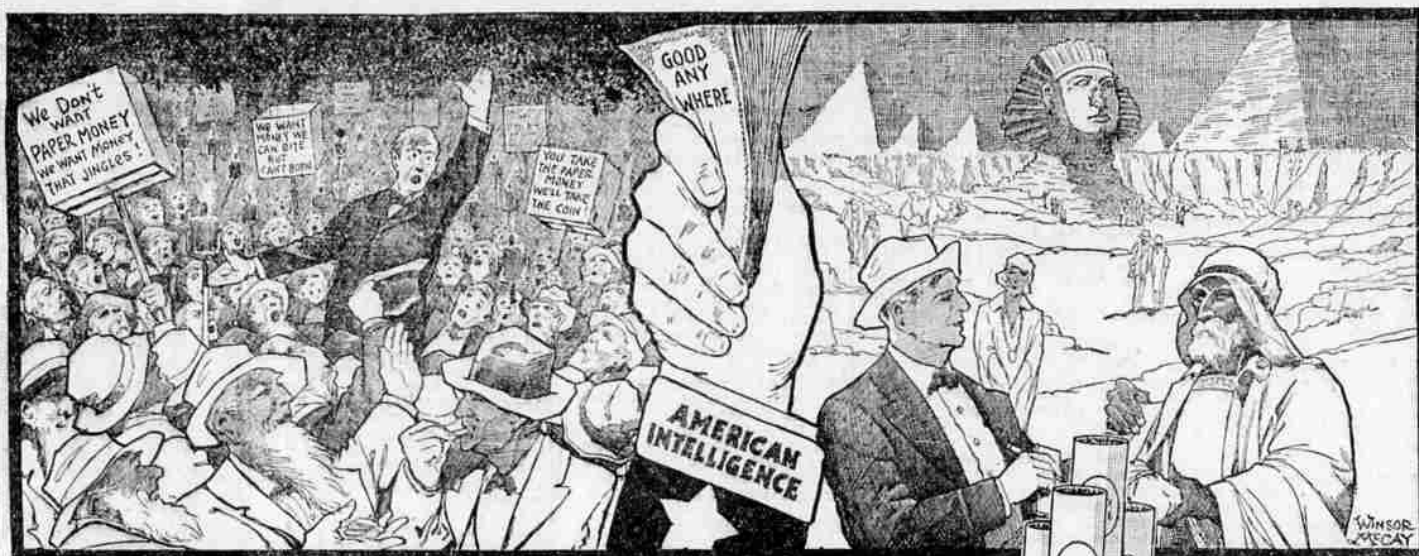
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An ancient prejudice nursed the ignorant fear and distrust of paper money. AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE inspires the faith which completely accepts the printed obligation. In the interest of convenience and safety, its use is universal.



"toasting did it"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos.

YEARS ago, when cigarettes were made without the aid of modern science, there originated that ancient prejudice against all cigarettes. That criticism is no longer justified. LUCKY STRIKE, the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the choicest tobacco, properly aged and skillfully blended—"It's Toasted."

"TOASTING," the most modern step in cigarette manufacture, removes from LUCKY STRIKE harmful irritants which are present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way.

Everyone knows that heat purifies, and so "TOASTING"—LUCKY STRIKE'S extra secret process—removes harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from LUCKIES which in the old-fashioned manufacture of cigarettes cause throat irritation and coughing. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Saturday night, over a coast-to-coast network of the N. B. C.

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"It's Toasted"—the phrase that describes the extra "toasting" process applied in the manufacture of Lucky Strike Cigarettes. The finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—are scientifically subjected to penetrating heat at minimum, 260°—maximum, 300°, Fahrenheit. The exact, expert regulation of such high temperatures removes impurities. More than a slogan, "It's Toasted" is recognized by millions as the most modern step in cigarette manufacture.