

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



She loves me NOT!!

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

Paint up your old car to stay painted; looks like baked enamel. At Fishers Paint Store. Phone 608-J.

BROCCOLI GROWERS PAID IN FULL FOR THE 1926 CROP

All members of the U-m-Qua Valley Broccoli Growers have been paid in full for their 1926 broccoli, according to the statement of their manager, Mr. H. C. Wood. The season has been a trying one and the prices received have not been as satisfactory as they have in former years. Opening prices were fair, but the expected snow happened, the market was glutted and prices took a decided slump. Some growers took a block of broccoli at low prices and placed it in cold storage, but reports from Chicago say the stock did not hold up in cold storage and these operators took quite a heavy loss on their operations. Some shippers also placed a few cars in cold storage in transit with the same unsatisfactory results. Toward the last of the season prices for fresh stock improved, and the last car of U-m-Qua broccoli sold brought the growers \$1.60 for No. 1 and \$1.30 for No. 2 net f. o. b. Roseburg, which is perhaps the highest price to growers for a full car load in Oregon or California this season. Mr. Wood claims his organization averaged the highest prices to growers, every car sold for cash, none returned "in the red" whatever that means, and none were "dumped." He says broccoli growing is a good business. Some of the "first time" and "plunger" growers will drop out of the game this year, but many growers are arranging to plant a large acreage next year. Many details have to be worked out, no two seasons are exactly alike. The experience of shippers this year in going after greater distribution and exploring new markets will prove valuable and help to bring better results next season.

M. C. RADABAUGH,

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

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

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

TUBBY

SIT UP DEAR, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A NICE BOWL OF GRUEL FOR LUNCH

AW, RATS, MOM, EVER SINCE I'VE HAD THE MEASLES YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING ME THAT OLD STUFF

OH, DEAR! I'VE TRIPPED OVER THE RUG AND SPILLED IT

GEE, MOM, THAT'S LUCKY

WHAT'S LUCKY ABOUT THAT? I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

WHY IS LUCKY I DON'T LIKE GRUEL



"HER FLING"

By Elenore Meherin
Author of "Chickie," "Sandy" and
Other Serials of Nationwide
Success.
(Copyright, 1926, by Call Publishing Co.)

CHAPTER 48

Which Way?

At the other end the receiver clicked softly. Marian had cut me off. Shock tumbled into a sick nervous unbelief. The operator must have done it! Marian wouldn't strike me like this! Five minutes must have passed. Dr. Benders came through the narrow passage; an easy lift in his tone.

"I thought you ate luncheon regularly, Miss Sherman?" The sound aroused me with a violent start, the receiver dropped from my hands.

"Oh, I beg your pardon." He stooped, put the phone back on its small shelf. "Why? Have you heard bad news, Miss Sherman?"

I was shaking in every pulse. "Yes—my mother—" I turned my back, ashamed of the break in my voice, the uncontrollable doubling of my chin.

"Is she ill?" "Yes—dying." "You have seen her?" "Last night."

"And you have just heard she is worse?" "No, not worse—but—"

"They say it is I who am killing her!" I answered abruptly, walking back to the laboratory. He followed me.

"Nonsense, Miss Sherman. You are unstrung. You have probably greatly exaggerated her condition."

"No—oh, she looks all gone!" I began to describe her face, the twitching of her fingers, the tone of her voice.

"But she knew you, Miss Sherman? She is perfectly conscious," he insisted gently.

"Yes—she knew me—nothing?" I asked eagerly, straining at the thread of hope.

"I can't say without having seen her. It does not sound very grave. You can't help her by worrying."

"But not ring up the doctor attending your mother? If you know him he will at least tell you if there is any very immediate danger. Call him now."

I know Dr. Otis very well. He had frequently dined at our home. I called his house. He was not there.

"Is mother going to die?" I asked him.

"I don't know, Gail. She is in a very critical condition."

"But immediately," Dr. Otis? She won't die soon?"

"Not likely, unless there is a sudden change."

"Grant Benders waited, smiled: 'He doesn't want to encourage you too much, Miss Sherman. What he says is good news. Now you will go and eat luncheon?'"

"No, I'll have a little work now and leave early."

"Perhaps that's better. Leave as soon as you like."

Wakeman was not there in the afternoon. About four o'clock Dr. Benders called me over to look at some slides.

"This isn't a pure culture, Miss Sherman. Can you distinguish different forms?"

"No."

"Yes, you can. Try again."

"I don't see them."

"Be pushed the slide away. Have you phoned to your home since now?"

care now. I guess I will go back." I turned from his table. My thoughts went back to Dr. Otis. The phone rang. It was Grant Benders.

"If I go back—" abruptly I began to talk. Then in a rush the words, trembling, inadequate breaking, I was telling him the things my father had flung at me the night before; the way my mother had pulled her hands from mine; Marian clinging to me and pleading.

He listened without a word, a scorn leaping to a flame as I mentioned Rupert Addison; my father's ultimatum; if I returned, I must obey.

"Do you mean to say you are considering these terms, Miss Sherman?"

He was leaning over, sending an inquisitive, eager search across my face, his own eyes alight with impetuous, intolerant youth. "Are you thinking about this, Miss Sherman?"

"I drew my hand from his, stood up."

"Would you be so sure of yourself, Dr. Benders, in my position?"

"Yes—Miss Sherman, I would. 'If your mother's life depended on it?'"

An instant cynicism flared on his mouth. He sat down and spoke in his mellow, diffident way again:

"Her life should not demand the sacrifice of yours, Miss Sherman. And it is not actually dying your father would not dare menace her health by such an order to you. Your sister will assure you of that when she phones. You are taking it too seriously."

"I know Dr. Otis, Miss Sherman. I will find out whether there is cause for your agitation."

"Will you let me know? Tonight?"

"I'll stand before me."

"Yes." His face kindled, his eyes were on mine, smiling, impulsive: "And you're not thinking of returning on any such terms, Miss Sherman?"

He walked to the door with me, making me feel that I had a right to raise my head, to take a fight step. A warmth a melting gratitude ran through me.

Marian was waiting in the hotel lobby for me.

"I thought it was better to come. Gail, oh, you didn't think I was up on purpose, did you? Father was with mother. I was afraid he would hear."

"What does he say, Marian? Does mother wish to see me?"

"Oh, Gail!"

"Don't cry, Mimi. Tell me."

"She cried. She tried to get out of bed. It was terrible."

"Mother wants you, Gail. She sent me here tonight. She begged for you all day. She loves you more than you think. She has thrown herself into a fever. She was delirious all afternoon. Just go and tell father. Oh, you would be heartbroken if you saw mother when she knew you were gone. I never saw her cry before."

I felt as though a knife were placed in my hand and I must stab someone—run the blade to the heart.

"Will father let me return, Marian? What did he say?"

"Oh, if you only waited when he told you to. He says you will have to come to him on your knees now."

"He will not let me see her, Mimi?"

"Is it so hard to go on your knees, Gail?" She pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. "Mother is worse tonight. You have to come, Gail!" She pressed her fingers till they hurt my arms. "I don't move. Marian's hands worked frantically on mine."

"Father cannot keep me from her, Marian. If mother wants me I shall go. I need not speak to him."

"Don't try that, Gail—oh, no, you couldn't."

"I will walk into the house and dare him to keep me away!" I said quietly. Two or three meters from us were standing curious glances our way. "Come up, Marian. I want to change my dress."

She followed me into the elevator. I went to my room.

"Oh!" She cried suddenly. "Is this your father's room?"

"Yes."

With her to the elevator. She kept murmuring bitter phrases. My thoughts went back to Dr. Otis. The phone rang. It was Grant Benders.

"If I go back—" abruptly I began to talk. Then in a rush the words, trembling, inadequate breaking, I was telling him the things my father had flung at me the night before; the way my mother had pulled her hands from mine; Marian clinging to me and pleading.

He listened without a word, a scorn leaping to a flame as I mentioned Rupert Addison; my father's ultimatum; if I returned, I must obey.

"Do you mean to say you are considering these terms, Miss Sherman?"

He was leaning over, sending an inquisitive, eager search across my face, his own eyes alight with impetuous, intolerant youth. "Are you thinking about this, Miss Sherman?"

"I drew my hand from his, stood up."

"Would you be so sure of yourself, Dr. Benders, in my position?"

"Yes—Miss Sherman, I would. 'If your mother's life depended on it?'"

An instant cynicism flared on his mouth. He sat down and spoke in his mellow, diffident way again:

"Her life should not demand the sacrifice of yours, Miss Sherman. And it is not actually dying your father would not dare menace her health by such an order to you. Your sister will assure you of that when she phones. You are taking it too seriously."

"I know Dr. Otis, Miss Sherman. I will find out whether there is cause for your agitation."

"Will you let me know? Tonight?"

"I'll stand before me."

"Yes." His face kindled, his eyes were on mine, smiling, impulsive: "And you're not thinking of returning on any such terms, Miss Sherman?"

He walked to the door with me, making me feel that I had a right to raise my head, to take a fight step. A warmth a melting gratitude ran through me.

Marian was waiting in the hotel lobby for me.

"I thought it was better to come. Gail, oh, you didn't think I was up on purpose, did you? Father was with mother. I was afraid he would hear."

"What does he say, Marian? Does mother wish to see me?"

"Oh, Gail!"

"Don't cry, Mimi. Tell me."

"She cried. She tried to get out of bed. It was terrible."

"Mother wants you, Gail. She sent me here tonight. She begged for you all day. She loves you more than you think. She has thrown herself into a fever. She was delirious all afternoon. Just go and tell father. Oh, you would be heartbroken if you saw mother when she knew you were gone. I never saw her cry before."

I felt as though a knife were placed in my hand and I must stab someone—run the blade to the heart.

"Will father let me return, Marian? What did he say?"

"Oh, if you only waited when he told you to. He says you will have to come to him on your knees now."

"He will not let me see her, Mimi?"

"Is it so hard to go on your knees, Gail?" She pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. "Mother is worse tonight. You have to come, Gail!" She pressed her fingers till they hurt my arms. "I don't move. Marian's hands worked frantically on mine."

"Father cannot keep me from her, Marian. If mother wants me I shall go. I need not speak to him."

"Don't try that, Gail—oh, no, you couldn't."

"I will walk into the house and dare him to keep me away!" I said quietly. Two or three meters from us were standing curious glances our way. "Come up, Marian. I want to change my dress."

She followed me into the elevator. I went to my room.

"Oh!" She cried suddenly. "Is this your father's room?"

"Yes."

GREAT MOVIE LOVER TO BE SEEN HERE IN "THE BIG PARADE"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in a announcing they are starring John Gilbert in "The Big Parade," which will be presented at the Antlers theatre Thursday, matinee and night May 13th suggest Gilbert as likely candidate for the suffrages of the fans as the "greatest screen lover of 1925-26."

They point with pride to his Prince Danilo ("The Merry Widow"), his James Apperson ("The Big Parade") and his Rudolph Valentino ("La Boheme"). Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro, please take notice. There are a pair will certainly enter the all-Cupid sweepstakes to contest the Gilbert claim!

However, John Gilbert in this year's studio work has exhibited a larger virtuosity in the gentle art of inspiring romance than any other idol of the time; witness his dreamy poet of "Wife of the Century," his courtier of "His Hour," "The Sign of the Cross," the dashing eastern European prince, the war buddy, and the Montmartre artist. The Gilbert hair, eyes, profile, smile and figure are equally fascinating in all his protean changes.

A real surprise awaits the Gilbert fan in "The Big Parade." His makeup is the "mud pack" of the trenches. All the disfigurements of "active service" are realized. Those who have seen the picture say that begrimed and dirty he is just as easy to look at—and just as compelling—as when dandified.

It might be mentioned that this new—and probably greatest—screen lover was born in Logan, Utah. He didn't leap to fame. He began his acting career at a tender age with Eddie Foy. He was a juvenile lead after that in Western stock companies. Then he went into business. Then he took up motion picture acting. He was a scenario writer for Maurice Tourneur, and later was a director. Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took him up and made a star of him.

There is little question that John Gilbert not only is the screen's newest and greatest lover but also that he is one of the wholesome, clean, and most appealing in a contagiously wholesome way to his audiences.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 159-L.

OPINION GIVEN ON REAL ESTATE LAW DENT DIES IN PORT

SALEM, Ore., May 8.—Justice of the Peace and county judge do not have jurisdiction over cases of violation of the real estate brokers law, says an opinion of Attorney General Van Winkle in reply to an inquiry by W. A. Millen, deputy state real estate commissioner. Jurisdiction is vested in the circuit court.

Another opinion holds that when the real estate commissioner has revoked the license of a real estate broker after official investigation he cannot reinstate the broker.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of George Scott, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 31st day of February, 1926, duly appointed administrator of the estate of George Scott, deceased, by order of the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, duly removed and entered, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same properly verified with vouchers annexed, on or before six months from date to the undersigned at his residence at Medford, Oregon, or at the law office of John T. Long, in Perkins building, in Roseburg, Oregon.

Dated and first published this, the 10th day of April, 1926.

THOMAS SCOTT, Administrator of the estate of George Scott, deceased.

John T. Long, attorney for estate.

Yep! Fine Rain!

Plant something after this.

- Sudan Grass 10c
- Sunflower Seed 10c
- Seed Corn 6c
- Sorghum 10c
- Cooking Spuds, 100 lbs. \$3.75

"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

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts. Phone 2993.

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

WESTINGHOUSE—Universal Hot Pot electric ranges. Arthur H. Crowell.

FOR SALE—Baby carriage, newly re-upholstered and reined. Call 455-J, or 846 Miller St.

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

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

FOR SALE—A Ford touring car in good running order and new license is a bargain for \$25. We have one for that price. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—For small place in country, my home in Roseburg on paved st. Some fine cherries, apples, large garden. 1218 West First St., Roseburg, Oregon.

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER VISITS BRAND HOME

Doctor Robert Andrews Milliken, one of the leading scientists of the country, was a guest yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brand, Dr. and Mrs. Milliken, who have been on a trip north, are returning to Pasadena, where he is director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology.

Dr. Milliken was the winner of the \$40,000 Nobel prize for physics in 1924, having been the first scientist to isolate the electron, discover the ultra-violet spectrum and to make other valuable contributions to science. He recently announced his latest discovery of the "super X-ray," making a complete report of this discovery before the National Academy of Science at Madison, Wis.

They left this morning for Pasadena, after spending the night at the Brand home.

BARNES BARBER SHOP

Marcelling; all beauty work. Marinello operator. Phone 169-J.

WOMAN SWINDLER FACES LONG TERM IN PENITENTIARY

(Associated Press Special Wire.) NEW YORK, May 7.—Mrs. Green Ott Bangs, who confessed to netting her friends out of more than \$200,000 through pretenses of investing the money for them in fake stock deals, today pleaded guilty to grand larceny. She will be sentenced May 18. She is liable to five to ten years imprisonment as a first offender.

Mrs. Bangs, an employee of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, claimed she could buy stock at less than the market quotation, and her principal victim was A. A. Denison, an official of the Standard Oil company, who entrusted \$64,000 to her.

Throughout her career she purchased some stocks on speculation, she said, but never delivered a single share to any of her clients, receiving their money on memoranda and paying fake dividends.

The Killefer cover crop tractor disc harrow has 22-inch discs and will plow to the depth of 9 inches. Sold by Wharton Bros for any size tractors.

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

WANTED

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

WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework. Mrs. N. S. Corbett, Riddle, Ore., Box 114.

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

WANTED—Woman for companion to elderly woman and assist with housework. Apply forenoon at 503 S. Stephens.

WANTED—Man and wife for work on ranch. Steady job for right parties. Phone 1752 or call in person to Paul Strader.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—WOMEN AND GIRLS SEW FOR AT HOME in your spare time. INTERESTING, PROFITABLE WORK. COSMOS MFG. CO., 4401 BROADWAY, CHICAGO.

FOR RENT

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—6-room well furnished modern apartment, first floor 222 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Nice new house on 1103 South Main St. D. Braughton, Miller's Addition.