Still Going Up!

Flour Prices!—But Not Ours
$2.20, $2.10, $1.80
$8.60, $8.20, $7.00
None Better
Spuds, No. 1, $3.60

See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE
ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

DIET AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 2.)

say: "Well, I couldn't help that. It was not my fault. What's the use of worrying over something that is not my fault? Goodbye, worry, goodbye forever!"

If these annoyances bob up again in my mind, I shall say: "Here you annoyances, what are you doing in my mind? I have given you all of the attention you deserve and I have learned my lesson from you. Avaunt! Depart! Get out!".

You will do that? It can be done. Try it and report results to me, will you?

I have something more for you tomorrow. Tell your F. F. F. friends to read it too.

Tomorrow—KYMS.

We carry a complete line of the finest ranges made at lowest prices. Powell Furniture Co.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS DETERMINE NICKNAMES FOR GRID STARS

IOWA CITY, Ia., Nov. 27.—(A. P.)—Out here in Iowa, where the corn grows tall and the west begins, and where the university of Iowa usually has a first class football squad, the followers of the team love to bestow colorful nicknames on their heroes.

Nick Kutsch, the flashy halfback and a holy terror to Iowa's opponents, is known as "the Flying Dutchman" and "Cowboy Nick." He gained the first sobriquet because of his fierce running when tearing through the line, and he naturally had to be a cowboy when he came from the stockyards district of Sioux City.

When the team returned from Columbus, after upsetting Ohio state, October 24, an old star had a new nickname. Fry, the human bullet who plays fullback for the Hawks, is now "Plowboy Fry." He was given this name because of the manner in which he plowed through the Ohio line—at the same time plowing through ankle-deep mud on the gridiron.

A few years back when Iowa was beating them all, Slater, a giant negro, played a wonderful game at tackle. Slater immediately became the "Duke," and that name has clung to him ever since.

Heat with gas.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. H. H. PLYLER—Chiropractic physician, 126 W. Lane St.

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

Men of Correct Dress
If your suit was new — it would not fit you better or look more refreshed than when it has been dry cleaned and pressed by a
MASTER CLEANER
We Call and Deliver.
Imperial CLEANERS
Our Auto Will Call.
Phone 277

CROUP
Spasmodic Croup is frequently relieved by one application of—
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

HIGHWAY HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK ON CALIFORNIA COAST

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 27.—The rock ribbed coast of Southern California, little known because of so many sandy beaches, has been conquered by roadbuilders.

The cutting of the Ventura coast stretch of the new ocean shore highway, just completed, ranks among the outstanding highway projects of the nation, in the opinion of engineers.

In a stretch of 7.4 miles, an excavation of 1,213,724 cubic yards of rock and earth was accomplished. The most expensive section was one mile through solid rock cliffs, south of Big Sycamore Canyon, where 234,686 cubic yards were moved at a cost of $238,871.29.

Men and instruments were let down with ropes over rocky cliffs and some of the work was done while the location men were dangling in midair above the foaming breakers of the Pacific.

Two years were spent in this work to complete grading and next summer the paving will be laid.

CALL FOR SCHOOL WARRANTS

All warrants of School District No. 108, up to and including Warrant No. 4, dated Nov. 6, 1925, and endorsed not paid for want of funds, are this day called. Interest ceases after this date.

Dated at Buck Fork, Ore., this 25th day of Nov., 1925.

ALTA S. CONLEY, Clerk.

BACCARAT FAVORED GAME ON EMERALD COAST; BOULE NEXT

DINARD, Nov. 27—Baccarat was the favorite game this season on the Emerald Coast of France, with la boule running it a close second. Laboule surpassed baccarat at some of the smaller casinos.

Gambling at all the resorts—Dinard, Saint-Malo, Parame and Saint Lunaire—netted a profit of 8,251,637 francs. Of this the state receives 1,958,100 francs. The cities in which the casinos are located also receive part of the earnings.

Gambling was slightly heavier this year on the Emerald Coast than it was last year, when the earnings of the casinos were 4,030,288 francs.

FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

A wonderful sale on Watkins' washing powder and shredded soap combination. You can't afford to miss it. Ask your Watkins' dealer, 129 W. Lane St.

Winter's Rainbow
For Foley's Honey and Tar
Coughs Colds
Quick Relief
For Old and Young

DISTURBANCE IN A LOCAL THEATRE

The patrons of a local show house were very much disturbed and worried by the continuous coughing of a person in the audience. Don't be a nuisance because you have a cough or cold. A few doses of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound taken promptly will bring speedy relief. Mrs. W. E. Corey, White Pigeon, Mich., writes: "We have used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for colds and had results with unfailing results."

W. F. Chapman.

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, forced by her impoverished family into a loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, sacrifices her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart. Frequent quarrels follow. A son is born, dying almost immediately. Seeking some escape, Sandy appeals to her Uncle Bob, who enables her to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, who drives and dances with her, and finally saves her life in the surf. On sailing for home she was surprised to find him a passenger. During the voyage he declares his love. Murillo meets Sandy and her mother at the pier and at an overnight motor stop Sandy demands a separate room.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

Chapter 35

Murillo said to the clerk: "Yes, that's all right. The bath between."

The clerk wrote in the register "Room 41 and 43."

The blood flew to Sandy's cheeks. She turned her back and began talking to Alice.

Alice said: "Ma's all in. Was she sick down there?"

"No—of course not."

"Well, I guess it's just the long trip. Ready? Ben's calling you."

Sandy picked up her hand bag, thinking miserably: "I can't make a scene—worry Isabel——" But she lagged, pretending to look for her scarf that was just behind on a chair.

"Here it is dear," Mrs. McNeil looked into Sandy's burning eyes. She said absently: "You're tired, too, dear. It'll be so nice to get home."

• • •

Sandy followed her mother. She felt like a little girl, whipped and trying not to cry.

She shut her eyes as Murillo set the suitcases near the bureau. Now he closed the door. Very slowly Sandy unwound her scarf.

He watched her through half closed, flashing eyes. She picked up a file and began to manicure her nails.

He took it from her, coming up behind and putting his arms over hers. "I guess that can wait till tomorrow, cant it, Sandy?" His warm, limp hands turning her around, making her face him. . .

"I'm tired—please—"

A smile half murderous, half indulgent. "Tired? You've been away three months and you're tired?"

Her tongue rigid: "Yes — tired—" She backed from him, picked up her magazine, turned the pages. She sat down, staring at a picture. Her breath heaving, bursting from her.

He heard it. He pulled down his cuffs, tore the links from them, flung his coat to a chair.

• • •

She saw the blanched, furious look of him—lips muttering. He went into the bathroom and began to shave, moving about with a savage intensity. He cut himself, jabbed at the blood with a white pencil, cursed at the stinging of it.

Raging, he came and sat on the bed, his arms folded. He waited. He waited in a long, ferocious silence.

Sandy started with blind, deliated eyes at the open book. She thought: "My husband—God, my husband!"

When he came with a little spring toward her, she drew back. He snatched at the magazine. He hissed: "Get undressed! Get into bed! You're tired! Get into bed!"

She flung her head up—blazing, silent, daring him to strike.

He had hold of her wrists. He thrust them from him, snapped out the light and got into bed.

Sandy sat there shaking—demeaned and ashamed. The man lying there on the bed with the comforter up to his chin, breathing more and more deeply, was worse than a stranger to her. He was separated by all those galling outrages she charged against him: Separated by the little dead child—dead because of him. Yet he could bring her into this room, acting about, compel her to face him. He could close his lips on hers, smiling, murderous, possessive.

She sprang up, rigid, listening, quiet. Murillo snored. Sandy went to the bureau, found her scarf and hand bag, stole from the room.

She went down to the lobby. "My mother is ill. We want another room," she said casually and signed the register. "Alice McNeil." Without looking up she laid a five dollar bill on the counter.

Following the boy down the hall she was a-flash with apprehension. She locked the door quickly behind him ,turned off the light.

She began to laugh softly, hysterically.

• • •

At 6 o'clock the next morning Murillo awakened. He remembered and felt quickly along the bed. He turned angrily to the chair where Sandy had sat.

Not there! He jumped up, alarmed, pulled on his clothes. He knocked at the next door: "Up yet? We want an early start. Is Sandy in there"

"Why, no! Is she dressed so soon?"

He didn't answer. He raced down the stairs. Perhaps she had carrried out those threats of hers. Killed herself. He would be blamed! He would be disgraced for life.

Sandy was sitting in the lobby —waiting. The sight of her reading that magazine unloosed a seething fury. He checked himself — accosted her, quiet, cold, smiling. "Did you sit here all night?"

"No. I was able to get a room."

"You went to your mother?"

"No."

He glared as though he wished to slay her. He said very softly: "You'll pay for this."

She smiled with assumed arrogance. She was sick with disappointment. There would be no chance now for an amicable settlement—no chance to tell him quietly they must part.

Sitting beside him on the drive homeward she wondered miserably if she might ask her mother to take her home. And the futility of this hope at once crushed her. Isabell loved her. But she had gently refused to stand by her in this from the beginning. Even at the hospital, she made Sandy return to her husband — even then knowing that her mind seemed almost broke.

No use turning to her mother . . . meet it herself.

When they stopped at the old house, white, rambling yet inviting in its old dilapidated garden, Sandy put her arms around her mother's neck, kissed her with wildly beating heart. She said with a little laugh: "Isabella, ole dear, tired are you. Oh, I hate to let you go.'

• • •

Late afternoon when they drove up the hill. The garden a-bloom. Asters in purple—flaming gladioli. The house bathed in sunlight.

Murillo stopping — his face white — the eyes not meeting hers. He had talked feverishly to her mother and Alice. His laugh, incessant, forced, jarred in her memory. He had not once spoken directly to her.

Now he helped her from the car. He held her arm and bowed to a neighbor. He whispered: "Mrs. Dixon is nodding. Greet her."

Sandy smiled. She felt like an automatum walking up the steps. She wanted to sink on the threshold and cry. She wanted to hold back, blindly refuse to enter.

She had felt like this when she came, knowing she was to have the child. And again when they brought her from the hospital.

She stood in the bedroom, her gloves in her hand. She went over and looked from the window — the beloved islands out there, the blue channel.

He stood in the center of the room. He closed the door. He came up and took the gloves and the book from her. He said: "I'm sorry about last night, Sandy. Of course you were tired. But it hurt me the way you said it. I thought you'd show a little gladness seeing me. You pushed me off. Recall how you acted and think how I felt. I think I did my share. I think you've no cause to complain, have you?"

She thought swiftly: "Tell him now. Meet it now." She remained silent.

His lips moved and were pale. "Did you hear me say I was sorry, Sandy?"

"Yes."

"You have nothing to say?"

A great deal, Ben." She drew a long, strained breath. "A great deal. I've said it before. Let us be calm about it. It was a mistake—a terrible mistake. You see it. I see it."

She put out her hand blindly: It's just this—I want to be free — I don't love you — I can't. There's too much between us — I see all that—all that. Oh, don't Ben! Dear God, don't!"

But he stopped, picked up the tongs from the fireplace, came rushing toward her.

Don't put off ordering your Christmas announcements until the last minute. Place your order now so that your work can be given proper attention. Call and see our line of both engraved and printed announcements. News-Review Exclusive Job Printing Department.

MANCHURIAN RULE IN CHINA APPEARS TO BE ABOUT ENDED

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PEKING, Nov. 27. — Although the resumption of telegraphic communication with Mukden today, failed to bring official reports of the overthrow and imprisonment of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian dictator, it appears definitely established that the power of the Manchurian chieftain is crumbling.

Martial law prevails in Mukden and while Chang appears to be there and still in command of events in the city, his chief lieutenant, General Yang Yu-Ting, former governor of Kiangsu, is reported to have fled to Darien, havin been held responsible for the driving of the Manchurian forces back from Shanghai and the Yangtse River.

The crumbling of the Mukden leader's authority is said to be due to disapproval by various factions among the followers of Chang Tso-lin's desire to extend his influence outside of Manchuria and to fight for the retention of Shantung province against the invaders pressing him from the south and west, those of the Chekiang governor, Sun Chuan-Fang, and the Honan governor, Yuen Wei-Chun, respectively.

Has Strength of a Bear

"About 6 months ago my father was very sick with his stomach, which had been troubling him for several years. Three doctors said he had cancer and one said it was gall stones—all agreed an operation necessary, but on account of his age I was afraid to risk it. I told a friend about it who said his wife had been through the same trouble and had been cured by taking Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. I at once bought a bottle for father and he is now as strong as a bear and can eat more ham and cabbage than any 3 men." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract, and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded, at all druggists.

AMONG OLD FRIENDS

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

PORTLAND—Had Eugene Stebinger, 617 Sheffield, lived until yesterday he would have been 73 years old.

Mr. Stebinger, father of Carl Harry, Frank and Eugene, Jr., passed away quietly Tuesday afternoon, after a lingering illness, hastened by old age and an unusually active life. He was unconscious for several days.

Besides the four boys Mr. Stebinger is survived by his widow, one brother Joseph Stebinger and a sister Rose.

The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Portland crematorium.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the many friends for their loving sympathy and kind assistance in our great sorrow at the funeral of our beloved husband and father.

Mrs. A. S. Jenkins.
J. W. Jenkins and Wife.
R. E. Jenkins and Family.
F. J. Jenkins.

Men's suits cleaned and pressed, $1.50. Roseburg Cleaners, phone 172.

PATROL LEADERS TO ATTEND CONFERENCE IN PORTLAND

Five boy scout patrol leaders, Harold Thomas, George Minaret, Jack Gibbs, Andrew Fisher and Tom McDowell left this morning for Portland to attend the patrol leaders' conference being held there the last of this week. Scouts Ira Andrews and George Williams of Reedsport were to be met at Eugene. Scouts Anderson and Rusenbark of Melrose, left for the conference yesterday. The boys are accompanied by E. A. Britton, county scout executive.

What cough remedy do you prefer? Whatever it is it's here, or the specialty made by ourselves, so good, so true and beneficial, at Lloyd Crookers'.

FREE! FREE!

One 8x10 photo with every order of $6.00 or over. This offer closes Nov. 30th. Studio open Sunday afternoon. No hot air, but satisfaction. Clark's Studio, Cass Street, Roseburg Bank Building. Phone 331.

"TO TAXPAYERS"

The annual meeting of the Douglas County Taxpayers' League will be held in the Circuit Court Room at the Court House on Saturday, November 28, 1925, at 10 o'clock a. m.

An invitation to attend this meeting is extended to all taxpayers of the county.

Douglas County Taxpayers' League.

UNION REVIVAL IS PLANNED BY CHURCHES OF CITY

A union revival campaign in which the five leading protestant churches of the city will join, was approved last night at a meeting held following the union Thanksgiving service at the Christian church. Representatives of all churches were present and spoke concerning the meeting, it being the sentiment of practically all of those present that the city is ripe for an evangelistic campaign. The matter is now to be referred to the memberships of each of the church, and if approval is given a committee will be formed to arrange the details. The speaker has not yet been secured.

Heat with gas.

GLENDALE PEOPLE DISCUSS PLANS FOR NEW COURT HOUSE

Residents of Glendale are meeting at the city hall tonight to secure the sentiment of the taxpayers of that district regarding the proposition of constructing a new court house. This matter is to be brought before the taxpayers league at their meeting tomorrow morning and it is expected that there will be a great deal of interest shown in the proposition. The Glendale people are holding their own local meting to determine the attitude to be taken.

New Lamp Burns 94% Air

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. government and 30 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up; is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, V. M. Johnson, 161 North Union Ave., Portland, Ore., is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make $250 to $500 per month.

BOXING CARD AT BEND IS LIVELY

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

BEND, Ore., Nov. 27.—Earl Stolz won in a 10-round main event here last night from Fred Gilbert, piling up a big lead. Both are of Bend. Fred Greenlee, newcomer, put the veteran Sol Dean down for the count of nine two or three times, and Referee Labbee gave him the fight toward the last of the final round, the split.

The four-round events ended in knockouts, Art Bibby of The Dalles putting Mert Perry to sleep in the first canto and Young Brown of Prineville hanging the sleep producer on Bob Roberts' chin in the second. Roberts is from Portland.

Cook with gas.

TURKEY WANTS NO INTERFERENCE BY LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

LONDON, Nov. 27.—The exchange telegraph reports that the Turkish council of ministers, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, has decided to refuse compulsory arbitration by the League of Nations in the dispute with Great Britain over the Mosul territory, in northern Mesopotamia.

Instructions to that effect were given to the Turkish foreign minister, who is leaving for Geneva tomorrow, the dispatch adds.

The permanent court of international justice at The Hague last Saturday ruled that the decision of the League of Nations council in the Mosul dispute should be binding upon the parties concerned and should constitute definite determination of the frontier between Turkey and Mosul.

No chance to be lazy with one of our
Big Ben Alarm Clocks
on the job to awaken you on time.
Give yourself a square deal—buy one of these Big Ben Clocks today.
CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.
The Iron Mongers

Colds Fever Grippe
Be Quick-Be Sure
Get the right remedy—the best men know. So quick, so sure that millions now employ it. The utmost in a laxative. Bromide-Quinine in ideal form. Colds stop in 24 hours, La Grippe in 3 days. The system is cleaned and toned. Nothing compares with Hill's.
All druggists Price 30c
HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE
Get Red Box with portrait

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Dry oak stove and block wood. Phone 260J. J. O. E. Gardner.

WILL SELL or rent dwelling, 1046 corner west 1st street, and 1st avenue. Apply 220 S. Kane St.

FOR SALE—Three or four tons hay, close in, in barn. Phone G. U. Helbig, or call 407 W. Cass.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—One Toggenburg milk goat buck, 3 years old. Wm. B. Hoag, Sutherlin, Ore.

FOR SALE—1919 Ford touring with starter, cheap, or trade for goats, chickens or cows. Address "P. F." News-Review.

FOR SALE—Ford delivery, good shape, new body top. Easy payments. 225 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Two hounds. Call Sat. or Sunday. 1125 W. First St. Phone 448-R.

FOR SALE—Purebred Guernsey bull, 18 months old. Address C. C. Murphy, R. 1, Box 74, Clackamas, Oregon.

ALL AT A SACRIFICE—3 incubators, 2 250-egg cap., 1 125; 1 Sattley separator; 1 garden planter; 1 rifle, 25-20; 1 38 Iver Johnson; 1 Wizard 6-volt battery. Call at Lane St. Rooming House.

FOR SALE—30,000 "Improved Oregon" strawberry plants, $3.50 per thousand at home or $4.00 delivered in Roseburg. Nelson Andrus, Looking Glass. Phone 18-F13.

FOR SALE—Three pounds broccoli seed, grown this season, clean and graded and grown from extra select broccoli. Also good grade sorghum, this season's crop. One good brood sow, will farrow in two weeks; brings nine to eleven pigs at a litter. Also a few cords of four-foot fir wood. French Nichols, Rt. 1, Box 93, Roseburg. Phone 42F14.

6 WEANLING pigs for sale, $5 each. Phone 14F5.

FOR SALE—$125 phonograph with records at a bargain, or trade for goats or light weight hens. Address "F. P." care News-Review.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. 246 S. Parrott.

FOR RENT—Apartment, furnished close in. Inquire 328 Chadwick street.

FOR RENT—New bungalow with furnace; garage. Inquire 617 S. Pine St.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, $10 per month. Phone 219-L. Miller's Addition.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished 5-room house, garage. Close in. Inquire 329 S. Pine.

WOULD LIKE to rent small ranch equipped. Notify H. Copeland, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished modern house, adults. Phone 471-L or call 547 S. Stephens.

WANTED

WANTED — General housework. Phone 617.

WANTED—Work on ranch or wood cutting by two men. P. O. Box 54-B. Roseburg.

FURS WANTED—Highest market prices paid. Wilson Tire Shop, opposite News-Review. Bring or send to R. F. Shields.

WANTED—General house work by an experienced girl. References furnished. Box 251, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—In Roseburg Wednesday, the right curtain for the cab of a Ford truck. Finder please leave at Churchill Hardware store.

DOG LOST—White Alaska Spitz, from 431 S. Mill St., answers to name of "Wooly." Reward for return to number given.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

Chas. S. McElhinny
"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
248 North Jackson

Harry Pearce
Auto Top Manufacturing
Repairing Tops and Curtains, Upholstering of all kinds
Tent and Awning Work
Winchester St.

UMPQUA FLORISTS
Choice Cut Flowers
Flower Shop, 312 N. Jackson
Phone 630
Greenhouse, West Roseburg
Phone 40F2
WALTER CARPENTER

At Brand's
ROAD STAND
Pacific Highway 4 miles north
Open Evenings
Good Things for Thanksgiving:
Pies
Dates
Apples
Pears
Grapes
Bananas
Oranges
Pomegranates

WHEN IN ROSEBURG
STOP AT
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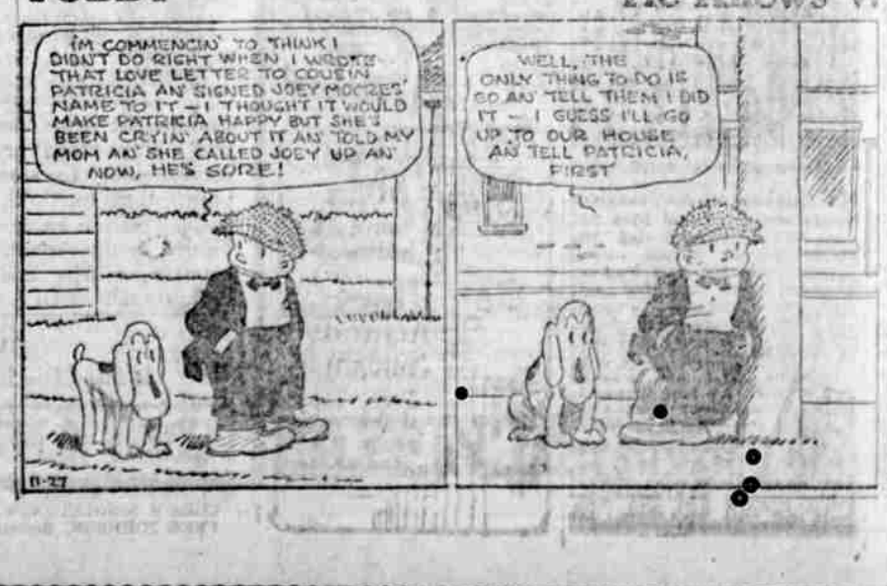
TUBBY — He Knows When He's Licked. — By WINNER