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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor  
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**Business Statesmanship**

**HAILED** as "a piece of industrial statesmanship of the first order" by New York's state industrial commissioner, the General Electric company's new cooperative plan for stabilizing employment during enforced lay-offs is to be submitted to each company unit for acceptance. Should every plant approve the plan, a total of 75,000 workers would be affected, says an article in the Nation's Business.

Gerard Swope, president of the company, has explained that the individual contributions would be the same from president down to office boy, one per cent of the income. While no minimum is set in the plan, the lowest relief payment will be about \$10 a week, but in no case will it be more than \$20 a week.

When employment falls below a certain figure, non-members will be required to pay into the fund, provided they are employed at least 50 per cent of the time, and unemployed members will not be required to contribute, but will receive benefits. The company also agrees to stabilize its force by hiring new workers as slowly as possible when business is increasing, and by keeping layoffs at a minimum during dull periods of maintenance and similar work.

Industrial interest in achieving an equitable continuity of employment is taking its place in the public consciousness. When Procter and Gamble, soap makers, guaranteed six weeks of work each year, the practice was acclaimed by the press as "a pay roll that floats." The measures proposed by the General Electric company help to confirm belief that long-range provisions for unemployment are becoming a settled policy of American industry.

**Oregon Editors' Opinions**

**Hearings on Power Filings**  
BY all means there should be a public hearing by State Engineer Luper before he grants any power companies the right to appropriate water on the Umpqua and Klamath rivers for development of power, and his decision to that effect is to be commended. The state has authority over appropriation of water for any purpose and may grant or deny any corporation the right to engage in the power business. The federal power commission has authority to grant leases to powerites on public land, both reserved and unreserved, on Indian land and on navigable streams, but an applicant must submit satisfactory evidence that he has complied with state law before the federal power commission may consider grant of a lease. Then grant of a right from the state is a necessary prerequisite to any federal right that may be obtained.

Holding on federal land in most, if not all cases, the powerites sought are subject to state authority before federal authority may be exercised. Water is used for so many purposes and is so essential to life that due consideration must be given to priority in right of appropriation, both as to necessity and as to time. In addition to the rights of residents and property owners along a stream, the general public interest of the state in use of water for fisheries and for power is so great that all concerned should have public hearings before the state engineer acts on any application. That is the custom in all land states, where every stream is covered with a network of water rights, the earliest of which date back to the first settlement. It is no less advisable to build western Oregon, where rights for domestic use, irrigation, urban water supply, mining and power must be reconciled.

But if the applications of corporations for power purposes should be granted by the state, that would prove no serious obstacle to public ownership of the power plant, for which some people are enthusiastic. The federal commission is authorized and empowered to lease a powerite to any state or municipality, and shall give preference to applications therefore by states and municipalities. The act defines "municipality" to mean "a city, county, irrigation district, drainage district or other subdivision or political agency of a state" competent under its laws to carry on the power business. If a private corporation had been granted a right by the state, the state or municipality could annul to the federal commission with assurance of winning there.

Public hearings by the state engineer will do much to restore confidence and improve the situation on the subject of power. They will bring the subject down from political propaganda to the

law and the facts. That is what Oregon wants.—Portland Oregonian.

**Potatoes**  
There was a time when potatoes were potatoes, but they have become a mysterious market product now and gone are the days when mother picks out the little potatoes to prepare on the days when she has ample time, and saves the giants for a hurry-up meal. Gone are the days when the housewife, looking at the potatoes on the top of the container, fixes an accusatory eye on the retailer, to inquire if they are of the same quality all the way down. She knows they are.

With the potato grading law in Oregon being enforced, there must be a certain monotony to preparing potatoes. They aren't all mixed up, big ones and little ones, but they are of uniform size and quality.

This is becoming a complicated age—or more simplified, perhaps.—Ashland Tidings.

**Via Advertising**  
The Bank of Italy, in a full page advertisement in a trade publication, shows that a very large measure of its success has been due to advertising in newspapers, though it is one of the best known institutions on the Pacific coast. But, there is a certain type of merchant who says, "everybody knows me, so I don't have to advertise." That's one difference between him and the management of the Bank of Italy. The other is that the Bank of Italy is highly successful.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

**CAVE-MAN BASSO CAUSES SINGER TO MISS CURTAIN CALL**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
CHICAGO, Aug. 25.—Virgilio Lazzari, the basso, was a bit rough again Saturday and Lucrezia Bori missed her final curtain call of her five summer seasons at Ravenna.

Mme. Bori, New York's Metropolitan prima donna, was singing Flora in the "Love of Three Kings." Lazzari was Flora's father. In the final scene, the father, before singing his exit, picks up his dead daughter, throws her over his shoulder and then lays her down on a bench. But Lazzari was too rough.

Mme. Bori fainted. Those in the wings noticed it but not Lazzari. He finished the aria, picked up Flora's body and strode off stage. There, he learned what had happened.

The curtain parted for Bori's call—but she had not yet been revived. Last January, in the civic opera, Mary Garden in the role of Flora was painfully hurt when the basso threw her over his shoulder in the same manner.

**GOLF SWAT SENDS MAID TO HOSPITAL**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—It was three o'clock in the morning, and instead of dancing the whole night through, a crowd of boys and girls were playing peewee golf.

Miss Ueda A. Thomas approached the fifth tee of a popular San Francisco course, and at the same moment, Joseph LaSalle teed off. Result—this city's first minor peewee golf tragedy, for instead of smacking the ball, LaSalle's club smacked Miss Thomas in the mouth.

With the screeching of stress and excited exclamations of the early morning golfers, Miss Thomas was taken to the emergency hospital.

**WILBUR BOY GOES INTO U. S. INFANTRY**

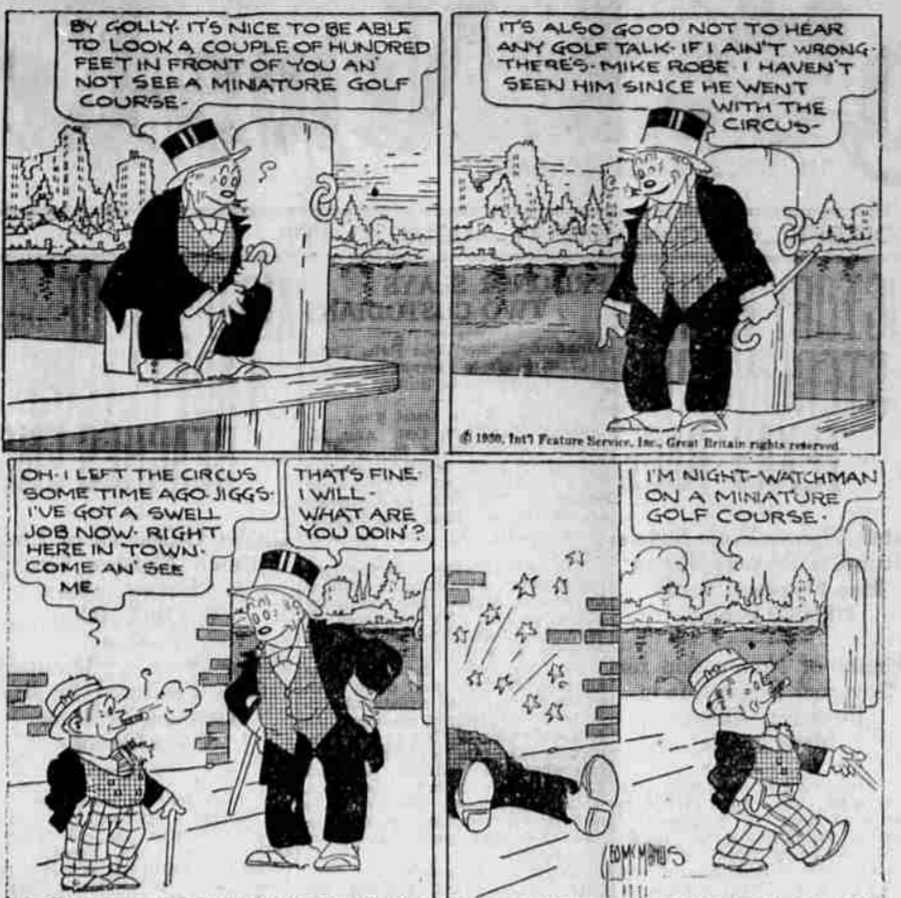
PT. MCDOWELL, Calif., Aug. 23.—Fred H. Russell, son of W. E. Russell, of Wilbur, Ore., is now at Fort McDowell, California, awaiting his departure on the U. S. army transport Cambal, sailing from Fort Mason, San Francisco, California, August 30 for Panama. He enlisted August 16, at Vancouver barracks, for service in the infantry.

Fort McDowell is the location of the overseas discharge and replacement depot of the army, where soldiers on their way to other theaters are clothed and equipped, and given basic military training, while awaiting sailing on the transports. It is situated on Angel Island, the largest island in San Francisco bay.

Private Russell expects to be stationed in Panama for the next two years.

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

By Geo. McManus



**Maybe I'm Wrong**

By J. P. MEDBURY

IT'S easy to take candy from a baby, but just try to take her sin.

**Among The Illiterate!**—There has been so much necking in correspondence schools lately that the postal authorities are now making the boys and girls use separate mail boxes.

**The Good Old Daze!**—Lucrezia Borgia had many poisonous friends.

**Take It Or Leave It!**—Opportunity may knock at your door, but prohibition officers beat right in.

**Home Sweet Home!**—What the average man wants is a good old fashioned girl who won't live beyond her alimony.

**Home Talkies!**—It's not the size of a woman's tongue, it's the turnover.

**Efficiency Experts!**—The palmist who tells fortunes by shorthand.

**American Tragedies!**—When an old maid gets to be sixty she starts a No-Hope chest.

**Financial Hint!**—When bigger millionaires are made, chorus girls will make them.

**Our Own Vaudeville!**—Brown: I'm leaving tonight for Chicago. Smith: Well, bomb voyage!

**Advice to Girls**

By NANCY LEE

SOME ailments of infancy and childhood are really terrifying. Convulsions is one of them. It strikes terror to a mother's heart. Convulsions in an infant under one year is a condition more serious than in older children. But up to the age of three it should not be regarded lightly. It rarely attacks a child after the sixth or seventh year.

The attack comes on suddenly. In the first stage the arms and legs become stiff, the eyes roll up, the breathing appears to stop. The head is thrown back, and the body is rigid.

Then spasms occur in the legs and arms. There is distortion of the muscles of the face. The whole body appears to be in convulsive movement.

Indigestible Foods  
In a few minutes the attack passes off. But it may come back again.

In the case of an infant a form of fever may be followed by convulsions. Not only a high fever, but anemia, exhaustion and various toxic conditions of the system may bring on convulsions. Certain brain ailments may be ushered in with this symptom.

Most of the common ailments of babies may be traced to wrong feeding. Convulsions are a very likely result of indigestion. Coagulated milk, or other indigestible substance, can produce this trouble.

**Around... The County**

By R. R. WOOD

There are perhaps a number of men and women living in Douglas county who well remember the days of the Madoc Indian war, and how the first raid of "Captain Jack" and his followers brought the pioneers face to face with the horrors of another series of murders by enraged Indians.

They came the volunteers to the rescue of the pioneers from western forts, to suppress the uprising. Troops from Walla Walla and Vancouver, as well as from nearby posts, were hastened to the Klamath country and the lava beds were finally surrounded, and the Indians at last gave up the struggle. All these things were vividly brought to mind one day last week when, over on a little farm just out of Wilbur along the Davis hill road crossing to the Calapooia, an "old timer" was discovered who had participated in the scouting and skirmishes that led to the corralling of the Modoc Indians in the lava beds. This "old timer" is no other than F. L. Spencer, born at Ashland of pioneer parents in the days when Oregon history was in the making.

In 1870, two or three years before the war broke, the Spencer family moved from Ashland to the Klamath country. At that time what is known as Klamath Falls was then Linkville, and when the Spencers settled on a tract of land bordering the Klamath river, there were but seven houses in the town of Linkville. This homestead of H. E. Spencer and family was 18 miles from the present site of Klamath Falls, and the crossing of the river on the timbered foot, Spencer was always friendly with the Indians, and through all the trouble was never molested by the Modocs. Captain Jack was a frequent visitor to the homestead, and the subject of this sketch, as a boy, has vivid recollections of the many times the old Indian warrior, in his homestead, and was well acquainted with him. Young Spencer, although just a lad, was familiar with all the country around for many miles, and after the first raid often guided the volunteers, under command of Captain Hoiser, on scouting expeditions against the Indians.

**Arrow Wound Leaves Scar**  
On one of these scouting trips the volunteers met a party of Modoc Indians in the running fight an Indian arrow found a target in young Fred Spencer's left leg, and the ragged scar resulting from the wound is still "worn" by the old man of today as a trophy of the fight. Among the victims of the first raids made by the Indians the men of the band were mostly murdered, and the wife and mother escaped. Killing the men of the Brotherhood family, the savages spared Mrs. Brotherton and daughter.

**Scalped Man Survives**  
In his recital of the campaign the killing of General Canby by "Scarface Charlie," and how Col. Meacham, of Wilbur, Meacham mountain in eastern Oregon, in the Blue mountain range between Pendleton and Walla Walla, was damaged and partially scalped. Meacham, however, was rushed across the mountains to Jacksonville, where surgical aid was available, and lived to tell the story of the fight and how near the Indians came to "getting" him. The wound was used by "Captain Jack" in the murder of General Canby, was a prized possession that Mr. Spencer kept for many years. This was, according to Mr. Spencer, in 1873,

**Talks on Health**

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

DEAR NANCY LEE:  
I am a girl just the age of twenty. I have been going with a boy my age for almost two years. This boy has always been a little jealous, but here lately he has become more jealous than ever. We were planning on marrying, but I can't make up my mind whether I care to or not. In fact, the nearer I get to the altar, the more I dread it. I have to live with my relatives, as I have no home. Some advise me to marry him. Before I went with this boy I went with another boy. I care more for the first boy. We broke up and it was my own fault. This second boy is even more jealous of my people and myself. Now Nancy Lee, I know I have never given him any cause to be like this. There is no reason at all for it. I want you to advise me what to do. What can I do to earn my own living? I am anxious to do something for myself. There is nothing I can do here in my home town. I am interested in home work and would love better than anything else to have a home of my own, but that seems impossible, and I would like to have some kind of employment. You don't know how much your advice will be appreciated. I am waiting impatiently for your answer.

**ANXIOUS!** Jealousy has wrecked many a marriage. It is better if it wrecks, an engagement rather than allow two lives to be made unhappy by it. Why not have a quiet, frank talk with the man, tell him that you are willing to do your utmost to make life happy for you both, but that you cannot do it without his cooperation and faith in you. As to your obtaining employment I do not know what you care for and what talents you may have. But almost every woman with the will to make good can find something which will give her independence, and there are so many professions open to women now.

**DEAR NANCY LEE:**  
We are two girls, who don't know just what to do. We each have our respective boy friends, living in two distant cities, whom we would like to ask for their photographs, but as we do not correspond, except to send greeting cards on holidays, do not know how to approach them on the subject without seeming too personal and presuming.

**BABE AND BILLY:** I do not see how you could ask the boys for their photographs without seeming presumptuous, since you are not steadily corresponding with them. It would be easier, when you see them, to suggest how much you would appreciate such a memento of your friendship, rather than make the request in writing.

**LON CHANEY PASSES CRISIS OF SICKNESS**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 25.—Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces" slowly fought his way out of the critical stage today in his battle against pernicious anemia.

Undergoing a third blood transfusion Saturday night after two previous transfusions had failed to help him, Chaney lingered for hours in a critical condition, but took a definite turn for the better yesterday.

Last night hospital attaches said he was much better.

and followed a peace encampment between whites and Indians. Although this old pioneer scouted with the volunteers all through the Modoc war, and was wounded in the fighting, he was never regularly enlisted because of his youth, and for this reason has failed to receive a pension for his part in making southern Oregon a habitable place for white folks who came later to live.

**The SEA BRIDE**  
By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Who says I stole whiskey?" Roy demanded.  
"Faith told him."  
"Who—Somebody lied to you!"  
"No."  
Roy was near tears with bafflement.  
"Why—what makes you—?"  
"Don't you want to tell?" Faith asked quietly.

"It's a lie I say!"  
She looked at her husband. Noll saw they were all waiting on him, and he tried to rise to the occasion.  
"By Jupiter, Roy, what did you do and do that for? Can't a man have a ship without a pack of thieves on her? Mr. Tobey, you—"

He waved his eyes awing helplessly to Faith. He seemed to ask her to speak for him.  
"Take him on deck, Dan!" she said, "till Cap'n Wing decides."

"I tell you," Roy insisted, "I didn't—"

But Dan's Tobey hustled him. Dan was getting his first glimpse of the new Faith, and he was afraid of her. He took Roy's arm, led him out and away. Faith and Noll were left alone.

At noon that day, at Noll Wing's profane command, Roy was put in chains and locked in the after 'tween-decks to stay a week on bread and water. The boy cursed Faith to her face or that, and Faith went to her cabin and dropped on her knees and prayed.

But she kept a steady face for the men, and in particular she kept a steady eye for Dan's Tobey. She knew Dan's now! Dan's had warned Roy before bringing him to the cabin. He must have warned the boy, for Roy was prepared for the accusation. He must have known what Faith would assert.

And Faith knew enough of Dan's ascendancy over Roy to be sure the man had prompted her brother's theft.

She must watch Dan's, fight him. And—she thanked God for Brander. There was a man, a man on her side. She was not to fight alone.

She dreamed of Brander that night. He was battling for her, in her dream, against shadowy and unseen things. And in her dream she thought he was her husband.

An unrest seized Noll Wing—an unrest that was like fear. He assumed, by small degrees, the aspect of a hunted man. It was as if the death of Slater prefigured to him what his own end would be. His nerves betrayed him; he could not bear to have any man approach him from behind. He struck out nervously at Willis Cox one day when Willis spoke from one side, where Noll had not seen him standing.

The continual storms of the Solander irked him; the racking work of whaling, when it was necessary to run to port with each kill trotted the flesh from his bones. They lost a whale one day in a sudden squall that developed into a gale and swept them far to the southward, and when the weather moderated and Dan's Tobey started to work back to the grounds again, Noll would have none of it.

"Set your course to the eastward," he commanded. "I'm fed up with the Solander. We'll hit the islands again."

Dan's protested that there was nowhere such whaling as the Solander offered, but Noll would not be persuaded. He resented the attempt to argue with him.

"No, by Jupiter!" he swore. "A full man can't have his way. I'll work with Solander. Dan's! I'm sick o' storms and cold. Get north to where it's warm again."

So they did as he insisted, and ran into slack times once more. The men at first exulted in their new leisure; they were well enough content to kill a whale and loaf a week before another kill. Then they began to be impatient with inaction; discontent arose among them. They remembered the ambergris; and their talk was that they need stay out no longer, that the voyage was already a success, that they had a right to expect to head for home.

Noll was wax in Faith's hands in these days. His fear, growing upon him, had shaken all the fibre out of the man. He could be swayed by Dan's, by old Tichel, by Faith by almost anyone—in a single matter. He was drinking steadily now, and drinking more than ever before. He was rarer sober, never without the traces of liquor in his eyes and his loose lips and slack muscles. And they could not shake him in this matter; he would not be denied the liquor that he craved.

Faith never felt more keenly the fact of her marriage to Noll and her identity with him than now. She never thought of herself apart from him; and when he doctored himself, she felt as if she were herself doctored. Nevertheless, she clung to him, lived the way she had given him.

There were other times, after that first, when she dreamed of Brander. She could not curb her dreams. He was much in them; but waking she put the man away from her. She was Noll's; Noll was hers; she clung to him, lived the way she had given him.

Brander avoided her. His heart was sick; she possessed it utterly. But he gave no sign; he never relaxed the grip in which he held himself.

Now and then, on deck, when Noll swore at her or whined or fretted, Brander had to swing away and put the thing behind him; but he did it. He was strong enough to do this; he was almost strong enough to keep his thoughts from Faith. Almost—but not quite. She dwelt always with him; he was sick with sorrow and pity and yearning for the right to cheer her.

They spoke when they had to, in the cabin or on deck; but they were never alone, and they avoided each other as they would have shunned a precipice.

Save for one day, a single day, a day when Faith called Brander to her on the deck and spoke to him; a day that would have been but for Faith's strength, the bloody destruction of them both.

The incident was the climax of two trains of events, extending over days—extending in the one case, back to that first day when Noll had roused the jealousy in Dan and blown it into flame; Dan's had never let the flame die out. He fanned it constantly, and when he saw in Faith's eyes, after the manner of Roy's theft of the whiskey, that she had guessed his part in it, he threw himself more hotly into his intrigue. He kept at Noll's side whenever it was possible. He covertly taunted the captain with his growing fear of Brander. He roused Noll to gusts of rage, but always these passed in words, and Noll fell back into his lethargy. Dan's began to fear there was not enough man left in Noll to act. Noll, moved though he might be, had in his heart a trust in Faith which Dan's found it hard to shake. He was not so sure as he had not luck favored him. And this luck came to pass on the day Faith sought speech with Brander.

That move on Faith's part was the result of an increasing peril in the fo'c'sle. The men were getting drunk again.

That began one day when a foremast hand came aft to take the wheel. Old Tichel smelled the liquor on 'em, saw that the man's feet were unsteady, and flew into one of his tiseriah fits of rage. He drove the man forward with blows and kicks. He came aft with his teeth bared, and flamed to Noll Wing.

Men were sent for and questioned. Three of them had been drinking. They were badly frightened; they were unwell. Nevertheless, in the end, under Tichel's fist one of them said he had found a quart bottle, filled with whiskey, in his bunk the night before. Tichel accused him of stealing it; the man stuck to his tale and could not be shaken.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)  
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**RUM RUNNERS USE SUPERIOR BOATS TO OUTWIT U. S. GUARD**

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Although Rum Row, that notorious anchorage ground for liquor-laden ships just outside the New York harbor, has been wiped out, liquor-smuggling organizations more powerfully organized and equipped than ever before, are landing bona fide whiskeys and wines along the eastern coast at the rate of at least 10,000 gallons a day.

Phelps H. Adams, New York newspaper man who has made a recent study of the smuggling situation, gives this estimate.

The tactics of Rum Row, where slow and heavily laden freighters simply dropped anchor and waited for fast small boats to take off their cargoes, have been antiquated by the development of a warfare between the smuggling syndicates and coast guard which utilizes every applicable invention of science and engineering, says Mr. Adams. At least 100 boats now operated by the smuggling interests have been especially built for their work in Nova Scotian shipyards, he says. Nearly all of these have secured the protection of British registry, although they may be American-owned.

Known to the coast guard as "blacks," these boats ply between the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, and ports in the West Indies, taking on their cargoes at both ends. Guided by outlaw radio stations on shore, they meet a fleet of fast motor boats at appointed spots in the dead of night and are relieved of their liquor which is rapidly transferred to a shore fleet of motor trucks and dispatched to New York and other east coast cities.

"These boats are designed with almost as much care as is given a vessel of war," says Adams. "They are broad, low-nasted and sit well down in the water, so that they are difficult to see. They are powered by the most modern type of engines, provided chiefly by a well-known American firm, and are capable of operating at high speed. In many cases the vessels are partly armored, and almost always they are equipped with unlicensed radios. A few of them are able to throw out dense smoke screens in time of need, and all are screened under foreign flags so that they may not be searched unless they come within an hour's sailing distance of the shore, which they are careful not to do."

How many of these especially-built vessels are operating in addition to the 100 known to the coast guard it is impossible to estimate. But the writer shows by quoting government figures that innumerable other smugglers are operating successfully and that the coast guard's hopes of making such smuggling unprofitable has never approached realization in spite of the intensive efforts of that service with its 350 craft.

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