Wear-Ever Windson 4-Quart

POT-ROAST KETTLE

$1.39

This is a regular $1.95 seller, but during the week of

Oct. 6 to 15

We are offering this special value. Every housewife will recognize the economy in using this pot-roast kettle in her kitchen.

A Genuine Wear-Ever Aluminum

COOKIE SHEET

98c

The handiest thing in the kitchen for baking biscuits, cakes, etc.

Special Oct. 6 to 15

Get yours during this special selling time and save a speck that you can use for other purchases.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store.

The PENNY PRINCESS

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by Anne Austin

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager for the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., transforms his secretary, Vera Cameron, a plain girl, into an astonishing beauty with the aid of the company cosmetics. Vera submits only because she wants to attract a man whom she saw but once but with whom she falls hopelessly in love. She hears him called Schuyler and that he is to be at Lake Minnetonka in late June. She resolves to spend her vacation at this fashionable resort and to see him again.

Vera's green eyes remind Jerry of an uncaptioned picture he has in his desk—a clipping of a beautiful woman who also has green eyes, and he asks the beauty specialist to refashion Vera, using this picture as a model. He supposes the woman in the picture to be an actress.

Just before she is to leave, Jerry confesses his love to Vera. He tells her he will spare her the humiliation of using her pictures in the advertising if she will give up the trip. She refuses, and Jerry gives her an envelope which she is to open only in case of a "jam." At the hotel Vee-Vee is much embarrassed to find herself mistaken for someone else. She is treated deferentially and the management goes out of its way to be attentive.

She meets Schuyler Smythe soon after her arrival. She learns from a Mrs. Bannister that Schuyler and Nan Fosdick, a big, athletic-looking girl, are probably engaged. Schuyler insists that he met Vera five years before in Palm Beach. Schuyler is ardently attentive, much to the jealousy of Nan Fosdick. When Vera and Schuyler leave the swimming pool ahead of the others, they are surprised by Nan Fosdick, who has angrily followed them.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

Vee-Vee's hands shook with cold and nervousness as she stripped off her wet bathing suit. A quick shower of lukewarm water made her feel quieter, more able to think connectedly. But oh, she didn't want to think! She wanted only to feel, to allow those delicious tremors of delight to shudder along her nerves. What had he said? She pretended not to remember, to search her mind, for the sake of the sharp joy of bringing his voice back to her: "Vee-Vee! That's—adorable! But it would have to be to suit you—"

"Was I too eager? Too forward?" she questioned herself anxiously, as she settled herself before her mirror.

As she dressed quickly, a little dismayed at the time she had lost in dreaming, she shivered a little with pity. That poor girl, with her little, glittering black eyes, like polished shoe buttons, her broad, thick mouth suddenly tight with pain. She loved him, too. And she had undoubtedly had reason to hope. Vee-Vee had been too recently plain and neglected of men to be able to forget now the pain of being passed by, of loving without return.

"But I'm not going to let maudlin pity for a rich girl cheat me out of my birthright," she told herself fiercely, as she slipped the dress she had chosen over her sleek, burnished head.

She had chosen the dress with all the cunningness of a woman who plans to fight without quarter. In it she knew she looked utterly feminine, distractingly pretty.

The others were waiting for her in the lounge. Schuyler Smythe immaculate and arrestingly handsome in white flannel trousers. John Bannister trying to look like a country gentleman in baggy tweeds that were funny; Mrs. Bannister in a blue silk sweater and white skirt; Nan Fosdick in a sleeveless white silk tennis frock, of the pattern made famous by Mlle. Lenglen. Against the blue-white of the silk her big, muscular arms and her broad face looked as brown as an Indian's. She had dabbed powder on her face—white powder—which had caked in the perspiration of her upper lip and on her low brown forehead. A pang of pity, unwanted, quickly scorned, tugged at Vee-Vee's heart, which had not yet learned to be ruthless.

"Mr. Bannister and I have our cars outside," Schuyler told her, his eyes alight with admiration. "Unfortunately mine is a roadster, or I could take the whole party. You are the most beautiful thing I ever looked at," he added in a voice too low for the others to hear, as he took her arm to guide her out of the lounge and down the half flight of steps to the main lobby.

"Sunday is a terrible day here," Mrs. Bannister began eagerly, as she seized her husband's arm and came trotting after Vee-Vee and Schuyler. "The week-enders do nothing but play golf, and they won't let us dance on Sunday night, so there is really nothing to do but to drive or go to Snyder's for tea. Where's Miss Fosdick? Hurry, dear!" she called to the girl who had lagged behind.

"I—I'm not coming!" Nan Fosdick stopped on the stairs and called out in a low, furious voice. She tore off her unbecoming white felt hat, twisted it between her hands.

Schuyler Smythe's hand closed tightly over Vee-Vee's arm before he turned to face the girl on the stairs.

"Not coming, Nan?" His voice was politely surprised and regretful. "Why?"

"Mother—wants me to play cribbage with her," Nan Fosdick answered desperately, raising her hand to hide the trembling of her chin.

Vee-Vee knew how she felt, knew that she wanted Schuyler Smythe to come bounding eagerly up those stairs, to whisper an ardent plea in her ear. He really ought to—but Vee-Vee hoped fiercely that he wouldn't. If Nan Fosdick stayed at the hotel, in a temper, she—Vee-Vee—could sit beside Schuyler, uncrowded by the big girl's bulk, could have his undivided attention on the long drive to Snyder's roadhouse.

"Awfully sorry, Nan. You ought to discipline your mother better than that, or teach her to play solitaire," Schuyler said, with casual sympathy.

The Bannisters drove away first in their coupe, Mrs. Bannister leaning out of a lowered window to wave a gay farewell:

"We'll look for you when we see you coming!"

Vee-Vee felt herself blushing, began to make a hasty comment on the roadster which Schuyler was helping her into, his fingers pressing thrillingly upon her elbow.

"Oh, it must look rather commonplace to you, after the foreign cars you've driven," he answered, and regret stirred faintly under her joy, that he should belittle anything of his to her. It wasn't very good taste—but she pushed the traitor thought back, smiled at him, a cool flicker of light in her clear green eyes. But—what did he mean by referring to foreign cars that she had driven? The person that she was unintentionally impersonating must have great wealth, have lived abroad—

For the first few minutes of the drive to which she had looked forward with so much eagerness Vee-Vee could not give herself over to pure enjoyment. Questions tormented her, and she could not get Nan Fosdick's angry, sullen face, with its bitterly twisted mouth, out of her mind.

"I know what you're thinking," Schuyler surprised her by cutting in on her miserable thoughts. "That impossible little Mrs. Bannister has been gossiping, I see. What did she tell you?"

"Hundreds of things," Vee-Vee laughed, but her voice was strained. "The lake drive is lovely, isn't it?" she added.

The dark green roadster was gliding swiftly along a narrow road that now hugged the lake front. The fresh, sweet odor of growing things made her nostrils quiver with delight. A squirrel flashed across her path.

"If she told you that I am engaged to be married to Nan Fosdick, she lied," Schuyler Smythe said. "I've been nice to the child, because she seemed to be having such a beastly unpleasant time of it with that old warhorse of a mother."

"She's in love with you!" Vee-Vee cried impulsively, then could have bitten her tongue.

"I'm sorry!" Schuyler said grimly. "That is, I'm sorry if it is true. I—hope it isn't. But, oh Vee-Vee, we mustn't spoil this first precious hour alone together by talking of Nan Fosdick or anyone else." He swerved the car suddenly into a road that was scarcely more than a path. A quick twist of his fingers upon the ignition key, shut off the engine. His dark eyes turned upon her, a little fearful of his daring, but glowing with a fire that kindled her own blood.

"Aren't you—presuming—rather a great deal?" Vee-Vee asked jerkily, a strange fear of having this thing hurried too fast clutching at her heart. Men flirted with girls whom they considered "easy." Maybe she had let him see too much—Aunt Flora had said—But she could not remember what her aunt had said—she could not remember anything with his face close to hers, his eyes on fire like that—

"Presuming? My God!" Schuyler groaned, his hand clenching and unclenching on the steering wheel. "But of course you can't know — all these years — five years—"

"What do you mean?" Vee-Vee gasped. "I don't understand!"

"Of course you wouldn't. It It didn't mean everything to you—but it meant everything to me. Why, Vee-Vee, you danced with me! I held you in my arms, could have touched your glorious hair. It was longer then, a mop of copper-red curls that lay like autumn leaves against your adorable white forehead. Don't you remember? I told you then that I would never forget, and you laughed at me, went on to your next partner. But—I haven't forgotten—all these years. See! I've carried your picture. It was just a snapshot that they printed in the papers. It was just that there were so many who wanted you—rich, a beauty—" He was fumbling in his breast pocket, drew out a flat hand tooled brown leather pocketbook. "See? I clipped it from the Sunday paper, have carried it ever since."

Vee-Vee took the limp clipping, her eyes searching first for a bit of type which would give her a clue to the girl's identity. But there was no caption to the picture; Schuyler Smythe had not needed to be reminded of who she was. It was a picture of a laughing girl, with wind-tossed short curls, a tennis racket in her right hand, a skirt that looked funny now because it was so long, whipping about her beautifully shaped ankles. The girl in the picture undoubtedly resembled Vee-Vee, might have been Vee-Vee of five years before, if that Vee-Vee had had a long, curly bob and had not worn disfiguring glasses.

Schuyler Smythe took the picture from her lax hands and pressed it against his lips. A sharp stab of jealousy shot through her heart. He loved that mysterious other girl whom he had met five years ago. It was not Vee-Vee Cameron at all that he loved. She was an imposter, an unwilling imposter, warming her hands at a fire that had been lighted five years before and tended by a romantic idealist.

As Schuyler Smythe was fumbling with his pocketbook to restore the snapshot to its proper place a letter dropped out, fell to the floor of the car. Vee-Vee's eyes, following its course mechanically, widened with bewildered surprise as they took in the address.

(To Be Continued)

Events become more complicated than ever. How long before Vee-Vee will realize she is playing a dangerous game?

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Mad again—to unload fencing. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint fencing, 35c per rod. Also stock of new style Page fencing. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

UMATILLA TEACHERS MEET

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PENDLETON, Ore., Oct. 6.—Teachers of Umatilla county will convene here tomorrow and Friday in a two day institute with prominent educators listed for talks on scholastic matter.

Vapors stop Colds

ONLY *vapors* can reach colds *direct*. That's why Vicks brings such quick relief.

When rubbed on at bedtime it is vaporized by the body heat and breathed right into the air passages.

At the same time, like a poultice, it "draws out" the soreness.

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

TELLS PRINCE OF WALES TO MOVE ON

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

FOLKSTONE, England, Oct. 6. A Folkstone official is just recovering from the shock of unwittingly asking the Prince of Wales to move on. A young man in an overcoat and wearing his cap at a jaunty angle drove up to the harbor quay the other day just before the arrival of the steamer from Bologne. When he strolled past the barrier where passports are examined, the official went up to him and asked:

"Are you a visitor?"

"Yes," the young man replied.

"Then I'll have to ask you to go to the other side of the barrier," the official ordered.

"All right," the visitor replied, and walked away.

A minute later another official recognized the young man as the heir to the throne and hurriedly escorted him inside the barrier from which he had just been ejected.

NOTICE

After this date, I will not be responsible for debts contracted by my wife, Barbara E. Downey. Dated Oct. 4, 1927.

G. B. DOWNEY, Azalea, Ore

Fencing. Copper bearing, open hearth steel, galvannealed rust resisting wire gives Red Strand fencing two or three times longer life. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint, 35c per rod at Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

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FOR SALE—Ewes, $10 and $12. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Gray oats and good baled hay. D. C. McGhehey. Phone 5F13.

FOR SALE—1 good work mare, or will trade for sheep and goats. J. A. Bloomberg, Melrose, Ore.

SHEEP FOR SALE—15 head good breeding ewes. Roy Medley, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Nine extra good shoats, 130 lbs. Chas. Smith, Camas Valley, Ore.

FOR SALE—At closing out prices, rabbit feeders and water jars. Goettel's Variety Store.

FOR SALE—Angora bucks, non-shedding strain. W. G. Paul, S. Deer Creek.

FOR SALE—Vetch and oats, strong vetch mixture, clean 3c. A. F. Stearns, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Modern 6 or 7-room house. Inquire 114 N. Flint St.

FURNITURE of 4-room bungalow for sale, as a whole or by the piece. First quality at sacrifice prices. Also Victrola and large ice box. Apply 224 Blakeley St., or phone 548-R.

A SACRIFICE SALE—1919 model Savage, .22 cal. N. R. A. equipped for finest target work, with Lyman micrometer peep sight with windguage adjustment. Price $17.50. Umpqua Trading Post.

OAKLAND OIL COMPANY STOCK. Have considerable block of stock of Oakland Oil company for sale at a discount. Make a cash offer for any amount you desire in blocks of 100 shares Post office Box 947, Roseburg, Ore.

3 ACRES SUBURBAN

Good land; excellent 8-room house reconditioned throughout. Just 1½ miles from Roseburg on macadam road. The price is $2500; $500 cash will handle; your own terms on balance.

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY, 140 JACKSON STREET

16-ACRE SUBURBAN HOME—Comfortable, good as new, 8-room house, cement basement, furnace, city water, electric lights; 8 acres walnuts, cherries, prunes, pears; balance field land suitable for hay, grain or fruit; large barn, commercial poultry house. Just 5 miles from Roseburg on good rocked road. The price for this ten thousand dollar home reduced to six thousand. Fifteen hundred cash, balance long time.

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY, 140 JACKSON STREET

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COMPETENT woman wants work. Write or call evenings, 714 Thompson St.

WANTED—100 to 150 sheep to take on shares. Wiley Bros., Box 2, Camas Valley, Ore.

FOR RENT—9-room house close to school and post office. Also 8-room house close in. One 4-room furnished house at $10.

McLENDON REALTY COMPANY, 140 JACKSON STREET

FOR RENT

160 ACRES for cash rent. V. Preschern, Melrose.

FOR RENT—Apartments. Downtown, new modern, reasonable. Call 645-J.

FOR RENT—Furnished, heated apartments. Inquire 124 W. Douglas St.

FOR RENT—10 acres on river bottom, free soil. 2 miles from post office. Rent for $100 per year. Call at 402 West Lane St.

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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.

TO TRADE—$6000 income Kelso, Wn., property for land or ranch suitable for sheep and turkeys. Address S. F. O., this paper.

TO EXCHANGE—Nice 6-room modern house in Eugene, near university, for Roseburg property. J. M. Judd.

LOST

LOST—Party who took purple silk umbrella off of counter at Penney's Store by mistake please return to News-Review. This is prized as a gift and would appreciate its return.

Fencing. Full guage wire lasts longer, Red Strand fencing is never under guage. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint, 35c per rod at Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

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Winter Apples

Now is the time to buy them. They will not be as plentiful as last year, but they are very fine. Buy them by the box.

We have the most extensive fruit market on the Pacific highway between Canada and San Francisco.

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Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

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The high character of our work and our low prices have combined to bring us our business reward. Folks know that our work is first class and that we are thoroughly dependable.

Roseburg Steam Laundry

Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — A Dark Outlook — By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — A Big Joke to Them — By Blosser

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT OSCAR'S GONNA RACE HIS DONK WITH TAG'S 'LINDY', CAN YOU?
NO-BUT JAY TOL' ME THAT THEY EVEN SET TH' DAY TO HAVE TH' RACE!
CERTAINY OSSIE DOESN'T THINK HIS CLARA CAN RUN FASTER THAN TAG'S PONY!!
WHY, TAG'S PONY CAN WALK AWAY FROM OSSIE- UP HERE HE IS NOW- WE'LL ASK HIM!
SAY, IS IT SO THAT YOU AN TAG ARE GONNA HAVE A RACE NEX WEEK?
WHY, SURE! AN' I'M GONNA BEAT HIM SO BAD HE WONT KNOW HE WUZ RACIN' ME!
HAA HAA HA HA H