Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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The Relief Association

ONE of the very best things that has been done in Roseburg for a long time was the formation of the Umpqua Relief association. This organization which represents all civic organizations of all kinds in Roseburg, handles all phases of relief work.

Under the very able administration of E. A. Britton, food, clothing, bedding is being assembled and distributed to the needy. A regular headquarters has been established at 120 North Jackson street. Just walk by there or go in and look around and you will realize the efficiency and size of this new institution. Formed for an initial period of three months, this writer believes that it should be carried on so long as there is work to be done.

The Umpqua Relief association is more than a charity organization. Its work is of charitable nature but the word charity does not describe it adequately. This organization is giving real and immediate relief to all deserving cases. Last Saturday, for instance, eleven cases were investigated and relief in the form of food and clothing was given. Many extremely pitiful cases are being reported. In the northern part of the county was found a man living with three small sons. The man had no work. In fact was scarcely able to work, the boys were too small to work. When the investigator arrived they had not one ounce of food of any kind in their little unbattened board cabin. You can imagine how welcome the work of the association was to that little family.

The Umpqua Relief association needs the help of everyone who can help. Food and clothing supplies are wanted, and donations of cash which will be used to buy additional supplies are needed. Personal help is needed too. Mrs. H. C. Church and E. A. Britton have been doing the bulk of the work thus far but they need relief help and more help.

This is a big, wonderful work. It means that so far as possible there will be no absolute WANT for the necessities of life in Douglas county this winter. The administration of the relief is very strict. Only those cases absolutely deserving are being cared for. Another way in which we can all help is to phone 86 or go to the headquarters and tell them of deserving cases that we know of.

If this organization is to function with the greatest good result we must all look upon it as our own organization and do every thing we can personally, to help out. Remember these four ways in which YOU can help:

1. Give food or clothing.
2. Give money.
3. Give of your personal time in helping at the headquarters.
4. Report cases requiring relief.

The address is 120 North Jackson street and the phone number is 86.

The Benson P. T. A. has been furnishing milk to a number of undernourished children of the school. This work has only been going on for a little more than a month with the almost startling result that the average weight of the children who are receiving this milk has increased TWO pounds in that time. That is certainly a most worth while effort.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Newberg Graphic)

A GROUP of newspaper men on the county met at McMinnville with the Yamhill county legislative delegation, composed of Senator-elect W. E. Burke and Representatives Tomkins and McPhillips, and discussed tax matters last Friday evening. The group found themselves in hearty accord on this very pertinent question and after looking up some tax facts and figures they concluded that it was high time that something be done to stop the onward march of government expenditures.

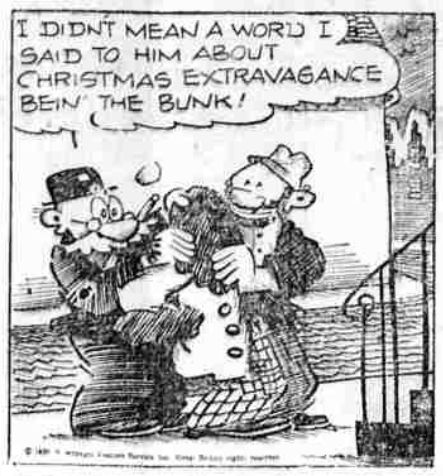
The newspaper men agreed to cooperate in a campaign of publicity and editorial staff to try and arouse the people of Oregon to the situation which exists and they urged the local county delegation to use their efforts in the legislature to hold down expenses wherever possible and to reduce taxes. Various methods by which they may be accomplished were discussed and the newspapermen decided to use their efforts to enlist the support of the press of the state in this cause.

As stated editorially in this issue of the Graphic, taxes in Oregon have now reached the staggering total of $110,000,000 and they have been climbing steadily with no present indication of any change under county news to the effect in this issue also appears a note that the sheriff is mailing out 2500 notices of delinquent taxes. These things have aroused the newspaper men of Yamhill county to the point where they believe something must be done at once.

Already echoes of the meeting are being heard in some talk of a taxpayers' league which will carry into all parts of the state and which wil lbe a potent force in demanding economy and retrenchment of the legislature. That the effort may become productive of some good results is more than a [illegible]

POLLY AND HER PALS

A Familiar Face



FOREIGN FLASHES

ARDONOVA, Czechoslovakia, Dec. 23 — A baker out of a job sold all his worldly goods, then made up a loaf of bread in which he mixed a quantity of poison. He and his wife and their seven children ate the bread and yesterday they were all found dead.

JITSHIN, Czechoslovakia, Dec. 22 — Forty inmates of an almshouse here were overcome yesterday by fumes of a fumigating poison. Ten died and thirteen were not expected to live.

LONDON, Dec. 23 — Winston Churchill has renewed his Christmas appeal, broadcast by radio, for providing every blind person in the country with a wireless set. Last year he received $125,000 on this account and needs another $100,000 to complete the scheme.

ROME, Dec. 23 — Mrs. H. J. Debosis, American-born widow of the noted Italian poet, yesterday was acquitted by the special tribunal for defense of the state of charges o anti-fascist activities. Renzo Rendi, an occasional correspondent for American newspapers, who was tried on similar charges of anti-fascist activities, tenced to 15 years imprisonment. A third defendant received a similar sentence and a fourth was sent to prison for three years. Three other defendants were acquitted.

FEW DECORATIONS OUTDOORS FOR YULE

Outdoor Christmas decorations this year are not as numerous as last season, when prizes were offered by the Business and Professional Women's club for the best display. With no contest this year there was not the incentive for decorations, and few homes have been decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wharton, who won the first prize last year, have a most beautiful showing at their home on Douglas street, with the huge living trees in the yard lighted, their porch outlined with colored lights and attractive window decorations. The Wainscott, Fisher and Hamilton homes in Overlook addition are displaying outdoor, lighted Christmas trees, while several of the homes in Laurelwood are showing window decorations.

VINTILA BRATIANU, CAROL'S FOE, DIES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

BUCHAREST, Dec. 23 — All Rumania was stirred today by the sudden death of Vintila Bratianau, who with his father and brother established the present Rumanian dynasty only to have it finally complete his fall from power.

The former premier, a bitter enemy of King Carol since his adolescence, was stricken with apoplexy yesterday. He was found helpless and taken indoors where a second attack later proved fatal.

PUNJAUB GOVERNOR TWICE WOUNDED

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LAHORE, India, Dec. 23 — Sir Geoffrey De Montmorency, governor of the Punjab, was wounded above the left hip and in one arm today by two of six shots fired at him as he attended the university convocation.

Both wounds were stated to be minor. Two police officials were also hurt in the attempt on the governor's life. Two students were arrested in connection with the attempt.

A woman doctor attached to Hardinge medical college was wounded but it is not known whether her wounds are serious.

JACK HALL DIES AT TENNANT, CALIF.

John Hall of Myrtle Creek, last night received news of the death of his son, Jack Hall of Tennant, California. The young man formerly resided at Myrtle Creek and has many friends who are covered in sorrow at his death. The body is to be brought to Myrtle Creek for burial and funeral services will be held at the Methodist church Friday at 2:[illegible] p. m. Besides his father and mother in Myrtle Creek, Mr. Hall leaves a widow.

STORES TO REMAIN OPEN UNTIL 9 P. M.

Most of the stores of the city handling holiday goods are arranging to remain open evenings to night, Tuesday and Wednesday to accommodate late Christmas shoppers. The stores will be open until 9 o'clock. No action has been taken by the merchants' association in the matter, however, the choice of remaining open being left to the individual dealers.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

THE employer who complains about the noise his stenographer makes in chewing gum, ought to be glad she doesn't eat walnuts.

Wonders of Nature — Illiteracy is no longer a handicap. The telegraph companies have made it easy for us to wire home for money in any language.

Unpopular Songs — She's only an electrician's daughter, but she knows Watts Watt.

You're Right — Love is what a couple get married for when they can't think of any other reason.

American Tragedies — The tightwad who gave up fishing because he lost his worm.

Ode to A wife — It doesn't necessarily mean that your husband imbibes just because you smell liquor on his lips. Maybe his stenographer drinks.

Null and Void — The fellow who thought that mistletoe was grown in the foothills.

Ace of Cads — A Detroit man says that every time his wife gets dissatisfied he walks her past the laundry where she used to work.

Momentous Moments — When a fellow worries so much that his toupee turns white.

Our Own Vaudeville — Is that gambler crooked?

Bert: Yes. He's so crooked that every time he plays solitaire he lays a revolver on the table.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

SCIENCE is adding daily to our knowledge of the body and its true functions. Discoveries are being made at such a rate that it is difficult to keep up with them. One of the most cheering examples of the advance in medical science is the successful war being waged on tuberculosis in all its forms.

Not so many years ago tuberculosis was looked upon as incurable. Now we know that it is really curable. We have learned that right living is the telling factor in its cure. In consequence, the death rate from this disease is steadily decreasing in most localities in our country. Unfortunately, in the congested sections of our great cities it still presents a serious problem.

The subject of nutrition is being vigorously investigated in relation to disease. In no human ailment is proper nutrition a more important factor that in the control of tuberculosis.

This disease may attack any of the organs, or any part of the body. The intestines form a convenient place for the tubercular germ to find a lodging place. It is rare for the disease to spend its force in the intestines. Yet if the membrane lining of this passageway becomes involved, say from infected milk or some other agent, then there will be numerous local symptoms.

The most common symptom of this form of tuberculosis is diarrhoea. For this reason, treatment is difficult, because feeding the patient in tuberculosis of any kind is a matter of paramount importance. The resistance to disease must be built up as quickly as possible. If the digestive tract is out of order, forced feeding is most difficult.

When a person is emaciated, lacks strength, has great prostration and fever, he must be put to bed and remain there until his doctor permits him to get up. Absolute rest and quiet are essential in the beginning.

There is no medicine in the world like fresh air and sunshine. In tuberculosis the patient must have fresh air day and night. It is a vital thing in tubercular infection, and nothing must stand in the way of getting it. We are not doing our duty by the sufferer unless we keep this constantly in mind.

Except in certain rare forms, sunlight is one of the most powerful in this disease. Either natural or artificial sunlight may be used. If the latter, it should always be under the guidance of a physician.

To sum up the treatment in tuberculosis of the intestines, or other forms of the disease, the essential factors in the cure are hygienic surrounds, fresh air and sunshine. To these we add plenty of rest and sleep, a diet in which milk and eggs are the foundation, and freedom from worry and mental disturbance. With all these, there is every chance of recovery.

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FURNITURE TRUCK DAMAGED BY FIRE

J. M. Judd's furniture truck was damaged by fire yesterday while returning from a country trip. Ray Linn, employed by Mr. Judd, had just made a delivery of furniture on Little river and was returning to town and had reached the foot of Douglas street hill, when he noticed smoke pouring from under the hood. When he raised the covering he found the motor blazing furiously. He attempted to smother the fire with his raincoat and was partially successful. Residents saw the fire and sent in a call to the fire department, which responded with the small truck. Mr. Linn had used wet grass and dirt to smother the blaze and had the fire pretty well controlled by the time the department arrived and the truck was saved, damage being confined chiefly to the wiring of the motor.

FAVOR PAY BOOST FOR ELECTION DUTY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 23 — County clerks of Oregon favor an increase in the pay of election board members from a flat $3 for 12 hours' work to 40c an hour, according to the legislative committee of the organization which is in session here.

Several amendatory measures to clarify election laws are to be considered by the committee, and also a measure to give county courts discretion in the fixing of certain fees. Dog licenses, for example, the clerks believe, should not necessarily be uniform throughout the state, and the county courts should have authority to fix the fees.

KIN DISPLEASED AT PLEA IN IKA CASE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

OROVILLE, Cal., Dec. 23 — Relatives of Bob Ika, trapper recently shot to death in Bald Rock canyon north of here, have expressed dissatisfaction with the legal procedure whereby Joseph Stanley, Ika's slayer, was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter.

These relatives have announced they will engage counsel and investigate the procedure. They pointed out that Ika not only was slain but that his slayer stamped him in the face with hobnailed boots.

NOTICE

The hall committee will receive sealed bids up to and including December 31st, 1930, for fifty cords three feet old growth fir wood to be delivered and piled in basement of Odd Fellows building, Roseburg, Oregon, at option of purchaser but not later than Sept. 1st, 1931. Said wood to be cut from large sound trees which have been cut down before the sap starts to rise. Mail bids to undersigned.

A. J. Geddes, Secretary.

Toys, toys, Christmas toys. All new large assortment, 400 different kinds to choose from at prices to suit each customer. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.—Adv.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a young married girl of 19 years of age, and deeply in love with my husband, but here is the point. He is in a business that throws him a lot with other girls, and it hurts me terribly to see him laughing and having a good time with them.

And there is one certain girl that I know loves him, and although he doesn't care for her, I know from the way he acts he must think something of her.

(P. S. Nancy Lee, don't tell me I don't love my husband or I would trust him) because I love him more than anything in the world, that's why I never want him to care for any other girl.

B. E.

B. E. in this day and age when men and women are thrown together in various branches of business and industry, a wife must be broadminded. And girls who have themselves worked in shops and offices know that there is generally little in the badinage and friendships among a business group. So brighten up, be your smartest and prettiest so that your husband will hurry home to the prettiest and sweetest girl he knows.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

Bob and I have been going steady with each other for about six months. I love him but he only liked me as a good pal. That was when we first met. About three weeks ago he told me that he loved me and that he couldn't do without me.

Now this is why we want your advice. We both declared that we care for each other, but Bob doesn't believe me and I don't believe him. He doesn't go with any other girl, and I don't go with any other boy. We alway go together no matter where it is.

Can you help with our problem?

BOB AND PEG.

BOB AND PEG: Unless both of you are prepared to believe in and profoundly trust one another, I can see little chance of happiness ahead for you. You seem to care for each other, why not take your mutual affection for granted and find your happiness in it? Put foolish ideas out of your head and get down to facts.

GIRL RUM RUNNER IN CLUTCH OF LAW

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WINSTON SALEM, N. C., Dec. 22 — Nattily togged out in male attire — suit, hat and top coat — a young woman who Police Chief George Fontaine of Kernersville said was "the cream of Virginia's bootleggers" came to grief in that village last night.

She gave her name as Gene Tatum, her age as 26, her home as Peter's Creek, Va.

In her automobile, Chief Fontaine said he found two five gallon cans of corn whiskey and five one gallon tins of apple brandy.

The Kernersville officer said she pulled ten twenty dollar bills from her pocket, thrust them at him and asked to be let go. Instead she was brought to Winston-Salem, held in jail for the night and released today on bond.

Chief Fontaine said the girl, who always travels alone, dressed as a man, had been running liquor four years, to his own knowledge.

POSTMASTER COAD OF DALLAS DIES

DALLAS, Ore., Dec. 23 — Chester P. Coad, 69, native of Polk county and postmaster at Dallas, died here Monday morning after an illness of four years which necessitating an operation three months ago.

Mr. Coad had been postmaster under the administrations of Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover and had previously served two terms as county clerk of Polk county.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Please!" She held up one hand in affected weariness. "Don't shout. There is no need of taking the servants into the argument." Then with a sudden furious change her eyes glared and her teeth were bared. "You'll do as I say, do you hear? If you don't you'll be sorry. You'll — you'll —" She hesitated, at a loss to vent her spleen. "Look here," she went on in a low, furious voice, "as long as you can go sneaking off to visit your shop girl, I'll invite whom I please—"

Amazement in his glance. "Why . . . what are you talking about?"

"I'll show you!" The sheet snapped at her heels as she ran back to the dresser. She flung [illegible] lid of a jewel case. Picked up something between thumb and forefinger; held it out to him.

"There! Didn't know I held the ace, did you?"

She put the tiny object on her palm. A small flower, made of seed pearls.

"The baby's nurse found this in his hand one Sunday after you had taken him out . . . calling on your shop girl. I recognized it at once. I remember the day Jeanette bought that chain for the shop. It was imported, the only one of its kind. Now, what have you to say?" Her eyes were half closed in triumph as she faced him, so that they looked like pale slits in a mask of jade.

Ken's eyes had gone bleak. "Just this — no matter what you may choose to think, that meeting was entirely harmless. If fault lies anywhere, it is with me. I was weak enough to see her. But you mustn't blame her—"

Cecile's lip curled. "Blame her! I don't even consider her! But—I think this makes us quits."

The man's mouth tightened. "No. It doesn't enter into the case. I am making no pact with you, Cecile. I repea the request I came in here to make. I do not wish Cyril Underhill received in this house. I have asked you to do me the consideration—"

"And I—" Cecile said through her teeth, "have decided that he shall come here whenever I wish! If you mak a scene I'll drag in your shop girl—"

"Leave her out."

"Has she ever been out?" asked Cecile with false sweetness. "Do you think I'm a fool? I know she was trying to get you. And I'll tell you something further and you can pass it to her. You're mine! She can't ever get anything of mine away from me! Her little game will do her no good! I'll never give you a divorce. Tell her that for me."

* * *

To Ardeth the loneliness was harder to bear after that glimpse of Ken and the baby.

In the daytime it was not so bad. Then she was busy with the shop and the customers. But at night — when Ah-Ling had slipped into her smart sports coat, pulled her new beret over the marcelled wave of her hair and departed for hr Chinatown home, then the gray specter of loneliness crept in to fill the small, quiet store.

The big chair under the lamp spoke of Ken . . . . She did not like to see Tom sitting there when he called on her in the evenings.

Many nights now, when she lay staring wide-eyed into the dark, listening to the mice scampering in the store room. To the footsteps of some late wanderer passing the door. Seeing the first gray traces of dawn creeping through the little alley window.

Loneliness . . . . almost tangible . . . . filling the shop like a dread presence, driving her out to walk the streets like a homeless thing.

When the dark mood struck it had no pity. Nothing could lighten it. Tom's clumsy kindnesses filled her with secret exasperation. No comfort in Mary Eastwood's blunt common sense. No company in Carolyn Forsythe's prim, bright home.

She wandered through the dark like an exile, her heart swelling with unshed tears.

Why had this dreary emptiness fallen to her lot? she asked herself in hot rebellion. Why had unhappiness struck like a blight across these warm young years, rendering them sterile, and forlorn?

She had the desperate need of clinging to something. Of belonging. It was this, perhaps, which sent her one night wandering through the old neighborhood of the Harrison flat.

Not since that stormy night two years ago had she been there. Fell street . . . the Fell street of her childhood — dingier than ever.

The corner grocery store with cellar steps guarded by an iron rail, where she had hidden in hide-and-seek games with Neil. Filled as always with sodden newspapers and rubbish. Rows of wooden houses, shabbier, more weather-beaten than she remembered them. The corner where Ken had always stoppd the car. Down there in the middle of the block, in grey ugliness, the Harrison flat. Yang, bleak windows. The warped wooden steps.

The front door, banded with panes of colored glass. She remembered how she and Bet had pressed their noses first to one pane, then another, looking out on a street turned uncannily purple, or murky red or a dismal and cold blue.

The doorway was like a black cave, thick with gloom. . . .

Her heart leaped. Someone standing there, fitting the key in the lock. Blur of white face. A man's form running down the stair.

Neil's voice, snaking — incredulous, "Ardeth — it is you!"

Dismay and smothered excitement pounding her heart. Out of the past. . . . Now! Neil, tell before her! His white intense face — black eyes boring down into her own.

"I thought I was dreaming hearing your step on the sidewalk — I'd know it anywhere. I listened for you so long . . . ." Then, with smothered force, "Why are you here, Ardeth? Why did you come?"

His very force repelled her as it had always done. She found herself repeating the whim which sent her back here into the past. Her tone was defensively light.

"Oh—just taking a walk to get the cobwebs out of my brain. I'm indoors so much now, you know. Just happened to find myself walking down this way—"

A breathless silence when each studied the other. A thrill went through the girl at the dynamic force of him. Like — yet changed from the Neil she remembered. Black hair falling in a heavy shock over his white forehead. Black eyes looking from straight black brows.

She found herself suddenly eager to get away. Fumbling with her purse. Trying to rebutton her glove.

"So you came back, Ardeth — Neil was saying softly.

She tried to treat it lightly. "They say the murderer comes back to the scenes of his crime. What do you hear of the Harrisons, Neil?"

He told her, impatient at the turn she had given the conversation.

Pet was engaged. Going to be married next spring. Tom had hurt his hand — they had been afraid of blood poisoning, but he was all right now. Aunt Stel had gone up the river with Fan and Paul for the last school vacations.

And all the time the man's burning black eyes were drinking her in, drawing her down into his heart as though he would never let her go.

Abruptly, "You'll come in, Ardeth? Granny's heart would be broken if she knew you'd come by without coming in to see her."

She wanted to refuse. She was suddenly filled with panic. She crushed it down and went into the dark house with him, feeling the years drop away as the remembered smell of the musty hall. Filled with the ridiculous fancy that she was walking into a trap.

(To Be Continued)

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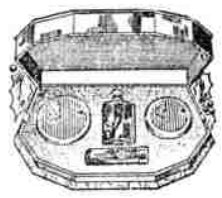

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