

WELCOME TO OUR CITY



GREETINGS

The Business Men of Roseburg Welcome each and every visiting Merchant and extend to them a most Cordial Greeting. Make our place of business Your Headquarters while in the City—WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE.



BOWMAN'S ROYAL CAFE

MEALS
25c

Opposite Depot

Mrs. W. R. Bowman Prop.

AGENT FOR

Universal Tire Filler

Thermoid, the Crocidol Compound Tire.
The Bulldog starter for Fords.

Come and investigate at the

Filler Service Station

324 W. Cass St.

CARL W. OHMAN, Mgr.

A. J. Lilburn & Son

Complete Home Furnishers

Harth's Toggery

Our Latch String is Out

COME IN

Visit Our Modern Plant



Auto Electric Station
Oak and Pine Streets

JCP
312 DEPARTMENT STORES



Roseburg Battery & Electric Station

C. J. BREIER CO.

Chain Store

Serves Well on Hats, Clothing Shoes and Furnishings

J. F. Barker & Co.

Automobiles
Implements
Tractors

Suits Cleaned and Pressed

NOW
\$1.50

OWL CLEANERS

Visit Our Modern Up-to-Date Plant

Roseburg Dairy & Soda Works
"The Daylight Plant"

We Extend a Hearty Welcome to All

I. ABRAHAM

The Silk Store

ROSEBURG STEAM LAUNDRY

We Invite You to Visit Our Plant

"Say It With Flowers"

Cut Flowers for All Occasions
Gladioli Bulbs Here

THE FERN

Antlers and Majestic THEATRES

The Best of Photo-Play Attractions

Perrin's Shoe Store

High Grade Footwear Repairing

Peoples Supply Company

Fancy Groceries

Welcome Visitors

Roseburg Cleaners

Phone 472

LAWYER COULD NOT SEE IT

Luminary Felt Himself Regretfully Compelled to Decline Offered Job of "Spelbinding."

"I want to take time by the forelock," he said as he entered a lawyer's office.

"Yes, sir? Yes, sir?" was the reply. "I want to take time by the forelock and won't get left. What it is, sir?"

"Well, we are to have an election for city officers, and I wanted to know if I could engage you to make a speech for me the night before election."

"Are you going to be a candidate?" he asked.

"Not what about the speech?"

"Why, a feller is going to run against me again who beat me by 300 votes last year. In fact, I only got 100 votes. I want you to come up and give me such a speech that I will beat him worse than he beat me. You will

want to lay it right down to him. He killed a horse once, and stole a saw-mill, and has been married three times. If you will come up and present the case in a way to knock the feller out, I will give you \$5."

The lawyer respectfully declined to take the case, and somebody will get snowed under again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, American poet and novelist, was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. While a youth he went to California, where, several years later he founded the Overland Monthly in San Francisco. In 1870 he was made professor of recent literature in the University of California, but resigned and returned to New York the following year. He was United States consul at Crested, Germany, 1878-80, and at Glasgow, 1880-85, and afterward lived in England. Among his many works are "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Centeniers of Poker Flat," "Condensed Novels," etc.—The

Heathen Chinese, "Poems," "Stories of the Sierras," "Tales of the Argonauts," "Gabriel Conroy," "Thankful Blossom," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," "California Stories," "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," "A Drift From Redwood Camp" and "A Phyllis of the Sierras."

Her Daddy Was All Right.

When I was twelve years old I called upon Mary (aged eleven) one Sunday evening. I was all dressed up and had pliffed an armful of mother's cherished lilacs from the garden. I stole out the alley gate, traversed Mary's back yard and she met me at the kitchen door. We sat on the back steps. I restrained a strong impulse to see when Mary said, "Father is coming, I think." He was a gruff, bad man. When he saw me I was terror-stricken. What he said was, "How's the boy tonight?" and he took us both in the house and sent little brother after his crown and Mary's mother cut a cake. So I wasn't kicked out by an

irate father, after all; in fact, he still likes me and often jokes about the lilacs and the pliffed steps, although another young man walked up the aisle with Mary.—Chicago Journal.

Old Man's Marital Philosophy.

A ninety-year-old bridegroom started his sixth honeymoon walking pari way from Winona, Tenn., to Cincinnati, Ohio, with his twenty-six-year-old bride, as an example for other young married couples. "Ninety is a lot more sensible age to get married at than nineteen. A lot of them young saps do," he said. "When a man is ninety he has good sense, so he don't make mistakes. I started marryin' when I was twenty-three. I'm sorta getting used to it by now. When you haven't had more than one wife you don't know anything." Mary Jane, his wife, said it was love at first sight. "He met and married me in an hour," she said. "He wanted some one to do housework and I said I would like the job. Then he asked me if I wouldn't marry him."

MAY BE BONES OF PRIESTESS

Skeleton Found Near Smoking Crater of Kilauea Believed to Be Last of Her Order.

The skeleton of a woman, believed that of the last of the priestesses of the Hawaiian fire goddess Pele, whose traditional home was in the Kilauea volcano on the island Hawaii, was found recently in a carefully prepared crypt not far from the smoking crater. The tomb was found in the western sector of the main wall of the great crater of Kilauea, where once stood a great temple dedicated to Hilo, the sister of the goddess Pele. Nothing now remains of this temple. The last occasion upon which it appeared in history was when it was visited by the Princess Kapulani in 1824, when the royal Hawaiian Christian journeyed to the volcano for the purpose of uttering defiance to Pele. The journey formed the motif of one of Alfred Lord Tennyson's poems. See

cal tradition says that the priestess was met at the crater rim by a haggard priestess—the last of her line—who came from her abode in the ruined temple near by and made one last attempt to overawe the princess and to appeal to her fear of the supernatural.

The tomb, believed to be that of this priestess, was discovered immediately below the site of the temple. The position of the bones indicated that she had been buried in a sitting position, with her back propped against the wall, with her head placed so that her sightless eyes were in line with a small orifice immediately in front of her and in a direct line with the mile-distant fire pit of the volcano.

True Economist.

He was an ingenious and ingenious small boy. "Mother," he said on one occasion, "will you wash my face?" "Why, Hugh, can't you do that?" "Yes, mother, I can, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it." —Harper's Magazine.

Noise.

Every organ of your body develops resisting powers as you need them. A miller gets so used to the sound of his mill wheels that he ceases to hear them and can catch a whisper.

Put 50 identical machines in a room. Workers forget the noise. But, if one machine stops, the operator knows it instantly by the changed sound.

This power of the ears to adjust themselves to environment makes city life possible. Metropolitans live in an inferno of noise. The ears ignore it, in a large sense, though the noise is there, tearing away at the nervous system.

Emergency Case.

"I cannot countenance your kissing one of your patients, nurse." "But, doctor, it was in my line of duty." "How so?" "This gentleman swore he'd die without it." —Birmingham Age-Herald.