

# DECORATED IVORY WARE

Something new in dinner sets that meets with favor by discriminating housewives. See these sets in our window. Then we have other dinner sets, both in domestic and imported. Prices are low on these splendid sets, and you will find in our large assortment just the thing to fit your needs.

If its Hardware, we have it, too. Make this store your headquarters when in town.

**Churchill Hardware Co.**

THE WINCHESTER STORE

## CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—New auto tent, 13x7, camp bed, \$5 each. Phone 30F4.

FOR SALE—Red fir block, \$2.50 per tier, few days only. Phone 6F3.

COCKERELS—8 weeks old, 20¢ each. Call at 615 Winchester Street.

FOR SALE—Large refrigerator, cheap. Phone 574 or call at 630 E. Douglas.

FOR SALE or trade for sheep—one good young, milk cow, Ira Pierce, Melrose, Ore.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Binder and enilage cutter. Boyer Bros. Phone 14F14.

FOR SALE—One fine registered Guernsey bull, 3 years old. H. L. Kruse, Oakland, Ore.

FIVE PIPE—All sizes and types of water pipe. Low prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE in field—first cutting alfalfa hay. J. D. Osborn, West Roseburg, Phone 40F4.

SPLIT COOK WOOD—Myrtle and maple, delivered in Roseburg, \$3.75 per tier. Phone 4F13.

FOR SALE—A young highbred Jersey cow, giving 3½ gallons milk. Don Baird, Umpqua, Ore.

GAS ENGINES—2 h. p. new Fairbanks Morse \$65. Second hand engines at low prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—5 bucks, one Cordale, one Delain, 3 Rambouillet. All young, two and three. W. L. Cobb.

PAPEE HAY CUTTERS—These are a very successful type of machine. Look them over. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Asters, "Rose City Mixture," also fine strain of simulas. 25¢ per dozen. 905 So. Main St., Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE WOOD—Laurel and fir, 2nd and old growth. Prices reasonable. Order your winter wood at special prices. Phone 6F3.

BEAUTIFUL piano near Roseburg. Must sell immediately. \$10 per month. A rare bargain. Write Tallman Piano Store, Salem, Oregon, for particulars.

BARGAINS in used furniture at low prices. We are getting in large quantities of used furniture almost daily and there are some very good buys in ranges, heaters, oilstoves, chairs, rockers, beds, springs and new mattresses, dressers, and many other useful articles. Powell's Furniture Store, 238 North Jackson street.

ROSEBURG CABINET SHOP  
230 W. Oak  
FURNITURE REPAIRING  
Upson Board and Veneer Panel  
Cut to Order  
Window Screens made to order  
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

WANTED  
Rentals, Sales or Exchanges,  
City Property, Residences and  
Farms. What have you?  
E. G. KINGWELL  
Real Estate Broker  
Sutherlin, Oregon

Extra!  
Good  
GRADE  
Groceries

That is the kind of Food  
Products we deal in, and  
you are assured of prompt  
service and lowest prices.  
We deliver all orders at  
your door, free.

Economy Grocery  
O. L. JOHNSON  
"The Store That Serves  
You Best."  
Phone 53 344 N. Jackson St.

## When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service. BY RUTH DEWLY GROVES

### THIS HAS HAPPENED

Virginia Brewster, after losing both father and wealth, consents to make her home with Clarissa Dean and her father. Her fiancé, Nathaniel Dunn, objects to this for he mistrusts Dean's motives. Meanwhile, Dean plots to get Virginia away from Virginia but fails. Clarissa becomes jealous of Virginia, and the latter resolves to leave but Dean insists that she marry him. When she refuses, he threatens to reveal that her father cheated him out of \$100,000. Recklessly, she promises to earn enough in one year to repay him—or marry him.

Virginia leaves but has to pawn a ring to tide over until she can find a position. She goes to Niel's studio to tell him of her break with the Dean's but her joy at seeing him is clouded because she dare not reveal her compact with Dean, and also because of the familiarity with which his model, Chirl, treats her.

Next day Virginia asks a broker friend how to earn her hundred thousand. Then she asks his secretary how to find a business position, and is directed to an agency where she is given the name of a newly-rich lady who wants a social secretary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV  
As Virginia's eyes became accustomed to the subdued light of the drawing room she discerned a portly female figure reclining on a gold brocade divan, a toy dog in her arms and an open box of chocolates on a table at her side.

"Good morning," she greeted, a little at a loss for an answer to the extraordinary reception she had met with.

"Come over close," Mrs. Gernsner urged invitingly. "Pietro, turn on some light. We don't need to save on the electricity," she added to Virginia.

The butler walked pompously to a wall switch and flooded the room with dazzling light from a dozen incandescent lamps in the bronze chandelier.

"It's a beautiful day . . ." Virginia began suggestively.

"Daylight is so hard on the complexion," Mrs. Gernsner vetoed promptly. "Pietro, bring a chair for the young lady."

Virginia sat in a gold chair that matched the divan and took stock of her prospective employer while the latter returned the compliment. Mrs. Gernsner was talking at the same time.

"You have had experience in nice houses?" she inquired a trifle skeptically, unimpressed with Virginia's elegantly plain black crepe dress and custom made shoes.

"Yes," Virginia returned simply. "You know how to fix up swell parties and write nice, polite letters?"

"I believe so."

Mrs. Gernsner cleared her throat. "Don't be afraid to say something," she told Virginia encouragingly. The, as Virginia's face took on an odd expression: "Maybe you should like we were alone," she added quickly. "Pietro, leave the room, please."

"Now, tell me how you should be my companion," she went on when the splendid butler had stalked out of the room and closed the door none too quietly behind him.

"Do you mean you wish to know my qualifications?" Virginia countered.

"That's right. Talk about yourself."

"Well, I believe I'm competent in the duties you mentioned," Virginia stated and then paused.

"Go on, go on. What else?"

"My French is considered rather good but not my German. I can get along fairly well with Debussy but Beethoven and Chopin are beyond my technique."

"That's all right," Mrs. Gernsner broke in hurriedly. "We don't have to invite any professional guests to our parties. I've got plenty of friends of my own."

"What . . ." Virginia broke off her ejaculation in the middle of it and substituted an unintelligible murmur instead.

"I told Mrs. Phelps I don't need anyone to rest people to come to my house," Mrs. Gernsner explained patiently.

"I quite understand," Virginia replied soberly. "But I think it might be better if you would state your requirements."

Mrs. Gernsner thought a moment. "What I want? Well, you should read me the new novels."

"I'm having my massage and manicure. And you can help Pietro with the flowers when we have a party . . . fix up things nice . . . write out my invitations and go with me shopping."

She stopped and looked at Virginia significantly. "If you know the swell places," she added as if she doubted it very much.

"I can give you the names of some exclusive shops."

Mrs. Gernsner brightened. "Some places where they have chick things," she qualified.

Virginia nodded. "Would those be all my duties?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'd want you to take the children out for a walk or a ride in the limousine sometimes."

"Haven't you a nurse?"

"Oh yes, but I mean you should take her place when she's off."

"How often is that?" Virginia had an alarming suspicion that this position threatened to include the duties of a female factotum.

"Only once a week . . ." Her answer to Virginia's question was drowned in a howling, screeching din that came from the foyer and bore down upon the drawing room.

"I believe so."

In a struggling mass of juvenile arms and legs. As they pushed and shoved through the door Virginia caught glimpses now and then of the red face of an Irish nursemaid.

"Let me go, you big stiff, let me go!"

"Mamma! Mamma!"

"He did it! He did it!"

"You're a liar!"

"Stop it, you blithering little divils! Stop it, I say."

"Maggie!"

Mrs. Gernsner's voice rose above the uproar in magnificent crescendo. "Maggie, what does this mean?"

"What does it mean? What does it mean? Maggie shrieked. "It means I'm leaving and the saints wipe my mummy of this past week! Will ye be quiet?" she began again upon the children.

"Oscar! Come here! Annie, stop that kicking!"

Mrs. Gernsner took a heavy hand in the affair but even so she was panting and disheveled when the children were at last planked down in chairs and reduced to blubbering.

"Now, what's at the bottom of this?" she demanded of Maggie.

"Them mums of Susan have been up to their pranks again," Maggie exploded accusingly. "Tis soap in the candy they're feeding me now. Me innards are blazin' like a three alarm fire." She put her hands over her stomach and groaned.

"Go tell Pietro to fix you up something," Mrs. Gernsner advised unseeingly.

"I'm going to a clinic," Maggie announced firmly. "I'll send me a friend, Miss Casey, to pack me things."

"But you came for two weeks on trial," Mrs. Gernsner protested.

"You won't get paid if you leave before your time's up. I got to get someone in your place."

"Ye can keep the money! I wouldn't stay another day under the same roof with them divilish brats for a month's pay!" She shook her fist at the children, who made faces back at her, and dashed out of the room, still clutching her middle and emitting a groan.

Mrs. Gernsner turned to the culprits. "Wait 'til your papa comes home!" she shrieked at them.

"That's the third time this month you've driven someone out of the house! You're going to bed, both of you. Pietro! Pietro!" she called, raising her voice even louder. "Take them away and give them castor oil," she cried when the butler came running in.

The children screamed and kicked and bit but somehow Pietro managed to drag them off. The echoes of their struggles could be heard for several minutes before a slamming door somewhere in the apartment restored quiet to the drawing room.

Virginia was amazed at the ease with which Mrs. Gernsner changed her manner back to the calm before the storm. Her features relaxed instantly into the genial expression she had worn at the beginning of their interview and she

settled herself leisurely upon the divan before she spoke.

"Let's see . . . where were we?" she said, trying to take up the broken threads of the conversation.

Virginia got to her feet, shaken and disturbed. "I . . . really think it's no use going further into the matter. Mrs. Gernsner," she said. "I'm sure I never could be equal to taking your nursemaid's place."

Mrs. Gernsner frowned. "Them Irishers don't know how to handle kids," she scoffed. "A little joke and they fly off the handle."

"Well, I'm sure I don't think it would be pleasant to eat soap," Virginia replied before she could check herself. It was, of course, decreasing to argue the matter. She had known from the beginning that she could not live with these people, but until the advent of the children on the scene she had been trying to convince herself that she ought to try. She had thought herself something of a weakling because she wanted to chuck it. But now that it had become thoroughly impossible to accept the position she was immeasurably relieved.

Mrs. Gernsner bristled. "You don't expect children should be angels, do you?" she snapped.

"I don't expect them to be anything to me when I accept a position as companion to an adult," Virginia retorted. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Gernsner. I shall report to Mrs. Phelps that the position is not one I care to accept."

"I'll do some reporting myself," that lady muttered darkly, "and if you get a job by Mrs. Phelps I'm a customer what she should never see again!"

Out once more in the sparkling sunshine of the spring day Virginia drew in a deep breath of fresh air and blessed her lucky star to be out of that house.

She crossed over and walked to a bus stop sign, intending to take a bus downtown and save taxi fare. As one of them rumbled up a few minutes later she stepped

hastily onto the platform and took a step toward the door before it occurred to her that it would be more pleasant on top.

Her quick turn brought her up abruptly against a passenger who had boarded the bus directly behind her. "Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized and smiled briefly at him. He smiled back at her, and Virginia caught a glimpse of a flashing gold tooth.

Then he stood aside and permitted her to ascend the narrow curving stairs. She paid too little attention to him to notice that he did not lift his hat and of course she forgot all about him the next second. But when she got up to leave the bus at 48th Street she saw him in one of the rear seats. He did not look at her nor move, but when Virginia alighted from the bus and happened to face about rather suddenly she discovered that he too had left the bus.

He turned sharply away and started to walk briskly toward a store entrance, but there was something so unexpected in seeing him at her heels just a few seconds after he had been so apparently staying on the bus that Virginia experienced a queer feeling of uncertainty about him.

(To Be Continued)

REWARD

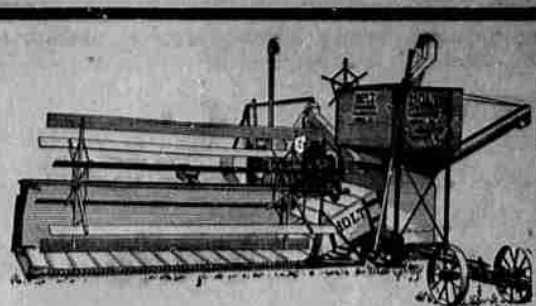
\$100 standing reward will be paid for anyone caught stealing or killing sheep or goats on property of Al Creason, Sunshine Ranch, Louis Kohlhaugen, J. H. Short, J. M. Weatherford, Frank Harger and Son, P. A. Trosel, or Jones Estate.

E. J. ROHR, Treas.

CANDY 15¢ L.B.

Hand mix candy special at 15¢ pound. Fresh summer candies of all kinds at Carr's.

Nathan Fullerton



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See Us First—We Can Save You Money.

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ROSEBURG AGENTS FOR OAKLAND  
Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.  
John Deere Plow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.  
L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

### Money the One Language in Nebraska Town.

Business and Professional Men Band Together to Put End to Charge Accounts.

BLOOMFIELD, Neb., June 4.—This town of 1500 inhabitants has gone on a pay-as-you-go basis. Thirty of its merchants and professional men have banded together to eliminate losses occasioned by charge accounts "that never pay up."

Chain store competition is held responsible to a great extent, for this drastic step. In order to meet competition prices had to be slashed to a point where the margin of profit was insufficient to meet the drain occasioned by bad accounts.

So the business men formed an association which requires each member to sign an agreement. A penalty of \$100 is provided for violation of this document and a committee has been appointed to see that regulations are strictly enforced.

Remember, if you should go to Bloomfield, the watchword there is "In God we trust—all others pay cash."

CALL FOR BIDS

Sealed proposals for the repairing of, and addition to, the Looking Glass school house will be received by the board at three p. m. June 16th, at the school house.

Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of L. W. Metzger, Roseburg, or A. B. Nickens, Looking Glass, upon deposit of ten dollars.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids or to accept the one deemed best for the district.

ARTHUR H. MARSH, Clerk.

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### Hear! Hear!



### FORE



### HE IS NOT



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



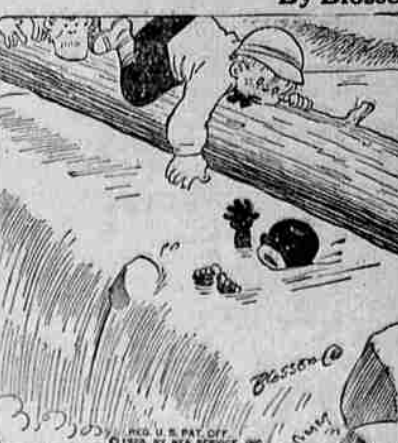
### Hold on Tight, Freckles!



### NOW IF CAN GRAB



### By Blosser



### SALESMAN SAM



### It's an Ill Wind



### TALK ABOUT LUCK!



### By Small



### LOST

LOST Sunday—Bunch of keys. Finder please leave at News-Review office, Roseburg.

LOST—On May 26th a light robe. Finder please notify George Zachary, Star Route, Roseburg.

### MISCELLANEOUS

HOME LAUNDRY—Washing, ironing and mending. Men's suits cleaned and pressed. 829 Winchester.

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

ALASKA, Hide, Wool, Fur and Junk Co. We buy hides, wool, pelts, Chittam bark and all kinds of junk. 404 W. Cass St. Phone 201.

Gets Nephritis and Rheumatic Sufferers Out of Bed Casey's Rheumatic Remedy drives out the uric acid poison of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, reduces pain and swelling. Sold on a guarantee at \$1.50 per bottle by MARSTER'S DRUG CO.

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Ash Valley School Board Dist. No. 125, Ash, Ore., June 16th, 1928, for the purchase of school warrants. Warrants to be in denominations of one and five hundred to the amount of six thousand dollars with interest at rate of five per cent payable annually. Optional payment with accrued interest any time after the first year. All bids must be accompanied with a certified check of five per cent of said bid.

(Signed) H. A. CARLSON, Clerk Dist. 125, Ash, Ore.