Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Compensation For Waiting

ALTHOUGH it may be hard to believe sometimes, there seems to be a law of compensation in the world. We think we have been dealt cruelly with, that other localities have swept on past us—we can fill our minds with such pessimistic thoughts. Just for fun let's take an excursion into compensatory or brighter side.

Take the long deferred development of our timber resources as an example. It is gradually dawning upon a discouraged lumber manufacturing industry that a plant designed solely for the manufacture of lumber is not, speaking generally, a very profitable manufacturing concern. Perhaps in the entire realm of manufacturing no industry has the high mortality rate attained by lumbering.

The same thing is wrong with lumbering that was wrong with meat packing years ago. Now the by products in meat packing are worth more than the meat.

Our lumbering operations build railroads and buy enormous logging machines to take only the best logs from the forest—defective logs are not moved. When these fine logs reach the mill almost exactly one-third becomes waste—usable waste but unused and its very destruction becomes an expense.

The point to be made here is that if a lumber manufacturing enterprise of large proportions had been established in Roseburg a few years ago it might easily have followed the way of so many such enterprises. At best it would have been only another sawmill. Now, however, the lumber industry is reaching a turning point. Large enterprises of the future engaged in the converting of forests into useful products will be many unit affairs and the production of lumber will be incidental. It is this type of lumbering enterprise that will be successful and of great community value. As time goes on we are more and more certain that the large lumbering development to be established at or near Roseburg in the future will be on a fundamentally sounder basis. Thus, you see, we have not lost seriously by action having been delayed.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

Mr. Joseph Again
(Albany Democrat-Herald)

THE charges against Mr. Joseph were not preferred by the supreme court nor by any of its members but by the Oregon bar association. According to the procedure authorized by law in such cases, Mr. Joseph was given a hearing before a board of referees, who heard his accusers and him. This board then made its recommendations to the supreme court. It said that the charge against Mr. Joseph has been proven and that he should be permanently disbarred. On the board sat three eminent circuit court judges of Oregon.

About the Disbarment
(Cottage Grove Sentinel)

In expressions of opinion concerning the proceedings to disbar these two lawyers, an important fact has been overlooked. Although the proceedings against Joseph resulted from his maligning of two members of our supreme court, proceedings against him were started, not by the persons maligned, not by any of their friends, but by Thomas Mannix, who has been disbarred because of proceedings brought against him by Joseph. In other words the disbarment proceedings that resulted in the disbarment of both were started by the two involved in the proceedings.

A Difference
(Salem Capitol Journal)

The difference between Joseph and Duncan is only one of degree. "Men of life long decency and self respect have had lying accusations and preposterous charges hurled at them" by Duncan, says the Journal and "unfounded statements made about decent men." Mr. Joseph did likewise, only his victims were the highest officials in the state. Yet the Journal sees no wrong in the latter procedure.

We agree with the Journal that "the time has come when it should be ascertained whether we are an organized and civilized society, with decent citizens (including judges) protected against character assassination, or whether through a broadcasting station men (including judges) can be assailed, traduced, calumniated and lied about without redress or protection."

This the supreme court, in its own case has endeavored to do, to prove that we are "an organized and civilized society, with decent citizens protected against character assassination" but it gets no support from the Portland Journal.

No Stigma Here
(Albany Democrat-Herald)

Roseburg shows a census gain in the past decennial by unearthing an error in its 1920 census, which placed it at too high a figure. This is sort of a left-handed method, but it will explain away the stigma of population loss.

ROBIN STILL FIGHTS AT WINDOW PANE OF GLENDALE HOME

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

GLENDALE, May 29.—For ten consecutive days a robin has persisted in beating itself against a certain window of the J. A. Dewey house in this city. No one seems to be able to satisfactorily explain the robin's strange actions. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon are the times when the robin is the busiest in its attacks against the window pane, although attacks are made at all times of the day.

The robin's efforts are all directed against one certain window. This window is of the two sash type and either half may be opened at a time. But when either half is opened, instead of entering the house, the robin will flutter and peck against the glass in the unopened half.

The removal of a trellis about eight feet away and directly opposite the window, earlier in the week, used by the robin as a base from which to launch his attacks did not seem to deter the robin from attacking from some other vantage point.

Now after ten days of futile effort the robin shows no signs of quitting although the frequency and vigor of the attacks are being lessened somewhat.

WINCHESTER BAY

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

WINCHESTER BAY, May 31.—A total of forty trout were taken from Winchester Bay last Sunday by L. C. Farmer, Charles Roner and J. I. Lawson, all of Cottage Grove. Fourteen of the fish averaged 14 inches in length.

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Sorrela and small daughter returned to Winchester Bay last Sunday after a visit with Mrs. Sorrella's mother, Mrs. Burns, of Charleston.

A group of school children from Drain held a picnic at Winchester Bay Sunday. Several of the children had never seen the ocean before.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clark of Reedsport called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Weeks of Winchester Bay Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lund and two sons, Donald and Lawrence, left last week to visit friends and relatives in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hiatt left Monday for Albany where they expecxt to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Grae and Mrs. John Anderson were business visitors in Reedsport Monday.

Mrs. Frank English and small son motored to Marshfield on business Wednesday.

Ray Wheeler left Tuesday for Independence to visit his brother.

Bert Lear of Condon stopped in Winchester Bay Sunday enroute up the coast. Mr. Lear is looking for a site for an auto camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Weaver of Gardiner called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tolman Sunday while returning from an auto trip to Roseburg, where they visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Howard left Winchester Bay Monday for Cottage Grove after spending several days here. They formerly resided at Cottage Grove but for the past year have been travelling through many states looking for a business location. They have decided to relocate in Oregon.

Among the Winchester Bay folks who attended the circus in Marshfield Thursday were Mrs. Frank Carlson and children, Mrs. Mollie Baird and children, Mrs. Miles Stevens and children, Mrs. George Prescott and son, Donovan and Miss Elva Nottage.

Melvin Reavis returned Saturday from a short visit with his cousin, Elwyn Reavis, of Gardiner.

W. T. Cooper of Roseburg arrived in Winchester Bay last week for an indefinite stay.

SCOTTSBURG

(News Review Douglas County Special)

SCOTTSBURG, May 31.—Paul Wessela and daughter, Rachel, accompanied by Lois Wilson, motored to Reedsport Monday.

Mrs. Cora Ecclestrom and sons, Hal and Claude, were visitors here Wednesday.

Mrs. George Rook and son, Tom, and Mrs. Rook's sister, Betty Wakefield of Eastside were visitors at the D. A. Wakefield home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Wakefield and son, Junior, were shoppers in Reedsport Tuesday.

Mrs. Leroy Bryson and children of Cottage Grove were visitors in Scottsburg Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Riley and sons, Lloyd and Ronald, moved in from Loon lake Wednesday where they have been residing for the past three years. They are resuming their residence in Scottsburg.

Clyde Catching, bridge contractor, went to Reedsport on business Thursday.

Barbara Wessela, who has been visiting for the past week with her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Riley at Loon lake, returned home Monday.

Jacob Reeder and Stillman Wessela motored to Reedsport Thursday. They were accompanied home by Rachel Wessela and Isabel Wilson.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our thanks to the hospital attendants and friends for their kind expressions of sympathy at the death of our father.

Grover Devine and family.
John Devine and family.
Mainor Devine and family.
Raymond Devine and family.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus

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Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A PHILADELPHIA motorist was arrested the other day for running over a pedestrian on Sunday.

Momentous Moments—When a thug buys a new sand-bag and goes out for skull practice.

Vital Statistics—The longer you stay engaged, the less you'll have to be married.

Null and Void—The Italian fighter, who wanted the referee to count him out in Roman numerals.

Auto-Suggestion — Second hand cars are so cheap nowadays that practically any man can afford to be under one.

Justifiable Homicide—When your husband spends thirty-five dollars for a rod and reel to catch a twenty cent fish.

Wonders of Nature—The contortionist who's so agile that he can jump up and ride on his own back.

Take It or Leave It—Night clubs are places where gold-diggers stake out their claims.

Excuse It Please—It doesn't help to have two telephones. You get twice as many wrong numbers.

Our Own Vaudeville — Smith: Wilson tells me he follows the horses. Brown: He does. He takes tickets on a merry-go-round.

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Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

THERE are many forms of inflammation of the skin. Eczema is one of the most common of them. Infants suffer from it more than from any other skin trouble. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have.

It usually indicates a poor condition of the digestive tract. Any digestive disturbance may bring it on. In the case of infants, it may be caused by irritation of the clothing, too strong soap, or cold, damp winds.

Like almost every inflammation, eczema begins with a redness of the skin; then small blisters appear and break, followed by a scale or crust. There is terrible itching, and a baby may scratch itself badly, causing infection, unless the fingernails are kept very short.

It most often happens on the face, though other forms attack the arms, legs or body. The hands may be the seat of trouble.

Eczema of the scalp in babies may occur before or after weaning, and pain and soreness of teething may come with it. The constant irritation may wear the baby out. Fresh milk, beef juice and a little orange juice daily should cure the worst cases.

Adults in a run-down condition are apt to have eczema. It may be the outward signs of a poorly working stomach and intestines, or it may mean that the kidneys are not operating properly.

No matter whether it is the young child or the adult who is afflicted with this trouble, the first thing to do is to regulate the bowels. The diet must be looked into thoroughly and corrected. In infants, diet is of especial importance. Fat must be reduced and constipation corrected. Probably something in the food will have to be changed at your doctor's direction.

Too highly seasoned food or alcoholic stimulants may produce this skin disease. Any excess in the diet must be overcome before a person may expect to cure the eczema.

The local treatment for infants and adults is about the same.

There are many persons who have sensitive skins. In such cases nothing but the purest water, such as distilled water should be used, or water softened by the use of borax. The mildest soaps should be used.

In eczema the thick crusts which form may be removed by using a poultice made of boracic acid and starch. Make it into a paste by mixing four tablespoonfuls of starch and one-half tablespoonful of boracic acid with a little cold water. Stir until the powders are dissolved. Then pour on one-half pint or more of boiling water and stir briskly. When cool spread a little on gauze or thin, clean cloth and apply. After a few hours the crusts will be softened and the poultice can be removed without irritating the tender skin.

For the distressing itching which comes with eczema, ordinary baking soda and water will relieve it in a solution for outward application. One tablespoonful of hyposulphite of soda to a quart of water makes an excellent solution for outside application.

Your doctor should direct the internal medication and the right diet for you. You should help yourself to the extent of getting a lot of exercise, fresh air and sunshine, as well as plenty of sleep and rest. These are the prime essentials to health.

In the cases of eczema of the scalp in babies, besides cutting the nails to prevent injurious scratching, the hair should be cut and a thin muslin cap and bonnet made to protect the head. Use no water at all on the head, but use drying powder freely—boric acid powder or starch. When scabs begin to loosen the scalp should be covered with a good astringent lotion. This and the right food are the only things likely to effect a cure.

Answers to Health Queries

A. M. B. Q.—What do you advise for superfluous hair.

A.—X-ray or an electric needle handled by an expert. For further particulars send self-addressed envelope.

Pauline B. Q.—How should milk be given to an invalid?

A.—If using raw milk I would suggest bringing it to a boiling point, thereby destroying any possibility of germs.

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Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

program CAN be avoided.

MR. LYNCH, the newly appointed commissioner, bears a good reputation. This writer does not know him, but men who DO know him say that he is able and broad-minded. If he is able and broad-minded, his impulse will be to go on BUILDING UP, instead of starting in to tear down.

There have been changes in the highway commission before, and always the magnitude and the importance of the task of highway administration, and the plain duty to keep faith with the people who are putting up the money to build the highways, have outweighed ALL political considerations in the minds of the men newly appointed.

That ought to be the case now, and this newspaper hopes and believes that it will be.

THE strange baby case in Portland has been finally decided by the court, and Miss Watson is declared to be the mother of the child. On the face of the evidence, there seems to be no doubt of that.

So the judgment is sound so far.

THE child, which is the innocent victim of whatever has happened, is returned to the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles juvenile court, whose duty it is to decide whether it is to be given back to its mother.

There is a question there. By her abandonment of the baby, the mother cast a doubt upon her fitness for the responsibilities of parenthood and the proper bringing up of children.

But by her re-entrance into the case, and her voluntary assumption of the agonies of publicity, she proved that in spite of her panic-stricken abandonment of the baby she still possesses some spark of that divine flame which we call motherhood.

POOR Mrs. Schaefer! She is evidently demented, at least mildly.

But this writer finds it hard to condemn a woman whose dementia takes the form of such great love for children that she is willing to go to any lengths and assume any hardship in order to obtain possession of them and mother them and sacrifice for them.

IN passing your final personal judgment on this odd case, it will be well to keep in mind the words of Jesus: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

And don't forget this other kindly, tolerant dictum: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it ill behooves any of us to say evil of the rest of us."

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a girl in my early teens. I am in love with a boy one year my senior. There is another girl who is trying to take him from me. Should I give him up or should I still try to keep his affection? He sometimes pays more attention to her than to me, but I think that he is doing it just to make me jealous. Please answer me soon because I surely am in need of your advice.

BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES: I do not see how you can give up something that is not your property. Unless there is a definite understanding, there is nothing you can do, except to take the whole matter calmly and continue the affair on the status of friendship. Whatever your feelings may be, I would advise you to give no inkling of them to either the boy or the other girl. Besides, you are too young to be considering any young men so seriously.

CHURCHES TO JOIN TO HONOR "GRADS"

The annual baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of the Roseburg senior high school will be given on Sunday, June 1, at 8 o'clock in the school auditorium. The evening address will be given by Rev. Alexander Muirden. The churches of the city will all unite in this sevice honoring the class of 1930.

The program follows:

March—"Military March," Schubert, Mrs. Homer Grow.
Invocation—Rev. W. R. Baird.
Anthem—"Lest We Forget," Penn, Girls' Glee club.
Prayer—Rev. R. B. Shoun.
Anthem—"When the Roses Bloom," Reichardt, Girls' Glee club.
Scripture lesson—Rev. Perry Smith.
Hymn—"Come Thou Almighty King," congregation.
Sermon—"Spiritual Values in Modern Life," Rev. Alexander Muirden.
Vocal solo—"Goin' Home," (from the largo of New World Symphony) Anthony Dvorak, Leroy Hiatt.
Benediction—Rev. J. B. Penhall.

Mrs. Johnson Returns—Mrs. Willard Johnson and children, Tommy and Agnes Ruth, have returned from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where they have been visiting for the past two months at the home of Mrs. Johnson's parents, Judge and Mrs. Elliott.

'WHERE'S EMILY?'

by Carolyn Wells

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

On the eve of her marriage to Rodney Sayre, Emily Duane disappears. She had left her Hillsdale Park home, "Knollwood," to visit the hospital, but never reached there. Foul play is feared when Jim Pennington reports his wife, Pauline, and Emily's best friend, also missing. Pennington says he left his wife at the ravine, a short distance from the Duane home. When he returned she had vanished. The police find Polly's body in the ravine.

Now Go on With the Story

CHAPTER XVI.

"Murdock and Lawlor are standing by, but I must get back. There's a deal to be done. And no doctor or anybody could get down there, you see. You know how steep and craggy it is, and more'n fifty feet deep. We've got to get the lady up, and that's a problem of itself."

"Well, Jennings, you get along, then." Lamb was alert enough now when he had something to do. "I'll tell Mr. Pennington—of course, he can be of no help—so we'd best keep him here for a while. You—you saw nothing of Miss Duane?"

Rodney Sayre turned to Jennings with his haggard face still dazed at the news he had heard.

"No, sir, nothing at all. But I must see Mr. Pennington before I go. You see, it's his wife——"

"Yes, I see," Lamb returned quickly. "He must be consulted, though of course he'll not be able to do anything——"

"That he won't. It was all Murdock could do to get down, I dunno how he'll get up again, or get the lady up."

"Is there water in the ravine?"

"No, sir, it's dry just now. It's never very wet, anyway. Can we see Mr. Pennington now?"

The three returned to the lounge, and as Rodney sank down in silence on the sofa, Lamb went to Jim Pennington and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Bad news for you, Jim," he said, slowly, with a compassionate look.

"For me? What is it?"

"They've found Mrs. Pennington, and she's hurt—badly hurt."

"Hurt? How? Let me go to her What's Jenkins doing here again? Has he seen Emily"

"No, but he has seen your wife, and she—she fell over the bridge into the ravine."

Pennington looked simply incredulous.

"Fell over the bridge into the ravine? Why, she couldn't. The railing is too high."

"Well, she did," Lamb's nerves were giving way, "and she's lying at the bottom of the ravine, badly hurt——"

Pennington rose and his face went white.

"What are you trying to tell me? If she's at the bottom of the ravine, she's not hurt—she's dead."

"Yes," Lamb assented, glad to have the dread ordeal come to its climax at last.

"Pauline—dead—it can't be—"

All of Jim Pennington's careless, debonair, semi-bored manner fell from him like a garment. He seemed suddenly old, suddenly helpless.

Everybody in the room was intensely sorry for him, but what could be done?

It was hard to say any words of comfort or condolence to a man of Pennington's type. He was so cynical, so impatient of spoken sympathy, that any speech seemed banal.

And then Rodney said, seemingly not so much by way of condolence, but with a cry wrung from the depths of his tortured heart:

"Jim, I'd rather know where Emily is, even if she's dead, than to suffer this unbearable suspense."

"No, you wouldn't," Pennington returned, with his quick insight. "You may think you mean that, but it isn't true. Come, Mr. Jennings, take me to—to the place. Will somebody go with me?"

He looked round the room with a pathetic air of appeal that they never had seen in his eyes before.

"I'll go," said Pete Gibby, "I'm the best one to go. Rod, you and Lamb stay here. If there's any news of Emily, I'll come straight back and let you know."

The three men started, Gibby racking his brain to think of something to say to the man beside him.

"Don't try to help, Gibby," the other said, with understanding. "There's nothing to be said, you know. Which ravine is it?"

"The little one, sir," answered Jennings, turning his head. "Just past the Miller place."

Leaving Emily's home, the path was picturesque, being purposely left rough and stony and lined on either side with flowering wild shrubs.

The Duane house being on a hill, this path led slightly downward, but crossed the big ravine by means of a rustic bridge.

Soon after came the Miller place, a big house, also on a side-hill. This place was between the two ravines, but what with trees and rocky spots, it was scarcely visible at night.

The stony, winding path went on, and after crossing the little ravine, passed the Pennington's home.

But, of course our two men stopped at the bridge of the little ravine, where a group of people was already gathered.

The scene was weird, for the Hidalzo lights were not numerous, though ordinarily sufficient.

The flashlights of the police were here and there, and there seemed to be more people coming.

The first words Gibby heard were from the lips of some uniformed helper, who was saying:

"Yep, I know, but how'll we git her up? Nothin' to hitch a derrick to——"

"Come away, Jim," Gibby said. "Let's go on to your house."

"See here," said Pennington, "I'm not a weakling, though I know I acted so when you first told me. I nearly went under. But the situation has to be faced, and I'm going to face it. Isn't that Dr. Eaton?"

"Yes, let's speak to him." Gibby was greatly relieved at the way Pennington was recognizing the inevitable. Time enough for collapsing and grieving after this awful situation was closed. Of course, they would get Pauline up somehow and away somewhere, but Gibby couldn't fathom how or where.

Dr. Eaton recognized Pennington and held out his hand.

Quietly he said: "I'm glad you're here. We want your advice."

"I doubt whether I can give any. What do they think of doing?"

"I've sent for an ambulance from the hospital."

"Is there hope?" and Pennington's face lighted up for a moment.

"No—but I think it the best thing to do."

"Can't we take her home?"

"I'm afraid not tonight. There may be much to do too difficult for an ordinary funeral director—"

Gibby felt the shudder that ran through Pennington's body, and he broke into the conversation:

"Don't let us keep you, Doctor. I'm sure you are needed at the scene of operations."

"No, the ambulance and fixtures haven't come yet. You see, to let down a bed or pallet is out of the question—I mean the getting of it up would be too much of a problem."

"Cut out the details, Doctor," said Gibby, irritable at last. How could even a callousted doctor be stupid enough to talk like this before the husband of the poor, broken victim!

But Pennington spoke:

"He's doing it for my sake. But he doesn't quite understand. I want to know details. It is my right. It is no kindness to me to guard me from the horrors of it all. My grief I must bear alone, but the things you propose to do, you must tell me. It is your duty."

Though Pennington spoke with utter calmness, his lips quivered, and after a keen glance at him, Doctor Eaton said:

"I think it is, and I think you will be better for knowing. We can conceive of no way of carrying the body up the side of the ravine. It is a most difficult climb for an unhampered man; with a burden it would be impossible."

"And so?" Pennington queried.

"And so, we have decided to let down a hammock, which can be safely drawn up by two strong men."

Pennington drew a quick breath of relief, which was echoed in Gibby's mind, for both men had vague fears of horrible things like hooks or grappling irons.

"Have you strong men to raise it?"

"Yes, have no fear. I will look out for that. The trouble is to find another who can climb down to help Murdock out. It needs a man of agility and skill, but I'm sure Jennings can get some one."

And so some of the gruesomeness was removed, but the weirdness remained, and it even changed to a solemn rite as Pauline Pennington's body was carefully hoisted up into view.

Gibby had once seen a burial at sea, and he never forgot the sight of the swathed dead body going over the side of the ship.

But here was a dead body coming up from the depths beneath.

The hammock was folded over so that nothing could be seen, and Pennington made a quick move toward it, Pete Gibby held him back with an iron grip.

There were some things in which he was determined to have his own way.

Carefully the hammock was lifted into the ambulance, and driven to the hospital.

With a quickly controlled sigh, Pennington said:

"Now see here, Gibby, you've been a real brick. You've stood by and you've done all one man could do for another. Now, you go on home—my God! In my own tragedy I forgot all about the other one! Where's Emily?"

"Maybe at the bottom of the other ravine," said Pete somberly.

"Oh no. Well, you go on home, and I'm going over to the hospital. Even if they don't let me see her, I can be under the same roof; and if there's any word of Emily, let me know."

Gibby agreed, for he knew Pennington would be in safe hands if, as he feared, there was any sort of nervous collapse.

Stolid and material-minded himself, Pete Gibby had a sneaking contempt for the artistic temperament; but he admitted that Jim behaved very well.

Alone, he turned back to the strange scene. Murdock was just coming up, having preferred the perilous climb to trusting to being hauled up by his fellow men.

"Don't want two bodies in the ravine in one night!" he said, as they remonstrated with him when he appeared.

Gibby shuddered, for his mind kept picturing another body, that of Emily, in the ravine that night.

(To Be Continued Monday)

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SENIOR GIRLS WILL HOLD OPEN HOUSE

Open house in the girls' lounge room of the Roseburg senior high school will be held on Monday afternoon, June 2, by the girls' club, which has completely re-decorated the interiort of the room, as its gift to the school this year.

The public is invited in to inspect the work of remodelling which has just been completed. The walls have been re-tinted, new drapes and curtains purchased for the room, and the old table removed and a new one secured. The rug, which was put in the room four years ago by the school board, is being cleaned.

Bessie Hagan is chairman of the committee which is supervising the work of re-decorating. Norma Winston and Dorothy Jackson were the other members of the committee.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Fresh salmon eggs at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

Picnicking at Idleyld Park—Adv.

John R. Kelly
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HEINLINE RECITALS
At First M. E. Church
May 26—Advanced Students. Assisted by Miss Vera McClintock, Soprano.
May 27, 28, 29 Melody Way students and Rhythm Band.
June 2—Advanced Students, assisted by Mr. Leroy Hiatt, Tenor.
8:15 P. M. PUBLIC INVITED

How Much Better to Be Protected

What a risk it is to leave valuables in some insecure place. How much better it is to give them the best protection against loss from fire and theft. Put them in our Safe Deposit Vault where you can rent a Private Lock Box for $2.00 and up per year.

The Roseburg National Bank
Roseburg, Ore.