

WILBUR NEWS

Fine weather for treeing the festive raccoon.

The wild birds are eating contentedly with the barnyard fowls.

Mrs. Edith McCormack is visiting with relatives in Roseburg.

William Bridges, of Oakland was in town for a short time on business.

Mrs. G. W. Short received a finely bound copy of the memorial address on the life of Wm. McKinley. It was a gift from Representative W. W. Hawley.

Billy Eastman, an ex-convict, spoke two evenings at the M. E. church.

Mrs. Jennie Price returned from a visit at Roseburg.

Miss Blanche Wilson, of Roseburg, spent the week end here visiting with friends.

Mr. V. Proschern, president of the local telephone line was attending to business on Friday.

The Parent-Teachers Association met in the assembly room of the school house on Friday evening and after the business and discussions were through a short program was given consisting of a community sing.

Heading..... T. E. Grae Instrumental Duet, Kathleen Laraut and Mae Kaagi.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Brown, Mae Wells and Harry Meade.

Mrs. Winiford Gerald, of Portland, is here visiting with friends.

A very large and wise old owl conceived the idea of shining up to some old hens who persistently roosted in a tree, so that the residents

or the neighborhood were treated to some unearthly squaks in the "wee sma' hours" of the night. In the meantime a school boy who thought he was also wise took a pole eight feet in length with a squirrel trap attached securely to the top and fastened the pole firmly to the tree. When morning dawned Mr. Owl was seen sitting serenely on the pole with his feet in the trap, while every old hen had fled. Moral: Do not go prowling around people's hen roosts at night.

The rabbits and field mice are trying to rein some of the young orchard trees.

The school boys are enjoying coasting privileges at present.

Mrs. Inez Miller and Miss Mazie Walker spent the evening at Roseburg through the week.

William Howard left for Dixonville on a business trip on Wednesday.

Mrs. Ethel Miller, of Gresham, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Inez Miller.

CREW OF DUTCH SCHOONER PERISH WHEN VESSEL MINED

LONDON, Jan. 29.—Reports of a Copenhagen source state that the entire crew of the Dutch schooner, Hangerman, perished when the vessel was mined off the coast of Denmark.

The British steamer Sutherland was submarined in the Mediterranean on last Monday and the crew landed at Malta. One sailor died of exposure while in the lifeboat enroute to that city.

Where It Went.

"There's lots of money in stocks." "Quite right. That's where mine went."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Aspect. "My family has a high descent." "Yes; I understand it took a big tumble."—Baltimore American.

When He Enjoys Home. "Does your husband enjoy home?" "Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

Conscience. Now and then conscience whispers, "Just wait till I get you alone tonight!"—Toledo Blade.

A Matter of Age. Ella—She is a daughter of the Revolution. Bella—She looks old enough to be the mother of it.—Judge.

Frozen Steam. If hydrogen gas be burned in liquid air it will produce steam in the form of snow.

The Hole in the Pocket. The most dangerous hole in any man's pocket is always the one at the top.—London Mail.

At the Singing Contest. She—What's the difference between first bass and second? He—About ninety feet.—Columbia Jester.

Venezuela. Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

Very Melancholy. Said an Irishman, "What a melancholy sight it would be if all the people in the world were blind!"

Shoes. The earliest mention of shoes is in an Egyptian papyrus about 2,200 years before Christ.

Asia. Asia has many high mountains, but has fewer large waterfalls than any other continent.

Weeds. A rank growth of weeds becomes an asset when plowed under before they make seed.

The Greek Type. A true Greek is of a distinct type—tall, slim, aquiline nose, oval face and mustache.

No Mercy. "Your wife's a judge of human nature, isn't she?" "Judge? She's a prosecuting attorney."

Walnut Tree Borders. Walnut trees in the Netherlands usually line dikes or border lines instead of being in orchard form.

The Best Conveyance. "Father, what is a logical way of reaching a conclusion?" "Taking a train of thought, my boy."

No Faddism. "Do you believe in telepathy?" "No; our doctor is a good old allopath."—Baltimore American.

A Wet Spot. With an annual rainfall exceeding 600 inches, southern Assam is the world's wettest region.

Information. "Pa, what's the silent majority?" "Two men when there's a woman present, my son."—Boston Transcript.

How He Avoided It. "Have you ever been hissed off the stage?" asked the girl who was thrilled at having met a real actor.

"Oh, no," he replied. "When I'm on the stage I always try to be among friends as much as possible."

Rebuttal. Employer—How dare you tell me you can't live on your salary? You haven't a car, have you? Employee—No, sir.

Employer—Sufficient! Every fellow who really can't live on his salary has!—New York Globe.

Not at All Necessary. "What was the cause of the quarrel with your husband?" "I want you to understand, Judge, that when we went to fight we don't have to have a cause."—New York Press.

Close to Us. "What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lecturer impressively.

There was a moment's pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered, "Our clothes."

Long Courtships. Bohemia is the country of long courtships. In no other part of the world are they so abnormally drawn out. It is not rare to hear of engagements which have lasted fifteen or twenty years.

For the news, read The News.

A MISTAKE IN IDENTITY

By OSCAR COX

Having been invited to spend the week end at Seabright, on Friday afternoon, suit case in hand, I appeared at the railway station. A pale faced child poked a bunch of violets under my nose and looked an appeal to buy them. I did so, and putting them in the buttonhole of my coat I strolled toward the door through which passengers were going to the trains.

"Are you Will?"

The voice came from a very pretty girl who was looking into my face inquiringly. My name is William, and it is so common for men that I was not especially surprised at being asked the question by a stranger, thinking her to have made a mistake in the person. My reply was:

"It is."

"I supposed so by the violets. Come, let us get on to the train. I have my ticket."

She slipped her arm through mine as confidently as if I belonged to her. Not knowing what to do I did nothing, but I fully intended to make her aware of her error at once.

"That last letter of Clara's," she said as we walked to the train, "devised me."

Curiosity here stepped in to take a hand. I wondered what Clara had said in the letter.

"Um," I said by way of saying nothing. But by this time we reached the car steps, and I handed the young lady in. She took a seat, and I sat down beside her. I had thus far taken no advantage of her mistake. I would let her go on a little further before heading her off. I have noticed that if a woman has anything to say she will usually say it without encouragement.

"Clara is just too lovely for anything," said the girl.

"Um?"

"She has been very kind to me. When she wrote me that you had grown tired of your lonely life, that a big city like New York is of all places in the world the most desolate, that you wished she would introduce you to some girl who would make you a good wife and without the bother of a courtship, I realized that it was the same for men as for women, and, while I didn't like your words—the bother of courting—I felt that in the main you were right. Then I received her letter making the arrangement for us to spend the week end with her and saying that you would meet me for this train and would wear a boutonniere of violets."

I had got the whole story in a nutshell. There was none of that shooting out in different directions like a bursting rocket, but a concise narration of facts. Just then the conductor came along taking tickets. My companion showed one for Dime, a station not quite so far as Seabright. Both tickets were taken up, and she did not see that mine was for a different station from hers. I began to explain:

"I dare say you will blame me when you have heard."

"Clara told me all about your marriage and divorce," she interrupted.

"I may as well say right here that I don't consider you in the least to blame. Indeed I don't see how you could have acted otherwise."

Why not make the break right here? I concluded to plunge.

"I am not a divorced man," I said. "I have never been married. I think you must have made a mistake. For whom have you taken me?"

She looked at me in astonishment.

"Clara gave me no name except Will. She said your other name would come later if the affair proceeded."

"I am quite sure there has been a mistake. I began to tell you a few minutes ago, when you interrupted me."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"Don't disturb yourself. Your secret is perfectly safe with me. But I regret that you should have fallen into the wrong hands. Is there anything I can do to right matters?"

"No, no, no!"

"How do we know that if you have made a mistake Fate has not?"

The young lady was apparently at least calmed by this. At any rate, she seemed interested. I took out my card case, drew a card and, having pencilled my address on it, handed it to her, asking her to let me know how her affair with Will came out. A few moments later the train slowed up, the guard cried, "Dime!" and I handed my new found friend out of the train. She gave me an embarrassed smile at parting. I saw her enter a carriage driven by a coachman in livery and roll away.

I heard nothing more of the matter till one day I received a note signed by a name I did not recognize as among my acquaintances. As soon as I had read a few lines I knew it was from the girl who made the mistake. To keep her promise she informed me that the matter which had come to my knowledge had not materialized. She seemed much mortified at having entered upon it in the way she had.

I wrote asking permission to call and received it. I found one who had lived in affluence, but, having been reduced to want, had gone to the city to earn her living. She had so suffered from loneliness that when a friend in derelict to make a match for her in a rather crude way she was tempted. She discovered that the man she was to meet did not suit her.

I found her ready to be consoled in the matter and consoled her, but not without "the bother of courting."

HEAVY RAINS CAUSE FLOOD DANGER IN MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, Jan. 21.—Unusually heavy rains during the past few days, combined with moderating temperature, which has tended to melt

the snows of the past two weeks, has caused flood danger in dozens of towns in the middle west.

The lowlands of Calumet, near Chicago are already flooded and the residents are leaving their homes for the higher portions of the town.

Los Angeles

the Gateway to

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Buy your ticket to Los Angeles the Metropolis of Southern California and from that city select the various attractions you wish to see.

MOUNTAIN RESORTS of Pasadena, Monrovia, Pomona, Redlands and Riveside.

BEACH RESORTS of San Diego, Long Beach, Catalina Island, Venice or Santa Barbara.

SCENIC TRIPS to Mt. Lowe, Mt. Wilson or the Marine Gardens of Catalina.

\$50.20

is the special round trip rate to Los Angeles from Roseburg. Stopovers allowed at any point. Limit April 30.

Ask the local agent or write

Southern Pacific


John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent
Portland, Oregon.

Records!

THE finest silver thread of music spun by the wizard bow of Ysaye—the tears and feeling in the tender depths of Fremstad's noble voice—the sheer magnificence of a thrilling orchestra finale—all these elusive tonal beauties are caught and expressed in Columbia Records, from the faintest whisper to the vastest tidal wave of sound. Volume—TONE—feeling—the most delicate outline of a theme are perfectly preserved and supremely present in every Columbia Record, an exquisite tone-perfection that does not vanish with use. You can test these exclusive qualities in a series of home recitals such as no concert audience is privileged to hear. Arrange your first recital today.

Roseburg Furniture Co.

Investigate the Ads in this Issue of "THE NEWS!" It will pay you to do so.



"To waste time is a disease, so is poverty. Save time and you'll save money. Have a Bank account."

We have provided a steel safety deposit vault for the use of those desiring to safeguard their important papers and valuables.

The rental of space is so low that you can well afford the protection. There are a limited number of boxes and our vault is built to withstand fire and prevent theft. Savings accounts solicited.

Roseburg National Bank

Jackson and Cass Sts. Roseburg, Oregon

Your Key to Bigger Business

Unlock the door leading to more profits by equipping your store with

National Mazda C Lamp

More light and more vivid light than your old lamps give. Bring trade to your store with the new, better light lamps.

Get them from us—now.

Roseburg Electric Co.

Let "Kelly" Do Your Moving, Hauling and Transferring



The French Transfer Company

Phone 220