

Roseburg News-Review
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Phone Your News, Please

How does a newspaper reporter get the news? There are only two ways: He either sees the news happen or somebody tells him about it. Obviously no reporter or large staff of reporters could ever see all of the news that is printed in any newspaper therefore most of the news that is printed is first TOLD to the reporter.

A good news reporter knows where to go and who to see to learn most of the news happening of the day. If he could see and talk to EVERYBODY there would be a great deal more interesting news in this newspaper. It is impossible for reporters to be everywhere, know everybody and learn of everything. And yet, we want to publish ALL of the news of Roseburg and of Douglas county. There, you observe, is the real problem of publishing a good newspaper.

Since this newspaper is printed for you, our subscribers, and since you are everywhere, know everything that is going on and would gladly tell us if we asked you, we are going to ask a favor. Please, when you leave town, or return, or have visitors or know of an auto accident or have seen or know of anything of any sort that you think is news, call the News-Review office (phone 135.) There will always be someone ready to take the items you have, and gratefully.

This is written with just one thought in mind: If you will help in this way it will help us produce a BETTER newspaper. It is the earnest ambition of every worker on the News-Review staff to produce a better newspaper—the best possible newspaper.

Talks on Health
 By
 DR. R. S. COPELAND

MASSAGE is not a modern art. It is one of the oldest of all physical treatments for disease and for the exercise of the body. Somewhere about the year 400 B. C. Hippocrates, the first of great physicians, spoke of the treatment of a dislocated shoulder by massage.

Today we have all manner of expensive machines and apparatus for applying vibration and massage. There will always be inventors of a mechanical contrivance for every need. But in this field physicians are calling a halt in the indiscriminate use of such instruments. It has been found that injuries have been caused by their use.

The most valuable form of massage is that given by the skilled technician, under the direction of the doctor. The greatest benefit may come from properly directed massage. There are many medical and surgical conditions greatly helped by passive or active exercise of this sort.

Massage is a highly developed art. The development of the Swedish school of massage early in the nineteenth century did much to put massage on a firm footing and to awaken the public mind to its benefits.

Massage of the highest type does not consist of aimless, unscientific rubbing and kneading. On the contrary, it means manipulative work with definite and systematic character done in a scientific manner, each case being treated on its own merits.

By means of the right sort of massage, suppleness and activity of the tissues are aimed for; stiffness and inactivity are overcome; the blood supply and circulation are increased; nerves and lymphatics are stimulated; and muscles and tendons are made to contract more vigorously.

Heat and massage aid greatly in restoring the circulation in some affected part of the body when the muscle fibres need repair. Proper and careful massage of a sprain is often the only way to bring a troublesome part back to normal condition. But great harm can be done to the torn ligaments by improperly directed massage.

Muscular strength is based on proper muscular action. The very essence is to use the natural movements of walking or running. When such exercise is not to be had, in case of injury or disease, then massage may take its place with great benefit.

Answer to Health Queries
 W. A. W. Q.—What causes salivation?
 A.—Hyperacidity of the stomach is often the cause of this condition.

Correct your diet and avoid poor elimination.

T. E. A. Q.—What can be done for unpleasant breath. I think I breathe through my mouth, especially at night.
 A.—I am a girl of nearly 17 years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. tall. What should I weigh?
 B.—Will frozen yeast help me to gain weight?

A.—Have your nose and throat examined. Your tonsils may be affected, or you may have a polypus in your nose or throat. Your doctor will advise you. Also be sure that your teeth are in good condition and that your system is clear.

B.—You should weigh approximately 122 pounds. When I give these figures you will understand I am speaking about the average person, such figures merely indicating the average weight as discovered by the examination of a large number of persons. If you are a few pounds under or over this weight you must not feel that this is of any particular significance.

C.—It may. A good general tonic combined with the rules for good health should bring about gratifying results.

E. K. W. Q.—What do you advise for gas in the system?
 A.—How can I reduce?
 B.—I am 18, 5ft. 3 in. tall. What should I weigh?
 C.—What do you advise for pimples?

A.—Correct your diet and avoid poor elimination.
 B.—Eat sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular, systematic exercise.

C.—You should weigh about 120 pounds.
 D.—Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

C. R. Q.—What can be done for enlarged pores?
 A.—Does cold cream tend to increase the growth of hair?
 B.—What can be done for superfluous hair?

A.—Try alternate applications of heat and cold, applied for about ten or fifteen minutes twice daily. Avoid using cold cream and powder to excess. This has a tendency to clog the pores and coarsen the grain of the skin.
 B.—It may if it is very oily and greasy.
 C.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. Copyright, 1930, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Maybe I'm Wrong
 By
 J. P. MEDBURY

SAXOPHONES have now taken the place of spite fences.

Ode to a Flea—John a sailor and see the world.

Auto Suggestion—A motorist can always be assured of having good roads by doing his touring in a concrete mixer.

Take it or Leave it—"The Thinker" is a statue of a north-west mounted policeman who failed to get his man.

Excuse It, Please—If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, the average college boy isn't in any immediate peril.

Efficiency Experts—New York builders are now erecting a lot of form-fitting apartments.

Age of Cads—"The fellow who sent his rich uncle a bunch of forget-me-nots on his death bed."

You're Right—There are three classes of women: Early ones, late ones, and those that just can't be on time.

Our Own Vaudeville—Last Revenue Officer—What happened to that bootlegger you arrested the other day? 2nd Revenue Officer—They're liquidating his estate. Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

RIDDLE HIGH FIVE BEATS DAYS CREEK

The Riddle high school boys' basketball team defeated Days Creek 55 to 21 in a game at Riddle Friday night. Willie Mellon and Paul Stone high point men for Riddle and Bill for Days Creek. The Riddle players ran up a big lead in the first half, and Days Creek was unable to get through the Riddle awards, the score at half time being 34 to 2 in Riddle's favor. In the second half the Riddle second team took the floor and playing was more even. A return game is to be played at Days Creek January 9. P. L. Jensen, principal of the Roseburg high school, refereed the game. The Days Creek girls evicted the honors for the schools by defeating the Riddle girls 32 to 22 in a game of volley ball.

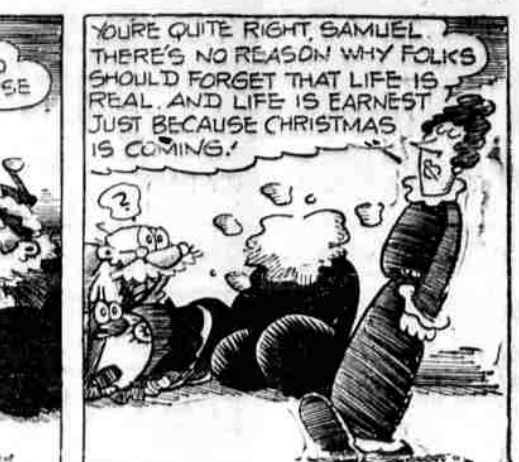
PRO-NORBLAD CLUB IS SUED FOR \$3460

PORTLAND, Dec. 21.—A suit to recover \$3460 from the Norblad pro governor committee was filed in circuit court here yesterday by Ray Fennell, secretary of the local chapter of the Ben Franklin club. The complaint lists seventeen alleged causes of action, charging the committee is liable for advertising, printing and engraving of 15,000 leaflets at the request of the committee. Defendants in the case are Gus Moser, Kenneth Hamner, W. W. Banks, T. A. Sweeney, T. B. Handley and Samuel Powell, listed as members of the committee which he said to have organized to promote the candidacy of Norblad for governor prior to the May 16 primary.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Paw Knows When He's Wrong



CITY VISITORS

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Roberts, of Myrtle Creek, were business visitors here Saturday.

P. Brown, of Camas Valley, was a business visitor in this city Saturday afternoon.

Fred Brothers, of Melrose, was in town Saturday attending to business affairs.

Adam Doerner of Melrose, was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

Erick Sutherland, of Melrose, was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

E. A. Crow, of Melrose, spent Saturday in this city attending to business affairs.

William Conner of Winston was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

Rocky Mason, of Albany, spent Saturday here attending to business affairs.

C. J. Hodges, of Lookingglass, was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

A. A. Barton, of Myrtle Creek, spent Saturday afternoon here transacting business.

Fred Hoffman, of Happy valley, was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

William Bailey, of South Deer creek, spent Saturday in this city transacting business.

J. P. Talbot, of Canyonville, spent Saturday in this city attending to business affairs.

Claude Short, of Brain, spent a short time in this city Saturday transacting business.

Jess Shambrook, of Umpqua, visited relatives and transacted business here Saturday.

Eugene Hixson, of Brookway, was a business visitor in this city Saturday afternoon.

D. W. Fate, of Dixonville, was a business visitor in Roseburg for several hours Saturday.

J. W. Wright, of Milo, spent Saturday afternoon in this city attending to business affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Brady F. Burnett of Oakland, were visitors in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Alva Hunter, of South Deer creek, stopped and visited friends in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Short and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whitaker, of Clover creek, were in town Saturday afternoon visiting friends and transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Manning of Oakland, attended to business and visited friends here Saturday.

Fred Bonebrake, of Garden valley, transacted business here for several hours Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Betts, of Glenary, were in town Saturday visiting friends and transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Beckley of Canyonville, visited friends and transacted business here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Price, of Gledo, spent Saturday here visiting friends and transacting business.

Roy Hatfield, of South Deer creek, spent several hours here Saturday attending to business affairs.

J. C. Barnes, of Tenmile, spent Saturday in this city visiting relatives and attending to business affairs.

Forster and Robert Blakey and John Alexander, of Gledo, were business visitors in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marsh and family of Lookingglass, were in town Saturday afternoon visiting friends and transacting business.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hutchinson of Kelloug, spent Saturday in Roseburg visiting friends and attending to business affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Royer of Dil lault were in town Saturday afternoon visiting friends and transacting business.

News Briefs

W. E. Valentine, of Myrtle Creek, transacted business here Saturday afternoon.

VAN NUYS, Cal., Dec. 22.—Wilbert J. Lubbering, 17, high school football star, was electrocuted in the bath tub when he clutched an electric heater yesterday.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 22.—John A. Bernhagen, 50, retired farmer, was found beaten to death in the dining room of his home, Sunday.

PHILADELPHIA BANK CLOSED BY STATE

(Associated Press Local Wire)
 PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.—The Bankers Trust company of Philadelphia, one of the most prominent financial institutions of the city, with assets of \$50,000,000, was closed today by the state secretary of banking.

The bank has nineteen branches scattered throughout the city. A statement by General H. Barker, president, said the institution was closed to conserve the assets for the protection of depositors and stockholders.

A statement issued in September showed the bank had approximately 125,000 depositors with deposits of \$15,000,000.

President Barker, before he entered the banking business, was financial editor of the Philadelphia North American, now out of existence. He is a son of the late Wharton Barker, well known economist who ran for president of the United States on the populist ticket in 1900.

TABLE GYMNASTICS OF INFANT UPHELD

(Associated Press Local Wire)
 CHICAGO, Dec. 21.—If the baby coos with his fingers and flaps, or even spalls a bowl of porridge over his head, don't fret. This was the advice given Chicago members of the American Chemical society by Dr. Clara M. Davis.

It's only natural for the baby to have such table manners, according to Dr. Davis, who is in the fifth year of an experiment in feeding children by cut and look.

Parents please from an assortment of simple foods. The experiment, begun in a Cleveland hospital, is being continued in a nursery here.

WOMAN HURT WHEN CAR HURDLES DIKE

(Associated Press Local Wire)
 ASTORIA, Ore., Dec. 22.—Mrs. A. E. Stewart and Hazel Wacker, who was severely injured last night when the automobile in which she was riding struck another and was hurled over a dike into the Columbia river.

Her son, Jack, 10, was seriously cut but the father was uninjured. Only the three were in the car.

HOLLY SNATCHERS RAID GRAVEYARDS

(Associated Press Local Wire)
 PORTLAND, Dec. 22.—Three youths who have robbed graveyards of several hundred pounds of holly branches, were sought by police today. Their method is to steal whole trees from burial grounds, take them to their homes and create the branches. Their last shipment, detectives learned, amounted to 500 pounds.

MOONEY DEFENSE ASSAILS GOVERNOR

(Associated Press Local Wire)
 SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21.—An attack on Governor C. C. Young and his attitude toward pardoning Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings, serving life terms as the alleged bombers of a preparedness parade here in 1916, was issued in the form of a lengthy statement here yesterday by the Tom Mooney-Mollie's Defense committee. The statement was signed by Ann Mooney, Thomas Mooney's sister.

The statement accused Governor Young of "stalling" and of being afraid to act in the Mooney case for fear of the "people" if he did not pardon Mooney and for fear of the "interests" if he did.

The statement also says "Justice is dead in California and Mooney and Billings will have to rot in prison because the people have not the courage to bring that pressure upon Governor Young which he or any other public official will even dare to ignore."

Advice to Girls
 By
 NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: Last year I met a young man who I learned to love very deeply. He acted very gentlemanly and I respected him. We saw each other frequently and I was often out with him. About four months ago he told me he loved me and asked me to marry him. I told him how I loved him and I lived in a perfect paradise for two or three weeks ago, when he went out with another girl. I spoke to him about it, but he only laughed. This past Monday he came and asked me to break our engagement as he is mainly in love with this other girl and wants to marry her next week. I am so worried about it that I have been very ill. I told him I would tell him on Sunday. What shall I do? Break the engagement or continue this way? I am thanking you for any advice.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a high school girl in my early teens and I met a boy about two years ago who was one year my senior. I love him very much and he seems to like me, and he has given me many nice things and my parents think he is a very nice associate, but he has never asked me to go with him, although I would like very much to go with him.

My parents do not allow me to have dates and attend parties, but I would certainly like to have this boy as an overhauling friend, because I like him better than I do any other boy, so please tell me how I may win him and his heart.

Thanking you in advance,
 H.L.E.

BLAZE: Perhaps it would have been better if you had refrained from accepting gifts from someone who is almost a stranger to you. Should he wish to make you a present again tell him that you appreciate his friendship more than anything he can give you.

Nothing, think, you tell me that the boy is a schoolboy in his early teens. How is it he is able to give you nice presents? Wait until you are older until you meet the right man—one who earns the money wherewith to purchase gifts—before you accept any more presents.

MOONEY DEFENSE ASSAILS GOVERNOR (Continued)
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Arundel piano tuner, Phone 189-L.

Girl Unafraid
 By
 Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XXXII.
 It was utterly unexpected, that plunge of eyes into eyes, Confusion in Ardet's mind. Ken—really Ken—and he was holding a baby. Ken's first instinctive movement had been to leave. But he remained there looking at her.

"I didn't expect to see you, Ardet. I was just passing. Just walking by."
 "Won't you—come in?" The words seemed to come of their own volition.

They were in the store, still in that strained silence. The girl was leaning back against the counter. One hand was pressed hard over her throat where a little pulse fluttered.

"I was too tired to go down to the country today with Tom." She spoke with an apparent effort. "Yesterday was awfully busy. And there was the window to dress—"
 "I saw you," he answered, with the same unnatural calm. "And I thought of that first time I came in here. When you were in the window arranging the ivory elephants."

With a fluttering movement of her hands she said, "The baby, I've never seen him."
 Ken explained, "I have an idea he doesn't like his nurse. You know, even when they're very young they have likes and dislikes. Sort of starved linen nurse she is; eye like a hawk. Rapacious eye, you know. I know the Colonel here doesn't like her."
 "The Colonel—?" something pitifully appropriate in the nickname Ken had bestowed upon his son. Nothing round and rosy—nothing babylike about the infant, which looked awfully back at Ardet. It was as though a little old man peered from behind the small features.

Phyllis Hawkins' words flashed back to the girl: "The nurse said she pretty nearly killed the poor little brat from the first. . . . the boy never had a fair start. . . . A frail little thing; bones like a macaroni. A cold undertone to the tiny face, wide eyes pale blue, with a strange set stare, an unearthly stare. Ardet found herself shivering."

The resentment she had known was swept away in a gust of pity. A little cry broke from her. "Such a little bit of thing. Let me—"
 She had it in her arms, the baby's stare regarding her broodingly.

"The darling—" she said softly. Her fingertips lightly caressed the milky little face. "The pretty little fellow—"
 With a pang it struck Ken that no one had ever before used that inappropriate term to the child. Something choked in his throat, and he spoke with an assumption of lightness.

"Well . . . the Colonel doesn't go in much for beauty. But he's bright as a dollar, I always manage to know how he feels."
 That hurt the girl, Ken, lonely—trying in some clumsy way to make up to the unwept mite for the love it should have had as a right.

"We slipped out for a walk before the starved nurse could stop us. I could see by his eyes that the Colonel was bored. He likes to be with me. And, somehow, something choked in his throat. I didn't dream of seeing you—"
 "Where's Cecile?" She did not raise her eyes to his own. Ken seemed as young and helpless in that moment as they baby and the pull on her sympathy was dangerous.

Ken shrugged. "Coralie Gaines' house party. I can't get on with that woman, so for the sake of peace, I stayed away."
 An awkward little moment of silence. Then Ardet found herself saying in a choked voice: "Would you . . . like to come back here and sit down?"

They were in the back room. She found herself sitting on the couch holding the silent baby. Ken had taken the chair opposite. By the light which slanted on him through the one long window she saw his ease of manner was merely a mask. His face was white and his eyes were bleak. It she had changed in this last bitter year, he had. Little left of the triumphant youth she had given her heart to that long ago summer. Here was a man, disillusioned—suffering.

Ken's eyes went around the room, noticing the simple, comfortable furnishings. They came back to her face and such sudden yearning flashed there that she spoke hastily.

"Tell me about yourself. . . . your . . . business."
 "Did you know I'd left Mr. Parker's office? I'm in for myself."

At her nod he went on. "It wasn't that good, I consider. He's been kind. But that was just it. I don't want kindness! I want to stand on my own. To own my own success. I've got to have something of my own."
 Something had occurred in his voice. She looked up swiftly at him. His face was high—no the gray, confident look of other days. Defiant. His eyes were angry, bewildered.

He suddenly swam in the mist of her own tears. Tears which she tried, in dismay, to check. She saw that he had risen. Was reaching for her.

"Oh—Ardet, sweetheart!" she little cry halted him. A little cry from the baby. Held in Ardet's arms, he had been fascinated by the glitter of a tiny chain about her neck. His small wavering hand had at last captured it and a scatter of tiny pearls sprinkled the girl as it broke.

The accident started them back to themselves. Ken stopped, gathered the scattered beads.

"Really, it does not matter," Ardet protested softly.

When Ken rose he was master of himself again. He made a desperate grasp after his self-possession.

"Have to get the Colonel home-

in a thousand cracks as she scowled.
 "You are suddenly solicitous about your wife," she said softly, and there was the hiss of a cat in her voice. "Perhaps if you worried more about your own reputation it would be more to the point."
 He regarded her with narrowed eyes. "What are you driving at?"
 "You know." Still in the soft tone. "But I am not surprised to know that it startles you to learn that I do as well. Well—I understand each other. Ken, I'll speak even more clearly. I'll allow you so much leeway—" she held her long white hands a short space apart. "So—O—match, Ken." She nodded her head. "That is all. Therefore, you can see, as far as my wife shall be gossiped about, my wife shall be gossiped about. You are giving orders?"
 Ken flushed. "An order to protect my wife and my home from a slanderer's tongue."
 Again the white teeth flashed in the dark green mask.
 "You are suddenly solicitous about your wife," she said softly, and there was the hiss of a cat in her voice. "Perhaps if you worried more about your own reputation it would be more to the point."
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