

Bread and Salt

Savages may get along without either but civilized folks call them necessities of the first order.

Flour—\$7.20, \$7.60, \$8.00
Salt—100c, 85c; 50c, 45c

We save you money on these articles, and on many others
Guaranteed Cream Separator.....\$45.00
12-inch Steel Plow and extra share.....\$18.75
See Us First—We Can Save You Money.

**FARM BUREAU
COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE**
ROSEBURG AND OAKLAND

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

XMAS TREES—Any size. Phone 651.

FOR SALE—Mint roots. J. D. Musgrove, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—24 W. L. pullets, \$1.15 each. J. M. Clemens, R. 2, B. 23, west Riverside Store.

FOR SALE—Turkey hens. Boyer Brothers, Phone 1414.

FOR SALE—4-ld cook stove. Call 237-R. 404 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Household furniture. Bargain. Call at 510 S. Pine.

SHEEP FOR SALE—Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin. Phone 147.

WHY throw money away. Junk is worth more than spuds. Roseburg Junk Shop.

FOR SALE—Pigs from 40 to 60 lbs. each. 15c per lb. Marion Perdue, Days Creek.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred screw-tail Boston Bull puppies, toy size. Phone 369.

FOR SALE—Baby's suit and jumper. 323 S. Stephens St. Phone 295-J.

SOME SPECIAL values in special lots of lumber, some as low as \$10. Phone Lumber & Fuel Co.

FOR SALE—32-40 Winchester rifle with reloading tools. Inquire Harry Williams, Edenbow.

FOR SALE—Old growth fir, \$3.25; mixed hardwood for heater, \$3.25. Phone 1415. Melton Bros.

FOR SALE—Breeding turkeys from pedigreed stock. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin. Phone 147.

STOCK for sale and ranch for rent: 100 sheep and 25 head of mixed cattle. Wm. Porter, Camanche Valley.

FOR SALE—6-passenger touring car. Will trade on lots or small house and lot and pay difference. What have you to offer? Phone 566-R.

FOR SALE—Team of farm horses, gentle, true and sound. Also wagon, like new, and set of heavy harness. Price \$150. Phone 1821.

WOOD FOR SALE—Old growth fir, \$3.25 per rick; second growth fir, \$3 per rick; oak, a few ricks at \$3.50; mixed wood, \$3.00. Phone 4713. Godfrey.

A REAL BARGAIN—Overland Six standard sedan, lots of extras. Call at 525 Sykes St. evenings, or at Economy market during the day.

FOR EXCHANGE—Splendid 240-acre ranch, fully equipped, growing crop hay, etc. Will take modern Roseburg residence as part payment; terms on balance. L. O. Maddux, 404 N. Jackson St.

FOR SALE—100 select breeding hens, 150 gobblers. Puredor Bourbon Red. Come to Cobb ranch 18 miles west of Oakland on main Oakland-Elkton road. Price at farm, hens 45c; gobblers, \$8. You select your birds or write W. L. Cobb, Roseburg, Ore.

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The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 20.

The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton, the youngest daughter in a large family, rebels at her poor surroundings and dreams of romance and luxury. Following a short romance with Philip James, she quits college and through Nina Clark, a friend, gets a position in a fashionable bookstore where Nina also works. She meets several artists who have a studio on the top floor of the building, which they call "The Secret Studio." Rosemary is attracted to Larry Kane, an artist. She goes to a Saturday night party with Nina and her friends and discovers there is some mystery about Nina. Next day, while she is in the studio with an arm about Larry's shoulder, Sloan Whitney, a friend of Larry's, steps in, accuses himself and goes out. Rosemary is greatly embarrassed. Sloan sends Rosemary orchids. Kane becomes jealous. While he is making protestations of love to Rosemary in the studio, a French girl screams out that he has betrayed her. Rosemary escapes, goes home to find her mother ill and next day learns that Larry has married Germaine.

New Co. On With the Story
So Larry slipped out of Rosemary's life, silently, shamefully, leaving only hurt and bitterness behind.

All the dear, funny places he had taught her to love were haunted for Rosemary—haunted by Germaine's white, tear-streaked face and Larry's guilty, beseeching hands.

"I feel so smugged," she told Nina in a little burst of confidence one night when, in a rare, soft mood, Nina had begged her to come to the little apartment on the hill for dinner.

"I feel as though I could never see the places where we went to together without seeing Larry's face and hearing that girl cry—those terrible thin screams, Nina."

Nina got up and poked the fire that didn't need poking. "I know," she said softly, "it feels that way—about places where Stanley and I have been together. About this place. As if I couldn't bear to stay here another moment, sometimes, as if I must lock it up and never come back. But you'll get over your hurt. You'll get over it because your heart wasn't touched."

"You didn't love Larry—you just had a few little schoolgirl illusions smashed. What does it matter to you that he's gone except that someone you liked a little turned out a cad?"

"Wait till you've loved with every ounce of your strength, every beat of your heart, every drop of your blood—and then try to face the places where you were happy once!"

Where was Nina's life drawn, when was her life indifferent? The freckled, flashing showed her face a pale mask of pain. Her tawny eyes burned. Her slim white hands were clenched.

"Nina! Nina! Nina! she loved Stanley Cuyler, her father's friend; Stanley Cuyler who was married to the fat, jealous old woman in the South! Oh, poor Nina, poor, unlucky, beautiful Nina."

Softly, shyly, Rosemary touched Nina's cheek. "I love you," she said. "I wouldn't it help—just a little?"

"There's so little to tell. And it goes back so far. I don't remember when I did not love Stanley. I guess I always did. When I was a little girl. When he used to come to the old house to see Dad and bring me dolls and great boxes of candy he

couldn't afford—he was so poor then, so poor.

"He was everything to me, romance and sweetness and gentleness and beauty. He was part of my childhood. Part of the sweet, smoky nights when I'd sit on Dad's knee by the fire in the library and with Stanley smiling at me from the old wing chair opposite."

"And when he got married . . . Oh, Rosemary, the pain of it. I was only fifteen. You think a fifteen-year-old kid can't care. Well, I did. I used to cry myself to sleep in the night. He was nearly thirty then, but he didn't seem like a grown up person to me. And she was past middle aged, and blousy, and cheap and painted."

"I remember Dad—when we got the news. He thought Stan married her just for her money—she was awfully rich—and perhaps in a way he did. But he was only a boy, only a bookish, lonely boy, with big dreams, big ambitions, and no money to build them . . . I want you to see that part—how he tricked him—a scheming, over-ripe old woman, old enough to be his mother—and he only a boy—"

She broke off with a half-sob. She threw back her head angrily and went on:

"That's his wife. That's enough to show what marriage can mean. Holy matrimony! Whom God hath joined! Tell me our love isn't finer and purer and more wonderful than that! Tell me I'd be better off with a ring on my finger and a marriage license in my bureau drawer. What more could he give me if I were ten times his wife?"

She threw out her arms, and the great emerald blazed, the pearls rags glowed warmly, the fine bits of brass and pottery in the lovely room struck high notes of color.

"What more could I give him?" "And yet I'm the lost woman, she's the abused, betrayed wife. She can sit down there in her fine home in the South, the home he came for her with the money he earned himself, with her 300 pounds of gold, her pearls, her blue silk, and set detectives upon us."

She began to laugh, hysterically. "And the joke, the joke of it all. If she hadn't accused him, if she hadn't put the idea into his head he'd never have dared, he'd never have told me, he'd never have known he wanted me."

"But she did tell me, she came to make Graham give me a job and find some place for me to live—when Dad died—and to say good-by."

She was laughing again and suddenly she was crying. Crying terribly. "And we thought—we thought there would never be any more goodbyes after that—never any more parting, except for little business trips. South—and now he's gone, because he's afraid I'll find me and do me harm. As if I care what happens, except that he's gone. As if anything in the world could hurt but that—"

On and on went that terrible, parched voice—

And all the while Rosemary crouched in her chair, her vocal chords tied in a knot, her heart in her throat. What was Nina saying? Dear God, what was Nina telling her? Then all the whispers, all the ugly, slimy things she had heard were true. About Cuyler. About the square emerald, the baby leopard coat, the other costly lovely things. She could hardly hear Nina's voice for the roaring in her ears, the sickness in her heart. Stop Nina, don't tell any more! Stop!

"Oh, everybody knows it!" The tears had stopped now. A hard defiant note crept into her voice. She tilted her chin proudly. "I'm not crying for what I've done. I'm crying because he's gone. Because the happiest year of my life is over and until I can go to him again there's no purpose in life. This safety . . . as if it's worth anything to me without him! As if I care for this place now . . . full of memories, bitter sweet memories in every little thing he touched, every little thing he bought together. Every hour that he's gone—every day is Hellfire. Rosemary—do you understand?"

Rosemary fought for words. She must be broad-minded. She must say something, something polite. She mustn't let Nina know how she felt, and she must go home. She got to her feet. In a little ashamed voice she said: "I'm awfully sorry. I was—would you mind if I went?"

Nina looked at her squarely. Then the long golden lashes fell, her eyes were veiled, again the old lazy drawl was back. "I'll light the hall light."

In the dim hall Rosemary put out her hand, touched Nina's. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I—I really have to go home."

"Goodby. I know—I know."

"Goodby, Rosemary."

The street was so quiet. Rosemary's footsteps echoed on the pavements. A scurrying, frightened sound. And scurrying, frightened thoughts ran unbidden through her mind.

She could never feel the same toward Nina. She pitied Nina. She would be free to go to her. She would be broad-minded. But their friendship was gone. A girl that would live with a married man. Like the chorus girl and Uncle Pete, that was what it amounted to. And what was that Aunt Kitty said . . . "Don't say what you'll do—you never can tell!"

Why did Aunt Kitty say that? Almost as if she thought that some day Rosemary might . . . might be like Nina! But she wouldn't. Never! Why didn't the street say come? Such crazy, frightened, scurrying thoughts!

There was one thought she was

Out of the ice box, or in the warm kitchen, Snowdrift is always creamy—just the right consistency a good shortening should be for convenience in mixing.

COFFEE CAKE

1/2 Cup Snowdrift
1/2 Cup Milk
1/2 Teaspoon Salt
1 Teaspoon Vanilla Extract
1 Teaspoon Lemon Extract
1 Cup Sugar
2 Cups Sifted Flour
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
1/2 Cup Chopped Walnuts
1 Teaspoon Cinnamon

Cream sugar and Snowdrift together. Add sifted flour, baking powder and salt, to this mixture alternately with the milk. Bake in a shallow pan well oiled; sprinkle cinnamon, 2 tablespoons sugar and walnut meats over top. Bake in hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Snowdrift

trying to bar out. Something Larry had said . . . about Sloan Whitney being married . . .

The car was coming. Its comforting lights were near. She climbed hastily aboard. Nice to be near people again. Nice to be in the light. On the way home.

And what was that Snooky Graham had said . . . about Whitney going with some girl in society? He wasn't married. That was a big lie of Larry's. He wasn't married!

How could Nina sink so low? (Continued tomorrow.)

REWARD NOTICE

\$25 reward for information leading to the conviction of person or persons who stole my Bronze turkey gobbler from enclosure on my place near Riddle on Canyonville road Friday evening, Dec. 3, 1926. B. E. HEMPHILL.

NEW TRIAL ASKED IN CANYONVILLE CHURCH CASE

A motion for a new trial was filed today in the Circuit Court in the case of Arthur Dabell, against M. Shaffer, Charles Bartley and Mark Elliott, a damage action growing out of the Canyonville church fight. The defense attorneys, B. L. Eddy and R. B. Compton, saved exceptions to the judge's ruling in regard to the introduction of testimony and also to instructions to the jury and claiming that these constitute an error, forming a preliminary basis for an appeal to the supreme court.

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

HIGH OFFICIAL IN ELKS LODGE COMING THURSDAY

Members of the Elks lodge are looking forward to a very interesting and enjoyable time on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 9, when Lewis Ulrich, of Medford, district deputy grand exalted ruler, will pay an official visit to the Roseburg lodge. Following the lodge meeting the annual ladies night program will be given with a dance and cards for entertainment to be followed by a turkey feed. A good time is anticipated and a large attendance expected.

CHRISTMAS SEAL SALE BOOTH ASSIGNMENTS MADE

The booths selling Christmas seals were in charge of the Benches P. T. A. today. The Rose P. T. A. will have charge Wed. Dec. 8; the Catholic ladies Thursday, Dec. 9; the Woman's club, Friday, Dec. 10; junior high school P. T. A. Saturday, Dec. 11; the Fullerton P. T. A. Monday, Dec. 13; the senior high school P. T. A. Tuesday, Dec. 14; the M. E. church ladies aid, Wednesday, Dec. 15; The Woman's club will keep the post office booth open until Dec. 24. The Presbyterian ladies aid, on Dec. 4, and the South Methodist ladies aid on Dec. 6, did wonderful work selling seals.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon. In the matter of Robert Tjomsland, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Robert Tjomsland, of Douglas, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given on the 16th day of November, 1926, the said Robert Tjomsland was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned referee in Roseburg, Ore. on the 18th day of December, 1926, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated December 6th, 1926.
C. L. HAMILTON,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

MISSING STUDENT ACCUSED BY JURY OF SLAYING GIRL

Letter Found in Her Dress Indicates Avoidance of Necessary Marriage Was Motive.

(Associated Press, Los Angeles, Dec. 7.)—The brand of murder has been placed on Erman Olson, missing college student, by a coroner's jury, as its part in the drama of Clara Olson's death.

Clara's body, recovered last week from a crude grave in a lonely wilderness, today receives Christian burial in a little churchyard cemetery, the closing scene of the tragedy upon the rugged and peaceful hills of southern Wisconsin.

Erman, 18-year-old sweetheart of Clara, who was four years his senior, was named as the slayer yesterday. The coroner's jury concluded that the youth deliberately plotted her death, bringing her from her home with a pretense of marrying her before she became the mother of a babe she was expecting.

The evidence at the inquest was crowned with introduction of a letter found in the girl's dress when the body was recovered. It was from Erman to Clara, outlining plans for their flight and marriage, and instructing the girl to meet him the night of September 9.

He told her to "bring all the money you can if you want to make a nice trip of it," warned her to burn all his letters, and cautioned her that "if you do not do as I say your chance will be shot and I might be a scarce hubby."

Clara, testimony indicated, obeyed him to the letter and went, trusting, to her death.

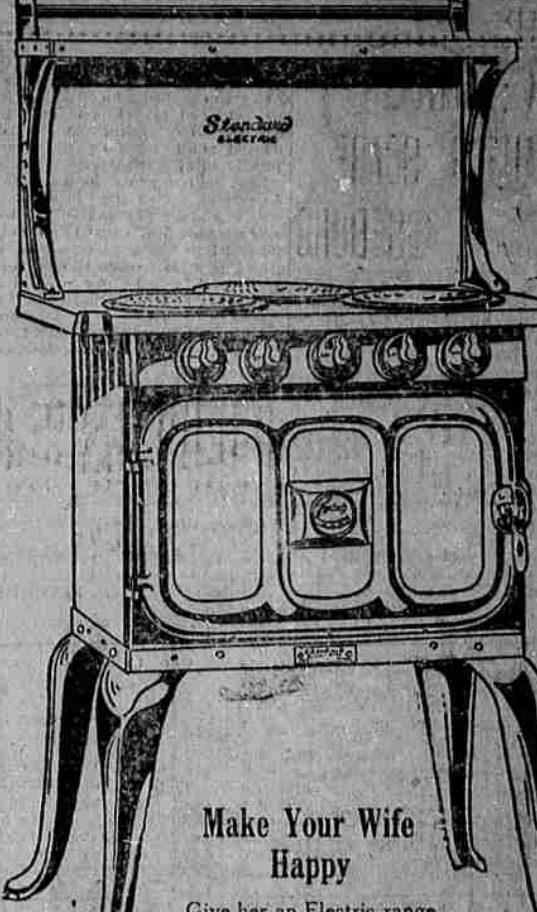
Erman's whereabouts have not been known since September 27, when he quit his senior studies at Gale college and fled, a day after Clara's father had visited him and demanded to know where the girl could be found.

Used dresser for sale, also kitchen cabinet, library table, round oak dining table, large grass rocker, iron bedstead, steel bedspring, mattress, range stove, cast-iron stove, good heater, these and many others at very low prices at Powell Furniture Co.

DOHENY AGAIN IN BED; TRIAL HALTS

(Associated Press, Los Angeles, Dec. 7.)—The trial of the case of the condition of Edward L. Doheny today halted his trial here on a charge of conspiring with Albert B. Fall, in the leasing of the Elk Hills oil reserve.

The seventy-year-old oil magnate has been suffering for a week with an infected arm and last night a second lancing operation was performed. His physician ordered him



Standard ELECTRIC

Make Your Wife Happy
Give her an Electric range for a Christmas present.

Churchill Hardware Co.

to remain in bed at least for today but said that tomorrow or Thursday he should be in condition to again appear in court. His trouble now is diagnosed as a carbuncle.

Them Other Fellers

want me to advertise their bakeries, but it just can't be did.

GRIMM'S MILK BREAD

has made me a man, and if I go to eatin' any other kind I'll lose my shape. No siree, I won't do it for nobody's money.

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Phone 133 129 S. Stephens St.

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Think of the future of yourself and your children. Have you a college fund started? How much could you have saved in the past? Let us show you the safest, surest and most profitable way to save your money or to own your home.

Write your name and address on this coupon and mail to us and we will send you our booklet free of charge. It will show you the best way to save money.