Cut your time in the kitchen

—cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

QUICK QUAKER OATS

Steaming energy breakfast for all the family


# MOVIES

### LIBERTY

Ken Maynard in "Somewhere in Sonora" Coming to Liberty

From the frenzied shouts of "Ride 'im cowboy!" to the soft romantic strumming on guitars of "La Paloma"; from a scene crammed full of action at a Western rodeo to the winning of a maiden under moonlit Mexican skies—these are some of the contrasts of "Somewhere in Sonora," which comes to the Liberty Theatre tomorrow.

They are but few of the contrasts. The new feature starring Ken Maynard offers many. It offers opportunities for contrast with the average "western" which explain why "Somewhere in Sonora" is in a class all by itself. For it is superior. The usual methods of injecting thrills are avoided. Maynard's sensational ability to do almost the impossible in riding stunts takes care of this end.

### ANTLERS

"The Gorilla," Mystery-Comedy Sensation, Coming to the Antlers

"Mulligan! Mulligan! Where the h—— is Mulligan?" This famous slogan, known the world over, has been brought to the screen at last. "The Gorilla," the weird, shrieking, blood-tingling mystery-comedy drama, is scheduled for the Antlers Theatre starting tomorrow, and for thrills, chills and a thousand laughs, you are warned that you'll find them all in this hilarious Ralph Spence play.

Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey play the demon detectives, Mulligan and Garrity. This, in itself, is a guarantee, but the picture includes the combined efforts of Edward Small, the producer, and the same man who made "The Cohens and the Kellys" and "McFadden's Flats," and Alfred Santell, the director of "The Gorilla," who was the megaphone wielder of "The Patent Leather Kid." These, with the all-star cast composed of Tully Marshall, Alice Day, Claude Gillingwater, Walter Pidgeon, Brooks Benedict, Aggie Herring, Gaston Glass, Syd Crossly and, of course, the gorilla himself, promise the greatest thrill entertainment you have ever seen.

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

## FIGHTS LAST NIGHT

(By the Associated Press)

NEW YORK.—Jack Sharkey, Boston, knocked out Jack Delaney, Bridgeport, Conn., 1. Shakey Brady Syracuse, N. Y., outpointed Sammy Vogel New York, 8; Laddie Lee, Boston, and Harry Ebbets, Freeport Long Island, drew 8; Germany Heller, Jersey City, beat Carl Carter, New York, 8.

CHICAGO. — Otto Von Porat, Norway, knocked out Tiny Roebuck, Kansas City, 1; Les Mariner, University of Illinois, knocked out Jackie Williams, Chicago, 1; Tuffy Griffiths, Sioux City, Iowa, defeated Chief Jack Elkhart, Salt Lake City, 6; Mike Mandell, St. Paul, beat Art Malay, Chicago, 4; Larry Johnson, San Diego, Calif., won over Dave Thornton, Chicago, 4; Tom Corbett, Sacramento, Calif., and Tim O'Keefe, Chicago, drew, 4; Tony Stabenau, Buffalo, N. Y., knocked out Jeff Carroll, Biloxi, Miss., 2.

NEWARK, N. J.—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo, N. Y., outpointed Tony Marullo, New Orleans, 10; Joe Sekyra, Dayton, Ohio, won on a technical knockout over King Solomon, New York, 8; Harold Mays, Bayonne, N. J., beat Ernie Schaaf, Elizabeth N. J., 10.

PHILADELPHIA.—Jack Gross, Salem, N. J., technically knocked out Ralph Smith, California, three.

HARRISBURG, Pa. — Battling Levinski, Philadelphia, won over Clem Johnson, Denver, 8.

Alfalfa seed at Wharton Bros. We have a good strain of seed from long lived fields.

## LEADERS IN THE MAJOR LEAGUE

(By the Associated Press)
Including games of April 30.

**National**

Batting—Frisch, Cards, .429.
Runs—Frisch, Cards, 14.
Runs batted in—Bissonette, Robins; Frisch, Cards, 14.
Hits—Douthit, Cards, 26.
Doubles—Brown, Braves, 7.
Triples—L. Waner, Pirates, 4.
Homers—Bissonette, Robins, 4.
Stolen bases—Frisch, Cardinals, 5.

**American**

Batting—Kress, Browns, .511.
Runs—Manush, Browns; Ruth, Yanks, 16.
Runs batted in—Meusel, Yanks, 18.
Hits—J. Sewell Indians; Gehringer, Tigers, 26.
Doubles—Meusel, Yanks, 8.
Triples—Regan, Red Sox 4.
Homers — Hauser, Athletics; Ruth Yanks, 4.
Stolen bases—McNeely, Browns; Schang, Browns, 4.

Farmers everywhere are buying Red Strand longer life fencing, 9-39 at 35c per rod. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

## CAL CONGRATULATES JAP RULER ON BIRTHDAY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, April 30. — President Coolidge has sent a message to Emperor Hirohito of Japan congratulating him on his 28th birthday anniversary yesterday.

"I beg of your majesty to accept cordial birthday congratulations and my best wishes for your continued health and happiness," said the president.

McCormick-Deering 10-20 tractors have the power to do good work. See one at Wharton Bros.

## AUSTRALIA TALKS TO AMERICA OVER RADIO

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SCHNECTADY, N. Y., April 30. —Early rising American radio fans listened to Australia today. For 14 minutes station WGY of the General Electric company rebroadcast on its wave length of 380 meters a program put on the air at the dedication of a new studio at station 2FC at Sydney, Australia, and sent half way around the world on a wave of 28.5 meters.

All around spring house cleaning, floor waxing, window washing. Work guaranteed. C. Danis, 204 S. Parrott.

# GIRL ALONE

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY NEA SERVICE — By ANNE AUSTIN, Author of "Saint and Sinner"

### THIS HAS HAPPENED

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

In Capital City, location of the orphanage, Sally is discovered by one of the little orphans, who are chaperoned by a beautiful "Lady Bountiful." Quick action on the part of Gus, the barker, saves Sally. She learns from Arthur Van Horne, handsome gasterner who annoys her with his attentions, that the beautiful chaperone is Enid Barr, wife of a wealthy New Yorker.

In another state Sally and David believe danger of separation is over and they go about their business. He gives Sally a sapphire engagement ring. Mrs. Stone, matron of the orphanage, follows Sally and confronts her in the sideshow. Again Gus, the barker, comes to her rescue and Sally manages to get away. She and David flee and plan to marry. They find a marrying parson and he is just beginning the service when Mrs. Stone and Enid Barr rush in and stop them. Enid tells them she is Sally's mother, and how only recently she learned the truth. Sally clings to David and insists she wants only to marry him. Enid, who has different plans for her newly-found daughter, tells her she cannot marry David Nash.

### NOW GO ON WIT HTHE STORY

### CHAPTER XLI

Very gently David unclasped Sally's hands, that locked convulsively about his neck. His eyes were dark with pain as Sally, hurt and resentful, shrank from him.

"You're glad to get out of it!" she accused him. "You were only marrying me because you were sorry for me. You won't fight for me now, because you're glad to be free—"

"Sally! You don't know what you're saying!" David interrupted her sternly. "You know I love you, that I've thought of nothing but you since we met on Carson's farm. Of course I want to marry you, and will be proud and happy to do so, if your mother will consent."

Sally's face bloomed again. She seized her mother's hands and held them hard against her breast as she pleaded: "You see, Mother? Oh, please let us go on with our marriage! David and I will love you always, be so grateful to you— Listen, Mother! You'll have a son as well as a daughter—"

"Don't be absurd, Sally!" Enid commanded brusquely. "When you were indeed a girl alone, with no family, no prospects, nothing, a marriage with David would undoubtedly have been the best thing for you. But now—it's ridiculous! This boy has nothing. You would be a burden upon him, a yoke about his young neck that should not be bowed down by responsibility for several years. You're both under a cloud. I understand that he cannot return to college or go back to his grandfather until this trouble is cleared up. What did you two children expect to do, once you were married?"

"I expected to work at anything I could get to do," David answered with hurt young dignity. "I have brains, two years of college education, a strong body, and I love Sally."

Enid Barr leaned across Sally and touched David's clenched fist with the caressing tips of her fingers. "You're a good boy, David, and Sally, the orphan, the girl alone, would have been lucky to marry you. But you understand, don't you? She's my daughter, will be the legally adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Barr. Anyone in New York could tell you what that means. She will have every advantage that money can offer her—finishing school or college, if she wants to go to college in society, a mother and father who will adore her, a girlhood rich with all the pleasures that every normal girl craves. Help me to give her these things, David, things you would give her if you could!"

"This is all nonsense!" Mrs. Stone spoke up sharply. "You know perfectly well, Mrs. Barr, that these two foolish children can't get married without your consent. I, for one, think you're wasting your time. Simply put your foot down and take your daughter home with you."

Sally flushed angrily and struggled to rise, but David held her back. "You'll have to go with her, darling. Remember how you've always wanted a mother? You have one now, and she wants you with her, wants to make up to you for all you've missed."

As only mute rebellion answered him, he wisely changed his tactics: "Do you think you could ever be really happy, darling, knowing that you had hurt your mother, cheated her of the child for whom she has grieved all these years? She'll never have another child, Sally, and she needs you as much as you need her."

When Sally's mouth began to quiver with new tears, Enid Barr took the girl in her arms. At last Sally raised her head and searched her mother's face with piteous intensity. "Do you really need me" she cried. "You'll love me—be a real mother to me? You don't just want me because it's your duty?"

Tears clouded the clear blue of Enid's eyes as she answered softly: "I'll be a mother to you, Sally, not because it's my duty, but because I already love you and will love you more and more. If I had searched the whole world over for the girl I would have liked to have as my daughter, I could not have found one who is as sweet and pretty and dear as you are. I'm proud of my daughter, and I shall hope to make her proud of me."

"Then—I'll go with you," Sally capitulated, but she added quickly, "if David will promise not to love any other girl until I'm old enough to marry him."

Over Sally's head, cradled against her mother's breast, Enid Barr and David Nash exchanged a long look, as if measuring each other's strength. David knew then, that Sally's mother had far different plans for her daughter than any that could possibly include David Nash.

"I'll always love you, Sally," David said gravely, as he rose from the sofa.

Sally struggled out of her mother's clasp and sprang to the boy's side just as he was reaching to the little center table for his hat. "Where are you going, David? Don't leave me yet! Oh, David, I can't bear to let you go! Tell me, David! Oh, I love you so I feel like I'll die if you leave me!"

Defiant of the tight-lipped disapproval of Mrs. Stone and of the anxious signal which Enid's blue eyes were flashing him, David put his arms about Sally and held her close, while he bent his head to kiss her.

"You can write me here, general delivery. I'll stay here for a while, I think, until I can make plans—"

"My husband is in Capital City now, David," Enid interrupted eagerly. "I am going to have him intercede with the authorities for you. You can return to Capital City as soon as you like. There'll be no trouble, I promise you. It is the only thing we can do to repay you for your great kindness toward—our daughter."

"Then you can go back to college, David," Sally rejoiced, her eyes shining through tears. "And when you've graduated and—and gotten your start, we can be married, can't we?"

"If you still want me, Sally darling," David answered gravely. "Thank you, Mrs. Barr. You'll—you'll try to make Sally happy, won't you?"

"I promise you she'll be happy, David," Enid answered, giving him her hand. "May I speak with you alone a moment?" she added impulsively, and linking her arm in his drew him toward the door that opened into the little foyer hall.

"David! You're not going? Without telling me goodby?" Sally cried, stumbling blindly after them.

"Goodby, my darling." He put his arm about her shoulders and laid his cheek against her hair as he murmured in a low, shaken voice: "I'll be loving you—always!"

When the door had closed upon her mother and her almost-husband, Sally did a surprising thing: she went stumbling toward Mrs. Stone, and dropped upon her knees before that majestic, rigid figure which she had feared for 12 years.

When Enid Barr returned a few minutes later, two round spots of color burning in her cheeks, she found her daughter in the orphanage matron's lap, cuddled there like a small child, trustfully sobbing out her grief.

* * *

Enid Barr left with her daughter for Kansas City that night, after wiring her husband, Courtney Barr, who was still awaiting word from her in Capital City. For two days Sally and Enid shopped for a suitable wardrobe for Sally, went to shows together, explored the city, and spent many hours talking. Whenever the question of Sally's future arose, Enid spoke only in generalities, evading all direct questions, but about Sally's childhood and young girlhood in the orphanage and on the Carson farm, and about her experiences with the carnival, Enid was insatiably curious and invariably sympathetic. Sally sensed that her mother was anxiously awaiting Courtney Barr's arrival before making any definite plans, and gradually the girl grew to dread the ordeal of meeting her mother's husband, the man who would become her father by adoption.

And when at last he came she knew that her troubled intuition had been correct. However "wonderful" he had been to Enid when she had discovered that her child had not been born dead but was alive somewhere in the world, Sally felt instantly that his kindness and generosity toward Enid would not extend to herself.

Courtney Barr was a meticulously groomed, meticulously courteous man who had, in slipping into middle-age, lost all traces of the boy and youth he must have been. To Sally's terrified eyes, this rather heavy, ponderous man, on whom dignity rested like a royal cloak, looked as if he had been born old and wise and cold. She wondered how her exquisite, arrogant little mother could love him so devotedly.

Almost immediately after the awkward introduction—"This is our Sally, Court!"—the three of them had had dinner together, a silent meal, so far as Sally was concerned. She had felt that the Enid with whom she had talked and laughed and wept these two days had slipped away, leaving this sophisticated, strange woman in her place, a woman who was in no wise related to her, a woman who was merely Mrs. Courtney Barr.

They felt her alone for an hour after dinner, an hour which she spent in her own room in writing a long, frightened, appealing letter to David. At nine o'clock Enid knocked on her door and invited her to join them in the parlor of the luxurious suite which had been such a delight to orphanage-bred Sally.

She found Courtney Barr seated in a large arm chair, her mother perched on the arm of it, one tiny foot in a silver slipper swinging with nervous rapidity. The man smiled bleakly, a smile that did not reach his cold gray eyes, as Sally took the nearby chair that he indicated.

"Mrs. Barr and I have been discussing your immediate future, Sally," he began ponderously, in tones that he evidently thought were kind.

Institutional timidity closed down upon Sally; under those cold eyes she lost that ephemeral beauty of hers which depended so largely upon her emotions. It was her institutional voice—meekness hiding fear and rebellion—which answered: "Yes, sir."

"Oh, let me talk to her, Court!" Enid begged. "You're scaring my baby to death. He fancies himself as an old ogre, Sally darling, but he's really a dear inside. You see, Sally, I was so eager to find my baby that I made no plans at all."

Courtney Barr said, "I think I'd better do the talking after all, my dear. Your sentimentality—natural, of course, under the circumstances—would make it impossible for you to state the case clearly and convincingly."

Sally's cold hands clasped each other tightly in her lap as she stared with wide, frightened eyes at the man who was about to arrange her whole future for her.

"I have made Mrs. Barr understand how impossible it will be for us to take you into our home at once, as our adopted daughter."

Courtney Barr went on in his heavy, judicial voice.

Sally sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing in her white face. "I didn't ask to be found, to be adopted!" she cried. "If you don't want me, say so, and let me go back to David!"

(To Be Continued)

Sally finds that plans have been made to keep David from writing to her.

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

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*for the climb up "Growth Hill"*

NEW SCIENTIFIC research has discovered that the priceless growth-promoting protein is found abundantly in certain home-cooked cereals. Away at the top is Albers Carnation Wheat. And nutrition-wise mothers are quickly giving it preference in breakfasts of growing children.

Albers Carnation Wheat has all the growth-value of whole wheat in tempting, flaky-form! Easy to digest! Quick to prepare! Sure body-building nutriment for growing boys and girls!

Food Facts, a magazine of dietetics, has published an authoritative article on "The Place of Cereals in 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 Company, Advertising Dept., Davis and Vallejo Sts., San Francisco, California.

CARNATION Wheat Flakes

*An Albers "Better Breakfast" Cereal*


### ATTENTION LEGIONNAIRES

Regular meeting of Umpqua Post No. 16, American Legion, 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, May 1st, at post club rooms, Roseburg armory. The big pot rode over from last meeting. Be sure to attend. Your name may be the lucky one.

ADJUTANT.

### SPONTANEOUS FORM FIRES TAKE $50,000,000 ANNUAL TOLL

Loss of a hay barn through fire caused by spontaneous comousstion at the very time the barn and the hay in it were standing in three feet of water was one of the specific examples cited by David J. Price of the United States Department of Agriculture, as indicating the need for extensive research into the problem of what is commonly known as "spontaneous combustion," particularly of agricultural products such as hay, and other cattle feeds. Mr. Price, who is the engineer in charge of such studies in the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, included a discussion of this problem in an address at Philadelphia, April 25, before the Insurance department of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania.

In New England the dairy farmers require a considerable supply of hay and other feeds for the winter feeding of their herds. Much of this hay is stored in bays reaching from the floor to the roof of the dairy barn. In the striking and unusual illustration he cited, the barn was located in the region flooded in Vermont last fall. Flood waters entered many barns, and in this one wet the hay to a depth of 17 feet. As the flood waters receded intense heat production followed in the mass of wet hay. "Spontaneous" heat production began in the lower layers, Mr. Price said, "and the hot gases rising through the stacks caused strong drafts or 'flues.' The moisture thus carried upward codensed in the cooler parts of the hay or in the air above, wetting the hay in the immediate area. So many of these draughts existed in some piles that the hay was thoroughly soaked. Temperatures in typical 'flues' ranged from 116 to more than 160 degrees Fahrenheit. This barn experienced the height of the flood on Friday morning, November 4, and burned late Monday afternoon, November 7. Much heating was observed on Sunday and Monday a distinct odor of charring was noticeable.

"This was only one of many fires during last year caused by spontaneous combustion. This combined with unknown causes results in approximately $60,000,000 loss each year to the farmers of the United States, and accounts for more than one-third of all the annual farm fire loss of $150,000,000. In the national fire bill of $570,000,0000 loss to the nation, spontaneous combustion ranks fourth in the causes of fire, and is exceeded only by losses resulting from lightning, defective flues and heating apparatus, and matches and smoking."


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Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wonderful results are reported by Epilepsy Colonies using a new remedy that stops the most stubborn cases of Epileptic fits or spasms and is not habit forming. Any reader who sends name to Phenolsepto Co., Dept. 1101, Box 71, St. Johns Place Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive a free booklet explaining this new guaranteed treatment. Write them today.


### DIPPING IS BEST REMEDY FOR SHEEP AND GOAT LICE

Dipping is the only practical method for eradicating sucking or biting lice from sheep and goats. Spraying and fumigation are ineffective and practicable only under unusual circumstances. Dusting powders applied by hand are sometimes of value in holding the parasites in check in winter when the weather is too cold for dipping, according to Leaflet 13-L, "Sheep and Goat Lice," just published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Arsenical, coal-tar creosote and tobacco or nicotine dips are used for eradicating either or both of the types of lice. The leaflet gives descriptions of the parasites, explains the damage done to the animals and to the fleeces, sounds warning of the danger of infestation of clean animals at public shearing sheds, and gives estimates of the amounts of dip required. A second dipping from 14 to 16 days after the first is required to insure the eradication of lice which have hatched from eggs laid before the first treatment.

Leaflet 13-L, entitled "Sheep and Goat Lice," may be obtained free on application to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Pioneer brand alfalfa seed has given very good stands in past years. It is sold at Wharton Bros.

## 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.


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Many Patterns
An assortment of plain and fancy patterns. Yard,
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Mercerized cotton ponges fabric in spring patterns.
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**"Roxbury"**
Our Own Cretonne
36-inch—for drapes and comfortable coverings. Yd.
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**72x90 Sheets**
"Nation-Wide"
Splendid, practical sheets for general use. Each
98c

**"Wizard" Cases**
Inexpensive
42 x 36 inch cases for your general needs. Each
19c

**Crepe de Chine**
Pure Silk—Washable
A feature crepe de chine in popular colors. Yard
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**"We Can Now Get The Things We Want and Have Money Left."**

We were planning to open one of our stores in a far Western town, and the usual announcement had been made in the newspapers of the city. Shortly after that one of our good customers in an adjoining state received the following letter from her niece:

"We are so glad that we are to have a Penney Store here. We can now get the things we want and have money left."

Well expressed, isn't it! We couldn't have done better if we had written the letter to order. For after all that is exactly the aim of every Penney Store—to give you the things you want and then let you depart with some money left over.

Of course we try to serve you courteously and efficiently. A Penney Store is a "homey" place, too, but the solid rock on which we founded our business is giving the people what they want at a price they can afford. You can't beat it.

J. C. Penney Co.


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.

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 LAUBACH, N. G.
GERTRUDE HATFIELD, R. S.
EMMA LENOX, F. S.

I. O. O. F., Philistarian 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. S. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.

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

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.
FRES 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, Col.

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. 6.—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. M. L.—Meets in Moose hall second and fourth Fridays at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome.
CONSTANCE BLACK, S. R.
JESSIE CALHOUN, Sec.
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. R. BAILEY, Jr., W. Pres.
GEO. STALEY, Jr., P. W. Pres.
R. 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, 126 Rose street. Visitors always welcome.
C. W. HORNER, C. C.
ROY O. YOUNG, M. F.
GEO. R. WARE, K. R. S.