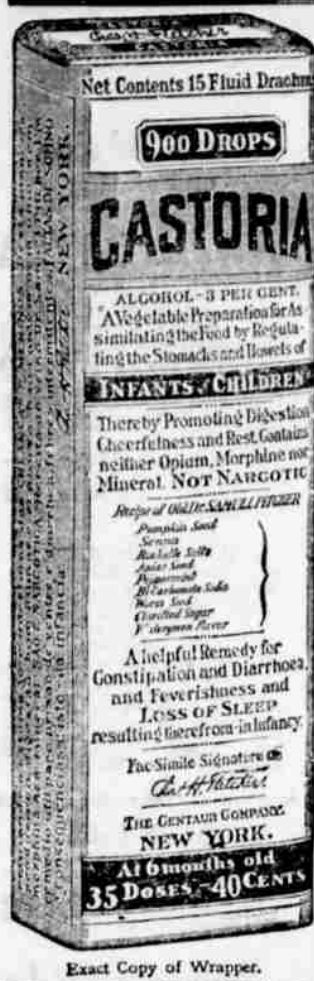




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Frank A. Terry, representing the Equitable Savings & Loan Assn., of Portland, Oregon, is again at the Unipqua hotel.

Monkey Grip. That is the stuff you have been looking for to repair those leaky tubes. We have all sizes. C. A. Lockwood Motor Co.

The Pythian Sisters will meet Wednesday evening in the Moose hall and will initiate a large class into the order. A social time will be enjoyed after the initiation, and a luncheon will be served. Those in charge of the arrangements are desirous of having a large number attend.

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Alicia Hammersly A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idah McGlone Gibson
The Rated Writer

The Pace that Kills

I shall never forget the emotions that swept over me when Hal had said in an irresponsible, half yawning tone, "Come, let's get to bed."

I saw that as far as Hal was concerned the incident was closed. He had come home at an hour of the night that had pleased him, and beyond that nothing mattered. He had assumed a "recluse-to-Caesars" attitude, and dismissed the matter there. Although for some reason, inexplicable to him, he had found me sitting up for him, and that was his affair, his first thought was that now that he was home we should both go to sleep as soon as possible.

"I am not going to bed," I exclaimed as I again seated myself in the big armchair. "Do you know what time it is Hal?" I asked with all the restraint I could command.

Hal came into the living room and closed the door with a bang that had awakened everyone on our floor.

"Some time after twelve, isn't it?" he parried with another question. I turned to the window which faced the east. Way down by the horizon, which could be seen from our window, the dawn was breaking.

Hal gave an exclamation of surprise. "Surely it cannot be daybreak."

"It is four o'clock," I answered, and as if confirmation to my reply the clock in the neighboring church steeple tolled out the hour.

"Great Heavens—I am due at the office at eight. Four hours sleep in forty-eight hours is not very much if anyone should ask you."

"What do you mean by four hours of sleep in forty-eight, Hal. Weren't you in bed last night, either?"

He seemed to sense that he had said something that he had better have left unsaid, and he dropped into a chair with a profane exclamation.

At this I turned on the light and looked at him closely. I was appalled at the sight of his white, drawn face and his wide staring eyes.

"What is the matter, Hal? Are you ill—Can I help you?"

"Yes, Alice, you can help me by letting me get to sleep as soon as possible. You don't look as though you approved of me very much, but will you please wait until tomorrow before you start in on me?" As he

Poet's Daughter Will Wed In the Light of the Moon

OAKLAND, Cal., April 29.—U. P.—Juanita Miller, daughter of the late Joaquin Miller, poet, today sat sewing eucalyptus caps on her bridal gown of burlap and told of her wedding plans.

Next Saturday night Juanita, gowned in the knee length burlap bridal robe, will dance a wedding dance with Juan Miller, her husband, at what she terms a pagan wedding festival. The groom will wear a crimson cloak over white flannels.

Under Lily White Moon.

Juan and Juanita were actually married last December, but Juanita found that she was wed beneath the Lily light of the full April moon. So that is why on Saturday there will be another ceremony.

Saturday's festival will be an all-day affair. During the daylight hours the bride will appear in a gown of white chiffon heavily covered with seed pearls.

"I will wear that gown until the early evening," Juanita explained. "Then I will change to this simpler costume."

The "simpler costume" was the burlap and eucalyptus gown.

"In it I will dance a wedding dance invented for the occasion," she added, and then told of the red and white garb of the groom.

"The combination of colors," Juanita went on, "symbolizes the cycle which our marriage has completed. It is the union of material and spiritual white."

The ceremony will take place at "The Heights," the old home of the Millers in the hills back of Oakland, and, of course, will be out of doors. Scores of guests will attend.

To Serve Roast Kid.

"We will serve roast kid, grape

spoke, he turned toward the bedroom, and through the open door, I saw him quickly divest himself of his outer clothing and crawl in bed.

As I saw him snuggle down beneath the covers, I went back to the living room and stood again before the window. The whole east was beginning to take on a faint rosy glow.

Through some queer bent of mind I found myself repeating.

"Joy comes through the morning. Care passes through the night. And I started and looked about the room. Was it possible that the peculiar cynical laugh came from my own lips? I went to the bedroom, and faced the bed, although I needed no ocular demonstration to tell me that Hal had not laughed. His stentorian breathing loudly proclaimed that he was fast asleep.

The air was fetid with stale liquor and tobacco smoke. Hal was lying on his back, his mouth was open, an unsightly stable of beard covered the lower portion of his face. His hair was in disarray, and altogether it was not the kind of sight that a woman could look upon without disgust.

And, he had gone to sleep—forgotten me completely—forgotten all the long hours that I had waited up for him—forgotten everything except that he needed sleep, and he, knowing this, had promptly proceeded to get it without any thought of what it meant to me for him to be so heart callous of my heart-hurt or wrong that I might have.

I think at that moment another little bit of the faith and trust that I had had in my husband sloughed off from my love. I think I could have forgiven him had he come home and taken me in his arms; told me that he was playing cards, and had forgotten me. I would have respected his truthfulness, and would have found an excuse in the humanness of it, but his calm ignoring of any explanation, which was due me, was something I could not forgive.

My eyes were smarting and hot, but there were no tears behind the weary lids. "I will not be placated with a smile and a caress," I said to myself. "I have been grievously hurt. Never have I spent such long hours of soul-sickness and terror as during the night just passed. I will not forgive him,—ever."

And then, just under my heart, I felt the stirring of Hal's child.

Tomorrow—the Morning After.

juice, and bread and butter," the bride announced.

Juanita's plans for married life after the "pagan festival" were admittedly rather vague.

"My husband hasn't a red cent," she said. "But we are going to work together. He is a photographer. But if that profession fails—why, Juan has a guitar which he plays and I can sing."

"We will become troubadours, singing for our supper."

LODGE DIRECTORY.

ROSEBURG—Roseburg Lodge No. 2 meets in the hall on Jackson St. on 2nd and 4th Mondays evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren in good standing always welcome.

W. F. HARRIS, Secy.

A. J. WULF, W. P. P.

B. F. GOODMAN, Secretary

NEIGHBORS OF WOODCRAFT—Lila Circle No. 49, meets on 2nd and 4th Mondays evenings. Visiting neighbor invited to attend.

PRUDIE HIDINGER, G. N.

LILLIE L. JOHNSON, Clerk

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Camp No. 123, meets in Odd Fellows' hall in Roseburg every 1st and 3rd Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome.

H. CARRICK, C. C.

M. M. MILLER, Clerk

O. E. S. Roseburg Chapter No. 8—Holds regular meetings on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month are respectfully invited to attend.

MYRTLE REYMERS, W. M.

VICKE JOHNSON, Secy.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Alpha Lodge No. 47, meets every Wednesday evening in Douglas Abstract Hall, corner Jackson & Washington Sts. Visitors always welcome.

WALTER CLOAKE, C. C.

CHAS. F. HODGINS, W. P. F.

E. E. WIMBURY, K. R. S.

H. P. O. ELKS, Roseburg Lodge No. 326—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.

ROY BELLOWES, E. R.

R. L. WHIPPLE, Secy.

L. O. O. F., Union Encampment No. 9—Meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Thursday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome.

V. T. JACKSON, C. P.

JOHN REECE, H. P.

OLIVER JOHNSON, R. S.

JAMES SWART, Secy.

LOYAL ORDER OF MOOSE—Roseburg Lodge No. 1887 meets first and third 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. PARGETER, Secretary

A. F. & A. M., Laurel Lodge No. 132—Regular communications 2nd and 4th Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.

W. F. HARRIS, Secy.

JOHN E. RUNYAN, W. M.

W. B. A. O. T. M.—Roseburg Review No. 11 holds regular reviews on second and fourth Thursday afternoons in the Elks' hall. Sisters of other reviews visiting in our city are cordially invited to attend our reviews.

Macdonald hall on Cass street.

LOUISE LOCKE, Com.

ESSIE HAPP, Cal

REBEKAH—Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are invited to attend.

METHEE, N. G.

BELLE STEPHENSON, Secy.

ETHEL BAILEY, Fin. Secy.

I. O. O. F., Philetian Lodge No. 8, meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothers are always welcome.

H. W. SHAW, N. G.

J. E. GRIDGES, Secy.

J. E. BAILEY, Fin. Secy.

ONE OF NATURE'S MARVELS

Naturalist Enthusiastic Over the Wonderful Composition and Uses of the Spider's Web.

In his book "A Naturalist in Himalaya," Captain R. N. Hingston notes that when a spider's web has become worn out beyond further patching, the maker eats it.

"I was at first very much surprised to think that a spider's stomach could be so capacious as to contain the complete snare," says the captain. "In this, however, I was much mistaken; for I found that a large, complete snare, eleven inches in diameter, was of such delicate substance and compressible into so small a bulk that, when rolled into a ball between the fingers, it formed a compact mass but little larger than an ordinary pin's head. A spider will often swallow entire a fly of much greater dimensions than its own compact snare. I look on the circular snare of the Epeira as almost as beautiful an example of mathematical accuracy in the life of organic beings as the exquisite structure of the honeycomb.

"But how much more wonderful does it all seem when we picture the web as a potential fabric, first woven into an inimitable harmony to lure to death thousands of living creatures, then tattered and torn in the tragedy, to be again received into the maw of its voracious host, to be repurified in the strange economy of a spider's structure, to emerge again from the spinning-wheel in fine, transparent filaments, to be woven again into the same lovely texture, and to repeat the same eternal drama that fills the mind with such enthusiasm and admiration."

PEACOCK A DIGNIFIED LOVER

Elaborate "Showing Off" a Trifle Absurd, but Nature Gives Him Wonderful Adornment.

During the breeding season it is difficult to find two male ruffs identical in coloring, individuals differing to an extraordinary degree, the "ruff" from which the bird gets its name itself varying astonishingly from speckled white to brown or golden chestnut. The elaborate showing-off of the male before his charmer appears comically absurd, less dignified even than the courting antics of the fiddler crab, who frantically waves aloft his enormously developed right claw to attract the attention of the female of his choice. As a dignified lover the peacock ranks high. At first glance it would appear that the coloring of the bird has defied by its splendor its real purpose. But the jungle is green—and so is the main coloring of the peacock! The peahen has learned to look for and approve of magnificent decorations in her mate. The "eyes" of the tail have in this way through generations become evolved, probably in the first place from mere spots of formless color.

Polk Inauguration Unique.

The inauguration of James K. Polk as President was marked by two odd things. The first practical test of the telegraph at an inaugural ceremony was made, and there were two inaugural balls held in the evening. Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, brought out his instrument to the portico platform, close to one side of it, where he could hear all that was said, and transmitted the results to Baltimore as fast as they transpired. The telegraph had had a previous test at the convention which nominated Polk, the first really practical test since its invention.

Of the two balls, John Quincy Adams tells that one was held at Carusi's hall, at \$10 a plate, of all parties; the other, at \$5 a plate, of pure Democrats, at the National theater. Mr. Polk attended both, but supped with the true-blue five-dollar Democracy.

Carlyle's Queer Taste.

Carlyle played extraordinary tricks with his digestive apparatus. Writing in the British Medical Journal some years after Carlyle's death, Sir Richard Quin remarked: "The late Mr. Carlyle was a patient of mine. As all the world knows, he was a man of great judgment and great power of observation, yet with regard to himself the only remedy I could ever get him to take was grey powder. This was when he had that wretched dyspepsia to which he was subject, and which was fully accounted for by the fact that he was particularly fond of very nasty gingerbread. Many times I have seen him sitting in the chimney corner smoking a clay pipe and eating gingerbread. He overcame the difficulties incidental to this habit by his grey powder, which did him much good."

For Cold Feet.

An inventor has hit upon an ingenious and novel idea for dealing with the affliction of cold feet. It is very simple. All one needs to do is to take a large sheet of paper and roll it up, pasting the edges, so as to form a tube. When a person goes to bed, he places the tube beneath the bedclothes and breathes through it. That is to say, holding one end of the tube in his mouth, he takes in his supply of air through his nostrils in the ordinary way, and expels his breath through the tube. By this means a continuous current of warm air is poured into the bed, contributing the requisite heat. When his feet are warm enough, he discards the tube and goes to sleep.

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