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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.......Editor

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Congressman Hawley

ONE of Oregon's distinguished citizens will be the guest of Roseburg for the next twenty-four hours. The Hon. W. C. Hawley, congressman from our district arrives tonight and will speak before a meeting of the entire membership of the Roseburg chamber of commerce tomorrow at noon.

Congressman Hawley has been a member in congress from Oregon for more than twenty years. He was first elected in November 1906, taking office in March the following year. Since his 1907 term he has consistently been reelected and at the present time has the honor and distinction of being the member of the house of representatives with the longest record of continuous service. As a result of his ability and his long service record, he now holds the most important position in the entire congress, perhaps the most important political office in the nation except that of president. He is the chairman of the house ways and means committee.

Congressman Hawley has kept faith with his constituents. Much of the important legislation for Oregon and for the northwest has found its inception with Hawley. His latest and most important contribution to the welfare of his state was the introduction and passage of the National Soldiers' home bill. Mr. Hawley introduced this bill in the house. As he wrote this bill it named Roseburg as the site for the home. He succeeded in getting the bill in its original form reported favorably out of the subcommittee on military affairs to which it was referred. The name Roseburg was subsequently taken out of the bill but the fact remains that through Hawley's efforts backed by information taken to him by our own Dr. E. B. Stewart, the congress is on record, through its own official investigating group, as favoring Roseburg for the site. This was a fine accomplishment both for the state and for Roseburg and he deserves full credit for it.

Mr. Hawley is up for reelection this year. Regardless of any other part of his record, and he has other records of accomplishment for his state, Douglas county owes Mr. Hawley its undivided support.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

New "Wrinkle" For Prunes
(Astoria Budget)

NO matter how young a prune may be it has wrinkles just the same!

And now the Roseburg chamber of commerce has written to the local chamber and disclosed why a few new wrinkles are on the prunes. A prune problem exists—believe it or not.

It seems the prune situation needs relief and an appeal has been made to all Oregon chambers of commerce to assist the prune growers of the state in livening up the sales of this Oregon product. It is not a case of charity beginning at home—instead it is a case of housewives of the state realizing the many tasty dishes that can be made with prunes as the principal ingredient. Prunes are put up in several different sized packages ranging from 25 cents up and available in most every grocery store of the city.

Ex-service men of the city will remember the value of prunes in the army diet and how this wrinkled fruit helped them to keep fit.

Scouting Pays Dividends
(The Dalles Chronicle)

In connection with the Boy Scout campaign for funds scheduled here soon, it might be pertinent to note that the ratio of crime increase in the United States in recent years has been overwhelmingly on the juvenile side. More than 80 per cent of the cases tried in the Wasco county circuit court in the last several years have had defendants less than 21 years of age.

This condition is significant, insofar as parents are concerned, in that it indicates a growing tendency towards crime on the part of juveniles. It is doubly significant when one considers that rarely if ever does a youth go wrong who has had Boy Scout training. It is safe to say that no more positive insurance against youthful delinquency could be obtained than Scout training.

There is still one more angle to be considered, however. This is the terrific cost of crime. As a close-at-home example, it costs Wasco county alone more than $150 a day to run its circuit court, during the progress of a criminal trial. Add to this the cost of maintaining jails, the state tax paid for operation of the penitentiary, and salaries of law enforcement officers, and a stupendous total is reached.

Any movement that tends to cut the cost of crime, as well as check it, certainly is entitled to support. It is a proved fact that Scouting, by giving the proper perspective while a child is most susceptible to outside influences, accomplishes this very thing.

An investment made by residents of The Dalles in the Boy Scout movement is certain to pay substantial dividends in good citizenship. What more could be desired?

CALIFORNIA BEST LUMBER CUSTOMER LISTED BY OREGON

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Oct. 20 — California is Oregon's best lumber customer. This fact was revealed here in the report of the Pacific lumber inspection bureau, tabulating export and domestic water shipments from the state.

During the nine-month period ending Oct. 1, California received 425,332,940 feet of Oregon lumber. The Atlantic coast was second best customer and took 150,337,246 feet. The total domestic movement by water amounted to 586,328,061 feet.

Oregon's foreign lumber shipments for the same nine month period totaled 292,648,000 feet, a little less than half the amount of domestic shipments.

Of this total 77,573,548 feet was consigned to the United Kingdom and the continent. China took 73,625,996 feet. Japan took 51,781,-803 feet. The west coast of South America was the destination of 34,189,721 feet, and the South American east coast took 13,893,-827 feet.

Against Oregon's total export and domestic shipments of 878,-976,761 feet, the inspection bureau gives Washington a total of 1,989,-423,283 feet, and British Columbia 564,310 feet.

SMITH SETS NEW FLIGHT RECORD IN CLOSING CAREER

PORT DARWIN, Northern Territory, Australia, Oct. 20 — Dashing across a continent to reach the side of his fiancee, Wing Commander Charles Kingsford Smith today flew southeastward over the 2,000-mile route to Sydney after lowering by more than five days the record for a flight between England and Australia.

He will marry Miss Mary Powell just as quickly as she will consent after his arrival at Sydney. For her sake this man whom many have compared favorably with Colonel Lingbergh will forsake the uncharted air paths of the world and settle down to more humdrum but less dangerous air-liner piloting between Sydney and Melbourne.

Kingsford Smith swooped down here yesterday, in completion of a flight which in nine days and 23 hours had brought him across 10,000 miles of plain and mountain, jungle and ocean from Heston airdrome, England, to the northwestern tip of the world's smallest continent.

His mark bettered by five and one-half days the record of 15 and one-half days set by Bert Hinkler in February, 1928. The trip was made in defiance of doctor's orders, who considered Kingsford Smith, who recently has had two operations and two bouts with influenza, was in no condition to fly nearly half around the world.

MRS. INEZ COLLINS DIES AT WHEELER

Word was received here today of the death of Mrs. Inez Collins, a former resident of this city, who passed away at her home in Wheeler, Oregon, last Friday, following a sudden attack of heart trouble. Mrs. Collins was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Kitchin. Prior to her marriage to A. E. Collins, she was a teacher in the Rose school. She leaves a widower and two children, Howard and Dorothy, and is also survived by her father and a sister, Mrs. Ray Cooley, of Harbor, Oregon. Funeral services were held at the Mt. Tabor Presbyterian church in Portland this afternoon.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1)

from an acre of mature trees.

IT HAS been demonstrated by years of experimenting by the department of agriculture that filberts can be grown commercially in only a very small area of the United States.

This area appears to be limited to Western Oregon and a part of Western Washington, whose mild, moist climate provides just the conditions that the filbert needs.

THIS writer, who has been watching the filbert crop for years, doesn't hesitate to say that we need larger filbert plantings here in Western Oregon.

Here is a crop that we can grow successfully. It has very little domestic competition, with reasonable tariff protection against foreign competition. Yields are satisfactory and prices fair.

We need larger production, so that we can get into the big markets in a BIG way with a quality product. Owners of land who are wondering what they can grow to make a profit would do well to study the filbert.

POLLY AND HER PALS — The Low Brow Champion

Maybe I'm Wrong
By J. P. MEDBURY

A PARSON with a sense of humor has just put up a sign in his church: "No Mistakes Rectified After Leaving the Altar."

Vital Statistics—Reformers were invented so that bachelors could have somebody to do their thinking for them.

Take It or Leave It—Nowadays if a Chicago kid plays with anything smaller than a machine gun he's considered effeminate.

Take It or Leave It—An oyster is the lowest form of animal life and a giraffe is the highest.

You're Right—The flower of youth seems to be the jazzamine.

Among the Illiterati—When a man tells a girl that he's nobody's fool, she doesn't know whether he's bragging or proposing.

Fashion Hint—It's easy to find a girl who wears well, but it's hard to find one who wears much.

Ode to a Bride—The proof of the pudding is in the incinerator.

Ideal Dumbbells—The superstitious vegetarian who carries an artificial rabbit's foot.

Our Own Vaudeville—Manager: Why did you fire that day-bed upholsterer? Foreman: He's always laying down on the job.

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Talks on Health
By DR. R. S. COPELAND

WOMEN dislike having feet which are conspicuous for size. To be blunt about it, no woman is proud of big feet; she positively hates them. But there can be no doubt she is increasingly sensible about her shoes and stockings.

The styles in women's dress during the past few years have given us rather accurate information regarding matters formerly hidden in mystery. We know a lot more about things than we did in the older days.

Not so long ago I saw a statement made by the manager of a great hosiery company. He said, "Despite the probable protest from the fair sex throughout the country the feet of women in America are growing larger!"

Only a few years ago, he said, women wore hosiery well divided in sizes between eight and one-half and ten. Now the smaller sizes are rapidly decreasing and the larger sizes are in increasing demand. "Size nine and one-half is the general average worn by women, but size ten is coming more and more into demand."

I follow the statistician to this point. I must part company when he says, "In another generation there will be little difference in the size of a woman's and a man's foot."

I don't believe it. This is merely another of the many dire predictions we have heard about what will happen to women. I have lived to see every one of these prophecies fall by the wayside.

They used to say that corsets would cramp the organs and lead to disaster. High-heeled shoes would "throw the spine out of alignment" and disturb the nervous system. Veils would cause irritation of the retina and produce blindness. Sheer costumes would lead to bronchitis. Rouge and powder would poison the blood and damage the nerves.

But they didn't! These terrible things never happened.

In spite of all her "bad," but charming habits, lovely woman has survived and continues to rule the world from her throne of undisputed power. Her feet may be a trifle larger than they used to be, but even that I doubt. Anyhow, fair women will never become as gross and massive as is man.

Modern women have a different outlook on life than their mid-Victorian ancestors had. Western women have been emancipated just as have Chinese women. No longer will they bunch their toes and crowd their feet into tiny shoes. They are wearing shoes the size Nature requires for their pedal extremities. Of course, they need larger sizes in hosiery, not because they have bigger feet, but because they have bigger brains.

They eat honest-to-goodness food. They take real exercise. They walk and dance. Stately minuets, through which a foot-tortured maiden could move with mincing steps, have given way to dances which set the pulses beating.

The feet aren't bigger—they simply spread out over the territory Nature intended. They won't be any bigger in the future, because with woman's present sensible foot dressing they have reached, not larger sizes, but merely the sizes they should have worn all the time. Just as you see more of woman these days, you see more of her feet. It is the mode, nothing else!

She insists on having good shoes, well-fitting shoes, sensible shoes. She can't be fooled by the plausible salesman. I am proud of her emancipation.

Advice to Girls
By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
As we are two constant readers of your "Helpful Advice to Girls," and have read where you have given other girls advice, we thought you could help us.

We are two girls, ages 16 and 17. We would like you to answer the following questions:

1. What can we do to attract more boys' attention?

2. One of us had a boy friend of whom she was very fond. Later he seemed to love another girl and still loves her. How can she tell whether or not he really does love her, and if he doesn't how can she regain his friendship?

3. One of us is staying at her aunt's house. Would it be proper for her to accept a date from a boy friend if her mother didn't care?

Hoping that you will give us advice.
MICKEY.

MICKEY: 1. There is no set of rules to be studied in order to win the friendship of the opposite sex. Just be yourself, cheerful and even-tempered, and do not in any way do anything to forfeit your self-respect. 2. It is better for you to realize that each one of us is a free agent in such affairs. If the man prefers the other girl and has had no definite understanding with you it would be wisest to dismiss the whole affair from your mind. 3. Even if your mother does approve of your friendship with a boy you must be guided by your aunt's wishes while partaking of her hospitality. Make her acquainted with your mother's views on the subject by all means.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
This letter concerns a young fellow with whom I come in contact daily through my work. I have been told by friends that he likes me, and, of course, I like him or I would not write this. I have been told, too, that he has very bashful streaks. But I have seen him paying quite a bit of attention to two other girls. At times he seems to be quite interested in me. Should I be patient, or shall I try to forget? BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES: I am inclined to think that the young man's bashfulness is assumed. You have indicated to your friends that you like the young man, and the next move must come from him if he is sincere in his remarks to your mutual friends. Don't be patient, don't try to forget, for there is nothing to forget yet. Just continue with your other friendships and cultivate people who know their own mind.

TRESPASS NOTICE

Positively no hunting or trespassing allowed on Marster's Happy valley ranch.
(Adv.) L. BONNIE, Supt.

Around.... The County
By R. R. WOOD

WORK on the Drain-Reedsport highway, or more specifically speaking, that portion of the road that was graded during the past to specifications of the survey, which extends to a point several miles west of Drain, has developed a piece of construction that is a real achievement in engineering. This road is nothing less than a boulevard — wide and smooth pretty well down the Elk creek valley to Hancock mountain. Contractors are busy just now with surfacing the grade with crushed rock, so that winter travel will be uninterrupted. The county has prosecuted this improvement, aided by the district, but under the recent arrangement with the state and federal government, it is proposed to tunnel the mountain and complete the highway clear through to Scottsburg, where it will connect up with that portion of the road built some three years ago from the new bridge at the latter place to Reedsport, intersecting the Roosevelt highway. People living in the lower river country have for years urged this work, as the road will give them a better outlet to the Pacific highway at Drain. The project was a big undertaking.

Much work has been done on this old grade within a few years, the planking over wet places being removed and gravel substituted, and dangerous curves eliminated in a slight degree, pending the time when the old railroad tunnel, partially driven through the big hill, should be finished. All this now appears to be probable, and people down the Reedsport way are jubilant over the merger of all interests into the final efforts for completing the project. Within a very short time, so members of the board of trustees for the Drain - Reedsport super - district state, definite work is expected from the state highway commission announcing the state cooperation with the county and government in finishing this long waited for highway from the upriver section of Douglas county to the sea.

Work At Scottsburg

Under direction of the state highway commission several crews are now at work on the Scottsburg end of the road. Surveys for the new grade were run along the base of the mountain from just above Scottsburg to a point about 4 miles east, and a large amount of grading has already been accomplished. In some places the new road bed is practically ready for the gravel surfacing. This new route does not follow the old road, but in some places crosses it or is built over the former road bed, so that autos now traverse the new grade at times as one nears Scottsburg. It is understood surveys have been secured along the entire distance to Elkton and thence up Elk creek to the west slope of Hancock mountain.

The new bridge at Scottsburg is a wonderful structure, and is saving the county approximately $3,000 annually that formerly went toward mantenance of the ferry. From the new bridge down river to Reedsport, some 18 miles, is one of the scenic roads of the state. Wide, smooth, with few sharp curves, this stretch of road follows the majestic Umpqua every foot of the way. The wide expanse of water, the densely forested mountains on both sides of the river, which is from a fourth to a half mile wide, perpendicular cliffs and overhanging rocks, are an everchanging lure to motorists.

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

"JUDY"
By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Tris answered after a long pause, he told her nothing she had not already guessed. "There are hazards in a life like mine. That rat is one. The police don't belong in this!" His voice snapped on that, went on: "I've done things, Judy. You'd say they were wrong, perhaps. Outside the law. Does — does that end everything?"

"N-no. Not that alone."

"Believe this, then, that I've never hurt anyone who couldn't stand being hurt. And I've never been a quitter. Not even with rats!"

The spidery man had turned traitor to Tris. Something between them once, and now the other had turned traitor. But Tris would shield him because this was his code.

Tris put his head down shaken and wretched. "Love me, Judy, I can't live unless you love me."

She murmured over and over, "It's all right—it's all right—"

She believed that the thickest, darkest part of the mystery was left behind with the holdup on the causeway. But that was because she could not see tomorrow.

Two days in Quebec had been the schedule. But now it was the third day, and there was no sign of leaving.

Murmurs went about among the passengers. Some grew morose and protested that they would take the train back, and then the steamship company could foot the bill. The lively younger crowd, headed by Betsy Rowe, treated it as a great joke, rushing about all day, dancing all night, drinking too much, not bothering to ask questions.

Cap'n Charley spoke quiet, confident words here and there, and word went around that something about the ship was being repaired. Everybody was directed to be aboard by 10 o'clock at night, in case they should sail unexpectedly.

Judy alone of all the passengers knew there was a reason which had nothing to do with the ship for the delay. Kit, who had become rather moody, said a word or two.

He took her for a taxi ride on a long beautiful stretch of roadway outside the town early in the afternoon, and they drifted into a silly, happy game of choosing whatever they liked about the old-fashioned houses and gardens for his cottage and garden in Connecticut.

"There's delphinium, Kit. Bluest you ever saw. Blue as a thousand sapphires. You must have that."

"We'll have delphinium," he agreed with just a trace of accent on the first word. "And hollyhocks?"

"Yes. And — oh, that darling Normandy roof with the gables! You mean to build a Normandy roof with gables, Kit?"

"Certainly. We'll have a Normandy roof." He accented "we" again and looked at her with the glints in his eyes.

She flushed and murmured, "Oh, well." And he laughed and caught her hand and insisted on holding it throughout the entire ride.

She asked finally about the delay. "I have a feeling it's not for the reasons everyone gives. Please tell me, Kit. Is it something very secret and important? Of course I wouldn't tell a soul."

He gave her a teasing, amused look and his hand tightened on hers. "Not that it would matter a lot. Fact is we're waiting for an airplane to get up from New York. It's due this afternoon and then we'll leave tonight. Satisfied now?"

She was not satisfied but he would tell her nothing more. And she tried to puzzle it out. An airplane would bring someone. Or something for Mr. Birke. Right from the start she knew the delay was something Mr. Birke had to do with. And that meant Tris was concerned. Or the spider man. Or Tris and the spider man.

Each new stirring of mystery had frightened her before today. But this left her feeling dull, almost uninterested. Wheels of fate turning; you couldn't stop wheels of fate.

She smiled at Kit Camp's steady regard. "Is the cottage all complete? Your cottage? And the garden?"

He said, earnestly, "You don't fancy a cottage, my dear. Well, then, it must be a bungalow. Or a mansion, all gray stone with a Normandy roof. That suit you?"

"But I am not the one to be suited, old deah. This isn't my future."

"Is it not?" He said this without a smile, leaning close to her. "Judy is it not?"

She had no answer. She stared at the back of the chauffeur's head, sitting there furious and rigid. Even when Kit slipped his arm along the back of the seat she did not move. And presently he lighted a cigarette and slumped down at her side, blowing smoke out the window.

She was to meet Peggy for some shopping, and she left Kit with a curt nod. Afterward she felt rather foolish. Anyone might have said what he did; it was just part of the gay, careless atmosphere people lived in these days. She wasn't angry now.

Always so. He would drive her frantic and then suddenly her rage would go out. Then she would feel ashamed and humble.

He said it was because she liked him. She considered this, striving to be honest. She did like Kit Camp. A different liking for Kit from the liking she felt for Tris. Or was it liking she felt for Tris? The question that bothered so. . .

Peggy insisted on buying Judy a Hudson Bay coat. It was white with a woolly nap and bold decorations of red and green, and black in the border.

"You look about twelve, in it, lamb. And you must have a white tam-o-shanter to match. Pretty—like a little snow princess——"

Judy turned before the mirror. She wondered if Kit Camp would think she looked like a little snow princess. Kit Camp — why she had thought of him—not of Tris.

Five o'clock. Peggy was going to have a shampoo and a wave. She was vague about her plans afterwards.

"Well, I can see you've got a date, Mother. Time for darters and sich to run along. See you about four a. m."

"Judy! What ever has come over you——"

"Cheerio——"

Judy became confused in the narrow, twisting maze of streets. She took a wrong turn, paused to look about the buildings which almost closed out the sky over her hed so near together they were. The street was hardly more than a lane betwen crumbling, squalid houses with rags stuffed through broken panes and darkness in hallways beyond open doors.

Quick, light steps were coming down the hill behind her. She turned to face a wizened, incredibly dirty little man, hoping he would speak English. He was not old, yet his face was seamed and yellow. There was something familiar about his face. She had seen him before, rather often. Then she recalled that he had spoken to her as she was hurrying to meet Peggy—said something in French she did not understand. She had paid no attention.

It couldn't matter. He showed broken teeth in a grin and motioned when she asked the way to the ship. He took a few steps forward and beckoned—that was all right. He meant to show her the way. Everybody was friendly in Quebec.

The man trotted ahead and she followed quickly. He turned a corner, led her into another street farther down the hill, turned again into a street more evil than the first. She began to think he had not understood her after all; this surely was not the direction. At the next corner she would let him go on, find the way by herself.

But the street, she saw, ended in a blank, gray building.

Judy fumbled in her bag for change, irritated and frightened. "You didn't understand me. I want the ship—" What in the world was the French for "ship?" "Bateau" she ventured.

He grinned. Pointed to one of the open dark hallways. Chattered.

"No—you don't understand——" She whirled, began to run.

But she was caught as in a vise. Her arms were held tight to her sides, a hand was pressed down on her mouth. She was snatched into the hallway, dragged up rickety, swaying stairs.

Judy kicked and struggled, she sank her teeth into the hand pressed on her mouth. The wizened little Frenchman yelped and then an arm closed down so her lips hurt horribly.

She had been seized from behind so she could not see her captors, but her fear-sharpened senses made out only two voices, the one chiefly grunts. The man who grunted was the one who was dragging her up the stairs.

He was not tall, for the top of her head kept knocking his chin, but he had the strength of a gorilla. His arms were steel bands and when finally she lifted her feet and hung her whole weight from his arm he carried her bodily through a pitch - dark upper hall and, turning about, pushed her through a door.

The door was jerked shut and Judy was left alone.

She heard the key turned, bolts shot. The Frenchman clattered off. Feet clumped on the stairs.

Semi-darkness was in the room. Standing there with a handkerchief to her cut lips, rubbing her bruised arms, Judy made out a cot bed without any covers, a stand holding a cracked old wash bowl and pitcher below a gas fixture, a chair with the cane seat broken out. The place was airless and musty.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Visiting in Roseburg—Mrs. C. H. Davis, formerly of Marshfield, and her son, Loren, of San Francisco, arrived here Saturday, where they will be the house guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Church. Mrs. Davis will spend the winter at the church home and Loren Church will spend a few weeks visiting here. Mrs. Davis is the mother of Mrs. Church.

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