

# FLOUR

\$7.20, \$7.60, \$8.00

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—400 cedar posts. Box 47, Dillard.

FOR SALE—Old growth fir and 2nd growth fir. Phone 14F22.

FOR SALE—Two White Leghorn roosters, \$1.50 each. Phone 492-L.

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

FOR SALE—Good dog for small varmints, Frank Gorrell, Unquaga.

FOR SALE—4 brood sows, 120 lbs. each, \$18. John Vedder, Roberts Creek.

FOR SALE—Dry second growth fir, \$3 tier. Phone 14F33. H. J. Swift, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Big 2nd growth fir, \$3; alder stove wood, \$3.50. Melton Bros. Phone 14F16.

ONE GOOD saddle horse for sale. Inquire of Mr. Lystul, Star Service Station, Sutherlin, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock brood roosters, O. A. C. strain. C. P. Hooper, 1153 Harvard Ave., Roseburg.

PIANO BARGAIN—Located near Roseburg, high grade quality piano to be sold at once. Terms \$10 monthly. For particulars and how seen, write B. F. Hendrick, factory piano adjuster, 65 Front St., Portland.

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 fence.

MCLENDON REALTY COMPANY, CORNER OAK AND MAIN

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

FOR RENT—Nine-room house, close in, newly papered and painted inside throughout. Page 14r and Fuel Co. Phone 242.

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.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED 4 rooms and bath; plenty of furniture; wood or oil range. \$15 per month.

FURNISHED MODERN 4-room cottage; good location; large garden spot; garage; woodshed. \$20.

UNFURNISHED bungalow, combination living and dining room, kitchen with lots of built-ins, bedroom, bath; garage, paved drive and walks. \$15.

MCLENDON REALTY COMPANY, CORNER OAK AND MAIN

### WANTED

WANTED—Nice Burbank potatoes, \$2.25 per 100 lbs. A. E. Rutter, Rt. 2, Box 37-A, Phone 25F11, Roseburg.

FOR RENT—Farm of 36 acres; 100 prune trees, 50 apple trees, 200 young prune trees, 25 pear trees, and 50 acres of farm land, part of it irrigated. Eugene ranch, 6 miles from Myrtle Creek, on North Myrtle. Cash rent, \$200 per year. School house on place.

WANTED—Dressmaking. Phone 419-R, Guthridge.

WANTED—Woodcutters. Inquire at Tollman's Real Estate office.

WANT loan of \$200 for 6 months on chattel. Address Loan, care News-Review.

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

WANTED—Capable experienced local manager for one of leading direct selling hostelry companies, excellent opening. Give all details first letter. Manager, Durable Hostelry Corporation, 413 Stock Exchange Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO TRADE—24 touring for cows. Address F. C., News-Review.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 663 when in need of auto parts. Sarffs Auto Wrecking House.

TIME TO SPRAY—We are offering very attractive prices on Fairbanks Morse spray outfits. Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange.

WILL TRADE bungalow and two lots in city where payroll is \$300 monthly for local property, cows, hogs or sheep. P. O. Box 945, Roseburg.

TIRES

Kelly-

Springfield

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

Rose Garage

Phone 66

## THE Poultry Business Is Profitable and Safe

This climate is conceded to be one of the most favorable for poultry raising.

Either as a side line with your present interests or strictly as a commercial business by itself, all statistics show it to be safe and more certain as to results than most lines of business.

We will help you to build the necessary buildings.

Come in and talk it over while there is still time to get started this SPRING.

Coen Lumber Company

## The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

### The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton quits college, following a romance with Philip Eames, who disappears. Employed in a book store, 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, an old friend of her dead father. Rosemary is given the use of her luxurious apartment. 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. 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 cables she and Cuyler are married. Phil returns and begs Rosemary to marry him at once. She refuses, telling him she loves Whitney. Meeting Larry, Rosemary hears news of Whitney's death.

Now Go On With the Story.

CHAPTER 60.

Larry bit the end off a cigar. "You don't mind if I smoke?"

Rosemary watched him light it, watched the end glow redly, the white smoke rise. The blood trickled from the gouges in her palms, where her nails bit into them, and she wiped it away mechanically with her handkerchief. She felt no pain, only a great numbness in her body, and a great smoldering, as of fire, in her heart.

And all the while she waited, outwardly calm, for Larry's news of Sloan.

"Going to pieces, going to pieces," he said. "Her mind milled over the words—" and he thinks I dropped him—for that—"

"Well it isn't a long story," Larry said at last. "Just a case of a fellow blowing up. Wine, women and song. He's running a race with himself to see whether he can drink himself to death or throw his money away fastest."

He looked at Rosemary for some comment, but she didn't make any. She just sat there very quietly in the big chair, leaning forward a little, hanging on his words.

"Too bad, but it can't be helped," he said, shrugging his shoulders a little. "Lord, the scrapes that fellow has been in the last six months! Wrecked two cars in one week in Cincinnati. Fact! The first time it wasn't his fault—he went into a ditch to save hitting a kid, but the second time it was a telephone pole. Crazy drunk at the time!"

"The car was smashed to little pieces, but the fool got off with a few cuts and bruises. That kind of luck won't hold forever. Liable to run somebody down, too—he's never sober any more—and spend the rest of his days in the house-gow. That'll be the next thing."

Larry flicked the ash from his cigar and looked at his watch again. "That wife of mine is always late. Well, Rosemary, aside from that—what's the news?"

"And can't—can't somebody stop him?" she cried. "He might have done anything in the world. Larry—and he was so big and splendid."

"Yes, it's a damn shame. He had some great ideas for developing that land of his but all went to the wall. Too much money. I guess you know, he got it all in one big win right when he was down and out about that woman he married going off with another fellow. I didn't blame him much, hitting it up high at first, but when he got to making a swine of himself—"

"But I thought he lost a lot of money."

"I think he did—but he has a sweet lot to lose—more than he'll ever be able to spend, I guess. Too bad, too—worst thing in the world for that boy, falling into all that kale. You mark my words—he'll die with his shoes on."

"Surely there's someone to help him—somebody who cares, Larry."

Larry looked at her, a faint smile hovered at the corners of his lips. "Oh, there's plenty to care. He had a way with him, the blackguard. When even our boy Rosemary—"

"Did you try, Larry—couldn't you make him see?"

He sighed. "Well, you know how he is—pig-headed. Anyway, it's none of my affair. I've got troubles enough of my own. A wife that keeps me waiting hours for lunch, and a kid that's such a young devil we can't keep a nurse for him."

She put up her hands, as if to brush all that aside. All those inconsequential things—Ger-

mainie and Larry's lunch and Larry's child—what did they matter?

"You haven't told me where he is!"

"Mister Kane. Mister Kane. Mister Kane."

Larry sat up and waved a hand. "Here, boy! That's for me."

"Telephone call, sir!"

"That's Germainie, I'll bet. Just a minute, Rosemary—I'll be right back."

She grabbed at his coat. "You didn't tell me where he was."

"Who was? Oh, Whitney. Tell you later."

"Tell me now? She was breathing fast, holding with all her strength to his coat."

"Why Rosemary?"

"Tell me—tell me—"

"Well, he's here in town. Got an apartment over at the Drury Lane."

She dropped his coat. "Thanks, Larry—thanks."

"Hold on—wait till I get that call. I'll be right back. Rosemary—for God's sake—you keep out of this—do you hear me?"

She didn't seem to hear him. She walked straight out of the hotel without one backward look.

Larry watched her go. He took a few steps as if to follow her. Then he thought of Germainie, waiting impatiently on the wire.

"Well, I'm not her keeper," he said to himself. "If she's fool enough to go butting in where she isn't wanted, can't help it. I only hope she don't go and tell him I gave her the address."

Rosemary suddenly realized that she didn't know where the Drury Lane was. She went into a little hat shop. "Could you tell me where the Drury Lane Apartments are?"

"No, I don't believe I know," the saleswoman, a handsome blonde in severe black, looked at her curiously. Rosemary put her hand up to straighten her hat. She touched her forehead, damp with sweat.

"Wait a minute," the woman said. "I'll look in the phone book."

She went to the back of the store and came back in a moment with the book and held it open. "There you are."

"Thank you," Rosemary said, trying to smile.

"I ought to take a car," she thought, "but I'm too nervous; he's better to walk. And she walked on, getting weaker and weaker at every step."

"What if he won't see me? What if he laughs at me? What if he never loved me at all and doesn't know me!"

She clenched her hands till the wounded palms bled again, but she walked on, up and up the gently rising hill. Cars whizzed by, people passed. A taxi nearly ran her down at a crossing, but she didn't know. She only knew one thing—Sloan needed her—needed somebody—a friend.

"If I'd stuck by him when he first started going . . . going to pieces—"

"That must be the place, the big brick house with the court and the old-fashioned garden around it. She turned into the driveway, keeping her eyes fixed on the big white door. Her knees were shaking, she was sick and full of fear. Fear that he wouldn't be in—that he would be in—that he'd hate her—that he'd not love her again, as he used to do—"

"I'm such a coward," she moaned. "I'm such a coward!"

"Sloan Whitney, Apartment 12." She rang the bell. The auto-calling sweetness of the hyacinths in the garden came up to her in a little puff of wind. She glanced down at the garden, shimmering in the sweet spring sun. Like a garden . . . and only this morning she had said . . .

She pressed her cold hands to her throat and rang again. Again and again . . . no answer.

Another breath of scented wind. She looked back at the hyacinths, plump and pink, in rows. The

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fountain twinkled. The naked green baby with his dimpled fists full of water lilies seemed to giggle at her impishly from his place in the pond. He was laughing at her . . . as Sloan would laugh at her . . .

"Let the whole world laugh—I don't care!"

She tried the big white door. It was open.

Her little feet made no sound on the softly carpeted stairs. She didn't hesitate any longer. She rapped sharply on Apartment 12.

Very quickly the door opened. An old Japanese thrust his impassive face into the hall. "Nobody home today, good-by," he said.

Quick as a flash Rosemary's foot wedged itself into the closing crack. "I've got to see Mr. Whitney. Important. You understand?" she said.

He shook his head, smiling. "No, Mr. Whitney not home today."

Rosemary hesitated. She could come back. "When do you think he'll return?"

And then, from an inner room, came the sound of laughter, a woman's and a man's. A few tinkling notes on a piano, and then, high and clear as crystal, a woman's voice—

"Mi Chinamano Mimi—"

(Continued tomorrow)

White handmade axes are guaranteed to give good service. They are made thin so do not need so much grinding. See them at Whatnot Bros.

## STUDENT DEATH PACT IS CARRIED OUT IN WISCONSIN

(Associated Press Special Wire.)

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 24.—Twenty-year-old Casper W. Noe, medical student at the University of Wisconsin, shot and killed himself yesterday "to learn what is beyond the grave."

Noe's parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. Noe, returned from church to find their son's body across the bed, the father's revolver nearby. The youth took his own life a few hours after a long talk with two fraternity brothers, both profound students of psychology.

Noe spent his Christmas vacation with Joseph Moore, University of Illinois student who killed himself January 4, leaving a note that said he was "too tired to keep on living."

A weird pact which had for its purpose inter-communication between the living and the dead, had been agreed upon by a group of county officers said after reading students of whom Noe was one, notes left by the boy for his mother and for a fellow student, Robert Horton.

In the note to his father and mother, Noe asked them to tell Horton to "watch for a message."

TOWANDA, Pa.—Bradford county has had so few crimes that the regular session of the grand jury has been cancelled. Stuff jail sentences, instead of fines, are responsible.

## DON'T STARVE TO END FAT

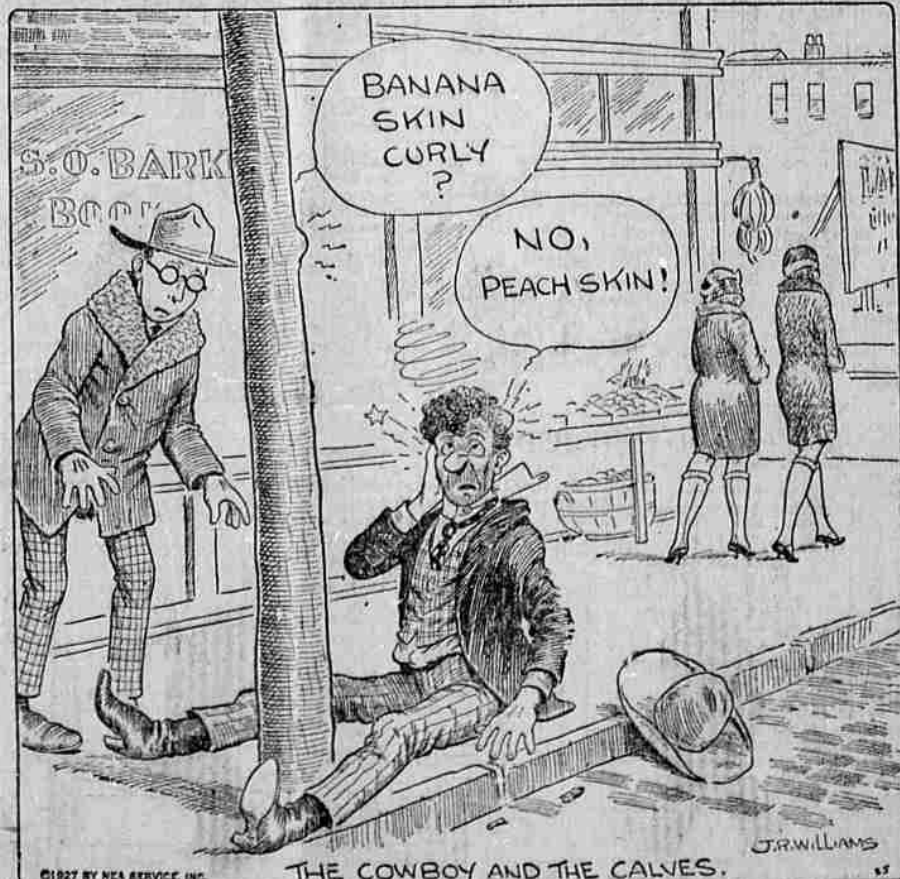
There is an easier way, used for 19 years. Millions of people know it. The result are seen in every circle. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, made to combat the cause of fat by correcting a gland weakness. The effects will surprise and delight you, and a booklet in each box tells you why they come.

All druggists supply Marmola at \$1 a box. Go try it now. Join those slender friends of yours who are glad they learned about it.

Secretary Oregon State Board of Control, Salem, Oregon.

By Williams

## OUT OUR WAY



THE COWBOY AND THE CALVES.

## 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.

The Ironmongers

## Douglas Funeral Home

Service of Sincerity

H. C. STEARNS, Funeral Director

Lady Assistant

Corner Pine and Lane Sts.

Phone 112



Travel to San Francisco

LOS ANGELES AND WAY POINTS

BY PICKWICK STAGE

23-Hour Service, Roseburg to San Francisco

—STOPOVER PRIVILEGE—

THREE SCHEDULES DAILY—LEAVING

TERMINAL HOTEL 4:10; P. M., 1:00 A. M.; 7:40 A. M.

One Way Fare to San Francisco \$14.75  
Round Trip to San Francisco \$29.10  
One Way to Los Angeles \$20.00  
Round Trip to Los Angeles \$40.00

One Day to San Francisco and Two Days to Los Angeles by Pickwick Rolling Chair Stages

THINKS—WE HANDLE FOR YOU—SEE US