

HELLO SANDY!

Swift Adventure, Tingling Romance, the Thrill of Young Love Will Grip You in "SANDY"

If You Are Strong Enough and Honest Enough to Face Life—to Follow This Girl With Your Mind, Fighting Her Fight, Facing Her Temptations—This is the Story for You!

JUDITH closed her eyes. She remained seated at her desk, quiet as a statue. She was quiet like this while her heart raced with a dream. Last night a beautiful thing had happened to Judith. Someone said to her, "Oh, Jude, you're the darlingest thing on the earth!"

She was not used to words like these. She wasn't the kind of a girl who wins such tribute. Those who loved Judith said she had "soul" in her face, but others called her "plain"—exceedingly plain.

Judith herself knew she was homely. "I'm just out and out homely," she murmured after many an agonized scrutiny of her image when she became cruelly aware of her large mouth, her tan skin and streaked drab hair. Once an older woman noticed her eyes; said they were magnificent. Overhearing this, Judith found it hard to breathe. It was the first time anyone had seen a comeliness in her face.

And how she worshiped beauty—fog drifting with forlorn rhythm over hilltop, trees grown still against the twilight sky. She could grow mute with joy watching a sunset. She would feel within her a yearning; a sweet, aching want as if she must reach out her arms and draw close to her being the loveliness she saw.

Life—its mystery—the taunt of her unknown future filled her with eager longings. She pictured herself doing brave, splendid deeds; pictured herself sought after, adored.

But she had a bump of rugged common sense. She came back to reality with a mocking "Very likely, Judith Moore! What would a man—that kind of a man—want a hulk of a girl like you?"



SANDY

and his mother, Emma Keith, moved into the flat next door. From the very beginning he told her his hopes and how he intended to make it up to "Em" for the way she'd sacrificed educating him. He told her about the girls he liked. There was that angel in his class at college, Judith listened in a soft, understanding way. When the angel passed, it was the little blonde typist in the law offices where he got his first job. Then it was the stately Miss Kane. He was very glowing about them all, talking to Judith as though she were a hundred and fifty years old. But last night he came over all a chuckle. He pulled a dishtowel from her hands with a breezy: "Gee, you're the pokes in this shack. Em and I finished hours ago. Get your hat—got something great to tell you."

quickly because he was excited with his amazing good luck. The newspaper he'd worked on at college offered him \$25 a week. Think of it—twenty-five dollars! And he had only to write about 300 words a day—short, snappy stuff of current events illustrated with gaudy drawings. What a pipe!

They reached Alamo Square—looking far out to the lights blinking so daintily—little golden midgelets jumping on the water. "Pretty lucky, Jude? Now I can blow you to a good show every even months or so."

Judith trembled. He had hold of her hands, waiting with boyish eagerness for her approval. She loved the ardent look in his rich, dark eyes—loved their sweet, direct gaze.

She said: "Oh! Tears ran down her cheeks and she gulped. Oh, Doug, isn't life gorgeous?" He gave her a quick pull toward him, laughing in her face: "What a nut! What a queer, darling thing! Jude, you're the darlingest thing on the earth."

She walked homeward, drenched in happiness. For a long time that night Judith sat on her bed smiling into the darkness, telling her "I with an eager anguish: 'Oh, it was nothing—nothing—I wonder.'" She loved Douglas Keith. She admitted it to herself with a boundless unrestraint that was both ecstatic and painful.

All morning she thought of him. She was so glad it was a Saturday—so glad when the other girls in the office began leaving. She was in no hurry to return to the commonplace flat in Fulton street—home, where she was cherished, of course, but taken for granted; expected always to "act like a sensible person, and be thankful she had good health and the use of all her limbs." This was one of Mrs. Moore's formulas for keeping her children's feet firmly on the ground.

Judith hated the violent way her mother and sisters had of flouncing on her thoughts with an irritated: "What in the world are you

moonin' about! Why don't you get up and do something! I don't know how you can sit there so idle!" As though mere motion were the most laudable thing in the world.

It was pure luxury to loiter undisturbed in the deserted office, Judith drew the black oil cloth cover over her typewriter—absently, lost in a great sweetness.

The door opened, a voice laughed, a little gust of perfume, fluttered in Judith's face. She blinked as one rudely and unwillingly awakened.

She jumped up with a bound of joy, mumbled glowingly: "Sandy! Of all things!"

A tall, light-skinned girl caught Judith's hands. She filled the room with vivaciousness; with charm as though the sun had come up unexpectedly or a song tripped. She talked gaily with little throaty laughs, stopping three or four times to kiss Judith's flushed cheeks.

She was Sandy McNeil, Judith's cousin, the most captivating person Judith knew. Everything that was romantic or unusual, she coupled with Sandy.

Judith's mother was a McNeil. From infancy Evelyn Moore's children perceived that this was an honor—a kind of kingly privilege. They were aware that Evelyn McNeil had stepped down wofully when she married their father. Mrs. Moore never allowed the self-effacing husband to forget that she had "given up everything—made a complete sacrifice of her life" to become his wife.

The greatest compliment she ever paid her daughters was to say: "You're a McNeil!" In the same way she charged to the father's heritage all the unpleasant traits that cropped out in her children. Mrs. Moore was a colorful, dominating woman. Her children resented her tyrannies, yet they adored her; they hung on her words, quoting her as though she were infallible. Argument ended when one or the other could bolster her cause with: "Mamma said



ELENORE MEHERIN

so!" So they regarded it almost an insult to be told with ungrudging impatience: "I declare to goodness, you're a regular Moore!"

In Sandy was concentrated all the gay distinction; all the beauty of the McNeils. Sandy had that thin, wistful figure. She had white skin, its pallor made haunting by the intense black of her eyebrows; the intense red of her hair. More than this, she seemed to move in color and music.

Her visits to the city were the thrills of Judith's existence. They had become friends three years previous when Sandy's father wrote to his sister inviting the youngest daughter, who happened to be Judith, to his home in Santa Barbara for a vacation. Since then every month or so Sandy dashed into the office where Judith worked and they went off, together on a lark that for Judith was a

priceless adventure. She loved walking into the Palace with Sandy. She felt proud as though she were displaying some rare exotic flower. She would whisper eagerly: "Sandy—the way men stare at you!"

The head waiter knew Sandy. He ushered her to a table in the very center of the room. She accepted tribute as a queen might. Now Sandy drew off her gloves. Judith watched her. Finally she reached over and touched Sandy's hand where a diamond the size of an almond glowed.

Sandy laughed: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I'm somewhat engaged."

Like taking a glass of water! As though one became engaged every ten minutes!

Judith, tense with her own emotions, asked softly: "Who? Is he gorgeous?"

Sandy's brows raised whimsically: "Well—he might be called poetic. He's somewhat fragile. I think it may be quite charming floating down Lake Geneva in a gondola while he sings me ballads. He's an Italian—terribly rich."

"You love him? Sandy, do you love him achingly?"

Sandy began to laugh. Then she frowned impatiently: "Heck, Jude, don't take it all so seriously! It's not a funeral, I said I'm engaged. I didn't say I'm married."

Judith stared at her accusingly: "Do you get engaged to a man if you don't intend to marry him?" "You can only marry one of them!" Then Sandy leaned forward: "How can you tell if you love a man, Jude? How do you know when the thing you feel is love?"

and kiss you—" "That's not what I've got! But say, Jude, you say thing—how do you know?"

"I can imagine! You won't marry him, then?" "Yes—at least I'm headed that way."

"And you don't love him?" "What does love amount to? They say it's all the same after the first few months as long as the man is fond of you—"

"After the first few months! Who'd give them up, I want to know!" Judith demanded hotly. "Who says it's the same?"

"Everyone. My mother—my father—the whole clan of aunts and uncles and sisters and brothers. They say it's all fiction—he kind of love you're craving about—"

"Are they doing the marrying, Sandy?"

Sandy grinned. "Of course! I told you he was so wealthy his pockets bulge—"

"And you'll let them push you into a thing like that? Why, Sandy, you can have your choice of all the men in the world—"

"Being married won't alter that—", but Sandy's dark, shadowed eyes were now a little frightened. She dropped them suddenly. She said softly: "Now I'm in for it—I usually manage not to think. Pushed into it! Jude—they can do it—I'm terribly afraid they're going to succeed. I just feel it—Oh, I don't know—but I may not worm out of it—"

Continued Tomorrow

THEATRES

Antlers Theatre

Just an intensely appealing love story with many complications because of conspiracy and intrigue; a story replete with high adventure that gives the greatest opportunities ever for athletic prowess, fearsome stunts and feats of utmost daring and skill—such is the description of the latest Douglas Fairbanks photoplay, "Don Q. Son of Zorro" which is announced as the feature attraction coming next Thursday at the Antlers for three days.

The management of the Antlers theatre is authority for the statement that in his new screen play Fairbanks has departed, temporarily at least, from such historic characterizations as "Robin Hood" or the imaginative fantasy of his "Thief of Bagdad," and now has given to his public a picture that outstands anything he has ever produced; a picture that affords

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. M. E. PLYLER—Chiropractor
physician, 126 W. Lane St.

Chas. S. McElhinny
"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
246 North Jackson

Liberty Theatre

What kind of a fellow are you think "Percy" is? That is, "Percy" of the new Charles Ray film which is playing the Liberty theatre tonight. "Percy" is not the ordinary, him the widest possible scope for his well-known athletic abilities.

Antlers Theatre

Candy chairs, human chocolate drops and peppermint sticks, candy stickpins—candy, candy, candy, hundreds of pounds of it in decoration to make a setting for a ball in which the hero, risen to wealth, is dashed to ruin—such is the striking spectacle of Cecil B. De Mille's new Paramount picture, "The Golden Bed," which is at the Antlers theatre.

Always Cecil B. De Mille presents to the public something to catch the eye, an opening of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments," a cutback to Rome and its orgies in "Manslaughter," a glimpse of the hereafter in "Feet of Clay."

In the case of "The Golden Bed," screen play by Jeanie Macpherson from Wallace Irwin's novel, this unusual "candy ball" comparable in its size and magnificence to the Cinderella "plate glass" ball in "Forbidden Fruit" marks the climax of the affair between Admah Holtz, "poor white trash" risen to wealth, and proud Flora Lee Penke, who despises him but loves his money. Rod La Rocque is Admah and Lillian Rich De Mille's new "find," plays Flora Lee.

ALUMINUM WARE

Have you seen the special at Carr's? Our star bakeware sales are on. Big values in kitchen needs. Carr's—where you save.

Fresh grape juice at Overland Orchards. Being containers or leave at E. and S. Road Stand. Will deliver when filled.

INDIAN'S WHIPPING TREE AND CAPITAL STILL SERVE

OKMULGEE, Okla., Oct. 19.—The ancient whipping tree and the old capitol of a vanished Indian nation still are doing service in this city.

In the heart of Okmulgee stands the council house of the Creek nation, erected in 1878. The Y. M. C. A. and the Chamber of Commerce have their headquarters in the building, and a bus line uses one corner for an office.

The building and its grounds occupy a block in the center of the business district. Among the numerous trees on the grounds are two where the executions and the legal whippings took place.

The Creeks had no jail. They had only two methods of punishment—whipping and shooting. The punishment for robbery, for instance, was 50 lashes for the first offense, 100 lashes for the second, and death for the third. In cases of execution, the condemned Indian was tied to the tree and shot. Damaged suits were settled in cash, work or 50 lashes on the bare back.

The council house is a two-story building of native sandstone. On the first floor were the departments of government, on the second the legislative halls.

The Creeks were one of the five civilized tribes moved by the government from the southeastern part of the United States to this territory about 1830. They established here a complete system of government, similar to the American republic, but with much simpler forms.

Their legislature was composed of the House of Kings (Senate) and the House of Warriors. The head of the state was the principal chief, elected for four years by a majority vote of the males of the nation. His assistant was the second chief elected in the same manner.

There was a high court and a district court, each district having a prosecuting attorney, a judge, and a company of light horsemen, which were in the nature of mounted police.

The council house belongs to the city of Okmulgee. Efforts are now being made among the remaining Indians to move the building to a national Indian park planned near here.

STIGMA OF "FOREIGN" IS REMOVED FROM CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Christianity is no longer a religion in China upon which the stigma of "foreign" may be placed, despite the attacks upon it made by some advocates of the new nationalism, said Ralph A. Ward of the Board of Foreign Missions here. Dr. Ward pointed out that many of the leading men of the republic are well known as Christians and that 2,300,000 Chinese, many of them prominent in public and private life, are enrolled as members of Christian churches.

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Shetland pony, \$50. Phone 42723, noon or evenings.

FOR SALE—Reed baby buggy, Lloyd stuffy, and bath table. Phone 234-L.

FOR SALE—Angora bucks, from registered non-shedding sires. W. G. Paul, So. Deer Creek.

FOR SALE—Fire and mixed hardwood, price \$3 to \$3.25 tier. Phone 14115, Milton Bros.

FOR SALE—Old and second growth fir block wood, 16 in. Phone 10223, E. G. Trozelle, Melrose.

FOR SALE—45 tons of chest nut at the B. S. Crawford ranch for \$15 per ton. J. L. Casbeer, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—Oak stove and black wood, 16 in. in length. N. L. Corn, Phone 6P15, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Good Fordson tractor, Bosch magnet, easy starting. No chance to break your arm. Also disc. Also two cows. A. A. Bakke, Melrose.

FOR RENT

PIANO for rent. Phone 21E5.

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms, 1119 Prospect St.

FOR RENT—Rooms, adults only; heated, 212 North Stephens St.

FOR RENT—Two-room apartment with garage, 248 S. Parrott.

FOR RENT—3 large furnished housekeeping rooms. Close in. Private front entrance. 531 South Main.

FOR RENT—5-room strictly modern bungalow, oak floors throughout, furnace, garage, concrete driveway, close to school, never occupied, \$35 per month. Call 460.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—One black gauntlet glove. Finder please return to News-Review office.

WANTED

TAILORING and dressmaking, 528 S. Main St. Mrs. Guthridge.

WANTED—High school boy 17 yrs. wants work evenings and Saturdays. Box 40, News-Review.

WANTED—Contract to make broccoll crates. Will take any size contract. Address Box 85, Roseburg.

WANTED—Experienced girl for general housework. Good wages for competent girl. Write Mrs. A. E. Adelsperger, 955 South 5th Street, Marshfield, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

The Largest Stock of Good Used

Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg

We Will Sell on EASY TERMS

Hanson Chevrolet Co. Phone 446

Clean Up

If your suit needs cleaning, pressing or repairing, send it to us.

We Call and Deliver.

Imperial CLEANERS

Our Auto Will Call. Phone 277

TUBBY

He Works the Wrong Street.

By WINNER

HEM TUBBY, LOOK'UT THE QUARTER I GOT FROM A NICE OLE LADY I WAS UNBELIEV'LY OUR TURNS IN THEIR CARRIAGE AN' SHE GIMME IT FOR BEIN' A GOOD BOY AN' HELPIN' MOM LIKE THAT.

COME ON, HANK, WE'RE IN A HURRY!

NOW, YOU GOTTA BE THE TWINS—AN' YOU BETTER KEEP QUIET AN' NOT TRY TO JUMP OUT OR YOU'LL GET SUMTHIN' YOU AINT LOOKIN' FOR.

WONDER IF THAT GUY, RANT DAVIS, WAS KIDDIN' ME

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