

Here to Serve You During 1928

The New Year opens auspiciously for the good people of Douglas County, and it is apparent that during the coming season there will be material activity in all lines of advancement.

HARDWARE ESSENTIAL

In all this activity a great deal of hardware will be required, and consumers are invited to call at Churchill's and get estimates or leave orders for any goods required. We are here to serve you during 1928.

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—9 weanling pigs. G. S. Johnson, Brockway.

WOOD FOR SALE—Red fir block \$2.75 per tier. Phone 10223.

FOR SALE—O. A. C. strain White Leghorn cockerels. Phone 15F15.

BUSINESS property for sale, big bargain. F. F. Patterson. Phone 57-Y.

BLACK and Bronze turkey hens for sale. E. L. Lutzman. Phone 11F3.

WOOD FOR SALE—Oak and pitch pine, \$3.50 per tier. 104 Cass St.

FOR SALE—Ten S. C. White Leghorn cockerels. G. W. Burt. Phone 17F3.

FOR SALE—Gray Flemish Giant rabbits, 3 months old. Wm. Burt. Roseburg. Phone 17F3.

FOR SALE—New trailer, new tires, extra good bargain. See it at Motor Shop Garage.

APPLES FOR SALE—Newton and Wagner, \$1 per box delivered. Edward Mundt. Phone 18F13.

FOR SALE—2 Toggenberg goats, fresh one week ago, with kids. Call at 875 Hoover St., Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Seven good weanling pigs, \$2.50 each. J. A. Williams, 6 miles north of Oakland on highway. Rt. 1, Box 25. Phone 40F11.

LUMBER—All kinds, \$15 per M. Bills sawn to order; slabwood \$3 per cord; edgings free. 3 miles south of Sutherlin, Ore. Highway Lbr. Co.

CHEAP FOR CASH or terms, my corner lot and buildings, 53x101 ft. Store, 2 gas pumps and four living rooms. On highway. J. M. Long. Haddon, Ore.

FOR SALE—Dry red fir for kindling, no knots, \$4 per tier; \$7.50 for 2 tiers. Red fir block, \$3 per tier; \$5.75 for 3 tiers. A. R. Mabley. Phone 32F11.

TRAILERS, TRAILERS, TRAILERS—Get your order in now for a trailer and get a Face-a-Lite free. This offer only holds good for a short time at Sarff's.

BABY CHICKS from best selected heavy laying hens mated to high record trapnested and pedigreed males, S. C. White Leghorns. Brook's Poultry Farm, Cottage Grove, Ore.

FOR SALE—Lloyd Loom wicker buggy, 2-tone grey and gold, large size, 3-year size crib and mattress. All in good shape. Reasonable. 705 E. 6th St., Cor. Commercial.

FOR SALE—11 acres near Sutherlin, 2 acres Bartlett pears, full bearing other fruit; good modern residence; barn, large poultry house. No reasonable offer refused. R. N. Pickens, Sutherlin, Ore.

NOTICE TO BROCCOLI GROWERS—Order you seed now for Schmidt's Early Fall Broccoli, maturing Oct. Nov. Price \$15 per lb. or \$4 per 1 lb. \$125 per ounce. Cash with order. Orders filled in rotation. Like to have all orders by Jan. 15, as seed is limited. Fred Schmidt, Star Rt., Roseburg.

WANTED

HOME laundry, \$29 Winchester St. WANTED—Sewing, any kind. Prices reasonable. Mrs. Edgar Miller, Wilbur, Ore.

MRS. Emory Davis wishes washing at once. Call at 935 Prospect St.

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

WANTED—One horse or team, with six months time on good note, 8% interest. Horse not to weigh over 1100 lbs. and not over 12 yrs. old. Jim Draper, Roseburg.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt., ground floor, close in. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—5-room modern furnished house. Inquire 604 W. Lane.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, \$7 per month. Free water. See elevator man Perkins Bldg.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 3-room apt., modern, built-ins, Stationery tubs, piano, Deardorff Apartments, 112 Brockway. Phone 403-R.

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE—I will handle no garbage cans for less than 75c per month after Jan. 1st, 1928. Jim Draper.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

SPEND THE DIFFERENCE

HE: How would you like some lingerie for Christmas?

SHE: I'd adore it. Listen, I can get it at fifty per cent off where I work.

HE: That's an idea.

SHE: Sure it is. You can buy me something else with the discount—Life.

DIMES and nickels are mighty—they build the Woolworth Tower!

Similar small sums invested in New Style H-O—the New Kind of Oatmeal—will buy many dishes of the most delightful breakfast cereal you've ever tasted.

Cooks in 2 to 3 minutes.

The Food that Makes the Man

H-O

The New Kind of Oatmeal

Quickest Hot Cereal

NASH GARAGE

The best Used Cars that money can buy.

Repairing on all cars. Guaranteed Work.

Oak & Main Sts. Phone 649

MONEY TO LOAN

ON

IMPROVED FARMS

Long term loans with liberal repayment privilege. 5% interest payable annually. Usual commission charges. Ask for folder describing this loan.

G. W. Young & Son

Insurance and Loans
118 Cass St. Phone 417

The Blazing Horizon

THE STORY THUS FAR

The story is laid in the Indian territory and along the Kansas border in the '80s, when a fight was being waged for the opening of Oklahoma to settlement. Chief characters are:

Tony Harrison, orphaned at 13 when his father was shot in a poker game.

Pawnee Bill, adventurer, teacher, Indian interpreter, showman; Joe Craig, who takes Tony to the Bar K ranch to live; Titus Moore, owner of the Bar K brand.

Rita, his daughter.

Moore is one of the chief opponents of the movement to open Oklahoma. David Payne, leader of the movement, dies suddenly and Tony in his loyalty to Moore is troubled because of his sympathy for Payne's cause. He tries to forget Rita Moore, with whom he has fallen in love, and accompanies Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill on a wild west show tour. After many adventures he returns, but Rita comes back for a visit and he is unable to keep from declaring his love for her. When she admits she is engaged to another, he disappears.

When Pawnee Bill organizes his own wild west show, Tony goes with it, but it fails and he and Tony go to Wichita to lead the movement for the opening of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER XXXIX

He reviewed the odd chain of circumstances that had brought him to his present position. What he asked himself, would Titus Moore and Joe Craig say if they knew he had allied himself with the forces against which Moore, his benefactor, had been contending for years?

A Boomer—word of anathema to Titus Moore! The man no doubt would think he had turned on him like an ungrateful dog.

"I couldn't blame him," Tony told himself, "if he accused me of biting the hand that fed me."

Two days before, he had written to Joe Craig, expressing his sorrow at Mrs. Moore's death and his complete sympathy for the colonel and Rita. About his plans or his whereabouts he had said nothing.

It hurt him more than ever, now that the tragedy of death had fallen on the Moore family, to think of the disgraced spectacle he had made of himself before Rita's eyes in Washington. The memory of it invariably evoked in him a mood of terrible self-chastisement in which the old resentment against Rita vanished in a flood of pity for her. For himself on these occasions he felt nothing but contempt, but underneath it remained a stinging bitterness, a heaving restlessness. He felt the need of some powerful, wrench-

ing antidote.

"Perhaps it's here," he told himself, thinking of the thousands of homeless people camping out- side of Wichita, and along the Kansas border: the thousands clamoring for land, lifting their eyes daily toward the invisible barrier that stretched between them and opportunity. Each week saw a few of them, poverty-stricken, disillusioned, embittered, turn dejectedly back toward the places they had left. Others remained, however, many, their resentment fanned into rebellion, were waiting for a sign, for a leader, to swarm in and resist to the death, any move to expel them.

Tony Harrison knew them and understood them, from mingling with them in their camps at Caldwell and Wellington. There was a rift among them, true—crooks, petty thieves, and liars who expected to find the mythical pot of gold at the rainbow's end; but in the main they were of the same pioneer stuff that had plodded westward over Kansas plains in prairie wagons drawn by bull teams, when every few miles of the way had been contested by hostile Indians. Toward them all he felt compassion.

Pawnee Bill found him in the hotel lobby toward midnight. The first step had been taken. "The first step," he said, "has been taken. The Pawnee Bill Oklahoma Colonization Company has been formed. There'll be branches, later, in other cities. Dues, two dollars to John and two dollars a year, Tony, you can bet on that."

The younger man felt his enthusiasm. "And what are we to do with it?" he asked.

"Force the government's hand, by God! This winter we'll be busy organizing, but before spring we go in—and stay."

"Resistance?"

"I hope it won't be necessary," he frowned. "If the troops—"

"It's a serious thing to resist the government with a show of force. It's rebellion. If the soldiers fire on us—"

Pawnee Bill chewed his lip thoughtfully. "But if they know we're ready to rebel—if they realize just how serious the situation is—they might do something. Bloodshed's bad business. Give me time. I'll have a plan."

"You can count on me in anything you do," Harrison grinned. "About our finances," he began.

"I'm right on rock bottom."

"Don't worry," said Pawnee Bill, and patted his hip pocket. "I'm in funds once more. I've already wired to have our horses shipped on. Right now I'm hungry. That banquet didn't do me a bit of good; I was worrying all through the meal about the speech I'd have to make."

At the edge of the Strip they camped. All along the border there stretched an unbroken line

eral Kansas cities. In Wichita there were correspondents from many eastern newspapers, for the country at large was keenly interested in the Oklahoma fight; and these wired back stories of privation and hunger and suffering from the cold. In December and January many of the less hardy spirits climbed in the rickety wagons that carried all their possessions and turned back in defeat. Pawnee Bill did what he could to bolster up their flagging courage; he and Tony Harrison rode from town to town—Caldwell, Hunkewell, Arkansas City—breathing messages of encouragement, calling on them to wait.

"But we're tired of waiting. We've waited four years."

"A few weeks; that's all. Maybe not that long. I'll be back again soon—with news. Be ready to move at a minute's notice."

Thus he went from camp to camp, saying optimistic things that he himself dared not believe—anything to keep up their morale. They believed in him, but what did more than anything else to sustain them was the influx of more homeseekers. These came by the hundreds, in schooner wagons, carts, on horseback, by train, and pitched camp along the border, breathing a hopefulness that inspired those who had waited through the weary months and years.

The Pawnee Bill Oklahoma Colonization Company had branches in many cities, and as far west as Denver and east as Chicago there were Oklahoma colonies. Landslides and confidence men saw their opportunity and in distant cities they preyed on the credulity of the ignorant, assuring homeseekers for a small payment, promising everything and anything.

The Springer bill, described as "an act to organize the Territory of Oklahoma and for other purposes," was before Congress. It passed.

"But I'm not too optimistic," Pawnee Bill told Tony Harrison. "If things go along as they have been, the cattlemen will lick it. It's about time to force their hand. All right; we'll line up on the border, and we'll send out word that we're going in and that if they try to put us out we'll drag the cattle out with us, rip down their fences, run off their herds, anything."

Tony shuddered. Open warfare on Titus Moore at last, he thought. But he nodded assent. "I said I'd stick with you," he said, his face strangely white.

From Wichita the wagons moved southward to come to a halt on the border of the Cherokee Strip, that ribbon of land between Kansas and Oklahoma, the Promised Land. Encouragement, defiance, hope—these were in the battle cries that accompanied the clanking of wagon wheels, the stambing of horses, the cursing of men as they urged them forward, forward.

At the edge of the Strip they camped. All along the border there stretched an unbroken line

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Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

MOVIES

ANTLERS THEATRE

"Shanghai Bound" Gives Richard Dix Fine Story

Authenticity is an outstanding characteristic of Richard Dix's new Paramount starring picture "Shanghai Bound," which will be shown at the Antlers Theatre tomorrow.

He nodded in the direction of two horsemen, rough looking men, one with heavy jaws, the other with a patch over his right eye.

"Howdy," he said easily as they approached. "Come to look us over?"

They paid no heed to his question. The man with the patch said with a sneer, "Think you'll try to cross the Strip? You know what will happen, don't you?"

"Why, no, I don't know. I've been doing some thinking, though. Can you tell me?"

"I'd like to know myself," remarked Tony, ranging closer to Pawnee Bill. These were known to him. He was thinking, and capable of anything—even murder in broad daylight.

(To Be Continued)

BURDEN OF PROOF

Motorist (after the accident): But I've got a gadget on my car to prove that I was only doing ten miles an hour.

Professor: And I can prove, sir, by the depth of the confusion on my tibia, that I have been smitten by an object weighing seven hundredweight and moving with a velocity of 3600 feet per minute—Passing Show.

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

Never Again for Bub

LO STEVE! BOOTS IN TH' HOUSE?

YES! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO FINISH SHOVELING THE SNOW OFF THE WALK FOR ME?

SURE! I'D LIKE TO—BUT MY BACK—COOOH!!!

BUB, YOU'RE THE LAZIEST PERSON I EVER SAW! I DON'T SEE HOW YOU THIVE ON SO LITTLE EXERCISE—WHY DON'T YOU TAKE UP BASKETBALL?



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN SAM



By Martin

By Blosser

By Small