

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1929.

CAKES

THE Department of Agriculture after a learned and lengthy survey has discovered and announced to the world that the vast majority of the cakes eaten in this country of ours are baked at home. The survey further states that commercial bakeries now bake most of the bread that is eaten in this country and points out that having conquered this great market, the bakers now have a chance to demonstrate their skill by making cakes better and cheaper than they can be made at home.

Some members of the Department of Agriculture survey crew must have visited Douglas county while making this study because the report goes on to state that if commercial bakeries are to make a success of competing with home baked cakes, the baker must be able to convince the housewife that his cake is as good as the ones she bakes herself. What a proper warning that is and what a time bakers in this county are going to have to make better cakes than local women folks make.

This writer is not without a full knowledge of the subject when he makes the above statement. Attendance at several grange suppers and community potluck dinners has convinced this writer that while the bakers may eventually be able to market their cakes in most parts of the country they will never get to first base here. Whether it is the wonderful climate, the low wind velocity, the distance from big cities, or whatever, the women folks of Douglas county are the best cake bakers in the world. This, furthermore, can be considered a challenge if it is read by persons living outside the county who consider themselves also in a community of good cake bakers. Bring on your cakes. This writer will judge and assures you that a very careful test will be made of all cakes submitted.

Keep this date open: October 19th. That will be a great day in this valley. The fine new court house will be opened and dedicated on that day and the city of Roseburg is planning big doings.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

LET THE PEOPLE HEAR

This news comes from Washington, D. C. A bill to put Congressional debates on the radio has been introduced in the Senate. The proposal is for a government-owned and operated radio-casting station, devoting its entire time to national affairs, and is made by Gerald D. Nye (R), Senator from North Dakota. It is scheduled to come before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, after the summer recess. A \$500,000 station would broadcast public debate in Congress whenever either house determined pending legislation or matters of nationwide concern were of sufficient importance for national attention, as evidenced by a majority vote.

The station would carry talks by federal officials, political debates and campaign speeches in congressional or presidential elections. It would carry proceedings to national conventions. The program would be free from advertising, and open to all parties, or representative designated by political parties to present views on matters of national concern. The station would be a vehicle for radio-casting for heads of government departments. Mr. Nye's bill would give control of the station to the Secretary of Commerce.

Yes, why not let the people hear these congressmen who cost them dear? This is an age to "listen in" — When time and distance have grown thin. These congressmen belong to us. Have power to get us in a luss. And if they know that we will hark, Much less will happen in the dark.

It will improve their grade of speech To know the voice has longer reach. When congress talks to "back-home" folks, They'll be more careful of their jokes; The filibustering will cease, And speed in action will increase. For, with the home folks keeping tab, They'll be more careful how they blab.

It is a risky sort of thing — To some of them 'twill trouble bring; 'Twill stop a lot of balderdash — The radio's no place for dash; The windy speeches will condense, Till they convey more common sense; The folks at home will want the facts, And lack of clearness quick reacts.

This daring plan of Gerald Nye Will help to lift the standard high, And men will struggle for their chance To share in nation-wide romance; 'Twill hold them to their keenest working — Sharp ears, bright wits; there'll be no slinking. The people will be quick to note, The man who talks as if by rote.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

And now the birds sing are in— Producing a lot of bread that is already staled. Pretty soon the manufacturers will be putting out a brand of bridge cards already played to the women who have a thing to do. —Covallis Gazette-Times.

Huckleberry collier is on the lips. This delicacy has the perfume of the grapefruit, to suit the ink substance in the eye of the diner. If not watched every minute, —Medford Mail-Tribune.

Once again Paris delects long letters. That is about the only all-Portland change would go. —Salem Statesman.

An Oregon City man of 89 is an old man. His wife for divorce and asking for \$20 a month alimony. He says in his petition that the wife is

capable of earning out much but the press dispatch fails to state why he thinks she should have it all. —Gazette-Times.

Clackamas county has sold 100 carloads of potatoes to a chain store this year. Last year the chain store refused to buy any because they were not up to grade. Clackamas grows good but with their county grade and as a result certified seed has now produced a crop to for which a profitable market has been found. There is a lesson for other sections in potato growing. —Springfield News.

Times do change. When a fellow used to carry a grip Saturday night it was no sure sign he was leaving town. It means that he was on his way to a barber shop to take his weekly bath. —Western Clackamas Review.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



The OFFICE CAT

It's quite a blow to the young college graduate on his first job when his boss orders him to wear a hat, but, of course, he can always buy the hat and carry it under his arm.

Classify Yourself PESSIMIST—A man who closes his eyes, draws down the corners of his mouth and says, "It can't be done."

OPTIMIST—A man whose face is full of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done." But he let someone else do it.

PEPTEMIST—This fellow rolls up his sleeves and with a smile of happy determination goes to it and does it.

Paraphraser with paragraphing were like kissing: Get the first one and the rest come easy.

"My friend," inquired the grocer's next door neighbor, "have you any fifty dollars?" "Oh, yes, I have the confidence," said the grocer, "but I haven't the fifty dollars."

Flapper—I would like to try on that Vivex rose frock in the window.

Sales Lady—I'm sorry, that's a lambskin, but we could copy it for you.

Only pretty girls learn to swim. The others can't get anyone to teach 'em but their husbands, and they won't.

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS

person in 100 knows that it is against the law. With so many laws whose existence is not even known by the majority of reasonably intelligent people, is it any wonder that there is a vast amount of law-breaking in this country?

Maybe I'm Wrong

A man can consider himself a failure when a girl doesn't even love him enough to hate him.

You're Right An old maid is only a lady who is postponing her wedding until she can find a groom.

Momentous Moments A flapping youth made love to a wax dummy the other day and she melted in his arms.

Take it or Leave it It's silly for the restaurateurs to be making a lot of new laws. We have more than we can do to break all the old ones.

Social Accomplishments Having two automobiles. One for pleasure and one for the mortgages.

Justifiable Homicide When a man builds a love nest and then comes home some evening and finds another bird in it.

Auto-Suggestion According to the speed signs, Sunday is the day of arrest.

Unpopular Songs She's only a maid in a circus, but she's the Strong Man's weak-ness.

Our Own Vaudeville He—You used to tell me that I was the cream in your coffee. She—You were, but you turned sour. Copyright, 1929, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

KNOW HOW TO REVIVE VICTIM OF DROWNING

Prompt Aid and Perseverance May Prevent Many of the Summer Swimming Tragedies, Says Dr. Copeland, Listing First Aid Methods.

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

ALTHOUGH the weather was cold and somewhat backward this year, there were many people brave enough to venture into the water even in the very early Spring. Most of these venturesome ones know how to swim, but even among good swimmers accidents often occur.

One may have a severe cramp in the leg, or other part of the body; a sudden sinking spell, or perhaps an acute heart attack as a result of going into the water too soon after eating. Any one of these accidents may result in tragedy, or near tragedy. Every Summer has its quota of accidents from drowning or some other water hazard.

At the first news of drowning, send for a doctor and a pulmonologist. You must not trust to your own efforts, but make use of the only until a more experienced person arrives on the scene.

As soon as a person who has been submerged for any period of time is brought from the water, immediate steps should be taken to restore him. Perhaps these suggestions will be helpful:

- 1. Do not waste time removing clothing.
2. Place the victim face downward on the ground, with a folded coat or any other garment under his chest.
3. Knock at one side of the patient's body, facing his head.
4. Place the hands on the lower ribs and bear the weight of your body forward to produce pressure on his chest.
5. Rub your body to relieve pressure, but do not remove the hands from position.
6. Repeat this alternation of pressure and relief until natural respiration has been resumed.
7. When normal breathing begins again, turn the victim on his face. Rub his chest always toward the heart, give stimulants, and as soon as possible get him to bed. Cover with hot blankets and surround him with hot-water bottles. Be careful not to burn the unconscious person.
8. Harsh handling must be avoided. Rolling over a barrel is too crude and rough a thing to do. The gentle method here described is much to be preferred.
9. Bear in mind that the purpose of your treatment is to get air into the lungs. You must be sure the mouth is free from mud and weeds, and that no false teeth are there to obstruct breathing. The tongue should be well forward.
10. The pressure and relief should be so timed as to give twelve or fourteen breaths per minute. Don't get excited and overdo your movements. Don't give up. Keep at your efforts for an hour or more. There is no greater satisfaction than to hear a gasping voluntary gasp for air. You will be amazed at your exertion.

- 11. P. Q.—How can I gain in weight?
12.—Is cod-liver oil fattening? How much should be taken?
13.—What should a woman weigh who is 21 years old and 5 feet 3 inches tall?
14.—Proper dieting and deep breathing is the secret. You should eat nourishing foods and have plenty of sleep and rest. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
15.—Yes. Try taking a tablespoonful after every meal.
16.—For her age and height she should weigh about 124 pounds.

- 17. J. M. Q.—How much should a girl aged 14, 5 feet 8 inches tall weigh?
18.—She should weigh about 120 pounds.
19. T. Q.—Is it harmful for girls to smoke?
20.—Yes, certainly, if in excess.
21. C. L. Q.—What is the cause of my right shoulder being slightly lower than the left?
22.—Do you think you are doing any strenuous work?
23.—What should a girl weigh who is 22 years old and 5 feet 5 inches tall?
24.—You probably have a loose ligament. Try wearing a shoulder brace for a short time.
25.—No, not if you eat a well-balanced diet along with the oranges.
26.—What would a girl weigh who is 22 years old and 5 feet 5 inches tall?
27.—You probably have a loose ligament. Try wearing a shoulder brace for a short time.

- 28. S. D. Q.—Do you advise treatment for perspiring feet?
29.—Yes. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
30.—Milk, cream, fresh eggs, plenty of green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruit. Meat once a day is essential. Drink two or three glasses of water between meals.

Good Manners

By MRS. CORNELIUS BECKMAN Calling for Perfect Poise DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: When serving a salad and I desert at a bridge party, is it correct to serve the coffee with the salad or with the dessert? 1.—Is it correct and necessary to tip a waiters? 2.—In some books I have read I have noticed several times an expression something like "What an you best friend ever's!" I don't think that the phrase "aren't I" sounds correct, and thought I would write you about it. 4.—What do you think of a person—that is, regarding etiquette—who can sit for about an hour in an office doing nothing but watch

grins and bears everything else about which nothing can be done. Such gauche calls for perfect poise and self-control, and we must show our manners even if the visitor doesn't show his! Of course if it happens often, and if our friendship is responsible for the visit, we must, of course, make it clear to the visitor that our position does not permit such a protracted visit. In this case the social point of view must give way to the professional requirements.

Commenting on a New Frock DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: Is it polite when one meets a friend to remark before everybody about any new clothes one may be wearing, such as: "Oh, see the new dress?" or "Somebody has a new coat?" I was taught it was rude, and to me it is very embarrassing. G. M.

NO; these forms of comment aren't especially pleasant, but if one knows the other person very well it is quite natural to say, "I do like your new frock so much," or "What a very beautiful new coat you have!" This friendly sort of comment from one we know very well need not be embarrassing. You are delighted that some one likes what you wear, and you quite naturally and simply say so: "Thank you, I am delighted to hear you say so," or "I am so glad that you like it, Jane. I have such faith in your taste that it makes me very proud that you like it."

Not Improper if Necessary DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: Dearhly! While sitting at the table with one of my new acquaintances I saw a girl friend across the room from whom I had not seen in a year. I asked the young man with whom I was dining to excuse me while I went over and spoke to her. Was this improper for me to do? READER.

NO; but was it necessary? If you especially wished to give some message to this girl, it was quite correct to leave the table; but many girls cultivate the habit of leaving the table to speak to acquaintances at other tables, even if they do not par-

The Skyscraper Murder by SAMUEL SPEWACK

CHAPTER XXXI

An hour later the two proceeded by cab to the ostentatiously magnificent home of Mrs. Earl St. Clair. An elaborate garden and scrolled gates shielded the house from the rude street and the two investigators were forthwith impressed by the luxurious taste of the wealthy resident.

Mrs. St. Clair was one of those restless souls who maintain homes in the four corners of the world, and spent her time traveling from one establishment to another. Possessed of more money than she could keep track of, her only delight was in constant motion.

A supercilious butler took the doctor's card and several moments later ushered them into the august presence of a lady who was struggling not to be fifty. She was tall and artificially stately, and she wore a gown entirely too elaborate and bejeweled for anything but royal splendor.

The widow seemed dazed and lost her carefully cultivated poise. "What's it all about?" she demanded, reverting to type. "A Mr. Slater has come to see you."

"Yes," she seemed surprised. "And he has brought a jewel with him—an unusual jewel." "Yes, how did you know? He told me it was a secret."

"Secret?" said the doctor, "have a way of circulating. However, I trust that you will cooperate with the police to this extent: Will you make an appointment with Mr. Slater and then—let us keep it?"

"But I don't understand," she protested. "He came here yesterday. He said he had been sent by a friend, Mrs. Edson. He showed me the stone, and he was coming here again, when my jeweler would appraise it."

"Did you make an appointment with him?" "No." "Then, Madam, could you telephone him at once and say that your jeweler was with you and would be please come and bring the stone with him?"

"But why?" "Madam, you may examine our credentials. You can call up the French police. After Mr. Slater comes here, you will know why."

"But I don't want to be dragged into any mess," she protested. "You needn't worry about that," said the doctor. "There won't be a word mentioned of your presence."

"What is it—a robbery?" "No—Murder." "Mr. Slater?" "Yes." "The woman seemed to grow pale under her rouge."

"But—Oh, that's nonsense. He's a gentleman." "There have been gentlemen murderers," the doctor assured her. "Will you help us, Madam?" "Why—of course, I've got to. But you'll see I'm kept out of it." "We promise that."

She picked up the telephone. She called for the Claridge. While waiting for her number, she looked at the doctor and shook her head. "But he seems such a charming

Talk About The Weather Why not buy a John Deere Tractor and take a vacation. It will save you time enough for a vacation and money enough to pay for it. COME IN AND LOOK 'EM OVER Special. Gas Engine \$25.00 Disc Plow \$110.00 Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange Roseburg Oakland AGENTS FOR L. & H. Electric Ranges Hood River Spray Co. Sutherland Spray Co. Sean Spray Pump Co. John Deere Plow Co. Hooper and Milwaukee Pumps

STATE REPRESENTATIVE TO FIGHT FAMILY CASE PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—Charles La Follette, state representative from Hillsboro, failed to pay \$150 toward the support of four minor children, an alternative given him in circuit court, and how must face the county grand jury. La Follette had been given until Saturday to deposit the support money with the county clerk. Miss Lida O'Bryon, deputy district attorney, said she was informed by the representative's attorneys that they would fight the non-support case to the supreme court if necessary. The La Follette's were divorced several months ago.

DYNAMITE KILLS WORKER BAKER, Ore., Aug. 12.—L. R. Young, 47, was killed by a dynamite blast while working in the rock pit at the Joslin-McCallister road camp near here yesterday. The upper part of the man's body was blown 125 yards from the pit and other parts of the torso were scattered far away. Bryan Raymond, working with Young, was within 20 feet of him when the blast occurred. He was knocked unconscious but was not injured.

Order shafting, boxes, pulleys, etc., for dryer fans at Wharton Bros. Rubber belting at Wharton Iron. Tennis court at Idleld Park.

"You can't hold me forever," said the imperturbable Mr. Slater, "and you can't prove anything, and it will take you quite a time to extradite me, and if I'm the humble reason for your hurried trip across, then, gentlemen, may I give it to my humble opinion that you've both wasted time and money." "Any more opinions?" Marx's voice was steel. "No, only advice. And my advice is good. Get back to America." "We'll get back all right," said Marx, "but you're coming with us." "I assure you I'm not. And at this stage of the game I wish to apologize to Mrs. St. Clair for the annoyance caused her by you two gentlemen, and inadvertently by me. Now, if you want to see me, suppose you come to my hotel." "Suppose you come to our hotel," suggested Marx. Slater shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he agreed. "As you wish." Arriving in the suite shared by the detective and the doctor, Marx turned on Slater suddenly. "Now—" he began, glaring balefully at Slater, "who are you, and what's the game?" "My name is Slater, and the game's name of your damn business." "If you was down in Police headquarters that answer would get you a rap on the head. As it is, I can only sock you in the jaw. Want me to?" "Go ahead," said Slater. "Now come on," Marx softened his tone. "What's the use? We've got you. You can't do a damn thing about it. If I have to keep you here from now to Dooomsday you're going to come through." "I've nothing to come through about," Slater snapped angrily. "The fact is I'm trying to sell that diamond. Your presence here interferes with the sale." "How'd you get hold of the diamond?" "I bought it from a Russian." "Where?" "In New York." "What was his name?" "I can't pronounce Russian names." "Don't get funny." "I've a jeweler friend. He brought the diamond to him, and this jeweler let me in on it. We went halves. I determined to go to Paris to sell it. I thought I could sell it more easily." "Why?" "Oh? That would require an expert. Americans in Paris spend money—more readily than they do at home. They're in a more receptive frame of mind for a deal like this." "What did you pay the Russian for the diamond?" "Ten thousand dollars." "Where's the Russian now?" "I don't know." "Did you know that Sewell had that diamond originally?" "No." "Didn't you wonder how the Russian got hold of it?" "No, I didn't. Why should I? The diamond was owned by a Russian to begin with—the Czar. It seemed natural to me that another Russian should have it. I presumed he got it out of his country in some way." "You're telling me the truth?" "Of course, I've no reason to lie." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, 1925, by the McClary Company. Released through King Features Syndicate, Inc.)