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Flour \$1.80, \$2.10, \$2.20

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Women Wanted!

To work on apples

Umpqua Valley Canning Co.

Phone 525 Roseburg, Oregon

MISSIONARY IS BACK FROM SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION

The local missionary of the American Sunday school union, Kenneth A. Tobias, returned last night from the annual conference and school of instruction of the missionaries of the upper coast district, Oregon, Washington and Idaho, of the American Sunday school union. The conference being held at The Dalles this year, and under the direction of District Superintendent E. R. Martin of Portland and Dr. G. P. Williams, secretary of missions from Philadelphia.

The missionaries who attended are as follows: Rev. F. P. Allen, Portland; S. D. Hughes, Salem; Rev. G. W. Robbraugh, Albany; Kenneth Tobias, Eugene; Rev. D. D. Randall, Medford; C. M. Smith, The Dalles; H. B. Smith, La Grande; W. C. Snow, Payette, Ida.; C. S. Brown, Blackfoot, Ida.; W. R. Johnston, Lewiston, Ida.; W. L. Reber, Seattle; E. R. Rogers, Centralia, Wash.; Chas. Knaut, Belingham, Wash.; N. D. Swab, Entiat, Wash.; and J. L. Peterson, Seattle, members of seven established denominations.

These men are giving gospel care to 500 unchurched rural communities and more than 30,000 people in the upper coast district. During the sessions three of the district vice presidents, A. S. Roberts, The Dalles and G. F. Johnson and H. K. Hallgren of Portland had a part in the popular evening meetings.

Mr. Tobias reports that the Chamber of Commerce and the people of The Dalles were very cordial and provided very interesting drives to the points of interest around about the city. On Saturday afternoon the missionaries went in a body to Fall Bridge, Wash., and there dedicated a new chapel building which has grown out of the work of the American Sunday school union work.

In the closing days of the conference Eugene was mentioned in a very favorable way as the meeting place for these men next year.

Heat with gas.

DIET AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 2.)

next article. For your diet tomorrow have a similar menu to the one I gave you yesterday. Those of you who are very short may have to stay on 1000 C's a day to reduce about two pounds a week. You taller ones may have 1200 or so.

Send in your most embarrassing moment!

Tomorrow—Those Calories!

BELL SAVES O'BRIEN FROM K. O. AT FILIPINO'S HANDS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 28.—Tommy O'Brien, sensational Portland

PROFESSIONAL CARDS DR. M. H. PLYLER—Chiropractic physician, 124 W. Lane St.

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

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR.

Sandy McNeil weds Ben Murillo, a foreigner with large wealth, to please her parents. She leaves the altar for a farewell meeting with Timmy, an old sweetheart, in the garden of her home in Santa Barbara. She tells Judith Moore, a San Francisco cousin, who finds her there, that she cannot go with Murillo. But she does go to the honeymoon retreat in the hills, over the balcony of which she flees, into the night, remaining away a half hour. Returning she finds Murillo fuming. At Lake Tahoe she longs to hike with other guests, but Murillo prefers to nap; and after she meets two Santa Barbara boy friends, who invite the couple to a dinner dance, Murillo insists on dining in their own room.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 9

The maid set the dishes on the table. She placed the chairs. Sandy heard her moving quietly. Then Murillo, still clasping her arms, whispered, "Come, now, and sit down, dear."

She moved from him, pretending to reach for a comb. Why was he doing this? What did it mean? She was shaking from head to foot—afraid with bewilderment and anger. She had a vision of Helnie and his friends waiting, glancing about anxiously. What would they think of this contemptible snub?

Now the maid was picking up the empty tray—going from the room. Sandy turned, made a little dash. Get out, too! Go by herself! Murillo cut between her and the half-open door. He closed it—stood with his back braced there. He had been calm. Now his eyes blazed through narrow slits—little slits. "I don't think I'd try that, Sandy. Go to the table and sit down."

She stood motionless—only her lips trembling. Her face tilted upward, burned with pride and scorn. She couldn't speak. She didn't wish to speak. "We'll have dinner now." He was about to take her arm. She shook him off angrily, her eyes a fury of accusation. "Oh, so?" he said hotly. "I suppose I haven't the right to order dinner in the room? I must not make any plans?"

"You heard me say we'd go," she repeated, vaguely. "Why didn't you refuse then? Why didn't you say no?" "Because it didn't please me to! I was fortunate to arrive just in the nick of time to be included in the invitation, wasn't it? It's nice that your friends are so generous. You had quite an afternoon, didn't you? Clever the way you stole from the room. Too bad I woke up. You might be with them now, and I could wonder and wait. In the future, don't laugh so loudly the whole hotel rings with it."

She started at his lips. They were livid and seemed to curl with these soft, hissing questions. "Don't be ridiculous—don't make a fool of yourself!" she said, breathless. "Ridiculous? No, and you won't make me ridiculous, either. My wife won't hold court in a hotel lobby, laughing loud enough to attract every one's attention to herself. You can't carry on with your boy friends now, Sandy. I overlooked that one, but I expect propriety in my wife. I mean to have it."

She had been backing from him. She halted, stamped her foot angrily, a flame of tears in her eyes. "What do you mean by that? What have you overlooked? Oh, it's a lie—a mean, shameful lie! If you think you did me any favor to marry me—Ho!" She tore at her fingers, loosened the rings, dashed them to the floor. They glittered. Murillo looked at her blankly. He stooped slowly, picked up the jewels. He walked to the table, poured himself several cocktails

—ate a bit of cracker and caviar. He wiped his lips, stood behind her chair. "Come over and have your dinner, Sandy," he said coolly. She remained staring from the window—biting her lips. Presently he sat down. He broke a roll, began to eat. He glanced at her several times and frowned. The dinner was good. He had ordered it especially. He liked food. It pained him to see it disordered like this. He felt injured. What right had she to be some hours—to come back all grately—flaunting herself before those fellows—treating him casually—and now to be standing over there in a frozen silence. He thought she would have appreciated the delicate way he took to correct her. He felt a piece of chicken arranged on the plate. By now he had taken five or six cocktails; his hunger was appeased. He carried the plate over to the window. "Eat this, Sandy."

"I'm not hungry, thank you." "You must be. This is something you like. Come now, won't you? The incident is past."

She thought no one in the world had ever been so desolate—so shut away from everything that was spontaneous and gleeful and sweet. She felt degraded that he would read evil into her laughter even—make it seem that she was noisy—the sort of girl who laughs noisily to attract attention!

She said wearily: "No—I don't want it. I think I'll just sit here a while. I've a headache." She was afraid she might cry. She would bite her lips off first. He took her hand, slipped the rings back on her finger. She felt them as though they were red hot, searing to the bone. "You mustn't get so angry, Sandy. I wasn't. I only did this to let you know what I expect. You're young. You may not understand how the world regards levity in a wife. I thought you'd be wise enough to see at once the mistake you made."

She thought of hot, angry things to say. She wanted to tell him to leave her alone—to move from her. She wanted to say: "Oh take your hands off my arm. A mistake? You think I'm not to talk to my friends? Try to make me—just try it!" But her head throbbled and he was putting his arm around her neck. He was kissing her eyes—trying to draw her face to his shoulder. She moved away—"It's hot in here."

"Then we'll take a ride." It made no difference if she stayed in the room or went out—no difference. They were on the road along the lake. It was a balmy night. In the waters were larks, shimmering ripples of pink and gold—the all splendor of the sunset reflected so gently. And across were the Nevada mountains—blue, majestic, vast.

Sandy's thoughts went together again. She had watched the moon floating over the Santa Barbara hills and Timmy, or someone else had said such light, happy things. Murillo stopped the car. He put his arm about her. He didn't know that she was miles removed from him—feeling that were parted between them. That she wanted to cry out feeling his lips against her cheek.

She said: "I'm tired. My head aches." "This air will brace you. You'll feel better." He liked sitting low in the car. Sandy's hair against his chin or her profile and her long white throat turned that he might see. He liked her soft hands with the skin of them like petals, clasped between his own. He began to tell her how beautiful she was—how happy he would make her. There wasn't so much that he demanded, was there? She said he was right, didn't she? She was queen—he wished her to remember it—to win the respect she should have—

She closed her eyes, not wanting to see the mountains—not wanting to feel that warm, play breeze. She wondered why she should be sitting there—why her life had turned into this grotesque terrible mockery. She thought desperately: "I have to go back into that room with him. We're married. So everything is all right—I'm his wife."

Hours later she lay staring into the darkness. She counted the thumping of her heart. Murillo's arm was across her shoulder. She lifted it cautiously, watching his face. The mouth puffed in and out with his warm breath. She turned quickly, crept from the bed. She sat at the window. That tree was so delicate with that soft haze drifting through the branches—and the night air

MOOSE MEETING

Regular meeting Wednesday, October 28th. Special program. Lunch. DICTATOR.

FREE FREE

One \$x10 photograph with every order of \$4.00 or over. This offer closes Nov. 30. Clark Studio, Cass St. Roseburg Nat. Bank Bldg. Phone 331.

LACK OF FUNDS MAY PUT END TO TAX APPEAL BOARD

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Appropriations recommended by the budget bureau for the board of tax appeals next year will force suspension of the board, its chairman today told the house ways and means committee.

Does Winter Fill You With Dread?

Better Get Rid of Your Rheumatic Pains and Twinges—NOW. James H. Allen, of 74 Forbes St., Rochester, N. Y., suffered for years with rheumatism. Many times this terrible disease left him helpless and unable to work.

STANFORD EXPECTS EASY WORK DEFEATING OREGON

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 28.—With the California game a bitter memory, the University of Oregon football team is working hard this week in preparation for the game Saturday with Stanford University at Palo Alto.

ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL?

How can I be beautiful? That is the question every woman asks herself. The answer is health, radiant, glowing health. Bright eyes, clear complexion, rosy cheeks, animation, make for beauty every time.

COMMITTEES ARE NAMED TO AID IN CONFERENCE

Committee chairmen have been appointed by the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce to head committees on mining, fishing and lumbering. These committees will formulate reports to be presented at the agricultural economic conference, which will start on November 19. Reports are to be made on the various phases of the agricultural situation, each commercial crop being treated independently, while a general survey of market conditions will also be included.

STILL TRYING TO DETERMINE WHAT'S KILLING THE DUCKS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.) SACRAMENTO, Cal., Oct. 28.—Reports originating from some unknown quarter that a form of bird cholera is responsible for the killing of thousands of wild ducks in the Tule Lake country, near the Oregon border, are discredited at the office of George Tonkin, United States game warden.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon. In the matter of R. L. Ward, bankrupt.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 a. m. Precipitation in ins. & hundredths

Highest temperature yesterday 69
Lowest temperature last night 47
Precipitation, last 24 hours .0
Total precip. since first month .65
Normal precip. for this month 2.61
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1924, to date 2.61
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1927 .332
Total deficiency from Sept. 1, 1925 .071
Average precipitation for 46 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive) .3148
Unsettled tonight and Thursday.
WM BELL, Meteorologist.

Percolator Week

See the display in our windows—all kinds of percolators. Once Used You Won't Be Without One. Enamel Percolator. Drop in at the Store and we will tell you more about percolators. Churchill Hardware Company

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE OAK POLE WOOD for sale, \$3.50 per cord. Call 47711. FOR SALE—Hoover sweeper. Good as new. Phone 179-Y. FOR SALE—Hay, Wood, \$3.50 per ton. Phone 270-Y. FOR SALE—1921 Dodge touring car, terms or trade. Star Garage. FOR SALE—Good used piano. Terms if desired. Call at 315 Jackson St. FOR SALE—Ford light delivery, with new long top, \$100. Terms, 225 N. Jackson. FOR SALE—Big type Poland China boar. Two years old. J. P. Talbot, Canyonville. FOR SALE—1 Brown Swiss registered bull, 3 years old. H. L. Ward, Roseburg, Rt. 1, Box 177. FOR SALE—Second hand 14-inch sulky plow; also new ground walking plow at Wharton Bros. FOR SALE—2 horse corrugated steel roller. New, \$45. C. L. Branton, Dixonville, Phone 19721. FOR SALE—Gold Dollar and New Oregon strawberry plants, 24 per M. C. L. Germond, Millwood, Ore. FOR SALE—Some choice young shorthorn bulls, reds and roans. C. O. Garrett & Son, Glendale, Ore. E PLAT SAXOPHONE—Silver plated, standard make, perfect working order. Cheap for cash. Box 50, News-Review. FOR SALE—Sheepskin coat \$25. Good 4-year-old saddle mare, weight 1100, 460. C. L. Weber, Rt. 1, Roseburg, Phone 42711. FOR SALE—One 1924 used Dodge touring in good condition. Runs and looks like a new one. Cool Motor Co., Drain, Ore. FOR SALE CHEAP—A well broken, gentle mare. Age 4 years, weight 1150. Guaranteed in every way. Cheap if taken at once. Address F. E. Patterson, Glendale, Oregon. FOR SALE—Aerials pipe 2 to 6 months old. One trained auto and watch dog, cheapest burglar insurance. Just the thing for country stores. Also one young Collier, a beauty, female. J. S. Russell, Oakland, Ore. USED FORD BARGAINS—1924 Ford coupe. 1924 Ford touring. 1923 Ford touring. 1921 Ford touring. 1920 Ford touring. Sold on easy terms. MATHEWS MOTOR-EXCHANGE By the City Hall. FOR RENT PIANO for rent, Phone 31F5. FOR RENT—Room, with board at 441 N. Rose St. FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms, 1119 Prospect St. FOR RENT—5-room furnished residence, close in. Call 238-R. ROOM FURNISHED apartment for rent. Upstairs. Adults only, 216 S. Stephens. FOR RENT—Two, three or four-room apartment, ground floor, 816 Winchester, Phone 170-Y. FOR RENT—2 large furnished housekeeping rooms. Close in. Private front entrance, 331 South Main.

DILLARD Garage for rent, good location, inquire Virgil Bust, Dillard. FOR RENT—3 clean furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Adults only, 318 W. Lane. FOR RENT—Bungalow in Ramon Court. Inquire at 1124 Ramon Court. (Corey Ave.) Williams, Hama. FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT—5 rooms, bath, garage, in good location, \$35 per month. 7400 furnished house, garage, \$35. W. Young & Son, Phone 377. FOR RENT—6-room strictly modern bungalow, oak floors throughout, furnace, garage, 7500 on driveway, close to school, newly occupied, \$30 per month. Call 460.

WANTED

WAITRESS wanted at once. Apply Douglas Grill. TAILORING and dressmaking. S. Main St. Mrs. Guthrie. WANTED—Elderly lady for light housework. Call 415 Mill St. BUILDER wants jobs of any size. Will give a square deal. New 24's and shipyard for sale. Chas. D. Maynard, Phone 335-R.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—On Jackson St. a silver fountain pen. Reward. Leave at News-Review.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sariff's Auto Wrecking House. STRAYED Oct. 16th, one reddish Jersey heifer, about 16 months old. If found notify C. L. Erdman, Roseburg, Looking Glass Route, Ore.

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

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.

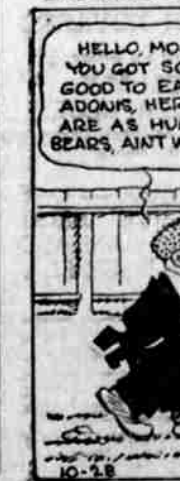
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The Largest Stock of Good Used Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg. We Will Sell on EASY TERMS. Hanson Chevrolet Co. Phone 446.

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