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THE main story in this newspaper yesterday told of the tragic death of eleven-year-old Archie Brownson of Myrtle Creek. Accidental deaths caused by firearms are occurrences which strike terror to fathers and mothers everywhere if they have a son or some who own or sometimes use firearms. Such accidents can never, never, be prevented entirely. If worried parents would take every possible precaution, let them see that the youngster who has a gun be adequately and sternly instructed both as to the dangerous character of the weapon and as to positive rules regarding carrying it and using it.

MORE news of tragedy appeared in yesterday's paper. The lives of eight people were snuffed out in a series of week-end motor accidents. Oddly enough, the most tragic accident of the group was NOT due to carelessness. Three deaths resulted instantly when an old burned snag standing alongside the Columbia river highway fell on the automobile in which the three people were riding. Such an accident might not happen again in Oregon in a century—and it might happen again tomorrow. If a personality may be pardoned, just this sort of an accident having had such a snug fall BEHIND his car across the road with such force that the breeze created by its falling was clearly felt in the car. There is real danger to motorists from these old dead and burned trees which border the highways in Oregon in so many places.

THE Rankin brothers, trying for an air endurance record in Portland were forced to come down after 24 hours. It is not likely that Tex will be discouraged by that. Tex Rankin is Oregon's most persistent and consistent flyer. He has made lots of records and he is going to make some more. Tex is made of plenty of the stuff that records are made of and here's one bet, at least, that he will keep on trying for the endurance title—if he has to stay aloft until Christmas.

THE Oregon American Legion in convention at Baker passed unanimously a resolution endorsing Roseburg as the ideal location for the newly authorized National Home for veterans. This is just one more link in the chain, and further evidence for the consideration of the powers in Washington, that the state of Oregon is solidly united in favor of locating the new home here in Roseburg.

NEXT Sunday's golf tournament at the Country club links will be the club player's delight. There will be 32 prizes given. In other words if there are 32 players in the tournament better than he is, a fellow still can win a prize. The theory of golf is all wrong anyhow. In most sports you try to make points and in golf you try not to. When the rates are changed so that high man wins golf will be a reasonable game. Speaking of golf, if they would take the drain tile and other tributes out of those midget courses, and give a fellow a chance that would be a good game, too.

Oregon Editors' Opinions
 Who Won the War?
 (Salem Capital Journal)

THE mooted question of who won the war is at last in a fair way of being settled. Like other great legacies nowadays, it will be settled by vote of the people and as the voice of the people is commonly recognized to be the voice of God, we can look for a divine decision in November.

The Oregonian tells us it was Phil Metzchan who won the war by financing his country in its hour of peril. He was to the world war what Robert Morris was to the Revolutionary war. He lent \$50,000 to help Liberty bonds, and \$50,000 to help admitted, even by his enemies, is anything but a widow's mite.

The Telegram derides Mr. Metzchan's claims and even hints a treasonable motive in the Metzchan ancestry and holds that the war could have been won by the financial services of the great philanthropist and public spirited genius, James Melser, who the Telegram implies to be the father of Oregon's highway system by acting as chauffeur on a midnight drey for the late John B. Yeon. The war,

according to the Telegram, was unquestionably financed by bargain sales at Portland's own store.
 "The demagogue claims that it was Ed Bailey's gallant services as a fighting 'devil-dog' with the Marines in France that won the war. Having no dollars to risk, Mr. Bailey risked his life, for \$30 a month, but as the profiteer counts more than cannon fodder it is not surprising that he receives scant credit. In comparison with his distinguished rivals, even in the democratic Portland Journal.
 It is entirely probable that when the Kaiser heard that Phil Metzchan had borrowed \$50,000 to beat him, that Julius Meier had put on an endless succession of 99 cent sales at war prices, and that Ed Bailey was seeking his scalp in the trenches, he realized the jig was up and fled to Doorn. The electorate will tell us which of our three musketeers is entitled to the major credit.

(Ashland Tidings)
 Probation officers of Oregon are broadcasting an appeal to motorists, asking them to refuse to pick up children hitchhiking on the highways. The practice of giving "lifts" to these youthful hitchhikers (both boys and girls) is regarded as a considerable grief for parents and serious consequences for many children.
 In every youngster, there some time comes the "urge" to run away from home and endure the hardships of life, etc., and this age of speedy transportation makes the running away process a comparatively simple thing—especially when misguided motorists aid them in getting over the ground rapidly.
 The safest method of avoiding trouble is to ignore the pleas of all the highway "thumpers."
 And that is the surest method of continually eliminating these hangers-on who have such a decided aversion to walking.

(Astoria Budget)
 It is interesting to read that the American state department has sacrificed a time-honored custom of diplomacy to modern efficiency.
 Up to this time, all official state department letters have ended with the flowery old phrase, "I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant." Now, however, by an official order, they are to end with the modern "Very truly yours."
 All of this is as it should be; but it makes one wonder what diplomacy is coming to. The very essence of it is high-flown phrases and flowery language. What will ever happen if it gets stripped down to its essentials? Can our diplomats stand the shock?

Letters from the People
 Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose name and address will accompany the contribution.

UNSIGHTLY PROPERTY TURNING PEOPLE AWAY
 Editor Roseburg News-Review: What are the chances of being able to arouse interest in property-owners to do necessary repairs to make their properties habitable and profit-earning?

I have just made a survey of Roseburg and whilst it is possible that I have missed a few—there are right now, no less than NINE-TWO houses within the city limits of ROSEBURG standing idle, in large majority of which are old timers and should be remodelled.
 There is a steady demand for both furnished and unfurnished houses, which bill it is impossible to fill. There is a demand for four and five-room homes, modern.
 I hate to turn people away and know of several families from Astoria who have gone far their north because of their inability to secure homes here to suit their need.
 There is also a lively demand for well furnished apartments, which the city sadly lacks.
 If the Soldiers' Home is located here this fall, long before building operations start, there will be the need for many more and I cannot see any reason why OWNERS SHOULD NOT get busy and remodel their present vacant properties, so that they may be either sold or rented and made revenue producing.
 Should it be that they will not remodel, why not agitate for the city to condemn these excesses and have these old buildings destroyed, thus improving the general appearance of the city—it is poor advertising to find two or more dilapidated houses on a street, detracting from the value of other well-kept property.
 The same applies to neglected lawns. Why not impose a ten mill tax on unimproved property, that would have the tendency of forcing the hands of owners to at least keep down the unsightly weeds.
 Yours,
 R. G. KINGWELL.

HONOLULU FOLKS ARRIVE FOR VISIT
 Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Slocum of Honolulu are expected to arrive today from Seattle to visit with County Commissioner and Mrs. Haron Clough at Canyonville. Mr. Slocum and Mr. Clough have been friends since boyhood, and plan to reconnoiter one of their early fishing trips into Fish Creek valley. Mr. Slocum is now employed by the General Electric company of Hawaii.

THIEVES TAKE WOOD CUTTING EQUIPMENT
 Deputy Sheriff McCabe was called to Oakland yesterday to investigate the theft of a wood cutting outfit. Thieves, it was learned, completely stripped a power saw belonging to James McLaughlin and a contract to cut wood for J. H. Pickett. No trace of the thieves was found.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Maybe I'm Wrong
 By J. P. MEDBURY

OPEN confession is good for the soul and it also makes dandy reading matter.

Efficiency Experts—The absent-minded wife who tied a string around her finger to remind herself to shoot her husband when she got home.

Auto Suggestion—It's a long lane that hasn't twenty-five or thirty "no parking" signs on it.

Pitiful Cases—When a wild game hunter has to spend the summer swatting mosquitoes.

You're Right—Many a self-made man should never have been passed by the building inspector.

Momentous Moments—When a fire-eater burns his tongue on a bowl of soup.

Today's Tightwad—The fellow who went next door to apologize himself because he didn't want to run up his own gas bill.

Take it or Leave it—A flaming youth made love to a wax mummy the other day and she melted in his arms.

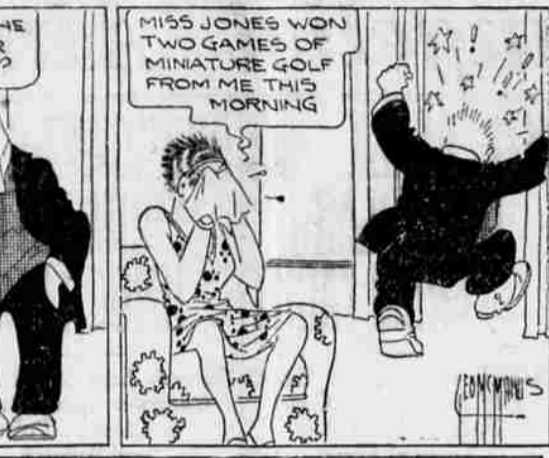
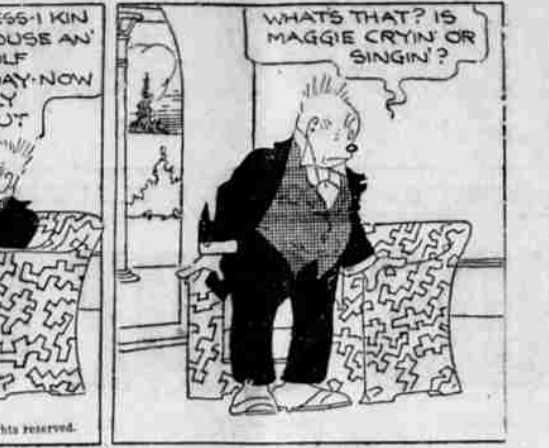
Social Accomplishments—A polite contortionist always tips his knee-cap to a lady.

Our Own Vaudeville—Wilkins: You say you're a time keeper in a hose factory? Watson: Yes, I set the clocks on women's stockings. (Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Talks on Health
 By DR. R. S. COPELAND

"ORAL HYGIENE" is a term used to describe the care of the teeth, tongue, gums and tissues of the mouth.
 The increase in knowledge of this branch of public health is remarkable. It will do as much to prevent disease and promote the health of the human race as almost any other health movement.
 It is not so many years ago that thousands of persons consulted the dentist only when there was toothache, or a broken tooth to repair. Even today much ignorance exists as to the effect unhealthy conditions in the mouth may have upon the general health.
 There are many causes for this undesirable state of affairs, but neglect of the teeth is the most usual one. Decayed teeth, diseased tonsils, abscesses in the mouth may cause rheumatism, a heart condition, anemia and many other disturbances. It is not unreasonable to say that even ulcers of the stomach may be the result of trouble which had its start in a neglected mouth.
 The first thing to do to prevent trouble from the mouth is to use the toothbrush often. Select a brush with bristles stiff enough to clean between the teeth, but not harsh enough to bruise the gums. Care must be exercised not to injure the gums. Brush the teeth from the gums to the cutting edge, not across the teeth.
 There are many good tooth pastes and powders on the market. Be sure to select one which does not leave a deposit on the teeth. Some dentists think a powder is preferable, especially if there is stain or deposit on the teeth.
 Consult your dentist about every six months. He will give you thorough examination and repair.
 Much assistance has been given in the last few years through the prophylactic work being done in the schools by young women who are especially trained. They remove tartar, clean and polish the teeth. They also instruct the children in the care of the mouth, as well as in general hygiene.
 Many backward children have been given equality with normal children by the correction of mouth defects. There cannot be clear

By Geo. McManus



Advice to Girls
 By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
 I am a young man 22 years of age. I met a young man this past summer four years older than I am, and since then he has been calling on me just once every two weeks. A few weeks ago he told me he loved me. I also love him. It is only fifteen minutes' drive from his home to mine and he has a car. He seems to be quite sincere about his love for me, yet he only calls to see me every two weeks and never offers to take me anywhere but the theatre. He is a college graduate, but rather quiet. What can I do to make him see me more often. I am always pleasant to him when I do see him.

BUDDY:
 If the young man has made a declaration of his love for you and is half-way sincere about it, you certainly are entitled to more of his time than he is giving you now. Unless, of course, he has to work some nights, or is attending school. Then, I am afraid that you will have to bring the matter up for consideration yourself, for the very quiet young man might be quite content to go on the same old way. Tell him how much you enjoy his company and how much it means to you. In the meantime, unless there has been a definite understanding, you should cultivate other friends.

Garden Club Preferred to Golf Club by New Republican Chairman
 WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—A mild-mannered man of the old fashioned school teacher type, who likes the feel of a hoe handle better than a golf club, is the new director general of the republican party. Simeon D. Pess, born to extreme poverty and schooled in the privation which is the traditional training camp for American success, has risen to the chairmanship of the republican party by dint of extraordinary labor and loyalty to his party.
 He has been a stalwart since the gold standard days of McKinley. The professor-legislator from Yellow Springs, Ohio, is strikingly different in type from the old-time political leader. He is the anti-thrust of the "granite-jawed, thick-necked boss with his black steak in tobacco stained teeth" of popular fancy not so many years ago.
 Pess does not smoke, never touches liquor, is an indifferent theater-goer and never has felt the lure of the roll links.
 His older sister, who reared him, said: "Sunny never went to the barn dances, but whenever there was a spelling bee he was right there."
 His colleagues in the senate say he is a "horse for work." Reading, gardening and walking are his diversions. He is said to be one of the best informed men in the country on the life of Lincoln.
 He is the first republican chairman from Ohio since Mark Hanna. He is a Methodist, a Y. M. C. A. worker and was superintendent of a Sunday school at Ada, Ohio, for many years.
 He is a thirty-third degree Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and an honorary member of the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs.

IN BANKRUPTCY
 No. B-14899
 In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.
 In the matter of Basfield Mining Company, a corporation, Bankrupt.
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, trustee of the above named bankrupt, will on and after August 23, 1930, offer for sale at private sale, for cash, all of the property belonging to the above named bankrupt. Address all offers of purchase to the undersigned at Roseburg, Oregon, and at T. E. SINGLETON.

BATTALINO TAKES REVENGE ON TAYLOR
 (Associated Press Leased Wire)
 HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 19.—(By Associated Press.)—The featherweight champion, last night outlasted Bud Taylor of Terre Haute, Ind., in a round non-tie fight.
 Taylor defeated Battalino last March in a close battle in Detroit and had been the favorite to repeat.
 Southern style, 50c; children 25c. Mashed potatoes, green beans, salad, hot rolls, butter, jelly, ice cream, coffee, coffee. Gladys Hartley church, Friday evening, August 23, 8 to 10:15.—Adv.

HOUSE FROCK
 PRICES REDUCED
 Formerly \$1.95, now \$1.59. Many different colors, assorted sizes, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Goettel's Variety Store.—Adv.

FRIED CHICKEN DINNER
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The SEA BRIDE
 By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXXII.
 Noll thought for a while, his brows lowering.
 "That matter of Faith is trash!" he said harshly. "Their clacking tongues should be dragged out!"
 Dan'l nodded.
 "Aye, but what would not stop them. You know the men, sir. Still, it seems Brander should be able to hush them," he added. And after a moment more: "You mark, he's all but deserted us in the cabin. He sticks much with the men of late."
 Noll's face contracted. He touched Dan'l's arm.
 "I've seen that. It is much with Manger," he agreed. "And Manger—his muscles twitched, and he went on, under his breath: 'Manger's whetting his knife for me, Dan'l! I'm watchful of that man.'"
 "He has a sinking eye," said Dan'l. "But I make no doubt he's harmless enough, sir. 'D not fear him."
 "I'm not a hand to fear any man," Dan'l said stoutly. "Nevertheless, that twitching eye of his frets me. He shuddered and gripped Dan'l's arm tighter. "I should not have kicked the man, Dan'l. I've been a hard man—too hard; an evil man, in my day. I doubt the Lord has raised up Manger to destroy me."
 Dan'l laughed.
 "Pshaw, sir! Even the Lord would have small use for a thing like Manger." He waited for a moment, thoughtfully. "Any case," he said, "if you were minded, you could drop him ashore at Port Russell and he'd be rid of him."
 Noll moved abruptly.
 "Eh," he said, "I had not thought of that." He seemed to shrink from the thought. "But it may be he is meant to be about me. I'd not go against the Lord, Dan'l!"
 Dan'l looked sideways at the captain; and there was something like contempt in his eyes.
 "If it was me," he said slowly, "I'd set the man quietly ashore."
 He turned away and left Noll to think of the matter.
 Dan'l wondered, all that day, whether Noll would act; but toward nightfall they raised a spout, and killed as dark came upon them. That held them, for cutting in and trying out threats where there was a Bible, they killed once more before they made the Bay Islands. They were toiling at Port Russell for water and fresh vegetables; they put in here.
 When the anchor went down, Noll sent for Brander to come down to him in the cabin. They had anchored at nightfall, and would not go ashore till morning. When Brander came, Noll looked at him furtively.
 Brander saw the captain had been drinking; Noll's hands shook, and his fingers and his tongue were unsteady. The muscles of his face twitched; and there was a Bible open in his lap and a bottle beside him. Brander held his eyes steady, masked what he felt. Noll beckoned with a crooked finger.
 "Come here," he said huskily.
 Brander faced him. They were in the after-cabin; and Noll sat still.
 "We're staying here a day," he said.
 Brander nodded.
 "Wood and stores, sir, I suppose."
 "Oh, aye; and something else. Mr. Brander, I'm goin' leave here that man in your boat—Manger." Brander's lip tightened faintly; he held his voice.
 "Manger?" he echoed. "Why? What's wrong with him?"
 "Don't want him around any more," said Noll slowly.
 "Why not?" Brander insisted.
 Noll's lips twitched with the play of his nerves, and he sipped a drink and lifted a Bible and looked at it. He set down the glass, spilling a little of the liquor; and he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.
 "I had 'casion to discipline Manger," he said with awkward dignity, his head wagging. "I had 'casion to discipline him, and now he's got a knife for me. He's goin' to kill me. I ought to kill him. I'll put the man 'shore 'stead of that."
 Brander smiled reassuringly.
 "Manger's harmless, sir; and he does his work."
 Noll shook his head.
 "I know him. He's a murderer. I'm goin' to put him ashore."
 The fourth mate hesitated; then he said quietly:
 "All right, if he goes, I go, too."
 Noll's head jerked back as if he had been struck. His red eyes widened and narrowed again as he peered at Brander, and he hesitated unsteadily.
 "What's that?" he asked. "What's that you say?"
 "I say I'll go if he goes."
 Noll's head drooped and swayed wearily; but after a moment he asked:
 "Why for?"
 "The man shipped for the cruise," said Brander. "He does his work. I'll not be a party to putting him ashore—dumping him in this God-forsaken hole!"
 Noll raised a hand.
 "Don't speak of that," he said reprovingly. "You don't understand him, Mr. Brander." Brander said nothing; and Noll's head drooped, and he whined: "Man, can't do what he wants on his own ship!"
 "Do as you like, sir," Brander said. "I think you should let him stay. He means no harm."
 Noll waved his hand.
 "Oh, aye, that," he agreed. "Say no more about it at all. Let me keep 'em; keep 'em. Mr. Brander, but listen." He eyed Brander shrewdly. "I've seen I know one thing. He's goin' to knife me some night. I know! He's a murderer. And you're defending him—'protecting him. Birds of a feather flock together, Mr. Brander. The captain got unsteady in his feet and talked 'bout hanging land. 'When he kills me, just I remember

my blood's on your head, sir!"
 Brander hesitated; his heart revolted. His impulse was to leave the ship, to take Manger, to trust his luck. But he thought of Faith. This man, her husband, was dying. He could see that; and when the captain was gone, there would be trouble aboard the Sally. Faith herself meant trouble; the ambergris in the captain's store-room meant more trouble. Brander knew it might well be that Faith would need him in that day. He could not leave her.
 "I take that responsibility, sir," he said quietly.
 Noll was slumped in his chair again.
 "Go 'way," he said, and waved his hand. "Go 'way!"
 That night, in the small hours, Noll screamed in a way that shook the ship; Faith heard and a drunken slumber, desperate with a vivid hallucination that appalled him.
 He thought that Manger was at him with a sheath-knife, and that Brander was a Manger's back. Faith and Dan'l fought to soothe him; Faith in her loose dressing gown, her hair in its thick braids. Dan'l had more eyes for Faith than for Noll. He had never seen her so beautiful; never seen her so beautiful, so desperately to be desired. His lips were wet at the sight of her.
 Noll's terror racked and tore at the man; it seemed to rip the very flesh from his bones. When it passed, at last, and he fell asleep again, he was wasted like a corpse.
 Dan'l, looking at Noll and at Faith, wished Noll were a corpse indeed.

A change was coming to pass in Faith at this time. As the strength flowed out of Noll, it seemed to flow into her. As he weakened she grew stronger.
 She had never lacked a calm strength of her own. But she was acquiring now the strength and resolution of a man.
 For a long time she clung to the picture of the Noll of the past, to the hope that the captain would become again the man she had married. But when Noll came back to her that day, exhausted by the struggle, the fire had gone out of him, Faith perceived that he was a weak vessel, cracking and breaking before her eyes.
 Noll was no longer a man. His hands and his heart had not the force needed to command the Sally, to bring the bark safely back to port. Yet Faith refused to consider the chance of failure. She would not have it said of him, when he was gone, that he had sailed the seas too long; that he had failed at last, and shamefully.

She had come to look upon the success of this last voyage of Noll's as a sacred charge; and when Noll's shoulders weakened she prepared deliberately to take the helm, and when the Sally must come safely home, with filled casks for old Jonathan Felt, no matter what happened to Noll—or to herself. The prosperity of the Sally Sims was almost a religion to Faith.

She had begun to study navigation, more to pass the long and dreary days than for any other motive. Now she applied herself to it more ardently. And she began, at the same time, to study the men about her; to weigh them, to consider their fitness for the responsibilities that must fall upon them. The foremost hands, and particularly the men on her own ship, the Sally, must come safely home, with filled casks for old Jonathan Felt, no matter what happened to Noll—or to herself. The prosperity of the Sally Sims was almost a religion to Faith.

Short of the Solander Grounds, they struck good whaling and lingered for some time. Day by day the tuns and casks were filled. The Sally sank lower in the water with her increasing load. They were two-thirds full, and not yet eighteen months out—good whaling.
 At dinner in the cabin one day, Dan'l Tobey said to Faith:
 "You're brooding an good luck, Faith, by the mention of this cruise. We never did much but since I've been with Cap'n Wing."
 Faith looked to Noll. Noll was eating slowly, paying them no attention. Silence was falling upon the captain in those days. He said now: "Go, go Faith said: "Yes, we've done well. I'm glad!"
 Old James Tichel, the second mate, looked slyly from face to face.
 "And the 'aris, stowed below us here, will make it a fine, fat cruise for old Jonathan Felt when we come home," he chuckled.

At the mention of the ambergris a little silence fell. Brander sat at the table with the other Dan'l and Willis Cox, the third mate, and young Roy Kileup looked at Brander as if expecting him to speak. Noll said nothing and old

James Tichel, gnawing at his food, chuckled again, pleased with what he had said.
 The ambergris, so rich a treasure in so small a bulk, had never been forgotten for a minute by any man in the cabin. Nor by Faith. But they had not spoken of it late; there was nothing to be said, and there was danger in the saying. It was as well that it would be forgotten until they were home again. There were too many changes for trouble in the stuff.
 (To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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News Briefs
 (Associated Press Leased Wire)
 NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—In the Fifth Avenue mansion of Miss Ella B. Wendel, 78, heiress to vast realty holdings and last of her line, a small white poodle dines in state with her when she is in the city. The poodle sleeps in a high-backed bed, twin to the one his mistress occupies.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The busy bee has been increasing the cherry and apple crops. Dr. E. L. Schriest, who has been touring for the department of agriculture, has found such things as an apple crop increased from 1,400 bushels to 6,000 and 44 pounds of cherries obtained from one tree instead of four pounds. A hive is placed under trees. The bees pollinate sterile trees and those that have small yields.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The doom of jazz dancing is foreseen by Thomas M. Sheehy, president of the dancing masters of America, who are in convention assembled. He expects that classic and conservative steps will be popular and that bathing suits with Victorian frills will replace the sultan style.

SAN JOSE, Cal., Aug. 19.—Juvenile authorities declined to force Ray Halliwell, 14, to end his tree sitting yesterday after more than 600 hours of the ground.
 John Halliwell, father of the boy, requested authorities to bring the boy down. A divorce action is pending between the boy's father and mother. The father was told his attorneys must settle the tree sitting question with attorneys for Mrs. Halliwell.

Picnicking at Idleyd Park—Adv.
 Fishing tackle at Idleyd Park—Adv.
 Arundel, piano tuner, Phone 189-L.

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 Colon and Rectal conditions cause a great percentage of the world's suffering.
 Constipation, Colic, Hemorrhoids and other evidences of Rectal and Colon disorders may be looked to as the cause of most nervous diseases, rheumatism, stomach troubles, sciatica, neuritis, etc. Only direct, specialized treatment as the Dean Clinic affords can bring permanent relief. Our FREE booklet explains our famous non-surgical method of treatment and remarkable GUARANTY.
 Dr. CHAS. J. DEAN
 DEAN Bldg. OFFICE HOUSE
 FIFTH & MAIN, PORTLAND, OREGON
 TELEPHONE AT WATER 2661
 AFFILIATED OFFICES
 SEATTLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES

No More Neuritis in Arms, Neck, Legs or Thighs
 If you want to get rid of the agonizing pains of neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism, just apply Tylenol to the affected parts, and see how quickly all misery will cease.
 Tylenol is a powerfully penetrating absorbent, soothing and healing in its action, which goes in through the pores and quickly reaches the burning, inflamed nerves. These stubborn pains in the back of the neck, about the shoulder blade, face or head, in the forearm and fingers, or extending down the thigh to the hip, will soon disappear. Cramping of the muscles will stop and you will no longer be bothered with soreness, swelling, stiffness, numbness or tenderness of the joints and ligaments.
 Tylenol is not an ordinary liniment or salve, but a scientific new anesthetic that is entirely different from anything you have ever used. Don't suffer any longer. Get a supply of Tylenol at any good drug store. Always get brand as

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