

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press... The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published here.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor... Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

Subscription Rates... Daily, per year, by mail, \$1.00... Daily, single month, by mail, .25... Daily, by carrier, per month, .30

Campaign Conjectures

WITH only a trifle more than three weeks to go, this primary campaign is a mighty tame affair. Fortunately, perhaps, for the general political good of the state, the Joseph campaign has been quiet and gentlemanly.

The present status seems to be that Norblad and Corbett are the favorites and the winner is predicted from these two only by favoritism. In other words, Norblad supporters are sure of Norblad's victory and the supporters of Corbett are positive he will win.

Some of the old political heads who are ardent Hall supporters make an interesting prediction. They say that the political pendulum which seems to have now swung widely away from Hall, has already begun its return swing and by election time will have reached the apex of the upcurve expressed by a general turning to Hall as the solution of the question: "Whom shall I vote for?"

Public imagination and enthusiasm has not been fired by any one of the candidates which is the same as saying that there isn't a really good campaigner in the lot.

The Carnival

WITH plans for the strawberry carnival definitely under way the supposed opposition to this annual affair has melted quietly away. The fact seems to have been that people who were opposed to the carnival were opposed not to the carnival idea but to the type of show that was held last year.

A new note appears in the plans for the festival this year. It is to be a great "Douglas County Homecoming." All former residents of Douglas county will be invited to return and frolic here with us for four days. There will be a big queen contest—the first one to be held here in several years.

We have just been enjoying what might be called a "million dollar rain." Of all the wonderful things that could have happened for the benefit of agriculture in this valley, the rain of the last few days is the best.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

PRICES of agricultural crops and animal products are slipping down to the lowest quotations since America entered the world war. The farm board is engaged in combating this trend.

farm board can do. In the main its function is to smooth out the peaks and valleys in annual supply and demand—so to regulate the flow of products that orderly marketing will result.

But the farm board cannot regulate total supply, nor the ratio of total supply to real demand. And if this ratio is out of line, prices will reflect the relation.

You can dam a stream, and keep on raising the height of the dam, but eventually the water will pour right over the top.

Feminine Brains

The scientists are now declaring that woman's brain is not inferior to man's. That is what every married man knows, so it is not at all startling. But we see the girls here for a conference over the weekend had a debate on whether a girl's brain was of as much value to her as personality.

Pancake in Jackson County

The writer is outside a rural pancake, constructed on the commodities lines of a piano stool, and as light and airy as chiffon de crepe.

Their Advantage

A scientist reports that he has discovered that many animals laugh. Well they can. They don't have to get up and shut off the radio when Amos and Andy start mispronouncing words in an effort to be funny.

Time to End the Fish Controversy for All Time

For many years the Mail-Tribune has urged the closing of Rogue river to commercial fishing. Now at last the time has arrived to do it—to replace conversation with definite and final action.

It has been decided to leave the matter to a vote of the people of the state, which is an entirely wise decision. For, with a constitutional amendment adopted, the entire matter will not only be taken out of politics where it belongs, but will be definitely settled for all time—and the interminable wrangle over fish and fish will be ended.

This will no doubt be almost as great a relief to the commercial interests as to the sportsmen, for both factions are decidedly weary of the struggle. It will be even a greater relief to the people of the state at large, who have listened to fish talk for over a generation, and are heartily sick of it.

VETERAN TEACHER FORCED TO RESIGN IN BEATING CASE

PORTLAND, Ore., April 22.—The resignation of Miss E. Cora Felt, teacher in the Normandie school, who has been under fire for alleged corporal punishment abuses, was accepted by the school board last night and today it was announced that Miss Felt would sever her connections with the public schools here at the end of the year.

YONCALLA TRIMS SUTHERLIN, 8-7

In the first junior league baseball games for the northern section of the county, played at Yoncalla Saturday, Yoncalla defeated Sutherland 8 to 7 in 10 innings. The game was close and exciting all the way through.

AIRMAIL PLAN HIT BY SENATE ACTION

Establishment of a short line airmail service in Oregon is looked upon as very doubtful in view of the bill passed by the U. S. senate Monday forbidding establishment of new airmail lines providing less than 225 pounds of mail each way daily.

Visit in Roseburg—Mr. and Mrs. Irving Terrill and daughter, Miss Patricia Ann, and Mrs. Ralph Terrill, of Los Angeles, are visiting for a few days in this city as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hewitt and N. Rice.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

AGRENA-GREEN parson was arrested the other day for speeding. He was exceeding ten knots an hour.

Mental Giants—The auditor who bought a new set of books because the old ones wouldn't balance.

Take it or Leave it—When an oyster talks to a giraffe it'll be the lowest form of animal life speaking to the highest.

You're Right—People who don't believe in the sandman, don't eat spinach.

Wonders of Nature—An ecologist is a man who has his photograph printed on both sides of the paper.

American Tragedies—When a sword-swallower cuts his Adam's apple with a safety razor.

Social Accomplishments—The woman who has nothing to wear ought to change places with the girl who's all dressed up and no place to go.

Pitiful Cases—A Chicago gangster was arrested the other day for not calling his shots.

Null and Void—When a girl goes into a pet shop to buy some animal crackers.

Our Own Vaudeville—Doctor: Exercising will make you fit as a fiddle. Woman: Yes, but I don't want a shape like a violin.

Talks on Health By DR. R. S. COPELAND

YOU should not neglect a cold. Every persistent cold is a menace to life.

If a person is really well, if he is properly fed, free from undue fatigue, and functioning normally, then he ought to be safe from "catching cold." A cold, then, denotes lowered vitality and probably the presence of an infection of some nature.

Yoncalla Trimmed Sutherland 8-7. In the first junior league baseball games for the northern section of the county, played at Yoncalla Saturday, Yoncalla defeated Sutherland 8 to 7 in 10 innings.

Airmail Plan Hit by Senate Action. Establishment of a short line airmail service in Oregon is looked upon as very doubtful in view of the bill passed by the U. S. senate Monday forbidding establishment of new airmail lines providing less than 225 pounds of mail each way daily.

Visit in Roseburg—Mr. and Mrs. Irving Terrill and daughter, Miss Patricia Ann, and Mrs. Ralph Terrill, of Los Angeles, are visiting for a few days in this city as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hewitt and N. Rice.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1) money, would take out an endorsement policy and keep it paid up until it matures, there would be far less old age poverty a few decades hence than there is now.

HERE is a significant sentence from a Saturday's dispatch from Moscow: "All churches of Moscow were crowded tonight with devout Christians, eager to celebrate the resurrection of Christ with the fervor shown in bygone days before the athletic movement got under way in soviet Russia."

DR. EDWARDS WILL ADDRESS SCHOOL. Dr. Charles A. Edwards, pastor of the local Methodist Episcopal church, has accepted an invitation to deliver the commencement address for the Tye Valley high school on May 14.

JUDGE HAMILTON GROWING BETTER. Credit Judge J. W. Hamilton, who has been quite ill for the past few days, is reported to be steadily improving. He is out of immediate danger and his condition is expected to continue improvement with rest and quiet.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a girl of fifteen and am going with a boy 24. Now this boy likes me very well.

BLUE: Your step-father shows more good sense than any member of your family. He apparently does not think highly of a man who is friendly with a child of fifteen.

RESERVE OFFICERS OF DOUGLAS ASKED TO EUGENE MEETING. Forty-nine United States army reserve officers and national guard officers of Douglas county have been invited to attend the formal military dinner and ball to be held by the Lane county chapter of the reserve officers' association at Eugene Saturday evening, April 26.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

"Wise Columbus Made an egg Stand on its end Like a stork on one leg." Shadow Sayings.

One day Knarf came running up in great excitement to Mr. Hand and Mrs. Hand—the other little 'shadow-children with the turned-about names.

"There they are," He Said. "Fresh eggs!"

"Yes, I've just discovered thousands of them. I'm going into the egg business. If you want to buy some, I'll tell you where they are."

"Now they weren't in the least anxious to buy, since they never bothered about buying anything but the with their misters and mistresses, as all shadows do. Nevertheless, they were curious to see them, so they begged Knarf to take them where they were, promising to find some customers for him "if they really are fresh."

"Of course, they're fresh," he said indignantly. "They were laid this morning."

"But so many thousands of them! Why, there aren't more than ten hens in the neighborhood. For couldn't he be remarking: "Who said they were hens?"

"They weren't hen's eggs. Oh no! Each egg was as big as the end of a pencil, with a dark spot in the center. Instead of shells they were covered with jelly almost the same color as the water. They were attached to each other, in long strings like a chain.

"What kind of eggs are they?" they all asked. "Duck-eggs. Who else would lay eggs in the water?"

"Shells melt in the water and turn into jelly. Everybody knows that. That only makes them better, for you can make jelly-omelets out of them without using any jelly."

"This certainly seemed a great advantage. Then, too, the fact that they had no shells made it quite impossible for them to break, which was a good thing in eggs. Still they were not so sure about their being duck-eggs. Somehow it seemed to them, that duck-eggs weren't laid in water.

"And now you must help me to sell them," said Knarf, keeping them to their promise.

Who could they sell them to? They didn't know, especially as they couldn't get them out of the water since they were so slippery that they always slipped back.

Down the road they saw Mrs. Next-Door-Neighbor going to market with a large egg-basket on her arm and they hurried after her. "We'll make her buy them," said MJ hopefully.

"Tomorrow: The Strange Egg Buyer." Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

ing at that dwelling, sinking on its threshold in radiant exhaustion.

Carefully she set the cabin to rights, tied her provisions and the straps that would bind the boy to her in her sweater and started again for the dizzying overhanging rock.

Her hands were almost without power; they were clammy with apprehension as she jammed the hardback and cans in the pockets of the flying suit. Even a stunt marvel like Jimmy Collins, with dozens of jumps to his credit, tells of lost flashlights and shattered wristwatches.

Now everything was ready. Now all she needed was to await Billy's return; seize the first chance to wander off here with him. Once behind these irregular rock piles, yank on the flying suit, blindfold the little trusting youngster; strap the pack to her back, and the boy tight to her chest. All she needed now was the time for this. And the heart to use it—the high unflinching heart.

She walked out on the rock and for a split second glanced down the sheer, abyssal precipice.

She would open the parachute now—have it all spread out and ready? Sometimes a "chute doesn't open."

But if she spread it all open beforehand, it might drag—might catch on the ledge down there just as she plunged—

"No! Foolish to open it," she thought, stifled with the image of herself and Billy hanging for one ghastly moment; hanging in mid-air, just as she plunged—

But if she snatched the child from them, robbed them of the booty they were to receive, they'd track her to the depths of hell. Slim would dare that jump. He'd dare anything.

Then cautiously, like a practiced thief, Pat went through the provisions, take as much as she could possibly cram into the pockets of her flying suit; take it from the bottom and set the things back in exact order. They mustn't grow suspicious before she made her getaway.

Four pieces of hardback, two cans of deviled meat, two cans of tuna fish, two small cans of milk, half a dozen slices of bacon, the can opener, flashlight, box of matches.

Reach the canyon floor alive and those supplies would keep them until the door of that blessed white farmhouse, settled down there in the titanic pit, opened to them. With ecstasy Pat envisioned herself and her small companion arriv-

ing at that dwelling, sinking on its threshold in radiant exhaustion.

Carefully she set the cabin to rights, tied her provisions and the straps that would bind the boy to her in her sweater and started again for the dizzying overhanging rock.

Her hands were almost without power; they were clammy with apprehension as she jammed the hardback and cans in the pockets of the flying suit. Even a stunt marvel like Jimmy Collins, with dozens of jumps to his credit, tells of lost flashlights and shattered wristwatches.

Now everything was ready. Now all she needed was to await Billy's return; seize the first chance to wander off here with him. Once behind these irregular rock piles, yank on the flying suit, blindfold the little trusting youngster; strap the pack to her back, and the boy tight to her chest. All she needed now was the time for this. And the heart to use it—the high unflinching heart.

She walked out on the rock and for a split second glanced down the sheer, abyssal precipice.

She would open the parachute now—have it all spread out and ready? Sometimes a "chute doesn't open."

But if she spread it all open beforehand, it might drag—might catch on the ledge down there just as she plunged—

"No! Foolish to open it," she thought, stifled with the image of herself and Billy hanging for one ghastly moment; hanging in mid-air, just as she plunged—

But if she snatched the child from them, robbed them of the booty they were to receive, they'd track her to the depths of hell. Slim would dare that jump. He'd dare anything.

Then cautiously, like a practiced thief, Pat went through the provisions, take as much as she could possibly cram into the pockets of her flying suit; take it from the bottom and set the things back in exact order. They mustn't grow suspicious before she made her getaway.

Four pieces of hardback, two cans of deviled meat, two cans of tuna fish, two small cans of milk, half a dozen slices of bacon, the can opener, flashlight, box of matches.

Reach the canyon floor alive and those supplies would keep them until the door of that blessed white farmhouse, settled down there in the titanic pit, opened to them. With ecstasy Pat envisioned herself and her small companion arriv-

ing at that dwelling, sinking on its threshold in radiant exhaustion.

Carefully she set the cabin to rights, tied her provisions and the straps that would bind the boy to her in her sweater and started again for the dizzying overhanging rock.

Her hands were almost without power; they were clammy with apprehension as she jammed the hardback and cans in the pockets of the flying suit. Even a stunt marvel like Jimmy Collins, with dozens of jumps to his credit, tells of lost flashlights and shattered wristwatches.

Now everything was ready. Now all she needed was to await Billy's return; seize the first chance to wander off here with him. Once behind these irregular rock piles, yank on the flying suit, blindfold the little trusting youngster; strap the pack to her back, and the boy tight to her chest. All she needed now was the time for this. And the heart to use it—the high unflinching heart.

She walked out on the rock and for a split second glanced down the sheer, abyssal precipice.

She would open the parachute now—have it all spread out and ready? Sometimes a "chute doesn't open."

But if she spread it all open beforehand, it might drag—might catch on the ledge down there just as she plunged—

"No! Foolish to open it," she thought, stifled with the image of herself and Billy hanging for one ghastly moment; hanging in mid-air, just as she plunged—

But if she snatched the child from them, robbed them of the booty they were to receive, they'd track her to the depths of hell. Slim would dare that jump. He'd dare anything.

Then cautiously, like a practiced thief, Pat went through the provisions, take as much as she could possibly cram into the pockets of her flying suit; take it from the bottom and set the things back in exact order. They mustn't grow suspicious before she made her getaway.

Four pieces of hardback, two cans of deviled meat, two cans of tuna fish, two small cans of milk, half a dozen slices of bacon, the can opener, flashlight, box of matches.

Reach the canyon floor alive and those supplies would keep them until the door of that blessed white farmhouse, settled down there in the titanic pit, opened to them. With ecstasy Pat envisioned herself and her small companion arriv-

ing at that dwelling, sinking on its threshold in radiant exhaustion.

Carefully she set the cabin to rights, tied her provisions and the straps that would bind the boy to her in her sweater and started again for the dizzying overhanging rock.

Her hands were almost without power; they were clammy with apprehension as she jammed the hardback and cans in the pockets of the flying suit. Even a stunt marvel like Jimmy Collins, with dozens of jumps to his credit, tells of lost flashlights and shattered wristwatches.

Now everything was ready. Now all she needed was to await Billy's return; seize the first chance to wander off here with him. Once behind these irregular rock piles, yank on the flying suit, blindfold the little trusting youngster; strap the pack to her back, and the boy tight to her chest. All she needed now was the time for this. And the heart to use it—the high unflinching heart.

She walked out on the rock and for a split second glanced down the sheer, abyssal precipice.

She would open the parachute now—have it all spread out and ready? Sometimes a "chute doesn't open."

But if she spread it all open beforehand, it might drag—might catch on the ledge down there just as she plunged—

"No! Foolish to open it," she thought, stifled with the image of herself and Billy hanging for one ghastly moment; hanging in mid-air, just as she plunged—

But if she snatched the child from them, robbed them of the booty they were to receive, they'd track her to the depths of hell. Slim would dare that jump. He'd dare anything.

Then cautiously, like a practiced thief, Pat went through the provisions, take as much as she could possibly cram into the pockets of her flying suit; take it from the bottom and set the things back in exact order. They mustn't grow suspicious before she made her getaway.

Four pieces of hardback, two cans of deviled meat, two cans of tuna fish, two small cans of milk, half a dozen slices of bacon, the can opener, flashlight, box of matches.

Reach the canyon floor alive and those supplies would keep them until the door of that blessed white farmhouse, settled down there in the titanic pit, opened to them. With ecstasy Pat envisioned herself and her small companion arriv-

ing at that dwelling, sinking on its threshold in radiant exhaustion.

Carefully she set the cabin to rights, tied her provisions and the straps that would bind the boy to her in her sweater and started again for the dizzying overhanging rock.

Her hands were almost without power; they were clammy with apprehension as she jammed the hardback and cans in the pockets of the flying suit. Even a stunt marvel like Jimmy Collins, with dozens of jumps to his credit, tells of lost flashlights and shattered wristwatches.

Now everything was ready. Now all she needed was to await Billy's return; seize the first chance to wander off here with him. Once behind these irregular rock piles, yank on the flying suit, blindfold the little trusting youngster; strap the pack to her back, and the boy tight to her chest. All she needed now was the time for this. And the heart to use it—the high unflinching heart.

She walked out on the rock and for a split second glanced down the sheer, abyssal precipice.

She would open the parachute now—have it all spread out and ready? Sometimes a "chute doesn't open."

But if she spread it all open beforehand, it might drag—might catch on the ledge down there just as she plunged—

"No! Foolish to open it," she thought, stifled with the image of herself and Billy hanging for one ghastly moment; hanging in mid-air, just as she plunged—

But if she snatched the child from them, robbed them of the booty they were to receive, they'd track her to the depths of hell. Slim would dare that jump. He'd dare anything.

Then cautiously, like a practiced thief, Pat went through the provisions, take as much as she could possibly cram into the pockets of her flying suit; take it from the bottom and set the things back in exact order. They mustn't grow suspicious before she made her getaway.

Four pieces of hardback, two cans of deviled meat, two cans of tuna fish, two small cans of milk, half a dozen slices of bacon, the can opener, flashlight, box of matches.

Reach the canyon floor alive and those supplies would keep them until the door of that blessed white farmhouse, settled down there in the titanic pit, opened to them. With ecstasy Pat envisioned herself and her small companion arriv-

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 42

One thrilling moment Pat sat before the radio. She stared at the paper where she had so carefully written on five different lines, with the symbols under each letter, "SOS—Patricia—Dawn—Grand Canyon."

Would someone pick up the frantic call? Could aid reach this lost cyclopean wilderness in time?

Before sunrise tomorrow, if Ace made sure of the trail, the two men would be on their way, taking the child with them. Long before this the miracle of the rescue must be wrought.

Pat knew that she dared not wait. In a white-fur realization, she knew that her life and the little boy's life would be saved only if she had courage to take that mad, desperate leap.

"I will," she told herself with the heart and eyes almost popping from her body.

She pulled her flying suit and parachute pack from the chest under the cabin seat. Hurry! Ace might return. She grabbed these up and without a second thought went racing across the plateau.

Thrilling and every nerve screaming with the violence of her emotion, Pat stuffed the pack under the loose rock at the base of that great shaft of sandstone.

She pulled her flying suit and parachute pack from the chest under the cabin seat. Hurry! Ace might return. She grabbed these up and without a second thought went racing across the plateau.

Thrilling and every nerve screaming with the violence of her emotion, Pat stuffed the pack under the loose rock at the base of that great shaft of sandstone.

She pulled her flying suit and parachute pack from the chest under the cabin seat. Hurry! Ace might return. She grabbed these up and without a second thought went racing across the plateau.

Thrilling and every nerve screaming with the violence of her emotion, Pat stuffed the pack under the loose rock at the base of that great shaft of sandstone.

She pulled her flying suit and parachute pack from the chest under the cabin seat. Hurry! Ace might return. She grabbed these up and without a second thought went racing across the plateau.

Thrilling and every nerve screaming with the violence of her emotion, Pat stuffed the pack under the loose rock at the base of that great shaft of sandstone.

She pulled her flying suit and parachute pack from the chest under the cabin seat. Hurry! Ace might return. She grabbed these up and without a second thought went racing across the plateau.

PATENTS

TRADEMARKS, COPYRIGHTS Free Booklet on Request THOMAS BILVEU Registered Patent Attorney 802 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore.

DR. DEAN B. BUBAR

OPTOMETRIST Specialist in the fitting of Glasses 116 Jackson St.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

512 Fowler Street Built-ins, Door and Window Frames made to order. We carry a stock of Veneer. Saw Filing a Specialty. ED S. AND F. L. COCKLEAS Phone 541J

D