

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of reproduction of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
Entered as second class matter May 11, 1926 at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year, by mail, \$4.00
Daily, single month, by mail, .50
Daily, by carrier, per month, .50

For These Reasons

BECAUSE newspaper advertisements offer superior flexibility, opportunity to make last-minute changes and give the reader the privilege of digesting them at his convenience, the Fox Theaters Corporation announced from its New York offices today that hereafter it will advertise only in newspapers. Money heretofore used on other forms of advertising will be spent for increased newspaper space.

Newspapers over the country will have to be pardoned by their readers as they comment upon this signal announcement. This newspaper begs that pardon as it points out what this announcement means.

In the first place, he understood that the Fox organization spends as much or more money for publicity than any other theater company in America. For a number of years this company has been trying every form of advertising known. Radio, direct mail, sign boards—all have been given fair trials. It is reasonable to assume that the Fox people have kept carefully tabulated records of money spent and returns upon their investment. Based upon these figures comes their announcement that hereafter they will invest only in newspaper advertising.

Consider their reasons for making so drastic a change. First, flexibility. Certainly newspapers offer this feature. Copy can be made to fit every section of the country. What might be an attractive line of advertising in one community might not "click" in another. Newspaper copy can be designed to take care of this situation while the other forms of advertising mentioned must be the same for all places.

Ability to make last-minute changes. There's real advantage in newspaper advertising. Radio talks, direct mail literature and sign board posters all must be prepared in advance. Sign board advertising must be designed long before it is posted. Direct mail material must be written and published long before it is used. But newspaper advertising is timely—therefore it is news. News is what people want to read. Last minute changes may be made whenever necessary, providing accurate, up-to-the-minute description of the product for sale.

Then consider the convenience of the reader. You know from your own experience that when you are forced to read or hear advertising that your interest is either killed, lessened or in some cases you even develop an antagonistic attitude toward the advertised product. With the ads in your favorite newspaper, it is a different story. You read them at your own convenience, attracted to them because of their appearance and content. You are not forced to read the ad. Therefore your mind is open. You do not have the feeling that you are being made to learn of the thing that is for sale.

For the three reasons discussed above the Fox concern, operating theaters throughout the whole of this country, has made a radical change in its policies. Theater men concede that their business lives and prospers because of advertising. It is reasonable to agree that unless movie goes down what the theater has to offer they will not flock to the movie house. Theater producers and exhibitors, who build their hope upon the returns that advertising will bring them, have not an example for other merchants. Daily we read of new and bigger appropriations for newspaper advertising. Returns must be resulting or this thing could not continue. Newspaper advertising is sound and profitable.—G. C. R.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

"Pride of Dilard" Special trainloads of cantaloupes have been shipped recently every two or three days from the plantations of the Umpqua valley. Shipments of ten carloads or more to a single far distant destination are not uncommon. At the same time big trucks and

trailers that seem to have the capacity of small houses, have been continuously loaded at the farmer packing house near Roseburg.

In fields hundreds of acres in extent, men gather the melons, testing their ripeness by the readiness of the separation from the stem. Trucks come lumbering in piled high with golden sacks full. Experienced eyes follow them as they pass over a locally invented scale and then through grading machinery manufactured in Portland.

Umpqua melons have sold in Australia over the barriers of prohibitive tariffs. They are in demand in Honolulu. Dealers that undertake nationwide distribution compete for the opportunity to contract the whole Umpqua output.

One reason is that the Umpqua melons contain 15 per cent sugar, or 4 per cent more than from any other melon district known. On soil 15 feet or more deep, dry seasons do not reduce production and the best melons grow when there is no rain during the whole period of germination and ripening.

Because they are produced without the necessity of irrigation, the cantaloupes need not be gathered until they are dead ripe, which means they have reached the full of sweetness and spicy flavor. Another feature is that their contents are nearly all flesh, the seed cavity occupying no greater diameter, perhaps than that of a half dollar. And there are human reasons why the Umpqua melons market profitably. The melon growers are cooperative, organized and well known. The "Pride of Dilard" sticker on every inspection-passed cantaloupe represents the product of all. They have a leader.

C. Wesley Williams is an Oregon boy. He was born where he now works and organizes. He invented the sticker machine. He led in organization of the farmers. He has dealt with the marketing agencies in a way that pleased his neighbors and won their support. Umpqua cantaloupes represent this year about \$150,000 from between 500 and 600 acres. The plans include a million dollars worth a year from 5000 acres.

The Umpqua valley is good for a lot of special products—turkey, broccolis, zucchini, walnuts and filberts, dairying. The wind velocity is so low that real storms are almost unknown. It is a valley where life is comfortable, and where men working together are learning its possibilities for year-after-year prosperity.—Portland Journal.

Wages of Teachers

For many decades the meagerness of the salary of the school teacher was steadily harped upon. The inadequacy of the pay was stressed by teacher groups, by school boards and by friends of education. Comparisons were frequently being made showing how much less the teacher received than the stenographer, the girl at the cigar counter or the chef in the town restaurant. By dint of such tirades salary schedules were raised. But the process continued until now, according to a late report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the teachers have fared better in the recent period of good times than other groups of workers. Teacher wages have been increasing at the rate of 8 per cent a year while the pay in other groups has risen only 2.8 per cent per year. Since 1915 teachers' wages have been doubled and a little more besides. College teachers, long notoriously underpaid, now receive an income about equal to the average of those engaged in business. Besides pay increases pension systems have come to pervade.

This growing prosperity of the teaching profession is reflected in the numbers who flock into it. The other day an Oregon educator said it was estimated there were 1,000 teachers in Oregon without positions for the coming year, and California, the eysian field of the school teacher, has a surplus of 10,000 teachers. Asked what the result would be, the man thought it would result in a lowering of salary schedules but in the elimination of the poorer teachers.

Society should not begrudge this compensation to the teachers. Their work is of such a character that those employed should be really selected with great discrimination. The idea that anyone with a nine months' course in normal school is fitted to be a teacher is erroneous. Some would never be genuine teachers in spite of all the courses they took.—Salem Statesman.

Pests at the Movies

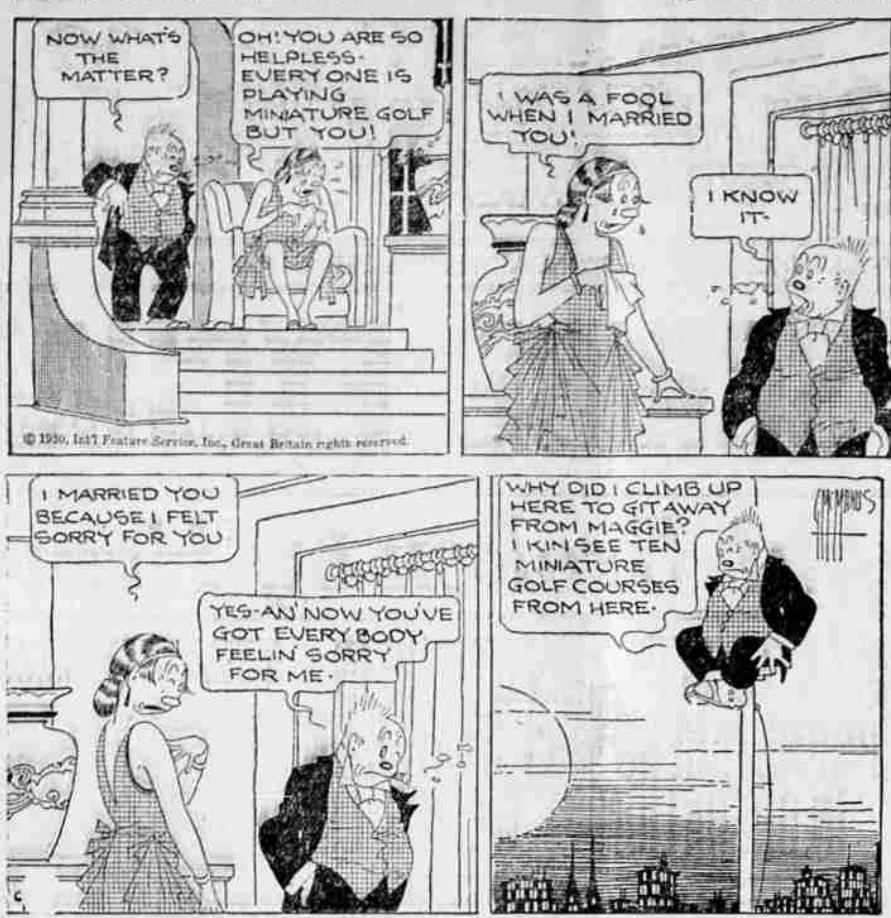
Over the telephone came a feminine voice: "Will you please write an editorial on people who talk in picture shows?"

We will but we despair of it abolishing the nuisance of the talkies. It is a subject upon which we have touched before and many another editorial writer, but the theater conversation is still here with us to our sorrow and sometimes to our complete exasperation.

You who frequently attend the movies know the familiar pest quite well. Sometimes it takes the form of one who insists upon reading the subtitles aloud, probably upon the mistaken assumption that his neighbors are blind and that he is doing them a favor by giving them the benefit of his own knowledge of the printed word. Often, too, it takes the form of a group of girls displaying their wit by making comments upon the scenes of the picture. Or it may manifest itself in the mumbled monotonies of a conversation carried on by seat mates who have never learned the meaning of silent enjoyment.

In whatever form it is heard, it is an expression of selfishness and thoughtless lack of consideration for others. Now that we have sound with our pictures the nuisance is more aggravated than when the screen drama was silent. Since it is impossible for the management and the owners to control the conversation it is left to minimize the annoyance by setting aside one section and placing it in this section for those who insist upon being heard.—Astoria Budget.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

MANY a man who's a big noise at the office doesn't even dare squeak at home.

Wonders of Nature—Every cloud has a silver lining, but a pessimist will tell you that it's only nickel plated.

The Unfair Sex—Heart balm was invented so that a woman could collect fifteen or twenty thousand dollars from some man and not be obligated to him.

Auto-Suggestion—The trouble with lady motorists is that we never know what they're driving at.

You're Right—Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

The Good Old Days—A girl may be as pretty as a picture, but the first thing a man looks at is the frame.

Social Accomplishments—Being a bigamist and having two wives, one for love and one for housework.

Take It or Leave It—Several large automobile concerns are now using railroad crossings for distributing points.

Our Own Vaudeville—Employer: I want to warn you that your hours will be long. Cashier: That's all right, my books will probably be short.

Talks on Health
By DR. R. S. COPELAND

EVERY year millions of dollars are wasted through absence from business due to illness. This means much in the commercial world, but what does it mean in terms of wasted health to the individuals who suffer from illness?

The majority of city dwellers today are living unnatural lives so far as fresh air and sunlight are concerned. Shut in for long hours in the day, business and professional people, and many housewives, too, are cut off from the life-giving rays of the sun.

Our modern school system requires the child to spend the best hours of the day in the classroom. He is there during the brightest hours of sunshine and deprived of its benefits. He needs the ultra-violet rays of the sun to stimulate the chemical activities of the body. He needs them to aid in his growth.

Educators have awakened to these truths. They know now that in the construction of school buildings something must be provided for besides heating, lighting and ventilation. It is realized now that it is equally important for the pupils to be provided with sunlight.

For some years past experiments have been conducted to test the comparative merits of the various types of window glass. Efforts have been made to find one that permits the ultra-violet rays to penetrate. Ordinary window glass does not have this property because of certain substances in its composition. Already many schools, hospitals and public buildings have been equipped with such glass.

An interesting test of the effects from this window glass was made at the Adams school in Jelm, Mich. From February 1 to June 1 one group of children occupied a room with a southern exposure that was equipped with an ultra-violet transmitting glass. Another group was kept in a room which had windows of ordinary glass.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a very young girl, fifteen years old; mother lets me go to shows and parties with young friends whom she knows and approves of.

The young friends I know seem to be the "necking" type, and I don't believe in it.

I met an elderly fellow, a while ago, who was very gentlemanly.

Mother and I, who did not know whether I should go with a person at least six years older than myself, thought that we would ask your opinion of this.

I don't want you to think that I am a "foolish young girl," who thinks she is in love.

A "YOUNG INQUIRER."

Word was received here today that Knodel Caves, a former Roseburg boy, was among the American sailors wounded on the gunboat Palos in China, July 31. Due to the hardships of travel he will not reach the hospital until tomorrow, as it takes six weeks to make the trip from the point 400 miles in the interior of China to the naval hospital at Canele, Philippine Islands.

The young man was shot through the left side, according to word received by Mrs. Joe Kromminga, at whose home he resided for a year before his enlistment. His condition was not thought to be serious, according to the report, but he will be in the hospital for several weeks. His mother, Mrs. C. E. Norton, resides at North Bend.

EX-ROSEBURG BOY WOUNDED IN CHINA

Corvallis Golfers Defeat Roseburg

The Roseburg Country club golf team, which went to Corvallis Sunday, was defeated by a large score by the Corvallis players, who are classed as among the best in the state. The Roseburg players, however, greatly enjoyed the tournament, and were really entertained by the Corvallis club. The return match will be played in Roseburg, Sunday, September 21.

Returns to Klamath Falls—Miss Mabel Schneider has returned to her home in Klamath Falls, after spending a week vacationing in Roseburg and Cottage Grove. She formerly worked in the local J. C. Penney store before accepting a position as saleslady in the Klamath Falls Golden Rule store. She is a daughter of Mrs. Belle Schneider of this city.

CALL FOR BIDS

For Installation of Sprinkler System.

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, at the courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon, at 10:30 A. M. on the 15th day of September, 1930, for the installation of a sprinkler system for the courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon.

No bid will be considered unless accompanied by cash, bidder's bond or certified check for an amount equal to at least five (5) per cent of the total amount of the bid.

A sufficient bond will be required for the faithful performance of the contract in a sum equal to the total amount of the bid.

Plans, specifications, forms of contract, proposal blanks and full information for bidders may be obtained at the office of the County Clerk at the Courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a very young girl, fifteen years old; mother lets me go to shows and parties with young friends whom she knows and approves of.

The young friends I know seem to be the "necking" type, and I don't believe in it.

I met an elderly fellow, a while ago, who was very gentlemanly.

Mother and I, who did not know whether I should go with a person at least six years older than myself, thought that we would ask your opinion of this.

I don't want you to think that I am a "foolish young girl," who thinks she is in love.

A "YOUNG INQUIRER."

Word was received here today that Knodel Caves, a former Roseburg boy, was among the American sailors wounded on the gunboat Palos in China, July 31. Due to the hardships of travel he will not reach the hospital until tomorrow, as it takes six weeks to make the trip from the point 400 miles in the interior of China to the naval hospital at Canele, Philippine Islands.

The young man was shot through the left side, according to word received by Mrs. Joe Kromminga, at whose home he resided for a year before his enlistment. His condition was not thought to be serious, according to the report, but he will be in the hospital for several weeks. His mother, Mrs. C. E. Norton, resides at North Bend.

EX-ROSEBURG BOY WOUNDED IN CHINA

Corvallis Golfers Defeat Roseburg

The Roseburg Country club golf team, which went to Corvallis Sunday, was defeated by a large score by the Corvallis players, who are classed as among the best in the state. The Roseburg players, however, greatly enjoyed the tournament, and were really entertained by the Corvallis club. The return match will be played in Roseburg, Sunday, September 21.

Returns to Klamath Falls—Miss Mabel Schneider has returned to her home in Klamath Falls, after spending a week vacationing in Roseburg and Cottage Grove. She formerly worked in the local J. C. Penney store before accepting a position as saleslady in the Klamath Falls Golden Rule store. She is a daughter of Mrs. Belle Schneider of this city.

CALL FOR BIDS

For Installation of Sprinkler System.

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, at the courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon, at 10:30 A. M. on the 15th day of September, 1930, for the installation of a sprinkler system for the courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon.

No bid will be considered unless accompanied by cash, bidder's bond or certified check for an amount equal to at least five (5) per cent of the total amount of the bid.

A sufficient bond will be required for the faithful performance of the contract in a sum equal to the total amount of the bid.

Plans, specifications, forms of contract, proposal blanks and full information for bidders may be obtained at the office of the County Clerk at the Courthouse in Roseburg, Oregon.

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XLVII

Dan'l had had no chance to straighten the lance; it was bent at right angles in the middle. When Brander and the seamen rolled on the floor, Dan'l lifted the weapon to bring it down like a hoe on Brander's back. The struggling men rolled away; the blade struck and stuck in the planking of the floor.

Brander got his man's throat and crushed it so that the man lay still. Dan'l was tugging to get the blade free of the wood. Then Faith appeared in the doorway of the after cabin. She was weak and sick and trembling; she gripped the doorpost with her left hand. With her right she lifted a revolver.

"Dan'l," she cried, "stop!" His back was turned toward her; but at her word he whirled, saw her, and sprang toward her, roaring. Brander was too far away to come between them. Faith walked till Dan'l was within six feet of her. Then she lowered her weapon's muzzle and shot him through the knee. He fell on his face at her feet, utterly disabled, and the senses went out of him.

As the echoes of the shot died in that narrow space, a great silence settled down upon the Sally Sims.

What shadows remained Roy was able to clear away—Roy, who had hated both Brander and Faith, yet in whom lived a strain of true blood that could not but answer to the good in these two in the end. The evil in Dan'l had been written in his face for any man to see, when Roy found him clutching Faith; and Roy was not blind.

The boy abashed himself; he was pitifully ashamed. Still hoarse from the choking Dan'l had given him, he told how he had stolen the whisky at a ten-gallon keg in the filled jug in Brander's boat with the liquor, and had hidden a bottle in Brander's bunk, and had led to old Tichel in the matter. He told the whole tale and made his peace with them, while Faith and Brander watched each other over the boy's sobbing head with eloquent eyes.

For the rest—Silva was dead, and they buried him in the sand of the beach. Brander had a shallow knife-cut along the ribs; Willie Cox had a broken jaw. The others had suffered nothing worse than bruises, save only Dan'l Tobey. Dan'l's knee was smashed and splintered, and he lay in a stupor in the cabin, Willis watching beside him.

Those who had fled to the boats came shamefully back at last. Faith and Brander met them at the rail, and Faith spoke to them. But there was a chance of wiping out the score by bending to the toll she set them. They were already sick of adventuring; they already sick of adventuring like homesick boys. She and Brander told them what to do, and drove them to it.

Before the day was gone they had half her load out of the Sally; and at fall night, with a light every hand lugging at a line or breasting a capstan-bar, they hauled her off. She slid an inch, two inches, four. She moved a foot, three feet. They freed her by sheer power of their determination that she must come free. Then the boats lowered and towed her safe off shore and anchored her there.

After that it took three days to get the casks inboard again and stowed below. In those three days Dan'l Tobey passed from suffering to delirium. Brander had tended the wound as best he could, but the bone was splintered and the flesh was shattered, and there came an hour when the flesh about the wound turned green and black.

"He's got to lose either leg or life," Brander told Faith. She did not ask him if he were sure; she knew him well enough now never to doubt him again. But Dan'l, in an interval of lucidity, had heard.

"Take it off, Brander," he croaked. "Take it off. Get the axe man!" Brander bent over him. "I'll do my best for you." Dan'l grinned with the old jeer in his eyes.

"Aye, I've no doubt, Mr. Brander. Go at it, man!" They had not so much as a vial of morphine to deaden the pain, and Dan'l shuddered at the thought of the first stroke of the knife, which Brander had whetted to a razor keenness. His body twitched in the grip of Willis Cox and Loum. Faith helped Brander to tie the arteries; Roy stood by to give what aid he could.

When it was done Faith said the Sally would lie at anchor till Dan'l died or mended; and in two weeks Brander told her the man would live. She nodded.

"Then we'll go out and fill our casks," she said. "And then for home!" Brander looked at her with shining eyes.

"Aye, fill our casks," he agreed, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to stick to that task till it was done.

Dan'l was going to live; but the man was broken. He could not quit his bunk though the months of the homeward cruise; he was wasted by the fury of his own passions. By the shock of his crippling injury. He had aged; there was no longer any strength in the man. So old Tichel came into his own at last; he began to show his master of the ship, and Faith was content to let him hold the reins, so long as he did as she desired.

Willis Cox yielded precedence to Brander. Brander was mate. When they sighted whales all three of them lowered while Faith kept ship. Their work had been nearly done before. Soils died; they lacked less than a dozen whales by all. Young Roy, to his vast content, was allowed to take out a boat and kill one of that last dozen, while

Brander, in his boat, lay watchfully by.

Came a day when the trying-out was done that Brander went to Faith.

"We're bung up," he said. "The last cask's awaiting full." Faith nodded happily, and swung to Mr. Tichel.

"Then let's for home," she said. For the rest, the story tells itself. They sailed into the nearest island port where they recovered the water casks and took on wood and water for the five months' homeward way. They stocked with potatoes and vegetables. The crows' nests came down, and to-gallant masts were set to carry canvas on the passage. The gear was stripped from the whale-boats and stowed away, and two of the boats were lashed atop the boat-house with the spars. The rigging had a touch of tar, the hull and spars took a lick of paint, the woodwork shone with scraping.

To sea, then, the first day out saw the dismantling of the try-works; and broken bricks flew overboard for half that day, all hands joining in the sport of it. Then a clean deck and a stout northwest wind behind them, and the long easy stretch to the Horn was begun.

That homeward cruise was a pleasant time for Faith and Brander. They were much together, speaking little, speaking not at all of themselves; save once when Faith said, smiling at him shyly: "I knew you hadn't died it, even when I told them to put you in iron."

"I knew you knew," they both understood; their eyes said what their lips were not yet ready to say.

There was a reticence upon them. Faith on the deck of her husband's ship, still felt the shadow of Noll Wing in her life. Brander, too, felt its presence. It made neither of them unhappy; they respected it. Faith was never ashamed of Noll. He had been a man. She had loved him; she was proud that he had loved her.

Day by day they were together, on deck or below, while the winds worked of them and the stars in their courses watched over them. Through the chill of southern waters they rounded the cape. Tichel, looking back at it, waved his hand in valedictory.

"What are you thinking, Mr. Tichel?" Faith asked. "Saying good-bye to old Cape Stiff there," he chuckled. "I'll not come this way again."

"Well, South well," she told him. "You're captain of your own ship now; and will be next cruise." He shook his head.

"I know when I'm well off, young lady," he persisted. "Old Tichel's ready to stick ashore now."

She left him staring back across the dull, cold sea. He stood there stiffly till night came down upon the waters.

After that they struck warmer winds, with a pleasant ocean all about the send of spray sweet upon their cheeks, and the Sally fat with oil beneath their feet. It was a happy time when Faith and Brander, with never a word and never a touch of hands, grew close as man and woman can grow.

Never a cloud in the skies from their last kill to the day they picked up the tug that shunted them alongside their wharf at home.

There are many things that never get into the log. Faith had no vengeful heart toward Dan'l; the man had reaped what he sowed. With the Sally, Noll Wing's ship, safe home again, she was willing to forget what had passed. She told Dan'l so. She was dead; the others had been but instruments. The matter was done.

Dan'l, possessed by a creeping apathy nodded his thanks to her and turned away his head. The man was dying where he lay; he would not long survive.

Old Jim Kileup was at the wharf to hug Faith against his broad chest—an older Jim than when she went away, but a glad Jim to see her home again. Jonathan felt was with him, asking anxiously for Noll. When Faith told him Noll was gone, old Jonathan fell sorrowfully silent. The whole town would mourn Noll; he had been one of its heroes.

"He's dead, sir," Faith said proudly; "but this was his fattest cruise. Noll Wing never brought home a better cargo than he's sent now."

She gave Brander so much credit for that, and for other things, that Jonathan hooked his arm in that of the young man and walked with him thus when they all went to the office to hear Cap'n Tichel make his report.

Jim sat there listening, with proud eyes on Faith, while Tichel told the story, and Faith listened and looked now and then at Brander, where he stood in the shadows by the window. In the end Tichel said straightforwardly that he was content with what life had brought him, that he was through with the sea. But he pointed toward Brander.

"There's a man that'll beat Noll Wing's best for you," he said. Jonathan got up, a spry old figure, and crossed to grip Brander by the hand.

"You'll take out a ship o' mine?" he asked. Brander hesitated, and his eyes crossed to meet Faith's, as if to ask permission. Faith nodded faintly.

"Yes, sir, if you like," he said. "I do like," said Jonathan briskly. "That's settled then." Tichel and Willis went back to the ship. Old Jim and Jonathan and Faith and Brander talked together a little longer. And it came to pass that Faith and Brander drew apart by the window, where they could look down the length of the littered wharf to the Sally. They stood with shoulders touching, looking at the ship thinking many things.

After a time he forgot the ship and turned to her, and she lifted to his eyes her eyes that shone everything. He said a little huskily: "I've much to say to you that's never been said. Will you let me come to your home this night for the saying?"

She smiled gloriously. "Do come." THE END.

(Copyright 1930, by Ben Ames Williams, Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

PROGRAM ON YUKON ADVISED LOCALLY

The Memory Lane program broadcast over the network of the National Broadcasting company Thursday, September 11, and Tuesday, September 16, will feature a Yukon program, suggested by S. B. Dunn, of the Alaska-Yukon association of Douglas county. Mr. Dunn, president of the local "congruous" organization, sent the broadcasting company material from which to arrange this unusual broadcast. Thursday's program this week will be from 9 to 9:30 p. m., and the following program, which will be on Tuesday night, will be from 9:30 to 10 o'clock.

SMITH RIVER BRIDGE PLANS AGREED ON

Plans for the proposed bridge over the north fork of Smith River are being prepared by Floyd Frear, county engineer, and will be forwarded to Washington, D. C., within a short time. Commissioners Rusebank, and Clough and Engineer Frear went to Empire City Friday and consulted with Captain R. F. Cole, U. S. roads and harbors engineer, presenting the tentative plans for the proposed bridge, which in his opinion were satisfactory. The complete plans, however, must have the approval of the war department.

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

Fishing tackle at Idwyld Park—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Picnicking at Idwyld Park—Adv.

CATARRH of head or throat is usually benefited by the vapors of—

25¢
21¢
VICKS VapoRub
OVER 15 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY