

MERCHANTS AND SCHOOLS DO WELL IN SALE OF SEALS

Enthusiasm evinced by the merchants and by the schools in the sale of the tuberculosis Christmas seals is very gratifying to the Douglas County Public Health Association, stated Mrs. H. C. Boyle, county chairman this morning.

"The Roseburg Cleaners have announced they will place Christmas seals on every parcel they send out beginning Monday and continue until Christmas. The Unique Florist shop is also doing this. The cooperation of the local merchants, as well as the merchants of the other communities of Douglas county,

is excellent, and we have every reason to expect the most successful sale we have ever had," continued Mrs. Boyle.

"Orders for additional seals and bangles have come from Curran, Myrtle Creek, Glendale, Riversdale and Oyster schools. Wilbur and Coles valley schools went over the top, filling their quotas of \$10 and \$5 respectively. Schools which have never before filled their quotas — this year calling for more seals."

"In addition as it may seem, it is understood by the committee in charge of the Christmas seal sale that certain citizens are dissatisfied because they state \$5.00 worth of the seals were sent to them. In all fairness to the committee I believe it is wise to state publicly that not more than \$10.00 worth of seals was sent to any individual. However, there have been orders for as many as five hundred seals, and any persons wishing more than the amount sent to them may secure them by writing to me or going to the office of the health unit in the courthouse."

The Masked Hostess

By Blair Stephenson

CHAPTER XXXI

It was Stefano who fired the shots which Nathalie heard as she turned at the gate and headed the yellow roadster for Brookville.

From the position in which he sat facing Nicolo, it was possible for him to be aware of any person at the door or on the stairs or in the hall without relaxing his watch on Nicolo.

As Stefano understood Ferris's plan in respect to Nathalie, all Ferris wanted of her was to have her sell him The Flax. If she refused to sell, Ferris, beaten, could do nothing but go away. He could not understand at all why Nicolo had been placed on guard over him. He asked him finally, speaking in Italian as before:

"Nicolo," he said, "why are you sojourning here indoors on so pleasant a day?"

Nicolo shrugged his shoulders.

"Nicolo," said Stefano, "observe that each of my hands is still in a pocket. Holding what you do not know. Now let me imagine that you were a candle."

The man's face became miserable.

"Signor," he implored, "I will tell you a little. The signora above must not be permitted to go from here and have negotiations with the banker Signor Poggi. That is as much as has been confided to me."

Stefano made him no answer for just then the part of one eye of his which was not on Nicolo saw a feminine hand on the banister rail and he knew that Nathalie was creeping downstairs.

He knew that Nicolo would turn if he heard her—turn con-

tinually when he heard her start the motor car outside the door; for Stefano was sure that she would try to gain it and speed away.

While she was still on the stairs he calculated the distance between him and Nicolo and considered the probable weight of the chair on which he sat.

As Nathalie ran down the last of the staircase Nicolo started and turned his head to look out in the hall. Stefano sprang from the chair he was on and threw it.

The chair hit Nicolo and he went over. Instantly Stefano was on him, stunned him with a champagne bottle, and took his pistol.

He ran outside and, when he heard another car start from the stables, waited until it was at the gate and turning the way Nathalie had gone. Then he fired two shots at the two rear wheels. Both three blew out, but the car continued on its course with its rear wheels flat.

He could see, though, as he watched it driven away, that it could never catch up with Nathalie. Then it stopped a few hundred yards down the road and a second car came out of a grove of evergreens and the men who were in the first car all sprang out and swarmed into the second. When that car had gone Stefano ran to the car that had been abandoned and drove on flat tires to the first telephone available, where he called up Monty Delano and then Mrs. Pemberton Swayne.

Nathalie gave her car all the gas it would take and still stay on the road when she heard the revolver shots behind her. It was a

car designed for speed and she was a fine driver.

It gave her a sense of triumph that she was ahead and that the road was clear. As she knew the journey to her aunt's by by-roads instead of main roads when she became convinced that the motor behind her had stopped.

She showed sufficiently to be able to glance back once, and saw that those who were in pursuit of her were leaving the car they had started in and were crowding in to a fresh one. Then she sent her car ahead as fast as she dared drive it. She began to be aware that the motor behind her had "cower too" and was holding the distance between them, even if it was not gaining. And it came to her that she had no driver's license and that if she continued at her present speed along any main highway she would surely be halted or overtaken by a policeman.

The road she was on led straight to a main thoroughfare, so at the next turn she swerved into a second country road.

At a slight turn she looked back and saw that the car in the rear was gaining on her. Frantically she stepped on the gas—then suddenly, as the grade of her road dropped, she saw far down it the signal warning of a railroad crossing. The screeching of a train whistle reached her ears.

Her mind grasped, by the clearness of the whistle, that the train was approaching along the tracks which she was headed toward and that if it was an express it would be there before her—that if it was not, there was a chance that she might reach the crossing before it. If she could put the oncoming train between her and the car behind, she might hope to get out of sight of her pursuers while the train went by and so possibly shake them off.

There were no gates at the crossing for the road she was traveling was little used. She contrived to look behind her again, and saw that the pursuing car was still gaining. Looking ahead she discovered the train approaching in full view.

She made a swift calculation of its speed and her own speed, her nerves entirely steady and her mind clear, for she had driven high powered cars ever since she was old enough. She decided she had enough advantage to cross ahead of it and did not look at it again as she shot her car across the railroad and beat the train by fifty feet.

The engineer pulled frantically at the cord of his whistle and then at the valve of the train's brakes just as she was in the train's path. The locomotive slowed sufficiently to proceed on past the crossing too largely for the car behind to have Nathalie in view by the time the crossing was again clear.

When the expert driver who was at the wheel of it shot forward once more he came, within

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

Around the World in One Night With Knarf, the Shadow-Boy.

Mrs. Flor, Hans, Yam and Knarf—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—were standing flat against the parlor wall one evening, while their mothers and mistresses were reading. They mostly always stood against the wall when this happened. It was the best way of avoiding the light, which they did not like.

All at once Flor's mother, Rolf, looked up from his book and said:

"Oh, this is an interesting book."



And how the Time Flew! It's all about a man who went around the world.

"I know, it's 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' by Jules Verne," said Danah, who was extremely clever.

Rolf nodded. "Wasn't that quick?"

"It was quick for the time when it was written, but it isn't quick now. The Zeppelin can fly around the world in two weeks."

The others uttered little exclamations of surprise and delight. It felt good to know that an airship with persons in it could go completely around the world in so short a time. The shadows were delighted too—all except Knarf, who frowned and said:

"Two weeks to go around the world—that's slow. I can do it in a single night."

His shadow-companions looked at him in amazement.

"You just wait until my master goes to bed," Knarf went on. "I'll go around the world and be back before he wakes up in the morning."

He was silent to all further questions.

A half mile, to a fork where the road divided and afforded him no guess of which way the fugitive had gone.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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"Just wait," was all he could say. At length his master and all the other children were put to bed and the shadows met again in the darkened parlor.

"Now," said the shadow-boy, "I'm going to go around the world. I'll be back at a quarter past seven." That was the time his master got up, you see.

"But how will you know that you have really gone around the world?" Hans asked.

"Hans—my you can all come with me if you like."

"We can't!" they exclaimed.

"Certainly! Just step out on the windowsill after me and you'll see how easy it is."

The moment they did, a very curious thing happened. They were no higher than ordinary little boys and girls, you know. Suddenly they increased in size until they became taller than the tallest buildings.

"It's the moonlight," Knarf explained, pointing to the full moon, which was well above the eastern horizon. It was already half-full and the moon does make shadows bigger. Just watch the hour time, you go walking in the moon light.

In the fairy-tale the owner of the three-league boots moved quickly. The gigantic shadow-children didn't need them. They started from New York in half an hour, crossed the ocean walked atop of the waves, for they were too light to sink. Then they reached France.

"Oh, look at that tall steeple!" Yam exclaimed.

"That's the Eiffel Tower in Paris," said Hans. They rested awhile against it. It was just a little higher than they were.

"Hans! We better hurry!" Flor said. "We haven't much time."

"It's only ten o'clock. We have plenty of time," retorted Knarf.

No sooner did the words leave his mouth than a church-bell rang out the hour. To their consternation it was three o'clock! There could be no doubt about it. All the other church-bells rang the same.

You can imagine how they felt. Three o'clock and not half way around the world. How time had flown. In New York it had been half-past nine, then half an hour later, in Paris, it turned out to be three o'clock in the morning. Five hours were strangely missing. It didn't seem as though Knarf was going to be back in New York at a quarter-past seven.

(Tomorrow: The Race Against the Clocks.)

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ARMY-NAVY GRID DISPUTE CARRIED TO WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—A suggestion that the army and navy football controversy be settled by a commission comprising five former captains drawn from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Georgetown, was made to President Hoover today by Representative Fish, republican, New York, who called at the white house.

Fish said the commission of football captains should be appointed either by the president or by the secretaries of navy and war departments and any decision reached by it should be binding upon both institutions.

He added he had discussed his proposal with Senators Copeland and Wagner of New York and Senators Tydings and Goldsborough of Maryland and said they approved.

Fish represents the West Point district in congress.

able discussion of adult life due to incorrect habits of eating, breathing and exercising.

Mrs. Gilman has been very successful in her work and has held many important positions in leading institutions. She is now the director of the department of postural and corrective exercises of the Los Angeles Tuberculosis association.

A daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Zane Van Orman, she has a brother, W. R. Van Orman, and two sisters, Mrs. Melvina Churchill and Mrs. Pearl Lange, still residing here.

Sargon, Miles Remedies, N. R. Highway Pharmacy, Oakland.—Adv.

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Sheet Metal Works
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444 N. Jackson Phone 466

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Also we make keys to fit any lock—if you have lost your auto key, see me. A locked car stops traffic.

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222 W. Oak St.
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AUBURN PRISON RIOT OF INTEREST TO DR. BAILEY

Dr. C. H. Bailey, of South Deer creek, editor of the Oregon Grange Bulletin, has been a very interested reader of the news surrounding the Auburn, New York, prison riot. Dr. Bailey lived in Auburn for many years, his father having operated two newspapers in that city.

In 1895, the year of his father's death, Dr. Bailey went to Auburn to settle up the estate and while there witnessed an electrocution in the prison, that of an Italian who had murdered his wife.

"There used to be a huge copper image of a man on top of the prison," Dr. Bailey says, "and on top of the statue there was a bell. Whenever a prisoner escaped the bell was rung. I heard it several times during my boyhood. We used to call the statue 'Copper Jack.' The Tennessee river runs beside the prison, and convicts sometimes escaped by leaping into the water from the wall."

Arundel, piano tuner, Phone 139-L.

Watch the Winners

Check up and see how many of the winning turkeys at the Northwest Turkey Show were fed Crown Feeds.

"YOU'LL BE SURPRISED"

They cost more—but they're the cheapest

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AGENTS FOR

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John Deere Plow Co.
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POLICE RAID APARTMENT

TAKEN IN RAID



Taken in a raid on an uptown apartment, Gally Canfield and Don Hughes were caught by the photographer just before they realized that behind him stood the police.

Several high school and college boys and girls were taken to headquarters and revealed that these parties were a common pleasure among their crowd.

BEN B. LINDSEY, DENVER JUVENILE JUDGE, SENDS OUT WARNING

When Ben B. Lindsey, as juvenile judge, in Denver, Colo., was trying to awaken the public to the terrible faces of juvenile delinquency, he was a target for all kinds of attacks. Clergymen thundered at him; politicians threatened him; scandal-mongers assailed him. "Liar, charlatan, notorious scoundrel," they shouted. "It couldn't happen to MY girl."

Yet Judge Lindsey was telling the truth—always. And he was helping, shielding, saving, the daughters of some of the very people who so bitterly attacked him. It could and did happen to his daughters, and it can happen to any man's child unless the parents can be awakened to the dangers and pitfalls that confront their children daily.

"Ninety per cent of the youth of today indulge in immorality and sin," says the judge. "This shows that the majority of our youth have come to believe that this form of immorality can be legitimately practiced."

"Of the 90 per cent that start with getting, 50 per cent go further and indulge in sex liberties

Film Rouses Tacoma

"Road to Ruin" Is Preaching Strong Moral But It Has Caused Much Controversy

Capacity Crowds Viewed Production to Learn About Wild Youth

TACOMA, Wash., July 5.—The latest theatrical morsel to turn the town inside down is "The Road to Ruin." A wonderful problem picture preaching a real moral to parents and youth alike, produced under the supervision of the juvenile court of Los Angeles, and presented last week at the Helix theatre by the Lake pictures company.

In addition to breaking all house records at the Helix, "The Road to Ruin" stirred up more controversy than the election. Letters by the score were received at local paper offices and by the management, mostly commending the showing, but some condemning it strongly. The controversy seemed to have the effect of drawing capacity crowds.

Like the so-called "sex" film, "The Road to Ruin" does not appeal to the morbidly curious. Rather it preaches in an entertaining fashion that the wages of sin are death, and gives parents some insight to what their youngsters do when they get together for high jinks parties.

Helen Foster, a new child actress, is the star, and professional theatre-goers are predicting a bright future for this beautiful little blonde in the land of pictures. Already she has been contracted to take the lead in a big road show production.

"The Road to Ruin" opens Tuesday at the Liberty theatre—and it is predicted by the management that Roseburg also will greet this wonderful problem film with capacity crowds.



One of the Startling Scenes from "THE ROAD TO RUIN" which opens tomorrow at the Liberty Theatre.

"SO THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW"

Perhaps never in the history of Portland has anything created so wide-spread comment and later controversy caused by the showing of "THE ROAD TO RUIN" to a selected group of representatives of the Ministerial Council, Police and Juvenile authorities.

Hundreds of calls have come asking about the picture, its general theme and the reaction of those who saw it. Some say that they heard from one that it is a wonderful picture for every adult to see; a stirring, gripping, unforgettable story; while others have told them that the picture is "unclean" and not true to life, that the scenes are exaggerated and the showing of the unvarnished truths are not fit for consumption. In defense of the picture the producers wish to state that the presentation of the picture to the citizens of Portland is done that each and every adult, parent or no may know the true facts concerning the inducements of modern youth. They also call to your attention that this picture is based on actual court records of the city of Los Angeles and made under direct supervision of Leo W. Marden of the juvenile court of that city.

Further, that this picture has got the approval of many of the leading ministers, social workers and school authorities of the entire country. In many instances members of the clergy have used the theme of this picture for the text of their sermons from their Sunday pulpits, and hundreds have urged their congregations to attend, saying that it will do more good than could a hundred preachments.

All will note from the expressions printed here, that the majority are in favor of the picture, and have endorsed it for adult consumption. In fairness to those that condemned the showing, it might be said that some of their objections are well stated and have merit, but the producers believe that the showing of the naked facts concerning the evil increasing menace of sex delinquency among the youth of today to the parents, will make these parents realize the seriousness of the situation and crystallize them to an immediate and concentrated action to stamp out the cause—the bond to see a stirring, gripping, unforgettable story; while others have parents.

The producers wish to state that no appeal is made to the morbidly curious, and that the glaring exposure made in "THE ROAD TO RUIN" are brought to you with a sincerity of purpose.

Not of Interest to Children Under 16.
When Attending, Must Be Accompanied by Adult.

You Will See the Above Case Fully Portrayed

"THE ROAD TO RUIN"

STARTING TUESDAY AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

"Every Parent in America Should Be Compelled to See 'The Road to Ruin'."—Mayor Geo. Baker, Portland, Ore.

Find High School Youths Rendezvous

Drinking, Dancing, Strip Poker Party at Height

SPECIAL.—Taken by surprise by the officers of the juvenile division, a group of high school and college students were found making merry at a wild party in uptown apartment.

Those who gave their names were Sally Canfield, 17-year-old high school girl, and her brother, Eve Terrell, the same age. Three other girls were taken, but refused to give their names, and are being held for investigation. The boys were Don Hughes of Chicago, Jimmy Allison of Los Angeles and three other boys who also refused to divulge their identity.

The party was at its height when the police stepped in. A game of strip poker that had just about reached its climax was in progress. Many empty bottles were lying around, but evidently the contents had all been consumed, since no liquor was found.

The two girls who gave their names were turned over to the probation department and Sally was taken home, where her mother was told of the affair. Seriously injured, insulted and very indignant, Mrs. Canfield accused the probation officers that her Sally was a good girl and would not do anything wrong.

This attitude is taken by ninety per cent of the mothers with whom the juvenile court comes in contact, says Capt. Leo W. Marden. "It is not the object of the juvenile department to punish juvenile delinquency," says the captain. "We are doing all in our power to correct this waywardness. But after that it is up to the parents to protect their sons and daughters, not by punishment, but by intelligent education and direction to them."

Following Sally Canfield from the time of her first midnight ride on through all her escapades that finally led her into the realm of remorse and despair, watching her pass milestone after milestone in her mad chase after the elusive good time, "THE ROAD TO RUIN," a picture made under the supervision of the Los Angeles juvenile court and taken from the above case opens its showing in Roseburg tomorrow. That every parent should be COMPELLED to witness this picture has been said by many authorities.

Two Shows Daily—7 and 9
ADMISSION:
Adults 50c Children 10c