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Chautauqua
oon be here. Have
bought your ticket
Let us call for your
and have it nicely
ed and ready for it.

TRY OUR WAY
Our Auto Will Call

LOVE-OR FAME?

by
VIOLET DARE
Author of "The Half-Time Wife"

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S
HAPPENED

DOROTHY LANE goes to New York to visit.
PERSIS GRANT and try to break into movies. She meets
LAWRENCE FRENCH, a young publicity agent, and through him gets an engagement with
JOHN SEWARD, "the great lover of the screen." Seward falls in love with her and asks her to marry him, but she refuses. She quarrels with Lawrence, whom she loves, and accepts the attentions of
EIKHORN, a big producer, until they become notorious. A reporter comes to see her late one night after she has abruptly left Eikhorn; to tell her that Eikhorn has been boasting of having been her escort, and that John Seward has beaten him in public. He asks why Seward should defend her, and she, touched by Seward's chivalry, replies that she is engaged to him. Pleased by the tangle she has got into, Dorothy decides to give up her career and go home, but early in the morning she is on her way to the station she meets French.

now, through Larry, I was to have another chance to find out what I could do.
"I'm going to stay, Larry," I said, as he moved the sugar bowl over to my side of the table. And then I knew that he was glad I wasn't going to go home, from the way he smiled.
We went to a drug store after breakfast, and I got some make-up to take with me; I couldn't help smiling a bit, as I ordered No. 14 theatrical powder, and told the clerk that it was brown mascara, not black, that I wanted; so short a time ago I wouldn't have known a



XL—OUT OF THE TANGLE.

"I DON'T see—I'm so surprised—" I just stood there staring, too amazed to gather my thoughts together.



VIOLET DARE

you weren't; I was the one who was rude—it was all my fault, and just see what a mess I got into!" I cried. "Things did get sort of muddled, didn't they? Did you get home all right?"
"Oh, Larry, didn't you know?" I cried. "Why, I'm in an awful mess!" And I went on and told him all about the fight at the club and the reporter who'd come to see me and what I had told him about being engaged to John.
"Why, Dodo, you wouldn't do that, would you?" he exclaimed. "I don't think he realized it, but he caught hold of my arm so tight that it almost hurt. I liked it, though. It would spoil your whole life to marry a man so much older than you are, and—oh, well, I ought not to say anything!"
I was on the verge of retorting, "I wish to goodness you would!" but it seemed more proper not to. So I went on and told him about how I'd written John a note and was going away, though I didn't know just where.
"I know where!" he exclaimed, banging his hand on the table—we'd settled ourselves in the restaurant I'd been headed for when I met him. "A friend of mine is making a picture up in Ithaca, New York, and has one or two parts left; he wired me last night to see if I knew of somebody for them, and I was going to get in touch with you this morning to see if you wanted to go. So when we've had breakfast we'll hike over to the Grand Central and I'll put you on a train for Ithaca. That'll give you a chance to forget all this muddle here, and get some good experience in the bargain. How about it?"
"But I sort of thought I'd go back home, Larry. I had just about decided that it was a mistake for me to go into pictures."
"Well, that's up to you, of course," he told me. "You'll have to decide it alone."
He was right, I knew. And yet if he'd just helped me a little it would have been so much easier for me to make up my mind.
I thought about what it would be like if I went home, and suddenly realized that home had been spoiled for me. I couldn't be contented to settle down there; I'd have such an unfinished feeling. That helped me to see that I'd have to prove to myself whether I could make a real success of acting in pictures or not. As yet I hadn't done it. I'd had a good part in that picture with John, but now I couldn't help wondering if that wasn't because John had been in love with me. And

I wanted to tell him how much I cared for him.
thing about what I was doing now as such a matter of course.
Somehow, I hated dreadfully to say good-by to him, when it was time for me to get on the train. He'd been so good to me, and always got me out of scrapes, and been so nice after the way I acted the evening before. All at once it seemed to me that I simply must tell him how much I cared for him.
"Oh, Larry, dear—" The words tumbled out before I could stop them. My hands reached out for his without my really knowing what I was doing.
But he just glanced away, as if he wanted to avoid what I was going to say. There were a lot of people around, and a man nearly bumped into me just then as he went by with a great load of the morning newspapers that he was taking over to one of his news stands.
Larry took hold of my arm and drew me aside, staring at the man as he did so. Then he turned to me, rather brusquely, I thought.
"Time for you to go, Dodo—you've got a parlor-car seat and you ought to be pretty comfortable. Write me how you get along," he said abruptly. And then he shook hands with me and rushed away.

For a moment I stood just there, staring after him. The possibility of my losing the train didn't seem to matter. Nothing did, except that I'd been on the verge of telling Larry that I was in love with him, and that he didn't want to hear it. I went on into the train then, and found my seat and settled down in it. I told myself that I mustn't feel discouraged and unhappy; it was a chance to act in pictures that I'd wanted, and I was awfully lucky to have such a good one. Lots of girls would have given almost anything for it. And here I was, allowing myself to be absolutely wretched because I thought I was in love with a man who just liked me as a friend.
"Don't be a silly idiot," I told myself. "You can fall in love all your life, but you may never have another chance to make good in the movies." Carl Banning, my new director, was waiting at the station in Ithaca for me; my knowing Lawrence French seemed to make a lot of difference. Ten minutes later we were rushing along through the most beautiful, hilly country, with a wonderful lake below us, and over on the other side the towers and roofs of Cornell University rising against the sky. A sight like that would make anybody feel better, no matter what was the trouble with them.
"I'm not going to take you to Ithaca," Mr. Banning told me. "The company's working there now, but in a few days we'll be out on location at some very beautiful falls not far from here, and I thought perhaps you'd like to go there and wait for us. It's a quiet spot, and you'll have a chance to get hold of your own self and brace up a bit. You look to me as if you needed a rest."
Remembering the turmoil I'd been living in since the day John Seward proposed to me, I didn't wonder that he thought so.

Marry Me Right

GRAVE OF PIONEER
LEADER IS MARKED

WALLA WALLA, Wash., July 5.—A monument was unveiled Friday over the remains of David Thomas Lenox in the old cemetery near Weston, Ore., where a 25-year search for the grave was rewarded a few weeks ago. Two grandsons, W. P. Ford of Wharrior, Texas, and M. F. White of Portland, have sought the last resting place of this pioneer for a quarter of a century. Lenox was a friend and associate of Marcus Whitman and with him rode at the head of the great wagon train of 1843.
Dr. S. B. L. Penrose, president of Whitman College, was the principal speaker at the dedication. Twenty-six years ago Dr. Penrose interviewed Edward H. Lenox, son of David T. Lenox, who as a 16-year-old boy, accompanied his father and Dr. Whitman, and in his address Dr. Penrose quoted from this interview, which was secured in Oakland, Cal. Dr. Whitman joined the train near Westport, Mo., May 15, 1843, with his 16-year-old nephew, Perrin B. Whitman. Dr. Whitman told Lenox he had been in Washington city to persuade the government not to dispose of the Oregon country.

A purse of \$400 was raised and Whitman agreed to pilot the party to the Columbia river. The elder Lenox was named captain of the company and as quoted from the younger Lenox's statement: "Father and all put perfect confidence in Dr. Whitman, and father and he were much together, riding side by side in the saddle in front of the company and planning the camps and routes along the way."

The Lenox family parted company with Dr. Whitman at Snake river. Dr. Whitman going ahead and sending back an Indian guide. The Lenox party visited at the mission later but Dr. Whitman was absent, and the party then went to western Oregon.
David Thomas Lenox lived near Hillsboro 27 years. In 1870 he moved to Weston, bought a farm and died three years later. The death of near relatives caused his burial place to be forgotten.

Dr. Penrose said of Lenox: "The man who had been captain of an immigrant company of nearly 300 persons, had been Dr. Whitman's friend and trusted associate, and had won the confidence of all who knew him was no commonplace man."

The David Thomas Lenox named in the above dispatch, was the grandfather of D. H. Lenox, proprietor of the Lenox furniture company of this city. He was also the grandfather of the late E. H. Lenox, for many years county clerk of Douglas county.

FORESTS REPORTED
FREE FROM FIRES

All forest fires were reported out this morning and national forests and state patrolled lands alike were free from fires. Six small fires started yesterday on state patrolled lands, but the lookouts were on the job and reported the fires accurately within a few minutes so that they were reached and extinguished with no delays, none burning for more than three hours. The Douglas Fire Patrol reports that only one had fire has been experienced so far this year, that being at Reuben where some logged land was burned over.

POLICEMAN OFFERS
TO HELP SUICIDE

When Chief of Police I. S. Ketch offered to aid J. T. O'Conner, a transient, in committing suicide, the latter lost all desire to end his life and fled through the open jail door to fields where food and a soft bed might be obtained with less danger.
O'Conner attracted official recognition Saturday night when he was found under the Oak street bridge expressing a determination to end his life by drowning. He was taken to the city jail to determine the condition of his mind and after an examination was found to be rational. Officers formed the opinion that the

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

WOOD FOR SALE—Fire block. Call Grimm's Grocery. Phone 499.
FOR SALE—A few tons of oats and vetch hay in shock. State Farm.
CALVES for sale. Also team. At Godfrey's, 2 1/2 mi. north on highway.
FOR SALE—3 months old Jersey heifer calf. Ask for Wood, News-Review.
FOR SALE—3 double hives of Italian bees. Mrs. J. D. Young, Wilbur, Ore.
FOR SALE—Broccoli plants, Bailey, Butler, Wilbur, French Nichols, Phone 4714.
FOR SALE—2nd hand Overland touring, \$225. R. J. Box 120. Rt. 2, Roseburg.
PIGS FOR SALE—15 head of O. I. C. pigs, 6 wks. old. V. Preschler, Melrose, Ore. Phone 6F25.
FOR SALE—One Delco light plant and electric washer cheap. Address V. Banda, Ruckles, Ore.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—2 garages. 825 West Lane St.
FOR RENT—safety deposit boxes. Roseburg National Bank.
FOR RENT—4 room modern house. Adults only. 734 So. Pine St.
PASTURE for rent for cows, \$2 per month. Apply to Mrs. P. Sinnott.
FOR RENT—Four room apartment two blocks from postoffice, electricity for cooking, hot water, cool and airy apartment. Phone 227-Y.
FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 3 room apartment, centrally located. Small rent in exchange for caring for baby part time. 318 West Lane St.
FOR RENT—5 room furnished house with bath. No children over a year old. 204 So. Parrott St. Inquire at 603 W. Lane St. or phone 150-R. Will be vacant July 12.

ROOM for rent, 120 W. Lane St. Phone 177. Close in.
FOR RENT—Furnished downstairs apartment, 2 rooms, 421 Pitzer.
FOR RENT—4 room modern house. 809 South Main and Thompson Sts. Bell Millinery.
FOR RENT—Nice large furnished outside room, modern, suitable two or three men, no objections to piano. Suitable light housekeeping. Would make good office room. 327 West Cass St.

WANTED

WANTED—Cook and waitress at Roseburg Cafeteria.
WANTED—Electric fan. Ceiling type preferred. Phone 196.
WANTED—Berry pickers to pick every day in the week. Best picking of the season. State Farm.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Cameo ring. Reward. Leave at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOME LAUNDRY—Phone 537.
RECORD EXCHANGE, 328 No. Kane.
SLEEP—To let out on shares. Inquire of T. M. Ollivant. 842 So. Pine, or Phone 75-Y.
CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Saff's Auto Wrecking House.
WILL the party who borrowed Mr. S. D. Cooley's hand broccoll planter, last summer, please return at once.
EXPERIENCED JUNIOR high school teacher wishes to tutor students who failed in 7th, 8th or Freshman subjects. Exams will be given in September, giving pupils an opportunity to raise their grades to passing. Address Box 31, Roseburg.

I teach health building—surest method for OVERCOMING or PREVENTING disease in young or old. Dr. W. A. Diebold, 321 Perkins Bldg.

Don't Gamble

Do not put off insuring your property against loss by fire. Do it today. The dry weather has greatly increased the fire hazards. Insure now.

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INSURANCE
116 Cass St. Phone 417

WANTED

One More Customer
Try Our Steaks
T-Bone Steak 60c
Top Sirloin 55c
Tenderloin Steak 60c
Club Steak 40c

Specials Every Day
Merchants Lunch 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., 40 cents
Just try it once.
Good meals 30c and up.
Eat Breakfast with us—The Best Coffee in town.
Ask Your Friends.

The Douglas Grill
W. R. WARNER, Prop.

Don't Hesitate to Send
the Children.

We take particular pains in waiting on children and see that they get just what you order.

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PHONE 63

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TOX

Kills
MOTHS
FLIES
Mosquitoes
Roaches Ants
Bed Bugs Etc.

Kills 'em Dead

TUBBY



A Fellow Can't be Too Careful.

By WINNER

HEY TUBBY I JUST SAW MARGY THOMPSON DOWN BY DEENEYS DRUG STORE WHY DON'TCHA ASK HER TO BE YOUR PARTNER TO JANE JONES PARTY?

AW GIRLS MAKE ME TIRED—I AINT GONNA ASK ANY TO GO WITH ME

YOU GOTTA HAVE A PARTNER OR YOU CANT GO. JANE SAID SO

THATS A SILLY WAY TO HAVE A PARTY

THERES MARGY GETTIN A SODA GO ON IN AN ASK HER

HEY DONT PUSH ME LIKE THAT

AW GO AHEAD DONT BE AFRAID

I AINT AFRAID. WAIT FIRST TILL I SEE IF SHE'S PAID HER SODA CHECK, CANT CHA?