

Tile and Fencing

ON HAND NOW

Coming Shipment of Low-Priced Barbed Wire.

Flour \$7.20, \$7.60, \$8.00

ALL DAY—ALL WEEK
Special Coco Meal \$1.90 per 100

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

WALL BOARD?—Page's. Phone 242.

FOR SALE—Baled hay oats and vetch. Phone 44F4.

WOOD for sale. Dry fir block. R. V. Hatfield. 33F14.

FOR SALE—Late '26 Chev. Landau sedan. Consider trade. Terms F. L. News-Review.

FOR FRESH milk and cream phone 269J. J. D. Palm.

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

FOR SALE—2 dozen Rhode Island Red hens. Inquire of Mrs. John Atterbury. Phone 1F23.

STRAWBERRY plants for sale, \$3 per thousand. Call 10F21 or address C. C. Long, at Cleveland.

FOR SALE—Good cows, \$40 and \$50; 6 pigs; 100 pullets, on Thompson Farm, 34 miles north. Ore. Phone 6E15.

FOR SALE—Bourbon Red turkey toms, one bronze, also R. I. Red roosters. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6E15.

FOR SALE—Oregon Imp. strawberry plants, \$3 per M. Some oak and laurel block wood, \$3.50 tier delivered. Phone 10F23.

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

FOR SALE—S. C. Rhode Island Red hatching eggs, \$40 per thousand, single hundred, \$5. Setting 15 eggs, 75c. Fine Utility strain. E. F. Strong, Oakland, Oregon.

FOR SALE or rent—190 acres, 12 acre prime orchard, some farm land, balance good pasture, located 3 miles east of Myrtle Creek. Harvey C. Hill, Redmond, Ore., R. A.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in a combination chicken and fruit ranch? We have just what you want and it is priced right. 15 acres free soil located on the Pacific highway close to Roseburg. 11 acres in young bearing peaches; balance pasture. Good 4-room house; spring water; barn, chicken house; garage; wire fenced.

MCLENDON REALTY COMPANY, CORNER OAK AND MAIN

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—Five-room furnished house with garage. Inquire 800 South Pine.

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

FOR RENT—Two furnished houses, with garage, close in. 320 W. Cass or phone 189J.

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

FOR RENT—House in Laurelwood, furnace, fireplace and garage. Rent \$20. Inquire Palace of Sweet, after 12 m.

FOR RENT—10 acres, orchard, house, garage, chicken house, barn, running water through place. Minerva Pruner, Riddle, Ore.

FOR RENT—3-room modern cottage—good location; garage; paved drive and walks; \$15. MCLENDON REALTY COMPANY, CORNER OAK AND MAIN

WANTED—Dressmaking. Phone 419-R. Guthridge.

WANTED—Men to slash brush. Phone 33F14.

WANTED—Ideal Cafe, 119 Sheridan St.

WANTED—Child's bed, steel, good condition; reasonable. Phone 42-L.

WANTED—Renter for 3-room house, freshly papered. South of Soldiers Home. Mrs. E. A. Williams.

HARBER WANTED—Good all-around young man, at O. K. Shop, T. D. Weatherford, Roseburg, Ore.

WANTED—A competent licensed driver of Ford sedan can save expenses by driving an old couple to Portland within a few days. Address Car, care News-Review.

LOST

LOST—Waterman fountain pen, was left on desk in post office. Reward if returned to News-Review office.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Saffra Auto Wrecking House.

FOR TRADE—An extra fine red bone and blood hound, just ready to train. Will trade for a good gun. Box 47, Dillard, Oregon.

90 DAYS FOR BOOTLEGGING

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—N. C. Thompson, of Klamath Falls, was sentenced today by Federal Judge Rudkin to serve three months in jail here after he pleaded guilty to selling liquor and maintaining a nuisance. The prisoner was arrested with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Perkins, at whose house he was said to be working. Perkins was released on \$1,000 bail and his wife was allowed to go on her own recognizance.

MOVIES

anywhere

TELL US WHERE YOU'RE GOING. WE'LL SEND IT FOR YOU.

FRENCH TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. ROSEBURG, ORE.

TIRES

Kelly-Springfield

Go a long way to make friends. Ask Jitney 6—run 27,000 miles, going strong.

Rose Garage

Phone 66

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

The Story so Far

Rosemary Merton, determined to win independence of her family, quits college following a romance with Philip Barnes, a neighbor 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 her luxurious apartment. At the store a mysterious masculine stranger interviews Rosemary concerning Nina Clarke and then shadows Rosemary. Mrs. Merton 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 two days in prison, then released. She gets a letter from Phil.

Now Go on With the Story

Rosemary sat down on the floor with the thin, crackling letter in her hands. After a while she opened it. It was a short letter, Phil's letters were always short. "My dearest Girl—Well, got to thinking, and this writing to your best girl is the bunk. So I told the boss I wanted two weeks' vacation and a \$25 raise, because I was going to get married and he said O. K. So don't make me out a liar. I expect to see you Sunday. Wait till you see your old man in his new suit. I have got my eye on a house, it pink stucco. Pretty slick. Well, it is getting late, and I have to do two men's work if I want to get away. I have got ahead here, and no mistake. We will both be sitting pretty honey."

"I would have written before, but held off on account of the raise. Mother wrote that Millie told her I had a rival, some big butter and egg man. Ha! Ha! Tell him his name is mud."

"Love and kisses, "PHIL."

"Oh, Rosemary, don't cry so!" Ellen came back, trailing wet stockings, and the little washboard. Please don't—You'll make your self sick. You looked so bright and brave at dinner—was it bad news, dear?"

Rosemary cracked the letter in to a little ball in her hands. Her tears fell on it, blotting the ink. "It would have been good news, once," she said, "but it came too late."

She went to work in the morning, a little white ghost of the old Rosemary. "Good morning," she said tremulously when Mr. Graham came in.

"Oh—good morning," he said, starting as if she had really been a ghost, and hurried away to his desk. He opened his mail with a tremendous chatter of paper knife and rubber stamps and shears.

And when it was all opened and there was nothing more to keep him at the desk he came over to where Rosemary stood near the door.

"I'm sorry," he said, but I can't have you here after all that, Miss Merton. Not that it makes any difference to me, you understand. Personally, I'm deeply sorry for you. But I have my customers and my business to think of."

Funny, she hadn't really expected to be fired! Ellen and Hal had been so natural—treated her as if nothing had happened—she had almost forgotten that other people would."

"I'm paying you right up to the end of the month," he said magnificently, "but you can leave right away."

Still she hesitated, squeezing the little blue book she had in her hands.

"It would be well to go right away before anyone comes in," he said. "And I'll take that volume—easy to break a binding that way."

Rosemary handed him the book. She went to her desk and took out the little black notebook that she had used in college, a fountain pen and a pencil sharpener. Then she went down into the little dressing room for the last time and put on her hat.

"Good-by, Nick!"

The manager turned around.

"Good-by, Miss Merton. Sorry you're going!" Nick blushed, and shifted his feet awkwardly. He was blushing for Rosemary. Coming back, after being in jail, and showed up as living with that fellow in an apartment and everything! Gee, what a crust!

"Good-by, Rosemary—see you again some time," Victor said coolly.

Mr. Haley only nodded and Mr. Simms refused to speak at all. His round, doughy face with the little black curls stuck in for eyes said it for him. "I told you so! I told you so! What did you expect?"

Rosemary was glad Hal was out on an errand. Loyal Hal—he would have suffered with her.

When she was gone Victor said to Haley, "I never saw anyone change so quick. I used to think she was quite some looker. And look at her plain!"

Nina used to say a girl who had had experience could always get a job, it was just the first one that was so difficult to get.

There were seven bookstores in town, and Rosemary tried them all.

"If you had only come around Christmas I could have used you—but January is so dull," old Mr. Gherkin, at Ye Old Book Shop, said.

He was the only one who was cordial, but then he never read the papers, and nobody ever kissed him. He was too deaf.

The others weren't regretful. They were cold and stiff. "No, no one needed help at the present."

And when she was gone there was a tittering and little whispers in the corners.

"Well, you wouldn't think she'd have to work!"

"I heard he even gave her one of his polo ponies. My chum used to see her riding in the park. Imagine!"

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"Doesn't she look awful? I wonder if she really killed that woman. It sounded to me kind of as if they hushed it up."

"That settles the book stores," Rosemary thought when she had made the round and no one had wanted her. She put up her hand and threw back her shoulders bravely. "But there are lots of other places. I'm a stenographer. I can work anywhere!"

She looked down at her hands, white slender. "I can work! I won't starve. Let the people be nasty. I don't care—I'll show my my real friends are!"

Her real friends? Hal and Ellen—A letter from Sloan! It must be! She tore the little door open, with frantic fingers.

"Sloan, I knew you wouldn't fail me. You couldn't stay away when you found I was in trouble. Oh, Sloan, dear, you did come back!"

She held the letter in her hands, loving it, dreaming over it—and alas, poor cowardly Rosemary not daring to look.

The big front door opened. Mr. Partridge, the manager, stood there in his striped pants and coat tails, relics of former splendor. Rosemary used to giggle inwardly at so much dignity. In one small man. But she didn't giggle now. She waited, nervously for what he had to say. In one short morning she had learned that trick—waiting, nervously, for what people had to say.

"I have a wire for you. I took the liberty of signing."

"Who—who was it from?" The words just flew out.

"I haven't the least idea," he said, reproachfully. "Come in, I'll get it for you."

As she followed him into the hall she looked down at the letter in her hand. It wasn't Sloan's writing.

She tore it open.

"Dear Rosemary," she read. "Our annual shoe sale."

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CORNS



Instant Relief

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all pain quicker than any other known method. Takes but a minute to quiet the worst corn. Healing starts at once. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes make the spot "touchy" again, a Zino-pad stops it instantly. That's because Zino-pads remove the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medicated, antiseptic, protective. At all druggists and shoe dealers—35c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

"Oh you say something Miss Merton?"

"Why don't you hurry?" Her voice rose high and quivering. "That wire may be important!"

(Continued Tomorrow)

How is your bed?

WOULD BAR OFFICIALS AT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Elimination of public officials and candidates for public office as delegates to Democratic national conventions is being urged by political friends of Governor Alfred E. Smith, says today's World (Democratic) and Herald-Tribune (Republican).

The change is one of three, says the newspapers, suggested on conference procedure with the hope of aiding Governor Smith's chances for obtaining the nomination. The other changes are abolition of the two thirds rule and of the unit system of voting by substituting a viva voce vote of every delegate in place of a roll call by states.

"In the last convention," says the World, "probably a third or more of the delegates were persons who either by appointment or election, held or were hoping to hold local offices running all the way from sheriff to governor."

ONIONS OPEN STRONG; \$3 FOR THE TOP GRADE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—With cold weather raging throughout the east and holding in the coast less than half of what they were a year ago, the onion market opened strong with prospects of further advances before the week is over.

In the local wholesale market Oregon stock is quoted firm at \$3 for the best. Primary markets in the Pacific northwest are firm with the growers very bullish in their bids. Most of them are holding for \$3.50 sacks and hauling furnished.

Northwest potato markets are hardly steady. No changes are shown in the wholesale quotations while prices at primary points are barely holding.

PORTLAND SAYS HELLO VIA PHONE TO WASHINGTON D. C.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—New direct trans-continental telephone service between Portland and Atlantic coast points formally started today. President Raymond B. Wilcox, of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, exchanged congratulations with President John O'Leary of the United States Chamber of Commerce at his headquarters in Washington, D. C.

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EAST PROMISED

RELIEF FROM TWO DAYS' BLIZZARD

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Shivering residents of the northeastern states today greeted with joy weather bureau predictions of warmer temperatures after the coldest weekend of the winter.

Six deaths, due directly or indirectly to the cold, occurred in New York, while Boston and Philadelphia reported one each.

A whirling driving snow which accompanied the cold wave Saturday continued to fall yesterday in many New England states. Traffic generally was delayed and huge sleds upon to keep the roads open.

The snowfall ranged from six inches to two feet.

In New York City a six-inch fall hampered traffic and resulted in the calling out of an army of 20,000 snow shovellers.

The heart of Atlantic City's business district was destroyed with a loss of \$500,000.

Several stores and residents in near district were destroyed with a loss of \$500,000.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Off with the cold wave, said the weather forecaster today, and on with the new. The first cold wave had hardly shaken its snowy skirts clear of the middle and northwestern states last night when a new one which roared out from the McKenzie River basin and yesterday had reached Minneapolis, Manitoba.