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BENSON SCHOOL, 1924.

The following "prophecy" was read at the Monday evening session of the Parent-Teacher Association: The day had been warm and almost sultry. Lazy clouds floated across the sky. An occasional bit of song from some bird filled with the joy of living floated in at the open window. Bees hummed drowsily by, pausing to sip the honey from bouquets on the window-sill.

The stillness of the air, the warmth of the atmosphere, and the drowsy hum of the insects almost lulled one into day dreams far more pleasant than work and study.

The children had gone home, glad of the freedom of school let out, and the building settled again into quiet. A stack of note books not yet done. For a moment I dropped my head to the desk, then dull cares were forgotten.

A whirr, a buzz and something resembling a huge bird flopped against my window, then slowly settled to the ledge. A tiny fellow not unlike a kewpie, called in softest tones, "Come with me, oh, come with me!"

The delight of a ride in the air!

In a trice I was beside him in the aeroplane and with a soft whirr we arose into the air.

We sped merrily along, chatting gaily, till presently we came to some high mountains. As we neared the summit of the first one in the range, I noticed a huge sign board, one side of which was painted in dull colors, "The Past," the other side in flaming colors, "The Future." "Choose," said my companion. "By all means let us go into the future," I said. My queer little companion gave an acquiescent nod, and away we sped, into the future. As we flew along, I noticed large rooms or compartments with bright signs 1915, 1916, etc. A fleeting glimpse of something caught my eye as we neared the section marked 1924. "Oh, stop," I cried, clutching wildly at my companion's arm. He immediately complied with my request. To my astonishment, I saw the world, as a huge ball, suspended in air. "What spot do you wish most of all to visit?" asked my guide. Without hesitation I answered, "Benson school in Roseburg." Whir, buzz, boom, and I was standing on the corner of East Third street and Commercial avenue.

What was this bewildering sight which met my eyes? I stood for a moment, in astonishment. Then I recognized dear old Benson school. Slowly I walked along East Third street. There were no cars on this street and I later found that all traffic was prohibited during school intermissions, allowing the street to be used as a part of the playground.

The grounds had been beautifully terraced and there was no longer the high steep bank which had been the horror of teachers and pupils alike in former years. Extending from the central door to the street was a broad easy flight of concrete steps.

I ascended the stairs and paused to look about me. Down on the third terrace, a large fountain played on either side of the steps. A lawn stretched in velvety greenness upon the north, shaded by large and beautiful trees, beneath which were many swings and hammocks. Bright flowers

were needed in picturesque flower beds. On the other side of the steps was a sandy playground, well packed, with teeter-boards, merry-go-rounds and benches. I saw a lady among the children, and calling a little girl to me I asked, "What is that lady doing?" "Why," she said in surprise, "don't you know? She shows us how to play. Ah, if we could only have had something like that, for the children were ever begging us to come and play."

On the boys' side of the building were horizontal bars, hoops, ropes and rings, and active youngsters swinging gaily in the air. Below was a baseball field, where a thrilling game was in progress, and the grandstand held a goodly audience, for here interscholastic games were played.

The school grounds had been enlarged and now extended to Second avenue South. Between the ball ground and East Third street were two double tennis courts. Here also games were in progress. The "duck pond" was no more.

As I walked around the school, I noticed some buildings, or roofs, on the rear, where the hill had been graded down. "What is that?" I asked of a small boy who stood near. "Oh, that's where we play when it rains," he said. "We don't have to stay in the rain or in a dusty basement like the children used to do. Ah, another dream realized."

Not the same old school, I thought, and yet the same for the plain, bare building was now covered with pretty climbing vines, some blossoming here and there.

Having thus noted outward changes, I turned my footsteps inside. Here, too, I found time had wrought a difference. A piano stood where once our graphophone played. Pictures hung upon the walls, and pretty chandeliers concealed the lights. Ah, how pleased we had been when after much coaxing and with a generous supply of stick-to-itiveness the Parent-Teacher Association had secured the first electric lights!

A peep into the rooms showed neat desks, well filled book cases, several good maps, dainty curtains at the

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR OPEN LOT.

By Carol Aronovici.

First—Love your neighbor's lot as you do your own, but be sure to love your own.

Second—Don't plant tomato cans and rubbish on unused land. Their fruits are withered civis pride.

Third—Don't allow yourself or your city to create dumps for waste. It can be made to pay for its own destruction at a profit.

Fourth—Don't allow tumbled down buildings to stand on valuable land. They are financially wasteful. They create fire, invite vice and are a menace to life.

Fifth—A fence that has ceased to be a fence and has become an offense should be repaired or destroyed.

Sixth—Unregulated advertising on unused land pays for the maintenance of a public nuisance.

Seventh—Two gardens may grow where one dump has bloomed before.

Eighth—School gardens are valuable adjuncts to education and recreation. They can be cultivated on an open lot.

Ninth—Let the children play on the unused land so that they may become strong and keep out of the hands of the law.

Tenth—Let not an inch of land be kept in ill-health. It has a divine right to bear fruits and flowers and ever serve the highest interest of man.

Windows and bright blossoming windows boxes.

Now for a peep into the basement. On the girls' side, doors had been rearranged. In the old play room were tables and chairs, sewing machines in front of the windows and pressing boards with electric irons, at one side. On the other side of the basement was a neat kitchen, with cupboards, wood gas and electric ranges, and shining rows of dishes and pans. Passing thru the door into what used to be the seventh grade room, I saw it to be a dining room. Long tables were set, as if ready for use. What could this be for? Hot lunches, of course, for those coming from a distance.

Ascending the stairs, I again came into the lower hall. I passed a moment to glance over the directory. With the exception of one or two, all the teachers' names were new ones, and with surprise I noted one or two who had been in the 8th grade in 1914. Curiosity prompted me to revisit room three. I entered. Finding it vacant, for Auld Lang Syne, I sat down in the chair at the desk. How well, how faithfully, must the Parent-Teacher Association have worked, for aided by the loyal support of the board of education, all their dreams had been fully realized. Terraces, steps, playground, play sheds, piano, hot lunches, and not a single fly buzzed about. I heard it whispered that every parent was a member of the association, taking active interest in the work. For ever since the first evening social meeting, March 15, 1914, the association had steadily gained in strength and membership under the able guidance of their president, Mrs. Eastman, and her worthy successors. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by a loud peal of the gong.

With a start I sat bolt upright in my chair. The bright picture vanished as a bubble in mid air. I found myself sitting in reality in room three and not the room of my dreams. And the gong which had so rudely interrupted my dream was the janitor ringing the bell to warn all to leave the building, or else be locked in, and compelled to leave by the fire escape, as one or two of the teachers, in like predicaments, are said to have been compelled to do.

ESTHER LA HRIE.
"CASCARETS" RELIEVE SICK, SOUR STOMACH. Move Acids, Gases and Clogged-up Waste From Stomach, Liver, Bowels—Cure Indigestion.

Get a 10-cent box now. That awful sourness, belching of acid and foul gases; that pain in the pit of the stomach, the heartburn, nervousness, nausea, bloating after eating, dizziness and sick headache, means a disordered stomach, which cannot be regulated until you remove the cause. It isn't your stomach's fault. Your stomach is as good as any.

Try Cascarets; they immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels. Then your stomach trouble is ended. A Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet; liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

Ethna Allen's Foundry. Ethna Allen prior to the American Revolution operated an iron furnace and foundry in Lincoln county, Conn. Her iron foundry subsequently furnished much of the cast and shell that was used in the Revolution—Museum of American History.

Tact. Willie Paw, what is tact? Paw—Tact is the art of making other people think they know more than you do, my son—Cincinnati Engineer.

He that will not be convinced cannot be helped—German Proverb.

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Visit our Suit Section
Have you seen the "Balmacaan" Coats?
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HELEN KELLER IN ROSEBURG MARCH 26.

Hear Helen Keller, the world famous deaf, dumb and blind lady, who will appear with her teacher, Mrs. Macy, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Commercial Club at the Antler's Theater March 26, and will deliver her wonderful lecture, "The Heart and Hand, or the Right Use of Our Senses." Everybody should hear this. Remember the time and place.

SQUIRREL POISON.

Now is the time to kill them; 5 lb. can, \$1; 2 1/2 lbs., 50c; 1 lb., 25c. This poison stands the wet weather. We guarantee every package we sell. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

MARSTERS DRUG CO.

Out of town shoppers will enjoy lunch served at **Hotel Umpqua** 11:45 until 2:—50c

Have Arundel tune it.

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Large tracts from \$10 per Acre up. Some with Good improvements — including stock and farm implements for \$25 per acre.

ORCHARDS — TIMBER LANDS — CITY PROPERTY — RENTALS.

GEORGE RITER
122 West Oak Street.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, February 16, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that E. Arthur Johnson, whose postoffice address is Roseburg, Oregon, did, on the 19th day of January, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 89309, to purchase the SW 1/4, Section 22, Township 25 S., Range 1 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$256, the timber estimated 1,500,000 board feet at 20 cents per M., and the land nothing, that said applicant will offer

Pure Cream Tar-tar—One-half pound package 20 cents.

Do Your Hens Lay?

If not, there is something wrong. Now is the time when every hen should be doing her best. If yours are not laying as they should, give them Talbotts Poultry Food, it tones up their systems and puts them in shape for spring laying.

OSBURNS PHARMACY
Roseburg, Ore. Opposite Hotel Umpqua

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