

Don't Be Too Fresh

When Salt Is So Cheap
 Half Ground, 50s 45c
 Half Ground, 100s 85c
 Ton \$16.50

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

12-inch Plow \$20.50

See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

DIET AND HEALTH

(Continued from page 2.)

opening, and there is only one proper type of answer to it, and that is this: "I'm fine! How are you?" Of course there are people who earn their living by listening to what ails others. Tell your troubles to some of that profession when you must. And pay them for it, they will listen better. (I am not in private practice. Sorry!) But refrain from holding an autopsy over your feelings to anyone else.

It is a very common failing to want to tell the first person you meet any disagreeable thing that has happened to us. It lies heavily on our minds, and we feel that we must unburden. Perhaps some one has snubbed us, or we have had a disagreeable setback in some project. Now telling the thing is not going to help in the least. It is not good psychology to tell anything disagreeable about yourself or anyone else. The sooner it leaves your consciousness (after you have gotten your lesson from it) the better.

You will probably find that the person who snubbed you did not do it intentionally, and that your setback was only something that will push you farther on in your efforts finally; but when you tell others, you tend to accentuate your troubles.

When you feel this impulse to unburden your soul about your troubles and sometimes about other things, remember "KYMS!" It may seem to you that this thing I am speaking about is a minor detail, but as a physician I tell you that it is not. There is a fearful lot of energy used in talking and those who are underweight must learn to save energy in every direction.

One more special paper to you this morning, then watch the column for more advice.
 Tomorrow—Summary of How to Gain Weight.

Heat with gas.

SUTHERLIN TO HAVE HUGE TURKEY FARM.

W. D. Valentine and Frank G. Hogan, owners of the Douglas Park Stock Ranch in Sutherlin, are planning to raise one thousand choice turkeys for the 1926 holiday trade, and with this in view one hundred head turkeys from selected stock were purchased.

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 416

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



"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. Arriving home she tells Murillo she must be freed. He rushed at her with the fire tongs.

CHAPTER 36

He came rushing toward her, the tongs up. His features were obliterated—a white flash of rage. She cried: "God! Ben don't— and flung her head back, waiting, wide-eyed, motionless, almost in a faint.

His face thrust toward her. He said frightful things. Suddenly he turned. The tongs went flying against the wall. He dashed out, slammed the door.

Silence rose, beat over her in billows. She put out her arms, going blindly across the room. Pictures and broken glass shone on the floor. She knelt, gathering the fragments, unaware that she was sobbing—praying and sobbing.

At 7 o'clock, Ida, the cook, knocked: "Dinner's spilling." She looked at Sandy compassionately: "Is Mr. Murillo gone out? Shall I wait longer?"

"He may not return till late. He was called out on business." Ida nodded. Afterwards Sandy remembered the peculiar angry expression on her face.

When it grew dark, she was a little afraid in this empty house. She heard echoes. She fancied someone stealing behind, clubbing her over the head. He might come back and do in a cold frenzy what he had failed to do in boiling, insensate anger. She had read of such things. "If I had returned in this mood he would kill her. She considered this. She kept whispering with harsh, tightened breath: "I'm not afraid—not afraid—I don't need to stay here. Why should I stay?"

Several times she put on her hat, intending to visit her mother. But at 10 o'clock when it was late, when the house and the sky and the hills were swallowed in a dark, moonless quiet, her hesitance appeared madness. What was she waiting for? That he might come and beat her to death? Take up those tongs and swing them down on her head?

She crept to the fire place. She picked them up quickly, flew toward the bed, was about to thrust them under the mattress. A step in the hall—at her door.

Her voice and the power of emotion vanished. She crouched, gasped with terror.

The door pushed open.

"Oh," she cried, dropping the tongs and fell against the pillows, screaming with laughter.

Ida entered with a tray: "You didn't eat your dinner, dearie. I've brought a little sandwich. What's the matter?"

"Frightens me! Might have killed you, Ida!"

Ida picked up the tongs, stared at them curiously.

Sandy tried to bring a smile over her face, now pitifully drawn and white: "You see—I'm afraid. Being alone, I'm afraid. Wanted the tongs handy in case a burglar came. Are you afraid, Ida?"

Ida put the tongs under her copious arms: "I'll take these, dearie. I'll watch out for the burglars. There won't be any. Just you lock your door and get a good rest."

She was awake nearly all the night. No question now as to her future. Anyone could see this—She covered her ears against the clash of accusation. Everyone would not see her side! Three months of joy and she had come home and insulted him! They would see that!

No matter — no matter! She

would be free of him now. They couldn't stop her.

She lay rigid, her hands over her face. Was it hard to get a divorce? If he fought, might she lose it? Could the law compel her to remain with him?

She saw herself running away, pushing of her mother's soft, warm hands, shutting out her mother's voice—

She grew weak with emotion.

All morning, all afternoon she waited. Breathless and stifled with suspense. He would release her. She became certain of this. He would get the divorce—perhaps was already getting it. He would cut her off without a penny and think he was revenging her. She became light-hearted imagining this. What else could he do? Even a madman would realize it—

The third day she was in the garden.

He came. Languid, assured as though nothing had happened. The formal, half sneering quiet of his manner disarmed her.

"Good morning," he said coldly. "I've come to talk over important matters. Would you mind coming to the living room? You needn't be afraid."

She answered haughtily: "I'm not afraid!" and followed him. He sat at the oblong table, motioned for her to sit opposite. He smiled, tried to pull his coat sleeve over his cuff.

Watching, she could hardly keep from crying. Once she had looked at this man romantically. She had fancied him kneeling at her feet, kissing her hand, pleading with poetic fervor for her love. And finally his dreamy eyes would move her because of their tenderness. In a beautiful pity she would at last yield to him.

She shrank from these terrible memories as from shames. She turned her face so that she would not see his red, parted lips and the lank hair falling over his forehead.

"You want to be free?"

"Yes."

"I like to hear your demands."

"I ask you to free me. You can charge desertion. You can say I refuse to live with you. I ask nothing except my freedom."

He held his long, yellow hands before him, the fingers touching. He said, smiling with insinuation: "Rather clever in you to wait until you had a three thousand dollar vacation, wasn't it?"

Hot blood stained her cheeks. She said with a violent quiet: "I wouldn't have needed that vacation if you had treated me right!"

He leaned against the table, his long mouth curling: "If I had treated you right? You would allow me to support you, but I mustn't regard you as my wife! I must be glad to build a home for you, clothe you, feed you, give you my name!"

With each phrase he pushed nearer to her. "And you'll give me nothing? Sacred! You married me! You weren't drugged. You sit there and tell me I didn't treat you right!"

She closed her eyes, turning her head to avoid the heat of his enraging breath.

"Speak! Answer me! Did you think I needed to marry you if I was not to look at you? What did you think it meant to be my wife?"

She pushed her chair, accented him, flaming with humiliation. Her voice rose and sobbed, growing wild with the stormy repetitions.

"I knew what it meant to be your wife when I came back to you! I knew what it meant when I came into this house! I would have stood it. Oh, God, I would even be your wife. I did stand it. I was your wife. I never denied you. I would be wife to you yet. That wasn't enough! You had to kill it—you killed the child! You think I'll come back to you now—after that—"

He leaned on his hands, his jaws dropping apart, a blue mottled pallor going like a wash over his face. He began to nod slowly: "You tell me I killed the child?"

She backed from him, pressing her hands against her mouth. She shivered, remembering the little cold body laid against her breast.

"Yes—you killed it—"

He got up and walked around the table, confronting her: "And that's why you want your freedom. Ha! That's why you want to leave me? Because I killed the child!"

He laid his hands on her shoulders—cleared them. He began to shake her: "I killed it, did I—I killed it—and you want your freedom!"

She flung her hands up against him: "You can't frighten me! There's nothing to fear! NOTHING!"

She closed her eyes against the hideous smiling of his lips.

"But you want to be free?"

"I'm going to be free!"

"You'll never be free. Never. Remember that!"

AMONG OLD FRIENDS

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

ASHLAND — It is with much regret that the public will receive the news that Claude C. Cate, county agent, has resigned, the resignation being officially announced Wednesday, although close friends have been aware that Mr. and Mrs. Cate and children will remove to Glendale, Cal., a day or so after Christmas, where he will engage in business. Mr. Cate is the best known county agent and the oldest in point of service in Oregon, and has long borne the reputation of being one of the ablest of the state's county agents.

MEDFORD — Rev. J. B. Coan, pastor of the South Methodist church of Medford for two years and formerly prominent in religious and civic affairs in the community, announced his resignation to take effect December 1. Mr. Coan has accepted appointment as superintendent and executive secretary of the Wesley hospital at Marshfield, a new institution of the Oregon conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

It is time now to have it made, to avoid the holiday rush. It will save a dozen gift problems. The Roseburg Studio, Salmann Bldg., 129 Jackson, Phone 462.

WESTERN LANE, DOUGLAS AND NORTH COOS TO PLAY

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Nov. 28. —Western Lane, western Douglas and northern Coos Counties have organized for high school basketball during the winter with six games for each team in the league, which comprises five high schools. Mapleton, Lakeside, Smith River, Reedsport and Florence. They start playing on December 12.

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS

Gas will be shut off Sunday from 2 to 4 from Washington street to 10th Creek bridge.

SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CO.

AGED REEDSPORT MAN AND SON FREED ON THE CHARGE OF HAVING STILL

REEDSPORT, Ore., Nov. 28. — J. W. Sionaker and son, Roy, were released on instructions of the deputy district attorney after being brought here on charges in connection with the discovery of two stills near their home on Five Mile Creek, near Kroll. They were taken into custody by State Prohibition Officers Young and Dunn and Deputy Sheriff Grubb.

Two stills were found in a cave not far distant from the Sionaker home, the only path to the cave being from the Sionaker place. Sionaker is quite aged, wearing a long white beard. He and his son disclaimed ownership, saying another man whose name they did not give owned the stills.

CAR RECOVERED.

A Dodge touring car belonging to James Newland, and stolen from High Whipple, on Thanksgiving Day, was recovered last night at Grants Pass, according to word received this morning by Sheriff Starmer. The car was abandoned on one of the streets of Grants Pass.

Order your Christmas announcements right now and pay for them any time during December. News-Review office.

COOLIDGE MAY SOON GET DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

(Associated Press Special Wire.)

PLAINVILLE, Conn., Nov. 28. —John Coolidge, son of President and Mrs. Coolidge, and William R. Steele of Rochester, N. Y., class mates at Amherst College, are house guests of Governor and Mrs. Trumbull at the Trumbull home here. The young men attended a dinner and reception last night in honor of Miss Florence Trumbull, the governor's eldest daughter, on her twenty-first birthday.

END BUNION PAIN FOREVER

No Need to Suffer Another Day Those Agonizing Torturing Pains

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to reduce inflamed, swollen toe joints and get them down to normal and that is to apply Moore's Emerald Oil night and morning and people who suffer from such enlargements would be wise to reduce them before they reach a more or less chronic stage.

Ask any first class druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces lasts a long time and furthermore if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded.

Special note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Emerald Oil at once. Applied night and morning as directed they will quickly continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal.

FREE! FREE!

One 5x10 photo with every order of \$4.00 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.

SPECIAL MUSIC AT THE ANTLERS THEATRE.

Donald Parker, violinist, will play a selection from "The Merry Widow" at the Antlers Theatre Sunday and Monday nights as an added attraction for the film production "The Merry Widow". A special musical score has also been arranged by him to accompany the picture.

A few of those large all-copper wash boilers left. Get yours at Powell's Furniture Co.

ROSEBURG BOY MAKING GOOD AT NAVY SCHOOL.

Louis Miles of this city has been made an instructor in the navy radio school at San Diego, according to word received here today by his parents. The young man recently completed the radio course with high honors, and has now been given a commission as an instructor. He has made a good mark for himself in athletics and is a member of the school basketball team.

Men's suits cleaned and pressed, \$1.50. Roseburg Cleaners, phone 472.

UNION MEETING TO BE DISCUSSED ON SUNDAY.

The advisability of a Union Evangelistic Campaign, which has been discussed for some time will be discussed further in the churches tomorrow. Some of the churches have already voted favorably on the matter, and some which have not voted will place the matter before their congregations for a vote tomorrow morning. There seems to be a strong sentiment in favor of such a meeting providing the right man can be found to conduct the campaign.

Any farm machine that you wish to order now for spring delivery can come in our carload shipment direct from the factory. This saving on freight and the discount will mean better than 10 per cent on the cost. Let us quote you the prices. Wharton Bros.

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DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 a. m.

Precipitation in Ins. & Hundreds Highest temperature yesterday 57 Lowest temperature last night 47 Precipitation last 24 hours .0 Total precip. since 1st month .207 Normal precip. for this month 4.27 Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1925, to date 5.63 Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1925, to date 7.51 Total deficiency from Sept. 1, 1925, to date 1.83 Average precipitation for 46 wet seasons, (September to May inclusive) \$1.48 Unsettled, probably rain tonight and Sunday, normal temperature. W. M. BELL, Meteorologist.

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

Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Curtain stretchers. Inquire of J. Blosser, Umpqua Hotel.

FOR SALE—Small portable saw-mill or will trade for livestock. A. V. Ady, Myrtle Creek.

FOR SALE—Christmas trees, from 25c up. Delivered to Roseburg. Herman Schulze, Brockway.

LEST WE FORGET—The Roseburg Book Store has a supply of Dr. Banks' fine new book.

WILL SELL or rent dwelling, 1946 corner west 1st street, and 1st avenue. Apply 220 S. Kane St.

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

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

FOR SALE—White Leghorn and Blue Jersey Giant pullets. Potatoes, 43 per hundred. A. E. Rutter, Phone 442.

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

FOR SALE—Packard mahogany piano-cased organ. Eighty-eight keys. Price \$50, 1034 E. 5th St., N., or phone 426-LI.

FOR SALE—30,000 Improved Oregon strawberry plants, \$3.50 per thousand at home or \$4.00 delivered in Roseburg. Nelson Angus, Looking Glass. Phone 15813.

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 cards of four-foot fir wood. French Nichols, Rt. 1, Box 95, Roseburg, Phone 421F4.

WANTED

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

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Gold pencil. Owner may have same by identifying it and paying for this ad. News-Review.

LOST—Nov. 17, between Ten Mile and Camas Mt., one large sofa pillow, green top and black brocade plush back, black satin sash with yellow dots. Reward. Return to News-Review.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

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: Vines Dates Apples Pears Grapes Bananas Oranges Pomegranates

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

(a Combined Treatment), both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

ed last week and taken to the stock ranch. Mr. Valentine will go to Eugene this week where he will select twelve gobblers to add to the flock, says the Sutherlin Sun.

Five acres of the big ranch have been set aside for a turkey park. This is being fenced with woven wire. The fence will be eight feet high, including one foot underground for the purpose of keeping out snakes and squirrels, which are very fond of young turkeys and chickens.

An expert turkey raiser has been engaged to give his entire time to looking after these turkeys, and he expects to have at least one thousand of these birds roaming over the ranch during the coming summer. This will undoubtedly be the largest flock of turkeys in the county.

It is a source of much satisfaction to residents of Sutherlin that this big ranch, which has been practically unproductive for years, is to become a real producer of high grade hogs, cattle, sheep, goats, turkeys and other stock. Messrs. Valentine and Hogan are showing a spirit of progress which is most commendable and what they are doing is bound to attract attention of home-seekers and investors to Sutherlin Valley.

LISTEN

Candy—an excellent Thanksgiving gift. Never has gone wrong and couldn't be any better. Buy the quality we get fresh every week at Lloyd Crocker's.

NEBRASKA STUDENTS OVER-RIDE FACULTY; CELEBRATE

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 27.—Students of the University of Nebraska celebrated yesterday's football victory over Notre Dame with a forced holiday today, which was officially declared after thousands of cheering students disrupted classes, forcing instructors out of the classroom.

School was dismissed Thursday in observance of Thanksgiving but orders had been given by University authorities that classes would be held as usual today.

Students, having carried their celebration well into the night and morning, gathered in front of one of the larger class buildings instead of attending classes and the rally became more enthusiastic. A snake dance and parade were held in the various halls.

Snappy line of both engraved and printed announcements at reasonable prices at News-Review office.

This mark on every Genuine FISH BRAND SLICKER

Patented in U.S.A. and Foreign Countries

J. J. TOWER CO. ROSEBURG, OREGON

TUBBY

DOGGOJAWIT I WISH I HADN'T WRITTEN THAT LOVE LETTER TO COUSIN PATRICIA AND SIGNED JOEY MOORE'S NAME TO IT. I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE PATRICIA HAPPY BUT IT ONLY MADE HER CRY AN SHE TOLD MOM AN MOM CALLED JOEY UP ON THE TELEPHONE ABOUT IT AN NOW THEY'RE ALL MAD AS HORNETS - I'M GONNA GO AN TELL THEM I WROTE IT AN' HAVE IT OVER WITH

MOM, ARE YOU AN PATRICIA STILL TRYIN TO FIND OUT WHO WROTE THAT LETTER TO HER?

I SHOULD SAY WE ARE I'M GOING TO TUG THE WHOLE MATTER OVER TO THE POLICE

AND WHEN WE FIND HIM I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE'S TREATED ROUGH

Misery Loves No Company.

OH MY! OH MY! WHAT'LL I DO NOW?

HOW OFTEN DO I HASTA TELL YOU THAT YOU DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE? SO GO ON AN GET OUT!

By WINNER

OH MY! OH MY! WHAT'LL I DO NOW?

HOW OFTEN DO I HASTA TELL YOU THAT YOU DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE? SO GO ON AN GET OUT!