

Roseburg News-Review

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Historical Taxicab.

Who were the men who rode to
battle in the historic old
French taxi which, through the
courtesy of Voltaire No. 25 (Port-
land) of 40 et 8 organization of
the American Legion, is on exhibi-
tion in Roseburg this week at the
Umpqua hotel? Was it their
last ride? Possibly so, for the loss
of French troops in the early fight-
ing of the war was terrific.

When the German march
through Belgium toward Paris
threatened the French capital, the
taxi of Paris, of which the one
shown here is a typical example,
was commandeered and the
French troops rode to battle in
them.

What a story this old vehicle
could tell. The roar of guns, the
anguish, the shouting and the cur-
ing of fighting troops, were familiar
to it. It was aware of the fear
that clutched the heart of Paris
as the taxi caravan sped to the
front. How many conversations of
importance between dignitaries
took place in this cab as they
rode as paying fares before it was
pressed into troop transport duty?

There can be no more interest-
ing relic of the great conflict
than this historic taxi. This is
the first time this taxi has been
exhibited outside of Portland since
it was secured by the Portland or-
ganization of veterans after two
years of negotiation. Roseburg
people should not miss the oppor-
tunity of having a good look at it.

Building Volume.

POSSIBLY the best indication of
the condition of the country so
far as employment and business is
concerned, is the data on the
volume of building construction. Fig-
ures recently released showing the
building construction totals for the
first six months show that the
year 1936 has had more than twice
as much building activity than did
the first six months of 1935.

In the states of Oregon and Wash-
ington a tabulation of building sta-
tistics from 33 principal cities
gives a total of \$12,000,000 worth
of building permits issued as com-
pared with a total of \$5,500,000
for the first six months of 1935
in the same list of cities.

Not only does building require
labor but all of the materials used
in building construction are most-
ly created by labor. The lumber
industry of the Pacific northwest
is particularly benefited for even
though much of present day con-
struction is concrete and steel,
great quantities of lumber are re-
quired.

When compared with 1929 fig-
ures, though the 1936 total is not
so impressive, fine as it is, when
compared with 1935 and previous
years back to 1923. In 1929 the
first six months saw a total of
\$38,000,000 in building in the same
13 cities—more than three times
the building volume of this year.
We have a long march back up
the road to prosperity and may
never reach the peak hit in 1929
but the present rate of progress is
encouraging.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

years like to retire and live and
are apt to find after getting there
that living costs are higher than
they anticipated, will realize that
in Florida Townspeople would be
almost certain to show consider-
able strength.

IN IDAHO, more votes were cast
in the Democratic primary than

in the Republican. That may be
some indication of what will hap-
pen this fall, but isn't likely to be.
In the primary, people must vote
as they are registered. In the gen-
eral election, they will vote as they
please.

At the present moment, NO-
BODY knows how people will
please to vote this fall.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

5:09—The Singing Troubadour.

5:15—The Editor Views the News.

5:30—Victor Concert Orchestra.

5:45—The Grab Bag Program.

6:30—The Motor Shop Garage
presents Stray Hollister at
Rimrock.

6:45—Hooster Hot Shots.

7:15—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

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—The Dorsey Bros. Orches-
tra.

9:30—Morning Musicals.

10:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.

10:15—Songs Seldom Heard.

10:30—Belle and Martha.

10:45—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Close Harmony Four.

11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Sousa's Band.

12:15—Cecil Black, Maestro of
Hamburger and Harmony.

12:30—Radio Music Store After-
noon Concert.

12:45—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

1:00—Investment for Income.

1:05—Legion Memories.

1:30—Clark Wilson's United Ar-
tists.

2:00—The Gay Nineties.

2:15—Ruth Royale.

2:30—Concert Selections.

3:00—Lionel, Baseball Games
sponsored by the Mun-
ichausen Club.

5:00—Ranch Boys.

5:15—The Editor Views the News.

5:30—Waltz Time.

6:00—The Grab Bag Program.

7:00—Fisher's Convention News.

7:15—Sign Off.

MARKETS

WHEAT

PORTLAND, Aug. 14.—A turn-
over of 50,000 bushels of May wheat
occurred on the futures exchange
today but the price withstood the
heavy trade and remained unchanged.
September, with a sale of 5,000
bushels, was off three-quarters of
a cent, and December, with no trad-
ing, lost a similar advantage.

On the staple cash market, Mon-
tana wheat lost 2c, with local hard
down one-half to two cents.

Wheat: Open High Low Close

May 98 98 1/2 98 98 1/2

Sept. 97 97 1/2 97 97 1/2

Dec. 95 95 1/2 95 95 1/2

Cash wheat: Big Bend bluestem,

hw. 1.14; dark hard winter, 1.13

pet. 1.12; 12 pet. 1.12; 11 pet. 1.06;

soft white and western white, .92;

hard winter 1.00; western red 97 1/2.

PRODUCE

PORTLAND, Aug. 14.—BUT-
TER—Prints, A grade, 28c in

per pound; B grade, 26c in

per pound; C grade, 24c in

per pound; D grade, 22c in

per pound; E grade, 20c in

per pound; F grade, 18c in

per pound; G grade, 16c in

per pound; H grade, 14c in

per pound; I grade, 12c in

per pound; J grade, 10c in

per pound; K grade, 8c in

per pound; L grade, 6c in

per pound; M grade, 4c in

per pound; N grade, 2c in

per pound; O grade, 1c in

per pound; P grade, 1/2c in

per pound; Q grade, 1/4c in

per pound; R grade, 1/8c in

per pound; S grade, 1/16c in

per pound; T grade, 1/32c in

per pound; U grade, 1/64c in

per pound; V grade, 1/128c in

per pound; W grade, 1/256c in

per pound; X grade, 1/512c in

per pound; Y grade, 1/1024c in

per pound; Z grade, 1/2048c in

per pound; AA grade, 1/4096c in

per pound; AB grade, 1/8192c in

per pound; AC grade, 1/16384c in

per pound; AD grade, 1/32768c in

per pound; AE grade, 1/65536c in

per pound; AF grade, 1/131072c in

per pound; AG grade, 1/262144c in

per pound; AH grade, 1/524288c in

per pound; AI grade, 1/1048576c in

per pound; AJ grade, 1/2097152c in

Shell Game—Spanish Style



RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

RAY MURPHY, national com-
mander of the American Le-
gion, whose address yesterday
morning marked the official open-
ing in Roseburg of the
disappointed settlers and Jeffer-
son county became just a mem-
ory to him, and none too sweet
a one, maybe. Nevertheless, he
said these Legion Juniors for
Portland and Seattle.

Well, now, let's hope that the El
Roy Rofers have their innings to-
day at Finlay field, and good ones
at that. Even up the series, and
make a game for tomorrow. If
you like baseball, and most of us
do, a pretty good variety is being
played by these Legion Juniors
for Portland and Seattle.

After all, I believe it takes the
auxiliary to keep folks up. That
show they put on at the Indian
last night was a dandy, and it
struck me it was mighty well at-
tended. How in the world the
gals could get up for a 7 o'clock
breakfast this morning beats me.
It was more than I could do.

One thing I want to see now to
make me perfectly contented with
this Legion convention, and that
is the drum corps contest at Fin-
lay Field tonight.

By the way, the Ashland Killies
are in town, making some of the
wildest sounding music I've heard
in a coon's age. Happies? Boy?
I know now why Robert Bruce hid
in a cave.

slightly higher than for last year,
ranged on green prunes from \$12
per ton for prunes over 17 to the
pound, to \$20 a ton for 12 to the
pound and larger.

Dried Italian prune prices ranged
from six cents a pound, for 25-30
count prunes to three cents for 50
count, and on peaches from 51
cents for 30-35 count to 2 5/8 cents
for 100 count and smaller.

YARIMA, Aug. 14.—(AP)—
Police reported Thursday that Mi-
ton C. Brewster, 81-year old re-
tired rancher, shot and killed his
invalid wife, missed his niece, Miss
Ruth Wagner, when he fired at
her, and failed in his own effort
to commit suicide.

The shooting took place in Brew-
ster's home, and officers were call-
ed by neighbors summoned by Miss
Wagner, who jumped out of the
bathroom window after being fired
at.

Brewster told officers that, had
they been a minute or two later he
would have been out of the way.

Brewster has a considerable
amount of property and not long
ago Miss Wagner and a cousin
asked the court to declare them
guardians of the old people's es-
tate. The younger people asserted
the Brewsters were incompetent.

Detectives said Brewster offered
them a dollar if they would shoot
him and report it was necessary
since Brewster was resisting ar-
rest. The old man declared he
wanted to be with his wife.

PRUNE PRICES PUT
ON MINIMUM BASIS

SALEM, Aug. 14.—(AP)—The
Oregon prune control board empha-
sized here today that 1936 prunes
priced at a meeting with buy-
ers and growers were Monday
were minimum prices.

The new prices, which were

SNOW LEOPARD by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

Karen Sire, rising painfully,
called off the chow, then sank
back again in a faint. The de-
tective finished his task of binding
Whipple while Hannister knelt at
the wounded girl's side, leaving her
forehead with the last drop of wa-
ter in his flask. "Look, where
the knife struck her."

The horn handle of a tri-cornered
dagger protruded from Karen's
leather skirt a few inches above
the knee, the blade embedded at
least an inch in her leg. Hannis-
ter's trembling fingers had re-
ached for it several times only to be
withdrawn again as his eyes roam-
ed to the pallid, beautiful face, im-
mobile now for the first time he
had looked upon it.

"You do it, Toole," he quavered
brokenly. "And you must bind—"

"It's a job for the Abbe," Toole
protested. "Here he comes now."

"I must apologize for my man's
behavior," Whipple interjected.

"Please be assured that I never
would have countenanced so bar-
barous an act. You will observe,
however, that he merely intended
to disable the fugitive and—"

"Dry up, you yellow hound!"
bawled Toole. "Save that silky
patter for the chaplain in the
death house. There's nothing
ahead of you now but a rush tel-
egram that'll start you to the hot
seat!"

Whipple shrugged. "One with
boots and the other with stones,"
he said resignedly. "Both Ameri-
cans, too. And to think that I ac-
tually contemplated becoming a citi-
zen of that country!"

Bannister's knuckles whitened
like a row of small ivory balls as
his fingers curled inward; then his
eyes wandered slowly to the
heavy boot on his right foot.

At the impending ignominy a
greenish pallor spread over Whip-
ple's face. But he was not alto-
gether out of luck.

Abbe Bergere reached the group,
Catching Dick's beckoning finger
he stooped over Karen. The three
men turned their heads away and
a pained little gasp brought a
twinge to Bannister's face. The
Abbe had removed the dagger.

After a few minutes they heard
him call out: "All right! It is
just above a vaccination mark.
Nothing serious. I've got it all
bound up."

Karen's eyes opened slowly. She
turned her head with a little
twinge of pain. Bannister and
Whipple started toward her, but
Toole jerked his prisoner back.

Dick whispered something in the
girl's ear and she rose to her feet
so quickly that his effort to help
her went for nothing. "No, I'll walk
—you look pretty well 'done in'
yourself." She smiled into his face,
adding, "And terribly in need of
a shave!"

Sundown had come long before
the strangely assorted party—prison-
ers and all—reached the level
upon which the hut stood. Bully
and Napoleon ran on ahead, hav-
ing established a vicarious friend-
ship through the obvious good
terms that existed between mas-
sage and mistletoe. The moon made
the upward trail less difficult and
it was not long before they heard
the animals barking furiously from
the top.

"Brenda was out to meet us,"
chuckled the Abbe, "but she's
probably been chased back into the
hut."

The learned dwarf refused to be
drawn into an explanation con-
cerning Brenda's totally unexpect-
ed presence. That the mystery
portended no ill for Karen, Ban-
nister and Toole, was evident from
the bland good humor of the Abbe
himself. But, stoically as Whip-
ple had accepted his own defeat,
a single hollow groan escaped him
upon hearing that Brenda was at
the hut, awaiting him.

Karen herself, falling in with
the exasperating reticence of the
monk, withheld her own story.

"We'll make a symposium of it
when we reach the little monas-
tery," she said.

Rebuffed in his eager inquiries,
Bannister, on the pretense of shift-
ing his burden, deliberately turned
toward Karen, revealing the beauti-
ful, single eye of a delicate
woman, a swift narrowing of
her face into the soft richness of
the trophy was his reward for all
the perils he had undergone. But
after that she clung more closely
to his arm and yielded more of her
weight to his support. Her face
became more radiant in the moon-
light.

Toole forced the prisoners ahead
of him and, with them, was first to
gain the flat surface above.

"You're right, Abbe!" he shouted.
"The dogs have Brenda corralled in
the hut."

In a few minutes he was knock-
ing at the door, pistol in hand,
while the others stood silently
about him.

"It is I, Abbe Bergere," the
dwarf answered.

The door opened and the woman
stood outlined against the pale
light. Bannister beat back the
dogs.

"Be discreet, Brenda!" Whipple
shouted.

"Oh, it's you, Jeff," she answer-
ed mockingly. "And your lovely
little brown playmates. What a
mess they're in! Miss Sire, (the
Armed, Toole and Bannister, too. A
delightful party!"

"Well, Brenda, of death," said
Toole joyfully, "the gang's all here.
We cheated the red vultures by
bringing your pals along with us."

The woman's mood and attitude
changed. Her luminous black eyes
fixed upon Whipple and, glittering
with fury, seemed fairly to emit
forked darts of fire.

"Beast—dog—berserker!" she
shrieked. "You tried to sell me
down the river—me! And now
they've got you—you and your pos-
sion rats. And vultures wouldn't
touch any of you—their gorges

would rise!"

The Abbe hurried to the woman
with a nerve-alloying cordial. She
drank it in a gulp and turned her
gaze upon Karen, who had tossed
off her jacket, revealing a gorge-
ous zone of jewels around her
waist. "Where did you get that
clasp and girdle?" the woman de-
manded.

"From Mr. Whipple," Karen an-
swered quietly.

"I was to wear that," said
Brenda bitterly.

"Who killed Prince Jura Bat?"
thrust in Toole.

Brenda pointed to Whipple's
waist. "He came up from South-
ampton to New York in one of
Sire's trunks early in the morning
and was in the apartment, waiting
for Miss Sire to go out before
searching the place for the leopard
robe and girdle. He came out
of hiding too soon and the prince
caught him with the robe in his
hands. The valet killed the prince
and threw him out of the win-
dow."

"How did he make his get-
away?" Toole demanded.

"Let him tell, if he will," Brenda
answered.

The valet turned to Whipple,
who shrugged indifferently.

The killer grinned. "I take off
coat," he said, "and walk out just
before the police came. I go to
the roof and play rubber in the
gymnasium. Captain Boyle he talk
to me—want to know if I see any-
body up there that don't belong. I
go down twenty stories in the ele-
vator with him and meet Brenda
in the courtyard. I give her the
girdle. She says she go back and
get the knife in the fisher. She says
it looks then like accident."

"You weren't in the trunk that
night, then," Bannister inter-
jected.

"No, Mr. Whipple he is not
pleased with way Mr. Sire talk
with him on the telephone. He
tell me go back again that night
and kill Mr. Sire. But servant come
along when Mr. Sire open door so
I hide. Then servant he take ele-
vator and Mr. Sire turns around to
go back in room. So I throw
knife."

"Loyal villain," remarked Ban-
nister, turning to Whipple.

"Self interest," Jeff rejoined. "I
had promised to make him king in
Prince Jura's place."

"In Brenda's place, too," Toole
put in.

"Last of all in mine," Karen in-
terposed. "I accepted the girdle
but made certain mental reserva-
tions about our marriage. I staked
everything on Mr. Toole and
Mr. Bannister. But I must give
Mr. Whipple credit for treating me
with the utmost courtesy all the