

Do We Get It?

WE CERTAINLY DO.

WHAT?

Flour Sales. Why?

QUALITY AND PRICE
\$7.00, \$8.20, \$8.60

Buy while the buying's good.

See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG-OAKLAND

Women Wanted!

To work on apples

Umpqua Valley Canning Co.

Phone 525

Roseburg, Oregon



"Look at Your Hat— everyone else does!"

The new shades for fall
are designed to harmonize
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

LOON LAKE WOMAN DIES SUDDENLY OF HEART ATTACK.

Mrs. Mary A. Showalter, the wife of W. L. Showalter of Loon Lake, died Friday night at her home after a heart attack. Mrs. Showalter had been ailing for some time and Thursday visited a physician at Reedsport as she was feeling worse. She was apparently improved Friday. The deceased was 59 years of age and is survived by her husband who is located at Loon Lake and several children in the east. No funeral arrangements will be made until the children are heard from.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A THRILL

Come and see what wonderful hats we are offering at remarkably low prices. Mrs. S. M. King, Specialty Shoppe, 235 N. Jackson.

Keep Them NEW

Your clothing can be continually refreshed and kept new by our careful and thorough cleaning and pressing service.

We Call and Deliver.

Imperial CLEANERS

Our Auto Will Call.
Phone 277



"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR.

Sandy McNeil, after stolen meetings with her schoolyard sweetheart, Timmy, marries Ben Murillo, a wealthy Italian, who has been forced upon her by her parents. She has a farewell meeting with Timmy in the garden of her Santa Barbara home. Her cousin, Judith Moore, a San Francisco stenographer, deeply in love with Douglas Keith, a student, is Sandy's maid of honor. Found by Judith in the garden as she leaves Timmy, Sandy tells her cousin that she cannot go with Murillo.

GO ON WITH THE STORY!

CHAPTER 7

"You can't go!" Judith repeated in awed slowness. She moved nervously to the door. "Shall I lock it—shall I tell them?"

Then Sandy began to laugh. She laughed and laughed. She leaned on the bureau hiding her face in her hands, convulsed with hysterical mirth.

Judith stood there holding Sandy's little hat. And presently Sandy looked up with a trembling half ashamed grin. "Frightened you, Judy, old dear?" She took the hat quietly, very carefully arranged the hair over her forehead.

Then she went up and kissed Judith, but didn't look in Judith's face. She said softly: "Don't worry, old thing, I'm all right now."

It seemed so gay to toss the beautiful flowers over the old black banister, to come running down, excited and laughing.

She felt tears on her mother's face and wished to cling to her mother's warm, plump hands. She wanted to say: "Why, I thought you were glad, Isabella!"

But the rice and petals came at them in a shower. Murillo caught her arm. She waved a kiss backward. He was helping her into the car.

He stepped down. She felt the heat of his breath and suddenly as he had in the church, he pressed his lips full on her mouth. "We're off!" he whispered excitedly.

Sandy gave a little catchy laugh and trembled.

The road before them was dark. Low trees thronged together in forlorn, shadowy concourse. They drove swiftly.

And Sandy, sitting low in the deep cushions, held her hands tightly clasped. She felt her eyes burning and wide open, her breath hard to draw. She was married now. Ben Murillo was her husband. She was driving away with him. They would be alone a long while.

She said this. Her heart began to pound. Married—she was married—going away alone.

They sped onward. The trees grew blacker. They were gaunt and lonely looking.

Sandy stared at them. She wanted to cry out; wanted to tell someone she was frightened. She felt cold and forsaken.

In seemed incredible, this quick, wild ride she was taking. She wanted to talk, but her lips were so stiff. She felt as though she were alone in the car and it were dashing into an unknown sunless region away from the earth; from laughter and warmth.

If she were only back in the garden—hiding in Timmy's arms. Oh, if it were only Timmy she had chosen, she could reach out her hand now and say: "Gee, Timmy, I'm scared—I feel the queerest—"

and he would look down at her in his sweet, boy's way and answer: "Lord, kid, so'm I!" And they would laugh gaily and kiss each other.

She shut her eyes. No, she wasn't going to cry. Brazen things out—that was the way.

In the darkness she could see Murillo's hands on the wheel. She could see the white cuffs. They showed inches below his coat sleeve. She stared at him. Tears rushed down her cheeks—oh, at least, he could have kept his cuffs up!

She felt terribly wronged by the sight of those cuffs. She said with a gulp, "Why are you driving so quickly?"

He turned. She could see his eyes, dark, possessive. He laughed, a soft, questioning laugh. "Why am I hurrying, Sandy? Ten minutes more, darling!"

"Ten minutes? Aren't we driving to Riverside? That's where you said."

"Yes, but not tonight. Did you think we'd drive five or six hours on this night?"

She couldn't speak. A dry, searching flush that seemed to

pulse from her heart outward went over her whole body—made her weak.

They drove deeper into the foothills. They were in a grove of oak trees. Before them, set on a little eminence, was a long, rambling structure built around a garden. In the driveway were palms and a fountain that looked very chilly in the moonlight.

Murillo said: "Here, Sandy; you've never been here. It's quite the place."

She looked very slim and tall in that dove colored outfit, with the soft fur against her bright hair. And he smiled like a courier as he helped her out. But her feet were leaden.

She watched him sign the register—"B. Murillo and wife." She felt like shrieking with laughter—like running away.

But she followed him to a broad staircase. They were shown to a big, colorful room furnished in wicker. Flowers were everywhere.

There was a basket of roses—tail—a mass of white. Long buds with white, gleaming petals. There must have been a hundred of those pearl-like buds. Sandy touched them. She said: "Aren't they lovely?" It was an effort for her to say a simple thing like this.

Murillo laughed softly. "You like them. I had them put here for my wife. He kept smiling. He was coming toward her, his arms extended, his languid eyes half closed.

Sandy pressed her nose against the buds. She watched him, fascinated. The walls of the room seemed merging together, closing in on her and this stranger, who was so slight and narrow, and who now came toward her with dreaming eyes and parted lips.

His hands touched hers. "Sandy, come here! Take off your hat. Sandy—you haven't kissed me yet—now—"

She gave him a little shove. She began to laugh hysterically. "Don't be silly, Benny—Benny Venuto! Open your eyes! What do you think you are—a sleep talker?"

He steeled himself on the arm of a chair—a sudden flashing of white drained the color even from his lips.

But Sandy went on in a high, strained voice: "What has my hat got to do with kissing? I'll kiss on my hat as long as I like! Did you read all these flowers? That's very nice in you. But where's the suite? I told you to get a suite for us—"

He surveyed her in silence—noticed her hands—that had had them clasped hard, but they were shaking. Slowly a flicker of amusement came to his eyes. He took out a cigarette: "Do you mind if I smoke, Sandy?"

She walked about the room touching the flowers—straightening the cushion on a chair. In one corner next to long French doors was a writing desk. She snatched it as breezily as she could.

"Smoke—of course. I suppose you don't mind either if I write a few letters?"

"I guess your letters can wait till the morning, can't they?" He sauntered after her. "It's past midnight."

But she was already seated, the pen poised at her lips. He leaped over her, pressed his hands on hers. "Let the letters wait, Sandy. The dark brows, so curved and so long, the moist lips came very near to her face. "Sandy, the letters can wait."

She felt limp and overpowered. But she said bluffly: "I promised my mother to write AT ONCE! I'm an awfully prompt correspondent. One thing I never delay is writing a letter!"

She could scarcely breathe. Her lips were drawn and white. Murillo said: "Do you want a drink, Sandy? I've brought some fine old stuff—"

"No," she said. "I don't want a thing—nothing."

"This won't hurt you."

He went over to the closet, began opening his suitcase.

Sandy looked at the French doors. She felt ill—a little mad. She thought wildly: "Lord—I can't get away—I can't—"

She got up suddenly and gave the door a push. It opened on a balcony. She stepped out. The next moment she was running down a shallow terrace. The night air blew gently in her face.

RELIEF from Coughs

Brings rest in the day
time and sleep at night.

Since 1872
CHAMBERLAIN'S
COUGH REMEDY

is relied upon by people everywhere for relief from coughs, croup, tickling throat and troublesome night coughs. No narcotics.

Benefits both children and grown-ups.

HERRIN RECOVERS FROM EVENTS WHICH PUT NAME IN BLOOD

HERRIN, Ill., Oct. 25.—A sign in a store window reads: "Former Herrin tailor returned; firm under new name. It is a sign of the times in Herrin. Change the name and there would be few visible indications that here is the town which wrote its name in blood. They are returning to Herrin—the people who went away while the "war" raged—and the town is trying to heal its wounds. Ten widows, 23 orphans, and 13 dead men are hard to forget.

Among many reasons for the town's come-back these are outstanding: Elimination of the champagne gun lottery; a religious revival; a return of activity in the coal fields.

There are many other signs of regeneration. Bank deposits in two weeks this fall jumped \$50,000. Two chain stores have opened branch houses, one a grocery concern, the other a national music house.

At the beginning of this coal season, three banks were handling a monthly payroll of more than \$700,000. In 1924 there were 47 mines operating in Williamson county, producing almost 10 million tons of coal a year and employing more than 12,000 miners. In 1925 more than 27 mines closed. The mines are opening rapidly. Stores are starting up. Empty houses are being occupied.

It is estimated 200 families left Herrin during the interminable strife. Property depreciated 50 per cent. There were bankruptcies, stagnation and despair.

This happened while 95 per cent of the citizens looked on in horror at their own town gone wild, helpless to stop it, yet bearing equally with the fighters the evil reputation.

Besides the signs of commercial resurrection there are others. Gospel quotations are posted in public places. One over the cashier's window in the leading hotel is familiar.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A wild, dirty little mining town is the picture of Herrin that has come out into the world. A clean, cultured, naturally prosperous city of 12,000 is the fact.

The local chamber of commerce says that Herrin has a higher percentage of home owners than any city in the United States.

The disastrous southern Illinois tornado of several months ago, which did not hit Herrin, but brought loss into contact in a work of mercy, was an ill wind that blew good to Herrin.

Some of the leaders in Herrin's troublous days were strangers. S. Glenn Young, who tried to clean the town with a gun, was a stranger. Howard S. Williams, revivalist, who tried it last summer with a Bible, was a stranger. Many strangers were among the leaders of the strip mine massacre of June, 1922, which occurred about half way between Herrin and Marion.

Heat with gas.

INHERITANCE TAX REPEAL AT END OF SIX YEARS IS PLAN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—Proposals for immediate reductions in the federal inheritance tax with repeal at the end of six years were endorsed today by Chairman Green of the house ways and means committee.

Such a scheme was presented to the committee yesterday by the national committee on inheritance taxation, composed of tax experts from every section of the country.

In endorsing the six years' plan, Mr. Green said this time would give opportunity for states to enact uniform inheritance tax laws prior to withdrawal of the federal government taxes.

Chairman Green opposed immediate repeal, but suggested that full credit might be allowed in settlement of the federal levies for amounts paid on state inheritance taxes. Secretary Mellon has proposed immediate repeal and his position was endorsed yesterday by a number of governors.

In a statement to the committee presenting the position of the tobacco merchants' association of the United States in favor of a cut in the tobacco tax, Charles Bushkin of New York, declared this would permit sale of cigars at lower prices.

A reduction of \$2 per 1,000 on five-cent cigars, \$3 on the two-fifteen-cent cigars and \$4.50 on the ten-cent grade was proposed. Col-

FREE FREE
One \$10 photograph with every order of \$6.00 or over. This offer closes Nov. 30. Clark Studio, Cass St. Roseburg Nat. Bank Bldg. Phone 351.

lections from tobacco levies next year are estimated by the treasury at \$360,000,000 forming the greatest revenue producer among the miscellaneous taxes.

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

WIFE BELIEVED VICTOR IN SUIT AGAINST ACTRESS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
MINEOLA, N. Y., Oct. 24.—There was considerable speculation today over the attempt of two jurors to congratulate Mrs. Charles C. Frey after a sealed verdict had been returned in her \$100,000 alienation suit against Miss Wilda Bennett, actress.

The jury, which was composed of married men, required only 30 minutes to reach a decision yesterday, but Justice Faber already had left the court when they returned, so the verdict was sealed until Monday.

When the two smiling jurors approached Mrs. Frey, her attorney, Elvin H. Edwards, intervened saying hastily:

"Gentlemen, do not discuss your verdict under any circumstances."

In charging the jury, Justice Faber said they must not allow any opinion as to improper relations between the actress and the turfman to influence their decision.

"The question for you to decide, is whether Miss Bennett was the pursuer or the pursued," he said.

As to the amount of damages in the event of a verdict favoring Miss Frey, he said that no matter how wide a man's experiences might be, it was almost impossible for him to put a money valuation on love.

Mrs. Margaret Frey, the plaintiff, sat with bowed head, clasping and unclasping her hands, during the summing up by attorneys. Miss Bennett left the court room smiling.

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

OREGON SCHOOL COST

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
SALZM, Ore., Oct. 24.—The cost of operating the schools of Oregon for the school year 1924-25 was \$20,444,165.94, according to a report on school expenditures, prepared by State Superintendent Churchill. The total attendance during the year was 176,342, of which number 88,553 were girls and 90,789 were boys.

STORE LOOTED AGAIN

MEDFORD, Ore., Oct. 26.—For the second time within six weeks, Faber's store at Central Point, near here, was robbed early Sunday morning. The robbers secured \$50 worth of merchandise, according to the police.

REPAID THIS MAN A DOZEN TIMES

"I have been repaid a dozen times over in improved health for every dollar I spent for Tanlac, and the medicine is still building me up every day." Is the striking statement of Joseph DeJarmo.

"Tanlac has driven pains from my body that had troubled me for ten years. Besides backache, which almost killed me at times, I had rheumatic pain and swelling in my hands and legs, my circulation was poor, feet always cold, nerves undone, my stomach didn't feel right, I had regular headaches and I was a discouraged man."

"I have never seen the equal of Tanlac in my life. It has more than doubled my appetite, my stomach feels great and my general health is so improved that I can not praise Tanlac enough for what it has done and is still doing for me."

What Tanlac has done for others, it can do for you.

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Do not substitute. Over 40 millions of bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

THIS IS IT!

Cooks while yours waits

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

And to introduce an offering this half dozen for \$7.39, each including an 8 1/2 inch Wear Ever fry pan.

Churchill Hardware Company

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

- ### FOR SALE
- OAK POLE WOOD for sale, \$3.50 tier. Call 47F11.
- FOR SALE—Fine player piano, cheap. J. M. Judd.
- FOR SALE—Hay, Wood, \$3.50 per ton. Phone 270-Y.
- FOR SALE—Roll top desk and chair. Judd's Furniture Store.
- FOR SALE—Oak stove and block wood. Phone 260-J. O. E. Gardner.
- FOR SALE—One cook stove, one heater. J. H. Williams, Melrose, Ore.
- FOR SALE—Both wool and cotton blankets, cheap. Judd's Furniture Store.
- FOR SALE—2-horse corrugated steel roller, New, \$45. C. L. Branton, Dixonville, Phone 19F21.
- FOR SALE—Pigs 7 L. T. Poland China, 6 wks. old, \$4.50 per head. F. A. Becker, Melrose.
- ### BLACK COCKER Spaniel dog, 1 year old for sale cheap. Subject to registration. Phone 252-R.
- FOR SALE—Gold Dollar and New Oregon strawberry plants, \$4 per M. C. L. Germond, Millwood, Ore.
- FOR SALE—One 1924 used Dodge touring in good condition. Runs and looks like a new one. Cool Motor Co., Drain, Ore.
- ### FOR RENT
- PIANO for rent. Phone 51F.
- FOR RENT—One Underwood typewriter. Phone 131-J.
- FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms, 1110 Prospect St.
- FOR RENT OR SALE—6-room modern home, close in. Phone 437-J.
- FOR RENT—Furnished sleeping room with heat, lots of hot water. 311 East Oak.
- FOR RENT—3 Clean furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Adults only. 315 W. Lane.
- FOR RENT—2 nicely furnished sleeping rooms, heated, reasonable. Close in. Call 505 East Douglas.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—On Pacific highway between Roseburg and Riddle, red suitcase tagged A. V. Logsdon, Riddle, Ore. Finder please notify that address or leave at News Review.

WANTED

TAILORING and dressmaking, 525 S. Main St. Mrs. Guthrie.

BUILDER wants jobs of any size. Will give a square deal. New 2x4's and shipyard for sale. Chas. D. Maynard, Phone 335-R.

WANTED—Second hand leather davenport in exchange for new overstuffed davenport. Judd's Furniture Store.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

Roseburg Steam LAUNDRY KIDS

FRESH AS-A-ROSE

AS PURE AS ROBES
KISSED BY DEW
THE LAUNDRY WE
SEND BACK TO YOU!

The man who didn't think that you could put any poetry or sentiment into the laundry business never sent any of his wearables to us to be laundered. When we rinse out a garment it is as clean and fresh as the sparkling dew and when we iron it it is as pure and firm as the sun-kissed rose.

Chas. S. McElhinny

"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
248 North Jackson

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

TUBBY There Are a Lot Like Uncle George. By WINNER

YOU SEE THIS UMBRELLA? IT BELONGS TO MY UNCLE GEORGE. HE'S HAD IT FOR SIX YEARS.

MY! IT MUST BE A VERY GOOD ONE. IT LOOKS LIKE NEW.

THAT'S BECAUSE MY UNCLE GEORGE TOOK GOOD CARE OF IT.

MY DOG HANK CHEWED IT UP AN' HE HADDA HAVE IT RECOVERED TWICE.

AN WHEN THE RIBS GOT BROKE HE EXCHANGED IT IN A RESTAURANT FOR A NEW ONE.

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We Will Sell on
EASY TERMS
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