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FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1916.

STATE FAIR BOARD CHANGES.

The election of A. H. Lea, of Portland, to succeed W. Al Jones as secretary of the State Fair Board, the resignations of J. H. Booth and N. K. West as members of the board immediately following the defeat of their candidate for secretary, the acceptance of these resignations by Governor Withycombe and the immediate appointment of A. C. Masters, of this city, and J. K. Reynolds, of La Grande, to fill the vacancies came as the culmination of a rumor which had been in circulation for about ten days that Jones' office was hanging in the balance. This rumor took reality when three members of the board on Tuesday voted to replace Jones with Lea. The other incidents mentioned above came in quick succession. Booth and West resigned because they saw that a difference of opinion existed between members of the board regarding the qualifications of Jones as secretary and they did not want to embarrass the work of the board and the success of the State Fair through a division of sentiment on the board.

There is not now and never has been any question regarding the ability of Mr. Lea. He will make a splendid secretary. He is peculiarly fitted for the position. For the past twelve years he has been connected with the Union Meat Company. In more recent years he has traveled throughout the state for this company meeting the stock and agricultural men of Oregon. He knows personally thousands of the farmers and stock men of our state. This in itself will be a big asset to him as secretary of the State Fair Board. He starts his official life with a fund of knowledge and a host of friends scattered over the state which have taken other secretaries years to acquire. It has been said that politics entered into the selection of Mr. Lea. But Mr. Lea is not a politician. He is a business man who will apply to his work as secretary of the board those same elements of personality, hard work, faithfulness and honesty which have made him a success in the business world. The fair next fall will show many evidences of his ability and his selection as secretary will be more than justified then even to the most skeptical.

Mr. Booth's resignation came as a surprise for it was so sudden. For the past six years he has been president of the State Fair Board. He has made a good officer and Governor Withycombe acknowledged this when Mr. Booth tendered him his resignation. The governor had no option in the matter as the resignation was made out in such a way that its acceptance became routine. But in accepting it Governor Withycombe expressed regret and spoke in high terms of the work which Mr. Booth has done in the past for the success of the fair. Mr. Booth made a good member and officer for the board and his sudden action was a matter of regret to his friends located here and elsewhere.

In the appointment of A. C. Masters to succeed Mr. Booth Governor Withycombe showed the good judgment which has been in evidence throughout his administration. When the resignation of Mr. Booth had to be accepted it became necessary for the governor to appoint a man who was fitted in every way to succeed him. Southern Oregon was entitled to representation on the board and what more fitting than a man of large stock and agricultural interests is a known business success. He is used to handling big affairs. He is a believer in the agricultural future of Oregon and has for the past twenty years backed up his belief by making a success of his own ranches. He will be a tireless worker on the State Fair Board and his intimate acquaintanceship with the stock and grazing interests of Oregon will make him a valuable addition to the board. The State Fair Board has use for such men as A. C. Masters whose ability extends in many directions. Governor Withycombe made no mistake in appoint-

Off Agin, On Agin
STRICKLAND W. O'ILLIAN

Pool Courage
Don't talk to me of soldiers' pay
Who calmly face the belching mortar.
Is not so I can walk away
Nor ever see a Pullman porter!

Don't boast to me (expecting praise)
Of him who sleeps around a gate.
It has been many, many days
Since I have tipped a hotel waiter!

That hero tatters on his throne
(Just watch him now—you see him slipping?)
Who calls his sturdy heart his own
'Til coward-like goes right on tipping.

Finnigan Philosophy
We want to know if any trusted friend is skinnin' us, but we'll always hate th' feller that puts us out.

Huh?
(Riverside Clipper)
Joe Rused will leave Monday evening for Northern Minnesota, where he will do some hunting. Joe says he will bring us back some vision.

This is Getting Serious
Dear Offagin:—Warden Sanders, of Ft. Madison, Ia., is preparing a booklet concerning all the prisoners who have run away from that institution. Could one properly call it his "Blew Hook"?—J. L. Tollet, Ill.

Our Puzzling Language
"Father, I want to go into business. I want a chance that is reasonable. I want a chance of \$3,000."
"All right, put it to the money."
"Yes, but he says half of it must be down!"

Head Cabbage To Get A Head Of
The famous vegetable claims a man living near that place brought to the office two heads of cabbage that weighed nearly eighteen pounds apiece. Some cabbages there, or cabbage story.—Dallas County, Ia., Record.

A Sunshine Scatterer
"I thought you told me Bruggles was a scatterer of sunshine."
"He is. The very minute he sees any sunshine he proceeds to scatter it for fear somebody will find it and enjoy it."

The Anti-Counterfeit
I saw an address on the train the other day—homeless at home!

She sat and did her endless crocheting for awhile till a woman with a little baby got on the train at a way station.

The baby looked solemnly at the actress, and then suddenly smiled.

Down went that fancy work, and out went two of the love-hungriest, baby-hungriest arms you ever saw.

The baby went where it was so welcome, and that actress was happier than a queen for the next ten miles.

Her husband watched her, with queer emotions chasing each other across his face.

That night I saw her play the part of a biased society woman who hated children and was utterly unwomanly in every way.

Does the stage spoil people?

ing him, for the selection of Mr. Marsters meets with general approval throughout Southern Oregon. He is a strong, courageous man whose personality will help increase the success of the Oregon State Fair.

—Zag that is what the people everywhere want—a greater, a more representative fair each successive year!

THE NEWS GETS IT AGAIN.

Under the caption of "Watchful Editors," the Sutherland Sun rises to the defense of the administration in its Mexican policy, and launches a thunderbolt at the Oregonian and The News for having dared to criticize these policies. Happily this was loaded with nothing stronger than smoke, so no damage has been done. However, it might have been just as well if the Sun had adhered a little stricter to the real facts, and not made the assertion that a large majority of the American people uphold these policies, when it is remembered that only by putting on the gas in congress, was the administration able to prevent an outbreak in its own ranks. A close perusal of the telegraph reports the past week will substantiate this, and if the editor will refresh his memory regarding the Mexican embroglio, he will recall that it was in its inception at the close of the administration of President Taft, and was left for the incoming administration to handle. No sane man believes that such a condition of affairs would have continued this long had Taft and the republican party been kept in the harness. But one can overlook such sporadic bolstering up of this policy, when one remembers that the author is holding down the position of postmaster and must show his gratitude. So fire away brother Hayner, it may help you, and won't hurt The News or the Oregonian.

Geo. W. Stearns and wife, of Oakland, returned to their home this afternoon after a few hours spent here.

Health Talks
BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

Soap And Water Disinfection

FAMILIAR with malodorous or poisonous gas and the direct application of creosol chemicals to the woodwork, floor and walls of the sickroom after scarlet fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis, is rapidly becoming obsolete. Soap and water, open air and sunlight are proving more efficient, more available and a whole lot more economical.

After all, it is persons, not things, that carry most contagious diseases. If we can control the human, animal and insect carriers of disease germs we need not worry much about so-called fomites or contaminated objects. Of course such personal objects as dishes, toilet articles, clothing and bed-clothing must be boiled, steam sterilized or otherwise disinfected after contagious disease, but the old idea that the room itself requires fumigation or chemical treatment is no longer upheld by our foremost sanitarians.

Dr. Chapin, the famous Sanitary Superintendent of Providence, R. I., whose pioneer work in modern sanitation is now recognized all over the world, proved years ago that it was unnecessary and unscientific to fumigate or disinfect premises after scarlet fever and diphtheria. More recently several boroughs of Greater New York City have discontinued terminal disinfection—relying instead upon soap and water, ventilation and sunlight to take care of any possible infection left in a room after such diseases.

As Chapin's investigations have so clearly shown, there is strong doubt that walls, woodwork, draperies and furniture in the sickroom can harbor any infection if the patient receives reasonably intelligent nursing during

the course of the illness. For instance, hundreds of tests of such articles made by various competent bacteriologists in the rooms occupied by diphtheria patients failed to show diphtheria germs on a single article, but did show the germs present upon glasses, handkerchiefs and similar things which are obviously more or less saliva-contaminated.

The disinfection of premises after the removal or death of a patient with pulmonary tuberculosis is a farce. All the danger passes with the patient—if the patient is dangerous. He is not dangerous if he takes intelligent precautions, or if his nurse takes precautions, to prevent the contamination of things with his sputum. Any one who may have lived in intimate contact with the patient for a considerable period must watch out lest he be infected. But if infected at all it must have occurred while the patient was present—not after his removal or death. Hence the rite of renovation and disinfection of the vacated premises becomes a mere farce. Worse, it focuses popular attention upon a negligible source of disease.

Soap and water—and brains—are the efficient disinfectants for routine use.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What is Biliousness?

Can you advise me what will prevent biliousness?

Answer—"Biliousness" is a term which covers many different ailments. Often it is a rebellion on the part of an outraged metabolism against intemperance or over-eating. It is not a definite condition.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to Health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if deemed advisable. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individuals unless he make diagnosis. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of this newspaper.

Vest Pocket Essays
BY GEORGE FITCH

THE EYE

THE EYE is a delicate and important organ, by which man is enabled to see. The normal man has two eyes which are placed just beneath his lofty brow and this number enables him to see enough to keep him mad most of the time.

The eye is composed of a large number of parts, including the iris, the retina and the optic nerve. The eye is not detachable and is more exclusive than our best American society, resenting the intrusion even of foreign bodies. The optic nerve connects the eye with the brain, thus enabling tourists not only to see new countries, but to remember them briefly. A good many eyes, mostly owned and operated by chorus ladies, have entirely too much nerve, however.

There are many colors of eyes, including brown, black and blue and sometimes, in case of trouble, red, green and yellow. The color of the eye hasn't anything to do with its capacity to see, although sometimes when an eye is red enough, it can see snakes in Ireland and pink elephants in St. Louis. But some colors of eyes are a good deal easier to look at than others.

Eyes are used in a vast variety of ways of which the most popular are reading, sight-seeing and husband-getting. The eye is supposed to be used for seeing only, but many young women have trained their eyes to talk in the most eloquent and persuasive fashion.

Eyes are so useful that men who have no eyes are considered most unfortunate. They must make their living by weaving baskets, tuning pianos or by acting as chiefs of police in a wide-open town. This latter job is a very fine one for a blind man, as a chief of police who can go through



A blind man as chief of police can make large sums of money

billboards, other people's automobiles and women's hats.

Eyes are very delicate and get out of repair easily. They must then be helped out with glasses. There are two kinds of glasses—the kind that look over the ears and the kind that straddle the nose. The latter are much more stylish and fall off every fifteen minutes at the rate of \$9.75 per fall.

Man is well protected with eyes in front, but must rely on automobile horns behind. Man's eyes are so placed that he cannot see his own face, which accounts for the many startling varieties of whiskers which are worn.

Views Of The Press

The Attorney-General wants laws to punish traitors. How about sending them home to fight for their sovereigns?—Philadelphia North American.

Now that winter is here it may not be amiss to offer the customary advice that exposed nations be particularly careful of their war-chests.—Washington Post.

The Government is rounding up the spies so rapidly now that it is expected all will be in custody by the time our last remaining factory is blown up.—Boston Transcript.

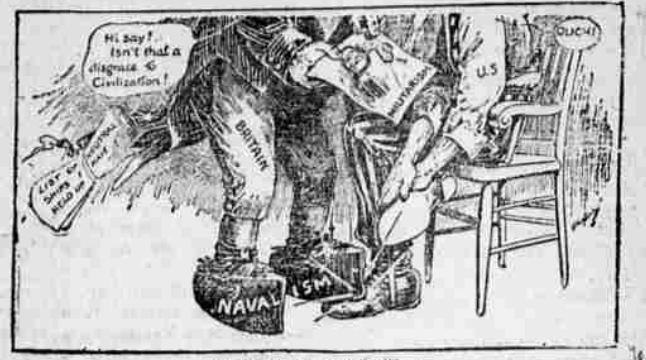
Russians claim capture of 49,874 in one month. Tendency of Russian and German population to change places seems to call for more notes from economists.—Wall Street Journal.

The man who says that Booker T. and T. R. are the two greatest leaders America has produced fulfills the prophecy that Roosevelt's name would go down in history linked with Washington's.—Washington Post.

We'll have to admit this. Henry Ford's project was not much more foolish than the war is.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

G. B. Shaw says that the Allies must not crush Germany. Latest advices from the front indicate that the Allies are taking his suggestion very seriously.—Macon Evening News.

Cartoons Of The Day



THERE ARE OTHERS
—Bradley in Chicago Daily News

Real People of the War
BY ROBERT MONTSIER

Mrs. Jordan's Man Gets Rheumatiz And A Pension

Mrs. JORDAN is all that is left of a woman who has brought eight children into the world and counts from morning till night by eights and tens and their multiples in doing the cooking, washing, ironing and mending for the big and little Jordans. But the arithmetic of how to feed ten mouths, shoe twenty feet, etc., was simplified when Bill Jordan put on Kiaki at the age of thirty-five to fight for King and country, especially for the only bit of beautiful English countryside that he had ever known. The Government generously gave Mrs. Jordan an allowance for herself and each of the eight children and even sent her a part of Bill's pay as a soldier.

"I hear that Bill is back," I said to Mrs. Jordan as she passed on an errand through the garden of "the House," the house where I was week-ending.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jordan sorrowfully, "he's come back."

"Nothing very serious wrong with him, I hope?"

"No, isn't so much that I bin thinkin' out. There's my Bill a soldier an' had to get rheumatiz. He didn't oughter ha' got rheumatiz, fr I was ails goin' on at him about layin' on th' wet grass, an' when he takes the eight thirty-two fr th' front I see to him, 'Bill, don't ye go in any wet trenches an' don't lay on th' grass; no knowin' what Belgium grass is like. You'll happen of rheumatiz if you don't do as I tell ye."

"An' here he is back from th' 'ospital, 'obblin' an' 'erritable like you can't do nothin' with him, not from bullets but from the rheumatiz he gets fightin' th' Germans. Now all he gets is a pension, not by no means so much as th' Army pidge me an' th' eight jest fr th' use of him. I don't want no Bill killed or wounded—I'm middlin' fond o' him, fr he's as good a husband as a woman can want when he ain't in liquor, an' he only likes too much now and agin—then them Germans 'd ha' had to keep him stiddy me, an' I'd ha' got me full money."

When Mrs. Jordan was reminded that the Germans would not have given Bill the meat, tea, vegetables and bread to which he was accustomed she said: "I'd ha' sent him out a parcel reg'lar, an' even that'd ha' come out cheaper, an' Bill he'd ha' seen a bit of furrin' parts an' come back arter the war. Me an' the children was gettin' on so nice, I was beginnin' to turn meself round, an' I'd bought everlastin' o' boots fr th' eight an' got th' old ones mended, an' a nice piece of stuff fr a dress fr meself. I'd got me eye on a beautiful carpet, too, an' then Bill comes home uncurable with rheumatiz. He's took so bad he can't even milk th' cows up to th' farm. Bill goes on grumblin'!

And Bill, waxing confidential during a minute's absence of his wife, to spank young George Jordan for chattering his walking stick when I was making a short call, said: "Poor young'un, the ole woman's bin awful 'erritable ever since I come back, jawerin' about me an' allowances an' a carpet she ain't got. Lor', how I wish I wuz in th' trenches, rheumatiz an' all!"

But I'd rather he'd stayed out there killin' more o' them 'uns," concluded Mrs. Jordan. "I'd an' bin better fr th' country, an' I'd an' had me dress made up an' a beautiful carpet on th' floor to show th' neighbors."

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Pepper Talks
BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Count

If there IS any pure Luck in the world or if it ever really does figure in the summing up of things, here's when it figures biggest—on the day that you find your Life Work—and glory in it. Lucky you are, then—for you—Count. The world must have you.

Be Somebody in the Crowd—Count. No man ever Counts until he assumes Responsibility. Responsibility demands the work of the Brain and Heart. These two, working together, breed Ideas. Then Results begin to show. And Results make you Count.

Be Somebody in the Crowd—Count. People who are Useful always Count. So if you want to Count—if you want to be singled out and justly praised, think of the most useful service possible for you to render. Then get busy in doing it. The man at his job, doing it as best he can, is sure to Count.

Be Somebody in the Crowd—Count. Nothing stirs and inspires more than to have it said that you are Somebody and that—you Count—that you are a Creator, a Builder, a Producer. Anyone is justified in congratulating himself if he does things—if he really Counts.

Be Somebody in the Crowd—Count. But don't be so foolish as to be completely satisfied with the results of any work. Growth comes in a large measure by Comparison. When you do your work better To-day than Yesterday you realize your genuine Capacity and know that there is no actual Perfection except the Perfection of doing better To-day than Yesterday. Strive for this and you need have no concern as to whether or not you will Count.

Be Somebody in the Crowd—Count. You, doubtless, have noticed that the man who expresses the wish to meet you in Heaven nearly always wears a face clouded with doubt.



No set rule works all the time. The great detective who died not long ago and left a fortune of three million dollars got it by meddling with other people's business.

A man is always willing to make an estimate of the size of the fish that got back into the water.

When a girl marries well the gossips say her mother made the match.

Rameese is about the only public character who has been dead long enough to make criticism of him perfectly safe.

Every drunkard claims that he has quit.

The fact that the men accomplish as much as they do is surprising. Nearly every man has a velvet collar to keep clean.

The women plan the parades, but the men do the marching.

A woman's photograph seldom renders a verdict in accord with the findings of the mirror on her dressing table.

In a country community things are often so dull that a red-haired baby creates comment.

A man can be certain of only one thing, and that is that he will grow homelier every day of his life.

An even trade is one in which a goat is exchanged for a parrot.

Buck Kilby wishes to call attention to the fact that they have put the alum back in baking powder.

A man likes to be chased a little by the women, but it annoys him to be run down.

Talk confidentially to any father and he will admit that his most difficult task is getting his boys up in the morning.

A farmer's notion of hard luck is a family of girls.

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