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FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG AND OAKLAND

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Silver Bermuda onion plants, now ready, 717 Fieser.

VENEER PANELING?—Page's. Phone 242.

FOR SALE—Four cows, inquire of V. J. Burak, Melrose, Ore.

FOR SALE—Breeding turkeys, W. D. Valentine, Phone 1-3, Sutherland.

FOR SALE—Two glass cases one \$12.50 and one \$15. Roseburg Book Store.

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FOR SALE—Bourbon Red turkey toms, one bronze, also 1 J. Red rooster, N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6P15.

FOR SALE—Gilbert & Parker five gallon stroke pump; 1923 Star touring, Dodge touring, Ford truck, Cheap, Drain Garage, Drain, Oregon.

FOR RENT

GARAGE FOR RENT. Inquire 544 S. Pine.

APARTMENTS—221 W. Washington St.

FOR RENT—7-room house, 418 S. Main. Inquire at 491 S. Main.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apartment, \$15. 428 Pitzer St.

FOR RENT—8-room house, close in. Page Lumber & Fuel Co. Phone 242.

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FOR RENT—Two furnished houses, with garage, close in. 320 W. Cass or phone 180-J.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house, cor. Lane and Flint. Inquire 727 W. Lane.

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FOR RENT—Farm of 96 acres; 100 prune trees, 50 apple trees, 200 young prune trees, 25 pear trees, and 30 acres of farm land, part of it irrigated. Hughes ranch, 6 miles from Myrtle Creek on North Myrtle. Cash rent.

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Imperial
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DRESS SUITS

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 53.

The Story So Far

Rosemary Storton determined to win independence of her family, quits college, following a romance with Philip Eames, a neighborhood sweetheart. Clerking in a bookstore she meets Larry, an artist, and Sloan Whitney, a man of the world, by whom she is fascinated. She breaks with Larry. Nina, employed in the same store, goes to Spain to join Stanley Cuyler, an old friend of her dead father, and married. Rosemary is given the use of the luxurious apartment. At the store a mysterious masculine stranger interviews Rosemary concerning Nina Clarke and then shadows Rosemary. Mrs. Morton dies. Rosemary encounters Whitney, after an estrangement, and he tells her he cannot marry her, but asks her to go abroad with him. She asks time to think it over. Whitney encounters a private detective on the roof of Rosemary's apartment. She faints and is hurt in falling. Whitney nurses her. She discovers he is drinking habitually and breaks with him. He disappears. Cuyler's wife, mistaking Rosemary for Nina, menaces her with a revolver and drops dead of apoplexy. Rosemary is held in prison. Gertie comes to see her and reproaches her.

Now Go On With the Story.

Another day of tossing, another day of waiting. And about half past three, when she really didn't care much what happened any more, they told her she could go.

"Bathe your eyes, dearie—you can't go out like that!"

"I don't care how I look, Mrs. Harvey."

"Now, now, don't take it so to heart. Hold still; I'm going to put just a little bit of powder—Cashmere Bouquet—and pull your hat over your eyes, just a bit!"

"You've been awfully good to me, Mrs. Harvey!" Rosemary began to cry again. She had hardly stopped since Gertie left the day before. Her red rimmed eyes were inexhaustible wells of tears, in her swollen, discolored face. She gripped the matron's kind, plump hand and tried to smile, but she couldn't. "I can't ever thank you."

"Goodby, dearie. Keep a stiff upper lip and don't let what anybody says get under your skin!"

"Goodby, Miss Morton. Sorry we had to keep you." The inspector shook her hand. "Hold on—I'll get one of the boys to drive you home."

"Oh, no thanks—I think it would do me good to walk. Goodby!" She went back and took Mrs. Harvey's hand again. "Goodby!"

It was funny, but she almost dreaded leaving—jail. These people understood. They knew she wasn't really a bad girl. They knew it wasn't her fault that Mrs. Cuyler had apoplexy, and died in her apartment. But would anyone else understand? Gertie didn't.

She walked faster, swallowing the rising sob. She couldn't go to Gertie's and she couldn't go back to the apartment.

"Oh Sloan! Come back!" her heart cried. But she knew he would not hear.

Without knowing just how she got there, she found herself climbing the steps to Ellen's attic. There were so many steps, and she had come so far. She rapped on the door, crying a little. Nobody answered. Ellen wasn't home. She cried a little more, shaking the door knob weakly. Why were people always out when you needed them.

Then she remembered that it

was not yet 5 o'clock. Too early for Ellen and Hal to be home. She sat down on the top step to wait.

Ellen found her there nearly an hour later, when she came bounding up the steps, arms full of delicatessen dinner.

"Rosemary! You poor kid. Come in—how long have you been waiting? Oh, I'm so glad you came to us. I've wanted to go to you, but I just thought you'd rather be alone till it was all over. I know I would, so just sent the note. No, don't sit on that chair! I painted it Sunday, and it isn't hot—Lord, and not a drop to drink in the house!"

Then Hal came in. "Well, look who's here. The original hard luck kid! Gee, Rosemary, you had a hard day. Why, that big fat slob had to go and pick out your apartment to die in!"

"Yes, with the whole town to choose from, she had to come and flop in Rosemary's place. Well, never mind, old dear, it's all over, and you've certainly been a good sport!" Ellen's voice was warm and full of sympathy. Rosemary began to feel better. She had been morbid to think people wouldn't understand—of course they would. Weren't Ellen and Hal?

"The coffee's boiling over!" Hal snatched it off the stove. Ellen scooped the chili con carne out of the pasteboard carton, and cut thick slices of warm French bread.

"Of course this is the biggest thing that could happen to Nina," Ellen said, passing sliced tomatoes to Rosemary. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. And think what a blessing for Cuyler!"

In her worry and shame Rosemary had hardly realized that. She brightened now. "Oh it is, isn't it? Dear old Nina—I am glad for her. I had them cable her. I suppose Cuyler got the news from his lawyers, but I wanted to tell Nina myself. I hadn't thought how much it would mean to her. Why—they can be married!"

They could be married! Married! And she thought of Sloan Whitney tragically. Nina could be married * * * thank goodness sometimes love was real * * * sometimes it didn't fool you * * *

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Whitney paid his bill."

Ellen flashed a look of absolute contempt at Hal. "That? The man didn't know there was such a thing. 'Have some more tomatoes,' he cried, trying to steer Rosemary away from the painful subject."

But Rosemary didn't even hear her. She was leaning forward, her lips parted, her eyes starry. "He did! Oh, I knew he would—I knew it!"

Hal looked embarrassed. "Well, I don't know much about it," he said. "All I know is Graham got his money through some lawyer, and they say Whitney's offices have been closed and his polo ponies are up for sale. Quite a lot of talk over it—you know he had some of the finest in the country."

"But where is he?"

"I don't know. That's the funny part. He's disappeared clean as a whistle. 'Some say he went broke'."

Hal's face took on a stricken look. He reached down and rubbed his wounded shin, which Ellen had kicked under the table.

Rosemary almost smiled. Poor Ellen kicking Hal again to make him stop!

"And some say he's lit out for Italy with Cecilia Lansing."

"Is that it?" she asked.

"No, Cecilia's in town," Ellen said quickly.

Rosemary gave a little quivering sigh. She could have stood it, she could stand anything now, but it was comforting somehow, to think he didn't go right back to Cecilia.

There was a long, throbbing silence. Hal went on rubbing his shin—Ellen had given him a really vicious kick—and Ellen lit a cigarette and waited—waited for Rosemary to talk.

They were such true friends. And she was so alone. With nobody to talk to. She opened her mouth to tell them, to tell them about Whitney, but she couldn't. It was no use. The words wouldn't come.

"Did you send him away?" Ellen asked finally, in a strained, hushed tone.

Rosemary nodded. She got up and stood looking out of the window, onto the roof with the clothes lines on it, next door.

Hal threw his cigarette away.

A THREE DAYS COUGH IS YOUR DANGER SIGNAL

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.

Of 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.)

"Do you know what I think? I think the sooner Rosemary gets to bed and rests the better she'll be. You were planning to stay here, weren't you, Rosemary?"

"I hadn't thought—I just wanted to come—to see you!"

"Well, that's all right. I'll go over and bunk in with Vic. Say, give me your keys. I'll run over to the apartment and get everything you want before I go."

"Yes, perhaps there's some mail or something," Ellen said.

"I ought to go with you," Rosemary faltered. She ought to go—she'd have to do it some time—

"I'll go with you tomorrow," Hal offered. "But you don't want to go tonight—it's too late."

He came back in half an hour, bringing the suitcase she had asked for.

"And was there any mail?"

"No—along—I'll be getting on to Vic's."

Hal clumped down the stairs; Ellen whistled as she washed out a pair of stockings in the bathroom; Rosemary stood all alone in the cluttered, untidy living room.

She hadn't really expected Sloan would write. And still when he read of her trouble—when he read it all in the papers, wouldn't he want to write and say something?

Some little word of comfort, even if he didn't love her any more—just for old time's sake? It hurt, to think he wasn't big enough for that.

Oh, well—it was all over now. There was no path back. She was one of the unlucky ones, that was all—

She squared her shoulders and went over to the suitcase Hal had left on the chair. Her coat—the one she had worn that night—was on the top.

She lifted it gingerly. Oh, it was going to be so hard to go on—so hard.

Something rattled in the pocket. Paper. The letter from Phil she had never opened.

(Continued tomorrow.)

HURT GOODS SALE

Good usable merchandise at 1/2 price or at 1/3 price or 1/4 price usual price. Crockery, glass, dry goods remnants, stamped goods, sample embroidered pieces, hosiery, embroidery threads 1/2 skein, etc. Good values at Carr's.

Grandmother Knew

there was nothing so good for congestion and colds as mustard. But the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered.

Mustard gives the relief and help that mustard plasters gave, without the plaster and without the blister.

It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Gently rub it in. See how quickly the pain disappears.

Try Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frostbites, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE

Better than a mustard plaster

MRS. BURT, WHO DIED RECENTLY, 1ST LADY MAYOR

Funeral services for Mary Goodell Burt were held Sunday, January 9 in the chapel of the Community church of Yoncalla, Oregon. Rev. E. P. Runnels of St. George's Episcopal church of Roseburg, officiating. Mrs. Brand of Roseburg sang "Lead Kindly Light," and two other appropriate selections. At the cemetery the services were conducted by the Eastern Star, Mrs. Burt being a past worthy matron of the order. Mrs. J. E. Clark of Roseburg acted as soloist. The services were attended by many friends and admirers of Mrs. Burt from many parts of the state. The attendance and floral offerings attested the love and esteem in which Mrs. Burt was held by her relatives and acquaintances. The pall bearers were Hugh E. Warner, C. F. Applegate, J. Grant Applegate, George S. Wilson, Vincent L. Applegate and Paul C. Applegate.

Mary Goodell Burt was born June 1, 1855, on the donation land claim of her father where the town of Drain is now situated. Her father, Warren N. Goodell was a circuit riding Episcopal minister and Mrs. Burt was confirmed in this faith at an early age. The family afterward moved to Forest Grove where she attended the old Yoncalla academy and graduated from the Pacific university in 1873. After graduating she taught school at various places throughout the state including the Wilbur academy, acting as instructress to many prominent men and women now living in Douglas county. She was married to Henry Burt of Yoncalla, Oregon, August 4, 1881, and to this union five children were born, a son dying in infancy. Of her children now living are the following: Warren G. of Roseburg; Arthur R. of Albany; Elmer S., of Portland; and Mrs. Harry Brown of Pendleton. She is also survived by her husband and six grandchildren.

As proof of the esteem in which she was held by her fellow townspeople in 1920 they elected her to the office of mayor with a council composed entirely of women, an event which gave her the distinction of being at the head of the first city government in the United States composed entirely of women.

She also acted as president of the Yoncalla Women's Study club for several years.

Mrs. Burt was a true friend, a devoted and affectionate wife and mother. Her death January 7 came after an illness of several months. To the bereaved relatives the deepest sympathy is extended.

—Contributed.

ATTENTION

The American Legion auxiliary will hold its regular business meeting Tuesday, Jan. 18th. A social hour will be enjoyed with refreshments furnished by the new officers. A good attendance is desired.

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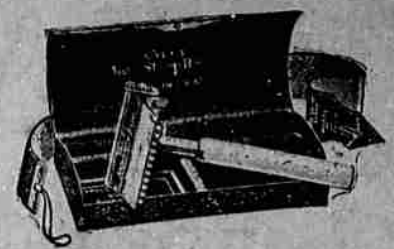
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Valet Auto Razor and Strop 15c



When sold in connection with a box of blades at

50c each.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Iron Mongers

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There's never a fire or a destructive accident that doesn't bring home to somebody—sometimes the property owner involved, sometimes just a casual observer—the vital importance of adequate, dependable insurance. But why wait for the ill wind to blow in your direction? Why not find out now about property protection and the type of insurance that best meets your particular needs? A talk with us entails no charge or obligation.

QUINE & COMPANY Insurance

GROCERIES THAT PLEASE PHONE US!

Every Need for Your Table

Our prices are never high — our merchandise is always the best.
PHONE 63

ECONOMY GROCERY

344 N. Jackson St. O. L. Johnson

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BUICK AUTOMOBILE Sales Rooms and Offices

We've been moved from North Jackson Street to our new location at corner of

Oak Street at Rose

We want all our old friends to drop in and see our new quarters and the shop. Then, too, we want all those people who have not seen the NEW BUICK to come in and look over the cars on the floor.

The shop is equipped to take care of all BUICK work, or repairing on any make of cars.

BUICK PARTS on hand always so that car owners can get service on short notice.

Make the Motor Shop Your Headquarters When in Roseburg

MOTOR SHOP GARAGE

New Location Corner of Oak at Rose Street.

For Colds, Grip, Influenza and as a Proventive



Long serious illness and complications often follow Colds, Grip and Influenza. Guard your health against this danger. Price 50c.

The box bears this signature

E. W. Grove

Since 1880

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Men Who Made the World

WITH AFFAIRS IN THIS PROMISING STATE, TWO TLAGALANS ARRIVED WITH THE STARTLING NEWS THAT THE CITY OF MEXICO HAD RISEN AND THE AZTECS WERE BESIEGING THE SPANIARDS IN THEIR QUARTERS. SEVEN OF THE SPANIARDS HAD BEEN KILLED, MANY WOUNDED. THEY HAD LITTLE PROVISIONS AND THEIR QUARTERS WERE IN FLAMES. PRESENTLY MESSENGERS ARRIVED FROM MONTEZUMA ADVISING CORTEZ THAT ALVARADO HAD ORDERED AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK DURING A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL AND THEY WERE DEFENDING THEMSELVES.

ALVARADO WAS THE MOST BRUTAL AND BLOODTHIRSTY OF THE SPANIARDS. THE TRUTH SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THAT, UNARMED, THE NOBLES OF THE AZTECS WERE PERFORMING A RELIGIOUS DANCE. THE SPANIARDS, UNDER ALVARADO'S OFFENSES, ABRUPTLY STARTED THE SLAUGHTER OF THESE DEFENSELESS MEXICANS. ALVARADO PLEADED TO CORTEZ THAT HE HAD INFORMATION THAT THE MEXICANS INTENDED TO DESTROY THE REDUCED GARRISON WHILE CORTEZ WAS ABSENT. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT THIS. FROM THAT DAY FORWARD THE MEXICANS, UNPROVOKED BY DEATH AND SUFFERING, SOUGHT ONLY VENGEANCE ON THE SPANIARDS.

REGARDLESS OF CONFLICTING REPORTS THE IMPORTANT THING WAS TO SAVE THE GARRISON. CORTEZ MARCHED HIS FORCES—NOW ABOUT ONE THOUSAND STRONG, WITH NINETY-SIX HORSES AND ARTILLERY—AND THE RAPID MARCH TO