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RADIO PROGRAMS

PACIFIC GOODRICH FACTORY WILL OPEN WITH RADIO PROGRAM

Another great milestone of western industrial development will have been reached next Wednesday, May the second, when the Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company's new factory at Los Angeles is officially opened.

An appropriate program has been arranged; a program that is the finishing touch after the construction of this great manufacturing plant and that is the opening gun of an undertaking which will employ thousands of persons and add materially to the wealth of the already prosperous hinterland of Los Angeles.

Details for the program are now being arranged. The proceedings will be broadcast over the radio by the Pacific Coast Network's six stations between nine and ten-thirty p. m. Pacific Standard time. Music by great artists of both voice and instrument, addresses of welcome from prominent personages who are vitally interested in the project, and special features to be announced later, will be sent on the air over the network including stations: KPO, San Francisco; KGO, Oakland; KOMO, Seattle; KFI, Los Angeles; KGW, Portland; and HG, Spokane. The speakers will be: James D. Tew, president of the Pacific Goodrich Rubber company; the Honorable Burton R. Fitts, Lt. Governor of California, and J. Dabney Day, president of the Citizens National Bank of Los Angeles. Incidentally, this program will be the first of a series to be given every Wednesday night at the same time over the Pacific network.

Portland Stations

KGW, 491.5—6-7 p. m., dinner concert; 7-7:30, studio concert; 7:30-7:45, horticultural lecture; 7:45-8, educational talk; 8-9, Shell Oil company program, Pacific coast network; 9-9:30, orchestra and the mixed quartet; 9:30-10, Fisk tire program, the Pacific coast network; 10-11, Collegians; 11-12, dance program.

KOIN, 319,—5:15-6, topsy-curvy time; 6-7, dinner concert; 7-7:15, amusement guide; 7:15-8, orchestra music; 8-8:30, musical features; 8:30-9, studio artists; 9-10, dramatic program; 10-11:30, frolic.

KEX, 277.6—5-6, courtesy concert; 6-6:30, announcements; 6:30-7, children's program; 7-8, dance music; 8-10, studio concert.

Other Coast Stations

KOAC, Corvallis, Ore., 270.1—6:30, music and utility; 7, 4H club meeting; 7:30-8, string quartet program.

KMO, Tacoma, Wash., 254.1—6:30-7 p. m., mechanical program; 7-8, feature programs; 8-9, musical program; 9-9:15, book chat; 9:15-9:30, music; 9:30-10, vocal and instrumental entertainment.

KHQ, Spokane, Wash., 370.2—6-6:15 p. m., travelogue; 6:15-6:30, orchestra; 6:30-8, organ recital; 8-9, Shell hour; 9:30-10:30, network concert.

KFOA, Seattle, Wash., 447.5—6-6:30 p. m., sightseeing program; 6:30-7:15, studio program; 7:15-7:30, news; 7:30-7:45, floral talk; 7:45-8, general news; 8-9, Pacific coast network concert; 9-10, concert.

KOMO, Seattle, Wash., 305.9—6:30-8 p. m., concert orchestra and soloists; 8-9, Pacific coast network concert; 9-10, orchestra and vocal music; 10-11, network concert; 11-12:30, dance music.

KFI, Los Angeles, Calif., 468.5—6-7 p. m., dinner concert; 7-8, KFI symphonette; 8-9, network concert; 9:30, studio program; 9:30-10, network concert; 10-11, concert orchestra and soloists.

KGO, Oakland, Calif., 384.4—6-6:30 p. m., utility service; 6:30-7:30, dinner concert; 8-9, network concert; 9-9:30, artists' concert; 9:30-10, network program; 10-11, Pacific coast network concert.

KFRC, San Francisco, Calif., 434.3—6:30-7:30 p. m., concert by the Cecilians; 8-10, blue Monday jamboree; 10-12, dance frolic.

KLX, Oakland, Calif., 508—6:30-7 p. m., dinner concert; 7-7:30, news; 8-9, studio orchestra; 9-10, Lake Merritt Ducks.

KPO, San Francisco, Calif., 422.3—6-7 p. m., dinner music; 7-7:30, network program; 8-9, concert through the Pacific coast network hour; 10-12, variety hour.

Government Seeks O'Neil in France

The missing link in the government investigation of the Teapot Dome oil scandal, James E. O'Neil, is being actively hunted in Europe, where he fled more than a year ago. This advertisement, carrying a picture and description of O'Neil, was run for several days in a Paris edition of a New York newspaper. It was signed by Atlee Pomerene and Owen J. Roberts, special assistants to the attorney-general of the United States.

LOCAL STUDENTS AT O. S. C. GET BAROMETER MENTION

OREGON STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, April 30.—Activities of two Roseburg students, Vesta Beckley, sophomore in commerce, and Allan Look, senior in mining engineering, are mentioned in the Barometer, student daily here.

Miss Beckley has been appointed assistant business manager of next year's Beaver, the college annual published by the students.

Mr. Look has been elected an associate junior member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, an institute made up of the leading engineers of the county. The students elected were chosen on their scholastic records and outstanding work during the summer.

CERTIFIED BROCCOLI SEED

Original St. Valentine strain known as the old Ashby No. 2 heading March 10th to April 10th, this strain producing 85 to 95% No. 1 heads this year and grown and harvested two years ago under my personal supervision on the farm of H. P. Conn. The original lot of seed has been in a local bank for two years pending field trials. Write or phone orders to H. P. Conn 6F33 or B. W. Cooney, 1249 Umpqua Ave. Per pound $18; 2 lbs. to 25 lbs. $17, and 25 lbs. or more $16. B. W. Cooney.

CHANGES APPROVED

OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, April 30.—That the basketball rules committee acted wisely when it made no drastic changes in the code is the opinion of Bob Hager, varsity basketball coach here. "I am in favor of leaving the rules as they stand," said Coach Hager.

A minor change which helps prevent stalling was met with approval by the Orange coach. This rule prevents a tall player from tapping the ball and catching it several times in succession, thus keeping the ball out of play. The same player may not tap the ball and catch it twice in succession, according to the committee ruling. Compensation for the short player is effected in this change and will give him an even break with the tall player, in the opinion of Coach Hager.

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GIRL ALONE

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Sally Ford, ward of the state orphanage since she was four, is "farmed out" to Clem Carson the summer she is 16, and meets David Nash, a student working on the farm during vacation. David hits Carson when he makes remarks about David's friendship with Sally. They run away and join a carnival, David as cook's helper and Sally as "Princess Latla," crystal gazer.

In Capital City, location of the orphanage, some orphans come trooping into her tent, chaperoned by a beautiful "Lady Bountiful." Sally is recognized, and only quick action by the barker saves Sally. Sally learns from Arthur Van Horne, Easterner, who annoys her by his attentions, that the Lady Bountiful is Enid Barr, wife of a wealthy New Yorker. The carnival moves to an adjoining state. Mrs. Stone, matron of the orphanage, follows Sally and confronts her in the sideshow. Again Gus, the barker, helps Sally get away. She and David flee from the carnival. They find a "marrying parson" and hurry to his home. He is saying the first words of the marriage ceremony when a loud ring comes at the door and Enid Barr and Mrs. Stone rush in. When all retire from the room but David, Sally, the matron and Enid, Enid goes to Sally and says, "I am your mother."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI.

"My mother?" Sally echoed blankly. Then incredulous joy floated her pale little face with a rosy glow. "My mother? David—Mrs. Stone—oh, I can't think!"

David's arms had dropped slowly from about her shoulders and she stood swaying slightly. "But—you can't be my mother!" she gasped, shaking her head in childish negation. "You're not old enough. I'm sixteen—"

"And I'm thirty three," Enid Barr said gently. "There no mistake, Sally, my darling. I'm really your mother, and I'd like, more than anything in the world, for you to let me kiss you now and to hear you call me 'Mother'." She had advanced the few steps that separated them and was holding out her delicate, useless-looking little hands with such humility and timidity as no one who knew Enid Barr would have believed her capable of.

Sally's hands went out involuntarily, but before their fingers could intertwine, Enid flung her arms about the girl and held her smotheringly close for a moment. Then she raised her small, slight body on tiptoes and pressed her quivering lips softly against Sally's cheek. At the caress, twelve years of loneliness and motherneed rushed across the girl's mind like a frantically unwinding spool of film.

"Oh, I've wanted a mother so terribly! Twelve years in the orphanage—Oh, why did you put me there?" she cried brokenly. "It's awful—not having anyone of your own—no family—and now, when I have David to be my family, and I don't need you—so much—you come— Why didn't you come before? Why? Why did you put me there?"

Her words were incoherent, and at the bitter reproach in them Enid tried to hold her more closely, but Sally, scarcely knowing what she did, struck the small, clinging arms from her shoulders and whirled upon David, her mouth twisting, tears running down her cheeks. "I don't want anyone but you now, David. Don't let them separate us, David. We're half married already! Make the preacher come back and finish marrying us, David—"

Enid Barr looked wonderingly upon her arms, as if expecting to see upon them are marks of her daughter's blows. A gust of anger swept over her, leaving her beautiful face quite white and darkening her eyes until they were almost as deep a blue as Sally's.

"You can't marry the boy, Sally! I'm sorry that almost my first words to you should be a reminder of my authority over you as your mother. Come here, Sally!" But almost in the moment of its returning the arrogance for which she was noted dropped from her, and humility and grief took its place. "Please forgive me, Sally. It's just that I'm jealous of your love for this boy and grieved that you want to leave me for him. But—oh, why should you love me. God knows I've done nothing yet to make you love me! I can't blame you for hating and reproaching me—"

"Oh!" Sally turned from the shelter of David's arms and took an uncertain step toward her mother, pity fighting with rebellion and bitterness in her overcharged heart. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Barr—Mother—"

"I think you'd better tell her your story, as you told it to me, Mrs. Barr." Mrs. Stone could keep silent no longer. "Now, Sally, I want you to listen to every word your mother says and bear in mind that she is your mother and she, who has been hunting for you for weeks, her heart full of love for you because you were her child."

For twelve years Sally had obeyed every command uttered in that harsh, emphatic voice and she obeyed now, allowing herself to be led by Mrs. Stone to the sofa. Enid Barr took her seat on one side of the girl and David, without asking permission of either of the two older women who watched him with hostile, jealous eyes, took his place on the other side, his hand closing tightly over Sally's.

Jealously, Enid Barr reached for the girl's other hand and held it against her cheek for a moment before she began her story, her contralto voice low and controlled at first. Mrs. Stone sat rightly erect in an old-fashioned morris chair, her lips folded with an expression of grim patience, as if she regretted the necessity of once more hearing a story which affronted her Puritanical principles.

"I was just your age, Sally," Enid began quietly, "just sixteen, when I met the man who became your father. I was Enid Halsted then. He was fifteen years older than I. I thought I—loved him—very much. He was—very handsome."

Her eyes flickered toward the soft tendrils of black hair that showed under the brim of Sally's little blue felt hat. "My father, a proud man as well as a very rich one, forbade me to see the man, discharged him, but—it was too late."

She interrupted herself suddenly, leaning across Sally to challenge David with eyes which were again arrogant. "I'm permitting to hear all this, Mr. Nash, because I know that Sally would not listen if I sent you from the room. But I must ask you to promise never to tell anyone what you hear today—"

"It concerns Sally, Mrs. Barr, and anything that concerns her, either her past, present or future—" his eyes flickered a tiny smile at Sally as he repeated the familiar phrase from Gus, the barker's ballyhoo—"is sacred to me."

"Thank you," Enid said coldly, and was immediately punished by Sally's attempt to withdraw her hand. "I am sure I can trust you, David," Enid added, swallowing her pride, so that Sally's fingers would twine about her own again. "My mother was dead, had been dead for more than five years. I had to tell my father. There's no use in my going into all that happened then," she shivered, her free hand covering her eyes for a moment. "He—saw me through it, because he loved me more than I deserved. No one knew, for he arranged for me to go to a private sanitarium, where no one but the doctor knew my real name. After my baby was born my father told me it had been born dead, and I—I was glad at first. But afterwards I could hardly bear to look at a baby—I mustn't try to make you sorry for me," she cried brokenly, flicking her handkerchief at a tear that was sliding down her cheek.

Enid Barr drew a deep, quivering breath and cuddled Sally's hand against her cheek. "Father took me to Europe for a year and when we returned, I made my debut, as if nothing had happened. I was eighteen then, and I thought I never wanted to be married, but when I met Courtney Barr my second season I changed my mind; when I was twenty I married him. I've been married thirteen years and—there's never been another baby. There couldn't be—because of the first one—you, Sally—though I didn't know, didn't dream you were alive."

"Poor Mother!" Sally whispered, tears slipping unnoticed down her own cheeks. It was all right—all right! Her mother hadn't meant to abandon her, even if she had been ashamed of bearing her—

"My father died when I was twenty-one, just four years after you were born, Sally. He died suddenly, and the lawyers couldn't find a will. He'd hidden it too well. Everything came to me, of course, all that he had meant you to have as well as my own share—"

"He—my grandfather—sent Mrs. Ford money," Sally cried suddenly. "Gramma Bangs told me she used to get money orders and that when the money stopped coming, Mrs. Ford had to put me in the orphanage, because she was sick—I understand now!"

"Yes, he sent her a liberal allowance for you, on condition that she never tell who you were and that she would never bring you to New York. She did not herself know who you were, who the man was who sent the money, who your mother was," Enid Barr went on, her voice more controlled now that she had passed over the telling of her own shame.

"It was not until May of this year that I found out all these things. A connoisseur of antiques was looking at my father's desk and accidentally discovered a secret drawer, containing his will and a painstaking record of the whole affair. I told no one but Court — my husband — and he agreed with me that I must try to find you at once. He was—wonderful—about it all. Of course I had told him, or rather, my father had told him the truth about me before I married him, but Court thought, as I did, that the baby had died. It was a great shock to him, but he's been wonderful."

Her voice had the same quality in it as she spoke of Courtney Barr that enriched Sally's voice whenever she spoke David's name, and the girl could not help wondering why her mother, who had suffered and loved, could not understand the depth of her love for David. Maybe she would—intime—

"I found Mrs. Nora Ford's address among the papers, of course, and I went to Stanton immediately, but as I had feared, I found that she had left there years before, and that no one in the neighborhood had the least idea where she had gone. One old lady—Mrs. Bangs—said that Nora had had a daughter, Sally, and I knew that she meant my daughter. I spent weeks and a great deal of money searching for some trace of Nora Ford and Sally Ford, but it was useless. I had almost lost hope of finding either of you when I read that terrible story in the papers about Sally Ford and David Nash—"

"Carson lied," David interrupted quietly. "His story was false from beginning to end. There was absolutely nothing between Sally and me but friendship. I knocked him through the window because he called her vile names and was threatening to send her back to the orphanage, in disgrace, when she had done nothing wrong, except work herself almost to death on his farm."

"Thank you, David. I'm glad to hear the truth. I was sure of it the first time I looked into my daughter's eyes. But if it had not been for that story in the paper I would not be here today, so I'm almost grateful to Carson for his vileness. I went to the orphanage, interviewed Mrs. Stone and after I had satisfied myself that Sally was really my daughter, I told her all that I'm telling you now and asked her to help me find her. That afternoon I took the children to the carnival, because it was the only way I could do anything for you, my darling."

"And Betsey, recognized me!" Sally cried. "If Gus hadn't been trying so hard to protect David and me from the police—"

"Exactly!" Enid smiled at her through tears. "You've been running away from your mother ever since, not from the police. And what a chase you've led us, darling! That enormous old man, Winfield Bybee, had convinced us that we were on the wrong track, that Betsey had been mistaken, and the carnival had left town when Mrs. Stone got a letter from a woman who said she'd been with the carnival—"

"Nita!" Sally and David exclaimed together. So she had kept her promise to avenge herself, Sally reflected. A queer revenge—restoring an orphaned girl to her mother who was a rich woman. Sally smiled. But— wasn't she avenged after all? Wouldn't Nita congratulate herself on having separated David and Sally, no matter what good luck she had inadvertently brought upon Sally by doing so?

At the sudden realization of what this story meant to herself and David, Sally withdrew her arm from about her mother's shoulders and flung herself upon David's breast.

(To Be Continued)

David says goodby, and Sally is heartbroken. In the next chapter.

FLASHES OF LIFE

(By the Associated Press)

BERLIN.—Would German girls marry Baron Von Huenefeld? Two-thirds of those answering the newspaper queries says his work is too dangerous for a husband—his flying, not his poetry.

BOSTON.—When a middy has a black eye his sweetheart gets a kick. So says Spike Webb, navy boxing coach. The girls like to attend academy bouts before the dance there and are highly pleased if their escorts at the hops display signs of battle.

NORRISTOWN, Pa.—The crew of a naval balloon owe their lives to some convicts. Caught in a squall, the balloon threw out ropes when over a prison farm. Several dozen men grabbed them willingly and were dragged across two fields before the bag was brought down.

PADDOCK BREAKS RECORD AND SPECTATORS INJURED

FRANKLIN FIELD, Philadelphia, April 28.—Despite the fact that a 30 foot section of the retaining wall of the stadium collapsed spilling a ton of brick and about 50 spectators onto the track, Charley Paddock sped to a new world's record of 17.2-5 seconds for 175 yards in the mud today at the Pennsylvania relay carnival.

Tony Plansky, former Georgetown football star, captured the Pennsylvania relay carnival decathlon championship today for the third time in four years, establishing himself as an outstanding Olympic candidate by overcoming a record breaking field of rivals.

The crash of the wall injured three spectators internally.

On Warpath

Oregon State Footballer Is Chief of Coquelle Indians

Many years ago, the Coquelle Indians had many threats to offer early settlers in southern Oregon. Now, Chief Hus-Heh, last of a long line of chieftains, appears as a triple threat. To his classmates at Oregon State college he is known as Coquelle Thompson and he will be the fullback on next year's eleven. He weighs 200 pounds and does everything a good back should do.

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2500.00	13.00	16.67	29.67
3000.00	15.00	20.01	35.01
3500.00	18.00	23.34	41.34
4000.00	20.00	26.67	46.67
4500.00	23.00	30.00	53.00
5000.00	25.00	33.33	58.33

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Around the County

RIDDLE LOCALS

Homer Strickland of Roseburg was visiting friends here Friday and Saturday.

Rev. Gillette of Canyonville was attending to business matters here for a few hours Saturday.

C. J. Williams of Portland arrived this week and is a guest at the home of his friend, Milton Acker.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Eisenman, who live near Gazley, were in town Wednesday shopping and attending to business matters.

Mrs. W. S. Phillips of Roseburg accompanied by Mrs. Staley, was visiting relatives here Friday.

Alec Ferguson, traveling salesman, paid Riddle a visit Wednesday.

Miss Sylvia Brown, Democratic candidate for county clerk, was canvassing the town, Friday, in the interest of her campaign.

Mrs. Geo. R. Riddle and Mrs. Joe Wharton of Grants Pass were the guests of relatives here Friday.

Rosamond Logsdon was in Roseburg Wednesday receiving dental treatment.

Mrs. Fred Ball entertained the Thimble Club Thursday afternoon at the Guild hall. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to the guests.

Mrs. Minola Gilmore of Days Creek was attending to business affairs here Friday. Mrs. Gilmore was formerly Minola Worley and resided here a number of years ago.

Miss Mildren Nichols, special nurse at the home of Judge Hamilton, Roseburg, was here a few hours Wednesday, visiting home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Vaughn were the victims of an accident Saturday morning while on the road to Roseburg. A car coming in from a side road crashed into their car. Mr. Vaughn suffered a cut on the wrist which necessitated six stitches to close and Mrs. Vaughn was cut about the face and head.

Mrs. Etta Sanderson of Freewater, Ore., president of the Rebekah Assembly, paid the local lodge an official visit Wednesday evening. A number of Rebekahs were present from the Canyonville lodge and put on the floor work in a very creditable manner. Refreshments were served at the close of vine business session.

Mrs. A. F. Becker left Thursday for Garden Grove, near Los Angeles, Calif., where she will visit with her mother and sister for two weeks.

C. H. Hamilton and Claire Burgoyne left Saturday for Diamond Lake, where they will spend the summer in the forestry service.

J. M. Cornutt has been in Roseburg several days this week serving on the grand jury.

B. C. Vaughn, who has been residing on the Wm. Conner place near town, recently sold the place to Mr. and Mrs. Morse of Canyonville, who will take possession in a few weeks. Mr. Vaughn and family expect to locate in California some where in the vicinity of San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Yokum of Canyonville, who so narrowly escaped death last Wednesday when their auto went over the grade near the Tom Wilson place are reported not to be so badly hurt as first thought. Mr. Yokum suffered a broken rib and Mrs. Yokum was badly shaken and bruised. The auto left the road and dropped over a steep bluff nearly a hundred feet, turned over several times and landed in the river. Mr. Yokum managed to pull his wife onto the rocks and went for assistance.

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

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LODGE DIRECTORY

K. O. T. M.—Meets each second and fourth Thursday of each month, in Maccabee hall, corner Cass and Pine streets. Visiting Knights always welcome.
L. C. GOODMAN, Com
G. W. RAPP, R. K.

Pythian Sisters, Umpqua Temple No. 4.—Meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month, at the K. of P. hall. Visitors always welcome.
LENA YOUNG, M. E. C.
EVA MARKS, M. of R. C.
MAY E. PARKER, M. of F.

DE MOLAY CHAPTER
regular communication 2nd and 4th Thursdays. Masonic Hall.

Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41 I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
ILA LAURACH, N. G.
GERTRUDE HATFIELD, R. S.
EMMA LENOX, F. S.

I. O. O. F., Philetarian Lodge No. 8—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every Friday evening. Visiting brethern are always welcome.
J. E. DENT, N. G.
A. J. GEDDES, Rec. Sec.
J. B. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 3—Holds their regular meeting on the first and third Thursdays in each month. All sojourning brothers and sisters are respectfully invited to attend.
ETHEL L. WEBB, W. M.
FREK JOHNSON, Sec.

Laurel Chapter No. 31, R. A. M.—Meets every third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Temple. All members requested to attend and visiting companions welcome.
L. M. LEHRBACH, High Priest
W. F. HARRIS, sec.

W. B. A. O. T. W., Roseburg Review No 11.—Holds regular meetings on second and fourth Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Visiting sisters invited to attend reviews Maccabee Hall, Pine and Cass streets.
MRS. MARY WILCOX.
JESSIE RAPP, Cor.

Roseburg Lodge No. 1037 L. O. O. M.—Meets first and third Wednesdays of the month, Moose Hall, 248 N. Jackson street. Club rooms open 7:30 to 10 p. m. Visiting brothers welcome.
JOHN E. FLURRY, Dict.
H. O. PARGETER, Sec.
JNO. M. THRONE, Treas.

Neighbors of Woodcraft, Lilac Circle No. 49.—Meets on first and third Monday evenings, in K. of P. Hall. Visiting neighbors invited to attend.
IRA TAYLOR, G. N.
MARGARET WHITNEY, Clerk.

Job's Daughters No. 5.—Meets first and third Fridays at 7:30 p. m. Masonic Temple. Master Masons and O. E. S. members always welcome.
ELIZABETH ABRAHAM, Secy.

W. O. W. L.—Meets in Moose hall second and fourth Fridays at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome.
CONSTANCE BLACK, S. R.
JESSIE CALHOUN, Rec.
VIVIAN PHILLIPS, Treas.

Woodmen of the World, Camp No. 125—Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall in Roseburg every first and third Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome.
M. M. MILLER, Clerk

Union Encampment No. 9, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting Patriarchs always welcome.
S. M. KELLEY, C. P.
C. F. CRAMER, H. P.
CARL W. OHMAN, Scribe.

B. P. O. Elks, Roseburg Lodge No 326.—Holds regular communication at the Elks Temple on each second and fourth Thursdays each month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
H. W. BOOTH, E. R.
DOUGLAS WAITE, Sec.

Eagles, Roseburg Aerie—Meets in Maccabee Hall on Cass street on second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethern in good standing always welcome.
J. B. BAILEY, Jr., W. Pres.
GEO. STALEY, Jr., P. W. Pres.
H. F. GOODMAN, Sec.

A. F. & A. M., Laurel Lodge No 13.—Regular communication second and fourth Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.
F. A. COOK, W. M.
W. F. HARRIS, Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Alpha Lodge No. 47—Meets every Wednesday in Knights of Pythias hall, 124 Rose street. Visitors always welcome.
C. W. HORNER, C. C.
ROY O. YOUNG, M. F.
GEO. R. WARE, K. R. S.

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