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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Tragic Warning

THE tragic drowning on the upper river this week serves as a grim reminder that the North Umpqua is a hard-boiled and wicked stream. It is not necessarily dangerous but a slip or a misstep on or near it may be much more serious than on the average fishing stream.

For swimmers also the North Umpqua is dangerous. Placid looking pools have deep and powerful undercurrents. Even those long stretches that look so calm and inviting are swift flowing.

For those who have discovered it, angling is the greatest sport in the world. Others can see no sense in it, but that worries the confirmed fisherman not a whit. He doesn't go fishing for the fish he gets but for the sheer enjoyment of attempting to get a few speckled beauties. There is no thrill like that of the flashing strike of a fighting fish—no music like the sing of burdened reel.

But the thrill and enjoyment of the sport, the invitation of the next and more difficult pool or rapids, invites the departure of ordinary caution.

This, then, is a word of warning—a finger-wagging at those who are about to go fishing. Sad notice has been given that accidents can and do happen on the river. Let therefore, the desire for a bigger and better strike in a more inaccessible pool be tempered by a sober realization that the Umpqua does, in spite of everything claim a victim now and then.

New Deal Tests

THE new deal came off victorious in two out of three recent senatorial primaries thus far this week. Last week New Dealer Barkley won out over Anti-New Dealer Chandler. The administration pats on the back have been as shoves toward success rather frequently this summer.

But in Idaho the new deal lost out. Senator Pope was beaten by Representative D. Worth Clark. Pope has been a new deal "yea" man right straight through. Clark, a member of the house of representatives, voted against many of the new deal schemes and was frowned upon by the administration.

Though it is true that in Idaho the only real interest, so far as interest in the United States senate is concerned, centers around Senator Borah, new deal sentiment had a very clear cut test in the Pope-Clark contest. Both are well known men in the state. Both were members of the last congress. There was no question about the stand of either of them and there was no question about the endorsements of each. It was a sharply defined test of voter sentiment and, though by a very small margin, the new deal was repudiated in Idaho.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Marie Antoinette.

Something to talk about, all right, after they got back home, but here's betting they'd have been more comfortable on an American mattress and springs.

WHEN kings visit presidents, the etiquette is something to worry about. Precedence is a word they set a lot of store by on such occasions, and it means who does what first. The king of England and the president of France settled it amiably by doing the same things at exactly the same time.

Smart guys, those fellows. When hot ones are batted up to them, they know what to do. They ought to come over to America and run for office.

THESE kings and queens are hot stuff, to be sure, but one wonders if sometimes they don't get just a little tired of being dummies to show off fancy clothes. A little of it would be fun, but a lifetime of it would be frightfully boresome.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

(By the Associated Press)

Open Sesame

CAMDEN, N. J.—Federal agents, seeking the source of untaxed liquor, saw a passerby stamp three times on a manhole cover. The cover promptly opened, and an arm thrust out a bottle.

The agents also stamped three times.

They grabbed the arm—and its owner. Beneath the street they found nine gallons of illegal liquor.

Dead Shot

FRESNO, Calif.—Hunt big game with arrows? Wing jackrabbits with a slingshot? Shucks, all Thomas Rose, ranch foreman, needs is a beer bottle.

Rose spied a coyote lurking near the ranch house. A beer bottle was handy so he let fire. The bottle clipped the animal, 50 feet away behind the ear. It fell dead.

KRNR PROGRAM

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
(1500 Kilocycles)

4:00—Wallenstiens' Orch., MBS.
4:30—Radio Campus, MBS.
4:45—De Lange Orch.
5:00—Charioteers, MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Melody Lane With Wanda Armour.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Romo Vincent, MBS.
7:15—Symphony.
7:30—The Green Hornet, MBS.
8:00—Jan Garber.
8:15—Don't You Believe It, MBS.
8:30—Freddie Nagel's Orch., MBS.
8:45—Chico & Orch.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Jimmy Joy's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Press Time, MBS.
10:00—Skinnay Ennis' Orch., MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
7:50—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Hallodeer, MBS.
8:15—Count Your Blessings, MBS.
8:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
9:00—Home Town, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:45—Buckeye 4, MBS.
10:00—Harold Turner, MBS.
10:15—Marriage License Bureau, MBS.
10:30—Girl Meets Boy, MBS.
10:45—Bob Young, MBS.
11:00—Songs of the West, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Harold Stokes' Orchestra, MBS.
11:45—Studies in Black & White, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Concert.
12:15—Midstream, MBS.
12:30—Noontime Melodies.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange.
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Country Editor, MBS.
1:30—Afternoon Varieties.
1:45—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Today's Front Page.
2:45—Marco Vido, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Dr. Van Wyck, MBS.
3:45—Westerners.
4:00—Dramas of Youth, MBS.
4:30—20 Fingers of Harmony, MBS.
4:45—Ferneans Orchestra, MBS.
5:00—Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour.
5:30—The Coach, MBS.
5:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
6:00—Popeye, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Curtain Time, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Madriguera's Orchestra, MBS.
7:15—Symphony.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Hal Kemp Orchestra, MBS.
8:30—Freddie Nagel's Orchestra, MBS.
8:45—Chico & Orchestra, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Shep Fields' Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Vincent Pirro's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

It appears that the male of the species is more careless than the female. Of every 100,000 males in the United States, 119.6 were killed in accidents during 1937, reports the National Safety Council. Only 51.3 of every 100,000 women suffered accidents deaths last year.

Change of residence is no longer a deterrent to obtaining unemployment compensation. Five hundred Oregonians now residing in other states are being paid benefits by the Oregon Commission.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

Under the name of Abe Streeter, "Blur" Ankrom accepts a job at the Trone's Rafter T after rescuing Lee Trone from a band of thugs. She has concealed the adventure from her father, and tells him that Ankrom knows friends of theirs, the Strutherses. Then she hears the Strutherses are coming for a visit.

Chapter 5

'Lies Are Dangerous'

Ankrom looked up and found Lee Trone's glance upon him. The laughter now had left her eyes and in its stead he saw a tiny cloud. As plainly as though she had spoken aloud, he realized that she was now recalling the lie in which she had involved him. Malicious satisfaction stirred him as he saw how the possibilities of the situation were coming home to her.

He said goodnight to her father and with a nod to her passed down the hall. She caught up with him among the shadows of the veranda and placed a hand upon his arm.

"Abe! What will I do? Those people are coming here tomorrow."

"Didn't you think they might when you told your dad I was a friend of theirs?"

"Of course not! I had no idea they were coming." She bit her lip in vexation. "This is not going to be exactly comfortable for any of us."

"I expect not. I shouldn't wonder but we'll manage to live through it, though." The mockery in his voice was plain. "Why didn't you tell your dad about that affair in Peso Pinto? Lies are dangerous things—especially when they come home to roost."

"But I never dreamed . . . I couldn't have told dad about that business in town. You don't understand. He has troubles enough of his own without my bringing him any of mine."

"Well," he said roughly, "I might be able to understand better if you gave me a hint as to what this is all about. You can't expect me to be much help while I'm goin' it blind."

He could see the vague outline of her face among the shadows and knew that she was trying to read his expression; knew, too, that she could not. Had it been daylight now she still would have been unable to come to any conclusion by the sight of his features for his face was inscrutable.

'A Volcano'

"You—you don't understand," she began when he cut in.

"You said that before. We're wastin' time. I'll say goodnight to you, ma'am."

Her grip tightened on his arm and stopped him. "I'll trust you, Abe," her voice came huskily. "Let's get in the car. You can drive it into the stable. We can talk there without anyone seeing us."

He helped her into the machine, climbed in behind the wheel and drove the car into the stable. He shut off the motor and the lights. "Well?" he said, a perverse mood upon him. "Let's hear the yarn."

Her breath was indrawn sharply. He felt a twinge of conscience. "I'm sorry—"

But she cut him off: "I know—you think I'm a little liar! Go on and say it!"

He could not see her face in this darkness, but he knew that she was mad—mad at herself for the position into which she had led them both, and mad at him for taunting her. He changed the subject:

"Are these troubles of your dad's connected with the ranch?"

"I think so."

"Don't you know?"

"I'm not sure. He never confides in me. These last few months he's became very reticent. He's grown moody. It's—it's so difficult to explain; it's nothing you can put your finger on, but there's a feeling about this place that never used to be here. It's like sitting on a volcano and waiting for it to erupt."

A silence fell between them. "Perhaps," Ankrom suggested, "it's money matters that's bothering him. This has been a tough year, water holes dryin' up, springs, peterin' out, an' grass burnt dto a crisp. You've got better water here than your neighbors, I expect. They might let their resentment spur 'em into somethin' that would end in powder smoke. No tellin' what a feller'll do when he sees his cow-brutes droppin' like flies. Maybe your dad's sort of anticipatin' what might start to pop round here if we don't get some rain dang soon."

'It's Uncanny!'

"I don't think that is it," she said slowly. "It might aggravate the trouble, like this rustling that's been going on—we seem to be losing more than anyone else. But dad's been acting odd for months. This rustling is something new around here. One night the boys notice a little tad of critters in a certain spot—say twenty or thirty prime beeves. Next morning those critters have disappeared—vanished. The range boss says there's not a sign to show where they went or how. It's uncanny!"

"And you think maybe this Hackett gent might be sort of . . . on the make?"

"I—I don't know what to think, Abe. It seems so fantastic to connect him with this rustling or with this other thing that's been bothering dad. Hackett's been with us over two years. Dad swears by him—and at him, sometimes. He has been trying all sorts of things in an effort to trap these cattle thieves. Don't you think perhaps you're letting your personal feelings toward Hackett warp your judgment of the man? After all, you don't really know him. You two seem to have taken a dislike to each other on sight. I was watching that scene before the bunkhouse this evening. I couldn't catch much of the conversation. What was it about? What started it?"

"Well, I expect maybe there wasn't any start to it, ma'am. We just sort of fell out before we'd had time to get acquainted. Hackett sort of made it plain he wasn't aimin' to hire any help. He was mad mainly I reckon because I didn't pay much attention to him. He's the sort of gent that has to have attention, if you get what I mean. He wasn't built for the background."

"Well," Lee decided, "he certainly wasn't cut out to be a cow thief, either. He's much too smart—"

Ankrom chuckled. "Smart, ma'am? Shucks, I'd say he was not so much smart as foxy. Cunning. I'd say he even had a heavy leanin' toward the coyote side."

(Copyright, 1938, Nelson C. Nye)

Tomorrow: Another run-in with Hackett.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

I has disposed of a half interest in my business and am closing up the Lovelace Clothing Company's accounts on the books. Will appreciate the settlement of your account as soon as possible.

The new name for the business will be the Star Clothing Company.—Adv.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

It is said that God has even use for angry men, but whether He can make use of our anger must depend a good deal upon what it is that rouses our wrath and what that wrath leads us to say and do. We might easily have more than a suspicion that He could not make a very good use of some of the angry and hysterical fits that are occasionally indulged in. St. Paul exhorts us to be angry and sin not. He also gives us the warning, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," perhaps he is speaking about a smouldering kind of anger that is cherished when the occasion for it has passed by. Maybe he means that by so doing we are "giving place to the devil." We thank Thee, Our God, for all the wise council about life and duty to be found in the pages of Thy Book. Do Thou help us to be wise in our reading of it and honest and faithful in our application of it to our own lives from day to day. Amen.

RAMBLINGS

by

Paul Jenkins

THE U. S. Forest Service is to be congratulated for its use of Civilian Conservation corps aid in the construction of public camp grounds in the various areas under its control. It used to be that finding a place to camp was a problem even for the individual camper. For a large group it was nearly an impossibility. Today that condition is changed. The major roads throughout the national forests are well supplied with camping sites and other necessary conveniences and necessities, such as tables, benches, stoves, water, etc.

Such a camp has been built at Cape Perpetua, just north of the Lane county line on the Oregon coast, and a little way south of the town of Yachats. It lies in a canyon leading at a right angle from the beach, and the sixty or seventy campsites therein are sheltered from the wind, shaded by towering trees and watered by a pleasant little stream. It's an enchanting place.

Last Saturday night I believe each camping spot had a tenant. Campfires burned cheerily in the darkness from one end of the grounds to the other, half a mile at least. That night a goodly population reclined restfully in tents, auto trailers or under canvas lean-tos, while some slept on pallets spread on the ground with only the overhanging branches of a tree for a roof.

The air, keen with salt and fragrant with the scent of the forest, was laden also with the sound of happy voices, and the appetizing odor of frying bacon. The kids had the best time. Next were the dogs and, lastly, the grown-up men and women. The kids and the dogs were more for action, and shrill noises. The elders liked better to sit quietly about the campfire, spinning sociable yarns about their mild adventures on the open road.

Heavens, how one could sleep in that peaceful canyon. Canopied by great fir trees, whose tapering spires resembled silver candles in the soft moonlight, swaying gently to a whispering breeze; lulled by the companionable gurglings of the limpid little stream; guarded by the glowing coals in the driftwood fire before the tent—how could one help but sleep!

* * *

At Heceta Head we played a dirty joke on the proprietors of the Sea Lion caves. We had more or less made up our minds as we headed north from Florence to join the throng of sightseers always collected there, in a descent to the caverns below. But first we decided to stop at an observation point on a minor bluff this side of the big headland, and have a look at the mouth of the cave which opens from it to the sea. As boys a cousin of mine and I once had big plans laid for an exploration of this tunnel, come an extremely low tide; but they never materialized.

Well, we pulled out and stopped, and looked, and discovered a herd of thirty or forty sea lions basking in the sun on the apron of rock under the great cliff, with more disporting themselves in the waves below. Now and then one big brute would rear himself on his flippers, survey the earth and the sky and the sea with an arrogant eye, and roar until we could hear him above the tumult of the surf. Then he would awkwardly heave himself along the rocks for a ways, disturbing as many of his sleeping brethren in the process as possible; then flop suddenly into what apparently was a stupor of sleep.

I don't know much about sea lions, I found one washed up on the beach one time. He'd been dead a long time. I learned something from him. I discovered he didn't smell just like a rose.

* * *

Returning Monday afternoon we drove to the beach at Siltcoos Outlet, and surveyed the forest camp there. It was deserted. We saw only three camping parties there, and I reckon it has room for a hundred. We re-visited our old campsite, hidden away in a snug little nook in the dunes, screened from casual sight by low growing pines, myrtle and huckleberry bushes. It was much as we had left it a year ago. A beautiful spot, redolent of fond memories.

Someone calling himself Koko, from L. A., had carved his name on the walls of the whitchit.

Community Fair Dates in Douglas

South Douglas—At Canyonville August 27, and possibly the 28th.

East Douglas—At Glide, August 31.

West Central Douglas—At Lookingglass September 1.

Central Douglas—At Sutherlin September 2 and 3.

Gorgeous Extravagance of Reign Of Louis XIV Dominates Winter Styles

By ALICE MAXWELL

PARIS, Aug. 9.—(AP)—Louis XIV extravagance dominated displays today of Parisian designers' winter collections.

There was gold in brilliantly-brocaded satins and moires. Velvets were stiff with gold. Lace dripped with gold spangles. Signs of the zodiac glistened on velvet jackets. Crepe evening dresses were heavy with gold designs.

Evening frocks with billowing skirts, crinolined laces and tulles in bouffant silhouettes and sleeves with small romantic puffs or muttnoleg shape recalled the opulence of the grand French monarch (1643-1715).

The rounded decollete of his epoch was enhanced by flowers, feathers and lace. Chiffons, jerseys and velvet satins were favored for slim evening frocks, some with draped backs in buckle effects.

Many models lacked shoulder straps. Long-sleeved dinner dresses had band collars, slit skirts and contrasting bodices. A striking new note was quilted evening dresses in white and black satin and quilted evening coats.

Long evening coats of bright colored velvet were trimmed with Siberian lynx and white fox. Some were widely flared, suggesting the Persian influence.

Afternoon dresses were noted in gold brocades and silver suiting or satins, velvets and cloques, some with full bishop sleeves. An ample day silhouette was shown in flared skirts with bloused backs and wider shoulders.

Skirts Cover Knee.

Day skirts covered the knee but were longer for afternoon. Waists were unchanged. Winter coats were made in princess style, also long or in shorter swaggers. Low tuxedo collars were seen with bell shaped sleeves or sleeves wdiened at the elbow.

Morning suits featured contrasting jackets. Afternoon suits had flared three-quarter jackets lavishly trimmed with fur. Some long cape ensembles were shown.

Many stripes, checks and plaids were used. Plain tweeds, broadcloth, duvetine and velvet were liked. There were many muffs of all sizes. Tall fur turbanks were of the zouave style.

Fur trimmings included skunk, monkey, beaver, seal, astrakhan and fox, some dyed pink, green, or platinum.

A military note in braid and trimmings was emphasized by frog fastenings and suggestions of war medals as decorations.

The principal colors were saltwater green, peony pink, military red, beaver brown, dark blues, olive green, sulphur yellow, medium gray, dark red, all shades of violet, light and dark purples, black and white.

Law's Hand Frees Union Labor Of Oregon of Clutch of Racketeers

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 10.—(AP)—Union labor in Oregon today treads a path free of the racketeers who besmirched its reputation.

In the county jails and state prison languish more than 40 men who have pleaded guilty or been convicted since last February of an assortment of crimes ranging from simple assault to complex plots of arson and bombing.

A few remain to be dealt with but for the most part the small gang of lawless individuals who attached themselves to labor's label and committed more than 250 acts of violence over a two-year period have suffered the law's penalties for their terrorism of employers, employes and even rival unions who failed to fall in line with their organization ideas.

A salient fact in the six-month campaign of police and prosecutors to end the reign of terrorism was that the 100 or so men arrested comprised but a fraction of the thousands of union workers innocent of wrongdoing. In the final washout, only four of Portland's 118 unions figured in the violence—the teamsters, masters, mates and pilots, two dry cleaner groups and a scattering of grocery clerks, both AFL. Each of these speedily condemned the violent acts of a few leaders and soon installed officers replacing them.

Rosser The 'Big Shot'

The climax of the anti-terrorism campaign was the recent conviction of Albert E. Rosser, 41, the secretary of the AFL teamster unions of Oregon and once a most powerful figure in the state's labor picture. A circuit court jury at Dallas, 50 miles south of here, pinned upon him the crime of complicity in the destruction by fire last November of a box factory at West Salem. The flames, spreading to a lumber yard, caused damage estimated at $130,000.

This was the major crime of the racketeers and was the means employed to deal with the persistent refusal of the factory employes and management to accept union organization.

Of the five thusfar declared guilty in the arson plot, Al N. Banks, former teamster business agent at Salem, drew a 12-year prison term; Ernest Carson, Cecil Moore and John Newlands, who like Banks pleaded guilty, have yet to be sentenced, and Rosser, who has filed notice of appeal, faces a possible sentence of five to fifteen years. The fates of several others charged in the same crime remain to be determined but two have been freed.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

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

In the matter of the estate of George W. Rapp, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administratrix of the estate of George W. Rapp, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court her final account as such administratrix, and that the court has fixed Saturday, the 10th day of September, 1938, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon and the county court room in the courthouse at Roseburg, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to her said final account, and for the closing of said estate.

JESSIE RAPP VINSON,
Administratrix of the estate of George W. Rapp, deceased.

NOTICE TO GENERAL CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals for furnishing labor and materials required for the full completion of a cottage and moving utility building at the Rock Creek Hatchery, Douglas County, Oregon, for the Oregon State Game Commission, will be opened by the Oregon State Board of Control at 109 State Capitol building, Salem, Oregon, August 25, 1938, at 2 p. m.

Plans and specifications may be obtained from the Oregon State Board of Control, 109 State Capitol building, Salem, Oregon, or from Roald and Schmeiser, 1009 Spalding building, Portland, Oregon, upon deposit of $10.00.

The character and amount of security to be furnished by each bidder with his bid is stated in the proposed contract documents.

The State Board of Control reserves the right to reject any or all bids and to waive informalities.

DANIEL J. FRY,
Secretary Oregon State Board of Control.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

On the 10th day of September, 1938, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, I will sell at auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described real property located in Douglas County, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 26.00 chains North and 2.25 chains East from the quarter section corner between sections 9 and 16, Township 30 South, Range 4 West, Willamette Meridian, Douglas County, Oregon; thence North 3° 30' East 12.16 chains to the center of the South Umpqua River; thence following the center of South Umpqua River upstream South 59° 45' East 14.01 chains; thence South 3° 30' West 25.70 chains to the line between Sections 9 and 16; thence West with said Section line 12.03 chains; thence north 3° 30' east 29.27 chains, to the place of beginning containing 35 acres, more or less, in the County of Douglas, State of Oregon.

Said sale is made under execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Douglas to me directed in the case of the State of Oregon, represented and acting by the World War Veteran's State Aid Commission, plaintiff, vs. James Henry Malloy and Audry Louise Malloy, Lou A. Metz and Faye M. Shelbourne, and Paul E. Geddes, Administrator of the estate of J. O. Metz, deceased, defendants.

PERCY A. WEBB,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon.

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

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

In the matter of the estate of Dorothy Jessie Dewey, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Dorothy Jessie Dewey, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court his final account of his administration of said estate, and the court, by order duly made and entered, has fixed Wednesday, the 14th day of September, 1938, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. as the time, and the county court room in the courthouse at Roseburg, in Douglas County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections, if any there be, to said final account or to the settlement of said estate.

Date of first publication August 11th, 1938.

CHARLES E. DEWEY,
Administrator of the estate of Dorothy Jessie Dewey, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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

In the matter of the estate of Frank Cain, deceased.

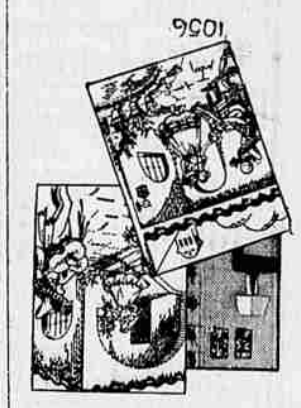
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Frank Cain, deceased, by order of the above entitled court duly made and entered on the 22nd day of July, 1938.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, hereby are required to present them, duly verified as required by law to the undersigned at her residence in Riddle, Oregon, or at the office of her attorney, Ira B. Riddle, Room 2, Douglas National Bank Building, Roseburg, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published August 11th, 1938.

BESSIE CAIN,
Administratrix of the estate of Frank Cain, deceased.

Creations of Art With Needlework



PICTURES FOR EVERY HOME

By RUTH ORR

PATTERN No. 1056

Each picture measures 6 by 8 inches, which makes them perfect as a pair on your wall. The designs are charmingly realistic and when embroidered in the suggested colors, they will lend that enchanting touch to your home.

The pattern envelope contains hot iron transfer designs for two pictures; complete, easy-to-understand, illustrated directions, with diagrams to aid you.

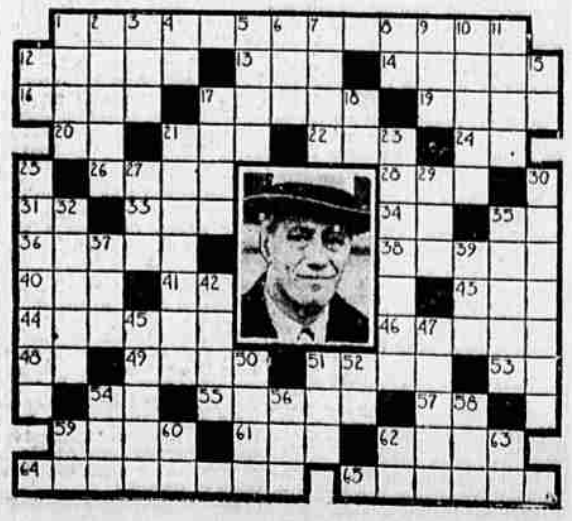
To obtain this pattern, send for No. 1056 and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to cover service and postage. Address News-Review, Needlework Department, Roseburg, Ore.

MUSICAL GENIUS

HORIZONTAL

1 World-famous violinist.
12 Mohammedan nymph.
13 Aurora.
14 Small memorial.
16 Italian city.
17 Alluvial matter.
19 Smell.
20 Behold.
21 Measure of cloth.
22 Age.
24 And.
26 Drama part.
28 Drone bee.
31 France.
33 To regret.
34 Neuter pronoun.
35 Exclamation.
36 Money penalties.
38 French private soldier
40 Bugle plant.
41 Idant.
43 Gibbon.
44 One who captures any person.
46 Ragout of game.
48 Ell.
49 Shrub containing indigo.
51 To pare.
53 Half an em.
54 Doctor.
55 Evergreen trees.
57 Provided.
59 Ill-bred person.
61 Carpet.
62 Part of school year.
64 He is a native
12 Hour.
15 Credit.
17 Merriment.
18 Transposed.
21 Evasion.
23 Fatty.
25 He was an —— in the French Legion
27 Native metal.
29 Indian.
30 He has been —— in concerts for over 50 years
32 Antagonist.
35 To censure.
37 To doze.
39 Sick.
42 To leak.
45 Playing cards.
47 Stranger.
50 Italian coin.
51 Wooden pin.
52 Electrical unit
54 Power property
56 Convent worker.
58 Away
59 Bushel.
60 Railroad.
62 Toward.
63 Mister.
65 He began receiving musical —— at 12.

VERTICAL

1 Idiot.
2 Tidings.
3 Wrath.
4 Musical note.
5 To turn over.
6 Eggs of fishes.
7 Being.
8 Senior.
9 Lion.
10 Church official
11 Disturbance of peace.

Answer to Previous Puzzle