

# We offer subject to prior sale the unsold portion of 20,000 Shares Common Stock of Automatic Electric Brake Co.

(OREGON CORPORATION)

Price, \$5.00 a Share

Capital Stock, \$500,000 Fully paid and Non-assessable  
No Bonds No Mortgages

Principal place of business Roseburg, Oregon. Factory seventh and Hancock Sts., Portland, Oregon.

### OFFICERS:

President and General Manager, Robert Z. Farmer  
Vice-President and Treasurer, George S. Marsh  
Secretary, Blanche Reed

### DIRECTORS:

Robert Z. Farmer, F. H. Churchhill, Wm. M. Hiney, George A. Bradburn, J. M. Judd, Guy L. Flint, J. D. Wakeman, O. O. Jennings, Roland Agee, George S. Marsh, J. I. Love, J. I. Love

Not since the advent of the original air brake or the initial development of the automobile has a similar opportunity come into being as exists today in the financing and development of the automatic electric brake.

### Unlimited Possibilities

This company has entered into an industrial field which is almost unlimited in its ramifications. When you stop to realize that every motor truck must have some kind of a brake and that right now there are only a limited number of companies manufacturing mechanical automobile brakes, you can then understand the all important part the Automatic Electric Brake Company plays today in this great American industry. As a matter of fact, it is the only company that is manufacturing a genuine automatic electric brake permitting the control of the motor truck as well as any number of trailers that might be attached to it.

### OUR POLICY

In accordance with the established policy of the H. E. Wills Company to carefully guard the interests of its clients, a thorough investigation of the Automatic Electric Brake Company was made prior to our accepting this issue. We, therefore, feel justified in recommending to the public that they place their confidence and make an investment in the securities of the Automatic Electric Brake Company, as we believe it should net them a substantial return.

This company, while still in its infancy, is now well established and has, we believe, a brilliant future.

### Limited Stock Offering at \$5.00

As we have only the unsold portion of 20,000 shares of this stock to offer at \$5.00 per share, and as this offer is made subject to prior sale and we are now negotiating with eastern brokers for the purchase and resale of the entire issue, we therefore anticipate a very early over-subscription, and would advise all present stockholders and our out of town clients to telegraph their reservations for stock without delay at our expense and forward their applications with remittances made payable to the order of H. E. Wills Company, at Portland, Oregon.

### H. E. WILLS COMPANY, Fiscal Agents

Portland Office 300 Henry Bldg. Broadway 1011  
Seattle Office 618 Second Avenue Elliott 2606

## Alicia Hammersly A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idah McGlone Gibson  
The Noted Writer

### Prologue.

The other day I was dining with a man whom I admire and respect very much and apropos of nothing in particular he surprised me with this question: "Why is it you have never married again, Alicia?" I answered with a laugh to cover the confusion into which his curiosity had thrown me and said, "Perhaps it is because the man that I might have married has not asked me and the men who have asked me I could not accept."

Then I changed the subject, as Tommy had a way of "putting the question" to me from unexpected angles. He was one of my best friends, yet if there was one definite thought in my mind on the subject of a second marriage it was that I did not want to marry Thomas Latham, Esquire, self-made and successful business man.

That night as I slipped into a negligee I asked myself the question that Tom had put to me at dinner. I have been a widow several years, but I am still young enough to find the look of admiration in a man's eyes as he turns his head for a second glance. I am still slender enough to look well in sports clothes and dispense with corsets when I don my evening dresses. My only son, who is so much like my late husband that I often catch myself calling him by his father's name, looks with jealous eye and continues to "stick around" if he thinks any man is becoming more attentive than usual.

Perhaps unconsciously I find this boy that I adore one of the reasons why I have not married again. Marriage, or the mating of a man and a woman, is the one great interest of all humanity—civilized and barbaric alike. Marriage is more important to the individual than birth, since one has nothing to do with his entrance into this world. When you are conscious of existence you are here. Without your volition the curtain has raised and the drama of your life has begun.

Whether the play will be a tragedy or a comedy depends almost wholly upon your marriage. And the big moment does not come when death lowers the curtain, but rather when you find the place where you know whether you have played your part to the best of your ability or whether you have turned a drama that might have meant love and happiness into a sordid tragedy of selfishness and mistaken impulse.

Every man and every maid expects to marry, because every person has been taught that only in marriage is to be found that perfect happiness for which the human race is always blindly reaching and never quite getting within its grasp.

Every man or woman who has been married, and who is honest, can tell you that, while marriage can be almost every other thing in the consciousness of man, yet it is not synonymous with happiness.

I expect my marriage was more of a success than the average. I have had the greatest bliss life can promise and I have plumbed the depths of human wee, but I did not have continued happiness.

I have to thank Destiny for something greater than happiness, for after all happiness is a calm state which being made of commonplace thought and action, appeals more to commonplace minds and hearts than the ecstatic and the highest and noblest emotions. Give me the thrills of contrast. Give me the experiences which make me understand that life is greater than love and I will know that while I may not have been always happy I at least have lived.

Having grown older and saner, I can see for more in the man that I may marry than I did when I first answered the call of the blood. Having had the thrill and romance of love, I am now asking only for the calm of content that comes from affection and, more than all else, understanding.

And now I am going to write the incidents of my married life and my widowhood. Seeing them in black and white, I hope I will be able to solve the riddle as to why I have never married again—why so many widows remain unmarried, while most widowers marry again.

All my husbands and wives who read this story will recognize its truth for I am going to be as honest about myself and my life as it is possible to be, which means that I may unconsciously lie to myself, but I will not lie consciously to you. And all young people of marriageable age will find my story a blazed trail that leads safely through the deserts and oases of married life.

I shall neither spare my husband nor my friends' husbands, my women friends nor myself.

If I can make the reading of this heart history as vitally interesting to you as the living of it has been to me, I shall have added another human document to the sum of human endeavor. I shall go back to my girlhood and live my life over with you. I believe I am feeling very much as a condemned prisoner does in the hour of execution. He cannot visualize what the great adventure will be, but his very soul trembles as the hour approaches.

For the past twenty four hours I have been wondering if I really do



Idah McGlone Gibson.

care enough for Hallet Hammersly to marry him—to want him with me every day, I am beginning to shudder over that "until death unto us do part" in the wedding service. I am also wondering if he will not grow tired of having me always around to reckon with—to think of not in terms of love, but in terms of responsibility.

Will I love him as I do now when he has grown fat and bald and chockey like Dad, or thin and scrawny and saturnine like Uncle Tom? I interrupted my thoughts with a laugh for I cannot think of Hal being changed in any particular by time. As I picture him to myself, my love comes back with a rush. From what I have seen in older married couples about me I know that Hal's life and mine will be very different. I am sure that our love will never be swallowed by the commonplace atmosphere of every day life. "Why?" I said to myself, with a sudden rush of dismay and surprise. "I have not seen Dad kiss mother, for months—not since her return from the visit to Aunt Betty's, and then it was only a little duty kiss."

Then came the memory of Hal's impetuous kisses. Surely my father could not have been so impetuous a lover as Hal, for if he had been certainly could not have settled into this kind of calm acceptance of "having mother around" that seems to be Dad's only reaction to her now. And, mother does not seem to mind it. She is more interested in Hal and Hart and me, than she is in father. (I shall never allow myself to care more for my children than I do for my husband.)

For the last week mother has always looked at me queerly when she thought I did not see her. I think at times her eyes were misty. It was almost as though she were sorry for me, and yet, that cannot be, for she is very fond of Hal, and I know that she is not a little proud in having me carry away the nicest young man in our set. All the girls have been angling for Hal some years—even before my time. Hal is seven years older than I and he is one of the most popular men in the older crowd who rather turn up their noses at me because I am quite young—nineteen and scarcely four months out of finishing school.

Hal says he fell in love with me the first time he saw me—that day last summer when I went to the country club with Dad and mother for dinner.

From that time forward he certainly let it be seen that he had a time for any other girl. I think I remember that I fell in love the moment my eyes met Hal's.

Tall, straight, virile, his great brown eyes are always laughing, even when his tender mouth is no smiling.

I drew a long breath as I thought of that firm mouth and firm decision. What did he portend? I have never seen real anger, but somehow I have an instinctive picture of how his face will look when his mouth, which has always been the abode of tender smiles to me, will close itself to pleasant thoughts and become a thin, straight line—when his chin will square itself until his lean jaw will almost show the clenched teeth behind it.

Do I really know the man whose wife I am to be within the next few hours? Even now, in anticipation, I grow a little cold. I can remember perfectly the thrill that comes to me when we two fall into the rhythm of a dance, but I cannot remember now whether he has ever told me that he would be bored to death if I dragged him off to a Philharmonic concert, which is an exquisite pleasure to me. I know every cadence of Hal's caressing voice but I have never yet heard just how it will sound when he finds fault with some expenditure of mine which he considers foolish.

I can close my eyes and give myself up to the thrill of Hal's sudden kisses descending upon my hair, or closing my eyes, but by no stretch of my imagination can I picture him storming about the house because his shirts have not come back from the laundry.

I understand of course, that Hal is greatly interested in baseball, and I have often made one of the gallery which followed him around the golf course, but I do not know whether he may consider the baseball score in the morning newspaper more interesting than my breakfast conversation. Neither do I know whether he has any scruples against making me a golf widow on the only afternoon he takes away from his business in the summer.

I have a distinct recollection of the golden glow that comes into his eyes, when he says: "Dearest, you

## When Nerves are "On Edge"

one cannot possibly do his best work. For this reason many are led to discontinue their accustomed meal-time beverage and adopt

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are the most beautiful woman here tonight," but I have never noticed whether he looks the same when he compliments other women.

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### COOKED FOOD SALE.

The Women's Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South, will hold a cooked food sale, Saturday, March 5, at Vosburgh Brothers' store.

6% to 7 1/2%  
Municipal Bonds, City & Farm Mortgages. We buy and sell Liberty Bonds.  
RICE & RICE  
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BLADFORD BROS.  
West Roseburg. Phone Res. 40-F4. Office 481.

### CALL FOR BIDS ON WOOD.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned until 5 o'clock p. m., Monday, March 14, 1921, for any or all of the following kinds of foot wood in size suitable to the heating plants in the school buildings of School District No. 4, to-wit: 350 cords body wood old growth fir; 400 cords body wood second growth fir, or -450 cords sound slab wood.

Same to be delivered before September 1st, 1921, at the regular piling places in such amounts at the various school buildings in the district as the Board of Directors may direct. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Envelopes containing bids should be so designated on outside. By order of the Board of Directors. R. C. AGE. Clerk School Dist. No. 4, Douglas County, Oregon, Roseburg, Oregon.

Frank A. Terry and Fred M. Rowley, representing the Equitable Savings & Loan Assn., of Portland, Oregon, are again at the Umpqua hotel.

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BEEN at work all day, standing on your feet, lifting heavy weights? And now you're all tired out. Never mind, if you are wise you have a bottle of Sloan's on the shelf, at home or in the shop. Put a little on, without rubbing, and quickly comes grateful warmth and relief.

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