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CLASSIFIED SECTION
 ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE
 FOR SALE—Few Chinchilla rabbits. Tom Bayles, 1146 N. Jackson St.
 500 sheep, \$6. per taken. Rice Bros.
 50c per bushel. Bring to Roseburg Truck Garden.
 Registered Duroc hogs. F. E. Weaver, Riddle.
 Baled vetch and oat hay. Chas. Watson, Looking Glass. Phone 13F12.
 Fancy Elberta peaches and Bartlett pears. Fred Renner, Happy Valley Bridge.
 REGISTERED S H R O P SHIRE RAMS for sale—Yearlings. Your choice \$25. Mrs. W. E. Stafford, 1001 Mill St., Eugene, Oregon.
 Purple and common vetch seed, mixed with gray oak. Price \$3. Phone 2808. Arthur R. Weeks, Riddle, Ore.
 Bartlett pears, 50c per bushel. House on hill, opp. Adam's Camp Ground, Coos Junction. E. E. Baker.
 Slab wood, 16, 18 and 20 inch; also red fir block, at prices you can afford. Oak block, \$3.25. Phone 6F15.
 If you want a small place, you can't beat my 10 acres for quality or price; on highway, 6 miles south. Mrs. Lora Mellott.
 Sheep: 75 head aged ewes, 55 lambs, a few wethers. Also six high grade Holstein milk cows. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6F15.
 2 good lots, good view, just need a \$600. value for \$300, better look it up now. See R. W. Stovall, 637 Reservoir Ave.

FOR RENT
 FOR RENT—5-room modern house with garage. Phone 566R.
 FURNISHED apartments, heated, modern, close in. Inquire 124 W. Douglas St.
 ROOM with home privileges, close in. 120 W. Lane St., phone 177.

WANTED
 WANTED—Washing to do. 230 S. Rose St.
 WANTED—Work of any kind by 16-year-old school boy. Phone 471-L.
 WANTED to buy pack horses and saddle horses. Box 80, care News-Review.
 WANTED—Man with truck to haul 12 tons oak wood. Call at 1146 N. Jackson.
 PRUNE pickers and dryers. Apply Wm. P. Weaver, Myrtle Creek, Ore.
 Sewing to do, children's preferred. Mrs. B. W. Cooney, 1249 Umpqua Ave.
 Trade for wood—2nd hand steel range and single harrow. R. I., Box 9, Roseburg.
 A boy of 16 or 18 to make himself useful on a ranch 4 miles west of Riddle, Ore. James E. Perry.
 Woman to care for sick lady and do light housekeeping. Home and small wages for the winter. Write Box 69, News-Review.

MISCELLANEOUS
 THE Farmers' Mutual Fire Relief Ass'n. is represented by I. M. Tutill, Oakland, Ore.
 CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 653 when in need of auto parts. Sarris Auto Wrecking House.
 7-room Portland, modern home, double garage, paved street; for small Douglas Co. ranch. Give all details first letter. Box 70, News-Review.

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LOVE FOR TWO
 BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED
 Bertie Lou and Rod Bryer are happily married, until Lila Loree plots to separate them. She had once been engaged to Rod although she had refused to marry him because he was poor. She meets and marries wealthy Cyrus Loree and persuades him to give Rod a splendid position because of her friendship for Bertie Lou.

In order to see Rod without arousing suspicion, Lila endeavors to win Bertie Lou's confidence by showering her with favors. Gradually she arouses Rod's old infatuation for her and when Bertie Lou discovers that they see each other secretly, she is heartbroken, and indulges in the dissipation of wealthy wives which Lila had taught her.

Rod loses confidence in her and they drift farther apart but he will not admit his renewed interest in Lila. This infuriates her and to make him more dependent on her, Lila takes a jewel robbery in which it appears that Rod is the thief, but she begs him to keep it secret to save his reputation. He discovers she is heartbroken, and admits she did it to gain his love.

He repudiates her treachery and disloyalty to her husband, and she reminds him that his wife is out with young Marco Palmer. He leaves her and drives to the Palmer home where he sees Marco and Bertie Lou in lounging robes and departs without learning that they were merely coming upstairs from a morning swim.

When Bertie Lou gets home, Rod is gone, leaving no word but a check for \$2,000. Not realizing that he left because of his suspicions of Lila for trying to take him away from her, both women try to locate Rod without success. Bertie Lou secures a position, and waits for Rod to get a divorce.

CHAPTER XXXVIII
 It had been a long time since Bertie Lou had heard from Rod's lawyer. Everything had been settled. This summons could mean but one thing!

Divorce!
 Well, it had to come. She was prepared for it. But, rather strangely, she thought, it still had the power to hurt—this legal separation.

"Really it ought to be done by a surgeon," she reflected, on the way. "It's just like a knife cutting right through the heart."

But that was not what she told Rod's lawyer. "I suppose Mr. Bryer wants a divorce," she began as soon as she was shown into his office.

He looked at her in surprise. "I've no objection," Bertie Lou hurried on, but he stopped her. "I've been requested by your husband to interview you on the subject of divorce," he interrupted.

Ward couldn't say—Mrs. Bryer claimed she did not know it. "They address their letters to Rod through general delivery," she wrote Bertie Lou.

Once or twice Bertie Lou was so desperate she considered going to Lila. But she never could quite bring herself to do that.

She wondered that Lila had not left Cyrus. "But I suppose she's waiting until I get a divorce so she can be sure of Rod before she gives up," she told herself. "I never would have thought Rod would give for a thing like that! Well, they say yes, until Spring if it's not too late."

She was willing to divorce Rod but the immediate prospect of it—the coming face to face with the actual first step—had appalled her. She could not go through with it—not yet, at least.

But if Bertie Lou was thinking unflattering thoughts of Rod's attitude in the whole matter, he was inclined to think more highly of her than he had since Lila started poisoning his mind against her.

It certainly reflected a great deal of credit upon Bertie Lou that she was earning her own living, he thought, and not accepting her support from Marco Palmer. All the more reason, though, for thinking they would marry some day. Anyone must respect and admire all the more a girl with an independent spirit, Rod admitted.

But why, if Bertie Lou was willing to work, did she live such a fast pace at night? Molly said she looked like the ghost of her former self—that she was heavily made up to "hide her dissipation," and that she "smoked incessantly."

And what had become of the money he'd given her, Rod wondered.

What he did not know was that Bertie Lou ran with Marco's crowd because she was afraid to be alone—afraid of her memories and the uninvited pictures that came to her mind when she was not "whooping it up" with a mad, impetuous hand of reckless youngsters.

Marco liked her to be happy. If Marco dropped her Bertie Lou didn't know what she would do. Go mad, she supposed. She would if she had to sit in her hall bedroom and face her dreary future. Her loveless, drab, homeless future! Better to please Marco while she could; at least until he realized that she meant it when she said she wouldn't marry him. After that—well, that time hadn't come.

And it was gay to go around with Marco. They went to places where wickedness was refined at any rate, and Marco's friends were not vulgar.

Mostly they had sored on life for one reason or another and would be like that for a few years more probably. In the meantime they had to make fun to keep in the running.

Bertie Lou did not dare let go. She became their leader and Marco was proud of her. But it could

not last.

One day she collapsed at work. And her employer sent her to a hospital. Then he called in Marco. Bertie Lou's wild days were over. She was a trembling hysterical wreck. But she wouldn't let them telegraph her mother. The doctor said she would get well. And Marco promised to see that she kept quiet when she got up. Marco was a chastened young man. The doctor had held him responsible—yes, him, and his father also for his too generous allowance.

Bertie Lou's employer held her position open for her and paid her bills. To save him expense she insisted upon being taken back to her rooming house as soon as she was able to be moved.

There, during the long lonely hours of staring at a cheap picture on the faded paper-covered wall, or of hating her eyes trying to look through the square lace curtains over a dirty window, she evolved a plan that was half-dream, half-hope, for something to do when she was well again.

She couldn't go back to seeking forgetfulness in the way that had put her in the hospital. She supposed she must lose Marco—she hated that—he was a dear companion when he wasn't begging her to marry him some day. But what could he have for a girl who was no longer able to keep up with his pace?

He'd been a darling during her illness. Fresh flowers every day and baskets of luscious fruits. Books, too, but somehow she couldn't read; she couldn't concentrate on anything but her own affairs, her tragic, hopeless affairs. For she felt that her life was done, that she never could find anything to live for again. That was tragic—unless this plan she had would help.

She let her eyes rove over the shabby room and come to rest on Marco's latest offering of flowers. She saw them through a mist of tears, and looked away. They reminded her that Marco was the last friend she had, and pretty soon there would be no more flowers from him. She must send him on his way.

The others, people she had met through him, did not count. Neither did any of Molly's or Lila's friends. The only persons who cared anything about her now were in Wayville. And Bertie Lou wasn't going home.

She was going to do do some—

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thing else—something interesting. Something that thrilled her just to think of it. It wouldn't last for ever—the pain and pleasure-mixed undertaking, but it would take the edge off her unhappiness when she went through the ordeal of divorcing Rod.

After that she wouldn't need distraction quite so much, and she always would have something to dream over. She was turning the thought over in her mind, developing each moment when someone knocked on her door.

"Come in," she called. The door opened and a round, goodnatured face with heaps of freckles and a nice grin was poked in. "May I come all the way in?" his owner inquired.

"I'm glad to have you," Bertie Lou told her. And so she was. For a week now she had received a daily visit from her neighbor in the next room, Beattie Rogers.

Beattie was a shopgirl and a devoted little soul to anyone she liked. She had liked Bertie Lou after her first call. They had not really met until Bertie Lou came home from the hospital.

"Anything I can do?" she asked after sniffing the flowers. It was a never-ending source of conjecture with her that Bertie Lou got such costly blooms. But she was not inquisitive.

"Yes," Bertie Lou replied. "You can help if you like to listen. I've a perfectly mad but heavenly idea that I've got to talk over with someone."

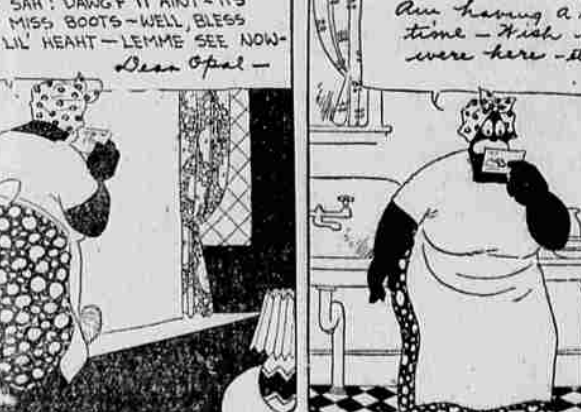
(To Be Continued)

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