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Spoons, Knives, Forks, Peeling Knives, and innumerable other utilities that are indispensable, and they are positively stainless, and will keep their brightness to a wonderful degree.

Ask to see these splendid lines.

Churchill Hardware Co. The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Trailers cheap at Sarff's, 329 N. Main St.

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

FOR SALE—Canary bird, cage, Good singer, \$5. Phone 448-R.

FOR SALE—6-months-old pigs at \$3.50 each. J. O. Metz ranch, Canyonville, Ore.

FOR SALE—R. I. R. and W. L. hatching eggs, \$3.50 per 100. C. Reed, Melrose, Ore.

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

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood, \$2.75 per tier; \$2.50 for two or more tiers. Phone 351-L.

GARDEN and flower seeds—We have a complete stock of package and bulk seeds. Leake & Beyers Co.

BROODERS and incubators—Our quality of the best and prices reasonable. Leake & Beyers Co., 1 O. O. F. Bldg.

USED MOTOR TRUCKS—From light delivery to five-ton sizes, all makes, C. E. Spaulding, 401 S. Main. Phone 221-RX.

APPLES FOR SALE—Newtowns, 25c and 6c per box. Bring boxes, J. F. Rutter, Rt. 2, Box 25, Roseburg. Phone 25F11.

FOR SALE—3 grade Jersey heifers, 17, 13 and 5 months old. \$75 takes all three. Henry Berka, Rt. 2, Box 50, Edenbowser.

SEE THIS—A and B eliminator has seen very little service, fully guaranteed. Complete outfit, \$22.50. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 126.

FOR SALE—Four-tube Fada radio, new batteries and complete aerial kit. \$35 takes it. You can't find a better buy for the money. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 126.

FADA RADIO \$74—Six-tube Fada, new A and B batteries, Fada cone speaker and complete antenna. Nothing else to buy. See this in our window. Auto Elec.

MISCELLANEOUS

ORDER DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a seed raisin, 20 lbs. \$1.25 postpaid. Fine quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order for 5 lbs. of dried apricots postpaid, 85c. 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.

WANTED—Work in all its branched, day or contract. Mixers and building hoist for hire. James Miller, Phone 119-Y.

WANTED—To give away Russian Shepherd dog, male, W. A. Laurance, Dillard, Ore.

WANTED to buy or rent—Burr saw outfit. Call after 6 o'clock, write G. A. Wellman, 515 East Ave.

WANTED—Fudge tooth. We pay high as \$10 for sets. Any condition. We buy crowns, bridges, gold, platinum, silver. Western Metal Company, Bloomington, Illinois.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apt. 818 S. Pine St.

FOR RENT—2 furnished rooms, 529 W. Oak. Phone 615-J.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished heated apartments. Call 124 W. Douglas after 5.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, steam heated, 122 S. Jackson, opposite Antlers Theatre.

FOR RENT—1 acre, tree garden soil, in good condition. Cheap as dirt. 804 Military St. Phone 195-II.

FOR RENT—3-room apartment, furnished, electric stove, hot and cold water, 222 East Lane. Inquire Subar Bros.

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Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED Maizie Ashe, married for 15 years to a newspaper man, warns her daughter and Hollis Hart of the ways of reporters.

Ashtoreth, her only child, is marrying Hollis Hart, a triumphant marriage, from a worldly point of view. The Harzes are one of the oldest families in Boston, and Hollis is a multi-millionaire. Ashtoreth is a poor little stenographer, but beautiful as a Follies clothes horse.

The story is meat for the press. Particularly in view of the fact that Hollis, flying from New York to his fiancée in Boston, has figured in an airplane accident. With him, at the time, was Monty English, an old sweetheart of Ashtoreth's.

Monty was also hurrying to her, because he had read that day in a New York paper a story, which implied that the "well known clubman—the rich and famous Mr. Hart"—had become involved in a rather lurid romance with "a young lady of unusual beauty, said to have been a stenographer in his employ."

Monty, furiously angry, meant to get at the facts of the story. Following the crash, he learns the identity of his traveling companion and ascertains that he means to marry Ashtoreth in the morning.

Hollis motors from Connecticut, where the accident took place, to the Ashe flat in Boston. Meantime, the Boston papers have heard, not only of the airplane smash, but the story that was printed in New York. They beseege the house like an army.

And Maizie warns the lovers, "You'll never escape them. Don't know? There's no outwitting the pack."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XI. Maizie was right. There was no fooling the pack. They camped all night on the door steps.

Hollis left the apartment as day began to break. Then the reporters divided forces. Half of them followed him in taxis to his club. Others were waiting there. Begging interviews. Demanding statements.

There were photographers with flashlights. And Miss Fannie Brown of the Trumpet, who never went to bed.

"Oh, Mr. Hart," begged Fannie, clutching him by the coat sleeve. "There's just one little thing I want to ask you, Mr. Hart. If it is your belief that stenographers make better wives than society girls—"

He shook off her detaining hand. "Good Lord, Madam, you don't expect me to answer a thing like that!"

Fannie was running up the broad steps after him, whipping a dog-eared notebook from her pocket. A pencil from the depths of a big brown handbag.

"Let's say sweethearts, then," she compromised swiftly. "Do stenographers make better wives than society girls, Mr. Hart?"

Hollis shook his head. "You'd better save your felicitations for a while."

The other looked surprised. Grieved, in fact.

"You're not going to be married in the morning?" he exclaimed.

"Why, the News heard."

"The News," interrupted Hollis, "heard nothing of the kind?"

"Then you're not to be married in the morning?" he asked.

Mr. Hart, as smiling from you, Hollis shoulders sagged wearily. He looked desperately tired. And a little odd.

"Good lord!" he appealed. "Have you no respect for a man's private affairs? What if I should ask you if it was true that you beat your sister? Or meant to elope with the publisher's wife?"

"Can't you see it wouldn't be any more presumptuous or absurd?" The man chuckled.

"That is the price of notoriety," Mr. Hart, I would not care what you asked me, either. I'd thumb my nose at the cockeyed world. And I'd tell the tabloids to go to the devil!"

Hollis smiled grimly. "I was about to say something of the sort," he declared.

The other took his hat. "I was wondering when you'd suggest it," he declared good humoredly. "Well, good-night, Mr. Hart. . . . And you certainly know how to pick 'em. Miss Ashe can't have any old time child."

"I might say, in the consensus of opinion among the gentlemen of the press."

"And how in blazes," demanded Hollis irritably, "do you know what Miss Ashe looks like?"

The reporter beamed affably. "We've some very good photographs of her," he explained. "The studio, where she sat last autumn furnished several cuts, in exchange for what we call a 'credit line.' It's customary, you know. We print in the corner 'Photograph by So-and-so.' And they count it good advertising. There are several profiles and a beautiful full face."

"As a matter of fact, one of the artists was painting on a veil and wedding gown, when I left the office. You'll see it in the first edition, Mr. Hart. Four-column front page layout."

Hollis choked angrily. "It may be all in the day's work," he sputtered, "but it's a hell of a way to earn a living."

"I had inherited a few millions, I should not," he murmured, "be engaged in such a profitable occupation. Our motto, Mr. Hart, is 'Give the people what they want. Presidents get elected on that platform.' So I guess it's good enough for the News."

He withdrew. And, slipping out a back way, took at taxi to the office.

"Nothing," he mused, "to set the world afire, but a pretty good story at that." And, in his mind's eye, he saw a banner line in the first edition.

MILLIONAIRE HART THREATENS ATTORNEY CORUM. Meantime, Fannie Brown had hurried to Maizie's flat. Now, Fannie was rated the most ingenious sub alter in Boston. She offered the taxi drive double fare, and told him to step on it.

"I'll bet," she moaned, "they've beaten me to it—Belle Bailey and Vina Adams! I never should have played anything but the girl end!"

Fannie was right. Maizie, who couldn't bear to refuse anybody anything, had been persuaded to admit a chosen few, selected as spokesmen for the group. When Fannie found that out, she bribed the leader, and waited in the hall, while he delivered a note.

Maizie read it, and admitted Fannie, Belle and Vina, and Johnny Mahoney smiled when they saw her. They knew Fannie's favorite ruse. For 19 years she had been getting away with it.

The note she had written read like this: "Dear Miss Ashe: Please let me see you for only a minute. I am a new reporter, and this is my first important assignment. It means my job to me. I will be there, if you refuse. Please."

It was Fannie, who wanted a message for stenographers. And Belle who asked about the night-gowns. Vina was thirsting for the story of the romance. . . . "From the very beginning, please, Miss Ashe."

Johnny looked foolish, and asked her if she liked children. It was then that Vina asked if she believed in companionate marriage. And should a woman have a career?

They persuaded Ashtoreth to pose, with Maizie, for a flashlight. With Maizie sitting in the big divan, and Ashtoreth on the arm, looking tenderly into each other's eyes. Then they wanted 'pictures of Ashtoreth with her knees crossed. And someone asked if she had a picture of Hollis that she could be looking at, every soulfully, for a time exposure. It was getting light by that time. . . .

At six o'clock Maizie made coffee, and cut an apple pie. Vina scribbled on the corner of an envelope, "Just folksy," and wondered how soon money would spoil the two of them. Ashtoreth, she decided, was probably in love. And damn glad, if she wasn't.

At last it was over. Half-past seven.

"Lie down for a little while, honey," besought Maizie. "You'll want to be looking your best, darling—and the circles you got under your eyes—oh, me—oh my!"

"But, Mama, how can I? There's too much to do."

Maizie was so near to tears that she must pretend to be very busy. Opening Ashtoreth's bags. Sticking out frocks, folding and unfolding. And packing again.

"I'm going to draw a nice warm bath for you, Baby Lamb, and you're to take a little nap. Mr. Hart told me you'd go straight to New York, and you can get whatever clothes you need there."

OPEN SEASON!

This is the season when poultrymen are bombarded daily by salesmen and advertisers selling poultry feeds, tonics, etc., of more or less merit. They naturally pick a time when it is hard to prove whether the feed or the season is responsible for results. Any healthy chick will grow on most any kind of feed—SOME. Any healthy hen will lay eggs in the spring on most any kind of feed—SOME. But if you want to be sure of best results, feed Crown Feeds.

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg AGENCY FOR Oakland L. & H. Electric Ranges, Hood River Spray Co., Sutherland Spray Co., Bean Spray Pump Co., John Deere Plow Co., Hoopier and Milwaukee Pumps

Maizie—because she was moved, most likely—snort! Maizie never was a gracious person. "Me at the Copley Plaza?" she scoffed. "Say, wouldn't that be swell?"

"Mums—Mumsie, dear . . . did you like him?" . . . Ashtoreth stroked her mother's hand. "Don't you think he's sweet, Mother?" "Sweet! Humph . . . He'd better be sweet!"

Maizie scowled belligerently. "What's that he kept calling you?" "Orchid! What does he mean—'Orchid!'"

"Oh, he says I remind him of orchids. Mother, it's so darling of him. He says I'm exquisite, and chaste—and all the loveliest things you ever heard. Like an orchid, you see—sort of cool and remote. . . . Oh, of course it's just too silly, dear . . . but isn't it adorable?" . . . Ashtoreth smiled rapturously.

And Maizie, holding her daughter's face between her plump pink palms, prayed in her heart that life—and Hollis—should always be kind to Ashtoreth. Because, thought Maizie, there aren't many such beautiful smiles in the world, and fate would be cruel, indeed, if the most beautiful smile of them all should perish.

The hours flew. And they laughed a little, and cried a little. And planned a little. And Ashtoreth slept, while Maizie cried a little more. Then Hollis came, and spirited her baby away.

Maizie did not want to see the ceremony. She was afraid, she said, she would cry. What she meant was that she thought her heart would break.

So Ashtoreth and Hollis were married in Mr. Higginbottom's office, with only two stenographers to see.

"I, Ashtoreth (she touched her pearls with her finger) . . . take thee, Hollis (the richest man in Boston) . . . Oh, dear, it was dreadful. . . . The thoughts that went through a girl's mind, when she was getting married. "For better, for worse (for better, thank God!) "For richer, for poorer . . . (she smiled a lovely, misty smile) Hollis looked so wonderful! . . ."

(To Be Continued) You will want to start on their honeymoon, with Ashtoreth and Hollis. They will sail at noon, on the late de France.

The Loyal Women's Class of Christian Church will hold a cook and food sale at Parslow's store Saturday, Feb. 22.

WHY SUFFER With Rheumatism and Neuritis When we can positively assure you full relief or your money back? CASEY'S GUARANTEED RHEUMATIC AND NEURITIS REMEDY purifies the blood, reduces pain and swelling, stops cramps in the limbs through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. \$1.50 per bottle

Maret's Drug Store, Roseburg Stronker Drug Store, Yoncalla Roche's Pharmacy, Sutherlin Oakland Drug Co., Oakland

COLDS

of head or chest are more easily treated externally with— VICKS VAPORUB Over 21 Million Sold

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



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By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Just Wait!



No Harm Done



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SALESMAN SAM



No Harm Done



By Small



By Small



USED CAR BARGAINS

- 1925 Ford Coupe \$175
1924 Ford Coupe \$150
1923 Ford Coupe \$ 75
1925 Ford Del. Ruckstell \$ 75
1924 Ford Tour. Ruckstell \$ 90
1923 Ford Touring \$ 25
1924 Studebaker Tour. \$150
1924 Essex 4 Touring \$250
1923 Dodge Touring \$150
1924 Ford Sedan \$200
1926 Essex Coach \$275
1923 Buick Roadster \$250
1922 Buick Roadster \$ 75

A REWARD OF \$600

Will be paid for any information resulting in the locating of the Gilbreath of Riddle either dead or alive. This reward is effective until May 26, 1929.

Address communications to E. H. Gilbreath, Roseburg, or Sheriff V. T. Jackson.

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

Roseburg Cabinet Shop 339 W. Oak FURNITURE REPAIRING Upson Board and Veneer Panel Cut to Order Window Screens made to order E. S. AND F. L. COCKLEAS

Roy Catching Motor Co. HUDSON-ESSEX Rear of Hotel Umpqua Phone 438