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Beautiful Berry Set of Seven Pieces

\$1.20

Glassware for Decorative Purposes or Table Service Tinted or Clear Ware.

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THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

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FOR SALE—R. I. chicks from 7 to 10 weeks old. Inquire at the Red Stand at Kelley's Corner.

FOR SALE—Good Jersey cow, fresh; or exchange for wheat or oats. O. H. Witzig, Canyonville.

FOR SALE—Extra fine golden figs, 35¢ gallon or 3 gallons for \$1. Phone 1522. Mrs. W. R. Ellis.

FOR SALE—Buckhorn Cigar Store Cottage Grove. Proprietor's death reason for selling. Inquire Mrs. Mary LaCasse, 31 12th St., Cottage Grove, Ore.

FOR SALE—Wood; white and black oak; laurel, block or stove; red fir, black, slab wood. Good wood at reasonable prices. Wanted—someone to split and pick. Phone 673.

LOOK! home seekers. Sacrifice best acreage, near school, grocery, filling stations, R. R. depot, creek, lots oak timber. Rt. 1, Box 162.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Clean well-furnished 7-room house; garage; garden. Phone 298. Inquire 532 Hoover St.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished cottage with garage, fruit, garden. Reasonable. East Lane and Terrace Sts. Phone 556-R.

WANTED

WANTED—Widow wishes position as housekeeper for widower of small family. Country preferred. Mrs. A. B. care News-Review.

WANTED—to rent ranch, 150 sheep capacity or more. Give particulars. Box 17, care News-Review.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS

WEAVING—Rugs and carpets. Mrs. Pearl James, 243 Sheridan St.

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

HAND OF CAPONE SEEN IN SLAYING OF FRANKIE YALE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
NEW YORK, July 31.—Police announced today that they had positive information that the weapons with which Frankie Yale, Brooklyn gangster, was shot to death in a quiet Brooklyn street, came from the arsenal of Scarface Al Capone, Chicago racketeer.

The history of the weapons, a machine gun, a shot gun and a magazine pistol, was revealed today when District Attorney Dodd of Brooklyn, Police Inspectors Sullivan and Coughlin, Parker A. Henderson, Jr., son of a former mayor of Miami, Fla., and Police Chief Reeve of Miami.

Yale, or Yale, was shot on July 1 as he sat at the wheel of his automobile near his Brooklyn home by gangsters. The weapons used were found later in an abandoned automobile bearing a Tennessee license.

Yale was said by police to have been associated with Capone, but to have broken with him before the killing. Henderson and Chief Reeve arrived in New York last night and considerable mystery was thrown about them.

Police said they learned today that the guns had been purchased in Chicago and shipped to Capone in Miami. They said they also learned that at least four Chicago gunmen had been in conference with Capone in his Miami home shortly after the shipment of the weapons.

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"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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Roseburg, Oregon

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FOLKS OF REAL DISCRIMINATION—PRAISE US FOR OUR SANITATION!!
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and you will get the order in least possible time.
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LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 By NEA Service

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED

Bertie Lou Ward married Rod Bryer, who had previously been engaged to Lila Marsh. The only shadow on the bride's happiness is Lila's persistence in broadcasting to their friends that she was Rod's first love.

A position in New York is offered Rod by Tom Fraser and he accepts. Anxious to make a good impression, they go to an expensive hotel until they can find an apartment. This seems to antagonize Molly Fraser, who urges Bertie Lou to buy more than she can afford. Rod wins money from Tom at poker and, feeling under obligation to them, recklessly invites the crowd to a night club. Lila visits Molly and goes to the party where she meets a rich Mr. Loree. The affair costs the Bryers more than \$100 and Bertie Lou scolds Rod for the extravagance. But their quarrel is forgotten in the rush of getting settled in the new apartment.

Lila surprises them by marrying Mr. Loree, and she asks Bertie Lou to forgive the past and become friends. She showers favors upon them with such sincerity that Bertie Lou is deceived. But keeping up appearances with their crowd is a severe strain on Rod's finances. He becomes discouraged and Lila grasps her chance to force her sympathy upon him by offering a position with more money under her husband.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Lila sat before her dressing table removing the jewels she had worn that evening. She lifted the long string of pinkish pearls from around her neck and tossed it carelessly into a velvet-lined jewel box.

It was the first time she had handled them carelessly. Always their glimmering beauty had excited her with the reminder of their intrinsic worth and the fact that they belonged to her.

Tonight they were, for the moment, of no more importance to her than any of the imitation strings she had worn in Wayville before she had ascended to opulence.

The bracelets came next. Just two. Lila had thought them crown jewels when Cyrus presented them to her. Since then, however, she had seen women wearing six and eight of them at a time.

Here, she felt now, were nothing to write home about. Mere single white affairs. A real bracelet, she was about ready to tell Cyrus, should be an inch wide at least. A flexible string of "decent" diamonds would please her more.

Jewels were not in her mind, however. Something more important to her than jewels occupied her thoughts. She was smiling over a campaign she had launched when she

had extended the olive branch to Bertie Lou.

At the moment Rod was thinking of her as a surprisingly good fellow, the smile still off her face like a mask. Cyrus had opened her door and come in without knocking. Lila quickly took up a hairbrush and began stroking her bob over her face. Some day, she feared, Cyrus would see the telltale change in her features for which his approach was responsible.

The dumb ox! Coming in like that when her mind was filled with a man who made him look like a caricature of the beef trust.

Cyrus was a little fat, and more than partially bald. But his eyes were kind in spite of the hard lines that business competition had set round them and his wide, firm mouth.

He adored Lila. To him she was a kitten—a greedy little kitten who would lap the cream he gave her and then scratch. Not a soft kitten, but an amusing one.

Cyrus was not unthankful for having the cream to give her, and he did not inquire too deeply into the real measure of her affection for him. So far he'd never heard of the other man.

Lila always decked his kisses and ran from his hugs, but she was never teasing and wilecrafting about it. Cyrus took it all in fun. That she really meant it never occurred to him.

But upon this occasion she was very still when he put his hands on her shoulders and pressed his forehead down on her sleek hair. He sniffed appreciatively of its perfume—he knew what that particular scent cost.

Unexpectedly Lila turned and thrust her arms up around his neck. Cyrus was delighted when she kissed him. "It was a swell party, wasn't it?" she said. "No casualties."

"You've got them all beat at entertaining, baby," he told her. "Where'd you acquire all your social talent?"

"By keeping my eyes and ears tuned in on those who know what's what," Lila laughed. "Come on pretty speedy for a little girl from the sticks, didn't I? Proud of me?"

"You bet. But that sounds to me like the preliminary round to a touch."

"Maybe you could call it that," Lila assented. "Say, did you notice anything about the Bryers tonight?"

"I noticed that Bertie Lou is still almost as pretty as you are," Lila said. "Don't you think they're both looking sort of... sort of done in?"

"Well, Rod wasn't pulling any Samson stuff. The roof stayed on." "He's sick with worry. And so's

Bertie Lou. I feel awfully bad about it because if they were compelled to quit the fight, and so back to Wayville I'd lose a good girl friend."

"What's the trouble?" Cyrus most obligingly asked.

"Oh, money," Lila replied with a gesture that implied the situation was a usual one.

Cyrus frowned. "Well, you know," he began, doubtfully. "I rather think they must be spending more than they make."

"Of course they are!" Lila exploded. "Rod's borrowing from his father. But don't blame them. Tom Fraser borrows it here and Molly started Brie Lou out trying to keep up with them. And Tom doesn't pay Rod half enough," she added complainingly.

"Oh, now, Lila, you know Rod hasn't got a very big job. I dare say Tom's fair enough to him."

"That's just it! Rod hasn't anything to look forward to there. And I don't think Rod's father can lend him very much. It will be a pity if they have to leave New York. I wish Rod could get a better job." Her voice trailed off wistfully.

"I'm. Maybe I could do something for him," Cyrus suggested.

Lila became highly animated at once. "Why, of course," she exclaimed gleefully. "We should have thought of that before. You must have some place in your big company for Rod. And I'll be so glad if Bertie Lou can have more money to spend. It's always so hard to get her to trail around with me when it costs anything. Just as if you didn't give me oodles of money, you precious old darling."

"Well, I'll see what I can do."

Indeed he did do something about it. He sent the auditor of his company out to take charge of a western branch and put Rod in his place. He invited Rod to lunch with him when he reached this decision and put it up to him. For a moment Rod was nonplussed. Lila certainly had worked fast. But he was no undisciplined favorer.

"All right, Cy," he said. "You've knocked me off my feet, but there's one thing I want to know. How much of this is due to friendship? You're offering me a lot more money than I've ever earned and I don't want to take it unless you think I can make good."

Cyrus smiled. "Young fella, I'm able to offer you a reasonable salary because I never made it a practice to overpay any man, no matter how valuable he was to me."

Rod grinned.

"But I don't mind giving a leg up to a real hustler," Cyrus went on. "And I guess that little wife of yours won't weep over having more bacon in the house."

How literal that was only Rod knew.

The rest of the conference was occupied with details. Rod returned to the office treading on air. And Bertie Lou was so thrilled at the news when Rod told her at dinner that evening

that she was rendered thoroughly incapable of further household duties. It was great news!

Then when, finally, the first flush of enthusiasm had disappeared, Bertie Lou began to wonder what won Rod over so completely from his recent stand that he would accept no favors from Cyrus.

Unwittingly Rod supplied the answer. "Cy's a generous old buck, but the cold-plated loving cup goes to Lila for this work," he said.

Bertie Lou understood. He had talked it over with Lila. And without effort she seemed to have convinced him more forcibly than Bertie Lou could that there was no reason why he shouldn't be in the employ of Lila's husband.

Too bad Rod didn't tell her the rest of it. That Lila had worked on his love for Bertie Lou. The latter was left to believe what she would, because Rod lacked her ability to guess what other people would think of given circumstances. Had she been in his place she'd have known that it must look rather strange for a person to right-about-face. She'd have made an exclamation in a case like that.

But she was not disturbed by her conclusions. Just that moment he had been off soon in the happiness of their release from money bondage. Later she was to remember it with far more poignant significance.

Rod remained with Tom's firm for the customary two weeks after giving notice. Two more weeks were taken up with work under the man Cyrus was sending west before he finally took charge of his new position.

Tom and Molly too were inclined to be a little angry about his leaving, but Lila took care to explain. She induced Molly to help her try to inveigle Bertie Lou into moving.

Rod came near going through the roof when Bertie Lou mentioned the idea to him. "Suffering swordfish, I thought we were all through being fools," he said hotly.

"All right, all right," Bertie Lou hastened to appease him. "But Lila gave me a hint about Cy. She said he liked to see the men who worked for him living well. Not like spendthrifts, of course, but he wants them to do justice to the positions they hold. He'd hate to have a Loree man who holds any kind of a job at all, making a poor impression."

"Now look here, Bertie Lou," Rod said soberly. "We're gonna save."

One month later he came home to learn that Bertie Lou had submitted the apartment.

(To Be Continued)

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L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

B. W. COONEY IS FIRE LOOKOUT AT WHITE ROCK

Friends of B. W. Cooney, former county agent, who for many months was critically ill and was not expected to recover, will be glad to learn that he is rapidly improving in health and due to his remarkable vitality and determination will eventually recover fully from his very severe illness.

He is now serving as a forest lookout at the White Rock ranger station, which is located on the Myrtle Creek and Little river divide. He has two milk goats with him, so that he has a good supply of fresh milk, and is rapidly gaining in strength and weight.

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

BANKRUPT MERCHANT WHO REMOVED GOODS PAROLED

PORTLAND, Ore., July 31.—Stanton Parker, 57, merchant of Goble, Seapooe and Rainier, Ore., where he operated the Parker department stores, pleaded guilty today in federal court to concealing assets in his bankruptcy proceedings. He was fined \$100, sentenced to a year in the county jail and paroled by Federal Judge McNary.

Parker admitted that he had taken \$1,000 worth of merchandise from his stores after the bankruptcy petition had been filed, leaving the goods with relatives in Washington. He said the move was made on the advice of a lawyer who wrongly construed the exemption clause in the Oregon bankruptcy laws. All of the goods have been restored.

NEWS BRIEFS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SAN RAFAEL—The famous old five-story hotel San Rafael was destroyed by fire with an estimated loss of \$500,000, including the property of some 200 persons registered there. The fire for a time threatened to spread to the northern part of the town.

LOS ANGELES—Naburu Sadao, 15-year-old Japanese student, hanged himself to the door of his bedroom in the belief, his mother said, that he was making "an experiment" in unveiling the mystery of death. The mother said he had been reading books on death recently.

RED BLUFF—Roy and George Karsten, respectively 8 and 10 years old, were drowned while swimming in the Sacramento river. The father narrowly escaped death in an effort to save the children.

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

IOWA FARM CONVENTION TO MEET WITH HOOVER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, July 31.—A conference between the republican presidential nominee, Herbert Hoover, and representatives of the farm relief sentiment in Iowa and other midwest states has been arranged for August 22 and 23 at Cedar Rapids, Ia. It has been announced at western campaign headquarters here.

Boswell Springs, cool, shady park.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



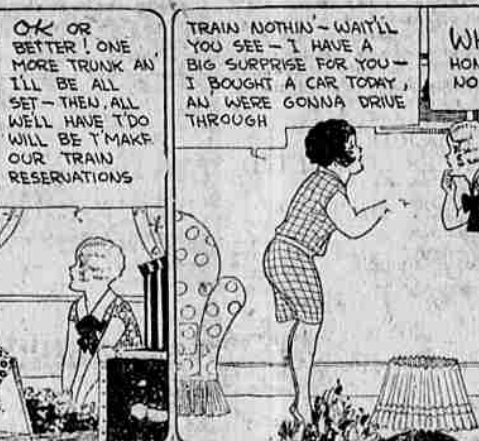
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



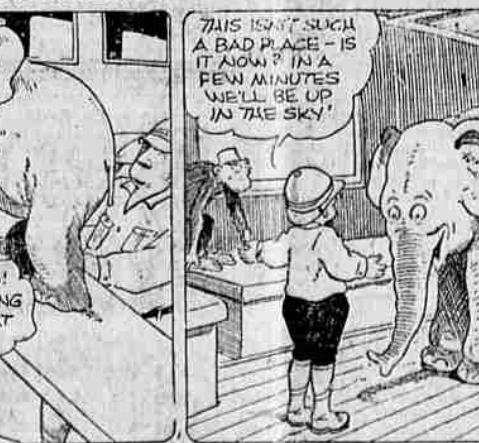
SALESMAN SAM



Well! Well! Well!



They'll Make a Call



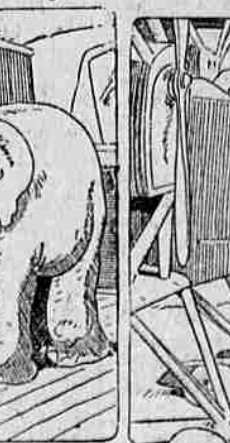
A Cinch



By Martin



By Blosser



By Small

