

NEW BEAUTY-NEW COMFORT OLD DEPENDABILITY

Comfortable and attractive beyond your expectations, it is also eminently gratifying to know that Dodge Brothers New Closed Cars retain their fundamental identity—a chassis and engine matured and perfected through nine years of brilliant mechanical evolution

The price is \$1250 f. o. b. Detroit—\$1475 delivered

J. O. Newland & Son
Dodge Brothers Dealers, Roseburg



THE HUDSON-ESSEX COACHES IN FAVOR

So far have automobile prices declined since the peak of 1920, and so far have construction methods improved that in a surprising number of instances it is now possible to buy a five-passenger closed car for less money than a standard touring car of the same make and seating capacity cost at that time.

While touring car prices have declined from 20 to 40 per cent during the past three years the development in closed body construction has been even more influential in reducing the cost to the consumer of the closed product.

An outstanding example is that of the Hudson coach, listed at \$1275 at Detroit, whereas the corresponding touring car built in 1923 sold for \$2600. This represents a reduction of more than 50 per cent as between the open car price then and the

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Carter's Tire Shop

A Story of the Old Black Dress.

Hello, hello—Carter's Tire Shop. Who is this? Clarence? Who is Clarence? Your Spiritual adviser, Nick.

Oh, yes—what do you want, Clarence? Nick, I saw you looking out of the window at Foxey going down the street, wearing an old black dress. You do not like that black dress, do you Nick? No, Clarence, cannot say that I do. To me it brings sadness and gloom. That's right, Nick. I have a story for you. Let us tell her about it.

Nick saw his widow going down the street, all dressed in black. How sad and gloomy it made him feel. No, dear Foxey, did you know you were broadcasting a thought force that makes people sad and unhappy? Does it fill your spirit of joy and laughter to see the old Black Maria moving up and down the street? Does it bring joy, peace and happiness to your mind to see an old man long past the sunny side of life put on his old black suit, perhaps a rusty black, and go hobbling down the street with bowed head and stooped form? Foxey, did you ever get lost way out in the virgin wild wood, away from camp and companions, and see the last ray of sunlight fade out in the west, and know you were going to be forced to hover at the foot of a fir tree or under the shelving rock, afraid to travel after night for fear of falling over a cliff? When daylight faded away and darkness settled over the forest, how creepy and lonesome you did feel, how you shivered every time you ever knew, how you talked and told stories to yourself, how your hair stood on end, how your blood did circulate when you heard the panther squall, what a watchful eye you kept on the east, and what joy it did bring you when you saw the first rays of light and you saw that another day was creeping in.

Oh, Foxey, do not wear that old black dress. Did you ever go down into a deep mine, say 2000 or 3000 feet? What a sensation to stand in the cage and drop like a stone into that awful blackness and gloom. And after you have been down there for a while, wandering around, how glad you are to be hoisted skyward with lightning like speed and you see the bright blue sky and the noon day sun.

Oh, Foxey, do you not remember seeing the man and the child, the child holding its breath with madness and anger until it turns black in the face? The man with a brainstorm of madness rushing through his mind, a narrow of darkness hovering around his head and face until he looks like Satan himself?

I once knew a woman as sweet as one could be most of the time, but she was subject to the "blues" on some occasions. When those spells came on her she would go off and resurrect some old black dress and put it on, and believe me, there was going to be a hot time in the camp before long. It did not matter whether you were guilty or not guilty, whether you did or did not, whether you said yes or no, you would catch it—anyway. There were enough fighting thoughts stored in that old black dress to whip the German army. I could write a story about that old black dress, but I will leave it to you.

Oh, Foxey, do you remember that beautiful Sunday afternoon when we went out in the wild wood to gather flowers? As we went up the trail the wild canaries sang in the willows, the hawk darted by with a wish of his wings, the yellow hammer beat a tattoo on the old dead limb and, called to his mate, the lizard ran on the rail fence, the striped snake wriggled across the trail and all nature was dressed in pink and green as we gathered flowers and drank of Nature's fount of knowledge and inspiration.

Foxey, we are not the first to go into the woods to commune with Nature. I wish I had space to tell you about them. I might just mention their names. We will commence with the wise man, Solomon, of old Joshua, Moses, Christ, the son of God—in fact, all great writers, poets, artists, inventors, go into the wild wood and rivers, the lakes and trees, the rocks commune with the mountains and the grass, and consider the hand of Him who created it all.

Foxey, you remember when he heard that low, distant thunder in the southwest, and how quick the bright blue sky disappeared, how we trembled with fear as we saw the sky grow ink black, lightning split black and flashed, and that cyclone came sweeping by, the tall bushes and trees, the ground like a dying serpent, leaving death, consternation and destruction in its wake. Then the darkness faded away, the bright blue sky came again, the sun shone and we were glad.

Foxey, bear in mind that God made ravens, crows and buzzards and dressed them in black. Man makes rain and lightning and paints them black. Wear white, blue, green, brown and red in all their different shades, according to the season of the year, but do not wear the old black dress.

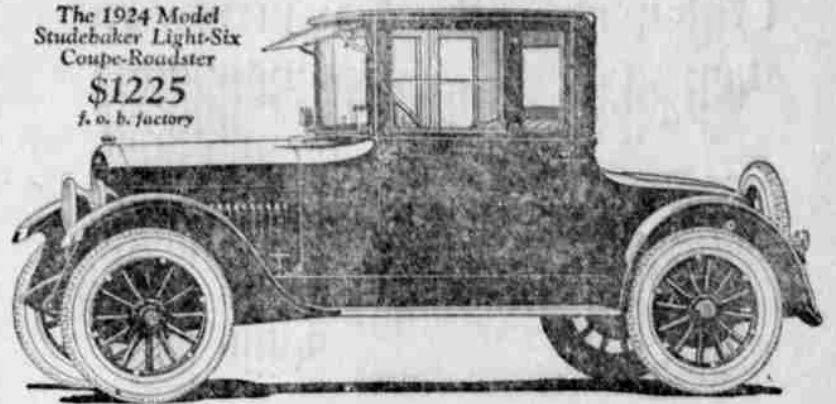
Remember, that Nick came from the stock that stood at the stable, being in your rubber boots and shoes, as well as your tires. I will do you a good job, you my word, I will.

NICK

445 North Jackson Street.

closed car price now. Another comparison made on the same basis, shows Foxey at about 40 per cent. The Hudson factory is now turn-

The 1924 Model
Studebaker Light-Six
Coupe-Roadster
\$1225
f. o. b. factory



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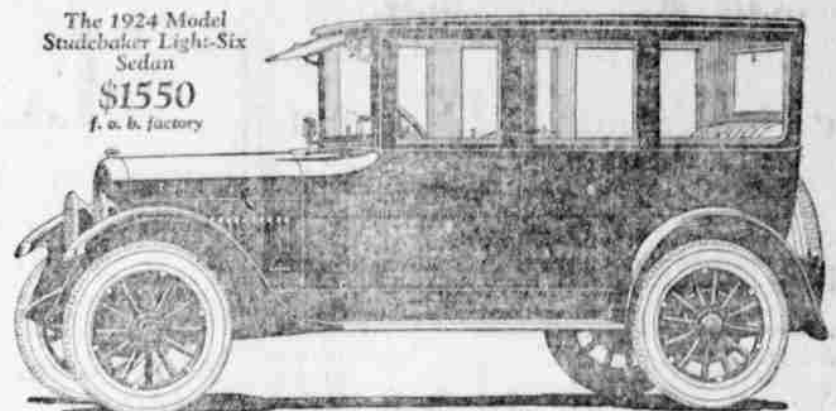
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Roseburg, Oregon

Storage and Service

Mrs. T. R. Pomeroy, son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy have purchased a home in Grants Pass, where they intend to locate permanently. Mrs. Pomeroy left this morning for Grants Pass and her son and daughter will leave in a few days.

Mrs. M. E. Lilly and Mrs. Fred Anna, residents of Glendale, were in town this morning attending to business and visiting with friends.

Let Us Get Busy

on that broken or defective part of your car and make it right. You are not getting enjoyment driving or real pleasure from your auto investment if it is held up most of the time. We will keep it running.

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