

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of reproduction are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

Represented by

M.C. MOGENSEN & CO., Inc.

San Francisco—444 Market Street.
Los Angeles—133 South Spring Street.
Seattle—602 Stewart Street.
Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave.
Detroit—3844 West Grand Blvd.
New York—122 East 42nd Street.
Portland—Bodell Bldg.

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year, by mail, \$4.00
Daily, single month, by mail, \$1.00
Daily, by carrier, per month, .25

Mr. Hawley Psychoanalyzed

(St. Helens Mist)

CONGRESSMAN W. C. HAWLEY, who is remaining in Washington even though congress has adjourned, is quoted as having stated that he was confident Roseburg would be selected as the site for the national soldiers' home and that he had been given optimistic reports from officials prominent in the national administration. The news report indicated that if necessary, the congressman would take the soldiers' home matter to the White House.

There is a reason, we suspect, for Mr. Hawley's professed loyalty to Roseburg. We recall the result of the November election, when Mr. Hawley carried his district by a comparatively small majority over his democratic opponent even though Mr. Dalseid did not make an aggressive campaign. In other words, Hawley came within about 8000 votes, if we remember correctly, of being defeated, notwithstanding his long service in the house and the important position he occupies (and we use the word adversely) as chairman of the powerful ways and means committee. We recall, also, that Hawley has been a stauncher for and with the administration. When the president vetoed the soldiers' bonus bill, Hawley, by his vote, said "Aye too."

Isn't it possible that Hawley went to the White House or to someone close to it and said, "Now you need me, and if I am to be elected two years hence I certainly need you. If I can have the home located at Roseburg that will help me in the southern Oregon counties. When you needed my help it was yours for the asking, and now I need yours if I am to remain in congress. Just look what they did in the third (Portland) district—elected a democrat, General Martin. Something like that might happen in my district."

No matter which way the wind blows as to the soldiers' home, Hawley faces a stiff fight at the election in 1932 from opponents in his party and from the nominee of another party and Hawley, by his long political experience, appears to be building his political fences before the campaign gets under way. Perhaps we are wrong in our conclusion—time, and a comparatively short time, will tell if we are.

Childish

(Oregonian)

THE Vancouver Columbian characterizes as "a steal" the prospective awarding of the federal soldiers' home site to Oregon. If Vancouver had won, would that have been "a steal" for Vancouver? Of course not, and nobody would have made so ridiculous an accusation. The Columbian ought to learn a little about sportsmanship, of which good losing on occasion is a prime tenet.

To the jaundiced view of the Columbian the activities of Representative Hawley in exerting himself to obtain the home for his district are wholly reprehensible. What should he have done, worked for Washington district? On one hand the Columbian lambasts Mr. Hawley for laboring for his district and on the other pummels Representative Albert Johnson for failing to labor hard enough for his district to suit the Columbian. And then it assails The Oregonian for predicting in advance the probable outcome of the contest for the location.

The Columbian is a big boy now. It ought to act its age.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

nal, you will note, for whom rewards of upwards of \$50,000 were outstanding, slipped right through

the fingers of all the smart detectives in the big cities and was captured in Missouri by a few individuals who would be termed, in the parlance of these city detectives, "hicks."

Don't let yourself get to thinking that all the brains are in the big cities.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: We are two girls in our early teens, and would like to have your advice. We both have boy friends and the trouble is they call us up every night, and we do not know what to talk to them about. Could you help us to overcome this bashfulness?

Is it proper for a girl to take hold of a boy's arm? When we go out he always holds my arm. Our friends are regular gentlemen and we would like to know if we would harm our reputations by keeping their company, and also talking on the corners after school. We thank you for the advice which you are to give.

BLUE AND BROWN EYES: I should think that a protracted telephone conversation each night would be almost too much for anybody. And so, if there is not much of interest to discuss during any one particular call, why not make it short without being rude or unpolite. So don't think that your lack of conversational material means that you are bashful. Usually the man holds the girl's arm when escorting her across the street or through crowded thoroughfares and only then. For everybody's sake and reputation I would advise you not to indulge in too protracted conversations in the street, on the corners or in any other public places. It isn't done.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl in my late teens, and am in love with a boy who is two years my senior. This is my problem. He told a friend of mine that he loves me, and I love him, but he calls me early in the evening and makes a date with me. Then, later, he calls and says he has to go out with his brother. Then the next day my chum says she has seen him with another girl. Nancy Lee, would I keep going with him or "quit"?

BLONDY: Quit—unless you enjoy being made a fool of.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

WHOOPING COUGH is a disease considered by most mothers as a normal happening of childhood. This is the wrong attitude to assume, for too often the disease proves more serious than was expected. It is not safe deliberately to expose the child to whooping cough.

The disease is easily passed from one child to another. It usually lasts from six to eight weeks. It runs through three definite periods. In the first period it resembles very closely an ordinary cold with a cough. It is very difficult at this time to say definitely that the child has whooping cough. This period lasts about two weeks and during this time the cough gradually increases and pretty soon becomes quite severe.

In the second period the cough becomes very annoying, stronger and occurs at definite times. It is easy to recognize the disease at this stage, because of the characteristic "whoop." The third period of whooping cough is described usually as the "decline" of the disease. The cough now becomes less severe and gradually disappears.

Whooping cough in young children is dangerous in that it often leaves the child less resistant to other diseases. More emphasis should be placed upon this disease than has been in the past. As I have suggested this is particularly true in regard to the prevention of the ailment. This disease is too dangerous to infants, delicate children and those having latent tuberculosis. Every effort must be made to prevent it.

There is a good deal of skepticism as to the value of the whooping cough vaccine. There are many doctors, however, who believe the disease may be prevented by the injections. If given to a child before exposure to the disease, it may be prevented in many instances, they believe. The injection is simple, painless and causes no discomfort whatever. The treatment may be obtained from any local physician or your local health officer.

It is worth while to use this treatment in a community where whooping cough is prevalent. If it is to be used, it should be given regardless of whether the child has or has not been exposed to the disease. We can never tell when such exposure will take place, and it is always best to be on the safe side.

Answers to Health Queries
MRS. M. B. Q. — Why is it that some persons operated on for toxic goitre can be so thin while others are so heavy?

A. — This is entirely individual—each system is different.

L. B. Q. — What would be responsible where there is an odor from the mouth? I had running ears when I was younger, but have not been troubled in this way for a long time. Could the tonsils be the cause? What would you advise?

A. — May be due to several different things. If the tonsils are diseased they should be removed. See a specialist for examination and proper advice. It is unwise to allow a condition of this kind to go on without giving it careful attention.

MRS. S. T. L. Q. — What do Roseburg Cleaners—Adv.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



Lenten Devotions

CHARLES A. EDWARDS

The Invincible Christ
For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy to be destroyed is death. I Cor. 15:25-26.

In the fervor of his devotion to Christ, Paul cannot refrain from dwelling upon the place of Christ in the final triumph which God has in store for mankind. When humanity is freed from its sin; when it has been redeemed from every iniquity; when it has been rescued from all of its earthliness; when it stands exalted in the presence of God; then the person to whom the everlasting glory of the amazing victory will be given is Christ the Messiah, Christ the Son of Man and of God.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

HISTORY tells us of a polite Indian, who, before he scalped a man, always asked, "Shall I take much off the top, sir?"

Auto - Suggestion - What this country needs is fewer motor cars and more parking places.

Momentous Moments - When a highwayman holds up a tightwad and asks him for his money or his life.

The Good Old Daze - A boot-legger was arrested in Philadelphia last week for selling bum gin on Sunday.

Ode To A Wife - He it ever so grumbly, there's no husband like your own.

Acc of Cads - The miser who puts artificial cheese in mouse traps.

Excuse It Please - Every milkman is practically on the water wagon.

Take It or Leave It - Photographs in the rogues' gallery are framed in guilt.

Advice to the Lovelorn - There's no harm in marrying a widow. Lots of men buy second hand cars.

Our Own Vaudeville - Native: What struck you most about Chicago?
Tourist: The black-jacks.

FUGITIVE POSTAL MAN SENDS KEYS

(Associated Press Special Wire)

ASTORIA, Ore., March 29.—Keys belonging to H. F. Peacock, missing assistant post master at Astoria, were received by the postmaster here from Gold Field, Nevada, yesterday.

Peacock, missing 12 days, disappeared when federal inspectors arrived to make an audit of the books here. A shortage of more than \$8,000 was found in the books, the inspectors said.

you advise for epilepsy?

A. — Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

R. E. R. Q. — What causes cracking joints?

A. — This is usually due to lack of synovial fluid. Massage the parts with warm cod liver oil before retiring.

FOR EASTER
Have that suit or dress and hat cleaned here for Easter Sunday.

MRS. S. T. L. Q. — What do Roseburg Cleaners—Adv.

History of Umpqua Post

NO 16

AMERICAN LEGION

Roseburg, Oregon—1919 to Oct. 1, 1930

CHAPTER 41

The joint meeting of Umpqua Post and Grants Pass Post held at Glendale, Oregon, on January 15, 1929, was very successful. There was a very large attendance and the meeting was one of the best in our history. Resolutions were passed requesting the Oregon Legislature to define the term "Indigent" as regards the law for the relief of indigent ex-service men. Another resolution was passed urging the Legislature to appropriate \$10,000 for needed repairs on the Roseburg State Armory building.

At this meeting Commander J. A. Denn of Umpqua Post suggested that we organize a post of the American Legion at Glendale, Oregon, for the benefit of the eligible persons residing in and near Glendale. After some discussion the members residing in Glendale decided that they would prefer to remain members of Umpqua Post No. 16. This decision was not surprising in view of the fact that Umpqua Post now boasts that it is the best post in the state, with a paid up membership of 442 on January 15, 1929.

At the meeting held on February 5, 1929, there is no record of any special post activity taken up. The minutes simply show the boundless and diversified activities of the post in every major undertaking, membership, honor roll, board, Legion Show, auto show, aviation field for Roseburg, child welfare, Boy Scouts, co-operation with Chamber of Commerce, service of officer's report, reclassification of public lands for homesteads, and financial assistance to the Auxiliary. It was just one of those usual, well attended post meetings when it would be impossible for one to sit in it without having his eyes opened to the magnitude of work being done by the American Legion in Roseburg.

At this meeting the resolution raising membership dues to four dollars per year was passed.

In the executive committee meeting held on February 26, 1929, an invitation was extended to National Commander Paul McNutt to visit Umpqua Post on his tour of the United States in April, next.

On March 5, 1929, the show committee reported that the show had been a huge success, chiefly because of the unison of support by post members on the ticket sale. The show netted \$451.50 to the post.

At this meeting comment was made on the years of active work for the post done by our member, Bertram G. Bates who is to leave shortly for Hollywood, California, to reside. Also, a committee was appointed to publicly express our thanks to Comrade Walter S. Fisher, who as a member of the Oregon Legislature sponsored the legislation proposed by the post.

On March 19, 1929, plans were made to arrange the public meeting upon the occasion of the visit of National Commander McNutt. All past post commanders were named on the committee for this work.

At this time a report was made regarding the activities of our drum corps at the ceremonies dedicating the U. S. Veterans Hospital in Portland. Comrade Vincent O'Brien was named on the committee to handle the Junior League baseball for Douglas County.

DECREE IS NO AID TO OREGON W. O. W.

SALEM, March 29.—The insurance commissioner of Oregon has no authority to enforce a decree of the Colorado supreme court relative to readjusted rates and method of insurance of the Women of the World, Attorney General Van Winkle held in an opinion returned yesterday to Clara A. Lee, commissioner.

Lee was requested to enforce the decree, which left the Woodmen of the World and its membership in the same condition insofar as operation in Colorado is concerned, as though no amendment readjusting the rates and methods of insurance had been attempted. Van Winkle held that the Oregon commissioner has no authority to act in accordance with the decision of

the Colorado supreme court, unless and until a court of competent jurisdiction in Oregon has so ordered. The amendment, it was understood, provided increased rates.

WIFE SUICIDES IN 200-FT. AUTO DIVE

NICE, France, March 30.—Her nerve bolstered by two stiff brandies, Mrs. David Townsend, former Broadway "folies" girl, drove her car off a 200-foot precipice near here and found in death the rest that life denied her.

While she drank she scribbled a note to her husband, reputedly wealthy Wall Street broker, which read: "I do not wish to go on the stage again as you insist. Take care of mother and baby. I am tired of life."

THE SPY NET

by ARED WHITE

CHAPTER 15

Spider Webs

It was nearing midday when the leisurely Bernese express delivered Elton at the Swiss metropolis after a pleasant ride through the picturesque Swiss countryside from Lausanne. His departure from Lausanne late in the morning had been attended by a brand new shadow, a fat, moon-faced man of Teutonic mould whose clumsy technique had betrayed him to Elton as he left the hotel after breakfast. On alighting at Berne, Elton hurried into the Bubenbergs-Platz, hailed a taxicab and drove off with such expedition that his sluggish shadow all but lost track of him in the crowds.

In Berne, Elton quickly sensed a very different realm from that of Geneva or even Lausanne. Berne was distinctly German. In all outward appearances, as Geneva was French. The faces on the sidewalk were largely Teutonic, station attendants spoke in German, the streets bore difficult names: Spitalgasse, Marktgasse, Fraumgasse, and finally Gerechtigkeitsgasse, a thoroughfare in which the taxicab swung on the way to the American legation, Elton's immediate destination.

He was received at the legation by a stooped anemic young under-secretary who had assimilated an annoying set of grandiose diplomatic mannerisms. In the absence of the charge d'affaires, who had gone early to lunch, the assistant made the most of the interview. When he had read Elton's orders, through with an impressive solemnity, he arose, cast an apprehensive look about the room, directed Elton to an inner sanctum, and closed the door carefully.

"I'm sorry," he complained. "Most terribly sorry that the army is sending officers languished as civilians to Switzerland on such trivial errands. Such a blunder is certain to lead to uncomfortable embarrassments if the German legation should get wind of your military status. They'd lose no time in lodging complaint with the Swiss that America was violating neutrality regulations."

Elton smiled easily and lighted a cigarette. "I'm not guilty of deceiving the Germans on that score," he said innocently. "I've already let them steal a complete file of my orders—and of Captain Farnham's."

The legation secretary's face was stricken by horror. "You—you can't mean it!" he stammered incredulously. "I thought it good business," said Elton. "It will save them from prying about too much in my private affairs while I'm out contracting for Swiss watches and things."

"You've made a colossal blunder, my dear man!" cried the secretary. His emotions outgrew his chair and he walked the floor in agitation. "We shall have to ask for your recall instantly—as soon as possible, before the Germans lodge complaint." "You'll address your complaint to the commander of the army?" Elton inquired.

"Of course, of course," chattered the secretary. "I'm taking the responsibility of an immediate wire to your headquarters asking your relief—before—before the German legation complains to the Swiss government. So far, dear fellow, the American legation has got away with clean skirts through the insufferable mess here in Berne."

"Thank you. You're doing me a great service," said Elton. "You see, I didn't want to leave Paris in the first place and if you get me sent back I'll be grateful." The secretary drew himself up in all his dignity, his eyes blazing. "A shabby way of working it, upon my word!" he said, with withering scorn. "You may be assured that we shall be most pleased to be rid of you out of Switzerland."

"Thank you again, sir," said Elton. "But until I'm relieved by competent authority I suppose I'll have to stay around. I'll be at the Bellevue Palace for a day or two if you want to reach me. And in the mean time, sir, if you'll be good enough to have your consul at Geneva notify Farnham that he's been relieved of return to Paris, you'll be rid of Farnham too."

"I shall do so at once," snapped the secretary, bowing a frigid dismissal. "Good day, sir." Elton left the legation in high good humor at the developments there. An American protest to army headquarters against his presence in Switzerland was very much to his liking at the present moment. Such a protest, in course of official routine, would find its way to the desk of Colonel Rand and come to naught. But in the meantime it was reasonably certain to catch the sensitive ears of the German secret service and thus strengthen Elton's nascent attitude as a harmless army purchasing agent, a mere replacement for the hapless Farnham.

He drove at once to the Bellevue Palace hotel and entered that international trysting place with a slightly rising pulse. In the celebrated Red Room of that luxurious hotel he was to try for his first contact with the French military intelligence—an open meeting with an assistant attaché of the French legation, in uniform, who reserved a small table on designated days at which to gain contact with agents sent to Berne by Lieutenant d'Auteuil, executive officer at Paris headquarters. The French theory was plausible enough. Since the German shadows were everywhere, they were best fooled by open frankness. Such a maneuver saved the French a fixed rendezvous, which would have been spotted promptly, as could any one calling at the French legation or attempting secret contact with the French attaché.

In accordance with the detailed instructions d'Auteuil had given

him, Elton entered the Red Room in the manner of a stranger who had neither appointment nor table reservation. He was seated alone at a small table by an obsequious head waiter, and, without looking about him, consulted the menu with certain inconspicuous mannerisms that were intended to identify his presence to the French attaché. The response was immediate.

"My dear monsieur, I am delighted."

He arose at sight of a young French officer standing over his table with extended hand. Elton rose and grasped the hand, instantly adapting himself to the Frenchman's friendly manner. He caught the insignia of rank on the officer's sleeve.

"This is a most unexpected pleasure, indeed, my dear captain," exclaimed Elton. "They stood exchanging pleasantries for several moments, seemingly two friends who had met by accident, until Elton motioned the Frenchman to a place at his table."

"But, no, monsieur," objected the captain. "Since I am stationed in Berne as attaché of the French legation, this is my home and you must be my guest. Besides I have already placed my order for luncheon."

Elton followed the Frenchman across the room to his table, a table for two that was set somewhat apart. During the exchange of pleasantries, each had checked the other's identity with covert signs of the secret service, and, though the Frenchman clearly had accepted him, it puzzled Elton that he made no effort, in the course of luncheon, to broach the subject that must have been uppermost in his mind. The Frenchman introduced himself by a subtle indirection.

"Madame Lareaux will be interested to hear that you are in Berne," he said.

"It is gracious of madame to remember your old friend, Captain Elton," Elton replied in kind.

Captain Lareaux displayed a quick discomfort at mention of military rank. Twice before he had broken in with some light expression when Elton had attempted to steer the conversation into serious channels. Lareaux now looked across the room with a certain ingenious indication that he was directing Elton's attention toward a point of danger. Shortly afterward Elton looked about. Facing them, across the room, was a somer, square-faced Teuton in civilian clothes. The face was decidedly phlegmatic and with no suggestion of a very high order of intelligence. The type of a petty clerk, Elton thought, and wondered at his presence in the Red Room, habitat of ministers, attaches, world adventurers, and such there to talk, look or listen. Certainly not an operative to cause concern, if Elton was any judge.

"I suppose your firm has sent you here on a business mission of some sort," said Captain Lareaux. "You will be in Berne for very long?"

"I'm here to buy watches, compasses and perhaps instruments for artillery sights," replied Elton. "You see, I've taken on with the army since you last saw me, and I'm over here incognito on a buying expedition."

Lareaux's keen face flashed and his blue eyes flashed a quick rebuke. "Pardon, monsieur," he rejoined hastily, "but as a French attaché it is better that I should not know of such things."

"But I thought perhaps you would be able to advise me, my dear captain," persisted Elton. "Where are the best manufacturers who may be depended upon to deliver goods in great quantity?" "I regret," said Lareaux sharply, "Swiss neutrality is a very delicate thing—and, besides, it is unethical for me to meddle in such matters as that."

"My mission seems in no better favor with my own legation," said Elton. "I just had a lecture there."

and a warning that I might find myself sent back to France."

The Frenchman shrugged an eloquent end to the subject. His precaution was sharply puzzling to Elton. Many things might have been said in a low tone without possibility of carrying to another table. The waiters in the Red Room were forbidden to hover over their guests, and appeared only when they were wanted. Elton remembered the warning of d'Auteuil, that the Red Room was a safer place in which to chat than some secret rendezvous.

There was one bit of important information he must have from Lareaux. It was for that information he had come to the Red Room. He hesitated to force the issue, in view of the Frenchman's unusual show of a guarded tongue. Yet he made up his mind to put the question bluntly if necessary.

But Captain Lareaux, a moment later, made it plain that official business was to have its innings a bit later.

"You have never been in Berne before?" he inquired. "My first visit," said Elton, "it seems a very pleasant place in which to fight the war."

"If you are not immediately engaged," said Lareaux casually, "my car is at your disposal this afternoon, or any afternoon this week you may wish it. I will be glad to drive you about and show you the wonders of Berne."

Elton's smile was spontaneous at this significant invitation. "I accept gladly," he said. "I had planned on going about in a sight-seeing omnibus, but your generous offer is far more appealing."

(Copyright by Ared White)
(To be continued tomorrow)

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for bills contracted other than by myself.
(Adv.) ELIC A. DURELL.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

BULK METHOD OF ROASTING COFFEE IS NOT EXACT

In Spite of Care It Is Difficult to Develop Uniform Flavor

It is virtually impossible to accurately roast coffee in bulk, because there is no exact way to determine when all of the batch is "done." One roast may be "high" and another "low," with the result that there is variation of flavor.

Hills Bros. overcame this uncertainty, by inventing and perfecting a radically different process—Controlled Roasting. By automatic control, a stream of coffee passes continuously through the roaster a few pounds at a time. Positive control of the heat is maintained, with the result that every berry of the rare blend is roasted evenly—to the degree that insures a rich, uniform, full-bodied flavor in every pound.

No other coffee tastes like Hills Bros. Coffee because no other coffee is roasted the same way. Controlled Roasting is Hills Bros' process exclusively.

Grocers everywhere sell Hills Bros. Coffee in the vacuum can that keeps it ever-fresh. Air, which destroys the flavor of coffee, is extracted from the can and kept out. Coffee packed in ordinary cans, even if air-tight, does not stay fresh. Ask for Hills Bros. Coffee by name and look for the Arab—the trademark—on the can.

Hills Bros. Coffee, Inc., Portland, Oregon.

Milk is Indispensable

Some foods we have to have no matter what they cost. Milk is one of them and at 15 cents a quart it would be the cheapest and best, yet you pay only 11 cents a quart delivered at your house any time you want. Get it Pasteurized, it costs no more but it is the best by far.

PHONE 186

ROSEBURG DAIRY & SODA WORKS

E. T. UNRATH, Prop.