

## Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLISWORTH, Editor

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### Chapter Ended

RAY SUTHERLAND, shot to death in the Oakridge country, has paid the price for his rash and hot tempered killing of two officers who sought to arrest him for moonshining. Three lives have been snuffed out, including his own; two men wounded and many other lives menaced, all because Sutherland thought he was smart enough to evade the law of the land.

Sutherland's bad judgment began at the time he chose to go into the business of manufacturing and selling liquor. Many people do not like the law which Sutherland violated but no person can logically condone its violation. He was trying to beat an unbeatable game. His bad judgment continued when he sought to prevent arrest by the use of violence and the climax of his career came when he shot and killed two men who were employed to bring him in. Legally, and in the minds of most of us, this chapter is closed. In the hearts of those who were harassed by Sutherland's rash act, the act will never be forgotten, the sadness written there can never be erased.

Turkey prices stiffen substantially on the eve of Thanksgiving. Too late to be of much help to growers for this particular market. The Christmas turkey market is extremely important for producers so it is hoped that present prices prevail at that time.

JOHN W. Kelley, whose political writings in the Oregonian have constituted the "political dope" for our state for quite a time, is ordered to Washington. Now we shall hope to have all the latest inside political dope from the nation's capital written in infallible Kelleyan style.

After doing proper duty by tomorrow's celebration dinner why not exercise a little vicariously, by watching the Roseburg high school team play Myrtle Creek high school for the football championship of Douglas county.

And then dance at the Armory with the Business and Professional Women's club in the evening.

### HUSBAND SUES ON WIFE'S KISS; LOSES

PORTLAND, Nov. 25.—A husband whose wife has been kissed by another man has no claim against the other man unless her affections have been thereby alienated. Circuit Judge Knowles of La Grande, ruled here yesterday and thereby reversed a district

court decision. Fred C. Miller appealed the case lost in the district court to John Savolainen, who charged Miller with kissing his wife against her will. Savolainen sued for \$57.50.

### LAST PAYMENT ON U. OF O. UNIT MADE

(Associated Press Local Wire)  
PORTLAND, Nov. 25.—As final payment for the first \$200,000 unit of the fine arts building to be erected on the university of Oregon campus, \$21,406.50 has been added to the fund, Mrs. Irene Gerlinger, chairman, said yesterday. The building is to be a memorial to the late President Prince Lucius Campbell.

Another \$100,000 in cash and responsible pledges is ready, Mrs. Gerlinger said, for work on the second \$200,000 unit. The campaign to raise \$200,000 for the completed fine arts building was started five years ago.

### RECORD ERA NEARS, GIFFORD STATES

SALEM, Mass., Nov. 24.—Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph company, predicted the arrival soon of an era of prosperity never before equalled, in a speech at the Essex institute here last night.

"As sure as I am standing here," Gifford said, "this depression will soon pass and we are about to enter a period of prosperity the like of which no country has ever seen before; a new era of big business working for the fulfillment of its social obligations, a new development in industry to work out the problems of distributing what we have, on the basis that we have plenty to go around."

### Editorials on News (Continued from page 1)

made prosperous, as Americans are prosperous, there will be vast increased markets for the food products grown by American farmers. Then, instead of having a surplus, we will have an OUTLET, which will make all the difference in the world so far as American agriculture is concerned.

ONE other thought along this line: If the people of Europe get actively busy earning the money with which to acquire American standards of comfortable living, they won't have time left for warring among themselves.

It is war, more than anything else, that has kept Europe poor.

HERE is an important financial note: Banking conditions throughout the country are sound and satisfactory. There is plenty of money with which to carry on the country's business.

Has it occurred to you that throughout this entire depression there has been no shortage of credit? There has been no panicky calling of loans. The banks have been fully able to carry legitimate industry forward. It was the same in the depression of 1920 and 1921. Give credit for that to the federal reserve system.

HERE is a final thought for today: If, by means of the federal reserve system, we have been able to eliminate credit panics, it is entirely possible that at some time in the future we may be able to devise some OTHER system that will make it possible to avert depressions altogether.

It is all a question of brains and leadership. As we develop more brains and better leadership, it will be possible to do away with a lot of the evils that now vex us.

## POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

### WHAT'S THE DATE OF YOUR MIND?

"When you hear a man say 'I hate,' adding the name of some race, nation, religion, or social class, you are dealing with a dated mind. That man may dress like a modern, ride in an automobile, listen over the radio, but his mind is properly dated about 1899 B. C."—Harris Emerson Poole.

Thank God, we've turned a brighter page  
When hate no longer rules the age  
How long it seems since Kaiser Bill  
Proclaimed the world should do his will:  
Declared that with the cruel Hun  
He'd mold the nations into one.  
And, through the iron rule of hate,  
Dictate to all their certain fate!

The Kellogg pact is on the air—  
With spirit like a Christmas prayer.  
The hate and Kaiser both are gone  
And have no place in this new dawn.  
The Germans and the French are friends—  
Cooperate for peaceful ends.  
The world is in a gentler mood—  
No longer will on hatred brood.

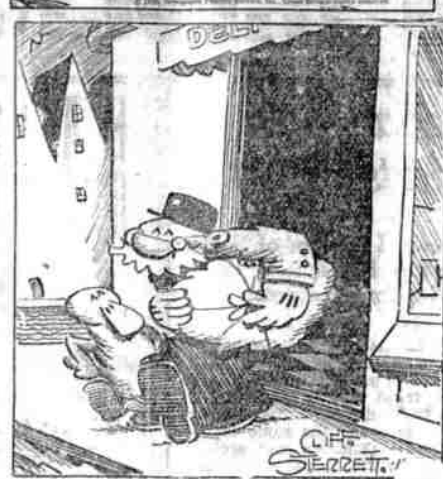
Let's not be slow to take the hint.  
And for ourselves new coinage mint.  
This newer age is keyed to love—  
Not to the eagle, but the dove.  
Our heroes change with this new time—  
We're in a gentler, softer clime.  
Not soldiers now who win our cheers,  
But he who leads the engineers.

'Tis Lindbergh, Hoover—men of peace,  
And with such men will fame increase—  
The men who make for brotherhood—  
Whose love of peace is understood.  
Let's bring our minds right up to date—  
Not lag behind the church and state;  
But, with a breath of rare ozone,  
Crown love as king upon the throne.

## POLLY AND HER PALS



## The Windows of the Soul



### Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A PARLOR maid went crazy the other day in a round house. She couldn't find a corner to sweep the dirt into.

To Whom It May Concern—Don't worry if your boy friend is brainless. Maybe his folks brought him up on a dumb wall.

Financial Note—A five-dollar lip-stick is a great investment; it starts paying dividends after the first kiss.

Pitiful Cases—When a husband is so henpecked that he's suffering from the hip.

Vital Statistics—After a man has been married three times he should revert to his parents.

Efficiency Experts—A large child company is trying to double their profits by getting two-faced women to use their chewing gum.

Take It or Leave It—There's a million dollar's worth of fun in a ten cent piece of misfortune.

Wonders of Nature—A somnambulist with the wanderlust.

Our Own Vaudeville—Teacher: How was John the Baptist killed? Johnnie: In a necking party. Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

### Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

IN ANCIENT times it was believed headaches were due to evil spirits within the head. The cure for headaches in that day consisted in boring holes through the skull, so that the spirits might escape. We have testimony of this practice in the borings found in skulls recovered in recent excavations.

Modern civilization has not removed these evil spirits and yet we still suffer from headaches! In stead of the drilling to relieve the pain we moderns resort to all sorts of patent medicines. I wonder if this practice is not just as silly.

The drug habit is an exceedingly dangerous practice. Medicines that relieve headaches merely remove the pain; the cause of the headache is left untouched. Further, the habit of taking medicine for the relief of pain is likely to be injurious to the health.

Headache is not a disease. It is a sign that some part of the body is not working properly. Headache may be caused by various disorders of the body. Among them are: indigestion, constipation, nervousness, and defective eyesight. Some of the common causes of headache are: excessive drinking, smoking, posture in walking and standing, and in women, uterine diseases, frequently cause head aches.

In young children, headache is one of the first signs of some infectious disease. It should never be ignored and the temperature should be taken at once. If the headache persists, the pulse is rapid and the child has a fever, it is a sign of some serious disease. When severe vomiting is present or attention to the above points never delay in consulting your physician.

There is a distinct type of headache which seems to run in families. This type is known as "migraine." Little is known of this condition except the fact that it does occur in families and is believed to be hereditary.

The headache is there all the time, but most times it is not an attack of migraine. Such attacks are powerful, constant disturbances of any type, severe mental or physical fatigue and distressing symptoms are the most common cause.

To alleviate the attacks are more or less periodical. They may occur on the same day every week, or

every two weeks, or about once a month. The individual usually knows in advance about when he will have an attack.

In view of the fact that most headaches of this sort are usually associated with some nausea and at times vomiting, people believe that is due to some error in diet. This is not true. Gastro-intestinal disturbances are usually present as a sign of the trouble but are not the cause of the headache.

The underlying cause of the headache must be determined and removed if possible. Until then we may not say we are "curing" the headache. No permanent relief from headaches will be accomplished unless this is done.

In general avoidance of excitement, regularity in meals, proper bowel elimination and moderation in diet are the most important rules to follow. Some persons are benefited by a strictly vegetable diet and the taking of alkaline water. The treatment of all cases depends entirely on the removal of the cause upon which the attacks depend.

Answers to Health Queries  
A READER, C.—What causes a boy of 18 to be troubled with unbearable pain around the heart? They sometimes last for an hour or more, and are so intense as to cause him to shiver and moan?

2.—What causes gray hair and what can be done to restore the color?

3.—What can be done for wrinkles beneath the eyes?

A.—Have the heart examined. The trouble may be due to several different causes. In the meantime avoid indigestion and keep the system clear. Also be sure to have proper rest.

2.—Gray hair may come from a severe shock, but it is usually due to heredity. Nothing can be done once the hair has started to turn gray.

3.—Gentle massage may be helpful, but it must be done very lightly, using a good cold cream and using only the tips of the fingers. Copyright, 1930, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

### THREE PICKED UP AFTER SEA CRASH

(Associated Press Local Wire)

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 25.—Three men, the crew of the power boat Merrysea, were safe here today after the Merrysea had been sunk in collision with the Canadian Pacific passenger steamer Princess Elaine off Prospect point, near here. The men jumped into the water and were picked up by the tug Goshaw.

The steamer, outward bound to Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, was undamaged and continued after the rescue. The collision occurred in the first narrow channel heavy fog.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, General Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 19, 1930.

Notice is hereby given that Ralph E. Jennie, of Tennille, Oregon, who, on December 12th, 1925, made Homestead entry, Serial No. 016221, for NE 1/4, NW 1/4, SE 1/4, and SW 1/4, Section 22, Township 22 S., Range 2 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. A. Canaday, Register of the U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 19th day of December, 1930. Claimant names as witnesses: Harley B. Drake, of Tennille, Ore.; Gus Pankey, of Roseburg, Ore.; Charley Moulter, of Edenburg, Ore.; Pearl Stevens, of Tennille, Ore.

HAMILL A. CANADAY, Register.

Clark's Studio, I. O. O. F. Bldg. Photos \$1.00 dozen and up. 1 8x10 with each dozen. Sittings day or night.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 129-L.

### Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a girl 17 years old and I am in love with a fellow who is 20 and he loves me also. But my folks object to me going out with him for his nationality. He is half Portuguese and half French and I am French. Neither one of us would want to part from the other. Hoping to hear from you soon.

BLONDE.

B.—Try to convince your parents that the young man is of Latin extraction as you and they are. However, if they are not to be moved you must abide by their decision, because you are only a youngster and they have your welfare at heart.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a girl 18 and is 18 and have been going with a fellow 23. He tells me he loves me but at times he doesn't show it. Do you really think he loves me then? He also has a boy friend whom he runs around with a good bit and I think leads him on to drinking. How could I stop that? He also always torments me about other fellows. Why I don't know.

WONDERING DOLLY DIMPLES.

W.—There's really nothing to wonder about. If the young man really thought anything of you, he would not act as he does. If he does not think enough of himself to refrain from evil habits, then he won't reform for anyone else. Reformation must come from within and almost every woman who has tried to reform a man, has failed at the cost of her own happiness.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a girl 20 years old and am practically engaged to a young man one year my senior. The other evening he lost his temper in the company of some friends of mine and I told him that he needn't take me home if he had to act that way. So he slammed the car door and left us. Since then I have been so blue and want to bring about a reconciliation. Should I make the first advance or should he? Please answer at once, dear Nancy Lee, because I'm so worried.

WORRIED MARY.

M.—If you are a girl of 20, you are old enough to know that a show of temper on the part of your friend, then the move for a reconciliation must come from him. If he really cares for you, he will be anxious not to lose you and will no doubt make conciliatory advances.

### HUNTING SEASON'S TRAGEDIES TOTAL 15

(Associated Press Local Wire)

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 25.—Minnesota's 11 day open season for deer ended yesterday behind a total of 15 hunting fatalities, two and a half times as large as the previous open season. Of the victims this year, 11 were shot accidentally and four drowned.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, General Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, November 1, 1930.

Notice is hereby given that Ralph E. Jennie, of Tennille, Oregon, who, on Nov. 7, 1925, made Homestead entry, Serial No. 016270, for SE 1/4, Sec. 22, SE 1/4, NE 1/4, and NE 1/4, Township 21, Township 28 S., Range 2 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before H. A. Canaday, Register of the U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 19th day of December, 1930.

Claimant names as witnesses: Harley B. Drake, of Tennille, Ore.; Gus Pankey, of Roseburg, Ore.; Charley Moulter, of Edenburg, Ore.; Pearl Stevens, of Tennille, Ore.

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## 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 four-some 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. Next day, Ardeth waits in vain for Ken's visit.

CHAPTER X.  
A little love-making—that meant nothing in these days. A man didn't marry every girl he kissed. What she had thought the big act of her life was not even the prologue. She had met Ken Gleason—he had kissed her—and nothing was changed after all.

Here she was, where she had always been, in the flat grayness of the Harrison house.

Nothing changed but herself. Now she could no longer trick herself into happiness with little things. Making new curtains for the room she shared with Bet—buying a silk remnant for a new dress on her lunch hour—rides with Neil in the cut-down Ford—trivial, of a sudden. Colorless.

Moments when she had to struggle to keep from showing hot rebellion at all. She had and then people—this shabby flat, Hated the ugly square "mission" furniture—part of Aunt Stiel's faded instalment set. Hated the faded Axminster rug—the ugly centre lamp with its "art-glass" shade. She was alien—wretched.

When Neil came up to see her she lay down in her dark room and pretended she had a headache. Maddening to sit and face Neil's tall lean figure in the cheap suit when all her heart was crying out for Ken.

Then, moved at sight of his thin face and somber eyes, she relented. She went for a ride with him one night.

Relief, in driving along the dark highway like this, the ocean washing loneliness on her right. The wind was cold and fresh against her closed eyelids. A relief to be carried along without thinking. If only Neil wouldn't talk to her.

He grew puzzled and resentful at her silence.

She told him she was tired. "Sure, you're tired," he growled. "You're working yourself to a frazzle for that society dame you've gone in with. And what are you going to get out of it? They're all alike, rich people. Get all they can and then throw you to one side."

The words might have been about Ken. She took them on her sore heart.

They argued, almost quarreled, and Neil left her in the dark front hall with a gruff "good night!"

A wretched pity in Ardeth's heart as she climbed the creaking stairs, left her coat, why did someone always have to bring unhappiness to someone else: she was causing Neil the same heart-ache Ken caused her.

Jeanette's "smokerie" opened with a flourish. It was hailed with delight by her friends, who de-seended upon it breathing superlative admiration.

A diminutive Chinese girl had been engaged—not for services alone, but to give distinctive color to the shop. Ah-Ling, who privately answered to the more prosaic "Toke," was American born and spoke English with perhaps more precision than Jeanette herself. But Ah-Ling had her orders. Nothing could beat the quaintness of Ah-Ling's pidgin English as she handled the small tea or passed cigarettes and pastel colored matches to the entranced guests.

In the middle of the afternoon Cecile Parker drifted in with a group of women.

Ardeth, from beneath her lashes, watched her leaning languidly back against the silk cushions of the couch.

Everything about Cecile spoke of exquisite ease. She was almost actually artificial. Her hair was long and bleached to the Naples yellow of hay. She wore it shadowed and parted in the middle so that it clasped her pale oval of face in two snug wings. Her lips were tinted an astonishing glistering little teeth showed between them in startling whiteness.

Her nails were filed to tapering ovals, high-polished and tinted faint mauve.

Yet what would have been ridiculous in another was somehow fascinating in Cecile. Even the cultivated drawl of her speech was not unattractive.

Keenly alert, Ardeth heard her speaking to a stout matron seated on the couch beside her.

"I was ready to go home when Mary did last night. But Ken insisted on driving downtown, and getting something to eat—"

No one noticed the girl across the room who went a paling white at the words. The life ran stark struck in Ardeth's heart like a barb. Ken—He had tired of her—but not, apparently, of Cecile. Her stoney eyes looked back at her from the mirror she faced. Well—what did she care? What was Ken Gleason to her?—she whispered.

It was late when the weary girl pulled on her hat and coat and stepped out into the foggy twilight. Something forlorn about the flower stand at the corner blowing in the wind. Something forlorn, too, about the man who stood beside it, coat collar turned up against the evening chill.

At the sound of the shop door

closing he turned and Ardeth's heart leaped.

It was Ken.

The sight of Ken coming toward her through the fog sent a wave of shame over Ardeth.

In a flash of reason she saw her mental torments, her anger of the past few days, as childish—as worse, presumptuous. After all—what had she to criticize in his behavior? Her eagerness to see him again had made her take too much for granted.

Suppose he had been with Cecile Parker last night. He was not bound to her—to Ardeth. But—oh, he had cared enough to come back.

All this confused reasoning flashing through her mind in the moment it took Ken to reach her. He was taking off his hat. Smiling.

"I've been watching you through the window, working like a beaver."

"Why didn't you come in, silly?"

The tired girl of the moment before was gone. She was glowing, vibrant. Looking down at her vivid face, the man thought again of the alabaster lamp with its rose flame.

"Afraid of getting swamped in women," he grinned. "I beat it away when Jeanette came out with her gang. I might have got tangled in some dinner date—"

Her eyes danced. "Is that all?"

"At least it's truthful." He hesitated, then dared, "And since you are such a stickler for truths, I'd here's another—there's one date I'd almost give my ears to get tangled with. Ardeth aren't you starved?"

She looked away with an attempt at deliberation, though her heart was singing.

"My aunt always keeps dinner waiting for me in the oven if I'm late—"

An hour later the dish of beef stew and mashed turnips which Aunt Stiel had placed in the oven for her niece had dried to a leathery mass.

Ardeth was facing Ken over a small café table.

"Jennie's party a success today," he asked.

"Overwhelming! I didn't think women could hold so much tea. There was one woman like the character in the Pickwick papers—you know, the one Sam Weller—or was it his father?—told of—she'd had her fifth cup of tea and was 'swelling wishily.'"

He grinned appreciatively. Then sobered. "You're a funny child. I didn't think modern girls read Dickens."

"I have a set of his works. My father gave them to me the birthday before he died."

"Tell me about yourself. Do you know, I hardly know a thing about you?"

She looked teasingly across at him. "Should you?"

"Of course I know all the really important things. That your eyes are lozenge-shaped and one can look miles down into them and see the strangest things—"

"As for instance—?"

"Well, tonight while you were debating whether or not to stay out, there were little gold flecks swimming far down in them. Like a swarm of golden bees. You have bees in your eyes."

"I appear to be the whole insect world!" She spoke as demurely as though her heart were not racing. He eyed her sternly. "Behave yourself, Moth!"

Golden eyes dancing across at him, brimming with laughter, sinking suddenly under the blue fire of his gaze.

"And your name—know what I thought when I first heard Jeanette call you Ardeth? I saw a medieval princess weeping alone on a tower top. You were wrapped in

a golden cloak, standing against a sunset sky—"

"That was I weeping for!"

"Because I was riding away to war."