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RADIO PROGRAMS

Portland Stations
KGW, 491.5-6:30 p. m., dinner music; 6:30-7: California Fruit Growers' Exchange program, through the Pacific coast network; 7:30, concert trio, with Jane Burns, soprano soloist; 7:30-7:45, poultry lecture; 7:45-8, book chat; 8:30, Jack and Ethel; 8:30-9, Royal Baking Powder concert from the Pacific coast network; 9:10, Studio concert; 10:11, dance music; 11:12, dance music.
KOIN, 319-6:15-6, topay-turvy time; 6:17, dinner concert; 7:15, amusement guide and utility; 7:15-8, orchestra concert; 8:30, hand concert; 9:30, studio recital; 9:30-10:30, stage and orchestra presentations; 10:30-12, dance music.
KEX, 277.6-6:30-6 p. m., concert; 6:30-7, utility; 6:30-7, children's program; 7:30, dance music; 8:30, studio feature; 9:10, studio recital; 10:12, dance music; 11:12, dance music.
Other Coast Stations
KOAC, Corvallis, Ore., 270.1-6 p. m., campus reporter and music; 7:10-7:30, sports; 7:10-7:30, farm utility program; 7:30, string quartet.
KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 447.5-6:30 p. m., special entertainment; 6:30-7, network concert; 7:30-8, variety program; 7:30-7:45, poultry talk from KGW; 7:45-8, book chat; 8:30, network concert.
KOMO, Seattle, Wash., 305.9-6:30 p. m., concert orchestra; 6:30-7, network concert; 7:30-8, studio music; 7:30-8, concert orchestra; 8:30-9, network program; 9:30-10:30, diversified studio program; 10:30-11, news and quartet harmony; 11:12-30, orchestra and popular songs.
KGO, Oakland, Calif., 334.4-6:30 p. m., utility; 6:30-7, network concert; 7:30-8, farm program;

Come to the Catholic Daughters' card party at the Parish hall Wednesday evening, April 18th, 8 o'clock. Bridge, five hundred music, refreshments, prizes, 35c.

8:30, network concert; 8:30-9:30, network concert; 9:10, Western Artists' series concert; 10:11, Hotel St. Francis dance orchestra.

KJR, Seattle, Wash., 348.6-6:30 p. m., time signals and utility; 6:30-7:30, dance program; 7:30-8:30, studio music; 8:30-10, studio program; 10, time signals; 10:12, dance orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Calif., 468.5-6:30-7 p. m., orchestra; 6:30-7, network concert; 7:30, beauty talk; 7:30-8, blues and ballads; 8:30, network concert; 9:30, concert orchestra and soloists; 10, network concert.

KHQ, Spokane, Wash., 370.2-6:30 p. m., network concert; 7:30, concert orchestra; 8:30-9:30, network concert.

KPO, San Francisco, Calif., 422.3-6:30 p. m., dinner concert; 6:30-7, network concert; 7:30-8, instrumental trio; 8:30, network hour; 9:10, concert orchestra; 10:12, dance orchestra.

KYA, San Francisco, Calif., 361.2-8:30 p. m., chamber music; 9:10, orchestra program; 10:12, dance orchestra.

KFRC, San Francisco, Calif., 454.3-6:30-7:30 p. m., instrumental music by the Cecilians; 8:30, Maxwell concert; 9:10, concert orchestra; 10:11, dance orchestra; 11:12, Balconada orchestra.

KMO, Tacoma, Wash., 284.1-6:30 p. m., Hawaiian program; 6:30-7, popular concert; 7:30, concert music and announcements; 8:30, studio entertainment; 9:30, concert orchestra.

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GIRL ALONE

Copyright 1928 by NEA Service. Author of "The Girl Alone" and "The Girl Alone" by Anne Austin.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Sally Ford, ward of the state orphanage from the time she is four, is "turned out" to Clem Carson when she is 16. She meets David Nash, athlete and student who is working on the farm for the summer. Carson makes remarks about David's friendship with Sally and the student strikes him a terrific blow.

Sally and David flee and join a carnival. David as cook's helper and Sally in a sidewalk disguise as "Princess Lalla," crystal gazer, Nita, Hula dancer, who knows the police are after the newcomers and who is infuriated with David, threatens to expose Sally if she doesn't keep "hands off" the young student.

The carnival goes next to Capital City, where Sally spent so many years in the orphanage. She successfully eludes detection under the disguise of the crystal gazer until one afternoon when the orphanage troop in with their hostess, a beautiful woman who fascinates Sally. One of the children recognizes Sally and shouts her name, but Gus, the Barker, comes to her rescue and diverts attention. Sally is surprised to see the beautiful "Lady Bountiful" stop and talk with a well-dressed Easterner who earlier in the afternoon had teasingly read Sally's fortune in the crystal and asked her to go to supper with him.

When a terrible storm blows up and the tent falls, Sally finds herself supported in the arms of the Easterner. He tells her he knows who she is and that the police are after her. When they are rescued, Sally learns that David and Nita are missing. Later that night, Nita Bybee calls everybody into his car and tells them his safe has been robbed. Mrs. Bybee accuses Sally and David, recalling that Sally one day saw her place money in the hidden safe. Sally pleads her and David's innocence and tells of Nita's menacing voice in the darkness and her conversation with the unknown man Steve.

Bybee says he will call in police to find David and Nita. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY, CHAPTER XXX

Pop Bybee looked down upon Sally's agonized face with troubled indecision in his bright blue eyes. He tried to lift her to his feet, but her arms were locked about his knees. The midge had crawled from the car and was on the floor of the car and as Bybee hesitated, her tiny fists bent upon his right leg for attention.

"You're not going to break your promise to Sally, are you, Mr. Bybee?" the tiny voice piped shrilly. "You told her and the boy you'd protect them. She's told you you hear it? I always knew Nita was a crook. She never saw a policeman or a constable or a sheriff without turning white as a ghost. She joined up with the carnival just to learn the lay of the land and tip off her accomplice—this Steve person—where to find the money. That's why she was spying on me. Listen to me!"

"I'm listening, Miss Tanner," Pop Bybee acknowledged wearily. "And I swear I don't know what to say or do. If they get clear away with that money the show'll be stranded. Every cent I had in the world was in that safe. Reckless! I was a fool to carry it with me. I never trusted a bank, and it was more convenient having it right with me. Tomorrow's payday, too, and all of you are in the same boat with me."

"Listen, boss, let's take a vote on it," Gus, the Barker, spoke up suddenly and loudly. "Now me—I believe the kid here is telling the truth. No college boy could crack a safe like that. It was a professional job, or I'm a liar!" Of course Nita may have told the boy off with her and this Steve, since she was so crazy about him, but we ain't got no proof as him, and as Sally says, if you sick the cops on the boy, the jig will be up with her as well as the boy. Another thing, Dave may be laying in the bushes somewhere with a bullet."

"Oh!" Sally screamed, as the full significance of Gus' words burst upon her. She rushed then, her little body slumping into a heap at Bybee's feet, her head striking one of his big shoes and resting there.

When she regained consciousness she was lying in the berth which had belonged to Nita, and the midge was kneeling on the pillow beside her head, dabbing her face with a handkerchief soaked in aromatic spirits of ammonia. Mazie and Sue, two of the dancers in the "grille" show, sat on the edge of the berth, their cold-creamed faces almost beautiful with anxiety and sympathy.

"What's the matter?" Is it time to get up?" Sally asked dazedly. "What are you doing, Betty?" The midge answered in her tiny, brisk voice: "I'm bathing your face with ammonia which Mrs. Bybee sent. It should be cologne, and this ammonia will probably dry your skin, causing drowsiness, but it was the only thing we could get. You fainted, you know."

"Oh, I remember!" Sally moaned, her head beginning to throb from side to side on the pillow. "Have they found David? I know he's been hurt!"

"They're looking for him," the midge assured her briskly. "Mr. Bybee took a vote on whether he was to notify the police about Nita's being gone, as well as Nita, and the vote was 'No.' That ought to make you feel happier!"

"Oh, it does!" Sally began to cry softly. "You have been so kind, so kind! You said Mrs. Bybee sent the ammonia?" she asked wistfully.

"She certainly did, and she's in the kitchen of the village car right now, making you some hot tea. She won't say she's sorry, probably, but she'll try to make it up to you. She's like that—always trying off the handle and suspicious of everybody, but she's got a heart as big as Babe, the fat girl."

"And so have you!" Sally told her brokenly, taking both of the tiny hands into one of hers and laying them softly against her lips. "Ain't love grand?" Mazie sighed deeply. "If it had been my sweetie, I'd a-fell for that line of Ma Bybee's about him running off with Nita, but you sure stuck by him! I was in love like that once, when I was a kid. I married him, and he run off with the albinos girl and took my grouch bag with him. Every damn cent I had! But I was sure sweet before we was married and he was nuts about me."

"Aw, let the kid alone!" Sue slipped from the edge of the berth and yawned widely. "Gawd, I'm sleepy! If the cops don't catch that Hula hussy I'm going out looking for her myself, and when I get through with her she'll never shake another grass skirt! C'mons, Mazie. It's three o'clock in the morning, and we've got 18 shows ahead of us today."

"Maybe!" Mazie yawned. "If Pop wasn't strutting us, we'd be stranded in this burg. G'night, Sally. G'night, Midge. And say, Sally, even if this Dave boy has blown and left you flat, you won't have no trouble coping off another sweetie. Gus was telling us about that New York rube that's trailing you. Hook up with him and you'll wear diamonds. Believe me, kid, they ain't none of 'em worth losing sleep over when you've got 18 shows a day ahead of you, G'night."

When she had gone the midge yanked the green curtains together with comic ferocity, then crawled under the top of the sheet that covered Sally.

"I'm going to sleep here with you, Sally," she said. "I don't take up much room."

And the woman, who was old enough to be Sally's mother curled Bybee's body in the curve of Sally's right arm and laid her tiny cheek, as soft and wrinkled as worn kid glove, in the hollow of Sally's firm young neck.

But long after the midge was asleep, Sally lay wide-eyed and tense in the dark, her mind a welter of fears and love and doubt. She had pleaded passionately with Pop Bybee for David, fiercely showing the dark depths of her mind even the memory of the jealousy which Nita had fawnishly aroused in her heart. But now that she had saved him temporarily by convincing Bybee that the boy could not have taken part in the robbery, doubt began to insinuate its ugly body upward from those dark depths where she had buried it.

Did he really love her—a pathetic, immature girl from an orphanage, a girl who had been nothing but a responsibility and a source of dire trouble to him since he had first met and championed her on the Carson farm?

a pair of criminals who had robbed the man whose kindness had protected him from the law. Why she must be crazy to think for a moment that David could do a thing like that! No one in the world was as good and kind and honorable as David.

But where was he? Mrs. Bybee had left him to guard the train. Not for a moment could she believe that he had failed in his trust. Painfully, Sally tried to visualize the dreadful thing that had happened. David alone, patrolling the train, his eyes sharp for intruders. Then—the sudden appearance of Nita and the man, Steve, weighted down with the contents of the safe they had robbed. For Sally knew that the robbery must have taken place before David caught his first glimpse of the crooks. Otherwise the safe would be intact now, even if David's dead body had been found as silent witness that he had fulfilled his trust.

Her mind shuddered away from that imagined picture, went back to the painful reconstruction of what must have taken place. David had seen them, had given chase. Of course! Otherwise he would be here now. Was he still pursuing them, or was he lying some where near the road, wounded, his splendid young body ignominiously flung into a cornfield?

She could bear no more, could no longer lie safe in her berth while David needed her somewhere. Very carefully, for all her haste, she lifted the tiny body that nestled against her side and laid it tenderly upon the pillow, which was big enough to serve as a mattress for the midge. Then, sobbing soundlessly, she groped for her shoes in the little green hammock swung across the windows; found them, put them on, slipped to the edge of her berth. She was profoundly thankful that the girls had not addressed her after she had fainted.

When she reached the car in which Mr. and Mrs. Bybee occupied a stateroom she saw the showman and his wife through the open door, talking to two strangers whom she guessed to be plainclothesmen from police headquarters of Capital City. The two men were evidently about to leave, nodding impatiently that they understood, when Sally appeared, like a frightened, pale little ghost in green-and-white-striped gingham.

She forgot that she was without make-up, that the police were looking for her as well as for the criminals who had robbed the safe. But Pop Bybee had not forgotten. Still talking with the plainclothesmen, he motioned to her violently behind his back. She turned and sedately toward the other end of the car as the detectives made their farewells and their hushed promises of "quick action."

When the men had left the car Bybee's voice summoned her in a husky stage whisper, calling her "Lalla," so that the detectives, if they were listening, should not identify her with the girl who had run away from the orphanage in the company of a man wanted on a charge of assault with the intent to kill.

"Are you crazy?" Bybee demanded hoarsely when she had come running to the stateroom. "Then was dicks! Policemen, understand? They might nab you. What are you doing up? Get back to bed and try to sleep."

"You found David?" she quavered, pushing aside his anxiety for her.

"Not a sign of him," Bybee shook his head. "But I didn't slip the beans to the dicks. I'd given my word, and Winfield Bybee's word is as good as his bond."

"I'm going to look for David," she announced simply, but her blazing eyes dared him to try to prevent her. "I'm going to find him—or killed. I'm going to find him."

And before the astonished man or his wife could stretch out a hand to detain her she was gone. When she dropped from the platform of the car she heard the retreating roar of the police car. Instantly turned her in the opposite direction, away from the city, down the tracks leading into the open country.

She did not know and would not have cared that Mr. and Mrs. Bybee were following her. Mrs. Bybee muttering disgustedly but refusing to let Sally search alone for the boy in whom she had such implicit faith.

Dawn was breaking, pale and wan, in a sky that was shamelessly cloudless and serene after the violence of last night's storm, when, over a slight hill, a man's figure loomed suddenly, then seemed to drag with unbearable weariness as it plodded toward the show train.

"David!" Sally shrieked. "David!"

She began to run, her ankles turning against clots of clods, but her arms outstretched, a glory greater than that of the dawn in her face.

(To Be Continued)

David had been shot, but he is able to tell his story in the next chapter.

Ford, 1927 model touring, looks like new. If you want one of latest Model T Ford here is your chance. Hansen Chevrolet Co. Used cars with an o. k. that counts.

CARL SHOEMAKER ADMITTED TO PRACTICE BEFORE U. S. SUPREME COURT

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—Carl D. Shoemaker of Portland today was among the attorneys admitted to practice before the supreme court of the United States. His admission was moved by Senator McNary. The bill appropriating \$25,000 for investigation of methods to prevent fish from getting into irrigation ditches, in support of which Shoemaker has spent some time in Washington, has passed the senate and been favorably reported to the house. He expects to return to Portland at the end of this week.

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ASTUTINOL DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Richter-McBride Co. Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists.

C. W. Bagby, 363 17th St., Oregon City, Ore., says: "I know the value of Doan's Pills and am glad to recommend them. My kidneys were quite a bit and I had a weak and aching back that made it hard for me to sleep. My kidneys didn't get right, either. Doan's Pills soon put me in good shape, strengthening my back and kidneys."

Farmers everywhere are buying that Red Strand longer life fence tag, 9-39 at 50c per rod. Stearns & Cleworth, Oakland, Ore.

HOOVER, SMITH ARE FAVORED IN THE BAY STATE

New Yorker Without Rival, Little Opposition to Cabinet Member.

PRIMARY APRIL 24TH

New Law Permits Electors to Express Preference for President on the Ballots.

BOSTON, April 13.—Voters in Massachusetts will have a chance at the presidential primaries April 24 to say who they think ought to be the next president.

An emergency measure passed this spring enables the rank and file of voters to write or paste in the name of their favorite candidate for president when they choose their delegates to the national political conventions. But while the vote will indicate preference, it will not legally bind delegates.

South and Hoover. Among the candidates for convention delegates sentiment predominates for Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York among the democrats, and for Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover among the republicans.

A Massachusetts law concerning the pledging of candidates brought Governor Smith's first open declaration of his candidacy for the democratic presidential nomination, and the democratic state committee has announced a full list of candidates for delegate-at-large pledged to Smith. A complete list of Smith candidates appears in all 16 districts of the state.

Since no other candidate in either party authorized use of his name on the ballot, no other candidates are pledged, but Hoover supporters say their candidate is likely to command 30 of the 39 republican delegates from Massachusetts. The delegates are likely to cast a vote first for Gov. Alvan T. Fuller.

Dawes Sentiment. Among republican candidates for delegates-at-large, Senator Frederick H. Gillett favors Hoover; Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, state director of immigration and Americanization, and William M. Butler are pledged; and several who are unpledged are pledged to Dawes.

There are democratic contests in every district, but only five district candidates for delegate have remained unpledged to Smith. Leaders among the democratic candidates for delegate-at-large are U. S. Senator David I. Walsh, Andrew J. Seters and James M. Curley, both former mayors of Boston, and Joseph B. Ely.

BORN
SOUTHWICK—To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Southwick of Canaan Valley Monday, April 16, 1928, a son.

MOVIES
ANTLERS THEATRE
"Rose of the Golden West" With Mary Astor and Gilbert Rowland Coming to Antlers

Love makes the world go 'round, and sometimes it nearly shakes the big ball from its axis.

The love affair that played a big part in the winning to the United States of California, 70 years ago, is the theme of "Rose of the Golden West," coming to the Antlers Theatre next Friday.

Founded upon historical fact, this George Fitzmaurice production for First National Pictures shows how a romantic and fiery Spanish youth portrayed by Gilbert Rowland, and a stately-eyed and divine beautiful senorita, enacted by Mary Astor, upset the intrigue of nations in the quest for California.

All the glamor of California, as it was under Spanish rule, is depicted on the screen in "Rose of the Golden West." Montague Love, Gustav von Seyffertitz and Flora Finch also are featured.

LIBERTY THEATRE
"The Fourflusher" Now Playing at Liberty

The indefinable charm of youth thoroughly permeates "The Fourflusher," the comedy which is now at the Liberty Theatre, with Marlon Nixon and George Lewis.

The two make an admirably matched young couple and carry through their roles with a verve and sweep which would do credit to the old time stars who have been in pictures and on the stage for many years.

Miss Nixon is beautiful and appealing, while Lewis is handsome and winning—both are capable of acting.

The supporting cast is talented, with Eddie Phillips playing the staid young heavy and Churchill Ross playing a comical role which is even funnier than the one he had in "The Collegians."

Burr McIntosh, as the gruff old man, is very amusing, while Hayden Stevenson is the affable automobile salesman.

Farmers everywhere are buying that Red Strand longer life fence tag, 9-39 at 50c per rod. Stearns & Cleworth, Oakland, Ore.

We enjoyed a good sermon by Rev. Allen Sunday afternoon. We are sorry to hear that he is compelled to go to California for a while on account of his health.

H. W. Lawson was taken to

The Standard \$5.00



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COUNTY BRIEFS

SOUTH DEER CREEK NEWS

Palmer Davis of South Deer Creek left Monday for Portland, where he will work for a dairy.

Thomas Melton was in town Saturday attending to business matters.

Miss Mildred Huffman of East Douglas spent Saturday evening with Miss Ruth Blood of South Deer Creek.

Jack Melton was a caller at the Blood home Saturday afternoon.

Dick Melton and son Richard were in town Saturday visiting friends.

Alva Hunter was in town last week attending to business matters.

The H. E. C. will meet at the hall the 27th of this month to tie a quilt.

The S. D. C. school play was a great success the 13th of this month. Girls have been asked to put it on again at the Dixonville hall, but the teacher, Miss Williams, has not decided when that will be. Refreshments of sandwiches, salad, cake and coffee were served to the people afterwards.

O. K. Patterson was a business caller in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

We surely have had enough rain this month. Here's hoping we don't have so much next month.

F. P. Betts spent the week-end with his son, J. J. Betts, of North Pine St.

John Whitsett has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Melton, Sr., of S. D. C. He returned to his home Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Winona Bailey called at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. M. Cox, Saturday afternoon.

CAMAS VALLEY NEWS NOTES
The regular meeting of the Camas Valley W. C. T. U. was held last Wednesday at the home of Miss Alice Scranton.

Mrs. Winnie Brown and little son, Marcus, spent the last of the week visiting with relatives at Oakland.

Mrs. Chris McCann was called to see her mother, who is quite ill at her home near Albany. She was accompanied by her little daughter, Ruby.

Mr. and Mrs. Melinger and little daughter Patty spent the week-end visiting at Myrtle Point.

Mrs. E. W. Huntley took the League delegates to Myrtle Point Friday afternoon. Those attending the convention were: Ruth Dick, Gail Lawson, Lewis Frost and Laura Frost, Warren Frost and Miss Lois Creasy attended the convention Sunday and brought the delegates home that evening.

Bud Croys spent the week-end visiting relatives in Myrtle Point.

Roseburg Sunday afternoon for medical attention. On Sunday morning he was hooked in the left forearm by an angry cow. Ten stitches were necessary to close the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Neely attended church at Myrtle Creek Sunday morning.

J. C. Bovingdon of Marshfield spent the week-end visiting old friends at Glilde.

Claire Vaughn of Eugene spent several days last week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Withem.

Mrs. L. O. French of Portland is spending some time visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Kincaid.

Glilde Grange No. 463 held a very interesting meeting last Saturday evening, taking in four new members.

The Christian Sunday school had a class party last Friday evening at R. T. Blakeley's, with a large crowd. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

The ladies of Glilde Grange gave Mrs. Ed Everts a stork party at Mrs. F. S. Blakeley's last Saturday afternoon, there being forty-four ladies present. All had a very enjoyable time.

LOOKING GLASS NEWS
The Kiwanis Club of Roseburg was hospitably entertained by the Looking Glass Grange at the local hall Friday evening of last week.

The ladies of the Grange served a savory and beautiful chicken dinner at 7:30 p. m.; first to the visiting guests, then to the rest of the assembly. It is estimated that there were three hundred people present, forty of whom were Kiwanians.

Following the big dinner came words of welcome by Worthy Master A. B. Nichols of the local Grange and snappy responses by Messrs. Whipple, Farrington and Goff of Roseburg. The Looking Glass high school class of 21 students rendered several pleasing songs and recitations. A one-act play by six high school pupils was also presented and well received.

The Kiwanians sang songs, gave humorous skits and played several favorite instrumental numbers to the delight of all.

It was an evening of free and lively sociability, of good will and get-together spirit. Everybody left the hall for home and so to bed in good humor.