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ALL DAY—ALL WEEK
Salt 50s, 45c; 100s 85c
5 lb. Lix 10c

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

FOR SALE—Dry second growth fir, \$3 tier. Phone 14F38. H. J. Swift, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Big 2nd growth fir, \$3; older stove wood, \$3.50. Melton Bros. Phone 14F15.

ROOM AND BOARD—Wanted by young man in private family. Address H. P., care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching; also Cocker Spaniel pups. J. M. Spancake, Rast Ave.

FOR SALE—No. 5 Underwood typewriter, \$20. Adding machine, \$15. Saturday till Tuesday at 215 N. Main.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock breed roosters, O. A. C. strain. C. P. Hooper, 1163 Harvard Ave., Roseburg.

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.

PIANO BARGAIN—Located near Roseburg, high grade quality piano to be sold at once. Terms \$10 monthly. For particulars and how seen, write C. P. Hendrick, factory piano adjuster, 66 Front St., Portland.

FOR RENT

APARTMENTS—221 W. Washington St.

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

FOR RENT—Apartments, new, modern, close in. Phone 212-J.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apartment. No children. 428 Pitt St.

FOR RENT—35 acres, two miles from Myrtle Creek. All tillable. Phone 3202, Myrtle Creek.

FOR RENT—Nine-room house, close in, nicely papered and painted inside throughout. Page Lbr. and Fuel Co. Phone 242.

FAIRBANKS MORSE home light plants, lower first cost, lowest operation cost. Farm Bureau Co-operative Exchange.

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

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

CREAM-OF-TARTAR



Pound size
or pound weight?

Always look on the label of your baking powder tin for the weight—don't trust appearances. Schilling is the only cream-of-tartar baking powder that comes in full pound-weight and half-pound-weight tins.

**Schilling
Baking Powder**
Tea • 31 Extracts • 19 Spices • Coffee

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 39.

The story so far.

Rosemary Morton quits college, following a romance with Phillip Eames, who disappears. Employed in a bookstore, she has an innocent affair with Larry Kane, an artist, and later meets Sloan Whitney, man about town, with whom she falls in love. She breaks with Larry. Nina Clark, employed in the same store, goes to Spain to join Stanley Cuyler, and old friend of her dead father. Rosemary is given the use of her luxurious apartment. Mrs. Morton dies. Rosemary encounters Whitney after an estrangement, and he tells her they cannot marry her, but that they owe it to each other to live together. She asks time to think. She discovers Whitney is drinking habitually, and breaks with him. He disappears. Cuyler's wife, mistaking Rosemary for Nina, attempts to shoot her, dropping dead of apoplexy in Rosemary's apartment. Rosemary is held in prison during an inquiry, and on her release is discharged from her position. Nina calls Rosemary. Cuyler and Rosemary are married. Phil returns and begs Rosemary to marry him at once. She refuses. He takes her to dinner at Gertrude's, her sister's home. Her father tells her she has disgraced the family, and Rosemary leaves.

Now go on with the story

"Of course this is the dull season," the woman in the typewriter agency said. "But you can sit here. Sometimes things come in during the morning. I wish you had been in last week. I had more positions than I could fill last week."

"It's always last week!" the girl who had followed Rosemary into the agency whispered. "I've been out of a job for nearly two months, and I only have \$12 left. I'm nearly crazy."

Rosemary shivered. Two months. What if she, too, were out of work two months, and not even a place to live! She looked at the girl nervously—there must be some reason—maybe she wasn't a good stenographer. "I'm fast," Graham said. I was a good typist—I know I'll be all right, if they only give me a chance—but will they?"

"There were so many girls there. They kept coming in all morning, looking for jobs that didn't seem to exist. All morning the telephone rang, and the woman at the desk answered it, in her clipped exasperated voice."

"Yes, I think so. An experienced girl? Under twenty-five? Oh, yes—right away—"

And they'd all lean forward, waiting, waiting...

Her bright, sharp eyes would dart about the room, rest on one girl, then another. Her fingers would clutch the cards on her desk. The typewriter would snap. Out would come a card. Her pencil busy. And then somebody would be chosen. Some lucky girl, to go and see if she "would suit."

And the rest would settle back to their droop-shouldered waiting.

"She'll never send me—she never even looks at me!" Rosemary thought desperately. "And I ought to be out, looking for a room, too—"

At 12 o'clock, when the noon whistle blew, the keeper of their fate arose, smoothed her skirts, powdered her nose with a small pink puff, and looked at her desk.

"I'm going out to lunch," she said. "There wouldn't be anything before 1. You girls better go out, too."

"Come over to the five and ten with me, and have a bowl of soup," the girl next to Rosemary suggested. "And we can get a sandwich on the side and divide it."

"I don't think I'll have any lunch," Rosemary answered. "I had a big breakfast—"

"Well, maybe tomorrow." Tomorrow? Again the sinking fear touched Rosemary. Tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after—still sitting here, still waiting for a job.

"You'd better go and take a walk anyway," Miss Swenson, the woman in charge, said kindly. "There really won't be anything come in before 1—"

But after 1—you do think I might get something? I'm really a good stenographer. I don't care how hard I have to work, or where it is—just to get the chance."

She was clutching the woman's arm in her eagerness.

"We'll see after lunch." The answer was short and inexpressively weary. You felt, as Miss Swenson walked away in search of creamed chicken and hot chocolate somewhere, that she wasn't really hard-hearted.

She'd just seen so many girls who wanted work, needed work, were literally starving for lack of work, that she had sort of given up. Stopped worrying about them. Doing the best she could and letting it go at that.

Up and down, up and down the street Rosemary walked. She wanted to keep away from Grant avenue and the old haunts. She wanted to be near to the typewriter agency so that she would watch for Miss Swenson's return.

She was walking very slowly when a big man in a tweed overcoat turned back to look at her. Their eyes met. He stopped short. Then he reached out his hand and came toward her smiling.

"Rosemary! It is Rosemary, isn't it? Of course it is—know you any more? Where are you going? Come in—I want to talk to you."

"Larry Kane!" Her face was flaming. Larry Kane—Sloan's friend—here.

"Yep, Larry Kane is right. Still Larry to all my friends. Come on in. Lord it's good news to see you. Little Rosemary—and little then ever. Come on in—have lunch with me."

He led the way into a hotel and she followed, because she couldn't think of anything else to do. Larry Kane, harum scarum Larry; Larry, the lazy, shabby day dreamer;

Larry, who dropped ignominiously out of sight following the shotgun wedding. Larry here—fat, polished, exuding opulence and well-being.

He found two chairs in the court. "Twelve-twenty," he murmured, pulling a thin gold watch out of his pocket. Mrs. Kane will be along in fifteen minutes. We'll wait here for her."

Rosemary dropped into the chair he indicated. Mrs. Kane! He must mean Germaine. She thought of that day in the studio when Larry held her in his arms and Germaine mad with jealousy and fear, screamed and beat her small, dark head frantically against the door. But this couldn't be the same Larry—this thick-set, self-satisfied business man. He couldn't have groveled at her feet. He couldn't be talking of the little French sewing girl—calling her Mrs. Kane in that patronizing way.

She made a helpless little gesture with her hands—"I can't believe it's really you, Larry—"

He shifted uneasily. "Oh, that," he said. "We did hit it up pretty high in the old days, didn't we? Boys will be boys." His laughter boomed. "Well, how's everything? Who's making love to you now?"

"Nobody." She even managed to smile. He'd never know how much she was hurting her; she'd never give him the satisfaction of asking about Sloan—and maybe he didn't know anyway—maybe he didn't know.

"Working?" he persisted. "Looking for a job. I got fired from Graham's after—after Mrs. Cuyler died—"

"Yes, I read about it in the papers. Well, I wouldn't let it worry me," he said. "But I told you right along you were too thick with Nina. I always knew you'd get in Dutch. That was too easy for you. Let the high-steppers alone. Rosemary. Get into some line of business and stick to it—"

"But it's hard to get into any kind of a job—"

"Yes, I suppose so. But you'll get one. Wish this was Cincinnati—I could do something nice for you if you were there—I'm just passing through." He looked at his watch again. "Mrs. Kane is late. Buying at the store, I suppose. By the way, Rosemary, an old friend of yours dropped in on me back home before we started West."

She knew he meant Sloan. The blood rushed to her face and then drained away again, leaving her white and trembling. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't. She clutched the arm of the chair. She felt she was going to be ill—awfully ill.

"Sloan Whitney?" he went on. "And that was somebody else. I warned you against him. Well, you pulled one stroke of good sense in that affair anyway. I was glad to hear that—"

"What?" she asked, dully. "Getting rid of him when he first started to go to pieces."

"What?" "Sure. Didn't you? He said you threw him over, and a good job you did. Lord, what a boozehound! I don't mind getting drunk once in a while with all old friends, but when it comes to... what's the matter—you aren't sick, are you?"

Rosemary looked at him. What was he saying, what was he saying! The room was whirling dizzily around. Larry was shrinking before her eyes... "getting rid of him when he first started to go to pieces..."

"Oh, tell me," she cried. "Tell me, Larry, where he is; what happened to him?"

(To be continued.)

THREE CHILDREN DIE IN BURNING BUILDING

STEUBENVILLE, Ohio, Jan. 24.—Three children were burned to death early today when the home of Joseph Cross at Weirton, W. Va., was destroyed by fire.

NEURALGIA

Headache—rub the forehead—melt and inhale the vapors

VICKS

VAPORUB

Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

Five Players Who Figured in Big Trade



John McGraw will have his New York Giants strongly in the running for the 1927 pennant if trying counts for anything.

Since the close of the 1926 world series, McGraw has put over two big deals that certainly have added much strength to the New York club.

First, he traded Frankie Frisch to St. Louis for the great and only Rogers Hornsby, outstanding star of the National League, after Hornsby, as manager, had won for St. Louis its first pennant and world championship.

Having bolstered up his infield, McGraw, realizing that he must have much improved pitching to put over a pennant winner, set about to get it.

In a four-cornered deal that in-

FIRES IN FRISCO CLAIM LIVES OF THREE PERSONS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24.—Two fires, both of considerable proportions, claimed three lives in the San Francisco bay region last night. One of the fires in the Cuneo flats on Telegraph hill in San Francisco snuffed out the lives of Giuseppe Ortesi and Vincenzo Ortesi, brothers. The second, which swept the exclusive Claremont Country Club hotel in Oakland, claimed the life of Charles Waterman, night watchman.

The hotel fire did damage estimated at \$350,000, while the damage to the Cuneo flats was not estimated.

While the two lives were being snuffed out in the flat, a baby was being born a few floors below in the same building. Firemen stood on guard around the smoke filled birth chamber and then aided in carrying the mother and babe to safety.

TRANSIENTS FACE
BAD ACCUSATION

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PENIDELTON, Jan. 24.—Efforts to effect the release of Mrs. Mary Scott and Dick Ward, held here on charges of contributing to the delinquency of a minor, have been started here, a writ of habeas corpus having been applied for by their attorneys. They will be brought into circuit court tomorrow morning and officers will be required to show cause why they should not be released. With them is the daughter of Mrs. Scott, 17 years old. The couple are wanted in Seattle.

FUNERAL SERVICES
OF AGNES KRUM TO
BE HELD TUESDAY

Agnes Krum, aged 79 years, a native of Austria, died early this morning at the C. H. Meusch home on South Pine street. Mrs. Krum had been blind for the past two years and had been in very poor health for more than six months. She leaves a widow, a Civil war veteran, and relatives in Austria. Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 10 a. m. Rev. Clergy officiating. The services will be conducted by the Douglas Undertaking company. Interment will take place in the Catholic cemetery.

The exclusive job printing department of the News-Review is equipped for all kinds of commercial printing. Nothing too large—nothing too small—to receive our personal attention.

Stop
That Cold

Before another day

A cold may be stopped in 24 hours, the fever checked, the bowels opened, the entire system toned. The way is HILL'S—a way so efficient that we paid \$1,000,000 for it. Don't rely on lesser help, and don't delay. Get the quick, complete results that HILL'S is bringing millions.

HILL'S Cascara-Dromide-Quinine

Be sure you get HILL'S, in the red box with portrait. At all druggists—30c.

EASTERN OREGON
PRUNE GROWERS IN
LINE WITH MERGER

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 24.—The fresh prune marketing problem of the Milton-Freewater district gives promise of being solved through organization of the growers and distributors, according to report of R. H. Kipp, manager of the marketing department of the Chamber of Commerce, who has returned from several conferences in that district.

Growers have decided to or-

Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from 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, frost-bitten feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE

Better than a mustard plaster

Will not blister

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

STOCKMEN WANT
DIFFERENT PLAN
IN GRAZING FEE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Jan. 24.—Whether grazing fees in the national forests and public domain shall be fixed upon a social and economic basis or upon the commercial value of the land stock are the divergent angles from which each side will argue at the conference opening here today.

The stockmen claim that the people of the nation are benefitted by their ranging their cattle upon the public lands and therefore benefit from the lower costs according from fixing the fees upon this basis.

Both the Ranchford and Casement reports bring out prominently the commercial side of the argument and the proposed increases, the stockmen claim, are based upon the commercial rather than the social economic value of the lands.

In presenting this viewpoint, Herbert C. Bryson, of Walla Walla, Wash., pointed out the fact that in British Columbia the grazing fee for sheep on forest reserves is one and three quarters cents per month and the fees for cattle are comparatively low compared with the rates now charged in this country.

"And 25 per-cent of these fees are returned to the local authorities for betterments to the lands," Mr. Bryson said. "These rates are based entirely upon cost of administration, which is the sole cost when figuring from the social and economic point of view."

Try our buttermilk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 186.

TWO MAIL PLANES
FORCED DOWN IN
MARION COUNTY

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 24.—The southbound air mail, in charge of Pilot Small of Seattle, was forced to land in an open field near Silverton Sunday afternoon when freezing rain covered the glasses of the pilot. In making the landing Small was unable to make out the landing field and the machine was grounded in a swale, the wheels sinking in the mud and the plane was turned over, receiving a damaged engine, propeller and rudder. Small was injured and returned to Portland by automobile while the plane will be repaired at Silverton.

Wing trouble in the air forced a southbound air mail plane bound for Medford to the ground near the Cottage Farm, a few miles south of here, yesterday morning. The pilot was not identified. The plane took to the air again after a relief plane from the north had come to his assistance.

PUT ON YOUR SKATES

For a few days we are offering Roller Skates at
SPECIAL PRICES

in order to close the remainder of the stock. These skates are desirable for boys or girls, and afford wonderful recreation for the youngsters.

Buy Skates Now

Churchill Hardware Co.

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Firestone

GUM-DIPPED TIRES

On Your Car—

Mean Money in Your Pocket!



The man who uses Firestones knows that his tires are giving superior service and mileage with greater comfort and safety—that he is getting the most for his money.

Firestone prices are reasonable!

Now add to all this, the fact that when you buy these wonderful tires you are eligible for our complete service that goes with every Firestone Tire.

Come in!

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Rose and Oak Sts.

Phone 374

MOVED

**BUICK AUTOMOBILE
Sales Rooms and Offices**

I have 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.

**GROCERIES
THAT PLEASE
PHONE US!**

Every Need for Your Table

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

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