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CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Dry fir block, Melton Bros., phone 14715.

FOR SALE—Barron Rock hatchling eggs, 4c each. Phone 2085.

WE HAVE an exceptionally good assortment of cedar shingles. Pages.

FOR SALE—Three line R. I. R. cockerels, \$2 each. Aug. Cedar-stam, Melrose, Ore.

DRAG SAWS—Our drag saws are light in weight and very durable. Leake & Beyers Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

FOR SALE—Barron Rock hatchling eggs, O. A. C. strain, 6c apiece. E. E. Baker, Coos Junction.

FOR SALE—240 acres, fine goat or sheep ranch, some improvements. Address "M. A." care News-Review.

FOR SALE—15-acre farm, family orchard, about 37 acres in cultivation; some prunes, running water, \$500 cash will handle this. Inquire Tuttle Store.

CREAM SEPARATORS—Viking separators are simple in construction and are close skimmers. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

FOR SALE—Fresh milk goats—Nubian and Toggenburg. Address C. H. Murray, Rt. 1, Box 1, Medford, Ore.

SMELT—\$1 per 50 lb. box. I. O. F. K. K. Main run Col. river smelt. Strictly fresh. R. R. Fisher, Kelso, Wash., Box 861.

USED MOTOR TRUCKS—From light delivery to five-ton sizes, all makes. C. E. Spaulding, 401 S. Main. Phone 231-RX.

FOR SALE CHEAP—For less than 1 price, 1 Regal furnace, good as new. John R. Kelly, 504 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE or trade for something I can use—saw mill machinery; roller feed mill; bakery equipment, with wood oven, 100 hsf. L. E. Newton, Canyonville, Ore.

SEE THIS—A and B eliminator has seen very little service, fully guaranteed. Complete outfit \$22.50. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 135.

FOR SALE—Four-tube Fada radio, new batteries and complete outfit. \$35.00. You can't find a better buy for the money. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 135.

FADA RADIO—Six-tube Fada, new A and B batteries, Fada cone speaker and complete antenna. Nothing else to buy. See this in our window. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 135.

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Barron Rock eggs at \$1 per 15, or \$6 for 100. These are from the laying strain that the O. A. C. sells for \$1 each. Also fir shakes at \$7.50 per 1000, and smooth bark cedar posts \$7 per 1. M. Rice, Glides, Ore. Phone 56221.

ORDER DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a seed raisins, 20 lbs. \$1.25 postpaid. Fine quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order for 5 lbs. of dried apricots postpaid. \$5c. Most wonderful dried fruit. Fancy dried peaches, 10 lb. lots at 10c per lb. postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 413, Red Bluff, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 555 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

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

WILL TRADE—5 acres highly improved, 4 miles north of Eugene, all in fruit. 8-room modern house, plumbing and electric lights, garage, 2 large chicken houses, 1 brooder house, 1 mile school, church and store. Trade for larger farm close to Roseburg. Suitable for poultry and dairy. Address: H. A. Sims, Eugene, M. R. "A."

ROSEBURG CABINET SHOP
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FURNITURE REPAIRING
Uppon Board and Veneer Panel
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Window Screens made to order
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327 Cass Phone 491

Orchard

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, who has just returned from a trip to the West Indies, is secretly engaged to Hollis Hart, a millionaire, much older than herself. Ashtoreth is 23, a poor young stenographer, and beautiful as a picture.

Her mother, Maizie, meets her at the station, and they go together to their flat. Maizie is almost pitifully happy. But Ashtoreth's homecoming has been spoiled by two unpleasant features. First—Monty English, an ex-sweetheart, has wired that he is flying over from New York to see her. Ashtoreth does not want to see him. Besides, she is in mortal terror lest he and Hollis Hart make the flight on the same ship. It would be such an awkward way for them to meet—and no telling what would happen next.

The other bad news is the presence of Sadie Morton in the flat. Sadie is a common little creature, a friend of poorer days. She has already tried to blackmail Hollis Hart, and now she threatens to hold him up again. She has been to a well-known lawyer of doubtful reputation. And Ashtoreth is panic-stricken.

Following dinner, Sadie goes out to mail a letter, and Ashtoreth is having a little heart-to-heart talk with her mother, when they hear someone in the hall. Maizie thinks it is Monty, and goes to the kitchen to light up under the coffee. It proves, however, to be Sadie; returning from the mail box.

Now go on with the story CHAPTER XXXVII

"Oh—Sadie. We thought you were Monty."

Ashtoreth called to her mother. "Never mind the coffee, Mums. It's only Sadie."

Maizie came in from the kitchen and settled herself comfortably on the big divan.

"My goodness," she observed, glancing from one girl to the other. "You two certainly are different. I don't know as I ever saw two girls so different."

Sadie flipped her short skirts pertly.

"I ain't a red hot mommer any more," she chattered. "Just a sweet young thing, trying to get along. Not a day over 15, and butter wouldn't melt in my mouth."

She was wearing a suspender skirt of red and blue, pleated smartly. Her blouse had a broad childish collar, with a blue silk tie. She wore a scarlet beret, and striped wool socks over her nude silk stockings.

Ashtoreth was in brown, and her skirt was five inches longer than Sadie's.

"Ash," now, pronounced Sadie, "looks like I'd like to look. But God didn't have no clothes horse in mind when he gave me these short little legs."

She sat beside Maizie, and stuck them out deliberately.

"Not so hot," she lamented. "Say, Ash, if I had a couple stems like yours! There's no telling how far a good pair of legs will take a girl. Say, dearie, what makes you wear your skirts so long?"

Maizie looked slightly scandalized.

"If you'd think less about your legs, Sadie," she began.

"Oh, all right. All right. I was only trying to give your daughter a compliment, Mrs. Ashe."

Sadie got up restlessly, and wandered over to the radio.

"What do you say if we pluck a hand out of the air, to welcome Little Sunshine home?"

She twisted the dial, looking over her shoulder at Ashtoreth.

"You give me a pain in the neck, Ash—that's what you do. Here's your mother been thinking of nothing but you ever since you been away. Workin' her fingers off, while you were playin' the grand lady. Shavin' all day, cleanin' the place, and cookin'. And she don't get so much as a pleasant look out of you. Anybody'd think you was at a wake—that's what they'd think. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Maizie looked helplessly at her daughter.

"There's something on your mind, ain't there, honey?"

"You're darn tootin', there's something on her mind," contributed Sadie, "and it ain't none of my business, or anything like that. But I hate to see your mother gettin' the cold water treatment, Ash, after all she's done for you."

Ashtoreth crossed the room swiftly, and flung herself in Maizie's lap.

"I'm wondering about Monty," she lied. And all the while she was thinking, of course, of Hollis.

"Sadie's an old crab, Mums. She just likes to hear herself talk."

She bent to her mother's ear. "Let me sleep with you tonight, darling. Sadie can have my room. I've a secret to tell you."

Maizie squeezed her ecstatically. "That will be lovely, dear. Just like when you were little."

"Here's the News," announced Sadie, "broadcasting the late news."

"Get some article," ordered Ashtoreth. "Who cares about news?"

"Wait a sec," Sadie moved the dial a fraction of an inch. "What's that he's saying? Gosh, another airplane down. Ain't that too bad? Gee, it's as much as your life's worth, flyin' in them things."

Ashtoreth sprang to her feet. "Where, Sadie?"

"Oh, my God, Ash! I never thought about Monty!"

Sadie straightened. Her eyes were wide and frightened.

"I didn't get it all. Somewhere in Connecticut, I think he said. Flyin' over from New York. Oh,

wouldn't it be awful, Ash!"

Maizie thumbed the telephone directory.

"Call the News," she commanded. "Here's the number—You do it, Ash—ask for the city desk."

But Ashtoreth shook her head. "Here—I will," Sadie darted into the hall, with Maizie at her heels.

"Hurry! 6000... hurry up, operator!... Gee, Mrs. Ashe, I guess she's crazy about Monty. Did you see how pale she got? No, operator... six thousand... It can't be busy—it's a switchboard... Maybe you'd better go in and see if she's all right, Mrs. Ashe. Well, they would if you'd ring them... Listen, operator, that's a newspaper office, and of course they'll answer. Hello—hello, is this the News? Give me the city desk, please."

Sadie handed the telephone to Maizie.

"Here, you talk to them, Mrs. Ashe. You can ask things better than I can."

Ashtoreth stood in the door, like a pale ghost, with her hand against her throat. Maizie was crisp and business-like.

"Hello—is this the city desk? Your announcer has just broadcast news of an airplane accident. We didn't hear it all. Can you tell me about it? What? Oh, you don't know? But they were flying from New York? Yes, yes. We particularly wanted to know the names of the passengers. Two of them? Perhaps you'd be good enough to take my number, and call me back, if you get a report. Well, that's very nice of you. The number is Kenmore 05101. Mrs. Ashe—yes, Mrs. Joe Ashe. Oh, you did? Yes, he was on the Globe for a good many years. Mr. Burton, you said? Then you'll call me, Mr. Burton, later? Thank you very much."

"What, mother? What is it?"

Ashtoreth's voice caught raspingly in her throat.

"There's a plane missing," reported Maizie. "It left New York at six o'clock. A commercial plane, piloted by a man named Burns. He had two passengers aboard. They're worried because of the fog, and the plane hasn't any landing lights for night flying."

"The man on the desk said he'd call back. He knew your father. They used to work together, he said. And he'll telephone us, as soon as they hear anything."

Maizie put her arms around her daughter. "There, honey, you mustn't take on. You got just as white as a ghost. Lands, I didn't know anything'd give you a turn like that."

"And you told me she wasn't in love!" bantered Sadie, looking at Maizie. "Say, when a Jane like Ash comes so darn near pullin' a faint, I guess she must be in a tough way."

"I ain't Monty!" protested Ashtoreth.

"Not Well, it must be something you eat," mocked Sadie. "Only I'd call it Love—I would."

The telephone rang sharply.

"There, I bet that's Monty now," declared Maizie.

She took the receiver down.

"Yes—yes, Mr. Burton. What! What's that you said? Oh, my God, no! There's some mistake. There's some mistake, I said. Yes, yes—she was. Yes, this evening. No—no, I tell you."

Ashtoreth gripped her mother's shoulders. And Maizie, as she turned from the transmitter, thought that she had never seen eyes so big and frightened. Nor a living face before that was whiter than death.

She put her hand over the mouth of the instrument. "No, dear—it's not that. Not Monty."

Then, into the phone, "Just a minute, Mr. Burton. Hold the line a moment. My daughter is here now. Will you hold the line, please, until I speak to her?"

Maizie's pink cheeks were pale, and there were lines, that had come like lightning, to crease her face in ugly folds.

"I tell you, dear," she insisted. "It's nothing about the plane. They haven't heard anything... For goodness sake, take that expression off your face! You give me the horrors. Sadie, take her in the other room, like a good girl... It's a little private business I have with Mr. Burton."

She turned to the telephone again. "Yes, Mr. Burton. Now, will you repeat that, please? Yes, yes, I told you she was. Yes, this evening. No, she hasn't. Not a thing—no, I tell you it's a mistake... You—wouldn't print anything like that, Mr. Burton? It's a lie, that's what it is. A lie, I said—you heard me. What! Who did? What papers? But it's a lie! I don't care if every paper in New York printed it—that doesn't make it the truth, does it? Listen, Mr. Burton—Maizie's voice was wheedling now.

"You said you was a friend of Joe's, didn't you? Well, no friend of Joe's is going to print stories about his daughter... Yes, yes, I know, Well, New York isn't Boston, and we can't help that now. The other papers all have it! Oh, my God, Mr. Burton! Can't you stop them?"

Ashtoreth threw aside Sadie's encircling arm.

"Mother, what is it? Tell me this minute! It's something about me, isn't it?"

She drew Maizie from the telephone. "Let me speak to him."

But Maizie pushed her aside. "Listen, Mr. Burton, you call me back in 10 minutes. Yes, I'll speak to my daughter. I'll give you a statement in 10 minutes... You can talk to her yourself if you want to... In 10 minutes, I said."

She hung up the receiver, and walked, like a person in her sleep, into the living room. Sadie rose dumbly from the divan, to face her. Ashtoreth put trembling hands on her shoulder. And they stood, white and cold, like a tableau. Waiting for Maizie to speak.

"It's about you," she said, looking at Ashtoreth, and her voice was strained and jerky. Not at all like Maizie's voice.

"Mr. Burton says there's a story in New York about you and Hollis Hart. Some New York papers used it in the afternoon, in the last editions. They didn't get it in time for the morning papers, he says... About you and him... being together, Ashtoreth."

Maizie's voice broke. "It ain't true, what he says?" she cried. "Say it ain't true, Ashtoreth."

"What does he say, mother?"

Ashtoreth's voice was cool and smooth, and as pale as her waxen face.

"He read me the wire, it said—Maizie gulped. "It said something about 'Hollis Hart, well-known man about town, returns on S. S. Juanita with stenographer.' And he made some crack about a tropical island romance..."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Sadie slipped on the divan. "Go on, Mrs. Ashe!" she commanded. "Go on, spill the dirt."

(To Be Continued)

Sadie believes the worst. And then, on top of everything, comes news of the missing plane.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Grand Road Stand

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Soul" was the subject of the lesson-lesson in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, February 17.

The golden text was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." (Psalm 103:1).

Among the citations which comprised the lesson-lesson was the

following from the Bible: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth... But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." (Matt. 6:19, 20).

The lesson-lesson also included the following passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Man walks in the direction towards which he looks, and where his treasure is, there will his heart be also." (p. 451). "Hold thought steadfastly to the enduring, the good, and the true, and you will bring these into your experience proportionately to their occupancy of your thoughts." (p. 261).

ITS FOUR R'S NOW

CHICAGO—Readin', writin' and 'rithmetic are only three of four R's now being taught in local schools. The new one is roughin'.

The new course was added in North Side continuation schools by Miss Nellie Ryan, who has this to say: "Since girls simply will make-up we have decided to try to initiate them into the correct artistic application of cosmetics."

SCRAPPING IRISH

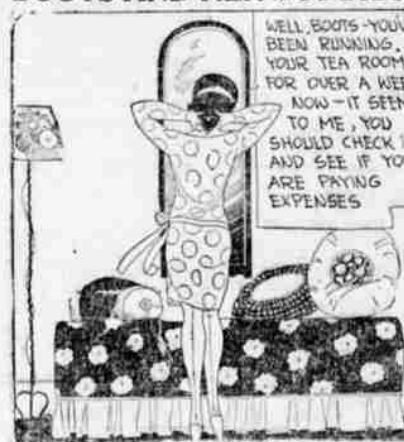
Lady Collector: On what floor of that house does Mr. Flanagan live, my little man?

Boy: The third floor up, lady. —Passing Show.

Regular meeting of the Junior High P. T. A. will be held in the school building Tuesday evening, Feb. 19th.

Among the citations which comprised the lesson-lesson was the

BOOTS AND HER RUDDIES



Hurray!



"BULL" MONTANA SEES OFFICERS NAB OPPONENT ON MAT

(Associated Press Special Wire)

LAS VEGAS, Nev., Feb. 16.—Four picturesque deputy sheriffs of the Nevada frontier today shared the limelight as stellar thrill producers, with "Bull" Montana, Hollywood movie wrestler.

Before an excitement hungry throng of cowboys, real estate promoters and miners last night, the scowling-frowned Hollywood grappler slapped S. F. Vanerman of Salinas, Cal., to the mat twice in rapid succession. His acclaim pallid to insignificance in comparison with the delighted yells which greeted the stars a moment later, however, when four "two gun" deputies vaulted into the ring to place Vanerman under arrest on a felony warrant.

Vanerman had been under technical arrest all afternoon, but rather than disappoint the range riders and "hard-rock" men who had gathered from many out of the way corners of the surrounding mountains to witness the "Bull" of Hollywood in action, the deputies carefully suppressed news of the arrest. Vanerman was kept in the sheriff's office until time for the bout and when he entered the ring, four deputies, six guns strapped to their thighs, occupied ring-side seats. Led by Sam Gay, old-time plainsman and Jack MacCubrey, frontiersman of other and more exciting days, the sheriff's men awaited inside the ring as Vanerman's back touched the floor the second time.

Lead by his resounding smack against the canvas, Vanerman attempted to grapple with Gay, while the crowd roared in excitement, but he recovered himself and surrendered docilely when he remembered what it was all about.

A GRAND DIVVY. Perhaps William H. Meredith, late Washington T. L. millionaire, never knew he had so many cousins. Probate court records reveal that before the estate is finally settled the total number of participating cousins may reach 100.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN SAM



By Small