

Alicia Hammersly

Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Ida McGlone Gibson
The Roseburg Writer

Invitation to Dinner.

great tragedies of the creative worker is that one may conceive a work of great beauty and when it is accomplished know that it has failed to come up to the standard set by the imagination.

I saw very few people at this period of my life. My mother had been quite an invalid for a long time and was unable to come to me. Little Hal was growing fast and needed all of Hannah's attention to supply his material needs. I tried to be with him every moment that I could because I am a firm believer in the old Jesuit doctrine: "Give me a child until he is seven years old and you may have him all the rest of his life and you cannot counteract my influence."

Looking back to this time I realized I was not unhappy because I was so interested in my work. Each day melted into another so smoothly, so rapidly that I hardly realized the passage of time. One day as I was sitting in my own little office reading a proof of my latest story, which I felt was the best thing I had done, I heard the words from right behind my chair: "Have you no welcome for me, busy lady?"

I turned to find Roland Early standing behind me.

I stumbled to my feet, and although I knew that I had not extended them I found both my hands clasped in his.

As I raised my eyes I saw a subtle change in him. He had grown heavier, his face was fuller, there was a slight puffiness under his eyes. He seemed to have lost something. Although as yet I could not tell what it was, I knew in my heart that Roland Early had lost the thing that I loved most in him.

"What have you been doing since I have been away?" he asked. Then before I could answer, he said: "I need not ask that question. I know what you have been doing. You have been working very, very hard and it shows in your writing. No one who has contributed to this magazine since I have been its editor has developed so rapidly. 'The Man

NOTICE.

All friends and members of Subordinate, Encampment and Rebekah Odd Fellow lodges are urged to be present at the Memorial Day exercises to be held in the Odd Fellows temple Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

COMMITTEE.

I Did Not Marry. (this was my last story) was a masterpiece. As I read it I felt that it mirrored life—perhaps your life—and I had an irresistible desire to find out who that man was. Incidentally, the story inspired in me an unaccountable fear which made me afraid to come back to you and be put under the microscope.

"Now that I have come back, Mrs. Alix, I hope that you will take a little recreation. You are too young my dear girl, to give yourself up entirely to work, no matter how interesting that work may be to you. It will be the part of a good editor to insure you long rides in the open, dainty dinners along the shore, glimpses of the roof gardens and perhaps an art exhibition or two, with visits to the theatres now and then."

"That sounds very alluring, Mr. Early, but I am much afraid that I will not be able to do so much. You see I am also trying to train up a boy as he should be trained."

"Oh, how is the boy?" said Mr. Early, apparently as an afterthought.

"He is very well, indeed. Tonight I was in hopes, Mrs. Hammersly, that you would dine with me at the Seaside Inn. There are many things I should like to talk over with you," he added hurriedly as he saw that I was about to refuse.

"I am going to try to take each one of my staff for a conference of this kind. I had Miss Belcher with me last night."

Intuitively I understood that Miss Belcher had told him not only the affairs of the office but she had given him an idea of the personal affairs of most of us. However, as he had put the invitation in the light of a business conference, I could hardly refuse. I did remark, though, that I hardly agreed with him in the idea of combining business with pleasure.

Tomorrow—Miss Belcher Intrudes.

Get a Royal now.

On News-Review Staff—Howard Bailey, a journalistic student of the U. of O., has accepted a position as reporter on the News-Review and entered upon his new duties today.

NOTICE OF SALE OF GOVERNMENT TIMBER.—General Land Office, Washington, D. C., June 19, 1931.—Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the Act of June 9, 1916 (39 Stat., 213), and the instructions of the Secretary of the Interior of September 15, 1917 (46 L. D., 147), the timber on the following lands will be sold at 10 o'clock a. m. July 29, 1931, at public auction at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, to the highest bidder at not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one percent thereof, being commissions allowed, must be deposited at time of sale; money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber which must be removed within ten years. Bids will be received from citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens and corporations organized under the laws of the United States or any state, territory or district thereof only. Upon application of a qualified purchaser, the timber on any legal subdivision will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger unit. T. 16 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 3, NE 1/4, 8234, fir 1250 M., not to be sold for less than \$1.25 per M. T. 21 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 27, Lot 1, fir 1750 M., red cedar 220 M., hemlock 150 M.; Lot 2, fir 1740 M., red cedar 230 M., hemlock 450 M.; Lot 3, fir 2250 M., red cedar 450 M., hemlock 250 M.; Lot 4, fir 2500 M., red cedar 300 M., hemlock 390 M., none of the fir to be sold for less than \$1.25 per M. and none of the red cedar or hemlock to be sold for less than \$1.25 per M. (Signed) D. K. PARROTT, Acting Assistant Commissioner, General Land Office.

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Ring Battles of Jack Dempsey and Carpentier

The string of 17 knockouts convinced boxing promoters and the public at large that Dempsey, in spite of unpopularity because of his failure to get into active military service in the war, was the logical man to meet Jess Willard for the heavyweight championship of the world. "Tex" Rickard clinched the bout.

The principals met in New York, Feb. 9, 1919, to agree to conditions for the bout. The statutes of New York at that time made illegal articles for a boxing bout signed in that state. Accordingly, when conditions had been settled, the principals, their managers and "Tex" Rickard ferried to Jersey City and signed the papers in a railway waiting room.

After virtually every city of account in the United States where boxing was legal, had been mentioned as the possible site, Rickard announced that Toledo, O., had been selected for the bout, July 4. City and state officials declared themselves favorable to the plans and the boxers, about six weeks before the scheduled date, started training in camps near the big arena.

In spite of Dempsey's great record for hitting, many persons, including Willard himself, were confident that the huge bulk of the Kansan, who had always maintained fairly good physical condition, would make him impregnable before his smaller opponent.

Dempsey, apparently unmindful of the disparity in height and weight, declared that he was going to tackle Willard as he had tackled his victims of the past two years—with a rush. The fact that he had put out both Carl Morris and Fred Fulton, men much bigger than himself, in the first round, made him confident that he could defeat Jess Willard in the same manner.

The defeat of Carpentier by two of the greatest middleweights that America has had, Billy Papke, the Klaus of Pittsburgh, is now cited by persons who believe that the Frenchman stands small chance with Jack Dempsey at Jersey City, July 2.

Carpentier was then only 18 years of age but was big and rapidly growing out of the middleweight class. He already stood five feet, 11 1/4 inches, his present height, and it is declared that he had considerable trouble making the middleweight limit for both bouts. He was meeting two of America's best boxers, both in their prime.

Carpentier's defeat at the hands of Klaus came early in the year. Although defeated, he gave Klaus a great battle for 19 rounds. Then it was Descamps, rather than Carpentier, who brought the battle to a close. The manager climbed through the ropes to save his groggy charge from further punishment and Carpentier, remonstrating, was forced to quit Klaus winning on a foul. The American, however, was a clean-cut winner and surely would have scored an actual knockout had the bout continued.

In October of the same year Papke stopped Carpentier in 17 rounds at the Cirque de Paris. A ringside witness declares that the result of that battle is small excuse for believing that Carpentier, then a boy should not now, a fully developed man, be a real rival for Jack Dempsey. Carpentier, with all his cleverness, stood toe to toe with the heavy-hitting American for more than a dozen rounds and went down defeated in a gory but manly way.

Goodyear Tire Service, Ford Garage.

Championship Battles

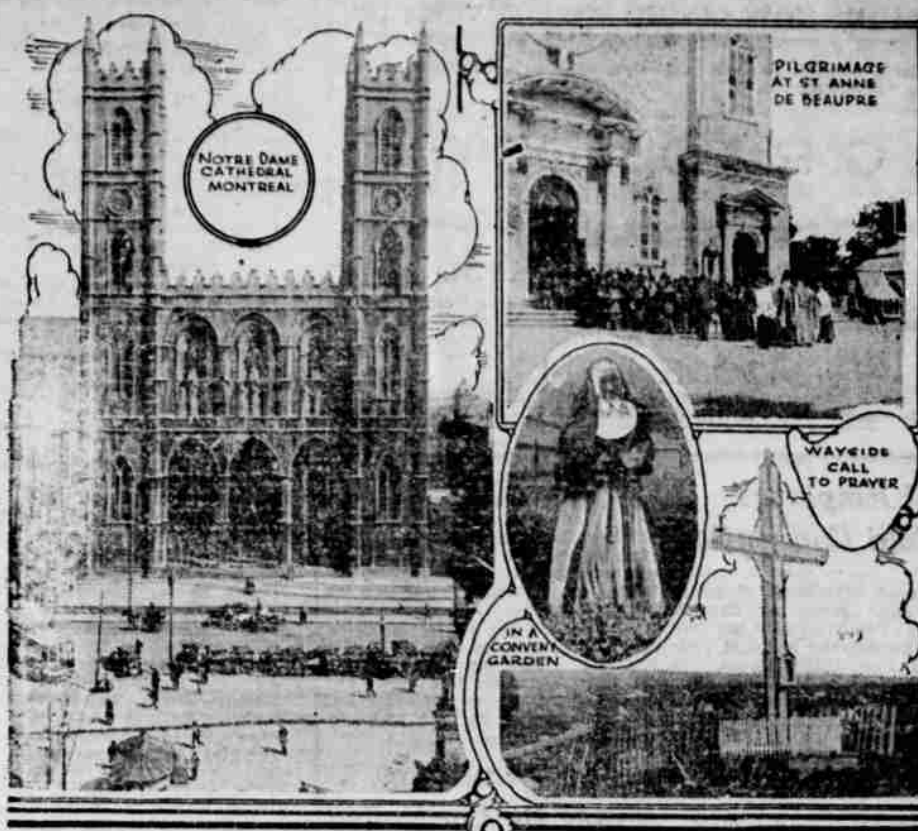
Short Sketches of Fights for the Heavyweight Title.

Jack Dempsey defended his title for the first time last Labor Day against Billy Miske. He was then the same terrible mauler that put Willard aside. His punches seemed to have almost superhuman force behind them and Miske lasted less than three rounds.

The challenger had grit a plenty and he knew how to box. He landed direct wallops against the champion frequently and his quick footwork eluded several punches. Although forced to be inactive for a year under the care of surgeons, Miske showed himself a much better scrapper than when he appeared on the eve of the Dempsey-Willard match and fought Battling Levinsky.

But he was no match for the Giant Killer. Dempsey disabled him in the second round with a vicious blow

SHRINES AND CHURCHES OF QUEBEC TELL PROVINCE'S EARLY HISTORY



Quebec, through her shrines and churches, proclaims that she was born and bred in the old of the Roman Catholic Church. Today nearly three centuries since the Cross and Lilies of France were planted on the hills above the St. Lawrence, the religious institutions then founded still flourish. Soft-footed nuns, cowed monks and that-batted priests are met on every hand as they go about their duties. Always the cross is in evidence—crude wayside shrines along the country roads and great golden crosses upon city spires.

Quebec City may be called the heart of this church in America for there is its Westminster, Notre Dame de la Paix, commonly known as the Basilica. It was founded in 1645 and holds the remains of nearly every Bishop of Quebec, also other ecclesiastical and notable persons. In the Chapel of the Ursuline

line Convent burns a votive lamp, the flame of which has burned undimmed through peace and war since it was lighted in 1717. Under this chapel rests Montcalm, France's defender of the City of Hills.

In a square among the little houses of Lower Town stands the unpretentious church of Notre Dame des Victoires, near the site where stood Champlain's house. A beautiful custom is maintained by the Franciscan Sisters' Convent in its office of perpetual adoration with two white-robed nuns ever kneeling before the altar.

The most widely known Quebec shrine is that of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in the little town of the same name, connected with Quebec City by electric tram and motorway. This shrine, built in fulfillment of a vow made in 1650 by storm-harassed sailors to Ste. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, is

famed for its cures. Each summer pilgrims by thousands, from far and near, kneel before the miracle-working shrine.

Montreal, too, has its celebrated churches and shrines. Its Cathedral of Notre Dame, a \$6,000,000 edifice, contains a bronze St. Peter which pilgrims travel far to kiss. Notre Dame Bon Secours has a unique chapel built above its roof, a replica of a miraculous structure at Loretto on the Adriatic, while the Virgin in Our Lady of Lourdes Church is ingeniously illuminated and the shrine under the church is fitted like that of the famous Grotto at Lourdes in France.

At Ste. Anne's on the western end of the island of Montreal, stands an ancient edifice, once the westernmost church in Canada, at whose altar knelt explorers and voyageurs ere committing themselves to the perils of the wilderness beyond.

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