

Roseburg News-Review

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HAROLD ELLSWORTH, Editor

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EDITORIAL

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Eat, Sell More Prunes

IF EVERY retailer of food products would across the sale of dried prunes in 25-cent packages, and if every family in the country would buy just one package of prunes, the prune surplus would almost immediately be consumed. This thought, originated by W. C. Harding, secretary of the Roseburg chamber of commerce has been communicated by him to all of the chambers of commerce of the northwestern states and the governors of these states have also been written letters calling their attention to the problem faced by the prune growers.

Local merchants here have taken up the idea and an increase in prune sales has already been noted. If this same increase is obtained only in our prune producing sections it will help materially.

Prunes are an inexpensive, wholesome food. They are unable in dozens of appetizing ways and have no real competition in the dried fruit classification.

Governor Norblad replied to Mr. Harding's letter on this subject as follows: "I am deeply interested in the matter you suggest because I realize, too, the serious condition. I shall be very glad indeed, to write strong letters to the governors of Washington, Idaho and California calling attention to this. Is it not possible in some national way to call attention to this matter?"

The idea, you see, appeals to our chief executive as a sound emergency measure. Observe that he believes a national effort should be made. He is right. It may take some time and a whole lot of effort but the proposition of pushing the sale of more small packages of prunes is worth while.

In just a little more than a week now, the 27th, to be exact, the drive to fill our community chest will begin. This is a big undertaking and it requires WORK on the part of everyone. The drive does not last long so if you are called upon to help, do it. If everyone will respond wholeheartedly the drive can be completed in a short time. Remember, this year, of all years, the chest needs your help. We are facing an emergency.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

She's Off to School
(Gladys Grove Smith)
SHE'S off to school.

The little tot
The last little tot of the family, fluttering with anticipation she had counted the last few days before she would take her place with little friends who had left her to play alone.

It was to be the beginning of a new life for her.

She dashed with exhilaration as mother performed her usual function of seeing that face and hands were clean, that the clean little dress had not been soiled.

And there was a tug at mother's heart, for she did not want the little one to grow old so quickly.

She would be a baby only such a little while longer.

Did didn't say much, which is sometimes the way with kids.

And now she was home just as her sisters and brother did years ago when they too were little tots, although recollection thereof is becoming somewhat dimmed.

Chorus face radiant with the joy of the new life.

Smiling eyes wide with the wonder of it.

Golden hair dancing in a careless wind that blows gently.

And she proudly shows the figure that she has made.

Soon she will be making pot books and will be able to read, "I see a dog."

And then it will be such a little while until she will be complaining that she has so little to wear to come party.

And soon John or Bill or Percival will come into her life.

And then soon the home nest will be empty.

We must be getting old and sentimental.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

We don't profess to know much about the Tacoma municipal light plant as compared with Portland's, but Tacoma's evening papers are better than Portland's—they stand up for their own home town.

(Ashland Tidings)

Beauty shops thrive on customers who look as though they should be wearing mittens.

TRAFFIC MISHAPS GREATEST FROM FOUR TO SEVEN P. M.

PORTLAND, Oct. 15.—Watch dogs driving between 4 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon is the suggestion being made to motorists following a detailed report reaching the Oregon State Motor association which shows that the greatest number of accidents occur between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon during the homeward trend of travel. According to statistics made, it is shown that tired drivers, hurrying home after the day's work are more prone to accidents than at other times.

Letters From the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

ILLS OF AGRICULTURE, AS DIAGNOSED BY OBSERVER

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 15.—Editor News-Review—Why is the farmer becoming sicker and sicker, the manufacturer and oil magnate sleeker and sleeker?

Because there is a steady stream of money flowing from the farmer into the pockets of the oil baron and the millionaire manufacturer of tractors.

The farmer who uses a tractor instead of horses pays out money for the tractor, fuel, oil, and the farmer can grow his own work team and feed for them, too. But he can't grow tractors and gasoline.

Then, too, the acreage devoted to growing hay and oats for horses would not be used to grow wheat, consequently there would be no wheat surplus.

It will be said that this theory is old-fashioned; that the tractor can do farm work more cheaply than it can be done by horses. This latter is doubtful. But, granting it, the fact remains that "big business" is getting the farmer's money.

The present-day manufacturer is doing his bit to overthrow farming. By forcing the dairyman to the wall he is injuring other farmers. When the cows are gone, there will be no market for alfalfa and other cow feeds. Then, too, the dairyman, after being forced to sell his cows, may turn to other kinds of farming. Or become poultryman, or of which there are ready too many. Or seek employment in the cities, thus increasing the number of unemployed.

The last issue of Oregon Farmer says: "The consumption of butter is less now than at this time last year in spite of lower cost."

The farmer has the remedy for this state of affairs in his own hands. Let him mercilessly boycott the merchant who makes a point of advertising cheap butter substitutes—in their Saturday and Sunday "specials." (Especially those who call margarine "whole some.") And patronize those grocers who do decent enough to refrain from advertising a poor substitute for the pure article containing all the health giving vitamins.

It has been said that the farmer's welfare means the nation's welfare. In which case it would be wise for everybody to aid the "sick man."

E. W. PAGE,

Roseburg.

NAOMI SCOTT WINS MEDAL SCORE PLAY

The medal-score tournament which has been in progress at the Roseburg Country club of women golfers for the past two weeks, was brought to a close Sunday, when the final game was played between Miss Naomi Scott and Mrs. J. M. Jones, resulting in victory for Miss Scott. Miss Scott was recently the winner of the net score tournament and won the cup given by the club. This score tournament was played with handicaps and the medal-score tournament without handicaps.

KIWANIS HONORS COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus day was observed by the Kiwanis club at the luncheon program yesterday. Dr. George E. Hosok giving a very interesting address on the life of the discoverer. The address was presided by a "cup" conceived by Charles Stanton. The club voted a resolution of appreciation to the Kiwanis lodge and the Empress Amusement company for the fine improvement made to the theatre building. Dan Entler appeared before the club on behalf of the high school students, body, urging the support of the individual members of the club for the high school's football game next Friday.

EVERGREEN GRANGE HAS BUSY PROGRAM

Evergreen grange members have been making frequent meetings and striving to get the entire grange interested in all affairs concerning the people and the welfare of the organization. At a recent meeting ladies were given on the coming election and all members were urged to register and vote in the election. The meeting also included a discussion of exchange marketing among the farmers. Every week a list of produce for sale and a list of wanted items by the consumer is being posted in every district of the state granges, thus the producer comes directly from the producer to the consumer. Several novel dances have been sponsored by the Evergreen grange lately and a wassail ball will be given the first night following Halloween.

Support the Garden club by bringing your surplus plants to their sale Saturday morning. Come and purchase the ones that you do not have.—Adv.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

DIVORCE courts must be popular in this country. The same people keep going back to them all the time.

Excuse it Please—Careless men become husbands—Careful ones remain bachelors.

The Unwritten Law—A pedestrian belongs to the motorist who hits him first.

American Tragedies—The tramp who was ostracized by his friends because they discovered he had water on the knee.

Efficiency Experts—The husband who parted good friends with his wife so that she would continue to do his laundry.

The Unfair Sex—When brides start looking for easy money, every altar is a bargain counter.

Momentous Moments—When a freshman becomes a senior and doesn't have to wear his own clothes any more.

Take it or Leave it—Tears are a woman's water power.

You're Right—Many a lady-killer only bores them to death.

Our Own Vaudeville—First Angel: What makes you think a ringer has gotten into heaven? Second Angel: I just found St. Peter bound and gagged.

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Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

CONSTIPATION may be blamed for many of the disorders from which we suffer. Among such troubles is appendicitis.

Formerly little was known of the condition. Many cases of "inflammation of the bowels" or "acute gastritis," no doubt were really attacks of what is known as "appendicitis."

There may be either an acute or a chronic condition. In chronic appendicitis the patient is troubled by repeated mild attacks of pain. It may take the form of a sensation of burning or aching in the right side of the abdomen. As a rule, the pain, in such cases, is not enough to keep the victim from his work.

This type of ailment is probably due to a chronically inflamed appendix. It has not yet become severely affected. Or it may be a flare-up of some past acute attack.

An attack of acute appendicitis is likely to come on suddenly. There is severe pain in the right abdominal region with great tenderness. The patient wants to lie on his back with the right leg drawn up.

There is considerable rise in temperature. Loss of appetite, nausea, and often vomiting are usually present before the attack. In ordinary cases the symptoms last for a few days, or a week or two, then gradually disappear. In some cases, however, the symptoms are all aggravated. The fever is very high and death may come suddenly if the affected organ is not removed.

The treatment of a mild case is simple. Keep the patient on a light diet preferably liquid, and apply a hot water bag to the site of the pain. He must be clear up the constipation, but do not give strong cathartics. Your doctor will advise the treatment best suited to the particular case.

Some surgeons advise that the appendix be removed as soon as the trouble has been diagnosed, but usually it is thought best to clear up the acute symptoms before operating. However, if there is any reason to suspect an abscess formation, immediate removal of the organ is necessary.

Thousands of cases of appendicitis have disappeared without operative procedure. The profession is making progress in the control of this ailment and perhaps in the majority of cases will not advise surgery.

I say this because many persons hesitate to call a doctor "for fear he will say an operation is needed." This is foolishness. You must set your fears aside and have the wise physician tell you what is essential to your welfare.

Answers to Health Queries
Mrs. B. Q.—What do you advise for a boy who is pigeon-toed?

A.—The baby may outgrow this tendency but it might be wise to see your doctor for examination and advice.

T. J. Q.—What is considered a normal reaction to haemoglobin test?

A.—Anything over 80 per cent.

Miss B. Q.—I drink a glass of milk at each meal. I intend taking the pure cod liver oil to build up my system. Would it be all right to take a spoonful in a little milk to kill the taste of the oil after each meal and still continue the whole glass with the meal?

A.—Yes, if you find that the oil taken in milk agrees with you.

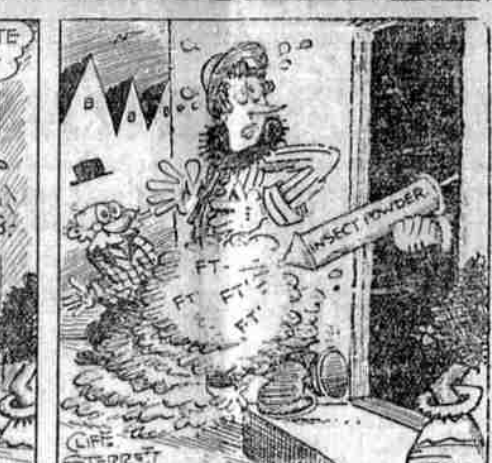
'Thank You, Q.—Will catarrh of the head cause nausea?

A.—Yes, it may; due to the dropping of the mucus in the back of the throat which, in turn, goes into the stomach. Keep the nose and throat clear.

H. B. S. Q.—After having an X-ray of my spine and left hip I find that the liver is white-spotted. What do you advise?

A.—You may be troubled with cirrhosis of the liver. This condition requires the attention of your family doctor who will prescribe the proper diet and medication.

Putting a Flea in Carrie's Ear



Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl in my teens and I love a boy of my age. I care for him and sometimes I think he cares for me, but still he goes with other girls which I do not like. How can I keep him from doing this and love me?

BROWN EYES: Since the young man has not declared his affection for you, there is little you can do to prevent him from going out with other girls. You may regard him as your property, but he has other views on the matter and you must realize this. Go out with others yourself and perhaps the young man will realize how popular and admired you are.

DEAR NANCY LEE: If a young man goes with you several times and he goes away should the girl write first or is it proper for the man to write?

If a young man sends you a greeting card, such as a Valentine, is it proper to answer it with a letter?

PEGGY: The man's place to write, in any circumstances, the girl should not start a correspondence. There is no need to answer a greeting card, such as a Valentine, by letter. A word of thanks to the sender when you meet is ample acknowledgment.

MANSLAUGHTER IS CHARGED AT COOS

MARSHFIELD, Oct. 14.—A charge of manslaughter instead of first degree murder will be filed against Mrs. Ruth Warnock, 23, North Bend, today in connection with the shooting to death of John Scher, 38, her sweetheart, during a quarrel.

Authorities said Scher was slain in his hotel room during a quarrel over "other women" and Mrs. Warnock's demands he aid her in obtaining a divorce from Willard Warnock, Aberdeen, Wash., her husband.

Mrs. Warnock, mother of two boys, was before the grand jury today.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—Status are needed if one is to live long. A problem for the profession, in the opinion of Dr. Charles H. Mayo, is to build up the brain so that it advances in development with the body, pointing out that the span of life is increasing, he called attention to scores of old people in institutions with strong bodies but brains that are almost enough functioning.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 15.—Two army officers charged with violation of the federal game laws for killing wild geese with an airplane pleaded guilty and were fined \$25 each in federal district court here. The officers pursued a flock of geese and killed several with the propeller of the plane while they were stationed at Fort Leavenworth last May.

BRANDON, Man., Oct. 15.—An early morning fire destroyed almost the entire business section of this southwest Manitoba settlement yesterday causing property damage estimated at \$100,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—Physicians who split fees were criticized as racketeers by Dr. Philip H. Krauscher, Chicago, vice-president of the American College of Surgeons, who spoke at a meeting of the Kiwanis club here. The doctor who splits fees is trafficking in human lives, the speaker said. Such physicians who turn over a patient to a man who may not be a good surgeon merely because he will get part of the fee is endangering the lives of his patients.

COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTE DATED

The Douglas county teachers' institute will be held in Roseburg October 20 and 21. The schools in the county will be closed and the teachers will assemble here for the two days. According to Mrs. Edith Acker, county school superintendent, a most interesting program has been outlined for this year's institute.

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXVIII.

This whole trip was filled with mystery. There was the mystery of the park in Halifax; the mystery of the scar-faced man who watched in cathedral shadows, behind windows, in the lounge of the Chateau Frontenac; the mystery of the sailor who dropped on Tris in the dark. And the mystery of Tris. Above all the mystery of Tris.

Once Judy thought life could hold no thrill like mystery. Now she shivered. It seemed all at once that she had grown up in the six days since she and Peggy left home.

Peggy returned presently, saying she was not as young as she had been. "You're all right, Judy," she said. "I'm sort of worried about you. Guess I'm beginning to take motherhood seriously after all these years."

"Don't be a goose. Remember what Mrs. Rowe says if ever you're inclined to turn into an anxious parent. No nonsense about Judy Archer."

"But that was in Lyall, lamb. A long time ago."

A long time ago! Peggy felt it too, then. You didn't measure time by hours but by what went on in your mind.

Morning was a gray shadow in the room when Judy awoke. She peered through a crack at Kit Camp's pleased grin.

"Come on deck, landlubber. Something you mustn't miss."

"Of all the nerve!"

"Oh, come on. You'll thank me, I mean to say. Hurry on, though. This won't wait."

She closed the door, dressed swiftly, found him at his old place in the bow calmly waiting for her.

"It had better be good, whatever it is. Why I always jump to do what you say I can't imagine, Kit Camp."

"Ah, the kitten. Want me to tell you why? Some day I will: some day when the claws are all drawn up in the fur." He caught her hand through his arm; pressing it against his side, gave her his frank, boyish grin.

"Look, Judy—Quebec." He waved at the shore as if he were preaching her with a treasure.

In the early morning gray she saw a city of roofs, some sagging as under the weariness of great age, some rising to sharp little turrets in the Normandy style. Little houses clustering at the base of the stately chateau, all its colors softened by winds from the four corners of the earth.

A bell tinkled far away. "Now," Kit exclaimed, "Day comes this way. Listen, Judy."

Another bell sounded—another and another. The whole world seemed full of silver chiming; the noise blended in a gay flood of sound. Suddenly the dawn was revealed with solemn insistence.

"The Citadel," Kit said.

As if it were a signal hundreds of swallows arose from everywhere and wheeled in a fluttering cloud. High above the cliff, above the turrets, catching the first rays of the sun on their wings. They dashed in headlong flight over the river, over the city, settling down only when the bells were still.

Judy drew a breath of rapture. "Wonderful—oh—a living poem! And this happens every day?"

"Every day. Glad I called you now? Well, was it good enough?"

"Oh, Kit! I'm so happy. I'm so snappy sometimes. My disposition is all prickly. I'll be good."

"Not too good." He laughed and flung his arm around her. There was nothing of the lover in the gesture, only a carefree youngness, half-teasing, very casual.

"You see I like a dash of pepper. Do I recall that there was a hard word or two over our trip to Ste. Anne's?"

He went on more seriously, "I'd like to take you, Judy."

Still under the spell of the singing bells she answered almost humbly, "And of course I'd like to go."

In a little uprush of friendliness she clasped her hands about his arm.

This seemed very far away then. Unreal and far away. Yet when she found a florist's box at the stateroom door and lifted out dozens of deep red roses, buried her face in their cool fragrance, his vivid charm came surging back into her heart.

She wished then she had not promised to go out with Kit Camp. She half resolved to telephone him that she would not go.

But Judy changed her mind. She felt a little angry with Tris. She was piqued by his wish to keep her in the dark about the things that concerned him. Important things.

She made herself as lovely as she knew how and awakened Peggy when she was ready to leave.

Peggy started up in an anxious way quite new to her. "You're going, Judy? So early? But you've had no breakfast."

"I'll have coffee on the way. Want me to send yours up?"

"Please," Peggy made a mound of the pillows and lay back, her look still anxious. So much she didn't know. And Cap'n Charley had said she must not interfere.

Cap'n Charley was watching out. But could he be sure? Oh—could anyone be sure?

"You're dying to know where and whom—I can see that, darling. Well, the handsome Sparks is taking me to Ste. Anne's. And don't you wish it were you? Or perhaps you think Mr. Tennant more interesting with his peppy gray hair and his pinkness to match your blushes when he calls you 'Peggy'?"

"You're a disreputable brat, my dear. I'm glad you're going with Sparks. Such a wholesome youngster."

"Managing mamma. Bye—"

Last night Judy had been treated like a golden princess; today she was made to feel like an adored child. Kit Camp thought of everything. She must sit on the right side of the car so she could better view the river flowing about the Isle d'Orleans. They must stop so she might look at the bright hooked rugs "Habitants" had hung about the porches of their little gray houses. They must wander through L'Ange Gardien and Chateau Richer to see the oldest buildings in the province. Judy must crowd herself into one of the little wagons lined up by children beside the road to have her picture snapped driving a dog with tam o'shanter on his head and goggles on his nose and a pipe in his mouth.

A happy day. No wild thrill to catch her breath as last night had given, but a quiet joy that filled her with peace. She smiled at Kit Camp and he smiled back.

"Happy, Judy? Glad you came?"

"Am I? You know someone? When you're not being snooty make I like you."

"Could have told you that. You like me all the time." His eyes were green as emeralds now, shimmering with light. She thought of sunshine in springtime woods, of the yellow-green radiance in cool, restful glades. "Could have told you that you liked me the first time you spattered, Judy, my dear."

"Oh, sure of that, are you?"

"Sure of a lot of things, girl. Mean to tell you some of them one day. Well, here we are."

Her first impression of Ste. Anne de Beupre was a narrow street filled with slowly moving people, pilgrims to this holy city of the west. Green, flat banks flush with the blue, still river; a cathedral not so inspiring as Notre Dame.

They roamed about the wrinkled, gray-haired chauffeur with them, bringing up at last before La Scala Sancta. Penitents mounted the stairway on their knees, a rapt, unearthly light in their faces. Judy watched in a hushed awe, touched to the heart.

"A hard journey. Hard as life. Does it really help? Make their way easier? Heal their diseases?"

"Fait' heads," said an old French woman at her side. "Fait' in le bon Dieu. Zis heals, man'zelle."

"Fait' heads—yes, I believe that," Judy glanced at Kit Camp, saw his solemnity.

She was glad to be with him instead of with Tris, here, today. Well—why?

As they stood there in the sunshine with the softened murmur of voices all about, she asked herself if she loved Tris Millet. Would she marry him?

Her thought scurried away from the question, refused to consider it—returned to it again and again. It nagged at her consciousness all afternoon, all through the hour when Kit took her to dine in one of "Habitant" homes with people he knew.

They spoke no English, and Judy had but a few words of French, but Kit chattered the Canadian dialect. He translated as they showed their miniature silver fox ranch, their maple sugar grove and the stack of hooked rugs and hand-woven shaw