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10 CARLOADS
NEARLY
A TRAINLOADCHAUTAUQUA TO
BE IN ROSEBURG
JULY 16 TO 21Strong Six-Day Program Is
Promised This Year by
Ellison-White
Company.

The dates for the Ellison-White Chautauqua in Roseburg have been fixed for July 16 to 21, both dates inclusive. The program starts on Saturday night and continues for five more days. According to announcements received from the company, the program this year is considered one of the best ever offered on the six-day circuit. Two plays are coming, "First Year" and "Apprentice," both being among the best and most successful plays of the year.

The lecturers for this season's program are Dr. Robert Parker Miles, internationally recognized journalist, author and lecturer; Alexander P. Cairns, a famous metropolitan preacher and writer of a syndicated newspaper column; and Ned Woodman, the platform's greatest cartoon lecturer.

The Haskell Indian Symphony Band, from the Haskell Indian school, will furnish one of the most colorful and entertaining musical programs of the season.

Other musical attractions will include the Smith-Sprinkle-Holmes orchestral quintette, headed by Clay Smith, one of America's best loved song writers; the Allstars All Star Artists' company; and the Lucille Elmore Rovine, featuring Miss Elmore the diminutive musical comedy star from Broadway.

A junior chautauqua is also to be provided this year for the entertainment of the kiddies.

The committee is now preparing

Politely
Refusesubstitutes if you
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THE point to remember when buying breakfast oats is that only Quaker Oats have the rich Quaker flavor that you want.

One package of oats without that flavor may spoil your breakfasts for a week.

The price you pay is the same. This "trying" a substitute is a folly. Quaker flavor is the result of some 50 years milling experience. No other oats has it. Quaker milling, too, retains much of the "bulk" of oats. And that makes laxatives less often needed.

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Your grocer has both kinds.

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Rose Garage

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ing to start the ticket sale and make other preliminary arrangements for the coming of the Chautauqua.

Get your coupon in on our old-fashioned contest. McKean, Darby & Baldwin.

HUNGARIAN FENCER IN
TEN THOUSAND DUELS

BUDAPEST, May 10.—Ten thousand duels, fought, arranged or attended, was the record that enabled Karl Fodor, fencing master, to die happy.

Fodor died recently after a celebration in honor of his ten thousand duels, which was in his fencing room.

For 40 years Budapest duels were held, as a rule in his quarters. He presided over the many political sword-quarrels of Count T. He saw behind the scenes of most of the political differences and society scandals of his time.

His most famous affair was the duel of Count Elenko Keglevich and Deputy Karl Hencz. It was to be a deadly fight but it ended before it started. The count, very near-sighted, ran against his adversary's sword before the signal for the start and was killed.

Table oilcloth, 23c a yard at Powell's.

WIDER DISTRIBUTION
OF CHURCHES IN FARM
LOCALITIES IS URGED

Churches of all denominations should get behind a strong rural church movement to correct over-churching in some communities and under-churching in others, declares C. J. Galpin, head of the division of farm population and rural life of the agriculture department.

Pointing out that the movement of population is from the country to the city and that farmers stand out distinctly as a family group, Galpin feels that rural churches must be more equitably distributed and efficiently organized if the city church is to succeed in adapting those moving urban centers and maintaining the family touch, its strongest element.

Latest estimates show that the farm population decreased 650,000 persons last year. A total of 2,115,000 persons moved from farms to cities, but this figure was cut down by the migration of more than a million persons from cities to the country and a natural farm increase of 371,000 persons.

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DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

T. Q. Curtis, millionaire, takes three girls from his department store and places them in his home as his wives for a year, because he believes they have working ambitions he wants to further.

Billy Wells, who wants to become a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is sincere. Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton are enjoying the old man's generosity under false pretenses.

Billy overhears these benefactor say he is going to adopt one of the girls as his daughter when the year is up and in order not to take unfair advantage of the girls, she tells them what she has heard.

She is unwillingly drawn into a battle which Nyda and Winnie wage for T. Q.'s affection. This, together with her infatuation for Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess, is causing her to lose interest in her violin.

In spite of this infatuation, she remembers tenderly Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disapproved himself and is boistering with Mrs. Wells in the poor part of the town, working in the Trueman factory in the daytime and writing music at night.

Romaine accompanies Billy on a shopping tour. He directs her to Madame Dubois, where she spends more than she should. She is surprised to hear the celebrated moneyed man's name.

On his previous trip to the shop with Winnie Shelton, as they drive into the country, they see Nyda Lomax with Eddie Rainey, her chauffeur-sweetheart of department store days, and this strengthens Billy's conviction that there is some intrigue between them. Dal takes Billy to a country place owned by a Hindu. They enter and are alone. As they stand before the big open fireplace, Billy suddenly comes to the wall which she feels Dal has woven around her and she begs him to kiss her.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXII

The strange sound of her incredible words in her own ears brought Billy Wells sharply to her senses. Even as those thin, dark red lips of his were about to touch her mouth, she drew strength from some deep, unexpected reservoir of her being and wrenched her body out of his arms.

"What have you done to me?" She sank limply to the floor and stared at him, pleadingly, "Don't look at me like that!" she moaned. "You've laid a spell on me. Let me go! I'm going mad!"

She put her trembling hands to her face, pressing the tips of her fingers tightly into her temples. Dal Romaine's face lost its playful, mischievous smile of his flashed across his face, and in the twinkling of an eye he was kneeling beside her, his brown hands gently touching her cold, trembling fingers from her pale face.

"Listen Billy—my little Missions. His voice vibrated with deep tenderness. "I'm sorry. I haven't been fair with you. You say I've laid a spell on you. God help me! I have! I have a power—a gift or a curse. It may be that I've consciously, deliberately exerted over you. The first time I looked into your eyes I knew you belonged to me. I am—psychic. I suppose you would call it. I saw you and knew you. Instantly, as the one girl in all the world whom I could love wholly. I—how shall I put it—would you love me? But, and his voice dropped lower, weighted each slowly spoken word with infinite meaning, "you had to come to me. You had to offer yourself. You had to realize that absolute inevitability of this thing which is between us. I have been drawing you into my arms since the day I first looked into your eyes."

Billy's hands lay cold and still in his. "Why," she asked softly, "why did you do that—to me? You've almost killed me—this last month. Why—did you do these things to me, if you loved me?"

"There is nothing to be afraid of, Billy," he told her in the gentlest of voices. "I am not going to kiss you—now. I want to talk with you. If you don't want to rest in my arms, you can leave them, sit anywhere you please, if you will just listen to me."

She did not answer either in words or by moving even a finger. But the tears continued to slip down her ghastly pale cheeks.

"I don't belong to modern American, Mignon," he went on after a bit, in a voice that was infinitely gentle and soothing. "As I told you there is a type, blood in my veins, along with the French and American. But I belong to none of these races. I am even older. I belong to India. Some day I will tell you about reincarnation. I'll lead you into the occult world, and you'll never want to come back. Oh, we have strange adventures ahead of us, Mignon."

She shook her head, but the tears had ceased to flow. She was listening, although her eyes were still closed.

"I am thirty-six years old, Billy, child, and you are—" His voice rose gently on the question.

"When I was twenty-three I had been lecturing on Yoga philosophy in France and England for two years," he smiled. "I have known since I was a child that I belonged to India. My life has been a strange one. I was orphaned at nine, went to a public school in England until I was fourteen. Then I met an older boy, the son of a high caste East Indian woman and a British army officer. He taught me many things, and when he went back to India, I went with him. My French uncle didn't care what became of me so I went out of his way. I had never seen any American relatives—Mrs. Meadows and her husband who is now dead. Aunt Lucia was mother's sister, you know."

Billy nodded. The color was slowly coming back into her cheeks. She turned her head on his arm, opened her eyes and watched his face as he talked. She felt curiously at peace.

"When I was nineteen I murdered a man," he told her gravely, unemotionally.

"You murdered a man?" she gasped, and tried to sit up in his arms. His clasp tightened on her, held her down.

"Not in the way you think," he smiled at her with utter sadness. "Because she was temporarily insane from the spell he had laid upon her she was able to look at him critically, to tell herself that he was being theatrical."

"I was nineteen, and already a graduate of Yoga philosophy. I knew things and could do things that you would not believe—yet. And I knew I had this power. I fell in love with an English girl, who had been married a year before to a brutal, swashbuckling English captain stationed in—well, never mind the town. She treated me as if I were a youngster, but she came to me one night after he had beaten her unmercifully. I told her I loved her, but she laughed at me, though she tried to be kind. She was in love with a boy back home, in England, found, after she was married, poor child, that she did not love him."

"And you killed her husband to free her?" Billy asked in a slow amazed voice.

"Just that," His eyes narrowed to brooding slits. "But I valued my own life. I killed him in such a way that the law could never touch me. I laid a curse on him," he said slowly, distinctly. "I told my friend, Travers, the lad who was half Indian and half English, what I had done. I asked him to take careful note of what I said. I killed the girl's husband to free her from the curse on a date exactly three months from that day. He was, I told Travers, to be a hopeless invalid for nine months, then die on the anniversary of the day on which I had laid my curse on him. For twenty-four hours I had lain in a physical coma, my mind concentrated on one thing only—that the captain should die as I had killed it. Sure that his fate would overtake him, I went to Calcutta."

"Three months to the day, I received a telegram from Travers, which informed me that the captain had died of a heart attack. I had laid a curse on him, and he had died. Travers wrote later that the boy had been amputated at the hip. The captain was confined to his bed for months, rose to take up life in a wheelchair, but never again. Just one year after I had laid the curse on him Travers wrote me that the captain had died of cancer so mysterious that the army physicians were baffled. They buried him, and Doris—the English girl—went back to England. She sent me an invitation to her wedding. Romaine's mouth grew taut.

"And you really believe you killed him?" Billy asked wonderingly, slipping off his lap unthinkingly, for his arms had gone lax. "And you aren't sorry?"

"No!" Dal Romaine raised his head defiantly, his eyes narrow and cruel. "I'm not sorry. But I confess I'm a little frightened sometimes at the power I possess. I have used it too many times for personal vengeance, cruelly, wantonly. For instance, if you had not loved me, had not come into my arms of your own free will, you would have died. I planted the thought in your mind that you could not live without me. You said yourself a while ago that you would die if I did not kiss you. I could not give you to any other man. Unfortunately, you were already in love when I met you. That made it more difficult."

"You mean Clay?" she whispered, her lips stiff and cold. She

stopped back from him, on fear-ridden feet.

"Of course, I knew about Clay Curtis," he told her, rising and coming toward her with outstretched arms. "I had to force him out of your heart by filling it to the full of need for my love for me, that there was no room for him."

"You haven't succeeded!" she cried out passionately at that. "I do love him. You've made me realize how much I love him. I hate you! Oh, I admit I've been obsessed with you, that you'd laid a spell on me. But you've cured me now—I won't fear you again."

She was becoming incoherent, for she was realizing that with his eyes burning so fiercely into hers she was lying, that she both feared him and was fascinated by him.

"Billy, I told you the truth about myself because I love you. I have loved only one other woman in my life, and I will the death of her husband so that she might be free to go to the man she loved. I swore then that if I ever loved again, I would not be so unselfish. I am thirty-six years old, and I want love. You can be my salvation. I have abused the power that was reincarnated in me. I want to live and love and use that power for good, not evil. My life is in your hands. I can't let you go."

He kissed her gently, his lips feeding strangely cool and quiet against hers as if he were setting a sacred seal of possession upon her.

"You are mine now, Billy—Mignon," he told her, in a reverent, hushed voice. "My strength and my salvation. Oh, God, it is good to live and love! He threw back his head, his arms tightening fiercely about her, his voice rising out with triumph and exultation, a sacred seal of possession upon her."

"Take me back to Calcutta now, Dal," Billy begged in a weak, small voice. "Please—I don't want any luncheon. I couldn't eat. Take me back now, Dal. I—I want my mother."

"It shall have its mother," Dal Romaine laughed tenderly. "But it won't tell secrets, will it? Until the year is up, this must be our secret, mustn't it, Mignon?" (To be continued.)

Billy flies to her mother's arms, ashamed, repentant, and finds solace. But she also finds that Clay is not taking his heart out in loneliness.

Rag rugs, 39c at Powell's Furniture store.

SUICIDE CONFESSES LONG DEBACH ON MOONSHINE

PORTLAND, Ore., May 9.—The body of a man about 40, believed from papers on his person to be Otto Keel, was found in the Willamette river today. A card in a pocket said: "In case of accident notify C. Keel, 2517 Franklin street, Beilichman, Wash."

Police found in a hotel room which had been occupied by Otto Keel a note saying "I have been drinking that old rotten moonshine for eight weeks. I am disgusted with myself. I may have some rest and peace after I am dead, and gone. I know this will be a hard blow to you all, but God forgive me. Good bye, Otto."

With the note was a card saying "Notify O'Hagen, 115, 46th avenue north, Seattle."

McCormick and Deering hay machines are standard all over the world. If you need repairs you can get them quickly, which may save your hay crop in some seasons. We have McCormick Deering mowers, rakes and binders and repairs in stock. Wharton Bros.

News and Views of Women

RENO, Nev.—A national divorce law, so that a person would not be considered "divorced" in one state, married in another and a bigamist in a third, is favored by Miss Felice Cohn, woman lawyer of Reno.

Miss Cohn is the only female attorney actively practicing in this state, and in the last few years she has handled divorce cases almost exclusively. Miss Cohn is credited with the authorship of Nevada's woman suffrage law.

PALETTEVILLE, Ark.—Perseverance in the pursuit of a college degree will be rewarded when Miss Bonnie Convent of Oakland, after 15 years of study, receives her bachelor of science degree in education from the University of Arkansas at the close of the summer session.

Miss Convent first matriculated at the university in 1912. She has completed four summer sessions and seven correspondence courses during intervals in her teaching career. Of her former pupils 27 have come to the university. Some have been graduated, and several are now in classes with her.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill.—With a five dollar loan from her family Mrs. Holladay of Estancia, N. M., has acquired four years of education at the Illinois Women's College here. She has been washerwoman, waitress, maid, librarian and cook at summer resorts to earn her way.

When she finishes this summer she will owe only the five dollars which enabled her to reach college in a fifteen. She will teach history in New Mexico.

Try our butter-milk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 135.

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CALUMET
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER

SALES 2 1/2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Forgotten Yellow Fever Hero Now
Battling With Poverty in Indiana

ANDREWS, Ind., May 10.—(A. P.)—In 1900 America gratefully applauded John R. Kissinger, yellow fever hero.

In 1927, racked by illness resulting from his fever and forgotten save for a small government pension, Kissinger lives in a rented house on the outskirts of this northern Indiana town, broken in health and with his wife in a hospital.

Kissinger and a comrade volunteered their bodies for yellow fever experiments in 1900. The tests made possible by their contraction of the disease proved that the fever was carried by mosquitoes. The mosquitoes were exterminated, fever was stamped out in the Panama canal zone, and the building of the canal was made possible.

From the actual fever Kissinger recovered, and he returned to his home here in 1901 to farm, but recurring attacks brought nervous disorders and Kissinger went west, where he married. He returned to work in a South Bend mill, but was stricken with paralysis. In 1907 he was given a pension of \$12 a month, and his wife took in sewing to support the family until Congress in 1912 voted him \$100 a month, which was paid in addition to the \$12.

He regained his strength and was able during the war to emerge from confinement on crutches and sell liberty bonds, but in 1922 the treasury department told him he had received \$1,699.00 illegally from the government, and ordered him to repay it at the rate of \$50 a month. Congress intervened to halt this repayment, but his pension was cut from \$112 to \$100.

Today Kissinger's wife is in a South Bend hospital where she must undergo a serious operation. Medical men are trying to raise \$5,000 to pay for it and to buy Kissinger a home and an acre of land where he could raise chickens and keep a cow. He believes he could support himself with that help.

He is nearly free of the yellow fever germs, but will never be able to do hard work. His story has been told so often that his own community has tired of hearing it, and has given him little aid in recent years.

Nor is Kissinger the only forgotten sufferer from the victory over yellow fever.

The widow of Major Walter Reed, who headed the yellow fever commission and whose name is perpetuated in a Washington hospital, lives with her daughter in a single room apartment in Washington, making out her pension by making embroidery to sell. And Mrs. Jesse W. Lazear, whose husband died in the fever camp of mosquito bites willingly borne, is trying in California to educate two children on her pension.

Leather bed-dinnerport, low price at Powell's.

FLASHES OF LIFE (By the Associated Press)

NICE—Most of the flash Americans on the Riviera thought Stussesser would make it and their money said so, when Italians and British thought otherwise. The Americans were paid off on premature news. Thousands of dollars changed hands.

ATLANTIC CITY—Some men are using brown face powder to give the appearance of a coat of tan. If spectators at the convention of the American manufacturers of toilet articles have things straight.

NEW YORK—Frank Mullin, 20, star pitcher of the Athletics of the Red Hook district of Brooklyn is thru with baseball forever because of a tragedy. Anthony Espino, 15, who aspired to be a catcher but was weak on curves, was warning Frank up. An in-shoot struck Tony over the heart. He died before an ambulance arrived.

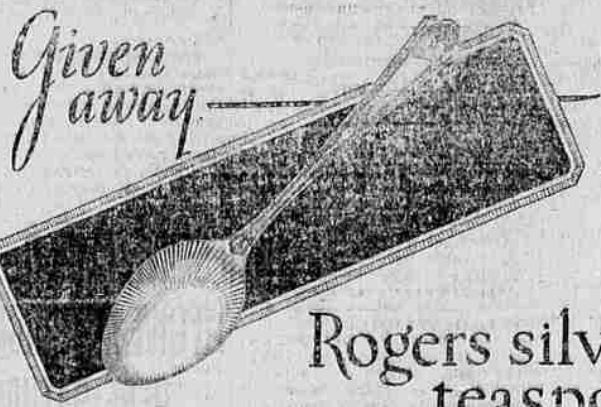
BERLIN—An ex-sailor who by theft accumulated \$200,000 worth of sparkling gems for the pleasure of foying with them, is to spend two years in prison. Herbert Sandowski told the police that, fired by Robert Louis Stevenson's books, he called the South Seas in a futile hunt for buried treasure, then resorted to burglary, selling only enough of his loot to live in style.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—Production of 593,040,000 bushels of winter wheat this year is indicated by the condition of the crop on May 1, which was 85.6 per cent of normal, the department of agriculture announced today. Last year's crops were 620,529,000 bushels and the ten-year average 572,887,000 bushels.

Production of rye is indicated as 47,861,000 bushels on the May 1 condition of 88.3 per cent of normal. Last year's rye crop totaled 40,024,000 bushels, and the year average is 67,001,000 bushels.

CASES AFFIRMED

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9.—The United States circuit court today upheld the conviction of defendants in the Pescawha rum runner case of Portland, and the Roy Olmsted case of Seattle.



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June 30th.
only

Rogers silverplated
teaspoon
for 8 Alpine milk labels

TO WIN more friends for Alpine

one beautiful teaspoon of the famous Sixxos L. & George H. Rogers 25-year guarantee make—exquisitely designed in the rich, platinum lustre—new "Kingston" pattern—is yours for only eight tall size Alpine labels of sixteen small ones. But not more than six spoons to a person!

You'll be proud to own a whole service of these teaspoons. Many women are getting a supply of Alpine now to make sure of all six spoons. Alpine keeps indefinitely, no danger of loss.

The milk for cooking there's cream in every drop

Many good cooks say Alpine gives a richer flavor to all their favorite recipes—makes better cakes and breads, enrother sauces, tastier vegetables.

That's because Alpine is so creamy. It takes a whole quart of fresh, full-cream milk—with nothing added, nothing taken away but water—to make a pint of Alpine.

Economical, too. Alpine is so rich it saves butter in cooking.

And it keeps indefinitely. Sealed in clean air-tight containers—sterilized—and hermetically sealed, Alpine stays fresh and sweet—always.

Try this Caramel Filling

Alpine milk, 1/2 cup. Brown sugar, 2 cups. Butter, 1 cup. Grated Choc., 4 cups. Put all ingredients in saucepan and cook until thick. Pour over cake.

Present Labels to Roseburg News-Review

ALPINE milk

"there's cream in every drop"

ALPINE MILK