

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1929.

FARMS PROSPER

RIGHT at this time when prune prices and prune sales are the subjects of conversation on nearly all Douglas county farms the following comments, made in the "Monthly Review of Business Conditions," issued by the chairman of the board of the twelfth Federal Reserve District should be extremely interesting:

The outlook for deciduous fruits generally is not so favorable this year as last. Since the May crop report, the condition of apples, pears, and prunes in California has declined and the condition of other fruits has improved but slightly. All deciduous fruit and nut crops in the state, with the exception of walnuts, are in poorer condition than at this time in any year since 1924.

We need not feel hurt that the above comments omit the mention of Douglas county's bumper prune crop because the twelfth federal reserve district is a huge area and the comments are general as to states. The significant thing in the quotation is that the prune crop in the west is conceded to be generally very short.

Six members of a communist "Red" camp in California came down with scarlet fever. Would you call that "poetic" justice?

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

A HOME-GROWN HERO

An incident told in a story in the Roseburg News-Review of July 19, 1929, got into my blood. A young man had fallen into the Umpqua river, was unable to swim and sink. His brother shouted for help and it was that Bill Gawler, bearing the cry, ran to the river and dived and brought him out and sought to bring him back to life.

Brave Billy Gawler is a scout With grit to put all fears to rout; When duty calls he does not wait; He's trained in scout-hood's noble trait To quickly hear a call of need And haste with all his youthful speed, Has daring that will risk his life To answer calls mid daily strife.

We sing of men who held the pass Against a fierce and warlike mass; We sing of men who held the flag Till 'twas a torn and shattered rag. When they were cheered by file and drum, With martial music, crying, "Come!" But Billy was as truly brave In quiet daring, life to save.

'Tis good to teach our modern boys, Amid the swirl of youthful joys, That life itself is just a school— A place to train us to be cool When danger calls, to give our best And give it with a virile zest; Like Billy Gawler—quick to act, And from ourselves our best exact.

Hail, Billy Gawler, hero soul! An honor be to scout-hood's roll. We think the better of our kind When we such splendid youths can find. All Roseburg has a stronger heart Since he so bravely did his part. When next we face a brother's need, We'll braver be for Billy's deed.

DR. H. C. CHURCH GIVEN COMMISSION RESERVE CAPTAIN

Dr. H. C. Church, president of Umpqua chapter, Officers Reserve Corps, this morning received an unexpected surprise in the nature of a commission as captain in the medical administrative department of the regular army reserves. Dr. Church has given a great deal of time to work as a reserve officer and has completed 250 hours of study in the departments to which he is assigned. Last year he attended the reserve officers' course. He has been holding a commission in first lieutenant. Because of the excellent work that he has done, the commission was awarded him with out special examination and with out special examination and with out special examination.

ERA HODGES HURT IN FALL FROM SHED

Miss Vera Hodges, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hodges, suffered a very painful fall yesterday evening when she fell from the upper floor of a two-story wooden shed in her fall she struck an upright board which struck her right leg, fracturing it and causing lacerations. She was taken to the office of Dr.

Wool Outlook Good

POSTON, July 22.—The situation looking most favorable on 34's and 45 3/4's domestic wool. Demand is fairly good at prices with in current reported ranges but the bulk of offerings are being held at the high figure of the range or above. This tends to retard selling to some extent. The receipts of domestic wool at Boston during week ending July 22 amounted to 1,177,000 pounds compared with 1,432,000 pounds the previous week.

Wonders of Nature

Civilization is a marvelous thing. It's too bad that some of our big cities don't go in for it.

The sword-wallaher who had to give up cigarettes because they irritated his throat.

Our Own Vaudeville (The following followed) Are you trying to pick me up? Man (staring) Really?—Do I look like a street cleaner? Copyright, 1929, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



The OFFICE CAT

No, Gwendolyn, a boycott is not a male davenport. Are you trying every moment of the day. Are you trying hard to make each second pay? Are you trying every minute. Do you put your whole heart in it. And resolve to work the limit every day? If you don't, just start tomorrow or today. And with smiles your work will seem like play. You'll be happy with each task, And if any one should ask, It's the surest way to get a raise in pay.

Obstacles should mean no more to you than an invitation to take off your coat and get busy.

He said to the school teacher: "Your niece is good-looking." She smiled as she corrected him: "You mean—knees are."

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS

(Continued from page 1) feminine dress, which, he said, is infinitely more sensible in its scantiness than the heavy clothing of a generation ago.

Then he added this amazingly sensible comment: "However, we have to beware of admitting cranks and freaks. In Germany for example, it is possible to see bands of young enthusiasts of both sexes going about without clothes. There is nothing objectionable about that. But clothes are a matter of convention, and it is necessary to hold at arm's length certain unwholesome people."

In other words, it is ALL RIGHT if you dress scantily with the sincere design of increasing comfort and health. But, if you dress scantily for the mere purpose of vulgar display, it is ALL WRONG.

That is about as sensible a statement on the subject of dress as this writer has heard.

Maybe I'm Wrong By J. P. MEDBURY A good lawyer is all right, but a girl can accomplish more in court with a pretty pair of ankles.

Vital Statistics A well known confessor magazine has sent a reporter over to the Virginia Islands.

Take It or Leave It The average father's love of the human race is neck and neck.

Social Accomplishments The fellow who says in his showy talk and wears out the rubber about taking curtain calls.

Marital Martyrs When a husband says the last word it's usually "Yes, my dear."

Wonders of Nature Civilization is a marvelous thing. It's too bad that some of our big cities don't go in for it.

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BLEEDING UNWISE IN TREATING BLACK EYE

Infection May Follow Breaking of the Skin, Warns Dr. Copeland, Telling How Best to Reduce the Swelling and Remove Discoloration.

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

Did you ever have a black eye? If so, you know what a lot of "kidding" your friends gave you. The tissues of the eyelids and cheek are soft and very sensitive. They overlie a ridge of hard bone. This is the edge of the orbit, the cavity within which is contained the eyeball. The parts in this region are richly supplied with blood vessels.

All the conditions are favorable for trouble. A blow with the fist, running against a door or other hard object, stooping over and striking the corner of a chair—any one of these accidents will pinch the skin and damage the delicate blood vessels. The tissues are caught between the external object and the sharp ridge of bone. The blood vessel is crushed as it would be with pinchers. There is no wonder the thin wall is broken. When this happens the blood oozes into the soft tissues surrounding it.

An accident of this sort produces the same results we find in the skin anywhere else following a bruise. There is a "black and blue" spot. When this happens in the neighborhood of the eye we have what is commonly called a "black eye."

Doctors give this condition a big name—"ecchymosis of the lids." All this means is that there is a collection of blood in the connective tissues—the soft portions of the eyelids.

The length of time the discoloration will last depends on the amount of blood which has escaped from the damaged vessel. Ordinarily it requires from one to two weeks to absorb it. The black and blue stain may continue longer, perhaps for a month. If you get a blow in the region of the eye it is well to apply cold water almost continuously for an hour or so. This retards the bleeding and reduces the quantity oozing into the tissues. Diluted witch hazel may be used instead of plain water. Lead water and laudanum is a favorite household remedy for black eye.

When all danger of further bleeding has passed, massage is helpful. You can see that this should not be applied at once, because it would break the clot and bring on renewed bleeding. But after a couple of days it may be begun. Apply a little cocoa butter or cold cream and gently manipulate the discolored part.

For cosmetic reasons, or to spare yourself ridicule, you may paint the surface with some form of cosmetic. A stick of the grease paint used by actors may be employed to smear the surface and hide the discoloration.

It is unwise to cut the skin or to apply a leech. If the surface is broken in this way it can become infected and cause a lot of trouble.

Answers to Health Queries MRS. E. G. Q.—What can you advise for constipation? I have just recovered from gastric ulcers.

Good Manners By MRS. CORNELIUS BEECKMAN The Young Man's Family. DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: What is the correct procedure when a girl who resides with her family becomes engaged (not to be married for a year) to a boy who lives here but whose parents do not? Does the boy write to his parents and is his mother then expected to write the girl a note? Or doesn't the father write the girl the wedding day is near.

The boy has some married brothers living in various states. Does he write to them also or is this only done just before the wedding?

This summer all of the sons plan to go home. The two married ones are bringing their wives, the third brother is taking his girl and my fiancee wants to take me. Should his mother write and ask me to be his special guest?

Is this letter-paper all right? FRIENDLY WHEN the engagement has been determined on the boy should

write at once to his mother and the mother should write at once to the girl to welcome her into the family, and to tell her of her good wishes and felicitations. This is a most important letter, and the mother should not lose a minute in writing it.

He writes at once also to his brothers, and they, too, would immediately write their welcoming into the family notes.

Your fiancee's invitation is not enough. You must have an invitation from his mother, the hostess of her home. If this invitation is not forthcoming, make it clear to your fiancee, in of course, a very gracious way, that you cannot go unless you have an invitation from his mother. It will be very easy for him to ask his mother to send this note.

Yes, very good looking. And your letter-form and handwriting also are extremely good.

Giving the Bride Away. DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: I am planning on having a church wedding, but I have no father, brother or uncle who could "give me away." Would it be proper for me to walk alone to the altar,

and there meet the groom. I intend to have one attendant. I have seen bridal dresses on models, having long sleeves. Is this merely a matter of choice? I am planning to be married at half after four. PERPLEXED THIS is proper. Or you may ask an old friend of your family, a man who had perhaps been a friend of your father's for many years, to present you in marriage. The bridal dress with long sleeves is the mode this year. And I am glad for to me it gives a most pleasant and charming effect. Usually, too, the cuffs of the dress fall well over the hand.

Acknowledging the Wedding Invitation. DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: Please inform me what recognition, if any, I should observe on receiving an invitation to a church wedding. SUBSCRIBER. IF the invitation is to the church ceremony only, it is not necessary to acknowledge it, but if the invitation also invites you to the reception or breakfast or luncheon following, the invitation is answered formally, in the third person.

JESSE WINBURN DIES IN NEW YORK Jesse Winburn, 69, banker and internationally known sportsman, died at Iyee, New York, Sunday, according to word received here. Winburn was a former resident of Ashland, near which he built a lodge, known as "Sap and Salt," where in company with Bert Moses, a paragrapher, assisted by Bert G. Bates, formerly of this city, as cartoonist, a newspaper syndicate feature was produced for several years. He came into prominence in Oregon during the campaign of Walter M. Pierce for governor and was the largest contributor to the campaign. He made numerous gifts to Ashland, including a hospital and community center. He moved to New York about five years ago.

KIDDIE'S DRESSES, NEW For the children and younger misses. Sizes 2 to 14. Another shipment in now. Ensemble sets, sizes 2 to 6 with coats or jackets. 8 to 14 sizes with bloomer to match dresses. Cute styles, good materials well made. You can't afford to make 'em for \$1.95. See them at Carr's—where you save.

The barred owl is much larger, nearly twice as large, with two or three white bars on each feather, eyes bluish black and bill yellow. He is often accused of atrocities committed by the big horned owl, but he is not guilty. His eating habits are similar to the screech owl, though he lives more retired.

What Has Gone Before. Philip Edison is host at a night-club party to his just-recently-divorced wife and Oliver Sewell, sportsman and Don Juan. Edison presumes that Sewell and the divorcee are to be intimate. When the party breaks up, Edison goes to Sewell's home and, while he is awaiting 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 wardrobes in different colors, for women. 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. Then Sewell's widow visits the apartment. She intimates that Major Preston might know something. As the investigators are standing, after Mrs. Sewell's departure, looking at a mirror door, it opens, and Mrs. Edison appears. She relates a story which the police do not believe. After she leaves, her lawyer threatens Marx with political reprisals if the woman is molested. Then Edison visits the apartment. As he goes out a shot is heard. The Russian butler is found dead and Edison is arrested. Mary Pennell, whose clothes are found in the apartment, is questioned. She identifies the "Paid in Full" note as her uncle's, the Major's hand-writing.

Now Go On With the Story CHAPTER XIII Now the Major's fists were clenched. "What is it you want?" he barked.

"Something that's exceedingly difficult to obtain in this sort of world of ours," said the doctor. "I want the truth."

"If you want it badly enough," said the Major, "you can go down to the District Attorney's office and have me brought down there."

"Whereupon the doctor only smiled. "I don't think you really mean that, Major."

"No, I don't. Now come, Major," the doctor frankly pleading, "why not tell me the facts in the case? Then you're nothing to fear. Follow the example of your niece."

"What did she say?" demanded the Major quickly. "She said," the doctor emphasized each word, "that you'd warned her against Sewell."

"Suppose I did?" "Major," the doctor changed the subject quickly, "what was that receipt for?"

"That was a debt," said the Major.

"I see. Now, Major, I'm going to show you an example in frankness. I believe, Major, that there was something that caused you to hate Sewell as much as any man did. Something that doesn't throw discredit on you."

"What are you driving at?"

"I believe, Major, that you set out to kill Sewell because you thought he'd injured your niece."

"That's bunk," fumed the Major. "Very well then," said the doctor. "You knew Sewell pretty well. Did you know there was someone living with him?"

"No," replied the Major. "You did. Now who was that person?"

"I tell you I don't know. Hang it all, I wasn't in Sewell's confidence. I don't know what he was up to."

"You weren't in Sewell's confidence, and yet you were his associate?"

"Yes."

"You had no hatred for Sewell?"

"No."

"The doctor rose suddenly. "Very well, Major. Since you insist, I must ask the District Attorney to see you."

The Major grew red, but he was obstinate. The doctor hesitated. "The door's right in front of your office, Major. The doctor discovered that the role of an amateur detective was not as easily played as he had pictured. He lacked, he found, that sang-froid of omniscience which rightly should have. At the moment all he knew was that the Major deserved inquiry.

Over the telephone Marx bade him come down immediately to his office. As he went there, he found the inspector hugging a thick manuscript.

"Know what this is?" he greeted the doctor. "Translation of a diary kept by my friend, the butler, Carr, who found it in his suitcase, and we had it translated. Don't often find diaries in cases like these—no real ones. But this ain't no cheap paper stuff. This is real, all right, and—"

"And solves the Sewell murder?" suggested the doctor. "Read it," commanded Marx.

"Read it," commanded Marx. "This is the diary of Ivan Stanupits. It has been a long time since I have kept diaries, for the events of the revolution have been so astounding, too enormous to permit that easy reflection of the day's happenings that I would indulge in in the days—the happy days—that will never come again."

Once I kept a diary because the recording of the joyousness of life gave it an additional filip. Now I write because—I really do not know why. Perhaps it is because in the writing I may find an answer to those things that puzzle or perhaps it is because I have come to talk to, really to talk to, in confidence, as a friend.

Perhaps, too, who's years have passed, I shall want to show this diary, perhaps publish it. For in the months to come many things will happen. Many things must happen. And many in Paris, and not a few in Moscow, will want to

Our American Birds

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History THE BIRD OF THE WEEK (By Louis Albert Banks) (Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

OUR HOME OWLS

abundant of all our owls in the United States and, in some phases, may be found in every state and territory on the North American continent. The plumage, without regard to age or sex, is a dark gray or rufous brown. There are some fifteen subspecies being divided by naturalists according to their range, such as Florida screech owl, Texas screech owl, California screech owl, Rocky Mountain screech owl, and the Kentucky screech owl, which covers the Northwest Pacific coast region, including Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, north to Sitka, Alaska. The California screech owl often wanders as far as central Oregon. All the screech owls have practically the same plumage and the same habits as to food and nesting and domestic characteristics.

It is a very valuable bird to mankind, of great economic profit, as he lives almost entirely on vermin of all kinds—rats, mice, roaches and other obnoxious pests, very rarely attacking birds of any kind. I have seen numbers of much smaller birds gathered about him in daylight evidently poking fun at him and giving him great annoyance.

The notes of the screech owl are more weird than those of other owls. Like the howl of the coyote or the cry of the loon, there is something suggestive of human distress or agony in his quivering notes on a dark night. He often builds his nest in an old woodpecker hole in a tree, but sometimes in an unused corner of an old barn or shed. They have from three to six pure white eggs. A pair of owls made at home about a farm are worth more than a dozen cats, and will not destroy the song birds.

The barred owl is much larger, nearly twice as large, with two or three white bars on each feather, eyes bluish black and bill yellow. He is often accused of atrocities committed by the big horned owl, but he is not guilty. His eating habits are similar to the screech owl, though he lives more retired.

LADIES DRESSES \$1.00 Want a well made, serviceable dress for house and street wear for \$1.00? We have it. Good material, well made with style worked into it. These are values that will surprise. See them at Carr's—where you save.

Watkins products. 120 West Lane, Phone 177.

A TRIBUTE TO THE OWL

O symbol of wisdom, wise old owl, You seem to wear a monkish cow. What makes you look so very wise, Such solemn, deep, mysterious eyes!

I think you are a nery fraud— The biggest hypocrite abroad. I think your wisdom is a bluff— A sort of silent blind-man's-buff—

What makes you try to play the owl's ghost, As if you read a dangerous host. When in the lonely hours of night, You scare a poor unlucky wight, And make him creepie vigils keep Till blood begins to crawl and ooze

As you exhale, "To-whits to-whoo!"

O ghostly owl have you no heart To play us such a shabby part? Are there no rats for you to chase? Are there no mice for you to trace, That you should sit near window sill And folk god Mophems' gentle woo?

"To-whit to-whoo! To-whit, to-whoo!"

O I just think you are a fakir, You—acting solemn as a Quaker! O sure, it's kill you have to handle— Our barnyard vermin is a scandal; And so we'll give you welcome room, And all your board we will assume.

And when we write our bird "Who's Who?" We'll not leave out "To-whit, to-whoo!"

Today in accordance with my prearranged plan I have entered the employ of Oliver Sewell. Discreet bribery of the agency official accomplished this without much trouble, and apparently Mr. Sewell was pleased with my obsequious manner. I put it on a little thick. He is not a gentleman and to him servility is the quality most desired in servants.

I shall set down here my problems, as simply and concisely as possible. It will help clarify my mind, and at the same time it will serve as a record when and if this diary can be shown to the public.

I first heard of Oliver Sewell in Petrograd. He was stopping at the Europe, our finest hotel, and maintained one of the best suites. Americans were comparatively rare in Russia, and he found no difficulty in obtaining access to the very best circles. He had even been presented at court.

Precisely what his business was I do not know. It was whispered in the cafes that he had come for certain oil concessions in Baku, the exploitation of fields not under the control of the powerful British syndicates. I state this merely as a rumor. As a fact, I know that he has entertained and been entertained by the powerful figures in the Duma, by Djarin, our wealthy industrialist; by Rasputin, who was then just beginning to obtain control of the Court, and by many of the socially powerful beauties of the day.

He made very few enemies. Probably it was these who circulated the report that he was an adventurer; that he contemplated gathering his concessions on a shoestring and then selling out to the highest bidder. Anything was said in possible in Russia.

It is a fact that, to quote the American, he mingled business with pleasure. The decadent circle in Petrograd soon enveloped him. His "conquests" were numerous, if he can speak of conquests in a life of rampant luxury.

But whatever he came to Russia for, his plans were soon changed by the revolutions. First, the Czar abdicated. Then finally Kerensky took control, and then he was deposed by the Bolsheviks.

After the Bolshevik revolution, I came to Petrograd, for the troops had mutinied, and there was no prospect of reorganizing the Eastern front. The collapse was complete. The Germans had swallowed us.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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