

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Rules Caught Her.

ELEANOR HOLM JARRETT has found out that the rules of the Olympic games committee are not to be trifled with. Although Mrs. Jarrett is a swimming ace with a list of winnings as long as your arm, and the holder of 14 swimming records, she will not be permitted to compete at the Olympic games in Berlin this year.

It is the old old story of the whole outlook on life being warped by success. Because she is good, and mighty good at that, Mrs. Jarrett thought she could simply get away with anything. Rules, she felt, were designed for the folks of the rank and file—not at all for her, the ace.

College athletes often suffer from this same complex, and strut the campus breaking rules and loafing in their attitudes until brought up short. Then there is remorse, for often the athlete in trouble is truly a big shot, valuable to his team which for want of him loses a vital contest.

But the rules of the game, whether it be the big game of life itself or a contest of sport, are designed for all to obey alike—the ace as well as the dubs.

Mrs. Jarrett knows the truth of this now but it is too late. She had her arrogant fling, flaunted the rules and then said she had not realized how seriously the offense would be regarded. What she really thought was that she was so important that the silly rules would not apply to her.

There are lots of us that way. Let's remember it the next time we are tempted to run through a "stop" sign or are tempted to disregard other of the annoying though necessary rules of society.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

Valuable Carrot.

TACOMA, Wash., July 25.—(AP)—T. Sasaki, harvesting in his fields, pulled up just a plain old variety carrot. With it came from the earth a buried gold chain—and at the end of \$30 gold nugget. Sasaki thinks the chain and nugget were dropped by a hop picker perhaps 50 years ago.

Coyote Racket.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—(AP)—Kenneth F. MacDonald, Montana state fish and game warden, told members of Western Fish and Game association 14,000 coyotes were killed last year at a bounty of \$2 each, but:

"We do know that an Indian in Canada, which does not pay bounty, was raising coyotes which he sold to Montana hunters for \$1 apiece who in turn brought them across the border and sold them for the \$2 bounty."

Costly Riddance.

MILWAUKEE, July 25.—(AP)—Nick Jager admitted his 12-year-old son, Eddie, effectively exterminated a nest of hornets from haystacks on his farm but was reluctant to figure the cost.

Returning from a picnic after leaving Eddie in charge of the farm, Jager was amazed by the acres of automobiles parked near his land. Then he saw Bremen pouring water on what had been three stacks of 22 tons of choice timothy.

Eddie used fire and smoke to oust the hornets.

Wasted Labor.

HERTRAND, Mo., July 25.—(AP)—Safe blowers tediously prepared a charge of nitroglycerine and blew the lock off the postoffice safe. They got only five dollars and fled. Officers said the safe door had been unlocked all the time.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

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NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Enrico Caruso.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
5:00—Concert Selections.
5:30—Mills Bros.
6:00—Morton Downey.
6:15—Organ Selections.
6:30—Hoosier Hot Shots.
6:45—The Melodians From Umpqua Park.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JULY 26

Morning Hours
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Program Dedicated to Veterans Facility.
9:30—Old Time Fiddling with Ernie Crane.
10:00—Sunday Request Program.
11:30—Baptist Church Services.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
12:30—Elizabeth Williams Piano Concert.
1:00—The Douglas County Creamery presents Max Dorem and His Salon Orchestra.
1:15—Saw Turns.
1:30—The Sunday Players present The Tower of Babel.
1:45—Golden Voices.
2:00—Popular Band Selections.
2:30—Hawaiian Melodies.
3:00—Variety Program.
4:00—Popular Dance Time.
5:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JULY 27

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Waltz Time.
9:30—Songs of Home.
9:45—Music of the Orient.
10:00—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
10:30—Belie and Martha.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Five Spades.
11:15—Rhythm Revue.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—The WPA Program.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—Investment For Income.
1:05—Castilians.
1:30—Famous Love Songs.
2:00—John McCormack.
2:15—Marimba Selections.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:40—The World Book Man.
3:15—Songs of the Water.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The American Legion Program.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:30—The Close Harmony Four.
5:45—Hill Billies.
6:15—The Ford V8 Revue.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—The Melodians from Umpqua Park.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JULY 28

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Popular Band Selections.
9:30—Victor Young and His Orchestra.
10:00—Golden Voices.
10:30—Belie and Martha.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Hoosier Hot Shots.
11:15—Hits from the Shows.
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Uing Crosby.
1:00—Investment For Income.
1:05—Hawaiian Melodies.
1:30—Mills Bros.
1:45—Myrtle Creek Friendship Circle with Charles Rice of Myrtle Creek Mail.
2:00—Down Memories Lane.
2:15—The World Book Man.
2:30—Hits from the Operas.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—On the Shores of Italy.
4:30—The Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Matinee Idylls.
5:45—The Singing Troubadour.
6:15—Reverend the Operatic Tenor.
6:30—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:45—Richard Crooks.
6:30—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
7:45—Sign Off.

Stock and Bond

Averages

STOCKS					
Compiled by The Associated Press, July 25:					
	20	15	10	5	60
Dow Jones Ind'l. Avg.	208.5	208.8	208.2	207.9	208.5
Prev. day	209.0	208.7	208.1	207.6	208.5
Month ago	208.2	207.8	207.3	206.8	208.5
Year ago	207.9	207.5	207.0	206.5	208.5
1936 high	209.2	208.9	208.4	207.9	209.2
1936 low	207.1	206.8	206.3	205.8	207.1
1935 high	208.5	208.2	207.7	207.2	208.5
1935 low	206.8	206.5	206.0	205.5	206.8

BONDS

	20	10	10	10	10
Today	93.8	103.3	102.6	93.2	
Prev. day	93.5	103.0	102.3	92.9	
Month ago	92.2	101.9	101.2	91.6	
Year ago	81.5	98.5	98.8	88.8	
1936 high	94.3	104.1	103.9	94.0	
1936 low	86.0	101.8	99.3	87.6	
1935 high	87.8	102.2	99.8	89.4	
1935 low	76.4	92.2	84.5	85.5	

When Knights Are Bold!



RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS



It takes foggies—an early maturing hop—about four years to come into full production. Compared to other varieties of hops they have the following advantages: They draw a much better price, due in part to their small production, which equals only 10 per cent of other varieties, and the great demand for them from brewers; they are not subject to downy mildew, and they are not so subject to mold, due to their ability to dry quickly after a rain, being a large, loose hop. On the contrary, they are not as heavy bearers, producing on an average from 1300 to 1800 pounds of dried hops to the acre, whereas the English clusters produce from 2000 to 2500 pounds. At the present time Art is erecting a dryer, approximately 45 feet square, to care for his expected hop yield. It embraces room for four furnaces, a drying floor, a curing floor and a baling platform. It is built according to latest design, and will be a credit to the hop industry in Douglas county.

Art, while farming now, is an experienced accountant, having worked for the Shell Oil company in Eugene for many years; but there are many farmers who have worked at other vocations, and are now living the life of Riley, out in the country, where a man can live, if ever he can in this life we live.

The grain harvest is on in full blast in Douglas county. Combines are moving down the wheat where ever one goes, and here and there thrashing outfits are going full blast. It is a sight worth for some eyes, as the grain seems to be turning out in good shape. Hay is being baled everywhere, some of it not so good, owing to the late and constant rains, but the late grain hay and the second crop of alfalfa are coming through in good condition.

On top of this, Art Landon gave us a good talk the other night, and made a lot of us feel a lot better, and some more of us a lot worse, so what have we to kick about?

from his back and the animal was allowed to lie down for a rest, after which, with the table on his back, the journey was resumed.

Much of the \$70,000,000 taken from the Jackson county mines was carried in pack trains to Scottsburg, and then it was carefully thrown, in the sacks containing it, on the waiting deck of the ship that was to land it in San Francisco. Under the deck a 60-foot vessel that served its time in this pioneer transportation, when Scottsburg was one of the three leading ports of Oregon.

On the route to Drain, named for Charles Drain, a pioneer of 1852 and president of the final territorial council, Scottsburg was named for Levi Scott, pioneer of 1849.

In 1851 the first trail was opened from the present sites of Drain and Elkhon to Scottsburg. Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Wells was the first woman to travel over this trail. She was a pioneer of 1847.

In 1850 Joe Hooker ("Fighting Joe") was employed by the wagon road from Scottsburg to Camp Stewart, in northern California. It was finished in 1852. This was called the Old Military road. It followed the Umpqua river in an easterly direction, crossing the river at a point near the Paradise bridge.

The site of the dedication is on the crude road between Jackson County and Scottsburg over which gold from the pioneer Jackson county mines was carried to a connection at Scottsburg with San Francisco ships that plied the ocean and lower Umpqua carrying gold from the Jackson county mines to the mint and returning with provisions and equipment for miners and settlers along the way. It was on that route that a billiard table was carried on the back of a mule from Scottsburg to Jackson County. The strongest mule to be found was used for the purpose and at the end of every two-mile stretch the billiard table was taken

stage driver and brought in the startling news of the assassination of President Lincoln in April, 1865.

The pioneer stage road from Drain to Elkhon was opened to travel in 1874. The stage then made the trip in one day from Drain to Scottsburg, connecting with steamboat transportation.

The Douglas County Association of Portland is assisting the Sons and Daughters of Oregon Pioneers, who still resides at Scottsburg. Cyrus Hedden was living on the American river at the time of the California gold discoveries, in 1849. He was a participant in the battle in which the crew of Captain Tiedger's Sea Gull routed attacking Indians at Battle Rock with a single blast of a small cannon, which laid 27 of their number low, including a wounded man on his back most of the way, walked from Camp Bay along the ocean beach and then up the Umpqua to Scottsburg, a feat that shows how, in those days, men were men, with hearts of love and nerves of steel.

Example of the times and of the spirit and courage of men in those days was the exploit of Cyrus Hedden, father of John Hedden, who still resides at Scottsburg. Cyrus Hedden was living on the American river at the time of the California gold discoveries, in 1849. He was a participant in the battle in which the crew of Captain Tiedger's Sea Gull routed attacking Indians at Battle Rock with a single blast of a small cannon, which laid 27 of their number low, including a wounded man on his back most of the way, walked from Camp Bay along the ocean beach and then up the Umpqua to Scottsburg, a feat that shows how, in those days, men were men, with hearts of love and nerves of steel.

Bannister relaxed and began to unlatch his boots. "She's willing to work with us, then?" he asked eagerly.

"Up to a certain point," Toole explained. "That girl is the deep purple—she'll get the stuff from Jeff's room without our help. If she fails, it's up to us to try."

"It's nearly seven now," said Dick. "If she fails, that's all right. We'll go down to the Rose room for dinner, we'll be able to clear up that point soon. If she fails, what then?"

"I'll be on the job when she leaves his room. If she comes out without the goods I'll go in and comb the place down to the point."

Dick grew hopeful. "If you manage to dig up the parchments I'll find out what's keeping her away from me," he said.

Toole raised a warning hand. "I've promised to give her the stuff without reading it—to turn it over to her at once."

"And you promised that?" Dick asked wrathfully. "Now you're out of the case entirely. What are you going to do for evidence against the Whipples? Is this to be a cut-and-cover job with you the same as it is with Sire and Matt Hoyle?"

"I have an ace—"

"Confound your ace!" Bannister snorted. "Lay it on the table—let me look at it right now! Am I supposed to sit in this game blindfolded?"

Toole did not answer. Patting his "absent" arm, he walked to the door, opened it a few inches and stood listening. Bannister shoved fully back with the side of his foot and leaned over the detective. A chime of voices came from the corridor, one unmistakably that of Karen Sire, another that of the maid.

The detective peered out a little. The voices died away and only the faint froufrou of skirts could be heard. "She's gone down the elevator," said Toole, turning.

"When Jeff leaves his room—if he does—I'm to call her up from here. Then she'll come back and make a try for the stuff. Fair enough, ain't it?"

"Oh, all right, all right," Bannister growled. "But we're going to dig holes and fill 'em with dirt, so far as I can see."

Five minutes passed. At last they heard the rattle of keys, followed by the sound of a closing door. Whipple had emerged from his room. So far, Karen's scheme had worked admirably; the man had responded to the lure of meeting with his mysterious, beautiful neighbor.

Toole went to the telephone and called "Miss Westcott," he asked. Bannister remembered the name; it was the one under which Kar-

SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XVIII

He laced the boots deliberately, an occasional chuckle escaping him. "A thought had come that filled him with unholy glee. Karen Sire had refused to permit his intervention between herself and Big Jeff Whipple, the headstrong girl was determined to pit her feminine arts against a man who would break their silken filaments as a shark goes through the meshes of a minnow net. And, in this thrilling about, heaven only knew what might happen to the girl."

Yes, Jeff Whipple was his meat! Bannister stood up, his new excitement giving him a sense of restored self respect. "Bully," he remarked, "the last time I used these boots as instruments of justice was on a mule packer down in Peru—remember that, don't you?"

Bully, of course, wagged assent. Whatever the expedition, he was for it. But Bannister waved the air and started toward the door.

Before he touched the knob, Toole thrust it open from the outside and stepped into the room with his finger to his lips. "Jeff is stirring around next door," he cautioned.

It was not until Bannister's heavy heels crunched the floor at the edge of the carpet that Toole looked down. "Why the boots?" he demanded.

Bannister felt like a schoolboy trapped in some wild prank. Yet he faced the ordeal honestly. "I've been figuring this thing out, Toole," he said, "and the only way I can see to handle this situation adequately is to kick Whipple down the corridor to the elevator. That kind of a rebuke would have a beautiful finality about it. And it wouldn't prevent Sire from going ahead in his own way. Why waste finesse on a critter like Jeff?"

Toole knew, as every man knows, that baffled love often finds an outlet in curious channels of dissimilarity. He met the situation in that spirit. "Take off your boots, you big lobster!" he ordered, purposely dropping into the coarsest form of speech that he could bring to his tongue.

"Where do you think you are, anyway? This is one of the most aristocratic dumps in New York. If you tried any rough stuff here, a radio fleet would be on top of us in no time."

Bannister wavered, swinging his right foot like a pendulum. "I just left Miss Sire," the detective went on, "and she dropped a few words that ought to give you comfort. You're not in Dutch with her; she has something on her mind—a secret she can't bear to let us know. It seems that this thing about the Rose room, that guy who was killed was a maverick prince of a country in Asia that was scuttled by a cousin of his great grandfather—or something like that. She doesn't know the hook-up between this bird and the leopard robe, or just where the Whipple Syndicate horns in. She wants to learn about that first—see?"

Bannister relaxed and began to unlatch his boots. "She's willing to work with us, then?" he asked eagerly.

"Up to a certain point," Toole explained. "That girl is the deep purple—she'll get the stuff from Jeff's room without our help. If she fails, it's up to us to try."

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en Sire had registered. The detective's voice was continuing. "Miss Westcott, if I were you I'd stay down there and enjoy my dinner. You can't do a thing if you come back here—our friend has taken the stuff with him."

Toole hung up the receiver and turned. "Jeff's pretty wise," he said. "When he left his room he took a black portfolio with him. Of course, the junk was in it. He'll probably put it in the hotel vault. If he does that I'll have plenty of time to talk over the situation with Miss Sire. You can bet on one thing, Bannister, he won't get twenty feet away from the desk with that bag when he calls for it. I didn't promise to carry on with the girl that far. Down on the bottom I guess I'm a plain, honest cop, after all."

"Maybe he'll bring the bag back," said Dick. "Karen has had her trick, it's our turn now."

He was reaching again for the heavy boots when Toole kicked them into a corner. "We'll try felt slippers first," he replied. "But I don't think the little lady has played out her hand."

Toole's friend, the house detective, was not the only person who followed Mr. Geoffrey Whipple with more than a casual eye as the man moved through the key through in the rooms below. Karen Sire had taken a table by herself in a conspicuous place in the Rose room and was pondering her next move. Despite Toole's disappointing message, something told her to await the house detective's signal of Whipple's approach, which her "One-Armed" friend had arranged. Presently the signal came.

Whipple presented an imposing figure. There was nothing outwardly sinister about him. He was tall and athletic, much like Bannister, but probably ten years older. A splendid head, covered with crisp black hair, crowned his shoulders. His dark face wore the flush of health, his eyes were sparkling, his smile disarming. He seemed to flow with the sensuous stream of his surroundings—the softened light, the music, the rippling laughter of women. Toole had measured the man accurately; luxurious displays were his life; they delighted him, he thrall that amounted to a pleasant neurosis. To Karen he became a reality for the first time. She relaxed to meet the ordeal.

Whipple had not turned the portfolio in at the desk for safe keeping; he had checked it in the most off-hand fashion at the parcel room near the door. This Karen had seen herself. The man's smile swept the room, his eyes lingered for a brief moment on the girl with red hair. She turned her own away; she felt like a bird under the cobra's spell.

Here was a man in his element; he had that familiar, night club air about him. "Come what may, I'm for it," was written across his handsome face. The place was in a quiescent state of revelry and only needed percussion. He took a table near Karen's.

Something more than beauty, something more definite than the prospects of a light flirtation, stirred Whipple as he was about to take his seat. Yes, he knew that girl—certainly he had met her—seen her—somewhere before. The place? Her name? As he racked his memory, hesitating to bow, Karen's glorious smile banished his doubts. "Why, Mr. Whipple, don't you remember me? It's been years—"

In a flash, Jeff recalled Maurice Sire's little girl... she was a child indeed when he had seen her last... he had been her father's engineering ace... he wondered if she recalled that Sire and he had parted abruptly and bitterly...

There was nothing in her greeting to indicate that Karen thought of Whipple as other than an old friend and associate of her father. She was in the Rose room, she said, awaiting a girl friend. Certainly, she would enjoy dancing with Mr. Whipple. And so after cocktails and to the orchestral strains of "Anything Goes," Karen and handsome Jeff soon were in the whirl of early evening dancers. Cautious were the custom at these informal dances, at half-minute intervals, it seemed, judging from the arm-touching activities of a rather large stag line. So Karen must "work fast."

When he left the portfolio in the parcel room Karen noted that he had dropped the check into the right hand pocket of his dinner jacket. It was there now. Why should she falter?

Whipple proved to be a master dancer; more, his restraint and courtesy in the unconventional situation were admirable. Without a murmur he yielded the girl's hand to the youth who first had broken the ice. But when he walked smilingly back to his own table, the check for the portfolio was not in his pocket!

With the check snugly hidden in her girdle, Karen considered the next move. Suppose the attendant in the parcel room remembered that a man had left the case and she should be questioned as to her right to retrieve it? Again, Whipple might at any moment thrust his hand into his pocket and miss the check. She waited until the tide of dancers floated him away with a new partner, then left the room and hurried to a telephone.

For the moment the inhibition that he had created against Bannister's wooing melted in a quick flame of expediency; she heard herself saying into the telephone: "Mr. Richard Bannister's apartment, please."

But it was Toole who answered. "Please ask Mr. B