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HAROLD ELLSWORTH Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1929.

RUSSIAN RAGE AND RUSSIAN DEEDS

THE Froth of anger into which soviet Russia has worked itself over the initiative taken by the United States government towards having Russia reminded of her obligation under the Kellogg pact is based on the charge that the action of our state department constitutes "unjustifiable pressure" at a time when Russia already is negotiating with China for a peaceable settlement of their difficulties. But Russia does not bring in that claim with clean hands. While negotiating with China, or with one of the contending civil powers in China, Russia already has violated her obligation under the Kellogg pact and is continuing that violation by warfare upon the Chinese.

The Kellogg pact binds its signatories to renounce war and to seek settlement of international troubles by pacific means. Russia did at first seek restitution from China of her rights in the Mukden railway but she soon resorted to force. It was only after she had put China on the run, after her troops had slain thousands of Chinese, after she had put a part of the Chinese civil population under a reign of terror, that Russian undertook to negotiate. What Russia is seeking now is to dictate terms to a foe already badly worsted. That is not working either under the letter or under the spirit of the Kellogg pact. Clearly Russia has violated that pact and clearly it is the right and the duty of other signatories to protect. The leadership of the United States in the movement is not "unjustifiable" but is wholly justified.

There is undoubtedly a background of Russian resentment for the present flare-up in the refusal of the United States to recognize the soviet government. The basis of that refusal is the soviet repudiation of the debts of the previous government. The position of the United States is that a ruling government which repudiates national obligations, even though they are not of its own creation, cannot be trusted for the future. That position is open to argument and may well be questioned. Indeed it is questioned by a considerable element of American opinion. But there is full justification for our lack of confidence in Russia's present good intentions because of the soviet's flagrant violation of the Kellogg pact. The Adamzad of Kipling's poem is still Adamzad.

Isn't it about time for Commander Byrd to come home? His everyday comings and goings long ago palled and now a former member of the Scott expedition is trying to make a Doc Cook of him because of some of his claims.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE INDIAN'S HOPE

Meet the present with constructive measures instead of bemoaning the Indians' past condition. It is the advice of Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, to citizens interested in the Indian problem. Secretary Wilbur says further: "The need of the situation is, obviously, constructive action. To accomplish any helpful purpose that will be permanent it must look to such development of the Indian as to enable him to become an independent citizen capable of shifting for himself. As in the case of a white man under the same circumstances, the available and proper avenue of escape is through work. Communities in which the Indian lives must be brought to consider him as a laborer, to make opportunity for him, to help him along toward finding his proper economic place."

"The time has come for new solutions in the Indian problem. Each of these solutions, reservations should be handled with vigor to the end that when the means of self-support is not available on them, the Indians be dispersed to points where work for them can be secured, be carefully helped over the barriers of inexperience and fitted into the usual scheme of the nation."

"The Indian service cannot do this alone. Alone it cannot establish and maintain policies. Policies evolve among self-governing peoples and find their expression in congress. It is the conviction of the department, however, that no time could be better than the present for finally solving out this problem. To that end it asks the support of all good citizens."

The red man, like the black or white, Must rose himself to win his fight. The Indian's fate depends on him And not on other people's whim. Let's open wide to him the door And give him every chance to soar! But he must dig and delve and work; He must forget the way to shirk.

A brother's help is wondrous aid, And often sends men up the grade. But man or race will never rise Unless their gifts they exercise. The Indian needs to pull his load, And learn to go without a good, But men of every race and skin Themselves must work if they would win.

Ray Lyman Wilbur's surely right About the Indian's present plight— He must be waked to greater verve To do good work, his age to serve; Must learn to fit into his place, Keep ringing step with modern pace, Build up a manhood firm and sure. Yes, that will all his troubles cure.

"It's good for every race to learn A truth we meet at every turn: The old-time easy-going age Is now a torn discarded page; The men who win in modern time Are those who work and strive to climb; The prize has never been so grand, But men must work—head, heart and hand."

BRINGING UP FATHER



The OFFICE CAT

Son: "What's the difference between abstract and concrete?"
Dad: "When the dentist pulls your tooth that's abstract, but when he fills it that's concrete."

Well, we sincerely hope everybody has all the infirmities paid on last year's Christmas presents.

There's a lot of Jude Johnsons in town. Jude Johnson called on us Tuesday, to tell us how the federal government should renege itself. Before he departed Jude borrowed 50 cents from us.

An optimist is a man who thinks the world will come when there will be no more wine-crack definitions of an optimist.

The fields are white unto the harvest and the pools rooms are crowded.

And now we listen to the sad story of the wife who put the wood in the candy pie and baked the kitchen stove.

Soon Santa Claus will be coming to fill the stockings. But a fellow told us this week that he saw some of the streets that were pretty well filled.

Here's hoping Santa Claus will not find you out!

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

Job for everybody, and when everybody is able AND WILLING to take and fill the job that is open to him.

THIS writer, who pleads guilty to the indictment of being an incurable optimist, believes that such a time will come.

But it isn't here yet. There is still work for good minds to do.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDPURY

With all the foreign stars in Hollywood, it's surprising that some "talkie" company doesn't film the Tower of Babel.

SOCIAL ERRORS

A hunter mistook a pole-cat for a squirrel the other day. What a difference just a few scents make.

THE UNFAIR SEX

The woman who got a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. She said her husband wouldn't do what she told him.

EFFICIENCY EXPERTS

The French government has decided to use last year's guillotine to cut down their overhead.

PITIFUL CASES

The fellow who had to go to jail because his library book was one day overdue and he couldn't pay the fine.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE

When you discover that your wife has hidden a woodpecker in your toupee.

AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA
The girl who slapped the orchestra leader because he made too many overtures.

WASTED ENERGY

Staying awake all night worrying about having to get up in the morning.

CONNUBIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

When a girl gets married twice. Once for love and once for target practice.

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Glands—What They Are For, and Why

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

THERE are very important glands of the body about which we hear a good deal. The thyroid, which controls our use of oxygen; the adrenals, which control the sympathetic nerves; the pituitary glands, which stimulate the involuntary muscles; and the sex glands, with their stimulating properties—all these are under constant study. Each has its own department, so to speak, and is correlated with all the others in their work in the body.

Besides these, there are other very useful glands. Among these are the parathyroids. They are very small glands, not larger than a kernel of wheat. They are found in connection with the thyroid gland, their number running from two to twelve, as the case may be. The function of these glands is to control the amount of calcium or lime in the blood stream, just as insulin controls the blood sugar level. Research has not yet shown all the effects of these glands, but they are known to be important.

It has been found that the function of one gland influences the function of each one of the other glands. When one fails to function properly, it may disturb the entire outfit. Without these glands working in harmony, the health would fail.

Attention was first called to these glands, the so-called "ductless glands," when injury to them caused what is known as "tetany," which produces spasms of the muscles. This condition is not so severe as in epilepsy and it differs, in many ways from that disease.

The cause of the spasms is in the muscle itself, and is not in the central nervous system. Also the convulsions develop slowly, on the sides at the same time. The hands and arms are always involved. Tetany may be very serious, even causing death, unless the lime content of the blood is raised immediately.

Lime, then, plays a large part in correcting the deficiencies in the blood through the parathyroid glands. It has a calming effect on a person. When it is lacking the person is irritable and may come to the point where spasms develop. A proper balance of lime in the system helps to maintain the right degree of muscular and nervous excitability.

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader, Q.—I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weigh only 114 pounds, but despite this fact, I have swelling of the ankles with marked puffiness. I have no kidney trouble and my blood pressure is low rather than high. What would you advise?

A.—The trouble may be due to a possible heart disturbance to various veins, you may be wearing tight circular garters which interfere with proper circulation. Examination should locate the cause and suggest the necessary treatment.

Anno, Q.—What would cause a bitter, copperish taste in the mouth at all times? I am 45 years of age. The trouble is more pronounced at times.

A.—Due to hyperacidity and poor elimination. Watch your diet, drink copiously of water between meals and keep the bowels open.

J. H. R. Q.—I have about 20 dozen eggs put up in water-glass for the winter. Is there any likelihood of these eggs being harmful after three or four months in this substance?

A.—They should weigh, respectively, about 105 and 107 pounds. A girl aged 15, 5 feet tall, weight; also a girl aged 15, 5 feet tall?

A.—They should weigh, respectively, about 105 and 107 pounds. A girl aged 15, 5 feet tall?

Good Manners
By MRS. CORNELIUS BECKMAN
When an Engagement is Broken
DEAR MRS. BECKMAN:
I have been going about with a boy for quite a long time, and we have been engaged for over a year. We have always gotten along very well, and always thought a lot of each other. In fact, people have always said that they thought us an "ideal couple." Some time ago I heard he was taking another girl home in the city where he lives. I asked him if he would rather not have him if I thought for one minute that he did not truly love me. What would you do?
If our engagement is broken off, should I return all his presents?

By Geo. McManus

ents to him? I certainly would not want any back that I have given to him, and it would be a big job sending all his back.

A READER.
It seems to me—although it is, of course impossible for an outsider to gauge these things with anything approaching accuracy, no matter how sympathetic the outsider's heart may be—obvious that your fiancé is allowing the truth and the beauty to fall from your former happy relationship. During these bitter days of readjustment to the new status of less love, less tenderness, one's only consolation is the determination to keep one's head high, to keep an untarnished and fine character.

You sound like a girl that can do this. If, as you think now, and as it appears now, your engagement must end, let your part of it end with your head high, no matter how difficult this is. Don't be petty in your point of view. Utter no recriminations. Don't be earthbound. A fine, devoted girl as you show yourself in your letter, I am sure, will find the man whose heart and spirit will be worthy of such splendid devotion. Sing this thought in your heart, dear girl.

If the engagement is broken, yes, be sure to return all the gifts. Don't clutter up your life and your thoughts with symbols that can only mean unhappiness. This is foolish, because destructive. And just because it would be "a big job" to return his gifts, return them. So much more rubbish out of the way of your clear-eyed thinking. Things are fickle; what you must strive for is the infinite.

Attractions AT THE MOVIES

ANTLERS—Today, "Frogan Justice," all-talking featuring Lenore Glynne, Sunday and Monday; "The My Embarrassment," with Sue Carroll, Sunday and Monday; Wednesday, "Studio Master Mystery," all talking, with Neil Hamilton and Doris Dwyer, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday; "Cocanuts," the Four Marx Brothers.

LIBERTY—Today, Charlie Murray in "Go Your Way," Sunday and Monday; "How to Succeed in Love and Business," Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; "The Singing Fool," with Fats Waller, Friday and Saturday; "The Flying Fool," with William Boyd.

ONE of the most uproarious stage comedies of recent years, "Cradle Snatchers," has been brought to the screen as an all-talking laugh-riser, known as "Imagine My Embarrassment." This epic of laughter is at the Antlers, the new Sunday and Monday. "Imagine My Embarrassment" is enlivened by some new, carefully musical numbers, particularly "Look What You've Done to Me" and "Doing the Boom Boom"; by some snappy dialogue, added to the original by Walter Catlett, the ace comedian, and by some new dances specially created for this picture. The cast, of unusual proportions, is made up as follows: Girls, Sue Carroll, Dixie Lee, Jean Barry, boys, Nick Stuart, Richard Keane, David Rollins; husbands, Walter Catlett, Jed Prouty, Gordon De Mar; wives, Ilka Chase, Dot Farley, Laura Hamilton.

PROBABLY the high point in this week's entertainment is the all-talking, all-singing, all-laughing, all-joking "Four Marx Brothers" in "Cocanuts." These world famous funny men are supported by Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw, two Ziegfeld stars and a chorus of 60 beauties. This show is booked at the Antlers for Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

An Indian who had taken his fill of firewater that was being served inside came out on the porch and whooped and everybody whooped in unison with him and everybody laughed. While general attention was on him John Sloan lowered his mask and let Nathalie see him and put it quickly back again.

"Noble Indian," he said, "Keep the relaxed pose—hold it. Just like that. That's fine."

"And while I was at the country bank," he continued, "a queer thing or two happened so I thought I'd drift in here tonight and let you know what they were. Fortunately this isn't a particularly difficult house to get into. I know Monty and he's very well and telephoned me I'd like to come over and we hired our harlequin suits together at the same costumers."

"And rescued me from a frightfully tight corner," Nathalie assured him, "and if only for that I'm frightfully glad to see you. Did you know the woman you took me away from was my aunt?" She kept her pose indecent as he always did, but he kept her voice at a high pitch to match her pose.

"Certainly," he said. "She promoted this party. I crashed her when I thought she'd bothered you enough. And she didn't recognize you. You can be sure about that. I was watching her eyes. I'd like, by the way," he grinned, "to see how well you're getting along with your cousin Sylvia and Monty have come sweet on each other."

Nathalie sat up straight. "Sit back," Sloan warned her. "It's a fact. But not one of the facts I came here to talk to you about."

Nathalie had to hear a little about it, though. "Are they really meaning to marry?" she asked, full of interest about it. "Aunt Olivia got mad. When? And on what?"

"On some of Mont's land when he sells it. When I ever, but so far as your cousin's concerned Captain Stefano is out of the picture. Which brings us back to business again for it's Stefano I want to talk to you about."

Her mask covered most of the blush that rose to Nathalie's face and in any case Sloan missed it in the colored light.

"He has been charming to me," she said quickly. "Charming and courteous and kind."

Sloan caught her tone and noted it but went on nevertheless. "I'm sure of it. And I like him. But over at Brookville where I was working, as I told you if you remember, and so taking notice of everything there was around I automatically took down the number of the car you came there in and it isn't Stefano's car. That is unless he has just bought it and is risking a fine by not taking out a new number. It belongs, or did belong, to a former policeman."

cent beaches, our thousands of miles of paved highways, our cool summers and warm winters, our snow-capped mountains with their winter sports in summer if we want them—why, Maine today can offer the tourist or vacationist or sportsman attractions equal to those that are commonplace with us here in Oregon.

This may all be true but you are probably saying to yourself "What of it?" Just this: four years ago the state of Maine started a campaign of recreational advertising to let the world know what she had to offer. She has had it for a hundred years, most of it, but she was not fully awake to what it might mean to the whole population of the state till recently. The advertising was done, and done thoroughly, by what is known as the Maine Development commission. The result is that Maine's tourist business has increased till during the last year the revenue from that source alone was \$115,000.00. We have obtained this "business," said C. C. Stetson, chairman of the commission, "by emphasizing in our sales effort those recreational features that are unique to Maine. Best of all, this money spreads into every walk of life that has the initiative to go after it. Maine is after this recreational business because it pays."

So let's think twice before turning our backs on the state that has the tourist business or scenic highways that invite tourists, or at the North Empqua highway to Diamond and Crater lakes, which will do more for the prosperity of this section of the state than even its friends and supporters realize. Of course the tough part of it is that we shall have to help pay for it.

Again the chairman of the Maine Development commission says, "In going after this industry we in Maine are doing it in the belief that the benefits of the recreational business spread and give opportunity to every citizen of Maine who will take advantage of this great market, brought to his very door. The Maine program is one that brings into play and asks the voluntary cooperation of every element in the state. This widespread interest is the life blood of this whole educational movement." The thing is succeeding in Maine because the people as a whole have discovered that it meant money to them and are supporting it. Oregon is a good deal younger than Maine but it will take a hundred years for her to realize the value of what Nature has done for her and capitalize it. This is going to be the playground of the West and with the tourist and summer visitor will come a prosperity we have never known—and the sooner the quicker.

The image of the man at Southampton flashed into her mind. Then the reflection came to her that the man she would be free to draw against her bank balance and she sank back among her cushions again.

"A chap named Ferris," Sloan explained, "who seems enormously interested in me since he had a man follow me from Brookline after I had talked to you. I would not have known anyone was watching me. Ferris' man had been marked in my car outside the bank and followed me right in and looked me over while I was talking to Pound. He was so clumsy about it, obviously without any business in the bank except to watch me, that I thought I'd find out what I could about him and so took down his car's license number from the window, while Pound and I went to talk. What right afterward you came to the bank, and while I was in the street, I wrote down your car number, too. I was sure—positive—the man was checking up on me when he left his car in Brookville, right where I was standing, and took the same train I did to New York. So I shook him off at Pennsylvania station—it wasn't at all hard and later checked up on the car numbers. Both belong to Ferris."

"And who is Ferris?" asked Nathalie. "And why should Stefano drive his car?" Her voice shook a little but she managed to control it reasonably well.

"A one-time policeman, as I said, Sloan answered, "who is now running a very good business in a number of places. He has owned gambling houses and has an interest in a night club and has been in a number of real estate deals and owns a good deal of property. Some of it on Fifth Avenue even. But nevertheless he still does detective work. I found out about him through a law firm he does what he calls 'investigation' for."

Sloan paused a moment. "But the point is," he said then, "that I don't know why Stefano has his car, unless Stefano has hired it from him. It appears—this will surprise you and will a lot of people when it gets out—please keep casual—Stefano is hard up."

"You're not mistaken? You must be," Sloan shook his head. "No, I've been calling South America and he is. So my theory is that he either has Ferris' car because Ferris rented it to him, or else that Pound and Ferris in some way I haven't fathomed yet are using him between them and have put him in here. I don't think he knows at all what they're up to—I can't believe it of him. I certainly don't see even if he's running a gambling house, but that I propose to find out. My notion is generally that Pound, working through Ferris, is trying to boost the value of this place before the foreclosure sale and is financing Stefano to get it talked about. I imagine Stefano, who is proud and has been entertained by everybody on Long Island, has chopped off the chance to come in here and acquire and so pay his social debts. Mention you watch here and I will watch outside and perhaps between us we will hit on the solution and save this property for you. We had better go inside now, I think."

He left some time during the daylight breakfast with which the party broke up and just before the general unmasking which preceded a dinner at which the guests were still filled with amusement at his discovering who Nathalie was, watched her in suppressed excitement during the uproarious breakfast, imagining that when all masks were removed she might, inadvertently, remove hers, too.

But she still had it on when he drove away, and as he headed the yellow car toward Mt. Q. Brook he was pondering what interest Ferris could have in her and what he meant by the "piece of change" which he and she were to divide. And how big that might be.

To Be Continued Monday.
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The Masked Hostess

By Blair Stephenson

CHAPTER XXIV

Nathalie and the harlequin in which she danced went out, when the dance ended, to a long porch which ran along one side of the house, and rested together on a bamboo sofa under Chinese lights.

Other couples were out there in plenty, servants carried trays about, and the air was full of gaiety and chaff and chatter.

"A girl said to me once," announced the harlequin, "that nothing disguised anyone more than an oval face. When I thought of her statement she advised me to go to a masquerade sometime and test if it wasn't true. It is."

"Of course it is," agreed Nathalie. "Neither you nor I know who each other is. Just as we haven't an idea who any of the people about us are."

"And yet," pursued the harlequin, "you don't move out of your relaxed pose at this but hold it. I keep your mask on as it were. And yet I met that same girl outside of a country bank not long ago when she was as good as masked and knew her at once. And then tonight I turned up here myself with a mask on and danced with her and she didn't know me. Do you consider that playing fair?"

"Noble Indian," he said, "Keep the relaxed pose—hold it. Just like that. That's fine."

"And while I was at the country bank," he continued, "a queer thing or two happened so I thought I'd drift in here tonight and let you know what they were. Fortunately this isn't a particularly difficult house to get into. I know Monty and he's very well and telephoned me I'd like to come over and we hired our harlequin suits together at the same costumers."

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