

A Darned Poor Price! But—

haven't been able to get a better one, and had hard work to do before the turkeys were killed, and in our opinion the price is to be more instead of better later in the month.

50 CENTS A POUND FOR NUMBER ONE TURKEYS—

must be real number ones, no thin, pinfeather, or cropy ones. Pick neck and legs clean and leave only short fan wings. No. 2s 15c.

and like apologizing to the Douglas County turkey for offering a price, and our only consolation is that Idaho and California are being bought for still less money. Our advice to the turkey is to sell now. If you do not want to sell at this price we will buy the turkeys moved before the last minute rush as we are the market will be flooded at the last. Saturday only for shipment. N. D. Cook, Drain; R. W. Davis, Yoncalla; J. M. Myrtle Creek.

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Watkins products, 120 W. Lane street. Orders delivered. Phone 177.
 Yes, we serve meals at 25c. Home Restaurant.

Radio Cleaners—one day service; we call and deliver. Phone 233.

Painless extraction of teeth at room 2, Masonic Temple. Dr. Nerbas.

Yes, the Home Restaurant is open day and night. Dinners served from 11 a. m. to 7 p. m. 25c.

Lloyd's Taxi for easy riding. Special rates on country trips. No trip less than fifty cents. Phone 44.

Yes, when you think eat, think Home Restaurant. Meals 25c. Best in the city.

Why not give a nice trimmed hat for a Christmas present. Perhaps mother, wife or daughter would appreciate some of those at the Specialty Shoppe. Mrs. P. M. King.

1921 Ford sedan, recently overhauled, rebored for oversize pistons. Atwater-Kent ignition. \$325
 Rapp Brothers' Garage

'A WIFE'S STORY'

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER XXXIV

In many ways Paul had returned to his old habits; unless we were going out, or expected company, he seldom came home until very late, usually after I was in bed. For days together I would see him only at the breakfast table, and then but for a few moments. He was a late riser, took a long time to dress, then would eat his breakfast hurriedly and be gone.

Naturally I was often lonely. Children, no matter how dearly loved do not fill a husband's place in a woman's heart, and I spent many hours, after they were in bed, wondering what the future had in store for me. I was happier than I had been in years, yet at such times a feeling of insecurity crept over me, almost a feeling of fear.

I was anxious about Joan, yet as the months passed she seemed more amenable, and not quite so furiously bent upon having her own way. She was growing older, becoming more sensible, I thought with a sigh of relief. Paul had been right, she was starved for fun, for gaiety.

I had kept the girls in public school, and Joan would graduate in the spring. Years before, when she was a little child, I had dreamed of sending her to a private school, but long ago I had given up the idea. For although we lived comfortably, we had no money for such expensive extras. I had broached the subject to Paul, and he had told me to "wait and see what happened." But I had found out that he was in debt, that he was doing as he had done before he went abroad, paying only the bills he was obliged to pay.

He had left a suit of clothes to be sent to his tailor. Before giving it to the man who called for it I went through the pockets thinking he might have left a handkerchief or letters. I found several bills, a couple of darning letters.

For days I was almost ill. I had so hoped we had no debts, that Paul was earning enough to meet our bills. I determined to speak to him. He gave me the opening:

"You're not looking up to the seratch, Ruby. What's the matter?" he asked when after a sleepless night

I joined him at the breakfast table. "I looked through your pockets before sending your suit to the tailor, Paul, and I found bills, darning letters. I had so hoped you wouldn't get in debt again. If you know, could realize how I worked, how I suffered to pay those debts you left when you went away, you wouldn't worry me by running in debt again. We were free when you came back."

"Worrying again, and about nothing," he said, more patiently than was usual with him. "Those little things amount to nothing. I have a scheme under way now that will make us independent."

I urged him to tell me his plans, but he refused. I pleaded with him to take me into his confidence, to talk over his finances with me, let me know exactly how we stood, what we could and could not afford but in vain. Finally I burst into tears. I tried desperately not to cry, but my nerves were all on edge from worry and lack of sleep.

"There, Ruby. Don't cry like that," Paul said. "You have worked too hard. You must have a maid."

I dried my eyes and looked at him in astonishment.

"A maid! And when we are in debt. You know I never will consent to that—never!"

"We won't be in debt long. If things break as I expect I shall be earning enough to live pretty near as we want to, to do as we used to do when we were first married, before my money was gone."

"You mean you have something different in view? Don't throw up a sure thing, Paul, for something chimerical. I will be more economical, spend less for the table, go without clothes until you pay those bills. But for my sake, don't be led away by dreams of money made easily. No one will be as generous with you, with your lack of business qualifications, as Dave Logan is."

Once more he failed to be angry at me, and went out humming a popular air, standing in the door a moment to call out:

"Well, he's sailing on the top wave soon, Ruby." Tomorrow—Dave Logan's Visits Dispel Loneliness.

etc. Am very busy so it must be as simple as possible. How can I entertain them for three or four hours after the dinner, which will have to be about 4 p. m. Any suggestions you can make will be very acceptable as this is the first time I have had these people, and I want them to enjoy every minute.

MRS. X: I am going to tell you about a Christmas table at which I had the pleasure of being seated once. It was very pretty, and brought comments from everyone who saw it, although the idea was as old fashioned as one would wish. In the center was placed a mound of pop corn to represent snow, with a toy Santa and sleigh riding gaily over the top, and at each place was a little green bay berry candle for luck, and a sprig of holly. There are so many ways to trim a Christmas table that one does not need many suggestions. You might vary this idea with a mound of cotton in the center of the table, sprinkled with imitation snow, bought at any drug store, and have tiny imitation Christmas trees at each place, with the place card fastened to the top. The cotton would really be prettier than the pop corn.

Home made candy canes are a novelty, and are easily made and cheap. The recipe and instructions are too long to print here, but will send them to you if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope. You might have a Christmas tree contest after dinner. Divide the

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
 by MRS. ELLSBURY

(Address all communications to Mrs. Ellsbury, care of News-Review.)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: I want your advice. There is a certain boy in Roseburg that I like, and I think he likes me, but I don't really know. What could I do to find out if he likes me or not. I always speak to him first. Thank you for your trouble.

BOBBY: You can only be yourself, and pleasant and sweet to him when you see him. If he likes you and wishes to go with you, he will make the advances. He will not like you any better if you are forward, and make advances to him.

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: I expect to entertain relatives from the city Christmas day. We live on a farm and they lived on farms when young so that they would enjoy something rather old fashioned. Can you help me with regard to menu, table decorations,

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guests in two teams. Place in each corner of the room a small untrimmed Christmas tree, and previously have hidden in different places about the house, large quantities of inexpensive ornaments for trimming. The side trimming the tree the best in a given time should have a prize. Seat your guests about the fire, and starting a preposterous Christmas story yourself, have each one of them take the story up and finish it. This is always amusing.

ELKTON NEWS ITEMS

Reta Grubbe is taking lessons from the noted singing teacher, Madame Matirew, of Eugene. She goes from here once a month, to Eugene, to take lessons.

S. H. Brown has just bought a new Ford for his daughter, Mattie, to drive.

If anyone happens to be within a quarter of a mile of the school house they will certainly hear the high school girls practicing yells for the coming basketball game with Yoncalla.

And you should hear the orchestra that the Elkton union high school is starting—especially if you are trying to study in the next room. Mrs. Hepburn of Scottsburg is visiting with her niece, Margery Binder.

Our star basketball player is crippled, so we now have a substitute in the game. M. E. B.



"LITE-FOOT" Powdered DANCE FLOOR WAX

Gives smooth, gliding finish to all floors. No acid, grease or dirt. Cleans and shines. Try it—yourself. It's the best. Write for sample to: CLAYTON WOODWARD DRUG CO., Portland, Oregon.

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Kohlhagen Bldg. (Next Door Umpqua Hotel)

MOVIES**Majestic Theatre**

In "The Studio Girl," Constance Talmadge's picture to be shown at the Majestic Theatre today only, she clinches even more securely the high favor she has won in the hearts of America's film audiences by her demonstration of captivating, if capricious, girl. This picture was directed by Charles Giblin from Paul West's adaptation of "La Camille," by Pierre Veber and Henri de Gorsac.

Celia Laird runs away from her home in Cliff Haven, a tiny New England village, and a loveless marriage with Obediah Day, a duplicitous but not the village "catch," by hiding in the tonneau of Frank Ordway's car, as he motors back from a vacation in her home town to his New York studio. He puts her on a train supposedly bound for Cliff Haven, but when he gets to his apartment that evening he finds her asleep in his armchair. Unwittingly, she aids him out of his engagement with another girl, and together they elude the warrant sworn out against him by the Cliff Haven constabulary for abduction. Indignation and rage change to delight, and happiness reigns supreme.

Liberty Theatre

The Great American Romance has reached the screen. At last the west, in all its beauty, romance, drama and magnificence has been captured in celluloid. "The Virginian," showing at the Liberty Theatre, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, may be called without exaggeration, an epoch making picture.

When Preferred Pictures Corporation announced, some time ago, that they intended making a film version of "The Virginian," people were dubious about it. So many great stories, so many classic masterpieces, have been butchered and ruined by filming that those who have loved Owen Wister's great story feared that the picture might not do it justice. They may rest assured. The picture is better than the book. This may seem a startling statement, when it is realized that "The Virginian" has been for twenty years the supreme masterpiece of the west.

The situations which in cold type have thrilled millions are more than realized in the picture. Against the most magnificent natural backgrounds ever seen in a motion picture, this mighty drama is enacted by a cast so good that the story might have been written for them.

In Town—

C. W. Moore of Drew is spending a few days in Roseburg attending to business affairs.



Help for Baby
SCOTT'S EMULSION
 Builds Strong Bones



Why is the sea salty?

—because it has no outlet and salt does not evaporate. Therefore all the salt in the sediment which rivers have carried down from the land, remains in the sea water. Vast quantities of

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which are carried into American homes make this the largest-selling epsom salt on earth. Freed from every impurity, gentle in action, and thoroughly effective. The one epsom salt that is really easy to take. One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every from the best that skill and conscience can produce.

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 AND
 HIS DOIN'S
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