Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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The Employment Situation

THE city council, the county court and the Roseburg chamber of commerce are all busy on the problem of setting up projects for the winter months which will employ labor. This is a healthy and hopeful sign. The conclusion must not be drawn, however, as a result of the publicity given these activities, that there is any very serious unemployment situation here in Roseburg or over the county.

Ours is not an industrial center. In such places when industry feels the pinch of depression, plants close down and hundreds are thrown out of work. Such cities have a real problem, and ours is insignificant by comparison.

There are a number of men and women in Roseburg and Douglas county who want work and need work badly. The campaign that is now under way should be reasonably successful in locating employment for nearly all of this relatively small number of persons.

The campaign is a sensible and progressive step. If it stimulates building, repairing and cleaning up in our city it is worth a great deal more to us than might at first be thought. We are soon going to be thoroughly looked over by a committee of men from Washington, D. C., who will we think authorize the location here of the national soldiers' home. A good impression will certainly be in our favor.

Our employment campaign was not born of desperation. There are probably no more unemployed here now than there were last year at this time. Conditions with respect to employment are not fundamentally much different from previous seasons. Ours is a campaign to improve general conditions.

Elsewhere in this issue of the News-Review is printed a blank for the use of persons or firms who can give some employment. This blank should be filled in and mailed or taken to the Roseburg chamber of commerce office. Secretary Harding has volunteered to make his office an emergency employment bureau. Your cooperation in this campaign is needed to further its success.

Letters From the People

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

EXPLANATION OF TIME OF INSTITUTES AND OF HIGH SCHOOL TUITION

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 2—Editor News-Review:—There occurs a question that is surely misunderstood relative to the date of the teachers' annual institute in this county. The fact is that this being a vicinity with late and varying harvest of prunes, the spread of the opening date of schools extends usually from the first Monday in September to the last Monday in October, and sometimes the last Monday in August to the first in November in extreme cases.

We do argue that the schools need not wait until the last prune has been harvested, but tendency among the patrons and administrators is to wait. No one can fairly ask the teachers to come from other counties, even other states, to attend institute, paying board and transportation expense, waiting from one to five weeks for school to begin, although the writer remembers very well, on coming to this state from 1500 miles away, that school was delayed three weeks, on account of the prune harvest. (But everyone was not so fortunate as to have a long suffering aunt.) While we admit there is one chief advantage in that the children are out of school two days, yet we have to observe there are two very clear advantages.

One is that in a great many cases, the parents are enabled to accomplish many things, both of a social and financial nature, that it is really an aid to them.

Another advantage is that the various schools have gotten started, and many problems are cleared up that could not even be known before the set-up of the school. The institute session has always been a time for announcement of laws passed by the legislature through the state superintendent's office and the county offices, for the benefit of the teachers and the schools. This feature would be very awkward if the teachers were not on duty.

At this time we would like to mention another error in that, which prevails with a few people, from a misunderstanding concerning the non-resident high school student. Being non-resident does not mean at all that they are non-taxpayers. From a survey made by the office in March, 1930, of Douglas county, the fact was brought out that in the 18 high schools of the county, 316 students from the non-high school territory were schooled. Only 12 of this number were from homes of non-taxpayers, and we know that possibly some of these 12 were from taxpaying homes. Even though to deny educative processes to any person whose parents are not taxpayers is most unworthy a true American; this impression does prevail in too great a measure. It is a notable fact that the great majority of pupils coming from non-taxpaying homes are in the more closely settled communities, towns and such. The great majority of pupils coming from great distances are from their own homes on isolated ranches, but their parents are taxpayers. At this point arises the chief disadvantage to the Wheeler law: It guarantees only a partial support; all expense above a stated amount, which is inadequate to begin with, must be borne by the district giving the schooling, which district has already taxed itself heavily to establish its school. Under that system, the pupil from non-high school territory, would have possibly two thirds his expense borne by his own taxes and the remainder would have to be borne by the school offering the education, thereby doubly taxing itself, which is unfair to both school and pupil. We would not trouble you in any way, but we only wish this office to serve you with the best interest possible.

Sincerely,
EDITH S. ACKERT,
County school superintendent.

ROSEBURG'S SCHOOL CENSUS COMPLETED

Roseburg's school census for 1930 gives a total of 1,542 children between the ages of 4 and 20 years, according to the figures announced today by W. M. Campbell, city superintendent. The census was compiled by H. B. Church, who has been in charge of the work for several years. The census shows 767 boys and 775 girls. The 1930 census is 80 more than in 1928 and 51 less than in 1929.

FLAHERTY QUITS AS GONZAGA'S COACH

SPOKANE, Dec. 3 — Gonzaga university is looking for a man who can turn out a winning football team.

Raymond P. Flaherty, who became director of athletics and head football coach, resigned yesterday because, he said, alumni and others were not satisfied with one victory, one tie and seven defeats this season.

He was appointed last June after R. M. Mathews resigned.

Flaherty, a local product, starred in football, baseball and basketball for Gonzaga, and later played professional football and baseball. He is now under contract with the Boston club in the national league. He was graduated from Gonzaga four years ago.

McGEORGE AND SON ACCUSED OF THEFT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MARSHFIELD, Dec. 3 — C. G. McGeorge and his son, Ronald McGeorge, are on trial at Coquille charged with embezzlement of $12,000 of Nelson Steamship company funds while shipping agents for the line.

The shipping company brought involuntary bankruptcy proceedings against the McGeorge company, contending the local men failed to remit the proper amount of money due. Ronald McGeorge is charged with issuance of a check to the steamship company while having insufficient funds in the bank.

STUDENTS PLEAD FOR ROBERT ALLEN

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EUGENE, Dec. 3 — Holding that Robert Allen, former managing editor of the Oregon Emerald, student publication, was blameless in his connection with the prune rally affair at the university, students today were circulating petitions asking for his reinstatement.

The petitions were brought out following the action of the student relations committee in refusing to recommend a reconsideration of Allen's case to the executive council.

Allen was one of the three students suspended from their positions following a rally held prior to the Oregon-Oregon State game, which had previously been prohibited.

LADY LUCK SMILES FOLLOWING FAILURE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MARSHFIELD, Dec. 3 — Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Barrick of North Bend closed the doors of their restaurant and called up a notice announcing failure of the business. An hour later a message to Mrs. Barrick said her father in Oklahoma had brought in one of the largest oil wells in the country.

The locks remain on the restaurant and the barracks are on their way to Oklahoma.

JUNCTION CREAMERY LOOTED OF BUTTER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 3 — One hundred odd pounds of butter were stolen from a creamery in Junction City, officials were advised here today. Nothing else was touched and officers were without clues as to the thieves.

POLLY AND HER PALS

The Rail Bird

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

THE Chicago police arrested an absent-minded confidence man last week who forged another fellow's name on his tombstone.

The Unfair Sex—The prize-fighter's wife who was so jealous that she never went to any of her husband's bouts. She couldn't stand to see somebody else beating him up.

Financial Note—Gambling is never a sin until you start losing.

Pitiful Cases—The girl who became dizzy from sleeping like a top.

Excuse It Please—There are no feminine forecasters. You can't expect the weather to agree with any woman.

Take It Or Leave It—They called him a level headed fellow because he came from one of the best blocks in town.

You're Right—What this country needs is a good time clock for people who, for the seven year itch.

Efficiency Experts—The clever host at the gin party who always hands the cocktail shaker to the guest who has St. Vitus' dance.

Yesterday's Tightwad—The careful candidate who tied a string to his hat before he threw it in the ring.

Our Own Vaudeville—Girl Friend—Do you smoke a pipe exclusively? Boy Friend—Certainly; do you think I let everybody use it?

Talks on Health

By DR R. S. COPELAND

RECENTLY, John D. Rockefeller Sr., passed his ninety-first birthday. I was greatly impressed by the statement issued by him on this anniversary. He said: "I am in the best of health and have naught but good will toward all."

Much wisdom is portrayed in this announcement. Mr. Rockefeller owes much of his good health to the serenity of his life. Riches are not essential for this attitude. Respect of the holy and the realization of its limitations as it grows older are more important.

As we increase in years, our lung power becomes less, our digestion weaker, the veins become dilated, and the skin grows dry and parchment-like. Even the mind changes, the value becomes dull in tone. Further, the loss of teeth and hair tell us that we cannot continue the habits of youth.

No matter what may be done in youth, which we believe we must adhere to a schedule of temperance and regularity. It is a well known fact that most men and women who have lived to old age have followed a life of modera tion.

The Charm of the Aged

In old age, with loss of teeth come marked changes in the blood vessels and perhaps with digestive disturbances. It becomes almost a crime to put less food and to digest the body more. Simple food which is not rich, spiced or high in flavor should be eaten. Meats should be eaten more than twice three times a week and only one meal.

Thorough and complete chewing of each mouthful is important. I would advise old people not to eat unless really hungry, to chew the food slowly, and to leave the table still hungry. Think plenty of fruit, broth meals and live in the open as much as possible. Above all else be happy and contented with life.

It is a pleasure to have our aged with us, and we should make them as comfortable as possible. Rest is essential for them and it is as important for them as for the infant, who sleeps most of the day.

Harsh words, unkindliness, disrespect and hard work cannot be borne by frail vessels. Such abuse is most unchristian-like. I am sorry to say I have seen examples of this.

Simple food, ample rest, and kindness will make many of our older relatives and friends happy for years to come. Let us all start making someone happy today.

I love old people. They are the custodians of wisdom and everyday knowledge. Let me advise my young readers to cultivate friends among the old. Drippings of wisdom fall from their lips. They teach a wonderful philosophy. Their poise is contagious. Their advice is valuable beyond words.

Hunt up your ancient relatives. Make a crony of some good old man or saintly woman. Your life will be enriched by the contact.

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Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a young girl in my late teens. I am very much in love with a boy of my own age. Last night he came out to my house. He was drunk. Now, dear Nancy Lee, he is a very fine boy from a fine family. It would just about kill his parents if they knew it. He had never touched a drink before in his life. I feel terrible because I love this boy better than anything in the world. He promised me that he would never do it again. My girl friend thinks I should give him up. Will you please advise me?

PATTY.

PATTY: It is the boy's first offense and so it would be best to overlook and forget it. He has no doubt learned a good lesson and if he does not profit by his experience, then you will know he is weak. Have a friendly chat with him, tell him how much you and all his friends think of him and how proud his parents are of him. Then tell him that you consider the incident closed and that it will never be referred to again. See that you keep that promise and don't preach, for by so doing you will only drive him to commit an other offense.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am writing this letter for a friend in a far off city. She is just her teens and is dearly in love with a boy chum who has "beaned" her around for over two years. Every so often he wants other company and takes a pretty girl out once in a while. This makes my friend feel a little jealous but she lets it go and forgives the boy friend if she has company, another boy, her friends gets angry and will not get over it for over a month. She is afraid to hold a grudge against the boy for she is afraid that he would leave her entirely. Don't you suppose he gets tired of always knowing that she always has that forgiving attitude? If she held a grudge for a month I think he would be more anxious for her friendship but she is afraid to do this. The other girl is very pretty and she is plain. Should she point us and imitate the other girl or just be herself? Won't you settle this question for—

DOLLY.

DOLLY: I think that your friend is extremely unwise to permit the young man to do something that he will not allow her to do. Certainly she has cheapened herself and if she is prepared to cling to the young man at the cost of her self-respect, she is at liberty to do so and your intervention or my advice will not alter her makeup. Let her make the most of her charms, for these days, nearly every girl is pretty or at least attractive, and let her seek other friends. Her own friend may then appreciate the charms of the girl he treats so casually.

Return to Dayton—Miss Maxine Rockhill and U. S. Alderman have returned to Dayton, Oregon, after spending a few days in this city visiting the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weber, on North Jackson street.

Around.... The County

By R. R. WOOD

With road districts throughout the county speculating as to the best way of expending funds for improvement of their highways in order to keep within the resources at their command, the county court is cooperating in every possible manner. Market roads and laterals extending from the main thoroughfares to remote localities are being improved, and autoists really marvel as they drive along at the really wonderful roads found. One way that the court has of doing a lot of work at practically no cost to the taxpayers was explained by County Judge W. S. Hamilton a day or two ago. All summer and fall groups of men have been at work clearing away brush from the roadside in different districts. This brush, in the past few years, has grown up close to the roads. In some places highways have been so narrowed by the ever-advancing brush line that cars could barely pass. Many persons have wondered who was paying for this work of clearing up the roadside. The fact is that the work has been accomplished, and is being done, by men who are working for their board. That is practically what it all means. These men are not doing this simply for the joy of working, or because they were down and out and must have a place to eat. Not by any means. Just the same, they are not receiving any pay for this service. Yes, they also are glad of the chance to go out on the highways, sometimes more than thirty miles from Roseburg, and work all day cutting brush and tidying things up, returning to the city at night. Trucks carry these road crews out in the morning and bring them back.

According to Judge Hamilton there are something like twenty or more men available most of the time for road work or other employment. They are pretty generally a husky lot of fellows, good workers, and render a service that is acceptable to every taxpayer in the county. Sometimes they belong in the county, and again they come from other states. All of them, however, have gotten into some trouble with the state, have either been convicted or have pleaded guilty to infraction of the law, and were sentenced to jail in lieu of cash wherewith to pay their fine. The county court saw in these young fellows a lot of energy that could be used to good advantage, and that at the same time equally employed would really be a benefit both to the men themselves and to the public. So they were put to work. The policy has proven sound, it is declared, by everyone acquainted with the facts.

The work done by these men in no way prevents any citizen from finding employment with the county, because there is no fund available for hiring free labor. Then, if those serving out sentences were not so employed, they must necessarily remain in confinement, idle, and kept at a dead loss to taxpayers. As it is, under the plan adopted they are kept busy, a lot of excellent service is rendered to the public, the men themselves thus employed are far better off, better satisfied, healthier and fitted to make good at other jobs when they are released. So in practically every case the men are anxious to go out and do anything the court finds for them to do. So when autoists go out for a ride on a bright day, the roads appear delightfully unobstructed and things generally attractive. It is partly because, as those who know say, the county authorities wisely put at work a lot of human energy going to waste.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Life to pretty Ardeth Carroll meant working in a shop, an unhappy home with her aunt, and the courtship of Neil Burke, to whom marriage would mean a continuance of her drab existence. When fate in the guise of the socially prominent Jeanette Parker offers her the charge of a shop she is opening, Ardeth accepts. Her happiness knows no bounds when she meets her idol, Ken Gleason, often seen with Cecile, Jeanett'e younger sister. Ardeth and Ken see much of each other. Announcement of Ken's engagement to Cecile stuns Ardeth. Ken denying his engagement, explains it is his mother's wish that he marry Cecile. He confesses his love for Ardeth. Unable to oppose his mother, Ken hopes to win her approval of his marriage to Ardeth. Neil quarrels with Ardeth about Ken. Ardeth threatens to leave home.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VVI.

The next morning Ardeth phoned Jeanette that she would not be down to the shop until afternoon. She packed her little round-topped trunk — the same shabby trunk she had brought to Aunt Stel's years ago.

A curious hush had fallen on the Harrison household. Paul and Fan ate their breakfast in round-eyed silence and had to be fairly chased out of the house at school time. Bet was aloof, but her curiosity betrayed her into missing her usual street car to the office.

Aunt Stel, standing by the stove, tight-lipped and cold-eyed, shook sticky gobs of mush from the big spoon as though she mentally shook them in her niece's face.

Ardeth locked her trunk and put on her hat and coat. A queer little sinking in her heart when she stood for the last time in the middle of the bedroom she shared with Bet. The pink curtains she had made . . . the dresser scarfs . . . . that pin-cushion she had won at a raffle years ago and given to Bet . . . . Shabby and ugly and ungracious — but it was the only home she could claim. . . . These people after all were her own.

Had Aunt Stel shown any sign of tenderness then, Ardeth would never have left. She hesitated in the doorway of the kitchen, a slim figure with wistful eyes.

"Goodby. Aunt Stel . . . . " she said softly.

But the faded irises on the back of Aunt Stel's kimmona remained unagitated; the crimped head merely bent lower over the morning paper.

For a moment the girl remained motionless in the doorway, deep hazel eyes fastened on Aunt Stel's head, where the brown switch in back did not match the crimped gray in front. Then Ardeth turned and went steadily down the stairs.

Sorrow and Reminiscence

The street was bleak in the flat, foggy light of morning. She noticed how the pavements were chalked with hopscotch games — just as she and Bet had chalked them when they played on the street as youngsters. And now she was leaving this home forever. . .

Passing the sunken cellar steps of the grocery store at the corner, always a favorite refuge in hide-and-so-seek games, she remembered hiding there with Neil one warm evening — the excitement and the close contact of their warm bodies as they had crouched in a corner. It was the first time Neil had kissed her.

Now the trade winds had swirled scattered newspapers in there. They rustled bleakly as she passed, and for no particular reason Ardeth felt a lump come in her throat and very young tears stung her eyes.

She found a room in a European plan hotel. It was hardly larger than a closet, wedged in at the angle of an ell, with its one window overlooking a stretch of gravel roof and chimney tops. Even at that the rent was a trifle more than Ardeth had intended paying. But it was within walking distance of the shop, and by economizing on dinners and preparing her breakfasts on an electric plate she could manage.

It contained a narrow couch which could be converted to a bed at night. In the daytime it would take on enough of a living room appearance to permit company.

Her spirits, with the quick rebound of youth, soared again. Pleasant to have a room all to herself, and not have to share the bed with Bet. No one scolding—no one spying. Scratched a bit — the golden oak furniture, and the Brussels carpet was a little faded, but it was scrupulously neat, and very peaceful up here among the chimney tops.

She paid the first week's rent in advance and sent an expressman for her trunk.

When she went to the shop that afternoon she found Jeanette flurried and slightly cross at having to manage by herself. She gladly turned the care of the outer shop to Ardeth without questioning her, and disappeared into the smokerie.

The smokerie was well patronized today. Ardeth could hear Phyllis Hawkins' baby drawl. The Duvant twins' squeals of delighted horror. She heard the silky tones of Cyril Underhill and Cecile's high tinkling laugh, like thin ice breaking against crystal.

Walking on Air

But Cecile could not trouble Ardeth today, hugging the warm thought of Ken's love to her heart.

Each time the shop door opened her heart leaped and her cheeks flushed with expectancy. But it was only Mary Eastwood. Her cool pleasant voice as she passed through to the smokerie, "Ardeth, child, we missed you!"

Only Tom Corbett's stocky figure. His broad, honest grin. He came over to the glass case and talked, pretending to be absorbed by the beads she was restringing. He went away without going into the smokerie, and Ardeth realized with secret surprise and a small feminine glow of satisfaction that Tom's real reason for coming here was to see her.

And when she left the shop that night — the last to go — there was Ken's tall figure waiting up at the corner, near the flower stand.

Tingling gladness going through her as she walked toward him. Her heart melting under its weight of love as he captured one wrist, drew it through his own arm. Flashing his proud smile at her.

"Hello—my girl! The day's been a thousand years long. Stay out to dinner?"

She flashed a merry glance up at him. "Just you try to get out of taking me to dinner! Before you, sir, you see the most obsolete species which once flourished on the stage and screen — the innocent gur-rl who has been flung out of her home in a snowstorm. Snow is a little difficult to manage in August, but use your imagination. And if you can manage to whistle 'Hearts and Flowers' we might get a very pretty effect."

But when she told him of the happenings of last night his face grew grave. The blue eyes rested on her with a contemplative air, slightly troubled.

"Just the same, Moth, it makes me feel like a bum getting you thrown out of the place like that. I feel — sort of responsible — as though I'd cost you your home."

She had laughed at him but a warm gladness stole through her. Oh, let Ken feel responsible—and protective. It bound him the more surely to her. Made him more truly hers.

The summer passed as a time of youthful dreams and laughter. A time which took on the irresponsible tinge of a dream when Ardeth came to look back upon it in the days to come.

Ardeth had given herself over completely to her love idyll. Just to be living was adventure enough.

Waking each day to the warm airiness of her skytop room. Seeing the sun warm on the chimney tops outside her window. Hearing the sparrows — little feathered gamins of the city — chirping and fighting on the gravel roof.

Walking to work while the early sunshine gilded the streets, her heart so brimming with love and gladness that she wanted to share it with all she passed. The days going by — a joyous rush of excitement under the business.

The smokerie grew more crowded as its patrons returned from their vacations, tanned from the sun of Del Monte or Pebble Beach. Of Coronado, Tahoe. Yaching trips to the islands.

They met with animated greetings. Brimming with personal gossip. Detached fragments of their talk drifted out into the outer shop where Ardeth worked and dreamed, a faint warm smile in her golden eyes.

Ugly rumors — delicately murmured. . . . . The real reason the de Courceys left town. The whereabouts of the youngest Harcourt girl when she was supposed to be visiting her grandmother in Hilo. What Mrs. Hammond had called Mrs. Ellis and what Mr. Ellis was going to do about it. If it were true young Sinclair Cross really jilted Katherine Garnie before he eloped with the Herron girl. . . .

Something leaped in Ardeth's heart at that last, choking her so that she hated Cyril Underhill as his silky drawl filtered through to her.

Love vs. Riches

"But then, Katherine was always one of those romantic fools who had the quaint notion that a pretty face could win out with a fat checking account. Cross was in debt to half the town and the Herron girl is an heiress. What else could she expect?"

Ardeth could imagine him shrugging delicately as he skilfully balanced his teacup.

"I hate a doormat woman!" came Cecile's crisp voice. "If I wanted a man I would get him — without any tears or broken hearts, either!"

"You can afford to think so, dearest lady—" Ardeth could imagine the mocking bow which accompanied this. "You who have both the pretty face and the — pardon me for mentioning such a thing—fat checking account!"

A tinkle of appreciative laughter came from the smokerie at this but the eyes of the girl in the outer shop flashed with anger. For a moment her heart burned with the fanatical rage of Neil. Oh, these sleek silken ladies who didn't know what it was to work for their bread. Who saw all the good things of life as their natural due! But under the anger lay the sharp edge of fear. After all . . . After all!

Cecile, sleek and elegant, in her new fall ensemble which cost more than Ardeth's year's salary. Beautiful, secure — almost insolent in her assuredness. Did Cecile always get what she wanted?

That night, as they sat in the cozy intimacy of the car eating chicken sandwiches he had fetched from a highway sandwich stand, she had wanted to ask Ken about it. Questions rushed impulsively to her lips. Had he hinted of his love to his mother? Was he still seeing Cecile, the nights he was not with her. When did he plan that they should marry?

But shyness placed a barrier on the words. She could not get them past her lips — perhaps because she feared the answers — or feared more the wary, baffled look which would slip into his eyes. Times now, when she suspected a moodiness in him. Looking up quickly in their long drives she would see his lips tightly compressed, the fighting blue eyes narrowed as though his private thoughts were not all pleasant.

And that mysticism which formed the deeper part of her nature warned her to stillness, all unconsciously. Oh, handle it softly, this delicate curtain of dreams and kisses, whispered her heart, for behind it lay that which would draw her tears.

(To Be Continued)

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