

SHERIFF ANDERSON GIVES TANLAC CREDIT

Who Held Public Office
27 Years Says Medi-
Restored His Health
Strength 5 Years Ago
Has Helped Him Keep

In this important office 15 consecutive years.

"Before taking Tanlac I was all run down and had no appetite. I had the worst form of indigestion and could not eat fried foods or pastries at all. I suffered all the time from gas on the stomach which frequently caused severe pains. I also suffered with the worst sort of neuralgic pains and nothing seemed to help me only in a temporary way, until I took Tanlac.

"Then I read the statement of a Georgia sheriff, who had been relieved of troubles like mine. I just felt I couldn't go wrong by taking Tanlac, and it has done even more for me than I expected. I felt better after the first bottle and the complete treatment of six bottles made a new and different man of me. I never felt better in my life than I did after taking Tanlac. And although five years have passed since Tanlac straightened me up, my health has continued good and my stomach as sound as a dollar to this good day. I am glad to endorse Tanlac because it does the work and does it well."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 49 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

complaint was sworn out by Traffic Officer Thurber.

Sickle grinders at Wharton Bros.

Condition Serious

The condition of Mrs. Lester Wimberly, who is very ill at Mercy hospital remains critical and she has shown little improvement since her recent operation which was the second she has undergone.

Is Visiting Here

Volney Crouch of Portland is spending some time in this city visiting with his parents. Mr. Crouch was formerly a resident of Roseburg.

Spends Day Here

Mrs. R. P. Mortenson and daughters of Springfield, Oregon, spent the day in this city yesterday visiting with Mrs. Mortenson's brother, C. H. Schomacher. They made the trip by automobile.

Home Is Remodeled

The home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Shrum of Glendale has just undergone some extensive improvements. The work was done by W. R. Kinsel. The home was remodeled, and many improvements made giving more light, adding a bathroom, summer porch, and modern conveniences throughout the house. It was also painted inside and out, making it one of the most

Visiting in Roseburg—A. M. Gubloti, chief deputy in the auditor's office, Santa Clara county, California, is spending his vacation in and around Roseburg. He was induced to make the trip to this section by George Langenberg, who is also here visiting. Mr. Gubloti works in the auditor's office. Mr. Gubloti declares that this is the most delightful section of the coast he has ever visited. He will remain here for several days enjoying the excellent fishing in the mountain streams.

L. A. SANCTUARY DIES AT PORTLAND

L. A. Sanctuary, one of Roseburg's well known residents, died last night at the Pythian home in Vancouver, according to word received here this morning. Mr. Sanctuary had been ailing in health for several years, and had suffered several light strokes of paralysis. He was taken to the Knights of Pythias home about a month ago, where he has been given care and attention.

Mr. Sanctuary was born in Vermont and was 70 years of age at the time of his death. He came to Roseburg more than 40 years ago and engaged in the plumbing business, a trade which he followed until health caused him to retire from active business life.

He was always interested in city affairs, particularly in the fire department, and for many years was fire commissioner, and a hard worker for the fire department.

He is survived only by a sister, Mrs. C. S. Isham of Burlington, Vt. Funeral arrangements are being held up until word can be received from her.

Mr. Sanctuary was a member of the Knights of Pythias lodge for more than 34 years. He was a charter member of the local lodge and held the rank of Past Chancellor-Commander.

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SOLD ON EASY TERMS

Mer-Fee Hardware Co. Phone 25

Watch our Window Display for Bargains.

JOINT MEETINGS WILL BE HELD

First of Series of Joint Meetings of Business Men at Glendale Tonight.

JAKE ALLEN IS HERE

Manager of Organization Department of State Chamber to Join in Sessions in All Parts of County.

Jake Allen, manager of the Organization Service Bureau of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce, arrived in the city this morning, and this afternoon, in company with Secretary Will E. Holbein of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce, left for Glendale, where the first joint meeting of business men will be held in the Odd Fellows hall there this evening at 6 o'clock. It is expected that several Roseburg business and professional men will journey down to Glendale this evening to take in the meeting and take the greetings of Roseburg to the Glendale people. The business men of Canyonville will be guests of the Glendale business men this evening.

Tomorrow evening the Myrtle Creek Commercial Club will entertain the Community Club of Riddle at a 6 o'clock dinner at Myrtle Creek, and Messrs. Allen and Holbein will address the meeting. It is expected that several other Roseburg men will attend this meeting.

Wednesday evening the Oakland business men will be the hosts to the Sutherlin business men in a similar meeting, and on Thursday evening it is expected that the business men of Drain and Yoncalla will meet at Boswell Springs for a dinner meeting, with the Chamber of Commerce men in attendance.

Secretary Holbein wants volunteers from among the business and professional men of this city to attend all these meetings. From the arrangements that have been made all of them will be very pleasant affairs, and will give our people an excellent opportunity to get acquainted in the right way with the business men of the smaller towns of the county. At least four or five should attend each of these meetings from Roseburg. All meetings except the Glendale meeting will be six o'clock dinner meetings.

Arrangements have been made with the boatman at Scottsburg Friday to delay the trip to Reedsport one hour, therefore any one from this city wishing to attend the meeting at Reedsport that evening will have an extra hour in which to make the trip from Roseburg to Scottsburg. The boat will leave there at 2 o'clock instead of 1 o'clock.

From word that has been received at the Chamber of Commerce office from each of the towns of the county these meetings are going to mark a real epoch in the business history of Douglas county. There is a determination to go ahead and secure our rightful share of the new settlers that are coming into Oregon this year. When it is remembered that already Douglas county secured 11 new settlers in April and 9 in May, it will be seen that the settlers are on their way and all that it needs is teamwork among the towns of the county to bring more of them within the confines of this county and on the tax roll. The other towns in the county realize this to the fullest extent, and it behooves all Roseburg residents to get into the game and help. One good way to help is to meet with the business men of the other towns and show your interest.

Those who heard Mr. Allen at the Armory on May 6th, know that these meetings will be more than interesting and instructive. He is a splendid speaker and brings a real message to Douglas county.

A range or cook stove for every kitchen at Powell's.

Dust your plants for aphids and other bugs with Niagara All Purpose dusting powder. Sold by Wharton Bros.

The Second Fiddle

The Frenchman had been presented to the mayor of Puddingbury, to which town he had come to reside.

"Ah, sir, permit me to honor of giving you my congratulations, and to your talented family likewise. Ze music it-ees a beautiful gift, and I hope to have ze honor of harking some day to your performance."

"Pardon, m'sieur," said the mystified mayor, "you are mistaken. I know nothing whatever of music."

"Ah, but zat ees zat you call your hark-back—you are modest. I have hear eet several couples of times zat your wife plays ze first violin, and zat you plays ze second fiddle to 'er!"

The Maid's Text

It was the rule at the vicarage that every one should repeat a chosen text of Scripture before breakfast every Sunday morning.

It came to the turn of a very timid little housemaid to repeat the chosen text, which was, "I am fearful and wonderfully made."

In her nervousness the poor girl blurted out, "I am a fearful and wonderful maid."

Chess Tournament No Place for "Rooters"

Chess is one game, or sport, where the rooter is conspicuous by his absence. The stickler for golf etiquette, who frowns if a robin chirps while some one is attempting to putt, would be considered a noisy nuisance at a chess tournament. A gallery of silent spectators may stand at a respectful distance from two masters of the game, but those of the gallery must keep quiet. If an important move is made—one that appears to have peculiar significance in regard to the outcome of the contest—there must be no cheering. Even nodding approval is barred if the nod will cause the collar to rattle.

Chess masters regard their pieces by the hour. Minutes will pass while all of the possibilities and eventualities are considered from every angle. There must be absolute quiet, for chess is a game for thinkers, and thinkers cannot be disturbed without serious consequences to their train of thought. The escaping of a sigh seems as loud as the exhaust of a locomotive. The dropping of a pin would be regarded as an outright violation of the code of ethics. Chess is a game where concentration rises to sublime heights and where silence is obligatory if not golden. Municipal authorities who have established quiet zones and then been at a loss to know how to maintain quiet in them might learn something from a chess tournament. Place a group of chess players in each zone.—Washington Star.

Get Beautiful Effects

From Lighted Marble

When an official of the United States bureau of standards was making an inspection of indoor lighting arrangements as used in Europe he was surprised to find an old church in Italy in which the daylight was filtered through thin slabs of delicate tinted marble. The effect was a surprisingly beautiful one and one not easily duplicated by our makers of ornamental glassware, as there is a peculiar charm about the natural coloring of some of the Italian marbles, writes the Washington Star.

However, the marble must be so thin for such a purpose that it could not form a commercial substitute for window panes or for use in electric light fixtures. Now a French investigator has found that such marble slabs can be used in much greater thickness if they are polished on both sides and then saturated with paraffin or shellac. By giving them such a treatment he has been able to obtain beautiful effects in illuminating corridors by the light of tungsten lamps concealed behind the marble walls of the hallways. The loss of light is said to be only about 20 per cent (or no more than with most of the milky glassware used in fixtures), and as the whole plate of marble glows the effect is surprisingly charming and unusual.

Cause of Petrification

This process is called petrification. When wood or the carcass of an animal apparently turns to stone we say it petrifies. The word "petrify" itself means turning to or making into stone. It is from the Latin "petra," a rock or stone, and "facio," to make or to do. But the fact is, organic matter does not actually turn into stone. This is what really occurs: Water containing dissolved minerals, such as calcium carbonate and silica, infiltrates through the organic matter. Particle by particle, as time passes by, the calcium carbonate or silica takes the place of the organic matter. After many years, perhaps hundreds or thousands, it seems that the wood or animal has turned to stone, for often the original form and structure are retained in the process. The organic matter really only acts as a mold while the stone is being formed from the minerals in the infiltrating water.

Desert Showers Count

The effect of a single shower on the southern margin of the Chilean desert is noted by Charles Darwin: "The farmers, who plant corn near the sea coast, where the atmosphere is more humid, taking advantage of this shower, would break up the ground; after a second they would put the seed in; and if a third shower should fall, they would reap a good harvest in the spring. It was interesting to watch the effect of this trifling amount of moisture. Twelve hours afterward the ground appeared as dry as ever; yet, after an interval of ten days all the hills were faintly tinged with green patches; the grass being sparingly scattered in hairlike fibers a full inch in length. Before this shower every part of the surface was bare as on a high road."—From Desert Trails of Atacama, by Ianish Bowman.

Egyptian Water Clocks

Casts of two ancient Egyptian water clocks have just been presented by the Egyptian government to the Science museum, South Kensington, London, England. One of the clocks comes from Karnak, and dates from the reign of Amenhotep II, 1400 years before Christ. The other is from Edfu, in the Ptolemaic epoch. From an examination of these clocks and the scale of measurements recorded on each, it appears that the "hour" of that remote period was a variable length, being one-twelfth of the length of the day or night of the particular time of the year. A study of these ancient timepieces is regarded as important in the comparison of astronomical observations.

CHERRIES

We are arranging to ship a carload of Bing Cherries last of the week.

Any growers interested call or write.

FOSTER BUTNER

ROSEBURG, OREGON Phone 588 and 40-F11

BE A GUARDIAN OF THE SONG BIRDS

(A Children's Story)
By Florence Aiken Banks

Spring had come again and Farmer Hall's anxieties had come with it.

As he and his wife and boy, Donald, sat at breakfast the conversation was all of slacked time, of spray and its cost, and of the time and labor required for fighting insect pests.

"It is just fight, fight, fight, every year!" lamented Farmer Hall. "If grasshoppers do not eat us up, aphids and slugs will."

"Scat, scat!" blurted Mrs. Hall, for at that moment Slinker and Bob, Donald's two pet cats, came gingerly padding in at the dining room door. They knew Mrs. Hall did not allow the cats in the house. Hundreds of times, in the few short years since their mother used to pack them by the nape of their necks from the barn to the house to exhibit her two baby darlings to Mrs. Hall and receive a nice saucer of warm milk in praise of her children, had they been scatted out in the safe way.

But so long as they were kittens—just tiny playful balls of soft fur—little Donald had, of course been allowed to have them in the house some, and to cuddle and play with them. So the kittens grew to think that some of the big house belonged to them, and they never failed to sneak in if they saw the opportunity.

But to Mrs. Hall there was a great difference between kittens and cats; and now "old Slinker and Bob," as she usually called them, heard "Scat, scat!" many times a day and went scampering out in front of a broom or a threatening foot.

Since that spring when they were cunning kittens and Donald was a little boy, they had always been forced to hunt if they would eat. The sight of many and many a little wing tip and tail feathers packed upon the porch meant nothing to Farmer Hall and his wife and young Donald. They went on and on grubbing and worrying because each year they must buy more time to fight slugs and more spray to fight aphids and other insect pests.

Donald was eleven now and his father had bought him a small gun and was teaching him to use it. Donald loved to hunt and often spent a morning or evening on the wooded hill beyond the house.

This morning as he arose from the table he took down his gun. He followed the path to the orchard and there, in the path and a few steps ahead of him, he saw old Slinker, his neck stretched as long as he could stretch it, his head almost hidden in the weeds, his hind legs crunched that for a long spring, and his swelling tail gently waiving in glad anticipation of a fine breakfast.

"What's old Slinker after now?" thought Donald, as he came to a full stop and stood silently waiting lest he might cause Slinker to lose his catch; for were not he and Slinker comrades in their hunts for the same prey? Then a whirr from the weeds, a bound of old Slinker, and a bobolink flew away to the orchard and left Donald and Slinker to think it over.

Slinker looked up as if half-ashamed that Donald had seen his failure. Then he came up and rubbed himself about Donald's ankles and humbly meowed.

"Never mind, Slinker," Donald consoled. "I'll get him for you!" Just then the glad notes of a bobolink rang out from the orchard, adding its share of gladness to the spring.

"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link. Spink, spank, spink! Nobody knows, but my mate and I where our nest and nestlings lie. Chee, chee, chee!"

Donald lifted one finger. "Listen, Slinker! You shall have your breakfast yet."

Donald stopped softly down the path and stopped as he neared the tree from which the song came. "Ah, yes, there he is!" he whispered to Slinker. Then he crouched lower and lower until, with one knee on the ground, he took aim—a blast of powder, a whistle of shot, and beneath the tree there lay a quivering handful of blood-stained feathers. The melody in the orchard was silenced.

That day farmer Hill sweated and sprayed and worried over the abundance of the ever-increasing pests, and up at the house Mrs. Hill made a heavy soap suds and washed the leaves and stems of her finest rose shrubs and knitted her brows and sighed, "It does seem as if there

just isn't any use—the insects get worse every year!"

Suppose we try to count the cost of that old Slinker cat. He eats full fifty birds a year—You may be sure of that.

When birds are dead the insects live. The fairest crops are lost. A hundred dollars every year is lost for Slinker's cost.

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STATE PRESS COMMENT

Patterson for Chairman.

So far the only name mentioned for chairman of the republican state committee is Hon. L. L. Patterson of Polk county. Mr. Patterson is a man of large political experience and has just concluded a very successful campaign. His stock is at its highest.

When this last campaign started one of the managers for Hiram Johnson remarked to us that it was "padding" to oppose Patterson because Patterson only went to the influential men, whereas the Johnson managers went to everybody. There must have been some mistake or miscalculation about this. Calvin Coolidge carried the state about five to one, and there are not that many highbrows in the state. Somebody must have made a campaign that reached the masses, and we have an idea that that somebody was L. L. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson would make a great and winning chairman.—Salem Statesman.

Counterfeit Doctors.

The raising of requirements for the medical profession has not yet brought all the improvements expected. The higher the standard of medical learning is placed, the greater efforts are made by ignorant and unscrupulous men to evade them.

This is shown in a startling way by the facts uncovered in Hartford, Conn., by a special grand jury. It develops that there has been a regular diploma factory operating in that state, with connections in Missouri. Apparently hundreds of "doctors of medicine" have been created by the issuance of fraudulent high school and medical school diplomas. Barbers, drug clerks, soda fountain clerks, carpenters, plumbers, automobile mechanics and traffic cops have found it easy, for a sufficient pecuniary consideration, to obtain the necessary papers certifying to their professional qualifications.

More than 50 men in Hartford county are said to have received fake diplomas. How many have been dumped onto the whole country by the particular group of crooks operating in the states named, and by similar groups elsewhere, it is impossible to say. Neither can it be guessed what sorrows of ignorance and malpractice have been perpetrated by the fake doctors since they "hung up their stethoscopes."

In a profession given to quackery, quacks would attract little attention. The counterfeiting of medical diplomas is in itself a tribute to the medical profession. Counterfeiting implies that the established currency is sound. So it is with this great profession. All the more reason, therefore, why the profession itself should make every effort to eliminate the quacks, and why the public should help by informing itself of every doctor's medical pedigree and ostracizing the occasional pretender or crook.—Albany Democrat.

LOCAL NEWS

Starmer Back—Sheriff Starmer returned last night from Portland where he attended the convention of sheriffs and police officers.

At Portland On Business—Attorney J. O. Watson is in Portland looking after business matters for a few days. He is expected to return the middle of the week.

Will Inspect Roads—Roadmaster Floyd Frow and County Commissioner Weaver, left this morning for Gardiner, Reedsport and Scottsburg to spend several days inspecting roads.

Marriage Licenses Issued—Marriage licenses were issued on Saturday to Leonard E. Swift and Nellie Gleason, of Roseburg; Ira Crawford and Hazel Bruce of Myrtle Creek; W. R. Warner and Ada Lindley, of Roseburg, and Frank Moore and Dora Phillips of Roseburg.

modern homes in that part of the county.

Hay rack irons at Wharton Bros.

Back From Mine—Wm. Partin and George Williams have returned from their copper mine at Brushy Butte, where they have been spending several weeks. Mr. Partin's health, which was quite bad before his departure from Roseburg, has been greatly improved by his vacation.

Visiting From San Diego—F. L. Thomas and father Phillip Thomas of San Diego are here this week visiting with R. H. Grinstead, an old acquaintance. They are greatly impressed with this section and the son is attempting to locate a homestead in Douglas county. He is an ex-serviceman, having served on a sub-destroyer during the war.

Mrs. Marsters Returns—Mrs. A. C. Marsters, who has been spending the past three weeks in Portland where she has been receiving medical treatment in the Resthaven Sanitarium, returned to her home in Roseburg Saturday evening. She was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hildred Harsters and son, Craig, of Kelso, Wash., who will spend several days here visiting.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by
MRS. ELLSBURY

(Address all communications
to Mrs. Ellsbury, care of News-
Review.)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: How can I win the love of a man ten years older than I am? I am 18. I am desperately in love with him, and although he is nice to me when he meets me, he does not seem interested in me. Should I be real dignified, or just the opposite to make him notice me?

BELL: Do not be either. Just be your own self. You will never gain anything, my dear, trying to be something other than you are, and you will only make a failure of it. I am sure that you only think you are desperately in love with him. Be nice to him, and above all do not be forward in any way. Interest yourself in friends your own age.

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: Can two girls drive to another town to a ball game with two boys? My mother says it is not right, and won't let me go. We would come back right after the ball game.

V. A.: Why not ask mother to go along? If you are quite young your mother is right, and you should not go alone.

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An insured man is a secured man.

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