

**Roseburg News-Review**  
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor  
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**Oregon Has a Comer**

The latest Bobby Jones triumph just about proves that he is the greatest golfer ever. He has now eclipsed the record of Walter Hagen who won a total of eleven national championships. Jones has now won twelve such championships. This is the greatest number of wins ever made by any golfer.

We have a great youngster here in Oregon, though, who may one day stop the great Jones' winning streak. This youngster is Don Moe who won such fame as a member of the winning Walker Cup team. As a tribute to Moe's genuine gameness and ability, the Glasgow (Scotland) Weekly Herald in its issue of May 24th, following the Walker Cup match on the Sand-wich course, made the following comment:

"Stout, the Yorkshire dentist, was four up on Moe, the 'baby' of the visitors at the end of the first round, and won the next three holes in the afternoon. That would have crushed the great majority of players, but Moe came away with the great-st spell, of golf seen in the match, and, from being seven down with fifteen to play, he squared the match at the twelfth, going out in 33. He kept the same pace coming home and with a score of 67—wonderful figures over the course of 67 1/2 yards—actually finished one up."

Moe has a whole lot of the stuff every golfer must have if he would win. He has a stout heart and seems to play his best under severe necessity.

The band came through in fine shape in the Portland contest. Unfortunately some complications have developed in the matter of awarding the first prize so we are not just sure yet how well we fared. Whatever the outcome, we think the Roseburg band is the finest band on earth.

A punster might crack that the communication between Conan Doyle in the spirit world with people on this earth, is just medium. If we are to believe the press ac-counts of such communication it is much better than that—it is good.

Portland is entertaining the dele-gates of the Garden Club of Amer-ica. The garden club talks chose a fine city to visit if they want to see a real city of real homes with real gardens. They should see Roseburg too.

**Oregon Editors' Opinions**

**The Snow Bush is Blooming**  
 (Bend Bulletin)  
 FROM desert sands a spring bubbles up. In summer's drouth the snow bush springs into bloom. The time is here, and the snow bush is on schedule with its blossoms. On fogged areas and on imbevelled trunks alike, for countless thou-sands of acres, the lovely green which is the shrub's everyday at-tire is set off with still lovelier white. They are clusters, almost spikes of tiny flowers, and they rise a little above the level of the green.

The snow bush is commonplace, indeed. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult than to keep it from growing, or to keep it from bloom-ing in its chosen environment. But no matter how abundant, no mat-ter how commonplace, there is nothing of finer beauty, of singular purity, it replaces for a few brief days the spotless covering of mist.

Even by dusty roadside the snow bush in bloom is worth traveling many miles to see. But it is at its best in the less frequented areas, in the upper reaches of the foot-hills. There it is truly the forest's bridal flower.

The wild rose knows it, and slips persistently of its sweetness. It is not wise, therefore, to sniff too closely of its fragrance. Nor is it necessary. The white forest is per-fumed with it.

In the cool of the evening, in the afterglow of the sunset, it is most appealing. Walk, or drive slowly through it then and be happy that you are there.

Once again we weakly whisper that a big sign at Second and Court streets pointing the way to The Dalles Dip and inviting the peripatetic motorist would result in extra revenue and would build good will for the community. It would even increase the number of local residents and newcomers us-ing the Dip. Even such an attrac-tive place to swim as the Dip—

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

By Geo. McManus

GO AN TELL THAT WOULD BE MOCKIN' BIRD TO CUT OUT THAT WHISTLIN' IT ANNOYS ME.

IT IS VERY ANNOYING I WENT OUT TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT. BUT I THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO SAY ANY-THING.

WELL, I'LL GO OUT AN' SEE HIM ABOUT IT AN' I'LL SAY SOMETHIN' TO HIM.

HE'S WHISTLIN' TONES THAT I LIKE NOW. SO IT'S ALL RIGHT.

**Maybe I'm Wrong**

By J. P. MEDBURY

**Social Errors**—The fellow who was supposed to be shot at sunrise and over-slept.

**Vital Statistics**—Some people get married too soon, and the others don't stay single long enough.

**The Younger Generation**—Modern girls do their setting up exer-cises in night clubs.

**You're Right**—An egoist is a man who thinks he kisses a girl against her will.

**Justifiable Homicide**—When the bride wants to take a chaperone along on the honeymoon.

**Excuse It Please**—An echo is the only thing that can deprive some women of the last word.

**Our Own Vaudeville**—Court At-tendant: Did you ring, sir?  
 Sir Galahad: Yes, bring me a can opener, there's a flea in my knight's armor.

**Talks on Health**

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

**Q.—What causes varicose veins?**  
 A.—Varicose veins are caused by increased tension in the veins, due to either constant external pres-sure, some obstruction of the deep veins, or, as in many cases, to habitual overexertion, such as long standing.

**Q.—What can be done for a large tonsil?**  
 A.—It would be wise to take her to a physician for an examination. Perhaps this is a result of rickets.

**Q.—What will remove warts?**  
 A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

**Editorials on News**

(Continued from page 1)

IN reading this old chronicle of danger, death and destruction, it must be remembered that in those days wealth consisted largely in livestock. Land, which suffers the least from such deprivations, wasn't worth much.

And there was no insurance. The property that was destroyed was JUST SIMPLY GONE. That was all. There was no recovery.

IT is worth while to pause here and note from this old letter that politics is no new interest in the Metchan family.

Phil Metchan, Sr., writing only a few days after the exciting events here briefly touched upon, says: "This excitement followed the election which took place June 3, and owing to a defection in the Republican party, caused by the Lucas and others, our WHOLE TICKET was beaten for re-election."

THE country had been raided, and many people had been killed. There had been appalling destruction of property, and because of this destruction the future looked dark and dubious. But the writ-er of the letter, with all these

**GOOD-NIGHT STORIES**

By Max Trel

"If waves would break more quietly. How very quiet the sea would be."  
 —Shadow Sayings.

At the seashore!  
 Mij, Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knarf—the shadows—sat down on

"My Mother Knows," said the Gull  
 the sand next to their masters and mistresses. Before them were the waves, rolling and breaking and splashing on the beach.

"What makes them move so much?" Yam asked.

"They've nothing else to do," replied Knarf.

The other shadows, however, shook their heads. They knew they must be something very important which made the waves so restless. They didn't stop still an instant. The moment one rolled back another rolled up.

They decided to ask their masters and mistresses.

"Why do the waves move so much?" Hanid demanded of her mistress. She spoke quite loudly. Nevertheless, her mistress didn't reply. Mistresses don't usually reply to their shadows. It is very bad

**Advice to Girls**

By NANCY LEE

**DEAR NANCY LEE:**  
 I am a young girl in my teens and I am in love with a young man. He has told me he was in love with me, but he does not act like it now.

I go with no one but him and he never went with anyone but me. But for a big affair of the year he has invited a young girl from an-other city to be his date and has a date with her every night for a week. I have been going with him constantly and naturally I expected him to take me. I have done nothing to make him act in this way. I have helped him in his business and I have tried to make him successful in life.

He says he still cares for me, but he doesn't show it. He never wants to take me places. I shall try to forget him, although I feel it's impossible. We argue constantly, so that means we do not get along.

**HEARTBROKEN.**  
**HEARTBROKEN:** For your own happiness and peace of mind I would advise you to forget a man who has shown himself so ungrate-ful and unappreciative of your kindness. Don't let him have the satisfaction of seeing you sit idly by. Mask your feelings with a smile of indifference, find other friends who will better appreciate your true worth. Your indiffer-ence should bring him to his senses, but I do not advise you to give him much thought or atten-tion.

**BOBBY "HAPPY" TO CAPTURE LAURELS**

By ATLANTA, July 14.—Bobby Jones returned today from his triumphant golfing wars to find his home folks had prepared the greatest of all receptions since he began winning national golf titles eight years ago.

Bobby said he was "pretty happy" to capture the national open title, but that modest phrase was much too mild to express the pen-up enthusiasm of his Atlanta admirers, most of whom had not seen him since he departed in the spring to win the British amateur and open crowns.

He probably was more interested in a reunion with his enterprising son, aged three, who added whistling to his accomplishments in the absence of his father.

Dr. Brant crossed and stood be-side the fireplace, where the logs were laid, ready for the match. Noll Wing and Henry Ham took stand with him.

Cap'n Noll Wing stood easily, squarely upon his spread legs. He was a big man; his chest swelled barrel-like, his arms stretched the sleeves of his black coat. Cap'n Wing was seldom seen without a cap upon his head. Some of those in the room discovered in this moment, for the first time, that he was bald.

The tight, white skin upon his skull contrasted unpleasantly with the brown of his leathers checked. The thick hair about his ears was tinged with gray. Across his nose and his firm cheeks tiny veins drew lace patterns of purple. Gar-nished in wedding finery, he was nevertheless a man past middle life, and no mistaking a man al-most as old as Tom Kilcup and wedding Jim Kilcup's daughter. He was an old man, but a man for all that; stout and strong and full of sap. He had the dignity of a man accustomed to command and to be obeyed. Roy Kilcup looked at him with eyes of worship. Bess, watching over her shoulder, saw old Jim look upstairs, then turn and nod awkwardly to her. She pressed the keys, the organ be-cause she watched the door, as did every other eye. They saw Faith appear there by her father's side; they saw her hand drop lightly on his arm; Jim moved; his broad shoulders brushed the sides of the door. He brought his daughter in and turned with her

**YOUTH KILLS AND BURNS GIRL WHO SPURNS ADVANCES**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Maine, July 14.—A 22-year-old youth, alleged by police to have confessed the brutal slaying of a 20-year-old girl whom she refused his advances, today pleaded not guilty to a charge of murder.

James M. Mitchell was arrested yesterday a few hours after the charred body of Miss Lillian I. Macdonald was found in a furnace in the basement of a city store, where both were employed.

The young woman was last seen alive Saturday morning when she went to the basement to distribute pay envelopes.

She had approximately \$800 and Mitchell, according to County At-torney Ralph M. Ingalls, said he took only his own pay and burned the remainder with the body.

Mitchell, officers said, made ad-vances to the young woman and when she slapped his face, the furnace struck her over the head and then delivered an-other blow as she fell to the floor. He then pushed her body into the furnace, using an iron pipe to prod it back and burned it along with rubbish and waste paper.

**DILLARD TWIRLERS SCORE 8 TO 0 TO BEAT CANYONVILLE**

The Canyonville baseball team was defeated 8 to 0 by the Dillard team in a game at Brockway Sun-day. There has been a great deal of rivalry between these two teams, as each has a strong line-up. Canyonville, however, was unable to connect with the pitching dished up by Ray Larrance, Dillard twirler, while the Dillard batsmen were in good form.

**VETERINARIAN TO BUILD RESIDENCE**

Dr. G. L. Nicholas, local veter-inarian, is starting construction this week on a \$4,500 residence to be erected at Winchester and Bea-con streets. The house is to be two stories in height and will be of wood construction.

**HOW THEY STAND IN BALL LEAGUES**

By the Associated Press.

Coast Final Standings		
	W.	L.
Los Angeles	57	42
Hollywood	54	48
Sacramento	53	46
San Francisco	52	48
Oakland	52	48
Missions	48	52
Seattle	44	56
Portland	39	61
National		
Brooklyn	46	30
Chicago	44	35
New York	43	36
St. Louis	40	37
Boston	38	40
Pittsburgh	37	41
Cincinnati	31	44
Philadelphia	27	48
American		
Philadelphia	56	29
Washington	53	28
New York	47	34
Cleveland	41	50
Detroit	39	47
Chicago	31	48
St. Louis	32	51
Boston	30	51

**4c Per Mile—for Gas, Oil, Tires The New Austin**

**Fishing and Hunting Trips**

Pack and saddle horses at Steamboat for hire. Write or phone Joe DeBernardi Phone 36F15 Glide, Ore.

**Roseburg Cabinet Shop**

542 Fowler St. Phone 541-J  
**Dryer Fans**  
 Specially adapted for Kurtz Prune Dryers. Come in and let us demonstrate them. Fans complete ready to install.  
 Price \$10.50  
 E. S. Cockleiras F. L. Cockleiras

**DR. NERBAS**

DENTIST  
 Painless Extraction  
 Gas When Desired  
 Pyorrhea Treated  
 Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

**DRIER STOVES**

Prices Reduced  
 CAST STOVES  
 5 1/2 ft. x 24 in. x 24 in. \$35.00  
 5 ft. x 24 in. x 24 in. \$45.00  
 6 ft. x 24 in. x 24 in. \$55.00  
 6 ft. x 34 in. x 34 in. \$130.00

**STEEL STOVES**

3 ft. x 36 in. diameter \$112.00  
 5 ft. x 36 in. diameter \$126.00  
 All prices f. o. b. Salem.  
 Drier Pipe for Any Type Drier.  
 J. H. SINNIGER  
 Sheet Metal Works  
 329 North Jackson Phone 428

**The SEABRIDE**

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 1)  
 then hard and true, doctor. By God—

Dr. Brant nodded.  
 "No fear, my friend," he said. "Faith is a woman—"

"Aye," said Jim hoarsely. "Aye; and she's made her bed. God help her!"

Things began to stir in the big house. Noll Wing was in the back room with Henry Ham, who had sailed with him three voyages and would back him in this new ven-ture. Young Roy Kilcup had a demijohn of cherry rum, thirty years unopened. He sent it in to Noll, and Noll Wing smacked his lips over it cheerfully and became more amiable than was his custom.

Roy Kilcup caught him in this mood and took quick advantage of it. When the three came in where Jim and Dr. Brant were waiting, Roy crossed and gripped his father's arm.

"I'm going," he whispered. "Cap'n Wing will take me as ship's boy. He's promised, dad."

Old Jim nodded. His children were leaving him; he was past protesting.

"I'm going to pack right after they're married," he said. "Be quick as you can, sir."

The minister touched the boy's shoulder reassuringly.  
 "Quiet, Roy," he said. "There's time!"

People were gathering in the living-room from the other parts of the house. They came by twos and threes. The men were awk-ward and uneasy, and strove to be jocular; the women smiled with tears in their eyes. Bess Holt, alone, did not weep. She was to play the organ; she sat down upon the stool and spread her pretty, soft skirts about her, and looked back over her shoulder to where Jim Kilcup stood out in the hall. He was to signal to her when Faith was ready.

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upon his arm toward where Noll Wing was waiting.

Faith's eyes, as she came through the door, swept the room once before they found the eyes of Cap'n Wing and rested there hard on Dan's. Nor her salt, but Dan's Tobey, behind the others, near the window, and the memory of Dan's face played before her as she moved toward where Noll waited. Poor Dan! She pitied him as women do, pity the lover they do not love. She had been hard on Dan's. Nor her salt, but still the truth. Hard on Dan's Tobey. And misery dwelt upon his countenance, so that she could not forget, even while she went to meet Noll Wing before the min-ister.

While they made their responses, Noll in the heavy voice of a mas-ter, and Faith in the level tone of a proud, sure woman, her eyes met his and promised him things unutterable. It is this speaking of eyes to eyes that is marriage; the words are of comparatively small account. Faith pledged herself to Noll Wing when she opened her eyes to him and let him look into the depths of her eyes.

A woman who loves wishes to give. Faith gave all herself in that gift of her quiet, steady eyes. Cap'n Wing, before them, found himself abashed. He was glad when the word was said, when the still room stirred to life. He kissed Faith hurriedly; he was a little afraid of her. Then the others pressed forward and separated them, and he was glad enough to be thrust back, to be able to laugh and jest and grip the hands of men.

The women and some of the men kissed Faith as she stood there, hanging on her father's arm. Then Bess Holt cried in dismay: "Faith! The fire was never lighted!"

It was true. In the swift moments before Faith came down-stairs no one had remembered to touch a match to the kindling un-der the smooth, white-birch logs in the great fireplace. When Faith saw this she felt a pang of disappointment at her heart. She loved a fire, an open fire, merrily blazing.

**(To Be Continued Tomorrow)**

**KANSAS TRIANGLE ENDS IN TRAGEDY**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
 STRONG CITY, Kan., July 14.—A love triangle of husband and wife, recently married, and a former husband, today linked in death Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Drummond, of Clemens, Kas., and Nohie Sollars, a section foreman of Strong City.

Drummond, according to Chase county officers, shot and fatally wounded his wife at their farm-home yesterday morning, after dis-covering she had been receiving attentions from Sollars, her divorced husband. Drummond then shot himself with a rifle. Sollars, hear-ing of the tragedy, also shot him-self.

The woman died shortly after the shooting and the two men, taken to an Emporia hospital, died several hours later.

Mrs. Drummond, 32 years old, is survived by a nine-year-old son.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever, Brand's Road Stand.  
 Fishing tackle at Idleyd Park.  
 Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L