

WHERE'S EMILY?

by Carolyn Wells

CHAPTER XXXIV.
"How do you know he had black hair?" demanded Pete, "didn't he have his hat on?"

"He told me so," said Larry, his mouth full of cake.
"Told you he had black hair?" "Naw, I don't mean that, I mean he told me to bring the note here."

"Your supper has gone to your head," said Pete, laughing at the way the child was sitting in a few hours and we can put the matter in his hands for advice."

"I shall do no such thing," Aunt Judy astounded them by remarking, "You seem to forget the letter is addressed to me. You seem to forget that I am forbidden to tell the police about it, or to try any gullery—I think that was the word—but I am to be at the Miller house at midnight with the money if I want Emily back. I do want Emily back, and I shall be there with the money exactly in accordance with the stipulations. If nobody interferes no harm will come to me, and it may mean the restoration of my girl. At any rate, it is a chance I shall not miss."

"But, Aunt Judy—"
"Don't 'But Aunt Judy' me, Rod. It won't do one speck of good. I shall follow directions implicitly. I am not afraid, I'm only afraid not to do it. Of course it isn't a fake. Where would be the sense of sending a boy over from Haverstraw to hoax us? And who would hoax us, anyway, and why? I mean, none of our acquaintances would do it, and none of the working people in Hilldale have any spite or grudge against us. I can't see any reason or motive for a hoax. The child was kidnapped for money. I've felt sure of that all along. Now we have evidence of it, and we are told how to get her back. I've seen or heard of these cases before, and invariably the restoration is balked because the principals are unwilling to give up the money without apprehending the villains. You all know that. The police are dragged in, and they think they can cleverly hoodwink the abductors and get back the victim and save the money, too. They can't."

"Good gracious, Aunt Judy, you seem to know what you're talking about," exclaimed Pete, who had the highest admiration for the intruded old lady.

"I always know what I'm talking about, but not everybody believes it, as you do," and Aunt Judy gave him one of her sweetest smiles.

"She was an irresistibly pretty woman, not as old as her white hair made her seem, and her complexion, even when unaided by various beautifiers, was as soft and fair as a girl's."

"Well, I wash my hands of it," Rodney said, decidedly. "I'm for having that note turned over to Fleming Stone as soon as he arrives. But it is, after all, Aunt Judy's property, and we cannot presume to advise her. But think it over well, dear, before you go out there tonight without Stone's knowledge. Why don't you just reserve decision until he gets here, and then see how you are impressed, and conclude then what you will do?"

"Now, that's downright bright of you, Rod," and Aunt Judy nodded her curls in entire agreement with his suggestion. "I'll do that very thing. And, children," she added, "I think we won't have per-kill Mr. Stone gets here, late though it may be. It'll give him a nice send-off to have supper first thing."

Sunday-night supper was a highly honored institution of Hilldale. To be invited to it was a sign of intimacy or honor, or both.

And the suppers at Knollwood were renowned, not only because of their superior food and drink, but because here one might meet celebrities, or even more interesting people unavailable in other houses.

Guests rarely dropped in for Sunday night supper. It was an unwritten law that an invitation was more or less necessary, though, of course, many had standing invitations.

Abel Collins was among these, and he came over soon after dusk. He was always a welcome guest everywhere, and was often chided that he favored Knollwood above other houses, usually followed up by a jesting reference to the attractions of the charming Mrs. Bell.

Of course no word was said to Abel of the letter so strangely received, for that was Aunt Judy's property and she had the matter in charge.

But though Aunt Judy was of no mind to discuss the letter with the young people, who, however dear they were, seemed to her a lot of children, she did want the advice of an older head, and as Abel came early, she concluded to lay it before him.

So she carried him off to her little sitting room and closed the door upon them.

"Well, Julia," Collins said, "Lord, knows I'm sorry for you, and my heart is full of sympathy, but I'm free to confess it ain't mused you up a mite. You look younger and more bloom'n' than ever."

"Don't be silly," said Aunt Judy with fine scorn. "Now, you listen to this, Abel, and put your whole mind on it, for I consider it most important."

She carefully spread out the letter before him, and adjusting his reading glasses, Abel Collins peered at it thoughtfully three times from start to finish.

"It's a fake," he pronounced, as he refolded the paper, and put his glasses back in their case. "Don't you be taken in by it, Judy."

"What do you mean, a fake? Won't there be anybody there tonight to meet me?"

"For the land's sake! You don't mean you're going out there at midnight?"

"Of course I am. Think a minute. This is the only, the only, the only single hint or chance we've had of finding Emily. Do you think I'll pass it up? No indeed!"

"But, Judy, listen. This isn't a real letter. Real kidnapers don't write like that—"

"I'm not sure I agree with your views, Pete," Rodney said, "but we don't have to decide this thing. Fleming Stone is coming in a few hours and we can put the matter in his hands for advice."

"I shall do no such thing," Aunt Judy astounded them by remarking, "You seem to forget the letter is addressed to me. You seem to forget that I am forbidden to tell the police about it, or to try any gullery—I think that was the word—but I am to be at the Miller house at midnight with the money if I want Emily back. I do want Emily back, and I shall be there with the money exactly in accordance with the stipulations. If nobody interferes no harm will come to me, and it may mean the restoration of my girl. At any rate, it is a chance I shall not miss."

"But, Aunt Judy—"
"Don't 'But Aunt Judy' me, Rod. It won't do one speck of good. I shall follow directions implicitly. I am not afraid, I'm only afraid not to do it. Of course it isn't a fake. Where would be the sense of sending a boy over from Haverstraw to hoax us? And who would hoax us, anyway, and why? I mean, none of our acquaintances would do it, and none of the working people in Hilldale have any spite or grudge against us. I can't see any reason or motive for a hoax. The child was kidnapped for money. I've felt sure of that all along. Now we have evidence of it, and we are told how to get her back. I've seen or heard of these cases before, and invariably the restoration is balked because the principals are unwilling to give up the money without apprehending the villains. You all know that. The police are dragged in, and they think they can cleverly hoodwink the abductors and get back the victim and save the money, too. They can't."

"Good gracious, Aunt Judy, you seem to know what you're talking about," exclaimed Pete, who had the highest admiration for the intruded old lady.

"I always know what I'm talking about, but not everybody believes it, as you do," and Aunt Judy gave him one of her sweetest smiles.

"She was an irresistibly pretty woman, not as old as her white hair made her seem, and her complexion, even when unaided by various beautifiers, was as soft and fair as a girl's."

"Well, I wash my hands of it," Rodney said, decidedly. "I'm for having that note turned over to Fleming Stone as soon as he arrives. But it is, after all, Aunt Judy's property, and we cannot presume to advise her. But think it over well, dear, before you go out there tonight without Stone's knowledge. Why don't you just reserve decision until he gets here, and then see how you are impressed, and conclude then what you will do?"

"Now, that's downright bright of you, Rod," and Aunt Judy nodded her curls in entire agreement with his suggestion. "I'll do that very thing. And, children," she added, "I think we won't have per-kill Mr. Stone gets here, late though it may be. It'll give him a nice send-off to have supper first thing."

Sunday-night supper was a highly honored institution of Hilldale. To be invited to it was a sign of intimacy or honor, or both.

And the suppers at Knollwood were renowned, not only because of their superior food and drink, but because here one might meet celebrities, or even more interesting people unavailable in other houses.

Guests rarely dropped in for Sunday night supper. It was an unwritten law that an invitation was more or less necessary, though, of course, many had standing invitations.

Abel Collins was among these, and he came over soon after dusk. He was always a welcome guest everywhere, and was often chided that he favored Knollwood above other houses, usually followed up by a jesting reference to the attractions of the charming Mrs. Bell.

Of course no word was said to Abel of the letter so strangely received, for that was Aunt Judy's property and she had the matter in charge.

But though Aunt Judy was of no mind to discuss the letter with the young people, who, however dear they were, seemed to her a lot of children, she did want the advice of an older head, and as Abel came early, she concluded to lay it before him.

So she carried him off to her little sitting room and closed the door upon them.

"Well, Julia," Collins said, "Lord, knows I'm sorry for you, and my heart is full of sympathy, but I'm free to confess it ain't mused you up a mite. You look younger and more bloom'n' than ever."

"Don't be silly," said Aunt Judy with fine scorn. "Now, you listen to this, Abel, and put your whole mind on it, for I consider it most important."

She carefully spread out the letter before him, and adjusting his reading glasses, Abel Collins peered at it thoughtfully three times from start to finish.

"It's a fake," he pronounced, as he refolded the paper, and put his glasses back in their case. "Don't you be taken in by it, Judy."

"What do you mean, a fake? Won't there be anybody there tonight to meet me?"

"For the land's sake! You don't mean you're going out there at midnight?"

"Of course I am. Think a minute. This is the only, the only, the only single hint or chance we've had of finding Emily. Do you think I'll pass it up? No indeed!"

"But, Judy, listen. This isn't a real letter. Real kidnapers don't write like that—"

"I'm not sure I agree with your views, Pete," Rodney said, "but we don't have to decide this thing. Fleming Stone is coming in a few hours and we can put the matter in his hands for advice."

"I shall do no such thing," Aunt Judy astounded them by remarking, "You seem to forget the letter is addressed to me. You seem to forget that I am forbidden to tell the police about it, or to try any gullery—I think that was the word—but I am to be at the Miller house at midnight with the money if I want Emily back. I do want Emily back, and I shall be there with the money exactly in accordance with the stipulations. If nobody interferes no harm will come to me, and it may mean the restoration of my girl. At any rate, it is a chance I shall not miss."



TRADES IN MAJOR LEAGUE CIRCUITS PROVING BENEFITS

Pennant Battles Tightened by Improved Bat Work; Mackmen, Brooklyn Keep Leads.

By HUGH S. FULLERTON Jr., Associated Press Sports Writer. Recent trades among clubs of the American league seem to have been a series of wise moves on the part of the various managers involved.

Every team that acquired new material is giving an appearance of new life and the pennant race, already too close for comfort of the leaders, bids fair to become closer.

The St. Louis Browns, whose batting average has been down so far it was almost out of sight, certainly have benefited by the acquisition of Goose Goslin.

The Gooses, who was doing practically nothing for Washington, cut loose with his bat, hitting three home runs since he joined the Browns, two in the past two days.

Washington's new acquisitions didn't get much chance to hit yesterday as the Senators were locked in a pitching duel with the Chicago White Sox, but Art Shires and Heine Manush already have started clotting.

With Ted Lyons on the mound and Ben Tate providing capable catching at last, the Sox nosed out a 2 to 1 triumph.

Yanks Lose, Mackmen Win. George Wuestling, formerly of Portland, Ore., and Detroit, did his best to keep the New York Yankees from losing to his former mates after he replaced Lynn Lary, who went out in the third inning with a broken thumb, but his first and second hits of the season were not enough to beat the Tiger clouting. Detroit started by scoring five runs in the first inning, winning the game by an 11 to 6 count.

The Philadelphia Athletics took advantage of the lapses by two of their leading rivals and made their place at the head of the American league standing somewhat safer by defeating a third, the Cleveland Indians, 8 to 0, increasing their margin of leadership over New York and Washington to 2 1/2 games.

George Earnshaw pitched a great game to give the Indians their first shutout of the year and their sixth straight defeat. He allowed but five hits and struck out eight.

Cubs Crowd Robins. While the gap between first and second places in the junior circuit was widening, Brooklyn and Chicago, first and second in the national league, were drawing closer together.

Brooklyn's Robins gave away a close encounter to the Cincinnati Reds, 2 to 1, while the Cubs were slugging out a 7 to 3 victory over the Boston Braves to place themselves only 1 1/2 games behind.

Two Robins errors in succession combined with two hits gave Larry Benton of Cincinnati the decision over Dazzy Vance in a tight game. Benton gave the league leaders only five hits.

The Cubs again separated early as Cuyler and English repeated Thursday's home run hitting act and Wally Berger's two four-baggers only served to give him the National league lead with a total of 20.

Pittsburgh kept the New York Giants from gaining ground by staging a sixth inning uprising that netted six runs and an 8 to 4 victory. A homer by Adam Comorovsky started this scoring spree.

FREAK FALL GIVES TED THYE VICTORY

WALLA WALLA, Wash., June 21.—Ted Thye, Portland wrestler, won from Al Karasick here last night, scoring a freakish fall over the Russian to decide the match. Karasick was apparently about to throw the Portlander over the ropes when he lost his balance and fell backwards into the ring with Thye. Thye pinned the Russian down for the second fall to win the match.

SCHMELING LIKELY TO FIGHT SHARKEY NEXT SEPTEMBER

NEW YORK, June 21.—Apparently not satisfied with his questionable world heavyweight boxing title, Max Schmeling has agreed to meet Jack Sharkey in a return bout at Yankee stadium in September under certain provisions.

Before he steps into the ring again against the man who gave him the championship on a foul in the fourth round, Schmeling says he must have an outright release from Arthur Huelow, German manager whom he disposed of over a year but whose contract does not expire until October.

The German heavyweight also says "he will have no part of Graham McNamee as a radio announcer" on grounds the National Broadcasting company's announced was partly to Sharkey and made errors in their June 12 bout at the stadium.

As the garden management agreed to take care of the Huelow settlement as well as finding a suitable broadcaster, there appears no reason why the heavyweight title will not be at stake once more.

The proclamation of Schmeling, coming through Joe Jacobs, his manager of choice, follows close upon the New York state athletic commission's advice that Schmeling give Sharkey another bout before the end of the summer.

The state commission recognized the German as champion at its meeting Tuesday. Sharkey has already informed the commission he is willing to meet Maxie again on almost any terms.

TARIFF BILL CUTS IMPORT OF CHEESE

NAPLES, June 21.—The liner Saturnia sailed today with only 100 tons of Italian cheese against 250 tons which the boat had been taking normally each voyage. The reduction was due to the increased tariff on cheese at American ports.

Back From Portland.—Mrs. Ellen Post and Mrs. Rose Kinan returned yesterday from Portland accompanied by Mrs. Post's nephew, Francis Clark, who will visit with her for a week in this city.

The 100% effective electrical insurance against theft for automobiles now being demonstrated at the Roseburg Garage.—Adv.

The Southern Oregon Gas corporation gives fifty feet of gas service free with their installations.—Adv.

100% protection against theft of car and accessories. The electrical theft signal demonstrated at the Roseburg Garage.—Adv.

TODAY'S MARKETS

(Associated Press Local Wire) PORTLAND, Ore., June 21.—Both eggs and butter closed the week with prices fairly steady and the undertone showing considerable weakness.

Reviewing the fruit and vegetable situation, the Portland bureau of the U. S. department of agriculture says:

Additional motor truck receipts of several hundred boxes of apples from Yakima storages are expected today, to replenish jobbers' stocks. Demand for apples during the last few weeks has surpassed all expectations of the jobbing trade at Portland. Receipts of new-crop apples, mostly Yellow Transparent, from Kennewick, Wash., are increasing daily.

Strawberry receipts are light again today. Quality is mostly ordinary, and prices advanced another 25¢ per crate, to about \$2.75 for best berries. Hood River loaded probably their last carload of the season, Wednesday. Although the Hood River crop was light this year, prices were excellent, carlot rates ranging from \$3.25 per crate upward.

Cherry shipments from Yakima and Ematilla county, Oregon, have netted disappointing low auction returns in the east. This is due to the small size characterizing this year's crop. From those districts Hood River's cherries are now starting to move in volume, and shipping in another week.

Celery from Brooks, Oregon, is now being loaded at Portland, in cars of mixed vegetables. The overabundance of cantaloupes which landed at Portland, almost a week has been entirely absorbed, and supplies and prices are now standing firm. Watermelons are a shade lower today.

Quotations. Eggs: Prices to eaters: Fresh extra, 24¢; standards, 22¢. Fresh white, 24¢; standards, 22¢. Under price to retailers. Butter: Cubes: Extra, 33¢; standards, 32¢; prime firsts, 31¢; firsts, 30¢. Creamery prices: Prints, 3¢ over cube standards.

Milk: Raw milk (4 per cent) \$2.30 per cwt. delivered Portland, less 1 per cent grade B milk, 12.6¢. Butterfat, standard, 25¢; track, 20¢; delivered in Portland, 24¢.

Poultry: (Buying prices) Active, heavy hens over 4 1/2 lbs., 22¢; medium hens, 21¢ to 22¢; light hens, 17¢; broilers, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 lbs., 16¢; old, 15¢ to 16¢; colored ducks, 18¢ to 20¢; country meats: (Buying prices) Choice veal, 14¢ to 15¢; pork, 15¢ to 16¢; choice lamb, 18¢ to 20¢; mutton, 15¢ to 16¢.

Flour: (city delivery prices) Family patents, 49¢, 48.50¢; whole wheat, 48¢, 47.50¢; Graham, 49¢, 48.50¢; bakers, hard wheat, 38¢, 37.50¢; soft wheat, 38¢, 37.50¢; pastry flour, 49¢, 48.50¢.

Sugar (packed basis): cane, fruit or berry, 39.99 per cwt. Best sugar, 41.70 cwt. Onions, steady, Oregon, \$1.10 per 100 lbs. Potatoes: Gems, No. 1 grade, \$2.75 per 100 lbs. New potatoes: California, 40¢ to 45¢ per 100 lbs.

Wool: Eastern Oregon, 15¢ to 16¢; 10¢; light, 15¢; medium, 14¢; heavy, 13¢; 10¢; 11¢; 12¢; 13¢; 14¢; 15¢; 16¢; 17¢; 18¢; 19¢; 20¢; 21¢; 22¢; 23¢; 24¢; 25¢; 26¢; 27¢; 28¢; 29¢; 30¢; 31¢; 32¢; 33¢; 34¢; 35¢; 36¢; 37¢; 38¢; 39¢; 40¢; 41¢; 42¢; 43¢; 44¢; 45¢; 46¢; 47¢; 48¢; 49¢; 50¢.

Hay: Wholesale buying prices, delivered Portland, eastern Oregon (country), \$12.50 to \$13.50; alfalfa, \$10.00 to \$11.00; clover, \$11.00 to \$12.00; timothy, \$11.00 to \$12.00; alfalfa, \$10.00 to \$11.00; clover, \$11.00 to \$12.00; timothy, \$11.00 to \$12.00.

Livestock. Cattle: Steers 1100-1200 lbs., \$10.75 to \$11.25; good \$11.00 to \$11.75; medium \$10.00 to \$11.00; common \$9.50 to \$10.50; fat cows, \$10.00 to \$11.00; good \$10.50 to \$11.50; common \$9.50 to \$10.50; calves (yearlings excluded), \$7.50 to \$8.50; calves, \$8.00 to \$9.00; weaners, \$6.00 to \$7.00; calves, \$8.00 to \$9.00; weaners, \$6.00 to \$7.00.

Chiropractor DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER "Complete Health Service" Mineral Vapor Baths 327 Cass Phone 491

YALE CREW BEATS HARVARD FOR 9TH TIME IN 10 YEARS

By ALAN GOULD Associated Press Sports Writer NEW LONDON, Conn., June 21.—With a characteristic exhibition of dazzling speed and unbeatable power, Yale has closed another triumphant varsity rowing campaign on the intercollegiate seas—the fifth unbeaten season for the Blue in eight years of coaching by Edward O. Leader.

Harvard, with a fine show of ability, swept to victory in the two preliminary races of the annual regatta on the Thames river yesterday for freshman and junior varsity crews, only to absorb a decisive defeat in the evening from one of the finest of Ed Leader's great collection of varsity boat-lands.

For the third straight year and for the ninth time in ten years, Yale outrowed its rival in the classic four-mile pull downstream from Harlett's cove to the railroad bridge.

Yale led virtually all the way to win by five and a half lengths. It rowed the second fastest four miles in the history of the regatta, which dates back to 1853 and has witnessed 68 varsity races within that period, marked by only a few interruptions of competitive rivalry.

Yale, stroked by the powerful Woodruff Tappen of Pleasantville, N. Y., and captained by Gus Bladen of Greenwich, Conn., covered the four miles in 20 minutes, 9.25 seconds.

Short was less than eight seconds short of the course record, set by Harvard's victorious 1916 crew. Yale at least can claim a share of national championship honors, on the strength of this record, although it may well be disputed next Thursday by the winner of the nine-crew varsity class at Poughkeepsie, especially if it is Washington, now the only other crew in the country.

Fishing tackle at Idleyd Park—Adv.

PROFIT or LOSS

When prices are high it is easy to make a profit. When prices are low You Have to Figure How to Lower Costs.

Let us help you. We can show you how, not only to figure but to get it done. John Deere Machinery Will Do It. Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange Roseburg Myrtle Creek Oakland AGENTS FOR L. & H. Electric Ranges John Deere Plow Co. Hood River Spray Co. Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps Sutherlandin Spray Co.

"IS YA OR AIN'TCHA? GOIN' TO DANCE AT THE WIGWAM Saturday Nite, June 21 to the tunes of the "Rosarians" Best dance "proposition" in Douglas County. Ain't dat sumpin'.

Tourists Are Welcome Just as They Are

at the Presbyterian Church (The Brick Church) CORNER OF LANE AND JACKSON Alexander Muirden, Minister. Bible school at 9:45. Men visiting our city attend the men's class. Morning worship 11:00 a. m., "The Perpetual Challenge." Evening worship 8:00 p. m., "The Snow White Life." Special music at all services. Let us help you enjoy your stop-over in our city. WE HAVE ONE HEAVENLY FATHER AND SAVIOR

Dollar's Worth

To every one who is genuinely interested in making money buy as much as it possibly can, all the time, not merely once in a while, the advertisements in this newspaper offer expert and invaluable aid.

The advertisements tell you of products of undisputed value. They assure you of getting merchandise that has already brought satisfaction to other buyers. The counsel that they give is economically sound. No manufacturer or merchant can continue to advertise unless what he has to tell you is to your advantage.

When you buy advertised goods, you put your money into rugs or radios that have a reputation of being worth every penny you invest in them. The advertisements you read are certificates of value that you can instantly accept.