Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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We Are Proud

THE NEWS-REVIEW COMPANY is proud that it has again been awarded the contract for printing the Oregon Grange Bulletin. It appreciates the confidence of the executive committee of the state farmers' organization. It feels happy that during the past eight years its efforts to turn out a good job have been appreciated.

The Grange Bulletin is a semi-monthly, 16-page newspaper devoted entirely to the interests of the farmer. It is circulated throughout the state. The present circulation is more than 12,000, a growth of 5000 since the first issue was printed in Roseburg in September 1922.

We are glad that a local man, Dr. C. H. Bailey, a capable and experienced newspaperman and farmer, has been so successful in bringing the paper of which he is editor to the front rank in its field. We are glad that each issue brings new names to add to the ever-growing circulation list. Circulation is the measuring stick of any publication. That Dr. Bailey has been successful in chalking up such a remarkable growth is to his credit and we are glad to have had a small part in his success.

And now for two more years the News-Review is to be privileged to print this interesting newspaper for the Oregon Grange. It is our hope that our work may be even better than in the past—that we may be of every possible service to the editor and to the great organization which he represents.—G. C. R.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

The World Differs

THE columns of the only newspaper certainly reveal a host of personalities, characters and just folks—all a part of humanity, but each as different from the others as day from night.

It would be a platitude to philosophize on the axiom, "No two people look alike," but to observe that "no two people hope and aspire as one," might provide a new perspective from which humanity may view itself.

All healthy human beings entertain ambitions and aspirations in varying degrees. The cynic tells us that the vast majority of modern men and women aspire to worldly wealth with no thought of mental perfection, public service and philanthropy. And then there are men and women who think only of others and serve only mankind. The art world is peopled with men and women who live for art and art alone. But among all men there is an instinctive hope for fame, or at least prominence.

This human yearning for the regard of others and the distinction of superiority or individuality reveals itself differently in different people. There is the man or woman who has braved scandal and perhaps social ostracism for publicity and notoriety. There is a class which aspires for nothing more of fame than recognition in the community—others are content with state-wide prominence—some seek world renown.

Some win fame without seeking it, but more have sought in vain for that elusive ambition of life.—Ashland Tidings.

Buyer as Accomplice

It would be interesting to know if the patrons of that Marrola moonshiner who killed two officers and wounded two others do not feel some responsibility for the awful crime. One may argue all he wants to about the wisdom of a prohibition law, but he will be hard put to justify violation of it, for like all lawbreaking it leads to violence against constituted authority whose officers slain, little children left fatherless. The red in the moonshine cup is strangely suggestive of human blood.—Baker Democrat.

LEGION AUXILIARY MEETS, NOMINATES

Umpqua chapter, American Legion auxiliary, had its first meeting of this season last evening. Reports on the state convention at Baker were given by Mrs. Carl Wimberly, Mrs. R. Ritzman and Mrs. J. A. Soules.

Miss Bertha Luthy of Portland was a guest of the evening. She is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Post. Miss Luthy served as a nurse at the base hospital No. 46 overseas during the World war.

The state prize for the best history submitted in 1929 was won by Mrs. Harry Boyle of Roseburg.

The following nominations for officers were made: President, Mrs. Clinton Corbin; first vice-president, Mrs. R. Ritzman; second vice-president, Mrs. Fred Richter; secretary, Mrs. Roy Campbell; treasurer, Miss Pearl Jones; first sergeant at arms, Mrs. Walter Kurtz; second sergeant at arms, Mrs. Roy Hufham; historian, Mrs. Harry Boyle; executive committee, Mrs. J. A. Soules, Mrs. Victor Micelli, Mrs. Willard Johnson, Mrs. George Caskey, Mrs. C. K. Allen and Mrs. Charles Ferrier.

News Briefs

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Count Gosta Morner of Sweden, a former husband of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, has decided to take another American bride.

Friends learned today of his engagement to Miss Geraldine L. Fitch, a New York newspaper writer. No date for the wedding was announced.

CHICKSHA, Okla., Sept. 2.—Eighteen of the 22 white defendants charged with conspiracy to destroy government property as the outgrowth of rioting in which Henry Argo, negro, was fatally wounded last May, were bound over yesterday for trial in federal court.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 2.—Pneumonia superinduced by a hunger strike in the Nebraska penitentiary caused the death of Johnny Brown, 28, bank robber yesterday.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—Fire which broke out in a building occupied by the Curtiss Candy company in the downtown warehouse district last night did damage estimated at $1,000,000. The eight story structure was destroyed by the flames which also damaged an adjoining building housing a transit concern. Origin was undetermined.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, Rhineland Germany, Sept. 2.—Jack (Legs) Diamond, New York gangster, paced the inside of a German prison cell today while authorities decided what to do with him.

Police, arresting him at the border yesterday as he was expelled from Belgium as an undesirable alien, said his extradition to the United States on a charge of murder had been requested. He came to Germany, after being denied temporary residence in Belgium.

WENATCHEE, Wash., Sept. 2.—Robert Corle, aviator, who was badly burned in a fire which destroyed his airplane and hangar yesterday, died late last night.

KANSAS PLANS 1ST HANGING SINCE 1870

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., Sept. 2.—Within earshot of the death cell workmen today began erecting the scaffold on which Carl Panzran, will be hanged Friday morning for the murder of W. C. Warnke, foreman of the federal prison laundry. It will be the first legal execution in Kansas since 1870.

TRIO ACCUSED OF BEATING PREACHER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 2.—Three men were under arrest today charged with kidnaping and beating the Rev. Ben W. Carlyle, pastor of Free Will Baptist church, late Sunday night.

Cecil J. Carroll, his brother, Russell, and James Beechham all denied the charges and were released on bonds of $500 each.

The warrants were sworn out by R. E. Skinner, a friend of the minister, after Carlyle returned home Monday morning, his face swollen from the blows.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

ness of their troubles and into the promised land where everybody will be rich without any more work and worry.

THUS equipped, they started Meier out. He is their white hope. If he wins, they win also. If he loses, they are politically done.

Mr. Meier himself is a man of much ability. But he isn't the flaming crusader that he is pictured. He is merely a successful business man, of a not at all unusual type, who is no longer satisfied to be Oregon's biggest merchant, but who wants the honor of being governor.

Many a successful business man has been bitten by that bug.

ONE word of advice: Don't be deceived by the ballyhoo about the Joseph platform. The Joseph platform was a device to enable the brilliant and colorful Joseph to win the nomination and thus get even with his enemies.

He might have made something of it if he had lived, for he was a fighter and his friends say that he was given to making good his word.

But Joseph is dead, and the Joseph platform died with him.

IF you vote for Meier, vote for him because you believe honestly that he is the best man in Oregon. If you feel that way about it, you can't rightly vote for anyone else, but don't vote for him because of the ballyhoo.

Stop Here Short Time Sunday—Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Myrick of Portland, stopped in this city for a short time Sunday to visit relatives. They are moving from Portland to Los Angeles, where Mr. Myrick has accepted a position as chief mechanic in a large manufacturing plant. Mrs. Myrick's mother, Mrs. E. S. Patterson, joined them in Roseburg, and will spend the winter in Los Angeles.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

JILTING is an expensive pastime. American men spent over fifty million dollars last year just for the privilege of changing their minds.

You're Right—An optimist is a husband who takes his wife window shopping while the stores are still open.

The Golden Fleece—Any chorus girl's home is the house that 'John' built.

Matrimonial Martyrs — The wages of sin is about the only salary that a married man is allowed to keep for himself.

The Unfair Sex—Our bathing girls don't object to wearing two-piece suits, but they hate to wear the two pieces at the same time.

Our Modern Maidens—It takes a conductor's daughter to tell the boys where to get off.

Auto Suggestion—Limousines are coming equipped with everything nowadays except miniature golf courses.

Marital Mathematics—Alimony begins where love leaves off.

Wonder of Nature—According to the scientists, it won't be long now until parents will be spanking their children by electricity.

Our Own Vaudeville—Wifey can you tell which are the waiters in this bootlegging joint Hubby: Easy, they're the ones that are sober.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

WHEN it comes to a sick baby, mother and doctor are at their wits' end. It takes much wisdom to decide whether to take the food away entirely, or whether to give the sick baby a modified diet.

At any time of year, but especially in late summer a little baby is apt to develop a severe form of inflammatory diarrhea. In this the disease attacks the large bowel.

The baby may have been perfectly well, when suddenly there comes an attack of dysentery. This is accompanied by high fever. The child vomits. It is apparent that a well-developed diarrhea has made its appearance. As the symptoms progress and become severe we give the attack the name of "dysentery."

Almost every bad symptom a baby has may be traced to wrong feeding. The fact of the matter is that most of the ailments of the human family are traceable to dietary mistakes.

In dysentery the giving of food must be stopped at once. For twenty-four hours the infant must have nothing but pure water. It should be given in frequent doses, and if there is a tendency to vomit, the water should be given in smaller doses. Where the vomiting persists, even the water must be omitted.

The mother need have no anxiety in taking away the food from the baby for a period of twenty-four hours. The natural strength of the baby will guard against any unpleasant effect from this treatment.

After the first twenty-four hours a little food can be given. The best food at this time is a thin gruel, such as barley gruel. This should be the only food given for a day or two.

For the child who is poorly nourished and seems in need more food, boiled skimmed milk may be given. At the end of two days a mixture of one part milk to three parts water may be given to the baby. If this food is continued for some time, orange juice should be added to the diet.

As babies seem to be such frail things, and seem to be so dependent upon an unceasing supply of food, the new mother may hesitate to do as the doctor tells her in such a case as we are describing. But the tiny stomach and alimentary tract must have a rest so that the baby's recuperative powers may be built up and the system restored to normal health. This can be done only by eliminating food for the time specified.

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Around.... The County

By R. R. WOOD

To spend 735 days in building roads so that the community could have the benefit of the highways, beginning with the location of the future highway, which necessitated work on horseback and on foot over places where a horse could not go, and then get paid for just one and one-half days labor, is something that is unheard of these days, but is the experience of George Winniford, Douglas county pioneer, who settled on the Umpqua river, about 15 miles northwest of Roseburg, in 1871.

In relating this story of early day road building, Mr. Winniford said that those 735 days of labor were put in during a period of 10 years following his settlement in the county. Since that time he has lived in the district where this work was done, and now enjoys the benefits of a first class auto highway past his door.

Perseverence Tells.

Following his location on the Umpqua Mr. Winnifford was compelled to go on horseback into town, as for a good portion of the distance from his ranch here there was nothing but a trail. There was no railroad through the county at that time, and while Wilbur was his nearest trading point, he frequently was compelled to visit Roseburg. To make it possible to drive a team to town, Mr. Winnifford began prospecting a route for a proposed road up river from his ranch. In this work he went over the ground between the ranch and Garden Valley much of this prospecting being done on foot. After finally locating the path of the proposed improvement, he began work on the road, and in the ten years that followed actually put in 735 days of labor—but he got that road through. This work was all donated, inasmuch that he has never received pay but for one and one-half days' labor.

After he built the road along the river in the gorge below the Bacon place and on down to Coles valley, the upper end of which connected with gateway roads continuing on up stream by the old Love ranch, he was able to go by team to Wilbur and thence to reach Lida city, then a pioneer town.

Has No Regrets.

But that was not all that happened to this pioneer advocate of good roads. In those days the poll tax system was in vogue. All able bodied men above the age of 21 were required to work out their poll tax on the roads in their individual district. So when the road supervisor notified residents of what is now district No. 67 to come out for work, George Winnifford was summoned along with others of the pioneers. He went and did his bit, regardless that he had worked for more than two years on the same road without a cent of pay. But he was not the fellow to complain. As he looks back on those days from the vantage point of 1930 the whole transaction appears to him as a good joke. He is glad to have been privileged to lay the foundation for a road that today witnesses the flash of the modern automobile as pioneers and their children and grandchildren as well as the stranger within our gates move swiftly up and down the splendid system of county highways that have taken the place of the bridle paths of the early days.

Mrs. Pfaff Visits and Shops—Mrs. Florence Pfaff of Riddle visited friends and shopped in Roseburg yesterday.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am in love with a young man who got married, not very long ago, he also says he loves me. He has proved it in many ways. I love him better than anybody in the whole world except my mother, he knows it. Please tell me what I should do about it as I dare not let my mother or father know it. Would it be proper for us to go together under true love?

LOVESICK.

LOVESICK: If you love your mother as much as you profess to love the man, you will at least consider her feelings, if you are indifferent to your own happiness. Give up the man. If he is making arrangements with his wife to obtain a divorce you can easily wait until he is free, so that your love can be open and aboveboard. If he has no intention of doing this, and simply wants to have a love interest outside his home, I can prophesy only unhappiness for you. If his wife is indifferent to his philanderings, then he has nothing to lose by indulging in an intrigue, while you, by continuing with the affair, stand to lose everything dear to a woman, your honor, your chances of future happiness with a decent man.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

Why is it that some girls, who are not any better looking or any more attractive than I, have all kinds of admirers, while I never even have a boy-friend bring me home oftener than once in three or four months?

I have come home tonight almost distracted. I am twenty years old, not a beauty, but not considered at all bad looking. I know a number of boys in this town—where I have lived for over a year. They come in the store where I clerk and are very nice to me, but as for making a date—well, they never do, that's all.

I do not dance much, and perhaps take life a little more seriously than some girls, always taking an interest in girls who are not so popular as they might be, and in church work and such things.

Although I enjoy fun and a good time, necking and petting are out of the question with me. I don't even like the idea of "beaux and sweethearts" so well. I like to think of being a 50-50 pal with all the boys, until perhaps I find among them the right one. Do you think I am right? Perhaps I am old-fashioned. What on earth is wrong with me?

HEARTBROKEN AND LONELY.

HEARTBROKEN AND LONELY: There is absolutely nothing wrong with you, my dear. Instead of taking such an interest in other girls who are not popular, concentrate on yourself for a while. Try doing your hair an entirely new way, consult a good hairdresser and be guided by him. Dress to suit your type and accentuate your charms, rather than adhere strictly to the current mode. You are just beginning to live and you can force life to pay you dividends. Stick to your high ideals, but don't let this interfere with learning the latest dance steps. Dance, for it is a true expression of the joy of life. Cultivate a sympathetic attitude, be a good listener, and when you meet a man, don't be overly anxious to start a friendship, for man is a timid creature and is easily scared away. Good looks, well-chosen clothes, a bright disposition and apparent indifference can do a lot to aid a girl in creating her happiness.

Depot Barber Shop—open evenings until 7:30 p. m. All hair cutting 25c. 403 Cass St.—Adv.

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

Picnicking at Idleyld Park—Adv.

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XLIV.

The days held clear and fine, the nights were warm, and the crescent moon above them fattened night by night, till it was no longer a crescent but a half circle of silver radiance that touched the beach and the trees and the sea with magic fingers.

That night, with the full tides still a week away, Roy Kilcup came from the fo'c's'le into the waist and looked aft. There was no officer in sight at the moment save old Tichel, and Roy hailed him softly. Tichel went forward to where the boy stood; they whispered together. Then Tichel went with Roy toward the fo'c's'le.

Faith was in her cabin; Dan'l was in the main cabin; and Willis and Brander were playing cribbage near him when the outcry forward roused them. A man yelled. They were on deck in tumbling haste; and Faith was at their heels.

Came Tichel, dragging Mauger by the collar. His right hand gripped Mauger; his left held a bottle. He shook the one-eyed man till Mauger's teeth rattled, and he brandished the bottle.

"Caught the pig!" he cried furiously. "Here he is! with this hid under his blanket!"

"I never put it there," Mauger protested.

Tichel cuffed him into silence.

"What's that, Mr. Tichel?" Dan'l asked sharply.

"Whiskey, Mr. Tobey. He took it forward and hid it in his bunk."

"Tell the whole of it, Mr. Tichel," Faith said. "What happened?"

She looked from Tichel to Brander. Brander was standing stiffly; she thought his face was white. Mauger hung in Tichel's grip.

Old Tichel had given a promise to Roy; Roy had begged him not to tell that the boy had spied.

"I saw him go forward with something under his coat," Tichel said. "Never thought for a minute; then it come to me what it might be. I took after him. Rest of the men were on deck, sleeping. It's hot below, you'll mind. I dropped down quietly. Mauger, here, was in his bunk. I routed him out, and rummaged, and there you are, ma'am."

He shook the bottle triumphantly.

"Where did you get it, Mauger?" Faith asked the one-eyed man.

"Never knowed it was there," Mauger swore. "Honest t' the Lord, ma'am!"

Tichel slapped his face stunningly.

"No more of that, Mr. Tichel!" Faith said. "Dan'l, what do you think?"

Dan'l lifted his hand, with a glance at Brander.

"Why — nothing! Somebody's been doing it; him as well as another."

"Willis," Faith asked, "what's your notion?"

"I guess Mauger done it."

"Brander?"

Brander lifted his head and met her eyes.

"Other men have found whiskey in their bunks without knowing how it got there," he said. "I believe Mauger."

"I'm saying I saw him take it aft," old Tichel snarled. He dropped Mauger and took a fierce step toward Brander. "Ye think I'd lie?"

"I think you're mistaken," Brander said evenly.

Tichel leaped at him; Brander gripped the other's arms at the elbows and held him.

"Enough of that!" Faith said sharply. "We'll end this thing tonight. Mr. Tobey, get lanterns and search the ship till you find the rest of this stuff." She took the whiskey-bottle, opened it, and poured its contents over the rail. "Search it out," she said. "Be about it!"

Save Dan'l Tobey, the officers stood stock still, as if not understanding. Dan'l acted as quickly as if he had expected the order. He sent Silva, the harpooner, to get the foremast hands together forward and keep them there under his eye. He sent Tichel and Yella Boy into the main hold. Willis and Long Jim into the after 'tween decks. Brander and Eph Hitch were to search the cabin and the captain's storeroom; and Faith went down to give them the keys. Loum Kellick and Tinch, the cook, were put to rummaging about the after deck and amidships.

There was no need of lights upon the deck itself; the moon bathed the Sally in its rays, an' one might have read by them without undue effort. Below, the whale-oil lanterns went to and fro.

Brander and Hitch made short work of their task, and they came on deck with Faith. Dan'l sent Brander to rummaging through the steerage, where the harpooners slept, and at Faith's suggestion, Hitch and Loum went aloft to the mastheads to make sure there was no secret cache there.

They were an hour or more at their search of the Sally, and at the end of that time they were no wiser than they were before. Faith had gun below before the end; she came on deck as Tichel and Yella Boy reported nothing found below.

"Have you found anything?" she asked Dan'l.

"No."

"Where have you looked?"

"Everywhere aboard here, Faith. The stuff's well hidden, sure!"

"If it's not on the Sally, it's near her," Faith said quietly. "Search the boats, Mr. Tobey."

Dan'l nodded.

"But I'd not be in them," he said. "That's sure enough."

"It's nowhere else, you say. Try."

Willis Cox and Brander turned toward where the boats hung by the rail.

"Willis — Mr. Brander," Faith said quietly. "let Mr. Tobey do the searching."

Willis stopped readily enough. Brander—forewarned, perhaps, by some instinctive fear—hesitated.

"Mr. Brander," Faith said again.

He stood still where he was. Dan'l was looking through his own boat at the moment. He passed to old Tichel's; to that of Willis Cox. Brander's boat came last. Dan'l Tobey flashed his lantern in it as he had in the others, studied it from bow to stern, opened the stern locker beneath the cuddy boards.

There was a jug there—a jug that in the other boats had contained water. He pulled the stopper and smelled.

"By Jupiter, Faith, it's here!" he cried.

The closer the bond between man and man, or between man and woman, the easier it is to embroil them, one with the other. It is hard for an outsider to provoke a quarrel between strangers, or between casual acquaintances; but it is not hard for a crafty man to make dissension between friends; and almost any one may, if he chooses, bring about discord between lovers. This is a strange and contradictory thing.

When Dan'l found the whiskey in Brander's boat and came toward Faith with the open jug in his hands, Faith stood with a white face, looking steadily at Brander, and not at Dan'l at all. Brander had made one move when Dan'l lifted the jug; he had stepped quickly toward the boat, but Faith spoke quietly to him. He stopped and looked at her.

Dan'l was watching the two of them. Mauger saw a chance, and as the mate passed where the one-eyed man crouched, Mauger leaped at him to snatch the whiskey away. Tichel caught Mauger from behind, and held him.

The little man had had the best intentions in the world; but this movement on his part completed the evidence of Brander's guilt; for Mauger was Brander's man, loyal as a dog, and Faith knew it. She thought quickly, remembering the past days; remembering Mauger's furtive air and Brander's aloofness, and his support of Mauger against Tichel. She was sure, before Dan'l reached her with the jug, that Mauger and Brander were guilty as Judas—Brander especially. She scarce considered Mauger at all.

Dan'l handed her the jug, and she smelled at it. Whiskey, beyond a doubt. She took it to the rail and poured it over side as she had poured the contents of the bottle; then came slowly back and handed the empty jug to Brander.

"This is yours," she said. "You had best rinse it and fill it with water and put it in your boat again."

The moon was bright upon them as they stood on the deck. He could see her face, he could see her eyes; and he saw that she thought him guilty. His soul sickened with the bitterness of it; and his lips twisted in a smile.

"Very well," he said.

She looked at him a little wistfully.

"You're not denying it's yours?"

He shook his head.

"No."

If she believed, let her believe. He was furious with her.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

He said nothing; and she looked up at him a moment more, and then turned to Mauger.

"Why did you do it?" she asked the little man.

Mauger squinted sidewise at Brander. Mauger was Brander's man; and all his loyalty was to Brander. Brander chose not to speak, not to deny the charge she laid against him. All right; if Brander could keep silent, so could he. If Brander would not deny, neither would he. He grinned at Faith and the closed lid that covered his empty eye-socket seemed to wink; but he said nothing at all.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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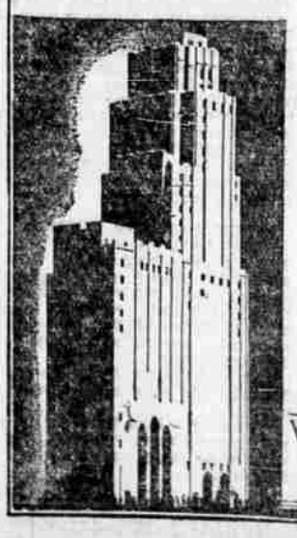
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