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Uncle Sam: Poor Business Man

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Editorials on News (Continued from page 1)

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J. V. LONG OFF FOR Y. M. C. A. COUNCIL

J. V. Long, son of Attorney John T. Long of this city, a student at University of Oregon, is leaving today for Chicago, Columbus and Newark, Ohio, representing the Northwest district of the student council of the Y. M. C. A. He is one of two delegates from the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, the other delegate being a student from University of Washington.

HURST SUCCEEDS HUGHES

(Associated Press Leased Wire) THE HAGUE, Netherlands, Aug. 25.—Sir Cecil Hurst has been appointed a member of the court of summary jurisdiction by the permanent court for international justice, taking the place of Charles Evans Hughes, who recently resigned.

NOTICE

To the merchants and business interests of Roseburg: The management of the Glide Community has desired to express appreciation for the special premiums already donated for the fair to be held September 11. We are not soliciting donations this year, but will gladly accept any article anyone desires to contribute as a prize and will also allow space for commercial demonstrations. All those wishing to cooperate should advise either Mrs. Anna Alexander, secretary, or Willard Smith, president, this week.

Test For Auto Drivers

The responsibility of an automobile driver is comparable in that of a locomotive engineer. Each is at the controls of a powerful vehicle. Lack of skill, poor judgment or recklessness on the part of either one of them is likely to lead to death and disaster.

Test For Auto Drivers

Yet the locomotive engineer is carefully selected. He must pass rigid tests as to efficiency and as to knowledge of the engine that he

operator. He must be of good character, must leave liquor alone and must understand railroad regulations and comply with them to the letter. Peculiar, is it not, that such drastic requirements should be made of the man at the control of a locomotive, while nothing, or next to nothing, is done to make sure that persons are fit to drive automobiles before they are turned loose upon our highways. It is true that the man who handles a train may have scores or even hundreds of lives dependent on him, while the number of persons whom an incompetent motorist can kill or maim is limited to a few, but that is only a difference in degree and not in kind. Each automobile driver can menace the safety of himself and his own party and of those he meets or passes.

Some day something must be done about it, and as we read of the frightful automobile accidents week after week, the opinion becomes more settled that it should be done soon. Would it be too much, in the cause of safety, to require every automobile driver to pass a rigid test as to capability, or that conviction of recklessness or drunkenness while at the wheel should automatically forfeit driving privileges?—Portland Oregonian.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1)

tendency, blended or not, is to promote violation. And the poor officer who maintains a strict enforcement, in whose area the laws are implicitly obeyed, goes without pay. This plan is not in general use, but it is occasionally resorted to, and it usually fails.

THE Prince of Wales, according to news dispatches, wore a Basque beret on his head while playing golf at Le Touquet, France. No doubt the effect was "chic," but this writer prefers the fashion followed by many local golfers—no head covering except that endowed by Nature and left by Fate.

SERVICES PLANNED AT IDLEYLD PARK

A very interesting all-day meeting was held by the Church of Christ at Glide Sunday as a part of the revival service conducted by Teddy Leavitt, state evangelist for the Christian church. Large delegations were present from churches at Oakland, Astoria and Seaside. A luncheon dinner was served at noon, and religious services were held in the afternoon and evening. The campaign so far has resulted in a number of additions to the church.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

Small Payrolls: ALL too often our attention is centered only on that business or industry that has a large payroll of several thousand dollars per week. We are tempted to look with disdain on the small business that employs five, ten or twenty people, paying out from \$100 to \$1000 per week.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



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Maybe I'm Wrong

DON'T get discouraged with the woman you married. It's all in a lifetime.

Auto-Suggestion—The average automobile has enough horsepower under the hood. What we need is fewer donkeys at the wheel.

Matrimonial Martyrs—An optimist is a married man who goes home at three o'clock in the morning with only one alibi.

You're Right—Many a great singer got his start in a bathtub.

Wonders of Nature—The gourmet who ate so fast he bit himself on the chin.

Public Improvements—What we need is some good electrical device for controlling our neighbor's radio.

Ode to a Cannibal—Too many cooks spoil the missionary.

Take it or Leave It—Switzerland has just perfected a new echo. You holler in German and it answers you in French.

Our Own Vaudeville—Ed: What happened to that offensive bachelor? Al: Oh, he grew up to be an old maid.

Talks on Health

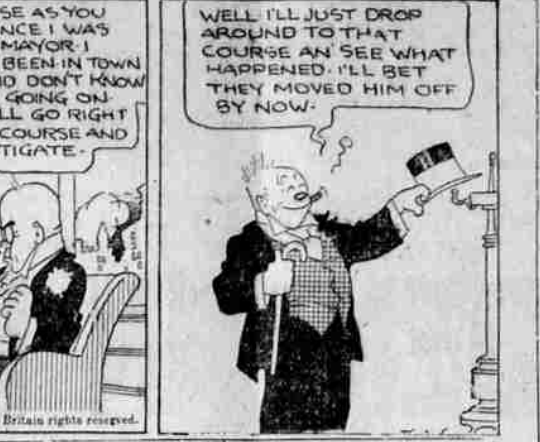
DR. R. S. COPELAND

TOO MANY of us disobey the rules of right living through ignorance. If more persons understood why they feel miserable, why poor health pursues them, they would change their methods of living.

A common cause for ill health begins in the mouth. I should like to explain the process of chewing the food so that you can see its important bearing on digestion.

For scenic beauty the Umpqua river has few equals and no superiors. This is not only true of the North Umpqua, where work on the proposed highway will soon be under construction through rock gorges and over the Fish creek plateau into the famous Diamond Lake section, connecting with the "skyline road" to Crater lake, but it is also a fact as to the country north and west of this city through which the matchless Umpqua rolls on its way to the sea.

By Geo. McManus



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Advice to Girls

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am in my early teens and married. My husband and I cannot get along. We are quarreling all the time, sometimes over trifling matters. We talk about parting but never get that far.

BROKEN HEARTED WIFE: Is it possible that your quarrels are engendered by foolish trifles that are of no importance, but become monumental in argument?

A. Z. Q.—Is cheese binding? A.—Cheese is constipating in some instances, due to richness, but in moderate quantities is one of the very best of foods.

A. Z. Q.—What should a girl of 19, 5 feet 2 inches tall weigh? A.—She should weigh about 113 pounds.

Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

For scenic beauty the Umpqua river has few equals and no superiors. This is not only true of the North Umpqua, where work on the proposed highway will soon be under construction through rock gorges and over the Fish creek plateau into the famous Diamond Lake section, connecting with the "skyline road" to Crater lake, but it is also a fact as to the country north and west of this city through which the matchless Umpqua rolls on its way to the sea.

Advantages Seen

This road down the Umpqua to Tyece, Kellogg, Elkton, Scottsburg and lower river points, while it is something like a dozen miles further than by way of Dodge canyon, has so many advantages over the latter route that the extra distance is nullified.

Charming Vista Lures

Not only are scenic beauties abounding all the way, the river in sight for almost endless miles, the road being well gravelled, with entire absence of hills, it being a very good grade, the grandeur of the mountains through which the Umpqua winds and rushes along at times, and again rests in quiet

The SEA BRIDE By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XXXVII

The men could not come at the stores through the cabin, there was always an officer about the deck or below. Tichel thought they might have cut through from the after 'tween-decks, and the stores were shifted in an effort to find such a secret entrance to the captain's stores.

Two days after that, the same thing; four days later, a repetition. And so on, at intervals of days, for a month or more. The whiskey dribbled forward a quart at a time, the men drank it, and never a trace to the manner of the theft.

In the end Roy Kiteen found a bottle in his bunk and drank the bulk of it himself, so that he was deathly sick and like to die. Faith, tormented beyond endurance, looking everywhere for help, chose at last to appeal to Brander.

Brander had the deck that day. Willis Cox and Tichel were sleeping. Dan'l was the main cabin, and Noll was the after cabin. Faith stupid with drink, Roy had been sick all the night before, with Willis Cox and Tichel working over him, counting the pounding heartbeats, wetting the boy's head, working the poison out of him. Roy was forward in his bunk now, still sodden.

Faith came from the after cabin, passed Dan'l, and went up on deck. Something happened in his face caught Dan'l's attention, and he went to the foot of the cabin companion and listened. He heard her call softly:

"Mr. Brander!"

Dan'l thought he knew where Brander would be—in the waist of the Sally, no doubt. There was a man at the wheel, and Faith did not wish him to hear what she said. She met Brander forward of the cabin skylight, by the boat-house; and Dan'l straining his ears, could hear:

"Mr. Brander, I'm going to ask you to help me." Faith said.

"I'd like to," Brander told her. "What is it you want done?"

"It's Roy—I'm desperately worried," Mr. Brander said.

"He's all right," Mr. Cox tells me. He'll be well enough in a few hours."

"It's not just this drunkenness, Mr. Brander. It's more. He is in my charge, in a way. Father bade me take care of him. And he's—taking the wrong path."

"Yes," Brander said quietly.

Dan'l looked toward the after cabin, the thought of bringing Noll to hear, but there was no harm in this that they were saying; no harm—rather, good. He listened.

"My husband is not—not the man he was, Mr. Brander," Faith said steadily.

"And Mr. Tohey—I can't trust him. I've got to come to you."

Dan'l decided at that to bring Noll and risk it, trust to his luck and to his tongue to twist their words. He went softly across to the after cabin and shook Noll's shoulder; and when the captain opened his eyes, Dan'l whispered:

"Come, Noll Wing! You've got to hear this."

"Noll sat up stupidly.

"What? What's that you say?"

"Faith and Brander are together on deck, talking to Noll," Dan'l said, his hands his clenched fist into his open hand.

"I've crown up with Faith; I like her, but I can't stand by and see them do this to you!"

"What are they about?" Noll asked, his face flushing. He was on his feet.

"Dan'l gripped his arm.

"I heard her promise him you would come to her. That you were sick. That you—"

"Noll strode into the cabin.

"Quiet!" Dan'l whispered. "Come!"

tion between the cabins. And he snatched the bolt that held it closed.

Then he turned and looked at Faith. There was a furious strength in his countenance at that moment; but it was like the strength of a maniac. His lips twitched tensely; his eyes moved like the eyes of a man who is dizzy from too much turning on his own heel. They jerked away from Faith, returned to her, jerked away again—all without any movement of Noll's head. And as the man's eyes wavered and wrenched back to her, the pupils contracted and narrowed in an effort to focus upon her.

For the rest, he was flushed, brick-red. His whole face seemed to swell. He was inhuman; there was an apellike and animal fury in the man as he looked at his wife.

Abruptly, he jerked up his hands and pressed them against his face and turned away; it was as if he had turned himself away with this pressure of his hands. He turned his back on her, went to his desk, and unlocked a drawer. Faith knew the drawer; she was not surprised when he drew out of it a revolver.

Bending over the desk, with this weapon in his hand, Noll Wing made sure every chamber was loaded. He paid her no attention.

Faith watched him for an instant; then she turned to the bench that ran across the stern and picked up from it a bit of sewing-embroidery. She sat down on the edge of the bench, crossed her knees in the comfortable attitude of relaxation which women like to assume. One foot rested on the floor; the other swayed back and forth, as if beating time, a few inches above the floor.

Sitting thus, Faith began to sew. She was outlining the petal of an embroidered flower, and she gave this work her whole attention. She did not look up at Noll.

The man finished his examination of the weapon; he turned it in his hand; he lifted it and leveled it at Faith. Still Faith did not look up; she seemed unconcerned.

"Faith!" Noll said harshly.

She looked up then, met his eyes fairly, smiled a little.

"What is it, Noll?"

"I'm going to kill you," he said with stiff lips.

"All right," she said quickly, and bent her head above her sewing once more, disregarding him.

Noll was stupefied. This was no surprise; it was the helplessness which courage inspires in a coward. For Noll was a coward in those last days. His face twisted; his hand was shaking. He stared over the revolver barrel at Faith's brown hair.

Her hair was parted in the middle, drawn back about her face. The white line of skin where the hair was parted fascinated him; he could not take his eyes from it. The revolver muzzle lowered without his being conscious of this fact; the weapon hung in his hand.

His eyes were still fixed on Faith's hair, on the part in her hair. She wore an old, tortoise-omb, stuck downward into the hair at the back of her head, its top projecting upward—a singular, old-fashioned little ornament. There was a silver mounting on it; and the light glistened on this silver, and caught Noll's eye, and held it.

Faith continued her quiet sewing. Noll's tense muscles, little by little, relaxed. His fingers, loosed their grip on the revolver butt; it dropped to the floor with a chatter. The sound seemed to rouse Noll; he strode toward Faith.

"By Jupiter!" he cried. You'll—"

He swung down a hand and gathered the fabric of her work between his fingers. Her needle was in the midst of a stitch; it pricked him. He did not feel the tiny wound. He would have snatched the stuff out of her hands. He

felt as if it were defending her. But when his hand swept down between hers and caught the bit of embroidery, Faith looked up at him again, and she caught his eye. That halted him; he stood for an instant motionless, bending, above her, their faces not six inches apart.

Then the man jerked his hand away. He released his grip on the bit of fancy work, but the needle was deep in his finger, so that he pulled it out of the cloth. The thread followed it, when his quick movement drew the thread to full length, the fabric was snatched out of Faith's unresisting hands. It dangled by the thread from the needle that stuck in Noll's finger. He saw it, jerked the needle out with a quick, spasmodic gesture, and flung it to one side. He did still at Faith.

"Put that away!" he said hoarsely.

Faith smiled, glanced toward the bit of white upon the floor.

"I'm afraid there's blood on it," she said.

"Blood!" he repeated under his breath. "Blood!"

She folded her hands quietly upon her knee, waiting.

"I want to talk to you," he said. She nodded.

"All right, do."

His wrath boiled through his lips, chokingly.

"You—"

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"You—"

"You and Brander—"

Her eyes, upon his, hardened. She said nothing, but his hardening of her eyes was like a defiance. He flung his hands above his head.

"By Jupiter, you're shameless!" he choked. "You're shameless—I shameless woman! And him—I took him out of a hell-hole, and he takes you! I'll break him in two with my hands!"

(To be continued tomorrow.)

NOTICE FOR BIDS

Notice is hereby given that the School Board of District No. 57, Gold Hill, Oregon, does this 21st day of August, 1930, publish notice asking for bids to purchase and install a steam heating plant for the school building and gymnasium, the two buildings to be heated from one heat unit. Plans and specifications are on file with the District Clerk at her office over the post office, Gold Hill, Oregon. Sealed bids will be accepted until 8 o'clock P. M. September 2nd, 1930. The Board reserves the right to accept or reject any and all bids.

FRANK CARTER, Chairman of Board.

Attest: Bertha Co. York, Clerk of School District No. 57.

LARGE NUMBERS VISIT OREGON CAVES

Labor Day weekend many each year seem to realize that this is their last opportunity to take a little vacation. Schools are opening; everyone gets busy; so away they start. The highways to the caves are almost perfect. Last year nearly one thousand visitors were at the caves Labor day weekend.

Depot Barber Shop—open evenings until 7:30 p. m. All hair cutting 25c. 409 Cass St.—Adv.

PABST MALT SYRUP

WITH THE FAMOUS QUALITY FLAVOR

Distributed by Lang-Eugene, Inc. Eugene

Green Prunes Wanted!

Call at Hurst-Root Co., packing house, Hunter Ice Co. bldg., North Pine St., between Oak and Cass streets.

Telephone 185-J



LUNCHES You Will Always Enjoy

Our 40c Merchant's Lunch will always hit the spot. We also serve a special lunch for 50c

From 11 A. M. to 5 P. M.

On a warm day you will like one of our tasty salads. They are really very good.

HOTEL VALLEY CAFE