Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .... Editor

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Who's Talking Depression?

JUST who is shouting and howling the most about conditions now, and why? These questions apparently were puzzling Frank Alley so he set out on a tour of personal investigation around our city.

A total of 44 people were interviewed. An attempt was made to talk with people of different callings so that a genuine cross section of public thinking and talking could be had.

Of the total number, five were laboring men who were out of work at the time they were interviewed. Not one of the five made any great complaint. They had had a pretty hard time, they said, but were optimistic about the future and were, withal, reasonably content. The spirit of optimism and courage they displayed was encouraging, Mr. Alley said.

The other 39, however, were less optimistic. A few heads of business were interviewed but for the most part this 39 represented men on salary—store salespeople, county officials and others whose salaries are the same now as for the past two years. Without exception, this group of people were talking "hard times" expressing fear of the future and were very pessimistic.

Why? For no real reason at all. Their salaries are the same now as before. They have no real fear of being dicharged or being laid off. In addition, living costs have decreased approximately ten per cent according to figures recently released from the department of commerce. And yet, many of these people openly stated that they were practicing rigid economy and were not making purchases which they wanted to make and normally would make.

Perhaps here we have an example of one of the reasons why there is a slackening of business. Mr. Alley talked to 39 average representative people who could afford to go right ahead and who had nothing to fear—yet they were talking about the "terrific depression" and were curtailing their normal expenditures.

There are, of course, underlying economic reasons which account for the fact that in most lines business is not entirely satisfactory. Talk alone will not cure these ills. Constructive thinking and constructive acting will cure them.

Talk, however, and talk like that reported by Mr. Alley, by people who have no real reason to complain, will make it all the harder for conditions to return to a semblance of prosperity.

The moral of this is: If you are getting along well enough, have the same or nearly the same income you had last year, are in no immediate danger of having this income impaired — don't talk depression. If you are in such position, there is no depression so far as you are concerned, so let it go. Let people who are hurt do their own moaning.

Harsh, ill-tempered language? Perhaps. But doesn't it make you feel like swearing?

WAR FILM CAUSES CLASH IN VIENNA

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

VIENNA, Jan. 8 — Mobs of Austrian fascists, angered by showing of the American war film "All Quiet on the Western Front," raced through the streets of Vienna last night and threatened major rioting.

Two thousand police were mobilized and beat back an attack on Urania bridge, which leads across the Danube into the Jewish quarter, where the offending theater is located.

Austrian troops and members of the home guard joined with the rioters. Windows were knocked out of Jewish cafes and newspaper offices.

Order finally was restored at midnight after more than 100 arrests. Many were wounded.

FOG HOLDS SHIPS IN BRITISH PORTS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LONDON, Jan. 8 — One hundred ships from all ports of the world were held in British ports today by a heavy fog.

The Mersey was shrouded and many boats anchored there feared to move. The Ausonia, which should have landed New York passengers at Liverpool Tuesday, tried again yesterday but was compelled to anchor outside.

At Manchester a fog of intensity unknown for a generation has persisted for five days.

Bronchitis and pneumonia have accounted for many deaths, traffic on land has been greatly impeded. There have been many accidents and injuries.

ARMY PLANE CRASH CLAIMS 2ND LIFE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

HONOLULU, Jan. 8 — Private Milo Stearns of Yakima, Wash., died in the army hospital yesterday of injuries received in an airplane crash near here Monday.

Lieutenant Louis W. Strieber of Yorktown, Texas, pilot of the plane, died a few hours after it fell in the Wainae mountains.

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 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

SAYS FERN VARIETY NOT SO RARE AS ASSERTED

Roseburg, Oregon,
January 3, 1931.

Editor News-Review:

When I read in Wednesday evening's issue of your paper that the rare fern, Woodwardia Redican, could be found growing in only two places in the world, namely, Camas Valley and Cow creek canyon, why I really had to laugh. After all, this world is not so big and wide but that we often run across people we know and familiar plants in unexpected places.

For several years I have had this rare fern growing in my yard. My first plant was brought to me by a friend, who had taken a division from a Woodwardia that had been growing in her yard for more than twenty years, having been brought from the woods near Dillard by a well known pioneer woman of that locality.

Then again, last spring another Woodwardia Redican was presented to me, a mammoth root weighing more than sixty pounds and requiring the aid of two men to convey it to our car. From this plant I made several divisions. And this fern was located just over the front yard fence of a mountain farm home so very near Roseburg that it will have to remain a secret. But many, many miles from Cow creek canyon and Camas Valley.

The Woodwardia Redican has been discovered in Ramsey canyon in Jackson county, a plant from this place was secured by my brother in Medford. And while exploring the forests in Del Norte county, California, last summer we again discovered the rare Woodwardia.

But certainly, to continue digging up this beautiful fern in the woods where it now grows, so luxuriant and abundantly in certain localities of Douglas county, is placing it in danger of extinction.

ARDILLA M. G. NEWLAND.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

only in Santa Barbara.

CALIFORNIA'S highways are no better than Oregon's, taking them as a whole. Generally speaking, they are not as good.

But they DO do one thing down here that is appreciated by the traveler. They run a black line down the center of the white concrete pavements, and a white line down the black asphalt pavements —just as we do in Oregon around the curves.

You can't imagine, till you've tried it, what a help that center line is in night driving.

LOS ANGELES, which is the most sprawled-out metropolitan city in America, ought to combine this center-line scheme with the colored line scheme which enables you to find your way around in the subterranean caverns of the New York subways.

If they would mark the main boulevard out to Long Beach, say, with a green line and the one out to Hollywood with a red line and the one out to Pasadena and Alhambra and Ontario and Riverside with a yellow line, and so on, visitors would fall on their necks and call them blessed.

JUST one more word about California highways. On the main road, they don't drive any faster than in Oregon, common [illegible] to the contrary notwithstanding.

An Oregonian driving over the [illegible] of California at the same [illegible] at which he is accustomed to travel on the highways of Oregon will not be passed any oftener down here than he will be at home. This, be it remembered, applies to the open road.

In the cities, especially in Los Angeles, they drive like the devil himself. They have to, in order to get where they're going. Los Angeles is a big city in population and much bigger yet in area. If you don't drive fast, you can't get anywhere.

And they surely DO drive fast.

SO that they may drive fast and get where they want to go the same day they started, they have worked out a marvelous system of through boulevards and an equally marvelous system of traffic control.

POLLY AND HER PALS

Actions Speak Louder Than Words

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A PROMINENT social worker is trying to pass a law now enforcing the Salvation Army to fill the holes in their doughnuts.

Efficiency Experts — The follow who took out fire insurance on his coal.

Pitiful Cases — When a woman has to postpone her annual breakdown on account of illness.

Wonders of Nature — In spite of there being 497 ways to commit suicide, a lot of people are still able to find an excuse for living.

Social Accomplishments — Being so wealthy that you can buy a suit of clothes even if it doesn't have two pairs of pants.

Take It or Leave It — A Chicago genius has just invented a combination toupee and shock-absorber.

Matrimonial Martyrs — A henpecked husband is a man who's half wrong, two-thirds of the time.

Today's Tightwad — The rich man who was so stingy that he out-lived all of his heirs.

Necessary Evils — Several contortionists are making a nice living now with an automobile concern, posing for radiator ornaments.

Our Own Vaudeville — First Autoist: What kind of a motor is that?

Second Autoist: A Gossipy Six —it's always knocking.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

IT IS only with good health and vigor that we can depend upon accuracy and speed of the body muscles. How much better it is to learn how to keep fit than to patch up the body after some disease has attacked us.

Do you realize how dependent you are on the power to move? Our body muscles are under orders every single waking moment. We just have to see to it that they are kept in good condition for the wear and tear of living.

Upon the ease and perfection of movement is founded your welfare as a human being. You do your daily tasks, you go about your affairs, you make yourself useful through the muscular movements you have adopted.

Every form of motion depends upon the ability of joints and muscles to act in harmony. The bones of the body are related to each other through the joints. One of the chief uses of the bones is to furnish a secure place of attachment for the muscles which operate the movements of the body. The bones work freely because the joints give them freedom of play.

The mechanism of the body is truly wonderful. In the normal person the bones are of the right size and shape. All the machinery is ready for motion, but continued motion depends upon how we use and care for the machinery.

There is no voluntary motion without muscular control exercised by nerves and brain. The play of the muscles depends a lot upon the nervous system. One part of the body depends on all the other parts. The whole must be kept in good repair.

Everything depends upon proper nutrition, the right exercise, rest and sleep, fresh air and sunlight. Your diet must be such that tissues, muscles, bones and nerves are well nourished. Your exercise must be adequate and not too vigorous. If you don't observe the rules of right living, you have to pay the penalty in less efficient muscular action.

Too many persons neglect all or some of these important rules of living, until all of a sudden they are played out. A careless person may go a good many years, and, according to his "constitution," or his resistance to disease, he may enjoy apparently good health until he breaks down, long before he should.

How many persons there are who have a chronic tired feeling and exhaustion, or some form of rheumatism or other disease fastened upon them. They are handicapped in their movements.

Of course, there are many who are overtaken by misfortune, and our hearts go out to such. But for those who are able to control their destinies, it is a solemn duty to keep fit, and to live as useful lives as possible. To them I am talking today.

Everyone should have daily exercise. Even miniature golf has its good points. Walking is one of the most splendid of exercises.

A lot has been said lately about exercise, and more exercise. But words mean nothing. Action does. Don't be one of those persons, like the proverbial ostrich with its head in the sand, to say, "It doesn't matter." It does matter whether you keep yourself fit. To live a useful life, that is absolutely essential.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
Should a girl make a date with a boy whom she knows only a week?

2. When a boy puts his arm around you after knowing him just a few minutes, what should you do?

3. When a boy is going with other girls, and says that he loves you, should you believe him?

4. If you were winning a boy's love, would it make him love you better if you were popular with a lot of boys?

HELEN.

HELEN: Perhaps it would be best to wait a little longer before accepting a date and then it would be nice if the date were a foursome at first. Don't you agree with me? 2. Just quietly move away. The boy will quickly realize that his conduct is distasteful to you. 3. Actions, not words, prove love, my dear. If a man cares for a woman, he desires her company beyond that of anyone in the world. 4. Many girls are unable to distinguish between being popular and making a man friends jealous. Every man likes a girl who is liked by all who come in contact with her.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
Is it proper for a bride to be married in white, with a veil, when the ceremony is to be kept a secret? The marriage is to be performed in a church. The bridal couple will be attended by a bridesmaid and a best man.

THE WONDERER.

THE WONDERER: There is no defined etiquette about secret weddings. Anything conspicuous is generally avoided, and attendants are usually dispensed with. When more than the couple are aware of the marriage it generally ceases to be a secret. At such weddings the bride usually is married in her going-away outfit, a suit, an ensemble or a frock and coat.

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Around.... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Fifty years and more ago, when the Oregon country was new, settlements far distant from civic centers, the people got along with many difficulties that in this year of 1931 would seem to the present generation to be entirely beyond endurance. While the settlers did not live so fast as do the people of today, yet accidents occurred and sickness often overtook both the pioneers and their stock. All such matters were met philosophically, however, and no complaints were made about such trivial affairs as lack of surgeons or hospitals with immaculate operating rooms. There were no registered veterinarians who might be called in to look after stock that might have been mangled by a bear or mountain lion, or to set a broken bone after some of the cattle had fallen over a cliff when chased by hungry wolves. It was not an unheard of thing for the doctor to meet with an accident as he rode over the mountain to some isolated pioneer home to attend patients. Indeed, this southern Oregon country has been the scene of a physician being drowned in a rain-swollen stream as he attempted to cross by swimming his horse when enroute to the home of a settler to visit the sick. But all those hardships were accepted as a part of the great drama that was being enacted as a necessary part of building an empire in the wonderful county "where the west begins."

In a conversation with Mr. George Smith, of Oakland, one day this week, that pioneer of 1850 told of an experience or two that illustrates the point in mind. At that time Mr. Smith lived in the vicinity of Kellogg. It was before the days of the railroad through Oregon to connect up with California points. Roads were unraveled and in winter it was tough going to reach down river points. Mr. Smith raised a few turkeys those days, although there was not much demand for them, as markets had not been developed, nor was there any means of quick transportation to outside points. His birds fattened on wild hazel nuts, and this gave them a wonderful wild turkey taste. But the thing that appeared to test the ingeniousness of the settlers was in fitting a wooden leg for a heifer. Henry Beckley and George Smith were branding cattle one spring day and among them was a particularly fine heifer. The cattle were lassoed and tied, then the branding iron applied. This was a common way of doing the job, as many old timers agree. In some way this fine heifer fell and broke a front leg, the fracture being well below the knee. The only way to save the heifer was to amputate the leg. There was no veterinary, so a saw was used and the farmers turned surgeons. The heifer stood the operation well, and recovered rapidly from the amputation. When the bone was well healed and the heifer getting around on three legs, these reliant pioneers took a man's boot, fitted a block of wood in tightly, it being the required length to fit onto the stub of that young cow's leg, and this they strapped firmly on. It was a short time until that heifer learned to walk pretty well on that wooden leg, so Mr. Smith stated, and later the heifer came fresh and raised her calf, besides adding her quota to the dairy products of the Beckley farm.

PILES

Ended Without Cutting or Salves

Thousands of Pile sufferers have learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with an internal medicine. [illegible]

[illegible]

not end all Pile misery. (Adv.)

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XLVI

"Beautiful but crazy!" Mary raged to Tom when they had left and were driving down the grade in the quiet evening light. "But what can I do? She's of age — and in her right mind, though she doesn't act it!" After a moment of silence she burst out vigorously: "And moreover, she's dead right! I'd do the same thing if it were Fred lying there in Ken Gleason's place."

But Mary's generous opinion, or the world's spiteful one, made little difference after all to Ardeth.

Tranquil days and deep, starfilled nights, each one bringing returning strength to Ken. Little by little reality pushed in upon him once more. He watched the girl moving about the room and his mind groped back over the past days. Something like terror came into his eyes.

"It's all wrong, dear," he said slowly. "Oh, you shouldn't have done this! What will people — what will everyone say? And—" his thin hands moved nervously. "I can't make it right for you."

Ardeth had been sitting by the window shelling peas for dinner. She rose and came over to his side. She held his head against her breast, kissed his closed eyes.

"It's all right now," she said softly. "It's only wrong when we're apart, Ken."

Down in the city the affair created a large ripple of excited gossip. The Spy seized upon it eagerly and carried an insinuating article blistering with innuendos.

Cecile was furious with anger. She did not love Ken but she had no intention that another woman should have him. She put on the role of the outraged wife and spite sharpened her tongue.

"That is the woman who ruined my married life!" she stated dramatically, her green-blue eyes flashing hatred. "Ken has been carrying on this affair all these years — that is really why I left him—"

From lip to lip it went, repeated avidly, hurting those who loved the girl. Hurting loyal Tom and Mary; making little Ah-Ling's black eyes flash with rage.

Ah-Ling — that curious link in the chain of circumstances. The link Cecile had never considered. And Cecile had forgotten, too, that when a link is worn too thin it will snap.

Upon Tom had fallen the task of closing the shop and selling the stock which still remained.

The small store was haunted with memories for him. Memories of quiet evenings when he had called on Ardeth, remembering the sunlight on her hair the first day when she had bought the shop from Jeanette. The memory of that first day when he had come in here with Ken and had seen her, a vivid and lovely child in black.

As though some one had died—working here in this still place which would never know Ardeth again. What would life do to her he wondered, now that she had so carelessly defied it? Somber days, when he dismantled the place, quietly helped by little Ah-Ling.

Had Tom been less concerned with his own unhappy thoughts he would have seen that the little Chinese girl was fighting a mental battle.

But not until the last day, when Tom was checking over the last of the accounts, was Ah-Ling's battle lost — or won.

On that day the spiteful article in The Spy appeared and the Chinese girl had learned of it by the curious wireless by which scandal travels.

Tom was sitting at the cash desk, figuring, when he heard his name called. Ah-Ling stood before him, a small figure of jade in her green brocaded trousers and coat, and she was laboring under intense excitement. She shook a copy of The Spy at Tom.

"Have you seen this? What they dare to write about Miss Carroll?"

The man's face darkened. "Well . . . . never mind, Ah-Ling. There are always rats in the world, you know."

The slant black eye flashed. "There should be rat catchers to catch those rats." She caught her breath, suddenly blurted out, "Do you know — who is this spy?"

Tom's eye went wide with amazement at what he read in her face. "You know?"

"Cyril Underhill!"

Tom's hand was lying on the desk and it crumpled into a broad, freckled fist.

"How do you know that, Ah-Ling?"

"My cousin Lee, he is the cook for Mr. Underhill. He knows much of the private affairs of this — gentleman." Ah-Ling's lip curled. "Did you notice this — this sort of hatred with which he writes? Do you wonder why that hatred is there, Mr. Corbett?" The words were pouring from her lips in a frightened torrent. "I will tell you. It is because Mrs. Gleason hates Miss Carroll. She has great influence with The Spy—has Mrs. Gleason. She is often a visitor at Mr. Underhill's apartment. A very favorite visitor—" she finished insinuatingly.

"You mean—"

Rosie Ling's face was red, but she was valiant.

"A Chinese boy about an apartment sees much, Mr. Corbett. And Chinese tell little to white people. But I know — much — that Mrs. Gleason does not think I know. Much that it would worry her to guess I know. And Miss Carroll was always kind to me."

Tom's face was very serious. He got up and walked over to the girl to stand looking down into the small, intense face.

"You mean, Ah-Ling, that—that you want me to believe that Mrs. Gleason has been paying indiscreet visits to Mr. Underhill's apartment?" Tom's conventional tongue found difficulty in finding fitting words.

Ah-Ling looked frightened, but she stuck stoutly by her guns. Her face was poppy red.

"Would you call a visit of—of several days when she is supposed to be down south—indiscreet, Mr. Corbett?"

"My . . . gosh" breathed Tom, fervently. Then, with mounting anger, "And the dirty little cat had the indecency to speak that way of Ardeth—"

"That's why I tell you!" Ah-Ling's voice broke and her face was working. "She has always been so good to me, Miss Carroll has. So gentle. And they — they tear her to pieces now!"

"Bully for you!" Tom exploded.

"I do not like to make trouble," Ah-Ling explained earnestly. "My cousin Lee will be very angry that I have — spilled the beans. But there are times when one must spill the beans. Isn't that right, Mr. Corbett?"

"Right as rain!"

"And—" the girl went on breathlessly, "Mrs. Gleason is bad at heart and Miss Carroll is always kind. It is not good that the good should suffer for the bad. And I am telling this to you because you will know what to do. I will stick to it, Mr. Corbett. And if you make him, my cousin Lee, he will have to tell the truth even though he will be very angry at me. But I'm doing it for Miss Carroll. I don't care if it will help her—"

Ah-Ling had begun to cry. She pulled her beret hard down on her head and groped her way out of the front door.

Tom was overwhelmed by the knowledge so astonishingly handed to him. His first feeling was blind rage at Cecile and Cyril Underhill. In his fancy he was crashing his fist full into the sneering face of the man.

But his usual cool judgment quickly followed on the heels of this. Wouldn't do, just to raise a row — get the thing into the daily papers — that wouldn't be so clever. Ah-Ling had placed a powerful weapon in his hands. He must use it to the best advantage when he struck for Ardeth.

A few moments of deep thought, then Tom put on his hat and left, locking the front door of the little shop.

When Tom climbed the front steps of the Parker home and asked for Mrs. Gleason, Cecile sent back word that she was not well and asked to be excused.

Tom checked a grim smile. He had never been a favorite with Cecile; still less so, he imagined, since he had been attentive to Ardeth.

He drew a card from his pocket and wrote on the back. Replacing it on the butler's tray, he directed, "Take that to Mrs. Gleason and tell her that I will await her."

(To Be Continued)

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