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tion, \$1.00 cwt.

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wood, green, \$2.35 tier, Horace

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FOR SALE—1926 Ford touring,

Will sell at a sacrifice if taken

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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred nannie

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GARDEN SEEDS—We have a com-

plete stock of fresh seeds in

bulk or packages. Send us your

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FOR SALE—Ford touring, 1927,

excellent condition, reasonable

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HIGH grade motor oil—For less

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FOR SALE—One O. L. C. bear, 15-

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JERSEY Black Giants, heavy

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FOR SALE—Charter's incubators,

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Oreckid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, having recovered from a severe illness, prepared to take a tropical cruise. Sadie Morton, a little adventuress who insists upon being friendly, lends her clothes, and shows her with advice.

Sadie, masquerading under the stylish name of "Mae De Marr," has imposed upon the good nature of Hollis Hart, in whose office both girls worked. Ashtoreth is afraid that if Mr. Hart learns of the intimacy between her and Sadie he will lose all interest in her. But Sadie, goodheartedly, proves a friend in need. And Ashtoreth finds it impossible to end the friendship.

Meantime Mr. Hart has departed on a trip. And Monty English, who loves Ashtoreth, leaves Boston for New York.

Sadie and Maizie (who is Ashtoreth's mother) help her prepare for the cruise.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII

Ashtoreth bought a white crepe de chine, a simple little thing with kick pleats. White shoes to go with it, and red tennis socks. When she tried it on that evening at home and pinned a gypsy kerchief across her shoulders, she looked like Helen Willis exhibiting the correct thing for sports.

She chose, also, a beaded dinner frock, virtually pure and sweet. Marked from \$45 to \$5.50 because the beads were coming off. It took eight hours to sew them on. But it was a good day's pay, however you looked at it.

To wear with the little white gown, she bought white crepe de chine pumps, planning to have them dyed for the street in the springtime.

A faded pink satin proved adorable as a line and fit.

"I'll dye it that new shade of cinnamon brown," decided Ashtoreth, "and it will be stunning with Sadie's borrowed outfit."

Then there was a cool green chiffon, with a full, long skirt, rather shorter in front than in back.

Not going to get anything else but sport clothes," decreed Ashtoreth. "I think they're the only practical thing for traveling, because a girl's always well dressed if she's simply dressed. And sport clothes are something you can wear morning, noon and night. Sunny days and rainy days, and all the time."

She found a rose valie and a French blue hat to go with it. Then a pale yellow, with which the same hat was particularly good.

Then for 24 cents a yard she bought flowered print. And for \$1.03 apiece, made three pretty dresses.

"Cotton prints," she told Maizie, "are much smarter than silks."

But Maizie held the stuff between her fingers and sniffed con-

temptuously.

"We wouldn't put it in a patch work quilt when I was young," she scoffed.

Ashtoreth had decided to take a West Indies cruise. At first Maizie protested.

"That's where the hurricane started that killed all the people in Florida!" she objected.

"But the hurricane season's over," explained Ashtoreth. "Sadie, who had dropped in with more offers of fine raiment, perused a booklet.

"Listen, Mrs. Ashe!" she commanded, and read aloud: "West Indies! Sea girl isles of romance. Languorous and primitive, with beauty outstretching every dream. Flowers and perfume. And mountains with palms that touch the tip of the moon. Days of sun and nights of stars—my cov. Ash!

That's a swell place to go all by yourself! You'll get moonstruck and die. Looks to me like you'd need a man on them languorous seas. You'll be going primitive up an island moon. Maybe she'll elope with a native, Mrs. Ashe."

Maizie looked worried.

"But I suppose nothing's as romantic as they write about," she guessed. "Paper can't refuse ink as my father used to say. You won't go falling in love, will you, Ashtoreth?"

She peered anxiously into Ashtoreth's dancing eyes.

"Fall in love!" Ashtoreth laughed. "Who'd I fall in love with? No, Maizie—I'll be a little orphan on this cruise, sure as you're born."

In vain Sadie had advocated the advantages of a trip to South America. Mr. Hart, she thought, was somewhere in the Argentine. If Ashtoreth now could only meet him there!

But Ashtoreth seemed annoyed at the suggestion.

"My dear, you don't think I'm going chasing that man? And anyhow, how could I find him? The Argentine isn't any little hole in the wall from all I've heard about it. You're crazy, Sadie."

Monty English had sent candy and fruit from New York. And had written to inquire for Ashtoreth.

She had replied gratefully, but did not encourage his suggested visit.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," she reminded Maizie.

But Maizie, with one of her rare flashes of repartee, had parried quickly. "Yes—fonder of the other girl."

Then, growing serious, she laid a plump hand on her daughter's slim shoulder.

"God knows I hope you're not making a mistake, Ashtoreth. But remember—whatever happens—there are lots of things in this world that count more than money."

Ashtoreth shook her hand away impatiently.

"Mother," she cried, "if you're going to make any more speeches about nice clean young men, I'll scream!"

"Well, you could go farther and fare worse," Maizie defended her choice staunchly. "He's a fine boy, that's what he is."

"Think I want to be a radio widow?" parried Ashtoreth. "Monty's whole life is radios. He doesn't think or talk about anything else. And he takes his ear phones to bed with him!"

Maizie chuckled.

"Well, he'd get over that," she prophesied cynically.

"Not with me, he won't!" retorted Ashtoreth inelegantly.

Maizie looked at her shrewdly.

"What's this Sadie tell me," she wanted to know, "about that millionaire boss shining up to you? Mr. Hart. I should think he'd have more to do than flirting with his help."

Ashtoreth colored.

"Sadie's a little fool," she pronounced. "And you shouldn't call stenographers' help, dear."

"Why not?" demanded Maizie. "They're hired help, that's what they are. And I guess it don't make any difference what you call people, so long as they earn their money honest."

Ashtoreth averted her face.

"Well, then," she said, "as Mr. Hart's hired hand, I might remark that I never saw him 'shining' up to the help. Sadie talks too much for her own good."

"Oh, by the way," Maizie was quick to change the subject. "Her and that boy—George—have broken up."

"Well, I'm not surprised," Ashtoreth, at the moment, was a little acrimonious.

"Sadie will never get any medals in any endurance test for fidelity."

"I didn't think much of her boy anyhow," volunteered Maizie. "I met them one day on the street. I guess I told you. He's got patent leather hair and sort of mean eyes. Sadie's just as well off, rid of him, if you should ask me."

Sadie was working in a department store. On the stocking counter. Ruby Hart, who worked in cosmetics, shared her apartment now.

And Cleo Danforth, ex of hats. The Asbes saw her only occasionally.

Ashtoreth had never told her mother of Sadie's brief affair with Mr. Hart. And Maizie, who accepted the good things of life as a matter of course, never inquired the source of the girl's affluence.

"Life's been kind to her," said Maizie. "She's a good, sweet girl."

Sadie had accounted satisfactorily for the fact that she was living apart from her family. They had moved away, she said. And an uncle had died, leaving her a little money. Maizie was piously impressed. And Sadie, winking at Ashtoreth, passed her arm affectionately about the older woman's shoulders.

"You're a good egg, Mrs. Ashe," she pronounced.

And Maizie was innocently

pleased at youth's compliment.

"A darn good egg—take it from me. Give the little mother a hand, Ash!"

Ashtoreth was sailing from New York on a Friday. That gave her mother the week-end to clean up the apartment and pack their personal belongings. On Monday she would go to work for Dr. Henderson's neurotic patient, Mrs. Adams.

Ashtoreth went to the Commodore in New York, because it was so near the Grand Central, and most convenient. Presently she concluded that it was rather a man's hotel, and wished that she had gone, instead, somewhere a little different. She telephoned Monty, and he came to take her to dinner. She met him in the mezzanine, and they went down to the grill together.

"They've the best lobster cocktails in the world here," he announced.

And he chatted, inconsequential, of lobsters and fillet of mignon and baked Alaska, until Ashtoreth was altogether sure that he had ceased entirely to love her.

Her boat sailed next morning. And Monty took her in a taxi to the pier. After he had left her, she found in her stateroom a great basket of fruit and three dozen American Beauties.

Fucked beneath her deep red blossoms was a little note.

"Dearest Ash:

"If it's any news to you, Sweetheart, I love you more than ever. Not that I expect you to get any kick out of that. Maybe, though, some day, you'll be glad of an adoring egg to fall back on. And here your little egg will sit and wait. Forever and forever—Monty."

(To Be Continued)

In the next chapter Ashtoreth sails—and on the boat meets a mysterious woman passenger.

5 STATES TO SHARE IN COLUMBIA, BILL STATES

(Associated Press Special Wire)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—A bill to permit five western states to enter an agreement for apportionment of waters of the Columbia river and other streams in which they are jointly interested was introduced today by Senator McNary, republican, Oregon.

The bill provides that a representative of the department of the interior, appointed by the president, shall participate in the negotiations. The compact, the bill provides, shall not be binding upon states unless it has been approved by the legislature and congress, with right of alteration or amendment reserved.

The states affected are Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming.

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Sherwin Williams Co. Bean Spray Pump Co.

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RANSOM SEEKER SLAIN BY POLICE; BROTHER SAILED

(Associated Press Special Wire)

SACRAMENTO, Calif., Jan. 18.—One brother is seriously wounded and a second is in the city jail charged by police with sending a ransom note to H. H. Robinson, Sacramento banker, for \$1200 under threats of death.

The youths were captured last night in a police trap set for them three days ago. Frank Cole, 36, was shot when he attempted to escape. His brother, Bert Cole, 24, surrendered.

The trap was set by the police three days ago when Robinson received a crude note threatening "disaster" to him if he failed to place \$1200 in currency under a bush in front of the Lutheran church on Twenty-fifth street.

TO BILL OTT

Thank you for bringing an orchestra to play for us at Baptist church Sunday night.

MILITARY SCHOOL RAZED BY FLAMES

(Associated Press Special Wire)

DEVON, Pa., Jan. 18.—The Valley Forge military academy, formerly known as the Devon Park hotel, was destroyed by fire early today with a loss estimated at \$500,000.

More than 120 cadets and military instructors fled out of the building in their pajamas and sought shelter from the cold in nearby homes. The origin of the fire was undetermined. Mayor Milton G. Baker, superintendent, said the loss was covered by insurance.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

016301

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

Notice is hereby given that Albert E. Galsomni, of Glendale, Oregon, who, on February 2, 1928, made, Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry, No. 016301, for Lot 6, Section 7, Township 31 N., Range 2 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 19th day of February, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Chapman, Forest Baker, Ed. Malheur, Morris D. Matthews, all of Glendale, Ore.

HAMILL A. CANADAY, Register

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BOY! JUST THIRTY CENTS TO MY NAME—NOT ENOUGH TO BUY IN FEED BAG ON MYSELF AND I GOTTA DATE WITH BOOTS FOR DINNER AND A SHOW



It Sounds Great to Bub—

ATTAGASY, KID—NOW THE OTHER EYE



Just What They Want

NICE WORK—THANKS



By Martin

WHY, BUB—OF COURSE I DON'T MIND STAYIN' HOME ONE BIT—OH, YOUR POOR EYES—DO YOU WANT ME TO ASK OPAL TO GET YOU A BEEF STEAK?—



By Blosser

DO I? NOW YOU'RE TALKIN' SUGAR—AN TELL HER TO SMOTHER IT WITH MUSHROOMS AND ONIONS—AN SOWA



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

GEE—I CAN STILL SEE THAT AUTO BEARING DOWN ON ME—I-I-I—MY HEAD FEELS FUNNY—I'M GETTING DROWSY AND IT FEELS—



Just What They Want

I CAN'T DO ENOUGH FOR FRECKLES AFTER HE WAS BRA