

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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NEWSPAPER headlines heralded accidents which happened over the recent Christmas holiday. Why is it that more tragic accidents happen on holidays? Perhaps because on holidays people are at play. But why is it more dangerous to play than to work? It is not one bit more dangerous. There are more accidents when people are at play—when they are enjoying a holiday, because play is a reaction from the tension of work. When we play, we are inclined to let go and do foolish, careless things that we would not do otherwise.

A YOUNG Eugene man was killed while on duty as a special police officer directing traffic at the scene of a fire. Two crazy wild fellows tore into the intersection at a speed of 50 miles an hour and travelled some 50 feet after hitting the man before they could stop. Then these two youths tried to run away. There is too much of this sort of wild crazy driving. It is time that such severe penalties be imposed for this type of thing, that even a reckless youth will be inclined to reckon a bit before going about endangering lives.

THE prohibition law is being enforced better in Oregon than in most states. In Oregon where we have a total population of less than one million persons we are SEVENTH in the total number of arrests for violations of this law. In Oregon in 1929, 2,563 people were arrested and fined amounting to \$355,819 were imposed. In addition to the fines, a combined total of 64 years in prison sentences were ordered served. An impressive total and a credit to law enforcement in our state. The regrettable thing is that there are so many people engaged in this illicit traffic.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)
UNCLE JOE GRUNDY'S paper, "The Doylestown Intelligencer," has an article in the December 12 issue urging Pennsylvania people to eat home grown apples. It seems that the "unemployed" who are selling apples on the streets are selling Wenatchee and Oregon apples and Joe says it isn't right, by heck. Still, you know Uncle Joe, if a man is going to succeed in saluberrism, he has to have a good product. Why not ask for a tariff on Wenatchee and Oregon apples imported into Pennsylvania?

(Baker Democrat-Herald)
It is a curious fact that eastern gangsters always escape punishment for their greatest crimes, murder, but frequently trip up on some comparatively trivial offense. Several of these gangsters have languished in durance vile for vagrancy, though their incomes reach thousands of dollars a month. The other day a "Garden of Eatin'" drew a term in Leavenworth for failure accurately to report his income to the government. Most of the income was doubtless derived from alcoholic liquors having no legal existence, which may or may not account for Mr. Gardner's forgetfulness when making out his statements of receipts and disbursements. At any rate he'll be out of circulation for a year or so, though extending out like dipping a bucket of water out of the ocean.

(Cottage Grove Sentinel)
It is a sad story that a woman up by the area dead and dropped her. We presume reference is made to that mysterious which we formerly listed as being a woman who was killed by a car. It is the case, and what a tragedy. It is to be hoped that the treatment of the Roseburg woman was compared to that of the woman who was killed by a car.

(Medford Daily News)
One of the minor tragedies of life is why a small girl, with a dozen beautiful dolls, will invariably center her affections on some ancient, dilapidated rag doll that looks as if it had just been retrieved from the ashcan.

(The Dalles Chronicle)
Yesterday's news item, 160 gallons of grain alcohol transferred to the state hospital.
Today's news item, two people seeking admission to state hospital.

SAM LAUGHLIN IS HOSPITAL PATIENT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Dec. 27.—Sam Laughlin, chairman of the state indus-

trial accident commission, underwent a surgical operation today at the Coffey clinic in Portland for relief from an intestinal ailment.

AILING CONVICT SHOWN LENIENCY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Dec. 27.—The two-year sentence to the state penitentiary imposed upon Wilson Rogers of Portland was today commuted by Governor Norblad to 18 months and Rogers was paroled. Rogers is to receive medical treatment. He underwent a surgical operation a few months ago. The paroled prisoner returned to Portland.

GROUNDED STEAMER ABOUT TO BREAK UP

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SAN SEBASTIAN, Spain, Dec. 27.—The French steamer Bougainville lay on the rocks in the channel at the entrance to Port Pasajes harbor today in imminent danger of breaking up after the grounding last night in a storm. Several ships have gone to her aid. The Bougainville is a steel vessel of 7,119 tons.

OREGON NEWS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Ore., Dec. 27.—Continued activities of automobile thieves over the state has impelled the traffic division, department of state, to advise the locking of both transmission and door locks when cars are left unattended.

Reports show lately that thieves have broken through automobile windows and taken cars that were unprotected by transmission or other mechanical safeguards.

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 27.—W. D. Mackay and Robert G. Dieck of Portland were yesterday appointed by Governor Norblad as members of the Oregon building congress. They succeeded W. S. Klein and G. C. Blohm of Portland whose terms expire January 1.

SALEM MEDICS FORM HOSPITAL PROJECT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Dec. 27.—To reduce the volume of industrial hospital business that is taken away from Salem by Portland associations, 28 Salem doctors last night organized the Physicians and Surgeons Hospital association. The object of the organization is to provide service for employees of local industrial concerns at a fixed monthly rate.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

for ourselves.

YOU drive through these rich and well-kept California valleys, and if you are from Oregon you begin to get after a while a little feeling of envy. You wish that the appearance of our rich and fertile country, with its tremendous possibilities, might be a little more like the appearance of California.

You know, if you have the gift of prophecy, that the time will come when the Umpqua valley and the Rogue River valley, and even, possibly, the slow and quiet Willamette valley, will assume somewhat the same highly developed appearance that has been already assumed by these valleys down here.

But you can't help wishing that that time would hurry up just a trifle.

ABOUT the time you have reached this slightly envious conclusion, you will pass a school house, and if it happens to be recess time you will get something of a shock.

The children playing around in the school yard will present an appearance that is a bit unfamiliar. They will be too small for their age, for one thing. Their complexions will be too dark, for another.

About that time you will begin to observe more closely, and when you do that you will see that they are not the same kind of children we see in Oregon. It will break upon you that these are little fellows and little fellows not exactly little Americans.

And if you will start in reading the names on the mail boxes you will discover that they are NOT good old American names as we are accustomed to in Oregon, but FOREIGN NAMES.

THEY have in this neighborhood the appearance of a foreigner in California. But in an astonishing extent it is an actual development of the human mind and heart. What can be done about it?

Statistics show that heart disease is on the increase. It is now the chief cause of death. There are many emergencies that make sudden demands on the heart. Great emotional strain has a direct relationship to heart action. Without warning, a terrible strain is put upon the emotions and heart by news of sickness or death or disaster. Even everyday living has a good deal of a strain associated with it.

Dr. William J. Mayo, that eminent physician known from one end of the country to the other, recently spoke to the members of the American Medical association. In his address he said that man has developed a brain at the expense of his body. Long ago man learned to control his emotions. Dr. Mayo appears to think this has thrown a tremendous strain on the heart, so that it may account for deterioration of the heart in civilized times.

He spoke, too, of the great strain a surgeon is under in his work. He must control his emotions in order to be successful in his work. There is no doubt that there is much heart disease among doctors. And it is no doubt of wide-spread.

The heart is a mass of muscles. It must beat seventy times or so every minute. No matter how good you may be the powerful muscles contract strongly every time there is a heartbeats. When you are tired or excited these contractions are quite violent.

For many persons, safety demands moderation and caution against those experiences which excite the heart. But for the most part it is important to train the heart so that it is accustomed to hard but reasonable work.

TILLIE THE TOILER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

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American Tragedies — Nurses are rapidly coming out of date. The average child nowadays is brought up in a court room.

You're Right — Marriage would be a wonderful thing if it could only put it on a friendly basis.

Social Accomplishments — A successful man is a fellow who can make enough money to satisfy his second wife and pay alimony to his first.

Excuse It Please — Tompkins are what keep a lot of men from being chilled to the bone.

Vital Statistics — According to scientists, a man could live on a quiet alone — if he could sell enough of it.

Take It or Leave It — A guy has to be ambidextrous to be chief leader for a deaf and dumb college.

Our Own Vaudeville — First Rooster: What's that hen so worried about? Second Rooster: She mislaid her eggs.

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When you realize that the heart is a mass of muscles, you know that it must be treated like other muscles. It must be systematic exercise, during which the heart muscles are made to work somewhat harder than they usually do. This strengthens the heart.

It is the height of folly for people to go through life too lax or too negligent to get the amount of exercise needed daily for good health. Keep a reserve of strength,

Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Benefits of the Myrtle Creek section are so many that people who have lived there long never get tired of telling others about it. A marvelous climate and what can be done even by old people.

And, by the way, a lot of folks seriously afraid that old age has hard work floors men and women here who take advantage of what nature has placed all about Douglas county.

Let's try to get away with you? To leave this damned miserable existence? God! To be free? Nothing matters—nothing matters but, I tell you, No, that isn't so. You matter! That's why I mustn't. You—nothing in it for you but misery. The world isn't run like that, Ardeith. I mustn't forget that.

She was crying, clinging to him like a child. "Ken, take me. I'm not afraid."

"I'm not afraid, either, Ardeith. Except of hurting you. She'll never give me a divorce. She said so. It will only end in hurting you."

"Nobody cares if I go or not, Ken. I'm not afraid."

Ken was holding her close, so close she could feel the thumping of his heart. Holding her tightly, long after she had relapsed into quiet crying.

A little while passed... a moment like a breath of eternity. The dimly lit room was very still. Ken stirred. Shuddered. Put her gently away. "Have to go, Ardeith. It's very late."

A nervous trembling had seized her. This was losing Ken all over again. She wanted to protest, to cry out against his leaving, but she only closed her eyes and whispered, "Please... please..."

"I was wrong to come," she whispered. "You comforted me and now I leave you unhappy..."

Out through the shop where the dim reflection of the street light on the corner gleamed coldly on the front of the glass case, on the shiny top of the teakwood labour-ette.

He kissed her gently, tasting the salt on her lips. She was still murmuring, "Please... please..." when he let himself out of the front door.

Neither of them saw a dark figure lurking in the shelter of a doorway across the street.

Ardeith groaned as she went back through the dark shop to the rear room. She snatched off the rose night lamp and dropped to the couch, to fall in an exhausted sleep and wake many hours later to see daylight struggling through the alley windows.

Her body was cramped and weary, her mind was desolate. She rose, took a deep, crumpled cloth, and changed to fresh things.

That glimpse of Ken had vanquished all her hard-won serenity. The little shop was no longer a refuge. It was a prison. The desperate need of seeing Ken was with her again. She was frantic to hear his voice. Many times that day she went to the phone, to

stand hesitant, her hand on the receiver, his office phone number on her lips. Just to hear his voice...

Prudence conquered, but her thoughts went on in a defiant undertone. They were fools to go on like this... cheating themselves of the happiness which should be their own by rights. The most precious years of life slipping away. After all, who would be hurt if she and Ken went to another city—started all over?

Surely in all this country there was a refuge for them, she thought wistfully. A small hiding place where she could give them the home and comfort Cecile had denied him...

She went out to Mary Eastwood's home a week later and Mary's sharp eyes immediately read the trouble in her face.

"You're simply making a slave out of yourself for that shop, Ardeith," she scolded. "You're getting thin and white. I've noticed it for some time. I have an idea. Let's run up to Tom's mountain cabin for a couple of weeks in the snow. He'd be delighted to let us have it and its just what you need. Outdoor exercise in that snappy apron! You'll be as good as new. But if I'm out of his sight, he'll let me go. Anyhow, he'll appreciate me if I'm not underfoot all the time."

She elaborated, as the plan grew upon her, her black eyes snapping with excitement. "I'll take a maid so we'll have nothing to do but play and loaf. The Chickadee will love it!" The Chickadee being Mary's four-year-old daughter, at this moment holding up her nearest doll for Ardeith's inspection.

To go up to the cabin where she had been so happy... where she and Ken had nearly snatched their happiness before it could be dashed from them.

Mary saw the refusal on her lips and spoke vigorously to counter it. "No, no, no, be sensible, Ardeith! The shop will exist without you for a couple of weeks. It would have to, you know, if you were suddenly taken in—and you look half ill now."

"No, no, no, Mary, love! Being what the woman's magazines call a scattered married woman or, worse, I don't expect you to... one poor working girl point of view but the busy Sunday sea-saw as coming on and I'm needed," Mary answered the Chickadee's insistence. "Yes, angel, a big bouquet of baby! Almost as big as you are, isn't she? Show me how she goes to sleep."

"Don't try to hide behind that child," said Mary sternly. "I'll find someone to substitute for you in the shop. I'll pay her salary—can't my Christmas present to you, if you will be so up-stage."

"No one else can manage your own business so well as yourself, Ardeith. Ask Fred if you don't believe me. And I'm anxious to clear off my loan to Tom with the holiday profits."

"Your loan to Tom—rats! As if Tom cared about that dab of money." Mary's eyes flashed the sweet, averted face opposite and she asked abruptly, "Ardeith, why don't you marry Tom? You care a lot for him."

"Enough for marriage, Mary?" "Yes!" said Mary stoutly. "Take two people with good dispositions and good digestion—and you and Tom have both; take the comforts Tom's money can give you and you'll have a happy marriage."

"What about love, Mary?" "Now you're thinking of Ken. Oh, darling child, I don't mean to pry or intrude, but is it necessary that you ruin your life? Tom is a sweet old dear, and he loves you so?"

"Would it be fair to him, Mary?" Mary considered this with a thoughtful frown. "Yes, I think if you put the question up to him he'd say just that. He wants you on any terms, Ardeith."

"Mary, you know all the circumstances. Do you think it would be right—loving Ken the way I do—to marry Tom?"

There was a sadness in the hazel eyes which hurt the older woman. "Ah, my dear," she said softly. "Still the same?"

"I'm old-fashioned, Mary. A one-man woman, I guess."

"But Cecile will never give up anything of her own. Oh, I know, she's a beast—selfish and ruthless. But one doesn't get a divorce on those grounds, Ardeith. And it isn't Ken's nature to blacken her eyes or leave her... I wish it were!"

"And it isn't in my nature to stop loving him," a shake in the soft voice. "Nor to marry without a deep, overwhelming love." It was a full minute before

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Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XXXVI

Ken had cupped Ardeith's face between his two hands, holding it upturned like a flower, studying its finished sweetness, the dark anxiety of her eyes.

He shook his head slightly, a little bitter smile on his lips. "Darling, what are you going to do? When I want you so..."

"Hush, don't think!" He jerked his head back nervously. "Think!" his voice was rough. "How can I help it? Wanting you! Years and years stretching ahead..."

What of the years ahead, Ardeith? What about them? The roughness of that throbbing through her with mingled pain and joy, she was listening to his voice, not his words.

"A web, Ardeith, I can't get out. Did you hear that? Not a chance. She said that—Cecile said that—" "Cecile?" That startled thought to her hearing.

"That other time when—I brought the poor little fellow here. Remember—he broke our chain? That tiny pearl chain? The nurse found one of the little flowers in his hand. She took it to Cecile. Cecile recognized it."

Ardeith pushed him away as sudden blinding rage swept upon her. Scorching her, shaking through her body. In that moment she could have killed Cecile. Could have flung herself at that beautiful, cold face, tearing it with her hands.

"Oh, she's wicked! She has everything—and she takes you! And you're mine! You're always mine. And you know it! She hated me—because you wanted me. I know! Mary told me. Not love—it wasn't love with her! It was spite! Why do we let a woman like that ruin our lives... just for spite? We have a right to happiness!"

He was gripping her shoulders hard. "Ardeith. No. Hush, sweetheart, you're wearing yourself out!"

She flung off his hands. "We consider her! We're fools! Fools! Let's do as we please. Let's go away—anywhere, just so we are together."

Ardeith's misery in his face. He tried to draw her to his side. Don't do that! Don't do that!

"Oh, you don't care! You're thinking of her, not of me!" She was filled with the blind desire to hurt.

His mouth twisted. His eyes blazed through the dim light. "Lord!... To think that! You know it's you! Don't you think it would be easy to go away with you? To leave this damned miserable existence? God! To be free..."

Nothing matters—nothing matters but, I tell you, No, that isn't so. You matter! That's why I mustn't. You—nothing in it for you but misery. The world isn't run like that, Ardeith. I mustn't forget that.

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