

MOVIE CAMERA TO FILM ROSEBURG'S DANCERS MARCH 1

A unique and unusual ball is to be presented in Roseburg March 1 under the auspices of the city police department. Roseburg dancers will have an opportunity to become movie actors for the night, and will see themselves upon the screen.

Arrangements for the dance are being made by L. M. Lewis, cine matographer, who was in the city Saturday conferring with the members of the police department and city officials relative to the event. Mr. Lewis has been presenting these dances for civic clubs,

fire departments and police departments all over the Pacific coast, and a great deal of interest is created by the novel event.

Mr. Lewis carries a complete studio lighting equipment and motion picture cameras, and the hall in which the dance is held is transformed into a motion picture studio, with its bright lights and all necessary apparatus for making pictures. Shots are made of the grand march and of the various feature events of the evening, while every dancer is given an opportunity for a close-up and will later receive a strip of film containing his or her photograph. The films secured at the dance will be reproduced at one of the local theatres later in the month.

The money to be raised at this dance will be used by the police department of the city for uniforms, special equipment, office furnishings, and other such needs.

Garden seed in bulk and packing at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

A Kiss for Corinna

By MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 43

Corinna came out of her beauty shop on the Avenue, filled with the hope of meeting Malvey.

How eagerly, how achingly she'd prayed all day he would be here, waiting for her.

When Mortimer came forward in his stead she could have wept with disappointment.

But pride made her hide her feeling. Hold her head up. Never let anybody guess her heart's secret.

Even as she was smiling and speaking to Mortimer she was darting quick, surreptitious little looks about her, hoping against hope that Malvey suddenly might appear before her.

From a doorway on the side-street Malvey saw that meeting. He glimpsed Corinna's smiles, too, . . . never guessed how forced they were.

She looked gay and happy and eager. Had dressed with special care for meeting Mortimer.

It was like a knife in his heart to see them cross the avenue together. The way Mortimer piloted her across, so intimately, possessively, as though it were the most customary thing in the world!

After all their happy times, the dear thrill of their meetings . . . Surely the most fleckle creatures on earth were women!

"And you mean to stand there and say you ditched him? You, Corinna Dugan, a 'poor working girl' to high-bat the only son of a millionaire? You flung away a priceless chance to even things up with that man-eater of a Van Wyck woman! It's the prize gag of the season . . ."

Corinna remained apparently un-

ruffled by Marie's outburst. Her chum's attitude to what constituted a "good time" was entirely different from her own.

"Why should I go anywhere with Mortimer Criswell when I don't want to? Why should I put myself out when I'm tired and want to get home?"

"Fuh, that's a lot of honey! If it had been dear Malvey, you'd never have walked in at this hour."

"That was a stab. Went straight to the weak spot."

But Corinna contrived to maintain her air of quiet detachment.

"I'm rather 'off' men at present. Let's not talk about them, anyhow. Could you hear a quiet little dinner if I invited you to seventy-five cents' worth of food in the French restaurant?"

"Oh, the little economy shop around the corner? Why, of course, honey. I'm your pal. But I hate to see you go plumb nerdy because Malvey Craig is stepping out with the crowd and leaving you high and dry. You got a chance to even it up tonight, yet you turn down one of the best propositions in the city."

"Please, stop that kind of talk, Marie."

But as Marie powdered her nose and arranged her hat at the mirror in the bedroom she kept up a running commentary on her friend's absurd behavior.

"There isn't a girl in our show—leading lady included—who wouldn't have jumped at the chance of going out with Mortimer Criswell. Say, listen!"

Marie swung around with a bright idea. "Let me get him on the phone and say you've changed your mind . . . that we'll both dine with him at

the Hilary, where he belongs, or in any of the gold mines where he hangs out."

"No! No! How could you cheapen yourself?"

"Cheaper? Where'd ya get that stuff, honey? Honest, often I want to take your brain apart and see what makes it act so funny. You're the one who does her shopping in the bargain basement, when, if you played your cards right, you could be buying with the swells on the Avenue."

They went around the corner to the little French restaurant for a 75-cent dinner.

Marie couldn't seem to stop talking. She kept on with her admonishing of Corinna.

"I want to knock some plain horse-sense into you, ole dear, so don't take what I'm saying harshly. If a girl doesn't grab off her opportunities, where is she? Here on the cheap, paying for her own eats, and likely to continue doing so. Oh, I know what you're going to say . . . that love's young dream is everything . . . and a hot dog with Malvey is tastier than a banquet at the Ritz with young Criswell! Malvey's a sweet boy, I concede, and just what the doctor ordered to be taken after each meal, but what have you? Only a future . . . no money . . . nothing substantial. It all depends on what a hit he can make with old Criswell."

And at that, Marie broke off abruptly, a rather queer expression on her plump little features.

Corinna was conscious of the odd look. She flushed as she said, "Mr. Criswell seems to think the world and all of Malvey."

"Humph. Wall Street's full of promising young galoots, so don't kid yourself too much about his prospects. If he fell foul of the boss, there'd be a dozen equally likely lads to leap into his place . . . believe me or otherwise. He knows it's so, and so he's mixing the social stunts with business."

"You mean—?" The words slipped from Corinna's lips which had paled at this blunt statement.

"I mean that though Malvey's a sweet boy he's no fool, knows on which side his bread is buttered. If they pipe a tune, he'll dance!"

Marie mixed her metaphors recklessly.

Corinna couldn't bear the pain of such a diagnosis. To divert Marie's thoughts she plunged back into mention of Mortimer, blurring out the first thing that came into her head, which was a further insult he had given her to a party in his flat two nights from now.

"And you turned that down as well, you little idiot?" Marie's big eyes registered incredulity. "By golly, you're nutty. But be sure of one thing"—she leaned across the little table towards her chum—staring at her earnestly, resentfully—"while you're on your lonesome, chucking away Mortimer's invitations, Malvey isn't turning down the other member of the family—what's her name?"

—the Denise woman! No indeed! He's worldly-wise enough! He's paying attention to his own best

PRETTY CASHIER INVOLVED IN BANK WRECKING CHARGE

(Associated Press, Licensed Wire)

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—At 20, Miss Laverne Lindgren was demonstrating kitchen appliances; today as the 25-year-old cashier of the closed People's State Bank of Maywood, she awaited grand jury action under bonds of \$10,000 on charges of embezzlement and receiving deposits while the bank was insolvent.

Elmer P. Langruth, 35-year-old president of the bank, is under bonds of \$100,000 on the same charges. He is under family surveillance in a sanitarium, suffering from a nervous breakdown.

The pretty cashier, missing since the bank was closed by the state auditor's office nine days ago, surrendered to authorities in Maywood, a suburb, last night. Simultaneously, Patrick J. Roche, investigator for the state's attorney's office, disclosed the results of his inquiry into the bank's affairs.

In 1925, Langruth was elected tax collector for Maywood township; soon afterward the People's bank was organized. Roche said Langruth purchased 500 shares of stock in the new bank at \$10 each, and more at \$15 each; this he later voted to make himself president.

Roche said Langruth told him he had used township funds to purchase the bank stock and later used money from the bank to repay the county.

Soon after the bank opened, Miss Lindgren was given a position as stenographer; within a short time, she was made cashier.

Later, Roche was told, she built a \$35,000 home in Maywood, living there with her mother. This Roche said, was built with money furnished by Langruth. He added that the bank president also purchased two cars for the cashier.

OREGON BUSINESS COLLEGE of Roseburg will open about March 17th. First 15 students will secure a \$25 reduction. See, write or phone N. P. Bailey, president, Douglas hotel.—Adv.

SEATTLE, Feb. 16.—An American girl was reported to have left here yesterday on a honeymoon

interests.

"Marie, how can you talk that way?"

"He's a sweet boy, but you and I are not the only ones that think so, and I'm wise to him," persisted Marie. She added meaningfully: "What's he doing tonight, I'd like to know? I don't see him burning up the wires to tell you how stuck he is on you . . . nor is he dating you!"

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To Be Continued.

EVANGELIST OPENS SERIES AT LOCAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The evangelistic campaign being started by the First Christian church of Roseburg under the leadership of Rev. V. K. Allison of Klamath Falls, opened yesterday. At last night's meeting large delegations were present from Gilde, Oakland, Myrtle Creek and Drain, the auditorium being well filled.

Rev. Allison is a very interesting speaker, who presents a strong gospel message based on biblical facts without the emotional appeal of the professional evangelist. The campaign is being conducted on an exchange basis, Rev. Allison speaking here, while Rev. W. R. Baird, pastor of the local church, will conduct a meeting at Klamath Falls in March.

The services here will be held every night except Saturday. Pipe organ music will be presented each night, with special nights devoted to request programs. Persons desiring certain selections on the organ are invited by the church to make requests accordingly.

Tonight's service will be brief in order to give time for the cantata practice being held each Monday night. Singers participating in the cantata will hold their rehearsal at 8:30 p. m., instead of 7:30 p. m. as formerly.

Fountains and feeders for baby chicks are sold at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

"WHEN THE DEVIL GOES TO CHURCH"

That is the topic for tonight's sermon by Rev. V. K. Allison, pastor of the Christian church at Klamath Falls, who is conducting revival meetings for the ensuing three weeks at the First Christian church in this city. Services every night at 7:30 p. m. Pipe organ prelude. Good singing, special music. Everyone invited.—Adv.

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To Be Continued.

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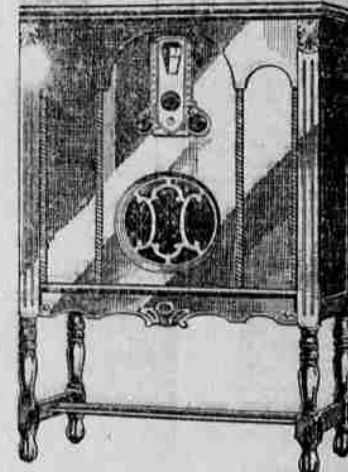
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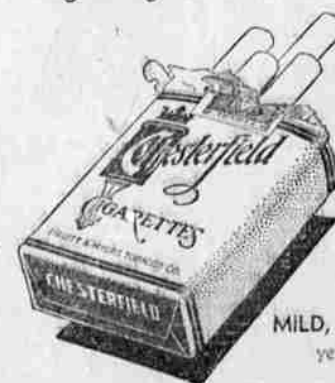
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