Gifts for HER that make life easier

In selecting gifts, see to it that they have a practical use, then you get the very most to be had. Electrical Gifts are doubly appreciated by the women folks, and we are listing a few suggestions among the endless bargains in our stock.

BABY TABLE WARE, up per piece ..... 20¢

LUSTER WARE, 23-piece set, $4 and $7.50

SALT AND PEPPER SETS, Silver, set $2.00

Bohemian Glass Vases

PATTY PRIM RECIPE CABINETS, just the thing for the housekeeper, all metal $1.00

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Fancy Glassware of many kinds.

Electrical Utilities

Toasters, $3.50 Waffle Sets, $5.98 up

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Pyrex Glassware and a lot of other items. Come in and look over these goods before buying your gifts.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—$100 equity for $60 on new Hudson or Essex. No trade in. Ken Martin. Phone 374.

FOR WOOD—Fir and oak, call 27F11 instead of 6F3. A. R. Mabley.

FOR SALE—Reed baby buggy; also baby carrier for auto. Call 615-J.

DRESSED geese for sale, 25c per lb. Mrs. Inan Dysert. Phone 24F21.

FOR SALE—Baled hay. Thomas Hatfield, South Deer Creek. Phone 14F11.

FOR SALE—12 Chester White pigs, 3 months old at J. P. Barker ranch, cor. Dixonville. Phone 3F22.

FOR SALE or trade—Practically new Wade drag saw; will trade for good milch cow. J. M. Ware, Olalla.

CHRISTMAS tree and program following short business meeting of Evergreen Grange, Saturday, Dec. 22nd. Signed by the Master.

FOR SALE—Fine S. C. W. Leghorn cockerels from high laying strain; $2.50 each, while they last. Otto A. Olson. Phone 6F32.

FOR SALE—220 head Angora goats, 100 head wethers, 50 yearling lambs. All full wooled. Mrs. F. A. Stewart. Phone 1F3.

ONE pair puppies from high grade hunting dogs, cheap for quick sale. Address Leo Dehn, Box 28, Camas Valley, Ore.

RANCH OPPORTUNITY—I have 209 acres well improved; 32 acres in bearing orchard varieties, prunes, walnuts, cherries, peaches, plums, apples and pears about 100 acres in cultivation. This is a real diversified ranch, will carry 100 sheep, range 200 turkeys and support ten cows, a team, and some hogs. There is a good 8-room house; 6-cunnel prune dryer; large barn and other farm buildings; the place is watered with never failing creeks, springs and wells. On good road close to school and towns. The price is $15,500. Will take other property up to $5,000 in part payment, liberal terms on balance.

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All electric or battery operated with Crosley Dynamic speaker AC Sets

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Taylor's Battery & Electric Station

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In Roseburg Super Service Station Building

FOR SALE—2 milch goats, 2 kids, 2 pigs; one Chevrolet ton truck and other articles. Ralph J. Willis, Riddle, Ore., next to School Dist. 20.

THREE grade Jersey cows for sale. One fresh in a few days. One with first calf, good milker. Address C. C. Pratt, Glendale, Ore. Ranch on Quine creek.

DOUGLAS county grocery business—daily sales $50 to $125; price $2000. Building can be purchased on easy terms or rented. The whole thing is a snap. No trades. Write Box No. 57, care News-Review.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished 4 room apt. near Benson school. Call 645-J.

FOR RENT—Furnished, heated apts. Price right. 124 W. Douglas.

FOR RENT—10 acres river-bottom, free soil; $100 per year. Small house. Call 402 W. Lane St.

WANTED

WANTED—Wood cutters. J. M. Ware, Olalla.

WANTED—A woodcutter. Mrs. O. E. Smith, Glide. Phone 7F22.

WANTED—Woman cook who has had experience. Hotel Rose.

WANT TO BUY—40 good young ewes. George W. Newberry, Winchester, Oregon. Phone 12F31.

WANTED—Every car user to call at the Rose Garage for information on the Dayton Thoroloced tires with a guarantee for twenty thousand miles fully guaranteed and insured. Rose Garage. Phone 68.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRAP and target turkey shoot at Buzz Morgan's place, 1 mile west Melrose store, Sunday, Dec. 23rd.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 353 when in need of auto parts. Ezell's Auto Wrecking House.

TURKEY SHOOT at L. E. Swift place 2 miles south of Dixonville. Targets and rifle shooting. Free lunch at noon. Sunday, Dec. 23, 9:30 a. m.

POULTRYMEN—I am now booking orders for chicks, 1929 delivery White Leghorns, R. I. Reds, Barred Rocks; custom hatching. Incubators will start Jan. 10th. W. Cobb, ½ mile N. W. Roseburg, Ore.

BUY raisins direct from producer. Twenty pounds of Thompson Seedless for $1.25, delivered to any address in Douglas or adjoining Co. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 413, Red Bluff, Cal.

WORKING OVERTIME

"Please, ma'am, come quickly. Master has bitten himself."

"What do you mean?"

"He has sat on your false teeth."—Der Wahre Jakob, Berlin.

HIGH FLIGHT

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BY RUTH DEWEY GROVES

AUTHOR of "WHEN A GIRL LOVES" "LOVE FOR TWO" etc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Fate introduces Jerry Ray to Alester Carstairs when he crashes his airplane into the camp site sharing with her roommate. She likes his pilot, Dan Harvey, but Alester showers her with attentions.

Unable to buy a gown for a party he has invited her to, Jerry slips one from the store where she works, but it is ruined and she is discharged when she confesses. Dan tries to win her, but when he proposes she tells him she does not believe in love but hopes to marry money.

Alester makes advances which Jerry repulses. But when he learns that she has lost her job on his account, he uses his influence to get her a place in a chorus.

Rehearsals are hard, but Evelyn Starr is kind to her. Alester drives her to Atlantic City for the opening, but she makes him angry by refusing to attend a midnight party he wants to give the chorus and he takes Leontine Lebandy instead.

A short mention in the show review and promotion to a special dance number elate Jerry. Evelyn wants her to go to Boston with her on the train but Alester insists on driving her there.

Jerry becomes uneasy when he goes by way of Philadelphia and stops at a notorious place for a dinner party—although he introduces her to a girl he says is a friend of his mother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI.

Jerry's eyes followed Alester's. She saw nothing alarming—merely two men at a small table.

One of them was engaged in eating fried chicken. The other was returning Alester's stare. A crooked smile parted his lips and settled in one corner of his mouth. He said something in a low voice to his companion. The latter turned toward Alester and Jerry saw his features darken.

But Alester was coming toward her now, getting in her line of vision. He rolled the door closed in haste and grasped her by the arm with fingers that trembled. When they reached their table he seized a flask that had been laid upon it by one of the party.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Alester did not answer. It was left for another man to enlighten Jerry. "Alester's seen the Red Terror," he laughed.

One of the girls gasped. "Do you mean that red-headed bootlegger they call Trigger Nolan?" she asked. "Isn't he terrible? He nearly slew the steward out at the club for cutting his stuff and claiming that he did it."

"What's he got against you, Alester?" someone asked.

Alester sat back, his face farther from the light. "I don't know him," he said shortly. Jerry knew he lied.

* * *

"Oh, I say, we're missing the show!" a male voice protested. "Open the doors."

His words were loud enough to be heard by a hovering waiter who accepted them as an order and proceeded to obey.

Jerry could see, across the hall, the two men whose presence had thrown Alester into a state of fear. The act he had requested completely failed to hold her attention. She was getting creepy with the unwholesome sounds and suggestive surroundings.

"Oh, do let us go," she implored when the doors were rolled together again. She saw that Alester had lifted the flask to his lips a second time.

"It's early," he returned briefly. His willingness to depart had vanished, Jerry discovered as a half-hour went by and she urged in vain. He turned repeatedly to the flask. It began to worry her, doubly so, when the curt, fine edge of his cultured voice took on a furry overtone.

"Please, Alester," she begged. "I must get to New York. If you keep me here much longer I'll miss my train."

"There's plenty of time," he insisted doggedly. "We could leave at daylight and make the train."

"But I want to get some sleep," Jerry wailed. "You know you promised . . ."

"You're too old to believe in promises," Alester laughed mawkishly. "Don't be a killjoy, Jerry. I won't see you again for weeks. What's a little night out of a lifetime?"

Jerry turned away in despair. Betty had been watching, and listening. "I don't think you should urge him," she advised Jerry. "He isn't fit for night driving."

"He hasn't had much to drink," Jerry protested.

"No, but something has shaken him. Wait a while. You can run up to New York in two hours."

* * *

Jerry gave in. Time rolled very slowly over her head while those about her enjoyed themselves. They begged her to dance for them and because she felt that she'd go to pieces if she sat there waiting for Alester to take her away she consented.

They applauded her madly and Jerry thought with a catch in her throat of her jeopardized chance to win the approval of a theatrical audience. She made up her mind to appeal to one of Alester's friends to drive her to a railroad station if he refused any longer to leave.

She told him this, and that she'd find a telephone and call for a cab if no one there would help her.

"Wait a minute. Alester put her off. "Wait just one minute."

He lifted his hand and summoned a waiter. Jerry saw him pass a folded bill to the man and whisper something she could not hear. She sat silent, waiting to see if this had anything to do with her demand.

Soon the waiter was back. He said something to Alester in a low voice. Jerry caught his words, "Baltimore" and "a half hour ago."

Alester said: "Are you certain?"

"Yes sir," the man replied, not troubling to lower his voice now. Alester glanced uneasily at Jerry but her expression did not tell him that she had guessed at the import of the information he had received.

"He's afraid of Trigger Nolan," she said to herself. "That's why he wanted to wait until morning to start!"

"All right," Alester said to her; "we'll go."

* * *

Jerry took hurried farewells of the others in the party and in a few minutes Alester was bumping his car over the ruts to the gate, without thought of the possibility of breaking his springs.

Jerry knew he had consented to go only because Trigger Nolan and his companion had gone in the other direction.

She did not give a thought to the sort of impression she had made upon Betty Mortimer. Only one idea dominated her now—to get to New York in time to catch the train for Boston.

She looked at the clock on the instrument dial and was relieved to know that there was plenty of time. She asked Alester not to drive so fast. His recklessness was breathtaking.

He did not slow up. Jerry gripped the side of the car with her right hand and said nothing more, if this was his way of showing his displeasure, let him show it.

She had not guessed correctly at the truth. Alester did not altogether trust the waiter who had told him that Trigger Nolan had taken the pike to Baltimore.

Jerry ceased to think of danger after a while. Large, soft raindrops splashing on the windshield threatened to slow their progress and gave her a new cause for worry.

"There's a garage just ahead," Alester said, and the car leaped forward in response to added pressure on the accelerator. "We will stop there and put up the top."

They were getting pretty wet before the garage was reached. The rain was coming down faster now. Alester suggested waiting until it ceased, but Jerry was unwilling to lose any more time. "You can drive slow," she advised; "and it might rain all night."

But when they had gone a few miles farther she wished she had let Alester have his way. The rain was now coming down in torrents. The side curtains were keeping them dry but Alester's vision was cut off by the rain beating against the windshield. He could not see 10 feet ahead of him.

They crawled along at 12 miles an hour. Jerry had to beg Alester to reduce his speed and she realized that Betty was right. Something was driving him to utter disregard of safety.

Jerry thought it strange that he could fear another man so much and think nothing of risking his life in an accident. She did not know that Alester was so obsessed with one fear as to render him unable to entertain another. And the real cause that made these two men hate each other did not occur to her, though she tried to guess.

They drove at a snail's pace for a stretch of 10 miles and then the rain lessened. Alester stepped on the gas again and soon they were making 40 miles along a gleaming, pool-dotted highway.

Suddenly one of the front wheels hit a deep rut. A few feet farther on Alester cursed under his breath. They were limping like a barefoot boy with a sore toe.

"I'll be damned if I'm going to stop in this rain," he said and kept on going. "There must be another garage along here somewhere."

For half a mile they bumped along with the flat tire being ruined under the ruthless treatment. Then Alester drove to the side of the road and stopped.

"We'll hail someone and send for a garage man," he said, reaching into his pockets for cigarets. His arms were aching from the difficult steering. He'd had enough.

But no one passed. The rain was coming down again, harder than ever.

They sat in their isolated roadster another half hour and Jerry was barely suppressing her tears. She could not make that train now. It meant that she'd never reach Boston in time for her rehearsal.

* * *

Finally Alester grew too restless to sit still any longer. He had not dared to make any tender advances to Jerry, knowing that she was furious and had good reason to be.

He got out and changed the tire. It was a wet, muddy job and when he climbed back into the car he was a sorry sight. He drove more carefully this time. There was no use in speeding.

"Don't worry," he said to Jerry after a long silence. "I'll see that Weinertz gives you another chance."

"He won't," Jerry said hopelessly, "not even for you."

Alester knew that she spoke the truth. Mr. Weinertz had told him many times what it meant to train a girl in a part only to have her dissipate her looks and energy in night clubs and fast living.

Jerry would hate him, he felt. He stole a sidewise glance at her. Jerry's eyes were filled with tears. Trouble scratched her mind with sharp claws. She might not lose her job, but she'd never have another chance with Mr. Weinertz.

"They will probably put Jane back in her place and send me to the chorus again," ran the burden of her thoughts.

All the joy that she had experienced this morning had now vanished. She was a dejected, beaten, little competitor for some of the good things in life.

She had made plans for spending the increased salary she was to receive—plans that hurt her to give up. But what hurt more than anything else was the necessity of revising the letter she had to write to her mother.

Suddenly Alester laughed.

"Why, Jerry," he exclaimed, "I know how you'll get to Boston!"

(To Be Continued)

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