"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM
3-Quart Straight Saucepan

From April 30th to May 8th only

Also,

SEE the "Wear-Ever" Steamer Section which fits the 3-quart Sauce Pan. Only 98c additional. (Regular price $1.30) The combination makes a fine, two-compartment steam cooker.

SPECIAL OFFER

For 10 Days

Saucepan, 98c
Steamer, 98c
Both - $1.98

Or sold singly. Regular price on this combination is $2.85

Churchill Hardware Co.

Spring poetry.
There, little new car
Don't you cry.
You'll be a used car
By and by.
And the very cream of
these GOOD used cars
we get, recondition,
And sell—truthfully—
for the service
they'll render.

1923 Chevrolet Touring
1922 Chevrolet Touring
1924 Ford Touring
1920 Ford Touring
1919 Ford Touring
1922 Ford Ton Truck
1923 Star Coupe
1920 Dodge Touring
1922 Durant Touring

HANSEN CHEVROLET COMPANY
Roseburg, Oregon Phone 446

EMPLOYMENT SLACK LARGELY TAKEN UP.

PORTLAND, April 30.—(Special) — General employment in the Pacific Northwest is fast reaching the spring peak, according to the 4L letter issued here today which said that with all kinds of construction work well under way, logging camps and sawmills normally active, and with railroads using large maintenance crews, the employment slack which has obtained for several months past has now largely been taken up.

In the pine districts just east of the Cascades, where sawmills and planers are busy with the summer cut, there is practically no unemployment except in common labor lines, the 4L letter said. Woods work there is picking up. River driving is being done with exceptionally low water this year.

In the coast cities most jobs are still readily filled, although demands for some kinds of help seem to be in excess of supply of labor. All districts report resident labor to be well employed.

Many workers have already started south to work their way north with the various fruit and vegetable harvests. The fruit harvests in Oregon and Washington will be at least three weeks earlier this year than last.

Studebaker builds no yearly models.

SALEM TO HAVE FIELD FOR PLANES

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALEM, Ore., April 29.—The office of State Forester F. A. Elliott today verified the report that a landing field will be established in Salem this summer for forest fire patrol airplanes, but it was said selection of the field will await the arrival here on June 1 of Lieutenant Lloyd Barnett of the army air service, who will be in charge of the patrol for California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

A field near the brick yard of the state penitentiary is favored by Lieutenant Barnett and the state forestry department.

Two planes will be brought to Salem, June 1, by Lieutenant Barnett. As in former years' Eugene will be headquarters for the patrol planes.

The De Havilland type of army planes will be used. The pilots, aside from Lieutenant Barnett, who is with the regular army, will be reserve officers.

To finance the patrol there is $10,000 remaining from the 1925 patrol fund and is sufficient to maintain the patrol up to July 1. A bill now pending in congress and expected to pass, appropriates $50,000 for California and the northwest, considered sufficient to maintain the patrol until July 1, 1927.

NOTICE of Sale of Government Timber. General Land Office, Washington, D. C., April 7, 1926. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the acts of June 3, 1916 (42 Stat., 215), June 4, 1920 (41 Stat., 753), and pursuant to departmental regulations of April 14, 1924 (50 L. D., 376), the timber on the following lands will be sold May 27, 1926, at 10 o'clock A. M., at public auction at the U. S. land office at Roseburg, Oregon, to the highest bidder at not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent thereof, being commissions allowed, must be deposited at time of sale, money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber, which must be removed within ten years. Bids will be received from citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens, and corporations organized under the laws of the United States or any State, territory or district thereof, only. Upon application of a qualified purchaser, the timber or any legal subdivision will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger unit. T. 15 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 31, lot 1, red fir 1340 M, none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than $1.25 per M. T. 17 S., R. 7 W., Sec. 31, SE¼ NE¼ yellow fir 1800 M, SW¼ NE¼ yellow fir 690 M, Sec. 33, SW¼ SE¼ yellow fir 460 M, red fir 890 M, red cedar 20 M. T. 18 S., R. 7 W., Sec. 1, SW¼ NW¼ Douglas fir 1400 M, none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than $2.50 per M for the red fir, $2 per M for the yellow fir on Sec. 31, $2.50 per M for the yellow fir on Sec. 33, $3 per M for the Douglas fir and $1.50 per M for the red cedar. T. 30 S., R. 9 W., Sec. 3 Frl. NE¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 285 M, red fir 860 M, cedar poles 370, Frl. NW¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 235 M, red fir 740 M, cedar poles 210, SE¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 180 M, red fir 665 M, cedar poles 300, incense cedar 10 M, SW¼ NE¼ red fir 555 M, cedar poles 225, incense cedar 15 M, Frl. NE¼ NW¼ red fir 900 M, yellow fir 475 M, Frl. NW¼ NW¼ red fir 880 M, cedar poles 290, incense cedar 25 M, yellow fir 650 M, SE¼ NW¼ red fir 1190 M, cedar poles 125, SW¼ NW¼ red fir 1285 M, cedar poles 145, NE¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 265 M, red fir 455 M, cedar poles 250, incense cedar 25 M, NW¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 235 M, red fir 695 M, cedar poles 220, incense cedar 20 M, SE¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 125 M, red fir 310 M, cedar poles 60, SW¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 40 M, red fir 550 M, cedar poles 100, incense cedar 15 M, NE¼ SW¼ red fir 855 M, cedar poles 150, incense cedar 15 M, NW¼ SW¼ Port Orford cedar 10 M, red fir 1040 M, cedar poles 150, SE¼ SW¼ red fir 690 M, cedar poles 130, incense cedar 10 M, SW¼ SW¼ Port Orford cedar 5 M, red fir 625 M, cedar poles 100, Sec. 7, NE¼ NE¼ red fir 375 M, cedar poles 50, yellow fir 985 M, NW¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 45 M, red fir 465 M, cedar poles 75, yellow fir 160 M, SE¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 45 M, red fir 750 M, cedar poles 75, red cedar 15 M, SW¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 440 M, red fir 465 M, cedar poles 125, yellow fir 160 M, NE¼ NW¼ Port Orford cedar 25 M, red fir 240 M, cedar poles 90, incense cedar 10 M, yellow fir 80 M, lot 4 Port Orford cedar 60 M, red fir 330 M, cedar poles 50, incense cedar 40 M, SE¼ NW¼ Port Orford cedar 185 M, red fir 360 M, cedar poles 100, yellow fir 140 M, lot 2, Port Orford cedar 40 M, red fir 390 M, cedar poles 50, yellow fir 60 M, NE¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 20 M, red fir 325 M, cedar poles 30, incense cedar 10 M, NW¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 80 M, red fir 510 M, cedar poles 50, incense cedar 25 M, SE¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 40 M, red fir 250 M, cedar poles 50, incense cedar 40 M, SW¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 45 M, red fir 255 M, cedar poles 60, incense cedar 120 M, NE¼ SW¼ Port Orford cedar 50 M, red fir 485 M, cedar poles 50, incense cedar 60 M, lot 3, Port Orford cedar 190 M, red fir 395 M, cedar poles 165, incense cedar 80 M, SE¼ SW¼ Port Orford cedar 75 M, red fir 475 M, cedar poles 45, incense cedar 175 M, lot 4, Port Orford cedar 217 M, red fir 415 M, cedar poles 180, incense cedar 152 M, none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than $1.50 per M for the fir, $7.50 per M for the Port Orford cedar, 50 cents each for the cedar poles and 50 cents per M for the incense and red cedar. T. 29 S., R. 10 W., Sec. 23, NW¼ SE¼, Douglas fir 1140 M, Port Orford cedar 70 M, none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than $1 per M for the red fir, $1.50 per M for the Douglas fir, $7 per M for the cedar and $4 per M for the pine. William Spry, Commissioner.

"HER FLING"

By Elenore Meherin

Author of "Chickie," "Sandy" and Other Serials of Nationwide Success.

(Copyright, 1926, by Call Publishing Co.)

CHAPTER 42

Escape.

A flying glance I threw at my father's door. It was closed, a silent dignity dwelling on its wide portal. No one had seen!

With a flurry that was almost a joy I raced along, veered at the corner, went dashing up one street, down another, one goad urging me—the flaming determination to escape.

I sat low, leaning forward, my hands riveted on the wheel, mind and body focussed in a white hot excitement. "Go! I must keep going!" This was my thought—just to put distance between myself and that dinner table. The houses, cars, few people passing were but darts, gray streaks, shadows looming and vanishing. I saw only the road ahead, not caring where I drove, intent only on moving, winging with reckless speed from the hands that were already outstretched to overtake me.

By now they knew I was gone. Rosalie had come up with the water, found the door open and I not there. She had looked through the rooms and then gone on in a shrill fright and whispered to my mother.

I could see my mother's face blanch, see her teeth sink in her lips. What had she done? What had she said? Had they found the note?

The mere vision of my mother holding the message in quivering hands mantled me in a chill fear. She would read it, crumble it with an angry impatient gesture, her stately face hardening in white lines of fury. Then what?

My brain became piercingly alert! A dozen plans flashed before me—the Laceys, Alice Matthew? No—mother would think of them.

I drove the car to the curb, looked about nervously, expecting the entire police department to pounce from the doorways. I got out quickly, lifting the heavy suitcase.

A car was coming. A man took the suitcase, pushed it on the platform, in a moment I was hidden in a crowd, herded with a score of others — men and women hanging to straps. I felt safe.

I was going to a hotel. Which one? All the larger ones I knew; the smaller terrified me.

A man got up. I sank into his place, riding on and on, repeating to myself — Which one? Where shall I go? What did mother tell them? Are they looking for me?

I went to the Park Avenue. As the clerk handed me a pen I remembered the newspaper stories I had read of handwriting experts examining signatures in the hotel registers.

"Maud Ralston," I wrote boldly, saying to the clerk: "Room with a bath, please."

Scarcely raising his eyes, he called a boy, gave him a room number. One or two men lounging in the lobby glanced at me, then back to the street. My coming created no stir.

One thing that gave me courage was the $50 in my purse and the knowledge of $8,000 in the bank. The first thing in the morning, an hour before my father arrived, I would draw out two or three hundred dollars — perhaps more.

Then, if they tried to browbeat me, I could mark time.

The telephone rang. I jumped from the chair with a start of terror. It rasped again, one long, three short, insolent jangles. Softly I raised the hook, disguising my voice.

"Miss Ralston?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"A telegram at the desk for you."

"For Maud Ralston?" I asked.

"Oh, excuse me. I've made a mistake."

"That's all right," I answered blithely.

But as I hung up, I wondered at the sense of relief. Why didn't I want them to find me tonight?

I put on a kimono, lay on the bed, reading a magazine. But at every other line a sense of unreality appalled me. "Why am I here?" I would think with a stab of uncertainty. "What have I done?"

I tossed for hours, sat up and tried to read, fell asleep with the light glaring in my eyes.

At 8 o'clock I awakened, memory gathering with dull shiver of reluctance, casting with painful vividness before me the distasteful episode of the night before.

There was an hour before the bank would open. I read the papers, grew impatient. Sometimes the clerks arrived early. That would be better, safer.

At a quarter of ten I went into the bank. Edwin Shirley as at his window. I bowed to him. He nodded hastily, became immediately absorbed in some figures.

"I walked over to him."

"Money, Mr. Shirley!" I demanded lightly. "I think I will have about $300."

"Good morning, Miss Sherman," His face grew red. "Why," he hesitated, "your father has taken out the money for you. He's right in his office. You can see him."

Shock froze me. I stood without a word.

"Well, well!" Shirley attempted a smile, looked over my head.

I turned away. A hand was laid on my arm.

"Well, daughter, out early. Come in!"

It was my father.

My father linked his arm in mine, saying pleasantly:

"I have something for you, daughter." He nodded to Shirley, his strong fingers at the same moment sinking into my flesh, warning and restraining me. Shame and resentment in a scorching wave swept over me.

"Did you have a good time?" Several clerks were already at their windows. He spoke for their benefit, a steely smile on his lips.

I smiled, too, tumult shaking me, walked with him into his private office. He closed the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket.

"So you need money, do you?" His face had a gray, mottled look, a sneer glimmering in his narrow eyes. "You won't take my guidance, but you don't mind using my money, do you?"

"It's my money! What right have you to touch it?" I faced him, my head raised. Our glances met in an angry impact. His mouth curled.

"As much as you have. My name is also on the book. You didn't consider that?"

"What you give away is no longer yours, father. You might as well take back my education or the food I have eaten. The money is mine!"

"You walked out of my house, my girl; did it occur to you that the door might be closed when you walked back? You wouldn't like that, would you?"

Fear surged with hot, panting breath over me.

"Are you threatening me, father?" I asked, closing my eyes.

"I'm telling you this, Gail," he tapped his fist softly, his voice not varying from its slow, chiseled monotone, yet the room seemed to clash with heavy shouts: "I'll brook no more of your nonsense! Make up your mind for that. Don't repeat last night's idiocy if you wish to remain under my roof."

"You mean that I must meet Rupert Addison?" I cried hotly, suddenly aware of his plan. "You think you can throw me at him? I'll not stand it!"

"No?" Cold metal rang in his voice: "You won't meet my partner, my girl? You think you will remain in my home and flout me and your mother as you did last night?"

My breath came in a hot, short gasp. Frantic, I answered:

"I'll not go home, father, till you are willing to leave me alone!"

"Oh, so that's it!" He pressed his upper lip with his forefinger, his nostrils quivering:

"You are trying to break me, father," I said in a trembling whisper.

"I'm trying to bring you to your senses, Gail. You can't get along a moment without money. You realize that. You have the opportunity for a life of wealth and luxury—the life your mother and I planned for our children. I'm going to give you a chance to think twice before you turn down $1,000,000."

"But if I decide against it in the end, father?" I asked trying in vain for the master stroke that would end the interview with a triumph for me.

"I don't think you will, Gail. You will recover from this hysteria. You will realize that your own and your family's future hinge on the wisdom of your decision. Do you understand, now, Gail?"

I was a pawn in the game my father played. What did he care if my spirit shrank from a union with the man he had picked? If I took my father's money; then I must take his guidance. If I went home I must marry Rupert Addison. There was no argument about it. Borne down on an aching defeat I saw it.

But I was not going to accept it!

How would I escape?

He unlocked the door, not releasing his clasp. He meant to put me in the machine. Robert, perhaps had his orders. I would be no more than a prisoner. My bluff had failed; it had made me ridiculous and then suspicious. Mother would watch every breath I drew.

And there would be days and nights and weeks of Rupert Addison — no chance to escape. I wasn't going to endure that!

Thoughts darted like tongues of flame across my brain. If I could make father think I was ready to yield; glad to be going home, they might leave me alone.

"You win, father," I laughed, my voice breaking. "Mother will never forgive me," I said, hoping he would phone and tell her to be diplomatic; to leave me alone. Then I would have my chance.

"Make up your mind, Gail, to consult with her in the future," said. "Make up your mind that you are too old to indulge in childish obstinacy and foolish tricks like last night; both of us will be willing to forget."

"I guess I've had my lesson, father."

He hurried me through the corridor to the sidewalk. Robert jumped down, opened the door of my mother's car. Marian was sitting within. She put her hand hat fluttered like a warm little bird on mine.

"Gail!" Tears ran over and down her pale cheeks.

"Good-by, my daughters," father called. I couldn't look at Marian. Why was she here?

"Where were you, Gail? Oh, what a terrible night!"

"Did they tell you?"

"Mother thought you might have come to me. Why didn't you, Gail? I could have told you how foolish it was. Oh, we didn't sleep all night. I came right over. It was 11 when mother phoned."

"Where is mother?" I asked listlessly.

"After father phoned she went to bed. The reaction from worry left her exhausted."

No — that wasn't the explanation. I knew mother quite well. As soon as she knew I was safe —and there would be no publicity given my departure she had drawn back in a recoil of violent, unforgiving anger.

"Did they find father's car?"

"Yes—this morning."

"Mother didn't show my note to Rupert Addison?"

"Oh Gail!" Marian gasped.

"Well, I thought in the panic of finding it, she might. Didn't they say anything to him?"

"Well, you know father isn't in a position to insult Rupert. I can't understand why you treat him so, Gail."

I wanted to know just what had happened, just how I must move. I will get all my clothes, my rings .... they belong to me, I thought feverishly.

"Well, you are going to try and like him, aren't you, Gail? Please be nice tomorrow night."

I sat up sittily. "What is tomorrow night, Marian?"

"My box party."

"Rupert Adulson is to be there?"

Tears ran into her eyes; I laughed.

"What's the matter, Mimi?"

"Promise me you'll be nice, Gail? Please!"

"Don't worry, Mimi!" We reached the house. She got out, began to explain:

"I want to see if mother is asleep and if she is feeling better."

She followed me into my room, walked through, leaving the door open, tiptoed back:

"She's asleep, Gail."

Marian sat down, looked at me with pleading: "You haven't said where you were Gail."

"At a hotel. That's all there's to it, Marian. I just thought I couldn't stand it."

"But tomorrow, please, for my sake?"

"All right, Mimi."

"I have to go, Gail. I have a luncheon engagement." She loitered. "You'll truly be nice, Gail?"

I laughed at her, walked to the door. As soon as she was gone I telephoned for a taxi, told them to come in half an hour, to walk to the tradesmen's entrance and take the four suit cases they would find and drive them to the Park Avenue Hotel.

There would be no bluffing this time!

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

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

NOTICE

Monty's Repair Shop moved from cor. Rose and Oak two blocks east to cor. Oak and Main. All kinds of repair work done.

ATTENTION COUNTRY CLUB MEMBERS

Time of Home Tournament has been changed from 1 p. m. to promptly 9:30 a. m. Sunday, May 2nd. All other features of the day's program unchanged from postal notice.

HOUSE COMMITTEE.

LEGION TO MEET WITH THE AUXILIARY

A joint meeting of Umqua Post American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary will be held on next Tuesday night at the armory. A big attendance is urged as the committee in charge is preparing a fine musical program in observance of Music Week. A feed will be served and it looks like a big night. Be there, Buddy and bring your wife, mother or sister.

DOG HAS MET DINING CARS FOR 12 YEARS AND LIVED ON THE FAT OF LAND

BARNESVILLE, Minn., April 30.—Here is the kind of a dog to own. The master never has to feed him. This spaniel, Rover, is 13 years old and he is owned by Fred Hasse, veteran janitor of the Great Northern Railway station at Barnesville, Minn. For the last twelve years Rover has met the east and west-bound Glacier Park limited trains, twice a day, and got his porterhouse steak bones and other dog tid-bits from the dining car cooks. This special-privileged member of the canine family is the center of attraction to transcontinental travelers when the train stops at Barnesville. Rover is favored by the fact that these east and west-bound trains stop at Barnesville in the evening and morning respectively, so that he gets two sumptuous meals every day. And he knows the hour of arrival in each instance. It is a standing order of the chefs of these trains for the "cookees" to have Rover's dinner or breakfast ready at Barnesville.

The dog pays no attention to any one of the other passenger trains that pass through the city daily. Nor will he have anything to do with anyone other than his master and the white frocked dining car men. No one else ever was known to get a wag of Rover's tail.

Buy McCormick or Deering hay machines and you will always be assured of getting repairs. Sold by Wharton Bros.

RIVER RACES TODAY.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 1. — Four University of Pennsylvania crews will match strokes with a quartet of navy combinations on the Severne river here this afternoon. Varsity, junior varsity, Freshmen-Plebe, and 150-pound races are on the program, all over the Henley distance of a mile and five-sixteenths.

4 pound wool sacks at Wharton Bros. If you buy a 3½ pound sack and the buyer deducts 4 pounds for the sack you lose a half a pound of wool, which is more than the difference in the price of the sack.

DILLON GETS DECISION

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 1. — Harry Dillon, a light heavyweight of Winnipeg, Manitoba, won the decision in a ten-round main event here last night with Marine Ranier of Tacoma, Washington.

M. C. RADABAUGH,

Auctioneer, 530 N. Pine St., Roseburg, Oregon.

WEATHER OUTLOOK.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1. — The weather outlook for the week beginning May 2, was announced here today by the United States weather bureau as follows:

"Pacific states: The outlook is for normal temperature, generally fair weather, but with considerable cloudiness along the coast."

Sire your colt by Black Dupont, registered Percheron Stallion. Sire breeder Douglas Park Stock Ranch Sutherlin.

"PAINT NOW"

We have white paint as low as $2.85 per gallon, also high grade in colors. High grade enamels and varnishes at reasonable prices.

POWELL FURNITURE CO.

Whether it Rains or Not

You will need Tillage Tools—Harrows, Rollers, Cultivators, Weeders. WE SELL 'EM.

WANTED—WOOL

Wool Sax - - - - - 85c

Stock Salt, ton - $16.50

Medicated Salt for Sheep and Hogs.—

Dry Lime Sulphur Spray.

"See Us First—We Can Save You Money"

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FORD for sale. See it at 1247 W. 2nd.

FOR SALE—Young Belgian hares. Phone 26F3.

CEDAR POSTS for sale. Bert Young, Glide, Oregon.

SHOW CASE for sale cheap at magazine stand, Cass St.

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts. Phone 29F3.

FOR SALE—Tested broccoli seed. $1 an ounce, $15 per lb. People's Supply Store.

FOR SALE—Choice Shorthorn bulls, ready now. C. O. Garrett & Son, Glendale, Ore.

FOR SALE—Fresh cow with calf, good milker, gentle, age six. J. I. Chapman, Wilbur.

COWS and Jersey bull 2 yrs. old for sale. F. Vedder, Roberts Creek. Phone 42F2.

FOR SALE—4 work horses, 1 yearling colt, 3 yearling heifers, 2 milch goats, dry. Mrs. H. Golger, Looking Glass.

FOR SALE—Span light horses, weight between 1100 and 1200, gentle to work and ride. Phone 14F11.

GERMAN POLICE DOGS— A. K. C. Reg. pups. Wolf greys, Sire TELL VON KARNOCK, 466,669. Dam, KALA VON KAOAK, 468,368. Strong flashy pups, best blood lines. C. W. Sinniger, Roseburg. Phone 661-J.

FOR SALE—15 h. p. single drum electric hoist; 250 feet 1-8 inch cable; 2 steel ore buckets; 30-inch shive wheel, ore and water skip. All in good condition. Bargain for cash. A. T. McIlvain, Rogue River, Oregon.

USED STUDEBAKERS—We have taken in two light six Studebakers, exceptoinal cars in every way, carefully driven and used. Both of these are Studebaker certified used cars and reasonably priced. Terms. W. A. Burr & Son. Central Garage, Phone 385.

DURING THE next week we will have for sale at prices you cannot resist, a few exceptionally good cars. Can give you terms on any of these and an ironclad guarantee. Look them over before you buy.

1 1919 Hudson touring, four-wheel brakes. Fine shape.
1 very good Ford truck, new U. S. tires, Warford Trans.
1 1925 Hudson coach, like new.
1 Chevrolet bug.
1 1925 Master Six sport model Buick Six. This car like new in every way, and best of, all a new 1926 Chrysler, 6-70 Royal coupe, that we can save you lots of money on. Leas & Son, Oakland.

LEGION AUXILIARY MEETING

The American Legion Auxiliary will hold a joint meeting with Umpqua Post Tuesday, May 4. Special musical program. Refreshments by the Post. All members please be present.

MRS. J. A. FULCHER, President.

FOR SALE—De Laval irrigation pumps, wood pipe and electric motors. Paul's Electric Store, Medford, Oregon.

WANTED

HEMSTITCHING at Fisher's store, Mrs. F. F. Jones.

WANTED—Woodcutters, $1.75 per cord. Hoffstaed, Dixonville. Phone 34F3.

WANTED—Work, 40c hour. R. R. Ashworth, 600 E. Washington.

WANTED—Women for general housework on ranch. William P. Weaver, Myrtle Creek.

WANTED—Two good waitresses for Hamm's Cafe at Myrtle Point at once.

WANTED—Lady to assist with housework. Phone 527-Y, or call 627 Court St.

DRESSMAKING — Light weight and silk dresses. No charge over $3. Mrs. Owen, Box 61, Roseburg.

WANTED—Middle aged man to work on farm by the year, good wages. J. F. Van Allen, Days Creek.

WANTED—Middle aged woman as housekeeper in family of three adults. State price, and give reference. Good home for right party. Address "W. M.", care News-Review.

WANTED—Lady to be a companion for a few weeks to a lady who isn't very well. Middle aged lady preferred, or a good place to help out for room and board while looking for work. Address, "W. E.," News-Review.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished apartments. 707 W. Mosher St.

FOR RENT—Apartment. Phone 111-Y or call 348 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Furnished apt., 2-room, ground floor. 608 S. Stephens St.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, $9 per month. J. Barr, Miller's Addition.

FOR RENT—Modern 5-room bungalow in Ramona Court. Inquire 1124 Ramona Court.

FURNISHED APTS. for rent. Modern in every respect. Close in. Reasonable rates. Phone 58.

FOR RENT—Two front office rooms. Located in business center of city. Call at 136 N. Jackson St. Or phone 58.

FOR RENT—3 houses, one 5-room, one 3-room, one 2-room, all on South Main. J. D. Braughton, Miller's Addition.

FOR RENT—2-room apartment close in. L. and W. furnished, $18. Also 4-room downstairs apartment, electric range, well furnished; garage, garden space, lots of flowers. Phone 227-Y.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—$10 across from high school, about 4 o'clock Wednesday. Finder please leave at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS

SINGER SHOP — Hemstitching while you wait. Opposite Rose Hotel, 203 W. Lane.

REGISTERED Jersey Bull for service, $2.50 cash. Nelson Bros. 1 mile east of Roseburg.

CONCRETE work at competitive prices. Mixer or building hoist for hire. Miller, Phone 440-J.

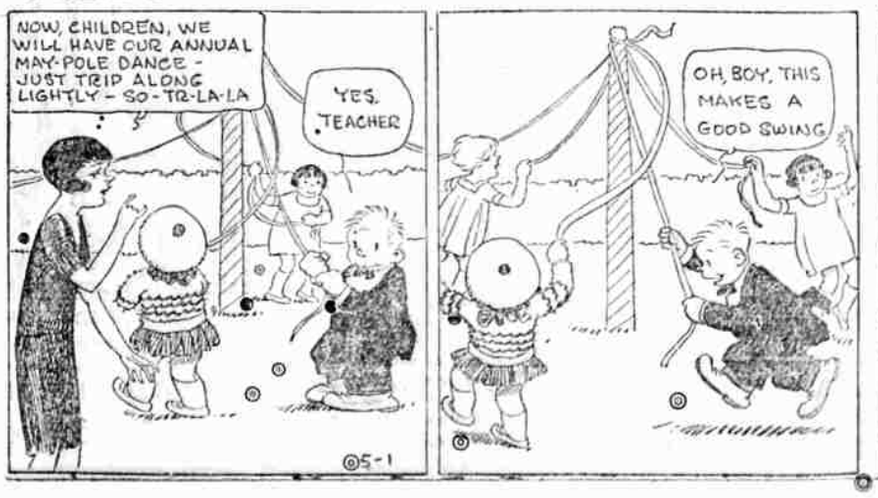
CENTRAL HOTEL building will be given to anyone who will remove it at once. Wm. Van Buren, 211 Washington.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 552 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

WHEN IN ROSEBURG
STOP AT
Hotel Umpqua

Harry Pearce
Auto Top Manufacturing
Repairing Tops and Curtains, Upholstering of all kinds
Tent and Awning Work
Phone 573 Winchester St.

TUBBY



He Breaks Up the Party.