

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Tourist Figures.

THE News-Review has stated
several times that the Pacific
highway carries the greater share
of the out-of-state tourists and
therefore deserves first consideration
in the allotment of highway
funds.

Statistics, compiled by Earl
Snell, secretary of state, on the
subject of tourist car registration
for the first six months of this
year are just available and they re-
veal the situation in no uncertain
terms. The six months registra-
tions were as follows:

Pacific highway 24,628
Columbia River highway 7,494
Oregon Coast 6,277
The Dalles-California 3,765
Miscellaneous scattered 824
Total 42,998

In percentages the above figures
are expressed as follows: Pacific
highway, 57 per cent; Columbia
River highway, 17 per cent;
Oregon Coast highway, 14 per
cent; The Dalles-California high-
way, 9 per cent; scattered registra-
tions, 2 per cent. Stating the fact
in another way, the Pacific high-
way in Oregon carries substantially
more tourist traffic than ALL of
the other Oregon highways com-
bined.

It is obvious then that when the
Pacific highway communities sug-
gest that WPA money be used in
improving the southern portion of
the Pacific highway, that there is
good reason for the suggestion. It
is unfortunate, however, that the
Portland area "big shots" are cry-
ing loudly for Columbia River high-
way rebuilding, not realizing that
from a business standpoint for
them it would be infinitely better
to fight for the improvement of
the road old Pacific highway.

Better Meals.

THE men folks and children in
hundreds of Douglas county
homes may be wondering by this
time just what has happened to
bring about such a change in the
family dinner table. Now and fine
specially prepared dishes, more
cakes, more pies, more and bet-
ter pastries are suddenly appear-
ing.

For those who wonder we make
this answer: It is the new Douglas
county cook book compiled and
published by KNR and made up
of favorite recipes from 500 of the
best cooks on earth—Douglas
county women.

Distribution of this new cook
book began Monday of this week.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

could consume in a reasonable
time.

The surpluses of the good years
are overcome by the shortages of
the bad years.

OREGON'S total of fatal week-
end accidents reaches 11, ex-
ceeding considerably the holiday
total of the week before, when eight
died.

During the week, we stay at
home and work. Over the week-
ends we go somewhere and have
a good time.

Our pleasures, you see, are more
dangerous than our duties.

SPEAKING of deaths, 1454 are
credited, on the day these
words are written, to the heat
wave in the Middle West. That is
serious, although small in com-
parison with the MILLIONS who
have died or are facing death as a
result of heat and drought in China.
Still, we must remember that in
all probability many of the 1454

would have died anyway, heat or
no heat. It is likely that the actual
numbers of deaths due beyond all
question to the heat is much
smaller.

KNR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Westerners.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:30—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:45—Bob Howard and His Or-
chestra.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
ments.
6:15—Nelson Eddy.
6:30—Ruth Royale.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicals.
9:30—Dorsey Brothers Orchestra.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesterday.
10:30—Belle & Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Songs Seldom Heard.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:35—Cope's Agricultural Talk.
12:45—Violin Selections.
1:30—Swing Orchestras.
1:30—Popular Band Selections.
2:00—Hits From the Shows.
2:30—Concert Arrangements.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Close Harmony Four.
3:30—Storyland.

Evening Hours

4:00—The Editor Views the
News.
4:15—Matinee Idylls.
5:00—Rovano the Operatic Tenor.
5:15—Studio Music in Rhythm.
6:00—Lawrence Tibbett.
6:15—Five Spades.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage
Presents Stray Hollister at
Rimrock.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, JULY 18

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

Afternoon Hours

12:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:35—Cope's Agricultural Talk.
12:45—Violin Selections.
1:30—Swing Orchestras.
1:30—Popular Band Selections.
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Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

INQUIRER LEARNS FIRE JUST OVER HIM

Dale Guiley, California Oregon
Power company employee, was
working this morning at the
Cope warehouse when the city
fire siren sounded. Being a mem-
ber of the fire department and not
wanting to waste time in locating
the fire, Guiley called the tele-
phone exchange and asked for in-
formation on the fire.

He was told that the Cope
warehouse was on fire.

Guiley looked around him but
saw no signs of a blaze, but when
he walked outside he found work-
men desperately fighting flames
on the roof.

Hot tar being used in roof repair
burst into flames as the liquid
was being poured from one con-
tainer to another, but the blaze
was extinguished before any ma-
terial damage was done.

CHANGE MADE IN MARCELLUS RITES

The hour for the funeral services
for Mrs. Louie Marcellus, who
died Monday at San Francisco, has
been changed from 2 to 3 p. m.,
Friday, it was announced from the
Douglas Funeral home this morn-
ing. The services will be held at
the I. O. O. F. cemetery in Oakland.

Mrs. Marcellus was a resident of
Oakland for a number of years and
is to be buried beside the body of
her husband, who was pastor of
the Oakland Presbyterian church
for several years.

FINGERS SEVERED IN "CAT" MISHAP

GLENDAL, Ore., July 16—Hal
Losey was minus parts of two
fingers Tuesday, after trying to
straighten line on the winch of a
diesel "cat" while it was in opera-
tion. Losey was driving the ma-
chine at the time of the accident.
He is employed by the New Be-
lue Logging company, which is
operating on Quines creek for
the Lugham Lumber company.

SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER X

Karen turned to Bannister with
a faint smile in which he read a
revocation of his dismissal. He
was back in the game again and
eager to pick up his discarded
hand. "I understand that a wo-
man walked in on you and Mr.
Sire," he said, turning to Boyle.
"Reporter," said Boyle. "Blood
and tears, y'know. She wanted an
account of Miss Sire. I gave her
the gate."

Brenda had fooled Boyle, too—
there was something consoling
about that. The woman began to
have a fascination for Bannister.
Unconsciously, he clothed her fig-
ure in a leopard robe, remolded
her into a wild creature and felt
himself taking the trail with the
savage joy of a hunter. The leop-
ard woman! What diabolical ac-
cret did she possess to prevent
her victim from making an out-
cry? What was it that Karen had
to whisper in her father's ear
when they were alone together?

Bannister was promising him-
self the pleasure of a call that
night when Myers appeared at the door,
silent but with a convulsed face.
Sire lifted interrogating eyes.

"Another robbery, sir?" quavered
the butler.

"Here," shouted Boyle.

"No sir—at the Southampton
house. It's just been discovered,
one of my men tells me over the
phone. Happened while I was
away, sir, coming to New York.

The lock on the wall safe was
burned off with torches."

Boyle turned to Maurice Sire.
"What were these people after?"
he asked.

Sire shrugged. "Jewels, perhaps,
and a lot of old family documents."

"What use could they make of
family documents?"

"Families sometimes have a way
of becoming divided."

"Oh, this is a family affair,
then?"

Sire laughed. "I didn't mean to
imply that. But there is a collat-
eral branch of my family that
might have some use for certain
old parchments I kept in that wall
safe. However, I have never seen
any of them. In fact, they live in
the Orient."

"In the Philippines, maybe?"

"Ridiculous! Please don't as-
sociate the murder of a Filipino ser-
vant with what I have told you. The
documents relate to a period of
family history dating back several
hundred years. They were heir-
looms. Sorry I sparked off your
suspicions along that line."

"You have nothing else to tell
me—no lead?"

"Absolutely none!"

"Then," said Boyle impressively,
"I'll follow that one." Like a gray
wolf he left the apartment.

Maurice Sire turned to his
daughter. He forced a faint
laugh but there was little gaiety
in it. "There goes my dream, Kar-
en—mine and yours!"

But Karen did not laugh. Ban-
nister's gaze was fixed upon her
with strange intensity. She closed
her eyes and thrust a hand to-
ward him. What vision had she
seen? Did she see him gun in
hand, stealing down the purple
mountain slopes, stalking a mag-
nificent snow leopard? Did she
see him laying the robe at her
feet with the clasp and girdle re-
stored? In a moment her eyes
opened but she kept them averted
from Bannister. Clutching at Bren-
da Whipple's note in her bosom
she fled from the room.

Bannister was astounded at the
inaction of Maurice Sire. Where
was the vaunted lightning that
was reputed to be as ready at this
giant's hand? Why the cool, al-
most indifferent attitude toward
the murder and robbery under his
own roof? Again, only a few min-
utes before, Sire had heard that
his Southampton house had been
despoiled of treasure and had
nearly smothered. What was all this—
a calm before a thunderbolt?

Myers again was at the door.
"Mr. Whipple on the telephone,
sir."

"Whipple?"

The echo came from Bannister
before Sire had time to speak.

"Bannister," Sire asked, paus-
ing on his way to the telephone.

"A detective working on the
murder case mentioned his name."

"Ah!" Sire showed only a polite
interest. He bowed pleasantly and
walked to the desk. Before picking
up the receiver he called back:
"See you tonight, then?"

Bannister, bewildered, made his
way out of the apartment. Twelve
floors below, in Rod's apartment,
he found Toole standing near a
window, under Bully's somewhat
cynical survey. He looked tired
and blown; defeat was written all
over him. "I'm licked," he said.
"She kept behind you all the
way," Dick jeered. "If you walked
backwards, you'd have stepped on
her toes."

Dick told him of the note left by

Brenda Whipple and her mysteri-
ous telephone call to Karen. He
omitted his own painful experi-
ence as a detail which was none
of the detective's business.

"Brenda is getting reckless,
ain't she?" was Toole's only com-
ment.

Dick showed his next card—the
invasion of the Southampton house
and the theft of valuable old
parchments.

"Done by the same mob," said
Toole.

Bannister yawned. He was pre-
paring to play his ace. "Jeff Whip-
ple had Sire on the phone—old
friends, it seems."

Toole leaned over and patted
Bully's head. "Huh!" he uttered
finally. "Jeff and Brenda must
have quarreled."

Bannister growled. "I'm stating
some important facts," he said,
"and you're answering me like a
gypsy reading cards."

Toole admitted. "This robe and
girdle job was botched with a mur-
der. When Jeff found out that
Brenda had written a note to Miss
Sire he was in a bad way. He
hated to let his mind to give his
little playmate the works and
save his own pelt. What else,
sonny?"

Bannister told him of Matt
Boyle's return to the house, of
Sire's smiling admission that the
murder and robberies might have
been executed by certain "oriental
relatives" whom he had never
seen, and of Boyle's sudden suspi-
cion that the little Filipino might
have belonged to the crew. He
quoted Sire's words to his daugh-
ter—"There goes my dream, Kar-
en, and yours!"

"So Matt thought the little Phi-
lipino might have been one of Sire's
relations, hey?" Toole chuckled.

"Took the tip hot off Sire's bat. He
looked over the little fellow's body
for fifteen minutes without notic-
ing that the nails were manicured
and that the fingers were long
and delicate—not a serving man's
fingers. And Matt never noticed
that the Filipino had been used to
wear a ring."

"There were no rings—I saw the
body first, you remember."

"The rings had been removed,
but not by the killer. They were
taken off slowly—probably with
warm water and soap—and that
only a day or two before the mur-
der."

"This so-called Filipino had six
ring circles on his fingers and the
skin near these circles wasn't
scratched or bruised. For what?
To conceal the fact that he was
not a servant?"

"Who was he then?"

"Well, he was a light smoke who
had some money."

"Light smoke?"

"Some kind of a mixed breed."

"Did he look like a fellow who'd
wear a leopard robe with a jewel-
ed clasp and girdle?"

"That's the hook-up. Maybe he
was an akoon or a marry-aw-law."

Toole gave a touch of reverence to
his mispronunciations of those ex-
alted titles, as though they encom-
passed all human glory.

"Do you think he was working
on his own hook against the Whip-
ples?"

Toole shrugged. "Maybe the
stuff belonged to him. He might
have failed to get it back by legal
means and resorted to this plan to
recover it."

"That would let the Whipples
out."

"It would and it did."

"Not altogether—they got the
girdle, evidently."

"And you got the robe!" Toole
grinned down at Bully.

"Toole," asked Bannister anx-
iously, "what do you make of the
fact that the killer was alone on
the same floor with Karen?"

"You might misunderstand my
answer to that and sock me on the
jaw," the detective laughed. "For-
get it. I think he was there all
night, but not with Miss Sire's
knowledge. Anyway, you're see-
ing her and her father tonight.
Perhaps they'll be able to clear
up that point."

"What are you going to do
about the stiletto in the aquar-
ium?"

"Leave it there! Some servant
will be freshening up the water
and will find it. That's the only
way it will ever fall into Matt
Boyle's hands. I was on the job
about ten minutes ahead of him,
sent from a precinct station—but
when he arrived he took the
search out of my hands and turn-
ed me into a watchman and tele-
phone boy. At that, I saw the dirk
in the water just a few minutes
before you spotted it. I waited just
to see you play the hand out."

"What are you going to do about
the murdered 'smoke'?"

"Nothing. He's an important guy
and he'll be missed. His identity
will come to the surface in a few
hours. Even Matt may find out
about that."

Bannister grew sarcastic. "So
you're going to squat back on your
haunches and wait until the news-
papers tell about it?"

"Not exactly. I'm going to have
a little chat with Jeff Whipple.
He came out of his hide-away
about an hour after the papers an-
nounced what they called the sub-
plot of the Filipino. He dived
back again when they learned that
it was murder."

"Who told you that?"

"Confidential information—my
own secret service."

"Do you know where Whipple is
now?"

Toole became more evasive.
"You know how Brenda got away
from me. They say the surest way
to escape a detective is to follow
him. Well, Jeff has a few little
tricks like that in his hat. It is a
general radio alarm was sent out
for him he'd probably stand on
the front steps of the public li-
brary or the city hall, where no-
body would expect to find him."

PLANE RAMS HOUSE, KILLING AVIATOR

RIVERSIDE, Calif., July 15.—
(AP)—A small plane crashed into
the roof of the home of Mr. and
Mrs. Henry Roek last night, killing
the pilot, Max Arthur Glenn, 31, of
Colton, Calif.

Glenn, flying low, had just made
a salute to relatives in the neigh-
borhood when his craft spun down-
ward suddenly. It burst into flames
at the impact.

Roek was in the front yard and
his wife in the kitchen when the
crash occurred. Neither was in-
jured.

RADIO MINISTER WILL PREACH HERE

Rev. Charles Fuller, director of
the Gospel Broadcasting company,
of Hollywood, Calif., is to visit Fri-
day of this week and will hold a
special service at the M. E. church,
South, at 7:45 p. m.

Rev. Mr. Fuller is widely known
through his radio services from
KXN and a large attendance of his
"friends of the air" is desired at
Friday night's meeting. The gen-
eral public is invited to attend the
meeting.

Hawaii has a million acres of
forest, more than half of it gov-
ernment-owned.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State
of Oregon for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of Jo-
seph Cole, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the
undersigned, executor of the above
entitled court duty made and en-
tered of record, has duly ap-
pointed and has duly qualified as
executor of the estate of Joseph Cole,
deceased.

All persons having claims against
said estate are hereby required to
present the same, duly verified, to
the undersigned, his office, in
Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon,
within six months from the first
publication of this notice, which is
the 15th day of July, 1936.

A. S. OLIVETT,
Administrator with the will annexed
of the estate of Joseph Cole,
deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

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