

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—Two hand-made quilts. Can be seen at 871 Hoover St.

TURKEYS FOR SALE—Pure Black toms. Phone 14113.

TWO fresh cows for sale. Fred Vedder, Wilbur, Ore.

POTATOES—\$1.25 per hundred delivered. For a few days only. Phone 4722.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—German dolls for sale. Priced to move. Phone 4572.

NEW Games for Christmas. Males and females. Mrs. S. B. C. 630 West Oak.

TURKEYS—Black, hens and toms. Price \$5 and \$6. Melton House. Phone 14115.

REBUILT O. A. G. Barred, Plymouth Rock roosters for sale. Mrs. Sam Leake, Dixonville.

Special on Atkins cross cut saws, \$2.50 and up at Wharton Bros.

1927 CHEV. Truck. Slightly used. For sale or trade. See H. O. Lindhe at Sutherland for real bargains.

FOR SALE—Good strongly built trailer, just the thing for hauling broccoli. Call Perrin's Shoe Store.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, same as new Columbia photograph, in walnut, with file cabinet full of records. Also some other furniture for sale. Call at 604 S. Stephens.

FOR SALE—408-Egg Master incubator, first class condition, used one season, 2 500-chick Master oil burning canopy brooder. Price within reason. H. N. Pickens, Sutherland, Oregon.

SELL OR EXCHANGE—Almost new apartment house, concrete and brick const., strictly modern, fully equipped, elegantly furnished, overstuffed liv. rm. sets, elect. ranges; low operating cost, fully rented; West Side location; will consider good hotel. For full particulars write BERT PHILLIPS COMPANY, 407 1/2 Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

FOR RENT

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

WANTED

WANTED—A radio, would like to rent a radio for 30 or 60 days. Phone 278. 519 S. Stephens.

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

CHIROPRACTORS

Drugless Health Center
"Complete Health Service"

SULPHUR VAPOR BATHS
327 West Cass Phone 491

BRAND'S ROAD STAND

APPLES

From 50 Cents a Box Up.

Delicious Jonathans Snow Apples Spitzenbergs Orleys

de Anjou and Comice Pears

BRAND'S
Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

MONEY TO LOAN

ON IMPROVED FARMS

Long term loans with liberal repayment privileges. Interest payable annually. Small commission charges. Ask for folder describing the loan.

G. W. Young & Son

Insurance and Loans
116 Cass St. Phone 417

FURS WANTED

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

FOUND

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

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 558 when in need of auto parts. Sarr's Auto Wrecking House.

DOCTOR HAS A RIGHT TO LET HIS PATIENT DIE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SHEFFIELD, England, Dec. 10.—The right of a doctor to let a patient die rather than live in unremediable pain has been tacitly upheld by a coroner's jury here.

The coroner, in summation, declared that neither he nor the jury should comment or censure Dr. A. T. Simpson for letting his patient, John Robinson, die after the patient had taken an overdose of a dangerous medicine. The jury brought in a verdict that Robinson died from medicine taken to relieve pain and caused him to sleep.

Dr. Simpson was treating Robinson for heart disease. On the day that Robinson died he found that Robinson had taken an overdose of medicine. In view of the great pain Robinson had suffered in the past, Dr. Simpson decided to make no attempt to counteract the poisonous effects of the medicine.

"Some one has expressed the opinion that no one is good enough to say that another should die," Dr. Simpson declared after the verdict.

"With that I found no fault, but I would ask this question in response: 'Is any man good enough to decide that another must live willy-nilly, to suffer pain and distress beyond hope and help?'"

"I have known Robinson twenty years. He has done me many kindnesses. It would have been a cruel action on my part to have done him an unkindness in his last moments."

Have you seen our assortment of Xmas announcements? We not, drop in and look them over. We have a splendid line—both printed and engraved. News-Review job printing department.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR DEER CREEK BRIDGE BONDS

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will up to 7:30 p. m., on Monday the 19th day of December, 1927, at his office in the City Hall in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, receive sealed proposals for the purchase of Deer Creek Bridge Bonds in the sum of \$37,900.00.

Said bonds are issued under authority of Ordinance No. 912, duly and regularly passed by the common council of the City of Roseburg, Oregon, and approved by the mayor of said city September 7th, 1927, and as amended by ordinance No. 915, passed by the common council and approved by the mayor, November 7th, 1927, for the purpose of providing funds for the construction of a new bridge across Deer Creek on Jackson Street in the City of Roseburg.

The bonds No. 8, 16, 21, 32, 40, 48, 56, 61, 72 and 89 are in denominations of \$200.00 each and all the others are in denominations of \$500.00 each, and bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and are dated October 1st, 1927, and are payable serially one tenth (1/10) each year, first payment one year from date of issue.

No bid for less than par and accrued interest will be accepted, and the council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or draft for the sum of \$500.00, payable to the City of Roseburg, to be forfeited to the city in case the successful bidder shall fail to complete the purchase.

By order of the Common Council.
Dated and first published at Roseburg, Oregon, December 6th, 1927.

HAROLD E. SHERFY,
City Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

The Blazing Horizon

THE STORY THUS FAR
When Jeff Harrison, gambler, is killed in a poker game in Caldwell, Kas., his 13-year-old son, Tony, is taken to the Bar K ranch in the Indian territory by Joe Craig.
There Tony is welcomed by Titus Moore, owner of the Bar K brand, and his little daughter, Rita. Another who has befriended Tony is Gordon W. Lillie, who later becomes known as Pawnee Bill when he teaches school at the Indian reservation in Pawnee.
In the months that follow, reports come to the Bar K of the activities of the now notorious Benton gang, Tom Benton being the murder of Jeff Harrison.

CHAPTER XVIII
On a day late in September five men rode up the main street of Wellington and halted in front of a little bank. Three of them dismounted; two of these walked inside the bank and the third remained outside and leaned carelessly against the building.
Two men were loafing on the porch of the general store next to the bank, and to these the one who slouched so carelessly addressed in a low-voiced remark.
"Just sit the way you are and keep on talking like nothing's going on."
The idlers looked up in surprise. It was a hot day and they had found it pleasant to sit in the shade and chat about the crops. They blinked in puzzled fashion at the dark-skinned, thin-faced man who had spoken and then their eyes encountered the two mounted men across the street, their comprehension dawned in their faces and they sat as if stunned.

"It won't be more than two or three minutes," the thin-faced man continued; "and then you can go home and tell your kids you saw a bank robbery."
The first one that tries to get up or raise his voice'll get something that's bound not to do him any good."
The men on the porch of the general store turned a shade or two paler and made heroic efforts to continue their conversation, just as if nothing out of the ordinary were happening. The thin-faced one smiled contemptuously and winked at his companions with the least into Wellington.

Inside the bank, a big, bearded man produced a gun and walking directly to the cashier, demanded that he open the safe and hand out all the money.
"My partner here," he said, indicating his companion, "has a bag in one hand and a six-shooter in the other. When all the money's corralled you'll stick it in the bag. We don't care much for the silver; give us all your bills."

Three minutes later, the pair backed toward the door and the bearded man delivered a parting admonition. "Don't anybody move

outside the bank for five minutes and you'll keep your health."
Then they calmly stepped into the street, their retreat covered by the man who had remained just outside. He allowed them to mount their horses before he sprang to his own saddle. At that moment the proprietor of the general store attracted by the presence of some thing unusual outside, stepped to the door with a rifle in his hands. Before he could raise it to his shoulder or jump back from the doorway, the thin-faced man had fired. The storekeeper fell forward with a bullet through his heart and lay twitching and quivering on the floor of the porch at the feet of the two farmers.

"Now then," cried the one who had shot him, "you two sit where you are or you'll get the same dose."
"Why in hell do you talk so much?" the bearded man demanded curtly. "Come on; you're waiting time. He dug vicious spurs into his horse and was off, the others at his heels."
Fifteen minutes later they thundered past the Lillie-Stettler flour mill. Al Lillie, brother of Pawnee Bill, saw them pass and was instantly suspicious; so much so that he ran for his revolver and emptied it in a futile stream of lead at the flying figures.

"Out of range!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Shouldn't have left my gun so far away. He summoned his father and the two of them rode into Wellington.
The outraged citizenry pursued the bank robbers for hours, but returned late that night empty-handed; and word went out to Wichita, Caldwell, Arkansas City, Hunnewell and other towns to be on the lookout for the Benton gang.

Joe Craig, when he heard of it cursed fluently. A month later a Rock Island train was held up and several thousand dollars taken from the express car. This band, too, was led by a bearded man.
A letter from Pawnee Bill, post-marked Pawnee, informed Craig that the notoriety of the Benton gang had spread to that part of the country and that several of its members had been seen in the vicinity of Pawnee.

"At least, folks seem to think they belong to the Benton gang. It's pretty generally thought that they have a hide-town down in this part of the country."
Concerning himself, Pawnee Bill wrote that the cattle deal had been completed. "Except for the sale, my stock is up near Wellington for the winter. Instead of buying Texas cattle I bought down in the Chickasaw Nation. Seven of us started out for Texas, and down near Okmulgee we ran into a bunch of Creek Indians. They were on the warpath, although I didn't know it. They halted when they saw us and looked us over without saying a word, and I, like a

fool tried to swap a mule for one of their horses.
"They wouldn't answer me, but sat there for a few minutes more and then rode off. When we reached Okmulgee, deputies were being sworn in to go out and get the Creeks. I guess I was pretty close to losing my scalp."
"About the cattle. Down near the Texas border we ran into a cowpuncher named Billy Dunlap. He'd been down in Texas on the same business we were on and he said that talk about a drought in Texas was a lie. He insisted that better cattle could be bought in Oklahoma, and more reasonably.
The Kansas farmers with me wouldn't believe him and insisted on going ahead, but I went with Dunlap. I bought a hundred head from Tandy Walker, a Chickasaw Indian who used to be an officer in the Confederate army. Dunlap bought his at the same time and we drove them up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas. I paid six dollars a head and expect to make a nice profit. Meanwhile, though, I've got to make some money while my cattle fattens so I'm back in Pawnee for a while as interpreter."

"I might decide to go in the show business with Buffalo Bill. I guess I didn't tell you about it, but while I was here before, I roomed for awhile with a young fellow named Charlie Burgess. He's the son of the Burgess who spent so many years with the Pawnees in Nebraska and finally brought them down here. Charlie's working for Buffalo Bill, and he was down here to see if he could get hold of half a dozen Pawnees for Cody to put on in a Wild West show."

"Major Bowman wouldn't let him take any Indians without permission from Washington, and he couldn't get permission. It seems that Charlie notified Buffalo Bill that there was a young man down here with long hair, who could make up like an Indian and do their dances and who seemed to be a great friend of the Pawnees. So Buffalo Bill writes me to bring along some Indians and join him. I found the letters here in my old rooming house. It had been lying around for two or three months. I wrote to Cody, and he says it's too late to do anything this year, but he wants me to line up some Indians and go with him next spring. I'm not aiming to get permission from the government. I guess I'll take the risk."

"Why don't you and Tony saddle up some day and come down to pay me a visit? I'm thinking it would be a great thing for the boy to spend a little time down here among the Indians. You know how kids are. Anyway, I'm right fond of Tony and I'd sure try to show him a nice time."
Craig showed the letter to Tony Harrison, and the boy expressed a keen desire to pay Pawnee Bill a visit.

"Dunno," said Craig, scratching his head. "Better see what the colonel says."
"Of course," declared Titus Moore, and smiled. "Two years and more of ranch life must be sort of

monotonous to a boy that's been used to traveling like you. Tony, I think it's a good idea. Craig, you go along with him; I guess I can spare you for a week. If Tony wants to stay longer, let him. I'll do him good."

Then end of that week Craig and Tony Harrison left for Pawnee. The colonel, mounted on the spirited thoroughbred, Fancy, rode a few miles with them. "Now, Craig," were his parting words, "you take good care of that boy and don't let any Indian girls run off with him. He's getting to be about the most reliable hand I've got on the Bar K." He smiled broadly.

Craig grinned. "You just watch me ride herd on him, Colonel. I've promised him a couple of deer on our way down. We'll just sort of amble along and see what hunting we can find. I'm real anxious to see what he can do with a rifle, now that he's such a dead shot with a six-gun. I'm getting right proud of the boy."

He clucked to his horse. "Come on, Sergeant; let's be putting some dirt behind those feet of yours."
Titus Moore waved his hand to Tony and then sat watching the pair as they faced their horses eastward along the Salt Fork. He sat there until the man and the boy faded out of vision behind the trees that lined the river, and a curious expression was in his eyes.

"Doggone it, Fancy," he said, "I don't know what's come over me. If anything happened to that boy I don't believe I'd ever get over it." He bent over to pat Fancy's neck. "Let's go back, girl." He was very thoughtful on the ride back to the ranch house. His wife and Rita away, and now Tony. It would be very lonesome on the Bar K for a while.

(To Be Continued)
Tony visits with Pawnee Bill and is fired with a new ambition. In the next chapter.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Because the city is quarantined is no reason why a good photo will not make a real personal gift. C. W. Clark on Cass St. will give you a real photo. Phone 331. Clark's Studio.

Home cooking like mother used to make. Served family style, with a special Sunday dinner at the regular price of 50c. Also steady board and room. At the Umpqua Inn, Mrs. Wm. Fisher, prop. 825 Winchester, Roseburg, Ore.

Barbed Wire!

\$3.00, \$3.10, \$4.00, 80 Rod Spools
Extra Heavy Government Wire \$4.50

Wire Fence Poultry Fence
Don't ask us if its good--ask our customers

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

AGENTS FOR
Roseburg FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. Oakland
Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

DEFUNCT BANK TO BE REORGANIZED

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 10.—Under conditions which it is believed will make the action safe the state banking board yesterday voted to authorize a charter for reorganization of the defunct Sheridan State Bank. A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks, gives his approval under the same conditions.

The depositors must agree to waive 30 per cent of their commercial accounts and 10 per cent of their savings accounts. Stockholders must qualify for double liability and must refrain from transferring their stock for a period of at least 18 months. The bank management must have the approval of the state bank superintendent.

The reorganized bank will have a capital of \$25,000 and a surplus of \$5,000.

The plan was formulated at a conference yesterday between the board and Schramm. It was announced that deputies of the state banking department will have charge of the liquidation of the Farmers and Stock Growers Bank at Vale which closed its doors Monday.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

PLUNGING FULL-BACK PREPARING FOR NEW PLUNGE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 10.—Herb Joesting, Minnesota's all-American line plunging fullback, is

going to plunge into matrimony.

He took out a marriage license yesterday to marry Miss Lora E. Davidson of Minneapolis, a classmate at the University of Minnesota. Neither would say when the wedding will take place.

Joesting is a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and Miss Davidson is a member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority. Their ages were given as 22.

Fencing. Full gauge wire lasts longer. Red Strand fencing is new or under gauge. 2-39 square Deal or single gauge. See per rod at Stearns & Chesebrough, Oakland, Ore.

SECTY MELLON GIVES A RECIPE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Secretary Mellon is the only male member of a group of presidential and congressional housewives whose recipes will comprise the menu to be served Monday at the first "cook book luncheon" of the congressional club.

Along with Mrs. Calvin Coolidge's recipe for corn muffins and that of Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, widow of the former vice-president, for hostess, was entered Mr. Mellon's own formula for curried chicken a la indienne.

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.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



You Never Kin Tell



The Rescue!



By Blosser



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN SAM



Just What He Needed



By Small



Just What He Needed



By Small



By Small

