

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The March of the Trees

STAND on the highway streets, Jackson, Cass or Stephens almost any time, day or night and you will see trucks loaded with Oregon fir Christmas trees headed south. You cannot so easily see the vast numbers of freight cars that are being loaded or that are already on their way to southern and eastern destinations but many trees are being shipped that way, too. It has been estimated that 10,000,000 trees will be shipped from Oregon and Washington to supply the nation's demand for Christmas trees this year.

There does not appear to be any serious menace to our forest lands because of this chopping of small trees. Many an excellent future wood plot though, is thus prematurely harvested. If it is a question of monetary value that we consider, it might be just as well to harvest the four and five year old trees. A tree eight years old is only worth somewhere between two and three dollars now.

Whether damage of a permanent nature is done to forests as a result of Christmas tree cutting depends on where the cutting is done and how it is done. If trees in isolated plots away from large new acreage of growth are cut no great harm is done. If thinning in reforested areas is done carefully and under supervision the cutting not only is harmless but does good. The forest service advises thinning in areas that are too thickly seeded.

Let the nation enjoy Santa's gift of a Christmas tree from our forests of the great Northwest. There is no other tree on earth that makes so fine a Christmas tree as does the young Douglas fir. It is the perfect tree and is not grown in quantity in other parts of our country. If our part of the country can give Christmas cheer through furnishing fine perfect trees to the rest of the country we might just as well do it and be glad that we can. A word of warning, though. A tree is a precious thing—a noble creation of nature to let not our axe swing thoughtlessly. Cut trees only where their cutting does not spell future loss.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Salem Statesman)
THERE is nothing like being first with the news. The Medford Mail-Tribune commenting in its editorials about the fade-out of kings, reports: "The royal family in Greece have their yacht with steam up ready to depart at any time." Yes, and they sailed out in December, 1923, and haven't been back since.

(The Dalles Chronicle)
Note of optimism heard on Second street: "Who says it's hard times? Look at the fellow across the street right now paying out good money to weigh himself on a penny scales when there's two free machines in the same block!"

(Bend Bulletin)
Collier's Weekly quotes Thomas D. Campbell, biggest American wheat farmer, as saying that the threat of an avalanche of wheat from Russia, to be thrown into world markets in increasing quantities in the next few years, is a death knell for the American wheat grower. Mr. Campbell ought to know. He is the man who has been over to Russia showing the Soviets how to do it.

(Baker Democrat-Herald)
Theft of eight million dollars from stockholders of a California banking and loan association should bring about a searching investigation of state regulation of these institutions in the southern state. Certainly there must have been gross incompetence or carelessness on the part of the investigating public demands that there should be a show-down, no matter who it hits. Eight million dollars is a lot of money and the man who took it should serve as long a term as the petty holdup who takes a dollar or two—though he probably won't.

OVERTURNING AUTO
EXPOSES WET CARGO
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
MEDFORD, Dec. 17 — R. J. Stowe, Courtney Yapp and Harry Yapp, traveling in an automobile loaded with liquor, overturned at the overhead bridge on the Pacific highway near Ashland yesterday. Sixty gallons of alcohol, said destined for Eugene, were seized and the trio arrested, charged with possession and intoxication.

POINCARÉ NOW HAS RECOVERY CHANCE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
PARIS, Dec. 17 — An official bulletin issued by physicians of M. Poincaré today said that he was improved and that there was hope for his recovery.

HEARST'S MANAGER, FRANK KNOX, QUILTS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
NEW YORK, Dec. 17 — An announcement was made last night by Colonel Frank Knox, general manager of the Hearst newspapers, that he had resigned from the organization. He and William Randolph Hearst had differed over business management, his statement said.

TRAIN WRECK KILLS 10 AND INJURES 14

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
OVIDO, Spain, Dec. 17 — Ten passengers were killed and fourteen injured in a collision between an express passenger train and a freight train near Loribia today. The condition of those injured was said to be serious.

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 50 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose name and address must accompany the communication.

COOPERATIVE PLANT URGED TO HELP DAIRY BUSINESS

ROSEBURG, Ore., Dec. 15.—Editor News-Review:—Dairy farming is the most fundamental of all farming or business all over the world. Every government or country that wants to keep its people in good economic shape, watered carefully every movement in that business. But good facilities to bring forth the products are not enough. The transaction or sale of the products are likewise necessary.

Roseburg has a good opportunity for dairy farmers. The best I have seen in many countries. But the market is very poor. There is absolutely no market for whole milk. The dairy districts and creameries in Roseburg are impotent to handle it all. Dairy farming is very poor business when you cannot sell the whole milk. Some farmers sell milk part time and have to separate the rest. Others have to sell cream, and that would not pay for more than the feed—nothing for the labor.

It seems that something should be done here. The farmers have to restrict the cows and make more of the feed themselves. Or there is another way out. Go together and start a cooperative factory for cheese, dairy and creamery. That will eliminate over-production and can utilize all our milk.

The farmers will have a steady market and that make the dairy farming more solid. Own truck-line for carrying milk will save lots of time and loss of money. There is a big opportunity for farmers around here to make more of their own feed. Why not have given nature the year around? Dairy farmers have always lots of manure, and the soil around here needs the humus. All grass feed should be cut in early time when juicy, and not dried up to hard straw.

I believe that somebody will take up the idea for combined cheese factory, dairy and creamery, make it out and realize it soon. We have to give more attention to the poor condition for dairy farmers, so that something can be done. Farming is not only business—it is science.

Very truly yours,
FORVOLD BOE.
Former secretary of Norwegian Farmers' association.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

Courier:
"Southern Oregon, meaning Douglas, Josephine, Jackson and Klamath counties, comprises one-tenth of Oregon's population under the new census count. In round numbers, there are a million Oregonians, a hundred thousand Southern Oregonians, and Southern Oregon grew in population THREE TIMES as fast as the state as a whole."

Here is some good advice: Keep your eye on Southern Oregon in the next decade.

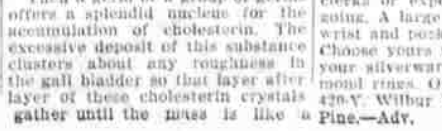
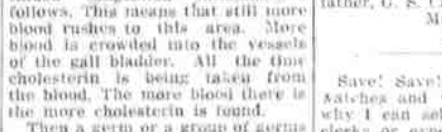
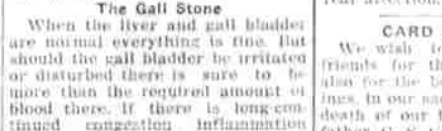
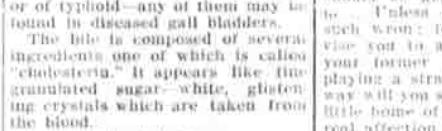
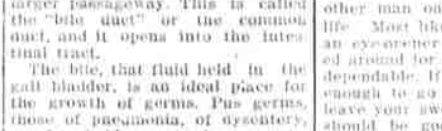
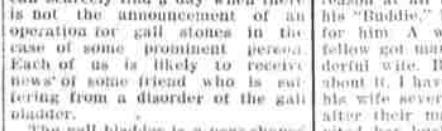
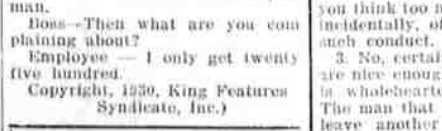
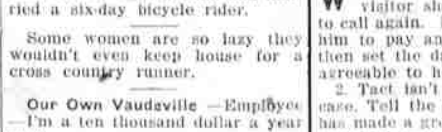
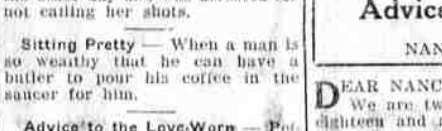
HERE is a dispatch from Paris that may have caught your eye:
"The latest birth statistics, made public today, show that there are ten thousand more women than men in Europe now."

The dispatch continued: "If the same proportions continue for 150 years, Europe by 2080 will have enough women to provide each man with three wives."

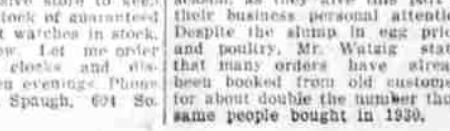
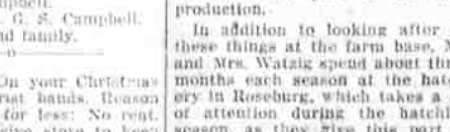
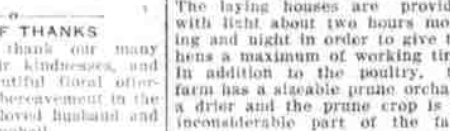
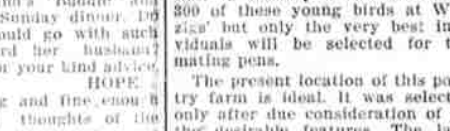
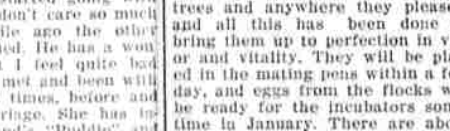
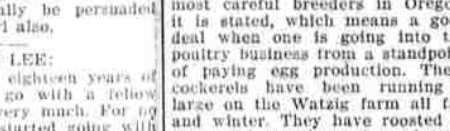
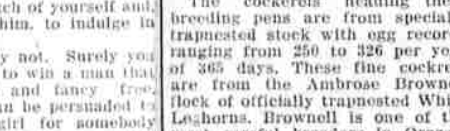
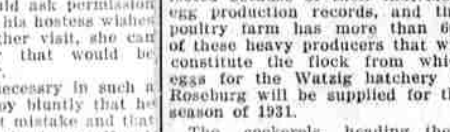
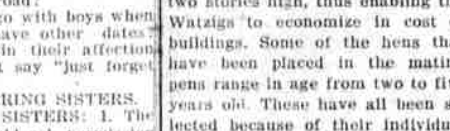
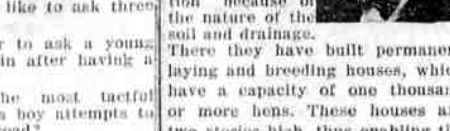
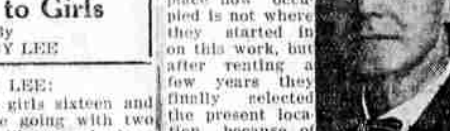
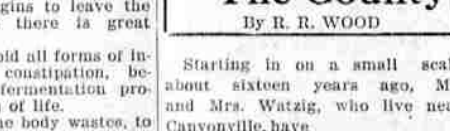
That would be pretty tough on the men, for ONE wife is about all that any man can hope to get on with.

But don't worry too much about what MIGHT happen 150 years hence. The same power that has kept the sexes substantially equal in number for thousands, perhaps millions, of years may be relied upon to keep them substantially equal in the future.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Useful as Well as Ornamental



Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XXVIII

Astonishing to have Nell appear out of the past like this. A certain raw force about him. Had he always been so big? She eyed him beneath her long lashes, rather disturbed, as they talked common-places.

They spoke of the Fell street flat. The Harrisons were going to move. Aunt Stiel had scintilla; she wanted a place where there were not so many stairs. Bet had a beau at last—a red-headed shoe clerk, who took her to his lodge dances. Nell's father had been arrested in some labor plot and had very nearly gone to jail. Granny Burke was poorly. The cold this last winter had bothered her a lot. She mislaid Ardeh. . . . On and on, in Nell's rough voice, that strange past to which she had once astonishingly belonged.

All the time the man's eyes were taking her in, miserably aware of the change in her. Change, which Ardeh herself did not realize.

This was not the eager young girl he had waylaid in the hall of the flat and mauled in his young love-making. Something about her which abashed him. Even her voice was changed. Speaking with Mary Eastwood he given death to it, even as the hours of lonely reading had given depth to her mind. It was more than the quiet distinction of her clothes—a quality he could describe to himself only as "class." It was something deeper. Some integral quality—though he did not put it thus to himself.

He knew he was in a different world. Always in the back of his mind had been the thought of Ardeh—Ardeh who would come back to him when she'd got "this society rot" out of her head.

He hated her now for the change which had removed her from his thought of her. Hated himself for noticing the guil.

His embarrassment transmitted itself to the girl. She tried to do it by a nervous laugh, a running stream of light comment to which he returned grunts.

At the door of the hotel she turned with secret relief and held out her hand.

"It's been so good to see you again, Nell."

He ignored that kind little hand. His black eyes burned with anger. In a quick effort to break through the wall which separated them he burst into rough speech.

"You don't mean that, Ardeh. You've hated seeing me. That's what they've done to you. Made you ashamed of the people you used to know. You're ashamed because you loved me once. Well—you did. You used to like to have me kiss you."

His eyes blazed in accusation. His dark face was flushed. In his own bewildered fashion, Nell was suffering.

Mrs. Kent Gleason sat in her boudoir vigorously welding her buffer. But Cecile's attention was not on her already shining nails; her eyes were narrowed on her husband.

Ken spoke, his voice weary—the voice of one who has gone over the same argument many times.

"Please can't we talk this over without getting into a row over it, Cecile? It isn't that I'm trying to dictate to you—or that I want to spoil your pleasure in any way—"

"Oh, don't be so almighty sanctimonious about it!" interrupted the lady. "You know perfectly well you're objecting to me simply because you don't want to go."

"No, that isn't so," he returned evenly. "I'll admit I don't like Coralie Gaines or that rowdy crowd she gathers around her. I don't like the way they drink—or the high stakes they play for."

"I believe—" Cecile's smooth voice cut in, "that I settle my own bridge debts."

Ken reddened. There was a hint of temper in his voice. "That's another thing—how do you suppose I feel to have everyone know you write checks to settle your bridge debts for more than my earnings each month?"

Cecile's lips curled. "Can you afford to pay my card debts?"

The man's eyes narrowed. "I just said I couldn't."

"Then—" his wife's voice was icy, "until you can, don't you think you might permit me the spending of my own money?"

Ken's cheeks were burning. "That isn't fair, Cecile, and you know it. Good Lord, you rub it in on every pretext that it's your income which keeps the house going. That lets us go out on parties and week-end trips which cost hundreds of dollars."

Cecile's brows raised in an exaggerated semi-circle. "Perhaps you'll suggest how we could manage otherwise?"

Ken had begun to pace the room. Now he wheeled like a goaded animal. "Yes—I can! Give up this expensive apartment! Get a small place I could afford to pay the expenses on. Manage with one maid. Cut out some of our expensive friends!"

"I suppose—" she put in contemptuously, "you'd like me to live and dress like a shop girl. Shop girls appear to be your ideal."

ing task. They over-flowed to a small glass-covered stand. A carved tabourette held a number and Ken knew that the green and lavender bathroom held as many more behind its wall cabinets.

Skin lotions, massage creams, foundations, cleansing creams, Toilet water, bath salts, and perfumed oils. Jar of what appeared to be rosy mud which turned Cecile's complexion starting shades to match various gowns—brilliantines and eye-shadow paste. Heavy Oriental perfume in an amber glass elephant. Flower perfume in a rose of pink blown glass.

Enough cosmetics, Ken found himself thinking, to stock a small drug store.

He hated this room with a vigorous, if secret, hatred. Too bright, too overdone. The triple-glassed vanity mirror—the affected night lamp—the taffeta-skirted doll flung on the taffeta cushions on the bed. . . .

That doll caught at his attention unpleasantly. Ugly sprawling creature with its long snaky legs. . . . He hated the expression of coy lasciviousness on its silk face. Why did women fancy those grotesque creatures? Hair of yellow silk floss, parted in the center and drawn with mock demureness each side of the oval face. Darned if the thing didn't look something like Cecile!

He tried to crush the disloyal thought as it rose but the comparison was so apt that he had the impulse to shout with nervous laughter.

He found himself slyly eyeing her.

Cecile had returned to her nail polishing. She was fresh from the hands of her maid, her brows plucked to a thin line and darkened with mascara. Her lips outlined in hard orange. Her upper lids had been touched with mauve tinted salve so that they shone moistly in the morning light. She wore an elaborate suit of lounging pajamas of ivory satin trimmed with ecru lace—an ensemble, Ken reflected grimly, which probably cost more than his whole month's income.

That brought the old grievance to his mind again. After their marriage, he had innocently imagined that he and Cecile would get along on the salary he earned in her father's firm. He was quickly abused of this. If Cecile had spent money before, she revealed in it now.

It was her money which furnished this elaborate apartment of eight rooms; which paid the rent and kept it running. The thought called Ken. He was an outsider in all this glittering magnificence. It gave Cecile the upper hand.

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He studied the result of this shot. Ken's mouth contracted. She saw the outline of his jawbone go white under the skin. But he crushed back the angry words before they formed. A scowl—that was what she wanted. A scene—like the hundreds which had gone before. When she'd flung Ardeh's name at him. Not that. He couldn't stand that again.

He heeded the room in silence. A large room, this boudoir, and fitted with the superficial glitter which naturally collected about the intimate background of Cecile.

Summer sunshine, slanting between orchid silk drapes, struck rainbow gleams from the cut-glass corners of the bottles on the vanity. An army of bottles and jars. They covered the top of the dress-

Made her defiant when her own wishes were crossed.

Warily he took up the task he dreaded. Smiled his old winning smile. "Aw, Cecile, please let's be sensible about this. You know why I don't want you to go to Coralie's house party at this particular time. Dancing all night. And the way they play cards—that hectic excitement isn't good for you right now. And riding horseback—especially that. You know what the doctor said—that for the next six months you have to be careful!"

He stopped, such cold white fury looked out of her face. Cecile's voice was low and it shook with anger.

"Don't keep throwing that up to me, making that the excuse to tyrannize!"

"Oh, no one's trying to tyrannize over you, Cecile," Ken's voice was weary. He crossed to her and put a hand gently on her shoulder. "Dear, I know you're all upset, but please try to be calm. I'm only thinking for you."

"Calm!" Her face was convulsed. "I'm trying to forget that darn thing. And if I can go to Coralie's house party and forget it for a while I'm going."

"But, Cecile," he said patiently, "it isn't that I don't want you to have any pleasure. It isn't even that I don't like Coralie. But you know what it will mean if you go there. Drinking—and—dancing. You know the doctor said—"

(To Be Continued)



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