

Time To Get Busy!

Order Your Nitrate, Land Plaster, and Other Fertilizer at Once.

Better be thinking about that plow or harrow also. Recleaned white oats and barley. Are you doing your part to keep Douglas County money for Douglas County farmers.

Buy Ground Oats instead of Millrun
\$1.30 per 70 lb. sack

"LET'S MAKE IT A MILLION"

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg and Oakland

TO EXTERMINATE

SIGN WEAVES

I just got back from a trip for the lakes and I need a lotta sign boards that put up by these here Forestry fella that had bin writ all over by various and sundry persons. An I just got ter thinkin' how low down an

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. M. H. PLYER—Chiropractic F. & S. 114 W. Lane St.

RELIABLE TAILOR

Upstairs next door to Umpqua Hotel

J. H. BERNIER

Phone 149

When in Roseburg Hotel Umpqua

Oak rolls for all purposes. Oak wagon, truck and friction block material. Ford roadster bodies, all oak, better than Henry's, at \$2. and \$12.50.
Hilabee Mill and Manufacturing
Phone, Oakland, 473
Oakland, Oregon.

Freshly Roasted Coffee

We are firm believers in freshly roasted coffee. No one knows just how old a tin of coffee is. We are going to make a specialty of bulk coffee. Why pay for that that cost out of proportion to contents.

TWO GRADES
35c AND 45c PER POUND

Economy Grocery
Phone 63



Provide for that inevitable "Rainy Day"
Do It Now and Save Worry
I write all kinds of Health, Life, Accident and Fire Insurance.

JOHN E. FLURRY

Insurance Agency
Rooms 1 and 2
Roseburg Bank Bldg.
Phone 133 Roseburg, Ore.

CLEANING SERVICE

The seasons change. That Suit you discarded can be made to look almost new again and give you splendid service. Our service will please you.

Imperial
CLEANING SERVICE

TRY OUR WAY

Phone 277 Our Auto Will Call

The Revelations of a Paid Companion

By JANE PHELPS

Author of "My Husband and I," "A Wife's Story," etc.

I SECURE A POSITION

Chapter VI
It seemed to me Mrs. Ellwood

waited. "I've a great notion to take you," she said, as if talking to herself. "You can do no harm on a short journey, and I must get away."

She asked me several questions, which I answered frankly. Then I found myself telling her my whole miserable story, scarcely conscious, until I had finished, that her nephew's eyes were fixed upon me, that he too was listening.

"You poor child!" Mrs. Ellwood exclaimed. "How old are you?"

"Nineteen yesterday."

She talked to me for some time and questioned me further. Then told me she had decided. She would take me east with her in spite of lack of references and experience.

This settled, her manner changed. She disconcerted me with her friendliness, and baffled me with her consideration—I had for so long been used to either. And then, after a quick interval in which she spoke of her last companion, a middle aged woman, I had the disheartening sense of being too young, too inexperienced, to know how to reply when she asked me if I would be able to do this and that, and I hated to say I was ignorant of all the duties which now would be mine.

I felt I was taking something for which perhaps I could give no return. I thought I would tell Mrs. Ellwood so.

"I was still bewildered over my plight, my homeless condition, a girl without money or vocation, unlearned in any way of maintaining myself by my own efforts. I must go with Mrs. Ellwood. It was my only chance."

"This is my nephew, Barton Ellwood. Miss—by the way, I have forgotten to ask your name."

"I am Rita Hall."

"I like that name, Rita—short, yet it fits you. Barton has consented to stay with me until I found a companion. So you will be relieved tomorrow, Barton. She turned from her nephew to me as she made her explanation."

"May I come today, Mrs. Ellwood?" I asked hesitantly. "I must leave the house and I have no place to go and—"

For the first time I looked directly at Barton Ellwood. He had answered for his aunt, telling her it would be well to have me come at once as

he was to leave early in the morning.

He was a tall, handsome man, with a clear skin, dark hair and somber gray eyes. Wise eyes. Eyes that had accumulated my dismay, my indecision, my cruel necessity, yet eyes that had never softened as they gazed at Mrs. Ellwood?

I wondered. I should almost regret coming to her, going with her, if he did. There was to me something almost sinister in his regard, a premonition of harm to come to me through him.

"You are right, Barton, it would be well if Miss Hall came at once. How soon can you manage to return?" She asked me.

"As soon as I can find someone to bring my trunk; or would you prefer I send it to the station?"

"To the station, of course. My own baggage will go this afternoon. Be back by 3 o'clock, and you can help me with my hand luggage."

Mrs. Ellwood said kindly.

I turned at my good morning to Barton Ellwood, just as he took a cigarette from a gold case and sank, with careless indifference, in the deep chair by the window. He did not rise when I spoke, simply nodded, but I felt his eyes burn me and longed to ask Mrs. Ellwood if he were going east with us, if he were a member of her household. Of course I did not.

I had nothing to do when I reached home but send my trunk to the station, and—wait. I had forgotten I had no money, even to pay an expressman. What should I do?

Just then I saw a young grocer drive his wagon next door. I had talked with him often when Aunt sent me to the store, and when he delivered our groceries. I went out to him and told him I only had 18 cents but that I'd never forget him and his kindness if he would take my trunk. Long afterwards I paid him generously for his kind act.

Just as I was about to start for The Ambassador to fill my position as best I could, Jim Bond shuffled in.

"Ain't changed your mind? I might marry you some day if you stayed. You ain't so bad looking. Rita, never saw you look so pretty as you do today."

To be Continued.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by MRS. ELLSBURY

(Address all communications to Mrs. Ellsbury, care of News-Review.)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: I am coming to you for advice as so many others have done. This is a serious affair with me. I am a man almost 30 years old, engaged to a girl under 25. She loves me too, but of late my friends

and I are beginning to think maybe I am wronging the girl in marrying her. Tell me if it is wronging her more to marry her with such a difference in age, or would I be wronging her more if I were to turn her down now after going so far as to become engaged to her? Yours truly, A. M.

A. M.: There are many arguments against your marriage although it is a question that only the two of you can decide. Human nature is as variable, that although there are the best of reasons why the two of you should not marry, you might marry and be the happiest of couples. I have seen marriages between people of a great difference in age turn out badly, and turn out well and I am sure I cannot give a rule. There is one thing that I would advise you to do. If you have not already done so, have a serious talk with the girl. Talk over the difference it might make in your happiness. Be sure that she is impressed enough to think it over seriously, if she has not already done so. You are older, and should be big enough to do this, even though it might mean losing your own happiness. If she does not change, there is nothing to prevent you from marrying, and you perhaps have a good chance of being happy as any other couple.

See the R. H. S. quintet, in action, a real basketball team from a real basketball town at the University H. game, R. H. S. gym, Friday 25.

D. E. Loosley, of Medford, representative of the Ballou and Wright Company of Portland is spending a few days in this city attending to business interests. Mr. Loosley is registered at the Hotel Umpqua.

Just completing 3 new homes, for sale in Laurewood.
J. V. CASEY.

a man, a stranger in town whom I had never met before. He was very nice to me, and I liked him very much. I did not see him again after the dinner which was about two weeks ago, until just the other day and he did not speak to me on the street. I had looked forward to seeing him again, and was very disappointed. Should I speak to him the next time I see him?

RITZY: He probably did not recall you after a casual dinner acquaintance. As he does not remember you, do not speak until you are given the opportunity of meeting again, or talking to him, and you then might say that you had met before.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT.
U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 21 hours ending 5 p. m.

Precipitation in Ins. and Hundredths
Highest temperature yesterday... 48
Lowest temperature last night... 33
Precipitation last 24 hours... 0
Total precip. since first of month... 5.70
Normal precip. for this month... 5.70
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1923 to date... 11.92
Aver. precip. from Sept. 1, 1877 to 1923... 6.69
Average precipitation for 46 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive)... 51.48
Rain tonight and Wednesday.
WILLIAM BELL, Observer.

SIMPLE WAY TO TAKE OFF FAT

There can be nothing simpler than taking a convenient little tablet four times each day until your weight is reduced to normal. That's all—just purchase a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets from your druggist for one dollar, the same price the world over. Follow directions—no starvation dieting or tiresome exercising. Eat substantial food—be as lazy as you like and keep on getting slimmer. And the best part of Marmola Prescription Tablets is they are harmless. That is your absolute safeguard. Purchase them from your druggist, or send direct to Marmola, 412 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: I attended dinner recently, and was seated next to

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Cooperation Discussed.

Editor News-Review—According to the Pacific Packer, growers of the east and middle west are also having their troubles over cooperative marketing associations. In the cases cited, however, it was not a question of price for prunes, apples, pears or peaches, but of potatoes. The Packer was called down by "The Potato Grower," published in St. Paul, and alleged by the Packer to be the official mouthpiece of "those in charge of the campaign for the organization, as co-operators, of the Minnesota and North Dakota Potato Growers." Well, it seems that according to the controversy that the poor producer back there was also stuck good and hard, so the Packer claims, and when that paper asked for data it failed to appear. The Packer published a press story from Caribou, Me., setting forth the troubles of the growers of the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange. It told briefly of the dissatisfaction among growers, of the contracts that were being broken and of the scarcity of money among the members, some of whom had received very little for their potatoes.

This story drew fire from the Potato Grower, which accused the Packer of working in the interests of the produce commission men, speculators and dealers, to which that paper replied:

"The Packer acknowledges that it represents produce commission merchants, speculators and dealers, but it also must admit that it represents more than ten times as many growers and shippers of fruits and vegetables in the United States than it does commission men, speculators and dealers."

"No sooner had the article of December 16 appeared than word was received back in the Packer office that the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange was going to sue The Packer. Then came further reports that the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange was going to sue the Packer."

"As a newspaper, 'The Potato Grower' of St. Paul is a gem. If the spud growers of that district have to stand still and have all the misrepresentation that the sheet contains jammed down their throats periodically, heaven help them."

"For the information of the potato growers of those districts, it might be stated that after the Packer article appeared, the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange wanted space for reply, which was freely granted it. When the reply came, its principal answer was that The Packer had published the article without sending a representative to the Exchange's office in Caribou and making an investigation; that its records were open. The reply further stated that it had paid over \$1,500,000 to the growers at intervals."

"Then The Packer wired the Exchange asking how many cars it had shipped up to and including December 10, the date of the last pool, which appeared in their reply, and also how much per barrel was netted back to the growers. These questions have not yet been answered."

A GROWER.

Attractive Line WOODEN WARE

Specially Priced While Displayed in Window

This line consists of useful articles for kitchen and general household purposes.

Egg Timers, a real novelty, but just the thing... 20c
Spice Boxes ought to be in Every Kitchen.

And a lot of other things too numerous to list here. See them in our big window.

Churchill Hardware Co.

The Winchester Store

LOCAL NEWS

Singers, \$3.00 month. Singer Store.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Y note ride. Call 105 or 274-J.

Moore Music Studio—116 S. Jackson St. Phone 320-L.

Hemstitching & picot edging at Singer Store.

Watkins products, 120 W. Lane street. Orders delivered. Phone 177.

We buy and sell everything to furniture at Powell's Second Hand Store.

George Sanders who resides in Drain was in this city for several hours yesterday afternoon.

Lloyd's Taxi for easy riding. Special rates on country trips. No trip less than fifty cents. Phone 44.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman who are residents of Portland are spending a few days in this city attending to business matters.

See Roseburg wall on the ex-state champion, University III, at the R. H. S. gym, Friday 25.

Virgil Lansaw left last evening for San Luis Obispo, California, where he intends to make his home. Mr. Lansaw has been living in Roseburg for the past year and has been employed by the Southern Pacific company.

Teeth Extracted and Replaced day with or without pain.

Large Aladdin Lamp
Large Table Lamp
Wash Bowls
Cottage Organ
Leather Rockers
New Bicycle

25% Off on Trunks

Powell's Furniture Exchange
238 N. Jackson St.
Phone 538

Form fitting, roll front and other collars are made RIGHT at this plant.

ROSEBURG STEAM LAUNDRY
ONE EIGHT EIGHT
PHONE 17

WATCH FOR "TUBBY" AND HIS DOGS IN THE DAILY NEWS-REVIEW

By WINNER

Reason Enough.

WHAT DIDJA LOSE, TUBBY?

I LOST MY KNIFE OVER IN THAT LOT

WELL WHADDAYA HUNTIN' WAY OVER HERE FOR. WHY DONTYA LOOK OVER WHERE YOU LOST IT?

I CANT—THERE'S A CROSS DOG OVER THERE

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TUBBY

