

Roseburg News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Co., Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 11, 1920, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of
March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year, by mail, \$1.00
Daily, single months, by mail, 50
Daily, by carrier, per month, 25

City Treasurer Must Be Chosen

FOR ten years W. F. Thomas has faithfully served the city of Roseburg as city treasurer. This year he decided not to seek reelection. Mr. Thomas does not expect to retire from active work but has expressed himself as feeling that he should now give some one else a chance to be city treasurer.

The office of city treasurer is an important one for through it must pass the funds of the city and the records of the office must be most carefully and meticulously kept. Roseburg has been singularly fortunate in that during the past twenty years no more than three different people have held this position. Steady, reliable people, you see, have been engaged in keeping the records of our city.

Now with Mr. Thomas virtually resigning from the office by not seeking reelection, we are compelled to select a person to succeed him. Voters in the coming election will be given a chance to choose from among three persons, all of whom are fully qualified, to take the place left vacant by Mr. Thomas.

The three candidates are R. T. Ashworth, T. J. Brown and Mrs. Lillian B. Davis.

R. T. (Bob) Ashworth has been in public life for many years as a deputy sheriff in the tax collecting department. He is well known here. T. J. (Tom) Brown has been interested in mining work many years of his life but a few years ago, due to an injury was compelled to give up outdoor work. He has since been doing accounting work for the Oregon Granite company and for other local concerns. Mrs. Lillian B. Davis now employed in bookkeeping and clerical work here was, until a few months ago, a clerk and auditor in the office of the county school superintendent.

Although political party affiliations have little or nothing to do with city office candidates may, if they choose, state their party affiliation opposite their names on the ballot. Mr. Ashworth states that he is non-partisan. Mr. Brown that he is a republican and Mrs. Davis gives no affiliation.

The long mooted question, is a cantaloupe a fruit or a vegetable, has arisen again. That's easy. A cantaloupe from the Umpqua valley is a fruit, but elsewhere it's only a vegetable.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

Our Tourist Possibilities

(Ashland Times)
SOUTHERN OREGON is unquestionably assuming leadership in the Oregon tourist business—largely because there is no section of the Pacific coast country which has more to offer than this region. This includes the Redwood and the Pacific highways and the adjoining territory.

During the 1929 tourist season, registrations in southern Oregon have increased, whereas in the state as a whole registrations have decreased.

As pointed out by others, this does not necessarily mean that tourists have visited other parts of the state than in 1929, although we believe it is probably a fair statement.

Southern Oregon does not want to boost its tourist business at the expense of the rest of the state. In fact we want to blend our attractions to the attraction appeal that Oregon makes to the tourists.

However, it remains true that southern Oregon—from Eugene south, or even from Roseburg or Grants Pass, south, has a wonderful assortment of attractions. And these attractions have brought thousands of tourists into Oregon who visited the southern district wonders and then left the state—particularly true of California.

Just take a few of the southern Oregon attractions—Crater lake, Oregon caves, Redwood and Pacific highways, Klamath lakes, Rogue river.

And it would be too lengthy to list the many attractions of this section—but they are serving as a powerful influence in making Oregon the outstanding tourist state in the northwest.

Corporation Salaries

(Salmon Statesman)
Eugene Gray, president of Bethlehem Steel, drew a salary of \$12,000 last year, but he got a bonus of over a million dollars. To our provincial mind this seems like pillage of the stockholders whose servant he was presumed to be. A writer in the "American Mercury" concludes his life insurance contract because they pay large salaries. For example, Darwin P. Kingsley, president of New York Life, received a salary of \$126,000 in 1928.

and Haley Fluke, then president of Metropolitan Life, now deceased, was paid \$200,000. The president of the New York Central railroad got \$53,500 and of the Pennsylvania \$57,600.

Comparisons with these salaries will show at once that the bonus system used in Bethlehem Steel was exorbitant, far out of line with corporation salaries in comparable positions. Running the Pennsylvania railroad for example is surely more arduous and more exacting in its requirements than running Bethlehem Steel.

Where corporations are publicly owned as are virtually all the big corporations at present, there should be full publicity not only of their earnings but of the salaries and bonuses which are paid. These facts should be made known, if not to the general public, at least to the stockholders. Public resentment will rise in fury against corporation executives who mislead the treasuries of the companies entrusted to their care. An aroused conscience must accomplish more than general statutes of corporation law; but one way or another, results must be secured for the protection of the public, the employees and the investors of great corporations.

Mr. Blease Is Retired

(Klamath Falls Herald)

The state of South Carolina seems to have taken advantage of the recent primary election to do nothing itself but the rest of the nation a good turn.

Cole Blease was never exactly an ornament to the U. S. senate. As a defender of lynching, a scouter at the constitution and a drinking dry he was often rather hard to put up with.

Now South Carolina has retired him. James E. Byrnes will replace him, and it is hardly stretching things to say that both South Carolina and the U. S. senate will be better off. Blease represented the noisy, blatant type of "statesmanship" that the country can very well do without. The voters of South Carolina are to be congratulated.

43 PCT. OF NEW OREGON SETTLERS FROM CALIFORNIA

The importance of California as a source of new population for Oregon is indicated in the report just issued by Manager W. G. Ide of the state chamber of commerce which shows that of the total number of 550 new families who arrived in Oregon and located in various counties since January 1, of this year, 238 or about 43 percent came from our neighboring state on the south. The new families from California invested \$957,000 and bought approximately 13,260 acres of land. The average investment per family was slightly over \$3000, showing that people of means are being secured as new settlers. Manager Ide points out that many of the families coming to Oregon from California were attracted to the latter state largely through national advertising but upon arrival they were unable to find suitable land and other opportunities to their liking. The Los Angeles office of the state chamber is contacting hundreds of these families monthly now and offers them complete information on Oregon and then directs them to this state. Sales to new families sent north in this manner now average four per week and this number is mounting as the Los Angeles office is becoming better advertised and known in the southwest.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

who shoot at anything that moves.

HERE is another random sentence from the day's news: "The American National Retail Jewelers association today adopted a resolution recommending that men wear a wrist watch for convenience and a pocket watch for accuracy."

Probably you have heard the story of the man who cut a big hole in the woodhouse door for the cat and a little hole for the kitten. If so, you are reminded of it.

ANOTHER brief extract from the news, this time from Moscow: "Right persons accused of counter revolutionary activity, including two priests, were shot today. They had been convicted of anti-soviet propaganda."

So, you see, the soviet, which poses as something new in the world, isn't new at all. It is just another manifestation of the old, old idea of getting on top by force and staying there in the same way.

THE world has many problems to solve. A few optimistic souls have expressed the hope that in some way or other the Russian revolution might contribute to the desired solution.

If all the revolutionists can think of is taking those who don't agree with their theories out and shooting them against a wall, the hope is vain.

Shooting people who don't agree with you is a mighty poor way of solving problems.

Will Attend College—Jack Gibbs, of Roseburg, left Sunday for Corvallis, where he is enrolled in the school of aviation. Mr. Gibbs has been working in the MacMurtrei store in Manford and Yreka, California, during the summer months. He worked for the local MacMurtrei store in Roseburg during his high school years.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A CHICAGO woman threw her radio set out of the window the other day. She said she could get better programs on the dumb-waiter.

Acc of Cads—The pedestrian who fills his pockets with tacks.

Momentous Moments—When the man who was tarred and feathered begins to moul.

Social Errors—Having coins on the side of your mouth from drinking out of saucers.

To Whom It May Concern—Welfare workers have warned us against free love, but they haven't told us where we can find it.

Frenzied Finance—Everything is so high lately that even a germ nowadays can't live on anything less than a five dollar bill.

Metropolitan Mores—The father who tips his son's lollipops in castor oil.

Auto-Suggestion—When better traffic laws are made, motorists will continue to break them.

Pitiful Cases—The deaf and dumb man who hollered so loud he broke his wrist.

Our Own Vaudeville—Brown: How is it that you never see any old saxophone players? Smith: They don't live that long.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

I RECENTLY received a letter from a mother whose son had been very ill with tetanus. She wishes to know something more about this serious condition.

Tetanus is an infectious disease, characterized by rigid, or unrelaxing spasms of the muscles. The more familiar name is "lockjaw," as the symptom commonly seen is a clamping or rigidity of the jaws.

Tetanus is generally caused by infection of wound. Occasionally cases have been caused by inhalation of infected dust, or by eating uncooked vegetables which were contaminated. The germ is found especially about stables, gardens or other places where the earth has been enriched.

Many cases followed wounds from cap pistols and blank cartridges used in celebrating the Fourth of July until the sale of these dangerous playthings was reduced by repeated warnings. During the World War many cases developed among the soldiers.

Usually the first symptom is a feeling of stiffness in the neck muscles. The stiffness spreads to the muscles of the jaw and of the face. The muscles of the throat become involved, causing difficulty in swallowing.

As the body muscles are affected and the spasms develop, the body may be so arched as to be raised from the bed, until only the head and heels are touching the bed. The spasms are accompanied by terrific pain.

To avoid trouble all wounds must be looked after. If there is the least suspicion that a wound has been made by some infected article, be sure to thoroughly cleanse the wound, enlarging it if necessary. Cauterization is desirable. As soon as possible tetanus antitoxin should be administered by your physician.

As the symptoms develop the patient must be kept quiet in a dark room. All irritants, such as sudden light or sound, jarring of the bed, or even a light touch on the skin must be avoided. They bring on the spasms.

Sleep must be obtained. To this end sedatives will be prescribed by the doctor in charge.

There is a valuable serum used to prevent or combat tetanus. Your doctor will tell you about it.

Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. A. G. E. Q.—How long af-

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I have been reading your advice to other girls and I would love to have you advise me.

I am just sixteen and am in love with a boy the age of twenty-six. I love him very much but he doesn't give a snap for me. I think he likes me as a friend, but as a sweetheart, I don't think he does. I have known him for a year and a half. There has never been a man that I've been so crazy about. But don't tell me to leave him alone, please. But tell me how to get him to like me even just a little bit. I have tried to tell him that I love him. So please don't tell me to quit him. My mother doesn't approve of him. I will thank you very much if you tell how to win him.

LONESOME SALLIE.

LONESOME SALLIE: If you know more about life, you would be grateful that the man is decent enough to care for you merely as a friend, and no doubt he looks upon you as a nice child and that's all. You surely do not think that a man ten years the senior of a sixteen year old miss can have much in common with her, unless she be of very superior intelligence. If your parents do not approve of him, I can tell you that you are going to get him into an unpleasant situation if you persist in running after him.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl sixteen years of age and in love with a boy seventeen. I have never been personally introduced to him, although I know his name. He seems to know me when he sees me, although he doesn't know I love him.

I first saw him at a dance and I loved him at first sight. When I went home I thought of him deeply, and a few weeks ago I attended another dance and he was there. We danced together and talked, but I could not tell him I loved him, as he didn't seem to be talking of love.

Please give me your advice as to how I can win him or tell him I love him.

UNKNOWN LOVE.

UNKNOWN LOVE: You had the opportunity to become acquainted with the young man at the dance that you both attended. If he was sufficiently interested in you surely he would have taken the initiative—that much must be plain to you. If you should meet him again by your pleasing manner and cordial attitude you will gain his friendship. In the meantime, give your attention to your lessons, for your life is before you, and, regardless of the young man or not, it has to be lived out, and it is up to you to get the best out of it.

MELON INDUSTRY GIVEN PUBLICITY

Walter R. May, of the Portland Oregonian, who was a member of the Portland chamber of commerce excursion party that visited in Roseburg yesterday, was the writer of a very fine article in Sunday's Oregonian dealing with the melon industry in the Umpqua valley.

Mr. May devoted two columns to the visit paid by the Portland men to the melon fields and gave some very interesting information regarding the work being done this year and the prospects for coming seasons.

TRUCK OVERTURNS BESIDE HIGHWAY

A truck belonging to F. W. Deedon of Noti, Oregon, was wrecked Saturday in Sutherlin, but the occupants escaped serious injury.

The truck was crowded off the road just at the northern limits of the ditch beside the highway. The machine was loaded with household goods, and much of the furniture was damaged. Mrs. Deedon suffered numerous bruises.

By Geo. McManus



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"Judy"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

Judith Archer, young school teacher, is aboard ship on a well-earned vacation. Her mother, whom she supports, meets a Mr. Tennant. Judy, realizing she is unattractive, is lonely. Her prejudice against men weakens when she receives attention from Kit Camps, ship's radio operator.

CHAPTER VIII.

Betsy Rowe's stateroom was the tiniest on all the ship. And the darkest. It was tucked away at the corner of an inner tier of cabins and the steward used it as a catch-all for his brooms and dust mops on most voyages since even the most thrifty of vacationists usually refused it.

But the room suited Betsy. "Got it for a song," she told Judy. "What do I care where I sleep? A live girl's never in her cabin unless she's asleep. Besides I had other uses for my nickels and dimes. Sit down, Judy—over there on the bed—till I show you."

There was nowhere to sit by on the bed. Clothes were scattered everywhere; the wash basin and the one chair were piled with powder boxes, rouge boxes, perfume bottles, brushes, combs—everything.

Betsy began to try things on. She would scoop up a lovely frilly gown from the floor, slide it over her head, go undulating like a manikin in the narrow space beside the bed.

"Like it, Ju? Cost a pretty penny I'm telling you. This ought to knock 'em for a row of painted-toe poles!"

Frills, thin, whiplash drapings; delicate silks. Pretty little impractical sports things designed for anything but sports. Shoes which might have stepped from magazine ads. Frenchy, slanted hats.

Judy thrilled a little, envied a little. "Nothing suitable for a sea trip, Betsy. What in the world will you do if it storms?"

Betsy perched on the edge of the berth and swung long, unstockinged legs in high-heeled green slippers and puffed smoke rings at the skylight.

"If it storms I'll be cuddled in some warm corner wrapping myself around a high-ball, dearie. Who cares for 'suitable' clothes? No girl ever caught a handsome man with 'suitable' clothes."

"Is that what you came for? To catch a man? I expect you're just being smart."

"You burn me up, Ju. A husband—the right one, I mean—man with looks and coin and all the trimmings—is what all of us want. Isn't it? Why not be honest? No sense to mid-Victorian stuff. The coy and blushing maiden is out, old don't. She's as out as hoop skirts and men getting on their knees to propose."

"How do men propose these days?"

"Oh, they have their preferences. Some grab you by the neck while you're dancing and holler above the saxophones: 'What d'ya say, baby? Shall we jazz the Lohengrin?'"

"Well, I think girls are the losers. Better drop it all—legs and marriage—the whole business—than be treated like that part of the evening entertainment. You're wrong, Betsy; every girl isn't staking a husband. There are some left who don't go around using sex for a snare, thank goodness. Girls have learned that the feminine brain is equal to the very finest variety of male ditty and a lot of them are using that knowledge to advantage."

"They're the new women. You brazen hussies are almost as out as the Victorian virgins, really."

"Still harping on the career thing I see. Don't be dumb, Ju. Darn it all, why don't you stop getting yourself up like a comedy old maid? If you wouldn't skin your hair back till it draws wrinkles in your forehead and if you'd ditch the chambermaids' slinky dress for a break, I'll bet—Judy, I'll bet you'd land your man first of any girl on this boat!"

"That's enough," Judy's voice cracked with scorn. "When I land my man—I won't, but if I ever I should—it will be a man who doesn't let himself be hypnotized by frilly clothes and a cherub bob."

"Wrong, as usual. Way to a man's heart isn't through his intelligence any more than it's through his stomach—not before he's married, at least. It's through his eyes, dear, and I don't mean probably around the neck. They say we're off Maine, which ought to prove something or other."

Judy did not enjoy the walk. Betsy put on a white coat and a little white hat and left her legs bare. She halted everybody by first names and invited one and all to join a "little shindy" in her cabin later.

Judy got away at last. She lay on her bed and tried to read "Evangeline," which seemed appropriate. But she went to sleep instead.

Peggy awakened her toward evening. "If it isn't just like you! Go on a vacation and sleep it away. You've simply got to dress tonight!"

But Judy wanted only to get out on deck, feel the wind in her face. She splashed a small tin of nail polish on her fingers, reached for her hair into the hardest, tightest knot she could manage. Rushed to the trunk and felt about for the familiar blue sateen.

It was not there. She found a sweater jacket and skirt, marine blue trimmed with jade. And a white crêpe de Chine suit. And dresses—dozens of them. All frilly and lacy like Betsy Rowe's. But the sateen. She would be lost without it.

"I just hadn't the nerve to tell you sooner, lamb," said Peggy. "I packed your things—the sateen and your Oxford's and the tailored blouse—all in one bag. And would you believe it? That bag is

right in the corner of the upstairs hallway this very minute!"

"Oh, you can't mean we forgot it!"

"Something like that. But you'll get along, dear. Plenty of new things. Try the pink chiffon with the velvet coat."

Face gone blank and unhappy. Judy made a ring of rose-colored chiffon, drey the ring down over her head.

She had to admit that there was something about the gown after all. Something that made her feel petite, very slim and graceful as she turned before the mirror. She wondered if fluffy things always did that to a girl.

Little pointed ends of chiffon swirling about her ankles—they made her feet look tiny and her insteps very arched. And the great bow of tulle puffing out over her left hip and floating away in an airy panel was something out of a French fashion magazine. But something was wrong.

From the tips of the little silver slippers, Peggy brought out of

LYLE CONSPIRACY

CASE DEFENDANTS

FREED BY VERDICT

(Associated Press United Wire)

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 22.—Victimized by a jury of their peers, the four defendants in the Lyle-Whitney conspiracy trial terminated with a verdict of acquittal Saturday at midnight, were free from worries incident to the trial today for the first time in six weeks.

The man, Roy C. Lyle, former assistant prohibition administrator; William A. Watney, his chief assistant; Earl Corwin and K. L. Fryant, former agents, were cleared of the government's charge that they had accepted bribes from rum runners to influence their official acts.

Whitney still has an indictment outstanding against him in which he is charged with perjury in connection with a liquor case prosecuted during his term of office. United States Attorney Anthony Savage said he was uncertain what action would be taken on the remaining indictment. While trial on this count is tentatively set for two weeks from today, the report persisted the action would be dismissed, in view of the verdict in the Lyle-Whitney case.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Dr. J. Ralph Magee, state president of the Anti-Saloon league, urged reinstatement of Lyle, Whitney and Corwin who were suspended from the prohibition unit when the grand jury indictments were returned. Magee said he was speaking only for himself, as the league had taken no action as yet.

Fryant had resigned from the prohibition service some time before the indictment and was employed as a King county deputy sheriff. It was predicted Sheriff Claude G. Bannick would offer to reinstate Fryant.

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

Call 277

FOR FALL

DRY CLEANING

In the hurry and excitement of fall buying, it is wise to remember that the articles you don't have to purchase count just as much toward social appearance as those you do. Brighten up the old dresses, the suits, rugs, drapes, etc., by sending them to us for a complete dry-cleaning. We will help you make the old just as good as the new.

Imperial Cleaners

342 N. Jackson Phone 277

"Cheapness" is contagious