

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.

CLASSIFIED SECTION
ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Ewes, \$15 and \$12. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

A FIRE of Pages' coal is the thing for these damp, chilly days.

FOR SALE—100 head ewes, from 1 to 4 yrs. old. Inquire at 835 Winchester St.

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

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

LOTS of Concord grapes for juice and jelly, 5c per lb. Mrs. P. E. Weaver, Phone 9F2.

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

FOR SALE—One lot, 6-room house, warehouse, private garage, on the Pacific highway. E. P. Thiel, Yoncalla, Oregon.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—2 furnished houses, close in. Phone 415-R.

FOR RENT—Downstairs apartment, private bath, garage. 428 Pitzer.

TO RENT—Modern flat, close in. Inquire Kidder's Shoe Store.

FOR RENT—40-acre farm, all under cultivation. Address A. P. B. care News-Review.

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

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Barff's Auto Wrecking House.

PHILOSOPHER RIDES
MARE OVER OLD TRAIL

WANTED

WANTED—4 or 5 old horses. Call 637-J, Roseburg Fox Farm.

WANTED—High school girl to share rooms. 230 South Rose St.

WANTED—15 head Shropshire ewes, between 2 and 4 years old. E. A. Weaver, Phone 5F24.

WANTED TO RENT—Furnished ranch or will work by the month or year on ranch. Walter Hick-bottom, Umpqua, Ore.

Mrs. Charles Heinline
TEACHER OF
Piano, Harmony and Theory
Suite 1, Kohlhagen Bldg.
Phone 390

Moore Music Studio
Rooms 2 and 3 above
Ladies Shoppe.
Studio Phone 502
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CHIROPRACTORS
Drugless Health Center
"Complete Health Service"
SULPHUR VAPOR BATHS
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Just As Good As New

That's the way your clothing looks after we clean and press it. Phone us and our auto will call.

Imperial
CLEANERS
PHONE 277

Send it to Master and Over Dryer and Cleaner

BRAND'S ROAD STAND
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.

Jonathans Bosc Pears
Spitzenbergs Comice
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Grapes

BRAND'S
Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

Lucile M. Sappington
Dunning System Improved
Music Study
Piano Kindergarten
Parish House—214 Cass St.
For information and terms
Phone 320-J or 255-R

Kohlhagen Apartments
Furnished apartments, modern in every way.
Within one block of business center of city. Reasonable Rates.
PHONE 58

WANTED!

Fruit growers to see me before you dispose of your fruit for this season.

O. T. WHITMAN
Churchill Cannery

BEAUTY STUDIO
All Patrons are assured of very best services.

Marinello Scalp Treatments and Facials.
WATER WAVING
FINGER WAVING
MANICURING
DYEING AND BLEACHING

Half Switches and Transformations made to order.

Beauty Studio
ALLISON & CHANEY
Operators
Roseburg National Bank Bldg
Upstairs

The PENNY PRINCESS
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vera Cameron, plain but efficient private secretary, agrees to let Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager for the Peach Bloom Cosmetic Co., transform her into a beauty, after she falls instantly in love with a man who ignores her. Jerry proposes to publish her photographs in advertising booklets.

In refashioning her, the beauty specialist uses a picture which Jerry finds in his desk.

Vera is so beautiful after the change that Jerry falls in love with her. His love persists even after Vera's aunt, Flora Cartwright, tells Jerry that Vera is to spend her vacation at Lake Minnetonka because she hopes to meet there the man she is in love with.

At the summer hotel, Vera is mistaken for someone else and is of her true identity. She finds that her true identity, she finds that the man she is in love with, tells her he met her five years before at Palm Beach. She attempts to convince him and the other guests her true identity. She finds Frank and continued denial difficult, and continued denial difficult. Schuyler is devotedly attentive to Vera, much to the jealousy of Nan Fossick, whom, rumor says, he had intended to marry for her money.

In her room, Vera opens a letter which Jerry gave her before she left. From it, she learns that he fears she will be mistaken for a Vivian Crandall, who is in the midst of a matrimonial mixup. The clipping he enclosed tells of wealth, marriage to a Russian prince, divorce, disappearance. Jerry warns Vera-Not to try to play "princess incognito." Vera, for some unknown reason, tucks the letter beneath her blouse, but puts the pictures and clippings in the drawer. As she goes down to see Schuyler for dinner, she says to herself that she fears she will disobey Jerry's advice.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XX

During the following two days Vera Victoria Cameron, whom every guest at the hotel believed to be Vivian Crandall, an ex-princess, was so busy being "wooed" by Schuyler Smythe and practically every other unmarried male at the big resort hotel that she had little time to worry about the consequences of her recklessness in not advising Jerry by wire that the situation which he had predicted in his letter had actually come to pass.

Not once did she admit, in words, that she was Vivian Crandall, but she frequently shrugged her shoulders and quirked that fascinating right eyebrow of hers, when inquirers were busy trying to worm an admission out of her, in a way that said more plainly than words: "Oh, have I your own way. But I'm not telling!"

She was clever enough to know that her amazing popularity was not making it all that these well-to-do, handsome, eligible young vacationers were not paying court to.

a slightly bitter twist of her mouth. No wonder the real Vivian Crandall had a pathos of distinction and bitterness over the exquisite loveliness of her face.

"They say," Vee-Vee overheard a girl confiding to a young man in the concealing darkness of a June night, "that this Schuyler Smythe is the lover she divorced the prince for. And they say he hasn't a penny. Is just a parasite that she has to support. But of course, with 40 millions, she can buy any sheik she wants. And heaven knows he's good-looking—oh, quit, Rodney! Don't glare at me like that, darling! Of course I'm not in love with him, you silly boy."

Schuyler Smythe was with Vee-Vee at the time, and she felt his arm flexing into a battering ram of tensed muscles.

She walked slowly away, down a flower-bordered path, the heavy fragrance of the blooms like the faint odor of death in her quivering nostrils.

"Who is the man they're talking about—the lover who divorced Prince Ivan for?" Schuyler's breath was hot on her neck as he drew close to her. "I haven't dared ask you before—you have a genius for discouraging questions and I wanted to forget that there is supposed to be another man—but who is he, Vee-Vee? God! I can't stand this much longer! You let me come just so close and no closer. Why, you haven't even let me kiss you yet! But—I'm going to now!"

His arms, which had been upraised in a gesture of impotent despair, fell heavily upon her shoulders, gripped her like cables of steel and strained away from him, but his body bent with hers, so that her slender waist seemed about to be broken.

"Not yet, Schuyler! Not yet!" she pleaded, though her body trembled with desire for the pressure of his mouth upon hers. She laughed, without sense or intention, a low, rich, shaken chuckle of mirth, which purchased her release.

"You're laughing at me! I might have known you weren't taking me seriously. You, that could marry any man in the world you want—"

His voice was broken, came in whistling gasps over his dry parted lips, but his arms had relaxed.

"You're jealous, Schuyler?" she asked softly. She had to say so, a thing, though her mind was whirling with chaotic thoughts. Why had she not let him kiss her when she wanted his kiss so much. Her reason was not a reason at all, but an instinct of decency that could not be drowned in passion. When she kissed her it would be Vera Victoria Cameron that he kissed, not an unwilling impostor.

"Am I jealous? Oh, God! Jealous! I'm eaten up with it, Vee-Vee! I can't sleep, I can't eat—When I think of you in that damned Russian's arms, I nearly go crazy. But when I think of you, hiding here to save yourself from the man they say was your lover in Paris—"

"Hush!" she commanded him sharply. "There was no lover in Paris. Tell me, Schuyler, would you rather I had never been married, that I was a girl?" she added softly. "Oh, if she could only tell him the truth, so that he would believe her and yet not hate her for having taken that other woman's place—"

"I wouldn't have you changed," he said ardently, reaching toward her again. "If it took all that is just to make you the woman that you are today, I am a fool to be jealous of that past. But I hate him for having made you suffer. Oh, Vee-Vee, don't hold me off any longer! Let me love you, let me make you happy. I'll make up to you for all that you have suffered. I love you! Can't you love me? I'm not a conceited puppy, but I would not have dared hope Sunday, when you came walking into my life again, if there hadn't been something in your eyes that gave me permission to hope—Vee-Vee! Tell me—"

There is no knowing what she might have done then, with his low musical voice pulsing her ears and making her nerves vibrate with joy, if they had not been interrupted.

The interruption could not have been more startling. It was a laugh a hoarse feminine laugh that rose high on a crescendo of pain and shattered on a sob. A girl's tall, big body crashed through the hedge beside which Schuyler and Vee-Vee had been standing, ran a blind zigzag course up the path.

"Nan!" Schuyler called out involuntarily. "Oh, damn that girl!"

He flung out his hands in a gesture of helpless rage.

"I'm going back to the hotel, Schuyler," Vee-Vee told him in an even, emotionless voice. "Please don't come with me. I want to be alone."

"I swear that I owe her nothing—"

"Please! It isn't just that. I want to be alone to think," Vee-Vee told him and walked rapidly away.

She wanted to forget that he had, indeed, laughed ending on a terrible sob, to think only of her own problems. But she could not forget. She found herself murmuring, "Poor Nan! Oh, the poor thing!"

She had a curious sympathy for the jealousy which racked the other girl. For was not she herself racked with jealousy of that woman she had never seen—the woman with whom Schuyler Smythe was really in love?

"Oh, poor Nan!" Why couldn't she accept the defeated girl's plan as a part of the tortures of the love war? A suspicion that she had crushed down repeatedly but which could not die ceased its ugly head, writhed through her troubled thoughts like a poison-fanged serpent. Mrs. Bannister had hinted that Schuyler had been about to marry Nan Fossick for her money. What was that ugly phrase she had added—"if it is luck!" Why should there be any question of Nan Fossick's being lucky to land a man like Schuyler Smythe? And that girl whom she had overheard gossiping about her tonight had said, "They say he hasn't a penny—"

"What if he was poor? Wasn't she herself dependent upon her salary as a private secretary? But

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Special WADE DRAG SAW
\$130.00

Plows, Discs, Harrows
Flour, Seed, Feed
Our prices are right

See Us First—We Can Save You Money

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR
ROSEBURG FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. OAKLAND
Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

COLDS
of head or chest are more easily treated externally with—

VICKS VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

the rossier had been referring to Vivian Crandall's reputed lover, for whom she had divorced the prince.

A party in the lobby coated and hatted for a late drive along the lake shore, tried to persuade her to join them, but also escaped, going directly to her room. She was warily raising her arms to remove her evening dress when a sharp tattoo beat upon the door, an insistent summons which said that the knocker would not be denied. Fear leaped to her throat as she smoothed her dress and went on cold, jelly feet to the door.

(To be Continued)

INDIAN MARATHON AN ANNUAL EVENT

(Associated Press Special Wire)

SANTA ROSA, Calif., Oct. 8.—After selecting all officers, the seventh annual meeting of the Redwood Empire association concluded its sessions with a banquet here last night.

Outstanding in the recommendations was a demand that the Redwood Empire's marathon, run last summer from San Francisco to Grants Pass, Oregon, be made an annual international event. A first prize of \$10,000 and at least \$5,000 in additional prizes were favored.

Directors appointed to serve as chairman of the advisory boards of ten counties in the empire included: Edward Morris, Mendocino county; and H. D. Norton, Josephine county, Oregon.

Arundel piano tuner. Phone 183-L

Feminine Charm Disappears When

the nose has an ugly shine. Keep the skin looking like a peach with this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called MELLO-GLO. Stays on indefinitely—so pure and fine—prevents large pores—keeps your skin youthful. Get this new wonderful Face Powder MELLO-GLO at the toilet counter today. Nathan Fullerton, druggist.

By Martin

Not Interested, But—

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW GIRL WHO'S MOVED IN NEXT DOOR TO YOU, SHORTY?

NEW GIRL? WHY, NO—

NAME'S BABE! AN' SHE'S AN' EYEFUL! TOO—BELIEVE ME!

REALLY?

AW, YOU NEEDN'T ACT SO DIS-INTERESTED—WANT'LL YOU SEE HER—

LISTEN—IT'S NOTHIN' IN MY YOUNG LIFE IF A NEW GIRL HAS MOVED IN NEXT DOOR—WHAT DIFFERENCE COULD IT MAKE TO ME?

IT DOESN'T INTEREST ME IN THE LEAST—WHAT DOES SHE LOOK LIKE?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

THE BOYS ARE GETTING NERVOUS ABOUT THE RACE TO BE HELD WEDNESDAY BETWEEN OSCAR'S DONK, CLARA AND TAG'S POISY 'LINDY'—

SO FAR THE DONK HAS SHOWN A LOT MORE SPEED THAN TAG'S POISY!

???

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

SAY! ALEX WAS TELLING US THAT OSCAR'S DONK CAN RUN FASTER AS ANYTHING—YOU GO AN' TRY AN' FIND OUT FROM OSCAR WHAT HE DOES TO MAKE HIS DONK RUN SO FAST!

I'LL JUST HUNT AROUND, AHH?

OVER THERE HE IS NOW FEEDIN' HIS DONK GRASS—I'LL TELL HIM WHAT A NICE DONK HIS CLARA IS AN' ALL THAT—I'LL TELL ME IF HE TELLS ANYBODY!

The Mystery

GEE—YOU CERTAINLY GOT A NICE DONK, OSSIE! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'D BEAT TAG'S LINDY! TELL ME HOW YOU MAKE YOUR DONK GO SO FAST ANYWAY!

YOU WANT TO KNOW? IT'S A SECRET!

AS IF I'D TELL HIM AN' SPOIL EVERYTHING—HOW-DAH—JUST THINK I'M DUMB!!

By Blosser

JUST WHERE DO YOU GIRLS SKATE MOST WHILE YOU'RE LEARNING?

THEY SAY ROLLER SKATING IS SO HEALTHY—

YEH—TH' BE ON DISPLAY THIS WEEK.

YEH—I GUESS SO—AN' BY TH' WAY—

SALESMAN SAM

GIRLS ARE GETTING UP A ROLLER SKATING CLUB, AND I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE GIVING A NOVELTY PRIZE TO THE BEST CUSTOMER, SO I THOUGHT I'D BUY MY SKATES HERE!

YEH—TH' BE ON DISPLAY THIS WEEK.

THEY SAY ROLLER SKATING IS SO HEALTHY—

YEH—I GUESS SO—AN' BY TH' WAY—

Information Wanted

JUST WHERE DO YOU GIRLS SKATE MOST WHILE YOU'RE LEARNING?

THEY SAY ROLLER SKATING IS SO HEALTHY—

YEH—TH' BE ON DISPLAY THIS WEEK.

YEH—I GUESS SO—AN' BY TH' WAY—

By Small

WICKY