

Factory Shipment Chicken House Supplies

We have just received a large stock of all needed supplies for your poultry yards, and are quoting a few prices.

No. 29—Bottom Fill Fountains.....	55c
No. 4—Top Fill Fountains.....	\$3.25
Star Fountains.....	10c
Round Feeders.....	25c
No. 58—Trough Feeders.....	25c
No. 60—Trough Feeders.....	65c
No. 137—Buttermilk Feeders.....	30c
No. 138—Buttermilk Feeders.....	45c

There are many other necessary articles in the stock that you will find useful and economical in your poultry yards, such as Celluloid Rings, Aluminum Bands, etc. Come in and get prices on anything needed in your work.

Churchill Hardware Co.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

VIAVI for men, women and children. Phone 1872. Mrs. Smith.

FOR SALE—2 fresh cows, 5 miles E. of Dixonville. Phone 34715.

FOR SALE—1 purchased Bronze tom. R. B. Spackman, Dillard.

H. P. STOVER engine with pump jack at a bargain. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Black Jersey Giant cockerels. Phone 2575. M. B. Green.

AMERICAN FENCE—Another carload has arrived at Wharton Bros.

PURBRED Rhode Island eggs for hatching, \$4 per hundred. Phone 5714.

FOR SALE—1200 lb. mare, \$15, good anywhere. W. F. Hodson, Sutherlin, Ore., Rt. 1.

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned second growth red fir block, \$3.00 per tier, load of 2 1/2 yds, \$7.00. Phone 10723.

USED POWER Sprayers \$75 up. Come and look over our used sprayers. Farm Bureau Exchange.

DRY LIME sulphur and free emulsion oil spray are hard to beat. Place your order now. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Electric incubator, almost new. Capacity 500 eggs. Also 3-burner oil stove, good condition. Phone 26721.

FOR SALE—3 dozen Rhode Island Red pullets, \$1 each. If taken at once. Also female thoroughbred Fox Terrier, J. E. Cooper, Oakland. Phone 7724.

LUMBER—All kinds, \$10 per M. Bills sawn to order; sawwood \$2 per cord; edgings free. 3 miles south of Sutherlin, Ore. Highway Lbr. Co.

BROCCOLI SEED—Ashby's imported is now ready for delivery. Order early as supply is very limited. Mrs. Ashby, Apt. 6, over Rose Confectionery.

FOR SALE—Modern 5-room house on paved street, garage and woodshed, \$1200, \$200 down and balance \$10 per month, with interest at 6 per cent. Phone 43214.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor, tandem disc orchard cultivator; 2 cows; 1 heifer, fresh about Feb. 1st; 1 hay rake; posts and shakes. Paul G. Freeman, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—11 acres near Sutherlin, 2 acres Bartlett pears, full bearing other fruit; good modern residence; barn, large poultry house. No reasonable offer refused. R. N. Pickens, Sutherlin, Ore.

LAND SETTLERS
We solicit your investigation of our select holdings in farm and other investment opportunities. No cost or obligation for this service.
McLendon Realty Co.
140 Jackson St.

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—Ladies not to forget to take lunch at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WAITRESSES—Experienced in hotel dining room. Send your application to the Redwoods Hotel, Grants Pass, Ore.

WANTED—One B flat baritone and two E flat alto horns, 2nd hand. Must be cheap. Write Wilbur L. Spaulding, 604 S. Pine St.

YOU'RE THERE!

A SHIRT THAT'S WASHED AND IRONED WITH CARE—A WELL-GROOMED MAN IS PLEASED TO WEAR.

Gentlemen appreciate the way we launder their shirts and collars. They are pleased to wear the laundry that comes from this shop. They are pleased to pay our prices. We will be pleased to have you call.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Roseburg, Ore. Phone 71

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

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THE CANARY MURDER CASE

by S. S. VAN DINE AUTHOR OF THE BENSON MURDER CASE

CHARACTERS

Philo Vance.
John F. X. Markham, district attorney of New York county.
Margaret Odell (the "Canary").
Charles Cleaver, a man-about-town.
Kenneth Spotswoode, a manufacturer.
Louis Mannix, an importer.
Dr. Ambrose Lindquist, a fashionable neurologist.
Tony Skeel, a professional burglar.
William Elmer Jessup, telephone operator.
Harry Spively, telephone operator.
Ernest Heath, Sergeant of the Homicide Bureau.

THE STORY THUS FAR

They key to the closet door was always kept on the outside. Margaret Odell's maid told police the morning her mistress' strangled body was found in the apartment. But this day the key was on the inside. The "canary" had gone out early in the evening with a man. The next morning when the maid came to work, Margaret Odell was dead. A baffling mystery, Vance declares, a devilish one. "And Markham those fingerprints you found have nothing whatever to do with the murder."

CHAPTER VIII

Heath shot Vance a curious look. Then, after a moment's frowning contemplation of the knob, he waved his hand to the detective who had brought the maid in.

"Take her back to the reception-room, Snikkin, and get a detailed description from her of all the Odell jewelry. . . . And keep her outside; I'll want her again."

When Snikkin and the maid had gone out, Vance lay back lazily on the davenport, where he had sat during the interview, and sent a spiral of cigaret smoke toward the ceiling.

"Rather illuminatin', what?" he remarked. "The dusky demoiselle got us considerably forrader. Now we know that the closet key is on the wrong side of the door, and that our lady of joy went to the theatre with one of her favorite lovers, who presumably brought her home shortly before she took her departure from this wicked world."

"You think that's helpful, do you?" Heath's tone was contemptuously triumphant. "Well, I'll tell you hear the crazy story the telephone operator's got to tell."

"All right, Sergeant," put in Markham, impatiently. "Suppose we get on with the ordeal."

"I'm going to suggest, Mr. Markham, that we question the janitor first. And I'll show you why."

Heath went to the entrance door of the apartment, and opened it.

"Look here for just a minute, sir."

He stepped out into the main hall, and pointed down the little passageway on the left. It was about ten feet in length, and ran between the Odell apartment and the blank rear wall of the reception-room. At the end of it was a solid oak door which gave on the court at the side of the house.

"That door," explained Heath, "is the only side or rear entrance to this building; and when that door is bolted nobody can get into the house except by the front entrance. You can't get into the building through the other apartments, for every window on this floor is barred. I checked up on that point as soon as I got here."

He led the way back into the living-room.

"Now, after I'd looked over the situation this morning," he went on, "I figured that our man had entered through that side door at the end of the passageway and had slipped into this apartment without the night operator seeing him. So I tried the side door to see if it was open. But it was bolted on the inside—not locked, mind you, but bolted."

"And it wasn't a slip-bolt, either, that could have been jimmied or worked open from the outside, but a tough, old-fashioned turn-bolt of solid brass. . . . And now I want you to hear what the janitor's got to say about it."

Markham nodded acquiescence, and Heath called an order to one of the officers in the hall. A moment later a stolid, middle-aged man, with sullen features and high cheekbones, stood before us.

His jaw was clamped tight, and he shifted his eyes from one to the other of us suspiciously.

Heath straightway assumed the role of inquisitor.

"What time do you leave here at night?" he had, for some reason, assumed a belligerent manner.

"Six o'clock—sometimes earlier, sometimes later." The man spoke in a surly monotone. He was obviously resentful at this unexpected intrusion upon his orderly routine.

"And what time do you get here in the morning?"

"Eight o'clock, regular."

"What time did you go home last night?"

"About six—maybe quarter past."

Heath paused and finally lighted the cigar on which he had been chewing at intervals during the past hour.

"Now, tell me about that side door," he went on, with undiminished aggressiveness. "You told me you lock it every night before you leave—is that right?"

"Ja—that's right." The man nodded his head affirmatively several times.

eral times. "Only I don't lock it—I bolt it."

"All right, you bolt it, then." As Heath talked his cigar bobbed up and down between his lips; smoke and words came simultaneously from his mouth. "And last night you bolted it as usual about six o'clock?"

"Maybe a quarter past," the janitor amended, with Germanic precision.

"You're sure you bolted it last night?" The question was almost ferocious.

"Ja, ja. Sure, I am. I do it every night. I never miss."

The man's earnestness left no doubt that the door in question had indeed been bolted on the inside at about six o'clock of the previous evening. Heath, however, elaborated the point for several minutes, only to be reassured doggedly that the door had been bolted. At last the janitor was dismissed.

"Really, y' know, Sergeant," remarked Vance with an amused smile, "that honest Rheinlander bolted the door."

"Sure, he did," sniggered Heath; "and I found it still bolted this morning at quarter of eight. That's just what messes things up so nice and pretty. If that door was bolted from six o'clock last evening until eight o'clock this morning, I'd appreciate having some one drive up in a hearse and tell me how the Canary's little playmate got in here last night. And I'd also like to know how he got out."

"Why not through the main entrance?" asked Markham. "It seems the only logical way left, according to your own findings."

"That's how I had it figured out, sir," returned Heath. "But wait till you hear what the phone operator has to say."

"And the phone operator's post," missed Vance, "is in the main hall half-way between the front door and this apartment. Therefore, the gentleman who caused all the disturbance hereabouts last night would have had to pass within a few feet of the operator both on arriving and departing—eh, what?"

"That's it!" snapped Heath. "And, according to the operator, no such person came or went."

Markham seemed to have absorbed some of Heath's irritability.

"Get the fellow in here, and let me question him," he ordered. Heath obeyed with a kind of malicious alacrity.

(Tuesday, September 11, 11 a. m.) Jessup made a good impression from the moment he entered the room. He was a serious, determined-looking man in his early thirties, roused and well built; shoulders that carried a suggestion of military training. He walked with a decided limp—his right foot dragged perceptibly—and I noted that his left arm had been stiffened into a permanent arc, as if by an unreluctant fracture of the elbow.

He was quiet and reserved, and his eyes were steady and intelligent. Markham at once motioned

No more Bilious days

Today many people are suffering from biliousness. First the stomach, then the bowels, then the liver, then the gallbladder, then the pancreas, then the spleen, then the stomach, then the bowels, then the liver, then the gallbladder, then the pancreas, then the spleen.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS "Help You Stay Well"

him to a wicker chair beside the closet door, but he declined it, and stood before the district attorney in a soldierly attitude of respectful attention. Markham opened the investigation with several personal questions. It transpired that Jessup had been a sergeant in the World War, had twice been seriously wounded, and had been invalided home shortly before the Armistice. He had held his present post of telephone operator for over a year.

"Now, Jessup," continued Markham, "there are things connected with last night's tragedy that you can tell us."

"Yes, sir." There was no doubt that this ex-soldier would tell us accurately anything he knew, and also that, if he had any doubt as to the correctness of his information, he would frankly say so. He possessed all the qualities of a careful and well-trained witness.

"First of all, what time did you come on duty last night?"

"At ten o'clock, sir." There was no qualification to the blunt statement; one felt that Jessup would arrive punctually at whatever hour he was due. "It was my short shift. The day man and myself alternate in long and short shifts."

"And did you see Miss Odell come in last night after the theatre?"

"Yes, sir. Every one who comes in has to pass the switchboard."

"What time did she arrive?"

"It couldn't have been more than a few minutes after eleven."

"Was she alone?"

"No, sir. There was a gentleman with her."

"Do you know who he was?"

"I don't know his name, sir. But I have seen him several times before when he has called on Miss Odell."

"You could describe him, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. He's tall and clean-shaven except for a very short gray mustache, and is about forty-five, I should say. He looks like a man of wealth and position."

"Markham nodded. "And now, tell me; did he accompany Miss Odell into her apartment, or did he go immediately away?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

His full name was William Elmer Jessup, and he had been attached to the 308th Infantry of the 77th Division of the Overseas Forces.

SPRAYERS and Sprayer Supplies

There are ninety Bean Spray Outfits in Douglas Co. Many have been used more than fifteen years.

Buy a new Bean and forget your sprayer troubles.

Hand Outfits \$25 up. Power Outfits \$245 up.

Large stock of Bean repairs. Complete line of used hand and power outfits.

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

ROSEBURG AGENTS FOR OAKLAND
Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.
John Deere Plow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.
Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

MOVIES

ANTLERS THEATRE.

Beery and Hutton in "Wife Savers" Opens at Antlers.

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hutton, in their fifth joint appearance in "Wife Savers," return to the American army uniform in which they made their debut as a comedy team. "Behind the Front" was the picture that introduced this pair, now recognized as the greatest duo of laugh provokers the world has ever enjoyed.

The army uniform is quickly doffed by Beery in this opus. The war sequence concerns only the Armistice, and Beery is left behind in France, at the Swiss border, to work out a debt as an Alpine guide and yodeler, and to protect the girl of his traditional enemy, Raymond Hutton, who is seen as a second lieutenant, in the same army unit in which Beery is a private.

The opening of the story finds Beery and Hutton as waiters in a Brooklyn restaurant. Beery is the head waiter and Hutton is just a plain waiter. But wait! Beery's superior officer.

When Hutton details Beery to stay behind and watch out for the girl, Beery has to obey.

Tom Kennedy is the villain as usual in Beery-Hutton pictures.

LIBERTY THEATRE

"The Last Waltz" at Liberty Today Only.

One of the most delightful and picturesque scenes of "The Last Waltz" which will be on the screen

at the Liberty today is the one of the grand ball that takes place in honor of the heir apparent's fiancée. The costumes of those attending the ball were authentic and very graceful. It was necessary to have many extras, particularly men who were to be the honor guard. The director, Arthur Robison, when confronted with this problem, enlisted the aid of a number of the visiting royalty. They made excellent atmosphere and background and were quite pleased with the idea of acting before the camera.

Most of them were of the "ex" royalty and it was believed that they could use the wages that they were paid, after their bits were done.

Lesson No. 11

Question: How does emulsified cod-liver oil increase the efficiency of milk as a protection against rickets?

Answer: Milk is deficient in rickets-preventing vitamin. A little emulsified cod-liver oil added to or taken with milk makes it a more perfect vitamin-food. Give it as

SCOTT'S EMULSION

By Martin

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WANT THAT TH COACH I SAW YOU TALKING TO TODAY?

YES! HE ASKED ME TRY TO GET YOU TO OUT FOR TH BASKETBALL TEAM—ALL TH OTHER FELLAS HAVE YOU COUGHT TO FERRY—IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN TH EXERCISE—

OH, I GET ENOUGH EXERCISE DRIVING MY CAR

BUT THAT'S NOT TH RIGHT KIND—AN BESIDES, YOU OUGHTTA REDUCE—THERE'S NOTHING ROMANTIC ABOUT A FAT PERSON

YEH—WELL, HOW ROMANTIC LOOKIN' WOULD I BE IN A BASKETBALL SUIT? IMAGINE THAT—ME IN A BASKETBALL SUIT!

WELL, IT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF IMAGINATION—BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THINK OF YOURSELF—YOU SHOULD THINK OF TH TEAM—AN' OTHER PEOPLE

I AM!

BUT FERDY'S GOING OUT FOR TH TEAM JUST TH SAME! AN' KEEP YOUR EYES ON 'IM, FOLKS—HE'S APT TO BE A BIG FIGURE IN THAT BASKETBALL RACKET

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

By Small

By Blosser

Ferdie Is Considerate

WANT THAT TH COACH I SAW YOU TALKING TO TODAY?

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