WIRE UTILITIES

In every household, and especially about the kitchen work, these labor saving devices come in handy in many ways each day. We are showing a lot of these goods this week, and you better look them over and supply your needs.

Wire Strainers of various kinds and for different needs, just the things you will need and a score or two more to meet every requirement.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE IRON MONGERS

This is the season
of the year
when heart calls
to heart.
It's the season when
old men marry
pretty stenographers
and when
school ma'ams
keep the big boys
in after school.
And now the call
of the open road
is strongest.
Answer it
in one of these.

1923 Chevrolet Touring.
1919 Chevrolet Touring
1923 Ford Sedan
1924 Ford Touring
1922 Ford Touring
1922 Ford Ton Truck
1923 Star Touring
1922 Durant Touring
1922 Oakland Touring

HANSEN CHEVROLET COMPANY
Roseburg, Oregon Phone 446

$20,000 OIL FIRE

GREAT FALLS, Mont., May 4. — After a 200-foot column of blazing oil and gas had spouted from the Queen City-Moore No. 20 well in the Kevin-Sunburst field all night, the blaze was extinguished this morning with steam. The loss is estimated at $20,000.

The well came in as a gusher yesterday afternoon and was ignited by a spark from a forge. Besides the loss of some 2500 barrels of oil, the rig, derrick house and engine room were detroyed.

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 (39 Stat., 218), June 4, 1920 (41 Stat., 758), and pursuant to departmental regulations of April 14, 1924 (50 L. D., 355), 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. 4 W., Sec. 31, lot 1, red fir 1340 M, none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than $1.50 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 895 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 550, 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 250, 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 175, 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 605 M, cedar poles 320, incense cedar 20 M, SE¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 125 M, red fir 240 M, cedar poles 60, SW¼ SE¼ Port Orford cedar 40 M, red fir 585 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, Frl¼ 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 265 M, cedar poles 75, yellow fir 160 M, SE¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 45 M, red fir 730 M, cedar poles 75, red cedar 15 M, SW¼ NE¼ Port Orford cedar 410 M, red fir 465 M, cedar poles 125, yellow fir 160 M, NE¼ NW¼ Port Orford cedar 25 M, red fir 200 M, cedar poles 60, incense cedar 10 M, yellow fir 80 M, lot 1 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 200 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 350 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 30 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 50 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 182, 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. 29, 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.

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CHAPTER 45

Before 9 I was at the hospital. Two girls were standing beside a table, one of them quite young, the other very efficient looking in a white smock and a pair of nose glasses.

"Is this the clinical laboratory?" I asked.

"No," the younger answered.

"Yes—pardon me," the other one corrected. I walked in.

"Just a moment." The girl in the smock was very curt and businesslike. "I'm in the midst of some work." Her tone was a reproof that brought a hot flush to my face.

I waited. With a pair of tweezers in each hand she took a rubber stopper from some steaming fluid, and as the younger girl held a small bottle she sealed it with the rubber. Her hands didn't touch it.

"Now," she glanced at me.

'I am Miss Sherman."

"Well?"

"I am to begin work here."

"Here? I know nothing about it. You will have to see Dr. Merrill."

"The arrangement has been made," I answered, stung by her crisp indifference.

Work.

'I know nothing about it." She turned her back, busied herself with a microscope.

I walked down the corridor to the elevator, my face flaming. The girl with the black fringed green eyes recognized me.

"Dr. Merrill will be right in," she said pleasantly. "Will you sit down, Miss Sherman? Oh, he's coming now." I expected to see a middle aged man. A tall, heavily set young man, blond, with a pair of fine, engaging blue eyes, entered, looked quickly about the office. The girl spoke to him.

"Miss Sherman?" he said, coming up to me. "Dr. Benders spoke of you. Do you want to begin now?"

"Yes."

"You understand the nature of the work? It will be six months before you may expect to qualify."

'Dr. Benders told me this."

"All right." There was a quick thoroughness about him. "I'm going to the laboratory now."

I followed him to the elevator.

"The work is not pleasant at first, Miss Sherman. I'm afraid you'll find it drudgery," he said as he walked past operating rooms, nurses, other doctors.

"I expect it to be hard," I answered nervously, rather faint with fear and excitement. He went into a larger laboratory adjoining the one where the girl had dismissed me.

Perhaps I was going to work here. I would like it better. He spoke to two young men who were adjusting a pair of scales with the most elaborate pains.

'In here," he turned to me, pushed the door to the smaller room. "Good morning, Miss Adair. This is Miss Sherman, she is coming in as voluntary assistant. Will you help her?"

"I'l be glad to, Dr. Merrill." She seemed in awe of him, her whole manner changed, a pleasant smile as she greeted me.

"She will begin at once. Miss Adair will instruct you. Miss Sherman. I hope you will find things agreeable."

He was walking from the room. For a moment, an impulse to follow, to tell him I didn't want this work, caught me.

"You can put your things in there, Miss Sherman," the girl was saying. "You have a smock?"

"No."

She went into the dressing room, took one from a locker.

"I'll lend you this. You better get some this afternoon."

"You can wash these," Miss Adair pointed to great racks of test tubes. "Be careful with this cleaning solution. It has a high acid content, and burns."

She gave me a fine wire brush, showed me how to insert it deftly.

I began rather eagerly. That was easy. The wire brush pierced through the glass, the test tube broke. A little panic gripped me.

'You see, they are delicate," Miss Adair explained. "That's all right. You needn't hurry."

By noon I was exhausted, the fervor of the morning lost in a growing distaste. But a hidden thought kept my courage high. Jean and Grant Benders were watching me.

"It will be better this afternoon," I decided, as I took a ham sandwich and a cup of chocolate in a candy store. "I will soon learn."

This was my test. I could meet it. But the afternoon was more trying than the morning. All the slides I had washed were returned. They weren't clean. I broke more test tubes.

"Those are expensive," Miss Adair said, curtly. "You may leave now and get your smocks. We begin work at 8 in the morning."

"At 8."

"Yes."

I would have to get up at 6 o'clock. I went into the dressing room, unnerved, my back stretched in a dull, miserable ache, my mind fighting resolutely against a quitters heart.

"You will get the smocks! And you are coming back!"

I nodded in answer to this, put on my hat, walked resolutely down the corridor, looking about, expecting to meet some one.

I was just outside the door when I saw Dr. Benders. He was coming over to see how I liked the work! Why, I liked it fine! He turned—went into one of the other buildings.

For no reason in the world tears came stinging to my eyes. "Oh, yes, you will buy the smocks," I repeated to some imaginary self, but my heart revolted against a return to the laboratory.

The next day I caught my fingernail on the wire handle of a small brush and tore it below the quick. My hands were red and swollen. They had been in hot water for hours. My back drummed in a wide, dull ache.

I had bought the smocks, and bought an alarm clock. Its rude jangle awoke me at 6 oclock Wednesday morning. Trembling with the shock of its piercing summons, I started up—remembered I must go to work.

It took every throb of fight that was in me to win these first days. Another girl, more wholesomely trained, might have gone smiling through without even being aware of the struggle. The twenty-three years of pampering, of idleness, of sapping luxury, were against me.

Never before had I been commanded; never had I stood hours doing tedious and unpleasant manual labor. Nor had I ever been ignored and snubbed. When I entered a group, was presented as "Miss Gail Sherman", preference was shown me. I took it as my due.

Here I was nobody. I was told: "Miss Sherman, do this—do that! Hurry! Take more care!" I had entered a new order—the aristocracy of brain; I belonged in its lower strata. And the snobbery of intellect is more biting than the snobbery of money.

Jean phoned to me the first night. I told her the experience was fine; I knew. I would like the work. I meant to see her on Tuesday, then on Wednesday. At the end of each day I as so exhausted, so low spirited, I was ashamed to meet the clear harshness of her young judgment.

Friday the real test came. And I didn't meet it! All morning I was busy sterilizing. Miss Adair superintended every move. The test tubes filled with cultures were placed in an autoclave—an immense metal vessel that looks something like a huge washboiler. Here, under high steam pressure, they are kept for about half an hour. They are then ready to be washed.

The tubes must be taken out and their thick, gelatin-like contents emptied while hot. Otherwise it is almost impossible to clean them. It is a dirty, mean task. I would never have asked Rosalie to do a thing so unpleasant.

The operation was simple enough. I took towels, removed the tubes. But the heat annoyed me; I was afraid of burning my hands, afraid of getting the cultures on my fingers; I kept dropping the tubes. In an hour I broke five.

"They cost four and six cents apiece, Miss Sherman!" Miss Adair turned sharply, when the fifth tinkled against the metal bucket.

I never answered when she spoke like this, but now I carried the test-tubes to the warm water, insurgent fire leaping within me. What kind of a dog's job was this? I ought to be proud of myself! It took neither skill nor education—after a little practice a scullery boy could do the work.

My hands in the hot water looked raw, stained; they hurt me for the skin peeled.

"Will you hurry back from luncheon?" Miss Adair said at noon. "We have to make up our standard solutions — you'll have to get all the jars ready."

Something had gone wrong with her. She was more abrupt and business-like than usual. When I returned she was sitting before the scales.

"They are adjusted, Miss Sherman. See if you make the weights. The balance must be exact. Remember, we are weighing to the milligram."

The balance was set at 3.8 milligrams. Miss Adair gave me the powder. I put a little of it into the pan. It might have been a lump of iron the way it bore down the delicate instrument. I took out a thimbleful. The scale flew upward. I repeated the operation, putting a few grains, taking them out, growing flushed and nervous with the spasmodic quivering of the pans.

"Haven't you made one measurement yet, Miss Sherman?" Half an hour had passed.

"I'm getting it now, Miss Adair," I said, obstinately, determined to make the balance. There was precision and skill required here. I would do it.

"Never mind. Get the jars ready."

"Please let me try it."

But ten minutes later she stood at my side.

"Make your changes smaller, Miss Sherman."

My hands shook and I dropped in more powder instead of less.

"All right, I'll do it, Miss Sherman. You can fool with it some other time. Clean the bottles and the measuring glasses."

I shouldn't have minded that. I knew there was nothing personal in her comment, but a stinging humiliation scared me.

I poured the cleaning solution into the vessels, washed three or four. Tears gathered in my eyes: I tried to wink them back; they crowded. My hand slipped and the burning acid ran with a scalding bite over the back of the other hand; the jar I was holding crashed loudly to the floor.

"Miss Sherman!" Miss Adair cried sharply, disturbed in the nervous adjustment of the scales. "Can't you be careful!" The fumes of the acid reached her: "Did you spill it?"

"Yes," I answered, my hand on fire, sobs of shame, of pain and anger breaking in my throat. I held it under a faucet.

"Did you burn yourself?" she came over hurriedly.

"It's nothing."

"Let me see." Here she brought down a bottle—

It's only a trifle, thank you. It's nothing at all."

"I'm sorry," she said.

I had never been burned before; the hand was a flaming torture; I could have screamed with the pain. But I wet a handkerchief, wrapped it up, finished cleaning the bottles.

"Don't you want me to bandage it, Miss Sherman?" Miss Adair asked when I was helping her fasten the stoppers.

"It's not bad," I answered, afraid to speak lest I lose control. I was already sick with the throbbing torment of it.

"That's good. Here's an interesting specimen, Miss Sherman." She showed me a slide under the microscope. "It is a rare specimen—one of Dr. Bender's. Look at it."

I looked through the lens, saw nothing.

"I can't see," I said.

"Keep turning it until you can. It's a matter of practice."

I turned it up—down, saw nothing but a faint line on the slide.

"Which way do I turn it?" I asked after about fifteen minutes' fruitless effort. No one was ever so stupid, I thought bitterly. Miss Adair was putting on her hat:

"Oh, don't bother tonight, Miss Sherman. You might as well leave. It's after 5."

But I had turned it—turned it too far! The lens ground against the stage, crushed to fragments the slide with Dr. Bender's rare specimen!

The blood seemed to freeze, then to beat in a still terror through every pulse. I sat motionless.

"Good night," Miss Adair called.

She went out. I didn't notice my hands now. It was my heart that shook. I stared into the microscope, hot tears blinding me.

The door opened.

"Still here, Miss Sherman?"

Grant Benders came into the room.

Builds up weak bodies

"Eighteen months I suffered from stomach trouble, dizziness, nervousness and intense pain. Tanlac stopped all that. I am 73. Appetite is good, I sleep well and feel like 50. I gladly recommend Tanlac." Elias Johnson, 595 Case St., St. Paul, Minn.

From Mother Nature's storehouse we have gathered the roots, barks and herbs which are compounded, under the famous Tanlac formula, to make Tanlac.

If your body is weak and undernourished, if you can't sleep or eat, have stomach trouble or burning rheumatism, just you see how quickly Tanlac can help you back to health and strength.

Don't delay taking Tanlac another day. Stop at your druggist's now and get a bottle of this, the greatest of all tonics. Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.

Garden hose and lawn sprinklers. Zigler-Craven Hdw. Co.

SEWER PLANNED AT MILWAUKIE AROUSES FISH COMMISSION

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., May 4.—The State Game and Fish Commissions are contemplating suit against the city of Milwaukie to prevent construction of a sewer system without a sewage disposal plant, E. F. Averill, state game warden, announced today. The Milwaukie city council recently ordered construction of a sewer system, plans for which called for dumping sewage directly into the Willamette River. Both game and fish commissions protested against the plan at the time. The contract has now been let, Averill said.

Under the state law the dumping of sewage or waste matter of any kind is prohibited. No move toward enforcing the measure has been taken except in the cases of some sawmill owners who deposited sawdust in streams.

As most of the cities of the stat lack seage disposal plants the commission felt it would be unfair to try to force them to change their sewage systems at once. However, it gave notice that it would take action if any new system without a disposal plant were contemplated.

Women Look Twenty Years Younger

Apply this new wonderful harmless cream before retiring; rub it in thoroughly and leave it on over night. Notice how white and clear your complexion becomes. Nourishes, purifies; imperfections fade away. Your complexion will look like a child's—soft, smooth and beautiful. Get a jar of Mello-glo Beauty Cream today. Nathan Fullerton, the Rexall Store, Perkins Building, Roseburg, Oregon.

VANCOUVER MAN HURT IN WRECK

Frank Sabell, of Vancouver, Wash., was painfully injured here today, when the car in which he was riding with W. Smart, also of Vancouver, was wrecked about ten miles north of Roseburg. The car in which the two men were riding started to pass a truck and trailer. The trailer was said to be weaving back and forth across the highway, and in trying to pass the car was pulled too far to the left, striking the shoulder of the highway. The machine could not be pulled back on the pavement and went off the grade, striking a telephone pole and tearing off the top of the auto. Mr. Sabell was thrown out of the car and struck on his face, breaking his nose and cutting and bruising his head. His injuries are not of a serious nature, but will keep him confined to the hospital for a few days. He was attended by Dr. Shoemaker. The two men were on their way home from San Francisco.

Special sale on Watkins cocoa. 120 W. Lane St.

Get Rid of That Backache!

Roseburg People Point the Way.

The constant aching of a bad back,
The weariness, the tired feeling;
Headaches, dizziness, nervousness,
Distressing urinary disorders—
Are often signs of failing kidneys
And too serious to be neglected.
Get rid of these troubles!
Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys.
Hosts of people recommend Doan's.
This is a Roseburg case.
You can verify it.

F. Hite, 813 Short St., says: "My kidneys troubled me for a long time and I was almost down with my back. I could hardly get out of bed mornings and when I stooped, dizzy spells came over me. My kidneys acted irregularly, too. Doan's Pills rid me of the aches and pains and made my back well and strong."

60c, at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Why Pay More?

Best Hard Wheat Flour	$2.20
Good Hard Wheat Flour	$2.10
Good Blended Flour	$1.80
Stock Salt, 100 lbs.	85c
4 lb. Wool Sacks	85c
2-Section Harrow	$20.00
1½ h. p. Gas Engine, Magneto Equipped	$52.50

"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

WHO HAS a used refrigerator for sale? Call at 128 S. Kane.

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

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

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

FOR SALE—5-room modern bungalow, reasonable. 833 Military Ave. Address B. E. Hodge, Ashland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Hotel in small town, doing good business year around. For further information write "H. G.", care News-Review.

FOR SALE—About 90 White Leghorn chickens, 13 months old. Also 2 cows with calves. Henry Hockstre, Looking Glass, Ore.

FOR SALE—Rebuilt Cadillac cab and crane; Lincoln wheels, 33x5 tires, cheap. Built for service car. Fisher's Repair Shop, 232 W. Oak St.

FOR SALE—Or I would like to trade any kind of good fir wood for 200 or more feet of good used water pipe or hose. J. J. Meredith, Box 62, Dillard, Ore.

FOR SALE—Equipped farm, 23 acres, 10 miles from town on hard surfaced road. 10 acres orchard in full bearing, mixed fruit, mostly prunes. Rest of land in hay and some in pasture with running creek. 10-room house completely furnished. Drilled well with plenty of good water. Also horses, cows and chickens. Close to school, church and store. Sold at a bargain. Address "E", care News-Review.

M. C. RADABAUGH,

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

Chas. S. McElhinny
"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

BANK CLERKS

Surrounded by money—on the inside looking out, you know who the successful men and women are. Have you noticed how "successful" most of your customers look in appearance? They buy bonds and dry cleaning—both pay dividends.

Imperial Cleaners

Phone 277, Our auto will call.

WANTED

WANTED—Young girl to assist in housework. Phone Mrs. Oliver, 1E32.

WANTED—Wether goats. Can use 150 head. Carl Becker, Elgarose.

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—Ranch work, preferred steady; good with team or tractor. Inquire Ranch Hand, 645 Fullerton St. Phone 371.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—WOMEN AND GIRLS SEW for us at HOME in your SPARE TIME, INTERESTING, PROFITABLE WORK. COSMOS MFG. CO., 4401 BROADWAY, CHICAGO.

FOR RENT

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

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

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment; garage. No children. 428 Pitzer St.

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

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, $9 per month. J. Barr, Miller's Addition. Phone 210-L.

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

FOR RENT—2-room extra large and well furnished apartment. Close in. Private entrance. 331 S. Main. Phone 57-Y.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS

SINGER SHOP — Hemstitching while you wait. Opposite Rose Hotel. 303 W. Lane.

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

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

MONTY'S Repair Shop ready for business at new location. General light repair work. Cor. Main and Oak.

HUNDREDS OF AUTOMOBILES ARE STOLEN EVERY DAY. Yours may be next—insure now.

We also write all other lines of insurance.

Quine, Goodman & Co
Masonic Bldg. Phone 108

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

AWNING
We are prepared to install any sort of awning on short notice. Awnings Repaired.
Harry Pearce

GOOD HEALTH NECESSARY

Many Busy Women Owe Their Health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fifty years ago there were few occupations for women. Some taught school, some did housework, some found work to do at home and a few took up nursing.

Today there are very few occupations not open to women. Today they work in great factories with hundreds of other women and girls. There are also women architects, lawyers, dentists, executives, and legislators. But all too often a woman wins her economic independence at the cost of her health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain who works in the Unionall factory making overalls writes that she got "wonderful results" from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Chamberlain lives at 500 Monmouth St., Trenton, N. J. She recommends the Vegetable Compound to her friends in the factory and will gladly answer any letters she gets from women asking about it.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

TUBBY

Not His Ailment.