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MOVIES

ANTLERS

"Old Ironsides" at Antlers

Like a mighty chord played to a stirring memory the guns of "Old Ironsides" thunder again. They resound as a peal on the long-muffled harp of history. The echoes over the waters make us pause to listen to a voice fervent with the patriotism and glory of the past when young America struck for its mark of courage, freedom and destiny. Sashed pirates leer no more with upraised scimitars as their bloody paws cut the trammelled waves of the Mediterranean. They are spectators only, cringing before the gallant wrath of Stephen Decatur and the powder-grimed Yankee heroes of 1804. James Cruise, in holding up the massive scroll of our traditions through the Paramount film, did a marvelous thing. And those who are answering to the roll call of those famous times, Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Johnnie Walker, Charles Farrell—and, of course, Esther Ralston—must feel signally honored.

LIBERTY

"Sharp Shooters," Starring George O'Brien, Coming to Liberty

Can gobs shake a wicked log when it comes to the dance hall? George O'Brien in "Sharp Shooters" not only proves it to his dancing partner, Gwen Lee, but to every observer, as well.

No one else had a chance on the dance floor when George was tripping the light fantastic to the strains of a jazz tune, thus proving that he also had his lighter moments when he was not engaged in some flake encounter.

It was in Miss Lee's favor that she was too good a dancer, or she would have been left far behind. It would almost take a professional to keep pace with the whirling turns and side-steps of the intricate fox trot.

Lola Moran is costarred with O'Brien in this colorful story of the American navy in foreign ports. Others in the cast include William Demarest, Joseph Swickard, Tom Dugan and Noah Young. J. C. Hyston directed. The picture comes to the Liberty theatre tomorrow for a two-day run.

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GIRL ALONE

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ward of the state orphanage since she was four, Sally Ford is "farmed out" to Clem Carson the summer is 16. He also hires David Nash, athlete and student, for the summer work. When Carson makes remarks about David's friendship for Sally, David deals him a terrific blow.

They run away and join a carnival, David as cook's helper and Sally in a sideshow disguised as "Princess Lalla," crystal gazer. In Capital City, location of the orphanage, Sally is recognized when the orphans troop in, chaperoned by a beautiful "Lady Bountiful." Sally learns from Arthur Van Horne, a handsome caterer visiting in Capital City, that the "Lady Bountiful" is Enid Barr, wife of a wealthy New York man.

One night Sally goes to the show train to visit David and returns alone through the dark streets. A car draws up beside her and Van Horne helps her in and drives her to the show grounds. He tells her that Enid Barr believes her to be Sally Ford and is working to have her returned to the orphanage. As they near the show grounds, Van Horne leans forward and in flattering tones tells Sally she has a big future as a musical comedy actress and that he wants to take her to New York and give her a year in a dramatic and dancing school.

Now go on with the story CHAPTER XXXV

As long as she lived Sally Ford would remember with shame that for one moment she was tempted by Arthur Van Horne's offer to prepare her for a stage career in all her life; her heart's desire before she had met David had been to become an actress, and in that one moment of her ambition lay within her grasp she wanted to stretch out her hands and seize opportunity.

Her eyes glistened she gasped involuntarily with delight. If Van Horne had not been hasty, if he had not snatched her to him with a strangled cry of triumph as his eyes—eyes—eyes—no longer, but wide and brilliant with desire—read the effect of his words, she might have committed herself, he promised him anything. But he did touch her, and her flesh instinctively recoiled, for every nerve in her body was still athrill with David's goodnight kiss.

"No, no! Don't touch me!" she shuddered. "I won't go! You know I love David!" she wailed, her eyes facing with her hands.

"Why won't you let me?" Van laughed, settled back in his seat and crossed his arms upon his breast. "I can wait until you have your little tummy full of carnival life and of hiding from the police," he told her in his old, nonchalant way. "Incidentally I have always bemoaned the fact that conquest is so damnably easy. It is a new experience to me—this being refused, and I suspect that I'm enjoying it. Now—shall I say goodnight, since we've reached the carnival lot? It's not goodby, you know, Sally. I assure you I'm admirably persistent. And remember, if Enid tries to make a nuisance of herself, you can always fly to Van. Good night, Sally, you adorable, ungrateful little wretch! No kiss? Perhaps it is better so. I'm afraid I should not care for the brand of lipstick that Princess Lalla uses."

Sally did not tell David of Van Horne's offer, for on Saturday, the last day of the carnival in Capital City, the boy developed a temperance which caused Gus, who had acted as volunteer surgeon, to exclude all visitors, even Sally.

Apparently Enid Barr had been convinced of Bybee's gallant lies that little orphaned Betty had been mistaken and that "Princess Lalla" was not "Sally Ford, playing-actress," but it was not until the show train was rolling out of the state in the small hours of Sunday morning that the girl dared breathe easily.

Sunday, on the show train, was a happy day, the happiest that Sally had ever known in her life. Freaks and dancers, barkers and concessionaires, all the members of that weirdly assorted family, the carnival, mingled in a joyous freedom from work and worry, singing together, reminiscing, gambling, gossiping.

The last week, except for the storm had been an excellent one; money was free, spirits high. Even Mrs. Bybee, hovering like a mother hen over David, was good-natured, inclined to reminisce and give advice. Sally, whose talent for exquisite darning had been discovered by the women and girls, sat on the edge of David's berth, her lap full of flesh and beige and gunmetal silk stockings, her needle flying busily, her lips curved with a smile of pure delight, as she listened to the surge of laughter and song and talk. The midge, "Pitty Sins," perched on the window ledge of David's berth, a comical pair of spectacles across her infinitesimal nose, was reading aloud to David from one of her own tiny books, and David was listening, but his eyes were fixed worshipfully upon Sally, and now and again his left hand reached out and patted her busy fingers or twirled the hanging braid of her hair.

Oh, it was a happy day, and Sally was sorry to have it end. But the show had to go on. The train wheels could not click forever over the rails. Monday, with its bustle and confusion and ballyhoo and inevitable performances, lay ahead. But they were far out of the state which held Clem Carson, the orphanage, Enid Barr, Arthur Van Horne and all other menaces to freedom when the train did stop at last, on the outskirts of a town of 10,000 inhabitants.

Carnival routine had already become an old story to Sally; she no longer minded the curious stares

of villagers, the crude advances of dressed-up young male "rubes." The glamor had worn off, but in its place had come a deep contentment and a sympathetic understanding, born on that happy Sunday when the relaxed carnival family had shown her its heart and hopes. She was glad to be one of them, to be earning her living by giving entertainment and happiness—fake though her crystal-gazing was—to thousands of people whose lives were blighted with monotony.

During their first week in the new territory business was even better than the Bybees had dared hope. Positively the only calamity that befell the carnival was the discovery that Babe, the fat girl, had lost five pounds, due to her loudly confessed but unrequited passion for the carnival's hero, David Nash.

On Wednesday David was permitted to get up, and that afternoon for the first time he witnessed Sally's performance as "Princess Lalla." She had become so proficient in her intuitions regarding those who sought knowledge of "past, present and future" that his smiling, amused attentiveness to her "readings" did not embarrass her.

When the show was over, she joined him proudly, her little brown-painted hands clinging to his arm, her face uplifted adoringly to his, as she pattered at his side on a tour of the midway. It was then that his dreams came true. At last she was "doing the carnival" with a "boy friend," like other girls. And David played up magnificently, buying her hot dogs, salt water taffy, red lemonade—the two of them drinking out of twin straws from the same glass.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday morning before show time the two wandered about the village to which the carnival had journeyed the night before. It was heavenly to be able to walk the streets unafraid. David walked with head high, shoulders squared, unafraid to look any man in the face, and Sally could have cried with joy that he was free again, for Bybee had assured them that there was not the slightest chance of extradition on the charges which still stood against the two in their native state.

Some day, somehow, the cloud against them would be lifted, and David could walk the streets of Capital City as proudly as he walked these village streets.

With money in their pockets, they could afford to buy all the necessities of life, the luxuries which their enforced flight from the Carson farm had deprived them of. Sally, her little face enchantingly grave and wise, chose ties and socks and shirts for David, and almost forgot to bother about her own needs. And David in another part of the village "general store," bought, blushing but undauntedly, little pink silk brasieres and silk jersey knickers and silk stockings for the girl he loved. When she saw them she burst into tears, hugging them to her breast as if they were living, feeling things.

"Why, David, darling!" she sobbed.

bed and laughed. "I've never before in all my life had any silk underwear or a pair of silk stockings! I—I'm afraid to wear them for fear I'll spoil them when I have to wash them. Oh, the dear things! The lovely, precious things!"

"And here's something else," David said to her that Saturday morning.

They were in the still-deserted Palace of Wonders, their purchases spread out on Sally's platform.

"Give me your hand and shut your eyes," David commanded gently, with a throb of excitement in his voice.

She obeyed, but when she felt a ring being slipped upon the third finger of her left hand her eyes flew open and found a sapphire to match them. For the ring which David had bought for her was a plain loop of white gold, with a deep-blue sapphire in an old-fashioned Tiffany mounting, such as tradition has made sacred to engagement rings.

"Oh, David!" She laid her hand against her cheek, pressing the stone so hard that it left its many-faceted imprint upon her flesh. Then she had to kiss it and David had to kiss it—and her.

"I wish it could have been a diamond," David deprecated, "suppose all girls prefer diamond engagement rings. But—"

"Oh, David, is it an engagement ring?" she breathed, then flung herself upon his breast, her hands clinging to his shoulders.

"Of course it is, precious idiot!" he laughed. Very gently but insistently he forced her face upward, so that their eyes met and clung. His were boyishly ardent but solemn, hers were misted over with tears, but brighter and bluer than the stone upon her finger. "I don't know when we can be married, Sally, but—I wanted you to have a ring and to know that I'll always be thinking and planning and—oh, I can't talk! You want to be engaged, don't you, Sally? You love me—enough?"

"I adore you. I love you so that I feel I am not even half a person when you're not with me. I couldn't live without you, David," she said solemnly.

They were still sitting there, talking, planning, making love shyly but ardently, when Gus, the barker, mounted the box outside the tent and began to ballyhoo for the first show of the morning.

"Eleven o'clock and I'm not in make-up yet, and you've got to run the wheel for Eddie today," Sally cried in dismay, jumping to her feet and gathering up her scattered purchases and presents.

As the day wore on, with show after show drawing record crowds for a village of its size, "Princess Lalla" gazed more often into the shining blue depths of a small sapphire than into the magic depths of her crystal. But perhaps the sapphire had a magic of its own, for never had her audiences been better pleased, never had quarters been thrust so thick and fast upon her.

At half past nine that night Gus, the barker, had not quite finished his "spiel" about the Princess Lalla when the girl, whose eyes had been fixed trance-like upon her ring, saw a woman suddenly begin to ascend the steps to the platform. Before her startled eyes had traveled upward to the woman's face Sally knew who it was. For 12 years that big, stuffy cor-



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Food Facts, a magazine of dietetics, has published an authoritative article on "The Place of Cereals in the Diet," by Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, Professor of Household Science, at the University of California. Every mother should read this article. Write for a free reprint to Albers Bros. Milling Co., Advertising Department, Davis and Vallejo Sts., San Francisco.

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FARM POINTERS

Seed flax can be used profitably for late seeding on heavy soils in Oregon where late seeding of grain would generally result in low yields as compared with flax. It is essential that the land be firm and comparatively free from weeds as flax will not compete with them as successfully as small grains, finds the experiment station.

feeding. They have a feed value practically equal to that of corn silage. Many cows can be fed as high as 25 to 30 pounds daily without danger, while others may not handle more than 10 or 12 pounds.

Obtaining the seed corn supply before stocks of the better type are exhausted has been found the best practice. Seed corn obtained from specially selected seed stock from adapted varieties has given good results in Oregon, Minnesota No. 13 is recommended by the experiment station—particularly for the production of grain.

THE REMINDER

Mrs. Miggs: Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married. Mr. Miggs: You're wrong, my dear. Nothing brings home the Greater use could be made in fact with so much force.—An-Oregon of cull potatoes for dairy

WELL DRILLING

Best six-inch casing, \$1 a foot, heavy riveted casing, 50c. For drilling estimates, see or write W. F. Kerlin, Roseburg.

For sale—John Deere 3-bottom, 10-inch orchard tractor plow, new, for \$125. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Oregon.

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