

Delayed Xmas Goods Sale

Including all left over Christmas Goods and all over-stock goods on hand, now offered to buyers at the big saving to you of

1/3 OFF

This tremendous discount from regular prices is your opportunity. In addition to these drastic reductions on holiday goods delayed in shipment or left over, we are offering

**ELECTRIC UTILITIES
AT 25 PER CENT OFF**

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

WOOD—Fir block, 3 tiers \$8. Phone 10P23.

DRY fir block wood, \$2.75. Phone 23P14.

FOR SALE—Good milch cow, 1923. Corey Ave.

FLASHLIGHTS—50 cents up. Leake & Boyers Co.

GOOD FIR STUMPAGE—Can be had for cutting. G. A. Lindholm, Dixonville.

FIR block wood, \$2.50 per tier. Round oak block and stove wood, \$3.25. Phone 24P22.

1924 FORD touring—\$75. Excellent mechanical condition. See this at the Chrysler Garage.

FOR SALE—Good all-around wagon for ranch work or hauling. E. E. Woodcock Blacksmith Shop.

FOR SALE—Make baby comfortable in car, carrier for \$5. Also baby carriage, good as new, \$12. Phone 445-J.

VIRING CREAM SEPARATOR—Easy running and close fitting. Low price. Leake & Boyers Co.

FOR SALE—Two Poland China vases and registered boat; will trade for good cow or what have you? R. L. Irving, Wilbur.

FOR SALE—One young Aberdeen Angus bull, registered; an extra fine bull at a bargain. A. V. Adv. Myrtle Creek, Ore.

CHOICE mountain Denver onion seed for sale. Idaho grown, \$1.25 per lb. delivered parcel post. J. L. Graham, Star Rt., Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Charter's incubators, all equipped, also brooders and chick rooms, all at bargain prices. J. H. Booher, Leona, Ore. 800, Box 518.

POULTRYMEN—I am now booking orders for chicks. White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, B. Reds, Cuckoo, hatching. Incubator starts Jan. 18. W. Cobb, Roseburg, Rt. 2, Box 46.

FOR SALE—Narcissus breeding turkeys. I have over 200 yet to sell and deliver. Toms, as fine as can be found anywhere; weight from 15 lbs. to 25 lbs. Write W. L. Cobb, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—Country home, 2 miles northwest of Roseburg, 13 acres, spring water, barn, garage, and well built, pleasant, comfortable 5-room house with bath, pantry and attic. In good condition. Quick sale desired to close estate Mrs. Della M. Dale, 967 Terrace Ave. Phone 607-J. Or D. E. Hennigh, Roseburg, Ore.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop
236 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

Chiropractor
DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
327 Cass Phone 491

Canned Vegetables
These excellent food products are most convenient in an emergency, and then, too, they eliminate worry and work every day in the year. Make your selections and phone in your order. We carry an unlimited assortment of best vegetables in cans.

Economy Grocery
O. L. JOHNSON
The Store That Serves You Best
Phone 65 344 N. Jackson St.

FOR RENT

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

FOR RENT—1-room studio house, on West Side, Call J. R. Ritter, Grand Grill.

FOR RENT—Cozy 4-room furnished apt. Just like home. Phone 645-J.

PALACE ROOMS, 147 Sheridan St., under new management. We solicit your patronage.

FOR RENT—3-room furnished apartment, ground floor, at 117 W. Lane street. A cozy home. G. W. Young & Son, Phone 417.

WANTED

WANTED—First class cook. Sutherland Hotel, Sutherland, Ore.

WANTED—Lady to help at the Palace Rooms, 147 Sheridan St.

WANTED—Man with team for few days work. R. L. Irving, Wilbur.

SEWING WANTED—Mrs. M. E. Pearce at Kohlmann Apt. 208, Phone 1966.

WISH to buy one or more acres near Roseburg for home. Add. O. E. Service Station, Coquille, Ore.

WANTED—A good, steady, 21 mechanic, 7 years' experience. Can furnish references. Mr. Sawyer, care R. H. Cobb, Oakland, Ore. Phone 49P11.

LOS

LOST—Saturday afternoon, \$170 in bills. Finder please leave at News-Review office. Liberal reward.

MISCELLANEOUS

WILL BUY turkeys Friday, January 11. J. M. Loderwood, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

CAN OWNER—BURY WRECK OR call 554 when in need of auto parts. Sarraf Auto Wrecking House.

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 418, Red Bluff, Cal.

QUICK CHANGES

JOHN—Nanny, I got a good mark at school today when we had to write out the names of girls, and I knew most.

MUMMY: Could you think of many?

JOHN: Only all the maids we've had during the year.—Pussing Show.

Used Cars

Chevrolet Sedan, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Coach, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Coupe, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Touring, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Coach, 1927 model.
Chevrolet Coach, 1926 model.
Chevrolet Touring, 1926 model.
Chevrolet Roadster, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Coach, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Truck, 1923 model.
Chevrolet Truck, 1926 model.
Star Delivery, 1924 model.
Ford Truck, Warford and Cab.
Ford Touring, 1925 model.
Ford Coupe, 1923 model.
Ford Touring, 1924 model.
Ford Roadster, 1924 model.
Ford Touring in good order from \$25.00 and up.
Essex Coupe, 1923 model.
Essex Coach, 1923 model.
Dodge Touring, total price, \$50.00.
Dodge Touring, 1921 model.
Overland Sedan, 1925 model.
Overland Coupe, 1925 model.
Overland Touring, 1924, price \$60.50.
Oldsmobile Sedan, 1925 model.

**HANSEN
Chevrolet Co.**

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Orchid—whose real name is Ash-toreth—what you might call an exceedingly high-class stenographer.

She had finished reading a letter handed her by her employer, the rich and famous Hollis Hart. It was an astonishing letter, written by a girl named Mae de Marr, protesting love for Hart, threatening suit for breach of promise, and begging him to return to his "loving Mae."

Ashoreth is astonished that Mr. Hart should have asked her to read his personal correspondence—and such correspondence!

Hart is almost 50—old enough to be his beautiful stenographer's father. But he is a handsome man, and, youthful appearing. Tanned by tropical suns, slim and athletic. She is flattered by his small attention, and, considerably thrilled when he tells her of his strange affair with Miss de Marr.

Miss de Marr had been dismissed from the office of Hart, Lee, Inc., and had thrown herself dramatically on the mercy of her employer. She was pretty, broke and indiscreet—"like a soiled little kitten," he told Ash-toreth.

In a moment's mad whim he recalled that he had just given \$10,000 to found a home for stray cats. "If a man can endow a home for animals, to keep them off the streets, how about a girl?" he asks Ash-toreth. "How much was it worth to keep her off the streets?"

And then he asks his astonished stenographer to tell him truthfully if Mae is "one of these so-called Modern Girls."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III

Ashoreth had bought a gardenia on her way to work, and pinned it on her shoulder. It was a reckless extravagance, to be paid for with various small economies.

Hollis Hart reflected that he had never before seen a gardenia on a stenographer. Violets and sweet peas—yes, and orchids, occasionally. But never a gardenia, small and well bred, on a slender crepe-leafed shrub.

He had a mental picture of Miss de Marr as she had invaded his office. He remembered the tight string of long imitation pearls that beat against the buttons of her blouse. And the angle of her earrings. There was something metallic about Mae.

And much that was not so pleasing. She was a cunning little thing, a little of cheap sweet perfume. For body was small and lovely. She reminded him of a plump Dresden figure on Aunt Meg's mantle. The Dresden lady coquetted with a china soldier, and Mae's technique, he thought, was the same. The way the chin and raised her eyes so shifty.

"Well, as I was saying," he continued, "Miss de Marr came on the

heels of Mr. Hollis, who had just walked out, you remember, with my check for \$10,000 in his pocket. "She had been crying furiously, and her eyes were red and swollen. Nobody could possibly accuse me, Miss Ash-toreth, of being enraptured with the girl's beauty. She was positively plain. But the most pitiful little spectacle I ever saw. "There was a man, of course. He had violated, it seemed, her girlish faith and trust. Or so, at least, she said. Her father had heard of the affair and had been to the man, insisting that he marry the girl. But the fellow was already married.

"Well, the de Marr parents were apparently hasty. They would have cast her out in the cold. There must have been a terrific scene, and Mae, as a result, contracted a severe illness, wandering around that night in the snow. Exactly like an old melodrama, you see.

"A policeman picked her up and took her to the City hospital. She was there for three weeks, with no one, she went, to care whether she lived or died. When she had recovered sufficiently to be dismissed, she came back here to work, as if nothing had happened. After an unexplained absence, mind you, of three weeks.

"There had been unpleasant stories, of course, about the poor little devil. And our office manager, being a stern and virtuous woman, gave her two weeks' pay and dismissed her then and there."

Mr. Hart paused.

"Do I make her sound pathetic?" he questioned. "Because I mustn't let you think I was too easily taken in. She was, I swear, the most helpless creature I ever laid eyes on."

Ashoreth smiled.

"Didn't you know," she asked, "that she might have gone to any one of several societies that would have loaned her money, and helped her on her feet again?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I knew it. But I don't think she did. She was so darn inefficient, don't you see? Like a little soiled kitten, baffled about. Besides, I suppose I was rather flattered that she had come to me so humbly. Anyhow—to make a long story short—I apologized for Mrs. Mason, who'd discharged the poor girl without the slightest appreciation of the situation. And I said I felt that I should make some sort of amends for the mistake and all that sort of thing. Her summary dismissal had occasioned."

Ashoreth's heart beat excitedly, and she felt all queer and quivery inside.

"But Mrs. Mason was right," she maintained, a little frightened as she took leave with her employer. "There would be no efficiency in your office if she tolerated Mae de Marr out there. And without an

efficient personnel you wouldn't have so much money to spend. That is, I suppose you wouldn't. Not in the long run, I mean. A day would come when the Hart millions would dwindle and vanish, and the perpetuity of your benevolence would be defeated."

Her eloquence embarrassed her. She wondered if Mr. Hart knew what she was trying to say. If she had chosen her words correctly, perhaps, she was being absurd, and amazingly preposterous. But he looked at her with quick approval, and inclined his head gravely.

"Minerva," he said, "has spoken."

"Oh!" she cried. "You are being unkind. You asked me to tell you what I thought, and now you are making fun!"

"No," he contradicted. "I am quite serious. The name of the goddess of wisdom would have fitted you as perfectly as that of the goddess of love. Some time, Miss Ash-toreth, I hope you will tell me the personal significance of your name. Your mother, perhaps, is a student of Kryptonology?"

Ashoreth thought of her plump, jolly mother. Gay and earthy in royal purple. Her poor guffy feet cramped into too-tight patent leather. Her peroxide yellow shingle fringing the back of her violet tongue. Synthetic amethysts dangling from her elongated ear lobes, and a double string swinging against her great deep bosom.

Ashoreth deplored herself for being mentally dishonest to her mother. She hated herself now for the lie she told.

"Oh, yes," she said, "mother shudders on archaeology."

She wondered if Mr. Hart saw the tell-tale flash that betrayed her pale face and left her deathly white.

When Ash-toreth was a little girl, and went to convent school, she took a solemn oath in confirmation class. Swearing allegiance to God, she had earnestly affirmed that she would "rather die than deny Him." The words had always remained in her mind. Only now they seemed to refer to her mother. With a heart sickening revelation, she saw Mae's cheap and radiant in dreadful finery, the words flashed again through her consciousness. "Rather die than deny her"—good, dear, hopeless Mae!

"I should like so much to meet your mother," said Mr. Hart politely.

And Ash-toreth felt suddenly and acutely ill.

"I know," she murmured, "that you would think her quite delightful. She is a very charming."

And all the while her cruel little heart was wailing, "Oh, never—never!"

And her soul was weeping...

"Mother! Mother, forgive me, dear," and she was clasping with her hands, and to buy her mother whole bottles of perfume, and boxes of accented soap, and purple wrappers, and all under wear, and to put feather pillows at her back, and birds of paradise

on her shingled head, and present her with chocolate creams and all the simple, awful things poor Mae loved. So that she might make amends for having denied her.

Mr. Hart interrupted her charitable musings.

"Well," he said, "back to the little de Marr. I said to her—'Miss de Marr,' I said, 'I'm going to give you a present, without any strings at all. Ten thousand dollars, to spend exactly as you choose.'"

Ashoreth's eyes widened. "You did?" she cried. "You really did?"

"I did," he affirmed gravely. "I took several minutes to convince the young lady of the purity and authenticity of my offer. She cried some more. It was most embarrassing, really. But, finally, she stuck my check in her bag and promised to keep in touch with me until she got straightened out."

"The next day she telephoned, and that evening I went to see the three new ones on Commonwealth avenue. She'd been shopping all day, and had the things sent directly out. My God, Miss Ash-toreth, it was horrible!

"Over-stuffed things, covered in purple taffeta. And lamps, dripping all sorts of fringe. Shiny things with spindle legs. And rugs with blue snakes writhing all over them."

That reflected Ash-toreth, who exactly the sort of room that Mae loved to vision. Dangling lamp shades and pillows, and was buying an imitation Chinese rug on the installment plan.

"And clothes!" Mr. Hart was saying. "The place was full of them. There was a fur scarf and a hat that simply smothered the child. Big as a cart wheel. She tried it on and flung the scarf across her shoulders, and strutted about like Peggy Joyce on the boardwalk. Then she got into some pink thing with a lot of feathers on it, and made a Welsh rabbit."

"It was fun, don't you know, and I took to dropping in pretty regularly. I suppose I was rather a chump, for I brought her little surprises. Inexpensive jewelry and a truck or two."

"And a few weeks later I helped her get a trout, singing over the radio. It had been her great ambition for a long time, and when they caught her regularly she was proud as Punch. After that I didn't see her so often. I telephoned occasionally, and several times a man's voice answered. I assumed Mae had taken up with a boy friend, as she'd say. And that was about all there was to it."

"Then this morning I received this letter—and there's the whole story in a nutshell. Some one, apparently, has taken Miss de Marr in hand. And now there's going to be the devil of a row."

Hollis Hart concluded his narrative and looked to Ash-toreth for comment.

"Well," he demanded, "what do you think of that for a modern, self-respecting working girl?"

But before Ash-toreth could an-

Stepping Lively!

Still time for car door prices on Bean Sprayrigs.

One John Deere Tractor in car unsold. Save \$30 by ordering now.

Special. 12-inch Plow \$15.00

See us first—We can save you money.

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg Agents for Bean Spray Pump Co. John Deere Plow Co.

sewer, the door being unceremoniously open. On the threshold stood a diminutive creature, dressed in black and white. Hugging a snowy fur coat to her velvet wrap. Her eyes were blazing, and her cheeks were flushed. She stood there, breathing quickly, her gaze fastened in a frightened way, on Hart's face.

Then she moved inside the room and closed the door.

(To Be Continued)

It was Mae de Marr, of course—but what was the identity of this surprising creature? Ash-toreth is quite as surprised. In the next chapter, as you will be.

IMPEACHMENT THREATENS OKLAHOMA'S GOVERNOR

(Associated Press Special Wire)

OKLAHOMA CITY, Jan. 8.—In-surgent democrats, who for months have openly sought the impeachment of Governor Henry S. Johnston, joined with republicans when the Oklahoma legislature convened today and gained control of the house organization.

The coalition forced the adoption of a resolution providing for a committee on impeachment, which will enable the bloc to dominate the impending investigation of state departments. Representative Allen Street of Oklahoma City, regarded as favorable to the Johnston administration, resigned as speaker of the house.

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SOCIALIST LEADER HAS SCRIPLES AS MINISTER

(Associated Press Special Wire)

NEW YORK, N. Y., Jan. 8.—Norman Thomas, recent socialist candidate for president and an ordained Presbyterian minister, is unwilling to perform marriage ceremonies, since he thinks there may be some slight question as to his moral right to do so when he is no longer active in the ministry. He gave his views in explaining why he declined to marry Mrs. Mary Wrenn Garland, divorced wife of Charles Garland, to Ellison Morris, publisher.

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BEDFAST MAN BURNED TO DEATH IN HOME

(Associated Press Special Wire)

WALLACE, Idaho, Jan. 8.—Trapped in his burning home, Frank Moore, 61, who was confined to his bed by illness, was burned to death last night at Avery, Idaho. It was learned here today.

Five other houses were destroyed by the flames. The fire was believed to have started from the explosion of a gasoline lamp in Moore's home.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THIS EVENING, BOOTS?

I DONNO YET—I WAS JOE GOING TO CHECK UP

HORACE ASKED TOME OVER, BUT HE ALWAYS BRINGS CANDY—AN THERE'S COODLES OF THAT HERE NOW—SO THAT LETS HIM OUT

AN MERVIN PHONED, BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE LISTENING TO POETRY T'NIGHT—AN THEN, FERDY ASKED FOR A DATE, TOO—BUT I KINDA THINK I'D LIKE TO DATE WITH JIMMY

WHY DON'T YOU ASK ALL OF THEM TO COME OVER?

OH, I DUNNO—YOU KNOW THEY SNO—TOO MANY COODS SPOIL TH' BROTH

YES—I WAS JUST THINKING—THUT TOO MANY ADMIRERS ARE JUST AS APT TO SPOIL A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY, TOO

By Martin

By Blosser

By Small

By Small

By Small