

Waterless Cooker

The Princess Waterless Cooker cooks all foods in a scientific manner, preserving all the natural flavors and without loss of those

Nutritive Qualities

which must be retained if the best of health and strength of the family is maintained. Just now we are offering a regular \$7.50 Princess Waterless Cooker, capable of handling meats and vegetables at one operation, for only

\$4.95

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—23 head young ewes. Phone 147H.

LATH No. 1 and No. 2. A car just received at PAGES.

FOR SALE—50 lb. refrigerator in good condition. Call at 704 Thompson St. or phone 231-J.

FOR SALE—Five milch goats or will trade for cow. J. W. Draper, 523 North Main.

FOR SALE—Good second hand player piano, only \$225. O. C. Music Store.

FOR SALE—2 hound pups, 6 months old. One 2-year-old black and tan hound. The three for \$40. One gentle saddle pony and saddle, \$20. Phone 214F.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Young mare and colt. Broke to work and true. WL 1299. Write or phone W. A. McCord, Elkhorn, Oregon.

FOR SALE—11-room house near court house, cor. Douglas and Kane Sts. Inquire Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Rt. 2, care C. M. Penning, Roseburg.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—2 room furnished house, close in. \$6 per month. See elevator man Perkins Bldg.

FOR RENT—Clean, well furnished 7-room house; garage; garden; \$18. Phone 298 or inquire 892 Hoover St.

FOR RENT—Beauty parlor with apartment joining, all furnished ready for business. Write J. C. Douglas, 763 South Broadway; Marshfield, Ore. Phone 576-J.

FOR RENT—Store building, suitable for groceries, luncheon, and ice cream parlor in good location. Write J. C. Douglas, 763 S. Broadway, Marshfield, Ore. Phone 576-J.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
327 Cass Phone 491

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Roy Hufham
Roseburg, Oregon

WANTED

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E. G. KINGWELL
Real Estate Broker
Sutherland, Oregon

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

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



And You Can Safely Order by Telephone
You get exactly the same service whether you bring your market basket or whether you telephone us for the groceries wanted. This method saves you time and worry, and costs no more—yes, we deliver.

Economy Grocery

O. L. JOHNSON
"The Store That Serves You Best"
Phone 63 344 N. Jackson St.

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 BY NEA Service

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Bertie Lou Ward, one the eye of her wedding to Rod Dyer, receives a paper knife as a gift from Lila Marsh—the prettiest girl in town—who had turned Rod down because he was not wealthy.

The feel of the metal chilled Bertie Lou, and she thought that it was a dagger to pierce her happiness. She had dreamed of a wedding turned to miserable foreboding. But she courageously resolves not to be jealous of Rod's past love affair. His future is in her keeping.

She is beautiful in her wedding dress, but the joyful singing in her heart ceased just before the ceremony when Bertie Lou accidentally overhears one of her bridesmaids ask another if she thinks the bride likes being second choice.

Dazedly she stands before the altar, but the words of the minister end and Rod whispers "My wife" with a world of wonder and adoration in his eyes. Bertie Lou knows that she would rather be second choice than to give him up.

She smiles sweetly and ignores the insult when Lila gives the groom a long kiss with the remark, "I'll take my last kiss now while I can get it," and offers to arrange their new apartment because she knows Rod's taste so well.

They spend an ideal honeymoon and Bertie Lou almost forgets the shadows cast by the predatory ex-sweetheart until they return and find Lila in their new home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER III

Bertie Lou approached her new home without a hint from the other girls that Lila had remained behind when they left to go to the station to meet the returning honeymooners.

Much to their dismay Lila had descended upon them in the flat an hour or two before train time and had insisted upon fulfilling what she called her promise to Rod.

She rearranged everything she could move unassisted. The girls argued and protested. But Lila had a way of coming out on top. She professed to know more about what Rod would like than anyone else possibly could.

Mrs. Ward's lips were drawn thin in suppressed anger. But she kept silent because she did not wish to make a scene and start people talking.

Her mind was busy turning over ideas for covering Bertie Lou's discomfort when she found Lila in her home. For Lila had announced her intention of staying to help with the curtains and Mrs.

Ward suspected that nothing short of plain civility would get her out.

When the girls were ready to go to the station she told Lila that she really would not need her help. It was useless, however, as she had known it would be. Lila refused to go with them. "You can never get those rods up alone," she declared with a great show of consideration. "In fact I think Marcella had better stay and help me."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Ward said quickly. "Marcella will want to go to the station." She thought if she was left alone with Lila she might find something to say to the girl that would make her conscious of her bad taste in coming to the apartment at this time.

But Lila had suggested Marcella's remaining because she suspected that was on Mrs. Ward's mind. Marcella was utterly unaware of being a pawn. "I really haven't finished putting the kitchen dishes back in the cupboard Mrs. Ward," she said in an undecided tone. "I guess I'd better stay."

Mrs. Ward offered no further objections. If Lila was bent on making trouble she would make it. And all the more it she were put out. The arrival of the bride couple was heralded by laughing shouts and loud honkings. Mrs. Ward ran to a window in the living room to see for herself that it really was Rod and Bertie Lou.

A swarm of friends piled out of the cars behind that occupied by the bride and groom and literally swept the young couple across the sidewalk and up the flight of stairs to the second floor of the new brick building.

Mrs. Ward hurried out on the landing to meet them. Marcella was before her but Lila had stayed behind. Bertie Lou saw her mother coming toward her and shouted: "Hey, Mums, dig me out!"

Bertie Lou's friends made way for her mother and Bertie Lou rushed into the dear familiar arms like a homing bird.

Mrs. Ward hugged her close. It had been very strange in their big old house without Bertie Lou's gay laughter.

Bertie Lou reached up for a kiss. After it Mrs. Ward laid her cheek on Bertie Lou's—her lips buried in the girl's rich brown curls. "Honey, listen. Lila is here," she whispered.

Bertie Lou stiffened slightly. Then she flung her arms around her mother's neck, kissed her on the nose and broke away, apparently as happy as she had been a moment before. The boys at

welcomed her on into her new home.

"Isn't it lovely, Bertie Lou? We all helped Rod's mother pick out the rug! Too bad she isn't here!"

Bertie Lou listened through it all, exclaiming, "Satisfying them. But to her mother's ears her voice rang just a shade hollow. Mrs. Ward watched the moment when Lila should choose to make her presence known.

Finally, as they were about to lead Bertie Lou into the dining room, Lila appeared in the doorway. "Welcome home," she cried gayly and came up to kiss Bertie Lou.

Rod looked on with a touch of amusement. He had not expected Lila to keep her word. He'd believed she was just clowning at his wedding to give people something to talk about. That was how she explained most of the things she did.

The girls were watching Bertie Lou. She hadn't turned a hair when she saw Lila. She had let herself be kissed without any evident unwillingness and if she was not warm to Lila she was not cold either. Everyone was left guessing.

"I've started some coffee for you," Lila sang out to Rod as he moved away from her to follow Bertie Lou who had gone into the dining room. Mrs. Ward turned upon her. So that was what kept her from showing herself! "Coffee," she echoed. "On a hot day like this?"

Lila replied that she intended to keep it. "Rod hates lemonade," she added, approving of the refreshment Mrs. Ward had provided for the occasion. Mrs. Ward's eyes blazed but she was glad that Bertie Lou and the other girls were out of hearing. She resolved that there should be no coffee served, iced or otherwise, unless Bertie Lou so wished.

She went swiftly into the dining room and up to Bertie Lou. "Shall we make iced coffee for Rod?" she asked in a strained voice.

Just then one of the girls opened the kitchen door and Bertie Lou caught a whiff of fragrant Mocha and Java. It was a gift from the grocer downstairs. She thought that her mother had already gone to the trouble of making it and was anxious to know if Rod would like it.

"He'd love it, Mums, if it isn't too much trouble," Mrs. Ward breathed a sigh of relief, thankful that Bertie Lou hadn't been in a way of Rod's taste for iced coffee. It would have been a great deal to dispose of it if Bertie Lou had said not to have it. Especially since Rod liked it.

Lila said nothing more about the coffee. She didn't much care whether the others knew anything about it or not. Her sole object in tormenting Bertie Lou was to bite on a sore tooth. She was half sorry for herself, half angry with Rod and half hateful of Bertie Lou. But she hadn't yet made up



Griddle cakes are always better

when the flour and milk are mixed together a little at a time. Hills Bros. Coffee has no equal because it is roasted a few pounds at a time by Hills Bros. patented continuous process. No other process roasts coffee so evenly or can insure such uniform goodness and flavor.

HILLS BROS. COFFEE



© 1928 Hills Bros. Coffee Co. Fresh from the original roasting plant, always opened with a key.

her mind to try to cause any real trouble.

So Rod got a tall glass of coffee and thanked Mrs. Ward for it without the slightest understanding of the smoldering quirk on Lila's lips. He hadn't paid any attention when she told him she'd made coffee. He really thought it was Mrs. Ward's idea.

The rest drank lemonade and consumed to the last crumb the three-colored marble cake Mrs. Ward had baked. Marcella suggested washing the glasses and plates but Bertie Lou's mother refused to let them. They sensed a nervous tension in her manner and it finally dawned upon them that a welcoming home party should be brief to be successful.

Lila was the last to go. "Coming," she said to Mrs. Ward. The latter answered with a curt "No."

"Oh, don't be a comic strip mother-in-law," Lila told her. Mrs. Ward ignored her impudence by turning away from the door where Lila stood and deliberately lingered to keep Bertie Lou standing, plainly tired and travel-stained.

Suddenly Bertie Lou lost her temper. "Suppose you come in in the morning and cook breakfast for us," she said sweetly; "you're so willing and Rod's often told me how much he enjoyed your cooking."

(To Be Continued)

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

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Put running water in your house now. Pipe at car lot price, new and used pumps and engines. Electric systems.

Come in and talk it over or phone and our man will call.

Binder Twine 13c lb.

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L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

MRS. C. J. HURD DIES AT EUGENE

NEW YORKER NAMED HEAD ELKS LODGE

(Associated Press Local Wire)

MIAMI, Fla., July 10.—Murray Hulbert, of New York City, was unanimously elected grand exalted ruler at the sixty-fourth annual convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks here today.

Mrs. C. J. Hurd, for several years a resident of Roseburg, during the time her husband was employed as Douglas county agricultural agent, passed away Monday night at her home in Eugene, according to word received here yesterday. Mrs. Hurd had been in poor health for many years, not being well during much of the time that she resided here. Following the death of her husband, which occurred just a year ago, she failed quite rapidly. She is survived by three sons, Fred of Eugene, Owen of Portland, and Clarence of Corvallis, and a daughter, Mrs. Josephine Simms of Eugene. Miss Sylvia Brown and Mrs. G. W. Burt motored to Eugene today to attend the funeral services this afternoon.

Our cow spray kills the flies. It is sold at \$1.35 per gallon at Wharton Bros.

U. S. CORN AND WHEAT CROPS, 1928, ESTIMATED

WASHINGTON, July 10.—First indication of the size of this year's corn crop was given today by the department of agriculture which, basing its calculations on conditions prevailing July 1, placed production at 2,753,517,000 bushels, compared with 2,766,288,000 bushels last year.

Indicated production of other crops, also based on their condition July 1, was announced as follows:

Winter wheat 542,787,000 bushels, compared with 512,000,000 bushels a month ago and 552,540,000 bushels last year.

Durum wheat 73,532,000 bushels,

NEW YORKER NAMED HEAD ELKS LODGE

(Associated Press Local Wire)

MIAMI, Fla., July 10.—Murray Hulbert, of New York City, was unanimously elected grand exalted ruler at the sixty-fourth annual convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks here today.

compared with 76,000,000 bushels last year.

Other spring wheat 182,623,000 bushels, compared with 243,000,000 bushels.

Stocks of wheat remaining on farms July 1 are estimated at 2.69 per cent of the 1927 crop or about 23,450,000 bushels, compared with 27,315,000 bushels a year ago and 23,884,000, the five year average on July 1.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

CROWN Cake Flour

Ask your grocer for new Crown Cake Flour. Pronounced best by foremost caterers and cake bakers.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Ferdy Is Up to His Old Tricks

By Martin



BE SPOKE OUT OF TURN WHEN SHE TOLD FERDY HOW BOOTS SECRETLY GOT PEE HIS JOB AT THE MAYFAIR COUNTRY CLUB—IT WAS A SLIP ON BAGG'S PART, BUT YOU KNOW THEY SAY A WOMAN CAN'T KEEP A SECRET



WELL, PETE—YOU SEEM TO BE GETTING ALONG HERE AT THE CLUB



YEP! EVERYTHING'S HONEY, FERD—WELL, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WHEN YOU TRY



I SHOULD THINK YOU'D GET A JOB OF SOME KIND—AND MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF YOURSELF



WELL—Mebbe I COULD—IF I HAD SOMEONE TO HELP ME

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

The Stampede

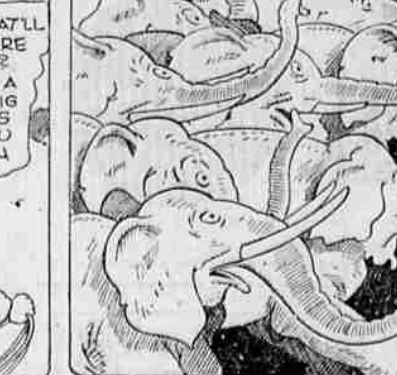
By Blosser



I'M SORRY I HAD TO SNEEP JUST WHEN THAT BIG ELEPHANT WAS CLOSE TO US. UNCLE BARRY—BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT REALLY I COULDN'T!



WELL, THAT JUST SHOWS YOU WHAT A LITTLE SNEEZE CAN DO—NOW THEY'VE STAMPEDED AND WE HAVE TO RUN FOR OUR LIVES!



WE HAVE OTHER THINGS TO THINK OF RIGHT NOW—THEY'LL ALL BE AT OUR FEET BEFORE WE CAN SAY JACK ROBINSON!



YES, BUT WHAT'LL WE DO? WHERE WILL WE GO? GEE! HAVIN' A BUNCH OF BIG ELEPHANTS CHASIN' YOU ISN'T MUCH FUN!!



QUICK!! CLIMB UP THAT TREE WITH BOBO, AND I'LL COME UP BEHIND YOU LARRY, FRECKLES! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!!

SALESMAN SAM

To the Rescue

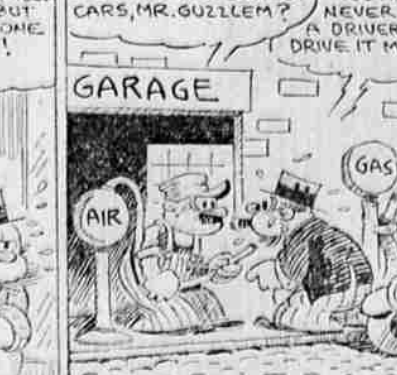
By Small



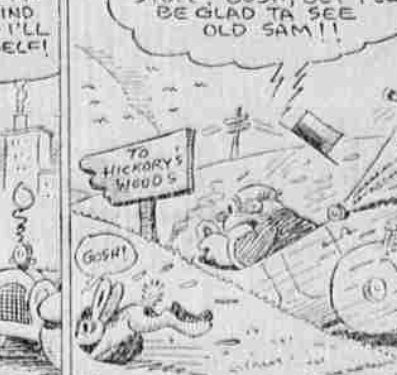
WHILE SAM'S STILL HELD PRISONER BY THE TRAMPS, WHO HAVE SENT GAZELLE A BOX DEMANDING RANSOM FOR HIS RELEASE THE RANSOM NOTE ARRIVES



WHAT'S THIS? HELD FOR RANSOM! AN' I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR SAM FOR THREE WEEKS! THANK GOSH, HE'S SAFE!



AN' YET HE AIN'T SAFE, IF I TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THIS! HIS CAPTORS WASH ME TA COME ALONE AN' BRING THE RANSOM TA THEM AT HICKORY'S WOODS



GOSH, AIN'T THAT THIRTY MILES FROM HERE—BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TA DO!



SO YA WANNA RENT ONE OF OUR SPEEDIEST CARS, MR. GAZELLE?

YER DERN TOOTIN'—AN' NEVER MIND A DRIVER—I'LL DRIVE IT MYSELF!

GAS, DO YER STUFF! GOSH, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TA SEE OLD SAM!!