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The new shades for fall
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with the new shades in men's
clothing—

It's a— Soft Snap

Snap it—flap it—or let
it alone—a gentleman's
hat or a sport hat—
whatever the mood of
the wearer.



Styles of Today with a
touch of Tomorrow.

Duds for Men

Incorporated
QUINE BROTHERS

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR.

Sandy McNeil, bony and beautiful, walks to the marriage altar in the old Spanish home of her ancestors at Santa Barbara, claimed by Ben Murillo, an Italian of great wealth, whom her parents have chosen for her. She had been surreptitiously meeting Timmy, a childhood sweetheart, Judith Moore, a San Francisco cousin and her maid of honor, in love with Douglas Keith, a student. Sandy faints as the wedding ring is slipped on her finger. GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 6

They were married. Judith fixed the bridal train, replaced the flowers over her arm. As she did this Sandy perceived Judith's face, that it had somehow become beautiful with soft, eager sweetness, that it shone like the face of the saint up there in the golden candle-light. Judith murmured: "Sandy—oh, Sandy darling!"

Then Murillo took her arm, turned her about. A high prolonged note of song came like a beam of light down the narrow aisle. Music flowing toward her and the scent of flowers. But all this was dreamlike, nebulous and unreal.

The people were standing. Their nodding and smiling gave a sense of motion to the quiet church. Someone said half-aloud: "Lovely—oh, isn't she lovely?" Murillo, bowing to pew after pew, lowered his head with an urgent: "Sandy, look up! Smile a little!"

But she didn't move a muscle of her face. Her eyes, with their dark, heavy lashes, remained fixed on her feet—on a little pencil smudge across the toe of her silver slipper. Odd they hadn't noticed that. Judith would have rubbed it off with a bit of French chalk.

They neared the vestibule. Someone, pushing forward, was about to kiss her. Murillo thrust out his arm, gave a laugh, gazed his lips ecstatically on Sandy's mouth. She felt very cold and still; then suddenly that she was about to cry.

Judith rode with them to the house. Sandy was glad for this foolishly glad, Murillo sat opposite. His dreamy eyes possessed her.

She was conscious of their heated gaze turned on her indulgently as they sat at the supper table; conscious of his lips, red now and moist, whispering excitedly: "Smile, Sandy—they're toasting the bride—smile!"

The young people grouped about her were laughing. The girls were big girls. They looked lovely. At the far end of the table, a way down there on the old back parlor—were the family friends. Most of the women were in black or gray satin—stiff, dignified clothes. The men wore swallow-tails cut in the fashion of the last generation. They were all leaning forward, craning their necks over the bowls of roses. They were singing in somewhat broken voices: "She's a jolly good fellow!"

Murillo kissed a wine glass, held it for Sandy to drink. He said softly: "To my wife!"

Sandy's eyes filled. She looked at him angrily. Then all at once she began to laugh. She waved to Dick Chapman—to Hele River. She promised to dance with them all. She said boldly and tossing her head: "Yes! I've hours of freedom yet!"

And she signaled to Timmy. He was there, of course. The McNeils had nothing to hide! Timmy was only Sandy's old school chum.

But when the tables were cleared, Timmy managed to tuck himself in a corner with his uncle and three or four other fellows. He was ill at ease and very unhappy.

With a gay insolence she summoned him. Hadn't Timmy saved her from her death of cold in the storm? Why shouldn't they dance together at her wedding?

They swung with a glad, swift eagerness into the strains of a one-step. She said gently: "Why so glum, Timmy darling?"

"Oh, Lord, Sandy!"

It was warm in the crowded old house—warm and noisy. The older men were telling stale jokes, slapping each other on the back, snuffing loudly. The women were nodding their heads in solemn assent.

She didn't know if she led Timmy to the kitchen or if he led her. But they were stealing to the path between the grapevines. They were standing in the shade,

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dows, looking up at the misty, amber moon.
Sandy had taken off her veil. Her hair, a waving mass, shone like an aureole about her pale, vivid face.

Timmy bit his lips, not daring to touch her.
"You're so beautiful. I never saw anything look the way you do. Sandy—the way you do now!"

She raised her face, holding it back a little on the long, slender throat. She ran her fingers upward till they touched Timmy's cheeks:
"Kiss me, Timmy—oh—kiss me—good-bye!"

He closed his arms down about her. She clung to him. A wildness seized her. She thought: "Oh, grab my hands, Timmy! Run away with me! Why don't you? Now—oh, quick!"

And he said, almost shobbing: "You're crying, Sandy—Lord, you're not crying!"

Steps along the path—a low, tightened voice: "Sandy—Sandy, are you here?"

It was Judith calling. Then Sandy pulled Timmy's head down till his cheek brushed hers. She said, sweetly: "No, I'm not crying. Timmy, of course not! But wait here a moment or two till I get back to the house."

And she reached out her hand, touched Judith's shoulder, with a quick: "Judy, I'm here."

Judith caught her with an almost frenzied gladness. "Oh, they're looking for you. Your mother's excited. I'll say we came out for a breath of air."

But Sandy was stooping down, feeling with her hands in the brush. She found what she was seeking, stood up with a little gray kitten nestled against her face.

"No—I just came out to say good-bye to my old white cat—that's all, Judy—tell them that!"

She thought in a still alarm: "How crafty I am! What made me think of the kitten?"

The mist was in her head. A faint color touched on the pale cheeks. She looked so very young—radiant with her hair standing out like that as though a breeze had just lifted it. She held the kitten against her face and laughed at her mother's anxious questions.

Then she and Judith were going on the back steps. It was late time for her to leave. She must change for her traveling dress.

But she sat on the edge of her bed, hiding her face in the kitten's soft fur. Her heart was beating in a slow thud-thud. "It was a cold, weighty lump—radiant with her hair standing out like that as though a breeze had just lifted it. She held the kitten against her face and laughed at her mother's anxious questions."

But Judith stepped back with a scared look: "What, Sandy? What's the matter? Why are you looking like that?"

Sandy had drawn her hands—her cold, frightened hands—to a tight clasp. She said, with her lips white: "Nothing, Judy—nothing's the matter. But I can't go with him—I can't go!"

Heat with gas.
DR PHY WINS SECOND TIME.

SALEM, Ore., Oct. 23.—Dr. W. T. Phy, appellant in a case in the supreme court growing out of the divorce of himself and his former wife, Winnifred W. Phy, was again victorious today when the court handed down an opinion denying a motion for rehearing. Because Mrs. Phy remarried after the divorce Phy asked a modification of the lower courts on relative to alimony, which was granted by the supreme court in an opinion several months ago, written by Justice Brown and reversing Judge J. W. Knowles of the lower court for Union county.

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

FLASHES OF LIFE

INDIANAPOLIS—One thousand of Harvard's present alumni, after six generations, will lack descendants enough for a good glee club, while the same number of unskilled laborers will have one hundred thousand descendants. This is Albert Edward Wigam's example of the failure of men of learning to reproduce themselves.

NEW YORK—A flapper powdering her nose caused a big traffic jam in Times square. The city has just found it out by a letter from Lewistown, Mont., praising the smiling, patient policeman, who protected the flapper.

BOSTON—The jeweled cigarette case which the Czarina gave to Rasputin is now in the possession of a Bostonian. It is valued at more than \$2,000.

NEW YORK—Chauncey M. DePew, chief of the pilgrims, is enjoying a green old age unconscious of decays" in the words of Charles E. Hughes.

BETTER ALABASTER LAMPS OF TUT'S DAY FURNISHED LIGHT

LONDON, Oct. 24.—Whereas the world is just beginning to use alabaster for electric lighting, the Egyptians 3,275 years ago made even finer alabaster lamps than are produced today, Howard Carter, co-discoverer of Tutankhamen's tomb, said in an address here.

Mr. Carter made known that in finding many of these lamps in the tomb the secret of how the Egyptians illuminated their homes was revealed.

The lamps were executed in beautiful designs in translucent alabaster, and one of them stood about three feet in height, with a large central cup. There was no decoration on the exterior or the interior, but immediately a light was placed in the vessel there could be seen a picture of the young king and queen in colors. This effect was produced by another vessel, with the decoration on its exterior, being fitted inside the lamp so cleverly that the joints between the two vessels could not be seen.

Beautiful mohair, jacquard and velvet davenport. Better get one now. Judd's Furniture Store.

WILL IMPOUND A LAKE 100 MILES LONG TO GET POWER

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 24.—The thud of axes and the crash of 90,000 trees on the banks of the Osage river near Bagnell, Mo., will herald the construction of a dam that will impound a lake more than 100 miles long and have 970 miles of shore line.

Through the sluices will rush the tawny waters of the Osage river to turn five turbines each generating 25,000 horsepower of electricity to vitalize factories, light towns and speed transportation in Missouri.

The lake to be created will have 1,880,000 acre-feet of storage capacity, much more than the Elephant Butte reservoir. The turbine will produce almost as much primary power as does Muscle Shoals.

The Missouri Hydro Electric Company, which will build the dam also has purchased land for the erection of two other power plants about 100 miles south on the Current river. These, its officers say, will produce 68,000 horsepower. Linked with the Osage river plant, 180,000 horsepower will be produced. A large deposit of gravel will be used in the concrete with limestone blocks broken from ledges on the property. No steel reinforcing will be used. The dam will rest upon limestone which has been drilled 342 feet without penetration.

Knoxville, Tenn.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound while going through the Change of Life. I was very nervous, could not sleep and had melancholy spells. In fact, I was nearly insane at times and my memory was almost a blank. I was so weak I could not do my household half of the time and suffered dreadfully with my back. My doctor said I would have to worry it out and I went through this for three years before I began taking the Vegetable Compound which I saw advertised. I think it was eight bottles that I took. It has been two years since I took any and I haven't had a doctor since for that trouble. I do all my washing and ironing and I have gained from 116 to 128 pounds. I advise all women who suffer physically and mentally as I did to give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. I hope it will do as much for them as it did for me."—Mrs. T. A. SAUNDERS, 711 E. Depot Street, Knoxville, Tennessee.

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS PUBLISHED IN VOLUME. SOME FOR FIRST TIME

OMSK, Siberia, Oct. 24.—Folk songs of the various nationalities making up the Soviet Republic are being revised and printed to a very considerable extent and are affording much interesting material for modern composers. Alexander Zaytsevitch recently published an unusual volume called "One Thousand Songs of the Kirghiz People." This is said to be the first time the songs of these 6,000,000 nomadic

people which roam over a great empire in Siberia, Mongolia, Turkestan and European Russia have been recorded for the use of modern musicians.

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

MELROSE CLEANINGS. Jack Frost has made a few visits to our neighborhood and nipped the most tender plants.

Mr. E. W. Diller and son Ed came from Astoria Thursday night to visit their daughter and sister, Mrs. H. P. Conn and to take a hunt in the mountains. They returned home Monday.

The funeral services of Lewis Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown of Garden Valley, was held in the Melrose church on Monday. Mr. Brown and family were residents of this locality before moving to Garden Valley.

T. B. Busenbark who is laid up with rheumatism in his back, is some better at this writing.

The school children were made happy this week with a two-day vacation, while the teachers attended institutes. The younger children are not the only ones enjoying the holidays as the H. S. students are out too.

On Friday of last week a "Community Day" was held at the school house and while the men worked on the grounds, the ladies prepared a dinner. The children were given a half holiday.

F. A. Goff spent Sunday hunting in the vicinity of Drain, returning home with a big buck.

Mr. Royce Allen of Salem, Thursday to visit with his sister, Mrs. John Busenbark.

The Melrose Grange held a very interesting meeting on Saturday evening, about fifty members being present. After the business hour a splendid program was presented in the form of a Grange newspaper. The different sections being read or acted out by those in charge. The paper proved very interesting and amusing.

A masquerade social will be held at the Grange hall on Saturday, October 31. The Grand march will begin at 8:30. Prizes will be awarded to both gentlemen and ladies for the best costumes. Ladies, please bring pumpkins, pies and sandwiches. Everybody come and join in the fun.

Mrs. Saunders Tells how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieved Troubles of Change of Life

Notice is hereby given that the City of Roseburg, Oregon, will receive bids up to 5 o'clock P. M., October 31st, 1925, for one thousand feet of standard fire hose.

Bids will be considered by the committee on fire and water which will make its recommendation to the council at the meeting thereof to be held on Monday, November 2nd, 1925, at 7:30 o'clock P. M.

By order of the common council, R. L. WHIPPLE, City Recorder.

Pine Street Machine Shop
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.

GEAR CUTTING

By WINNER

I GUESS I MADE ENOUGH NOISE SO NOBODY COULD HEAR THE DOOR-BELL—AN THAT'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO BRING ANY MORE POODLES AROUND HERE

The Largest Stock of Good Used Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg

We Will Sell on EASY TERMS
Hanson Chevrolet Co.
Phone 446

THIS IS IT!



Connects to Any Light Socket. Saves Time, Food and Money.

And to introduce an offering this half dozen for \$7.50, each including an 8 1/2 inch Wear Ever fry pan.

Churchill Hardware Company

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

FOR RENT—2 large furnished housekeeping rooms. Call on Private front entrance, 235 North Main.

FOR RENT—3 rooms, bath, garage, in good location, \$85 per month. Call on W. Young & Son, Phone 525.

FOR RENT—3-room furnished house, garage, furnace, central air, driveway, close to school, occupied, \$85 per month. Call 460.

LOST AND FOUND
LOST—Small gold brooch. Finder phone 33-R.

WANTED
TAILORING and dressmaking, 608 S. Main St. Mrs. O'Grady.

WANTED—Man and wife for kitchen work. Apply to Douglas Grill.

WANTED—Cook for road camp. See Mrs. Harness at Melrose store, Roseburg, Ore.

WANTED—Cattle suitable for feeders, either cows or steers. Can use sixty head. Write me what you have, or call by phone. Address Box 665, or phone 3-B-T. W. L. Cobb.

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

LOOK—PHONE FOR APPOINTMENT—Have your barber work done at the Grand Beauty Shop. Work for ladies, children and men. Specialized. Waiting room is convenient. Marcelline and hair dressing. Ray Buell in charge of this department. Phone 30 for appointment. Entrances on Cass street and at 104 N. Rose St. The Grand Barber Shop.

Roseburg Steam LAUNDRY KIDS
YOU'RE THERE

A SHIRT THAT'S WASHED AND IRONED WITH CARE—A WELL-GROOMED MAN IS PLEASED TO WEAR IT

Gentlemen appreciate the way we launder their shirts and collars. They are pleased to wear the laundry that comes from this shop. They are pleased to pay our prices. We will be pleased to help you call.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
PHONE 78

The Largest Stock of Good Used Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg

We Will Sell on EASY TERMS
Hanson Chevrolet Co.
Phone 446

FORMER COUNTY COMMISSIONER NOW PRODUCER OF BIG SPUDS

M. R. Ryan, ex-county commissioner of Douglas county, who is now making his home at Drain, is a producer of some remarkably large potatoes. These potatoes, grown on creek bottom soil on Mr. Ryan's fine farm are wonderful examples of the productive qualities of Douglas county land. A few

samples of the mammoth tubers fell into the hands of Ira Wimberly, one of Drain's best known residents and a firm booster for Douglas county, and Mr. Wimberly sent them to Roseburg in care of the News-Review. The potatoes have been placed on display at the Chamber of Commerce office where their size has commanded much attention and comment.

Our line is full of pretty new rubber aprons. Make your selection early. Lloyd Crocker.

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



Revenge Set to Music.



By WINNER



JOH SHE'S MUM BAY BEE-E SHE'S MUM DOLL-LING



HERE HE COMES UP THE WALKS NOW—THE OLE SMARTY!



BAM BANG BONG



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