

Roseburg News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1925, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates: Daily, per year, by mail, \$1.00; Daily, single month, by mail, \$1.00; Daily, by carrier, per month, \$1.00.

Crime

CRIME does not pay. Centuries of human experience have proven and re-proven this statement so often that it should be considered axiomatic. It is equally true that the public pays an extremely high price annually because of crime.

A religious organization doing work among prisoners, known as the Moody Bible Institute Colportage association, has made a serious study of crime and its causes. The Presbyterian Magazine quotes in a recent issue from the report of the Moody organization. Some of the following points quoted are worthy of serious study and public consideration:

"In forty-six cities last year an average of one in every 10.6 persons was arrested."

"The population of the United States gained twenty per cent and in the same period crime increased 150 per cent."

"About sixty per cent of the prisoners are serving their FIRST term."

"Crime in America costs six billion dollars a year, or three times the cost of the public school system."

"Judges declare almost unanimously that crime is caused by youth lacking in religious training."

Are not those statements startling? The last quotation seems to indicate a cause and at the same time implies a remedy. In this hurried world of ours we grown folks are too much inclined to overlook the fact that countless boys and girls are passing through their impressionable years right now. Religious training, home training, advisory work of all sorts is needed if the right sort of ideas and ideals are to be implanted in the growing boy or girl.

A White Line All the Way

PERHAPS the best highway safety device ever used is the white line down the center of the pavement. Every driver of an automobile who finds it necessary to travel at night realizes this. At present the white lines appear only on curves and not on all curves. No doubt we should be appreciative of what has been done but it would surely be much better if ALL curves were marked thus giving a standard warning to drivers that a curve is being approached.

In foggy and rainy weather, when approaching headlights dazzle or when fog obscures even the edges of the pavement, the white line in the center is clearly visible. The state highway commission may realize fully the great value of the white lines and this body may be making a determined effort to paint as many miles of white line as possible. There are probably difficulties in connection with this marking work which make it more or less unsatisfactory and expensive due to the necessity of frequent renewal. It is work that requires little skill, but over, and it is hoped that the highway department will use all available funds and put more crews at work making these lines.

Such a policy would serve the dual purpose of emphasizing the labor and make the highways much safer for night driving.

Here's hoping the time will soon come when we have a white line all the way, on our paved highways.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

A Buyers' Strike

A NATIONALLY known merchant of Devil Lake, North Dakota, was recently in Portland. He is located in one of the smaller cities, the gentleman is known all over the country for the success of his business and its volume. He states the present economic situation is the result of a buyers' strike and suggests remedies which he believes will result in bringing back normal conditions. The Oregonian mentions him in its "Come and Go" column thus:

"Fred P. Mann, nationally known merchant of Devil Lake, N. D., is a great believer in good advertising as a merchandising stimulant. His thriving business has been built around the intelligent and effective use of advertising. He said, with newspaper advertising

first. So highly successful has his enterprise been that he is now called upon repeatedly to tell others about the methods which he employs. He was here yesterday to discuss the question with Red & White grocery store operators in this vicinity. Many merchants wonder why they can't hold business against new competitors, he said, when the great majority do not understand how to advertise. Mr. Mann said that the present economic situation is the result of a buyers' strike and that as soon as the public starts to buy conditions will be back to normal.

Insane Hospitals
(Klamath Falls Evening Herald)
The lunatic asylum has gone forever from American life. Instead we have beautifully and expertly administered hospitals for the mentally sick. From 25 to 40 per cent of the patients received at a great state hospital for the insane are cured. The sense of horror and the sense of mystery are fast disappearing from these splendid hospitals. The cells and the dark rooms are gone. Under sun light, fresh air, congenial work, expert medical attention, psychiatry, thousands have their disordered nervous systems put in tune and go forth as well as ever. It is no disgrace to be insane. The disgrace is to the family of a mentally disturbed person which does not send the patient to the hospital.

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 name will not be published without the writer's consent.

BISHOP MANNING WINS LOCAL COMMENDATION

Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 9, 1930.

Editor News-Review: Bishop William T. Manning, of New York, deserves a word of commendation from every decent citizen. He justly and properly received Ben H. Lindsey, who is trying to popularize free love under the name of companionate marriage. Lindsey long ago lost standing with most people of thought. His attempt to answer the bishop during the church service was doubtless premeditated and a part of a scheme to get a little more of the notoriety which is the breath of life to his kind. It is not strange that some persons in Hollywood wired Lindsey their sympathy. One could expect to find supporters of companionate marriage in Hollywood. Bishop Manning's denunciation of the book of Lindsey was manly, to the point and no doubt richly deserved. Lindsey is one of those Americans who have received some honor in their past, but who now appear to think more of Soviet Russia than of America, American ideals and morals. The bishop spoke like a true churchman, a gentleman and a patriot.

B. L. EDDY.

IRISH LASS BRIDE OF FAMOUS FLYER

MELBOURNE, Australia, Dec. 10.—Wing Commander Charles Kingsford Smith, trans-Pacific aviator, and trans-Pacific aviator, was married today to Miss Mary Powell, pretty Irish Australian girl, in the Scots' church here.

The wedding climaxed a romance which had its beginning in 1927 after the aviator's trans-Pacific flight when, traveling to Australia by liner from Vancouver, he met the golden haired Irish girl aboard, and fell in love with her. Kingsford Smith has flown both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, the only pilot to have accomplished both feats, is one of two pilots to have completed a westward flight across the Atlantic to New York, and holds the record for a flight between England and Australia.

THISTLETHWAITE'S MEN STAND BY HIM

MADISON, Wis., Dec. 10.—An ultimatum that either Glen Thistlethwaite be retained as University of Wisconsin football coach or they will not participate in the sport has been issued by the sophomore members of the 1930 Badger team to the athletic council.

"Having two years of football competition left, we believe we are in position to know the ability of Coach Thistlethwaite better than anyone else and are convinced that he has the necessary qualities, and that the university would be benefited by his retention," they declared.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

With something like last year's price.

If that is true, it means making a big hole in the accumulated surplus of wheat that is holding down the price.

HIREN: ANOTHER one of the surplus grain held in a storeroom from the year's production of Manitoba, in Canada.

At first thought it seems bad, almost WICKED. The fact is, however, that it is a good thing. It is a good thing that the surplus grain is being sold. It is a good thing that the surplus grain is being sold. It is a good thing that the surplus grain is being sold.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

THE modern youth now burns the midnight oil in his father's car.

Efficiency Experts—The lazy girl who likes a certain brand of cigarette but always gets her chum to walk the mile for her.

Take It or Leave It—It's not always a typographical error when a man says he's going widow shopping.

Social Accomplishments—Wedding pictures serve a wonderful purpose. When the children grow up, the mother can show them what their first father looked like.

Behave yourself—Don't laugh when a man tells you his wooden leg hurts him. Maybe he has pains in the lumber region.

You're Wrong—You can't get hydrophobia from being frost-bitten.

Wonders of Nature—Several big companies are now putting fur on their animal crackers to make them more realistic.

Financial Independence—Being so wealthy that you can have two taxicabs, one for yourself and one for the mother.

You're Right—There were no back seat drivers in the days of the chariot.

Our Own Vaudeville—Mallie is George economical? Elsie: Yes, he tries to make a girl's money go as far as possible.

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Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

NOT LONG ago one of my young or colleagues had dinner with me. During the course of conversation the subject of rheumatism was mentioned. Immediately he became silent and told me of his great interest in this disease.

It seems that as a child my friend had been afflicted with rheumatism which had involved his heart. At that time very little was known concerning the disease, much of the prescription was done in the dark. He had been told to rest in bed, to eat only soft food, and to avoid all exertion.

Fortunately we have modernized medicine in this disease. Of course there is a lot more to be learned. However, it can be said that the complications of rheumatism in children have been greatly reduced.

The greatest problem of Acute Rheumatism, as it is called, is its action on the heart. It often involves the valves of the heart, leaving behind permanent damage. Most adult cardiac cases turned down by insurance companies can be traced to rheumatism had as a child.

Rheumatism in children is now a much more intelligently treated disease. At one time it was believed the disease did not occur in the young. Their true nature was not recognized when the term "rheumatic fever" was applied. Any child complaining of joint pain in the arms or joints was lightly dismissed. The child is now treated as a patient.

She said she seized a rifle, pointed it at him as he ran and shouted: "Tommy, come here this minute or I'll shoot you!"

The mother then raised the rifle and shot at the boy, hitting him in the chest and head. Tommy died.

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The Detective Bureau



Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl in my late teens and am deeply in love with a young man eight years my senior. Do you think there is too much difference in our ages?

This young man is good-looking, holds a good job, and is very considerate of me. Don't you think he would make a good husband?

Nancy Lee, what can I do to prove his love? Please give me your opinion. Thank you.

BLISS EYES. P. S.: When you go to supper with a young man and the waiter or waitress asks you for your order—should you tell your gentleman friend or the waiter?

B.L.E. EYES: Only time can tell whether or not the most ardent declaration of love is sincere. The evidence seems to be that the man cares for you. Is there any sort of understanding between you or is it merely one of those friendships that go on and on until the girl is no longer young and the man becomes tired of her? As to your other question, in all cases the lady tells her escort just what she wishes him to order. In no case does the lady address the waiter.

Answers to Health Queries
B. R. Q. Is it dangerous to use a deodorant to check perspiration?

2. Is it possible to reduce by taking Epsom salts and hot baths daily?

A.—No.
2. While these measures may be reducing to some extent the treatment is apt to be very weak unless cut down on sweets and starches and take some regular daily exercise. In this way you will reduce safely and surely.

A. M. Q. How can one put "have" in their hair?

A. A. Q. What should only be taken under proper medical supervision? Your doctor will tell you just what is necessary. If your condition warrants this treatment.

MOTHER KILLS SON FOR TEASING HER
ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 9. Today's edition of the Albany Times said that a mother had killed her son for teasing her.

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Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Ardeth Carroll has charge of the specialty shop owned by wealthy Jeanette Parker. She meets Ken Gleason, fiancé of Jeanette's sister, Cecile, and they fall in love. Their marriage is prevented by Ken's mother's wish that he marry Cecile. When he fails to keep an appointment with Ardeth, Tom Corbett takes her to dinner. They meet Ken and Cecile. Later Ken tells Ardeth fear of disappointing his mother, whose days are numbered, forced him to attend Cecile's party. Tom invites Ken and Cecile to a party at his mountain cabin. Mary Eastwood urges Ardeth to encourage Tom, warning her of impending disaster where Ken is concerned. Tom and Ken vie with one another for Ardeth's attentions.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXII.

They were hung between heaven and earth on the snowy slope between the crowd at the bottom of the grade and the little group at the top.

Ken bent his head close to her own. "Kiss me!" he ordered, his eyes brimming with love and laughter.

Long after Ardeth remembered the incident in its smallest detail. No foreboding chill to tell her of the future. Nothing to prepare her. She stood at the end of her happiness and thought it was the beginning.

When they whizzed down the long slide, Ardeth clinging breathlessly, with tightly shut eyes to Ken, they found Tom waiting at the end of the runway.

He turned on Ken, laughing but jealous. "You highbinder! Snatching a ride!"

There followed a scuffle in the snow, which became a free-for-all when Fred and Bill Lane were dragged into it.

More breath-taking rides—first with one then the other. Snowball fights when the men pelted the girls and were secretly amazed at the vigor of their defense.

Then, a peaceful twilight hour, when dusk drove them back to the cabin to sit around the stove drying their wet feet.

Stomped forever on Ardeth's memory, this hour. She lay back in a low wicker chair, comfortably tired in body, but alert in mind. Alive to the strange peace of it all. The last thick daylight straining through the turkey-red curtains at the window. Smell of pipe smoke and fresh lumber and wet wool drying. Laughing, effortless.

The sprawling figure of Ken—a lazy race in the slim bodies in the rough sport clothes.

And under everything—the thrilling consciousness of Ken's tall and trim, with that confident poise of head, he made Fred Eastwood look thick and clumsy. Ken's accessible roughneck sweater and high-collared boots made Bill Lane's elaborate sports outfit ridiculous.

All evening her love was a magnet, drawing her close to him. Thrilling just to be beside him, feeling that he was tremendously aware of her in every inch of his body, though he kept on talking to Mary or teased Maids and Phyllis in turn.

The consciousness of him put a silver edge on her own laugh when she sat beside him at dinner. Her cheeks took on a sweet, warm flush. Her hands moved as she talked, like fluttering birds, knowing that now and then Ken's glance came stealthily around to her with a look which was a caress.

In that moment the room receded to Ardeth and the others became pale shadows. Only Ken and herself here. . . . vitally alive, thrilling to the marvelous fact of each other.

He was here! She was filled with pride at once swarming and humble. Only Ken and herself with this thrilling something playing like a flame between them.

Fearing lest too much of this showed in her face she turned to Tom and began an animated conversation, struggling to keep the slinging tone from her voice.

After dinner they went in a group to the small town dance. This was held in the room behind the general store. A long wooden space, heated by a barrel stove and aromatic with the evergreen branches nailed up for decorations.

Tom looked down at her tawny head when he had her for a dance. "Like it, Ardeth?"

He had a glowing look for reply. "All right—it's all yours."

His words were laughing, but there was a serious note in the man's voice.

Ardeth adopted a purposely light tone. "You mean I can have everything?" She waved her hand at the rough store. "Evergreens and all?" Oh, not the evergreens. Tom? That's too much.

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me," he returned roughly. "You know I'm crazy about you, Ardeth."

"Oh—sh-h-h!" She was suddenly in a panic to keep him from actual words.

"Not a chance, have 12. Not a chance, yet."

She was suddenly and unreasonably angry. "Why do you say that—yet?"

"Oh, because somehow maybe there will be. Things don't always turn out the way one figures them. Don't look at me like that, Ardeth. What's so wrong with what I say? You might change your mind. Other girls have; that's my hope."

But it was the unspoken meaning under his words which struck like a sword in her heart. That same warning she had heard in Mary Eastwood's words the other day. An echo of that ominous fear which underlay all her thoughts about Ken. She made a desperate effort to throw it off, to remain pleasant to Tom.

"So serious we are! Here, look—the music's stopped and we're still dancing!"

She drew out of his arms and walked to the others.

dents with a sinking heart. Why should Mary pity her? Suppose the worst happened. . . . Suppose Ken's mother. . . . Oh, no, never think of that! Never wish to draw her own happiness through Ken's sorrow.

Wide eyes fastened on the low bright stars looking in the window, she tried to follow Ken in fancy on his lonely ride. Plunging down the black mountains. . . . Did he feel this great pitying love she felt for him? Did it bring him comfort?

Hours later Ken reached the end of his journey. Dark and silent the city lay, drenched in rain. Heavy, sluggish drops, like heavy tears.

Like a painful dream as he reached the apartment he shared with his mother. As he fitted the key in the lock, the door opened. He had expected a nurse. . . . the doctor, perhaps. Something of a small shock to find Cecile Parker before him. Cecile, in a soft, gray-blue chiffon thing which made her white oval face and the Naples yellow waves of her hair soft and appealing. Gone, the orange lipstick. The man's eye shadow was missing, too, and her pale gray eyes met his in sweetest sympathy.

In response to his amazed question she answered in a low voice. "I've been here since five. As soon as she was taken ill."

"How is she?" Ken's voice was a queer croak.

The girl shrugged slightly. "Very weak. . . . she may not know you."

But Cecile was mistaken. As soon as Ken entered the bedroom, where he found a white-uniformed nurse in attendance, his mother opened her eyes.

(To Be Continued)

ASHLAND MAN HURT IN TRAFFIC CRASH

ASHLAND, Ore., Dec. 10.—

Cliff Head, Ashland, sustained a fractured skull when his automobile collided head-on with one driven by Edgar Stillwell, Ashland, on the Pacific highway near Ashland yesterday. Stillwell was badly cut, while Sheldon Page, of Ashland, riding with Head, was bruised. The crash was attributed to confusion of drivers in getting to the right side of the road.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

E. S. Cockrell, F. L. Cockrell. 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 Fowler St.

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In the original vacuum pack

It is air that destroys the flavor of coffee. And even air-tight tins will not keep coffee fresh. That's why Hills Bros. Coffee is packed in vacuum tins as fast as it comes from the roasters. By this method, air is completely removed from the can and kept out.

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3 pairs of SNAPPY RAYON HOSE

Very clever patterns and good colors. Reinforced with hile top, toe and heel. A "knock-out" buy sure to please everyone.

DEPT. STORES

C. J. Breier Co

IN THE WEST