

COUNTY BRIEFS

RIDDLE LOCALS

Herbert Beyers of Canyonville was attending to business affairs here Friday.

Miss Elma Mellor who is employed at the Uniqua National bank at Roseburg, spent Thanksgiving with her parents here.

Dr. Corvill of Myrtle Creek was here for a brief time Friday.

John Root and family of Roseburg motored up Saturday and spent the weekend visiting at the home of W. R. Root.

Robert Stauffer and Jack Griner, students at O. A. C., were guests at the home of Miss Mary Riddle last Saturday and Sunday.

W. I. Chappell, representing the Sunset Magazine, has been spending several weeks in this community.

The Misses Margaret and Marjorie Wilson and Lillian Logsdon, who are attending normal school at Monmouth, are spending their vacation visiting their parents here. They will return to school Sunday.

The A. R. Cripps family, accompanied by Augusta Stratting and Abner Logsdon, motored to Tule Lake last weekend and spent several days shooting wild geese. They brought back a fine lot of birds.

Mrs. Laura Bradford, who has been living at the Silver Peak mine with her son, departed for California Wednesday, where she will visit with her granddaughter indefinitely.

Darrel Carter, while driving to Roseburg Thursday evening, accompanied by Donald Carter and Glen Willis, met with an accident near the Winston bridge when another car crashed into his on a turn. No one received any injuries but Mr. Carter's car was wrecked almost beyond repair.

Elder Johnson of Roseburg, preaching for the Seventh Day Adventist church, will begin a protracted meeting here at Alkida hall next Sunday evening. The meetings will continue several weeks.

C. E. Logsdon and daughter, Willametta, were called to Jasper the first of the week by the very serious illness of Mrs. Logsdon, who was visiting at that place. Mrs. Logsdon was moved to the Eugene hospital and last reports gave her condition as slightly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Logsdon and daughter, Rosamond, Mrs. A. W. Wilson and Mrs. Jordan Shultz were Roseburg visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Crow of Marshfield and Clarence Crow of Roseburg spent Thanksgiving at

the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Crow, returning Thursday evening.

A number of Riddle people were shopping in Roseburg Wednesday. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Nichols, Mrs. C. L. Willis, Mrs. C. F. Sowersby and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Diddel, Jr.

Friends have received word of the death of Everard Lee, at Livermore, Calif., on Nov. 1. Mr. Lee was from Mississippi, but spent several years on a homestead near Peck in an effort to regain his health. He had many friends here. Word has been received also of the death of Mrs. Carrie White, Nov. 7th, at Wamie, Ore. Mrs. White will be remembered as Mrs. Ferris, whose husband was a drowned in the South Umpqua a number of years ago.

J. Clyde Gazley, who has been in California for several years, was greeting old friends here Saturday. He expects to reside on his ranch at Gazley for the present.

Amos Cripps and his son, Yarnel, were transacting business in Roseburg Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Winkler are looking after property interests here this week.

In a city election held last Saturday afternoon it was decided by a vote of 27 for, 4 against, to sell the power line in the town of Hildreth to the C. G. P. Co. The company expects to take over the line about December 1.

Mrs. Kimmel of Canyonville entertained a party of relatives Thanksgiving day at one of her famous dinners at her home there. Those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Max Kimmel and son Karl of Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. Will Willis and daughter Evelyn and Mr. and Mrs. Elton Bollenbaugh of Canyonville.

Mrs. Fred Ball had as her guests Thanksgiving day Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ball, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Al Tompkins and Mr. Martin and son.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Grant entertained a family party on Thanksgiving, including Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Logsdon and family, Helena Riddle, Mrs. Carrie Parsley and Arthur Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Berry had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hart and children.

Mrs. Ed Riddle had as invited guests Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Riddle from Roseburg, Mrs. J. B. Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Frater and Robert Stauffer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lawrence entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and son Paul of Days Creek and Elder Johnson, wife and grandson of Roseburg. XX

Remus Trial Seen by an Artist for NEA and News-Review



This panorama of the courtroom during the Remus trial at Cincinnati, sketched by Manuel Rosenberg, staff artist for the Cincinnati Post and NEA Service, gives a graphic view of the sensational trial of the multi-millionaire murderer. At the left are the alienists, who must rule on Remus' sanity; behind them is the jury with the one "flapper juror," Ruth Cross, in the rear row and the 13th juror in front. Remus' defense is that he was insane at the time of the murder. In the center are the principal actors in the trial. Standing is Remus himself addressing the court. Seated in the foreground are Prosecutor Charles P. Taft, son of the chief justice, and his assistant, with Defense Attorney Elston just beyond him. Reporters and spectators can be seen massed together in the background, with a bailiff standing near the jury box. Judge Chester R. Shook, presiding at the Remus trial, can be seen at the right. In front of him is the witness chair, where the men and women who will testify for or against the defendant will sit while they tell to the jury, seated opposite, the stories that will mean life or death to the former multi-millionaire liquor seller. In the background is the crowd of interested spectators that jam the court daily.

RELIGION'S FINALITIES

Leading American Churchmen Present Them in New Symposium of "Last Sermons"

Finalities of modern religious thought as a score of leading American churchmen conceive them are presented in a newly published book, "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach." Under the direction of Rev. Charles Steidle, the symposium was prepared as an extension of an idea advanced for Lent of this year by students of church advertising. The contributors represent a wide variety of denominational adherence, of liberalism, of conservatism. Following are excerpts from some of the heretofore unpublished sermons contained in the volume. These sermons all reflect the authors' deepest religious convictions.

Bishop Warren A. Candler, Methodist Episcopal Church South, on "Incontestable Fact and Indispensable Truth":

"They do greatly err who would have us believe that Jesus knew no bodily resurrection, and that belief in His resurrection is not necessary to Christian life. His resurrection was very real, and when it is reduced to a mere phantom, the source of Christian life is evaporated and Christian experience becomes a shadow and impotent mist of unreality. The obstacles to Christian life are too great to be overcome by a feeble faith; and the proper elevation of it is too lofty to be attained by an unmiraculous religion."

Frederick F. Shannon, Central Church, Chicago, on "The One Thing Man":

"Life is a pretty drab affair, says our Christless humanitarian. Well, why not, if there is no God, no Soul, no One Thing that can be known in the midst of many things that cannot be known? If some people gave a tenth as much of their time in an honest endeavor to find out the fact of God in Christ as they do in trying either to disprove of obscure fact, I would be willing to bet my soul that they, too, would be able to find the white-hot certainty that continues to burn the cold chill off many uncertainties."

Morrow's First Chat With Calles

Dwight W. Morrow (left) chats with President Calles at the Mexico City executive palace after presenting his credentials as the new American ambassador. Standing attentively between them is an interpreter.



Ruth Cheers Mme. Nungesser.



Ruth Elder and George Haldemann visited Mme. Nungesser, mother of the lost French trans-Atlantic flier, during their Paris sojourn to express their condolences and sympathy. Here are the three together.

You Furnish the Uniforms for This Natural Eleven

ALL-NATURE TEAM	
Moon.....	Allegheny..... End
Marsh.....	W. Va. Wesleyan Tackle
Vineyard.....	Louisiana State..... Guard
Wood.....	Navy..... Center
Rock.....	St. Bonaventure..... Guard
Lea.....	Tennessee..... Tackle
Sapp.....	North Carolina..... End
Lilly.....	Mississippi..... Quarter
Rose.....	Delaware..... Halfback
Hill.....	New York..... Halfback
Spring.....	Navy..... Fullback

For the benefit of all red-hot football enthusiasts who just can't wait for the All-American and various All-Sectional teams to be selected we SPRING this unique combination of gridgers to form our All-Nature eleven.

For sheer versatility this team has no rival, being equally adept at playing by day or gambooling over the LEA by the light of the MOON.

The center, WOOD, is most durable and who could upset a guard as solid as a ROCK.

The training table is ideal, having such advantages as a VINEYARD on the HILL for muscle building fruit and a SPRING to quench the thirst of the perspiring athletes.

The quarterback is a LILLY and when it comes to directing the attack, he's no SAPP.

This team is not handicapped by bad weather when the playing field resembles a MARSH. Quite naturally it is a great combination.

Devil Dog Sleuth



Douglas S. Catchim, private, U. S. M. C., formerly with the Burns International Detective Agency, was one of the witnesses before the grand jury investigating alleged tampering with the Fall-Sinclair trial jury at Washington. He was photoed thus as he left the grand jury room.

An Exclusive Interview With George Remus' Mother--- Loyalty---In a Deserted Palace

Mother of Bootleg King Carries On for Him.

BY ALLENE SUMNER
NEA Service Writer
CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 25.— "Mother Remus," the 77-year-old mother of George Remus, bootleg king now on trial for his life, a self-confessed murderer, has come back to her son's Dream Palace on the hill.

And "Mother Remus" who preferred her own tiny and shabby Chicago flat in the days when priceless rugs and tapestries and carvings and oils and bits of bronze and marble littered "The King's" mansion of many rooms, now sleeps, or tries to, in a great bare room at the top of the bare, palatial and trembles to hear the bare boughs of the trees in the park below grate across her window.

"Mother Remus," who preferred her coffee from a thick white mug and her kitchen from a thick china plate to all the aquabs and terrapin and truffles and woodcock and caviar served on her son's solid gold service plates, now sits leniently on the huge kitchen stove of the empty palace where once were cooked veritable Lescellian feasts for her son and his guests.

And George, "The King," smiles in his cell when "mama's" soup or kuchen or hassenpfeffer is brought him nearly every day.

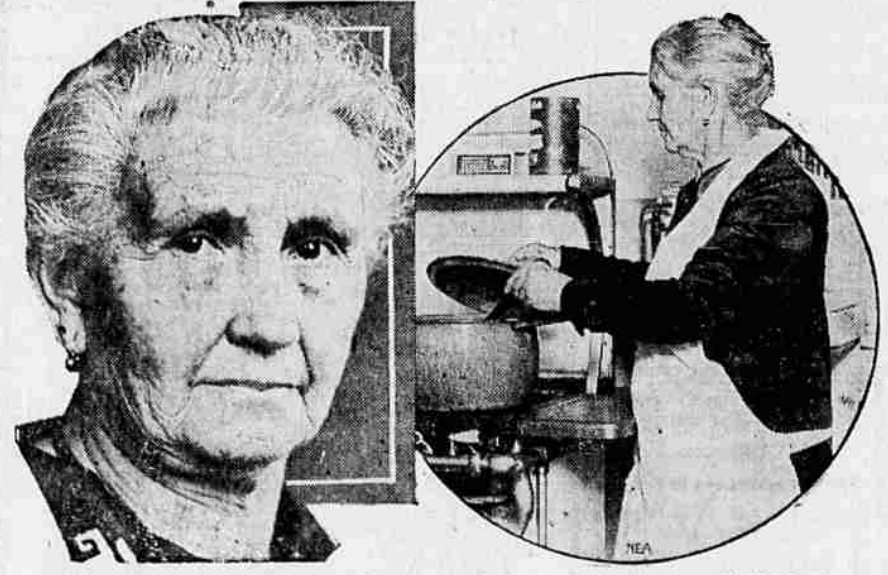
An Empty Palace

And "Mother Remus," who "didn't feel right" in George's house in the days when gold and ruby wines flowed like water at his great feasts, when six maids tried to help her bathe and dress and eat, when five gardeners trimmed the holly and hlex and sweet briar in the vast acres about the mansion, now sweeps the cobwebs from the bare tinted walls of George's stripped and gutted home or scrubs on her knees the corners of the priceless marble fireplaces, the sole ornaments in the nude rooms. As she scrubs or sweeps or cooks, she mutters words at the dead woman, Imogene Remus, who brought her son so low.

She is almost happy now, because—

"My Remus' needs me now."

LAST MISTRESS OF DECAYED MANOR Lives in Mansion Slain Wife Once Ruled.



George Remus' mother; a close-up, and a view showing her preparing him a special dish in the empty kitchen of his big mansion on the hill.

She never calls her only living son anything but "Mr. Remus." To her he is still the pompous, dignified, all-great "King" who staggered his mother and sisters with tales of his wealth, and who laughed at their pleadings to stop spending money "so crazy like."

"Maybe he would not like me photographed in an apron and not dressed up so fine," she said in her broken English. "They got my picture once when I was in just my house apron and Mr. Remus didn't like it at all. He said his mother should not be seen like that."

But "Mother Remus" does not see that things are different now and that George Remus, attorney as well as prisoner at the bar, wants the world to know that he has a stooped and shabby little old mother who believes in him with all her heart and who lives in his empty, dismal house when all others have fled.

The days when "Mr. Remus" kept mother more sequestered were when Imogene Remus, his second wife, now dead by his own hand, illuminated from her house on the hill all Cincinnati with the glory thrown by her \$100,000 worth of diamonds, the pearls on her breast and fingers, and the rubies and emeralds in her hair.

Those were the days when the marble swimming pool, which a glass-roofed promenade connected with the mansion, saw hundreds of the world's prettiest girls collected by Remus diving there.

Prizes Her Boy

Those were the days when orphans made the air of the Remus green houses heavy with perfume, when the whole city and the whole world were trying to part "The King" from his money, charging him ten times what other men paid for their wife's clothes and jewelry and furniture.

But no word of reproach to "Mr. Remus." Only rhapsodies of praise for the little four-year-old boy whom she brought with her from Germany nearly half a century ago. The boy who at 13 went to work in his uncle's Chicago drug store when his father a lumberman, could no longer support his family.

"Such a good boy till he married that woman," the little old woman said.

"Mother Remus" led me through the half hundred rooms of "The Mansion of Many Rooms," pointing out with anger and disgust the ravages made by her son's wife who looted the house while her husband was scarcely behind penitentiary bars.

Lives in Mansion Slain Wife Once Ruled.

She took me to the odd car room on the third floor with its murals and diamonds; the billiard room with the massive mahogany claw-footed table.

"That was too heavy for her to move or it wouldn't be here," she said.

She showed me the vast third floor ballroom and showed me where the leather seats along the wall had been pried from their hinges. She showed me solid old doors, with hollow cavities where plate glass mirrors had been. She showed me jagged corners on fireplace and mantles from which marble figures had been hacked away.

The dining room with its huge built-in hand-carved buffet, which once groaned under trays of rich foods and decanters of wine, contained only a bare picnic table. The only other furniture in the house were the three or four cheap beds where "The King's" mother, his sister and her husband, and a care-taker sleep.

The stone lions which Imogene Remus had torn from their moorings before a Cincinnati store and brought up Price Hill, casually writing a \$4,000 check to pay for them, are gone now from their station before the Remus driveway.

Only Desolation Now

The park is a tangle, sodden mass of leaves and brambles. The huge servants' clock beside "The King's" bed can summon no servants now. The silver fixtures in his bathroom are tarnished, and only black holes in the wall tell where various unique toilet articles of silver and gold and mother of pearl were fastened.

On the wall of "The King's" bedroom is a picture of his mother and one of himself. She likes to sit alone in this empty room and gaze at the two pictures. She is here in his mansion—almost happy, because to her he turned, and the woman who possessed him in days of plenty is gone and spurned.

"Poor boy, he always wanted a home," she means, "and all he got was this place." (Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.)