

LETTER CHARGES MAJOR SHEPARD SLEW FIRST WIFE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
TOPEKA, Kan., March 29.—A letter stating the first wife of Major Charles A. Shepard, medical corps officer, formerly stationed at Denver, Colo., who is accused of fatally poisoning his second wife who died "under mysterious circumstances" has been turned over to the department of justice agents.

MISS PAT

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 22
For two days Guy worked in a state of nervous apprehension. What would Bryce do? Some malitiation, some bitter, slashing move would certainly be the outcome of the quarrel.

Saturday it came. Since the night Tom Burns broke into the safe Bryce had adopted the check system of payment. He signed the pay checks the first thing each Saturday morning.

But now at 11 o'clock the foreman of the plant called Guy on the phone: "The payroll hasn't come over."

At Guy's inquiry the bookkeeper replied only: "The checks are waiting to be signed. Mr. Bryce hasn't come in yet. He should be here any moment."

Half an hour later the bookkeeper said: "I called Mr. Bryce on the phone. He's in his downtown office and is not able to come out. He told me to get the payroll money from you."

"No," said Guy slowly, "you misunderstand. I'll get in touch with Mr. Bryce at once."

In a furious outburst Guy stood at his table. Useless to phone Bryce. He would give a mocking laugh and hang up.

Yet his position was untenable. It was ridiculous. He was compelled to meet the wages of his workmen. The labor commission would force him. He couldn't take out a personal revenge in this manner.

"Have your men wait," Guy told the foreman. "Bryce has been delayed. I'm going to get the payroll now."

Bryce was not surprised when Guy, brushing past the stenographer, came flinging to the inner office. He turned a paper cutter end to end, and after a moment, glanced with cool, narrowed eyes into Guy's face. "Good morning," he said with a crisp nod.

"The men are waiting for their pay-checks!"

"No I've heard." "You can't take out your hostility on my wage earners."

"Why should I pay your workmen, Mr. Elliott?"

"For the same reason you've been paying them for the past three years. I've brought the checks for you to sign. The men will be kept an hour overtime as it is."

Bryce took the checks and with a rap of his knuckles, set them on the far edge of the desk. "I'm not signing the paychecks of your laborers. Get it straight, Mr. Elliott. I'm done financing you. I'm not putting up another cent to keep your company operating."

"The company is mine in name only. The property is yours."

"And remains mine. But you keep the men working on your plant at your own expense. Understand?"

"You have a contract with me."

Said Guy through his shut teeth: "You can't pull any damned hooked stuff like this! I'm telling the men to call Monday for their wages. See that the wages are there!"

On his return to the plant, Guy found the foreman waiting outside the workroom: "What's the matter? Are you and Bryce going to split? One of you has got to meet the payroll. Pretty dangerous to pull a stunt like this."

Through some mysterious channels the rumor of the quarrel had filtered all over the yard. The men loitered in groups, grumbling and truculent.

"Tell them to come Monday," said Guy evasively. "Their money will be here."

"I hope that's not a stall. These are mean fellows to cheat."

Bryce would pay. He'd have to. Yet that ominous, threatening defile he had hurled: "Read your contract, Elliott!" Was there some sleek loophole through which he could escape, leaving Guy responsible?

With still, lightning clarity Guy recalled the incidents leading to his partnership with Bryce.

Bryce had come to him with this glittering offer: Guy could take charge of the airplane factory which was a going concern. He should perfect his design of the plane. Bryce would put it on the market. He, of course would finance the venture. In return for this he would have exclusive right to sell Guy's plane.

To simplify matters two companies were formed: one to manufacture the plane, one to sell it. Guy was given control of the manufacturing unit, with 51 shares of its stock. He must pay back the original capital only when the manufacturing plant has acquired a surplus.

by Sardinus Brewster, United States district attorney for Kansas.
District Attorney Brewster said today he had received the letter recently from James Child, Neodes, Kan., a brother of Major Shepard's first wife, who died in 1913.

The district attorney is preparing to go before a federal grand jury to be empaneled here April 14, in an effort to secure an indictment of Major Shepard on a charge of murder for the death of his second wife at Fort Riley, Kansas, last June. Major Shepard was arrested in Denver, March 17, 1929.

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Call for Creation of Super Road Unit

One of these, the Botfield Aircraft company, would welcome Guy to their staff. Their design engineer Carl Brunner, had attended Brooks and Kelly schools at the same time as Guy. He knew of Guy's patents. Recently he wrote asking Guy if he were free. Botfield wanted Guy's design. He offered a salary of \$500 a month and royalties.

Two—especially when one was slender and most thrillingly sweet—could live on this.

Then let Bryce rant. Let him break his contract! Guy pulled his hat but on at a jaunty angle and went out happily enough to meet Pat. They sat in a new Bryce-swallow which Guy had equipped with a radio. He had already taught Pat how to send an "S. O. S." With a little card showing the symbols, he now had her up off her name and his.

"And when we cross the dark and stormy seas, love, I'll be your little midshipman. Guy, are you awfully sure it's I you want to take and not the beautiful Barbara?"

He looked with dark, winking tenderness on her glowing face. The color, the young fiery sweetness filled his heart with longing. She was so much more vivid than Barbara Bryce. She was dewy like a soft new flower.

"Why do you laugh, Guy? Are you sure you want me?"

He yawned and stretched out his arms, regarding her with flushed, happy yearning. "Yes, You—Too much sometimes—you sweet!"

"But I'm not nearly as beautiful as she is."

"Ten times more tempting, which is more important."

Pat turned brightly red: "I fear you'll be a wicked husband."

"The thing that every woman wants is to be loved by a man who'll try not to disappoint you, dear!"

They forgot William Bryce and his cold adult obsessions. They flew down the path of the setting sun; down a lane all riotous with gold and scarlet flowers. He let the little plane ride as it would. He swept an arm about Pat and shouted: "I'm marrying you on Monday!"

Sunday, Guy sent a telegram to Carl Brunner. He asked if the offer of the Botfield company was still open. It never occurred to him that the sending of this message could assume sinister import.

Monday there was a notice on the bulletin board outside the factory.

"The Bryce-Elliott corporation will no longer be responsible for wages, materials or other obligations contracted for by the Bryce-Elliott company."

The men stood in a stormy group. They read the notice and made ugly threats. Then the bookkeeper appeared. He gave the men their paycheck. But in each envelope was a printed slip with the same curt information: "Is the plant closed?" the foreman asked.

Guy answered: "Tell the men to work today. I'll see what can be done."

He felt his blood flame as he crossed the threshold of Bryce's office. The lawyer who had drawn up the contract three years ago was there.

"Have a chair, Mr. Elliott," said Bryce regarding Guy with exasperating quiet.

Guy remained standing: "Is the plant shut down?" he fired abruptly.

"Not that I know of."

"I can't run without money!"

"That's your concern. You're the president of the manufacturing unit. My business is to sell your product. I remind you—I'm under no obligation to finance you!"

"Suit yourself. I may take it, I suppose that you're throwing up your contract."

"You may take nothing of the kind. The contract remains. No where in it does it specify that I'm to be your bank. I'm now giving up the honor."

"You can't withdraw your backing and yet hold me to the contract."

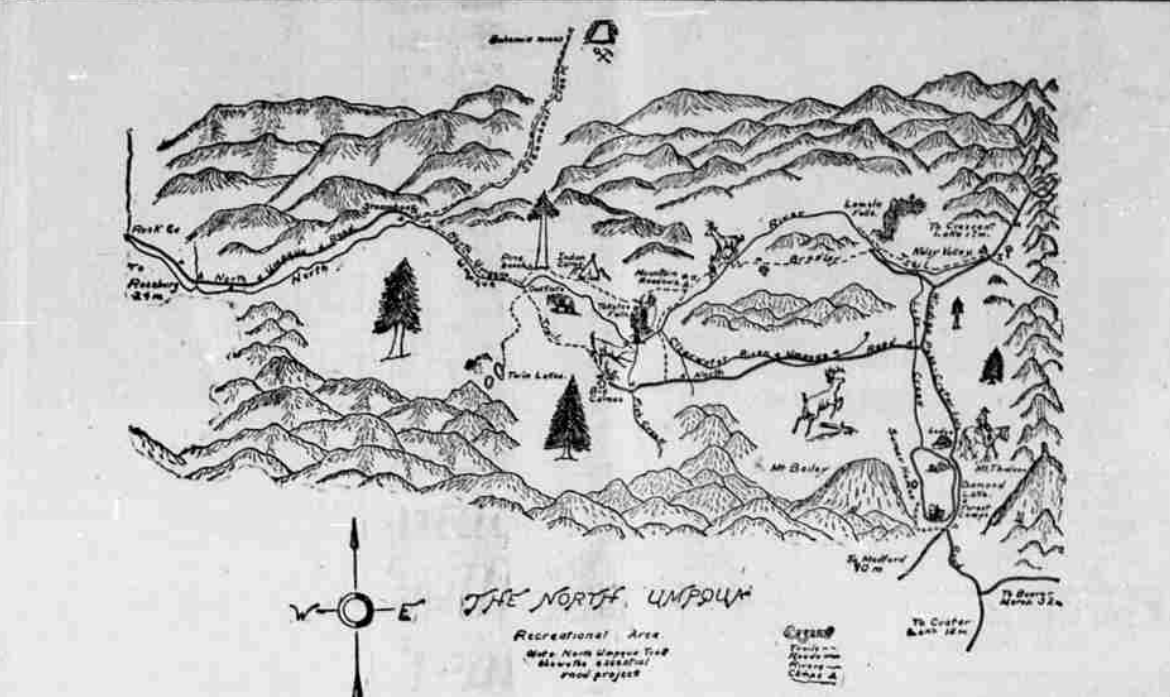
"I can and do!"

"Well, by God, try it!"

"Don't be excited, Mr. Elliott. There's nothing in your contract stipulating that Mr. Bryce must supply funds for the operation of your plant."

Outing Advantages, Scenic Beauty, Timber Wealth of North Umpqua

Call for Creation of Super Road Unit



Voters of Roseburg and vicinity will soon have placed before them the opportunity to open up the recreational wealth of the North Umpqua territory, through the creation of a super road district, by which money will be raised for cooperative construction of the unfinished portion of the highway.

Few people realize the great facilities for recreation that this territory offers, and the attraction that it would become should the road be opened.

A. C. Marsters, former president of the Roseburg chamber of commerce is the author of a very interesting article which recently appeared in the Oregon Motorist, a magazine that goes to thousands of auto owners throughout the country. This article, dealing with the features of the North Umpqua territory, will undoubtedly be instrumental in bringing many tourists to Douglas county this year, as it has been republished in several parts of the state.

In connection with the story appeared a unique and cleverly arranged sketch map showing some of the features of the North Umpqua territory. This map is shown above and Mr. Marsters' article is reproduced below:

When white men first set foot on American soil they found a previously unparalleled abundance of forest and forest life. Consequently little heed was given to the conservation of those vital essentials of human happiness and welfare.

Between that time and today, great changes have taken place. The lumbering industry has moved from New England—west to the lake states—south to the southern pine—and today we are on the last great stand of timber, the Pacific coast. This mining of forest left behind a scene of devastation, deserted communities, a vanishing of wild life, and except for a few hard fought for natural play grounds, a great lack of recreational facilities.

Today we find ourselves faced with a problem, a problem growing in complexity and size so fast that it is far ahead of the need and demand of its solution. This problem is properly providing accessible play grounds for the

American people. It is therefore necessary that we take advantage of every opportunity. Every area which was once such a playground should as soon as possible be put in a condition that it may be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The purpose of this article is to call to the attention of the people of Oregon and particularly the Oregon motorists, an area rich in its recreational possibilities, generous in its gifts of streams, mountains, lakes and wild life, but whose offerings are not being appreciated or developed as they deserve. This area is the North Umpqua river.

The Umpqua river, one of the largest drainages of Oregon, can well be divided for this purpose into three parts: the lower, the south fork and the north fork. It is the latter upon which I wish to turn the spotlight.

From Diamond Lake, a gem nestled between the snow capped peaks of the Cascades, to its junction with the South Umpqua at Roseburg, flows the North Umpqua, one hundred miles of health and happiness for civilization. And of the camps, scenes, mountains and lakes along this stream, I would like to point out to you some of the more interesting.

Starting at Roseburg we travel up the river through a farming country over twenty-four miles of market road. I might add that this stretch affords some mighty good salmon, steelhead and trout fishing. This brings us to Rock Creek. From here nature is less disturbed, the fishing improves, numerous quiet nooks afford camp and picnic possibilities along the river. And from here on, spreading fan-wise to the summit of the Cascades, lies a million and a half acres of virgin forest.

The next portion of this scenic trip we travel over twenty miles of forest road winding, twisting along the river that breaks into white frothy rapids, then spreading into deep pools.

At the Steamboat guard station we are in a real paradise, the fishing is steadily improving, deer are to be frequently seen even along the road or in the camps. At this point we meet Steamboat Creek which flows in from the Bohemia

mining district through an area accessible only by trail, an unparalleled resort for those who wish to go where men are few, and wild life practically untroubled. As evidenced we have seen at the car and the next twenty-two miles up the river will be over forest trails.

Here is virgin fishing, wild life around each bend of the trail, over are met that stand staring steadily for a moment then bound to cover. Eleven miles from Steamboat we come to Illabebe ranger station, where the old Indian fairs were held in the fall after the hunting, where the rams were held and the council fires twinkled. Here looms Eagle rock and from this point, for those who wish to rough it, branches the Bradley trail—up the north side of the river, through Pine bench, where giant yellow pines stand in park like grandeur, by the Indian caves where picture history of that vanishing race is recorded, through mountain meadows, along the ever-changing river where trout after trout can be taken—where deer are a common sight, past the hot springs, a natural bath tub with an inexhaustible supply of hot water; past Lemola falls, where the Umpqua drops two hundred feet in a seething foamy roaring mass of spray; past countless spots of pure clean water; numerous pools and meadows to the junction of this trail with skyline road at the Kelsey valley, just below Diamond Lake.

But to return to the North Umpqua trail we will continue on from Illabebe to Big Camas, across the river up to the switch backs to Oak flats. Here in the fall, when acorns are ripe, we are almost certain to see a bear, at least we will see the tracks along the trail in the dust. From Oak flats another trail branches to Twin lakes, twin emeralds and a fisherman's paradise.

At Big Camas, the end of this trail, we are again on a forest highway. However, a stop at Big Camas is certainly justified for this trail with skyline road at the Kelsey valley, just below Diamond Lake.

For those who wish to have a summer home here, lots may be leased on the west lake shore in an area set aside for that purpose.

The fishing will certainly be

There is virgin fishing in Fish Creek and the river, within hiking distance are the hot springs and volcanic fairs where the rivers makes a double plunge, the lower an 85-foot drop, from the hole at the foot of the falls the limit of rainbow trout can be taken in two hours.

At Big Camas we go across country through the fir and pine. Past Watson Creek falls three hundred feet of misty vapor, Copwater and Clearwater falls. A short side trip over a motorway to Lemola falls cannot be missed. Then out through the lodgepole firs across Lake Creek, Mt. Thielson and Mt. Bailey begin to lift their snow caps into the scene. At the end of this twenty-six miles is Diamond Lake. To the east is the Oregon skyline, jagged brown and white, broken nearest to the lake by Mt. Thielson's spire towering 9,100 feet above sea level. To the west, more rounding, more snow covered but less forbidding, rising almost out of the lake is Mt. Bailey. The top of either is accessible in one day from camp.

The lake is a crystal sparkling joy, the home of the rainbow trout. Here the low punice shores make swimming possible, and then too, for your convenience are one and one-half miles of lake shore camps with running water, saddle horses, if you would rather ride than hike to Bailey, Thielson or over some other mountain trail. Toboggan slides in real snow in July or August, too, are appealing. If you do not wish to camp, cabins and dining room accommodations are available at the lodge.

At the close of a perfect day—after supper, when the moon rolling along the broken crest of the skyline turns the lake to jewels of silvery green, the wind rustling in the pines, the faint lapping of the water on the shore, then around the camp fire or the big fireplace at the lodge we hold post-mortems of the big one that got away just as the net was slipped under him. Then utter content reigns supreme.

For those who wish to have a summer home here, lots may be leased on the west lake shore in an area set aside for that purpose.

The fishing will certainly be

good for years to come as two to three million trout are planted annually in this area. Those, plus the natural increase, will make many a trying pan full.

Leaving Diamond Lake (or coming in by auto) one has the choice of via Medford on the Pacific highway, Crater lake, which is only twelve miles from Beaver marsh on the Dalles-California highway, or Crescent lake and Century drive.

However, here is the parting message I would like to leave with you. At the present time the area is not used and cannot be used to its fullest extent, nor can it be enjoyed by as many motorists as it could or should be. That is because of the missing link of road in the twenty-two miles between Steamboat and the Big Camas ranger station.

Such a road would put the entire area within reach of any motorist. Such a road would provide a route through this natural playground, between eastern and western Oregon. Such a road would put thousands of motorists days closer to vacation, making it possible to enjoy the short holidays which would be otherwise impossible. Such a road is possible, inevitable and has been planned. But to date, because of insufficient support the project is still a plan. It is a project which is worthy of support of the entire state, and particularly should such a project be of interest to the Oregon motorist.

CHURCH NEWS

Baptist Church, R. B. Shoun, pastor. Bible school beginning at 8:45 a. m. with R. E. Crawford as general sup. There are classes for all ages, so we invite you to our school if you are not attending some other. The pastor will speak at the morning hour on "The Christian's Guide," and the choir will sing "As Christ Upon the Cross"—Bullard. There will be an opportunity given to unite with the church. Why not find that church letter laid away in your trunk and present yourself for membership? The message at 7:30 will be on the subject, "A Great Declaration." Anthem by the choir, "Softly Now the Light of Day"—Parks. The official board will meet at the pastor's home, 468 S. Main, at 7:30 Monday evening, all members urged to attend. On Wednesday evening we will have our regular monthly covenant meeting and the quarterly reports of the officers and departments. Plans are being perfected for one church Bible school which will be held during the month of June, complete announcements of which will be made a little later. The pastor is in his study, 217 S. Rose, each morning from 8 to 12. Helpful counsel given.

ANNOUNCEMENT
The Umpqua Service station has been purchased by R. A. Helgeson, and we are prepared to give the public very best of service, featuring Richfield gas and lubricants and Pennroll. Also washing and greasing. The Umpqua Service station, corner Oak and Rose streets.—Adv.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all our friends for their kindness in our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful flowers and kind words of sympathy.
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MONUMENT HONORS FIRST BROADCASTER
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
MURRAY, Ky., March 29.—A monument honoring Nathan H. Stahlbfield, with having been the first to broadcast the human voice by radio was dedicated on the campus of state teachers' college yesterday.

Stahlbfield is said to have made the first public demonstration of radio in 1902. He died Oct. of Murray two years ago today. Two daughters unveiled the monument.

NOON RECESS RIDE FATAL TO STUDENT
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 29.—Bobby Fowler was killed and seven boys and girls were injured, two seriously, as two automobiles loaded with high school students plunged off an embankment into Hot Springs creek yesterday. The students were out riding during the noon recess.

LAW SUIT WILL ECHO ALDERSON SUICIDE
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., March 29.—Members of the Multnomah county board of commissioners today refused to accept the blame for the alleged shortage of \$25,000 in school district funds caused by alleged defalcations of the late W. C. Alderson, county school superintendent, who ended his life by shooting himself two years ago. Preparations are now under way for a suit to be brought by W. F. Woodward, administrator of Alderson's estate, who seeks to collect the missing funds from the county. His claim is based on the contention that had Alderson been properly bonded and a yearly audit made, the loss would not have occurred.

The statement issued by the board of commissioners indicated that a few weeks prior to Alderson's death, the board authorized an auditor to check the books.

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CAPONE INVITED TO LIVE IN S. DAKOTA, GOVERNOR OBJECTS

RAPID CITY, S. D., March 29.—"Scarface Al" Capone, Chicago's outcast gang lord, has been invited to make his home in the Black Hills of South Dakota, "where the stranger is not judged by reports of his past record."

Signed by Dan Evans, president of the Rapid City chamber of commerce, a letter was in the mails today, offering Capone the hospitality of the state and quoting that portion of the scriptures which admonishes against criticism of the crimes of others.

PIERRE, S. D., March 29.—"I'll cast the first stone," was Governor J. W. Bulow's reply to Rapid City's invitation to "Scarface Al" Capone, Chicago gangster, to make his home in South Dakota. "We don't want Capone or any of his kind in South Dakota," the governor said. "We have a law abiding state and as for the gang racket goes and we propose to keep it so."

MALARIA MARTYR MAY BE PENSIONED
WASHINGTON, March 29.—A story of heroism behind the American lines in the Spanish-American war was recalled yesterday by Representative C. B. Burke of Los Angeles, who voluntarily contracted malaria fever as army physician and physicians attributed this to the disease. Years have gone by since the war, but Burke would award him a gold medal and a pension of \$150 a month.

PARADE PROTESTS U. S. LACE TARIFF
CALAIS, March 29.—Nearly 20,000 persons marched through the streets of Calais yesterday in a huge demonstration of protest against American duties on lace as passed by the senate.

Another 40,000 gathered from over the countryside to watch the orderly procession, headed by the entire municipal personnel, local magistrates and members of the chamber of commerce. They marched to the city hall to present resolutions of protest to Mayor Louis Vincent.

Representatives of 25 labor unions were in the parade which was made up largely of lace workers and employers. A few communists were on hand but were not allowed to march.

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