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The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

WOOD—Dry fir block, 2 tiers \$8. Phone 1072.

FOR SALE—Five turkey hens, one tom. Ward's Cafe.

FOR SALE—Dry fir block wood. Phone 2424. P. E. Brothers.

HABIT—Hutches for sale—New and well-built. 806 Winchester St.

FOR SALE—Fine young Broilard turkey toms, \$7. Rt. 1, Box 40. Phone 3424.

FOR SALE—Gentle Shetland pony, 4 yrs. old. Write or phone Amy Peniot, 3912.

FOR SALE—Dry mill ends. Several loads on hand. Coen Lumber Co.

FOR SALE—Wood, oak, laurel and fir block; oak stove, Phone 2711.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor pump, new, \$150. Geo. C. Bailey, Garden Valley, Phone 2712.

OLIVER FLOWS AND SHARES—A large stock of both, priced reasonable. Leake & Beyer Co.

HAVE CASH for small used car. Must be cheap. Write P. O. Box 124, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

HARGAIN—3-horsepower gasoline engine, new. See at Powell's Second hand store, Sheridan St.

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

SPRAY MATERIALS—A complete line of Sherwin Williams sprays. Leake & Beyer Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

HATCHING EGGS—Large eggs from selected 2 and 3-year-old Hanson strain White Leghorns. \$5 per 100. E. S. Pruner, Middle Ore.

SHEEP FOR SALE—Good ewes, mixed ages, lambing now, small bunches \$5 to \$20 furnished. Write for prices and description. P. O. Box 133, Roseburg, Oregon.

FOR SALE—About 2500 Gladhill bulbs, will include several hundred small bulbs and bulbets. A bargain at \$7.00 taken before March 10. Also mixed bird seed in bulk at 10c per pound. Mrs. S. B. Crouch, 520 W. Oak St.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, wood, mouldings, doors, windows, roofing, asphalt shingles, brick, tile, cement, window frames, paint, roof coatings, fine finish lumber, oak floors, wide cedar boat lumber, fire brick, and many other building supplies. Page Lumber & Fuel Company.

CALIFORNIA DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a postpaid, 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 lbs. lots at 10c per lb., postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 413, Red Bluff, Calif.

FOR RENT

2-BEDROOM cottage for rent. Phone 1871.

FOR RENT—Three-room house, garage and basement. 839 Temp. 1st St. Phone 675.

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

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

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 3-room apartment at Dearford Apt. 112 Broadway St. Phone 4032.

FOR RENT—3-room apartment, furnished. Electric stove, hot and cold water, 223 East Lane. Inquire Babar Bros.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

THE Milwaukee Campfire Girls will hold a cooked food sale at McKeon, Darby and Hall's Saturday, March 2nd.

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

WANTED

WOOD CUTTER wanted—Phone 672.

WANTED—Washing to do at my home, 203 S. State St., City.

WANTED—Men to take contract washing brush. Inquire at South End Station.

WANTED—By young married man, work or opportunity to learn trade. Address R. M., care News-Review.

WANTED—Milk cows, fresh or coming fresh soon. Limited amount of young heifers. Call 302 or address C. W. C., care News-Review.

WANTED—To hear from owners of 500-egg incubators; also Jersey Giant hatching eggs for sale, or cents per setting. Forrest Tandy, Yonahville, Oregon.

3000 LBS. wanted. Security 200 acres land on Pacific Highway. 2 dwellings, 6 cabins, service station. Carries \$2200 insurance. See G. W. Young & Son, 116 Cass Street, Roseburg, Oregon.

LOST

LOST—In Roseburg Feb. 23 man's light driving glove for right hand. Finder please return to this office.

CASHIER OF COLFAX BANK DRAWS TERM IN PENITENTIARY

COLFAX, Wash., Feb. 26.—R. F. Bigelow, cashier of the Colfax State bank, was sentenced today to serve three to fifteen years in the state penitentiary after he pleaded guilty to the theft of approximately \$33,000 in bonds from depositors. Plans were being made to liquidate the bank, which closed late yesterday, following the disclosure of irregularities by Bigelow which extended over a period of years. The bank was capitalized at \$50,000 and with a 100 per cent assessment was expected to pay out in full. Bigelow owned 150 shares in it.

A REWARD OF \$600

Will be paid for any information resulting in the locating of the Gilbreath of Biddle, either dead or alive. This reward is effective until May 20, 1929.

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

Chiropractor

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"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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Phone 63 344 N. Jackson St.

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth and Hollis Hart are newlyweds, honeymooning in Paris. Ashtoreth is rarely beautiful, and Hollis is extraordinarily rich. He calls her "Orchid" because she reminds him of that lovely flower. But happiness seems, somehow, to have eluded them. Before their marriage Ashtoreth had been a stenographer in Hart's employ. She is years younger than he, and he believes her youth and beauty. In Paris she meets an old sweetheart, Monty English, who has come to France to sell radios for his firm. Monty is young and Monty is handsome. But he is distastefully poor, and Ashtoreth couldn't see him at all.

He treats her rather coldly, but it is apparent that he is still in love with her. Hollis devotes himself to tennis and the collection of antiques. Both pursuits bore at the courts, or browsing about old shops, he makes tender love to his little bride. And that also bores her. Ashtoreth might be a better word. She has discovered that he has two front teeth that come out on little awls, and that spells the end of romance.

She invites Monty to have dinner with them and contrives to see him on several occasions, though Monty tries to discourage it.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

They were going home again. Sailing from Havre on the Victory. In a week they would be in Boston. Monty was packing. Five wardrobe trunks. Four shoe boxes. And a steamer trunk for the linen. Household furnishings were being crated. Brocade and credenzas, and an old refectory table that Hollis had picked up in Venice. And toilet things that were said to have been used by Marie Antoinette.

Hollis wrapped the toilet set in tissue. There was a tea set of porcelain, to which he gave his personal attention. The cups were diminutive china wares, with beautiful necks. And they rested on saucers of solid gold. They had belonged to the Empress Josephine. Hollis explained to Ashtoreth that Josephine's emblem was a swan, and Napoleon's a bee. He had found a piece of crimson brocade embroidered with golden bees, and believed it to be a fragment from the Empress's canopy bed at Versailles.

Hollis was greatly excited about his treasures. Almost effeminate, Ashtoreth thought. She hated to see him handling small things with the care a woman would have given them. The contrivance came to help, and brought two suitcases with him. These Hollis handed Ashtoreth's trunk to Monty, and helped her slip them on the hangers. He

haunted great piles of frothy linens and made order out of chaos. Then he ordered more packing boxes, and began the packing of his dearest finds. The remembrance and his helpers might pack books and pictures.

But two sets and toilet sets, and the vases from Limoges, crystal jars that were Pompadour's, and the snuff box that was du Barry's—Hollis handed these with reverent hands.

Ashtoreth, standing in the doorway, watched him. "It's positively womanish," she thought, "the way he loves these things."

And she thought of the way Monty would act in a room that was cluttered with lingerie and tea sets and Marie Antoinette's toilet articles. "Like a bull in a china shop," she reflected, and smiled to herself. "Well, that's the way a man ought to act."

"Bored?" asked Hollis, glancing up from his self-appointed work of slipping a cup in 10 sheets of tissue.

"Bored?" she told him. "I hate packing."

"But you've nothing to do," he protested. "Monty will take care of everything."

"I know. But I'm hungry. I want to go to Jack's for our last luncheon. And now you're wrapping all that junk, and I've nobody to go with."

She blew a little kiss over Monty's broad back.

"Would you mind a bit," she asked, "if I telephoned Monty, and asked him to take me?"

Hollis stalked from his task.

"Why of course not, child. Run ahead. And tell Monty to be sure to look us up in Boston."

He smiled as she pondered her nose, and pulled a hat with a wide, dark brim over her eyes. "When you're as old as I am," he predicted, "you'll be more interested in antiquities. I suppose at your age I'd rather have had luncheon at Jack's than handle the empty tea cups from which an empress drank. Viewpoints change. Well, run along, my dear."

Ashtoreth took an orchid, from the cluster on the dressing table. Hollis had them delivered each day. She pinned it at her belt, and rummaged through her bureau drawer for a handkerchief that matched its lavender petals. Then she clasped a string of aquamarine amethysts about her neck, and slipped off her pearl ring, to wear a finger stone that matched her neckpiece. Purple was Monty's favorite color.

Monty was helping pack, so she took a taxi, and stopped on a way to Jack's, for a little part of a gift. While it was being wrapped, she noticed a cold clear

case, and bought it as carefully as she had chosen the tin.

A little later she reflected, she had never bought her husband a present.

Oh, well! It's his money anyhow, she considered. So she's the winner? Monty would be pleased, because he hadn't the means to gratify every expensive wish. It was very different.

But Monty was not pleased. "A gold cigarette case," he exclaimed. "Oh, that's awfully nice of you. Ash, but I can't take it. You know."

"Now, Monty, you're not going to pretend to be a miser!"

"Oh, it's not mine, my husband!"

"But, kosh, Ash, I can't accept things that your husband gave for. What do you think I am?"

"What difference does it make to Hollis?" she demanded. "He doesn't care how much money I spend."

Monty handed the case apologetically. "Nothing doing," he reproached. "I'll take the tin, and thank you very much, Madame Hart."

She shoved the thing across the table.

"All right. Let it stay there. Then maybe the waiter would like it."

"Now, Ash," he remonstrated. "Be reasonable."

He raised his glass. "To our visit and varying fortunes," he proposed. "Yours are vast, and mine are various. Oh, by the way, Ash, I'm going home. I had a cable this morning. They want me to try to get reservations on the Victory. I've a friend working on the thing now for me. The passenger list is pretty big, and I'm not sure what luck I'm going to have."

"Oh, yes, I was," he declared. "I was going to reimburse your hand this afternoon."

"My husband!"

"Yes, I meant to ask you both to have dinner with me tonight at Tour d'Arzac."

Ashtoreth laughed happily. "Well, it really doesn't make any difference whether you're telling the truth or not. Because—listen, Monty—we're sailing tomorrow on the Victory ourselves! Won't that be glorious?"

She laughed excitedly. "That's the very best news I've heard for a long time."

The waiter came, and they ordered chicken à la reine, duck with truffles, Chateau Yquem, because it was a festive day. And grape ice for dessert, because Ashtoreth had begun to diet.

"Pardon me," Monty rose. "I've a telephone call to make."

He was back in a moment. "I reached my friend," he volunteered, "and he wasn't able to do a thing for me. There's another boat on Thursday. I'll have to wait for that."

Ashtoreth laid down her fork. "Monty? English, you're a liar. You've canceled your reservation because you don't want to travel

on the same liner with us!"

He grinned easily. "Nonsense, Ash. I told you my friend hadn't any luck. They've been full for a week."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Honest," he said. "You're simply avoiding me. Monty English. You know you are."

"All right then," he looked straight into her eyes. "I am."

"But why, Monty?"

"You know why."

"Oh, you're so puritanical!" Ashtoreth attacked her chicken savagely. "Anybody'd think we were not old friends, the way you talk."

He shrug of his shoulders. "Women defeat friendship," he told her. "There's a French proverb. M. de Croustet—we were reading some of his epigrams at school the other day. He says 'Women destroy friendship. Temperature too low; it gives them a cold on the chest.'"

"Oh, Monty, you're impossible!"

"All right. Let's not talk about it. Finish your chicken. Will you have some more wine?"

She pushed her plate away petulantly.

"No, you've ruined my appetite. And I thought we were going to have such a pleasant little goodbye luncheon!"

"Listen, Ashtoreth," Monty roared. "You're not playing the game, little girl. You bargained with life for millions, and you're sick of the bargain. The stakes were high, and you won. Life has a quiver, Ash. And you've got to stick by your bargain."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she exclaimed. "I didn't do it. I'm in very well, as you know. I'm not much on speeches, but you do know what I mean, Ash."

"That you want me to leave you alone?" she flashed.

He smiled diffidently. "That's putting it rather crudely," he objected. "But since you ask me, that's about the size of it."

"And I thought," she moaned, "that you were my friend."

Monty looked at her sternly. "People who have been lovers can never be friends," he told her. "There's no such thing as friendship between a beautiful woman and a hungry man. I don't particularly want to be your friend, Ashtoreth. I'd rather be out of the picture altogether."

"Then you don't value friendship," she demanded angrily.

"Oh, yes," he insisted. "It's a wonderful thing between men. I suppose it is also a wonderful thing between women. And I've no doubt there have been rare instances where there have been perfect friendships between men and women. Deep, abiding, loving friendships. But they're rare. Ashtoreth, I don't say a man can't be friendly with a girl. I don't say he and all that. But when it comes to one of these close, intimate affairs—they're dangerous, I tell you."

"You're too beautiful, Ashtoreth."

What About Repairs?

When you buy machinery, especially power machinery consider the repair question. John Deere and Bean repairs are sure and they fit! Don't buy orphans just because the price is low.

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MASONS ATTENTION

Don't forget the regular communication of Laurel Lodge No. 12, A. F. & A. M. Wednesday evening, Feb. 27 at 7:30. Work in the E. A. degree.

W. F. HARRIS, Secy.

and I'm too despondent."

She blushed, and looked at her chicken. "Foolish! I'm not beautiful!"

"All right then. But I am despondent. I'm not old, or hardboiled enough to look at you, and be anything else."

"They were quiet for a little while, playing with their glasses. 'My God!' Monty broke the silence violently. 'Why did you do it, Ash!'"

(To Be Continued)

STUDENT, DISSATISFIED WITH GRADE, SUICIDES

HERCULES, Cal., Feb. 26.—John Hercules, a junior at the Hercules high school committed suicide here. In a note he said he was despondent because of his standing in studies which was "better than average."

CORSELETTES \$1.29 AND \$1.79

In response to a customer demand we have stocked a corselette earlier belt. Come with 6 to 7-inch side elastic webbing; fancy rayon printed panels, lightly boned. 4 garters. You too should see these. Carr's—where you save.

MAN SUICIDES AS GRANDFATHER DID; REVERSES BLAMED

(Associated Press Special Wire)

CHICAGO, Feb. 26.—Fifty years ago, in Boston, William H. Towne, at the age of 83 years, killed himself with a revolver. Yesterday his grandson, the wealthy and socially prominent Towne, 47, died the same way.

Mrs. Towne, the lawyer-financier's second wife, found him dying in the library of their Gold Coast home. There was a bullet hole in his temple and a small pearl-handled revolver lay on the floor.

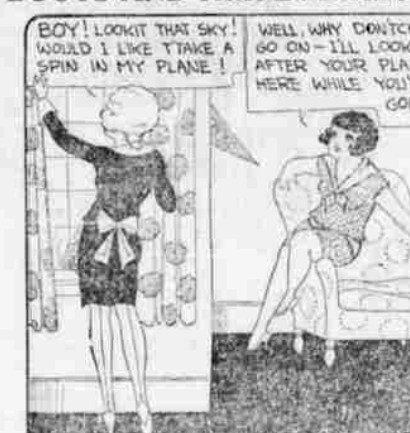
Losses in the stock market were suggested as a motive, although coroner's investigators said they had little information to go on. Mrs. Towne said her husband had received some "bad news" early yesterday.

At the time of Towne's divorce in 1925 his fortune was estimated at \$2,000,000. He was married shortly afterward to Mrs. Ward A. Vilas, whose husband, socially prominent, was found dead apparently from an overdose of sleeping powder, a few months after his wife had filed suit for divorce. A copy of his answer to the divorce bill was on a table near his body.

ANOTHER DRESS SPECIAL

A factory lot of fine dresses for \$1.98. These dresses are the season's end lot of \$2.50 to \$5.00 values. Up-to-the-minute styles, of fine rayon, silk, broadcloth, etc., short or long sleeves. When we say they are up to \$5.00 values we mean just that. You'll say so too when you see them. Carr's—where you save.

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The Old Boy Himself



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



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