

WINTER CARE OF CELLARS.

Uniform Temperature and Good Ventilation Are Positive Requirements.
A uniform temperature of 45 degrees, perfect ventilation and good order are the three essentials for success with the cellar in winter. Uniform temperature and ventilation, of course, are positive requirements, for without either the real value of the cellar will be lost. Cellars are used primarily for storage purposes, and when the temperature rises above 50 degrees the root crops and fruit will shrivel and even start growth. Sweet potatoes are stored in the cellar and losses of potatoes are due to moisture and high temperature. It is necessary to maintain a temperature of 45 degrees or under.

The storage part of the cellar should be separated from the section containing the heating plant, so that little if any heat will pass through. This requires a strong, substantial wall, and the tighter it is built the better will be the insulation. Then there should be a ventilator which will admit air from the outside and which can be opened or closed at the will of the owner. As every cellar should have a good standard thermometer, the temperature can be watched and regulated. If the opening is on an unprotected place it can be covered with several thicknesses of burlap. This will prevent direct drafts of wind blowing into the cellar and prevent fluctuating temperatures. The farm home derives much good from a first rate cellar.

Caring For the Colt in Winter.

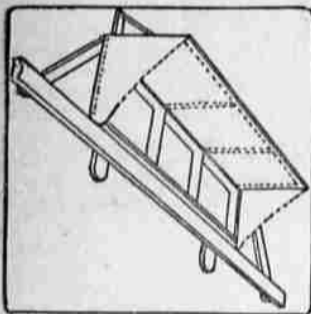
The important question of how to care for the growing colt through the winter confronts the farmer. Many colts will be taken from pasture with a goodly store of fat only to be turned out to a straw pile for feed and shelter and will come out next spring lighter in weight than they are now. On the other hand, not a few colts may be ruined by heavy feeding in stalls, where they cannot take exercise.

The ideal shelter for colts is a tightly built shed, open to the south, where the animals may go in and out at their own pleasure and where they may have the run of a good big field for exercise. Idle farm horses can best be sheltered in the same way. A dry bed and protection from cold winds and rain are all that is needed.

Two parts of oats (preferably crushed) and one part of bran make a very suitable feed for growing colts. In cold weather a little corn may be added, not to exceed 25 per cent of the ration. If clover or alfalfa is used as half of the roughage ration no oilmeal will be needed, but if the roughage consists of wild hay or corn stover, about 8 per cent of oilmeal should be added to the ration. Where oats are high in price and barley is plentiful a ration of crushed barley, 60 per cent; bran, 30 per cent, and oilmeal, 10 per cent, should give good results.

The Hopperdozer.

There are sections where grasshoppers are annual pests. When they come next season try this old device for getting rid of them. It was first used during the migratory grasshopper



years of 1874-6. It consists of shallow sheet iron pans, containing oil or tar, mounted on low wheels or sled runners. An upright screen at the back catches the hoppers as the machine is drawn forward.

A Soup Preventive.

There is no cure for colds, but here

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CAUTION.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you and that when he has served his turn or been disappointed his regard for you will cool.

is a recipe for prevention: Clean quarters, which means freedom from insect pests; clean floor; new earth if the floor is of dirt; regular cleaning, not necessarily daily.

TIMELY FARM HINTS.

An old store in the woodshed will make it a snug place in which to mend the harness and do odd jobs of carpentering.

Fowls are said to give the greatest profits when run in small flocks of fifty or not more than 100.

A well cared for flock of hens will pay a bigger dividend than anything on the farm.

Dig over the soil in hotbeds and pick out the worms. If necessary, throw out all the soil, and after the worms are destroyed throw the soil back.

Matching trees brings the roots to the surface. Don't match unless you expect to keep it up.

The poultry manure is a valuable asset. The most satisfactory way of storing it is in barrels.

Exercise is alike beneficial to man, beast and fowl. None thrive without it.

The lining of soils is a very old and very good agricultural practice.

In unproductive orchards of but a single variety top grafting part of the trees with other varieties is recommended.

No Cause For Worry.

Painter in his sermons—Now, carry this picture to the exhibition gallery but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Pile-vente Blatter.

Shaking Hands.

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—London World.

MERCY.

To show mercy is nothing; thy soul must be full of mercy. To be pure is nothing; thou shalt be pure in heart also.—Ruskin.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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Tom Buford's Awakening

By ALFRED TOWNE

There is nothing that will start a man so quickly and so thoroughly to make a push forward in the world as finding himself engaged to be married with little or nothing to marry on. Tom Buford was a reporter on a west coast paper, but he barely managed to hold his position. He said he didn't like reporting; it wasn't a pleasant occupation; it required a man of check and he was of a retiring disposition. Some day he meant to get out of it.

Then he did what everybody considered a foolish thing. For a brief period he considered it a foolish thing himself. He courted a nice girl, proposed to her and was accepted.

The morning Tom Buford awakened after the bliss of receiving the answer he had considered essential almost to his life he lay wondering what had possessed him. Had he been in his senses or had he escaped from a lunatic asylum? Unable to maintain himself respectably, he had invited a girl to share his inability. More, he would probably bring children into the world with the prospect of starvation before them. Either this or they would grow up to get a living as best they could and would likely turn out jailbirds. But it was too late now to go back. He had spoken. The contract was signed, sealed and delivered.

"See here, old man," he said to himself, "you've got to get a move on you."

He arose, dressed himself and went to the office. The city editor said to him:

"Buford, last night a steamboat on the Mississippi was blown up and sunk. Somebody's got to go and get the facts. You're the only man available, and you're too slow. You'd let every paper in town get the story and we have nothing."

"Just you try me."

The editor looked up in surprise. "Very well; you can get the afternoon through train. But mind, you must send me something for tomorrow morning's issue—not later than 2 a. m."

Buford hurried to the station with out calling for baggage and caught the express. But no sooner had the train started than he learned that it didn't stop within many miles of the point he wished to get off. He told the conductor that he must stop for him, but the conductor declined. However, later on he told Buford that a division superintendent was on the train, and if Tom could get an order from him to stop it would be all right. Tom did so and late at night was put off at the station at which he wished to stop. Luckily the telegraph office was open, and, rushing into it, he asked the operator if he would remain there till he came back from the scene of the disaster, which was several miles away. The operator promised, and the reporter started to walk the distance.

Reaching a point where a number of the survivors were to be found, he roused several of them out of bed, got the "story" and walked back to the telegraph office. It was dark as Erebus. The operator had got tired waiting and gone home.

The prospect of sending his matter in time was as dark as the telegraph office. He must get into the office and get an operator. Without both all his work would be for nothing. He waited about in the village and, meeting a man who knew, was told that the operator lived some miles away. There was no way of getting him and no time to spend on doing so.

Tom returned to the station and walked back and forth in a frenzy. Presently he saw something leaped up against the side of the station. He went up to it and saw that it was a tramp asleep. Tom kicked him and awakened him.

"Get up," said Tom, "and go for the telegraph man and I'll give you a five dollar bill."

"The man got upon his feet. "Do you want an operator?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, as quick as I can get him."

"I was an operator myself before you got me down. If you can get in there I'll send your message."

"You will? Good."

Tom looked about till he found a heavy stick, with which he smashed the glass of the window. Then they crawled in, lighted a lamp, and the tramp sent the message. When the next word had been dispatched Tom looked at his watch. It was half past 1 in the morning.

He went to a hotel and to bed. The next day at the station, before he departed, he left enough money to pay for damages and the message, then started for home. He reached the office in the afternoon.

"We got your story," said the city editor, "and we were the only paper in town that had any account of the disaster."

Tom told him about his aspirations, and when he had finished the editor said:

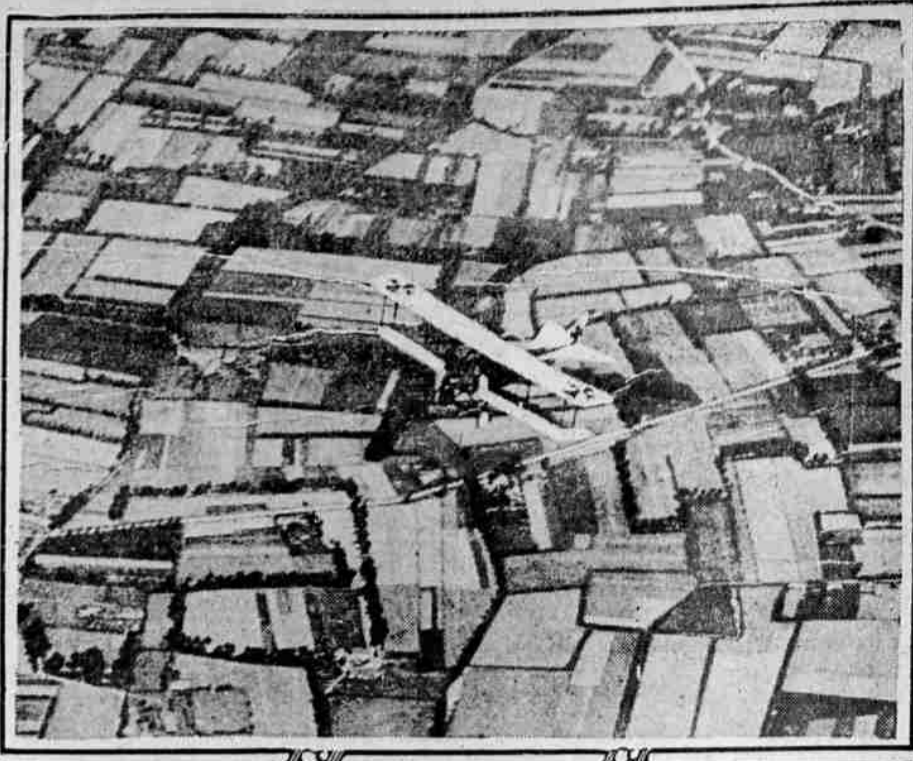
"What's the matter with you, any way? Where did all this sudden display of energy come from?"

"I've got a girl."

"Oh, you have, eh? Well, I guess you'll need a raise. I'll speak to the owners about you."

Tom got his raise, and he got something better than a raise. He got a sensible, frugal wife, who was an excellent manager in every way. Between his newly excited energy and the wife he made a success. He now owns the newspaper.

GERMAN AIRMAN GETS REMARKABLE PHOTO OF ENEMY'S COUNTRY



This remarkable picture was taken by an observer aboard a German flying machine which was cruising above the other German aeroplane seen in the photograph. The picture was taken in northern France and shows how the earth looks to a birdman in the sky.

TEN MILE

Wm. Bushnell made a business trip to Roseburg Thursday.

Rev. C. G. Morris had a light attack of la grippe this week.

The Ten Mile public school is progressing nicely with Mr. Victor Boyd as principal and Miss Gladys Kester as assistant.

Lovell Hodges is confined to his home with a sprained ankle.

Ten Mile has been visited the last few weeks by the heaviest snow fall known in years.

Mr. Perry, who has been looking after his goats on Irwin mountain, reports the snow as being as much as four feet deep. Mr. Perry has lost several goats on account of the snow.

Mrs. Minnie Wells returned to her home at Myrtle Point Tuesday after visiting with her brother Wm. Coats for several days.

The sheep owners of our vicinity have been feeding their sheep for several days on account of so much snow on the pastures. There has been no loss of sheep as yet reported.

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO.

(Oakland Owl, April 6, 1900.)
The Oakland Owl is the latest arrival in the journalistic field of Doug-

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THE ECONOMY MARKET

Phone 5-8

las county. May he give forth many wise things and trite sayings.—Roseburg Review.

The republican county convention passed resolutions of respect to the memory of the late A. D. Reed. The committee was composed of Henry Boltman, A. C. Marsters and J. T. Bridges.

Miss Emma Wainford and John Richardson were married April 1, 1900. Rev. J. T. Cotton was the officiating clergyman.

About 150 tickets were sold from Oakland to Roseburg yesterday evening. Of course all the purchasers heard Mr. Bryan's speech.—Oakland Advance.

For the news, read The News.

MONTENEGRINS ANNIHILATE DETACHMENT OF AUSTRIANS

ROME, Jan. 22.—An unconfirmed report to the war office of this city states that the Montenegrin army which is retreating toward Scutari, annihilated a detachment of Austrians who were attempting to cut off their retreat.

CALL FOR WARRANTS.

Notice is hereby given that Warrant No. 1322 for interest on Bancroft Bonds, Series "N", City of Roseburg, Oregon, is called for payment and interest thereon will cease on the date of this notice. January 21st, 1916.

CORINNE C. ALLEY,
City Treasurer.

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