

MORE LIGHT For Long Nights

Take an inventory of your rooms and you will doubtless find a number of Electric Light Bulbs are missing, and as fall and winter nights are coming on, you'll find it mighty fine to have all lights in perfect condition for instant use.

The children and high school students will need the best of lights for their evening study and so we suggest that you come in and make your selections now.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Jersey cow. Phone 607-R.

FOR SALE—Oak block and stove wood. Phone 33F24.

CONCORD grapes 5c per lb. Leave orders at Stephens Street Store.

FOR SALE—Apple crop in orchard. Craven Ranch, Brockway.

TURKEYS for sale. Also some young ewes. Mrs. Schroeder, Wilbur, Ore.

SEED OATS with large percentage of vetch. S. W. Leake, Dixonville.

CANNING tomatoes, 50c per bushel. Inquire at Dillard Store, Stanford Buell.

CANNING tomatoes, 75c per bushel, bring boxes. S. Saulsberry, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FORD COUPE—Formerly owned by Carl Fust, now for sale at Hansen Chevrolet Co. Price \$350.

FOR SALE—50 tier 16-inch fir wood on truck road. \$1.50 per tier. Max Stewart, Dixonville, Ore. Phone 18F.

COOKING and eating apples for sale. Concord grapes 4c lb. At Orchard, Walter Singleton, E. Douglas, Phone 416-R.

FOR SALE—Puredred Poland China sow with 5 pigs and purebred sow bred to farrow in January. Registered Poland China boar from Thos. Brunk stock. R. L. Irving, Wilbur.

FARM FOR SALE—255 acres, 3 1/2 miles west of Drain, Ore., 90 to 100 acres under cultivation. 11 acres of prunes. Place well watered, fenced and cross fenced. Ideal for sheep, turkeys and prunes. Price \$10,000. Can give terms that will suit. Geo. L. Sealsmith, 1527 Terry Ave., Seattle, Washington.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Garage, near Rose hotel. 217 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Well furnished apt., ground floor. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, \$7 per month. See elevator man at Perkins Bldg.

FOR RENT—6-room house near Rose school. J. A. Denn, care Benn-Gerretsen Co.

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PHONE 58

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Soda Fountain

Gravenstein Apples

Tailman Sweet Apples

Concord Grapes

Melons.

BRAND'S

Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

GOOD CHEER

WELL LAUNDERED CLOTHES ARE FULL OF CHEER. ONE REASON YOU SHOULD SEND THEM HERE.

Properly laundered clothes are cheerful clothes. Send your garments here and they will come back to you in sweet, smiling condition. The prices we charge won't disturb your serenity.

Roseburg Steam Laundry

Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79

FOR RENT

9 Room House

2 Blocks from School \$25 per month.

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY 140 JACKSON STREET

FOR RENT SMALL APARTMENTS—Clean well furnished and in a good location. Call

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY 140 JACKSON STREET

FURNISHED COTTAGE Four Rooms Bath

Basement for Wood Small Rental

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY 140 JACKSON STREET

WANTED

WANTED—24-inch oak wood. Inquire 124 West Douglas.

WANTED—2 experienced driver men. Fred Fisher, Phone 26F3.

WANTED—Job making drums or work about drier. Phone 497.

WANTED—Work by high school girl. Fern Churchill, 527 S. Pine.

WANTED—Frame pickers. Bring camp equipment. J. S. Moore, Days Creek, Ore.

WANTED—2 prune pickers and one experienced drier man. Phone 15F15.

WANTED—Lady's riding saddle. Box 705, Roseburg, Ore., or phone 251-J.

WANTED—High school girl to work for room and board. Mrs. Roscoe Marsters, Wilbur, Ore.

WANTED to trade wood for a good used buzz saw complete. Must be cheap. D. G. Estelle, Rt. 2, Box 89-A.

WANTED—2 good fast cooks for fair week—wiro or phone collect at once. Hamm's Cafe, Myrtle Point, Ore.

WANTED—Hatching eggs from heavy breeds, Rocks, Reds and Jersey Giants. Roseburg Poultry Market, 501 North Jackson, Phone 279.

LOST

LOST—Small green drop ear ring. Finder please leave at Rose Confectionery.

MISCELLANEOUS

SEE PAT—Houses built, moved and repaired. Phone 57-1.

CITY AND FARM LOANS, BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. RICE & RICE, Licensed Bond Brokers.

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

LUCKY AFTERTHOUGHT

"We have been married twenty years today, John."

"Yes, for twenty years we have fought."

"What?"

"—life's battles together, Martha." —Pathfinder.

JUST ACCIDENT

"I quarreled with Meyer. I should have beaten him black and blue if I hadn't been prevented."

"Who prevented you?"

"Meyer." —Nabelsalter, Zurich.

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—when another car crowds you into an accident—when your car burns or is stolen.

But seeing red doesn't do much good when the damages are claimed—then you need

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Quine & Co.

Phone 108

Masonic Bldg.

The PENNY PRINCESS

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vera Cameron, the most efficient private secretary in the whole Peach Blossom Cosmetics Company, is made assistant to the new advertising manager, Jerry Macklyn.

When Vera presents herself to Macklyn he surveys her a bit critically and asks her to write a report of her experiences with the company's cosmetics so he can learn something about the products, and she is forced to admit that she has chastely refrained from anything but cleansing cream and powder.

Macklyn, amazed, has an inspiration. He tells her he will transform her into a beauty with the aid of Peach Blossom cosmetics, photograph her in every stage of the transformation and use her picture in the advertising.

Vera is furious and leaves his office, determined to resign. In the elevator she sees a man with whom she falls instantly in love. She hears him called Schuyler and learns he is going to Minnetonka Lake in June. She returns to Jerry, determined to undergo the transformation, to become beautiful and to take her own vacation in June at Lake Minnetonka.

Now go on with the story:

CHAPTER IV

"Hello! Back from lunch already? I was just going out for a bite myself," Jerry Macklyn burst out of his office and almost upstaged Vera Cameron.

"I was," Vera began to stammer, in the incredible relief that poured over her tortured nerves. "Oh, Mr. Macklyn, I'm sorry I flew out of the office in such a temper. It isn't like me, really it isn't. Won't you—won't you please forgive me?"

Jerry Macklyn stared at her a moment uncomprehendingly, then burst into a roar of genuine amusement. "Forgive you? Sure! I guess I wasn't very tactful. You see, I know what I want and I set out to get it, and sometimes I don't spend enough time on my approach, as the psychology shares put it. But I knew you'd be back—knew you'd change your mind soon as you had time to think it over. It's a swell idea, isn't it? I've been going over the ads Peach Blossom has been putting out, and they're lousy! Far as I can see, there's not a reason in the world why any woman should buy Peach Blossom instead of any other line of cosmetics—from the ads, I mean. Got to make them think we've got magic to sell."

"I hope we have!" Vera cried, in a voice so poignant with need that Jerry Macklyn's eyebrows shot up his forehead.

"What made you change your mind?" he demanded.

Vera's pale face flamed with color. The very suggestion that she should tell anyone in the world about the miracle that had happened to her—the miracle of falling in love with a stranger who had merely walked into the same elevator with her—made her head dizzy with horror.

"I—I want to be—a help to you," she began painfully, her hands twisting together.

"Oh, come clean, child!" Jerry Macklyn laughed at her. "I said if this Peach Blossom stuff is any good, or one-tenth as good as the company claims it is that I could make you into a beauty. And you want to be a beauty. That's it, isn't it? Sure it is! You're human, even if you do wear Y. W. C. A. shoes and long skirts. Say, what's the matter with your legs, anyway?" he asked anxiously. "I know they aren't skinny from the same's you show," and he cocked his flaming red head at the modest six inches of well-shaped calf that her unfashionably long skirt revealed.

"Mr. Macklyn!" Vera cried, stung to tears.

"Now, don't say 'How dare you, sir!' Jerry chuckled. "Good lord, child, don't carry a chip on your shoulder! There's absolutely nothing personal in all this. If I'm going to play Pygmalion and make a beauty out of you, I'll be hurting your feelings a dozen times a day. If you want to take it like that, be a good sport, won't you?"

He grinned at her with such ingratiating boyishness as he thrust out a hand and she capitulated, suddenly, gave him her hand, smiled at him, her rare, wide, sweet smile, that showed her perfect teeth and made her mouth an adorable and almost irresistible invitation.

"Whew!" Jerry Macklyn whistled, his whole face lighting up with amusement and pleasure. "Some smile! Those lips! Those teeth! That nose! Say, this isn't going to be half the job I thought it was. Take off your hat!" he commanded.

She lifted off her hat, and at a gesture from him followed him into his private office. He grinned at her over his shoulder as he turned the key in the lock.

"I'm not taking any chances on being interrupted for a few minutes," he chuckled, then his face went blank as he saw her face go rigid with fear and distaste.

"Say, Miss Cameron, what do you think I'm going to try to do? Get fresh with you? Judas Priest! The fervor with which he uttered his favorite exclamation made her logically angry, a fact which he refused to comment on. "You can trust me, Miss Cameron! I'll swear by all the prophets and sign a contract to that effect if you want me to, but for heaven's sake don't keep slowing up the works. Now—do as I tell you to, or the whole show's off. What say?"

Every instinct of Vera's repressed nature shuddered away from the indignities which she could sense that the future, if she agreed, held for her, but more powerful than instinct was this terrible need of hers—to make herself into the kind of girl that could attract and hold the love of a man like the stranger whom she had heard called "Schuyler."

She drew a deep, quivering

breath, spread her hands in a gesture of surrender. "I'll do anything you say, if you'll—keep your word and make a—a beauty of me."

"Good girl!" he applauded. "I can't guarantee results. That's largely up to Peach Blossom Cosmetics, but I've got a whole bag of tricks besides the beauty treatments. Clothes, carriage, manner, psychology—oh, girl, dear, I can make you so different your own mother wouldn't know you! Now—take down your hair! Remember—you said you'd do anything I told you!"

Her hands trembled as she drew the hairpins out of the flat braids that encircled her head twice. They fell below her waist, those braids, and she was proud of their extraordinary length.

"Unbraided!" he commanded her. "I want to get an idea of the real color and the texture of it. Here, I'll help you!"

She was glad then that he had locked the door, for his big fingers began to work at one braid while she, with the expertise of long practice, untwined the three strands of the other. When her hair hung free, she took a comb from her purse and ran it through the rippling mass that formed a cape about her shoulders.

"Pretty stuff, hanging like that!" Jerry Macklyn told her. "But a girl can't go around using her hair for a comb, and when it's all bundled up on her head it's just so much excess baggage. Now, off with the goggles! Can you see without them? And he lifted the horn bows of her spectacles from her ears.

"I can see perfectly without them, but I had headaches for a month two years ago and the oculist prescribed glasses," she began, closing her eyes for a moment to accustom them to the light, which the amber tint in the lenses minimized and changed. Then she opened her eyes wide and faced Jerry Macklyn.

"Judas Priest!" that amazing young man ejaculated fervently. "Why in the name of all that's holy didn't you tell me you had green eyes?"

"Why should I have told you I had green eyes?" Vera retorted angrily. "I can't help it if they're green."

"Help it! Why Judas Priest, child, you should be thanking God every night on your knees for those eyes of yours! Green! As green and clear and sparkling as sea water! A pair of emeralds set in your eyes and you trot out to an oculist and pay him good hard cash to cover them up for you with yellow glass! Oh, my sainted aunt! If I were a girl what I could do with a pair of eyes like those!"

"What would you do with them?" Vera twinkled the extravagantly praised eyes at him, let a shy dimple tug at the corner of her kissable mouth.

"Oh, I'll teach you, never you fear!" Jerry Macklyn's laugh rang out. "Here! Let me get an idea of what shape your head is under that cloak of hair!"

She stood quite still while he strained the heavy masses of her money brown hair back from her forehead and confined it tightly at

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Your Hard Luck, Bub



It Happens Quite Often



By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



It Happens Quite Often



We Agree With Sam



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



We Agree With Sam



We Agree With Sam



By Small



Roseburg Steam Laundry

Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79