Roseburg News-Review

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

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, 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

Douglas Is Willing

PORTLAND newspapers have been inclined to report the recent highway commission meeting, in which Douglas county officials told the commission of this county's financial problems, in a manner that has placed us in a bad light over the state with reference to the completion of the Roosevelt highway. The highway commission knows and is not critical of Douglas county's position. Portland newspapers, on the other hand in their stories of the commission meeting picture our county as deliberately holding up the coast highway project. This is not the truth.

Here are the facts which have a direct bearing on this situation. In all sections of this county where county general road fund aid is given, a highway improvement district has been formed. The funds from the county are matched on a 50-50 basis by the district. On this basis the county and district cooperating have already spent $124,248 on the completed section of the Roosevelt highway in Douglas county. The total county share of the uncompleted portion is approximately $75,000. So, you see, this county has not been backward in spending money for the work on the coast road. Lane county is held up as a shining example of cooperation on the coast road but Lane county has only spent thus far, $31,000 as its share of the coast road that has been built in that county. Thus far a total of $546,000 has been spent on the Roosevelt highway in Douglas county. Thus far, a total of $87,000 has been spent on the Roosevelt highway in Lane county. No, Douglas county has not been an obstacle in the building of this coast road.

The present difficulty when sifted clear down is this: Gardiner has formed no road improvement district for the purpose of cooperating on the remaining miles of the Roosevelt highway in this county. The county does not have readily available enough money to go ahead and pay for this construction outright without the help of the Gardiner district. Furthermore the county court does not believe that it would be fair to the other districts on the same road to have made them pay and then let the Gardiner district off free.

The Douglas county court is ready to pledge enough money to match the money from the Gardiner district and so finish the road just as soon as the Gardiner district will cooperate.

These facts were all brought out at the meeting of the highway commission but the news stories emanating from the meeting did not give them.

The people of Douglas county want to see the Roosevelt highway completed. We have a large investment in it now compared to which the amount yet needed is insignificant. Douglas county is not standing in the way of highway progress. As soon as the Gardiner district is ready to pay its share, as every other district has, the money will be available.

PLANNED HEALTH MEET CALLED OFF

The health association meeting scheduled for tonight at the Elks temple has been cancelled, according to an announcement made this morning. Dr. Frederick Stricker, state health officer, at whose direction the meeting was arranged, reported that the commonwealth fund, which was expected to submit a proposition to aid the Douglas county health program, has withdrawn its offer, and that the expected funds cannot be received. The fund only goes to such communities as are supporting a health unit having a full time health officer, and as Douglas county has only a part time officer, Dr. Stricker says that the assistance will not be available.

SCHOOL HI JINKS SET FOR FRIDAY

Annual hi jinks sponsored by the student body and faculty of the senior high school will be presented at the high school auditorium Friday night of this week. This annual event is always of great interest, as it presents a very diversified evening of entertainment. Music, stunts, skits, readings, etc., are provided by students, faculty members and various outside entertainers, who put on a program of fun that is always pleasing. The proceeds received are used to apply to the football fund, and pay the admission of students to all of the games played in Roseburg. The committee in charge of this year's frolic reports that an exceptionally good program has been arranged.

MRS. MOSE TYSON'S FUNERAL HELD HERE

Funeral services for Mrs. Mose Tyson, who passed away at her home in Cottage Grove Thursday afternoon, was held Sunday at 2:00 p. m. The chapel of the Roseburg Undertaking company was filled with sorrowing relatives and friends. The floral pieces were many and beautiful. Rev. W. R. Baird conducted the services and interment took place in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Funeral arrangements were in charge of M. E. Ritter.

MRS. FLEISCHAKER RITES ARE HELD

The body of the late Mrs. Sophia Fleischaker was taken to Portland Saturday night, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Goldie Brunn, and services were held in the chapel of Holman and Lutz yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment took place in the Beth Israel cemetery. Arrangements were in charge of the Douglas Funeral home.

DR. BAIRD HEARD IN FINAL SERMONS

Rev. W. R. Baird, retiring pastor of the First Christian church, preached his farewell sermons yesterday. Large audiences were present for both the morning and evening services and five new members were added to the congregation in the closing meetings. Rev. Mr. Baird will remain in Roseburg until Wednesday to be present for the annual meeting of the congregation on October 1, and will then go to Medford to take the pastorate he has accepted there. The local church has not yet definitely selected Rev. Mr. Baird's successor but has several applications under consideration.

MADDOX INSTALLED IN NEW LOCATION

B. W. Maddox, who for several years has been operating the grocery store at the city camp ground, today opened his new uptown store in the quarters formerly occupied by the Marksbury store. The removal from the camp ground building was completed yesterday. The new quarters have been most attractively remodeled and decorated, and the store is well furnished.

HENRY HOLT RITES HELD

The remains of Henry Holt were buried at the new county cemetery yesterday afternoon. A service at four o'clock at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel was held, with Rev. W. R. Baird conducting. M. E. Ritter had charge of funeral arrangements.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

ville's, consider this: Oregon's infant mortality is the LOWEST IN AMERICA.

Such things don't just happen. There is a reason for them. Perhaps Dr. Manville has found the reason.

THE Bend Bulletin says too many mule deer are being killed in Eastern Oregon, and it gives as one reason the fact that there are too many hunters.

If this continues, the Bulletin adds, something will have to be done about it. Otherwise, mule deer will decline alarmingly in numbers.

THE excess of hunters, the Bulletin continues, has been especially noticeable this year. That raises this question: Why?

Here is ONE answer: Because, in steadily increasing numbers, hunters have been going over the mountains, from the thickly populated west side to the less thickly populated east side.

That raises another question: Why are they doing it?

THERE are several possible, and plausible, answers to this question. One is that on the east side of the mountains the timber is more open, so that game may be more easily seen, thus making hunting easier and more profitic of results, odts.

Good roads annihilate distance, so that hunters may go anywhere in the state. If they choose to go to Eastern Oregon, there is nothing to keep them from it.

HERE is another reason, which may be far fetched, or it MAY NOT be: Formerly the deer season in Oregon opened early, so that the woods everywhere were dry and hunting could be indulged in in comfort. Now it opens late, so that the woods in Western Oregon are apt to be wet.

This provides an added reason for going over the mountains to hunt, because on the east side the weather is more apt to be dry.

OPENING of the hunting season, as everyone knows, is delayed in the hope that the fire menace to the forests may thus be reduced. But this writer, for one, has never been satisfied that hunters offer any greater menace to the forests than fishermen and campers.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

THE average reformer hasn't time to mind his own business; he has all he can do to attend to yours.

The Good Old Days—Youth must be served; that's why we have waiters in bootlegging joints.

The Unfair Sex—A woman is unreasonable when she'll cover her face with beauty mud and then whip the children coming into the house with a little dirt on their hands.

Take it or Leave it—Chaperones are like adenoids; you can speak more freely without them.

Efficiency Experts—The farmer who crossed his bees with lightning bugs so that they would work at night.

Social Errors—In England they have "Ladies in Waiting," but over here it's the men who do it.

You're Wrong—A man isn't necessarily in the rubber business because he drives a sightseeing bus.

Wasted Energy—Trying to sell your wild oats to a livery stable.

Null and Void—The modest girl who tells a risque story and then holds her ears so that she won't be able to hear it.

Our Own Vaudeville—Hubby: When am I going to have that home cooked dinner you were telling me about? Wifely: As soon as I can find the can opener.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

THERE isn't the slightest doubt that the average person can add materially to his length of life. He can make his life long, happy and effective if he will keep a youthful mind and body.

But, you say, how can one keep body and mind young?

What a man eats, how he works and plays, the amount and kind of exercise he takes daily, and his mental attitude — all these have a direct bearing on good health. They promote long life.

I have been interested in hearing of the life of a certain Judge in Ohio. At seventy-eight years of age he is still on the bench. He says he never feels physically tired. I believe his story would interest my readers.

Judge Welder says he is not a pessimist. He must be an optimist, although he does not boast of that. Probably his mental attitude is the really great secret of his long life.

The Judge is now engaged in writing three books so he rises at five and works at his typewriter for two hours, then a little outdoor exercise in his yard and a bath follow, after which he has breakfast.

He walks to and from his work and spends a busy morning and afternoon at the courthouse. His sight and hearing are excellent and he walks with an alert step.

He began drinking buttermilk twenty years ago. He drinks two glasses of buttermilk and two glasses of sweet milk every day and eats little meat. He eats no bolted flour but lots of apples and other fruit.

This man at seventy-eight believes that the quality of sleep he enjoys has much to do with his good health. He usually goes to bed at ten and sleeps like a child.

Those are splendid rules for living. A wide and humanitarian interest in life, right mental attitude, wholesome living, all these things make life worth living.

If you haven't a religion, have a good philosophy. Some people call the spiritual and mental attitude one thing and some another.

Enough emphasis cannot be placed upon the relation of mind and body to health. Bad health has mentally depressing effects. Overfatigue, overeating, constipation, living in contaminated air, lack of physical exercise, insufficient and poor quality of sleep — all these lower the vitality and the resistance to disease.

Good health has an effect the very reverse of this. Given good health, right thinking and doing, the consciousness of physical strength and endurance — there is no end to the things one can accomplish in life. With a keen interest in life and human kindness for your fellow man, contentment of mind is sure to follow.

Keep young in thought and action. Map out your life. Have a time for everything and do everything on time to make your health what it should be. Then you will get the most out of life.

Answers to Health Queries

S. C. A. Q.—Is there anything one can put on the skin to make it tan instead of sunburn?

A.—Apply cocoa butter before exposing yourself to the sun.

* * *

N. F. B. Q.—What would you advise to make scars left by blackheads less noticeable?

A.—Apply hot and cold compresses alternately for ten minutes, night and morning. Follow this by gently massaging with a good cold cream.

* * *

Mrs. M. R. Q—Will anything besides an operation straighten bow legs?

A.—Not unless the patient is very young. In this case braces may be helpful.

Around.... The County

By R. R. WOOD

FOUR miles out from Drain on a mountain ranch of 160 acres, mostly timbered, and with a few acres devoted to growing hay for the team of horses and a couple of cows, the garden patch and a plot for growing kale, Holloway & Son are engaged in poultry raising. This ranch, on the Smith river road, is mostly hill side, and is valuable principally for just the purposes of poultry raising. When visited the other day, Mr. Holloway designated a pen of 400 pullets that commenced to lay a few weeks ago. These birds are in a pen 20x60 feet. On Wednesday, Sept. 24, those pullets laid 255 eggs. From the 1500 fowls that this poultry raiser has in the 280-foot laying house, divided into convenient pens, Mr. Holloway picked up on Sept. 24 exactly 721 eggs, or a trifle over 60 dozen for that day—two cases. The old hens, quite a lot of them three years of age, are moulting, so that the total production for that day was really good. The production of the 400 pullets for Sept. 24 was better than 60 per cent.

The laying house is lighted by electricity, generated by a farm lighting plant, and Mr. Holloway keeps lights on evenings and mornings so that the hens have approximately 12 hours of daylight to work in. Electricity for the house is also furnished by this system, including the electric washer and other labor saving equipment. One lot of pullets that were a product of this farm averaged over 224 eggs each during the laying year, which is a splendid record. During the last three years all of the pullets going into the laying houses for the fall have been subjected to successful vaccination for preventing fowlpox, a disease that is fatal to egg production in any flock.

There is no guess work on this poultry farm. Feeding is done scientifically, and everything is kept clean. The big granary and straw barn is in the center of the long low-roofed laying shed, so that feed can be handled economically. All feed is weighed, an average of 10 pounds of scratch being allotted each 100 hens daily. Mash is kept before them all the time. This latter feed is a commercial product, but the scratch Mr. Holloway mixes according to a formula he has found, by experience to be economical and satisfactory. His heavy feeding is at night, and in the morning he gives the hens just enough scratch to make them hustle lively to dig out their share from the litter.

These poultry raisers grow their own green feed, and a patch of kale near the laying house supplies the birds all they will eat.

Mr. Halloway located on this hill ranch six years ago, and when he went there had no capital of consequence, but started in on a small scale, determined to make the business pay its own way. How well he has succeeded may be determined when one looks over the buildings and the clearing where he grows his hay and garden stuff. He says that he intends to make this spot a real chicken farm before he gets through with it.

The business has grown with each succeeding year providing a living for the family and funds for expansion.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

Please tell me the answers to these questions:

1. How can a girl make a boy like her?
2. Should a girl call a boy on the phone?
3. If a girl has a visitor should she call a boy friend and ask him to come over and bring another boy?
4. If a girl likes a boy should she let him know it?

Nancy Lee, please answer these questions.

JUST ANOTHER QUESTION BOX.

JUST ANOTHER QUESTION BOX: 1. There is no royal recipe to be offered by which one can gain the affection of another. We are all entirely different and every case presents a different angle. 2. No, not unless there has been a previous arrangement to that effect. A boy generally has only contempt for the girl who constantly phones him, and his family generally share his feelings. 3. Yes, it would be a very pleasant and graceful gesture provided that it is not done too often. 4. She can indicate her appreciation of the boy's friendship and company without being gushing about it.

"MOTHERS-DADS" WORKERS TO SOON VISIT THIS CITY

To aid the organizations of "mothers and dads" supporting the University of Oregon throughout the state, Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall, president of the state university, and a party of officials will start on a tour of Oregon starting October 4. Among the cities to be visited are Hood River, The Dalles, Pendleton, Baker, La Grande, Heppner, Prineville, Bend, Klamath Falls, Ashland, Medford, Grants Pass and Roseburg. Mrs. John Runyan of Roseburg is in charge of the arrangements for the meeting in this city.

Those who will accompany Dr. Hall on the trip are Mrs. Walter M. Cook, Portland, president of the state association of Oregon mothers; Mrs. J. F. Hill, president of the Portland Mothers' club; Mrs. F. W. Bond, Pendleton, state vice president; Mrs. Paul Ager, executive secretary of the mothers' organization; Inez Brown Barker, vice-president of the university and Alfred Powers, dean of the university extension division.

MRS. GREENOUGH'S FUNERAL IS HELD

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church in Sutherlin yesterday afternoon for Mrs. Martha A. Greenough. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives. Her daughters were present from Sacramento. Services were conducted by Rev. F. L. Young, pastor of the Methodist church, and interment took place in the Fair Oaks cemetery. Arrangements were in charge of H. C. Stearns.

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

On a cruise with her mother, Judith Archer, young school teacher, is attracted to Kit Camp, the ship's radio operator. Though pretty, Judith's charm is hidden by her eye-glasses and conservative style of dress. Visiting the Public Gardens at Halifax, Judy hears shots as a scar-faced man dashes out of the shrubbery, followed by a dark, handsome man. Later, on board ship, Judy falls and breaks her glasses. Feeling a steadying hand on her arm, she gazes into the laughing eyes of the handsome stranger of Public Gardens. He is Tristram Millet. Judy and Tris meet Kit, who gives Judy a piercing look. Tris tells Judy she is beautiful.

CHAPTER XIV.

Betsy came dashing over, leaned down and whispered. "Stunnig Ju — a perfect wow. . .Everybody's mad about you. Ditched the cheaters — should have done this long ago—"

She was away in a whirl and Judy kept smiling, listening to the jaunty, half teasing things Tris said, asking herself how much of it all was a dream. Did people really think her good looking? As if spectacles could make all that difference!

The orchestra swung into a popular tune, a love song with a mournful note recurring over and over and the beat of tom-toms rolling through.

Tris stood up, very slim, very lithe at the edge of the gleaming floor. He held out his arms and Judy slipped into them, petite, dainty thing in turquoise blue. The rhythm caught them, absorbed them; they gave themselves to the ecstacy of perfect movement.

Judy heard his caught breath when they stopped, felt his arm tighten at her waist. She whispered, "Oh, Tris — wonderful—never such a dance—."

He was darkly flushed and silent as they went back to their seats and he kept eyeing her as if there was something he wished to know about her — some question he would not ask.

He did not invite her to dance again. Others came up — friends of Betsy's, who had given her scant nods before; she danced twice and then again, while he remained at the table smoking, watching her with that look of inquiry. And presently she began she could feel so airy, so much like a balloon she had rops all frd.

Why didn't she bristle and pick flaws in this Mr. Tristram Millet? Why had she felt that quick remorse when Kit Camp moved away with his hurt eyes?

Man-hater turned coquette—oh, no — that was silly. Sea air — it was supposed to be a maker of magic. This was magic, then; once aground it would vanish, blow into nothingness like the lovely dreams of the other Judy. Make the most of it — well, enjoy tonight— you never catch tomorrow!

She leaned across the table, chin in hand, misty gray smile seeking the dark eyes, searching his thought.

"Tris," she said, "you were in the Public Garden. I saw you there. By the fountain. Cou went into the lane."

He took a cigarette from the paper pack, lighted it very deliberately. When he looked up he had gone further into the aloneness where he was lost; he had retreated to some incredible distance and closed a door. His eyes were polite and blank.

"So it was you, Judy? I wasn't sure. You're different with the glasses."

She was baffled, thrown back upon herself. But she went on; "Something happened there, Tris—in the lane. A quarrel. There were shots. Impossible that you shouldn't have heard this. You'd just turned the shrubs."

Dark eyes meeting hers, offering her amused, unbelieving interest. "Really? What time was this? I merely walked through."

"Yes, I know that. Between the time you went into the lane and when I saw you on the street—you bowed to me then. Someone was hurt; a man ran away and he had blood on his face."

"Child—child! Imagination — you should be cashing it. Sell it to the movies! You saw the bruised and battered victim? Can give details—six foot two—missing front tooth——"

"No — not like that. But I'd know him — I'm sure of this. There's a way you know things; a feeling comes to you——"

He threw back his head, shook with laughter. 'Feminine intuition!' Didn't you fall asleep by the fountain and dream beautiful Judy? As you say, I'd have heard something. Forget it."

"Shall we walk? Prefer the sea to the smoke in here. Besides, I've something to tell you—maybe—"

She flushed beneath his steady regard — gather up her wrap. Then she caught his arm, stifling a scream.

"Tris—look! There—at the window!"

The window was a square of black mirror shimmering with light, filled by the thin gay ghosts of dancers.

An instant while Judy stretched out a shaking hand the light and shade seemed to part around a blur of faces. Nose like a parrot's beak whitened against the glass, close-set eyes turned in a piercing survey of the room.

"Tris—Oh—"

The gaze shifted to Judy—zigzagged to Tris, clung to him, blinking. The face dissolved, absorbed in the shadows, but Judy had seen the profile, the long red scar from chin to temple.

She held to Tris with both hands lest her knees turn to water and let her go slipping down, down.

"You saw? You did see? It was that man — the one that ran away——"

He took her arm, put his face close to hers. "Judy — little actress, you. Clever as well as beautiful — said I was all hung with horseshoes, didn't I? Let's go!"

He kept laughing but the curtain was drawn over his eyes. Without a word Judy let him lead her out of the glare into the fresh, windy darkness under the stars.

He pressed her arm, leaned down, spoke in a breathless way. "You're trembling, Judy? You were serious, then? Only someone stopping to look in at the dancing—why, I didn't understand this. Can't understand what frightened you."

"But you see I'm sure! Oh, you laugh at me! But I know this, that it was the man who ran away in Halifax — his face at the window. I saw the cut on his cheek and his eyes were piercing, close together. No question of this—it was that man—"

He moved up close to her as they stood there by the rail; she fancied something uphappy about him, some deep regret buried in his mind and covered over with a hard, gleaming surface. A queer bafflement behind the flash and charm, the fiery magnetism that went wrapping her with the laughing regard of his dark eyes.

"Let's walk, Judy. Supposing it was the man you saw in the Gardens—what then? Somebody from the ship looked around there. Because he ran—people do those things. Running for a taxi—thought he'd missed the boat—anything. . . . Conquer fear, Judy; a great handicap, fear . . ."

"But the shots, Tris! He was dashing away from them!"

"Ah—yes—the shots . . . . . You're certain it was shots? Not a backfire out of the street? Chance for mistake. . . . . .You see," he hurried along, "you were sure I'd seen somthing. Quite as much chance to be mistaken about this other man."

She had to admit the reasonableness of this. "Yes," she kept saying, "of course—should have thought of that—"

But questions kept turning in her heart. Too much coincidence in this; coincidence seldom existed in real life. Why did the scar-faced man search the dancers, draw back satisfied when he found Tris?

"At least there's nothing about it to touch, Judy——"

"Of course not. I—I expect I've made a lot or fuss. You see, Mr. Tristram Millet, the lady who's now luxuriating in your charming society has done all her adventuring at second hand. And now, when fate kindly throws a bone of excitement her way she must bark all around it — make it look big and thrilling and dangerous. You've been everywhere—done everything — you wouldn't understand that; how one might long for horizons and what's beyond, live part of a life in shining dreams."

"Would I not?" His voice was low. "I've done some of my living that way. Only you'll be safe; I couldn't separate the mabe-believe from the real . . Well . ." He gave a shrug, seemed to shake off a clutching, dark depression. "Got going as soon as I could. Even now I could go up and down with Diogene's lantern asking 'What's truth?' "

They both were silent, dimly sad. "Started out on adventure trails so gallantly," Judy kept thinking. "Started out shouting defiance to life. And now he's lost in that terrible aloneness. Is this the mystery? What I feel and can't explain?"

"Tell me about it, Judy." He drew her down in a deck chair, piled robes about her, sat with his arm at her back. "Tell me what you pretended, Judy. . You recall Kipling's 'Brushwood Boy'? The little boy and girl who played together all through childhood in a land of dreams and actually met and loved each other when they were grown? Perhaps our own dreams crossed."

Cheeks hot, thrillingly conscious of his arm at her back, the warm magic of him, Judy told a little about her other self. He listened with his cap across his eyes, puffing slowly at a cigarette. Endless distances away the dark broke around a splash of silver and presently a white moon rode above a path of light which struck across the tossing wastes.

Heart-breakingly romantic——oh it would vanish; it was only one of the things that belonged to the other Judy: In a little while she would awaken at the schoolhouse down the hill; the spalpeens would be giggling, whisking forbidden bean-shooters while teacher dreamed. . .

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

CROPS IN DOUGLAS RECEIVE PUBLICITY

The Sunday Portland Journal gave a great deal of very fine publicity to the Umpqua valley melon and turkey crops, devoting an entire front page of the state section to pictures and an interesting article on these two industries. The pictures were recently made by A. M. Prentiss, Portland photographer, while on a vacation trip in this vicinity. Views of the melon fields, packing plant and a large flock of turkeys made up the picture lay-out, while a two-column article contained much information regarding the progress of the cantaloupe and turkey industries in the county.

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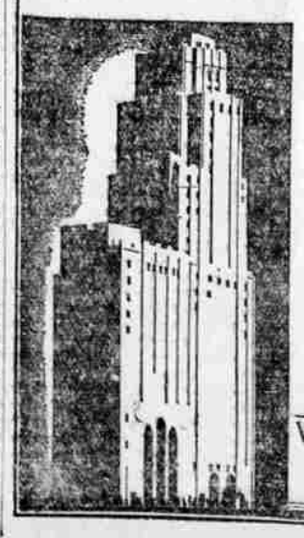
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