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 Crollde 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

THREAD RUBBER

Auto Electric Station

Oak and Pine Streets

JCPenney Co.

312 DEPARTMENT STORES

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Prest-O-Lite

STORAGE BATTERY

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

WAS OBEYING ORDERS

ive Hundred Miles Slowly, Said nt, and He Intended to Do as Directed.

gent of a certain popular auto- made a sale to a Swedish farm- small town near Topeka. In ructions to the purchaser he "You must be careful."

skall do dat."

for the first 500 miles you tte slowly—not over 15 miles r—or you will burn out your s."

do dat, too," said Ole.

r car has two gears, high and If you want to go fast put 'er If you want to go slow, put low."

, sure, you can bet on Ole—sef t to go fast lak everthing ay em in high. If ay want to go y put heem in low. Shure, ay

next day the neighbors noticed Ole driving his new car up and down the road in "low." He kept it up until it began to snort and steam and was developing a terrific knock.

"Ole, you mustn't do that, don't you know you'll ruin your car that way—you'll burn up the bearings," they cautioned him.

"Ya can't fool Ole. Da boss who sold me das car told me ay skall not drive over fafftteen miles hour for 500 miles. He said to go in hurry put car in high gear, to go slow, lak turtle, put heem in low gear. Ay skall run 500 miles in low gear; get out vay quick, ay got 400 miles to go."

The neighbors argued, expostulated, then laughed, and Ole, with, "Ya skall al go to h—l," struck out down the road at 15 miles an hour in low gear.

His Pride Lamp.

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother)—Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing.

Mother—I just knew he'd win something in his athletics.—From the Orange Owl.

CAUSE OF CANCER UNKNOWN

Dread Disease Has Baffled the Best Efforts of the Medical Fraternity for Centuries.

Medical science today knows no more about the cause of cancer than was known 1,000 years ago.

Some families seem to be immune. In other families deaths from cancer occur in generation after generation, as if to show a hereditary tendency.

There are many so-called "cancer houses," in which deaths from the disease have occurred with such lamentable repetition as to destroy their market value for selling or renting purposes. An evil repute attaches to certain well-known "cancer districts," in which the death rate from this malady is extraordinarily high. There is one such district in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, another is in the middle of New York state.

One of the many theories regarding the cause of cancer is that it is attributable to an undiscovered germ, carried by the beetle or some other insect. If that were correct, the disease would surely be more prevalent among the slum-dwelling poor than among well-to-do people who enjoy the benefit of sanitary surroundings. But such is not the case; cancer is as common among the rich as in the tenement and poorer quarters of our cities. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"How about a shock absorber?" asked the man who was buying a cheap car.

"We can put one on."

"No," said the purchaser. "But I'd like to have one sent to my wife in advance—she expects a limousine."

Egomania.

"Gabson seems to have a good opinion of himself."

"It's lucky he doesn't write biographies of distinguished people."

"Why so?"

"He'd use his own photograph as a frontispiece."

DAY OF GAYETY IN SICILY

At Festival Time the People Give Themselves Up to All Forms of Amusement.

Booths and barrows lined the streets selling fireworks and drinks, torrone made of new almonds and honey, knives and ribbons; and alternating with the merchandise and drinks were the gambling stands. There were a dozen roulette tables, silver horses whirling around over the numbered courses where you put your solido, and bright arrows with painted feathers that stopped whirling sooner or later and left a light tip resting on the lucky number. Crowds of people were putting their money down, mostly little boys, it seemed, writes Stark Young in the North American Review. The rockets were firing from every direction, with reports like bombs, unbelievably loud, to appease the Sicilian liking for mere noise. Now and then firecrackers in bunches were thrown from the roofs of the churches into the little stone streets, with a rattling and detonation like a bombardment. Beside the Duomo the band from Syracuse was playing airs from the operas. Meantime the deep blue of the early night had fallen over the walls and over the country dropping down toward the sea and rising on the other hand toward the Saracen castle above the town. A few pale stars were out and a slender moon, almost past, was shining. The whole piazza was sweet with the perfume of the jessamine that ran along the front of the house next the church, incredible sweetness in that soft, blue air. And everywhere were the voices, deep and bright.

Doubtful Ending.

"Has your story a happy ending?"

"Well, that depends on the viewpoint."

"What do you mean?"

"Some might call it a happy ending and some might not. The lovers got married in the last chapter."

His Ailment Diagnosed.

"Water!" yelled the fervent orator. "Aqua, aqua!" he shouted, lapsing into Latin, his mother tongue. "Aqua pura! The greatest gift of Nature to thirsty man! What would the ocean be without water? Answer me that? What—"

That question had never struck his audience before. They pondered in silence.

"Water!" cried the orator again. "What would Niagara falls be without water?"

Another stupendous question. His audience stirred restlessly; his arguments were too much for them.

"Of what use," screamed the speaker, "would our bathtubs be without clean, beautiful water?"

As one man the audience turned and left the hall, perhaps to consider outside the orator's brainy conundrums. But one ignorant fellow said to another:

"That man has water on the brain!" —Houston Post.