

Hot Weather Life Savers

Get your oil stove now while they can be had at cost or less, and be ready for return of hot days.

4-hole Jewell Oil Stove, Loraine burner,	\$25.00
former price \$37.50, special	
4-hole Jewell kitchen oil stove,	\$22.50
with top shelf, former price \$31.00, special	
3-burner Superflex kitchen oil range,	\$37.50
former price \$44, now at special	

ALSO OTHER OIL STOVES

Fine line of Electric Hot Plates, from one to three burner, made for lamp socket connection, and can be used either on direct or alternating current.

Churchill Hardware Co.



OREGON U. TRACK TEAM LEAVES FOR PALO ALTO MEET

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

EUGENE, Ore., May 12.—Fourteen University of Oregon trackmen, accompanied by Bill Hayward, coach, will leave Eugene this noon for Palo Alto, where they will enter the Pacific Coast track and field meet Saturday. Proctor Flannigan, who holds the coast conference record in the broad jump and is expected to better the mark, is the only one of the Oregon team expected to take a first place at the meet.

The fourteen men to leave are: Jerry Extra, 100 and 220 yard dashes; Ralph Tuck and Frances Cleaver, hurdles; Walter Kelsey, hurdles; Joe Price, 440 yard dash; Bob Overstreet, half mile; Fern Kelly, mile; John Neidermeyer, two mile; Ed Crowley, pole vault; Roland Eby, high jump; Proctor Flannigan, broad jump; Paul Ager, William Pendergrast, Hampton Allen and Price, relay.

Hellman Beats Filipino. PORTLAND, May 12.—Chuck Hellman, Portland, bantamweight, retained his Pacific Coast championship when he easily outpointed Young Nationalista, Filipino, in a ten-round bout here last night. Hellman piled up a big lead in the opening rounds and was credited with eight of the ten rounds.

O. A. C. Team Enroute. CORVALLIS, Ore., May 12.—"Dad" Butler, Oregon Agricultural College track coach, left this morning for Stanford University with nine men to compete in the Pacific Coast intercollegiate track meet. The Aggies will have entrants for every event except the high jump. Wilcox dislocated an elbow while trying out for that event last night.

All four members of the winning relay team at Drake will be entered. Bell, two mile; Butts, mile and two mile; Clayton, 880 and mile; Sisson, 440 and 880. Other entrants are Captain Baker, high and low hurdles; Striff, 100, 220 and broad jump; Messing, 100, 220 and pole vault; Dixon, shot put and discus; Jarvis, javelin.

NOTICE TO MILK PATRONS. We now have room for more customers. Call 276-5 for milk, cream, skim milk, cottage cheese, etc. E. E. Morgan.

M. C. RADABAUGH, Auctioneer, 530 N. Pine St., Roseburg, Oregon.

Sire your cobb by Black Dupont, registered Percheron Stallion. Sure breeder. Douglas Park Stock Ranch. Southlin.

IMPROVE YOUR LOO'ZI

If your complexion is bad, if you have ugly blotches and pimples, if you have a bad breath, people will avoid you, you suffer, are embarrassed, mortified. Do not despair, there is a helping hand stretched out to you in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which will clear your skin, brighten your eyes and make you enjoy life. It dissolves poisonous accumulations, purifies the blood and—Presto! pimples and bad breath disappear. Try this Golden Discovery. It has helped many others for years and will help you. Send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

TUBBY

NO, DEAR, YOU ARE NOT YET FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE MEASLES—NOW DON'T LET ME SEE YOU GO OUT OF THE YARD



"HER FLING"

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

CHAPTER 33

"The Girl Alone."
"Why," I drew back stiffly, hesitated, afraid to be too curt. "I have an engagement."
"Very well!" Romaine Hardman opened the door of his office. "Of course I supposed the opportunity was worth an hour of your time." Can we not discuss it now?

"I have an important appointment at 1 o'clock, Miss—," the well-mannered hand toyed with the infantile mustache, "what did you say your name was?"
"Raisston," I intended to work under my own name, but an instinctive caution kept me from telling it to this man, "Maud Raisston."

"You have not told me the nature of the work, Mr. Hardman," the secretary of our Art and Literature Circle, Miss Raisston. Of course, you must have organizing ability. Our purpose is to educate the better class of women in art, music, poetry. We bring them together in club circles. You would give talks."

The elevator reached the ground floor. Rapidly we passed, from the building, Romaine Hardman lucidly explaining the position, where I might earn \$50 to \$100 a week.

"There have been seven applicants this morning, Miss Raisston. You are the only one who has the necessary background."

He spoke with considerable fluency, drawing his voice in a descending manner.

"You see, I am very anxious to have the position filled and the difficulties are great. Few girls who go out to work have the culture, the poise, to meet clubwomen."

"You pay \$50 a week, Mr. Hardman?"
"To the right party, yes."

"What are the duties?"
"Well, Miss Raisston, it takes a little time to explain it, in fact you will be under instruction for several weeks. I will lead you gradually into the work of organization. Where did you say you are living?"

"At home!" I answered sharply, for he had leisurely clasped my elbow.

"I don't want this position, Mr. Hardman," I struck my arm free. "Good day."

Red with indignation, I turned swiftly away, every pulse throbbing with warm humiliation.

I should have known better! Any person might have judged an "ad" like that! No experience necessary and a salary of \$50 to \$100 a week!

For the first time in my life, a man had offered me a cheap snarl; a sense of burning outrage seethed through my brain.

How defenseless a girl is against a man's advances! Especially when she has a consequence at stake.

My discouragement was evident when I saw the Lacey's.

"You're making a mountain of it at hill, Pat. What of it?" cried Patricia.

Pat was in one of her gayest, most irresponsible moods.

"When we walk in the wind, Gail, we have to expect a little dust to light on us. Flick it off."

"Are men in business like that, Pat?"

"No. Don't get alarmed, Gail. Men today are more sought than seeking. You're coming to dinner now. I've a holiday tomorrow. I'll go with you after the job and let your bodyguard. Let any male vamp touch a hair of your head and I'll contribute a scream that will curdle the blood of a corpse."

We got off at Liberty street, walked to the building. The streets were thronged with girls hurrying to work.

"Look!" Pat nudged me, quipped at a figure walking in front of us, a pair of gray suede pumps, gray silk stockings flaunted to the very top of the knees where a mink cape, hanging loosely from the shoulders, met the wind.

This was actually all the clothes in evidence. "Do you wonder why men go wrong? Look at that one, too, and that."

"Why do we do it, Pat? We wave a red flag and get so we when the bull runs amuck."

"Yes, we go along the stream, flinging out bait," Pat laughed merrily, "and blame the poor fish when they bite. Here we are."

We stopped at a glass door on the fifth floor.

"Respectable enough, so far. Shall I accept Mr. Chauncey Andrews, this was the sign on the door, 'or will you?'"

"Both."

We entered a dingy room with a painted oak desk and a worn green carpet.

We waited about ten minutes. An elderly applicant came out, called back in a friendly manner: "There's two other girls here."

"Come right in," said the voice. Pat anekered, whispered softly: "Leave the door open."

I went in. A man, who looked like a large brown rat with a very long nose, poney black eyes and a curved up, diminutive mouth, sat behind a flat top desk, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"Sit down. You are applying in answer to my ad?"

"Have you had any experience in meeting people?"

"I've met people socially all my life."

"Well," he rocked his hands gently, like a preacher does. "Of course, that doesn't help you in selling. You have never done any selling?"

"No, I haven't."

"Your ad specifies that no experience is necessary."

"Right, quite right," he bowed, the unpleasant black eyes twinkling.

"What have you to sell?" The desk was littered with maps and circulars.

"Oil lands. We have a rich tract in Texas—wonderful. The biggest corporations in the country holding adjoining lands." He began a long narration setting forth the wealth of the territory.

"And we are offering it at the phenomenal price of \$30 an acre!"

"You would give me the names of people who may be interested?"

"Why," again his ridiculous mouth went up like a parenthesis. "You have friends? You will interest them. That is the idea."

"What would my salary be?" The ad says one may earn \$250 a month.

"More than that. You receive \$3 for each acre you sell. You need only interest two parties a day and you earn \$108 a week!"

"There is no salary, then?"

"Why, what more liberal offer could one receive. I have women coming \$400 and \$500 a month!"

"I'll see. Thank you."

"But let me explain this further."

"I may return; thank you."

"Swindle!" she said, indignantly, when I told her the proposition.

"It's a case of you go out and hold up your friends for \$30 and Mr. Chauncey Andrews will take \$21 and permit you to pocket \$9."

"This next looks better."

We had no sooner stepped into the room than she whispered:

"This is bona fide, I tell you. It was an alert, energetic woman, very tolerant in her manner, received me and explained another soliciting job, a house-to-house canvass selling books."

"There work is discouraging at first. I'd like you to know that."

We pay a salary of \$18 a week during two months when you are on trial. After that your salary is \$2,500 a year and commissions."

The house-to-house part of it daunted me: to go up and ring a bell and ask to see the "ladies" and perhaps have a maid or a butler rudely close the door. I had seen it done often enough. I might be all right if I were a stranger in the city. Suppose I should be sent to Mary Cranston's house!

But this was the last! "Do you give one a district?"

"Yes—we are sending our canvassers out of town now during the Summer. I have Oyster Bay open. If you think you would like to try, I will send you there."

Where had he taken the Golden place, and the Godfrey Roams were, and the Perry Barrows and Aunt Janice!

"No," my heart pumped furiously. "No!"

I began to tremble at the mere suggestion. I had gone but a step on the new road. A job was still something of a disgrace.

Alice Matthews returned from a vacation, had come to the boarding house to see me.

"You haven't gone about it right, Gail," she said with a touch of asperity in her beautiful, husky voice. "And you could have taken some of those jobs."

"Yes, and I could go and ask Mrs. Godfrey Roan to allow me to be her secretary; or I might turn governess, Alice, you know I speak French and I know enough Spanish to teach children. I suppose I might consider that?"

"You've wasted a lot of good girl, Gail. Why don't you take a business course? In five months you would be ready for a position."

"I haven't money enough to last five months, Alice."

"Not that much?"

"No."

"Let me lend it to you, Gail!"

"No, oh no."

"There's one thing you could do, Gail, but it's like the book selling—pride is your handicap."

"What could I do? Just tell me!"

"You could become a buyer. You're educated in style and materials. You know good clothes."

"You think I might be sent to Paris to buy? I could do it!"

"You could make rapid progress in the best fields open to women today. Go right down to"

ask to see Hillarie Jocelyn. You're acquainted with him. Haven't your family an account in his store? Tell him who you are. He'll jump at the chance to employ you."

KEEP A MILCH GOAT

Best milk for the weak baby, underweight child or invalid, or for family use. Fresh milk goats for sale or rent. We deliver. Sunray Ranch, Myrtle Creek, Gasley Rt.

NEWSY BITS

TULARE, Cal.—A "robber camp" in the wilds of the Tule Indian reservation, containing a stolen shotgun, numerous knives, several months' provisions and a stolen automobile, was raided and three boys, all under 21, and two 14-year-old girls, who joined them, were taken into custody.

SAN FRANCISCO—Eugene O'Neill's play "Desire Under the Elms," again became involved when the state labor commission swore out a warrant for the arrest of Dean Worley, theater manager, charging him with violation of the state child labor law in employing a 15-year-old girl in the cast now playing here.

SPOKANE—A metallic casket with a glass lid, placed in a marble vault situated to let the sun shine on his face, and to cost \$6,000, was one of the provisions of the will of Anton Henry Algert, 72.

LOS ANGELES—One death and three prostrations were attributed to the heat yesterday, when the mercury climbed to 88.

PASADENA, Calif.—A state law requiring posting of notice ten days prior to grant of marriage licenses should be enacted, Orpha Jean Shontz, woman attorney, told the California conference for social service. Marriage between minors should be held "void rather than voidable," she further contended.

LOS ANGELES.—Charges of administering the oath of allegiance to the Russian Soviet to 100 children of school age and ridiculing the American flag in a city park meeting May 1, led to the arrest of Mrs. Anna Lyons, 26. She was arraigned in municipal court for disturbing the peace and holding a public park meeting without a permit.

ALAMEDA, Cal.—Mrs. Lawrence J. Gerry, 58, who had sons in the civil war, died yesterday. She had seven children, 23 grand children, 68 great grand children and 38 great great children, and was believed the only Civil war mother in the west.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—This chicken will make a meal for no small family. It has four wings, four legs, a double body and one head, and uses all its legs with apparent ease.

Everyone can afford the Hot Springs since vaccines have brought them to your door. Try them. Drugless Health Center, Phone 491.

LOOKING GLASS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Holmes of Klamath Falls, spent the week end visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Nelson.

Mr. DeLoe Williams left last week for Portland where he expects to work during the summer.

Ray W. Paulson was a visitor at the high school Tuesday.

Marion Thompson has been absent from school the last two weeks. She is suffering from congestion of the head.

There will be a general clean up day at the Looking Glass cemetery Saturday morning, May 19, at 8 o'clock.

The freshman, sophomore and junior classes gave a party at the grange hall last Friday evening honoring the senior class. The evening was spent in playing games and music. At a late hour delicious refreshments were served.

A large crowd, consisting of school children under the supervision of friends, gathered on the grade school grounds last Monday and enjoyed a picnic, celebrating the last day of grade school. Later on in the afternoon a very interesting program was rendered by the school children under the supervision of Mrs. Nelson and Miss Ina Farnsworth, the teachers. A good deal of interest was also shown in selecting the winners to attend the field meet at Tenmile Saturday.

The high school students enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steinhauser of Happy Valley, Tuesday evening, honoring the 17th birthday anniversary of their son, Walter.

The eighth graders are spending these days in preparing for the sectional field meet will be held at Tenmile Saturday, May 15. Everyone is invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Shrode were called to Portland last week to be at the bedside of their son in law, who is undergoing an operation. Because of this Mr. Shrode was unable to render his usual service last Sunday evening.

The graduation exercises will be given at the grange hall on Wednesday evening, June 2. The baccalaureate service will be delivered the preceding Sunday by Rev. N. M. Shrode.

Last Monday the high school presented Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Thompson with a silver sandwich tray in appreciation of their work and loyalty to the school during their three years stay with us.

The Tricentennial school class has decided to meet every Thursday night to practice songs for church services. The practices will be directed by Mrs. A. H. Marsh.

Miss Kathryn Montgomery returned to her home Tuesday after spending a few days visiting friends in Canyonville.

A large crowd attended the mothers' day program at the church last Sunday.

Lester Jordan, accompanied by his father, Mr. Frank Jordan, left Tuesday evening for Salem to be at the bedside of their brother and son, Ray Jordan, who is in the Wamette hospital at that place suffering from a fractured knee.

L. G. H. S.

Around the County

MYRTLE CREEK NEWS

Mrs. C. V. Weaver and baby have returned from Vancouver, Washington. Mrs. Weaver is slowly recovering from a long and serious illness.

Mrs. H. V. Brown spent a few days visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Newton while on her way to join her husband in Boise, Idaho, where they will make their home.

Rev. N. D. Wood of Redmond, former pastor of the South Methodist church here, visited some friends while en route to Coquille where he is to act as temporary pastor for the church until a permanent minister can be secured.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Dow are assembling the building materials for their new home on their homestead on North Myrtle in the Cedar Grove district.

Mr. Eugene Foodick suffered a severe loss Thursday night, when his new pruned drier was burned.

Mrs. F. E. Wertz of Grants Pass, Oregon, visited here Saturday with her brother, W. A. Muikey and family.

Quite a number of Myrtle Creek young folks motored over to Brand's road stand Tuesday evening where they enjoyed a wondrous roast given by Mr. and Mrs. Rathje.

A good deal of substantial building has been done in Myrtle Creek in the last year. The Methodist people have made some good looking and convenient improvements in their church property. The Christian church folks have fixed their parsonage up.

Five new cottages have been erected. The Service Station being built by I. C. York at the north end of Main street certainly adds to the appearance of things in that end of town, and last and not least our beautiful new bank stands as a permanent monument to the industry and prosperity of our community.

Weather beautiful after the rain and the farmers are all busy cultivating their corn.

Harry Hill of Hoaglin has gone to Wolf Creek to work on the trail this summer.

N. W. McMillen of Hoaglin made a trip to Roseburg the first of the week.

Henry Strader has gone to Honey Creek to develop his pottery claim.

John Alexander made a business trip to Roseburg the first of the week.

Perry Wright and family have gone up to their place at Ilheo.

Mothers Day services last Sunday at the Glide church, was well attended. Rev. Muholland conducted the services.

The Glide Grange met last Saturday evening with a good crowd and the literary program was outlined as follows: Jews Harp Solo, John Alexander; Address: Wholesome of What, R. T. Hickey; Voluntary: T. H. Hill; Recitation: Ed Everts; Buck and Wing Dance, Mrs. Everts and Mrs. Alexander; Discussion, led by H. A. Blakely. X. Y. Z.

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L. G. H. S.

Better Hurry Up!

Planting time will soon be past.

Lady Washington Beans, lb.	12½c
Sudan Grass, lb.	10c
Sorghum, lb.	10c
Sunflower Seed, lb.	10c
Burmuda Onion Sets, 100	30c
Millet, lb.	10c
Special, 6 ft. dragsaw blade	\$7.00

"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

FOR SALE—One or two cow separator, practically new. Mrs. J. A. May, 1021 Winchester St.