

LET 'EM RIDE

Everybody rides these days—Father motors down town, Ma has her car, Sister has to ride to school, and Brother has that "tired feeling"—why not let the little fellow ride?

Take a look at our windows and see the array of CARS, GOCARTS, DOLL BUGGIES, SCOOTERS, COASTER WAGONS and numberless other wheel contrivances that help the kiddies to move about a little faster.

Headquarters for Christmas Gifts
Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pigs, \$3.50 and up. Ray Banning. Phone 14F41.
TURKEYS FOR SALE—Pure Black toms. Phone 14F13.
PUREBRED Bronze gobblers for sale. Chas. Buxton. Phone 2F22.
BOURBON red turkeys for sale. Toms \$5. John Abraham, Wilbur, Ore.
CHRISTMAS trees and mistletoe delivered. Leave orders at Peoples Supply or phone 430-R.
FOR SALE—Extra good hay, 11 miles east town, Deer Creek road. W. W. Haley.
FOR SALE—New Mellette separator, capacity 740 lbs. Box 291, Roseburg.
GIVE canaries for Christmas. Males and females. Mrs. S. B. C. 530 West Oak.
CABBAGE—Cheap, good for kraut. Get it Monday at place. Phone 6F2.
FOR SALE—A good Shire gelding 6 yrs. old, weight 1400 lbs. Carl Becker, Melrose, Oregon.
FOR SALE—A McManahan incubator, 220-egg; almost new. Reasonable. Lydia Morrow, Riddle, Oregon.
FOR SALE—Pigs \$4 and up. Strawberry plants, new Oregon, \$4 per 1000. Fir stumpage, 50¢ per cord. Lindblom, Dixonville.
FOR SALE—Oak and laurel block wood, \$3.50 a tier. Inquire at E. E. Woodcock's Shop, back of Union Garage.
FOR SALE—3 Shetland pony colts, 1 Jersey cow to trade for brood sow or R. L. Red hens. R. D. Troub, Myrtle Creek, Ore. Box 134.
WILL sacrifice poultry plant on account of sickness, 400 pullets, 30 hens, 24 Charters incubators all equipped; cow, team, wagon, hay, all farming implements, 12 rabbits, good buildings, 8 brooder stoves, water piped to buildings. Come and look it over. Easy terms. J. H. Booher, Leona, Oregon. Box 518.

FOR SALE—4 hound pups, 6 months old. These are fine dogs. Write Box 35, News-Review office.

FOR SALE—Chrysanthemums, also cabbage, 2c lb. and corn 1½c on cob. J. Robert McKay, Brockway. Phone 2F2.

FOR SALE—408-Egg Master incubator, first class condition, master oil burning canopy brooder. Price as this reason. H. N. Pickens, Sutherlin, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Good 2nd hand piano for sale cheap. Wellington, Victor, Hamilton, Kohler and Chase, Gulbransen and other good standard makes. Prices from \$150 to \$275, \$10 down, \$8 per month. OTT'S MUSIC STORE, Roseburg, Oregon.

We will trade you a good radio or phonograph for your old piano.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished house. Inquire at Goettel's Variety Store.
FOR RENT—Furnished, heated apartments, sleeping room or bachelor apt. Inquire 420 N. Jackson St. Apt. 4 upstairs.

WANTED

WANTED—An experienced housekeeper, family of three adults. Phone 474-J.

WANTED—to lease with privilege of purchase, pasture for 100 to 150 sheep. Address Box 69, care News-Review.

WANTED TO RENT—Sheep and turkey ranch. Give full particulars. Write Box 15, care of News-Review.

FOR RENT—4-room furnished house, electric range, garage. \$20 per month. Call 880 Hemphill St. Phone 486-J.

FURS WANTED—I am at Foster & Agee's hardware on Stephens street. Bring or ship to me. B. F. Shields, fur dealer.

WANTED—Fir and oak 16-inch and cordwood, on ground. For sale, fir wood, \$6.00 per load, 2½ tier to the load. Phone 32F11.

FOUND

FOUND—Lady's belt. Owner may have same by calling at this office and describing.

MISCELLANEOUS

TAKEN UP—Flock of white ducks, at my place, 2 mi. E. of Winchester. T. A. Troxell.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Saff's Auto Wrecking House.

FARM REMINDERS

This is the time of year when the beekeeper overhauls his equipment, says H. A. Scullen, bee specialist at the Oregon State college. All extraneous combs are looked over and graded and those which have holes through them or large portions of drone comb are patched with worker foundation. Combs and bee glue are cleaned from all parts of the equipment, and all parts needing it are repaired, and if thoroughly dry, painted. All equipment which is beyond further use is disposed of.

The bark beetle, Dendroctonus brevicornis, attacks large numbers of western yellow pine in Oregon. It girdles the trees by boring winding tunnels through the cambium layer of the bark, which usually results in the death of the tree. The only control according to the forestry department of the state college, is to cut down all infested trees in the spring and peck off the bark so that the larvae will be exposed to the rays of the sun.

The number of dairy cows being tested for abortion disease is rapidly increasing, the Oregon experiment station finds. In the month of October 1200 tests were made, the largest in one month made by this station. The abortion disease is very serious and great emphasis is being made on its control. In one county alone there is an estimated annual loss of \$250,000 a year. The county court there plans to appropriate money for the extensive study of the disease. The control work with the disease is attracting attention of dairymen in other states.

The Blazing Horizon

THE STORY THUS FAR

Tony Harrison, 13, is orphaned when Jeff Harrison, his father, is shot in a poker game in Caldwell, Kansas. He is befriended by Gordon W. Little, a restaurant waiter.

Joe Craig, foreman of the Bar K ranch, who takes Tony to the Bar K to live, and by Colonel Titus Moore, owner of the ranch, which is in the Cherokee Strip.

There the shy little boy meets Rita, tomboy daughter of Titus Moore.

The year is 1880, and Gordon Little is thinking of joining David Payne, who is waiting for the opening of the Indian territory lands, when he gets an offer of a teaching post in the Indian school in Pawnee.

There he lets his hair grow long and becomes known as Pawnee Bill. After a fight with the school superintendent he is charged with attempted murder and flees the territory.

He and Craig are in Caldwell some time later when Craig decides to go after a saloon owner named Shafer, former marshal of Caldwell, who Craig thinks is crooked and possesses a knowledge of the whereabouts of Tom Denton, murdered of Jeff Harrison. He conspires with John Blake, editor of the Caldwell paper, to declare war on Shafer in an editorial.

CHAPTER XIV
The Caldwell Tribune spread the printed word in a day when libel laws had not entered the editor's reckoning. This was just as well for John Blake, for he had a habit of speaking very plainly and making his type burn beneath fiery charges which, while they were justifiable enough, often lacked the proof necessary to convince a court of law.

The next issue of the Tribune, a weekly newspaper, contained an editorial which created something of a sensation. Most of Caldwell chuckled as it read; men walked the streets the afternoon and evening after, and one another, then paused to discuss the probable effect of Blake's utterances on Shafer, the proprietor of the Oasis saloon. In the end they invariably drifted toward the Oasis that they might be eyewitnesses to Shafer's embarrassment, or whatever other reaction the editorial might evoke.

Heretofore Blake's tirades against the liquor interests of Caldwell had never challenged the personal honesty of any of the saloon owners. His campaign had been sweeping; although he himself had acknowledged he was not a prohibitionist, he nevertheless had lamented the fact that the town was so saturated with whiskey as to "wake up every morning with a hangover." When he had singled out the Oasis for comment, it was only to remark that the place drew the toughest element of

the frontier to its bar.

In his latest editorial he grew rather pointed. "The saloon business," he said, "would appear to be a royal road to wealth. It deals in a commodity which is in great public demand—especially in Caldwell. Specifically, we have been rather curious to know how one goes about setting up in a saloon trade. We have in mind an individual who might be able to divulge the precious information so many of us less fortunate ones have been seeking. He is the only gentleman of our acquaintance who has been able to run a marshal's badge into a thriving liquor business, and it may be that he possesses secrets of alchemy that are denied to the common run of mortals."

There was more of it—a whole column of it—but this was the morsel over which Caldwell chuckled and winked. Inasmuch as Shafer was the only ex-marshall in the saloon business, the inference was obvious enough for the must dull-witted.

Joe Craig brought a copy to Pawnee Bill and then lay back in his chair with an amused expression in his eyes as the other read. They were eating dinner in the same restaurant where the younger man had once been a waiter.

Pawnee Bill whistled softly and put the paper down. "Aren't you a little bit afraid of what Shafer might do to him?"

Craig considered this a moment. "You mean Shafer might get violent?"

Pawnee Bill nodded. "Craig laughed. 'Don't get it into your head that I picked Blake to fight my quarrel for me. I went to him and explained some of my reasons for distrusting Shafer, and I just naturally had to put a check rein on him, he was that anxious to start calling Shafer names.'"

"Besides," he added, "Blake's just the sort of one that would be hoping Shafer would be mad enough to fight. He'd take him on in a minute. I sort of insisted I'd stay in Caldwell a while in case of trouble, though. I'm hoping to see some developments."

Pawnee Bill finished his meal in silence. "I'll have to admit," he said at the end of it, "that my natural curiosity sort of impels me to take a look-in at the Oasis. Coming along?"

"I was waiting for you to suggest it," said Craig. "Shafer seemed real anxious to have us drop in. I figure we sort of owe it to him."

They found the Oasis doing a rushing business. The bar was lined solidly, the gaming tables were crowded, and men were gathered here and there in little groups, all discussing the topic upmost in their minds—John Blake's editorial. As they talked they seemed by common consent to turn now and then to look at

the object of all this commotion. "Can't see that Blake hurt his business any," Craig remarked in a low voice to his companion. His eyes swept the bar and came to rest on Shafer, who at the moment was engaged in earnest conversation with a group at the farther end. The man was red-faced and vehement. Craig caught some of his words: "Skunk... liar... insinuations..."

He and Pawnee Bill elbowed a passage through the crowd. Shafer, looking up for a moment, saw them, and immediately raised his voice.

"I'll let him hang himself with his own rope," he proclaimed loudly. "What's the good of trying to argue with a man who's doing his best to make me rich? The more he says about me, the more trade I get. I guess that shows how the people of Caldwell stand in regard to me."

Craig nudged Pawnee Bill. "He's blowing off steam for our benefit," he whispered. "He's changing his tack; I wonder why?"

Shafer, glancing up once more, met Craig's eye, and ejaculated in surprise. "You here, Craig? Glad to see you. Step up and have that drink I've been promising you."

"Come other time," Craig said easily. "I sort of figure you're entitled to get everything that's coming your way after that editorial today. Nice crowd you've got."

Shafer gave him a long look, a little frown of uncertainty furrowing his brow. Again he seemed to be trying to fathom a hidden meaning in the words of the easy-spoken Craig. Finally he laughed and produced a bottle. He glanced meaningfully at one of the men directly in front of him, who immediately said something in a low voice to his next-door neighbor.

The two of them tossed off their drinks and with faraway gestures of the hands, stepped back from the bar to make room for Craig and Little, the taller of the pair, a lantern-jawed fellow, favoring Craig with a quick look of appraisal as he departed.

"Yes, sir," Shafer continued, talking now directly to Joe Craig. "I figure to sit back for a while and do nothing. Of course, the skunk ought to be run out of town for making insinuations about honest men; but as long as business keeps coming in like this I can't see where he's harmed me."

"No," said Craig. "I don't believe he's harmed you a bit. A lot of people I know would fly off the handle and go gunning for the man that said a thing like that. You now, you're acting real sensible."

"What would be the use of gunning for him?" Shafer inquired. "If I shot him a lot of people would say I couldn't answer his accusations."

"Whereas," Craig pursued, "you can shut him up forever by exhibiting the documentary evidence that you started the Oasis on money borrowed from a bank or inherited from a deceased relative—or whatever it was." He spoke glibly and favored Shafer with an innocent stare.

Again the little frown of bewilderment wrinkled the other man's

forehead. "It would be a good laugh on Blake," Craig continued, "if you showed him up as a liar."

Shafer laughed. "Yes, it would. I've got a good mind to do it." He chatted pleasantly for another minute or two and turned away from them, to take up his post at the bar's other end.

Craig and Pawnee Bill left soon afterward. As they emerged into the street Pawnee Bill noticed two figures straighten up from a leaning position against one of the buildings directly opposite the Oasis. He called Craig's attention to them. "Those two are the men who made room for us at the bar, Joe."

"I'm not exactly surprised," Craig replied. "I was going to pay a call on John Blake, to report a little gossip. Now I figure I've got to draw a herring across my trail till I lose that pair of bloodhounds across the street... What do you figure Shafer's up to?"

"He's going for Blake—that's sure. Why else would he go out of his way to give us the impression that he's going to do nothing?"

"You and I sure do think alike," Bill Shafer went nine miles out of his way to impress us with the fact that he was going to sit tight. Now I'm going a few miles out of my way to try and make Shafer's friends across the street think I'm heading back to the Bar K. I'm going to start out in that direction, but I'm going to change my mind and come back. Maybe you'd better hang around Caldwell kind of innocent like. I'll be back at the cabin at sundown."

He went for his horse and rode off, humming a few bars of a song. "Sergeant," he said to the big bay gelding that carried him, "we're not going far. I'm not aiming to fool you, too."

Two miles out of town he swung out of the saddle beneath some trees and permitted Sergeant to drink from a little spring. For fully ten minutes he watched the back trail for a glimpse of his shadow, but he saw no one.

"Guess they took it for granted I was leaving," he said, and stretched out on the ground to rest. "I'd give my shirt," he murmured, addressing the leafy branches above him, "to know what Shafer's got up his sleeve, and gave himself up to thoughtful consideration of the problem."

Half an hour later, having come to one conclusion only—namely, to see John Blake and talk to him—he rose lazily and clucked to Sergeant, the horse having wandered off a few yards in its aimless nibbling of grass.

But Sergeant was too far away for the slight sound to carry, and Craig pursed his lips in a low whistle. The horse pricked up his ears, wheeled and came toward him.

A sound came to Craig's ears then, a rustling, scraping sound that froze him in momentary horror.

(To Be Continued)

In the next chapter: Shafer strikes, but his enemies are prepared. Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 188-L.

Flour Gone Up?

Not Here!

Exchange, 1 sack \$2.00, 4 sacks \$7.80

Bear 1 sack \$1.90, 4 sacks \$7.40

Silver Dust 1 sk. \$1.80, 4 sacks \$7.00

Spuds \$1.40

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OREGON STATE BASKETEERS ARE READY FOR TRIP

OREGON STATE, Corvallis, Dec. 5.—After three practice games which the Oregon State varsity basketball team won by one-sided scores, Bob Hager, Orange coach, discovered he has at least two men of equal ability for each position and in addition he has some reserves who are getting better with every practice who without a doubt will give some of the so-called "first stringers" a real race for places on the varsity traveling squad.

Discovery of this basketball talent is pleasing to the Orange coach but at the same time he is faced with a real job of picking out from this host of good material the ten men who will make the middle west barnstorming trip during the Christmas vacation.

Only ten players can make the trip but Coach Hager has more than 20 men, eight of whom are lettermen, fighting for these ten places. Two men will be taken for each position. To start out, four men of equal ability are fighting it out for the center position. These are Savory, Pinkerton, Lusk and Aase. The left hand corner position is being sought for by six. These are Captain Bill Burr, Hart, Cordy, Tipper, Young, and Sleginger. For the right side position Hartung, Shreve, Mills and O'Brien are doing a lot of wrangling.

The pivot position, considered the most important in the present

stage system, is being eyed by Matthews, Peterson, Harold Price, and Fain, while the left side berth is the attraction of Wancher, Ray Price, Torson, and Johnson.

So many different combinations have been used by Coach Hager in practice that it is impossible to pick out a first string outfit at present.

Mad again—to unload fencing, 39 Square Deal or hinge joint fencing, 35¢ per rod. Also stock of new style Page fencing. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

The News-Review exclusive job printing department is showing a nice line of Christmas and New Year Announcements. We have a very complete stock and at very reasonable prices. Place your order now while the stock is complete and pay for them at your convenience. We want your order early so we can be sure of prompt delivery.

A new cream separator makes a fine Christmas present. We have three sizes in stock. Wharton Bros.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, in the matter of the estate of Daniel Curtin, deceased.

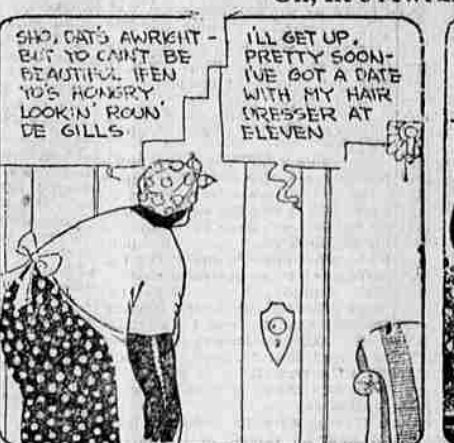
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Daniel Curtin, deceased, has and he has filed for the final settlement of his account as such administrator, and that the Court has fixed Thursday the 22nd day of December, 1927, at nine o'clock a. m., as the time, and the court room of said court as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

It W. MAHRTT, Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Daniel Curtin, deceased.
Dated and first published this 22nd day of November, 1927.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Oh, It's Awful



By Martin



By Blosser



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



The Best in the School



By Blosser



By Small



SALESMAN SAM



He's No Weakling



Like Heck She Does



By Small



By Small



By Small



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