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GROCETERIA
EVERYBODY'S EXCHANGE

Gardiner News

Interesting Items Gathered From the Lower Umpqua Community.

GARDINER, July 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gibson, of Salem, drove to Scottsburg by auto and came down the Umpqua by boat arriving in Gardiner last Monday, where they are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. John Helmig. Miss Neoma Schoel of Albany, cousin of Mrs. Helmig, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Gibson on the trip and plans to spend a couple of months at the home of Mrs. Helmig.

Godfrey Seymour suffered a rather serious accident yesterday while chopping wood. He was using a long handled axe the end of which struck the chopping block and resulted in severing the first finger of his right hand.

A delightful afternoon was spent Thursday at the home of Mrs. J. S. Gray by the Sewing club and their guests. The afternoon was spent in needle work and pleasant conversation. The club took this occasion to present Mrs. William Lyster, vice president of the club, who is leaving Sunday for Portland where she will reside, with a set of silver tea spoons, as a mark of esteem.

Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. T. W. Angus and Mrs. J. P. Christie. Those present were Mrs. William Lyster, Mrs. Chas. Perkins, Mrs. James Graham, Mrs. Marion Locke, Mrs. Donald Knox, Mrs. L. Lucas, Mrs. Walter Austin, Mrs. Frank Sagaberd, Mrs. Otto Weaver, Mrs. J. P. Christie, Mrs. T. W. Angus, Mrs. Eula Frye, Mrs. Albert Jinelle, Mrs. Henry Henson, Mrs. Gus Westerdale, Mrs. Fred Assenheimer, Mrs. J. S. Gray and Miss Wilma Christie.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Sherretts took their small son, Gordon, to Coos Bay Thursday for medical treatment. It was found that the child was suffering from an abscess on the knee.

A Douglas county road camp under the supervision of Mr. Catching is established in Gardiner and will begin work at once to clear the right-of way and improve the road to the top of the hill north of Gardiner. They will follow the Roosevelt highway survey. County Commissioners Long and Weaver and County Road Master Frear are in Gardiner on business pertaining to the road work.

Harry Marks has purchased from the underwriter, the wrecked lumber barge, Washtucna, which went on the south spit of the Umpqua July 3rd. He will attempt to take the lumber off the barge in small raft loads, and float these rafts in the river. It is estimated that about 850,000 feet of the cargo of lumber which was on the boat at the time of the wreck will be salvaged besides saving the machinery, etc., on the barge. It is thought the salvaging of the boat will bring between $12,000 and $15,000.

The tow boat, Gazelle is owned by the Umpqua Gravel Co. of East Gardiner, and her engine, a 60-horse power Hercules, has been removed and an effort will be made to float her hull and tow her to dry dock.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Rice and daughter, Iris, are spending their summer vacation at the Gardiner hotel. XX.

NOTICE.

If you want a house built, moved or repaired ,or cement blocks of any kind, see Pat.

BLIND MAN HEARS COLOR

"Colored hearing," a most interesting mental phenomena, is the subject of an article in the latest number of Psychological Review, written by Thomas D. Cutsforth, graduate student and assistant in psychology, in collaboration with Dr. Raymond H. Wheeler, professor of psychology in the University of Oregon. It is an unusual mark of distinction, faculty men here say, for a graduate student to have work accepted by such an advanced magazine as Psychological Review. A second article of the same nature is now in the hands of the printers.

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R. M. JENNINGS, Manager.

CHRIST AND THESE TOILERS WHO THINK

Dr. Louis Albert Banks Describes the Labor World from Christian Angle.

JESUS A TYPE OF TOILER

Noted Leaders of Early Christian Era All Chosen from Ranks of Men Who Were Workers in Useful Occupations.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks spoke in the Presbyterian church in Roseburg Sunday morning on "Christ and the Toilers Who Think." He spoke in part as follows:

"In common with multitudes I have been reading Edwin Markam's thought provoking poem, 'The Toiler Thinks.' It is evidently a sequel to 'The Man With the Hoe.' It is not often that a poet lives to write a sequel to a world-famous poem on a theme so momentous.

"We are told that Markam was inspired to write this poem by a study of Rodin's statue, 'The Thinker,' a crouched and slowly awakening figure. Naturally, to the poet, this brought at once the inspiring suggestion that the stunned stolid 'man with the hoe,' of his earlier poem, was beginning at last to think.

"Now the poet's brain is all aflame with the infinite possibilities that may come from such an awakening. He puts himself in the monster giant's place, and considers the questions that will naturally throb in that long dormant brain. What questions he asks of the modern world!—he, who so long has carried the world's load; who, for so many centuries, has been used for cannon fodder at the whim of kings and aristocratic lords; now he begins to give voice to the dynamic questions that our own present age must answer.

"It is a great and timely poem by a great-souled man. Let us study its problems in the light of the teaching of Jesus who is the supreme type of the working man who thinks.

"This is a fit time for us to remember that Christianity was, on the human side, the production of working men who actually earned their living by toiling with their hands; and that the roots of every tree of brotherhood that has proved a blessing to toiling men and women, have their sprouting point in the New Testament story of Jesus Christ and his followers who toiled for their daily bread, but whose brains were so productive in high and noble thoughts, that they established Christianity among men, and wrought a moral revolution in the world.

Christ's foster father was a village carpenter, and Christ was brought up to that trade, and as a boy and young man, until thirty years of age, earned his daily bread and clothing by working at it.

The illustrations Jesus used thruout his ministry were all of a type and character to give honor to labor and dignity to workingmen.

"Just glance at the parables or stories of Jesus. Take this: 'Behold a sower went forth to sow,' and he goes on to tell how some fell on hard-packed ground, and the crows and blackbirds got it; and some fell on stony ground, and some among the thorns, and some in good mellow soil. But the toiler is the center of the picture. Look again! This time it is a hard working woman: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' Evidently Jesus had seen his own sweet mother, Mary, doing that again and again in the house of the carpenter in Nazareth. Next time it is a fisherman: 'Again, the kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net which was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind.' Then again it is the story of the sheep-hearder—a lonely job. This man had a hundred sheep and one strayed aside during the day and was lost. And after dark the brave herder risked his life to find that lost sheep. But I could go on indefinitely simply reciting the condensed stories by which Jesus, in his great teaching, gave honor and dignity to the humblest toilers of his day.

"And the men and women whom Christ chose to follow on and establish the Christian church were of the same type. He called four of them at one time, they were all fishermen—Peter, James, John and Andrew. The first three became, under the inspiration of Christ's teaching and example, strong and notable personalities. Peter became one of the most effective orators, in swaying great masses of people, the world has ever known; and all three of them wrote books, the circulation of which, has a thousand times exceeded that of the best sellers of our day, and will last as long as humanity shall endure on the earth.

"The greatest of all the great missionaries of early Christianity was Paul, and he was by trade a tentmaker. Paul had had better opportunities for education and culture than any of the others, and was easily the peer of the greatest minds of his own or any other age of the world's history, but he gladly worked at his trade as a tentmaker for years at a time, in order to earn his living, while he constantly used every opportunity to spread abroad the Gospel of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

"The Russian writer, Alexander Kuprin, contributes to a recent number of Atlantic Monthly a searching and critical study of Lenine, who is at this hour the loudest bidder for Christ's place as leader of the toiling millions of the world. He makes this carefully drawn verdict:

"'Beauty and art do not exist for Lenine. He has never been interested in the question why some people are moved to ecstatic joy by Beethoven's Sonata, or a Rembrandt painting, or the Venus of Milo, or Dante's poetry. Listening to such effusions, he would say with the condescending smile of a grown-up man speaking to children, "Men sometimes waste their time on trifles. All these works of art that you speak of—what relation do they bear to the class-struggle and the future power of the proletariat?"'

"Suppose these toilers newly quickened into thought fall into the hands of a leadership like that, will beauty rise to the throne? No, indeed! Christ must lead the thought of the toilers, if the beautiful in life and art shall find its rightful appreciation.

"Again I would emphasize that its realization all depends upon whether Christ or some creature like Lenine is to lead this new dynamic force. We all must realize that there is immeasurable power in these 'outcast monarchs of the world' of whom Markam writes with the eloquence of genius, but whether that power shall be used as the Hebrew giant, Samson, used his in his outcast state, to pull down the temple of life upon himself as well as his enemies, or whether it shall be used to uplift the whole race and usher in the golden age of humanity, depends upon the leadership. Read Alexander Kuprin's farther estimate of Lenine:

"'Red newspapermen sometimes try to create an image of Lenine as the father of the people, a kindly, good-natured, bald-headed "Ilyich." But these attempts always fail. The bald-headed Ilyich loves no one and needs no one' friendship. The task he has set before himself calls for the power of the proletariat, achieved through hatred, death and destruction. He does not care how many "comrades" may perish in the bloody welter. And even if half of the proletariat perish, breaking their heads against that mighty rock up the slope of which billions of men have been laboriously and sacrificially climbing for hundreds of years, while the other half finds itself in the grip of slavery such as had never been dreamed of before, he, this cross between Caligula and Arakchevev, will calmly wipe his surgeon's knife on his apron, and say, "The diagnosis was correct, the operation was performed faultlessly, but the autopsy showed it to be premature. Let us wait another three hundred years."'

"If the Christian churches of America will rise to their full power in the spirit of the Carpenter of Nazareth, the tentmaker of Corinth, the fishermen of Galilee, and will seize for their Master the leadership of the toiling world, the vision of Markam, and the earlier visions of Isaiah and Christ, shall come true, and the whole world shall be dominated by Christian civilization."

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Anyone found trespassing in any way on the Shambrook Estate at Umpqua will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

J. L. SHAMBROOK.

MOTHER TAKES THE BLAME

(Cottage Grove Sentinel.)

It is a habit which we have overdeveloped to place upon others the blame for things which go wrong. The number who readily admit their own errors is few.

The extravagance of the day, the tendency toward a lower moral code, is blamed upon the youngsters, and from the physical exhibition made in these short-skirted and abbreviated bathing suit days, the youngsters are not equipped to bear such a burden, even should it rightfully be theirs to bear.

Under such circumstances it is refreshing to find one who is ready to take the responsibility from the shoulders of the youngsters and place it elsewhere. Such a one, Mrs. William G. Hughes, of Springfield, delivered an address before the recent meeting of the county W. C. T. U.

From her remarks one would judge that the Women's Christian Temperance union has other duties besides that of endeavoring to hit old John Barleycorn a solar plexus.

Among other things, Mrs. Hughes said:

"Young mothers should seek to obtain all the information possible that will help them to train their children in the way they should go, so that when they are older they will not depart from it.

"There are many mothers who are indifferent about the future of their children, but surely every Christian parent should look several years ahead and try to train their boys and girls for future citizenship, that they may be an honor, rather than a disgrace, to their parents and their country.

"We must keep the confidence of our children and we must get into their hearts. It seems to me that mothers of today must be up and doing as never before.

"I have always felt that it is my duty to warn my children of the dangers of sin rather than to have them grow up thinking that everything in this world is lovely. Preventative work is our only hope of the future, the only way of helping the young to keep themselves pure and clean."

It was not a grouchy old maid or a crabbed bachelor who made these remarks, but a woman who is rearing children of her own. If her children do not grow into what they should be, she is going to take to herself a large part of the blame. She makes of motherhood a sacred duty with manifold responsibilities and we express the hope that in the coming years she may be repaid by being able to admire children of hers who have grown into manly men and women and who also are endeavoring to direct little feet into the paths they should tread.

This mother would rather have her floors muddied by the feet of children who find joy and pleasure about the family heartstone than to be worrying about how it goes with the son or daughter who thinks life is being wasted when it is not spent in seeking frivolous pleasure. The feet which make prints upon the floors of home are not in danger of straying into forbidden paths. Boyish lips which like to be pressed to mother's are not likely to be employed to imbibe poisonous drinks and girlish hands which like to help mother with the dishes are not likely to be clasped by those who would lead her to secluded paths where carnal lust might rob her fair feminine cheek of its bloom and take the girlish twinkle from the eye.

That is the line of thought this mother's mind follows. Most mothers probably think the same things, but the number who give up resisting impetuous youth is legion and their surrender makes all the harder the struggle of such mothers as the one quoted. Undoubtedly her children often hold up as examples other mothers who do not lay down such stringent rules, who have enough confidence (?) in their children to let them come and go as suits their pleasure, who do not stint them in their expenditures, who do not ask where they have been and who with.

Undoubtedly the mother quoted has been told many times that she is an old fogy, that times have changed, and that children can not be restrained like they were restrained when the parents of today were children.

The same things will be said when the impetuous and unrestrainable youths of today become parents. The things that are done today will be very much out of date 20 years from now, and the kids who feel that they are 50 years ahead of the parents of today will be found 50 years behind the kids of 20 years from now.

Well may we ask what many of the kids will be demanding then as their right, as something to which they are entitled from parents responsible for their being.

The kids of today would be much better equipped to deal with such a situation when it arrives if there were more mothers today like the one who has been quoted.

Love's Masquerade

A Dramatic Story of Love and Romance

By Idah McGlone Gibson

UNMASKED.

"In Paris, George, outside my window day after day I heard a girl singing. She was a vendor of flowers. Her little station was right under my window, and every day she sang:

"'Je l'ai tellment dans la peau,' and then would come the refrain,

"'Mon Homme.'

"I knew by the way that flower-girl on the Rue de la Paix was singing that she was thinking of her own particular 'man' when her contralto voice, in its tender cadence, pronounced the words, 'Mon Homme.' To translate freely, he was 'her man' and she 'always had him under her skin.' He was a part of her.

"We women, high or low, are like that, George, when we really love. There is nothing we would not forgive 'our man.' Nothing we would not do for him.

"I know now that had you asked me to go to Quito I would never have thought of asking you to go away for two weeks that we might find ourselves; that we might find out whether you loved me well enough and whether I loved you well enough to give up everything for love.

"I would never have had to ask you that, George, for as the French girl sang, 'You are always mine—a part of me, and I belong to you.'

"George, I am showing you my heart thus boldly because I want you who knew all about my dream with Harry, to know now that I am awake; that I feel what the reality of life and love with you will be. I——"

At that moment Margaret's outburst was stayed by the nurses, who came in to prepare George Milton for his ordeal—the skin grafting operation.

"Mr. Davis is waiting in the operating room, Dr. George," said one of them.

"He is going to be my first, self-sacrificing friend," remarked the patient in a voice full of feeling. "If everything is ready, we had better not wait longer."

As Dr. Milton was placed upon the rolling bed for his journey to the operating room, Margaret Earle bent over him and between her soft kisses she murmured:

"I will be waiting for you here, now and always. Come back to me soon."

* * *

"Isn't it strange that I have not heard from Margaret?" inquired Harry Glendening wonderingly of Clavering.

"Margaret Earle is here in the hospital," said Clavering gravely.

Glendening sprang to sitting posture and the effort brought on a fit of coughing.

"Why didn't you bring her right up Jim?" he asked reproachfully as soon as he could talk. "Here, nurse, go down to the reception room and tell Mrs. Earle that I am waiting for her impatiently."

"When the nurse had left," said Clavering when telling the story to Davis later, "for the life of me I could not tell Harry that Margaret was with Dr. Milton. Instead, I walked to the window on a pretense of looking out.

"The nurse was gone a long time, and Harry became more and more impatient.

"'Go and find her, Jim. I cannot wait,' he implored.

"I went out into the hall, John, and I give you my word, I felt like a burglar caught in the act. There I met the nurse with a note.

"'I'll take it to Mr. Glendening,' I said, and walked into the room.

"'Margaret, Margaret,' spoke Harry before he found that I was alone.

"I gave the note into his trembling hand. He looked at it a moment as though his eyes were blinded, then he thrust it toward me.

"'Read it, Jim. Read it quickly. Someway I cannot see the words.'

"Slowly I opened it, for I could guess what it contained. More slowly I read:

"'I am writing this, Harry, just down the corridor—only a little way from you, and yet we were never so far apart in all our lives.

"'I am waiting with baited breath for 'My Man' to come back from the operating room to me.

"'Yes, Harry; at last I know something which you found out long ago. I know that foolish passion which you and I called love was something else in masquerade. I have known Dr. Milton for many years, Harry, and although he never told me so by word or deed, I knew he loved me always and I went to him with all my troubles.

"'While I was happy in your protestations of affection, I forgot him for a little time; forgot his goodness and greatness, but when I thought you had broken my heart, I went to him, and then almost before I had finished telling him our story, I knew it was George Milton and not you whom I really loved.

"'I am sorry, Harry—honestly I am, but I know you never really loved me. Too many other women have come into your life and you will soon forget me if another woman beckons.

"'Your wife tells me she is going to withdraw her divorce petition; she is determined to forgive you.

"'Harry, the masquerade is over; the midnight hour has struck! It is time to unmask. For me, just outside waits 'My Man,' and shortly I shall fly down the corridor to his waiting, if weakened, arms.

"'For you,—"

The nurse appeared at the door.

"Mr. Glendening, your wife wants to know if you feel able to see her today."

Silently Harry held out his hand for the letter that I had not finished reading. I gave it to him.

Slowly he tore it into small pieces without trying to read the rest.

"Please, Jim, throw these out the window. I want them to be blown hither and thither—somewhere far away." Then turning the face from which his famous smile was gone to the nurse, he said, wearily:

"Send Mrs. Glendening in."

I caught what seemed to be a groan of pain. I went forward toward him, but he had turned his head to the wall.

THE END.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

So ends the dramatic story of

"LOVE'S MASQUERADE"

Tomorrow we begin another great Gibson serial entitled:

"What Happened When Sheila Elliston Refused Love."

A romantic thriller that will hold you spell-bound. Watch for it and tell your friends. Beginning July 25th. Exclusively in the News-Review.

MOST THRILLING OF SPORTS

Pig-Sticking Not the Form of Amusement That Would Appeal to the Mollycoddle.

One of the most thrilling of all sports is pig-sticking. Armed with a steel-pointed bamboo spear some seven or eight feet long, and mounted on a fast, well-trained horse, the pig-sticker waits outside a patch of covert until the beaters' cries announce that a wild boar has gone away. He then gallops after the quarry, accompanied by several other riders all intent on winning the honor which goes to the "first spear."

The Indian boar is a large and powerful beast, standing some 40 inches in height, and armed with formidable tusks, which he uses to good purpose. He is the craftiest of animals and the finest of fighters.

After him go the sportsmen. They have no chance of catching him for some time, for in his first burst the "Pig" will out-distance any horse. At last one rider, drawing away from the rest, gets within sticking distance. Quick as lightning the boar "jinks," or jumps to one side.

Next moment horse and rider are struggling on the ground, for piggy has charged hard and true, throwing them both. If help is not at hand he will wound or even kill his antagonist.

His tusks, nine or ten inches in length, he uses as chisels, ripping and tearing with them in his fury. Luckily, the second man is close up, and after a fierce fight the pig is speared. Here is a form of sport that no one could accuse of tameness.

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