

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JULY 15, 1929.

KEEP PATRIOTISM ALIVE!

ALTHOUGH it is little more than three decades ago that victorious American troops were welcomed home from the Spanish conflict, yet forty per cent of those staunch, unselfish men have pitched their tents in a distant camping ground. Consider for a moment—nearly half of those men who heard the call to defend the little island of Cuba and the Philippine archipelago against the tyrannical rule of Spain, have marched on. That is the toll of the enemy whom even the bravest of hearts cannot vanquish. Death is the one unquerable enemy of mankind—either soldier or civilian.

But, as state department officers of the Spanish-American War veterans organization said at the memorial service in the library park last night, it is not a time to mourn the passing of these comrades but to pay tribute to their bravery and their sacrifice.

Of those thousands who answered the call of their country issued by President McKinley in 1898, not one was compelled to enter the army. Every man was a volunteer—fighting not for defense of country, not for territorial gain, not for prestige or glory, but for a mighty principle. That principle was the preservation of the rights of small nations and weak peoples against the diabolical persecution and exploitation of greedy and corrupt powers.

They were patriots. They believed in patriotism. They laid down their lives to prove that they were patriots. They faced the gunfire of the sons of Spain—they faced the hardships in that tropical island—to demonstrate that patriotism lived.

How about the patriotism of today? Do we honor the old flag for which these men died? Today their living comrades carried the greatest flag in the world down Jackson street and scores of men stood along the street WITHOUT REMOVING THEIR HATS! It was not an unusual occurrence. At any such event where the colors pass by you may witness the same thing. It is shameful, almost criminal, that such a thing should happen.

They fought for the constitution of the United States, for law, for the sanctity of the nation and their homes. Today our nation is showing a tragic disregard for the constitution, particularly the eighteenth amendment which is just as much a part of that immortal document as its preamble. Today, all over this country, we are seeing evidence of utter disregard for law and order. Today we see the flag of our nation pass by without so much as doffing our hats. Is patriotism dying? It is our duty before God to see to it that patriotism shall not die.

It is because they are real, red-blooded American patriots that we welcome to Roseburg the Spanish-American War veterans and auxiliary members from all over the state. It is because they did the greatest thing a man can do for his fellow man—lay down his life for another—that we pause to honor the dead of these legions.

Welcome, sportsmen! We hereby cast our vote for bigger and better fish that are not afraid to bite. Any other little thing like that which could be arranged would also be appreciated.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

SAFEGUARDING THE HOME

One of the most beautiful things a judge ever did happened recently in Roseburg, Oregon, when our beloved fellow townman, Judge James Hamilton who, after hearing both sides in a divorce case where both husband and wife were fighting for separation with bitter recrimination, called them privately before him and plead with them, on account of their three innocent children, to forgive and forget, and try again. They went away together to build the home anew.

Of all the blessings God has given A loving home is most like heaven; And when two people learn its grace, It is earth's dearest sacred place; It is the fortress for our cheer, The place we all should hold most dear; And children reared in such a home Will ne'er forget, where'er they roam.

The home requires unselfish love; It needs forbearance from above; It needs a fellowship of soul Where kindness permeates the whole. Consideration for each mate, Forgiveness for a common trait, And then it is the finest thing About which men and women cling.

The grandest gift that God can give Is such a home where children live; Where precious happy human flowers Cheer parents for their working hours; Where father, mother, take their pride And find relief when weary, tried; Where children grow in courage strong, Thank God they to a home belong.

Judge Hamilton deserves our praise That he with care such walls could raise. If all our judges, all our courts Would help rebuild these sacred forts, Would help rekindle husband, wife, To seek again the dreamed-of life, There's many a home would bloom anew; Their clouded skies would change to blue.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



The OFFICE CAT

Her: "You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips—to whisper in your ear, 'I love you!'" She: "Well, I guess it can be arranged."

Here's to the girls—the young ones— Not so young. For the good die young, And nobody wants a dead one.

Here's to the girls—the old ones— Not too old. For the old die, too, And nobody wants a dyed one!

A noted scientist declares that the time will come when no coat at all will be used. Yeah, but what about brimstone?

Mrs. McTavish: "Little Angus has just swallowed a penny! Will it be dangerous for him?" Mr. McTavish: "It will be if he doesn't cough it up!"

We can understand why a fool and his money are soon parted, but where he gets it is what gets us.

Bookkeeper Dick: "So you and Dick don't speak now?" Cashier Carrie: "No, we had a dreadful quarrel about who loved the other most."

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS (Continued from page 1) paid to responsible public servants. So don't waste too much sympathy on big men who serve the public for little CASH pay.

THE routine worker for the public, the cog in the machine of public business, is fairly well paid, probably a little better paid than similar workers in private business, while the big man, who holds the prominent job, is underpaid in actual cash.

This is as it should be. The routine worker gets only his wage, which should be a fair one. But the big man gets also power and prestige. If, in addition, the big man in public service got much money, he would be doubly paid, which wouldn't be fair.

Efficiency Experts A French boy got a shrapnel the other day and his father had shrapnel in it.

Daily True Stories An Italian said when the Spaniards were born, "Shall we join the ladies?"

Advice to the Love-Worn A girl shouldn't have to worry about marrying the self-made man, she can always tear him down and build him over.

Take it or Leave it A well known travel bureau has just announced a personality conducted tour for wives who want to go through their husbands' pockets.

You're Right Beauty is only skin deep. No man ever fell in love with an X-ray picture.

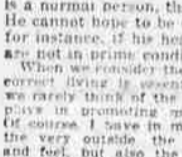
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WHY WE WITHSTAND WEATHER EXTREMES

Medical Authority Tells How the Skin Acts as a Regulator in Protecting Us in Violent Weather Changes—Keep It Clean and Healthy!

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Surgeon from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

MAN'S adaptability to his surroundings is one of the remarkable facts about him. Palm trees thrive in the tropics and die in colder climates. Man thrives everywhere. The body is made to adapt itself to conditions as they are. One of the surest tests of this is that man can stand sudden and violent changes in the weather. He may be in the clutch of terrible heat and not suffer much if there is a sudden drop of 50 or 60 degrees. The opposite states of weather will cause him no serious inconvenience.



Of course we fret over extremes of heat and cold. We complain about the sudden changes. But in the hot analysis these bodies of ours adapt themselves to whatever comes.

The skin and its wonderful equipment of blood vessels are the things that save us. The covering of the body is made on purpose to regulate the interior, with its vital organs.

Among other functions the skin acts as a regulator. It is more accurate and infallible in its operations than the most perfect thermostat ever made.

I am assuming that the man under discussion is a normal person, that he has a perfect body and lives a proper life. He cannot hope to be perfectly undisturbed by violent weather changes. For instance, if his heart and blood vessels and, indeed, his every part are not in prime condition.

When we consider the reasons why correct living is essential to safety we rarely think of the part the skin plays in promoting man's welfare. Of course I save in mind not only the very outside the part we see and feel, but also the whole thickness and structure of the body covering.

To maintain the successful operation of the skin it must be well nourished. That is, it must have its full share of the food and drink we take to maintain health. It must be cleaned and fed by an abundance of pure blood.

Besides what it gets from within, it must be well cared for from without. It must be scrubbed and cleaned. It never be permitted to remain soiled and greasy. We cannot hope to avoid contact with dirt, but by regular and thorough bathing we must keep the skin in first-class condition.

The skin requires air and light, particularly sunlight. The local circulation is increased by these agents of good. As the skin is bettered by them, the whole body benefits because of the abundant glow they give.

A friend of mine, a famous doctor, was once light colored and nervous, looking the whole year. Winter as well as summer. He realized the importance of light and the necessity of the sun to his health.

Perhaps we won't go that far, but there is no doubt opportunities should be given these bodies of ours to drink in the brightness found in air and light. There can be no doubt, I think, that the modern "hairs" emitting "ultra-violet" rays have a real place in benefiting the skin and through it the whole body. But, of course, sunlight is free to all, and both seasons of the year should be utilized whenever possible.

The more active the skin is, the clearer it is, and the more it is exposed to air and light the better prepared we are to face changes in weather with indifference. With well-nourished and well-kept skin, the face will shimmer in the cold and the better we will feel in extremely hot weather.

Answers to Health Queries M. M. H. Q.—I had a molar tooth extracted and a little black mark on its roots. This caused rather a deep

her to say, "Surely" or "Certainly." The great majority of the people I have listened to say either of these, and I am wondering if they are correct.

"Certainly" or "Surely" in answer to the gentleman's thanks. For instance, she could say: "The dance was delightful" or "I enjoyed the dance very much," and it wouldn't take much longer!

I don't like one-sheet letter-paper, and so I am afraid I am no unbiased judge of such paper. The double-sheeted letter paper takes on a form that, to my taste, gives some distinction and interest; frames the letter in an interesting case.

Your handwriting is basically good, though a bit immature. However, don't change it a bit, and the maturity will grow into it. It is delightfully legible, and most carefully done. Your letter-form, too, is good, except the abbreviation of the state in your heading.

Presenting a Gift DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: 1. Will you please tell me how to address a wedding card to a friend? The card is to go in a gift. There will be my gift and my mother's in the box.

2. What shall we say when we present the gifts to the bride-to-be? R. C.

EACH gift should be wrapped and sent separately, your gift in one package and your mother's gift in another. The gift is usually sent from the station in which it is purchased though this is, of course not necessary. The visiting-card of the sender is enclosed with the gift, and usually nothing is written on the card.

However, if you wish to write a message on your card, or on a plain white card, if you are not using your visiting-card, write something like this: "Best wishes for your happiness always," or

"And you're going to give it to him." "And plenty. They're bringing Mrs. Edison down here. You say Sewell's widow is coming. Then I'm going to ask young Mr. Edison a few questions. And we've got men working on those clothes in the closets we found. Before tonight there's going to be all the action anybody will want—and more. Oh, what good it'll do us I don't know. Dammit!"

"Tell me, Inspector," began Dr. Rhinevald, tapping a cigarette on his white palm, "are you always a pessimist?" "I know what I'm up against," Marx almost growled. "These damned society murderers! Break me yet."

"As an outsider," ventured the doctor, "I don't see your point of view. A society murder, in the work of an amateur. All other crime is professional. Surely it is easier to trap a novice than an expert."

"That's where you're all wet," said Marx. "In one of these things, anything can happen. In a regular job, we know."

"All right," growled Marx. "Thanks. Where can we reach you if we want you?" "I'm stopping at the Albert," said the Major. "I'll be there for a month." He clamped his derby down once more. "Of course, I'll be glad to help you out. Terrible business, isn't it?"

The detective escorted the Major out. And escorted in the young Assistant Medical Examiner. "How's our little murder?" demanded Doctor Rhinevald cheerily, rubbing his hands.

"Rotten," growled Marx. "Who was the sporting gentleman I've just passed in the corridor?" "Major Preston. He and Sewell had some horses together."

"And did he enlighten you?" "That's what I'm trying to find out. First he acts as if he don't know a thing. Next he's anxious for me to know Mrs. Sewell was a good shot, and sore at her husband."

"Yes," said the doctor. "I have the privilege of Mrs. Sewell's acquaintance. Remarkable woman!" "How do you know her?" "I called on her this morning. Sheer curiosity."

"What'd she tell you?" "She'll be here in a moment herself. You can hear the story first-hand. Meanwhile—the doctor seated himself in the sole comfortable chair—"shall I tell you about the autopsy? I've written a formidable report, but I've no intention of reading it. My pearls are never cast before deaf eavesdroppers. The essential fact, which I have reached with a colleague at my headquarters, which makes a passion of these things, is that the bullet which ended Mr. Sewell's career came from a special type of gun used by the Germans in the war. Also, there's no doubt at all now that Sewell was shot first, and then seated in this very chair before the mirror."

"That's all, hey?" "I wouldn't dismiss these facts in that offhand way," the doctor smiled. "To solve this crime, all you have to do is to find out how Sewell came up here without being observed by any of the building employees; how the gentleman (or lady) who ended his career came up with him, before him, or after him; how he was shot; how he was placed in this chair, and how the gentleman (or lady) who fired the bullet got away."

"You got nothing else to do except to kid me?" demanded Marx truthfully. "But I assure you," insisted the doctor, "I'm not kidding you. I'm merely reducing this case to its essentials."

Be Comfortable After a day of hot, dusty harvest work a good bath is worth the price of a bathroom outfit. Only \$55.00 WHY WAIT? Come in and see the oilburning refrigerator. SPECIAL Rebuilt 7-ft. Binder \$125.00

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The Skyscraper Murder by SAMUEL SPEWACK

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE Philip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just-recently-divorced wife. When sportsman and Don Juan, Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorcee are to be married. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and, while he is waiting for his return, is informed Sewell has been found dead. Inspector Marx begins a police investigation. He questions Sewell's Russian valet. The elevator operator is also questioned. He did not see Sewell return. A young medical examiner, with a taste for detective work, assists Marx. Their search of the apartment reveals complete women's wardrobes in different colors. In a safe-deposit box they find a scrap of paper bearing the inscription, "Paid in Full." The following day a Major Preston, who has been a sporting associate of Sewell's, is interrogated.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VI "And that's all you know?" Marx snapped. "Yes."

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"And where does that get us?" "Nowhere, I grant you. But at least we know where we're at." "Oh, do we? The District Attorney had me on the wire today. He's all fussed up about the newspaper. And he wants action."

She burst into a loud hysterical roar of laughter, so that Marx was alarmed. The young doctor, however, made no move. Finally the woman subsided. "Excuse me," she begged. "I

You can't expect success if you make a jelly-roll too Big. ANd when coffee is roasted in bulk it can never have that smooth, delicious flavor of Hills Bros. Coffee. For Hills Bros. roast only a few pounds at a time by their patented, continuous process—Controlled Roasting. The flavor is controlled because every berry is roasted evenly. HILLS BROS COFFEE