Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Coshow Merits Election

THE Oregon supreme court is comprised of seven members. Six of these judges are affiliated with the republican party. Chief Justice Coshow is the only democrat. He was appointed in 1924 by Walter Pierce and was elected at the general election held that year.

Justice Coshow is a native Oregonian. He was born in Brownsville, and has practiced law in this state continuously for 30 years. During his seven years of service on the supreme bench of this state he has demonstrated a marked ability.

The office of supreme court justice is not a political one. Party affiliation is not considered as one of the elements on which this endorsement is based. Merit and experience are Justice Coshow's qualifications for the office he now holds and to which he seeks reelection.

For many years Justice Coshow practiced law in Roseburg. He is known, respected, and admired over our entire county. Douglas county voters, regardless of party preference, in the opinion of this writer will be voting wisely if they give Justice Coshow a substantial majority on November 4th.

Full Time Health Unit

IF Douglas county will place its health unit upon a full time basis, that is, employ a physician to spend his entire time on county health work, it will be eligible to receive a substantial sum of money from an organization known as the "Commonwealth Foundation" for advanced work and experimentation in public health work.

Each year the Commonwealth foundation selects two counties each from two states in the Union to which it will give financial cooperation. This year, according to information given out, Oregon has an excellent chance of being named as one of the states. There are only six counties in Oregon that have full time health units so, you see, if we bring our own health unit up to the full time requirement we have a reasonable chance of having our county named as one of the two counties to receive this cooperation.

The cooperation of the Commonwealth foundation would be a marvelous thing for us to have. It is true, though, that whether we succeed in getting this cooperation or not, a full time health unit is a mighty fine thing and it might be just as well for us to go ahead and include the necessary funds, not over $3,000 more, in our county budget for next year. In that case we win—even if we lose out on the Commonwealth foundation fund.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

CALLS WOMEN SNOBS, SAYS MALES TO BLAME

BERKELEY, Oct. 25 — Dr. Max Radin, professor of law, University of California, told the Berkeley Soroptimist club women are snobs.

"Women are snobs because men like to have them so," said Dr. Radin. "By having their women so men save themselves the trouble of being snobs themselves and at the same time reap all the benefits. Men unable to go around the business world with their noses in the air, have, as always, secretly aided and abetted their wives' conception of their superiority."

TOY PISTOL SPARK FIRES STORE, PERILS OWNER

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 25—Annoyed by a rat in her novelty store here, Mrs. William Herzberg fired a tiny toy cap pistol to frighten it away. A spark from the pistol ignited a Hallowe'en costume on a rack. In a few minutes the store was ablaze. Mrs. Herzberg, severely burned, was carried from the building by Virgil Fenello, a nearby barber, who heard her screams and dashed through the flames to aid her.

DOG TURNS RESCUER OF MASTER IN ICY PLUNGE

EXCELSIOR, Minn., Oct. 25 — This is the story of two Danes, George J. Dane and his great Dane.

George went out with his shotgun and the dog in search of ducks. The great Dane started a dash across the thin sheet of ice on a small lake. It broke and the dog dropped in.

The master dropped his gun and plunged in to rescue his big friend. Soon two Danes were thrashing around in the water, but the would-be rescuer turned out to be the rescued, for a few minutes later the great Dane swished to shore, its teeth firmly grasping George Dane's collar. Today was declared a Danish holiday at the Dane farmstead near here.

HANDCUFFS REFUSE TO LET GO STAGE VILLAIN

IRON RIVER, Mich., Oct. 24 — The curtain rose on the first act of "The Locked Door," a drama by the local Finnish lodge.

Nestor Hill, who took the villain's part, was pursued, captured and handcuffed in the best melodramatic style. But when the time came to remove his handcuffs, the lock refused to function.

The leading man, the soubrette, the ingenue, and the stage hands vainly attempted to release Nestor's hands.

The audience departed.

The last act of the drama was played in a garage where a mechanic cut the handcuffs open and released the drama's bad man.

OREGON NEWS

PENDLETON, Oct. 25 — Permission to trap beaver within the city limits of Pendleton has been received by city authorities from the state game commission. Beaver have been cutting beautiful shade trees along the river bank, and their work endangers the levees.

PORTLAND, Oct. 25 — Peter Hawkinson, 60, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary M. Warntz, died yesterday from injuries received in an automobile - street car collision last night. Hawkinson's car skidded and crashed into the trolley.

PORTLAND, Oct. 25 — Sam D. Baker of Gladstone was exonerated from blame in connection with the death here Tuesday night of Mrs. Eva J. Minor, 73, who was struck by Baker's car. Witnesses said Baker was compelled to swing to avoid a reckless driver who swerved across the street into his path. The woman was struck as she alighted from a bus. The coroner's jury said the accident was unavoidable.

THE DALLES, Ore., Oct. 25 — John Hardin, wheat buyer who figured in a recent financial crash here, was convicted in circuit court on a charge of forging wheat warehouse receipts left in his custody by T. L. Lorenzen, Dufur rancher.

Hardin's failure, said to have resulted from grain speculation, caused a loss estimated at $50,000 to eastern Oregon grain ranchers.

He will be sentenced Monday.

BRITAIN CREATES BAN ON RITES FOR UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LONDON, Oct. 24 — With hope of soft-pedalling war memories, the British government has asked other foreign governments to eliminate ceremonies at the tombs of the unknown soldier and cenotaphs in future official receptions.

No formal statement of transmission of the request has been made by the government, but foreign office officials confirm the step has been taken with the intention of discouraging perpetuation of the war memories and the bitterness engendered by them.

The conclusion is drawn that henceforth no official visitors in England will be taken to the cenotaph or unknown warrior's tomb, to deposit a wreath, and that British delegates to foreign countries will not participate in such ceremonies.

DOUGLAS COUNTY DOG LICENSE FUND HAS BIG INCREASE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EUGENE, Oct. 24 —Fewer sheep have been killed in Oregon, and damage claims paid to owners of sheep so killed have been reduced considerably by enforcement of the 1929 dog tax law, in the opinion of W. D. Dillard, county clerk who has completed a survey of thirteen counties in the state.

The 1929 law provided for establishment of dog control districts and employment of enforcement officers. Lane county has paid $1,114 in sheep claims this year, a decrease from 1929 and 1928 when claims allowed were $2,905 and $2,092 respectively.

Douglas county has not enforced the new law, it was said, but has found that penalties provided by it have spurred more owners to seek licenses for their dogs. The county has collected $3,387 from dog licenses as compared to $256 in 1929.

EX-MELROSE MEN SLAY HUGE BEAR

John and Fred Hedberg, former residents of Melrose, killed a gigantic brown bear near Russian lake on the divide at the head of Resurrection river in Alaska, early this month, according to an item appearing in the Seward, Alaska, Daily Gateway under date of October 7. The two men found the bear gorged to stupefaction at the half-eaten carcass of a moose. The pelt alone weighed over 100 pounds and measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip to tip. The head measured 22 inches from the ears to the tip of the nose and it was 13½ inches from ear to ear. His hind paw was 8 inches wide and 13½ inches long.

TRESPASS NOTICE

Positively no hunting or trespassing allowed on Marster's Happy valley ranch.
(Adv.) L. BONNIE, Supt.

Have you seen the new Clarion radio sold by Hansen Chevrolet Co. Total price, $69.50. Phone 446. —Adv.

POLLY AND HER PALS

The Silver Lining

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

THE United States government is planning to install a fog horn on the Statue of Liberty to keep the rum runners from bumping into it.

Take It Or Leave It—You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but a lot of furriers seem able to make squirrel coats out of rabbits.

Higher Education — A druggist spends four years at a college of pharmacy and then when he graduates they give him a diploma which entitles him to make sandwiches.

Pitiful Cases—The student who suffered so badly from corns that he had to start wearing his own shoes.

Excuse It Please — Churches ought to stop sending so many homely missionaries to the South Sea Islands. The cannibals are getting tired of plain food.

Vital Statistics—Man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done—and that's because she plays bridge all afternoon.

Connubial Casualties — A divorcee is a woman who has taken a man's name in vain.

Civic Progress—It won't be long now until the city will want day dreamers to pay taxes on their air castles.

Null and Void—An optimist is a husband who takes his wife out to the rifle range with him.

Our Own Vaudeville—Marie: Why didn't you go out riding with that young architect last night? Elsie: I didn't like his plans.

Talks on Health

By DR R. S. COPELAND

WE never think about exercise of the jaws as important, yet exercise used in feeding is about the most fundamental and essential form of exercise there is. Vigorous chewing on both sides of the mouth develops the jaws and teeth properly, and tends to prevent tooth decay and overcrowding.

Indeed, in this connection, there are even more far-reaching effects that make for good health. When the jaws are doing natural, honest, hard work, the whole digestive tract feels it. There is increased activity in the formation of gastric juices. The heart pumps faster and stronger, the pressure of the blood in the arteries rises, the circulation of the blood is stimulated to quicker flow.

Digestion begins in the mouth. As soon as you begin vigorous chewing the secretions of the mouth begin to flow. The secretions of the stomach and bowels are stimulated to action through the action of the nerve centers which send their message from the mouth to the brain and back to the stomach.

It is most important to teach every young child to chew his food thoroughly, and to chew on both sides of the mouth. If he doesn't, one side of his face may be more developed than the other. And most children, being reasonable beings, would best be told the reasons why they should chew properly.

It is not easy to bring up a child in the way he should go. Watch your child carefully and see what his habits are in this respect. Appeal to his intelligence and tell him why he should mend his ways.

Don't allow a child to bolt his food. It is a difficult habit to break. He is certain to have bad digestion. If he persists, and this may lead to much worse things.

Chewing hard and tough foods strengthens the teeth and jaws, and helps to keep them strong. Eating raw, ripe apples and all the firm, fibrous fruits and vegetables is invaluable for cleansing the teeth and promoting digestion. Soft foods cling to the teeth and permit tartar to form. That is one reason why eating cake, candy, chocolate and like things at bedtime is bad for you—to say nothing of causing indigestion.

Adults, as well as children, should take heed of this matter of chewing thoroughly and on both sides of the mouth. Long life and a happy one depends much upon good teeth. Keep them in perfect condition, and teach the children to begin early. Proper habits formed in early life will prevent much misery in later life.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am somewhat puzzled. Perhaps you can help me out. I am a girl in my late teens and quite popular with the boys I know. I am called a pal and all that sort of thing. Whenever the boys want sympathy in their love affairs they come to me for it and ask my advice. My girl friend is quite the opposite—I don't mean in popularity but in understanding boys, and she has become engaged. Really I am all at sea. I have gone with loads of nice boys that seemed to like me in the beginning, and then they go out with my girl friends.

I just can't see why I'm losing my boy friends and becoming just a pal. Won't you please help me to understand?

PUZZLED PAL.

PUZZLED PAL: You made a mistake by encouraging confidences from boys about their love affairs. There is such a thing as carrying sympathy and interest too far and one way is by repeatedly acting as a confessor for other people's love troubles. It is better to be called upon to help them to forget than to remember. Perhaps you are of the clinging type—if so that is one reason that prevents friendship from becoming affection. Be independent, don't be prepared to be friends with every young man who talks to you, make your friendship an exclusive thing to be prized and you will find that it may help you to realize your goal.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am considering my mother's pleas to abstain from the company of boys. She thinks I ought to interest myself in church affairs and Sunday school class. Do you think this would leave me out of some fun enjoyed by other girls? I am a dark brunette of fourteen, considerably pretty and liked by the boys.

BUD OF PROMISE.

BUD OF PROMISE: I think that your mother is very tolerant that she does not punish you for your most unbecoming conduct. Take her advice and you will find that when you really grow up the right kind of man will appreciate a well-bred, fine young woman.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

Please help me. I am a girl of seventeen and I have been going with a young man of nineteen for about three months. A few weeks ago he made a date with me as he usually does, but he did not keep it.

Nancy Lee, should I write to him and ask him what the matter is? I do not love him, but I can't forget him, as I have tried.

LONESOME BABE.

LONESOME BABE: Do not add to your mistake by writing to the young man. He seems to have indicated unmistakably that he is through with you and I think you should rejoice that so unwise a friendship is at an end.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE

I pledge myself as republican candidate for state representative from Douglas county to serve the best interests of the residents of this county. I solicit the support of every voter.
(Paid adv.) C. M. MYNATT.

Have you seen the new Clarion radio sold by Hansen Chevrolet Co. Total price, $69.50. Phone 446. —Adv.

Around.... The County

By R. R. WOOD

One of the very largest, perhaps, of the turkey flocks in Douglas county is that belonging to Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Cook, of South Myrtle creek, some four miles from the town of Myrtle Creek, 20 miles south of this city. A visit to the Cook ranch early in the week found those people busy dishing up the noon time feed for approximately one thousand Narragansett turkeys. While these birds do not average quite so heavy as the Mammoth Bronze breed, they are liked by many breeders because they do not wander quite so far away from home, and in the opinion of other breeders they seem to mature somewhat quicker, enabling the farmer to market a little earlier, where there is a demand for turkeys before the holiday trade begins. At any rate, the Cook turkeys are averaging nighty fine at this time, as the owners have a number of six months old gobblers that will up the scales at 18 pounds. Young hens from the flock are running above the government standard of weights for this breed; some were caught and weighed at the time of this visit that go 12 pounds strong.

Mr. Cook feeds his birds three times each day. He prepares a mash of chopped green kale, a scratch of corn, oats and wheat and a good per cent of fattening mash, all mixed together and slightly moistened, so that the whole thing is crumbly. These feeds are all supplied by the Myrtle Creek branch of the Douglas County Mills. Mr. Cook states he has had splendid success all the way through from time the birds were hatched until the present. He has taken care to see that all birds are in a healthy condition. The flock is made up of chicks from two hatchings that came off near the same time. Quite a lot of the stock was hatched by hens. The incubator birds were brooded in temporary brooder houses of 10x12 feet each. These brooder units were merely a frame with two-foot walls and a floor, covered with a tent. They were heated by small oil-burner stoves, and proved a wonderful success. The only thing that worried Mr. and Mrs. Cook was the fear that those stoves might "flare up" and over-heat or burn the brooder house, but no accident of any sort was encountered, the tent covering proved a great advantage over the ordinary frame brooder house, owing to the fact that on sunny days the heat on the canvas was sufficient to keep the temperature normal, and the young birds appeared to thrive exceptionally well.

This is the second year in the turkey business for the Cooks. Last season they had a place on Deer creek, east of Roseburg, and looking around for a more desirable locality for enlarging their activities, moved to South Myrtle Creek. They expect to market about half of their flock at Thanksgiving time, and more if they are ready by the middle of November. Next season these breeders will go in still stronger, and are already laying plans to increase their flocks. The heating apparatus for brooder tents will be improved to eliminate any possible menace by overheating, and with the experience of two years to their credit, believe they can do still better.

Plenty of outrange and lots of water from springs and creeks on the 200-acre ranch where they are located afford every advantage for turkey raising, and Mr. and Mrs. Cook feel that it is an industry worth their best efforts.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 159-L.

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The evening of the day they left Quebec and started on the leisurely voyage home was the high point of the whole astonishing interlude for Judy. Always afterward she was to remember it as a time set apart, framed by all that had gone before and all that was to follow after.

Tiny events etched themselves upon her memory, became fraught with significance. Never was she able to understand quite why this should be so. But a very great while afterward she suspected that premonition had much to do with it.

She went back to Peggy after her talk with Birke and Cap'n Charley. Peggy smiled a little, sighed a little, said they would soon be home.

"Things end so quickly, lamb. Pleasant things."

"Don't see why you say that. I'm sure things won't be over in a hurry—for you."

Peggy flushed and glanced quickly at a bowl of roses on the table beside the bed. The room was quite filled with flowers now. Each day the Mohawk had been in port had seen a florist's box addressed to Judy handed in at the stateroom—a box she opened slowly, savoring to the full the joy of such attention, but from which she snatched the card which always held some tender message from Tris lest her mother's good-natured prying discover and read it.

And quite as regularly a second florist's box came for Peggy — came to wreath her lips in smiles to fill her with tremendous delight, though Judy knew there was no message at all on the card, only the name, Mrs. Donald Tremaine Tennant. Well, such was middle-aged courtship.

But the flowers overflowed the stateroom, since neither Judy nor Peggy could bear to throw away a blossom till it was faded and sear. And now they both looked at bouquets marching high and low against all four walls. And Peggy shook her head.

"Shipboard friendships, my dear. I suppose it's the sea air — especially if there's a moon—that impels everybody to make love. There'll be a lot of picture post cards sent for a week or two after we land. And in a year or so if you happen to meet these people people you'll think: He—or she—looks familiar; now let's see—"

"Who'll think that, Mother, you?"

"Well — Judy, you've changed a lot. I've been wondering. . . Do you think it very silly—for a woman to —to marry a second time?"

"I certainly don't! Am I supposed to say 'congratulation' — something like that?"

Peggy shook her head and laughed, though her face was very red. She asked about Kit Camp.

"Such a likeable boy. I do hope you'll keep up your friendship."

"He's not likeable and there's no friendship. And I'll be glad when I never have to see him again."

And then because quite suddenly the world seemed all awry and because she felt that she never could be happy again, Judy dashed out to the deck, blindly, since her eyes were full of tears, and hid herself in a corner of the stern and watched the gulls floating along in the wake of the ship.

Lonely things, the gulls, wind beaten, storm tossed. No resting place for the gulls but the ocean, which was never at rest. Yet they were free.

It made her think of something — what was it the rather terrible freedom of the gulls brought almost to her consciousness? Something she wished desperately to understand—some question to be answered.

The thing kept eluding her. Some time she would grasp it, together with a picture of this windswept deck. But now she could not.

She considered Kit Camp. She visioned him swinging up a little street under spreading elms to a gate in a wicket fence. The fence would be painted white and there would be a garden behind it — a garden filled with old-fashioned blossoms, delphinium, pinks, larkspur, golden glow.

There would be a gray cottage behind the garden — odd how clearly she could see the cottage —under a steep Normandy roof with gables. And Kit Camp would come up the street and a girl — the girl was a vague figure not clear to her—would run along the path between the tall hollyhocks to meet him. And perhaps there would be a pattering of small feet as a little boy and a little girl tumbled down the steps with glad shountings.

She thought, "What's the matter with me?" And began to walk around the deck, taking quick angry steps. And in the bow she came face to face with Kit—with Kit's polite smile, his cool little nod.

Betsy was with him again. Betsy was hanging to his arm, trying all her little tricks. Trying them successfully, Judy reflected.

She said, "How d'you do?" and ignored Betsy's "What's all the rush, Ju?"

But when Betsy called that they were getting up a table of bridge for that evening Judy agreed to play.

"While the dead ones are having their concert. We'll dance afterward. Handsome here is going to be my partner, aren't you, big boy? You get your own partner, Judy."

"Oh, I'll manage that." Then Judy wondered if this sounded bitter, and laughed to show that she did not care and blushed because she did.

She was looking her best when she brought Tris to join the others after dinner. Judy felt that she was making a vain attempt to be gay just as she was. Only Kit Camp was wholly himself, poised and unconcerned, his eyes very green and smiling as if at somme secret joke.

They did not play long. Tris declared that he had no luck, and asked Judy to walk around the deck. She was glad to go — glad to leave Kit Camp. Yet she glanced backward and saw him watching her. He was watching with the look of question she had seen in his face before.

In a sheltered, shadowy corner of the boat deck Tris put his arm about her—put his head down so his cheek was against here. "Judy —little sweet. . . . .Are you going to marry me, Judy?"

She kept moving her hands over his hair feeling that she would like to hold him very close, surround him with the radiance of love. But she answered, "I don't know . . . . Can't understand this . . . well, I just don't know."

Dreariness settled on Judy. Everything had been so glamorous, so exactly the way she once had dreamed life might be. Plain little unromantic schoolma'am — she had been admired and courted and made much of.

And now Kit Camp thought only of Betsy Rowe. Oh, not that she cared. Let him do as he liked. Still . . . .

And the many strange things that had happened had taken something from her friendship with Tris. He wanted to marry her. Well. . .Oh, life was a jumble.

(To Be Continued Monday)

BOOZE COMPANION OF CORPSE IN AUTO

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

KLAMATH FALLS, Oct. 25 — A man believed to be A. Favers, 60, a section gang cook, was found dead yesterday in an automobile parked about 14 miles south of here. Marion Barnes, game warden, found the car. A man giving the name of Sarry Withrow was at the wheel. A gallon of liquor was in the car. Withrow was put in the county jail. An autopsy will be held today.

BOYS CONFESS TO SERIES OF THEFTS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Oct. 25 — A holdup netting $3.75 led to the arrest here yesterday of four youthful members of a robber gang which has staged at least three holdups in the past three weeks. All confessed. Terry Edington, 22, married, leader of the gang, said the robbery was prompted by need of food and clothes. The other three, all coming from good homes, are Jack Couzens, 16, Sarold Schomber, 17, and Leroy Hopkins, 16.

They were charged with assault and robbery while armed. Bail was set at $5,000 each.

CAMAS VALLEY

(News Review Douglas County Special)

CAMAS VALLEY, Oct. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Lester Coates and small daughter Helen visited here with Mrs. Coates' parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dick, for a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. Coates have been living in Ryderwood, Wash., for the past two years. Mr. Coates secured work in a logging camp at Powers last week and moved his family down last Sunday. The Sunday morning meal was the first one enjoyed by all the Dick family together for several months.

Wm. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Crouch and small daughter together with four friends of Mr. Crouch went to eastern Oregon on a hunting trip last week. Several mule deer were brought back by the party. Mr. Porter and Mr. Reetz went the week before but failed to secure any game.

Mrs. Robert Martindale returned to her home here last week. Mrs. Martindale has been in North Bend for several months assisting with the care of her mother who is seriously ill.

Rev. and Mrs. Rankin and daughter, Mary Louise, were making calls in the valley on Monday.

Marvin Clark of Tenmile, a freshman in the high school here, is absent from school this week on account of sickness.

G. L. Coon has gone to Klamath Falls to join his wife who is there on account of her health. Their son, Dee Coon, is trucking lumber from here to Klamath Falls for a residence for his parents.

MAYOR THOMPSON BOLTS G. O. P. TO SUPPORT LEWIS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—A statement by Mayor William Hale Thompson brought into the open today his defection from the supporters of Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick.

Acknowledging responsibility for distribution of circulars attacking Mrs. McCormick, republican senatorial nominee, and urging support for her democratic rival, James Hamilton Lewis, Mayor Thompson last night said:

"As long as I am permitted to live, I will never betray the people of Chicago by voting for any member of the McCormick family for anything."

The circular, which Mrs. McCormick had flayed in a statement Wednesday night, was sent into negro districts.

The mayor said that Mrs. McCormick had broken faith with him at the republican convention at Kansas City and added that "it is pleasing that Mrs. McCormick does not want the support of the mayor."

He said with the wet vote going to Lewis and the dry vote to Mrs. Lottie Holman O'Neill, independent senatorial candidate, "I think I can see the handwriting on the wall."

The Cook county managing committee yesterday decided to hold to the "straight" republican ticket, ignoring the mayor's withdrawal from Mrs. McCormick.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all people of Roseburg who cooperated so effectively with us in opening homes and contributing to the comfort of the delegates at the recent state convention of the W. C. T. U. in this city. We extend our thanks to all who assisted in making this convention a success.

ROSEBURG W. C. T. U.

Depot Barber Shop—open evenings until 7:30 p. m. All hair cutting 25c. 409 Cass St.—Adv.

Neuritis and Rheumatism Casey's Compound

A Blood Cleansing Tonic

Will help Nature build up and enrich your blood. Will strengthen your whole body. Restores loss of appetite, weak and rundown condition. It banishes rheumatism, neuritis, stops pain and swelling, drives out the uric acid poison through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys.

Dear Mr. Casey: I have suffered with arthritis since a child; really thought there was no hope for me. I am now like a new person since taking Casey's Compound and can highly recommend same.—Miss Helen Johnson, 549½ Williams Ave., Portland, Ore.

$1.50 per bottle at druggist's.

Mrs. O. H. Hurley, 217 Eugene St., Portland, Ore., writes: Mr. J. H. Casey, I am glad to recommend your compound. I had not been free from pain for 15 years. Had muscular rheumatism and neuritis. I am perfectly well since taking Casey's Compound. Sold by leading druggists. $1.50 per bottle. Marster's Drug store and other druggists. Adv.

John R. Kelly
SHEET METAL WORKS
Heating and Ventilating
—If it can be made of Sheet Metal—We Can Make It.
444 N. Jackson St. Phone 466
ROSEBURG, OREGON

It's too Early for the Furnace

Use a gas heater these cool mornings and evenings.

SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CORPORATION
215 W. Cass Phone 235

Our Appreciation of Your Business

We want you to know that we appreciate your business—cooperate with you and make our service helpful. Checking accounts are invited.

The Roseburg National Bank
Roseburg, Ore.