

# A Real Christmas PRESENT

Light in any room in the house, or on the porches at the touch of a button. Don't you think she would appreciate it? It doesn't cost so much, either. Come in or call us up and surprise her with a real gift that the whole family will enjoy. The new Fairbanks-Morse Home Light Plant.

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

### FOR RENT

**XMAS TREES**—Any size. Phone 654.

**FOR SALE**—Trained tree dogs. Geo. Voytilla, Dillard.

**FOR SALE**—100 tier laurel block wood, on the road. Phone 5F31.

**FOR SALE**—Fox Terrier pups, E. B. Lawson, Yoncalla, Ore.

**FOR SALE**—2nd growth fir, small round oak wood. Phone 14F33.

**FOR SALE**—35 white pigs, extra good. Four miles north of Dixonville. J. S. Incho.

**OUR** 1927 wall papers are here. Come in and see them. Fisher's Paint Store, 403 West Cass.

**FOR SALE**—Red cedar posts out of large timber. Phone 23F22. Geo. E. Matthews, Looking Glass.

**FOR SALE**—Promising young hound, Blue Tick. Has never run deer. Wm. Porter, Camas Valley.

**FOR SALE**—2 male Collie-English Shepherd pups, \$2.50 each. 1 female fox hound, 2 yrs. old, \$10. Emil Hall, Sutherlin.

**25 MODEL** Oldsmobile Six, just like new. Will take payment down and terms, or will trade for good ewes. E. B. Lawson, Yoncalla, Ore.

**FOR SALE**—Strawberry plants of excellent quality. Imp. Oregon and Gold Dollar varieties, \$3.50 per M. trimmed and packed. Address Dell Wood, Myrtle Creek.

**FOR SALE**—The Fred Winston place six miles south of Roseburg on Pacific highway, 19 acres very best river bottom land, mostly in prunes. \$5000 improvements, \$3500 cash will handle deal, balance on time. For particulars write or see Fred Winston, owner, Roseburg, Oregon.

**PIANO** for rent, Mrs. C. A. Brand. Phone 30F33.

**FOR RENT**—Furnished house-keeping apartment, 246 N. Rose.

**APARTMENT**—Newly renovated, \$15, room \$10, 221 W. Wash.

**APARTMENTS** for rent, close in, 343 S. Stephens. Phone 42-L.

**FOR RENT**—9-room house, close in. Page Lumber & Fuel Co. Phone 242.

**FOR RENT**—6-room furnished house, cor. Lane and Flint. Also 3-room apartment, cheap. Inquire at 737 W. Lane.

**FOR RENT**—6-room house, reasonable. Call at 1035 West 1st, or phone 102-J or 241.

**FOR RENT**—5-room modern house, bath, built in, furnace in basement, 445 West Roseburg. Apply J. M. Lindsay, Soldiers Home.

**TWO-ROOM** apartment for rent, reasonable, upstairs Bell sisters Bldg., suitable for marcelling, dressmaking, or other lines of business, good location. Phone 505 or res. 546-R.

### WANTED

**DRESSMAKING** wanted, 308 S. Pine. Upstairs.

**WANTED**—Two men to do slashing. Phone Charles S. Dyer.

**WANTED**—Man to do pruning. Apply W. T. Craven, Phone 2F24.

**CAPABLE WOMAN** wants house-keeping job, or will cook for small crew. Address 25, care News-Review.

**WANTED FURS**—Bring or ship furs. If prices are not satisfactory, return furs at my expense. Roseburg Tire Shop, opposite News-Review. B. E. Shields.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**CAR OWNER**—Don't forget to call 658 when in need of auto parts. Sarffs Auto Wrecking House.

**THOSE COUPONS** are worth one dollar and 63 cents in trade. Out them out, bring them in and get your 3 gallon paint. Fisher's Paint and Paper Store.

**SWAP**—On account of age, will exchange for city, or country property my 120 acres—unimproved, near Yuma, Arizona. Address J. V. K., Box 143, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

**REMEMBER**—We serve, every Sunday, a complete chicken dinner for 50c. Also a satisfying meal every day for 25c. Our cooks are acknowledged to be as good as the best. Ward's Cafe, opposite S. P. depot.

Fifty cents a month by carrier—four dollars a year by mail is the subscription price of the Roseburg News-Review, News-Review daily in Southern Oregon.

## Used Cars

- 1 1926 Ford Coupe
- 1 1924 Ford Coupe
- 1 1923 Ford Coupe
- 1 1922 Ford two-door sedan
- 1 1923 Ford Touring
- 2 1921 Ford Tourings
- 1 1924 Star Sedan
- 1 1920 Hupmobile Touring
- 1 1921 Studebaker Special Touring
- 1 1919 Oakland Touring
- 1 1923 Overland Touring

These cars are all in good condition and some are exceptional buys. See these at **The Chrysler Garage** 527 N. Jackson St.

## Roseburg Steam LAUNDRY KIDS



TAKE CARE OF MY SHIRTS WAISTS AND PAJAMA LINES

JUST ASK THIS WOMAN FOR SHE KNOWS—WE TAKE THE BEST OF CARE OF CLOTHES.

When Mrs. Particular asked us to take care of her blouses we did so. After we returned them to her home she called us up on the phone and told us that she was particularly pleased with this laundry. So will you be.

**Roseburg Steam Laundry**  
PHONE 75  
Roseburg, Ore.

## The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 25. The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton quits college after the end of a romance with Philip Ennes, a neighborhood sweetheart. She is determined to win independence of her family and escape a humdrum life. Clerking in a bookstore she meets Larry, an artist, with a studio over the store, and later makes the acquaintance of Sloan Whitney, a man of the world, by whom she is fascinated. Nina, a fellow employee and confidant, tells Rosemary of her love for Stanley Cuyler, old friend of her dead father, and married. During a final innocent visit of Rosemary to Larry's studio he discloses his jealousy of Whitney in loud tones. The screams of Germaine, a modiste's employe, reveal her eavesdropping, and she makes known an affair with Larry. Hidden by Madame Berthe, the modiste, in her rooms, Rosemary finally escapes to the store. Nina warns her for the second time against indiscreet conduct, which is causing talk around the shop, and informs her of Larry's enforced marriage to Germaine. Then Nina shocks Rosemary with the story of her affair with Stanley Cuyler. And Sloan Whitney surprises Rosemary by reappearing. He has forgotten her family name. Believing she is incidental in his life, Rosemary resolves to hold aloof from him. She sees him next as a musicale and is torn with jealousy on account of Cecelia, a society singer. But he steals away with Rosemary for a drive.

It was suddenly very quiet in the kitchen.

"But you mark my words!" Aunt Kitty's voice came quieter now, full of malice. "You'll live to regret this, Mary. I'm not saying anything about my will. I may or may not change it. I may or may not have something worth willing when I die. But I have one thing to say. Rosemary won't suffer for it. I'll remember her, anyway. And when her own mother lets her know that. And after a minute she'll get the best of her and drives her out of the house the way she's drivin' her own sister tonight, then maybe she'll be glad she had an old aunt to come to!"

"Oh! Ma's voice was full of pain. "Oh—you can't go too quick to suit me, Kitty. And you leave Rosemary out of it—do you hear?"

"I'm going. Come help Auntie pack, Rosemary."

She slammed out of the room. Ma turned on Rosemary. "You heard what I said when your aunt interrupted." Her eyes were stony. Her voice was hard. She was struggling to keep back her bitter tears. But Rosemary didn't know that. And after a minute she followed Aunt Kitty upstairs.

Aunt Kitty was going. You could feel it all over the house. Downstairs the echoes of the quarrel seemed to linger in the corners, to whirl and eddy in the heavy air of the kitchen, where Ma still sat in her rocking chair, crying a little now and dabbing at her red eyes with the corner of the apron.

The boys had gone to bed. Just like "em," Rosemary thought hotly. "They always duck when there's any trouble."

But Pa waited in the dining room to call the taxi when Aunt Kitty should be ready. The evening paper were tumbled on the table and on the floor beside him. He had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly.

Finally Aunt Kitty was gone after a stilted goodby for Ma, a slap on the back for Pa and a long, ill-scented embrace for Rosemary.

Rosemary held up a silk shawl. "She gave me this. If I go out much this summer it will make a wonderful wrap for evening, won't it?"

Ma nodded. There was a long, awkward silence. There were so many things she wanted to say to Ma. She wanted to tell her about Whitney, and Larry, and Germaine and Nina. She wanted to snuggle close in Ma's arms, and tell her about the wonderful thing that was happening. She wondered if Ma had ever felt that way—hot and cold and throbbing; if Ma had ever been in love.

And in her heart Ma was calling, "Don't go away from me. Don't forget you're my baby. Oh, Rosemary, where have you gone to? Why can't I find you any more?"

And, groping in the darkness of their thoughts, they lost each other.

In the morning Rosemary said: "You know I won't be home to dinner." Then she took a long drink of coffee, and waited.

"Now, if you were to stay with Gerrie—"

Ma kissed her wistfully. "All right; have a good time, and I'll telephone Gerrie when you come. You won't be very late, will you?"

"Oh, no. After the show, that's all. Will you tell Gerrie to leave the key in the letter box? Now I've got to run."

At last five o'clock came. She was beside him.

"Look here," he said at last as they sped on, "we're going to a show. I've got tickets in my pocket. But wouldn't you rather eat somewhere and then just ride and get acquainted? Do you know we're still strangers in a way? We'd just begin to get acquainted, and bing—time to go home—"

"Oh, I don't have to go home. Didn't I tell you that?"

He flashed a sudden look at her, out of his long, dark eyes.

Then—silence. A strange, brooding silence in which his smile twisted, hardened, twisted again. Why was he still like that? Something fluttered in her throat—

"Well, here we are," he said at last. "This is where we'll have dinner."

It was one of those unpretentious looking little grills that nearly every town boasts.

He ordered casually, nodding to the waiter.

"And some small glasses and plenty of ice. That's all," he said. The waiter left, closing the curtains carefully behind him. Rosemary twisted her handkerchief into hard knots under the table. She was unaccountably nervous.

"What's the matter? Blue?" He was looking at her so strangely, under his dark, straight brows, and his mouth was so tightly closed so hard—

She stirred uneasily, wondering what to say. The waiter came back with the ice, filled their glasses ceremoniously. Then he went away, with a great swish of curtain rings and old green velvet.

Out of his pocket Whitney pulled a flat, silver flask. Carefully he poured the golden liquid it contained over the little glaciers in

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He was always just the same. Smiling and bored, and faintly mocking. He never made any attempt to slip his arm around her as they'd sit there in the car. He never kissed her or held her hand as Larry and Phil, and the college boys would have done.

"Are we nuts?" he would ask, laughing, sometimes.

At first they used to ride out in the summer dusk for a little while after dinner, and then he would turn the sand colored car and leave her to take a car home.

He wondered if she'd be game to take a longer trip.

"Oh, Sloan—I would!"

In her excitement she'd called him Sloan. She blushed furiously to be laughed and stopped the motor.

"Well?" he said. "Well?"

"Rosemary tore herself away with a little sigh. But before she went she said: "I really don't have to be home so early. I could stay over—"

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow!"

And all the while she was promising she wouldn't like it.

Rosemary was bustling about for an excuse for her first evening with Whitney.

"I should think they would be ashamed workin' you so hard," said Ma, "and all for \$75 a month. I never heard of anything like it. You ought to ask for a raise."

"I'm not going to work tomorrow night, though." She hadn't meant to add that little "though"—but it just slipped out. "I'm going to the theater. I guess it will be late, Ma, can I have Gerrie's late key?"

"No, I don't want you stayin' out late. I wouldn't get a wink of sleep till you got back, anyhow, so I'd rather sit up for you."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

"Besides, it don't look just right, two girls walkin' into a theater all alone. Why don't you go to a Saturday matinee, lovey?"

"Ma! This is a young man. Nobody you know. Just somebody I met over there."

"But who is the young man—?"

"I told you, you don't know him!"

"That's no way to talk to your mother!" Pa had come in the back way.

"When your mother says you can't go, you can't go, do you hear? You stay home. You do altogether too much gallivanting around!"

"Pa, now you let me speak to Rosemary. Rosemary, dear—"

"God bless our home!" Aunt Kit-

ty broke into her big, horsey laugh, and slapped Pa soundly on the back. "Do you need help, Merton?"

Ma turned on her in a fury. The pent up storm of years was unloosed at last. "I'll thank you to mind your own business," she hissed.

"When I came into this house I was welcome!" but Kitty shouted, "drowning" Ma—and it took some lung capacity to grown ma out. "But I ain't now, I can see that. All right, I'll go. I was never one to stay where I was not wanted. Not after I got on to Pete."

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## When You Catch Cold Rub On Musterole

Musterole is easy to apply and works right away. It may prevent a cold from turning into "flu" or pneumonia. It does all the good work of grandmother's mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bite—cold of all sorts.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole, Jars & Tubes.



Better than a mustard plaster

the bottom of the glasses.

"To us!" he murmured and lifted his glass.

With trembling fingers Rosemary lifted hers.

BUT—HE "FELT NO BETTER FOR THAT"

A man from Nebraska tells this: "For three nights I was kept awake by a bothersome persistent cough, and I was sure that I was dying. I had taken Foley's Honey and Tar Compound at the start. It pays to keep it on hand. It saved my life by its real, economical buy. Ask for it. Sold everywhere."

### JAMES PICKENS GIVEN RESPONSIBLE POSITION

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Dec. 13.—James Pickens of Roseburg has been appointed by the O. A. C. Chamber of Commerce to represent the college to the chamber of commerce of Roseburg during the Christmas holidays. Sixty students have been chosen for this work in their respective home towns throughout the state.

### NOTICE

I have in stock ladies wrist watches, priced \$3.50 up. Men's watches and chains. Let me order your Christmas silverware. No overhead means lower prices. Wilbur L. Spangh, 604 Pine St.

### SEE THE BLACK BOTTOM—ANTIERS DEC. 15-16.

### NOTICE OF BIDS FOR CONSTRUCTION OF SEWER DRAIN

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned at his office in the City Hall in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, up to 5 o'clock P. M. Monday, December 20th, 1926, for the construction of a sewer drain in North Roseburg from the east side of Jackson street at second avenue south, to the west side of Winchester street at a point where the old open drain crosses the west side of said street, in the city of Roseburg, Oregon in the manner provided by Ordinance No. 893.

All bids must be submitted upon blank forms which will be furnished upon application to the undersigned and must be accompanied by a certified check, payable to the City Treasurer for 5 per cent of the amount bid, to be forfeited to the City of Roseburg in the event said bid is accepted and the bidder shall fail to enter into a contract and bond with the City according to the terms of said bid. A bond of 100 per cent of the contract, satisfactory to the city will be required from the contractor. The time stated in the proposals for completing the work will be considered in awarding the contract.

The council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Common Council.

Dated and first published December 8th, 1926.

HAROLD E. SHERFF, City Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

Order your Christmas and New Year announcement cards from the News-Review office. Complete line of both printed and engraved cards now being displayed. Moderately priced.

## COLDS THAT DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Persistent coughs and colds lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a new medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

All known drugs, creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for persistent coughs and colds and other forms of throat troubles. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation and inflammation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchial asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

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## U. OF O. TEACHING OVER 400 PEOPLE BY CORRESPONDENCE

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Ore., Dec. 13.—(Special) From the remotest corners of Oregon where mails are a month apart, from sheep herders and logger's camps, ranches, service stations, schools, and ships, as well as from busy city homes, come lessons from students taking a correspondence course in the extension division of the University.

Four hundred and forty-one teachers, 139 students, 87 home-makers, and 40 patients, 39 of whom are in the State Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Salem, are among those enrolled in study, making a total of approximately 400.

A bus boy, college president, sailor, journalist, master mariner, orchardist, chemist, attorney, banker, biologist, minister, florist, hairdresser, radio operator, surveyor, forester and civil engineer are among the students.

Multnomah county has the largest number of persons taking the courses with Lane county second and Marion county third. Jefferson county only has two, Sherman county four, Crook county has three and Wheeler two.

Since the first correspondence course was offered in 1907, the work has grown tremendously through the years until in 1925 total registration was 1,238 students, enrolled in 1,676 courses.

Bird study, botany, debating, economics, education, art, literature, history, mathematics, geology, first and second year French and English, science and sociology are among the courses offered.

Every county in the state is represented by two or more students. In addition to the county representation, 314 communities are reached by this study.

Twice as many women as men are enrolled because of the fact that many teachers, wives, and mothers are taking advantage of home study to keep pace with progress. Teachers find that the courses are of direct assistance to

them in their classroom work. Many housewives are on farms in isolated districts and are unable to come in contact with the outside world or complete their education in any other way.

The majority of students doing correspondence work are from 19 to 30 years old. Men and women from 31 to 40 years are greatly in evidence, while many young people from the age of 14 to 18 years are also studying.

One woman student explains the delay of her lessons by the fact that the river separating her from civilization is sometimes too high to cross by row boat without danger.

Traveling 1500 miles each year of religious welfare work in Southern Oregon, sleeping out hundreds of nights, and coming by this means in close contact with outdoor life and nature study is the reason given by one man for taking a botany course.

A letter from a student who has taken courses in English told of his chores: "I am peeling plums from the time the chow is done until 4 o'clock, when it is time to begin to do the chores again. I have to feed and put in seventy-five head of sheep and twenty-five lambs in the sheep barn; feed twenty head of hogs, feed thirteen head of milch cows and milk five of them, get in the night's wood, and sometimes I have to feed six head of horses, and twenty head of beef cattle. I get to studying about half-past seven, but am supposed to go to bed at 8:30, as my parents do not approve of my staying up late."

"I am a boy, eighteen years of age, five feet ten inches tall, and live on a farm ten or twelve miles from the railroad. We have about 130 head of cattle. Every spring we take them from winter range. Besides gathering cattle, we have been harvesting the corn, digging potatoes, and doing other work common on a farm."

"I live ten miles from the post office. I am teaching a little rural school. I like to teach in the country where I can look out and see the great open hills and the place-covered ridges; and I enjoy the ride to school on the fleet-footed, beautiful horse, through the fresh, crisp air," said a woman teacher.

Waldne Burger, of the Carpanter Altius school, Java, Dutch East Indies, formerly of the State School for the Blind, at Salem, Oregon, says that "I left the States for the Indies sooner than I expected to do. However, I wish to go on with my study of Spanish, as next year or the year after I'll visit Spain. It takes almost a month for mail from here to arrive in America."

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