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## CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

### FOR SALE

LUMBER especially suited for chicken houses at Pages.

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood, \$2.50 per tier. Phone 351-L.

FOR SALE—Two young Barred Rock cockerels, 124 W. Douglas O. A. C. Barred Rock cockerels for sale, Roy Burks, Coos Junction.

DIAMOND BRIQUETS—These are the good ones, and you get them at Pages.

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

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

FOR SALE—Klamath Gem potatoes at South End Service Station, \$1.00 cwt.

FOR SALE—1926 Ford touring. Will sell at a sacrifice if taken at once. Call 433 N. Rose.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Pekin Springs, \$2.5 miles east Boswell Drakes, Clarence Wilson.

JERSEY Black Giants, heavy strain—three cockerels, \$2.50 each. Mature pullets, \$1.50. F. Coybird, Yoncalla.

FOR SALE—Charter's incubators, all equipped, also Broilers and chick founts, all at bargain prices. J. H. Booker, Leona, Oregon, Box 518.

HAY and GRAIN for sale—Wheat, alfalfa hay and grain hay for sale at Chadwick Ranch, between Myrtle Creek and Riddle, Farias and Chaney.

FOR SALE—On account of ill health and need of building, will sacrifice our incubator and business, for quick sale cheap, Mrs. Earl Vonburk, 702 Fullerton St., Roseburg.

### FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Little ranch in town, very cheap. Phone 174-J.

FOR RENT—Modern 4-room furnished house. Phone 471-L or 547 S. Stephens.

APARTMENT—Furnished, centrally located, 221 W. Washington. Phone 207-J.

### WANTED

WANTED—A good saw mandrel. F. I. Betts, Phone 5FZ3.

WANTED—A light trailer, Arthur R. Weeks, Rockles, Ore. Phone 2808, Myrtle Creek.

### LOST

LOST—Vanity case on Court St. Reward, Call 396-J.

### MISCELLANEOUS

TO LET on shares—7 Bourbon Red turkey hens, and five cow. L. O. Maddux, 404 N. Jackson.

CEMENT work in all its branches, day or contract. Mixers and building hoist for hire. James Miller, Phone 119-Y.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Swift's Auto Wrecking House.

### LANDS THROWN OPEN

(Associated Press Leased Wire) WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The department of interior announced today that 1,980 acres of land in Clackamas county, Oregon, will be opened to entry by ex-service men only on February 18.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF SIDEWALKS.

Notice is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Roseburg, Oregon, did, on the 19th day of December, 1927, by resolution duly adopted by said Common Council, declare the assessment for the construction of the sidewalks hereinafter enumerated to be upon each lot, or part of lot, or other property especially benefited thereby, as follows:

- Lot 1, Block 1, Owner J. V. Casey, cost \$89.96
- Lot 16, Block H, Owner J. V. Casey, cost 62.93
- Lot 11, Block H, Owner Leona McDonald, cost 75.61
- Lot 1, Block H, Owner Leona McDonald, cost 61.82
- Lot 1, Block G, Owner J. V. Casey, cost 91.33
- Lot 8, Block G, Owner W. F. Chapman, cost 63.95
- Lot 6, Block B, Owner Vonburg & Ward, cost 67.91
- North 98 ft. Block A, Owner E. Hellwell, cost 89.07

Beginning at the SW. corner of Block A in Laurelwood Addition to the City of Roseburg, Oregon, containing thence S. along the E. side of Madrone Avenue 113 ft. thence E. 100 ft.; thence N. parallel with said Madrone Avenue 372 ft. to the S. line of said Block A 100 ft. to the place of beginning. Also beginning at the SW. corner Block A, thence N. 17° 34' E. 63 ft. along Madrone Avenue, thence S. 87° 59' E. 231.7 ft. thence S. 79° 59' E. 125.3 ft.; thence S. 29° 15' W. 5 ft.; thence N. 78° 34' W. 356.7 ft. to the place of beginning. Owner, Inc. Sisters of Mercy Hospital, cost \$472.70.

A statement of the aforesaid assessment has been entered in the Docket of City Licens and said assessment is now due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer in the City Hall in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, in lawful money of the United States. And if not paid within twenty days from date of this notice, such proceedings will be taken for the collection thereof as are provided by the Charter of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

By order of the Common Council, dated January 12th, 1929, and the first publication of this notice is January 14, 1929. A. J. GEDDES, Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

# Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth, Ashe, convalescing from a severe illness, is taking a cruise to the West Indies.

Ashtoreth is a stenographer—the only child of her widowed mother, Maizie, Maizie, good-hearted rather commonplace woman, has procured work as a companion in order that Ashtoreth may take the trip.

Sadie Morton, a friend of the family, donates pretty clothes from her abundant wardrobe, and Ashtoreth sets out happily.

Monty English, her ex-sweetheart, sends roses as a parting gift, and a little note to say he loves her still.

Ashtoreth is rather fed up on Monty, partly, perhaps, because she seems to have roused the interest of Hollis Hart, her millionaire employer. Mr. Hart, by the way, had played platonic benefactor to Sadie Morton. He is middle-aged, but quite handsome. And Ashtoreth knows that he has money to burn.

Now go on with the story

CHAPTER XIII

Ashtoreth shared her stateroom with an incredible woman of doubtful antecedents. Her name was Mona de Musset, and she was returning to her home in Guadeloupe.

She was a tall, dusky creature, with red lips and a luminous smile. Her hair was long and very black, and she knotted it with beautiful simplicity at the back of her neck.

When the printed passenger lists appeared, everybody began to conjecture about Mademoiselle de Musset. It was a coincidence that her first name was Mona, because people thought immediately of Mona Lisa, and declared that the two looked alike.

"The same mysterious smile," she said.

Ashtoreth, who considered the original Mona absurdly overrated, thought her roommate exceedingly more beautiful.

She wore long earrings, and her dinner gown were the most daring ever seen. They were slashed in a narrow V to her waist in back. And the undulating bodice extended, surprisingly, to a high neck, that swathed her slim throat like a bandage.

It was not until Mademoiselle raised her arms that one beheld the triumph of those gowns. For suddenly she looked bare to her slim waist! It was as if Venus, pretending modesty, had tucked a napkin under her chin.

Her dress, that first evening, was cloth of gold. On her bare feet she wore green pumps. And in her ears, barbaric jade that kissed her sleek brown shoulders.

Ashtoreth, who had been reading on the boat deck, powdered her nose when the dinner gale blew and hurried to the dining saloon. She was wearing the crepe de

chine that had taken such a beautiful shade of brown. And, with it, Sadie's camel's hair coat and the little suede hat that hugged her ears.

The found her place at the first officer's table. And beside her sat Mademoiselle de Musset.

The very air was charged with excitement. Married women glared at their husbands. Spinners averred th/r pious gaze. And the room buzzed with the acrid comments and observations of the pure.

Mademoiselle de Musset spoke cordially to Ashtoreth, and then devoted herself to the first officer. When they left the dining room she slipped her arm through Ashtoreth's.

As they ascended the stairs she remarked quite audibly, "You and I, Mademoiselle, are the only women in the room with beautiful bodies, eh? The rest—if they should lose their clothes—they would be obscene."

Then, without waiting for an answer, she continued in a throaty voice that carried embarrassingly: "They look like dumb-bells run over by the express train—the good fat, married ladies. Or drunken dollar marks, eh?"

Ashtoreth felt acutely uncomfortable. She knew, with a horrid certainty, that if she were friendly with Mademoiselle, she would have no other friends aboard. But how could she possibly snub the woman with whom she roomed? She wished frantically that she had been able to afford a single stateroom. Maybe the purser would let her have another cabin. If Maizie could only see her now! Or Monty. Or Mr. Hart. Arm in arm with Mademoiselle de Musset!

Mademoiselle picked up a feathered wrap and they strolled together to the promenade deck.

"If we are roommates," she suggested, "we shall be friends, eh?"

She had a delightful French accent, and her funny little "ehs" were piquant and foreign. There was something at once fascinating and repellent about the woman. So that Ashtoreth was reminded of a gorgeous snake she had seen, embracing a Hindu at the circus. All shining green and gold. Weaving back and forth, sensuously. She shuddered at the recollection as she had shuddered when she saw the reptile.

"Let us talk," proposed Mademoiselle; and calling a deck steward, had their deck chairs placed together.

She settled herself languidly, crossing her slim ankles and pillowing her dark head on her upstretched arms. Her wrap had slipped from her shoulders and she tossed it carelessly across her knees.

The boat was still in northern waters, and the night was crisp and clear. Ashtoreth drew Sadie's

warm coat closer about her and shivered.

"You're not cold?" she exclaimed, and held her teeth together to keep them from chattering.

"Non."

Mademoiselle considered the stars.

"The fat women," she said, "and all the skinny ones—they make me angry. And so I am warm."

She sighed profoundly.

"I hate women," she remarked, and her voice had a curious quality. It was a deep, soft voice, and vibrant with feeling.

She appraised Ashtoreth critically in the light of a brilliant moon.

"You are very beautiful," she pronounced unexpectedly.

And Ashtoreth suddenly felt childish and very stupid, failing to answer to make.

"So the women are also jealous of you, eh?" pursued the other.

"Jealous? Oh no!"

"You are on the stage?" inquired Mademoiselle.

"Why, no?"

Ashtoreth hesitated. It seemed quite unnecessary to tell this dazzling creature that she was a stenographer and worked in an office.

"Mais oui," Mademoiselle shrugged her eloquent shoulders. "Beautiful women make their living by exhibiting themselves, is it not so? On the stage, maybe. Or they are the jewels of some rich man. It is the same thing. And the others who cannot exhibit, because they are ugly—they are jealous. But we will be friends, eh?"

She reached to touch Ashtoreth's knee.

"I go," she said, "to my home in Guadeloupe, to see who lives. The hurricane killed 600 people there. And I have no word. So I come from Paris to see."

"Your people live there?" asked Ashtoreth, quickly sympathetic.

"My friends," said Mademoiselle; and, abruptly, changed the subject.

"It is your first trip? You will love it very much. But you should have a man. Mademoiselle, to make love beneath the moon. It is too bad to be alone."

She gathered her wrap quickly about her shoulders and shivered.

"But you have no man," laughed Ashtoreth.

"Non."

Mademoiselle sat up quickly and looked her long brown arms about her knees. For a moment she stared across the dark water. Then, rousing herself, sprang quickly to her feet.

"Shall we have a drink?" she asked. "The bar is open. It will warm us."

Ashtoreth had never been in a bar before. Afraid of seeming uninitiated, she agreed. A little dubiously.

To her surprise the "bar" was an informal lounge where the passengers sat about small tables. Some of them were playing bridge, with tall glasses at their hands. Everybody looked up when she and

Mademoiselle came in. And three portly females left the room. Followed shortly by two thin ones.

Mademoiselle led the way to the table just vacated.

"Old maids!" she pronounced, her glance followed them through the door. "You can always tell, eh? Because old maids are born, and not made."

She chuckled quietly at her little joke, and Ashtoreth found her soft laugh delightfully thrilling.

"Most women," she observed, "are good because they never had a chance to be anything else. And that makes them angry, ma chérie."

She called for whisky and soda, and sandwiches. But Ashtoreth, remembering Maizie's parting admonition, declined the proffered drink.

Maizie had put her arms about her and whispered in her ear, "Don't do anything. Baby Lamb, you wouldn't want Mother to know about."

And Ashtoreth, with a lump in her throat, and hot tears stinging her eyelids, had peered through her eyelids, and promised, like a little child.

"All right, Mums. I'll be good."

Mademoiselle chatted inconsequentially, and began to tell risqué stories. Ashtoreth never knew whether or not they were really bad, because she had neither native appreciation nor training for crude jokes. But Mademoiselle laughed her pretty, throaty laugh. And, when all the respectable women had left, the first officer joined them at their table. It was then that Ashtoreth excused herself.

"I'm so sleepy," she begged, "you don't care if I go down?"

"Non. Non, pauvre chérie."

Mademoiselle placed her two brown hands on Ashtoreth's slim white fingers. "Sweet dreams, mon petit chou."

The first officer laughed.

"Do you know what Mademoiselle called you?" he asked Ashtoreth. "Her little cabbage!"

The Frenchwoman slipped her hands up Ashtoreth's wrists.

"It is the sweetest little word I know," she said. "Mon petit chou. That is what lovers call each other in my country. It is pretty, eh?"

Ashtoreth regarded the first officer superiorly. She was annoyed because he had not joined them while there were other passengers about. His arrival, she knew, had been discreetly timed. She hoped that Mademoiselle would not favor him with her entrancing presence on the deserted deck.

"I think," she informed him loftily, "that it's an awfully cute little word."

She bade them good night and went to her stateroom. The glances of the mysterious lady was all about. Pervading the little cabin with exotic scents and warm enchantment.

(To Be Continued)

Who is the mysterious lady? Before the night is over Ashtoreth's curiosity has been aroused. Yours will be, too—in the next chapter.

# On the Way!

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## HOOPER AND KING OF BELGIANS TALK ACROSS THE SEA

(Associated Press Leased Wire) WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Tribute to the sacrifice and courage of the Belgian people in the World War was paid today by President-elect Hoover in an address which was carried across the ocean by long distance telephone.

Sitting at his desk at his temporary headquarters here, Mr. Hoover spoke to an audience gathered in the public square at Brussels in a celebration in honor of the election of the former chairman of the commission for the relief of Belgium to the presidency of the United States.

The address was in response to those delivered by King Albert, Premier Jaspar, and Emile Francqui, who was associated with Mr. Hoover in Belgian relief work during the German occupation.

"I thank your majesties, the prime minister and other friends for their renewed expressions of good-will to myself and my associates and to my country," Mr. Hoover said. "It marks an enduring friendship for it springs from the hearts of men. It finds deep response in my countrymen."

The text of King Albert's address as made public here follows: "I congratulate most sincerely the president-elect of the U. S. to whom a great nation has, through an imposing vote entrusted the

leadership of its destinies. The United States of America, which extends from one ocean to another, combine the splendid development of industrial technique and production with the noblest solicitude for universal peace.

"The Kellogg pact has brought forward an ideal of high international morality. It is the duty of all interested nations to maintain this ideal unblemished.

"Belgium will never forget the help given by Mr. Hoover to her people suffering in the throes of the great war. He was the soul of their relief amidst the greatest political, maritime and economic difficulties. In the name of the Belgian people I express our sympathy and gratefulness to the great American who has well deserved the title which none other has yet obtained of 'friend of Belgium.'"

NOTICE  
All persons are hereby warned not to hunt, trap or trespass on my premises with or without dogs, without the consent of the owner, and are liable to arrest.

Mrs. O. E. SMITH, Glde.

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

Notice is hereby given that Albert E. Delezenne, of Glde, Oregon, who, on February 9, 1928, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry No. 016291, for Lot 8, Section 7, 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 19th day of February, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Chapman, Forest Blakely, Seth Matthews, Morris D. Matthews, all of Glde, Ore.

HAMIL A. CANADAY, Register

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### Opal Knows!



### By Martin



### By Blosser



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



### Anything in the World



### By Blosser



### SALESMAN SAM



### Convincing Proof



### By Small



### By Small



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