

# New! New!

An attractive line of green dinner ware that is both Novel and Serviceable

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## CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

### FOR SALE

WOOD—Fir block, 3 tiers \$8. Phone 19F23.

FOR SALE—Dry fir wood, \$2.75 tier. Phone 33F14.

FOR SALE—Extra good cow. Dr. G. J. Bacher.

FOR SALE—Young Chinchilla rabbits. Phone 17F3.

ROCK Springs coal. Pages just unloading a car today.

PAGES have a new car of that good Rock Springs coal.

FOR SALE—Two young Barred Rock cockerels, 124 W. Douglas.

FOR SALE—15,000 fir shakes, \$9 per thousand. Box 47, Dillard, Oregon.

DRY fir stove wood, under shed, \$3, block wood \$2.75 per tier. Phone 24F22.

FOR SALE—Burr saw on wagon trucks, or will trade for drag saw. J. W. Hall, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE—Ford touring, 1927, excellent condition; reasonable. Box 245. Phone 33-11 Sutherland.

FOR SALE—2 skunk, cat,coon and coyote hounds, broken. W. A. Blackett, Kuckles, Ore.

FOR SALE—Late model enclosed Chevrolet. Will take small car as part payment. Phone 468-R.

PIPE, PIPE, PIPE—All sizes. New and second hand. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co. I. O. O. F. Bldg.

FOR SALE—Ford coupe, good condition, cheap. Harold Norris, Sutherland, on highway mile south of town.

FOR SALE—Burr saw, 7 horse power motor, installed on Chevrolet truck. Fred Brothers ranch, west of Molson.

FOR SALE—Charters' incubators, all equipped, also brooders and chick founts, all at bargain prices. J. H. Booher, Leona, Oregon, Box 518.

FOR SALE—20 acres at Irigoin, Ore. Irrigated; water paid. Might consider small acreage near Roseburg. Box 134, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Five acres at Days Creek on cross road on Crater Lake highway. Three acres of orchard and good well on place; also near new modern union high school. Ideal place for store, garage or gas station. For particulars see Mrs. Ida Montgomery, Days Creek.

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# Orchid

### THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, beautiful stenographer, has assumed a strange role in the office of her multi-millionaire employer, Hollis Hart, old enough to be her father, takes her unexpectedly into his confidence. He tells her of his fleeting interest in a girl called Mae de Marr, a filing clerk at the office, who has cast herself upon his chivalry.

Because he is a bit quisotic and enormously wealthy besides—Hart has given the De arr girl \$10,000. To his chagrin she threatens, when he tries of her inanity, to sue him. As he recounts the situation to Ashtoreth, Mae breezes in to the office.

Sadie recognizes her immediately as an old friend—Sadie Morton. In the little scene that follows, Sadie admits she has changed her name for professional reasons. Hart is astonished that Ashtoreth—so exquisitely lovely and fastidious—should ever have been intimate with Sadie. Ashtoreth is afraid she has forfeited his dawning interest.

There is another man in Ashtoreth's life—Monty English, who sells radios. Ashtoreth's mother, Maizie, approves of Monty. But Ashtoreth, when she learns that he has asked for a transfer to New York, is rather relieved.

She lets him kiss her good-bye. But her thoughts are with Hollis Hart. She will see him tomorrow and explain away her old friendship with Sadie. She can assure him, also, that Sadie has promised to make no further trouble.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER IX

But Ashtoreth did not see Hollis Hart the next day. Nor the next. Nor for many weeks.

It was rumored that he had gone abroad. Quite alone, and to escape some entangling alliance.

There was a story smeared across the front page of a newspaper devoted to scandal: "Boston Millionaire Flees Pretty Stenog."

Hollis Hart's name was not mentioned in the narrative, but the inference was obvious. A score of papers appeared that morning in the office, and were surreptitiously devoured in the so-called "ladies' washroom."

"Mae de Marr's got him scared," the girls said, and bets were placed that he had accompanied him.

Ashtoreth knew better than that. But she wondered—If his lawyer had been in touch with the girl, if, perhaps, there had been a "settlement," engineered by George, she might telephone and find out. But she would have nothing further to do with the affair. Sadie was dangerous company. And discretion, with Ashtoreth, was a saving grace.

Monty English had gone to New York. And life had grown dull and meaningless. Ashtoreth enrolled for a course at Boston University.

A course in psychology. It was, she considered, a rather impressive subject. Less practical than shorthand. But ever so much smarter. She paid \$5 in advance and bought a new fountain pen. Then her interest waned and she decided that street cars made her really ill.

If only Monty had been around with his little coupe! Ashtoreth wondered how she had ever felt superior to that car. There was, to be sure, an advertisement in large blue letters on the door, exhorting the public to buy radios at Whitman's. But Monty had covered it rather neatly with a piece of leather that snapped on and off. And it was a nice, cozy little car. Infinitely preferable to stuffy old subways.

It had, really, been lots of fun last winter. Especially in retrospect. Monty used to take her to a restaurant on Huntington avenue, where the waitresses dressed like French peasants. She and Monty used to go there after class. And Ashtoreth felt like a student in the Latin Quarter.

She missed Monty dreadfully. And he had not even written! Nothing but a wire occasionally, with a mailing address and a breezy message. Every Saturday he sent Maizie a box of glace fruits, but Maizie, as she said, was no hand at writing. Sundays, when she sat reading the latest thriller and munching her favorite sweet, she would declare she was entirely ashamed of herself.

She speculated constantly upon his transfer and opined that her daughter's coolness had had something to do with it.

Maizie was an old-fashioned mother, as she frequently remarked. And not at all in sympathy with the modern trend of things.

"What's the world coming to?" she would ask plaintively. "Companionate marriage and all! Sakes alive—married people don't live together any more. And the other kind—they're the ones that ought to be married, not the others. I tell you, Ashtoreth, when a girl gets a chance to get a nice clean young man these days she ought to take him quick. Because there's plenty will if she won't."

And then Ashtoreth would put down her book and laugh.

"Mother, dear," she warned her, "if you talk any more about nice clean young men I'll simply have to give you a little lecture. You're so innocent, darling. Go back to crime, dear, and let me read Dorothy Parker."

"Dorothy Parker!" sniffed Maizie. "I looked at that book of hers this morning. Ashtoreth. Don't tell me that's the way girls talk these days. My word, it gave me the horrors. . . . that one about the river. Goodness, I sat that sort of talk."

Ashtoreth flipped a dozen pages for a course at Boston University.

"This one, dear," she asked. "I think it's cute."

She read the jingle aloud: "Labor and hard, Worry and wear, And the biggest reward is to die in bed. A long time to sweat, A little while to shiver; It's all you'll get— Where's the nearest river?"

"Here's another, mother: "First you are hot, Then you are cold, And the best you have got is the fact you are old." Ashtoreth shivered.

"It's the truth," she said. But Maizie was bustling about, setting the table with her little green-fringed napkins and the best plates.

"What you need, young lady," she said, "is a good hot cup of tea and some of mother's nice gingerbread. You work too hard, Ashtoreth, and you don't go around enough with young folks. You're getting real depressed. I've been noticing it for the last month. Write as a sheet, and peaked-looking. Where's those iron pills you used to take? Maybe it's a tonic you need. That—and some good wholesome fun."

Ashtoreth closed her little book. "It's my new make-up, Mother."

She said, "It's interesting to look pale these days. My powder has a new tint, that's all. Sort of ashy, like Russians in the movies."

Maizie clicked her tongue impatiently. "Tsch! Tsch! Sit down here, young lady, and stop your nonsense," she ordered. "And remind me tomorrow to write Monty, honey. I don't know what he'll think of me."

They went to bed shortly and Maizie heated a hot water bag for her daughter. Ashtoreth had grown unaccountably chilled over their tea, and her mother was worried.

When she crept, shivering, between her pale pink sheets, Maizie covered her with every puff and blanket in the house, and then threw a coat over her feet. By midnight Ashtoreth was running a temperature and shivering convulsively.

When she lay perfectly quiet a pleasant languor possessed her body. But when she moved she recoiled and throbbled with dull misery.

At seven o'clock Maizie called the doctor. A round little man, pleasantly anti-septic, who held Ashtoreth's wrist in one hand and his watch in the other. And tip-toed, presently, quite silently, out of the room.

He came again later that day. And when he had gone Maizie put little pieces of ice in a handkerchief and gave them to Ashtoreth to hold in her mouth. Finally she dragged the big wing chair from the living room and sat beside Ashtoreth's bed.

Time lost all significance and importance. The doctor kept coming. And Maizie tip-toed in and out. Cracked ice. And orange juice. And hot gruel.

Ashtoreth raised herself weakly on one elbow.

"Mother!" she cried. "Your hair's dark at the roots!"

Maizie, sitting on the side of the bed, poked an invisible hairpin through the sideburn that framed her left ear.

"I haven't touched it up," she murmured, "since you've been sick, honey."

Ashtoreth fell back on her pillows.

"How long," she asked feebly, "have I been ill?"

Maizie adjusted a firm, plump arm under her daughter's slight shoulders.

"There, dearie," she murmured, "let mother help you. Just a swallow, Baby Lamb. It'll do you good. Obediently Ashtoreth tasted.

"Mother!" she insisted. Maizie wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Land sakes!" she said, "but I'm the old lady. Two weeks Monday, Baby."

Two weeks! Blankness and forgetfulness for two weeks! And misery, and dull aching pain. And poor, darling Mother, red-eyed, with her hair all streaked! Crying with her hair all streaked! Crying because her Lamb was sick.

Maizie's hand lay on the pillow. There were knotted blue veins across the back. Her finger nails were bitten. And the tips of her fingers were red and blentled looking. Mother's pretty hands!

Weakly Ashtoreth raised her pudgy fingers to her lips.

"Mother!" she whispered. Then Maizie was on her knees beside the bed. Crying on her outstretched arms.

"Oh, Baby! Baby Lamb, Mother was so worried. Her little girl was so sick!"

The bell in the hall purring softly. "Goodness, there's the doctor now. We had the bell muffed."

Maizie rubbed her eyes childishly with her flannel.

"Won't he think I'm the old cry baby?"

She went to the top of the stairs. "Come right up, doctor. Our little girl's all better!"

"Well, well—so our patient's out of the woods, is she?"

He took her wrist again. And slid a thermometer between her lips. Studied it approvingly and shook it with alacrity.

"Fine! And now, Mrs. Ashe—" he turned briskly to Maizie— "you'd better be careful or we'll be having you on our hands."

Maizie shook her head. Her eyes were flooded with tears. And she could not trust her voice. She turned her back and blew her nose violently. Then she left the room. To return in a moment, smiling happily.

"That little surprise we've been saving, doctor," she said. There was an enormous paper box in her arms.

(To Be Continued)

A marvelous and surprising gift for Ashtoreth! A mistletoe that passes through a wedding ring—in the next chapter.

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# There's a Reason

Why about 85% of the sprayers in Douglas County are Beans.

Price, Performance, Durability—Beans are Best.

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY

Special Prices Now.

See us first—We can save you money.

## Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg Agents for Sherwin Williams Co. Oakland Bean Spray Pump Co. Joan Deere Plow Co.

### EVERY PROTESTANT DRY LAW AIDE, IS MINISTER'S PLAN

(Associated Press Lead Wire)

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 15.—A plan to make every protestant church member in Rhode Island an active informer in the government prohibition enforcement system was adopted at the first annual Rhode Island state citizenship convention at the First Universalist church last night.

The Anti-Saloon league of Rhode Island, under whose auspices the convention was conducted, was asked to have blanks printed and distributed among the congregations of the state for the cataloging of "suspects."

Data would be collected from every town and from every ward in the state's six cities, and after passing through a centralized agency would find its way eventually into the hands of the constituted authorities.

The plan was proposed by the Rev. Harvey M. Eastman, pastor of the Slaterville Congregational church, and was favored unanimously.

Harth's Toggery have ladies hie and silk half box. For this cold weather. Priced 50c and 75c.

### HELEN WILLS WILL WED F. S. MOODY, JR., SAN FRANCISCAN

BERKELEY, Calif., Jan. 16.—The engagement of Helen Wills, world's amateur women's tennis champion, and Frederick S. Moody, Jr., son of a San Francisco capitalist, has been announced formally.

by Miss Willis' parents, Dr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Willis, of Berkeley. Moody, who is at present employed by a stock brokerage company in San Francisco, gave up college for the sea.

His family has been prominent in San Francisco for years and his father is a member of the state highway commission. Helen Willis' tennis career began when she was 14, when, as a pupil of her father, she won notice on the local courts.

In 1921 she won the national junior tennis championship in Forest Hills. When she was 17 she defeated Molla Mallory for the United States singles championship and Miss Suzanne Lenglen administered her only defeat, in a game played on the Riviera in February.

Miss Lenglen turned professional before a return match could be arranged, and since then Miss Willis has defeated all her rivals. She was for a time a student at University of California, but left school to devote herself to tennis, writing and drawing.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Roast Stand.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 11, 1929.

Notice is hereby given that Albert B. Peterson, of Clatsop County, Oregon, on February 9, 1928, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry, No. 91521, for Lot 6, Section 5, Township 27 N., Range 3 West, Williams Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 14th day of February, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses, Charles Chapman, Forest Blakely, Seth Matthews, Morris D. Matthews, all of Clatsop Co., Oregon. HAMILIA A. CANADAY, reg-0081

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



### SALESMAN SAM



### Ferdy Makes Sure



### Little Do They Know!



### Inexpensive Anyhow!



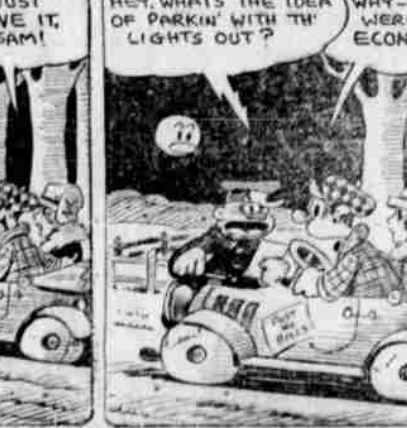
### By Martin



### By Blosser



### By Small



### By Martin



### By Blosser



### By Small



Roseburg Cabinet Shop 230 W. Oak FURNITURE REPAIRING Upton 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

AL SMITH TO BROADCAST SPEECH WEDNESDAY P. M. (Associated Press Lead Wire) NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—A coast to coast hookup of 29 radio stations, with WEAJ of New York as the key station, will be used on Wednesday evening for broadcasting a talk by former Governor Alfred E. Smith. He will begin to speak at 8:30 o'clock, eastern time.

Mr. Smith has not revealed the topic of his talk or the reason for addressing a message to the country. The arrangements were made by the democratic national committee.

All Our Groceries Are Especially Good The prices are low and service prompt. WE DELIVER FREE Phone your orders and the groceries are sent up.

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Automobile Insurance Your car is not fully equipped unless it is insured. Fire and theft insurance are not the only essential coverages. You should be protected with Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision Insurance. Protect yourself from serious loss by insuring today. We will gladly explain these different forms of insurance. Call or phone.

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