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# GALLOWAYS WILL END CHAPMAN'S LIFE ON MARCH 3, NEXT

(Associated Press Local Wire)

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 15.—Gerald Chapman, mail robber and slayer of a policeman, must die on the gallows on March 3 unless the United States supreme court saves him.

Federal Judge Thomas yesterday denied Chapman's contention in habeas corpus proceedings. Chapman sought to return to Atlanta to serve a 25 year sentence for mail robbery before Connecticut could carry out the death sentence. His counsel have indicated he

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We Will Sell on EASY TERMS Hansen Chevrolet Co. Phone 448

# "SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

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. She appeals to Bob for aid in a divorce action and he tells her she has no grounds. Sandy determines to make her own living. When she learns Murillo will not be in town over the week-end, she plans to give a party for her old friends. Murillo surprises her by appearing at the party.

Go on with the story from here:

## CHAPTER 51

Murillo passed his hand over his face, waiting the smoke. "Whew! Quite a party. Smells like a roadhouse." "Don't be so optimistic, Benny. Resemblance ends with the smell unless you've a mind to treat us." Sandy stared, hypnotized at Murillo's narrowed and glowing eyes. They were fixed on the cigarette lighted in her fingers. "If he starts anything," she thought desperately, "I'll finish it! What brought him back? What in the name of heaven brought him back?"

"You seem to have treated yourselves quite well." "Yes! Alice cut in acidly. "We brought our own."

"Indeed," she smiled slowly, moving to Sandy's place as though the lighted cigarette were a magnet. "Put that down," he said quietly.

She smiled up at him, raised it to her lips. "Put it down—now!"

The girls around the table pretended not to see or hear. They began talking loudly in haphazard tenacity.

"You heard me, Sandy. Put down that cigarette and do it now." Fire swept to her temples. "I'm smoking this cigarette."

She reached down quickly, pinching her fingers with a sharp twist, so that the cigarette fell to the table.

She turned white as death, the smile freezing on her lips. She sat down a moment with her eyes down, pale, trembling, stifled. Then she stood up with a shriek: "Suppose we go into the living room?"

She swept past Murillo as though he didn't exist. "Don't mind him," she said with an attempted blitheness. "He sees red when I smoke. Just one of his old-fashioned prejudices. Give us a tune, May."

And she began to whistle, swaying her shoulders. But what could see him now sitting at the dining room table. Ida was bringing in coffee and a plate piled with chicken. He took up one of the cordial glasses, held it to the light—sniffed it. Sandy bit her lips.

"Can we smoke in here?" said Ella Rivers with a clumsy attempt to make light of the incident.

"Of course—it's only Ben's precious wife who must smell of lavender." She closed her eyes, seeing him going into the kitchen—perhaps to find out about the cordial—find the bottle—

"Say, it's eleven! My sweetie will be waiting. I've got to wander," said Edna Stacy.

Sandy laughed with relief. Going—there were going because Murillo had come home and made a scene—but they were going, she ran up to her room, talking gaily, picking up their wraps.

All this while Alice, with flashing eyes and constrained mouth, kept watching Sandy. "You won't mind driving me home, May?" She now asked and purposely delayed till the others were gone.

She walked grimly to the door. Then she turned on Sandy. "Where is he?"

"In his room. Didn't you hear the door bang?"

"What's the matter with him? You're a fine spineless wonder, swallowing that kind of stuff. Do you suppose that bluff of yours got by?"

"I'm not trying to put over any bluff." "You're not? He sees red when you smoke! Do you think any of us fell for that? Do you

realize that he never greeted a single one of your guests? And he knows them all. 'Whew! Smells like a roadhouse!' No thanks to him if it does! He might just as well have ordered us all out. He practically did. And you take it."

"What was she to do? I don't see what else she could do but try to pass it off," said May Arliss, sickened by the blanched, stark look of Sandy's face.

Sandy drew herself up—stiff—her eyes filling. "I'm not trying to pass it off, May. I've finished with covering up Ben Murillo's meanness. I've never had a crowd here because of him. I tried to pass that thing off tonight because I didn't want to make it more unpleasant for everyone. He'd stoop to insult. I wasn't going to help him insult the people I care about. He's done it. Now you all know. And if you think I'm trying to cover up, I'm not."

"He's my husband. He won't release me, but if you think I'll defend him, I won't. And you can tell it wherever you please. And what you saw tonight, you can exaggerate by a thousand and you won't know the half of his stinky meanness. And if you think, May, that I've turned snob and refused invitations from the old friends, Murillo surprises me. I just haven't got a five-cent piece to my name."

"And I've got to stick here till I'm equipped to earn my own living. It won't be much longer. If I'm spineless I wish someone would tell me what else I can do." Alice swallowed. "Where did that creme de cocoa come from? I saw him looking at the glasses. What will he do?"

Sandy leaned against the open door. "Nothing that can bother me."

"Well, I hate going home and leaving you like this." "Almost two years—I guess I can stand a few more nights."

They went down the steps reluctantly. They stood at the machine talking a moment, then May Arliss ran back: "I could stay all night if you want, Sandy."

"Why May? No. But thanks." She listened dumbly to the shifting of the gears, waved. And she let the breeze blow the mist in her face. She thought of Ramon down there in the shadows waiting. She longed to rush out and hide away—be hidden and covered with their quick, warm sweetness.

"If I go now," she thought grimly, "I won't come back—I'll never come back—"

She closed the door softly, turned. She stood still—very still—her flesh clammy and cold. Murillo stood at the door of the living room. He leaned there, his arms folded.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I've been here."

"Have you?"

"All the time. So you're taken to stealing liquor, have you? You have a key to my cellar? You didn't expect me here. I didn't expect to be here. I'm lucky, it seems." He tapped his foot.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"You took that liquor from my cellar?"

"I took it! That's nothing to what I'll take in the future. You're keeping me here. You'll pay for that. And if you think you'll interfere with my friendships, you won't. You might as well know it."

He came toward her, his face a white flash. He pushed it near to hers: "You mean to stick here until you're equipped to earn your own living, do you?"

"That's what I mean."

"And you'll stay in this house and use and abuse me, will you? You'll treat your friends to a banquet at my expense and then you'll tell them what a stingy, mean fellow your husband is! You'll defy me before them?"

"Do you wish me to repeat it. I'm defying you! I'm using you!" "Oh no, you're not! Try it and I'll run you into the streets!"

She raised her head, the chords of her throat straining. "Do that! Run me into the streets! That's all I need to be rid of you! I'll have witnesses there against the ugly glitter of his—against the baring of his teeth; against the terrible heat of his breath."

"You'd drive me to that, would you? Want to drive me to that. But you won't—"

He recoiled, flung his arm upward. "You devil—you pale—! You'd drive me to that?"

The arm flashed down, the closed fist crashing on Sandy's cheek.

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Distinctive patterns of the latest designs in perfume atomizers, applicators and stationery. For selective gifts you should see them. Lloyd Crockers Drug Store.

# NOT ENOUGH FARMS FOR FUTURE NEEDS. OFFICIAL CLAIMS

(Associated Press Local Wire)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The second and final days session of the conference on reclamation at the interior department opened today with a plea by E. C. Finney, first assistant secretary of the interior, for a comprehensive view of reclamation problems rather than a short sighted one.

"There may be over-production at the present time," he said, "but there are not enough farms for the needs of the next ten or twenty years. We should begin now to build for the future. These things do not come of themselves. They must be planned."

Mr. Finney suggested as most important that settlers should be provided with help for their substantial needs, but should be given the opportunity to work for luxuries.

He also advised selection of settlers from those who had stamina to work out their own salvation.

Denial of assertions that reclamation was a failure was formerly expressed by Representative Smith, Idaho, chairman of the house committee on irrigation and reclamation.

"The opinion seems to be abroad," he said, "that the reclamation policy is a failure when, as a matter of fact, more has been accomplished toward creating national wealth and in the making of happy homes for thousands of people than any other undertaking which has had governmental supervision."

"There has been spent for reclamation projects \$145,000,000 from the sale of public lands, less on oil lands, etc., and \$60,000,000 from repayments by settlers. It is estimated that the national wealth created by his expenditure, amounts to at least \$600,000,000. While it is true that from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 of the amount expended, may not be returned to the reclamation fund, the great progress that has been made justifies the government in its reclamation policy."

"Reclamation is a national and not a local question, for there has been created on these projects a market for the manufactured products of the east, which amounts annually to at least \$500,000,000."

Smith compared expenditures for reclamation with other investments of the government, which he said, had not been directly productive. He said the Alaska railroad was costing the government \$1,000,000 yearly, but its abandonment was not seriously considered and that expenditures for national forests had been more than \$200,000,000 against receipts of less than \$67,000,000, yet the importance of the forestry policy has never been questioned seriously.

Referring to non-payment of fees by settlers, Mr. Smith said they had been greatly handicapped by increased cost for labor and material. When the projects were started the estimate cost was on the then prevailing wages but constantly increased costs had added at least fifty per cent to the estimates.

Studebaker builds no yearly models.

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

Notice of sale of government timber, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., Nov. 21, 1925. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the act of June 9, 1916 (39 Stat. 218), February 28, 1917 (40 Stat. 1172), and June 4, 1920 (41 Stat. 754), and pursuant to departmental regulations of April 14, 1924 (37 Stat. 1376), the timber on the following lands will be sold Jan. 13, 1926, at 10 o'clock a. m. at public auction at the U. S. land office at Roseburg, Oregon. To the highest bidder not less than the appraisal value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent, thereon, being commissions allowed, must be deposited at time of sale, money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber, which must be removed within ten years. Bids will be received from citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens, and corporations organized under the laws of the United States or any territory, or district of the United States. Upon application of a qualified purchaser the timber on any legal subdivision of such lands will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger tract. Sec. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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