

With acknowledgments to E. C. B.

Not such a bad come-back at that



WE WERE all sitting
IN THE smoking car.
AND HARRY, who admits
HE'S A born comedian.
TURNED TO me and said,
"I'D BEEN reading about
SPIRIT MESSAGES, and guess
WHAT HAPPENED to me.
I DREAMED my watch was gone,
AND WOKE and looked."
OF COURSE I had to bite.
AND ASK, "Was it gone?"
AND HE said, "No—
BUT IT WAS going."
SO THEY kidded me till
I THOUGHT I'd get hunk.
SO I said, "Well,
I DREAMED one day,
WHILE RIDING with Harry,
THAT THE bar was burning.
BUT WOKE up and gosh,
IT WAS Harry's cigarette."
AND HARRY said,
"NOT TODAY, old dear,
I'M SMOKING your kind now."
AND PULLED a pack
OF "SATISFY'S."
AND THE only come-back
I COULD scare up was,
"ISN'T THAT glassine wrapper
GREAT FOR keeping
CIGARETTES FROM drying,
EVEN IN hot air?"



EXTRA! The Chesterfield moisture-proof wrapper. Increases our cost, not yours—but it's good business, for it adds to your enjoyment. It preserves the delicate flavor of these wonderful Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, and keeps the cigarettes firm, fresh and good-tasting whatever the weather.

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Starlight

A NEW LIGHT

"What a fool I have been, what a fool! Because I have money, I thought I could escape. Because I was able to buy so many people, because I found them groveling about me, because they flattered me, I thought I was smarter, more clever than others that I saw going down the same path of damnation; their lives, their better natures, choked with the dirt of selfishness and greed."

"Oh, yes, I know," he continued as Ria looked at him, "remorse has me by the neck this morning and I know that I, too, am being swept out by something that I could not possibly foresee. Fate has played me a trick that I could not possibly prepare for, and in playing it she has also wrecked the life of that poor girl. If Kitty does go blind, I shall never forgive myself."

"Oh, the mockery of it all. This foolish, senseless grasping at something we know is not good for us, and calling it a good time— And then, seemingly goaded to a despair beyond all power to bear, there came from his lips a slow, comprehending, soul-deep curse upon himself and the life that he had led."

Ria raised her head from his shoulder and closed his mouth with a tear-wet kiss and the curse gave way to that awful dry, sobbing groan that a man gives when his whole being is rent in twain.

"Ria! Ria!" he whispered. "You have come to me when life is worst. Yes, yes, I know," he said as he stroked the arms that were thrown about his neck convulsively. "You have always tried to be my good angel, but I would not have it. If I had followed you and where your love led, I would not, now, be here."

"Oh, the divine pity and tenderness of woman! Why do you stand by me, Ria? I do not deserve your love."

"But oh, do know, dearheart, that I believe, I believe," he said slowly in the tones of a zealot at the altar. Again Herbert Richardson believed in women. Again he believed in the holiness of love and at last he was ready to fight for the life of his own soul."

At last those two lost spirits were in accord and for them for the moment nothing else mattered. One does not realize the long hours or even the murmurs of the passing populace when one is on the hill of Calvary.

But for me the hands on the clock sped. I knew that we must be getting to the studio. I did not want to intrude upon this sacred hour when Herbert Richardson was fighting this decisive battle with his baser self."

"Help me to keep my nerve, Ria," he pleaded. "Help me to take care of that poor girl in some way. Help

me to give her a chance even though she is now crying in half-frenzy that I have worse than murdered her."

"Oh, she can't say that! She can't say that," assured Ria.

"She is saying it," asserted Herb. "Then let me go to her. Perhaps I can get the truth from her. Oh, I will be kind to her," urged Gloria as Herb shook his head.

In answering, a look came into her eyes that made her a figure of Love standing there, wounded but not vanquished by this awful blow of fate.

Pride and wifeliness, courage and appeal was in that look and they were all overlaid by that selfish tenderness that only a woman can give to the man she loves more than herself.

That hour—that hour of Herbert Richardson's supreme humiliation and intense despair—was the hour when Gloria Summers registered her greatest triumph. At that moment Gloria became the potential mother who, taking into her maternal arms the man she loves, soothes him with ineffable tenderness.

"Do you think you should go to her?" asked Herb, yielding to Gloria's look. "The hospital is agog with gossip. I hate to have your name mixed up in this sorry mess." But, despite his words, there was relief and hope in his voice as he asked the question.

"Of course I should go to her," affirmed Gloria positively.

"But, Ria—do you see the time?" ventured to suggest.

They both whirled upon me in a way that made me understand they had forgotten my existence.

"Oh, what shall I do, Herb, what shall I do? I am due at the studio at nine o'clock. We are making some very important scenes today."

"Then you must go," said Herbert decidedly. "I am not going to have you put aside a duty, even though it be a business one, at this time when we have decided to go straight together."

Gloria turned to him with an inquiring look.

"Do you—is it too much to ask, Ria—do you think we could be married today?"

Again Gloria turned her face toward her lover and the look of the Madonna gave place to the look of a woman gives to the man who holds her heart in his hands.

"I know I am selfish, Gloria, but you understand my need is great."

"I had been putting on my hat and I went to the door quickly, saying: 'I'll be in your ear, Herb. And really, Herb, Ria must go.'"

"Of course she must go. Sweetheart, get your hat."

TOMORROW—At the Studio.

Large Apples Are in Demand

PROSSER, Wash., Nov. 22.—Success attained by a farmer residing northwest of here producing large apples while his neighbors complained that their fruit was unusually small in size has attracted the attention of eastern Washington horticulturalists.

J. W. Moore, the farmer, stated recently that he credited his success to the fact that he thinned out his apples last spring more than his neighbors did. He said that he preferred to produce a few large apples in preference to a large number of small ones.

Moore's trees are only eight years old, but are credited with averaging eleven boxes of apples to the tree this year. Of a total of approximately 1,500 boxes produced on two acres of ground, only 34 boxes contained apples as small as five-er. Mr. Moore's apples are of the Winesap variety.

CANAL CRISIS CAUSED BY FOREIGN ENVOYS.

By DAVID L. BLUMENFELD

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Walking sticks and arms conferences seem about as far apart as cabbages and kings or the carpenter's sealing wax and Alice in Wonderland. As a matter of fact, there's a very close alliance between the two. The arms conference is going to set the fashion in carrying sticks. Every diplomat from across the seas has brought his stick with him. Some of them have brought two or three. Lord Lee of Fareham for instance, carried his when he climbed out of his Pullman at the Union station here. The Japanese delegates all carried them on their arrival. Secretary Hughes has adopted a black stick with a crook handle. Sir Auckland Geddes has carried one for years and years, as all good Britishers do. Harding, Root, and even Secretary Weeks have developed the habit.

Everybody who is anybody in Washington today is carrying a stick. The fashionable men's shops advertise the latest from Piccadilly in walking sticks in their windows and you may see literally scores of young men—and old ones, too, for that matter, emerging from the government offices here for their luncheon with sticks in the crook of their elbows as if they had carried such ornaments all their lives.

Americans generally say that they have no time to carry such useless things as walking sticks. The American who goes to London or Paris buys himself a walking stick. When he gets home he drops it like a hot brick—presumably for fear of being laughed at.

Today he has pulled it out into use again. In the rooms of the government offices here where formerly one saw but hats and coats hanging on pegs one now can count the stickless pegs on one's fingers.

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A new car of those fancy Yakima Gem potatoes, also a new price. Be sure and ask to see them and get price at Peoples Supply Co.

NOTICE OF SALE OF GOVERNMENT

TIMBER, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., October 29, 1921.—Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the Act of June 9, 1916 (39 Stat., 218), and the instructions of the Secretary of the Interior of September 15, 1917 (46 L. D., 417), the timber on the following lands will be sold Dec. 7, 1921, at 10 o'clock A. M., 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, said to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent 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 received 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 in 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. 14 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 3, Lot 1, fr 1290 M., cedar 85 M., SW 1/4 NE 1/4, fr 1285 M., cedar 90 M., none of the fr timber to be sold for less than \$1.75 per M., and none of the cedar timber to be sold for less than \$1.00 per M. T. 21 S., R. 4 W., Sec. 23, NE 1/4 NE 1/4, fr 1500 M., NW 1/4 NE 1/4, fr 360 M., SW 1/4 NE 1/4, fr 360 M., NE 1/4 NE 1/4, fr 400 M., cedar 100 M., none of the fr timber to be sold for less than \$1.75 per M., and none of the cedar timber to be sold for less than \$1.00 per M. WILLIAM SPY, Commissioner, General Land Office.

Choice Cuts —and Others



A few weeks ago a newspaper man visited one of the wholesale markets of Swift & Company. He wanted to see a retailer buy a loin of beef and then watch the retailer sell the porterhouse and sirloin steaks from it over his counter. He thought this would make a good story.

The head of the market took the reporter into the "cooler" where he showed him a high class side of beef. With a wooden skewer he marked

off the loin and said, "That would cost a retailer just 40 cents a pound, but it's only 8 per cent of the weight of the whole side."

"This piece, (and he marked off about one-fourth of the carcass) is the chuck and I'll sell it at wholesale for 7 cents a pound. Please remember, this is one of our best sides of beef. We also have beef which sells for half as much."

This wide variation in the price of various cuts from the same side of beef is caused largely by demand for the tender cuts. The others are, of course, just as wholesome.

It seems as though more people than ever are demanding choicer cuts, and their demand sets the price. If few people ask for the forequarter cuts, the price of forequarters will automatically drop to a figure low enough to induce people to buy because of cheapness.

Even though certain cuts sell for relatively high prices, other cuts, due to lack of demand, sell so low that our profit from all sources over a period of five years averaged only a fraction of a cent a pound.

It is competition between consumers for the choicer cuts that keeps prices for those cuts relatively high; an equalizing demand for all parts of the carcass would benefit producer, packer, retailer and consumer.

Our average wholesale selling price of all products has fallen about 40 per cent since September 1920.

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