Quickest Hot Cereal
Cooks in 2 to 3 minutes

New Style
H-O
The New Kind of Oatmeal
The Food that makes the man

INSURGENTS FOR SAKE LOWDEN BOOM

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

DES MOINES, Iowa, Oct. 26.—Reports from Washington that the so-called Republican senate "insurgents" have forsaken, for the moment at least, the presidential nomination boom for Frank O. Lowden, in favor of Senator Norris of Nebraska have brought out a plan of Iowa Lowden supporters to turn the state headquarters here into a temporary national organization in behalf of the former Illinois governor.

Iowa's delegation to the national convention of next year has for some time been looked upon, even before its selection, as a "last ditch" Lowden group. With this state well organized for Lowden, it is felt that it can become a center for correlation of Lowden activities in several western states in which progress has been made toward organization.

The reported swing of the western senators, Borah, Frazier, Nye, McMaster and Brookhart toward Norris brought the statement from Frank J. Lund of Webster City, active Lowden adherent that he feels the action of the group will not hurt the Lowden cause "because the men who are in this movement belong to the Lowden band wagon."

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Umpqua Broccoli Exchange will be held in the City Hall Saturday, November 5, at 1 p. m.

R. A. Hercher, Pres.
Foster Butner, Secy-Mgr.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

The News-Review exclusive job printing department is showing a nice line of Christmas and New Year Announcements. We have a very complete stock and at very reasonable prices. Place your order now while the stock is complete and pay for them at your convenience. We want your order early so we can be sure of prompt delivery.

SOUNDED LIKE IT

Recruiting sergeant: What's yer name an' what branch of the service do you want to join?

Perkins (who stutters): Pup-p-p-p-p-pupp-p—

Recruiting sergeant: Can't speak English and wants to join the machine-gun corps.—Answers.

Do You Realize

that you have not been solicited during the past two years for contributions to charities or to activities that have a right to appeal to the community as a whole?

Have you known of a single case of destitution in the city that has not been promptly and adequately cared for when reported?

This is because the one annual subscription made to the Roseburg Community Chest disposes of solicitation and provides for scientific, efficient management of Community Charities and activities for twelve months.

It prevents repeated and vexatious appeals for funds.

It guarantees that every charity case is thoroughly and personally investigated and the proper assistance rendered at the right time.

It prevents duplication in giving and eliminates fraudulent and unworthy appeals.

In asking you to contribute this year, the Chest Committeemen wish to express their thanks, not for themselves, but in behalf of all those genuinely thankful individuals and organizations who were aided during the past two years as the result of the philanthropy of the Roseburg citizens.

The Community Chest Committee

The PENNY PRINCESS

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by Anne Austin

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vera Cameron, private secretary allows herself to be transformed into a beauty by Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., who proposes to use her photographs in advertising booklets. Jerry falls in love with Vera after the transformation and his love persists even after he learns Vera, also Vee-Vee, consents to transformation only because the man she falls in love with, Schuyler Smythe, ignores her.

Vera spends her vacation at Lake Minnetonka because Smythe is vacationing there. He and other guests mistake her for Vivian Crandall, ex-princess, who after a Paris divorce is in hiding. Vera tries to convince everyone of her identity, but when she realizes Smythe is in love with the girl he thinks she is, she abandons attempts at further confession. Hotel guests returning to the city notify the Crandalls of their supposed daughter's whereabouts. Detectives arrive and Vera and Smythe steal a car and flee. Smythe, who still thinks she is Princess Vivian, tells her of his love and proposes they be married immediately. Believing he loves her for herself alone, Vera tells him the truth, substantiating her identity by Jerry's letter. Smythe is furious, revealing himself definitely as a fortune-hunter.

After his violent outburst he is terrified at the thought that perhaps this is the princess after all and she is trying to outsmart him. He attempts to retrieve but Vera has glimpsed his real character. Two masked men stop them and Vera is whisked away by them in an airplane. She is taken to a shack in the mountains where Prince Ivan, Vivian's ex-husband, awaits them.

Vera and the prince are terrified when the men announce they will hold them for a sizeable ransom from the Crandalls. When the prince learns Vera's true identity, he is violently angry but she convinces him they must play the part, otherwise these men will murder them, finding she is not the Crandall heiress but instead a poor girl with no one to pay her ransom. Jerry Macklyn, meantime, in New York City reads an account of what has happened and hurries immediately to Flora Cartwright, Vera's frivolous aunt.

NO WGO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV

A young colored girl answered Jerry's insistent ringing at the bell of Flora Cartwright's apartment.

"No, sir!" she answered indignantly when Jerry demanded that she tell Mrs. Cartwright of his presence. "She ain't up yet, and she won't be for another hour yet. Ain't no use trying to get her up," she argued. "She'd snatch me baldheaded if I woke her up this time of the morning."

"Then I'll do it," Jerry thundered pushing past the open-mouthed girl to the door beyond which, as he knew, lay Flora's bedroom. "You come along as chaperone until I get her waked up, if you want to," he grinned at the maid. "Matter of life and death," he elucidated.

"I ain't going in there." The girl shook her head violently.

"What a sweet-tempered angel Flora must be in the morning," Jerry chuckled to himself as he flung open the door. "Wake up, Flora!"

If he had not known that the woman in the pretty little painted bed could be none other than Flora Cartwright, he would not have recognized her. The head that jerked up from the pillow was encased to protect the marcel wave in her tinted golden bob from being mussed against pillows. A broad chin strap encircled her face like a nun's coif, fighting during the hours of sleep to keep a double chin at bay.

"Jerry Macklyn!" Flora shrieked, reaching for the sheet with which to cover her face. She would rather have died than to have Jerry Macklyn or any other man catch her in that plight. "Get out of my room instantly!"

"But I tell you, Flora, Vee-Vee has been kidnapped," Jerry retorted, anger beginning to rise in his good-natured breast. "I don't give a damn how you look now—"

"Get out and let me fix up my face," Flora pleaded. "I don't care if the world is coming to an end, I won't talk to you looking like this! Oh!"

Jerry strode to her dressing table, gathered up a handful of jars and bottles and boxes, flung them upon Flora's bed, then stamped into the bathroom to get her a towel.

"Here! Swab off that cold cream and daub on some powder, if you just have to act like a fool," he ordered, drawing up a chair to the bedside. "I haven't time to waste while you put on the war paint. Now listen.

As Flora, her face turned as far from him as possible, wiped the cold cream from her face, applied vanishing cream, added a thick coating of powder, and then busied herself with rouge compact and lipstick, Jerry told her, in as few words as possible, the story of Vee-Vee's plight.

"So that's who Vee-Vee reminded me of," Flora commented. "Funny I never thought of it before, with the Crandall girl's picture in all the papers. What a glorious time she must have been having, with everyone treating her like a princess and a 40 million dollar heiress. Some people have all the luck," she mourned.

"What a heartless little wrench you are!" Jerry exploded. "Here's your niece kidnapped by two masked men and taken God knows where to be held for ransom, and you have the nerve to envy the girl!"

"Dear Jerry!" Flora murmured, turning her freshly made-up face to him with a teasing smile on her rouged lips. "Now, child, what are we going to do? I wonder if the reporters will want to interview me?" she mused, the faraway look of a woman who is mentally reviewing her wardrobe coming into her eyes.

"Good Lord, Flora!" Think of someone else for a minute, can't you? My first idea was to notify the Crandalls that it isn't their daughter at all that has been kidnaped, but then it occurred to me that when the papers got hold of the news and the kidnapers read it, as we may be sure they would, Vee-Vee would be at the mercy of a pair of brutes that would think nothing of killing her out of revenge for having tricked them into committing a useless crime. Is that clear?"

"Yes, even my infantile mind can grasp that obvious truth." Flora smiled at him. Then her eyes became clouded with genuine worry and bewilderment. "I don't see what we can do, Jerry, dear. After all, she got herself into this ridiculous scrape—"

"No, she didn't," Jerry contradicted her vehemently. "I did. I told you she had no idea—and neither did I—that I was remodeling her to look like Vivian Crandall's portrait. If Stafford hadn't already quit, I'd have him fired for keeping a picture in his desk without a caption on it. But there's no use crying over what's been done. We've got to think of a way out for the poor kid—"

"You say her name—Vee-Vee's real name—is in the papers," Flora mused. "Then the people she worked with at Peach Bloom will know, wont they? What's to keep them from running to the newspapers or the police with the facts, or as much of the truth as they can figure out for themselves?"

"Smart girl!" Jerry conceded grudgingly. "I'd already thought of that. It certainly looks like the cat's out of the bag, whether we want it to be or not. A feeble plan occurs to me, however. Have you anything to suggest?"

"No," Flora shook her marcelled head. "If there is any way in the world to keep the Crandalls believing that Vee-Vee is their daughter, they will of course move heaven and earth to find her, pay any sum to ransom her when the kidnapers make their demands."

"But it's plain, rank dishonesty to let them pay ransom for a girl we know is not their daughter. We'd be guilty of some sort of crime ourselves I suppose in keeping silent. But—it's her life against their money, and I'll be damned if I can worry a lot about their money when Vee-Vee's life is at stake. Of course there is another angle. I want to protect Vee-Vee from scandal if I can, keep the true story out of the papers—"

"You're in love with Vee-Vee, Jerry?" Flora asked softly, regretfully.

"You bet I am!" Jerry almost shouted at her. "I don't care what she's done or what scandal breaks over her head, I love her and I'll stick by her. One thing I can do, if the worst comes to worst—I can give out interviews to all the papers, telling them how the whole thing happened and taking the blame on myself. It is my fault," he admitted gloomily. "Have I your permission, as her nearest kin, to do anything I think is best?"

"Of course, Jerry dear," Flora said softly, laying Jerry's hand against her cheek. "Don't forget, though," she added practically, "that if this thing comes out you'll lose your job with Peach Bloom, and be a marked man in New York—a laughing stock, probably."

"I'm not thinking of myself," Jerry told her fiercely. "If you think Vee-Vee has a better chance to get away from the kidnapers if they know who she really is, I'll taxi right down to police headquarters and tell the whole story. All I'm thinking of is Vee-Vee."

"Let's see," Flora mused, pressing her fingers into her temples. "It is so hard to think before one has had one's coffee. If the kidnapers read the story in the papers, what would their reaction be? They'd be as sore as boiled owls, wouldn't they? All their hard work for nothing! And as guilty of kidnaping as if they'd really made away with an heiress. Same crime, same punishment if caught. Vee-Vee could furnish police with their descriptions. So could Vivian Crandall, if they'd been lucky enough to have captured the real heiress.

"But before they turned Vivian loose they would have lots of money to make a getaway, also Vivian's promise not to peach on them. I believe that's the word. But with Vee-Vee it would be a different story. No ransom money, you see, to help them get away. Two men, with a girl in their power, hidden safely away where no one could interfere. A beautiful girl," she emphasized, her blue eyes very keen as she worked out her argument. "They wouldn't dare harm the real Vivian Crandall, but what do you suppose they would do to a penniless imposter whom they had every reason to hate? Murder would only be the last act of the tragedy, Jerry."

"Oh, Lord!" Jerry groaned, sweat beading his forehead. "I'm going to do the one thing that's left for me to do, Flora. And I won't tell you what it is for fear it won't work. Did you every try praying, Flora? Well, now's a good time to begin!"

On his way to the offices of the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Company Jerry Macklyn bought and scanned hastily the early editions of the afternoon papers, all of which were devoting their front pages to the sensational story of the Crandall kidnaping. He learned that Prince Ivan Polaski was also missing from his hotel; that police had discovered traces of an airplane's landing and taking off in a lonely field near the road where the sedan used the abductors had been abandoned; that late joyriders had heard the faint roar of an airplane motor far overhead at about the time the supposed Vivian Crandall was being spirited away.

There was not a word in the papers to indicate that an effort would be made to discover why Vivian Crandall had chosen to register at the Minnetonka as Vera Victoria Cameron. The name was accepted as an alias, chosen by the heiress because the initials corresponded with her own.

Jerry drew a deep sigh of relief, but he knew that he and Vee-Vee were in the crater of a volcano that might erupt at any minute. He arrived at the office at 10 minutes of nine. Apparently no employe had been trying to win promotion by punching the clock ahead of the official nine o'clock opening time, for he saw no one, not even an office boy. He was charging up and down his office when Rosemary Fitch tore open the door and flung herself upon her employer, her pretty little hands clutching his sleeves:

"Oh, Jerry! I mean Mr. Macklyn! Who do you think I saw this morning? Vee-Vee! And have you seen the papers? That Vivian Crandall has been using her name! Oh, I'm just about to die, I'm so excited!"

(To be Continued)

Jerry Macklyn gets a telephone communication from the real Vivian Crandall. Read the next chapter.

Deeds His Farm to Coolidge

Former State Senator Luke Duffy of Indiana (above), finding he "couldnt sell his 176-acre farm, trade it to creditors or give it away," because of farm conditions, has deeded the tract "to President Coolidge, Secretary Mellon, Secretary Hoover, Secretary Jardine, Senator James A. Reed, Simeon Fess and Pat Harrison, Representative Finis Garrett and Julius Barnes, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce." Farm experts say the president could make the farm pay if he used the intensive farming methods used by his Vermont ancestors.

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Warm Apparel That Is Stylish and at Thrift Prices

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An unexampled opportunity to buy for Thanksgiving or for Christmas Gifts

This 26 Piece Set of Rogers'

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The Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co.'s guarantee without time limit with each set. Made of highest quality nickel silver metal with heavy deposit of pure silver.

Stainless steel knives with blades that will not stain nor corrode and quadruple silverplated handles.

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Don't Miss This Big Offering!

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Pure Silk Hose

Chiffon Weight Is Outstanding

The particular woman prefers chiffon hose for most occasions—and ours especially for this small price. Pair—

$1.49

Women Everywhere Are Wearing

Winter Coats

In Modish Styles

The flattery of fur makes these coats most attractive and youthfully charming.

$24.75 to $39.75

Elaborately Furred

Borders and tab treatments of fur are distinctive details of the new coats. Wraparound and side closing styles are popular.

A Hat To Match Each Costume

Is Within Your Budget

Matching colors is the keynote to smartness these days—and your hat is essential in the color scheme. Select it to match your dress or coat.

98c to $4.98

This price makes it possible for every woman to have several hats—new ones with a jaunty air!

Felt Velvet Combinations

Felt is the general favorite—velvet is important and metallic combinations appear on more dressy styles.

New Coats

For Girls

Suede lined coats are extra warm and are just the protection Little Girls need against whistling winter winds.

Sizes 2 to 6.....6.90
Sizes 7 to 10.....8.90
Sizes 11 to 16.....10.90

25th Anniversary

After The Game

Comes Afternoon Tea

Bridge parties usually end with tea—use this set!

49c

Smart Arctics

For Women

A serviceable arctic in a stylish mode and offered at an unusually low price. A real Value. Sizes 2½ to 8.

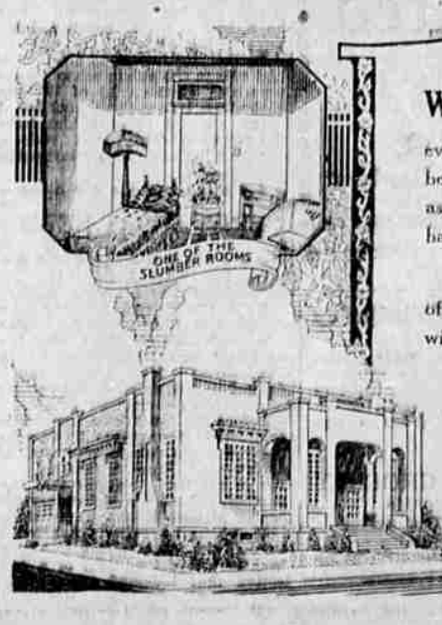
$2.49

Costume Velvet

36 Inches Wide

The smartest choice of all for Fall and Winter.

$3.98



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every consideration to that of rendering better service. Financial considerations, as important as they of necessity are, have been made secondary to service.

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