

Seal Cross Peace and Hope Symbol

The study of crosses and their innumerable variations is a little-known hobby that has engaged man through the centuries. One of the modern variations of the symbol is the double-barred cross of the National Tuberculosis Association, with which the local tuberculosis association is affiliated.

"The double-barred cross, known as the Lorraine cross, each year brings a message of hope for those who are ill and a call to service for those who are well," said Thomas Hartfield, president of the Douglas Health Association.

"The leaders of the first crusade adopted a double-barred cross as a symbol of peace and hope. This standard was taken over by Godfrey de Bouillon, duke of Lorraine, the first Christian ruler of Jerusalem. A modern variant was the double-barred cross adopted as the insignia of the 79th division of the American expeditionary force in the World war."

Some varieties of the ancient cross symbol were described by Mr. Hartfield. The Tau cross among the ancient Irish symbols of wisdom. A cross of similar design was considered a divine symbol by the Aztecs who called it the Tree of Life.

Lower Umpqua Utility Proposed

Officers and leaders in the West Douglas Electric cooperative recently organized to serve the territory southwest of Roseburg, are being frequently interviewed by residents of other localities where similar projects are planned through assistance of the rural electrification administration.

Plans are now in a formative state for a proposed R. E. A. project to serve the lower Umpqua district. The transmission line as tentatively outlined would supply the Kellogg, Looa Lake, Scottsburg and Smith river communities.

Governor Sprague First To Sign McNary Petition

SALEM, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Gov. Charles A. Sprague today became the first person to sign a petition to place Sen. Charles L. McNary's name on the presidential primary ballot in Oregon next May.

Kern Crandall of Portland, chairman of the republican state central committee, brought the petition to the governor, who launched the McNary candidacy two months ago at the state young republican convention at The Dalles.

Funds Misappropriation Charged to School Clerk

OREGON CITY, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Hugh Gurie, clerk of the Sandy union high school board, was arrested yesterday on a charge of misappropriating \$397.50 school funds.

Irene Castle McLaughlin Withdraws Two-Year Suit

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Irene Castle McLaughlin, former international dancing star, today withdrew her suit for divorce from Major Frederic McLaughlin, wealthy coffee merchant and sportsman.

The Danmoore Hotel Meets the Motor Courts in Price and Service

Mr. Ray Clark, formerly associated with Mr. William Weaver in the Umpqua hotel of Roseburg understands the thoughts in the minds of those who wish to stop at hotels, but many have come to motor courts because they can cut the overhead by doing so. This fact has caused the manager of the Danmoore hotel in Portland, Oregon, to arrange his rates and service so they are on a par or better (service) than any motor court near Portland.

The McLaughlins' son and daughter, alimony and a settlement including \$150,000 she contended she had advanced for family expenses.

Jewish Reservation in Poland Branded Barbarism

PARIS, Dec. 5.—(AP)—The executive committee of the World Jewish congress in a formal protest today charged German creation of a Jewish reservation in conquered Poland was an act of barbarism.

U. S. Ready to Join In Swat at Soviet

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—(AP)—Summer Welles, acting secretary of state, announced today the United States government had notified certain Latin American nations it would be very glad to participate in a joint Pan-American condemnation of Russia's invasion of Finland.

Certain Latin American nations, which he did not name, have approached this government in support, Welles said, of the principles of international law and with probability of force as a means of settling international difficulties.

This government, he said, has replied that if all other American republics undertake to formulate such a declaration the United States would be very glad to take part.

Senator Vandenberg (R-Mich.) called upon President Roosevelt in a statement published today to ascertain whether the soviet government had kept its pledge to stay out of political activity in the United States.

The president was in sole charge of such relationships, the senator said, and "personally negotiated the recognition of Russia in the first instance."

Some Beer Parlors Found Lax in Glass Sterilizing

Beer parlors should not use hot water in their chlorine solution for sterilizing glasses because the heat makes the chlorine ineffective within a few minutes, the state department of agriculture points out following reports from its inspectors that some beer parlor operators are being careless in this matter.

Also the sterilizer solution should contain at least 100 parts per million of available chlorine, the department warns.

Lakeview, Dec. 6.—(AP)—Funeral services were held here today for Sheriff Herbert H. Carroll, 45, who died Monday.

SERIAL STORY 5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

Cast of Characters ARNOLD BENTHORNE — Five persons wished him dead. HELEN BENTHORNE — His charming young wife. WILLIAM ALSTON — Benthorne's father-in-law and business associate. JOEY DI TORIO — Night club owner and gangster. ARA JOHNSON — The mystery girl.

JOHN DOUGLAS — A young aiding engineer, in love with ARA. CAPTAIN DAWSON — A detective who likes to listen.

Yesterday, Dawson sends Flynn to find the taxi driver, Nick Smith, then questions Mrs. Benthorne. She admits that she had quarreled with her husband, had sent for her father. She also admitted she is an excellent pistol shot.

CHAPTER V "I am not accusing anyone of Arnold Benthorne's murder—yet," Captain Dawson said. "The fact that you once captained a pistol team does not make you a killer. I could have found out from the records anyway, but I prefer to have you tell me."

Helen Benthorne sobbed into the back of her chair. "Oh—I can't—I can't stand any more." Gently, Dawson lifted her to her feet. "I know, I know," he said soothingly. "You may go upstairs now, try to get some rest." He led her to the doorway, beckoned to Krone, standing at the end of the hall. "Take Mrs. Benthorne to her room. Check the quarters carefully, make sure all the doors are locked. There is no need for you to be frightened, Mrs. Benthorne. There will be an officer within call."

She tried to smile her thanks, but it was a feeble effort. "And Krone," Dawson added. "Send that butler, Jameson, here."

"You called for me Captain Dawson?" Jameson inquired stiffly as he entered the room. Dawson stopped his pacing across the study floor. "Yes," he snapped. "Where were you when Benthorne was shot?" "I had just let Mr. Alston in the back entry, sir," Jameson said.

"I wanted to take his things—his wet coat and hat—but he seemed to be in a hurry. I knew Mrs. Benthorne was expecting him—she had asked me to be sure he got in the back way all right. He, Mr. Alston—seemed quite upset, if I may say so, sir."

"You say, what did Alston do?" "He started up the back stairway—it's closer to Mrs. Benthorne's rooms—and told me to go to bed. And he told me not to tell Mr. Benthorne that he—Mr. Alston—was in the house."

"And then what did you do?" "I went directly to my quarters, sir. They're on the ground floor, beyond the kitchen. Daniela, the chauffeur, was there. We'd been having a few drinks. Daniela will tell you."

"How about that front door?" Dawson turned on the man. "I ordered that front door left unlocked. But when Flynn and Krone tried to get in—"

"Habit, sir, habit," Jameson apologized. "I've been locking up Mr. Benthorne's house for years, every night at 10. Tonight I made my usual rounds and stopped at Mr. Benthorne's study to say good night to him. To tell the truth, sir, I forgot all about your order for the front door."

"Mr. Benthorne seemed to be expecting someone, sir. He told me to unlock the side entrance—"

"What side entrance?" "I thought you knew, sir. It looks like a closet door, sir. It's a ft. across the hall. He led Dawson out of the study, opened the doorway a few feet down the hall, pointed down a long passage way. "It opens directly on the street, sir," he explained. "Many of Mr. Benthorne's visitors used this entrance."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Dawson growled and slammed the door. "About how long, Mr. Alston, were you in the house before you heard the shot?" "Not more than five minutes, Captain," William Alston replied after a pause. "I had just reached the second floor. I can't move very fast, especially up stairs—my court."

Dawson nodded, waited for Alston to continue. It was clearly evident the man was not well. His cheeks were sallow, his eyes without life. Ten years ago, Dawson recalled, Alston had been handsome, vigorous—a Wall Street tycoon. His name was a by-word.

At 55, he was a four-goal polo player, a golfer who kept his game in the twenties. He had headed a game hunting expedition into Tibet for the Smithsonian, searched for rare botanical specimens in the tropics. But that was before the depression—and Benthorne.

Now, at 65, he was an old man. His step had lost its vigor, his dynamic energy seemed to have departed with the control of Alston Motors. Even his voice was old, Dawson noted, as old as his white hair, and his wrinkled, trembling hands.

"Jameson let me in the back way, you know," Alston went on. "Helen—Mrs. Benthorne—my daughter, had called. She and Arnold had had a tiff—some family affair—something about a girl. I didn't understand her over the telephone."

"I dismissed Jameson and started up the rear stairway. Then I decided to see Arnold, get his side of the story before seeing Helen. I started toward the study—I knew I'd find him there. Then I changed my mind again and went back up the stairs to Helen's room. I—I was afraid Arnold might be in a nasty mood. I didn't want to quarrel with him. I hoped to be able to settle this difference between him and Helen."

"I had just reached the second landing when I heard the shot. I was terrified for a moment for it seemed to come from Helen's room. I hurried on up the stairs, searched through her sitting room and bedroom—even looked into her bath—afraid that I might find her body. Then I came down the front stairs and found your officers and Helen at the door of the study. You know the rest—"

The exertion of speaking left him panting. He leaned back in the chair, closed his eyes, wearily. "I can imagine your feelings, Mr. Alston," Dawson observed. "Tell me," he went on, "was Mrs. Benthorne angry or hysterical when she called? Was this tiff so important that you would come in a storm at midnight?"

Alston leaned forward, instantly alert. "I can see you're not a father, Captain," he explained indulgently. "When one's child is hurt a storm makes no difference. The pain has to be eased, the hurt kissed away. Helen is my only child. I'd do anything to keep her happy."

When Dawson did not reply, Alston went on. "My own car was put away so I came in a taxi. Helen had said Jameson would be waiting for me at the rear entry. That's—that's about all, Captain."

Dawson filled his pipe, tamping it carefully, then lighted it. A cloud of smoke dimmed his direct gaze. "You didn't like Arnold Benthorne very well, did you, Alston?" The words snapped through the air like electric sparks.

"You're wrong, Dawson," Alston countered angrily, meeting the detective's eyes. "I was very fond of Arnold. He was my son-in-law, my partner in Alston Motors."

"You mean you married your daughter to him to save your precious Alston Motors?" (To be continued)

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