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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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**PRE-SCHOOL CLINIC
 SET FOR JAN. 14TH**

A clinic for the examination of all pre-school children who will enter school at the beginning of the new semester, January 26, will be conducted by the health unit, Wednesday, January 14, from 9:30 to 12:00 a. m. Dr. B. R. Shoemaker county health officer, announced today.

"Through a study made in one of the local schools, it has been found that a class of children who have been examined and had all defects corrected prior to entrance to school accomplish far more work than a class of children, part of whom are handicapped by some physical defect," stated Dr. Shoemaker. "Physical defects which can be corrected are not only detrimental to the child who is so afflicted, but also to the entire class. Strong emphasis is placed upon the need for adequate health in young children for the accomplishment of activities of childhood which are yearly becoming more intricate and which involves greater effort," continued Dr. Shoemaker.

"It is not fair to the child, nor to the educational system to permit entrants into the schools to lack in any of the requirements that are essential for physical fitness. It is hoped that parents of every pre-school child who will enter school this month will take advantage of the clinic to discover any defects in order that they may be corrected immediately."

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Portland Journal)

THE scenic beauty campaign in Oregon has passed beyond billboards. It is an action against disfigurement of the highways. It is a movement against disfigurement of Oregon.

A state is revealed that has spent more than \$200,000,000 largely to render accessible a superlative enjoyment of natural beauty.

According to the investigator, who traveled 2500 miles of Oregon roads, "Oregon is destined to be one of the great playgrounds of the nation." Likewise, "Oregon has certain highways that can scarcely be matched anywhere in America."

In the train of the highways, along the "glorious rocky coast," as well as through the "fascinating desert beauty" beyond the range, have come all kinds of defilements. These mar but they also depreciate the cash value of the public's investment.

It is impossible to see how business judgment can approve continued road-building with unabated defacement. The citizen who suffers without effective protest must find that he is either very stupid or sorely imposed upon.

Looked at in photographs the motley cluster of signs at entrances of important towns on important highways seems nothing less than outrageous.

An anomalous situation is disclosed. The public paid for the highways and the current of the public's traffic gives such value as it possesses to improperly placed outdoor advertising. Yet permission is necessary alone from owners of adjoining private property. This is sheer exploitation. Often there is such confidence in the indifference of the private owner that signs are erected without seeking permission and without bearing the name of the agency that erected them.

Business men and organizations make a mistake if they think protection of roadside is something they may leave to idealists. They suffer at the pocketbook as well as in a state with head held down in shame. They permit a slap in the face of "Om to Oregon."

Not is it enough to aim at absolute beautification of roadside. In the state highway commission, its hands strengthened by civic cooperation, will be worth as many millions as the stone and cement used to build the highways.

POLLY AND HER PALS



A Cagey Bird



Girl Unafraid
 By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XLVIII.
 He took his hat and walked from the room without another glance at the woman watching him venomously from the divan.

A relief to be out in the sunshine and fresh air. He threw back his shoulders. He drew deep breaths as he plunged down the hills.

A wearying business—and distasteful—this playing god-of-the-machine.

Something of the first fine edge of courage with which she had taken this headlong plunge deserted Ardeth after the first few days.

Often in the weeks which followed, she would find herself standing, her hand creeping to her throat in the old childish gesture of fright, her eyes large and dark. Once, when she was sweeping the pine needles from the porch, the brown road the long piles of pines standing motionless in the morning sunshine, overwhelmed her with a sudden sense of unfamiliarity.

Another time, she awoke in the middle of the night to hear the rain pouring on the cabin roof. She had been sleeping so soundly that for a moment she lost track of her surroundings; she fancied herself back in the flat with the Harrisons. The window was in the wrong place. . . . Surely there was no window there. . . . But must have moved the bed to a different position when she cleaned the room today.

Through the open door she could hear Ken turn restlessly and the present rushed with stabbing recollection. It was true. . . . no wild romantic dream after all. She was up here with Ken.

In such moments she could not whip up the grand defiance. Fatigue passed like a cold wind through her. She smoothed her face in the pillow and cried.

But in the morning—waking to the long shafts of sunshine quivering through the pines. . . . breathing deep of the tingling air, there was no room in her heart for fear or unhappiness. The dream still held her.

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On Ken, as well as dawning the sense of reality. It was the rat of worry gnawing his heart in secret. The realization of Ardeth's sacrifice rushed in on him at moments, making his heart leap. He wanted to shout in pain that she must go away—at once. A glorious, reckless thing to do! A preposterous, impossible thing—but she must go away for her own sake! Oh, too late. Too late in the scornful eyes of the world.

He blamed himself bitterly and futilely as he lay awake in the dark. All very well to rant against narrow-minded critics, but now he had delivered this girl he loved into their meshes. They would tear to pieces the impulsive generosity of her. They would search for every frankness for ignoble motives. Sifting the fineness of her as hot fingers can bruise delicate petals.

When she appeared in the doorway of his room in the morning, a gay little greeting on her lips, his heart would ache in a secret, pained way. They would search for every frankness for ignoble motives. Sifting the fineness of her as hot fingers can bruise delicate petals.

Ken grew stronger the tone of tenderness in their relationship deepened.

For long hours now he sat on the porch in the morning sunshine or lay in the afternoon shadow of the cabin where the hill sloped away to a brown, stout stream. Ardeth was always nearby, sewing or reading aloud from one of the books. Tom faithfully sent up every week.

Ken was still thin, but there was a coat of tan now on his face and hands and the haggard look had left his eyes. He was very gay and lighthearted when he talked to her. They had adopted the laughingly indifferent pose of children who bashfully strive to conceal their true feelings.

Ken never kissed her now. Once when their fingers met both drew sharply back as though the contact had burned. Ardeth was startled to a little nervous laugh. Her eyes fluttered up to the man's, fell away when she saw that he

twen them. A curtain neither of them dared to lift.

Ardeth tried to think of trivial things—the sensible little tasks of every day which were small anchors holding her safe. Prunes for breakfast to be set to soak. A list of things to buy from the store down the road. She must go down there—there would be mail waiting for them. It was the day for Tom's letter, for medical Tom wrote twice a week regularly. Long, careful, rather solemn letters. . . .

A long legal-looking letter for Ken and a fat one from Tom for herself.

She read it as she walked back from the store along the brown dirt road. Singing silence of the mountain afternoon about her, broken only by the scolding of the jays and the whirring insects. Now and then a jeweled flash as a blue-jay swooped from a pine tree with a rust of wings.

The sun shone and pines and the ribbon of road were receding to a great distance and the mountain stillness seemed to buzz with voices. . . .

Ardeth was reading, with eyes gone wide and dark and a heart which had set up deep pounding. . . . Tom's letter, telling of the divorce suit which Cecilia had so unexpectedly filed. Tom's letter—brilliant release—making their world turn suddenly right. . . .

Ardeth found that she had gathered the precious sheets of paper close to her breast. She had started on a stumbling run to the cabin.

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THE END

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Maybe I'm Wrong
 By J. P. MEDBURY

A NEW YORK woman set her sweetheart on fire the other day. She said she wanted a flaming youth.

You're Right — Many a man feels put out at being taken in.

American Tragedies — The absent-minded professor who makes a check out to himself and then stopped payment on it.

Take It or Leave It — In some hotels the pillows are so hard that the house detective uses them for blackjacks.

Excuse It Please — It's easy for a man to spend a quiet evening at home — if he's a bachelor.

Null and Void — The fellow who never puts anything aside for a rainy day. He says he always stays in the house in nasty weather.

Social Accomplishments — At a wedding the groom is supposed to wear a white carnation in his buttonhole so that the bride will know which man to marry.

Advice to Girls
 By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
 I have read your answers and would like you to help me.

I have been going with a fellow whom I love very dearly for about six months. We then broke off for quite a while. He then asked me to go out with him again, and I did, but he then had a girl with whom he was supposed to be going steady. Was I doing right? He said he loved me, and wanted to go with me, but I have seen him out with this girl many a time since. He seems to take her places of importance, and it seems that he takes the places where no one sees us, but everyone at school thinks I'm going with him. I love him and hate to give him up. What shall I do? How can I win him back? I thank you.

HEARTBROKEN: You will never win the young man back by acquiescing to his strange conduct. He must definitely choose between you, and you must not, on any account, allow yourself to be shunted into the background. Have pride. It is the biggest thing in life, and if you refuse to lower yourself, no one else will attempt to do so. Instead of using your efforts to win him back, why not concentrate on finding someone who will appreciate your constancy and friendship?

DEAR NANCY LEE:
 My boy friend and I are getting engaged soon. We have many a silly quarrel because he listens to what his friends say about me, and tells his mother whatever happens between us. We are both 20. Now please tell me, Nancy Lee, is this real love? Please answer soon. Thank you. "DARLING."

DARLING: It seems to me that you are in for a bad time. If the boy has the kind of mother who permits and encourages him to be a "mother's darling," it does not augur well for your future happiness. A boy of his age should be able to settle his own quarrels. Unless you can develop a strong will and force him to abandon his silly behavior, it would be better to cease the friendship and not reach the engagement stage.

Talks on Health
 By DR. R. S. COPELAND

RECENTLY I visited a state asylum devoted to the care of deaf and dumb children. Frankly, I was amazed at the number of children housed in this institution and at the long waiting list for admission.

In this age of preventive medicine more attention has been given to deafness in children and its possible prevention. Eventually we shall see a reduction in the amount of deafness in children, but this will take time.

Deafness is a serious condition not only from the point of view of the comfort of the individual, but from an economic one. There are few occupations open to those who are deaf. Usually the deaf victims become a burden to their families or to the state. This problem has been met to a considerable extent by the establishment of schools for the deaf. These are usually under state supervision but mainly operate under private charters.

Deafness may exist at birth, or it may be acquired at a later time. In persons who have been deaf there is usually very little that can be done in the way of relief. In this type of deafness the cause is usually an imperfect development of the hearing apparatus, just as in the dumb, there is an imperfect development of the speaking apparatus.

Much can be done for the other type of deafness, the acquired type. The greatest hope even in this type lies in prevention. Since most cases of acquired deafness result in children, there is an important question of prevention in this case.

The most common period for the acquisition of deafness in children is between the ages of three and five. It is at this time that most children have the so-called common childhood diseases. In fact, these diseases are usually treated as far as medical attention is concerned.

Scarlet fever and measles are most likely to result in ear complications. All too often they leave behind some permanent damage to the hearing.

Very frequent enlarged tonsils and adenoids in children produce

Editorials on News
 (Continued from page 1)

There is no joke about California's water problem.

YESTERDAY, for example, a special commission appointed to study the water need of Northern California brought in its report, which contemplates the expenditure of \$125,000,000 to dam the Sacramento at Kennett and the San Joaquin up above Fresno in order to store the winter rain-fall for use in the summer.

This, he it remembered, for northern California alone. Southern California looking to damming of the Colorado for its future water supply.

WATER is a big item in California's future. The growth of the state is limited pretty largely by the amount of water that can be made available to put upon the land.

When they get to talking the water needs of the future, they talk in terms of hundreds of millions as necessarily as we of Oregon talk of buying paper and ink for the legislators' pretty scientific guesses.

All this is true enough, but after three days of study and unbroken downpour it is pretty hard to believe.

It looks on every side, as these words are written as if there were water enough in California to last for the next hundred years.

And now coming down right along.

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That you may have better radio reception and realize the full benefit from your investment, we have purchased the most expensive instrument of its kind, an ACREMETER for testing, matching, and analyzing your radio tubes.

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 with Gary Cooper
 in the best role of his career.
 Adolphe Menjou
 and Gladys Nichols

LOCAL NEWS

Spends Day At Bridge — Harry Wickhamen last of week, spent Friday at the Bridge Weekly, spending the day at the bridge camp in Florida where he attended to business affairs.

Visiting in Roseburg — Mrs. Helen Hays and Mr. Charles Weston, who are spending several days in this city, visited her mother, Mrs. W. G. Davis, and her sister, Mrs. Louis Kohlhaas, D.

Spending Week-End in Eugene — Mrs. L. L. Boyd of the News-Review staff, left today for Eugene to spend the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Hatton.

Spending Week-End Here — Thomas H. Ness, manager of the Mountain States Paper Company in Marshfield, is spending the week-end in Cambridge visiting his family.

Visits Son in Hospital — If P. C. Galt, of the News-Review staff, who is in this city visiting his son, visited his son, who is in the hospital at Roseburg, on Monday. Mr. Galt is doing nicely after undergoing a major operation a few days ago.

Leaves for California — Mrs. Della Johnson of this city, left today for California where she will join Mrs. Robert Lee, of Eureka, California, and they will spend several weeks touring through California.

Leave for Eugene — Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick J. Porter and niece, Miss Susan Jane Paulson, of Whistler, left this afternoon for Eugene to spend the week-end at the home of Mrs. Porter.

NEW YEAR SPECIAL

Jan. 5th to 15th, inclusive

Start the New Year right with a clean wardrobe. Let the prices listed below help you to save.

Ladies' Wool Dresses
 Cleaned and Pressed \$1.00

Ladies' Plain Silk Dresses
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Ladies' Coats
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Ladies' 2-piece Wool Suits
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