

Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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We Must Wait Patiently

GENERAL WOOD has made his
visit here and has made his in-
spection of the sites we have to
offer for the soldiers home. Our
work locally is completed. We have
before us the most difficult period
of all. We must now await the de-
cision of the National Soldiers
Home Board.

When he arrives in Washington,
D. C., General Wood will make his
report to the board. He will report
his findings and will recommend.
He is the eyes of the board and
while his views will have a great
deal of weight, the decision must
be made by the board.

It was not expected that the Gen-
eral would commit himself in any
manner, as to his impressions of
the sites offered here. So far as is
known, he did not make any state-
ment of his opinion of the sites he
saw here yesterday.

When the board meets in Wash-
ington, our congressional delega-
tion will be permitted to appear be-
fore it and present its claim for us,
and give any further information
that is desired. It may be that the
board will also be willing to hear a
delegation of local individuals
who have information to offer. If
this is true Roseburg will be rep-
resented by a group of able men
who will make the trip to Washing-
ton for the purpose.

We can be absolutely sure of one
thing and that is that the inspec-
tion given here was no perfunctory
affair. Those who accompanied
General Wood on his inspec-
tion tour of the sites, state that he
made a most careful inspection and
asked many detailed questions re-
garding supply sources, fuel, etc.
He was interested in what we have
to offer.

General Wood is widely experi-
enced in just this sort of thing. He
is a sincere man and is most in-
terested in recommending a loca-
tion for the northwest home that is
ideally suited to the purpose. If he
falls to recommend Roseburg it
will be because he sincerely feels
that there is some reason why he
should not do so. So far as was
discovered, however, there is nothing
about our sites which failed to
meet with his approval.

Sometime within the next six
weeks the final decision on this
matter will be reached. We must
wait, as patiently as possible!

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 ex-
ceed 200 words in length and must
be signed by the writer, whose mail
address must accompany the con-
tribution.

VETS' HOME PLAN MERITS
WHOLE COUNTY'S SUPPORT

MELROSE, Jan. 22.—Editor
News-Review.—The arrival of Gen-
eral Wood to inspect the site for
a veterans' home in Roseburg is
only a few days off. In order to
get this home Roseburg must pro-
vide a good site and should not
spare any expense to do so. If a
site acceptable to the commission
proves too costly, the county
should bear a part of the cost as
the proposed home would be of
great benefit to the whole county,
as well as all southern Oregon.

Larger cities mean better mar-
kets for farm produce. Prospects
for the merchant and more work
for labor.

Let us all get behind Roseburg
and help to get this home located
where it belongs—in Roseburg,
Oregon.

CARL LINDSAY.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
My husband is 35 and I am
25 and have been married for nine
years. We have a car and I use it
whenever I care to. But of course
another man has to come into my
life and I care very much for my
him. I can't stop for thinking of
him, the almost tempted to go
with this man every time I see him
as I have known him for about a
year and he is always wanting a
date with me. I don't know whether
he knows I am married or not. I
never see him with a girl. Please
advise me what to do.

BETTY ANN: I would advise you
to be in yourself even if you
cannot manage to be true to
anyone else. You are harming three
people through your foolish in-

fatuation. Most likely when the
man discovers that you have de-
ceived him as well as your hus-
band he will be thoroughly dis-
gusted with you. Why not tell him
soon next you see him. You won't
be sorry if you play the game
straight. What about the husband
who is supporting you and no doubt
working hard to see that you are
fed, housed and clothed? Do you
know if the man you admire would
be willing to do so much for you?
Don't build your house on the
shifting sands of deceit, otherwise
the waters of despair will engulf
you.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am a girl in my late teens,
and I am acquainted with a man
that has been married, but is di-
vorced. I like this man very much.
And there is quite a lot of talk go-
ing around about how cruel he was
to his first wife. Now, Nancy, do
you think I should believe what
other people say about him?
D. P.

D. P.: Are you acquainted with
any friends of the man and his
former wife? If so, perhaps
there is one among them who will
be good enough to give you an un-
biased account of their life together.
What does the man say? If he
is the type of man who blames all
the trouble on his wife, then I
would advise you to think twice
about continuing the friendship.
For there are nearly always faults
on both sides, although of course
one is generally more at fault than
the other. Has the man shown any
signs of becoming serious about
the friendship?

Happy Kitchens
For Roseburg

Miss Virginia Randolph,
kitchen expert, will be here
in person from Feb. 4 to Feb.
6, to demonstrate the latest in
modern kitchen to local house-
wives at the Roseburg Normal
School. Following these articles every
week until the cooking school
—then be sure to attend.

Programs will be from 2 to
4 p. m., Wednesday, Thursday
and Friday, Feb. 4, 5 and 6, at
the Roseburg armory.

"Modern housewives don't want
to come out of the kitchen, as so
many alarmists declare," says Miss
Virginia Randolph, noted home
economist, "they simply want to
learn simpler, more efficient ways
of doing things. They want to learn
how to have a happy kitchen, with
less work and more fun."

Miss Randolph comes to Rose-
burg on February 4 and 6, to enter-
tain local housewives in three after-
noon sessions of her famed cook-
ing school.

"I think it's just as easy to have a
'happy kitchen' as a tiresome kitchen,"
Miss Randolph tells her cooking
school audiences, "and for that reason
the motif of the cooking school
will be just that—the happy
kitchen."

Old-fashioned drudgery has no
place in this day and age, accord-
ing to this experienced economist—
either in business or in the home.
"Home-making simply hasn't kept
up with the rest of modern living,"
she believes. "Given proper tools,
good recipes, and a little time,"
Miss Randolph declares, "any woman
can cook a meal fit for a king."

"And it's such fun once you get
your feet into it," she says.
From her experiences in conduct-
ing scores of cooking schools, be-
fore thousands of women, Miss
Randolph concludes that the modern
housewife is most interested in
little touches that add charm to
old dishes, in the "beef-steak-and-
gravy" courses, in party cookery,
and in such specific problems as
"why cakes crack" and "why mar-
rings fail."

TWO PLANES CRASH;
INSTRUCTOR KILLED

Associated Press Local Wire.
PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 26.—Only
a short distance from the place
where an airplane crash killed
Earl F. Pounder, flying school in-
structor, and seriously injured his
student passenger Saturday,
another plane crashed in yesterday.
The two passengers in the plane
which was wrecked yesterday
crashed with a few scratches and
burns. They were Morris Rang-
er, 29, Passaga, Ore., and T. L.
Barnum, 32, Portland.

The crash was caused by a
"cocked" motor, they said. Rang-
er was pilot.

Pounder died at a hospital sev-
eral hours after his plane became
unmanageable and dived into a
"swamp" near North Ganges, Ore.

BLAST SINKS BOAT
AND KILLS STEWARD

Associated Press Local Wire.
NOFOLK, Va., Jan. 26.—A
terrific gasoline explosion sank the
United States engine crank sur-
vey launch, Chippewa, here today
and killed James Robert Herrick,
the ship's steward and the only
man aboard.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere
thanks to our many friends who so
kindly ministered to us during the
sickness and death of our wife and
mother.
L. F. Lozier,
J. W. Lozier and
family.
Mrs. Pearl M. Rector
and family.

POLLY AND HER PALS



In Self Defense



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A MAN may be married by the
justice of the peace, but that
doesn't necessarily mean that he'll
have any.

Efficiency Experts — The room-
mate who has your clothes tailored
to his own measure.

Social Accomplishments — When
a clerk is so fond of his work that
he hates to wake up when five
o'clock comes around.

Home Talks — It's all right
for a woman to tell all she knows,
but she shouldn't go any further.

Wonders of Nature — When
man's little pet grows up she
becomes man's little petter.

The Good Old Daze — The ab-
sent-minded professor who looked
in the mirror and swore he'd seen
himself somewhere before.

Take It or Leave It — The
Queen of England worships the
ground that the Prince of Wales
falls on.

Null and Void — The Londoner
who says he remembers Big Ben
when it was nothing but a little
wrist watch.

Our Own Vaudeville — Doctor:
You ought to get your wife into
a new environment.
Husband: I don't know what
size she wears.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

NEPHRITIS, or Bright's Disease,
is an inflammation of the kid-
neys. It may be of the acute or the
chronic type.

It is known to the medical profes-
sion as a "secondary" disease,
that is, it is a condition that fol-
lows a disturbance somewhere else
in the body. Nine out of ten times
it comes from an infection, from a
poison somewhere in the system.

In Bright's disease the function
of the kidneys is disturbed. No
longer can it eliminate what the
doctor calls the "nitrogen prod-
ucts," the urea, uric acid and am-
monia. If the disease cannot be re-
lieved quickly there must be a ma-
jor reduction in the taking of
foods rich in nitrogen. There are
the meat dishes chiefly.

It is necessary that the life of
the patient be so regulated that the
amount of protein food will be at
a minimum. In short, the patient
must not indulge in much physical
exercise.

In an acute attack, there may be
drowsy, or swelling of the tissues
as an early symptom. Fever, more
or less severe, is usually present.
Swelling at the ankles and vomit-
ing are usual symptoms.

There is dull pain over the re-
gion of the kidneys, in the small
of the back. This may not necessarily
be pronounced, but this region
shows tenderness to pressure.

The chronic form of Bright's
disease is a difficult condition to
treat. It lasts for years and the dis-
ease is regulated carefully all of
the time.

In the acute attack milk may be
the only safe protein food to give.
Even this may be too rich in pro-
tein. Your physician will have to
decide the matter of diet in every
case.

Water should be freely adminis-
tered. Sugar, cereals, grapes, and
possibly bread, may be taken in
the acute attack.

Buttermilk and oatmeal are
sometimes given. If milk is well
borne, it will supply all the nour-
ishment needed. It should be of av-
erage richness, not skimmed. From
one and a half to two pints should
be given daily.

After one or two days of this
diet, other foods are usually added
gradually. Cereals with cream are
given twice daily, and bread to the
extent of five or six slices, with
preserves and unsalted butter may
be included in the diet.

Broiled fruits, especially baked
apple or stewed prunes, are usual-

RAMBLINGS

of the News-Review Man

By PAUL JENKINS

At Scottsburg the Umpqua high-
way crosses to the south side of
the river, and hugs the shoreline
from there to Reedsport, a distance
of some sixteen miles. It is a
splendid stretch
of macadam road,
smooth, a cash,
and easy to drive.

The river,
which has dashed
its way hereto-
fore so tumultu-
ously in its wild
hurry to reach
the sea, is calm
and placid in the
clasp of the tide,
ebbing and flow-

ing gently at the foot of the tower-
ing fir clad hills which so closely
hem it in. Habitants are scarce
and far between, and not until
Reedsport is almost reached do the
hills recede, leaving a considerable
strip of arable land.

The Umpqua, although its mood
has changed, is still a beautiful
stream.

Four miles below Scottsburg
there is an ablet climber for dis-
appointed fishermen, in other
words a trout farm, owned by W.
H. Harris. It is a great institution,
and should go over big if located
alongside some famous fishing
streams that I have seen. (Even if
I were thinking of the McKenzie
river, I wouldn't say so.)

Mr. Harris has a series of three
large pools, fed by an ice cold
mountain creek, in which he has
planted most of the varieties of
native trout found in the coast coun-
try. He sells trout to hotels and
restaurants, and welcomes custom-
ers who prefer to stop at his
place and catch 'em themselves. He
informs me that he enjoys a nice
business.

A short distance above Reedsport
on the river there is located
some eleven hundred acres of bot-
tom land belonging to the Hinsdale
Estate Company, a large portion of
which has been cleared and con-
verted into remarkably fine farm
and pasture land. Two fine build-
ing units have been completed, and
a third one is contemplated.

Houses and barns are modern in
every respect, arranged for the
greatest possible convenience.

O. H. Hinsdale of Reedsport is
manager of the company, and he is
planning the future of the farm
chiefly along the lines of dairying.

At the present time one hundred
cows are being maintained, and he
states that as rapidly as conditions
warrant he will expand this num-
ber to three hundred. In addition to
the sale of whole milk and other
dairy products he wishes to be in
position to furnish purebred dairy
stock for the California market, a
market which is looking to Oregon
with increasing expectancy for its
dairy replacements.

Corn and vetch and oats are
grown extensively for silage pur-
poses, the 1929 corn crop making
thirty-four tons of ensilage per
acre, and the vetch and oats over
six tons, according to Mr. Hin-
sdale's figures. Eye grass, Fescue,
ladino and alsike clover and tim-
othy are seeded for pasturage, and
this spring large plantings of kale,
turnips and mangels will be made.

Mangels weighing sixty pounds
each have been grown on this land.
A large planting of bent grass has
been made, and will be threshed
for seed.

A large tract is being cleared at
present which will be seeded to a
rustless variety of oats, and beard-
ed barley. These grains when har-
vested will be threshed, and sold
for seed, much of it going to the
state college at Corvallis.

E. L. Mathis is operating one of
the ranches, while after April 15
the other will be operated by Fred
Knos of the Coos Bay Mutual
Creamery Co., and Oscar Ander-
son.

The Hinsdales have owned this
property for many years, but have
recently found the time and
opportunity to properly develop it.

DRIVER DIES WHEN
RACING CARS CRASH

Associated Press Local Wire.
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 26.—Thun-
dering into a turn at 75 miles an
hour, four cars piled up at the
American Legion speedway here
yesterday, killing one driver and
injuring three, one of them seri-
ously.

George Young, Milwaukie, Wis.,
was killed, while Curley Grandel,
Glendale, Cal., was seriously in-
jured. Arvid Hummer, Whittier,
Cal., and Lester Spangler, Los An-
geles, were the other victims.

Shorty Cantion, Detroit, went on
to win the race in 54 minutes,
2 3/5 seconds. He was followed by
Mauri Rose, Earl Hovenden
and Stubby Stubbinsfield, all of
Los Angeles, in that order. Theirs
were the only cars to survive.

Watkins Products, 129 W. Lane,
—Adv.

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

Following a party at Eagle's
Nest, the home of wealthy Emily
Hardy, the Baroness von Wiese is
found murdered. Rhema Martin,
young newspaper editor, nick-
named "Bim," a guest at the party,
assisted her fiancée, Walter Vance,
assistant chief of police, in un-
raveling the mystery. Bim identi-
fied the shawl wrapped around the
Baroness as Mary Frost's. Mary's
husband, Ted, had been attentive
to the Baroness. Bim had noticed
Emily's butler and the Baroness,
at the party, in secret conversa-
tion and recalled the maid's
scream when she, too, found them
together. A strip of uniform linen
is found in the shrubbery. The
police learn that the Baroness'
maid was not in her room that
night.

CHAPTER VII.
Before the maid, Jane, could be
summoned, however, there was an
interruption. Emily believed that
she had had no breakfast, the
household routine being upset and
servants what they were, and that
she must have her coffee or per-
ish.

"And we couldn't have that,"
Walter assured her gallantly.
"Why not save time by ordering
your coffee in here?"
"Fine," howled Em. "If it won't
stop the show, you'll all have
some; I'll make things more
cheery — not that I'm complain-
ing."

"I may as well tell you my plan
of the story while we're waiting,"
Em rumbled. "The party broke up
around eleven; might have been
eleven-thirty — you know how
people are; they start going and
then think of something."

"Who was the last to leave?"
Walter asked.

Em thought a moment and shook
her head. "It might have been
the French maid, but I'm not sure."
Laura after Millicent got her
wraps. Or did Millicent go for-
ward? Well, I don't remember. I
do know the Frosts left first;
Ted was grouchy and I guess Mary
was glad to get away. That must
have been about half past ten;
still, I couldn't say just to the
minute."

As I was telling Walter last
night, the Baron was trying to
chisel Peter for a loan.

"They see-sawed back and forth
and I stayed with them for a
while. I wanted to talk Pete into leasing
the Baron's estate next season and
that's what he agreed to do finally.
Of course we had a few high
balls — no many, just enough to
kill the monotony."

"This conference began at
eleven-thirty, Mrs. Hardy?"
"It must have, because Pete
helped the Baron in from the ter-
race and they began talking be-
fore any of the rest of us made
a move and I came as soon as
everyone had gone and I'd told
Imogene not to wait up."

"So the Baron was with Mr.
Hardy after they dropped out of
the party and with you and Mr.
Hardy until I got here?"

"Every minute, he wasn't out of
our sight. Besides, he couldn't
move without help. We'd got to
where they were ready to sign on
the dotted line when I heard you
coming."

"Of course you've no idea who
called the Station House?" Walter
asked.

"Not an idea in the world. There
are three telephones in the house
besides all the extensions, so it
might have been anyone."

"Any English help, Mrs. Hardy?
A woman with a clipped English
accent?"

"Not a soul. The servants — all
excepting William — have been
with me for years and you've just
been hearing how clipped and
English they are."

"And the man you called Wil-
liam?" Walter asked curiously.

"William Dole. He came six
months ago with wonderful refer-
ences. He's lived up to them, too;
he's perfect. Steady — you've no
idea. That man never leaves the

house excepting early in the morn-
ing when he goes down to the
beach for a swim."

It was at this moment that Wil-
liam returned, bringing an im-
mense silver pot of coffee, cups,
saucers and toast. Drawing up a
little table before Em, he arrang-
ed the service deftly and was leav-
ing when Walter spoke his name.
Bim wondered if she only imagin-
ed a quiver running over his long,
lithic frame as he hesitated an
instant before turning about.

"Yes sir?"

He was thoroughly poised now,
standing there with his hands at
his sides, impersonal as a piece of
furniture, yet managing to hint at
deference by his attitude of quiet
waiting.

"When the Baroness spoke to
you in the dining room," Walter
began in a conversational tone
which belied the searching keen-
ness of his eyes, "what did she
say?"

The man showed no surprise
and no embarrassment; only the
hand that was nearest Bim jerked
imperceptibly as he answered.

"It was about her milk, sir. She
asked me to see that it was heated
not boiled and left on the
night table in her room. She was
very particular about it, she said."

"Didn't her maid look after it?"
Em broke in.

"She said her maid forgot and
let it boil, Madam," the man re-
plied. "I believe she remarked
that boiled milk gave her indiges-
tion."

"And did you prepare the
milk?"

"It slipped my mind, sir."

"Not," observed Reynolds, "the
perfect butler after all."

"I'm sorry, sir."

Reynolds waved a fat hand and
Walter wrote in his little book.
"And the note?" he inquired softly.

"The note, sir?" Well-bred sur-
prise in the man's voice — it was
a singularly cultured voice, Bim
mused, for a servant to have —
though now she was sure of the
tremor running over his fingers.

"Yes — the note she handed you
on the terrace. The one she wrote
on a piece of paper torn out of a
magazine."

The man appeared to consider,
or perhaps he only was trying to
remember the faded square slip-
ped under his hand by the Baro-
ness von Wiese.

"There was no note, sir," he
stated politely but firmly.

To Bim's astonishment, Walter
nodded at this and said that was
all.

"Thank you, sir."

Em summoned the maid, Jane,
then, and Bim regarded her with
interest. She was young — prob-
ably twenty-four or five — of rather
more than medium height, with
light brown hair and blue eyes and
clear-cut, regular features. There
were traces of beauty in her face,
yet it was a blurred sort of beauty
— comeliness buried under an odd
lack of color. Bim felt herself
strangely drawn to the woman as
she came in and closed the door.

There was wastefulness about her
— a suggestion, almost, of tragedy;
Bim thought she never had
seen eyes so sad as those which

met her own for a minute, nor lips
so touched by bitterness as the
maid's.

"You wished me, Madame?" The
girl asked in a low, refined voice.

Walter answered almost curtly.
"Where were you last night?"

"In my room," she answered in
surprise. "I fell asleep waiting
for Madame. The Baroness and
I slept till morning since she didn't
come. Then I heard what had
happened."

"But Imogene says you weren't
in your room — that you were to
share hers and you didn't come in
at all."

"Naturally not, sir, since I spent
the night on the couch in Mad-
ame's dressing room. It was
there I waited for her to call me."

"You didn't know she wasn't
in?"

"I did not, sir. I slept soundly;
I had been frightened early in the
evening and the butler gave me
brandy and I think it made me
drowsy. When I tried the door
this morning between the dress-
ing room and Madame's boudoir
it was locked. So then I came
down stairs and the cook told me."

A look passed between Walter
and Reynolds and Bim thought
the girl's already colorless face
went a shade whiter. In a quick
push of pity she sprang forward
and, taking the black-leaved arm,
urged the girl into a chair.

"It's been a shock, hasn't it?"
Bim cried. "I'm so sorry—"

The blue eyes responded with a
look of surprised gratitude.

"Thank you, Miss," murmured the
low voice. "I was with her a long
while—"

She did not finish for her head
fell back and the lot in a faint.

"I hope you're satisfied?" Bim
battered. "The lot in your room?
Well, can't you get some water? Of
all the dumb persons—"

They brought water quickly and
Bim wet a napkin and laid it on
the paper-white forehead. She
tugged at the girl's collar — it
was too tight by far — and the
fastening gave suddenly, bearing
a limp shoulder.

There, surrounded by tiny
scratches such as the point of a
saw fine needle might make, Bim
saw a long, angry slash which
extended from the base of the
girl's throat down her arm.

Bim pulled the blouse together
and was drawing the wet napkin
over the tired-looking forehead
when she discovered under the
carefully drawn-down hair upon
the left temple a deep, ugly cut.

(To Be Continued)

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