Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH ..... Editor

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The New Traffic Law

SECRETARY OF STATE HAL E. HOSS, has sent out advance copies of a bill which he proposes to introduce at the next session of the Oregon legislature, which will amend and increase the speed laws of the state.

At first you might be inclined to say that people are already driving too fast and that an effort should be made to curb speed on the highways rather than to increase it. The bill which Hal Hoss has prepared, however, has less to do with the mere detail of speed and it has MORE to do with safe driving. As everyone knows, it is not so much how fast a car travels, but HOW it travels, that counts.

That is just the idea behind the proposed measure. The present "speed limit law" serves usually to cloud and confuse the issue when a reckless driver is arrested for a traffic violation. The new bill takes into consideration the manner in which the car is being driven as the prime factor rather than the speed at which it is traveling—but read the essential paragraph in the bill:

"No person shall drive a vehicle upon a highway at a speed greater than is reasonable and prudent, having due regard to the traffic, surface and width of the highway and the hazard at intersections and any other conditions then existing.

"Nor shall any person drive at a speed which is greater than will permit the driver to exercise proper control of the vehicle and to decrease speed or to stop as may be necessary to avoid colliding with any person, vehicle or other conveyance upon or entering the highway in compliance with legal requirements and with the duty of drivers and other persons using the highway to exercise due care; provided, that this provision shall not be construed to relieve the plaintiff in any civic action from the burden of proving negligence upon the part of the defendant as the proximate cause of the accident."

Secretary Hoss has demonstrated a keen understanding of the fundamentals of traffic regulation and safe-guarding. Painting the traffic cars white was a progressive, sensible step. This move has been a complete success. Now this bill, a part of which is quoted above, is to be submitted to the legislature with the request that it be made a law.

Progress such as this in the all important function of traffic regulation means the saving of lives and property. Hoss is to be highly commended for the energy and clear thinking with which he has tackled this problem.

Edward M. Miller, auto editor of the Oregonian writes in the November issue of the Oregon Motorist, an article on Oregon and its wonders entitled "Oregon Has Everything." Even if you already know that Oregon has everything, the story by Mr. Miller is worth your reading time.

The Red Cross Roll Call drive ends Thanksgiving day. We have not yet reached our quota—which is really very low. Do not wait for the workers to call upon you but phone the chamber of commerce office or mail your check for $1 to that office.

A wealthy and philanthropic Japanese has started out on a campaign to provide handkerchiefs for the poor children of Japan. A laudable undertaking if there ever was one.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

SOURING THE MILK
(Hend Bulletin)

NOT all of the wandering poor are criminal. But there are enough of them who are to place them all, as a class, beyond the pale. They may be made the object of mass charity, they may be fed and given a "flop" by some institution and then sent on their way, but it is hardly safe for the individual to take the matter of their individual relief into his own hand.

It was cold and stormy, in Hend as elsewhere, the other night, and there were three for whom there was no room available in the home for itinerants which the Salvation Army maintains. So they cast about for shelter and food.

Now, when one is really in need, his best opportunity of securing relief is usually from someone not much better off than himself. The three probably knew this for they knocked at the door of an exceedingly humble home. The owner invited them in, shared his fire with them, might have fed them and put them up for the night. But he was denied the opportunity.

One of his guests tapped him, not too gently, with a soft club, and he passed into unconsciousness. When he awakened his guests had gone. With them had gone the little money which the host had had, and what few personal effects had chanced to catch the fancy of the needy ones.

The householder to whom we refer will be less inclined to open his door to the wayfarer hereafter. If he does, the opening will probably just wide enough to allow the muzzle of a shotgun to protrude. The spirit [illegible] which animated him the other evening is, by now, pretty well squelched. It is too bad that this should be so, but it is so and there is no use blinking the fact.

In a good many instances it may be entirely safe to take in three wanderers who call, but to do so would still show mighty poor judgment. And so, we continue our personal charities to those with whom we are personally acquainted, and for the others we aid in the financing of mass charity.

It is better so than to receive a rap from a soft club by way of appreciation.

(Astorian-Budget)

The lower Columbia district has for years been a consistent winner of prizes in sectional and national butter shows but there is no envy here over the fact that the little co-operative association of Carlton, Oregon, won first award at the recent Pacific Slope Dairy show in California with butter that scored 95. Rather we rejoice that this distinction came again to Oregon and that one more co-operative has demonstrated the value of specializing on quality products.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)

Roseburg has shipped seven carloads of turkeys to California. When they get to their destination they will probably be relabeled as having come from the land of lemons and professional university football teams.

PRESIDENT OF FAT ELK OIL CO. DIES

Mr. and Mrs. John Ewell and C. W. Hagen left this morning for Coquille to attend the funeral of H. T. Wimer, president of the Fat Elk Oil and Gas company, who died yesterday morning at North Bend. Mr. Wimer was one of the organizers of the company which is prospecting for oil in the Coquille district. A meeting of the stockholders of the company was called yesterday, following Mr. Wimer's death, and John Ewell, of this city, was named president, to succeed Mr. Wimer, and Mrs. Wimer was elected to her husband's place on the board of directors.

WESTBROOK QUITS AT LITHIA HOTEL

Following sale of the hostelry, Bert R. Westbrook, former hotel manager of Roseburg, has severed his connection with the Lithia hotel at Ashland, which he has operated for the past 21 months. He is reported to be considering tentative offers to manage hotels in other cities. Mr. Westbrook's experience in the hotel business has also extended to Albany and Astoria.

POISONED LIQUOR CLAIMS 16 LIVES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 24 — Deaths from poisoned liquor have reached such an alarming total this month that county officials held a conference today upon the situation, which they described as serious. They reported 16 deaths in 23 days.

PLANE CRASH KILLS TWO FORD WORKERS

DETROIT, Nov. 24 — Two employes of the Ford Motor company were killed when their tri-motored experimental plane crashed in flames on the Ford airport at Dearborn today.

The dead are Myron E. Zeller, 24, of Dearborn, the pilot, and Carl Wendel, 30, of River Rouge, the mechanic.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1)

[illegible] nor anybody else.

THE value of building construction which increased in September over August, increased again in October over September. Both of course were under the abnormal figures for last year.

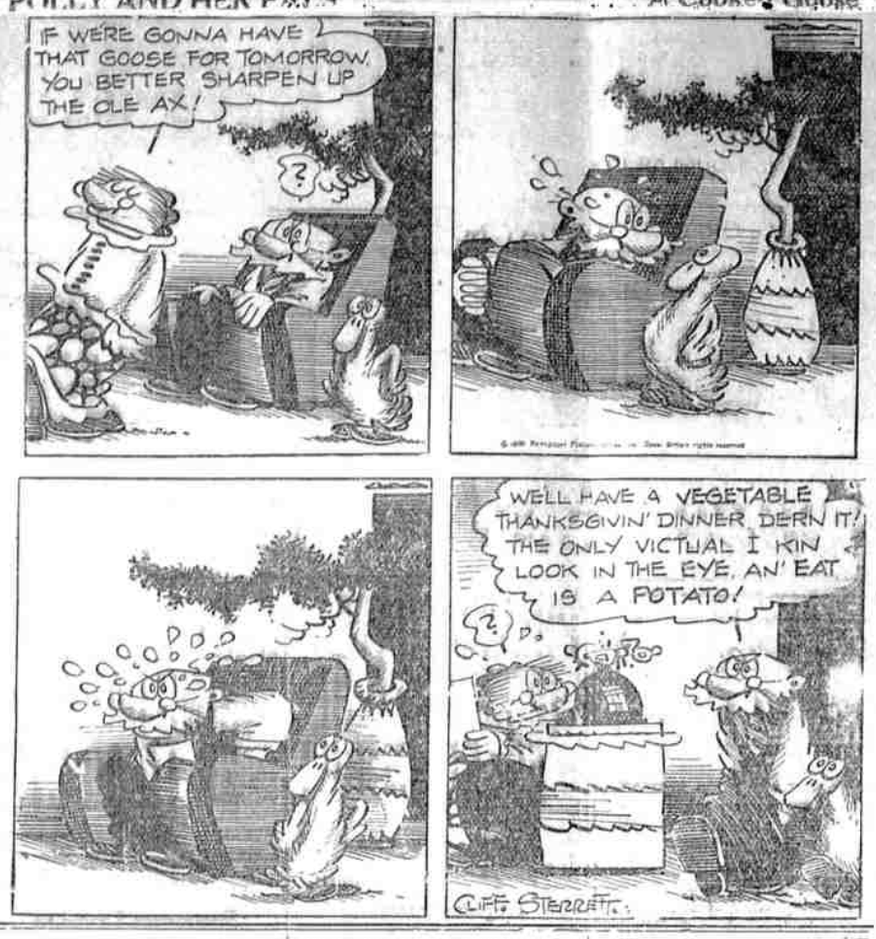
But don't pay too much attention to these comparisons with last year's ABNORMAL figures.

What we are chiefly interested in NOW are increases from month to month on the PRESENT basis. Last year was a [illegible] year.

CALIFORNIA [illegible] rate of increase of population [illegible] the 1920 census. Oregon is EIGHTH, which is certainly nothing to be ashamed of.

This writer, who is an incurable optimist so far as Oregon's future is concerned, would like to go on record with a prediction that in the NEXT decade Oregon will be at least among the first four states in rate of increase of population.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Maybe I'm Wrong
By J. P. MEDBURY

IF there are any Scotch bad-men, the chances are they'll die with somebody else's boots on.

Social Accomplishments—Stenographers rush in where wives have to knock.

Null and Void—The fellow who committed suicide in front of a lookingglass so that he could see when he was dead.

Ode to a Radio Bug—It's no sign you've got heaven just because you hear a harp solo.

To Whom It May Concern—Where there's a will, there's a lot of fresh heir friends.

Feminine Finance—The divorce courts are awarding such large alimony lately that the average wife can't afford to stay happily married.

Momentous Moments—When a road hog starts talking pig Latin to a speed cop.

Take It or Leave It—The fellow who chauffeurs a hearse is never troubled by a back-seat driver.

Vital Statistics—Careless men become husbands; careful ones remain bachelors.

Our Own Vaudeville — Maid: What's wrong, maam? Hostess: You've seated the Siamese twins at opposite sides of the table.

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SPAIN'S AIR IDOL ESCAPES PRISON

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MADRID, Nov. 24 — Major Ramon Franco, Spain's premier aviator who Friday was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for alleged seditious utterances, today escaped from the cell where he has been incarcerated more than a month.

The trans-Atlantic aviator, who is the idol of the Spanish populace and the hero of the army air service, forced the window of a section of the old prison in which he was held.

Another aviator, Eduardo Reyes, escaped with Franco. Prison authorities said neither had been watched very closely and both had given their word of honor not to attempt a breakaway.

Major Franco originally was jailed for "military offenses."

AIMEE McPHERSON RESTS UNDER GUARD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 24 — Unconditional under Semple McPherson returned home in a wheel chair. Crowds to her home were authorized and clerks guarded. The commission at her temple offer a prayer for her recovery.

LIQUOR HAUL TRAILS FOOTBALL BATTLE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24 — Foes of prohibition agents celebrated the Stanford-California "big game" night by arresting eleven men, seizing two stills, three automobiles, a truck and assorted liquor.

MR. AND MRS. LOOF VISIT ROSEBURG

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Looff, former residents of Roseburg now residing in Seattle, where Mr. Looff is employed in the aviation department of one of the large oil companies, left Roseburg yesterday for Grants Pass to visit for a few days before returning to their home. They have been spending several days here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton. Mr. Looff served as an aviator during the World war, and upon his return to Roseburg was employed as truck driver for one of the local oil companies. When this company inaugurated its aviation department he became one of its pilots, and is now doing a great deal of flying along the coast.

—Our Christmas Seals—

SMASHES WINDOW TO GET JAIL EASE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

FRESNO, Cal., Nov. 24.—Hungry, weary, penniless and unable to find a job, Frank Johnson of Chicago smashed the window of the police station here today and invited officers to jail him. They did, and he says jail fare is not so bad, and the jail is warm.

SANTA WILL VISIT ROSEBURG KIDDIES

Santa Claus is to pay an advance visit to the J. C. Penney store in Roseburg Friday night of this week. A. A. Richard, manager of the store, has received word that the pre-Christmas visit is to be made at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening, and in preparation for the event the store is to be decorated in holiday attire and the Christmas stock will be put on display. The store will be open all evening, but no business will be transacted. All children who visit the store to inspect the goods and to meet Santa Claus will be given a present from Santa himself.

ROWLAND HAGER MADE 'FRAT' MEMBER

Rowland Hager, of Roseburg, a student at Oregon State college, is one of eight men to be elected to Alpha Zeta, national honorary fraternity in agriculture. Selections are made upon a basis of character, scholarship, and indications of future leadership in agricultural work. The national organization of Alpha Zeta has chapters in all of the agricultural colleges in the United States and many national agricultural leaders are members.

—Our Christmas Seals—

PROPOSAL FOR SUPPLIES

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 P. M. December 5, 1930, at the office of the undersigned for furnishing to the various state institutions and departments supplies consisting of drygoods, clothing, furnishings, groceries, shoes, hardware, brooms, drugs, stationery, crockery, plumbing, etc. for the semi-annual period ending June 30, 1931. Specifications and schedules will be furnished upon application to the undersigned, also from the trade and commercial bureau of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, Multnomah Hotel, or from the Oregon Manufacturers Association, Oregon Building, both located in Portland, Oregon.

Each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check representing 5 per cent of the whole amount bid, made payable to Carle Abrams, Secretary Oregon State Board of Control, or where the ten per cent amounts to $500.00 or more a surety bond from some company authorized to do business in Oregon will be accepted in place of the check. The same shall be held as a guaranty of the faithful performance of the contract.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

CARLE ABRAMS,
Secretary Oregon State Board of Control, Capitol Building, Salem Oregon

—Our Christmas Seals—

The new General Motors radio is the last word in daylight reception and fine music. Radio phonograph combination only $225 complete. It is sold by Hansen Chevrolet Co. on easy G. M. A. C. terms.—Adv.

Clark's Studio, I. O. O. F. Bldg. Photos $4.00 dozen and up. 1 8x10 with each dozen. Sittings day or night.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

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

While prune growers may feel hard hit at the widespread stagnation of the market, there may be some satisfaction in reviewing conditions of years ago when the industry was still young in Douglas county. These reflections were engendered by a visit with a Canyonville man late last week, and it is really interesting to go over the experiences of growers when things generally were at a low ebb.

W. H. Graham, a civil war veteran, who enlisted in Company H, 19th Indiana Infantry at the beginning of the rebellion, was born in Pennsylvania in 1844. When he was 18 he accompanied his parents to Indiana, and when the war broke a few years later entered the service. In 1875 with his wife, he moved to Oregon, bought a farm about a mile above Days Creek postoffice on the South Umpqua, where he engaged in stock raising, growing grain, hops and prunes. Later he bought another farm in the neighborhood and engaged in prune growing quite extensively. He lived there until a few years ago, when he rented his orchard and moved into Canyonville to enjoy life. Right here it may be noted that Mr. Graham might have traveled a lot farther and found a less interesting home than in that historic old mining town and stage station, which was in the early days of southern Oregon development one of the liveliest on the entire route between Portland and San Francisco. Its site at the foot of Canyon mountain, from whose streams and canyons a wealth of gold has been taken since 1860, the Umpqua river flowing through the valley, and Canyon creek rushing in an ever whitening torrent from the mountain toward the Umpqua, makes that old town a delightful place for those men and women whose lives are linked with the opening up of the county.

Roseburg was the end of the railroad when Mr. and Mrs. Graham first came to Douglas county. On the south the nearest station was at Reading, California. By the time he had begun to grow prunes and hops to any appreciable extent, the railway had been completed to Ashland, and the old stage coach days, so far as the Oregon-California route was concerned, were ended. All of their produce was freighted by team to Riddle, where it was shipped to outside markets. Wagon roads were far from being good, rough and ungraveled, and in winter almost impassable, but all those difficulties were swept aside by those pioneer agriculturists of the seventies.

Asked as to prices in those times Mr. Graham stated that the top for prunes was three cents, with the usual drop for smaller sizes. There were no federal inspectors and buying agents were not so particular as they are this 1930. Pickers received five cents per box. Dryerman was paid $1.50 per day. And, he added, those people made more than they do at prices of today. This was possible, Mr. Graham stated, because of the low cost of commodities the people had to buy. Farm machinery was low. A good plow could be bought from $3.50 to $10. Harrows were sold by leaders around $12 to $15. Flour was worth 75c to 90c a sack. Mill feed sold for 50c a sack. Sugar was worth about what it is today. Overalls could be bought for 75c the pair, and everything was to be had at correspondingly low prices.

Mr. Graham closed his interview by saying that while he was in the service during the rebellion just three years and one month, he was never sick a single day and at 86 is still active and enjoying life. He has been married three times, and four of his children are living.

Girl Unafraid
By Gladys Johnson

Ardeth Carroll is just a shop girl, leading a very simple life, but her ideals are high. She looks beyond the drab existence marriage to Neil Burke would mean. Seeing handsome Ken Gleason with Cecile Parker, society belle, Ardeth's heart leaps. When Cecile's sister, Jeanette, opens a specialty shop, she asks Ardeth to take charge. Ardeth meets Ken at the shop. Shortly after, knowing Jeanette has left for the day, Ken calls, feigning he had planned to drive Jeanette home. He asks Ardeth to go instead. Ken plans a foursome of Ardeth, Jeanette, Tom Corbett and himself. Jeanette and Tom are unable to go, so Ken is alone with Ardeth. They picnic together, their hearts racing with each other's nearness. Ken kisses Ardeth.

CHAPTER IX.

The ark was casting a long sunset shadow, the air was cool and the bay had taken on a cold violet tinge when Ardeth and Ken left the little duck shack.

Something of sadness touched the girl as they walked over the plank runway to where the blue automobile waited on the road.

Some minutes after they had started she looked back. The ark was almost swallowed up in the immensity of the marshes. Small, remote, already a thing of memory. Like this golden day, like Ken's first kiss. . . .

She had had her perfect day. . . the wistful words of the song stealing into her mind, weaving themselves with the wide marshes and the red sunset light. She did not realize she was singing them until she heard Ken's pleasant baritone humming beside her.

"When you come to the end of a perfect day . . .
And you sit alone with your thoughts——"

Ken's arm went around her. Her cheek brushed the shoulder of his coat. Something pleasantly masculine about that rough tweed.

"For memory has painted the perfect day—
In colors which will not fade,
And you find at the end of a perfect day—
The heart of a friend you've made. . . . ."

Glancing down, Ken caught the glint of tears on her lashes. He stopped the car and lifted her face with one hand.

"You funny, adorable cry baby!"

She smiled but kept her eyes stubbornly shut.

"It's just the sunset and — and all. It is just that it seems too beautiful to last . . ."

The words went on echoing in the man's mind long after they had been spoken. They wove into the humming of the engine, persisting like the blowing of a lonely wind.

They stopped for dinner at a roadside tavern—a rambling frame house half hidden in live oaks. Over a small corner table they faced each other. The upflung gleam of candle-light touched the girl's face to glowing rose and made a golden nimbus of her hair, and again the young fellow felt his heart moved by her unusual beauty.

Ken had remembered this road house from his college days. College days . . . . a time which now seemed to be very remote — tantalizingly carefree. Unthinkable life could change so in such a comparatively short time! A few years in the world and a fellow was bound — soul and body. Rebellion surged in him. Unfair — that fate could get a man in a straightjacket of circumstances so that he could not carry out his own desires. . . . .

They talked and laughed, as they had done earlier in the day, but something of that first tingling joy was gone.

Ardeth slept on the boat going back to the city, curled up on the seat like a tired child, one cheek pillowed on his arm.

The man sat looking down at her and his face was very sober.

Sweet little kid. Something touching in her utter trust of him. He'd have to be careful. He could so easily make her care for him. Care deeply . . . . and she could so easily be hurt. Funny, this protective tenderness she could rouse in him. Oh, God — why couldn't a man live his life to suit himself.

Thrum! thrum! thrum! Those were the engines underfoot. Something like life, this ferry ride. A brief passage between ports—the thrumming of a mighty heart. Then the heart stopped pumping and you were on the other side.

Here! Snap out of it! Nothing very original about the thought—and what a gloom he was getting to be.

They were getting in—the creaking piles sliding by the dark windows. Ken looked swiftly around to make sure no one from the surrounding cars could see, then he leaned down and woke Ardeth with a hasty kiss.

At the street corner where he had parked that morning Ken stopped the car. Words were strangely lacking between them. The girl's hart was crying out to know why she would see him again. When he would call her up. But words would not come to her lips.

He kissed her goodby, not with the fire of a few hours before, but gently—a kiss somehow wistful.

Then she was standing alone on the pavement, watching the red tail-light of his car turn around the corner—and there was a little forlorn ache in her heart.

By morning her spirits had lifted. Another day. Ken would be in — his tall figure, white smile bringing the brisk outside air into the heated shop.

Memories keeping her company—closing out the reality of the gray flat — of the crowded street car — Ken's vivid face poised over her own — his eyes tender and laughing between narrowed lashes. Life surging on in a rush of happiness again.

She had been a trifle apprehensive about facing Jeanette this morning. What would Jeanette ask? How much should she tell her.

But Jeanette was gratifyingly full of her own plans today. She had little time and less patience for another girl's romance.

She had conceived the idea of turning the back room of the shop into a "smokerie."

"A place where women can drop in when they're downtown shopping, and have a chat and a cigarette, Ardeth. If we have Tony move the empty crates out of the basement we'll use that for store room, and this other is just so much waste space now. . . .

The room behind the main shop was a long, narrow apartment, with one window looking out on a dreary little alley. But Jeanette's spontaneous energy was equal to the task. She paced the floor all day in a fine frenzy of creation.

"I'll have the window painted and draped. Put in couches and soft-shaded lamps and thick rugs — make it like an Oriental den. We'll serve orange pekoe tea free, and charge them fancy prices for cigarettes — remind me to lay in a stock of holders and enamel cases, Ardeth. And it will move the goods in the front shop, too!"

Ardeth listened, applauded, suggested. No one watching her would have guessed that her heart was aching. That all of life had gone flat and gray before her sick eyes.

Three o'clock . . . four o'clock . . . six o'clock. The day dragged by interminably, and Ken did not come in.

Nor did he come the next day . . . nor the next.

In the days which followed that golden Saturday Ardeth tasted the dregs of humiliation.

She had been a fool. She had fallen in love with a man who cared nothing for her. What had been to her a glorious dream had been to him merely another necking party.

Memory flashed pictures to torment her. Ken's eyes smiling down into her own . . . his voice murmuring, "Like me a little?" How fervently she had clung to him. . . "Oh . . . . Oh!" She pressed her hands to her hot cheeks in shame.

He thought her cheap. . . that was why he had not come into the store. . . .

Her own wretched face stared forlornly back at her from the glass. Why had she been so eager? She must have been crazy to act so. But, oh, how cruel — how needlessly cruel he was! She hated him. . . almost as much as she hated herself.

Life was flat and miserable. Days were endless — nights were worse. She tossed with unhappy dreams until Bet loudly complained, or she lay staring wide-eyed and miserable into the dark long after the rest of the family had fallen asleep.

She lashed herself up to a sort of self-scorn.

"Well, what else could she expect? Did a man have to marry a girl simply because he took her on a Sunday outing and gave her a few careless kisses?"

—Our Christmas Seals—

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