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Liquid Lime Sulphur Spray, Chicken Fence, Brooders, etc.

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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—Hay, at Edenbower orchard tract. Phone 2673.

FOR SALE—Wicker baby buggy, 302 1/2 St.

FOR SALE—Fine artists' violin, \$45. P. O. Box 747, City.

FOR SALE—Partridge Rock eggs, \$1.50 per setting. H. L. Kruse, Oakland, Ore.

OXYDOL—is more economical than soap. For information phone 32714.

FOR SALE—Good young work horses. Valentine. Phone 1-1, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—Portable Sonora phonograph with records. Phone 445-Y.

FOR SALE—Wheel trailer, all new tires. Just the thing for hauling brocoli. Inquire at Peoples Supply Co. Market.

FOR SALE—Canary songster and cage, \$2.50. Also 36 Hollywood Leghorns; 3 young roosters, \$1 each. J. M. Clemmons, Box 23, West Edenbower.

WATER POWER—Cheapest of all for lights, power and heating. We can furnish water wheels, dynamos and hydraulic information for any size plant. Farm Bureau Exchange.

PIANO FOR SALE—\$500 Victor, fine shape, only \$275. \$10 down, \$8 monthly. Ott's Music Store, Roseburg.

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

PIANO FOR SALE CHEAP—Kingsbury piano, walnut finish, beautiful tone, only \$175; \$10 down, \$8 monthly. Ott's Music Store, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Late Fordson with plow and disc. This tractor has been used little, had excellent care. Looks and runs like new; compares well with a new outfit in price. Oscar Wacks, Ruckles, Oregon.

A HOME ON EASY TERMS—We have some excellent values in new and nearly new homes in good locations. Terms as low as \$100, balance like rent. See McLENDON REALTY COMPANY, CORNER OAK AND MAIN.

FOR SALE—Broccoli seed, home grown from Kruse strain, \$10. Butner late, \$12.50 per pound; cleaned and graded, light seed taken out. Also \$5 gallons of sorghum, heavy and good, \$1 per gallon. French Nichols, Rt. 1, Box 93, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—We have 6 trucks for sale, one heavy delivery and one light delivery.

1926 Ford truck, Rockwell, white cab, wood rack; been driven 700 miles. Total price, \$400.

1924 Ford truck, Warford transmission, cab and wood rack. Total price \$200.

1921 Nash, 2-ton. A snap!

1926 Chevrolet, good as new, \$800.

A three-quarter-ton Republic. Trade in your old car or truck. 12 months time extended. Used Car Exchange, 443 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Mortgages \$2200, first mortgage contract bearing 8 per cent interest, payable \$30 per month, secured by new 4-room modern bungalow, corner lot, Coquille, Ore. Will discount \$250 for cash. Also have a second mortgage of \$1200, bearing 8 per cent interest, payable \$25 a month, secured by 3 new semi-modern bungalows, subject to \$2500 straight mortgage, 3 years at 7 per cent. Houses rent for \$70 per month. Will discount \$200 for cash. Oregon Realty Co., Inc., North Bend, Ore.

FOR RENT

APARTMENTS—221 W. Washington St.

5-ROOM furnished house for rent. Inquire 800 S. Pine St.

TO RENT—Fur. apt., modern, new, close in. Call 212-J or 645-J.

FOR RENT—7-room house, 418 S. Main. Inquire at 479 S. Main.

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

FOR RENT—Modern 4-room furnished cottage, also 5-room unfurnished cottage. Inquire 541 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Nine-room house

close in, newly papered and painted inside throughout. Page Lbr. and Fuel Co. Phone 242.

WANTED

WANTED—School girl to work for room and board. Call 522-J.

WANTED—Dressmaking. Phone 419-R. Guthridge.

WANTED—Good milch cow, Guernsey preferred. Chas. Hughes, 1133 Harvard Ave.

MISCELLANEOUS

RADIO BATTERIES—Recharged 50c by Ken, the battery man at C. A. Lockwood Motor Co.

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

Did You Ever Stop to Think

By Edson R. Wette, Secretary of the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

That newspapers go into every home.

That they carry messages from the business concerns as to what they have in the way of service and goods.

That they make it possible for you to sit at home and select what you want in the way of service or goods of any kind.

That they keep you posted on prices and advise you of new goods arriving.

That merchants who have bargains advertise them for your benefit.

That this opportunity to save is before you. Keep posted; read the ads and buy where the best buys are.

The service given by the newspapers is what lifts the scattered homes and country communities out of isolation into daily contact with the world.

There will be no chance at the Wileman on account of smallpox, until further notice.

COMING

LARGEST SALE
ever held here in
Douglas County.
Watch for Further
Announcement,
Pilcher's

Chas. S. McElhinny
"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

Roseburg Steam
LAUNDRY KIDS

OUR
PRACTICAL
KNOWLEDGE

YES EXPERT LAUNDRY
WORK'S AN ART—
AND WE HAVE LEARNED
TO DO OUR PART!

Our practical knowledge
of the laundry business
enables us to turn out
work of surprising excel-
lence. Whenever you see
a well laundered, deli-
cate shirtwaist and fresh,
attractive table napery
you should think of this
laundry.

Roseburg Steam
Laundry
PHONE 79
Roseburg, Oregon

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 35.

The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton quits college, following a romance with Philip 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, 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 a poison dose at the desk of the 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 is given a clue that leads her to Whitney's apartment. She finds him drinking with Cecilia Lansing, a singer. Rosemary stays until Cecilia has gone and makes Whitney promise to give up drinking.

Now Go On With the Story.

Rosemary never knew how she got through the day. She took the slip of paper the woman in the typewriter agency gave her and found the address. She sat down at the desk and showed her and wrote some letters. When there was a momentary lull in the work she ran to the telephone.

"Garfield 2609." Mr. Whitney still asleep? He hasn't waked at all? You're sure he is all right? (her voice high and strained). "You're sure? All right."

"I'll call again."

Slow letters. Filled with meaningless phrases. "Yours of the 15th that received and contents noted. In reply would state..."

Funny how your fingers move, writing words, and the office clock ticks and you put the letters into envelopes and stamp and seal them, and all the while you aren't really there at all. Your mind is all at once worried about something else. Your heart like lead and still little black words jumping onto the white paper. "Assuring you of our appreciation, and trusting to be of further service..."

Words—little black words on white paper, and her heart crying, "Sloan—you'll keep your promise—you won't forget—I'll be there soon!"

And finally it was over. A crisp \$5 bill in her hand—money they only needed her the one day—

The old Japanese opened the door. "He still asleep."

"Why, he can't be! I never heard of such a thing!" Rosemary stood aghast.

"Gentlemen drinking very sleepy sometimes," he snickered.

"I'm going to see him!"

"I think it advisable not to!" He was laughing at her. Looking at her with beady black eyes, laughing, laughing.

She knew then.

She had come too late. She had stayed down town, working, and Sloan had fought his battle alone—and lost.

He was sitting in the big chair, with his feet on the table, his head thrown back, gazing fixedly at the ceiling.

"That you, darlin'?" He said thickly, without taking his eyes off the ceiling. "That's a sweet heart. Sing somethin'. Sing that lullaby—what's its name—la, la, la, la, la—you know—I'm sleepy."

"Sloan—"

His feet came off the table.

with elaborate care, and offered her a chair. "Little Rosemary, the most beautiful girl I ever knew. Lookin' even more beautiful than usual. This is indeed a pleasure. Let's see—I invited you to dinner, didn't I? You'll excuse me—memory kind of bad. Head—" He groaned, and slipped back into the chair. "God what a head. Ever had a head, Rosemary? Terrible thing, head."

"Sloan!" she cried in a breaking voice. "Oh, Sloan, how could you?"

He turned on her angrily. "How could I turn?"

"Break your promise. You gave me your word of honor last night. You promised me that you'd—"

He laughed, and snatched her to him. "What did I promise, sweet? Kiss me. Love me a little. See, I'm holding you tight. If I let you go now I'll be afraid. You shouldn't be—"

He was crushing her face in his kisses, brushing her lips with his kisses. "You're worth the whole lot of them. Funny, too—to think of your coming back to me. Shows you do care. I was a fool, I went away. But no more. You want me, too Rosemary—you do—you know you do—look at me! Tell me!"

She let him look into her eyes, dark with pain. She let him crush her to him, and cover her small, cold hands with his kisses. She wasn't angry. Just sick with pity and a terrible, gripping despair that tore at her, and twisted the heart within her.

"Sloan," she said huskily, looking up into his well-loved face, so thin and deep lined now, "why don't you tell me what happened? Don't you owe me—that much?"

"What do you mean?" He laughed uneasily. His shifting glance rested on the lacquer tray. "Because I—fell off the wagon?"

A tall necked bottle, a siphon, two crystal glasses on a red lacquer tray. Two glasses! Two! You didn't tell me what happened? Don't you owe me—that much?"

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ASTHMA

No cure for it, but welcome relief is often brought by

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

died as suddenly as it had come. "Oh, Sloan, don't do that! Do please. It's only the first little while that's hard. Get through one day—just one day—and the next day will be easier. See, I'll help. I'll stay with you. I'll hold tight to your hand—"

Her words died in her throat. "Don't stop!" she whispered pitifully—"please, please don't!"

He walked over to the table and poured himself a stiff drink. "Oh, can the camp meeting! Now listen. Get this straight! I don't need you or anybody else to keep me and help me sign the pledge. If I wanted to, I could quit now!"

"But I don't want to. Why should I?" A little liquor pleases me, and a little more pleases me a little more. Now, if that is understood we'll—"

"But you promised!"

"Oh, shut up." He picked up the bottle and poured a few drops into the glass, shaking it stupidly. "Empty!" He hurled it with all his strength across the room. It gouged into the woodwork and splintered into bits.

"Toki came running. 'What the devil do you mean, giving me an empty bottle, you yellow booze-hound!' Drinkin' up my good liquor!"

"I don't drink liquor," Toki returned with dignity, quite unruffled by Sloan's threatening fiat. "Miss Lansing and yourself—"

"Oh, go to hell. Bring some more!" Sloan bumped back into the chair and covered his face with shaking hands.

Miss Lansing... That was it! Then, if she could keep Miss Lansing away, stay with him herself, she might win yet!

She looked at him, shaking in his chair, his thin hands spread over his face.

"I can't leave him. I can't go away now! What do I care about my pride—what's that? What's pride, when you love?" Her arms went out to him, closed about his twitching shoulders. Her lips brushed his dark hair.

It was the sound of Cecilia's tinkling laughter that roused her. Cecilia stood in the doorway, a gay, silken shawl slipping off her bare white shoulders. And just behind her, with no laughter in his soft, chocolate eyes, was Hoffer, her operative coach. It was impossible to guess how long they had stood there—minutes perhaps.

"Oh!" Rosemary cried in a strangled sobbing voice that seemed to belong to somebody else, "when—when did you come in?"

"Soon enough!" Up, up, up, higher rose Cecilia's musical laughter. "Soon enough! Oh Hoffer—how can you keep your face straight?"

"Toki's snicker."

And then Sloan's voice, drawing. "Welcome! Just in time to join in prayer. Sister Rosemary will lead us." His laughter, ribald, drunken—

"And another little drink!" Cecilia started. Hoffer's tenor joined smoothly in, "Won't do us any harm!"

"Wow!" Sloan banged the table with the siphon. "Wow! Wow! Wow!"

Rosemary closed her eyes. This was the end.

(Continued tomorrow)

You will enjoy hearing G. R. Pollock at the Moose Hall Thursday, Feb. 3rd, 7:45 p. m.

SUIT FILED FOR WAGES

Suit has been brought in the circuit court by Edna G. Rausch against S. B. Crouch for wages, and other money claimed to be due. The entire amount claimed totals approximately \$1,500 and represents money alleged to be due on wages and on promissory notes. Mrs. Rausch is represented by Attorneys Gordon and Wimberly.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Jackie Coogan's Film, "The Rag Man," His Best Yet

Jackie Coogan's fourth contribution to Metro-Goldwyn production was presented yesterday at the Majestic Theatre when "The Rag Man" had its local premier before a large and enthusiastic audience. "The Rag Man" is the best Jackie Coogan offering that Metro-Goldwyn has thus far distributed, and this is said with no disparagement of the other presentations, "A Boy of Flanders," "Long Live the King" and "Little Robinson Crusoe." But "The Rag Man" is the best, or at least makes the most immediate hit because of the abundance of comedy episodes. These are touched up with a sufficiency of thrills and tears to give the story by Willard Mack authentic value. Yesterday's audience rejoiced and laughed and chuckled all the way through this charming story. The forward Jackie and the King and "Little Robinson Crusoe" burned down till Jackie, as little Tim Kelly, became the senior member of the firm of "Kelly and Glasberg," the largest dealers in high class junk in New York.