

Factory Shipment of Earthenware Mixing Bowls

Up to 17 Inches in Diameter.

These Splendid Kitchen Mixing Bowls Come in Sets of Five.

Ivory White Lined, 6 to 9 inches in Diameter, per set only

\$1.90

Once used they will be found indispensable

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—50 head ewes, 1 1/2 year-old, \$12.50. Phone 312E.

GOOD windfall pears, 25c per bushel. Bring your box. Harry Winston.

COMMON vetch and grain seed, three cents per pound. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Purchased Jersey cow, 5 years old, just fresh. L. E. Giblin, Roseburg, phone 14F34.

FOR SALE—500 sheep, \$6 per head if all taken. Rice Bros., Dillard.

TOMATOES, 50c per bushel. Bring boxes. Boyer's Truck Garden, Dillard.

FOR SALE—Registered Duroc pig, \$10. each. F. E. Weaver, Riddle.

REGISTERED SHROPSHIRE RAMS for sale—Yearlings. Your choice \$25. Mrs. W. E. Stafford, 1001 Mill St. Eugene, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Slab wood, 16, 18 and 20 inch; also red fir block; at prices you can afford. Oak block, \$3.25. Phone 6F3.

FOR SALE—Bartlett pears, 35c bushel. Pick them yourself, bring boxes. Red Fruit Stand, Kelley's Corner.

If you want a small place, you can't beat my 10 acres for quality or price; on highway, 6 miles south. Mrs. Lora Mellett.

FOR SALE—Sheep: 75 head aged ewes, 56 lambs, a few wethers. Also six high grade Holstein milk cows. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6F15.

COME one, come all, and pick tomatoes at 50c per bushel. Bring your boxes. You can also get fine yellow Bantam corn for canning at a bargain. This corn is not culls. J. E. Evans, Superior Gardens, Dillard—where your dollars have more cents.

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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 refused to marry Rod because he was poor. She meets and marries Cyrus Loree and persuades him to add Rod in business while she gains Bertie Lou's confidence by showering her with favors.

Gradually she arouses Rod's interest and faith in her while she plants seeds of mistrust about his wife. When Bertie Lou discovers that they see each other secretly, she is heartbroken and indulges in the dissipation of idle wives which Lila had taught her.

They drift apart but Rod will not commit himself to Lila. This infuriates her and she fakes a jewel robbery in which it appears that he is the thief; then insists on keeping it secret to save his reputation. He discovers her treachery, and she says she did it to gain his love.

He repudiates her disloyalty to her husband, and she reminds him that his wife is out with Marco Palmer. He drives to the Palmer estate where he sees Marco and Bertie Lou in lounging robes and departs without learning that they were merely coming upstairs from the swimming pool.

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, Bertie Lou denounces Lila for trying to take him away from her. Both women try to locate Rod without success. Bertie Lou secures a position, and is puzzled when Rod makes no move to get a divorce. The suspense maddens her, and to avoid the agony she continues to go about in a gay crowd with Marco. Then she thinks of a plan.

Suddenly Bertie Lou turned back and smiled at her. "I haven't anyone to help me build my house," she said, "because I didn't know what it was like to want one with all my heart. But maybe someone else will find happiness in it. That would be nice, don't you think so, to have people being happy in your house?"

"Y. e. s. s.," Bertie replied doubtfully. She thought it would be much nicer to be happy in it yourself. "When are you going to build it?" she asked.

"Just as soon as I can get up," Bertie Lou told her. "See here," she reached down on the foot of the bed for a folded newspaper that lay there. "Here's a whole page ad of a company that's building a lot of houses at Moonfields. Isn't that the loveliest name? I was out there once. . . ."

She paused, and took a trembling underlip between her teeth to still it. She had come there with Rod shortly after they came to New York. He'd been deeply interested in the tiny English cottages that were going up like magic—an ar-

chitect's dream come true; he had succeeded in interesting a wealthy builder in pretty homes at a small cost.

But Bertie Lou had been unable to unshove over them as Rod did. They were attractive, yes, adorable even. "But so small, you know, Rod; how could we entertain? It might be all right for someone whose future is limited, to come out here, but what would the Frasers think if we did?"

Bertie Lou remembered their conversation almost by word for word. Rod had reminded her that these houses were larger than the apartments she was looking at.

"But the apartment is only temporary," she had argued. "When you get where you belong in the business world, Rod dear, we will have a house, but it must be in a more exclusive neighborhood than this. And we need a real dining room."

Rod thought it would be cozy to have a table in the living room. "Right before the fireplace, and a nice cherry log fire going."

But they didn't build. And now Bertie Lou enshrined it in her memory. It was the temple of might-have-been.

"See where it says 'small payment down and balance like rent'—that pointed out to Bertie Lou that she could have had it and studied the advertisements with her.

"Go, what a sweet little home!" Bertie exclaimed over the picture in the middle of the page. "Is that the one you want?"

"No, but it's the same style. I'm afraid the one I'd like to have is sold, but I'm going to ask the company to build me another one just like it."

Two weeks later she made the request. Marco had come for her and driven her out to Moonfields. "But what on earth you want out here in the prairies is a mystery to me," he grumbled. Bertie Lou did not tell him until they were in the company's office. Then he heard it indirectly.

He stared at her in amazement as she explained what she wanted. Yes, the house could be duplicated. Exactly! Exactly! But several blocks away from the original, of course. Moonfields had grown rapidly.

"How long will it take you to build it? And how much is your down payment?" Bertie Lou sounded very businesslike, but inwardly she was so excited she could hardly keep from showing it in her manner.

What if the down payment was more than the money she had? The question of future payments she had solved by planning to rent the property. Her joy in it did not extend beyond the thought of ownership—to live in it would be to turn it into a pillory, where escape from her memories would be impossible.

Marco stood by, completely disinterested, while she talked over details and terms and finally signed her name on several papers, one of which was a check for \$1,500. The initial payment required by

the company was less, but Bertie Lou wanted to put all of Rod's \$2,000 into the house. Five hundred of it she figured she might need for extra expenses, and the things a new house always required. She had not forgotten her father's shop talk, and as a carpenter's daughter she knew something of building. Her house was going to be built right.

"See here," Marco burst out when they were back in his roadster. "What do you think you want with a house like that?"

"It's an obligation," Bertie Lou told him. "Everyone who builds a house like that, as you call it, adds something to the sum total of happiness. Marco, you're too young to know that you've got to make others happy to be happy yourself."

"With all due veneration for your gray hairs," Marco returned sarcastically, "there's a hole in your argument through which you're going to plod right into my hat."

Bertie Lou merely looked at him. "If it's so necessary to make others happy how about giving me a little consideration?" he demanded. "Why build a house for strangers to bill and coo in?"

"You promised you wouldn't begin that again, Marco. Next time I'll come on the train."

"But, Bertie Lou, it's absurd. It's unheard of. . . . It's monstrous, the way you treat me. Anybody would think I was nobody. Why, I've reformed for you. Half the night clubs in New York have closed and the rest are just barely keeping the wolf from the door."

"It won't hurt you," Bertie Lou returned dryly. "Isn't there anything I can do to make you even think about marrying me?" Marco pleaded.

"Maybe some day I will if you keep on nagging me," she told him. "It will be your own fault if I do, Marco. You wouldn't get much. I'm just a hollow shell. I haven't any heart at all."

"I suppose I haven't any right to expect Lady Luck to shoot the whole works on me," Marco mourned in a philosophic tone. "But I'd rather have been born poor with a chance that you'd love me as my share of good fortune. Believe it or not."

"If you'd ever been poor I might believe it, Marco," Bertie Lou said, "but I can't love you, so you might as well enjoy the blessings you have. Besides, my love never

blesses anybody."

"Give it a chance, and see," Marco urged. "You know what the mother said to her reluctant daughter: 'Love will come afterward.'"

Bertie Lou did not reply. She was thinking that sometimes love fled afterward. Why not, then, marry without it? If love was not a guarantee of happy married life why bother about it? And was Marco so far wrong when he brought her argument back to her? If she wanted to seek happiness through making others happy, why not begin with him?

Bertie Lou was too honest to stop there in the examination of her thoughts. Marco could make life a great deal pleasanter. Office work was different after you had left it and gone back to it. Keeping house had been a real job, but at least she'd been able to arrange her hours to suit herself. And what was there at the end of her work now? It had been marriage before. Marriage seen through rosy glasses.

She knew more about marriage today. She'd have a greater chance, if not for the bliss she had known with Rod, at least for a better understanding with the man she married.

And if she didn't marry? Years and years in a rooming house or a return to her home in Wayville. Rod and Lila would come back, too. Bertie Lou was sure of that. Lila would make him. Lila would ride her triumph like a high steed. Bertie Lou could feel herself being trampled.

She moaned softly and Marco glanced at her in alarm. "Marco," she whispered, "Marco, I'll do it; I'll marry you."

(To Be Continued)

John Deere

Disc Harrows, Field Cultivators, Disc Plows—None Better.

Come in and look 'em over. Used machinery taken in trade.

Special. Rebuilt Disc Harrow \$75.00

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John Deere Plow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.
L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

BANK MESSENGERS, CHICAGO, HELD UP

(Associated Press Special Wire)
CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Five robbers held up two bank messengers in a taxicab today, robbing them of \$19,000 in cash and negotiable paper.

The messengers were taking the money to the Union Trust company, a loop bank.

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

CAN WALK FIVE MILES A DAY

After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Providence, R. I.—"It is two years ago since I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my nerves and other bad feelings and it has been helping me all this time so that I am able to do all my work now and walk about five miles a day besides. I am still taking your medicine and feel like a young woman although I am about 45 years old now. I feel well and happy and if anyone wishes to write to me about your medicines I will be glad to answer."—Mrs. J. TAGLIAMONTI, 11 Pequot Street, Providence, R. I.



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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

SAY, BABE! ISN'T IT A ROTTEN THING TH' FELLAS HAVE BEEN DOIN'—JUS' T'SHOW US A GOOD TIME?

AN' IT'S EVERY BIT PUT ON—IN WAY THEY'RE DRESSIN'—AN' SHOOTIN' FOR INSTANCE! AS IF WE HAVEN'T KNOWN THEY'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' BLANKS



Woof!

YOU BET! AN' WE WON'T EVER LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE HERE—OH, WAIT! THERE'S A MAN WAIN' TO US—LET'S SEE WHAT HE WANTS

BUT GEE! THEY'RE GOOD SPORTS T' DO IT FOR US—EVEN IF IT IS ALL A FAKE



The Contents Revealed!

I BETCHA I KNOW WHAT ALL THIS STUFF IS, OSSIE!!

WELL, IF YOU DO IT'S MOREN I KNOW—WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS, TAG?

A COW-BOY OUTFIT!!

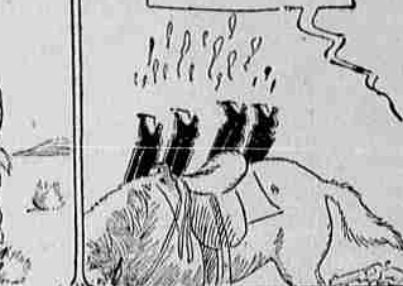
YESSR—THAT'S WHAT IT IS—A COW-BOY SUIT!!

YOU'LL MAKE A HOT LOOKIN' COW-BOY—HAHAHA



By Martin

HURRY UP—GIT OFFA THERE—OR I'LL



By Blosser

YEA BO! THERE'S MY MAN NOW! I'LL GET PROMOTED FER THIS!



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

RADIOGRAM FROM THE STEAMER, ON WHICH FRECKLES IS RETURNING HOME REPORTS EVERYBODY WELL—IN THE MEANTIME BACK HOME OSSIE OPENS THE PACKAGE THAT CAME FROM HIS UNCLE CLEM!!

NOW WHAT DO YOU SPOSE MY UNCLE CLEM IS SENDING ME THIS HAT FOR?

SEE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'LL EVER DO WITH THAT!!



SALESMAN SAM

NOT KNOWING THAT SAM HAD HIDDEN IN THE HOTEL, DEPT. PAVE WHEN THOSE SNAKE IT, AND AS A RESULT SAVED THE CHECKS, JEWELS, COPS STILL SUSPECT CLERY, SAM OF THE ROBBERY



Caught with the Goods

WELL, I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE O' SAM IN TOWN—I'LL TRY OUT HERE IN 'T' CO. TR. 'T' CO. SAM, I'LL HATE TA PUNCH HIM IF I FIND HIM—HE'S A GOOD SCOUT!



By Small

HALT! HANDS UP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! I GOTCHA WITH TH' GOODS ON YAT!



Chiropractor
DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
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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

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Carry Fire Insurance
in an adequate amount to protect yourself in case of fire. Check up on your policies and see that you are protected. Our office is at your service in all matters pertaining to fire and auto insurance. Prompt and reliable service.

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That is what our old customers say. You will like our plan, too. All goods delivered.

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CITY OF SUTHERLIN
SAWMILL AND BOX FACTORY OPPORTUNITY—14,000 acres with 524 million feet of Douglas fir and 35 million sugar pine. PRICE \$1.00 M. The city will donate mill site adjoining trackside containing 150 acres. Further particulars E. G. KINGWILL, SUTHERLIN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Sutherlin, Oregon.