

GOUDY OFFERS PLAN ON PENSION FUNDS

SALEM, Feb. 20.—(AP)—Elmer R. Goudy, state relief administrator, today placed before Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle a tentative plan for obtaining federal match funds for old age pensions.

Van Winkle was requested to study the tentative plan with a view of eliminating objectionable features. Then the plan would be advised to conform to legal requirements after which it would be presented to Governor Martin.

The attorney general stated the plan was quite involved and it would require several weeks of study. Until a definite plan is worked out, it was indicated all other moves to obtain federal funds, even to the possibility of calling a special session of the legislature, would be held in abeyance by the administration.

The law under which federal funds would be requested would be the one enacted by the regular 1935 legislative session. This law, prior to the amendments made by the special session, provided for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to be matched by county appropriations.

Goudy declared no attention would be given the recent amendments whereby the state appropriation would be turned over to direct relief, since a referendum on that action delays its operativeness.

The governor recently expressed himself favorable to any workable plan promulgated by Goudy and the state relief committee which would make it possible to obtain federal funds for old age pensions.

AT CAMP BRADFORD

Camp Bradford basketball team won its first game in the zone series from Camp McKinley. The score was 24 to 19. Bradford team has been handicapped in so far as practice is concerned by the quarantine for measles which precluded practice for a period of three weeks. All the games are being played at Coquille. The teams competing are Sitkum, Humburg, China Flats, McKinley and Bradford. China Flats' team is apparently the team to beat. These fellows look particularly good.

Asst. Supt. Leo Gandolph has started a course in the use and handling of explosives. Road building will begin in April and his instruction will be of material benefit to those men assigned to the powder crews.

Anticipated Tax Rise by Gifts



Reports to the newly organized Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington reveal that America's wealthy gave away millions prior to the January 1 deadline when higher Federal gift taxes went into effect. Gifts were mostly in nature of stocks with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s \$100,000,000 heading the list. Others reporting heavy gifts are shown.

AT CAMP BRADFORD

A large number of scholarships in universities and trade schools from Seattle to San Francisco, are being offered to members of CCC companies in the Medford district. Much credit is due E. C. Golden, educational coordinator of Medford district, and Capt. William Ryan, welfare officer of this district, for their efforts in procuring of the opportunities.

Capt. Chauncey Pierce and Capt. Dr. H. T. Gentle of district headquarters inspected this camp this past week.

C. Doffenbach, regional inspector of equipment of the forestry

department, Portland, inspected the equipment of this camp this week.

A stage is being added to the recreation hall of this camp to make possible proper presentation of plays which are to be featured by WPA actors from Portland. The CCC camps of this and other districts will welcome this entertainment as an added feature to camp life.

OREGON PRODD ON NEW CAPITOL PLAN

PORTLAND, Feb. 20.—(AP)—The Oregon capitol construction commission was urged today by the public works administration to "get going" on plans for Oregon's new statehouse.

E. C. Hockley, PWA administrator for Oregon, said "Washington, D. C., is disappointed because we have not started. They are pressing us for a definite date."

Members of the commission replied that everything that could be done has been done to expedite plans for the structure. They said they would try to give to Hockley, late today or tomorrow, a schedule of definite dates, showing when the plan contest could be started, when completed, and when contracts might be let.

Hockley said he had gained the impression that the capitol contest was to start February 1, whereas it has not yet got under way. Carl F. Gould, commission architect, said he may have conveyed that impression inadvertently. Gould said it would take two and a half months to complete the contest. Hockley said he believed six weeks should be enough.

Buy Sweet Tasty Oranges at the Orange Market, West Cass St., Adv.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Women who suffer in silence often pay a double penalty for wearing this rag of unwholesomeness or silly pride. Painful periods are nature's warning that something is wrong and needs immediate attention. Failure to heed and correct the first painful symptoms may lead to chronic conditions with some times had consequences. Growing girls as well as women in middle life are often sufferers from female irregularities, catarrhal drains, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a dependable tonic for women and can be obtained at every drug store. Buy now! New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.25.

Write for free medical advice to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XXII

Although I was very brave and firm when I made my dramatic exit from Allen's room, I was not nearly so sure of myself, or him, at heart. The more I thought about Allen's story as he told it the night of the party, the more I saw its weak points. If I saw them, I reasoned, what wouldn't Inspector O'Brien do to it?

By morning I had convinced myself that a case as good as that against any of the suspects could be built against my brother. In spite of his impracticality, of his "peculiarity," he evidently was convinced of the same conclusion, thus deciding not to reveal his part in that night's events. He had acted madly—just I suppose as a "neurotic," as dad called him, could be expected to act. Yet it all looked pretty suspicious on the surface of it.

He admitted that he was jealous of Bruce, that he had been squelched by Connie the day before for his "presumptuousness" (I could hear her pronounce the word now, it was a favorite of hers in quick (disorder), and that he brooded over the whole thing all night and all day. That would be enough motive for the police, I now knew. As for Hym's story, it would have been fairly simple for Allen to have arrived immediately after Mr. Perkins left, to have shot Connie, then to have hidden in the apartment during Hym's brief visit. This space of time might realize what he had gone to experience tremendous remorse, to have taken the pen on just the sentiment basis he had expressed to me, and to have fled the town in stark terror. After that, the story of his return would not need much interpretation.

When I went down for breakfast, I was wearily telling myself I had constructed an excellent case for the police. Should I tell what I knew? Should I expose my brother?

Allen was at the table when I arrived. He glared at me over mother's coffee-pot, but the folks were too much interested in the newspaper to notice. Mrs. Carrington was the headline that morning, "INJURED WIFE COLLAPSES," it shouted.

"Mrs. Carrington," I inquired, commented my father, "is injured because of her husband's being involved with Miss Sinclair, and she has collapsed because of rigid cross-examination by the police."

I had not considered the questioning I overheard very rigid, but no doubt they had her in again when I was not there, for the papers played up the possibility of her having followed her husband to St. Joseph the Sunday before Connie was murdered.

"It is strange that this newsboy wasn't found until now," said mother.

"Not at all; few people like to volunteer information on such cases," answered dad. I looked at Allen, but he did not meet my gaze.

The St. Joseph Courier had scored a scoop—an exclusive story—by unearthing a newsboy who had witnessed the "scene" referred to in Connie's letter. This was spotlighted for all the sensationalism in it.

Carrington had parked his car on a side street around the corner from Connie's apartment about nine or nine-thirty that Sunday evening. He and Connie were returning from a drive somewhere presumably to a neighboring town for dinner. While sitting in the car, he had tried to persuade her for just a friend. The newspaper did not say this, nor did it advance the supposition that he tried to convince her that they should seek some way to be married. I think that was the reason for the scene, though, and I don't care what others say.

The Courier emphasized only the newsboy's version of the love-making he described. Any details he might have forgotten were recalled by the energetic reporter who questioned him. It was all messy, I'd say.

Mother sniffed and thrust the paper under the coffee-pot, hoping I wouldn't see it all. Of course I got the story at school, hashed over a number of times. Helen was triumphant, for her theory had a good chance of working out to be the right one.

"Didn't I tell you?" she gloated. "Now don't you think Mrs. Carrington might be guilty? Do you still think I was so melodramatic in saying that she might have come to St. Joseph Sunday night and seen them?"

"You may be right," I agreed, too tired to think or argue. "I al-

most hope you are. I'm getting fed up on this case. I wish they'd make up their minds who did it and end the thing."

"Well, I think it's been pretty exciting," Patsy thrilled as she started her second sandoe. "Who ever dreamed there were such romantic characters in dull old St. Joseph?"

"It may be romantic to you, but I think it is too grimly realistic," I answered. I was too weary to be excited over even a new creation of the shop—a combination of split beans and fresh strawberries. In November, too, I dipped a spoon into it half-heartedly. "You wouldn't think it so romantic if you cared much about Connie, if you gave any realization to the fact that she's buried, her life all ended, and an ugly bullet wound in her chest. It wouldn't be so romantic if you knew these people and all their ugly emotions. They're afraid, all of them, of having cared for that poor woman. They are trying to hedge, each of them, to make their relations with her as casual and unimportant as possible. I think they're all—welters!"

"Well, gee, Julie, you can't expect them to be exactly thrilled to be connected with a murder victim."

"It wasn't Connie's fault someone fired a gun at her, was it?" Helen was cooler than Patsy and I. "It might have been," she said. "After all, we don't know why she was killed until we find out who did it. If you ever read these murder reports and stories, you usually find that the victim did something to cause it; it's not always the murderer's ugly emotion alone."

I regarded Helen with more respect. She did think sometimes and I wouldn't be surprised if she was expressing an underlying theory of the police when they go probing into what looks like people's private business. I was still cross, however.

"All right," I half-growled, getting up from the lunch table, "I still say it is gruesome to think that any one of these persons we know—Mr. Perkins, Melvin, Bruce Lloyd, or either one of the others Hym or Mrs. Carrington—could have owned a revolver and killed our own French teacher," and I added to myself, "or my very own brother!"

The girls were more subdued. I guess some of my disgust and indignation penetrated, for the discussion practically ceased.

On the way home that afternoon in Dicky's car, I relaxed against the cracked leather until a bump bounced me over where a spring came through. I had just settled myself again on a piece of fairly smooth cushion when Dicky suddenly grabbed the emergency brake and put his foot on the reverse gear of his model '32 Ford. We stopped with our usual hop backward.

"What is it?" "Late extra. Let's see what it is."

He got out two pennies and I found one. So we bought the paper. On the front page was Mrs. Carrington's picture and beside it was a story that I knew would warm Helen's heart. A conductor had now been found who believed that he could identify Mrs. Carrington as a woman who came to St. Joseph that Sunday night, October 16, on the eight forty-five train.

The Carrington theorists now had their innings. Each suspect seemed to have his or her followers, as dad said, and they took turns saying "I told you so" to each other. The Carrington group gained some new adherents the next day when it came out that Mrs. Carrington was actually on the verge of a nervous breakdown and had been taken to a hospital. I was all prepared for Helen who had completely converted Patsy. Dicky was still neutral, even as I was. We were neither of us satisfied with the guilt of anyone, perhaps because I was influenced by the inspector's attempt to keep an open mind and investigate every clue.

Friday passed without further sensation. But Saturday shifted the attention again. About nine o'clock in the morning our telephone rang. It was a long-distance call for dad from Los Angeles. I told the operator that dad was at his office. She talked to someone at the other end of the line, then asked when he would be at home.

"We will call again then," she said. I thought nothing of it, as dad naturally gets calls from all over. But when he came home for lunch, he seemed surprised, as he had not expected any message from there. We were all due for a shock when he came at 12:30 for it was Bruce Lloyd!

Dad was actually shaking when he came back from the phone. He told us who it was as he sat down to the table. I dropped my fork with a terrific clatter. Mother spilled the tea, and Allen's gasp was audible. We were a bewildered family.

"What did he want?" Allen cried. "He wanted to tell me where he was and that he was returning to St. Joseph. He apologized for the uneasiness he had caused me, assured me he would see me tomorrow."

"What did you say?" asked mother. "I'm afraid that I was almost incoherent. I certainly never expected to see him again of his own free will. I still can't believe it."

"Didn't you say anything at all?" Of course that question was mine.

"Yes, I suppose I did. I must have said I was glad he was returning, that I would depend on him to do so."

"Was the blonde woman with him?"

him?" was my next one. "I don't know, Curly. I didn't ask." "Didn't you ask how he got to Los Angeles?" "No, mother, I don't believe such questions would have been quite appropriate over the telephone."

"No-o-o, I suppose not. But—" "But you'd like to know the answers! Well, so would I; perhaps we shall by tomorrow."

"Do you think the police will be so—?" "Antagonistic?" I nodded. "Yes, antagonistic. Don't you think they will give him credit for returning when they had lost him?"

My father shook his head. "He evaded the law, he broke his word. If he returns now, the first step will be to investigate his motives, both for the flight and for the return."

"Gee, I shouldn't think he would have returned if he were guilty when he had already got away."

"What goes on in men's minds is hard to define. His guilt or innocence are still open questions."

It was still an open question, too, as to what course Allen was going to take. He and I avoided each other as much as possible, meeting only at meals. I looked at him miserably, questioningly, expectantly, each time he entered the room. It must have driven him crazy, for he watched my every move, started every time I spoke to dad, regarded me with a combination of fear and anger. By Saturday night, I was a nervous wreck and no kidding. I began to wonder if I would ever sleep again.

I closed my eyes about two hours that night. By Sunday morning, I was ill, and unable to go to church even. Mother was awfully worried of course. She came to see me at once when I

didn't go down for breakfast. "Is my Curly-headed sleepy this morning?" "No, mother, just tired." "Well, you can stay in bed a while, sweetheart, and go to late mass."

(To be continued)

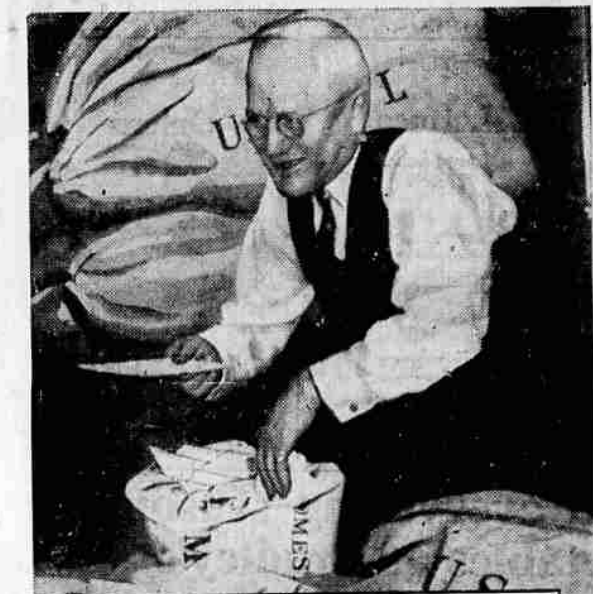
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