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The Drive Begins
TODAY is the day of the opening
of the community chest drive.

Business houses this year which
are loyally supporting the chest
will be given an opportunity to
prominently display that fact.

The drive chairman has prepared cards
which bear the legend "This con-
cern has subscribed 100% to the
community chest."

Any store which gives to the chest fund and
whose employees have also sub-
scribed at least \$2.50 or more,
apiece, will be entitled to display
the one hundred percent card. It
is believed that one hundred per-
cent loyalty deserves recognition.

What a wonderful thing it will
be if the drive workers are able to
report that the business streets of
Roseburg are one hundred per-
cent in their display of these one-
hundred percent cards.

The work of filling the commu-
nity chest is serious business. It
is hard but worthwhile work. In
considering the community chest it
is well to remember that its proceeds
are not ALL for charity work.

Many people believe that a gift to
the chest goes entirely for relief
work. That is not so. The chest is
a saving of time, and money, and
effort in the work of raising funds
for the support of many worthwhile
projects which formerly conducted
individual drives for their individual
needs. It was discovered that this
individual drive system was
wasteful and inefficient. The commu-
nity chest was the result of a
search for some way in which the
streets might be relieved of con-
stant drives and tag days. In addi-
tion to getting rid of the tag days
we now have a systematic way of
raising a definite and substantial
sum for poor relief work. Before
the organization of the chest there
was no sum at all available for
this work.

The chest, then, combines a sys-
tematic method of providing funds
for various worthwhile organiza-
tions which formerly raised
funds by means of drives and tag
days, and it further provides a real
fund for relief work. Let's swell
that fund more than ever this year.

The Bond Measure
ONE week from tomorrow voters
of Roseburg will vote on the
proposition of authorizing an issue
of bonds to provide funds for the
purchase of a site for the national
soldiers' home, should any funds be
needed for that purpose. The
maximum amount possible to raise
by means of the proposed bonds is
\$125,000. This does not mean that
that amount will be issued. Only
the portion thereof that is required
to obtain the site will be used—or
can be used.

There is no opposition to this
bond issue. How could there be?
The construction of the national
home here will be the greatest
boost for Roseburg and for the en-
tire county that has ever occurred.
If we had to spend twice the
amount named, it would be a good
investment for us.

The national home, you see, is a
gigantic proposition. More than
\$2,000,000 alone will be spent on
construction. That is but a fraction
of the real benefit. More than ten
employees are needed to operate
the home. When you realize that
less than 300 railroad employees
were moved away when the show
was moved, the size of this new
project is apparent. Aside from
that 3000 men will be housed here
at once with the number increas-
ing up to 5000 in a reasonably
short time. Most of the men in the
home will receive pensions. Thus,
it is quite apparent that the new
home will be a wonderful asset to
our county.

It is important for legal rea-
sons, that the bonds be voted with
a huge majority. With the election
only a week away, let's begin to
talk this up and roll up a big favor-
able vote.

Do you rec. what a huge sum
was made on 2 Medford when
their \$100,000 airport bond issue
carried with only 19 dissenting
votes? That is a record to shoot at

—we can do as well if we set
out to.

MRS. M. F. RIDDLE
RITES HELD SUNDAY

Funeral services for Mary F.
Riddle, pioneer resident of the
aided society, who died Friday,
were held Sunday afternoon at 2
o'clock, with an attendance of sev-
eral hundred relatives and friends.
The services were held at the fam-
ily home, with Rev. Charles A. Ed-
wards of Roseburg officiating. The
Eastern Star lodge conducted the
burial services. There were many
beautiful flowers. Interment took
place in the Riddle cemetery. Ar-
rangements were in charge of M.
E. Ritter.

REV. H. McCONNELL
GOES TO CORVALLIS

Rev. Howard McConnell, former-
ly of Roseburg, has been called to
the pastorate of the First Christian
church of Corvallis. He has
been serving the church at San
Jose for the past 11 years. He suc-
ceeded Rev. Calhoun W. Reynolds,
who recently resigned. Rev. Mc-
Connell resided in Roseburg
prior to entering the ministry,
while his father, the Rev. J. N.
McConnell, was pastor of the local
church. Since graduating from the
Eugene Bible university, he has
served churches at Dallas, The
Dalles and San Jose.

AMARIAH RATHMELL
RITES HELD TODAY

The body of Amariah Rathmell,
who died at the Left General hospi-
tal in San Francisco Saturday,
arrived in Roseburg yesterday and
funeral services were held this
afternoon at the soldiers' home
cemetery, M. E. Ritter being in
charge. Mr. Rathmell was a resi-
dent of the soldiers home until 6
months ago when he went to the
San Francisco hospital for treat-
ment. He was 73 years of age.

MEIER AND YOUNG
JOSEPH DATED HERE

Julius Meier, independent candi-
date for governor, accompanied by
George Joseph, son of the late
George W. Joseph, republican nomi-
nee for governor, whose sudden
death following his nomination
has greatly complicated the pres-
ent gubernatorial campaign, will
be in Roseburg Wednesday to con-
duct a mass meeting at the armory.
Foater Butler, Meier's county
manager, is making arrangements
for the public meetings, at which
both Mr. Meier and Mr. Joseph
will be speakers.

MRS. E. SOVERNS
PASSES AT EUGENE

Word was received here today
of the death at Eugene of Mrs.
Elizabeth Sovrens, aged 51 years,
the mother of Henry F. English,
principal of the schools at Myrtle
Creek. Mrs. Sovrens was a resident
of Eugene for the past 12 years.
She was born in Texas and was
married to Fred H. English in
1896. Following his death in
1920, she was married in 1927 to Jesse
Sovrens, who survives her. She
leaves a daughter, Edna Wingard,
of Oakland and two sons, Henry
F. English of Myrtle Creek and
George W. English of Junction
City, also a sister and a brother.
Funeral services are to be held
at Eugene Tuesday afternoon.

HEATING PLANT TO
GO IN DANCE HALL

The management of the Rainbow
Garden is today starting the re-
modeling of the dance hall, to
make room for the installation of
a heating plant, as it is planned
to conduct dances regularly dur-
ing the winter months. The dances
at this place have proven very
popular and large crowds are at-
tending each Thursday night.

MILITARY HONORS FOR
REDIFER RITES AT DRAIN

Services were held for Jacob H.
Redifer in the Methodist church of
Drain yesterday at 2:30 p. m.
Rev. M. Findlay officiating. Mem-
bers of the American Legion and
national guard of Cottage Grove
participated. Services at the grave
were closed with military honors.
Arrangements were in charge of
H. C. Stearns of the Douglas Pa-
triot Home.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1)

points to a quarter while the
California date places sell for two
cents to 75 cents? It must be
because no agent is smart when it
comes to marketing in our
California neighbors.

If that is true, we ought to GET
READY.

W: how a great deal in this
country about better busi-
ness in Europe, and a lot of
people tell us it is because Euro-
peans are inherently more busi-
ness than we are.

How are some interesting fac-
tors London has one police offi-
cer for each 365 persons. Chi-
cago, one of our own large cities,
has one police officer for each 222
persons.

Paris has one policeman to each
276 persons, while Chicago has
only one policeman for each 140
persons.

It is just possible, you see, that
these Europeans obey the law be-
cause they are AFRAID NOT TO.

Commissioner in City-County
Commissioner Harvey Clough is
spending the day in Roseburg on
official business.

POLLY AND HER PAIS



Cliff Stierrett

The Touch System



Cliff Stierrett

Maybe I'm Wrong

J. P. MEDBURY

THE government has saved all
the red tape used in Washing-
ton this year and President Hoover
is going to distribute it to the
public to use tying up Christmas
presents.

Very often there is no real
health breakdown until there is a
mental breakdown. Our under-
standing of the mind is very
meager, but we must exert some
control over our thinking. Happy
is the man who is capable of dis-
missing his thinking wisely. The
surest guarantee is a strong, normal
body.

Answers to Health Queries
L. H. M. Q.—Is yellow oxide of
mercury harmful to the eyes?
A.—No.
A Reader, Q.—What will remove
tattoo marks?
A.—I would advise that you con-
sult a skin specialist. The X-ray
and the electric needle are often
used.

Momentous Moments—When
your Elk's tooth starts getting
pynched.
Financial Note—Rockefeller's
manion is the house that Jack
built.

Social Errors—Sprinkling flea
powder on your hot dog.
Efficiency Experts—The busy
man who sits in a rocking chair
when he holds the cocktail shaker.

Pitiful Cases—When a merry-
go-round horse gets the hoof and
mouth disease.
Connubial Cowards—The hen-
pecked motorist who became a six
day bicycle rider so that he
wouldn't be bothered with any
back-seat driver.

Our Own Vaudeville—Helen:
You say your fiancé was killed in
a blindfold test? King: Yes, he
faced a firing squad.
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Talks on Health

DR. R. S. COPELAND

NO greater affliction can come
to man than loss of reason.
When mental control is lost, di-
rection of the body and its acts is
gone.

There is much alarm in the
ranks of the medical profession to-
day over the steady growth and
complexity of mental diseases. The
problem of the mentally defective is
always a serious one.

The American Medical associa-
tion, at its recent meeting, took
action to bring about a more scienti-
fic handling of these problems. To
further scientific investigation it
was thought desirable to appoint
a special committee. This will
concern itself solely with psychia-
tric services in the criminal courts
and prisons. It will cooperate with
hospitals and other organizations in
the care and treatment of the
mentally ill. And at the same time
an effort will be made to promote
greater progress in the treatment
of mental defectives.

The efforts in deal justly and
wisely with criminal offenders are
often handicapped. They fall be-
cause some lawyers and judges do
not have the same conception of
the factors that lie behind an of-
fense. Through a psychiatric ser-
vice, if it is sensibly conducted,
convicting more than mere penal
treatment can be given offenders.
A slasher like this can be drawn be-
tween criminals and those suffer-
ing from mental disorders. By this
service society will receive great
protection against this type of
offenders.

The mental hygiene problems of
today are exceedingly complex.
Mental troubles are far more
prevalent than ever before. Life
is more complex than it used to
be. Many persons have difficulty
to adjust themselves to society,
and to the requirements of living.
The health of the body and the
health of the mind are intercon-
nected. If we are to be really
happy, our mental attitude
must be healthy. Many physical
disorders come from uncorrected
ideas.

Worry drains away a large store
of nervous energy. Many sorts of
mental conditions or attitudes

Advice to Girls

NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am coming to you for ad-
vice, and I feel sure you can help
me. I have many heretofore, I
am thirty years of age and have
very good office position here in
the city. I have a nice home and
can get anything I want. I go
out with a man several years my
senior, who also has a good posi-
tion and is well fixed. He has
given me a diamond ring, and, al-
though I do not really love him,
I am sure we could be happily
married, because we both enjoy sim-
ilar tastes and think quite a lot
of each other. We go steadily with
one another and no one else, and
we like each other's company.
Now, would you advise us to marry,
considering all this? Am I impos-
ing on him when I ask him to
meet me somewhere, or to take
me some place? He never minds
doing this, but is it proper?

A DUBITFUL READER:
There is every anxiety for a happy
and successful marriage. As a
woman of the world I feel sure that
you know that a marriage that is
founded on real companionship and
a community of interests is in-
variably more joyous and lasting
than one founded on a straw-tie,
that burns brightly only to flicker
out and leave dead embers. Of
course, you must know your own
mind, you assume, as you have al-
ready accepted a ring, you have a
fair idea of your plans and inten-
tions. If you know that the man
has both the time and the money
to take you places I do not see
why the invitation for an outing
should not come from you.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24—Dr.
Christian Deetjen has just given
an arm to his devotion to the
science of the X-ray, of which he
is a pioneer, but he makes a grim-
ace at the use of the term "martyr
to science."

Wedded to the tradition of medi-
cal anonymity, Dr. Deetjen would
see no interviewers and refused
to permit his photograph to be
taken after the operation, the
sent of exposure to the X-rays.
In all he has undergone 75 opera-
tions.

But he told friends he does not
consider himself a martyr at all.
They said he indicated that if he
had known what ravages the X-ray
would cause he might not have
taken up that branch of medical
science.

"The only real hero in the his-
tory of the type of Richmond Pen-
nison Hobson who knows beforehand
that he has to sacrifice himself
to accomplish his task," Dr. Deet-
jen told friends, "Neither he nor
they would comment on a report
that he planned to give up X-ray
work for several years as a result
of the latest sacrifice."

Along with Dr. Frederick H.
Baetjer, roentgenologist of Johns
Hopkins university, Dr. Deetjen is
known as the "last of the old
guard" of X-ray pioneers. He
brought his knowledge of the then
new science to Baltimore late in
the nineties.

A cheerful, gray-haired man in
his sixties, a native of Austria, Dr.
Deetjen underwent the operation
which took his left arm off at the
elbow with a smile and quickly
re recuperated. The operation was
performed by Dr. Alexis McLaugh-
lin, who first operated on him in
1911.

Letters, telegrams, flowers and
gifts arrived at the hospital by the
score when his latest sacrifice be-
came known.

MISSISSIPPI LEADS STATES
IN SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

JACKSON, Miss., Oct. 24—Miss-
issippi leads the nation in public
school attendance.

Of the state's total population
23.8 per cent is enrolled in pub-
lic schools, figures released by
the United States department of
education show. Nearly 90 per
cent of those enrolled are child-
ren between the ages of five and
17.

JURORS NAMED FOR
COURT DUTY HERE

The list of jurors for the regular
November term of circuit court
has been prepared by Roy Agee,
county clerk. The jurors chosen
are as follows:

Alfred O. Brown, Roseburg;
Roy E. Miller, Oakland; T. H. De-
wain, Willamette; C. E. Franklin, Mil-
waukie; James M. Taylor, Seelye;
E. M. Wilson, Oakland; W. W.
Dunbar, Elkton; A. L. Dyer, Myrtle
Creek; Chas. H. Jones, Roseburg;
Roy Strader, Prineville; J. H.
Stratton, Leona; R. H. C. Wood,
Roseburg; Alvin H. Hines, Prineville;
R. L. W. H. Book, Roseburg;
John C. Udam, Conventville; S. A.
Lowe, Clatskanie; Chas. E.
Dillon; Jefferson Williams, Look-
out; Lewis McKim, Huntington;
W. H. Jones, Clatskanie; Chas.
Spry, Southport; Thos. H. Roseburg;
A. T. Fisher, Glenora; C. A. Mc-
Laughlin, Clatskanie; Chas. E.
Dillon; E. Marks, Roseburg; Miss
Mable Brown, Elkton; Fred Vin-
cent, Clatskanie; Chas. E. Dillon;
Bill Sutherland; John H. Keith; Mat-
thew A. W. Layton, Hiddle; and I.
E. Goff, Southport.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE

I pledge myself as republican
candidate for state representative
from Douglas county to serve the
best interests of the residents of
this county. I solicit the support
of every voter.

(Paid adv.) C. M. MYNATT.

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

"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
Judy kept asking herself, "Do I
love him? So jaunty, so dashing—
but just that isn't enough. Just
that wouldn't be enough. . . . She
had had such plans, such a vision
of a future. Did she care enough
about Tris to give it all up for
him?"

That future which was to have
been so glorious seemed rather
dim and far away now. She had
begun to believe that what Peggy
always said might be true—that
a career at best was a lonely
thing. She had had a taste of ro-
mance and the radiance of this
had routed the long, young ambi-
tions.

But she was not sure that the
place of those ambitions could be
filled by what romance offered in-
stead. Tris—gay, reckless—whose
fatalism was like a gleaming
sword—was not the man for her
today, for tomorrow never comes.
. . . The other Judy had believed
this. But Judy, herself, was more
practical.

She tried to talk it over with
Tris.

They were making slow time
up the river, crawling through a
thick, driving mist that beat upon
their faces like rain as they stood
at the dripping rail. The whole
world was gray with fog, and the
shore lines were merely darker
banks of clouds as the fog hush
sounded at intervals in a list,
morning loneliness.

"Do you always mean to keep
moving around, Tris dear? Won't
you miss having a home and
things some day—all the nice
plushy moss a rolling stone doesn't
gather?"

"Rolling stones don't want nice
plushy moss a rolling stone doesn't
get—keep bright and shiny. I
thought you felt this way?"

"Yes, I did." When she was
safe at home in Lyle she felt this
way. Now she kept looking ahead
where else. Peggy's eyes. . . .
When she was Peggy's age. . . .
Women wanted to rest sometimes.
Tramping de luxe was all right
when you were young.

He said, "Think of the freedom,
Judy. No responsibility. If you
don't like the place you go some-
where else. You're as free—as
the gulls."

"Oh, the gulls!" Her eyes
turned to the gray shapes wheel-
ing in the gray mist—mouping,
swooping, coming to rest only on
the waves where there was no
rest. Sea gulls. . . .

She knew how what they had
tried to tell her yesterday. Some-
thing about freedom. They were
free like Tris. Wind beaten,
storm tossed. Tris was like the
gulls, tossed by fortune, blown
about by every vague whim. . . .
He wished to be this way.

It seemed inexplicably sad.
"Think the gulls are lonesome.
Tris."

"Silly, they have each other."
She was silent. Frightened. Tris
had never seemed more enchant-
ing than he did now as he smiled
at her in the mist, his dark face
full of light, eyes tender.

He put his hand down on hers
as it lay on the rail and the old
warm sparkle rushed through her
veins, lighted the dismal day with
beauty.

She gave him a little shaken
smile. "I'm going somewhere by
myself. Tris, I've got to think."

He bent down and kissed her
quickly.

When she glanced backward he
was leaning on the rail, watching
the gulls that followed the ship.

She met Kit Camp and Betsy.
Kit Camp should have been asleep
yet here he was frolicking in the
rain with Betsy. He never had
missed his sleep on her account,
Judy reflected.

They saw her coming and Betsy
caught his hand and they raced
toward her along the deck, very
blithe, very carefree.

"Was looking for you, Judy."
Betsy squeaked. "Got a million
things to talk over, but you're so
darn exclusive. Well," she shrilled
at Kit Camp, "I'm on my way.
What are you going to do about
it?"

He looked from Judy to Betsy,
laughing all the while, hands in
his pockets, moving his broad
shoulders with the swaying of the
ship. "What do you want me to do,
little one?"

Betsy went very close to him,
grinned up into his face. "Part-
ing calls for a kiss, at least. May-
be two. Well?"

The glints came into his eyes,
but he did not lower his head.
"This one doesn't. What do you
think of that?"

"What would I think?" A lit-
tle edge to Betsy's voice as her
glance winged to Judy. "I'm the
wrong girl, that's what I think.
You have a try at Sir Snooty, Ju.
Go on, see what happens."

Judy met Kit's amused regard
as her cheeks flamed. She be-
gan to pull Betsy away. "Of all
the idiotic feather-heads, I sup-
pose you think you're smart, say-
ing wild, crazy things. Like to
wring your neck—I would in
deed!"

"Oh, hush up, Ju." They were
making their way to Betsy's cabin
—not too steadily, for the ship
was beginning to pitch a stiff.
Betsy surveyed Judy's flushed,
angry face shrugged with supreme
unconcern. "Come down off the
pedestal, darling. The man's goofy
about you, and you know it. So
why act like Queen Victoria's
fair-haired child?"

"If that's all you've got to say
I'll go along."

But Betsy made Judy sit down
and when she had collected a nail
file from the floor, a buffer from
the soap dish and polish from a
half eaten box of candy and had
perched herself in the middle of
the berth, she began to talk, as she
said, in a plain way.

"You've always had a grudge on
life, dearie. Lord knows why.
You've got looks and too much
sense to act the way you do. Never
sive any man a break. The way
you treated Ray Varman was a
crime."

Judy noticed it first toward
evening when older people began to
huddle in the lounge rooms, all
with their wraps on, handbags
biting.

No one spoke the word "dang-
er," yet it was in all their minds.
Judy knew this by their too
steady smiles, their too steady
chatter, which broke off when the
fog horn moaned and started hur-
riedly again just too late to cover
that dolorful sound.

Judy asked a colored deckhand
who was busily lashing chairs to-
gether if there were danger.

"Oh, yas'm," he grinned. "We's
liable to run around 'mos' any
time now."

"And would that do much
harm?" she went on, fascinated by
his blissful detachment.

"Yas'm, sure would. We mought
run onto a sandbar an' we mought
run onto a ledge."

She began a search for Peggy
then. Peggy was almost never in
the cabin these days. It was a
long search. It ended at last on a
lower deck behind the glassed-in
shelter in a corner between the
wall and piled up chairs.

Mr. Tennant had spread out two
of the chairs and covered them
with robes, and he occupied one.
Peggy the other. They were very
near together, looking cheerfully
contented. And they were holding
hands.

Judy said, "Well!" She stood
there staring. "Well! There's a
fog," she continued in a dazed
way.

"A fog?" Peggy raised up
peered at the windows. But it was
growing dark and the window
save back the lights from within
the ship. "Did you say fog, dear?
I hadn't noticed."

Mr. Tennant spoke then, crisp-
ly, his blue eyes twinkling at the
girl. "Your mother has something
to tell you, my dear. Something I
hope you'll be glad to hear."

Peggy gasped. "Oh—"

"I—we've just— Oh, I'm sure
you'll be happy about this, Judy.
You see, Don and I are going to
be married. I—that is, we've just
decided. You—you'll not mind,
dear?"

Judy's first thought was, "Why,
she's a little afraid of me." And
her second thought was, "Betsy
said I'm self-absorbed. I didn't
want mother to get married again.
Not ever. But now I'm glad."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

E. S. Cockleiras, F. L. Cockleiras
All kinds of cabinet work—
Cupboard Doors.
Furniture Repairing, Truck
Bodies.
We sell Upon Board and
Veneer.

Saw Filing a Specialty
Phone 541-J 542 Fowl!r St.

Here's the reason
every can of HILLS
BROS COFFEE

is so fresh

As FAST as Hills Bros. Coffee comes
from the roasters which produce
the famous flavor, it is packed in
vacuum cans. By this process, air,
which destroys the flavor of coffee,
is taken out of the can and kept
out. No air-tight can will keep
coffee fresh. Hills Bros.' vacuum
can is easily opened with the key.



Controlled Roasting
Coffee Hills Bros.
Coffee a flavor no
other coffee has.

LOOK FOR THE ARAB ON THE CAN

The Drive Begins Today

GIVE!

TO THE

Roseburg Community Chest

LET'S FILL IT QUICK

Phone 283 CHEST HEADQUARTERS

If you want to help; if you have been
missed.