Observation of Parents and Teachers

It is estimated that a boy has 3831 spare hours a year—and what he does with these spare hours is interesting thought for grown-ups. Put these hours to good use in work and play. Save and be thrifty.

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Your Boy and Your Girl

BY ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D.
The Parent Counsellor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parents' problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Only questions of general interest answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamp, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address Arthur Dean, in care of The News-Review.

Midgaard

In Norse mythology Midgaard means midway between earth and heaven. Midgaard was the home of man and Asgaard the home of the gods. The two were connected by a rainbow bridge.

Let's live in Midgaard or at least for week-ends. We have put up at "Uneedarests," Tarryoninns," "Welkits," Dewdropouts," but perhaps we have never put at Midgaards and walked across the rainbow bridges. If names of camps and bungalows really mean anything then "Takitorleavit" doesn't compare with "Midgaard."

Let me tell you about one Midgaard. It belongs to a family of four. I knew them in the father and mother's honeymoon days—in the Maytime of their lives—when the vivacious and virile Vida repeated: "Where thou goest I will go and where thou lodgest I will lodge," to stalwart and sober John. And John built a lodge sturdy, strong and enduring like himself. Vida touched it with her magic hands, gave it color, taste and daintiness and called it home. Then she whispered:

"Where thou, my John, hast thy home I, too, will have mine."

Then John Junior came and then Cathleen; and then the bills, daily grinds, weariness, sickness, ambitions thwarted, hope, love, life, despair, joy— but always there were John, Vida, John Jr., Cathleen and home.

But John Jr., kept saying, and Cathleen echoed, just as children will in advising parents what to do, "Why not another home? Some place where we, all of us, can build. I'll help you daddy, with the big sticks and little sister will pick up the shavings for kindlings."

And Father John, who is a schoolmaster and accustomed to big language said, "All right, we will build a week-ender as a family project and give every member of the family an opportunity for recreation."

Dropins or Dropouts

So daddy became the general contractor and John Jr. (age twelve) the foreman, and Vida the designer and decorator, aided by Cathleen (age eight). As Vida puts it, "We have worked three summers on it and it isn't finished yet. It will never be finished for we shall always be bringing something to it and adding to it."

I wonder if more of us cannot build Midgaards with rainbow bridges spanning the earth and the garden of the gods. I wonder if families would not be happier if more rainbow bridges were in their imaginations; if home had things for father, mother and little John and Cathleen to make together?

Nothing is quite so thrilling and inspiring to children as building and furnishing a cabin house. Sharing in its construction and furnishing gives children a deeper respect for the big fundamental things of life, enriches their experience and brings them into closer communication with the real and worth while.

Are we always "going somewhere" instead of building to live somewhere? Are we always "going out" and only coming in when there is no other place to go?

Dewdropin is very appropriate name for such homes where the children drop in for meals, money, and sleep. But Midgaard—ah, there's the real place! Midgaard, a home midway betwixt earth and heaven. That's the idea.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER

Free Service to You

Behind this column is a Service Bureau for parents and youth. If any of the following questions hit your head, heart, experience, curiosity or fancy, check it and send the clipping to me. You will receive a helpful answer. Here are some queries:

Being a stenographer, how would I go about it to become a secretary?

My child is 35½ inches high and four years old. How much should he weigh?

Can a child play too much?

How can I explain to my five year old boy about the death of his sister?

How can I entertain my boy friend?

Should I let my daughter have a beau?

How can I stop my small youngster from constantly crying over nothing?

Guinea Pigs

Dear Dr. Dean:

I was interested in the guinea pig article written by a small boy. If he expects to get wealthy keep out of the business. While they breed fast they often die faster. Require constant care along lines of cleanliness, feeding, breeding, etc. They should be raised under only the most healthful conditions.

What a boy will get out of it in helping to develop the right thoughts is fine if he has an older advisor. It helps lift the veil of mystery on birth. It gives him an opportunity to ask real live questions before he is old enough to become mixed up with the vulgar talk of school boys.

I have a friend who made a business of raising guinea pigs for laboratory work. She was a school teacher before she married and she went into the game of raising guinea pigs scientifically. Let the boy write her before he gets the idea into his head. Her name is Mrs. Krober, Union Street, Mount Vernon, New York.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish publicly to thank Mr. Ritter of the Roseburg Undertaking Co., for the many courtesies extended without cost to us or the bereaved family during the recent illness and death of Comrade R. V. Moore of Myrtle Creek.

AMERICAN LEGION,
Umpqua Post No. 16.

Granite milk pans, 16c at Powell's.

MASONIC ORDER TO VISIT EPISCOPAL CHURCH SUNDAY

The annual Easter church service for the Knight Templar order will be held Sunday evening at St. George's Episcopal church. The Masons will meet at the lodge hall and will go from there to the church where a special program is being prepared for the occasion by Rev. Runnels, who is a member of the order. Each year the Knights Templar visit one of the churches of the city for the Easter message.

Rag rugs, 39c at Powell's Furniture store.

From Brockway—

J. Roberts, of Brockway, was a visitor in this city Friday, spending the afternoon trading and transacting business.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Ulysses Grant McLaughlin, deceased, has filed in the county court of Douglas county, state of Oregon, his final account as such administrator, of said estate, and that Monday the 25th day of April, 1927, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing objections to said report, and the settlement thereof.

R. L. McLAUGHLIN,
Administrator of the estate of Ulysses Grant McLaughlin, deceased.

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DAUGHTERS of MIDAS

by Anne Austin © 1927 by NEA Service Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Billy Wells, head of the glove department of the big Curtis store, wins a prize for her answers to a questionnaire. The awards are announced at the thirtieth anniversary celebration, by T. Q. Curtis, millionaire owner, who prepared the questionnaire himself.

Nydia Lomax, Winnie Shelton and 22 other girls and women also win prizes. In a conference room where Old T. Q. talks privately with the winners, Billy notices that among the lucky ones selected by the old man as winners of this contest are the very prettiest girls in the store. She is instantly suspicious, and her suspicions are heightened when, during the conference, Mr. Curtis requests the winners to participate in a second contest. Each girl is to write him a letter, telling what she would do if she inherited one hundred thousand dollars.

When Billy goes home after the celebration, she finds Clay Curtis, son of the store owner, sleeping before the fire. Clay has disinherited himself and is living with the Wells family in a poorer section of the town, working in a factory and writing music at night. Billy's ambition to be a great violinist is a bond between her and Clay. When Billy tells him about the second contest, he opposes it as vehemently as he did the first. He is suspicious of his father's motives and begs Billy to drop the whole business—"as if it were a bomb."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XII

Sunday afternoon, while rubbing her freshly shampooed hair with a Turkish towel, Billy studied the two paragraphs of instructions which T. Q. had framed to govern this second amazing contest of his. Her mother was rocking placidly and sewing.

"Just listen to this, mother, and see how crazy it is," Billy commanded. " 'Suppose, for the sake of this essay, that you have just inherited—not earned—a hundred thousand dollars. Write, in not more than 500 words, just what you would do with that sum. Write honestly. Tell how you would handle this sum of money, to secure the most pleasure for yourself or your family or humanity in general.' "

Billy reflected, frowning at the sheet of paper. "If you ask me, I think it's a lot of applesauce, and I'd be willing to bet right now that I could name at least eight of the prize winners. And every last one of them would be a pretty girl!"

Billy rubbed furiously with the Turkish towel for a minute, then read aloud the remaining paragraph: "The contest is open only to the 25 prizewinners in the questionnaire contest, and closes on February 5. T. Q. Curtis will be sole judge of the merits of the essays submitted. Ten prizes, of worth-while value, will be awarded upon announcement of the prizewinners, not later than February 10, 1925. Signed—Thomas Quinn Curtis!" She flicked the sheet of paper irritably with thumb and forefinger, then burst out at her mother. "Did you ever hear of anything so—so mysterious! Doesn't tell what the prizes will be, keeps the judging solely in his own hands—blessed if I know whether to try for the fool thing or not."

"Don't forget you won twenty-three dollars in one of his fool contests," her mother reminded her. "You go ahead and try, and don't get fresh with him, either. It might tickle him once, but not twice. Now, you get your thinking cap on and write him a real sensible letter. Goodness knows, I don't know what you can say!, I'd die of heart failure if somebody left me a hundred thousand dollars."

"I don't believe I'll go over to Winnie's, after all." Billy flung the towel aside and sprang to her feet. "She just wants me to help her write her essay, or to worm out of me what I'm going to say. Is Clay coming back to supper, or didn't he say?"

"Oh, he'll be back, don't worry. That boy does more walking than any person I ever saw. Why don't you go walking with him?"

"Because he hasn't asked me," Billy retorted. "Now, mother, for heaven's sake, don't you go to throwing him at my head or me at his. I get plenty of that at the store. It's enough to make me hate him."

"But you don't," her mother said softly, glancing up at her daughter with twinkling blue eyes.

Billy did not answer, but marched out of the living room into her own room across the hall.

"Better light a fire in there if you're going to shut yourself up to write," her mother called after her.

"Oh, I'll write in the kitchen." Billy came shivering out of her room. "We can't afford to have three fires burning at the same time, and I haven't the heart to let Clay's room get cold. He'll probably come back from his walk with his head full of a new song that he'll be just aching to write down. Clay's a genius—a real genius." It tears my heart out to think of his breaking his back in a factory, getting his piano fingers all rough and broken—oh, I ought to make him go back to his father, so that he could spend all of his time at his music—"

"I expect it's good for him to get acquainted with real folks and real life and hard work," her mother said wisely. "He can go back any time—"

"No, he can't!" Billy interrupted angrily. "There's something divine and foolish and strong in him that would make him kill himself at work he hates rather than acknowledge that he's not capable of tearing a living out of this commercial old town with his bare hands. We mustn't let him go back mother. Something happened to make him hate hisself because he isn't a money-making go-getter—" her voice was bitter with contempt of the breed—"a—a woman, I think, and he'll never believe in himself until he proves to himself that he can make money. Oh, well, I've got to get busy. Funny, isn't it?—I've got to go write an essay on what I would do with a hundred thousand dollars, when we can't even afford the coal to heat my room for me to work in. Don't look so grieved, honey-love." She bent swiftly over her mother and rubbed her fresh, firm young cheek caressingly against her mother's. "I'm not really bitter, but sometimes it does seem as if my dream of being a great violinist is so absurd."

She straightened and stared about the living room, her tear-bright blue eyes glancing about the walls, on which hung four or five cheaply framed little water colors, signed "Emily Stark"—her mother's maiden name.

"I only had a talent for dreaming." Her mother's eyes followed her glance, and she sighed for the dead dreams of the long dead Emily Stark. "I never thought I'd be a great painter, and I guess I was really pretty glad to get married and saddle you with the duty of making my dream, as well as your own, come true. But you've got genius, too, Billy. You can't go back on it. You'll get your chance. I've had the queerest feeling lately that you're just on the brink of it. Old Mrs. Ashbell cut the cards for me the other day, and she said my wish was coming true very soon. And the only wish I ever have is that you'll have your chance at a real teacher, with all the time you want to practice—"

"You're a funny dumpling and I adore you!" Billy laughed.

She had intended to write a flippant, impudent letter to old T. Q., guarding her dreams from his sardonic, quizzical eyes, but she found, when she sat with her pen poised above a fresh sheet of paper, that there was no impudence left in her.

Her mother's belief in her genius had made it possible to hold fast to her dream. Dear, funny mother! But, oddly enough, as she sat staring blankly at the white sheet of paper, her mother's image faded rapidly and it was T. Q. Curtis' eyes that she remembered. He was sorrowing for Clay, of course. He was lonely and bewildered. He was wondering, she mused, nibbling at her pen, what money was good for anyway, if it could not buy things for his boy. No wonder he wanted to know what other people thought of money—what good things it could buy for them that he had missed.

"If I had a hundred thousand dollars," she mused, bending her mind deliberately to the problem, her impudent, bright little face very grave and mature of a sudden. "Why—" she drew a deep breath of astonishment as she made an important discovery. "I don't want a hundred thousand dollars! It would frighten me to death, all that money; then, if I got over being frightened, it would tie me all up in a snarl of obligations. Clothes and a big house and cars and servants—and—and things! Things! I'd be slave to things if I tried to spend a hundred thousand dollars. Of course I don't want it! What do I want?"

She laid one of her small, exquisite hands over her eyes the better to concentrate. "I want the finest violin that money can buy—a Stradivarius or a Cremona. And I want the best violin teacher in the world. And after that I want to play before people who understand and love music, and who will pay me just enough for playing for them so that I can live and go on playing and hear other musicians make lovely music. That's really all I want for me myself—but mother—of course mother would like things too, not enough grand things to frighten her, but just cozy things—a snug little house all paid for, money enough so that she could buy three nice dresses in one season without feeling like a criminal. No, I can see it wouldn't take much of that hundred thousand to give the Wells family its heart desires. I suppose I could give it away in small lots to other girls that don't see how their dreams are coming true. Well, anyway," she nodded emphatically, "I'm glad old T. Q. put his silly conundrum up to me. It gives me a nice, free, warm feeling inside to realize that I don't really want lots of money. I always thought I did."

Her face grew rosy and her blue eyes sparkled like living sapphires with the joy of her discovery. She hugged that odd joy to her heart for another precious moment, then, with a soft chuckle that brought the brindle cat purring and arching its back, she bent over the paper and began to write.

It was not until she had finished her funny, intimate, whimsical little confession that she remembered her half-formed suspicions and the wager she had made to her mother—"I'd be willing to bet right now that I could name at least eight of the prize winners."

As her exultation died down and reality pressed in upon her—the kitchen was getting bleakly cold—she did remember. All the cynicism which life had forced upon her came rushing back. She seized her pen again and wrote rapidly—eight names.

"Here, mother, keep this list until the prizes are announced, and see if I can't say, 'I told you so!' " she said in a hard little voice as she tucked the folded bit of paper into her mother's apron pocket.

(To be continued)

On the day of the contest awards, Billy sells gloves to a disturbing stranger with hypnotic eyes. Read the next chapter.

Used range stove at Powell's Furniture.

Coast League Baseball

The Seals jumped into first place in the Coast League yesterday when they defeated the Sacs 8 to 5, O'Doul got two hits, making it the seventeenth straight game in which he was hit safely. Batteries: Singleton, Canfield, Keefe, and Koehler; Williams and Vargas.

The Portland Beavers took a good grip on third place by beating Hollywood 9 to 8. The Beavers scored 6 runs in the fifth inning. Batteries: McCabe, W. Murphy and Cook; Kenney, Duff, Haynes, Wendell and Yelle.

Oakland won from Los Angeles 7 to 5 in a game in which the umpire chased four players off the field. A policeman helped to remove Frank Brazill from the diamond. Batteries: Dickerman, L. Daglia and Bool; Weatherby, Sanders and Sandberg.

The Seattle Indians and the Missions battled nine innings, three of them in the rain, to a 4 to 4 tie. Batteries: Ludolph, Christian and Whitney; Miljus, Brandt, Graham and Jenkins.

Games today: Sacramento at San Francisco; Missions at Seattle; Oakland at Los Angeles and Hollywood at Portland.

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BEN HUR WILL BE SHOWN AT ANTLERS THEATRE APRIL 27

"Ben Hur," the magnificent picturization of General Lew Wallace's novel of the same name, will be presented at the Antlers theatre, Wednesday, April 27.

This great work, which is acknowledged to be the finest example of the art of the cinema yet to be shown to the public, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, which was directed by Fred Niblo. The three years that were spent in its making resulted in an achievement that could not have been accomplished in less time nor with less labor and study. To create a picture of the length of "Ben Hur," in which almost every phase of life nearly two thousand years ago is shown in minute detail, without making a single error which might be detected by the most learned of archeologists, was indeed a triumph for every one concerned in the vast undertaking.

The sea battle between the Roman Galleys and the Triremes of the Greek pirates is superbly done; the chariot race is a masterpiece of dramatic intensity and lightning swift physical action, and the religious scenes, many of them done in color, are of extreme beauty and impressiveness. The fine musical score arranged by David Mendoza and William Axt, and played by a large touring orchestra contributes greatly to the joy of beholding the picture. The principal players who took part in the making of the cinema in Italy and in southern California were Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, May McAvoy, Claire McDowell, Kathleen Key, Carmel Myers, Nigel de Bruller, Mitchell Lewis, Leo White, Frank Currier, Charles Belcher, Betty Bronson, Dale Fuller and Winter Hall.

A Killefer chisel cultivator will cultivate alfalfa without tearing up the plants. It is a fine tool for summer cultivation in orchards. See one at Wharton Bros.

R. H. S. STUDENTS WILL PRESENT MUSICAL PROGRAM

The annual musicale, given by the students of the senior high school, will be presented Friday evening, April 22, starting at 8 o'clock. The program will be given by the girls' glee club, the senior high school orchestra and instrumental, and vocal numbers by individual students.

The girls' glee club has about eighty voices and is under the direction of Miss Hazel Goodwin, who has had remarkable success this year in training the girls in music. The high school orchestra, of twenty-one pieces, is very popular with Roseburg people and has made a number of public appearances. The orchestra is directed by Prof. Walter Germain.

The program will last for about an hour, and will be a very enjoyable one from every standpoint. The students are extending a general invitation to the public to be present. No admission will be charged.

McCormick-Deering tractors are becoming more popular each year. A whole train load of 27 cars was recently shipped to the northwest. See one of these super-tractors at Wharton Bros.

The Last Call Of Judd's Big Sale

Handy Ladder Stools, $1.85	$1.23
Enamel Handle House Broom	37c
Phonograph Records, 75c	39c
High Back Oak Rocker	$6.35
Large Screwdrivers	19c
Hercules Claw Hammer	49c
Full Copper Boilers	$3.98
Kerogas Oil Stove	$14.95
Rhinelander Refrigerator	$8.45
Large Kitchen Cabinet, $25, for	$12.35
7-piece Oak Dining Set, $75	$37.50

These are only a few of the many.

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