



SANDY

ELENORE McNEIL



THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, red-haired and beautiful, on a visit to San Francisco from her Santa Barbara home, tells Judith Moore, her plain cousin, of her engagement to a rich Italian whom she doesn't love, but who is the favorite of her parents and relatives. Judith, a stenographer, is in love with Douglas Keith, a university student, who lives in the flat next door. Thrilled by a budding romance, Judith is shocked over the possibility of her adored cousin being forced into a loveless marriage.

Sandy thought of the luckless girl and shivered delightedly. She reached out a hand. It was caught eagerly by a blond youth who now came from the shadow with a soft, relieved laugh. "Thought you weren't going to make it, ole dear!" He swept off his hat, gave Sandy a swift, ardent kiss. They ran lightly with suppressed merry chatter to the gate. They walked toward the hills—the brown, lovely hills that hold in their lap the town of Santa Barbara. They talked of a thousand inconsequential things, finding a great deal to laugh about.

At 11 o'clock they circled back to the water, stood on the long pier, looking out dreamily to the lighted channel. Sandy's face was a white flower, its shadowed eyes wistful. She was 19 and life was very rapturous. She listened hungrily to the boy's words. He kissed her—intoxicating, sweet.

"I'm going to miss you, Sandy—miss you like the very devil."

Her voice came languorously: "When I'm married, Timmy? But I mean to keep my friends."

"Friends like me, Sandy?"

"You most of all."

Timmy glanced down meekly. "Mr. Ben Murillo, I suppose, is going to be very accommodating and allow his fascinating wife several nights a week out?"

Sandy frowned. She often forgot she was engaged, when a word like this of Timmy's or a thing Judith said recalled with a pinching at the heart the prospect of her marriage.

She grew uneasy and breathless, not knowing why. She would find herself wondering how the whole thing had come about. She would say, pettily, as she had once to Timmy: "Oh, I did it to shut them up—to get a little peace and freedom."

Ben Murillo was pleasant—a slight soft-eyed Italian. He had limp hands and red lips, always a little moist. He was rich, traveled, experienced. Sandy's mother and father beamed when he began paying court to their youngest child. Sandy herself rather triumphed in his flatteries. They made her feel irresistible—an enchanting woman. She loved opening boxes of flowers; receiving costly gifts. She was quite willing for these attentions.

But she wished to wave into the distant future all thought of a marriage. Then the family took a hand. There were long sessions with her mother and two married sisters. They told her not to be a fool. They asked her if she hadn't enough of economy. The sisters said they wished they had such a chance! Indeed, they knew it was no picnic worrying along on two bits a year. They could love a man with money! They reminded her that Alice had been a beauty and sought after at 19. Alice was Sandy's single sister. Look at her now! Thirty and a little sour old maid! Who did Sandy think she was, anyway? A cultured fellow like Ben—good family—beautiful home. She enjoyed his company, didn't she? What more was she looking for? Why did she wish to wait?

When her mother asked this, Sandy couldn't answer. She didn't understand her own uncertainties nor the vague hostility Murillo aroused.

The engagement was engineered. Well—what of it! Sandy remained silent, gazing at the waters. The moon rose. With a great silver broom it swept the waves, turning up capricious flashes of green, yellow, crimson. Far out, like the boundaries of another world, were the dark peaks of Santa Barbara's islands.

Sandy watched the play of color—vivid, changeful. She thought of heretofore and the many things she wanted from life—would they be hers? She drew a troubled breath, dashed aside these troublesome forebodings. Marriage wouldn't dominate her! Other people got by with it. And they weren't swimming with love for each other. She could hardly do Ben Murillo! She'd do as she pleased—now—always.

She looked up with an impetuous defiance, touched Timmy's cheek and whispered these things.

Timmy, who was very young and in his boy's fashion, very much in love with Sandy—gulped. He looked into her eyes, thinking that in the spotlight he had a scared, imploring look. "You don't know what it's all about, do you?" he asked softly. "You're just a frightened kid!"

She shut her eyes—smiled—waited till Timmy kissed her. She had a gypsy exultance in these stolen hours. She felt that she was evening the score with some invisible foe.

Half an hour later she was running back over the weed grown path. At the kitchen door she stooped, slipped off her shoes, went padding over the cool, earthy floor. She sniffed at the pots and pans hanging in old-fashioned order on the wall near the stove. "Not much of a but," she thought briefly. "For the blue blooded McNeills!"

It was an old, rambling two story house, sadly in need of paint. It might have been a mansion yesterday. The doors and windows rattled discordantly today.

But there were Spanish chests, saddles set with silver and rich old brocades that had been in the family since the Mission days. The McNeills were proud of these treasures that harked back to the time when the great-grandfather, August McNeil, married a Spanish girl, and came into possession of a king's domain. They had none of this wealth now—nothing but the land the house occupied.

Sandy got safely up the old stairs. A light streamed from her room. "In for it!" she thought excitedly.

Sandy's mother sat on the bed. She was a sweet faced woman growing a little plump—continually massaging the suggestion of an un-welcome double chin.

Mrs. McNeil dearly loved her youngest daughter. She had no mean motives in urging Sandy to accept "that pleasant Mr. Murillo." She really believed that wealth insured happiness. Sandy's beauty would have a worthy setting—she

would be saved the ache of incessant deprivation. Nothing was down joy more quickly, Isabel McNeil knew it well. She rejoiced that Sandy would escape. It didn't occur to the mother that an empty heart might prove a graver tragedy than an empty purse.

Not that she was a cold woman but she belonged to a generation that taught its girls to look on the "joys of the flesh" as sinful. In her girlhood one didn't anticipate ecstasy in marriage. A bride nobly "surrendered"—the sacrifice being justified only because of the children.

If Sandy's mother had ever known rapture, she had long since forgotten about it. Her married life was settled into a routine—a thing of commonplace, placid habit like the morning and evening kiss of her husband. So she was a little impatient with all this fussing about love. She wasn't the one to understand the visionings of a girl just nineteen.

She now looked at Sandy with a pained, hurt silence that Sandy pretended not to see.

"Make yourself to home, Isabel," she said airily.

Mrs. McNeil closed her eyes severely. "Your sister, Madeline, saw you. She saw you walking in the hills with Timmy!"

"Oh, that's all right with me—let the girl see the beauties of life!"

"I'm not fooling, Sandy. This is no way for you to act. Now that you're engaged we must expect dignity from you. You're no longer

a child. What do you suppose Mr. Murillo or his sister would think if they saw you?"

"I'll tell you, mother, I'm not just sure that I'm going to marry Ben. I'm a little at sea on the proposition. On the level, Isabel, just what is the inside dope on marriage? What do you know about it?"

Mrs. McNeil gasped. "I shouldn't think you'd make fun of your mother, Sandy."

"Not making fun, ole dear. I'm seeking information. Before you were married, did you love my father so much that you almost fainted when he looked in your eyes or touched your hand?"

"In my day girls didn't have such thoughts."

"I'm not asking about thoughts—I've plenty of them. I'm asking about the feelings. You can't kid me there—anatomy hasn't changed any in the last thirty years."

Mrs. McNeil took refuge in that old defense. "How can you be so irreverent. Such things are too sacred to talk about!"

"Oh save you blushes, Isabel! I see you don't know a darn bit more about it than I do. That's all thirty years of marriage did for you!"

People thought Sandy sophisticated. She had even been called "Hard boiled." Her mother was afraid of her, cherishing a secret dread that Sandy might go "too far." Sandy was continually shocking them with her brazen audacities.

But for all her daring spontane-

ity, her large chatter, she was extremely young in her thoughts—young and unawakened. Her knowledge was of the tongue; not of the mind or heart. She had a great deal of information scattered loosely, but her brain, it hadn't been absorbed and made part of her consciousness through experience. She was half as dangerous as her family judged her.

One evening after her unsuccessful argument with her mother she passed the living room door. She heard her uncle Bob McNeil speak angrily: "A marriage that will make her life meaningless!"

She walked over to the mantle, knocked his pipe against the mantel. "What a rotten sport you are—guys, to deliberately shut you own child out from the love of life—amounts to death for a girl—like Sandy."

A suave grunt. Sandy's father fiddled with his watch, his eyes twinkling. "Women don't look at it that way. They die of heart failure or pneumonia or dropsy. I've yet to know of a woman who died of marriage."

Sandy's ears tingled. She was conscious of a choking heat in her throat. She loved Bob McNeil's dashing follow-up, yet she thought: "What did he mean by that phrase—'Shutting her out from the love of life'?"

She stopped to unwind the fringe where it had caught on her shoe buckle. She unknotted it in a slow slowness, whispering in a sigh: "What am I in for anyway? I wonder what I'm doing—death for a girl like me—oh Lord—"

(Continued Tomorrow)

You Know It's Cheap!

WE KNOW IT'S GOOD!

Bleached Hardwheat Flour

\$2.10 sack, \$8.20 4 sacks.

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See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

YONCALLA STORE BADLY DAMAGED BY INCENDIARY FIRE

W. P. Rupprecht's general merchandise store at Yoncalla was badly damaged by fire yesterday morning. The fire was apparently of incendiary origin, according to Sheriff Starmer, who made a thorough investigation yesterday. The fire was started in two places one blaze being near the back door and the other near the front of the building. It is thought to cover up a robbery. The building was all ablaze before the fire department reached the scene and the firemen accomplished some exceptionally good work in getting the blaze under control and preventing its spread to adjoining structures. Mr. Rupprecht carried only a small amount of insurance on his expensive stock, so that his loss will be very heavy.

PLANS ADVANCED FOR AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE SOON

Farmers and stockmen of the county are giving every support toward getting at the agricultural facts of this county, says County Agent Cooney. Producers are fast realizing that a thorough analysis of our agriculture as planned by the county-wide conference November 19 and 20, is a step in the right direction.

RECEPTION FOR R. H. S. TEACHERS BE HELD TONIGHT

The annual reception given by the high school parent-teacher association for the teachers of the school will take place tonight at 7:30. An invitation is given all of the faculty members and members of the association to attend. A good program has been arranged for the evening, the entertainment opening with a community sing led by Charles McElhinny. This will be followed by a vocal duet by Misses Gertrude and Grace Welcham; flute solo by Miss Maxine Moore; welcome address by the president, Mr. Foster Butler; and a response by Miss Edna Sanderson.

HALLOWEEN DINNER

Big chicken dinner on Saturday, Oct. 24th. Given by the ladies of St. Joseph's church at the armory. Come and enjoy a good dinner for 50 cts. Will serve from 11:30 a. m. on.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28th, at 2:00 P. M.

Many important matters will come up for analysis before this committee of which Mr. Chas. A. Brand is county-wide chairman. Agent Cooney says that everything points to one of the best county conferences yet held in the state. This favorable outlook is largely due to the welcomed support of the county press and the valued information furnished by business men and farmers, together with the good work done by men sent out from the Extension Office at Corvallis, county-wide chairman and the project committee men. Mr. Cooney believes that after the smoke has cleared away Douglas County will take on a new commanding position in the agriculture of the state.

FOR RENT OR SALE—6-room modern home, close in. Phone 437-3.

FOR RENT—3 apartments, 2 1/2 room and one 3 rooms. Furnished. Lights and water furnished. Call at 545 Pine St.

FOR RENT—2 large furnished housekeeping rooms. Close in. Private front entrance. 321 South Main.

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT—5 rooms, bath, garage. In good location. \$25 per month. 7-room furnished house, garage, 435 S. W. Young & Son. Phone 417.

JURY SOLE JUDGE OF APPLICANT WAR RISK INSURANCE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 19.—The United States circuit court of appeals held today that it is the province of a jury, and not of the court.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. H. H. FLYLER—Chiropractic physician, 125 W. Lane St.

HECTIC DAY FOR MOTOR AND RAIL STOCKS IN GOTHAM

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Turbulent trading in the motor shares and a sustained investment demand for the high grade rails were the outstanding features of today's wild and erratic stock market. Motors were bid up one to five points at the opening, crashed 3 to 10 points from their earlier heights and then made partial recovery of their losses in the wave of buying orders which poured into the market in the early afternoon. General motors, which touched 127 on Saturday, opened at 120, sold down to 121 and then moved up above 125 with corresponding movements in the other speculative shares of that group. New York Central led the advance in the rails, moving up 3 points to 127, the highest price in 15 years.

Prevent or remove lines or wrinkles with Elizabeth Arden's anti-Wrinkle Cream, muscle oil or orange skin food. Lloyd Crocker.

Free instruction on sewing machine without attachments. Darning, mending, stitching, button-holing, blanket stitching, etc., by Mr. Thomas, Factory street. High school sewing room Wednesday 10 a. m.

WE GUARD YOUR CLOTHES BOTH DAY AND NIGHT--TO SEE THAT THEY ARE LAUNDERED RIGHT!

The sanitary conditions of the shop are perfect. Your lace curtains, your personal apparel, your table and bed linens will all receive the proper treatment if sent here—let us call for it.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
PHONE 79

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Angora bucks, from registered non-shedding sires. W. G. Paul, 50, Deer Creek.

FOR SALE—Fir and mixed hardwood, price \$2 to \$2.25 tier. Phone 1415. Milton Bros.

FOR SALE—Oak stove and black wood, 16 in. in length. N. L. Conn, Phone 6F15. Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks—Morae home water plant. New \$195. Roseburg Electric.

FOR SALE—Eight O. I. C. pigs. E. F. Strong, Oakland, Ore. (Hice Hill).

FOR SALE—Brood sow and 20 weaning pigs. O. C. Thompson, Umpqua, Ore.

FOR SALE—Baby's first bed, best make sanitary couch, Wicker rocker, heating stove. Phone 482-R.

FOR SALE—Ford light delivery car, with covered body. Easy terms. Arthur H. Crowell, 225 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Improved Oregon and Brandywine strawberry plants, \$4.00 per thousand. Julius Sindt, Melrose.

OIL CLOTH TABLE COVERS

Get them at Carr's at their star bargain special, 50c, 60c and 80c. You save the difference.

LOST AND FOUND

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

LOST—On road between Curry estate and Roseburg. Ford 1925, 303 1/2, on rim. Finder leave at News-Review. Reward.

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

Opposite Flour Mill.

The best equipped shop in town for repair work.

We are able to handle your large jobs as well as your small ones.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

ONE DAY SPECIALS

Each day this week at Carr's star bargain sale, we offer extra specials good one day only. Tuesday alarm clock 79c. Wednesday white enameled ware, 59c. Thursday towel and 2 wash cloths 29c. Hundreds of specials for every day but these are for 1 day only. See them at Carr's.

Fluffy Picks His Company.

Fluffy grape juice at Overland Orchards. Bring containers or leave at Brand's Road Stand. Will deliver when filled.

FOR RENT

PIANO for rent. Phone 21E3.

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. 1110 Prospect St.

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

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, ground floor, 344 S. Jackson.

FOR RENT—5-room bungalow, close in. Garage if desired. Call at 230 East Lane.

FOR RENT—Well furnished house, close in, garage. See R. L. Whipple, City Hall.

FOR RENT—3 or 4 furnished housekeeping rooms, down stairs, 515 Winchester or phone 170-Y.

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

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

WANTED

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

WANTED—Partner for trip to California. Must share expenses. Address "Trip," care News-Review.

WANTED—Contract to make broccoli crates. Will take any size contract. Address Box 65, Roseburg.

WANTED—Old false teeth. We pay high as \$10 for full sets. Don't matter if broken. We fix crowns, bridges. Western Metal Company, Bloomington, Ill.

WANTED—Cattle suitable for feeders, either cows or steers. Can use sixty head. Write the man you have, or call by phone. Address Box 668, or phone 415-Y. W. L. Cobb.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOOSE MEMBERS Don't forget Wed. night Social. Bring Ladies. Good time for all.

MOOSE ATTENTION—Social meeting Wed. 7:30 p. m. Moose hall. Bring ladies.

WILL THE PARTY who has my cement lawn roller please return it as I need it? F. F. Patterson.

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

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

SAY COUSIN PATRICIA, WHAT'S THAT ANWHO DOES IT BELONG TO?

WHY, CHESTER, THAT'S FLUFFY, THE NEW POODLE. MR. SAM WILSON GAVE ME—ISN'T HE JUST TOO CUNNING FOR WORDS?

HEY, HANK, COME IN HERE AN' GET ACQUAINTED WITH FLUFFY—HE'S A NEW PLAYMATE FOR YOU

HUH?

SAY YOU BIG FATHEAD! WHY DIDN'T YOU CHEW HIS EAR OFF WHEN HE TURNED UP HIS NOSE AT YOU LIKE THAT?

Fluffy Picks His Company.

Fluffy grape juice at Overland Orchards. Bring containers or leave at Brand's Road Stand. Will deliver when filled.

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Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg

We Will Sell on EASY TERMS

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