Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Harding Asks Some Questions

SECRETARY W. C. HARDING of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce issued a letter to the membership this week in which he asked a great many pointed questions. How many of these can YOU answer with credit?

"Have you come in personal contact with any of our tourists yet?

"Have you gone out of your way to be courteous to any of them?

"Have you directed even one of them to our country club or to some beauty spot near by?

"Have you endeavored to detain any of them for a day or possibly a week that they may visit the North Umpqua, or perchance, one of our orchards, poultry or stock districts?

"Do you realize that Oregon holds her tourists an average of six days while California holds hers from thirty days to a year?

"Do you further realize that each additional day Oregon can hold her tourists means five million dollars?

"Are Roseburg and Douglas county alive to the opportunities with respect to tourists?

"Just what would Los Angeles pay for our North Umpqua or South Umpqua river regions?

"How much would St. Louis or Chicago pay for our climate?"

The idea behind these questions is to point out the great value to our county of the enormous annual tourist travel we enjoy and to give an idea of the possibilities which exist for the expanding of this business. Entirely too many tourists are using the Oregon highways merely as means of getting somewhere else instead of as routes to our own vacation land.

It is largely our fault right here in Oregon, that we are not stopping more people in our beauty spots. They would not go elsewhere if they but knew even a part of what we can offer.

There is one question that Mr. Harding did not ask directly but it should be asked, and that is: WHAT ARE WE, WHAT ARE YOU, GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Personal energy and personal interest on the part of each one of us is the fundamental answer to THAT question.

Lindbergh and the New York Papers

AFTER tolerating for many months, what he terms inconsideration for his private rights on the part of five New York newspapers, Charles Lindbergh has virtually declared war upon them. He feels that these newspapers have "no serious purpose" and that they do nothing but cater to sensationalism and morbid curiosity. He apparently dislikes not only their newsgathering methods, which have annoyed him greatly, but dislikes the newspapers themselves.

Looking at it from Lindbergh's point of view one is compelled to sympathize with him. He has been harrassed and annoyed. They have tried to bribe his household employes, they have set up various sorts of annoying disturbances saying they would desist if he would permit a picture, etc., etc. Small wonder that he is through, peeved and disgusted.

It is odd, of course, but perfectly true, that Lindbergh's very attitude has perhaps greatly increased his troubles in this regard. The newspapers he objects to have doubtless gone too far. They have no doubt done things that more ethical publications frown on and would not do. That is too bad, of course, but New York is a vast city and contains a great many of all types of minds. Lindbergh is unyielding and idealistic. He is made of the stuff that will battle always for the right as he sees it. He sees in the action of these newspapers something that in principal is wrong and he fights against that rather than the personal inconvenience.

His struggle is futile but more or less admirable. Lindbergh, however, is Lindbergh. He has done many impossible things—in aviation. He may not be so successful in doing the impossible in other fields than that of his chosen work, particularly in this field of taming newspapers. Ethical publishers over the nation sympathize with him and wish him victory which he does not even seek, but few newspaper men are apt to feel any confidence in his ultimate success.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

What Will Meier Do?

THE outstanding question in Oregon politics right now is: "What is Julius Meier going to do?" This subject is receiving a great deal of attention in the state press.

Bruce Dennis, of the Klamath Falls Herald and News, has as much to do as anyone else in bringing Mr. Meier out as a candidate for the consideration of the republican state central committee, so what he has to say on that subject is interesting, because it may have something of an "inside" flavor.

The following article by Mr. Dennis, printed in both the Klamath Falls Herald and the Klamath Falls News, indicates rather strongly that Meier will be a candidate:

"What will Mr. Meier do?" seems to be the all-absorbing question since the state committeemen refused even to read a letter from him to that body—

Since the committee invoked secret ballot and gagged every citizen except the "perfect 36" which claimed the almost divine right to dictate a gubernatorial nomination for the people of this state.

Walter's Terrible Mistake

ASTORIA BUDGET: We can just imagine how Walter Pierce is kicking himself around these days for not having gone out after the democratic gubernatorial nomination. The situation has developed so that it is made to order for such as he. A friend of Joseph, his supporter despite the difference of the party brands they wore, a real believer in the so-called Joseph program, and a demagogue capable of capitalizing the spirit of discontent and protest which is everywhere evident! What a setup! And when one remembers that Walter said his wife persuaded him not to enter the democratic primaries, one wonders just what are the domestic scenes in the Pierce household.

ASTORIAN: After scanning the Portland press we have begun to wonder whether there are candidates running for the governorship, or just the newspapers. At the present rate the campaign issues—if any—will soon be buried under a barrage of editorial recriminations.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

sensible Chinaman and make some more.

Oregon will become great by MAKING AND SELLING—not by hoarding.

THE British dirigible, R-100, crosses the Atlantic from England to Canada in 76 hours and 15 minutes, which is a little better than five days and nights.

After the novelty wears off, the dirigible will have to speed up if they take much business away from the boats.

WE read on the front page that unprecedented drouth in the Middle West threatens sharp curtailment of the corn crop.

Turning to the market page, we read: "Corn prices rose more than three cents in response to reports indicating widespread damage to the crop by drouth."

THERE have been years when a small potato crop was worth ACTUALLY MORE in money than the larger crop of the year before. It might work that way in the case of the corn crop this year.

All of which lends weight to the advice of Chairman Legge, of the federal farm board, that the way to solve the problem of surplus farm crops in this country is to QUIT producing a surplus.

THE 49 boys who took the Edison examination faced this question, among others:

"You are the head of an expedition which has come to grief in the desert. There is enough food and water left to enable three people to get to the nearest outpost of civilization. The rest must perish. Your companions are: a brilliant scientist, 60 years old; two half-breed guides, 58 and 32; the scientist's wife, interested mainly in society manners, aged 39; her little son, aged 6; the girl you are engaged to marry; your best friend, a young man of your own age who has shown great promise in the field of science.

"Which would you choose to live and which to die. Give your reasons."

IF we consider that question from the standpoint of what WOULD have happened, rather than what OUGHT to have happened, using human nature, instead of ethical codes, as the yardstick, here is the answer:

"I would save myself, my sweetheart and my best friend."

Why? Because in extremity, looking death squarely in the face, human beings are apt to forget time-spun codes and go back to first principles. One of these first principles is to save yourself and those who are nearest and dearest to you.

POLLY AND HER PALS

Safe From Safety

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

WE seem to have a substitute for everything nowadays except women and money.

Memoirs of a Gold Digger—"He was a stranger and I took him in."

Modern Maxims — You can't marry your girl and have her too.

The Unfair Sex—A girl is never so madly in love that she doesn't try to find out the cost of the engagement ring.

Stop, Look and Listen—The ambition of the average boy is to be able to swear like his father.

Social Accomplishments — The linguist who hunts his collar button in seven languages.

Complete Novelette—Man and and bankroll. Girl. Man and girl. Girl and bankroll.

Maidenly Mathematics—It's not surprising that women live longer than men; they ought to, it takes them longer.

Efficiency Experts—The college student who took a course in Chinese so that he wouldn't have any trouble getting his laundry.

Our Own Vaudeville—Hazel: How old is Dorothy? Irene: I dunno, but she used to hook rides on the covered wagon.

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Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

REFERRING to the various troubles that "man is heir to," the doctors speak of "functional" and "organic" diseases. An organic disease affects the structure of a particular organ, while a functional disease affects the action of an organ rather than its substance.

Among the functional diseases is epilepsy. Between attacks the victim of the disease is as normal in appearance, in actions and in mental activity as any of his associates.

Epilepsy has been described as the "falling disease." The victim falls as if shot. The face is very pale and the eyes turn upward. The head is drawn to one side or backward. The hands are clenched with the thumb doubled under the fingers. The entire body becomes stiff.

Following this condition, there are convulsive movements of the body, face and limbs. The muscles twitch, the eyes roll, and there is frothing of the mouth. Unless carefully watched the tongue may be severly bitten.

Gradually the convulsion passes and the patient falls into a stupor.

On the other hand, the patient's trouble may be so slight as to escape notice. There may be simply a suspension of the particular act in which he is engaged at the time. He may hardly realize that something untoward has occurred.

The frequency of the attacks varies. They may appear daily or even more than once a day. On the other hand, they may come on once or twice a month, or only once a year.

There is no association of epilepsy and lack of mentality. When I was a boy in school the smartest pupil in my class was an epileptic. Many victims are more than ordinarily bright.

Epilepsy is one of the most discouraging of the nervous diseases to treat. But at the present time, when special attention is being given to diet, occupation and the improvement of nutrition and the elimination of the wastes of the body, the outlook is more hopeful.

There are many factors to be studied. Uncorrected eye-strain, nasal trouble and other forms of irritation seem to have a bearing on the attacks. Undoubtedly disturbances of the intestinal tract is productive of much trouble.

Every person who has the symptoms of epilepsy should be placed under the care of an expert.

Answers to Health Queries

E. ADAMS. Q.—What causes an itching rash which bothers me more at night? The flesh rises in red ridges and lumps on my body.

A.—You may be troubled with urticaria. A nervous condition, constipation, in some instances a kidney condition may be responsible for urticaria.

* * *

W. L. A. Q.—Are soda biscuits fattening?

2—Is it harmful to take laxative pills every night?

A.—No, not unless taken in excessive amount.

2—Yes. You should correct your diet and overcome constipation in a natural way. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

G. R. J. Q.—What can I do in order to overcome constipation? I have suffered with this trouble for years.

A.—You should correct your diet. Avoid foods unduly rich in starches and fats. Eat only simple food.

* * *

V. B. O.—What do you advise for insomnia?

A.—Many cases of insomnia are due to intestinal disturbances constipation, worry and overwork. If the underlying causes is known you must set about correcting it at once. For other information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

M. E. C. Q.—What should a girl of 14, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weigh?

2—What should a girl of 16, 5 ft. 4½ tall, weigh?

They should weigh, respectively, 116 and 120 pounds.

* * *

J. E. F. Q.—Will you advise treatment for intestinal worms?

A.—Yes. For information send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

L. M. K. Q.—What is the cause of enlarged finger joints?

A.—Some sort of infection present in the system is responsible for this condition. Have the teeth, tonsils, sinuses, kidneys, intestines and gall bladder investigated.

* * *

MISS M. D. Q.—What remedy do you advise for blackheads?

A.—First correct your diet by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food.

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Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a girl eighteen years old and have been going with a young man three or four years my senior for about a year. About three months ago he was told some things about me and quit going with me. Just lately he found out that the things weren't true and told one of my girl friends about it. He also told her that he liked me more than any other girl he ever went with and would like to make up with me. She told him that she did not think I would want to make up with him. He told her that he would make me change my mind about that. This boy is very good looking and I liked him very much, and while he had this bad opinion about me I was heartbroken and lost interest in all things.

These are my problems.

By some of the things that my girl friend told me I think that he is interested in her and I know that she thinks a lot of him. Now, Nancy Lee, I like him more than words can tell, but I feel as though I will be pushing my girl friend out if I make up with him. What should I do? LONESOME.

LONESOME: The first thing that this man should do is to come forward and apologize for so readily believing things about you. As it is, I think that it would be wiser if you would keep this affair, assuming, of course, that he apologizes, strictly upon a friendship basis, and in the meantime try and make other friends.

The Sea Bride

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Faith Kilcup had always loked upon Captain Noll Wing of the whaler, Sally Sims, as a master and tower of strength, but shortly after their marriage he changed. Dissipation and old age were exacting their toll. The men of his crew no longer feared him. Faith was disillusioned. Dan'l Tobey, second mate, who loves Faith, vainly tries to discredit Noll before Faith. In a quarrel Noll kicks out the eye of Mauger, a member of the crew. Thereafter, he fears Mauger's vengeance. When the Sally Sims puts into a lonely island, Faith goes ashore. She meets an ex-sailor named Brander, who goes with her to join Noll's crew. Dan'l takes an instant dislike to him. Faith's brother, Roy, also resents Brander. Dan'l comes upon Faith listening to Brander's singing and is consumed with jealousy. He intimates that Brander gossiped about Faith. Roy, raging warns Brander to keep silent. Noll reprimands Brander for assisting Mauger. He strikes at Brander, who dodges the blow. The crew is stunned when Noll, admiring Brander's courage, taps him on the back and says, "Good man!" Later Mr. Ham, the first mate, encounters a fighting whale.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Pass over your tubs," Mr. Ham ordered.

Dan'l's men obeyed and Mr. Ham took the fresh line to Willis. He was no more than just in time.

"The black devil's still going," Willis said. "Second tub's all but gone!"

"Bound for hell, more'n like," Mr. Ham agreed. "Hold him!"

Dan'l's line was running out by this time, for Willis had worked quickly, and still the whale went down. Mr. Ham stood by, waiting. The line ran out steadily; the whale showed no signs of rising. The bow of Willis's boat held down within inches of the water by the strain he kept upon the line. Another tub was emptied; he began to look anxious; and the whale kept going down.

"There, pass over your line," Mr. Ham said abruptly. "He'll be gone on you, first you know!"

Willis look at the smoking line and reluctantly he surrendered. With no more than seconds to spare, the end of his line was made fast to the cut end of Mr. Ham's. The whale continued to do down, held now by the mate. He had taken all the line of the two boats—and wanted more.

"He's hungry," Mr. Ham grinned, watching the running rope. "Gone down for supper, likely. There!" he went on, a moment later, his eyes lighting, "getting tired—or struck bottom, maybe."

They could all see that the line had slackened. The bow of Mr. Ham's boat rode at a normal level, the line hung loose. The mate turned around and bellowed to his men:

"Haul in!"

They began to take in the line, hand over hand; it fell in a wide coil amidships, overlapping the sides, spreading—a coil that grew and grew. They worked like mad. The only way to kill a whale is to pull up on him until your boat rides against his very flank. All the line this creature had stolen must be recovered before he could be slain. They toiled with racing hands.

Mr. Ham began to look anxiously over the bow, down into the blue water from which the line came up.

"He's near due," he said.

It is one of the curious and fatal habits of the sounding whale to rise near the spot where he went down. It is as if the creatures followed a well-known path into the depths and up again. This is not always true, for sometimes a whale that has sounded will take it into his mind to run, will set off at a double pace; but in most cases the whale comes up near where he disappeared.

The men knew this. Dan'l Tobey, in his sinking boat, worked away from the neighborhood to give the mate room. So did Willis. And Mr. Ham, leaning one knee on the bow, peering down into the water, his lance ready in his hand, waited for the whale to rise.

The line came in. The nerves of each man tautened. Mr. Ham said, over his shoulder:

"Silva, you coil the line. Rest of you, get in your oars. Hold ready!"

He heard the men obey, knew they were waiting to maneuver at his command. The whale was coming up slowly; the line was still slack but the creature should have breached long before.

The mate thought he detected a light pull on the line. It seemed to draw backward, underneath the boat.

"Pull her around," he said softly.

The oars dipped; the boat swung slowly on a pivot. The line now ran straight down.

Abruptly Mr. Ham bending above the water, thought he saw a black bulk far down and down—a bulk that seemed to rise. He watched.

It was ahead of the boat: it became more plainly visible. The mate waved his hand, pointing.

"There!" he said. "There!"

Deep in the water that black bulk swiftly moved; it darted to one side, circling, rising. Mr. Ham saw the flash of white, a huge black head, a swordlike, saw-toothed jaw. The big man towered; he flung his left hand up and back in a tremendous gesture.

"Starn! Oh, starn all!" he cried.

The oars bent like bows under the fierce thrust of the men as they backed water. The boat slip back; but not in time.

Willis Cox and the men in his boat saw the long, narrow under lay of the cachalot—a dozen feet long, with the curving teeth of a tiger set along it—slide up from the water, above the bow of the boat. The bow lifted as the whale's upper jaw, toothless, rose under it. The creature was on its back, biting. The boat rolled sidewise, the men were tumbling out.

But that narrow jaw sheared down resistlessly—through the stout sides of the boat, crumpling and splintering ribs and planking—through the boat—and clamped shut across the thick body of the mate. They saw the mate's body swell as a toy balloon swells under a child's foot. Then, horribly, it relaxed and fell away, and was lost on a smother of bloody foam.

Loum, Willis's boat steerer, swung them alongside the rolling whale. It was Brander who caught a loop of the loose line; and while the creature lay quietly, apparently content with what it had done, they hauled close, and Willis—the boy's face was white, but his hand was steady—drove home his lance, and drew it forth and plunged it in, again and yet again.

The whale seemed to have exhausted its strength. Having killed, it died easily enough. Its spout crimsoned, its flukes beat in a last flurry, then the great black bulk was still.

They picked up the men who had been spilled from the mate's boat. Not a man was hurt, of them all, save only Mr. Ham. Him they never found—no part of him. The sea took him. No doubt, Faith thought that night, he would have wished his life to come to some such end.

Mr. Ham was dead and gone. Faith was surprised to find, in the next few days, how much she missed him. The mate had been harsh, brutal to the men, ready with his fist; yet somehow she found in her heart a deep affection for the man. He was so amiably stupid, so stupidly good of heart.

His philosophy of life had been the philosophy of blows. He believed that men, like children, were best ruled for their own good by the heavy hand of a master; and he acted on that belief, with the best will in the world. But there had never been any malice in his blows; he frowned and glared and struck from principle; he was at heart a simple man and a gentle one. Not the stuff of a leader; never the man to take command of a masterless ship. Nevertheless, a man of certain rude and simple strength of soul.

Faith was sorry he was gone. She felt they could have better spared another man—almost any other, save Noll Wing.

She did not at once understand the true nature of the change which Mr. Ham's death must bring about aboard the Sally. In the balancing of man and man which had made for a precarious stability there, Mr. Ham had taken a passive but nevertheless important part. Now he was gone; the balance was disturbed. But neither Faith nor the others perceived this; none of them saw that Dan'l Tobey as second mate, and Dan'l Tobey as first mate, with only a step between him and the command, were viery different matters. Not even Dan'l saw it in the beginning.

They were all too busy, for one thing. There were the whales to be cut in—for James Tichel had killed and towed his booty back to the Sally an hour after Mr. Ham died. Tichel's whale, and the one that had killed Mr. Ham, would give the whole ship work for days—feverish work, hard and engrossing.

Cap'n Wing, who had learned upon Mr. Ham in the past, perforce took charge of this work, and the strain of it wearied him. He no longer had the abounding vitality which it demanded. What with the death of the mate, and the rush of work, and his own weariness, he altogether forgot his threat to have the man Brander whipped in the rigging. He forgot Brander, tried to drive the men at their tasks, and eventually gave up in a stormy outbreak of impatience, leaving the work in the hands of Dan'l Tobey.

Dan'l went about the business of cutting in and boiling the blubber in deep abstraction. He was considering the problem raised by the death of Mr. Ham, which none of the others—save perhaps Faith—had yet perceived.

This problem was simple; yet it had possibilities of trouble. As Mr. Ham was gone, Dan'l automatically became first officer. Old James Tichel ranked as second, Willis as third; but the place of fourth mate would be left empty. It would have to be filled. The Sally could not go on about her business with one boat's crew forever idle. There would have to be a new officer.

Dan'l was troubled by the problem, for the reason that Brander was the old man aboard with an officer's training; that Brander was the obvious choice. Dan'l did not want Brander in the cabin; he had seen too much in Faith's eyes that night when she heard Brander sing by the capstan. He had eyes to see, and he had seen. There was boiling in Dan'l a storm of hatred for Brander. He was filled with a rancor unspeakable.

(To Be Continued Monday)

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IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of B. L. Patrick, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of B. L. Patrick of Roseburg in the County of Douglas and district aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that the said B. L. Patrick was on the 26th day of July, 1930, duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned in Roseburg, Ore., on the 13th day of August, 1930, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated July 31, 1930.

C. L. HAMILTON,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Mrs. Clark Here—Mrs. Merle Clark (Reta Arthur Clark) and infant daughter, Shirley May, of Oakland, Calif., are visiting with relatives in this city. Mrs. Clark came to Roseburg to attend the funeral of her grandmother, the late Mrs. G. W. Pettit.

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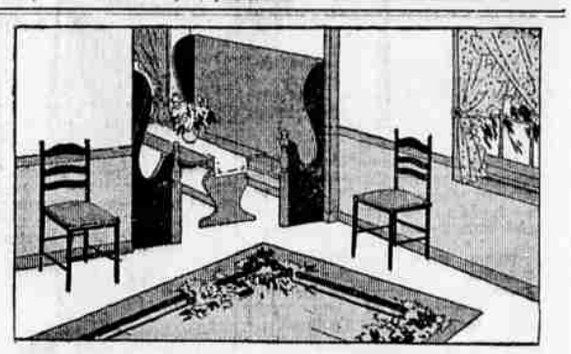

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