

Fancy Shopping Baskets

We have an assortment of Ladies Fancy Shopping Baskets that are just the thing for carrying small parcels when you are doing your buying. They come in different sizes and colors, are durable and convenient, priced from

60c to \$1.25

Canning Supplies and Novelties, Mixing Bowls, Kitchen Accessories, etc. See us.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Two No. 1 cows. Call 563.

FORDSON tractor and plow for sale. Box 40, care News-Review.

DRAG SAW engine to trade for wood. Inquire at Riverside Store.

FOR SALE—Date prunes. Bring your boxes. C. C. Hurst, Riverside.

FOR SALE—125 good young ewes. Virgil Smith, (Rice Hill) Oakland.

FOR SALE—100 good young ewes, heavy fleece. A. V. Newport, Oak Creek.

FOR SALE—Oak block \$3.15; oak stove \$3.65; fir block \$2.50. Sept. only. Phone 672.

FOR SALE—500 sheep, \$5 per head if all taken. Rice Bros., Dilhard.

COMMON vetch and grain seed, 25 cents per pound. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Ripe canning tomatoes at the Noah place, Dilhard. Bring boxes and pick. 50c bushel. Fred Winaton.

FOR SALE—Sheep—140 good ewes, 75 aged ewes, also several high grade Holstein cows and heifers. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 6715.

FOR SALE—160-acre ranch, easily accessible, suitable for sheep or goats; lots of timber, some improvements. Cheap. Address J. D. care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Concord grapes are now ready for jelly, 5 cents lb. Call evenings after 5 o'clock. A. E. Butler, R. 2, Box 37-A. Phone 2721, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—1-year-old gelding, weight about 1700 lbs., 5 aged geldings and 1 aged mare, weight from 1200 to 1300 lbs., 6 work horses. A. C. Wilson, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—50 mixed daffodils \$1. Iris 12 \$1. Peonies 3 colors \$1. Perennials Rockplants 12 \$1. Roses 2 year \$3.50. dozen Shrubs 25 cents up. Catalog free. Subrs Plover Farm, Troutdale, Ore.

SLEEP RANCH—470 acres about 40 river bottom land to cultivate, woven wire fence; two miles river frontage; 6 miles from Roseburg; complete set buildings; carry 200 sheep, raise thousand turkeys. Rent \$500 cash per year, or sell for \$25 per acre. McLENDON REALTY CO., 140 Jackson Street.

FOR SALE—Large young Imperial Pekin ducks, \$3 each. Grace Stephens, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—Petite prunes, 40c per bushel. Pick them yourself. Louis Bauer, West Roseburg.

WANTED

WANTED—Pasture for yearling calf. Phone 4711.

WANTED to buy—Sound-mouth ewes. Box 102, City.

WANTED—Immediately, prune pickers. Phone 4211.

WANTED—\$3000, long term loan. Good security. "S. O. S." this office.

WANTED—Competent woman for general housework. Box 7, Sutherlin.

FOR RENT

GARAGE FOR RENT—526 Piltzer St. Phone 527-L.

FOR RENT—7-room house, also 4-room flat; both furnished. 557 W. Mosher.

FOR RENT—5-room house, breakfast nook, all built-ins. Inquire 1124 Ramona Court.

FOR RENT—For high school girls, room with double bed; private family. 207 S. Main.

FURNISHED room for rent—All modern conveniences. Call at 315 S. Main or phone 41-Y.

FOR RENT—Furnished heated apt., close in, modern. Electric ranges. Inquire at 124 W. Douglas.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, steam heated 122 South Jackson St., opposite Antlers theatre, call or phone 451.

TEACHERS and SCHOLARS—Cozy, well furnished apt., one block from Rose school, reasonable, with modern conveniences. Deardorff Apts., 112 Brockway St. 403-R.

LOST

LOST—Small, brown Shepherd dog; \$5 reward for return. Notify C. R. Davis, Happy Valley ranch.

LOST—Between Soldiers Home and Myrtle Creek, one roll of bedding, Flinder phone 266-R and I will call and get it.

FOUND

FOUND—Saturday, near Terminal hotel, rosary. Owner call at News-Review and describe.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

R. A. HERCHER

(Regular) Republican nominee for County Judge for Douglas County. Your support and vote respectfully so belted. (Paid Adv.)

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Roseburg Cabinet Shop

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INSURANCE 116 Cass St. Phone 417

WHIRLWIND BY ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Tad Thorne and Valerie West are married in a little chapel by the sea, with grandeur and a great deal of happiness.

"It's like Val," thought Sybil Thorne, whose own love affairs had made plenty of talk. "She's making it seem complicated, but that doesn't make any difference. It comes untied these days, however elaborately it's tied."

Sybil, who worships her brother, is exceedingly unhappy because she dislikes Valerie. Her own engagement to Craig Newhall fills her also with forebodings. Because, though Craig is fine and wealthy and handsome, Sybil does not really love him. Years before, her sweetheart, John Lawrence, marched away to war on the eve of their marriage—and never returned.

Convinced that she can never be happy again, Sybil became engaged to Craig to make her dying father happy. But Mr. Thorne was dead before she could tell him, and now Sybil does not know what to do.

Val and Tad go to Canada for a wedding trip, and Sybil goes alone to their summer place at Wabeno to prepare for the homecoming of the newlyweds.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER IX

The town was full of memories. The beach where Sybil had walked with John Lawrence. The lawn where she had stood when they had strolled in the moonlight. Everywhere she went a shadowy figure walked beside her. A tall, slim boy in khaki, with hair like gold, and lovelight in his eyes.

It seemed to Sybil that she was closer to John than she had been. Then she had learned to love him, then she had ever been anywhere else.

At night she found the place on the beach where he had kissed her first. And she stood, as she had stood that night, with her face to the sea, while the wind whipped her dress about her, and blew her hair where John's cheek should have been.

Then she put up her arms to nothingness, and kissed her face to her phantom lover.

"Whatever I do," she whispered, "I'll love you still. Forever and forever, John."

The mist was rolling in clouds when Craig found her on the sands. A little huddled figure, watching the tide creep up. He had driven down when Mrs. Thorne told him that Sybil was there for the night, working with a charwoman from the village.

"I'll drive her home if she'll let me, and down again first thing in the morning," he promised. So he had hurried there, and finding the house deserted, had sought her on the beach.

"Sybil," he cried when he saw her there, "are you crazy, dear? It's cold as the devil out here, and damp. What are you doing, moon-

ing away all by your lonesome?"

"Thinking about you," she lied lightly.

"Honest?"

He took her hand fondly, and she could see how happily she loved him. It was so easy for her to please him. Only a little word of affection—a loving smile.

"Sit down," she invited. "I want to tell you something."

He put the coat he carried about her, and she pilloved her head against his shoulder.

"Craig, I'm the unhappiest girl on earth."

"I know, honey."

His arm about her drew her gently closer.

"No, you don't, Craig. You think it's because John is dead, and daddy, and now Tad married, and mother and I at sword's points, because we don't speak the same language. But that's not all of it, Craig. It's something inside of me, like poison. I don't know, exactly. Something that makes me bitter and rebellious—and miserable! Oh, Craig, you don't know."

"I think I do, dear."

"Oh, it's dreadful, Craig! Everything's all gone wrong. My whole life. It's something worse than losing PEOPLE. It's losing EVERYTHING. Ideals and dreams and hope."

"There's such an all-gone feeling. As if the bottom had simply dropped out of things. I wish I could make you understand."

"I do understand, Sybil."

"Craig, I'd make a rotten wife."

"You're a morbid little sweet-heart, I'll say that for you."

"But I'm dreadfully serious, Craig. I don't think I ought to be married—feeling the way I do."

"You're all upset right now, honey. It's sort of a reaction after the wedding. You're tremendously high strung, you know. You let things affect you too much. Valerie's been getting your goat. I know she would, from the minute I laid eyes on her."

Tad probably made a mistake. But, after all, that's his funeral. If you could only learn to take things as they are. But you're always rebellious. Something inside all the time. Popping off like a little fire-cracker. You've got to learn to take life gracefully, Sybil. Bucking fate is a tough job. We can't do it, little girl. There's no use trying. Life's so much bigger than any of us."

"But, Craig, look at me! I've lost everything. You can't expect me to fold my hands, and murmur, 'Thy will be done.' You can't expect me to just lie down, and let the gods of fate walk all over me."

"First, there was that dreadful war and my poor boy was led to slaughter. And Craig, that drove me nearer insanity than you'll ever know. And then there were the crazy years afterward, when

we all went wild. Things happen—then, dear, that I'd like to forget. If it hadn't been for my job, I'd have gone off the handle entirely."

"I loved that job, Craig. In the office from nine till five, busy every minute. Accomplishing things. Feeling important. All those contacts with worthwhile people. Part and parcel of achievement."

"It was glorious. I got so I stopped pitying myself. Introspection has always been my curse, and there was no time for that sort of thing at Lathrop & Sons. Something doing every minute. That was my salvation."

"And then, of course, I had to give it all up, when daddy got sick. And now—with daddy gone—"

"And Tad—I'm like a fish out of water. High and dry on a rocky shore. Nothing to do, but think about it. It's a devil of a life, Craig."

"And mother doesn't make things any better. Oh, I suppose it sounds dismal. But I'm not a very filial sort of a girl. I never could see why people assume that there's a sort of mystic bond between parents and progeny. I adored my father, because he was the most wonderful thing that ever lived. Not just because, by merest accident, he happened to be my father."

"And mother worships Tad in the same blind fashion. I can understand that all right. I suppose it gives a woman an awful kick to have a splendid son—bone of her bone, blood of her blood," as they say. But as for me—I'm nothing to send telegrams home about. I was never particularly wild about me—not since I grew up and started to have a mind of my own."

"We're far apart as the poles, mother and I. Probably I sound like an awful egg, talking this way. Of course, I love mother. And God knows I feel sorry for her. But the woman who does our washing would be a darn sight more congenial."

Sybil's head burrowed a little hollow in Craig's arm, and he held her closer. The only sound about them was the waves lapping at their feet.

"Craig," she said, "I ought to be married. Shooting my idiot head off like a darn fool. Talking in circles, and back where I began. What's it all about?"

"What is life for? We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way. That's about the size of it, Craig. Same old thing, day in and day out—life in and life out. Getting up in the morning, going to bed at night. Laughing, crying, fighting, praying. Talk—talk—talk. Human cattle. Stepping on each other's necks. Or getting stepped on. Squabbling with the other cattle. Torn by greed and sex. Reproducing ourselves. The endless procession. On and on—"

"What's it all about?"

"Sybil, there's a poem of Oscar Wilde—a beautiful thing called Panthea. And it begins like this: 'I am too young to live without desire.'"

Too young art thou to waste this life

summer night. Asking those idle questions which of old

Man sought of seer and oracle, and no reply was told

Vex not thy soul with dead philosophy.

Have we not lips to kiss with, hearts to love and eyes to see?—"

"Sybil, I want a kiss."

"But when she had given him her lips, she settled herself again in his arms."

"I guess I'm getting old, Craig. I haven't had an honest-to-God thrill in ages."

"That's a nice thing to tell me!"

"Well, it's the truth," she insisted. "Remember how I used to run around? I kidded myself that I was having a pretty good time. But now—Lord, Craig, I couldn't get any more kick out of a road-house than a prayer meeting. Bootleg liquor and country club flirtations give me a pain in the neck. Life's lost its zest. I'm all fed up."

Craig stiffened.

"I'm sorry that I am so utterly inadequate."

Instantly she was contrite.

"Oh, darling, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. It isn't YOU. It's I. You're adorable, Craig."

"Then marry me, sweetheart."

Sybil drew her knees up under her chin.

"And now," she remarked, surveying the ocean, "we're back where we started from."

"Please, dear."

"I told you I'd make a rotten wife."

"I know you did. But I want you just the same."

"I tell you what I'll do, Craig. Resolutely she faced him. "Mab Blake is going to Havana next week. Wretched time for it, I suppose. Hazy season, or something. That's why Mab's going—they've cut the rates in half. And you know Mab on bargain. She's been trying to get me to join her. A month's trip. Mother's been urging me to go ahead. And Tad and Valerie will be home next week. I can't make any decisions, Craig, with you around. And mother is so disquieting. I simply cannot do it. Mab's a tranquil old Jane. Thirty-four, and getting sour. You know how it is with social workers. She'll keep me out of trouble. Perhaps the rest and change would help me. Whole days on the ocean. Peace and quiet. It couldn't hurt. Craig. And it might help. What do you say?"

Maybe it was the wind from the sea that made Craig shiver. Maybe it was Doubt's cold fingers laying hands on him. He lit a cigarette, and as he held the match to his face Sybil thought how pitiful he looked—how weary and defeated. If she had loved him enough, she would have taken his head in her arms and kissed his wishful lips. But she raised them, instead, to the leaden sky, where one small planet gleamed.

"Star bright, star light," she cried, "that star I've been tonight! With a may, wish I might get this wish I wish tonight. And I wish—"

What did Sybil do? Something adventurous, of course. It's in the next installment.

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solemnity, "that Mister Craig Newhall will see the advantages of Miss Sybil Thorne leaving immediately. If not sooner, for Cuba."

Craig shifted his weight heavily from one elbow to the other, like an old man.

"It's the way life is," he told her.

"You don't care enough—that's all. Not that I blame you, Sybil. God knows we can't love where and when we would."

"But Craig!" she cried. "That's not fair. I do love you—only—I'm all mixed up inside. Oh, Craig, dear, what's the use of talking? I won't go if you don't want me to. I'll do exactly whatever you say."

"The devil you will!" he retorted grimly. "You'll do whatever you want—and you darn well know it."

(To Be Continued)

What did Sybil do? Something adventurous, of course. It's in the next installment.

FOR COUNTY CLERK

To Voters: As democratic nominee for the office of County Clerk, I hereby solicit your support at the general election to be held November 6th. I have had six years' experience as First Deputy County Clerk and am thoroughly familiar with the routine of the office. If elected, I will endeavor to make courtesy to the public one of the outstanding features of the administration. (Paid Adv.)

ROY AGEE,

A full stock of plows, harrows, and other implements for fall work. I have the farming carried in stock at Wharton Bros. Come in and look this property.

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