

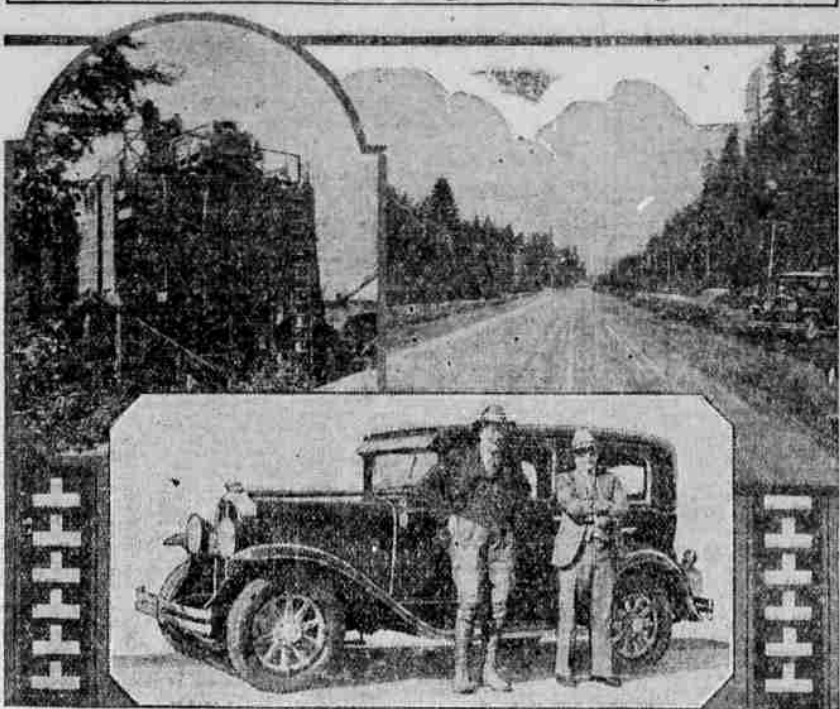
JOBLESS TURKEY SNATCHER EXPIRES OF HIS WOUNDS

(Associated Press Local Wire)
CHICAGO, Dec. 4.—John Janis' attempt to supply Thanksgiving day turkey to his wife and seven children has proved fatal. He died yesterday of bullet wounds inflicted when a watchman saw him fleeing from a butcher shop with the turkey.
Wounded in both legs, Janis was arrested. He had been out of work and said he could not bear to see his family go hungry on Thanksgiving day. Lying in the jail hospital, he aroused the sympathy of several persons. Bond was arranged and he was taken home Thanksgiving day and sat there with his family at a turkey dinner furnished through the kindness of sympathizers.
Blood poisoning resulted from the bullet wounds, however, causing his death.

WOULD-BE SUICIDE PULLED TO SAFETY

(Associated Press Local Wire)
GRANTS PASS, Ore., Dec. 4.—Martin Cough, 55, was recovering today from a 10-foot plunge into the cold, deep waters of the Rogue river off a railroad bridge yesterday when he attempted to end his life. Section workers pulled him from the river.

Oregon Completing Road Program



Oregon's new highway system is fast becoming a reality. Here are views of the work. Upper Left—Gravel is taken from the streams close by and crushed on the job. Lower—Pontiac sedan used by members of the construction company, and a stretch of the completed highway near Oregon City.

The Masked Hostess

By Blair Stephenson

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

An old abandoned Long Island estate, "The Fir," is the only inheritance Nathalie Van Sladek finds has been left by her once wealthy sportsman father, "Happy Jack" Van Sladek. Regarded by her rich aunt, Mrs. Pemberton Swayne, Nathalie, in desperation, cashes a check knowing she has no funds in the bank. With no other resources, Nathalie agrees to act as hostess to a rich South American, Capt. Ramon Stefano, who has taken over "The Fir" supposedly to entertain his wealthy friends. She does this on one condition—that she is to remain masked and her identity to remain a secret. John Sloan, young lawyer, assigned to care for Nathalie's affairs, has fallen in love with Nathalie. Without her knowledge, Sloan has made good the false check. He warns her of this strange venture she is about to embark upon, fearing her romantic nature will force her to capitulate to Stefano's charm and the spirit of adventure attending her unusual position. Neither of them knows that Stefano is without funds and is being financed by Ferris, a New York expellee, who wishes to locate Nathalie and obtain possession of "The Fir," knowing that a new state road will enhance its value. Long Island's wealthiest society people attend the opening of "The Fir" and are intrigued by the Masked Hostess, who is disguised as a black-haired senorita. Nathalie is delighted when none of her friends recognize her. Nathalie, fascinated by the handsome Stefano, finds herself in his arms, but quickly eludes him as his lips reach for hers. Next day, receiving an advance payment of \$1,000, Nathalie goes to Brookville to the bank. She meets John Sloan. In Southampton, Mrs. Pemberton Swayne, reading a society paper, learns of Stefano's adventure. In New York, Ferris, mysterious expellee, likewise is irritated when he reads of Stefano's intriguing Masked Hostess.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII.
Within twenty minutes, so rapidly did cars roll up to the door and discharge their laughing passengers, the house filled with boys, gypsies, Watteau shepherdesses, Oriental dancers, milkmaids and girls in all the court costumes in history.

There was no lingering away till after hours after midnight as there had been before on other party nights. Whoever was coming appeared early. Within an hour no more cars arrived and the whole lower floor of "The Fir" was jammed.

Stefano, who had come into the house determined that he would watch sharply for Nathalie or anyone related to her and if possible get the address of the law firm Ferris wanted, felt his spirits go down as he looked about him and realized that the high hearted gypsies which hummed him in was a human labyrinth insofar as he might hope to identify any reasonable part of the young men and women he saw about.

A few, because of some special physical characteristic, he managed to pick out. But the overwhelming majority were disguised beyond all identification. It seemed to him that they must have gone to pains to make themselves unknown. And this was quite true, for they were uniformly young people of intelligence and imagination who saw each other frequently and in the main had known one another from childhood. So they had put thought into their costumes and make-up—had been

thorough each in his or her determination to be as perfectly disguised as clothes and color and face stain could bring it about. He was disconcerted, as he noted the number of girls in Egyptian, Hindoo, Persian, Manchurian and Arab costume, at the realization that scores of them had colored their faces with pigments to be appropriate to the costumes they had on and render their disguise deeper. All about him he could see false hair arrangements, for long tresses and hair built up in high masses were on every hand. Out of costume nearly all the girls in his house were smoothly bobbed.

So of course the variegated coiffures above the masks beneath them were nearly all transformations. And he knew—being a person of imagination himself—that all who were normally fair haired were brunettes tonight and the other way about.

He looked at Nathalie—with never an intimation that she was the very person he was being paid to find, and the search for whom was responsible for the house being open at all—and was glad that he had seen her Spanish dancer's dress and had noted the color of it while she stood alone in the entrance hall as the others trooped in. But because he was used to seeing her masked he was sure he would have known her anyway. She beckoned to him and he went to her swiftly.

She indicated the masked and costumed dancers.

"Did you have any forewarning of this? Of course you couldn't have as you're the only one here unmasked."

He shook his head. "Absolutely not the smallest. Amazing, isn't it? Somewhere in the mad maze there is a master organizer, what? Wonder whose notion it is?"

"Whoever thought it up," agreed Nathalie, "has put energy as well as cleverness into it. My guess is that night or the night before and kept her idea strictly to herself until this morning. Then of course she began telephoning in every direction and the result is this. It's been awfully well done—and of course makes things tremendously easy for me. I've counted eleven other Spanish costumes; two of them are orange like mine."

Stefano pondered this. "Sharp idea that," he said in a moment, "and for that very reason watch out. What I mean is, dear girl, that it's quite possible that somebody—one hasn't a notion who of course or one would say—may have planned this whole lark just to throw you off guard and pierce the secret of your identity."

Nathalie laughed but rather nervously. "Thank you. I would not have thought of that. But who in the world?"

Stefano shrugged his shoulders. "Don't know but almost any showed person might work it out. Not that I can imagine whoever may have means you anything but well. Possibly some chap that's some mad about you and must know who you are or perish—or more probably some woman who's perishing out of sheer curiosity."

He stopped and then added, "Me you advise of course as you've my pledge. If your mask fell off this instant, on my heart I'd look the other way."

Nathalie looked at him full of kindly admiration. "You would."

I'm sure of it. Tomorrow night by this time the two days I asked you to give me will be up. When they are I will lower it myself."

He lifted her hand to his lips lightly but moved away. Her close lips to him had begun to shake the caution that had come to him on his drive to the house.

A girl dressed in Moroccan costume took his arm as he started over to speak to the leader of the musicians and then came herself against him and told him he had to dance with her. He could not at all tell who she was. She seemed to delight in it as her eyes, full of mischief in the black silk oval of her mask, taunted him. She was less than perfectly steady for she had reached often at the endless trays of cocktails which servants were carrying about.

"Thanks for your strong right arm, Stef," she told him, her articulation anything but crystal clear as a pair of dancers carried around against her and he had to hold her up. Love me?"

"Right you are," he assured her as again she was squeezed in the mill and he had to support her afresh.

"Know me?" she asked.

"A million," he said over her shoulder. "Never was a girl like you."

"Except millions of 'em." She laughed hysterically. "You're a darling, Stef. You'd marry me or anything. But you don't have to. Won't let you. Love Monty too much."

She let go of Stefano as Monty Delaine, with a glass in each hand, came from somewhere, his harlequin suit ripped at one shoulder and his mask hanging around his neck. He had been more than wobbly when he reached the house but had drunk himself fairly sober again.

"For God's sake Stef," he whispered to Stefano, "help me get her out to her car. She was at a dinner party at Piping Rock before she came here and had a touch too much. Promise you'll manage to ever see her like this I'll sink. She's an engaged girl, too—engaged to me."

They steered the girl skillfully out of doors and into a car. She laughed as she fell back upon the luxurious upholstery and then one by one threw off her head dress, her wig and her mask. It was Sylvia Swayne.

"You're insane Monty," cried Stefano as Sylvia leaned back and instantly fell asleep. "Take her to anybody's house but hers. What if her mother's waiting up?"

"But I know she isn't," retorted Monty and hopped in beside his beloved. "She's in there in your house checking up who's who. It was she put this party over on you, old boy. Look for a lady in crimson and a mantilla."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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KENNEDY WHIPS CHRISTNER

(Associated Press Local Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 4.—K. O. Christner, the Akron, Ohio, heavyweight who less than a year ago gave Jack Sharkey a real fight, last night took the short end of his ten round match here with Les Kennedy, Long Beach battler. Kennedy won an easy decision being awarded eight of the ten rounds.

Referee Benny Whitman gave the second and third rounds to Christner, and the other eight to Kennedy. Christner weighed in at 295 pounds; Kennedy at 160.

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1932 NOMINATION NOT COMMITTEE'S AFFAIR—RASKOB

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The democratic national committee will take no hand in the selection of the presidential nominees for the party, Chairman Raskob said today in response to questions by newspaper correspondents.

Coming to Washington to attend the business conference called by President Hoover, Raskob expressed confidence in the business outlook and said the administration program was bound to be helpful in this connection.

The democratic chairman, however, said he regretted Mr. Hoover "did not make a bit more clear his attitude and the attitude of the republican party" on the tariff in his message to congress.

Raskob vigorously defended the democratic provision in the pending tariff bill, sponsored by Senator Simmons of North Carolina, and which would transfer control of the flexible provisions of the tariff law from the president to congress.

STECHER DEFEATS CANTONWINE IN 3- FALL MAT BATTLE

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 5.—In an unusually clean and scientific wrestling match, Joe Stecher, with his famous pair of legs, took two out of three falls from Howard Cantonwine, here last night. Stecher won the first fall with a body scissors in 29 minutes, 5 seconds. Cantonwine took the second fall in 4 minutes, 18 seconds when he squirmed out of another body scissors with Stecher's legs around his body and crashed the latter's head to the mat, momentarily stunning him. Stecher required only 12 minutes, 13 seconds for the deciding fall when he pressed Cantonwine's shoulders to the mat with a body chancery.

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 J. H. Gilman, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned administrator at the law office of Rice & Orcutt in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 25th day of November, 1929.

ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ESTATE OF J. H. GILMAN, deceased.



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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In pursuance of a decree of foreclosure and order of sale made and entered in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, on November 12, 1929, in Case No. 1222, I will expose to public sale at public auction, on the 11th day of December, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m., the sum of \$1,212.25, with interest thereon at eight per cent per annum from November 12, 1929, less a deposit sum of \$400.00 as attorney's fees, and costs and disbursements and \$18.00, and of the recovery of said sum on the 11th day of November, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m., and will be subject to confirmation by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, on Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m., the real property situated in the County of Douglas, and State of Oregon, and described in said decree and order of sale as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered five (5) and six (6) in block numbered twenty-three (23) of Ward's Addition, in the County of Douglas, in Douglas County, Oregon, as shown by the recorded map of said block, and the interest therein. Said sale will be made for cash in hand and will be subject to confirmation by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, on Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, November 29, 1929. V. T. JACKSON, Sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF FILING FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County.
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Frances M. Stanton, administrator of the estate of Helen G. Smick, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, his final account as such administrator, and that the Court has fixed Monday, the 21st day of December, 1929, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., in the Court House at Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account, if any, and the settlement thereof. Administrator of the estate of C. H. Wheeler, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, made and entered of record on October 27, 1929, authorizing and directing the undersigned administrator of the estate of Hiram G. Work, deceased, to sell at private sale, all the right, title and interest of said deceased, and of his estate in real estate, the hereinafter described real estate, I will from and after Monday, December 9, 1929, offer for sale and proceed to sell to the highest bidder, for cash, all the following described real estate, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to the southeast quarter of section 2, township 33 south of range 8 N. of Will Mer., all in Douglas County, Oregon. Terms of sale, cash, in hand paid, or to be submitted to me at my law office in Hillsboro, Oregon, or at the County Clerk's office in Roseburg, Oregon. Dated this November 7, 1929.

BENJON BOWMAN, Administrator of the estate of Hiram G. Work, deceased.

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 Jacob Cline, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, verified as required by law, to the undersigned administrator at the Glendale State Bank in Glendale, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this 7th day of November, 1929.

G. I. WARDROP, Administrator of the estate of Jacob Cline, deceased.

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 with the will annexed of the estate of John Sanders, deceased.

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