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Everything we sell has been tested before they were admitted to this store. You can buy here safely whether you are a judge or not.

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SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE OLD HOKUM

SHELBY, Mont., June 21.—Shelby is the talk of the world now. One hears strange stories about the laws that he to stage the Dempsey-Gibbons title match for July fourth. Much is gossip. Much is true. But this is a case where truth is stranger than fiction.

Now will a pinpoint cowtown handle 40,000 fight fans, they ask. Some of the wild rumors are that guests sleep in the ash cans and other weird places.

The truth is that there are beds here just the same as in any other spot.

True, the town has grown from 700 to 7,000 in over a year and folks are gathering here from all sections of the U. S. and Canada.

But so far Shelby has proven to be elastic enough to comfortably house all comers.

There are 32 hotels and as many restaurants.

They are not Biltmores or Morrisons but they are bed houses just the same.

The same goes for the eating establishments. Some of them are elbow joints but they serve everything from corn beef and cabbage to big juicy tenderloins.

How folks eat and sleep in Shelby depends upon their appetite for food and slumber the same as in New York, Chicago and other metropolitan cities.

The 50-acre tourist camp which has gas for cooking and light will accommodate nearly 4,000 cars.

New buildings are springing up everywhere—being rushed to completion for use two weeks ahead of the big battle.

Shelby, the county seat of Toole county and destined to grow from a cowtown to a good sized city with its oil strike, is just advancing its program ten years and doing its expanding now.

The oil bed a few miles away is a small wilderness of derricks with 65 wells shooting the real stuff.

They are drilling closer to Shelby day by day and the belief of oil authorities is that all this country has the stuff under it.

The Dempsey-Gibbons fight is the headliner at the present moment but there is a romance written over every square inch of this cowtown.

Out where the west begins and ends is Shelby.

Richard Ritzman was born in Essen, Germany, June 1, 1847, and died at Roseburg, June 23, 1923, aged 76 years and 23 days. He leaves a wife and eleven children. Sons: Fern, Illinois; Henry of Seattle; Charles, Rodolph and Fred of Roseburg; Mrs. Mary Keizer of Peru, Illinois; Mrs. Elsie Wright of Roseburg; Mrs. Augusta Habel of Riddle; Mrs. Anna Fishelkora of Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Rose Marshall of Vancouver, Wash.; and Mrs. Kate Pierce of Everett, Washington.

One of the old patriarchs of Douglas county has gone to join the great majority—men may come and men may go, but time, like Tenyson's "Brook," runs on and on forever. Men is born, he lives and dies, and after death, the judgment.

In his younger days Mr. Ritzman was connected with the church, but in after life drifted away and at the time of his death was not connected with any religious body. The writer knows that it is unusual to speak of matters of this character when writing the obituary of a friend, but we feel that when we come to the brink of the grave, and to speak of the worth and character of a deceased friend, that the truth alone and the true life of a man should be revealed.

In conversation with the writer Mr. Ritzman at one time stated that as he saw it the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments were all the religion necessary for a man to have. Right or wrong, he that as it may, go out in that neighborhood where Richard Ritzman lived for more than twenty-eight years and the people of that community in one body, without a single dissenting voice, will say that that show as lived and untroubled by the head Richard Ritzman is a splendid religion to live by and to have in a community.

Richard Ritzman was courteous and friendly. He was industrious. He never knew a stilly corner, charitable, a neighbor without a fault. His neighbors believed in him and trusted him as an honorable man. Always cheerful, a kind friend, a loving husband and father. What more can we ask to have said of us when we in turn have done the inevitable journey. When this is said what more could be added—all else is as "scouting grass and a hickled comb."

The great leader of one of the southern armies—the gallant Jackson, after being washed with sickness and melted with pain, said to friends, "This is death, I am tired. I want to cross the dark river and rest in peace in the shade of the trees on the other side," and he crossed the Styx river. So it was with Richard Ritzman, sick for about six weeks, but eventually gave up and met death without fear.

Funeral services were held at the church here at 2:30 p. m. on Wednesday. The casket was borne out—day and night—and buried in the city of the soul.

OBITUARY

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LOCAL NEWS

Arandel, piano tuner. Phone 159-L. Wireless extraction of teeth at room 9, Masonic Temple. Dr. Norbas.

MOORE MUSIC STUDIO, Open all summer. Phone 592. 324 N. Jackson.

New Columbia Records (noiseless). Moore Music Store, 324 N. Jackson st.

Lloyd's Taxi for country trips—day or night. Phone 44, office in 125 Sheridan Street.

Only map showing location of newly opened government lands, Portland to Glendale. By mail \$1.50. Min. Anderson, 421 East 12th St. South, Portland Oregon.

There is joy in the thought of eternity, a pleasure in the hope of immortality, and we should all so live as to be prepared to meet the ones gone on before, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

With an abiding faith in Justice and in the right we can leave a just man in the hands of a just God—and in that old, old story of Christ and Calvary we remember that Jesus' hour appeal of the sinner on the cross: "Lord when thou comest into thy kingdom rememberest thou me and the answer: "This night shall I be with me in Paradise."

My friend was a man of considerable prominence in the section of the county where he lived. Coming from a foreign shore forty years ago he at once adapted himself to the customs of our country and all matters relating to the public good. We gave careful attention, calm consideration and mature deliberation. When his opinion was fixed he did what he thought was best for his community, his county and his his state.

Richard Ritzman was my neighbor, had been my friend for years, and while a sad pleasure I receive it a privilege to pay this tribute of friendship and regard to the memory of my friend.

JAMES M. HUTTIE.

"A PURITAN WIFE"

By Jane Phelps

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Ann Peabody marries Dick Belden, a rancher. Ann is a New England girl and a bit puritanical. She strives to be everything to Dick, but is hindered by Grace Edmunds, a cousin of Ned Prentice, their nearest neighbor. Grace had become a motion picture actress. Ann becomes jealous. Dick breaks his leg while with Grace, who insists upon nursing him. She also pretends to poison herself, saying it is because of Dick. Grace goes away, and Ann is again happy; but Grace's parents die in an accident and Grace returns. She tries to win Dick back; she criticizes Ann's clothes, her actions. She wins a bet, causing trouble. Dick's old habit of forgetfulness is emphasized. Grace embarrasses Ann by speaking of Hugh Norton's love for her. Dick wants Ann to get new clothes.

CHAPTER LXI

Ann's new dress was a success. She wore it first when she and Dick were alone.

"You look five years younger in it, Ann," Dick said as she turned around for him to examine it. "I guess clothes do make a lot of difference."

"They do, Dick; but I'd hate to think I had to keep your love just by the clothes I wore. It seems to me real love would go so much deeper than what one wore. Not that I don't like pretty things, stylish clothes, I do. But I love you just as well in overalls and a flannel shirt as I do when you are dressed up."

"A woman ought to dress to look her best," Dick parried. Ann at once recognized Grace in the set little speech.

"Her best, yes, according to her position in life, and her work," Ann said quickly. "I shall have to keep this for really special occasions, it is so light. It will soil quickly. But I wanted you to see it," she added wistfully.

"Wear it, Ann, and when it is soiled, get another," Dick replied.

Ann was pleased that Dick had admired her dress yet she sighed as she changed it for one of her print frocks. It had meant days of hard work to make it. It was easy for Dick to say wear it and get another when it was soiled, but he didn't understand how difficult it was to make one's own clothes, even Bessie never did it. Grace ordered hers from a smart, San Francisco modiste, while Bessie had hers made in San Bernardino. And Dick wanted her to look like them, especially like Grace.

Then, too, the making of the dress had kept her in the house and given her an opportunity to be alone with Dick at the orchard. Ann found her jealous; dressed over and over to herself that Dick loved her, that he was only betrayed by Grace's liking for him, that he was true to her and little Jack.

But jealousy has a way of riding above and all around all logic. So it ate into Ann's very soul that while she tried to overcome it. It was strange that Bessie was also jealous. Ann reasoned, Grace almost neglected to notice Ned when Dick was about. She had no idea that when Dick was not available, Grace's tactics were transferred to Ned; that she was the sort to whom a man is a personal requisite and that missing one, the next available was attached in the same way. Ann, a one-man woman, could not conceive of this instinct in a born flirt, and so felt that Bessie, even though Ned was known to be gay, was happier than she. Here was a definite case, while Bessie had only to contend with Ned's ever-recurring infatuations, over as soon as a new face appeared.

Hugh Norton gave a party in his bachelor quarters. They were very excited over it, but he and Doctor Grayson refused all offers of help.

"This is once when you girls have nothing to do but enjoy yourselves," Hugh said when Ann and Bessie offered to help. "Doc and I have attended to everything. Look your prettiest, and be happy."

Ann was glad her dress was finished. Dick would not need to be ashamed of her now. She dressed her hair carefully, and when they were ready to start, she said:

"How do I look, Dick?"

"Fine, Ann! I never saw you look better. That dress surely does make you look smart."

"Mrs. Belden is lovely!" Nora declared. She had been helping Ann look her dress. "She's the prettiest of all the women around here anywhere."

"Good for you, Nora! Shows you appreciate my good taste," Dick said jovially.

Nora was almost like one of the family now and neither Dick or Ann resented her free way of expressing

her opinion. She was really so good so trustworthy, so devoted to their interests that often they wondered how they had gotten along before she came.

"You sure had good taste when you picked Mrs. Belden," Nora replied.

"What about her? Didn't she show good judgment in picking me?" Dick asked, laughing.

"Men don't count so much. If they are good and kind women always like them. But a woman has got to be most a saint. I know. I've worked for all sorts."

"You'll have to write a book of your experiences some day and make all our fortunes, Nora," Dick replied, teasing her.

"I could, all right! It wouldn't be nice reading for the men, tho'," Nora replied, "most of 'em I have known ain't been half so nice as the women—not so fair."

Dick and Ann both laughed at Nora's earnestness, amused at her remarks. But afterward they returned to Ann. "Men not so fair! Women always like them if they are good and kind. But a woman has got to be most a saint."

Before they had been long at Hugh Norton's party Ann wondered if Nora hadn't made a mistake, if she hadn't meant a devil instead of a saint.

Tomorrow—Grace Monopolizes Dick.

W. B. A. ENTERTAINMENT

The W. B. A. will give an entertainment at the Maccabee Hall, Tuesday evening, June 26. A good program has been planned including the fancy drill given by the members at Portland recently. Refreshments will be served. Don't fail to be present. Admission, adults, 35 cents; children, 19 cents.

ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The annual stockholders meeting of the Umpqua Savings and Loan Association will be held at the office of the Douglas Abstract Company, 248 North Jackson Street Roseburg, Oregon, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, June 27, 1923, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and for such other business as may regularly come before the meeting.

H. O. PARGETER, Secy.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Leaves Marshfield	East Bound	8:00 A. M.
Leaves Coquille	"	8:45 A. M.
Leaves Myrtle Point	"	9:15 A. M.

Fare: Marshfield, \$5.00; Coquille, \$4.25; Myrtle Point, \$3.50

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Coquille, Ore. GEO. W. BRYANT, Manager

DEVELOPMENT

DEVELOPMENT MEANS IMPROVEMENT. WE ARE IMPROVING OUR FACILITIES EVERY DAY FOR THE BETTERMENT SERVICE.

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Douglas County Light & Water Co.
R. M. JENNINGS, Manager

TUBBY Lots Of Bathers Do Their Swimming Out Of Water By WINNER

OH HERE COMES SISSY. LET'S GET HIM GO ALONG AN' WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM.

COME ON ALONG, SISSY. WE'RE GOIN' SWIMMIN'.

NO 'THANK YOU, I CAN'T GO. MY MAMMA DON'T ALLOW ME BECAUSE I CAN'T SWIM.

WHAT! YOUR MONS DON'T 'LOW YOU? I BET IF SHE KNEW HOW NICE THIS SWIMMIN' HOLE IS SHE'D WANT YOU 'T GO—I BET SHE'D MAKE YOU GO!

OH BOY! I HOPE HE COMES WITH US.

YOU OUGHTA GO SO YOU CAN LEARN 'T SWIM. ME AN' SPIDER AN' TOWHEADLL SHOW YOU HOW IF YOU CAN'T SWIM YOU'LL GET DROWN'D IF YOU EVER GOT TH SEA SHORE.

I WAS AT THE SEASHORE LAST SUMMER AND I DIDN'T DROWN.

HOWDY' KEEP FROM IT? JEST TELL ME THAT, IF YOU CAN'T SWIM.

I DIDN'T GO IN THE WATER.