

Roseburg News-Review

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OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION 1930

The Guard Stande Inspection

Tonight a group of regular army officers will review the local National Guard company. This brings to mind that just about a year ago the Guard Company officers were faced with the necessity of bringing the organization up to required strength...

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A NEW HAVEN steward says you can be satisfied with only one coat for a glass.

Efficiency Experts

The neighbor who goes you to lend him a couple of eggs and then borrows one of your hens to sit on them.

Financial Note

The man with money to burn usually has it unprotected.

You're Right

Allimony is a necessary evil. A woman has to have some incentive for getting married.

Momentous Moments

When a hernia becomes so tired of his own company that he has to take a walk in the woods to get rid of himself.

Pitiful Cases

The woman who cries so much that she has heavens on her face instead of moles.

Social Errors

Why pay a surgeon big prices for a few stitches when you can hire a seamstress for five dollars a day?

To Whom It May Concern

A husband should never talk in his sleep. A woman doesn't like to be interrupted.

Our Own Vaudeville

Conductor: Why should your husband ride for half fare? Passenger: He's in his second childhood.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

TRAGIC indeed is the toll of ill health on the children who have succumbed to diphtheria in days past.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

Van may thank the Lions club of Roseburg for the Christmas tree at the corner of Cass and Jackson streets...

INQUIRITIVE minds are always thinking out something new. Many of these new schemes turn out to be useless, but every now and then a revolutionary new idea comes up.

Every market gardener knows that it is the early crops that bring the big money.

SMART people with the RIGHT kind of minds are always thinking out something new. Many of these new schemes turn out to be useless, but every now and then a revolutionary new idea comes up.

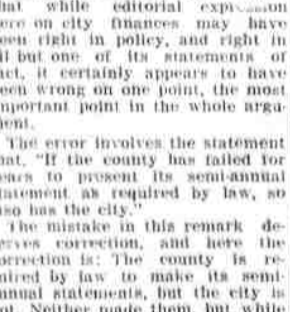
HERE is the moral deal with people you know. With some eyes will offer big bargains and pretty apt to be looking for a sucker.

POLLY AND HER PAIS

WOT'S THE BIG IDEA, AUNT SUSIE? HOW COME YER CHUCKIN' ALL LINK'S BATH ROBES?

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SAMBO. US HUSBANDS'LL SOON GIT OUR ANNUAL SHOWER OF SLIPPERS AN' SECH LIKE!

NOT ME, MIKE. I GOT SEVERAL SPARES OF EVERYTHING IN THE XMAS PRESENT LINE!



Familiar Patterns

IT'S THE ONLY WAY WELL BE ABLE T'BUY HIM SOMETHING HE AINT GOT, FER CHRISTMAS!

WOT?



What Has Happened Before

Ardeh Carroll has charge of the specialty shop owned by wealthy Jeanette Parker. She meets Ken Gleason, fiancee of Jeanette's sister, Cecile, and they fall in love.

CHAPTER XX.

Ken was pale to the lips as he gently loosened her clasp. His eyes avoided her own — went far out to fasten on a red oil tanker nosing its way out the Gate.

Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Among the early pioneers of the South Umpqua county is Mrs. Mary E. Houlday, of Canyonville, whose first husband, John Jackson, died some years ago.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: This is such a problem and I haven't the slightest idea what to do.

Another thing, it seems too bad to have anything like this break into the crowd when we've been so happy.

Paid Insurance Over Two Billion Dollars in 1930; Sets Record

(Associated Press Special Wire) NEW YORK, Dec. 8. — Life insurance companies in the United States paid approximately \$2,200,000,000 to policy holders and beneficiaries this year.

RITES HELD SUNDAY FOR LATE MRS. M. APPEGATE

Funeral services were held Sunday for Mrs. Annie Bassett Applegate, 82-year-old pioneer, at the funeral home at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. R. PREXY'S SON LIKES GROCERY JOB

(Associated Press Special Wire) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7. — There's more romance behind a grocery store counter than in railroad grocer for Jack Shoop, son of Paul Shoop, president of the Southern Pacific railway.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE Ardeh Carroll has charge of the specialty shop owned by wealthy Jeanette Parker.

When the girl opened her lips to speak Tom's words flowed a little faster.

Ardeh felt her cheeks burn. "Oh, of course! So popular I am!" she tried to jeer.

"Why—I—I didn't say—"

"I've talked that all over with Jeanette," returned Tom. "See—I have you in a corner. It's just a weekend party. Most of us are leaving Friday. But you can come up with Fred Eastwood on Saturday. How does that suit you?"

"You're a darling!" he said, fervently, then turned scarlet and pretended to be examining a chiffon scarf, sewn with seed pearls, as a customer came in.

"You clever little devil—do you know what you're doing? Here, Ardeh, don't you pull that baby face on me. You've got one of the most eligible men in the city wild about you. I've never seen old Tom like this before about a girl."

"Oh—that's imagination," Ardeh began to stammer. She refused to meet the other's eyes.

"Don't be coy," said Mary Eastwood, severely. "And don't fence with me! I know what it is to work—and to be poor, too. I hope you're not going to be a fool, Ardeh."

"Why—what do you mean?" The wide amber eyes came up to rest on Mary's steady dark gaze and there was a hint of fear in the girl's look.

Mary shrugged. Her voice was kindly. "You know what I mean. I'm afraid those cards are stacked, Ardeh. No! Don't ask me anything further; I've talked too much as it is! Let's talk about clothes. Dress warmly; you'll need hiding things if you're going to have any fun in the snow."

Her last words were lost on the girl. Ardeh was watching Mary Eastwood with a wistfulness which hurt the other.

"You speak in enigmas, Lady Sphinx. And I never was good at guessing riddles."

"Some day you'll have the answer to that riddle, Ardeh. When you do—come to me for the girl, child. If I'm wrong, I'll help you rejoice. If I'm right, I'll try to comfort you. No! Not another word. We understand each other. And—I do not gossip, Ardeh Carroll!"

The warm, hearty voice held a badgered note as though Mary Eastwood were in a panic for saying so much.

The memory of this was a bitter secret in Ardeh's heart. That night, lying in her small dark room high above the city, Ardeh's lips moved noisily in the dark.

"I'm afraid those cards are stacked... if I'm right, I'll comfort you..."

Ah, she understood—dear Mary Eastwood! Perhaps—before her marriage, she too, had known this ache of uncertainty. Perhaps she, too, had fought phantom fears before she landed the big brown Fred as the net of matrimony.

A wry little smile touched Ardeh's lips in the dark. Women... They spoke of the new freedom. Called them the careless generation. Yet underneath, it had always been the same. Each one tested only on getting the man she loved.

Ken laughed when he heard of the proposed party. "Wily old Tom!" there was laughing realism in his voice. "Going to get you up there even if he has to put up with me! Doggone it! I wish I could drive you up. If I hadn't promised Mary to take her and the girls up Friday I'd wait over a day."

(To Be Continued)

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