

Turkey Money

Sell your Turkeys where the buyers' commission helps you. Market price and fair grade.

Friday, November 20th

See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG-OAKLAND
Bring Your Turkeys Friday, Nov. 20.

DIET AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 2.)
loss he thinks it absolutely necessary.

J.—We have a booklet on the Sculp which goes fully into the care of the scalp, baldness, dandruff and gray hair. Send for it (Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with request.)
Tomorrow—Answers to Correspondents.

Hello Bill! Cheer up. Will expect you with lots of pep and a big smile to attend a real dance at Eliza Hall this week, Thursday. Lunch will be served.

FLASHES OF LIFE

WILKES BARRE, Pa.—Here's a case where it would be right to carry coal to Newcastle. Schools in this anthracite center have closed because of lack of fuel.

NEW YORK—Having resigned as senior major of artillery in Japan Tokuzo Fukuba has been peeling potatoes and doing other menial things in the Waldorf for 14 months. Now he's going home to Americanize Japanese hotels.

LONDON—Thousands of plum puddings soaked with brandy, sherry or rum are being mailed by Britons to friends in the United States for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

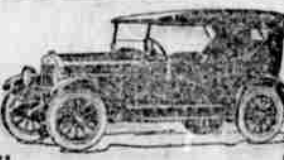
HARTFORD, Conn.—Percy A. Rocketteller has taken out \$1,000,000 earthquake insurance on his property at Greenwich because of recent slight shocks.

QUEBEC—The discovery of a body in a game-fished canoe has revealed that a squaw followed the hunting trails of her forefathers alone for years until her peaceful death from heart failure at the age of 109.

HARTFORD, Conn.—To prevent PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. H. H. PLYLER—Chiropractic physician, 125 W. Lane St.

Dr. H. C. Church

OPTOMETRIST
Perkins Bldg. Roseburg, Ore.
Phone 88



The Largest Stock of Good Used
Chevrolets and Fords
in Roseburg

We Will Sell on
EASY TERMS

Hansen Chevrolet Co.
Phone 446

Employees of the City
It is a noble calling to be in the public service. We desire also to be public servants. Our "service car" will stop at your home whenever you call.
We Call and Deliver.

Imperial CLEANERS
Our Auto Will Call.
Phone 277

Good Things for Thanksgiving:
Dates
Apples
Pears
Grapes
Bananas
Oranges
Pomegranates

At Brand's ROAD STAND
Pacific Highway 4 miles north
Open Evenings

WHEN IN ROSEBURG
STOP AT
Hotel Umpqua

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN.

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, forced by her impoverished family into a loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, sacrificed her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart. Timmy's tyranny and insolence caused her to write to Judith Moore, a San Francisco cousin, for help in escaping her marital bondage, but Judith is absent on a long vacation. A son is born, dying almost immediately. In unutterable loneliness, Sandy appeals to her Uncle Bob, who enables her to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, and promises to drive with him the following night.
Go on with the story.

CHAPTER 27

Sandy looked down the precipitous dropping darkly to the water. The Pall was a black shell peeped in mid air. Far below were the lighted waters; far above the gaunt, stupendous cliffs towered sheerly to the flame-touched sky. There she suspended in space, gilded by the silence, the appalling beauty of the dark, abrupt mountains; imprisoned in the sheer, throbbing solitude.
A tremor went along her nerves. She could step from the car—take a little jump. Her lips moved faintly—smiled, but she kept her eyes on the precipice. She thought nervously: "How much did he see? How much does he guess? She was ashamed of the weakness that had made her cry; that had made her wish to sink back grateful for the kind, winning look in his eyes.
And she still wished to say to him: "I would rather kill myself than go home!" She wanted to tell someone of this outrage. She wanted to shout her defiance. She was sorry now she had taken such a pose with him—sorry she had pretended to be such an arrogant, happy, breezy person.

She had liked Ramon Worth from the moment of their meeting six weeks ago. He had a sunny, careless way that won her, because it made him seem boyish and friendly like Timmy.
He was much older than Timmy—perhaps a little past 30, and he had the charm born of wide, colorful experience. He had been an aviator in France, wandered over South Africa, sojourned in Alaska. He talked of these things, sitting on the beach at her side, his arms wound about his knees. When he came to an interesting point the sunny, brown eyes twinkled quickly to hers. Finding her fascinated, he went on delightedly.
She looked forward to these daily meetings. He lived in one of the cottages on the beach. He was an accountant and had been in Honolulu three months working on a special detail for a big sugar company. Every afternoon he was in the water. He was daring as a native. It thrilled her to see him come dashing over the waves on the surfboard, his bronzed body poised and gleaming in the sun.
Lately she had begun to wait for the moments when he would fix his winking eyes on hers. The moments were flushed with excitement. She felt like a girl again and she would put the thought of Murillo coldly away; she would tell herself defiantly: "I'm here! And I'm not going back today or tomorrow."

He spoke very little of women though it was evident he had a charm for them. Once Sandy overheard a girl say: "Don't count on him. He's gone on that Murillo dame. Trust a married jane to pick off the winner every time!" She had been a bit flattered at this when his face lighted when she came down to the beach. She had laughed secretly when he hurried to her side. But her thoughts were bitter. Of what use was her beauty? How terrible her imperious demand for gladness! Her childish insistence longing for the miracle that would reopen the bright, joyous way for her again. She clamored that the year of her marriage be wiped away like figures of chalk from a blackboard.
But she told him nothing of all this. He guessed considerably. Twice he had seen her glance swiftly at her mail, twist the envelope and thrust them in her pocket. He had fancied a tight, frightened line about her mouth.
And once, speaking of love and marriage, the color had flared to her cheeks. She had laughed and tossed her head.
But she never spoke of her husband. Her silence played him,

Why was she here so long alone? Tonight he had strolled to the veranda in the hope of meeting her. He had seen her stop at the palm and fling the shawl with such agitation across her shoulders. He was about to speak, but she went on so quickly, so obviously over-wrought, she seemed desperate as she stood on the beach, her head flung back. For an instant he had been alarmed. He had half-wondered if she intended rushing into the water.
But now she had her hands clasped. She said quietly, "I'd like to drive back, please."
"Why, such a beautiful night as this?"
"My mother is alone."
"Are you angry because I overtook you?"
"No."
"I had an idea, you might have received unpleasant news. I thought, perhaps, I could do something."
She nodded. "Yes, I did get some ill news. But you can't do anything—no one can."
Her lips trembled.
He said swiftly, "Why don't you tell me?" It often helps to talk of things."
She gazed upward at the moon—such a gleaming, emerald moon. She said slowly: "No—not of such things as this."
He put his hand over hers: "Then I'm sorry, Sandy. I'm mighty sorry. You're actually going to leave?"
She closed her eyes, interrupting swiftly: "Won't you please drive home?"
He said nothing until they reached the hotel. Then he took her arm and lowering his head to hers whispered: "Sandy—I have more than an idea—perhaps I could help you. I wish I could. I wish you'd let me."
She shook her head.

After he left, she sat on the veranda. The big chair was hidden behind shrubs. It was so warm—such a mellow tenderness in the sweet breath of the night. But she was shaking as though it were cold.
She thought of that distant cousin of hers—that Pilar Dominguez, who had run through the grape vines a century ago to meet her lover.
This brought Murillo's face again to her mind.
Suddenly she wondered if Murillo wanted her! If he would care if she asked him to free her. Perhaps he might be glad. She became excited imagining this. Free her! Why shouldn't he? What was the marriage to him? And if she were free? She felt Ramon Worth's hands covering her face, his warm, sunny eyes. She felt his head lowered to hers and kissed her.

A day or two after this he was walking with her down the avenue. They were caught in a shower. She pulled her sweater up quickly. Letters dropped from his pocket. Letters dropped from his pocket.
He stopped to pick them up, brushing off the water. They were unopened. They were the same letters she had received a week ago, the envelopes twisted. Murillo's name was written plainly in the corner.
She knew that he saw this—that he remembered. Her breath caught painfully.
He pretended to notice nothing. But when they were sitting on the beach, he began to talk about the war. He said: "Isn't it singular the frenzy of sacrifice that can move a whole nation? Think of all the fellows who threw away their lives! I wonder how they'd feel if they could look down now and see that it was all for nothing?"
"Was it?"
"Yes—but sacrifice always is. No one is ever justified in throwing away his life or his happiness for another. It nullifies the primary value."
"You mean that we should be selfish always and think only of ourselves?"
"I mean that you never benefit another when you hurt yourself. I mean that the first problem of each individual is himself—the highest duty is to be the happiest, sanest, gayest person you know how to be. If everyone in the world accepted this as his bounden duty, think what a magnificent sum total of beauty and joy this little old earth would be!"
"But suppose my happiness meant another's pain?"
"It needn't! What right has another to act the parasite? Why

FREE FREE

One \$10 photograph with every order of \$5.00 or over. This offer closes Nov. 30. Clark Studio, Case B1, Roseburg Nat. Bank Bldg. Phone 331.

should any one with the youth rippling in his veins be forced to shove his own interest to the background? Only a thief would ask it—and only a weakling would permit the theft.

He looked up suddenly, his eyes challenging her: "What I say is the truth, Sandy, and you know it, don't you?"
She looked back at him, tingling from head to foot. She answered: "Yes!"
As she came into the lobby late in the afternoon, Mrs. McNeil was waiting. Her placid face was struck with annoyance.
She said: "Sandy—how is this? Why didn't you tell me?" She put a telegram in Sandy's hands. "It was from Murillo."

Instant Relief From Bunions-Soft Corns

No sensible person will continue to suffer from these intense, agonizing, throbbing bunion pains when the low powerful penetrating yet harmless antiseptic Emerald Oil can readily be obtained at any well stocked drug store.
Apply a few drops over the inflamed swollen joint, and see how speedily the pain disappears. A few more applications and the swollen tissue is reduced to normal.
So miraculously powerful is Emerald Oil that soft corns seem to shrivel right up and drop off.
All druggists guarantee it and are dispensing it to many foot sufferers.

AMONG OLD FRIENDS

Interesting News of the Doings of Former Roseburg and Douglas County Residents.

MAIRFIELD—James Johnson, the father of the only full blooded Umpqua Indian alive, passed away at the Wesley hospital last night at the age of sixty-one years. Mr. Johnson was born at Gardiner and is survived by the only living relative, Fred Johnson, his son, the last Umpqua Indian to survive.
Mr. Johnson passed away following an attack of pneumonia. His body will be shipped to Gardiner and the funeral will take place tomorrow.

SALEM—Died at West Salem, early Nov. 17th, Grant Brown age 60 years, husband of Mrs. Laura Brown, father of Ivan Brown, brother of Mrs. Ruby Miller, of Salem, Mrs. Opal Hask of Roseburg, Ike and Joe Brown of Nebraska, Eli Brown of Salem, Iowa, and Henry Brown of Kansas. Funeral services Thursday, Nov. 19th at 1:30 p. m. from the Rigdon mortuary, International City View cemetery.

PORTLAND—Damages of \$25,000 for injuries suffered in an auto accident at East Twentieth and Brazee streets, December 12, 1924, are sought by Dr. M. B. Marcelus, local physician, in a suit filed in circuit court against Theodore Bergmann. The complaint states that a machine driven by Bergmann, traveling 25 miles an hour, crashed into the plaintiff's car, the impact causing Dr. Marcelus to sustain a fractured skull, scalp wounds, loss of two teeth and a spine injury.

MEDFORD—Leon A. Littlefield of Roseburg, a Pickwick stage driver, arrested on the Pacific highway by State Traffic Officer J. J. McMahon for failure to dim his headlights on wet pavement, was fined \$10 on his plea of guilty before Judge Taylor this forenoon. At the time of his arrest one headlight was also out.

The hard wood floor at the Macabee hall is being sanded and otherwise being placed in first class condition for the mid-week dance Wednesday night. The Swanes Serenaders are going to furnish the music.

Melrose Grange held a well-attended Halloween party October 31. The grand march took place at 8:30 o'clock, with such a number of good costumers that the judges found it a task to pick the prize winners.
Mrs. C. O. Critser, in the costume of a man, outdid the men themselves and carried off the men's prize, while Mrs. H. M. Moreland, as a Spanish lady, won the ladies' prize.
The Gobblins' Drill, by 12 Grange ladies, was the next number on the program, followed by stunt contests played by the different divisions of the crowd representing schools and colleges.
The Gypsy Den, conducted by the Misses Dorothy Busenbark and Jean Scott, was well patronized by those wishing to delve into the future, after which games were played until the supper call.
Supper, consisting of sandwiches, pumpkin pie, cocoa and coffee was served free and the crowd departed, declaring it one of the best evenings ever spent in the hall.

When Winter Comes

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Eczema, Itching, and all other skin troubles. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY. Get this out to send to Foley & Co., 255 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly. You will receive a sample bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and hoarseness, also sample bottles of Foley's Glycerine Lotion for itching, and Foley's Catarrh Tablets for constipation and hemorrhoids. These remedies are free from opiates and have helped millions of people. Try them!

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

W. F. Chapman.

FOREST MONEY SET ASIDE FOR STATE ROAD WORK

Oregon will get the benefit of nearly a million and a quarter dollars of federal money for forest roads and trails during the fiscal year 1926, according to word just received by district forester C. M. Granger, Portland, Oregon.
The total road and trail appropriation amounting to \$1,243,805.68 is divided between four separate funds. This is direct appropriation by congress for Oregon, which with the addition of \$165,802.50 from the 25 percent road and school fund, makes a grand total in these funds alone of \$1,412,608.18; to be spent in Oregon by the federal forest service, as compared with \$675,216.80 the total amount which the federal government took in last year from the sales of timber, grazing fees, and other sources from all of the 74 national forests in the state.
Two of these funds, the so-called section 8 and forest highway funds, amounting this year to \$718,655, are direct appropriations in the nature of compensation for taxes on national forests. The money is used on roads of primary importance to the state, county or local community.
The 10 percent which this year amounts to \$57,521.68 for Oregon is also in the form of taxes. It is made up of one-tenth of all the national forest receipts in the state from sale of timber and other resources.
The 10 percent fund is used for smaller projects of benefit to local forest communities. This is in addition to the 25 percent fund which returns one-quarter of the national forest receipts directly to the state for roads and schools.
There has been a total of \$7,755,490.17 appropriated for Oregon under these various road and trail funds since they were established, according to the report. This is nearly one-eighth of the total for the entire country, \$59,588,320.54. Thirty-two states have participated in the distribution, with Oregon second.
Through these road appropriations the forest service has been a very important factor in the good roads and community development, particularly in the national forest regions, according to forest officers. They point out that the state and communities have profited from these funds, and still have the forests to continue producing future wealth.
Forest officers emphasize the fact that local cooperation is required by the forest service from communities, counties, or the state in road work under the forest highway, section 8, and 10 percent projects, usually on a fifty-fifty basis. On the forest development projects local cooperation is sought only where the road is largely for community development.

TABLE DECORATIONS

A full line of the newest place cards, score cards, napkins, crepe paper and necessary articles for your party. Also a nice selection for prizes. Lloyd L. Crocker.

MELROSE GRANGE GIVES INTERESTING SOCIAL

Melrose Grange held a well-attended Halloween party October 31. The grand march took place at 8:30 o'clock, with such a number of good costumers that the judges found it a task to pick the prize winners.
Mrs. C. O. Critser, in the costume of a man, outdid the men themselves and carried off the men's prize, while Mrs. H. M. Moreland, as a Spanish lady, won the ladies' prize.
The Gobblins' Drill, by 12 Grange ladies, was the next number on the program, followed by stunt contests played by the different divisions of the crowd representing schools and colleges.
The Gypsy Den, conducted by the Misses Dorothy Busenbark and Jean Scott, was well patronized by those wishing to delve into the future, after which games were played until the supper call.
Supper, consisting of sandwiches, pumpkin pie, cocoa and coffee was served free and the crowd departed, declaring it one of the best evenings ever spent in the hall.

CORRESPONDENT

Hello Bill! Cheer up. Will expect you with lots of pep and a big smile to attend a real dance at Eliza Hall this week, Thursday. Lunch will be served.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Naragansett turkeys, toms and hens. R. A. Moore, Elkton, Ore.
FOR SALE—6 mo. old male Shesherd Collier; good stock dog. \$5. Email Hall, Sutherlin.
FOR SALE—Six-hole Colonial range, nearly new, cost \$111.00, will sell for \$50. Phone 153.
WILL SELL or rent dwelling, 1946 corner west 1st street, and 1st avenue. Apply 226 S. Kane St.
FOR SALE—Scotch Collie pups. Wonderful sheep dogs. Phone 471-L, or call 547 S. Stephens.
FOR SALE—Three or four tons hay, close in, in bars. Phone G. U. Helbig, or call 497 W. Cass.
USED PIANO—We have a bargain in a used piano for someone. Terms if wanted. Call 215 N. Jackson St.
FOR SALE—One wire haired terrier, dandy trick dog; also one bound, 1125 W. First St., or phone 448-R.
FOR SALE—One new three quarter Dodge commercial truck. With extra tire and tube. This car has not been out of the factory one month. Phone 616.
FOR SALE—Strawberry plants, New Oregon, well rooted, \$4 per thousand. Solid cabbage, \$5 per quantity. Improved Petite prunes, 10 lbs. for \$1. Lindbloom, Dixonville.

MAKE AN OFFER ON THE DISTRICT HOME—A client of mine has just traded for this wonderful modern home. He has no particular use for the place himself and will consider any reasonable offer, either cash, terms or part trade. See me at Umpqua Hotel or write me at Eugene, Ore. Frank Kinney, agent.
SEE OUR used cars before you buy; over 20 to choose from—
1 1921 Ford touring, starter and good running order—\$75
1 1921 Chevrolet—\$95
1 1921 Dodge touring, cord tires, new paint—\$295
And 20 others, coupes and sedans.
Easy terms, write to pay.
HANSEN CHEVROLET CO.
CATCHING'S USED CARS—
20 Harley Motorcycles, \$50 and \$75.
1918 Ford touring—\$54
1918 Oakland '6" touring—\$75
1924 Ford roadster—\$285
1924 Chevrolet touring—\$325
1918 Buick '4" touring—\$375
1924 Ford Coupe—\$450
1925 Ford Tudor Sedan—\$704
1922 Dodge Sedan—\$604
Roy Catching Motor Co.
125 N. Rose St. Roseburg
Fresh grape juice at Overland Orchard. Bring containers or leave at Brand's Road Stand. Will deliver when filled.

BABY'S COLDS

is soon "nipped in the bud" without "dosing" by use of
VICK'S VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

WANTED

WANTED—Milk goat. A. R. Weeks, Ruckles, Ore.
YOUNG WOMAN with girl 10 wants light work. Write Mrs. Louise Street, Sutherlin, Ore. Can give references.
WANTED—A place for an old invalid lady to be cared for. For particulars address Room 11, New View building, Roseburg, Ore.
WANTED—Work of any kind, anywhere, experienced as a clerk, machinist, or farming and stock raising. Address Box 461, Roseburg, Ore.
WANTED—Sewing especially. But will do washing, ironing, cleaning or any kind of work by hour or day at your home or mine. Phone 492-L.
YOUNG MAN WANTED—Married, an opportunity for hustler to build a permanent and profitable business with national organization. Roseburg and several Oregon counties open. Must have car. Will be given instruction in home soliciting. Singer Sewing Machine Co., Eugene.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 652 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

At Brand's ROAD STAND

Pacific Highway 4 miles north
Open Evenings

Good Things for Thanksgiving:
Dates
Apples
Pears
Grapes
Bananas
Oranges
Pomegranates

WHEN IN ROSEBURG
STOP AT
Hotel Umpqua

TUBBY

I GUESS I'M IN PRETTY SOLID WITH LUCY JONES, NOW—SHE OUGHTA LIKE ME BETTER 'N SHE DOES SISSY SMITH SINCE I GAVE HER THE BIG BUNCH OF ROSES THAT SASSY WILSON SENT TO MISS PATRICIA. SHE'LL GO DOWN AROUND HER HOUSE AN SEE IF SHE'S GOT



A Hasty Retreat.

HUH? WELL AMN'T THAT JUC THE WAY WITH GIRLS?



I HAVE THE DARDEST LITTLE DOG, BRITUS, I WANT YOU TO SEE HIM

DERN THAT OLE GUY (RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE WITH LUCY—THAT GUY'S SO LUCKY HE'S GOT A HOUSE FULL OF HANGAR ONTO HIM

CALL 'EM OFF! CALL 'EM OFF!

OH, BOY!