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—Baby buggy, in good condition. $15. 701 Pine St.

BUILD a home first. Page Lumber & Fuel Co.

PEACH boxes for sale at Metzger's new place. Phone 362.

FOR SALE—Used brick. M. B. Green. Phone 28F5.

BROCCOLI plants for sale. M. B. Green. Phone 28F5.

FOR SALE—10 head good ewes. Not old. W. B. Melton. Phone 14F15.

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

AM taking orders for figs. 35c per gallon or 3 gallons for $1. 842 Hoover St. Phone 365-R.

FOR SALE—Yearling bucks, Shropshires and Rambouillettes. Chas. Buxton, Brockway.

FOR SALE—Ford one-ton pneumatic truck. Cheap if sold at once. Leas & Son, Oakland, Ore.

DODGE roadster. Good tires all around. Engine runs good. Price only $50. J. O. Newland and Son.

FOR SALE—25 head good young ewes. One pure bred Delane buck, 2 yrs. old. J. M. Cornutt, Riddle, Ore.

FOR SALE—My 8-room furnished home, and 13 acres river bottom land. 1½ miles west of Oakland on Umpqua road. See me at property, July 17th. A. L. Eggleton.

FOR SALE—One 3-hole electric range, with oven; 75-pound refrigerator; overstuffed davenport and one bridge lamp. All these articles will be sold very cheap. Phone 5F32.

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DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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Roy Hufham
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Rentals, Sales or Exchanges, City Property, Residences and Farms. What have you?
E. G. KINGWELL
Real Estate Broker
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FURNITURE REPAIRING
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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.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Clean, well furnished 7-room house; garage; garden, $18. Phone 298 or inquire 852 Hoover St.

FOR RENT—Well furnished normal school students' apartments. Children cared for at reasonable rates. 35 South 2nd street, Ashland, Oregon.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, 3 rooms, 223 E. Lane. Electric stove, hot water, nice little apt. in heart of the city. Inquire at Bubar Bros.

WANTED

WANTED—Good sheep ranch for rent by reliable people. Address "J", care News-Review.

WANTED to rent dairy farm. Give particulars in first letter. Answer "D," care News-Review.

WANTED—To borrow $5000 on A1 real estate security. Will pay 6%. Call 320 West Cass St.

WANTED—We will buy hides, wool, pelts, chittam bark and all kinds of junk. Alaska Hide, Wool & Junk Co., 404 W. Cass St. Phone 201.

IT'S A GOLD MINE! Exclusive local territory open for new automatic Aluminum Cooker representative—man or woman. A big money-maker. Every home needs one. Write for proposition. ALBERT G. BURNS, 1800 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

DANCE Saturday nite at Richter's new hall, Camas Valley.

FOR TRADE—Good lot 50x160. Want late Ford or Chevrolet touring. See R. W. Stovall, 637 Reservoir Ave.

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

TRADE—6 acres all under irrigation; 6-room bungalow; joining city limits of Grants Pass. Value $5500. My equity $2000. Will trade equity for near same value Roseburg property. What have you? Address M. J. G., care News-Review.

WATER TRAPS AND KILLS CHICAGO SEWER WORKERS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, July 14.—Three men were trapped—possibly drowned—early today when tons of water raced through two sewage tunnels in which a gang of 25 men were working.

The men had been sent there to clean and re-cement the walls.

A new shift had gone on at midnight and the foreman ordered that a small quantity of water be let into the tunnels by raising gates at the pumping station. There was a misunderstanding, and too much water was loosed.

The workmen fled for their lives, most of them escaping by ladders extending down from manholes 100 feet apart. Three men, two of whom were negroes, were missing when a check was made shortly afterward, and they are believed to have drowned.

There was a stand of seven feet of water in the tunnel when firemen later began pumping it out.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Data reported by C. A. Cole, Meteorologist in charge.

Barometric pressure (reduced to sea level) 5 a. m.	30.09
Relative humidity 5 a. m. yesterday (per cent)	36
Precip. in Inches and Hundredths:	
Highest temperature yesterday	80
Lowest temperature last night	64
Average temperature for the day	67
Normal temperature for this date	67
Precipitation, last 24 hours	0
Total precip. since 1st month	.12
Normal precip. for this month	.32
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1927, to date	27.90
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877	32.63
Total deficiency since Sept. 1, 1927	4.73
Average seasonal precip. Sept. to May, inclusive	31.31

Forecast for southwest Oregon: Fair tonight and Sunday but fog on coast; warmer Sunday with decreasing humidity.

LOVE FOR TWO

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Bertie Lou Ward, on the eve of her wedding to Rod Bryer, receives a paper knife as a gift from Lila Marsh, who had turned Rod down because he was not wealthy. The feel of the metal chilled Bertie Lou, and the thought that it was a dagger to pierce her happiness flashed across her mind so that her dreaming anticipation turned to miserable foreboding. But she courageously resolves not to be jealous of Rod's past love affair. His future is in her keeping.

Bertie Lou receives a second blow to her pride when she accidentally overhears one bridesmaid ask another if she thought the bride liked being second choice. She goes through the ceremony in a daze, but wen Rod whispers "My wife" with a world of adoration in his eyes, she knows that she would rather be second choice than to give him up.

They spend an ideal honeymoon in a mountain resort, and Bertie Lou almost forgets the shadow cast by the predatory ex-sweetheart until they return and find Lila acting as dictator in their apartment on the groud that she knows what Rod likes. Both the bride and her mother resent Lila's efforts to annoy and Mrs. Ward advises Bertie Lou to try to avoid meeting her in the future.

The first dinner in the new home was a failure but Bertie Lou makes up her mind to be a good cook and housekeeper. They are given a surprise welcome-home party by some of their friends and Marcella tells Bertie Lou that they purposely "gave Lila the slip."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

It was just as she feared. Bertie Lou admitted the fact as she lay staring out of the open window at the street lamp on he corner. It made the room too bright.

"But if I pull down the shade there won't be any air," she reflected. Sleep was impossible anyhow, she knew.

Marcella's remark kept her awake. It proved to Bertie Lou that everyone was aware of the situation that troubled her. That Lila wasn't to be invited to a surprise party for her former sweetheart and his bride could have been taken for granted. But that it was considered best to keep her in ignorance of the affair revealed the town's knowledge of her still active interest in Rod.

Marcella's tactless admission confirmed the fear that Bertie Lou had expressed to her mother. Her marriage was going to be like a three-ring circus for her friends.

Her face had flamed resentfully when Marcella had told her of keeping Lila in ignorance of the party. For a moment she was tempted to go to the telephone and ring up Lila. Ask her to come over. Let people see that she was not afraid of her. But the impulse was stayed by the knowledge that Lila was capable of turning that occasion to her own advntage in some way.

"I wonder if I am afraid of her?" Bertie Lou asked herself with an honesty she did not hecitate to indulge in secret. She fell asleep finally with the question unanswered.

* * *

In the morning she got up quietly to avoid waking Rod and went out to put her little home in order. She looked like a flower in a junk yard as she stood, in her crisp morning dress, mourning over the appearance of the living room.

The rug was rolled into a corner. Chairs were piled upon one another, wilted flowers drooped in vases and the curtains were knotted together to let in more air.

Bertie Lou could have wept, but she remembered that it was her own gang that had done this. Many times she'd been along when other homes were upset. She sympathized now with her mother, who'd often complained of the damage done at parties.

"Oh, why didn't I straighten it up last night?" she wailed. A nasty taste in her mouth answered her. Whoever had made that punch . . .

She went out to the dining room and started to carry the heavy punch bowl to the small latticed entry of the kitchen. Just inside the kitchen door her foot slipped on a slice of orange and she crashed to the floor. The bowl was shattered.

Rod came running to her, white with alarm. He picked her up as gingerly as though he feared she must at least have cracked her bones.

Bertie Lou laughed at him. Then she saw the bowl. "Grinnel's old public utility," she moaned. "Gone forever. Oh, Rod, we'll have to pay for it. And you know what the last one that got broken cost Tommy White!"

"What's a bowl?" Rod was magnificently unimpressed by cut glass. "You might have broken your neck, Bebs."

"I've broken $40. That's at least a window."

She referred to the house they hoped to build. To have it soon was one reason why they had taken this flat over the Busy Bee. It was cheap and near Rod's work. Saved car fare. When they got out to Willow Heights, where they wanted their house, he must ride in on a bus or have a car of his own. They'd need to save almost Heights.

* * *

Bertie Lou finished putting the flat to rights with a heavy heart. Rod whistled cheerfully in the bathroom, though really he wasn't feeling so good either. His head ached and he was wondering what Bertie Lou would say when they came to "budgeting" last night's party. Somehow, before it was over, he'd been practically forced to buy some Scotch.

"Tony" had been planted at the back door. He could see that now. Certainly he hadn't sent for a bootlegger. Well, it had worked. The gang had made a night of it.

"But that's the last show of that kind in my house," he promised himself virtuously. "No more wild parties. It's us for the Heights."

Bertie Lou, puzzled over what to do with the leftovers, resolved that henceforth she would do the buying herself. 'Rod seemed to have no sense of limitations.

The idea of two pounds of salted almonds. Nearly four dollars worth! I'll have to remind Rod that our appropriation for entertainment isn't quite as big as the French war debt."

* * *

They set the cost of the party down against the emergency fund and Bertie Lou said she would try to make it up from her household expenses.

Several weeks later she sat perplexedly poring over an account book and a bank statement. Something was decidedly wrong. Rod would find it at once, but she hated to have him know she'd muddled.

The appropriation for entertainment had in some unaccountable manner spread out to include recreation, emergency, education, travel, and even the dentist's small slice of their round dollar system.

It had seemed a very generous sum when first they had planned the budget. Their friends had been gorgeous to them. Bertie Lou and Rod didn't want to be niggardly in returning their hospitality. But they hadn't expected to have so many impromptu parties.

Bertie Lou was in despair when Rod came home. She'd even forgotten to start dinner. She heard him come up the stairs three at a time, as he always did. She jumped to her feet, scattering thickly scribbled sheets of paper to the floor.

She was in the kitchen when he opened the front door. He'd never heard her make such a clatter.

"Dinner's late," Bertie Lou confessed.

"Never mind it. We're going out. Tom Fraser's in town. He wants us to have dinner with him and Molly."

Bertie Lou paused over a half-peeled potato. "Why didn't you telephone me?" she asked.

"He came into the store just as I was leaving. Say, did my blue suit come back from the tailor's?"

"It's on the bed. I didn't have time to hang it up. Some of the girls were in for a little bridge." Bertie Lou was hurriedly putting away the potatoes and carrots she'd started to prepare. She was delighted at the prospect of having dinner with the Frasers. Tom was an important man in Wayville. His success in New York was well known in his home town.

* * *

"I suppose Molly will be wearing fall clothes," Bertie Lou thought, going over her own wardrobe in her mind. Her nice things were all for summer wear. "Well, it's still warm weather here. And my biege chiffon looks good. Wonder if I'd have time to clean my blond kid slippers?"

"What time must we be there, Rod?" she called. "Where are they? The Arlington?"

"Yep," Rod yelled back from the bedroom. "Dinner at seven. Swanky, aren't they?"

"Thank goodness. That gives me time to dress decently. I wish people in this town would stop eating with the six o'clock whistle."

Rod was under the shower and didn't answer. "Get me some clean things, will yuh, honey?" he wheedled a few minutes later, hearing Bertie Lou in the bedroom.

"You're spoiled," she called back. But she willingly got out fresh underwear and socks for him.

Then she took her slippers out to the kitchen to clean them. When she returned Rod was throwing a fit. His freshly-pressed suit was covered with white hairs.

"Did Belle have that dafned dog up here again?" he stormed.

Bertie Lou sneaked into the bathroom and locked the door. Rod could cool off while she took a shower. On second thought she opened the door again and threw him a wet sponge. "Here use this, it will pick up the hairs," she advised.

When she emerged from the bathroom, tingling from a cold spray, Rod was in the dining room going over the bank statement. A frown drew his fine black brows together. Rapidly he ran through the cancelled slips. Bertie Lou's signature was on most of them.

By the time Bertie Lou was dressed he had the accounts straightened out for her. She came up and put an arm on his shoulders.

"Looks like we'll need a new budget," she said, striving to speak lightly.

Rod looked up at her soberly. "Well have to find some way of cutting down, Bertie Lou, if we're going to keep within our income. There won't be a penny of this month's salary to save."

"I know it," Bertie Lou answered dejectedly. "But I don't see what we can do unless we send out notices that we're not keeping open house."

The weight of the budget remained on her mind until they entered the Arlington Hotel and saw the Frasers waiting for them in the lobby. But it was forgotten the instant she saw who was with them.

(To Be Continued)

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

Binder Twine 13c lb.

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John Deere Plow Co. — Sherwin-Williams Co.
L. N. Miller Dehydrater Co.

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

MORGAN-MARTIN BATTLE MAY BE FOUGHT TONIGHT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, July 14.—Tod Morgan and Cannonball Eddie Martin will try again to stage their on-again, off-again junior lightweight championship battle at Ebbets Field tonight.

Humbert J. Fugazy, promoter, has scheduled the affair six different times so far and may get some more practice. He figures, however, that the law of averages should give him some good weather tonight. Its been raining so often for the last month that a dry spell ought to be in order pretty soon.

Morgan, through all the postponements has been on the long end of what 6 to 5 betting there has been.

Another championship bout was thrown into the postponement column last night when rain prevented a 12-round battle between Izzy Schwartz, recognized as flyweight title holder in this state, and Frisco Grande, Buffalo Filipino.

The two mites will fight it out at Rockaway Stadium next Friday night provided the weather permits.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS

Water will be shut off Sunday, July 15th, from 7:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m., affecting all of West Roseburg including Military St. and Harvard Ave., also Harvard Ave. in Laurelwood.

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY.

CONSTRUCTION OF NORMAL AT LA GRANDE IS VOTED

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, July 13.—Construction of the new state normal school at La Grande, for which the 1927 legislature appropriated $175,000, was authorized by the board of normal school regents at the annual meeting here today. The vote was unanimous after the proposal had been submitted in writing by Gov. Patterson.

Bids are to be called for at an early date.

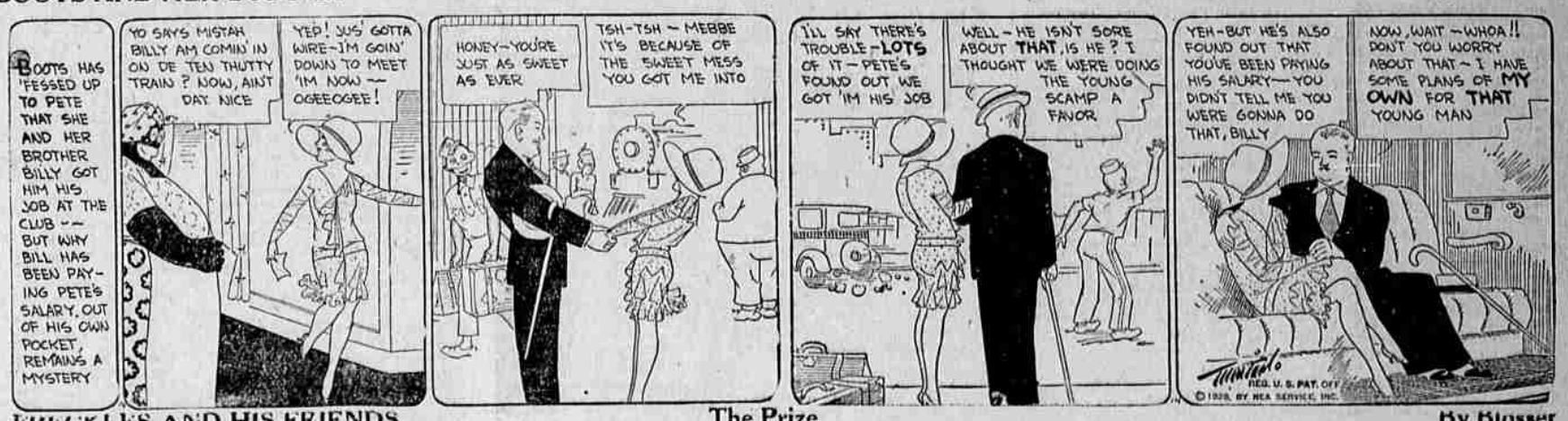
The governor's statement mentioned the action of the board a year ago in deferring construction because of the straitened financial condition of the state which has since improved. But the statement further mentions the imperative need of further facilities for teacher training and the obligation owed the people by the board of regents. Mention is made of the crowded condition at both the Monmouth and the Ashland normal schools. Also emphasis is laid on the fact that establishment of the La Grande school was authorized by the vote of the people prior to the legislative appropriation.

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

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB

Special call meeting at Dr. Smith's home Saturday, July 14th at 7:30 p. m. to complete arrangements for picnic with Coos Bay club. All come.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — What's Bill Up To? — By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — The Prize — By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM — It's Up to Bonbon — By Small