

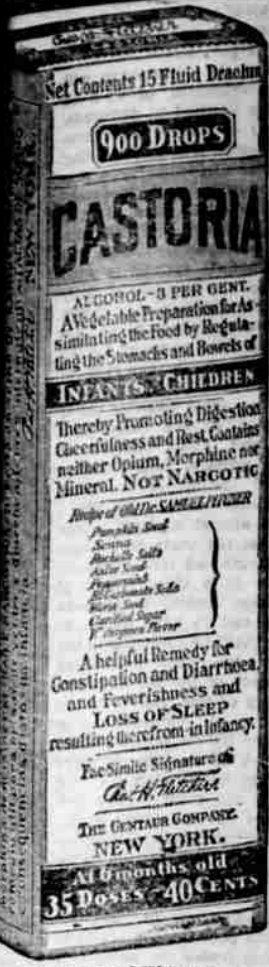
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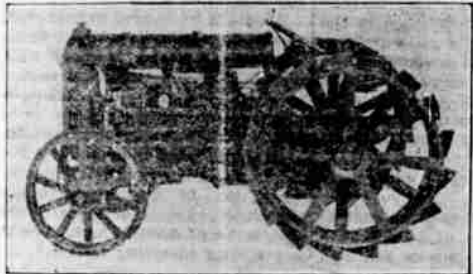
NOTICE LEGION MEN

The time for paying your dues to the Post, American Legion, has been extended from Feb. 1st to Feb. 15th, according to word received in national headquarters. Pay up and keep off the delinquent list.
LEON MCCLINTOCK,
Adjutant Umpqua Post.

PURCHASES TRACTOR.

I have just purchased a Fordson tractor and plow. If you have any plowing to be done, call me at 106-Y or phone the Ford Garage, 374.
Lloyd Chambers.

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MAZDA LAMPS

Douglas County Light and Water Co.

HER DAUGHTER AND HIS SON.

BY IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

In Love's Returning Eyes.

With a sigh my father left me as I asked him where he expected to find happiness for us. I turned and tossed far into the night. My nurse came often to my bed and asked if she could do anything for me and I always answered, "No."

Slowly my thoughts formed into a long forgotten bit of verse which I had read many years ago.

Tell me, Oh, Traveler, who has wandered far,
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Where the Fields Elysian are?

Stranger, in what ever guise,
Love looks in love's returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

Over and over, it sang itself into my mind:

In whatever guise,
Love looks in love's returning eyes,
There are the bowers of Paradise.

For the first time in my life, I envied my mother. Whatever her long years of solitude and loneliness had been, she had had her time in the bowers of Paradise—she had looked into the love returning eyes of my father.

I had sent my lover away because a woman that had never loved him stood between us—because, perhaps, I was a little afraid of my reputation—because I knew that Grace, having thrown everything to the four winds for herself, would take a special delight in bringing me down with her.

Oh, how I hated myself for knowing I was not big enough to stand the adverse speech of people when I knew that I was innocent.

"Mother, mother," I whispered, "I am not as big as you were, for when my trial came, I found I was not strong enough to accept the world's disdain. I cry out for my lost youth. I long to look in love's returning eyes and yet I am flying away from those eyes and all that could bring you to me."

One moment I determined to bring Ken back, and the next moment I knew that I could not do so. Along toward morning, I dropped into a troubled sleep from which I awakened late only to incur the displeasure of the physician because I had allowed myself to grow nervous and so retard my recovery.

All day long I waited for something. I knew not what. No one opened my door that I did not give a start of anticipation. I never had heard the faint tinkling of the doorbell in the lower hallway before, and now a tightening of the heartstrings came until I knew that it was nothing connected to me.

Poor old dad wandered around the house in sorrow. Two or three times he came up to my bedside and looked at me, patted my shorn locks or bent to kiss me, but he said nothing. Once, I heard him in consultation with the doctor before my door as they were about to enter my room, and twice he questioned the nurse softly when he thought I was sleeping, as to whether, in her opinion, I was as well as the day before.

"Don't worry, Mr. Carleton," said the nurse comfortingly, "all patients have these little set backs on the road to recovery. The arrival of your friends yesterday upset her. Of course, you could see that, but one must expect that some days will be harder than others after an illness like that of Miss Ann's."

"But she still seems so weak," said my father. "Only once in a while do I catch a hint of her former vitality. I don't like that listless and passiveness. It is not like her."

That is the nature of the disease, Mr. Carleton," she said. "It will be several months before she will be able to resume her life where it was broken into by this illness. However, I am very glad that you can take her away. A change of scene, and a change of climate, new faces, new interests will bring back the splendid spirits and exuberant health that you miss now."

It is a queer sensation to lie in bed utterly supine and hear people discussing you as though you had nothing to do with your case.

For a moment I resented it and then I felt how silly I was. Surely my nurse and father knew what was good for me better than I did myself.

"Dear old dad," I said remorsefully, "I must try and get well just for his sake." And then because I did try, because I absolutely made up my mind that I would not allow myself the luxury of self analysis and retrospection, I began to feel better immediately.

Even father noticed it the next time he came in, for my smile was not forced, as I looked up at him and asked: "When does the doctor think I will be able to sit up a little while?" and it was the nurse who answered me.

The doctor said that Miss Ann could sit up for a few minutes any time she liked.

"Well," I said decisively, "Miss Ann would like to sit up immediately. And, Dad, haven't I some letters since I have been ill. Surely Mamie and Jim have thought enough of me to inquire. Won't you bring them in to me?"

My father rang the bell and at his request she brought in the card basket full of letters, while she held one great thick letter in her hand.

"This just came by special delivery," she said, holding it out to me.

I caught my father's look of consternation as I took the letter from her. We had both recognized Ken's handwriting.

Monday—A Letter from Ken

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MASTER MANDRILL.

"I was only given one face," said Master Mandrill.

"Now I am a baboon, and a baboon is a monkey. We're great fighters, we are, and we're quite different from other monkeys."

"We aren't nearly as high-toned as some of the monkeys; in fact, we're not nearly as high-toned and fine as any of them, I do believe."

"But that has nothing to do with what I had to say first. But before I go back to that I have a few more things I want to say before I forget them."

"As a family we've been smart. We've had to fight our way and that has made us take naturally to fighting, which keeps us from being pets."

"Of course, here it would be all right to be pets—here in the zoo."

"But away, where we came from, it was different. There we had to protect ourselves from animals as big as lions, and lions aren't kittens. Of that you may be sure, in case you don't know!"

"And we were clever and we were brave, though here in the zoo we're so



Pleasant and Friendly.

apt to quarrel and fight that no one can be friendly with us.

"When we were wild and got mad at some wild animal that would have liked to have killed us, how quick and fierce we were and how we used our great teeth!"

"Ah, we knew how to fight! Our family has always known!"

"But we have lived for so long among such dangerous creatures that we've become wild and dangerous ourselves and no one should try to become friendly with us."

"They say that many of the monkeys get angry because they find there are people who don't know that there are lots of different families of monkeys and some are pleasant and friendly and will make fine pets, and others are cross and cannot be trusted."

"The monkeys say that that isn't fair to the nice ones, for if people meet monkeys that are cross and horrid they get the idea that all of them are that way."

"But I don't mind that. Why should I?"

"Well, I started in to say that I only had one face. No one would or could deny that I spoke the truth. I said, I believe, that I was given one face. So I was, and I've never been given another."

"Never, never, never did any one ever offer me another face. No one ever came to me and said:

"Here, Baboon, have another face and another pair of eyes, and so forth."

"No one ever did."

"Well, because no one ever has I find it necessary to pretend I have more than one face."

"You may think that is strange, but I don't like to look the same at all times."

"Of course, my general looks are always the same, and by my general looks I mean that I have long, shaggy hair, a rather lion-like face, with markings something of the color of the markings of a lion's face, and great teeth."

"I am a species of the Baboon family and my own family name is that of Mandrill."

"Well, as I said, I have these looks all the time—my colorings and so forth and the length of my hair."

"But I like to look different at times and so I make up faces. That's not hard, you know. It sounds almost impossible, but anyone can make up the kind I do, and I guess sometimes creatures who don't care how ugly they look do make up faces something like the ones I make up."

"They're very ugly, but people cannot help looking at me when I am making up these faces."

"They come and stare at me and I look at them in all sorts of ways. I look horrible, horrible—such faces as I do make up."

"And so while I was only given one face I'm able to make up lots of others for myself at different times."

Teacher Didn't Know Sheep.

A teacher in a country school stated the problem as follows: "If there were 12 sheep in a field, and six of them jumped over a low hedge in the highway, how many sheep would remain in the field?" "None," replied one of the young hopefuls.

"Why, Johnny," expostulated the teacher; "try again."

"None," reiterated the small boy; "you may know all about figures, but you don't know much about sheep."

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1918 Dodge Touring.....	950	1918 Chevrolet Touring.....	800
1918 Dodge Touring.....	850	1915 Ford Express.....	225
1917 Dodge Touring.....	850	1917 Buick Touring.....	600

J. O. NEWLAND

NOTICE OF SALE OF PROPERTY UNDER HOTEL KEEPER'S LIEN.

Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of February, 1924, at 2 o'clock p. m., at No. 707 Mosher street, Roseburg, Oregon, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the following property, to-wit: One (1) Buick seven-passenger, 1915 model, six cylinder automobile, Engine No. 10554. This sale is made to satisfy a lien claimed by the undersigned on said automobile as security for a charge for room rent, also storage charges for said automobile, incurred by one Mills, owner thereof.
Dated February 14, 1924.
MRS. W. A. KEEPER.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

EAGLES—Roseburg Aerie meets in Moose hall on Jackson St. on 2nd and 4th Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren in good standing always welcome.
VICTOR MICHAEL, W. P. P.
A. J. WULF, W. F.
B. F. GOODMAN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F., United Encampment No. 9. Meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Thursday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome.
JOHN REESE, P.
FORSTER BURNER, H. P.
OLIVER JOHNSON, R. S.
JAMES EWART, F. R.

NEIGHBORS OF WOODCRAFT—Lodge Circle No. 49, meets on 2nd and 4th Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors invited to attend.
EDITH CHURCHILL, G. N.
THILLIE L. JOHNSON, Clerk.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Alpha Lodge No. 47, meets every Wednesday evening, cor. Jackson and Cass Sts. Visitors always welcome.
WALTER CLOAKE, C. C.
CHAS. E. HOPKINS, M. F.
E. E. WIMBERLY, N. R. S.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Camp No. 125, meets in Odd Fellows' hall in Roseburg every 1st and 3rd Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome.
D. H. PICKENS, C. C.
M. M. MILLER, Clerk.

B. F. O. ELKS, Roseburg Lodge No. 328. Holds regular communications at the Elks' Temple on each Thursday of every month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
A. J. LILBURN, E. R.
IRA B. RIDDLE, Secy.

LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE—Roseburg Lodge No. 1921, meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock in the Moose hall. All visiting brothers are invited to attend.
C. W. CLOAKE, Dictator.
H. O. FARGETER, Secretary.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 8. Holds their regular meeting on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month and are respectfully invited to attend.
MYRTLE REYMERS, W. M.
FRED JOHNSON, Secy.

A. F. & A. M., Laurel Lodge No. 12. Regular communications 2nd and 4th Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.
W. F. HARRIS, Secy.
JOHN E. RUSBYAN, W. M.

W. H. A. O. T. M.—Roseburg Review No. 11 holds regular reviews on second and fourth Thursday afternoons in Macabees hall. Sisters of other reviews visiting in our city are cordially invited to attend our reviews. Macabees hall on Cass street.
LEONIE LORGE, Com.
JESSIE RAFF, Col.

REBEKAH—Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are invited to attend.
MYRTLE TREMPER, N. G.
RELLIE STEPHENSON, Secy.
ETHEL BAILEY, Fin. Secy.

I. O. O. F., Phœnix Lodge No. 8, meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren are always welcome.
H. W. SHAW, N. G.
A. J. ORLES, Rec. Sec.
J. E. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.

MARCEL WORMSER



Marcel Wormser of Paris, noted engineer, and the youngest member of the French academy, photographed on his arrival in New York for a combined business and pleasure trip.

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