Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Questions

YOU know the question that everybody has been asking these last few days: "What is the latest news on the Soldiers Home?" or "Are we going to get the Soldiers Home?"

Answering the first question, you will find ALL of the latest information on the bulletin board in the front window of the News-Review office or may have it by telephoning 135. All information is, of course, published each evening in this newspaper.

The only answer to the second question is simply this: Nobody here knows.

Dr. E. B. Stewart, who has been representing us in Washington, D. C., these last four weeks telegraphed yesterday: "We are still in the ring." If you have followed the developments, you know that the report made by General Wood is said to have been favorable to Vancouver, Washington. So Vancouver, which has come to be the only real contender against Roseburg, wins the first round.

The entire proceeding in making the selection of a site for this new federal soldiers home is this: A representative of the veterans' bureau, General Geo. H. Wood, made a trip to the northwest and inspected the sites offered and made a written report. The report was made to the veteran hospitalization board of seven members. The board after hearing the report permitted congressional delegations from the various states concerned to appear and offer arguments and evidence favoring the sites in their respective states. This hearing was a closed or secret session. The board is now considering the report of General Wood and the material offered by the various senators and congressmen.

The board, however, does not have power to act. Its function is to make its recommendation to President Hoover who will then formally designate the site. Should the president be unwilling to designate the site recommended by the board it is his privilege to name a site of his own choosing or refer the matter back to the board with his objections.

The entire Oregon delegation in congress appeared before the board meeting and urged the selection of Roseburg. Washington congressmen presented claims for some nine cities. Idaho congressmen favored one.

Senator McNary and Congressman Hawley are the leaders in the fight for Roseburg. Senator Steiwer is backing them up. Furthermore, in the hearing and out of it, they fought and are still fighting for us.

"We are still in the ring," Dr. Stewart said yesterday. That means that our congressional delegation believes very strongly that there are some cards yet to play.

The struggle, pretty much all our way until just a few weeks prior to the hearing, presents the appearance of an uphill pull for us now. We must be prepared to learn that our effort has not been successful, if that becomes the final answer.

Whatever happens we have the satisfaction of knowing that we put up one grand battle and that we had the entire state of Oregon backing US and that our congressional delegation fought for us right straight through.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Portland Oregonian)

We have not abolished the public service commission; we have not abolished the public service commission law. We have simply created a new commissioner, imposed on him the powers that were imposed on the commission, and in effect have told him to go out and make himself solid with the people. To make himself solid with the people he will need to give them lower rates. And the people are in somewhat of a hurry.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

business this winter.

ALL of which interests us UP HERE only casually. What we really crave to know is what is going to happen to the tourist business NEXT SUMMER?

The tourist agencies are telling us it is going to be pretty good—much better than last year. Our own people are reasonably hopeful, as may be judged by the number of new service stations and tourist camps going up along the highways.

At any rate, we shall see what we shall see, for the tourist season of 1931 is almost upon us.

IN thinking of diversifying our products, we mustn't overlook the tourist crop, which is coming to be one of our highly important money crops.

Let's remember this: It isn't sufficient, so far as we are concerned, merely to bring tourists over the Pacific highway. We must STOP THEM HERE if we are to get our full share of the benefits of the tourist movement.

The way to stop them is to tell them about the beauties of the side trips available from here.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I have been reading your "Helpful Advice to Girls," so am writing to you for some advice. I am in my teens; I go to high school; am considered good-looking by my friends, both boys and girls. I do not have trouble in finding boy companions, because I am very popular, but I don't care for popularity. I have loads of girl friends, too. Now, Nancy Lee, I want you to give me some advice. I have liked a boy for about nine months and my friendship with him has grown to a love affair, that is, on my part. Now, this boy at times seems as though he likes me real well, while at other times he doesn't seem to care for me. He is a perfect gentleman and I love him dearly. He doesn't go out with girls because his mother will not let him go. I have never gone out on a date with him but have gone for a ride and have enjoyed his company at parties. Now, Nancy Lee, I will be at a party where he will be in two weeks. How should I act toward him at the party. I'm very jealous of him. How can I overcome jealousy? Should I try to forget him? It would be hard but if you tell me to forget him, I will. This boy is not an experienced boy in courtship. But I do not pay any attention to this. Do you think I should? Please answer the question so dear to me. This boy is one year my senior.

TOMY.

TOMY: All you can do is to be your own sweet self. How can you be jealous of a person who has not shown himself terribly anxious to win your affection? A sense of humor can do much towards eradicating jealousy. And self-confidence is also a considerable asset, those who suffer from an inferiority complex always believe that someone belonging to them can easily be taken from them. There is no reason to forget the boy, for there is nothing to remember. Just look upon him as an acquaintance, enjoy your popularity and have a good time.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A PROMINENT plumber had to give up golf the other day because he was always forgetting his clubs.

Dizzy Dames—The divorcee who couldn't remember whether she'd been married five or six times; she neglected to keep score.

Auto Suggestion—When it comes to shifting gears, the average woman is in a clash by herself.

Marital Martyrs—A husband is a bachelor whose luck gave out.

American Tragedies—The poor little office boy who can't go to any baseball games this season because he used up all his grandmothers last year.

The Good Old Daze—When a bootlegger had so much liquor to make that he doesn't know where to begin.

Efficiency Experts—The admiral who opened a church near the golf links.

Ace of Cads—The man who said he didn't want to go to the expense of a new wife, so he had the old one washed and polished.

Social Accomplishments—Being able to tell that you can hire Paul Whiteman's orchestra to accompany you when you sing in your bathtub.

Our Own Vaudeville—First You say Ed is on the wagon. Second Best: Practically, he's drunk as a milk truck.

SEVEN SOLDIERS KILLED IN WRECK

MEXICO CITY, March 7.—Seven soldiers of the first artillery regiment were killed and many injured, six seriously, in a train wreck yesterday between Mexico City and Queretaro, caused by twisted rails.

Lenten Devotions

R. B. SHOUN, Baptist Church

We are closing this week's thought of the Lenton season with the thought of "Love to the Cause of Christ or the Church."

Eph. 5:25: "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

The importance and the place of the church is seen in the 108 direct references to it found in the New Testament. The church is a divine institution and without it our moral standards would be so low that we would be called heathens, and all the proof we need for this is to go to the heathen countries where there are no churches, and since this fact is so outstanding there should be greater love manifested on the part of the constituency of this greatest of institutions. We should show our love, in loyalty to the worship carried on by our regularity in attendance, by maintaining it by bringing the first fruits into the store house, remembering that if we withhold the tithe we are robing God. Malachi, 3:8. There is no other institution that demands and deserves our loyalty and support, as does the church. May we sit down then with our Bibles and learn anew our privilege and and the devotion we should have and manifest to the church, the institution which Christ loved so much that he gave Himself for it. He said, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are My friends, if ye do whosoever I command you," John 15:13, 14. Since we are members of his body the church let us love it as He did.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

THERE often arises the problem of how to get children to eat certain foods. The grown-ups are familiar with the advantages and benefits of certain foods, but frequently Jimmy may not agree with us.

It is definitely believed by some students of the subject that any dislike a child may have for certain foods is due entirely to neglect in training. This is unfortunate, if true, for often children grow up disliking foods which are absolutely essential for their health.

In many instances the cause for this dislike may be attributed to the parent. The child overhears the adult's complaint and the expression of his dislike of certain foods such as spinach, carrots or milk. Children are quick to imitate, and if the taste of a particular food is not pleasing, they will immediately reject that food. They found their objection on the conversation of their elders. If you dislike some foods never voice your opinion in the presence of young children.

Children should never be scolded for not eating certain foods. Nor should they be forced to eat foods they do not desire. Forced feedings never develop a desire or taste for food, and certainly do not promote proper digestion.

At the same time you should continue serving those foods. Never remove them from the child's list. If nothing is said, it is probable he will eat them in time.

It takes tact and thought to overcome these dislikes. One wise mother told me the other day that she makes sandwiches filling them with a mixture of the disliked vegetable mashed up with a larger quantity of a popular vegetable. When the child finally discovers the fact, he has found out that the despised food is really not bad, but, on the contrary, is actually good.

Occasionally I see a dyspeptic old gentleman, who, organically is well, and possesses no real stomach disorder, yet he won't eat this or that, thinking it is bad for him. Usually he is merely suffering from poor food training in childhood. I pity him.

If the foods served the children differ from those the rest of the family have, it is better to have the children eat before the adults, and preferably in a separate room. There should be only the most pleasant of conversation at any table. There never should be any playing or undue excitement at this time or immediately following the meal.

Answers to Health Queries

J. H. Q. What would you advise for low mentality?

2. What would cause puffiness under the eyes?

3. What can be done for a continual tired feeling?

A.—The treatment would depend upon the cause of the trouble. Have a talk with the doctor who is familiar with the patient's condition. He will advise you.

2. This symptom may be indicative of a heart or kidney disturbance or it may be due to possible dissipation. In this case also examination will determine the necessary treatment.

3. Low blood pressure, anemia, auntoxication or a generally run-down condition may be at the source of the trouble. Have an examination and follow your doctor's advice regarding treatment.

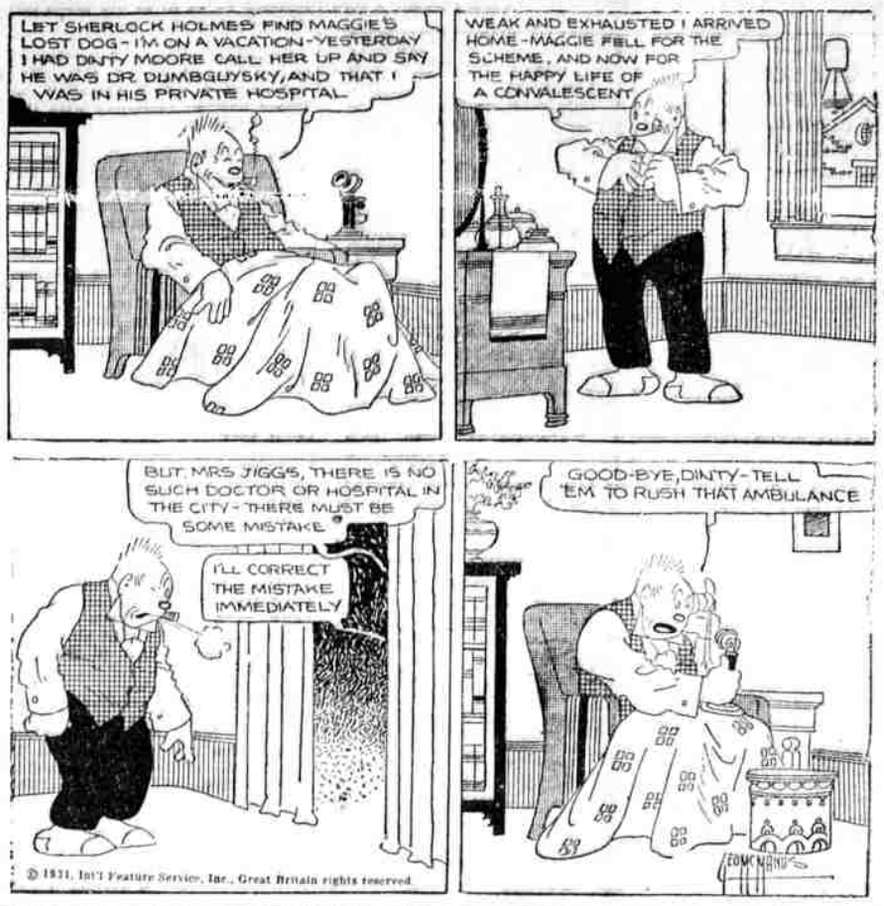
Girl Nearly Lynched When Suitor Suicides

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

STRAUBING, Germany, March 6.—Police today prevented enraged villagers from lynching a 22-year-old girl whom they blamed for the suicide of an unsuccessful suitor.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



History of Umpqua Post

NO 16

AMERICAN LEGION

Roseburg, Oregon—1919 to Oct. 1, 1930

CHAPTER 29

Past Department Commander Earl R. Stewart installed the newly elected Post officers on January 4, 1927. At this meeting permanent committee appointments were announced by the new commander, Rudolph Ritzman. He also made an excellent address in which he recounted the deeds of the American Legion in the past and outlined its field of service for the future. Commander Ritzman has always been one of the most active members of this Post, and has served ably on many committees. He is a very capable leader, and the Post is proud of him as its leader for the coming year.

A LOYAL LEGIONAIRE

Past Commander Leo G. Devaney said he liked this picture of him better than what the photographer made. Mike always was common and a regular guy. This picture looks just like Mike while he is running his big airplane. Mike will drop down on our American Legion Airport some time, then we will show him that we put his favorite picture in our history.

He started off his administration by putting into immediate operation all the activities which his predecessors in office had found helpful in working out the American Legion program in Roseburg, and in addition the new commander added several new rules and activities, some of which have been kept alive by his successors. He added one innovation, however, which did not last through to the end of his own term as commander. In a good natured but firm way he announced several rules to be observed by members during all Post meetings. He then announced that a "mourners' bench" would be placed just ahead of the front row of seats in the Legion Hall, and that all members guilty of violation of the rules or of disorderly conduct in meetings would be required to sit on the "mourners' bench." The members unfortunate enough to have been seated on this bench will remember it as a pretty hot seat. It was wired with copper wire and connected up to a storage battery which produced plenty of electricity.

In Executive Committee meeting held on January 5, 1927, in addition to renewing the lease on the Oriental Gardens, the hall where the Post had for several months held dances each week, a committee composed of Earl R. Stewart, James M. Fletcher, Jr., and Rudolph Ritzman was appointed to investigate the problem of beautifying and caring for the triangular parking space at the intersection of Winchester and Jackson streets in Roseburg. This merely shows that the American Legion has shouldered its part of the problems of community betterment.

GOVERNOR OF IDAHO URGES TAX RELIEF

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

BOISE, Idaho, March 7.—Governor C. Ben Ross yesterday called upon the legislature in his message to the special tax session to enact an income tax along the lines of the measure worked out under direction of the administration, and to tax electrical power development in the state.

The message was virtually a reiteration of his statement to the regular session which adjourned last night in which he held up the income tax measure and the kilowatt tax as the administration tax program.

Ross explained that the administration's income tax measure had been worked over by interested taxpayers and citizens for the last six weeks and he said it "will go a great ways toward solving the present tax problem of the state of Idaho."

DEMOCRAT CLAIMS ELECTION VICTORY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MAUCHCHUNK, Pa., March 6.—Friends of Everett Kent, democrat, today claimed a majority of 132 votes for him over William R. Coyle, republican, in the disputed congressional election in the thirtieth Pennsylvania district, last November.

On the face of the official returns, Coyle had been declared elected by a majority of 882 in the district.

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

CHAPTER XLII.

William put his arms around her reluctantly it seemed to Bim. And then the girl drew back, stamped her foot, cried thickly, "You don't care — I know you don't. It's her. It's that woman come between us. I'll show you — and her, too. Think you can drop me like a hot potato, do you? I know plenty, you hear? I'll tell it, so I will. You'll be sorry. You wait!"

He tried to quiet here — tried to take her in his arms again. But she seemed beside herself, laughing and weeping. And in the end he seized her roughly, patting his hand over her mouth, and dragged her out into the darkness of the garden.

Bim closed the window and sat a long while considering. Imogene had cried that she knew plenty and the taunt had been sufficinet to scare William into a show of spurious affection—for even from the distance which separated them Bim could see that he felt small regard for the girl.

What was it Imogene knew about William? That he was not a butler but an actor? Would the danger of having this become known upset him so?

The other woman of whom Imogene was jealous was, of course, Jane. Did William really care for Jane? Was there something between them which Imogene had found out and now held like a club over his head?

Walter left Pine Hill in the morning before Bim was up. She still felt dispirited as she went out after breakfast for a stroll about the grounds. Her walk took her up the hill and she dropped in at the Frosts for a chat with Mary.

To her surprise she found Mary more cheerful than she ever had been—almos happy, in fact. Mary was eager to explain.

"I think what has happened will change everything for Ted and me. We had a long talk last night. He's just a boy at heart; I don't believe there ever has been a time when he has come even near to realizing the pain he has caused me — not until now, at least. He cares a great deal for me. I always have believed this and I am sure. It's worth — oh, everything —for me to be sure.

"Bim, I wish I could tell you just how it was last night. Nothing was said until we got into the house. Then he just knelt down and put his head in my lap and cried. They say only women cry, my dear, but it isn't true. We're going to be happy now."

"You can be happy, Mary? After everything?"

"Oh, yes; I'm going to forget; it will be like a bad dream after a while — nothing more. As soon as we can — when we can get away, I mean — we'll go somewhere and have a honeymoon. A real one this time. To some quiet place where there'll be just us two. Tell me how things are with you, dear. Have you made up the quarrel with Walter?"

Bim shook her head. "I'm afraid that never will be made up. I don't think he wants this."

"Oh, yes, Bim. I saw him look at you last night."

"Really? Then why does he act so? I'm not a trained seal to jump when he raises a finger."

"Dearest, haven't you found out that every woman in love is more or less a trained seal? We love, it, too; no getting around that. You've hurt his pride and that will take humility on your part to repair that damage. Be humble, Bim; it's your chance for happiness."

But Bim was stubborn. She thought of Carl Carey and her chin set in a hard little line. But she had something else to talk about now.

"That cigarette lighter — what about it, Mary? It's strange. Ted says it was planted in the garden to throw suspicion his way. Is there someone who doesn't like him? Who wants to hurt him?"

Mary eyed the girl thoughtfully. "I don't think anyone dislikes Ted that much, Bim. I don't think anyone wants to hurt him particularly."

"Then why? It just doesn't make sense, seems to me."

"Perhaps someone is willing to hurt Ted in order to save someone else. Have you thought of that?"

"Oh! You mean . . . . Why—"

They looked at each other, neither of them wishing to put into words what was in both their minds. Mary broke the silence finally.

"The lighter was here. I saw it on the table where Sarah put it after she left the room."

"But Mary! What object would Millicent have—"

Mary said, "Poor Bob."

And Bim echoed, "Poor Bob!" and sat tensely, her mind in a whirl.

"Bunny Baird was over this morning," Mary began. "He's planning another of his trips around the world. As soon as any of us can get back into circulation again," she added with a laugh.

"He's given up Laura? Too bad—"

"Don't think it! That's what he came to tell me. I shouldn't wonder. He's marvelous, Bim; pure gold. He looks upon Laura as a wilful child who'll probably grow up now. He's never stopped loving her, you see. They'd had a talk before he came here and she is leaving as soon as the judge can wangle it to stay with her sister in London. Bunny thinks she will marry him over there. Maybe they'll be happy; I hope so for his sake."

Bim hoped so too but the possibility did not seem rosy to her. Or perhaps it was only that nothing looked very bright this morning. People were willing to forgive those they loved so much — so very much. And there was Walter with nothing really to forgive who remained set and stubborn.

As she wandered down the hill Bim once again saw a solitary figure in the water of the beach and had small difficulty in recognizing Jane. She had judged that the maid had just begun her swim since she was headed out into the river and this seemed to present an opportunity Bim long had coveted.

Hurrying to Eagle's Nest, she made her way to the little room on the eastern side of the third floor where Jane had been installed when it was decided she would remain until after the investigation, and there began a hurried though systematic search of the girl's belongings.

The result was disappointing. Among the plain, neat toilet articles and the few quite as plain and neat garments was nothing of interest with the possible exception of a pair of frivolous and extremely dainty shoes— little red kid slippers with buckles, at the toes and high, slender heels. They were wrapped up in tissue and placed in a drawer as if with great care.

"Probably a memento of someone," Bim thought, remembering the square, absurd shoes Jane wore. "It's sure she could get just about one toe in these."

Bim also found some pictures—photos and snap-shots — all showing the laughing face of a child. A boy baby, Bim decided, and the pictures showed him at various stages of his growth. In the more faded ones he looked out from a high chair while the picture at the bottom of the package disclosed him as a chubby-faced youngster of two or three, standing beside a rocking-horse. This photograph, when held to the light, was disfigured by tiny dull spots and these, for some reason, gave the girl a heartache. So easily they might have been made by tears, she thought.

She put the package away hastily and set out for the village and the station house.

There she found Walter in a rage. "It's Fury," he sputtered. "Yelling for action. Passing the buck. Good Lord, what can I do? Alibis—nothing else but—and air water tight. You know that gang Bim; are they all lying?"

"I don't think so, Wally. Someone's guilty but we just haven't found him yet."

"I'll say we haven't!" growled he. "Not with proof. Bad enough that is, but there's worse. Someone's filled the chief up with a lot of hooey. Know who it was?"

"Oh Wally, how should I?"

"You should, all right. It was heaven's fair-haired gift to females. Your friend Mr. Carey is who."

"But that's impossible. I don't believe it!"

"Oh, you don't? And what's more," Walter continued furiously, "There's no place he could have got his dope — not a place in the world — but from you, Miss Bhima Chatterbox Martin."

In the instant of facing the chill scorn in Walter's eyes, Bim felt she never could forgive him. This boy whom she had known always — who had loved her and been a part of her life — to accuse her of treachery! For him to imply that she was one of those pitiable women whose brains, if any, rattled in their heads while their tongues wagged. A chatterbox.

Yet a flash of reasonableness came piercing through her anger as she sensed the hurt beneath his fury. Walter was jealous and so not quite responsible.

She said, "You're terribly mistaken, Walter. I've never told Carl Carey anything he didn't know. You're charging me with deliberately working against you — is that what you mean?"

"Not deliberately. Not really deliberately, Bim."

"Stupidly, then. You think I've been too dim to know what I was doing. You might have understood me a little better after all these years."

Without another word he placed before her the morning's edition of the New York Planet. And there, on the first page, was Carl Carey's daily story on the von Wiese murder. Only this story had little to do with the mystery; rather it was a graphic account of those who had been in Hardy's guests on the night of the murder —all of them, that is, with the exception of Bim. It told nearly all there was to tell about them and what it did not tell it hinted at; and scattered through the report were speculations which stopped very cleverly short of libelous innuendo but which nevertheless made their meaning clear.

(To Be Continued)

WRONG SENTENCE COSTS JUDGE $69

UTICA, N. Y., March 7—Justice of the Peace Ambrose Beha of the town of Ava must pay Arthur Sasenbery, farmer, $69 for the 69 days Sasenbery spent at the Rome jail.

Justice Beha sentenced Sasenbery to serve a jail term following conviction on a charge of beating his wife. The Rome jailer refused Sasenbery admission to the prison because he had only one leg, but Beha issued another commitment.

Justice Fredrick H. Hazard ruled that the justice had transcended his powers in issuing the second commitment.

YOUTH KILLED IN "SCARING" AUTO!ST

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PENDLETON, Ore., March 6—Harley Maynard, 8, died in a hospital here last night from injuries received Thursday when he was struck by an automobile as he ran into the highway to "scare" the driver. Neighbors said the lad was in the habit of thus stopping cars on the highway.

The automobile was driven by John Matthews of Portland, who said he had no opportunity to escape hitting the child. The boy died from a skull fracture. He suffered a broken arm and leg.

NOTICE

Not responsible for Mrs. Fred T. Wray's bills after March 2, 1931.
FRED T. WRAY

DR. NERBAS
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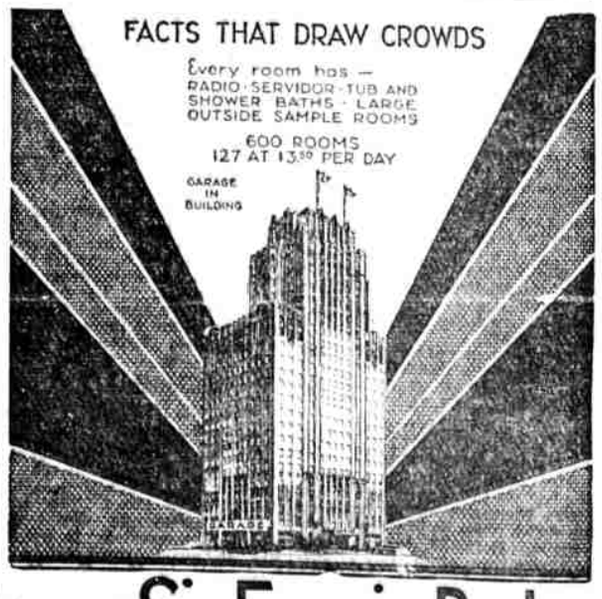
EDNA FERBER'S
Colossal
"CIMARRON"

"SONNY JANE"
COMEDY DRAMA
Presented at the
Evergreen Grange Hall
Tuesday, March 10
By the Glide Christian Church
Now folks this is something worth while so be sure and come.
ADMISSION: ADULTS 35c, CHILDREN 15c.



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