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Wednesday, December 16th

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG-OAKLAND

"SANDY"

BY ELENORE MEMERIN

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY SO FAR:

Sandy McNeil, in love with life, marries Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tyranny by Murillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies at birth. Bob McNeil, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets Ramon Worth, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Murillo declares he will never release her. Judith Moore, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a tryst with Ramon. Follows a clash over her promise to her sick mother to give up plans for divorce.

Go on with the story from here:

AMONG OLD FRIENDS

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

PORTLAND—Violet Ollinghouse, 6, daughter of Mrs. F. Ollinghouse, 145 East Twenty-fifth street, suffered a compound fracture of the right leg when she was run down by a truck at East Twenty-fifth and Belmont streets Monday night. The girl was taken to Portland sanitarium. The driver of the truck, which bystanders said belonged to the Riverview dairy, had not reported the accident at 10:30 last night.

MARSHFIELD—Jim O'Hara, age about 60, of Reedsport, was found dead in his bed in Reedsport Saturday evening, according to report. E. C. Thuerwacher of the Thuerwacher undertaking parlors cared for the body in Reedsport. The body will be left in Reedsport until an answer is received from his deceased relatives in Wisconsin.

It was said that Mr. O'Hara formerly lived in North Bend, but no record of his having lived there was found this afternoon. It is believed that death came to the deceased suddenly, though the cause was not learned.

The Baptist Ladies Aid society will meet at the church on Thursday afternoon. Those wishing to contribute to the Christmas box for the Indians, please bring articles to this meeting, or to Sunday school next Sunday. Toys, candy, soap, beads, etc., are needed. Old clothing acceptable.

GHOSTS OF CZARISTIC FAMILY HAUNT THE SOVIET MINISTER.

WARSAW, Dec. 10.—(A. P.)—Soviet minister to Warsaw, and his wife are having a hard time breaking into Warsaw's diplomatic society because of his alleged participation in the murder of the tsar.

At first the Polish government was unwilling to accept Volkoff, but when the Soviet officials denied the minister's hands were bloody, he was received.

The book of Judge Sokoloff, who investigated the murder, however, included the photograph of a document, alleged to have been signed by Volkoff, asking for gasoline to burn the bodies of the czaristic family. It became difficult for the minister to get it.

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fruit for diplomats and their wives to ignore this. Many of the wives declined to meet Madame Volkoff and the matter became the subject of diplomatic representations. At least one Scandinavian government offered apologies to Moscow for the snubbing given Madame Volkoff by the wife of its minister.

Madam Volkoff left Warsaw temporarily and upon her return apparently rebuffed her social ambitions, with the result that the boycott against her has been relaxed somewhat.

Candy canes made to order, any size. Place your orders early. Palace of Sweets, Phone 76.

RESTORE RIVERS TO OLD BEDS TO AID CHINA'S EDUCATION

PEKING, Dec. 9.—(A. P.)—Superstition has caused Kuo Chuen-yen, a Hongkong millionaire, to donate \$200,000 for the restoration of two rivers to their original channels.

At Ni-Shan, in Shantung province birthplaces of Confucius, the Chu and See are silted up, thus, according to superstition, being responsible for a gradual decline in classical learning in China.

Mr. Kuo therefore decided to assist classical education by having the streams dredged and returned to their original beds.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

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

GREEK AND LATIN SHOW POPULARITY GAIN IN SCHOOLS.

URBANA, Ill., Dec. 10.—Greek and Latin may be dead languages, but they are showing surprising vigor in resisting efforts to have them shoved off the college curriculum in favor of "practical" subjects.

Reports from widely separated sections of the country, he states, indicate a steady increase, both in the secondary schools and in the colleges, of students taking these courses.

Coincident with this, is an urgent call for teachers of classical subjects and an inadequate supply of prepared teachers to answer the call.

"Last year," Dean Canter continues, "the demand for such teachers could not be met in New York, Missouri, Texas, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois and Ohio."

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ROSEBURG, OREGON

Mrs. McNeil was sitting in the big back room—Sandy's brother's room but he was seldom home. She sat near the window, framed in a patch of sunlight. Little curls straggled on her plump, rosy neck as she looked her head over a stocking she darned.

Alice came in with a sharp: "Mamma! What are you doing? You know you're not to exert yourself."

Mrs. McNeil made a furtive gesture of concealment, recovered and smiled appealingly: "This won't hurt me, dear. I noticed your father wore one with a big hole near the toe."

"It won't hurt him to have a hole in his sock once in thirty-five years. Why didn't he show it to me?"

"He wasn't complaining. He didn't say a word. He just put it on, hole and all."

"Well, he didn't need to stand where you could see it! I'm sure he's a martyr!" Alice took the darning from her mother. With a shrewish kindness she plumped the pillows, snapped off a loose thread in the worn matting and with a warning: "Now rest!" resigned the dust rag to Sandy.

Mrs. McNeil folded her little full hands and sighed: "I'm afraid Alice will be very harsh to your father, when I'm gone, Sandy."

Sandy ran the dust rag slowly over the black walnut chiffonier. In its mirror she saw her mother's face with that resigned smile; saw her mother raise a hand and wipe tears from her eyes.

Crying because she might go and Angus would be left with holes in his socks? Alice might not be kind to him. But it would be Alice's duty to minister to her father. Alice, at 22, should be willing to forget herself completely. She would accept joyously and sweetly the fulfillment of Isabel's life.

No one would question this! Why if Sandy were now to say aloud the flashing things she was thinking, Isabel would stare blankly. If Sandy were to say: "Why should Alice be glad to live your life, mother? Why should you blame her if she's harsh? Was Angus very gentle when he broke up Alice's life?" If Sandy said this, her mother would stare in hurt, shocked silence, as at some ruthless heretic.

Didn't the parent have the right to guide a child? Didn't the parent know what was for the child's good?

Mrs. McNeil believed this. It was her duty to raise her children according to her beliefs. It was their duty to follow.

"Yes," thought Sandy hotly, "they had the right to prevent Alice from marrying Teddy. He wasn't her equal. He wasn't a mate for a McNeil! They interfered to save Alice. The fact that she didn't want to be saved was of no moment. Isabel and Angus wished her to be saved from this reckless ness! That was more important than poor Ally's love."

Sandy opened the drawers, closing them with a little bang. Her mother sighed loudly. This meant Isabel wished to talk.

"She wants to talk about me," thought Sandy, becoming more and more heated. "She wants to tell me what my duty is and make sure I'm willing to follow it. Yes! They had a right to live Alice's life for her. Now, of course, they have a right to live mine!"

She had often heard her mother say: "I've sacrificed my life for your father's sacrifice his life for your children." And she had been saddened by these words many times. They had oppressed her because these two had brought her here at such terrific cost to themselves.

But now, watching her mother—seeing her mopping the tears, hearing her audible sighs, Sandy had a feeling of aversion. They hadn't given life freely, gladly. They hadn't poured themselves out for their children. Hadn't forgotten themselves—EVER! They hadn't said: "We did the best we could—lived according to our lights. Now the life is yours. Go it bravely, fearlessly. May your light be fuller, clearer, sharper."

No! They wanted Alice to see only as they saw; wanted Sandy to walk as Isabel would have walked. They wanted a kind of earthly immortality—their thoughts, their feelings, their beliefs perpetuated without change; without growth.

Because Isabel felt it the duty of a wife to "surrender"; obey; to have no thought for sweetness or joy in love, then Sandy too must believe this the nobler way. She must put aside all thought of escape and ask God to send her children as a compensation.

Sandy now shook the mat at the window. She felt stifled as though someone sucked the breath from her. Her mother was a kind of monstrous amoeba seeking to absorb her children. Because they had once been identified with the fabric of her body, she expected to keep them one with the fabric of her mind and heart—always. They were not entitled to any separate identity conflicting with hers.

Her mother was speaking: "The room's dusted enough. Come over and sit here."

"I'll tell her now," Sandy thought. "I'll make her see it."

Mrs. McNeil rested her head on the pillows, opened her eyes: "Sandy dear, do you mind if I ask? Are you happy?"

"Oh, why not! A little row now and then doesn't cramp my style any."

"Won't you sit where I can see you, dear? Your face is flushed."

Sandy thought eagerly: "Because a man kissed me! Because I'm glad about it!" But she said: "It's a long walk and there's a sharp wind blowing, Isabel."

"Why didn't you have Ben drive you here?" Her mother now peered narrowly in Sandy's face. "He would have been glad to do it, wouldn't he? Wouldn't you answer?"

"Yes—" breathlessly—"Why did you tell HIM of that, mother?"

"What do you mean?"

"It is between us. I promised you—"

Isabel blinked. Her soft face took on a gentle, injured look. She spoke very softly, chidingly: "I thought it would make it easier for you—thought he would understand—I only want my children to be happy. I think only of your good. It didn't do any harm, did it?"

Sandy was about to answer: "No. You only made it impossible for me to keep that promise. You only gave him a weapon against you—"

But she chanced to look at her mother, bowed over a little, the soft, double chin resting on her neck. Such a homesy, gentle-looking body. To Sandy she now appeared massive, immovable, relentless. It would do no good to talk to Isabel. She would weep. She would come back tenaciously to her stand. She was right, so Sandy must be wrong. Her mother would cling to her tenacity with blind obstinacy as only those of limited intelligence can cling.

She would bend and insist as long as there remained breath in her body. Suppose Ben Murillo didn't like Sandy's friends? She was young enough to make friends he would accept. Suppose he did raise fire-trongs against her? She mustn't provoke him!

Sandy got up: "I must go to lunch, Isabel. You needn't worry about me. I'm happy. That's my nature!"

She thought, as she stirred the broth: "This is my affair. I'll meet it."

No good to tell Isabel. She would only get excited—begin to breathe in that quick, gasping way. Alice would come flying into the room, glare at Sandy, saying it was just like her selfishness to spring her own problems the first day poor ma sat up!

She left early. She went through the store where a real estate broker had his office. In the back room of this building she hoped to find her uncle, Bob McNeil.

He sat at a great flat-topped desk his feet on the top of it, a book in his hands. His dark face, like the pictures of those dashing Spanish dons, lighted up as Sandy entered.

She sat herself on the desk, making her tone off-hand: "A novel, Bob? You're not very serious! But you do know the law, don't you?"

"Is that a compliment or an insult? Yes I know it."

He put down his book, closing it slowly: "For yourself, Sandy?"

She could scarcely breathe: "Yes. Don't tell me not to. I'm go-

INTERSTATE BODY PREFERS CONGRESS UNITE RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(A. P.)—Congress was asked today by the Interstate Commerce Commission to repeal the law requiring it to work out a plan for consolidation of all the country's railroads into a score or so of systems. At the same time, it suggested that the sections of the transportation act which contemplate the gradual consolidation of existing railroads into fewer systems be strengthened and extended, with the commission retaining power to approve or disapprove the mergers undertaken.

In its other annual recommendations to congress, the commission repeated suggestions that a penal statute be enacted to punish shippers who bribe railroad employees to obtain car service; and that the sections of the merchant marine law which provide preference for American shipping in the maintenance of export and import rates be modified.

Reviewing its routine work for the fiscal year, the commission said that railroad earnings were still below a fair return standard on the basis of the value of property but that better results were in prospect for the present fiscal year. Railroads in 1924, it pointed out, failed to obtain as much net income as they did in 1915, in spite of traffic and investment increases.

See the display of Christmas cards now and plan to make early selections for best choice at Lloyd Crocker's Drug Store.

AMERICAN COMMONS PROVE POPULAR AMONG FRENCHMEN

PARIS, Dec. 10.—(A. P.)—France has gone in for American commons and the first will be thrown open here next spring.

M. Forester, on a visit to the United States, was greatly impressed with the system of commons in vogue in some of the larger cities, especially in Boston.

Returning to France, he entered negotiations with the National committee on sports and as a result Bagatelle, located in the beautiful Bois-de-Boulogne and heretofore devoted to polo, was selected for development into a common.

AID SOCIETY WILL HOLD PRE-CHRISTMAS BAZAAR DEC. 11-12

A pre-Christmas bazaar, at which will be offered a wide variety of fancy work, house dresses, and dainty articles of all kinds, suitable for Christmas gifts, will be held on Friday and Saturday, December 11 and 12 at Newland and Son's Lodge Brothers' garage at the corner of Stephens and Cass streets. The bazaar is being given by the Ladies Aid society of the Christian church and will be one of the largest they have ever held.

In addition to the fancy and hand work to be offered, there will be a sale of cooked foods, including chicken tamales. The sale will be open at 9 o'clock each morning, continuing throughout the day. No phone orders taken.

CONK WILD GRASS FINDS MOVIE ACTING HAS MORE THRILLS THAN DANCING.

BERLIN, December 10.—Tamarra Karavina, idol of lovers of the artistic dance, has gone into the movies because she finds film acting more exciting than dancing.

The wonderful thing about film acting is that one always feels as though it were a first night performance," she said. "Everything is final, never to be repeated. The least important role requires short but complete concentration. There is a charm of creative acting about it that is nowhere to be found on the stage."

London, New York, Berlin and other large cities, however, will continue to see Karavina's unique dances, because dancing, after all, is her life's work.

GENERAL WOOD ATHLETIC ENCOURAGES THE PHILIPPINES.

MANILA, Dec. 9.—Governor General Leonard Wood, always anxious to get it. Nothing else can be done.

"I won't tell you not to."

"Can you get it for me? I've got to have it—I've got to—"

"I don't know why we can't."

enthusiasm in sports, has issued a statement to encourage athletics in all important governmental as well as in private organizations in order that a broader field from which to select Philippine representatives in international contests may be available.

Among the organizations named as potential sources of strong athletes are the United States Army and Navy, the Philippine constabulary, the Manila city police, and government bureau employees.

The governor general urges early preparations for the training of Philippine representatives in the Far Eastern Olympic games, which are to be held in Peking in 1927.

POLICE DOG'S REPUTATION FOR CATCHING CROOKS CRITICIZED.

BERLIN, Dec. 9.—Konrad Most, of the Union of Shepherd Dog Owners of Eisenach, declares the German police dog would never attain the results it does if deprived of the officer leading it. He cited 48 tests before police authorities and scientific experts in which the dogs failed in their tasks when their leaders were absent.

Realization of the dog's ultimate inadequacy in this respect led the German army command to interdict its further employment during war.



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Classified Section

ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

FOR SALE	FOR RENT
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FOR SALE—Cook stove. J. H. Williams, Elgarose, Ore.	FOR RENT—2 room furnished apartment. 646 S. Pine.
FOR SALE—Pine Fox Terrier pups, cheap. Phone 356-R.	FOR RENT—Furnished 3-room apartment. 605 S. Stephens.
CHRISTMAS TREES for sale. Any size. Phone 615-J.	FOR RENT—Good six-room house. Close in. Inquire 175 Hoover St.
FOR SALE—Canned fruit. Mrs. R. B. Stovall, 1002 Prospect St.	NICELY furnished apartment for rent. 343 S. Stephens. Phone 553-J.
FOR SALE—A good second hand range, cheap if taken at once. Phone 416-J.	FOR RENT—Heated sleeping rooms, close in. Call at 319 S. Pine St.
FOR SALE—Old fir block wood, \$3.50 per tier. Phone 14F15. Melton Bros.	FOR RENT—Five-room furnished house. Inquire 847 S. Stephens. Phone 471-L.
FOR SALE OR RENT—4-room house in Miller's Addition. Inquire at Goettel's store.	FOR RENT—3-room apartment, modern, wood and gas range. 231 W. Lane. Phone 64-K.
FOR SALE or trade, apartment house with seven apartments. Call at 246 S. Parrott.	FOR RENT—Two large well furnished housekeeping rooms. Private front entrance. Close to 431 S. Main.
FOR SALE—Wood cards, imported from Finland; \$1.55 post paid. John Nylund, North Bend.	
WILL SELL or rent dwelling, 1946 corner west 1st street, and 1st avenue. Apply 229 S. Kane St.	
FOR SALE—E of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 section 12 T. 29, R. 7. Make me an offer. L. R. Barto. Thompson Falls, Montana.	
WOOD FOR SALE—Fir block, \$3.00; oak block, \$3.50; oak stove, \$4; 12-in. fir, \$2.00, delivered. Phone 497.	
FOR SALE—Bed and springs, \$25.00; silk floor mattress, practically new, \$18.00; dresser, \$17; coal oil stove, three burner and oven, \$5.00. 124 Brockway St.	
FOR SALE—1 Stradivari upright phonograph. Has 65 records, cost \$225. Will sell for \$75. Excellent condition. Violin tone. Box 135, Yoncalla, Ore.	
FOR SALE—Dry oak stove and block wood. Good bug body and commercial body; ton and half Republic truck in good running order, or trade for touring car, or terms on cash sale. Phone 250-J. East Douglas.	
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, year to pay. HANSEN CHEVROLET CO. CATCHING'S GUARANTEED USED CARS— 1922 Ford touring — \$185 1921 Ford sedan — 225 1918 Dodge touring — 225 1919 Dodge touring — 275 1924 Chevrolet touring — 350 1926 Tudor Ford sedan — 715 1922 Dodge sedan — 899 Roy Catching Motor Co. Hudson- Essex Dealer.	

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EXPERIENCED ironer wants work in your home. Phone 484-L.

WANTED—Two men to do staking. Phone 42F25. C. F. Dyar.

ALL kinds of sewing, men's shirts a specialty. 825 Miller St. Phone 469-L.

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

HEMSTITCHING 5 and 6 cents, work guaranteed. 217 S. Stephens, south of Rose hotel. Phone 625. Mrs. Hill.

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STRAYED from Winston, dog, part Airedale, light tan curly hair, long tail. Very timid. Reward. Mrs. G. J. Bacher, Phone 3FF.

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