

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Let's Be Ourselves.

ROSEBURG is going to have a lot of visitors here this season with our five or six conventions and we want them to find out what real hospitality is. We are honored that they have wanted to come, for Roseburg is not a big city, and the hospitality we offer them is not the kind that the big city might offer. But who shall say that it is not better? There is nothing more attractive or more charming to the visitor than a beautiful, small garden-loving residence town where the people are all just home folks who know each other and like each other. And there is nothing worse than small town folks trying to act the big city for strangers. So let's just be ourselves!

It is a beautiful place we have to entertain our guests in, with its gardens of roses and its modest homes, the river, our little friendly valleys and always the lure of the mysterious blue hills in the distance. To be sure we felt a little down in the mouth a while back, just as most other intelligent people did. The depression was depressing. Perhaps we have not been quite ourselves. Perhaps we didn't take care of the garden as we usually do, and neglected the lawn, and, with just a little guilty feeling, said that it was because the water rate was too high! Well, it isn't like us in Roseburg to talk that way. We haven't been quite ourselves. But that is all over now and we are feeling fine, thank you. There are more garden enthusiasts and more expert flower growers in Roseburg than in any other town in the state. Remember the wonderful flower shows and yard and garden contests and the shrub and plant sales! Let's be ourselves—a beautiful, hospitable town of gardens and good neighbors. It is time for the Garden club to come out of winter quarters. Talk about "service clubs"! What club has been of more service to Roseburg than that? Its members have been homesick for it ever since it held up some time ago. There is no better way to help the committees looking after these conventions than this. So let's be ourselves again.

A Chat on Chatting.

CONVERSATION is said to have three levels. On the lowest level, one talks about things; on the middle level, about people; and on the highest level, about ideas.

It is difficult to imagine an intelligent conversation that does not run, at times, on all three levels, and the best around-the-table talk seldom stays on one. But every conversation appears to have a fairly specific, if not easily reckoned, value.

Wouldn't, for example, a discussion of the antecedents of the new mayor seem a little more consequential than an over-the-soup symposium on the latest in ash trays for 1936? And wouldn't a discussion on whether or not freedom is a myth seem something more significant than the chat concerning the mayor?

Of course, the completely tolerant man, to whom all things, all people, and all ideas are interesting, may protest that all human utterances, however unintelligible, are important. But even he, it seems likely, would agree that "the man who knows how to talk, knows when."—An editorial in the Rotarian magazine.

EASTER ANKLETS

Brand new shipments of anklets at Carr's. Solid colors or the new multi-colored styles. Anklets for 10c, 15c, 19c or 25c. Sizes from infants through to size 11. What a line to choose from. Carr's—Adv.

BEAUTIFICATION FACES OBSTACLE

Public Cooperation Lacking,
Highway Engineer Tells
Court of Douglas.

The state highway department is unable to make progress with a program of roadside beautification until public support and cooperation can be obtained, the Douglas county court is informed in a letter from R. H. Baldock, state highway engineer.

The county court recently wrote the commissioner urging plantings of trees and shrubs, cleanup of right of way, removal of utility poles, advertising signs, etc.

Highway beautification is fine in theory but fails to work in practice, the court is, in effect, told by Baldock, who says that farmers and other property owners because of revenue derived from roadside signs will not operate, while others destroy trees and shrubs, fearing encroachment.

Baldock's letter to the county court is as follows:

"Reference is made to your letter of March 18, regarding landscaping of the highway right of way.

"The highway commission appreciates the value of roadside beautification and has created a landscape department, with Mr. George Otten as landscape engineer, but there are many phases of this development, several of which you mention, which cannot be cared for without more support from the people themselves, and we would appreciate your active assistance in Roseburg community through the chamber of commerce and the local papers.

"The highway department has little jurisdiction over pole lines. They are permitted both by state and federal law to occupy the highway, and, therefore, without securing excessive width of right of way you can readily see that this use automatically requires trees occasionally to be topped or trimmed. We do not suggest that the pole lines be disbarred from the use of the commercial highways, but we do believe that the permission given them is too general and it should be left to the jurisdiction of the highway commission on some of the highways built strictly for scenic purposes.

"Cooperation Needed.
"At various times the highway department has carried on a very active campaign against advertising adjacent to the highways, and we have given our approval to several bills which have been introduced in the legislature by the proponents of roadside beauty. The only results have been to incur a violent dislike for the highway department from all the farmers and property owners along the highways as they derive considerable revenue from these signs. In my judgment, this matter cannot be corrected until an active campaign through the entire state is made to arouse public opinion against roadside advertisements. It is beyond the purpose and duties of the highway commission to promote or foster such a campaign; therefore, if anything is ever done to curb roadside advertisement, it must be done by those interested in that subject.

"During the last several years the highway commission has received considerable funds from the federal government for roadside beautification and we have now had sufficient experience to realize that the public interest in roadside improvement is largely theoretical and that it is nearly impossible for the highway department to maintain beautiful roadsides by force. We must have every assistance and cooperation from the adjacent property owners to maintain the roadsides in a beautiful condition. Many of our tree plantings have been torn out to build enlarged entrances to filling stations or other driveways, and in other places the plantings have been cut down or eradicated by adjacent farmers and a mistaken view that the vegetation would spread into their fields.

"The maintenance department expends considerable sums of money annually in roadside clean-up. Once every week the entire highway system is covered by the section crews, who remove all papers, cans and other debris, had vast sums of money are being expended on the contract in cleaning and mowing the slopes and preserving natural timber growth, so that it is very rare where the right of way on a job is left strewn with boulders or other construction debris."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

"Here is supreme power; see what you can do with it."
It has been a terrible mistake. No matter what the shortcomings of self-government may be, they CAN'T be as bad as the shortcomings of ABSOLUTISM.

When absolutism begins, liberty ends.

NOTICE

A noted missionary from China will be at the Free Methodist Church in West Roseburg on Friday evening, April 2nd, at 7:30. Rev. James H. Taylor, the grandson of the great J. Hudson Taylor, is returning to China June 27, 1926. He has been in China for 21 years. Mr. Taylor's father and mother spent fifty years in that land. The Rev. James H. Taylor is president of the Theological Seminary in China and is in great demand for evangelistic work and especially among the higher class of Chinese. Come and hear him. Martin Knigge, Pastor—Adv.

The Way It Looks From Over Here



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XIX

Walter was surprised to learn on reaching the Fifty-seventh street shop at eleven—he had stopped at the bank first—to find that Irene had not come in. He phoned her apartment.

"Mrs. Terhune is indisposed," her maid recited primly. "She left word she is not to be disturbed."

Fifteen minutes later Walter was at her side. Irene lay on her luxurious chaise longue, her head bandaged. She was covered with a green monogrammed silk robe.

She was sulky and irritable. "My dear," Walter was truly solicitous, "what is the matter? Have you had a doctor?"

"No stupid, I'm not sick. I'm ill."

"Excuse me if I fail to see the fine distinction," he said. "Nerves," she informed him briefly. "I had a hell of a run-in with Dirk."

"Whatever for?"

"Because of you!" she snapped. "That was a rotten thing you said to Stella about being able to support your wife. Not that that swine Jerry doesn't deserve it. In a way you're supporting all the husbands except mine. Not that we didn't actually create and build up your business," she reminded him.

"I know you did," he admitted, humbly. "But I can't see what that has to do with you and Dirk."

"You don't," she said sarcastically.

Walter flushed. Helen gave him a feeling of power; his sisters reduced him to the status of a gawky schoolboy. He didn't answer remembering her nerves.

"I suppose I was sore to begin with over your marriage," Irene continued as Walter was silent; "anyway I began that business of his not supporting me when he could be doing it so magnificently if he went back to his old job at John Kayle. It was a stupid time to jump on him because he was sore at me because he said I was rude to your wife."

"You were," Walter said shortly.

"My Lord, Walter, how could you marry that chit?" she asked piously. "Oh, my head! Well, never mind. Dirk and I had a quarrel. The worst we ever had. Of course, he's always a gentleman. Queried about being a gentleman, Walter. You can say the rottenest things in a nice way if you're a gentleman. I must remember that! But I'm upset because he left this morning without making up with me. I was wrong to let him go to bed on the quarrel. That's always bad. One should never sleep on a quarrel. But I was so damned sore, mostly at you, you blockhead! Still, I thought he'd come in. Well, he didn't."

"It will blow over."

"I've got to be more careful. That temper of mine."

"It's time you learned to control it."

"Don't you lecture me. You know! Oh, Walter, how could you marry that little ignoramus? A maniac, when you could have married an heiress. Oh, Walter, how could you? She'll ruin us socially."

had had a chance, I could have been president of any hen college in the country."

"I don't deny that. I wish you didn't 'damn' so much. And I wish you'd be nice to Helen. I'm so in love with her, Irene."

"Why, you poor sap," she jeered, but there was an affectionate note in her voice. "You'll get over that, too! But wait, I have an idea. You and Helen come to dinner tomorrow. I'm having pere and mere Terhune and the horse (Irene never called her sister-in-law anything else). It will serve a double purpose. It will take the curse off the family dinner and it will serve to show Dirk that I can be big and generous. He likes your wife. Says she's a thoroughbred. Thoroughbred my foot! Well, anyway it will be a move for peace. I'm in love, too. Wait, it's hell. I haven't meant to fall in love but it seems I have."

"Then why don't you stop nagging him about the job?"

"I can't help it, Walter. I love him. That's why I want to see him rich, successful, taking his place in the society where he belongs. What good are position and power without money? I've got to make him see it! Oh, you'll come tomorrow?"

Walter hesitated. "It's grand of you to ask me, but I'd rather not. Helen is too shy yet to have me spring any formal dinners on her. Let her get used to things a little at first."

Irene shrugged. "As you say?"

Walter, fearing lest Irene misinterpret his meaning, added hastily: "She's so shy, you know. But I'll tell her you asked us. She's so grateful if you're nice to her. She's at mama's now."

"At mama's?" Irene's eyebrows shot up. "What is she trying to do, get around the old girl? And you call her shy?"

"She's sweet, honestly she is, Irene. She went over to see how mama is. She suggested it this morning."

Irene lip curled as she reached for the phone that rang. "Well, maybe she is. She'd better be, because if she's one of those sneaking white mice she'd better watch herself with me. That's all I'm saying!"

To be Mrs. Walter Riley! To venture after some hesitation into the shops and buy bath salts and silk blouses and take and bed-room slippers and pay for them from the thick roll of bills and say—

"Mrs. Walter Riley, the Plaza hotel." It was like a dream from which Helen half expected to be awakened any moment to find herself back at her table manicuring nails and sympathizing with the endless woes of her clients.

Walter met her daily for lunch and now they dined openly, boldly, in the best restaurants, actually looking for acquaintances that he might proudly introduce, "my wife."

It was a new New York for Helen, a hitherto undiscovered and completely inaccessible New York. After several days of shopping for accessories, Helen with some trepidations decided to buy clothes.

Irene, Helen knew, from salon gossip, bought her clothes in small shops on Madison Avenue and in the shops that line Fifty-seventh street, but on glancing in Helen was afraid to enter. The salespeople were just too magnificent. It didn't seem quite right to ask even a trivial question as those who swayed about those shops to do anything so trivial as to wait on her.

In one of the shops, where Helen finally decided to go, attracted

by models in the window, she was nervous and uncertain, particularly as an overbearing grande dame with marcelled white hair approached her. The saleswoman knew immediately that Helen was a complete novice in the art of buying clothes and suspected further that Helen had probably suddenly acquired a sugar daddy.

"If madam will kindly be seated, I am sure we can please you with our frocks," she purred.

In a few seconds two tall svelte young women undulated out and paraded before her.

"But I don't look like either of these models," Helen protested desperately. "I'd rather try the dresses on myself. Besides, these are all too elaborate. I want something much, much simpler."

After a day in the shops and by covertly watching the bored expression on the faces of the women about her who were buying, Helen adapted the same reserved manner and saw to her amazement that the most elegant saleswoman actually made an effort to please her. Helen chuckled inwardly at her little victory and soon began to gather together a charming array of dresses.

The most exciting part of her shopping was retelling her experiences to Walter. Her little encounters with the salesladies amused Walter as much as they did her and he was an attentive and sympathetic listener.

Because Walter was too busy to look for an apartment they stayed on at the Plaza. Helen was grateful and finally amazed at his family's apparent indifference to their marriage. For the first week no one bothered them.

Not one of them even phoned her, and Helen felt the tension she had concerning them relax.

She had no way of knowing, of course, that Walter had gained this respite only after an angry scene with Irene.

(To be continued)

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all warrants of School District No. 4, Douglas County, Oregon, up to and including No. 19,223, protested for non-payment October 15, 1935, and prior thereto, have this date been called for payment, and all interest thereon ceases this date, March 31, 1936. Clerk—Adv.

Are You Nervous? Tired? Run Down?



You may be needlessly suffering from the results of lack of sufficient hygienic preparation, which have a tendency to deplete the tissues.

New science has produced an improved method of feminine hygiene to safeguard the health and happiness of modern women. M. D.—medicated feminine powder is endorsed by leading physicians as an effective germicide. M. D. has the advantage and safety of action for use of Oxycyanide Sulphate. For sale at better drug stores everywhere. Write for free sample. Stanley Laboratories, Portland, Oregon.

M. D.
FOR FEMININE
HYGIENE

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

FRIDAY, APRIL 3

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Hilly Billies.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
9:30—Morning Musicals.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Five Spades.
11:15—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Cope's Farm Notes.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Oldsmobile program with L. I. Spencer.
1:00—Sans Souci Minstrel Show.
1:30—Singing Strings.
2:00—Songs Seldom Heard.
2:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.
3:30—Storyland.
The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Songs Seldom Heard.
4:30—Douglas County Creamery Salon Program.
4:45—Rhythm Revue.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Airs From the Operas.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Friendship Circle.
7:00—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Hilly Billies.
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EASTER TOYS

For an extra big showing of Easter toys and novelties visit Carr's. Wonderful line of baskets, either empty to make up or already filled. Toy animals, cars, rails, etc., made up with Easter fillings make a dandy gift for the kiddies. We have dozens of them to choose from. Chicks and rabbits in cotton, papier-mache, solid rubber or blow-ups, chenilles, stuffed toys, etc. Fancy candy eggs and novelties, grammas, egg dyes, Easter cards, etc. For complete Easter assortments go to Carr's.—Adv.

"God now commands all men everywhere to repent." Ac. 17:30.—Adv.

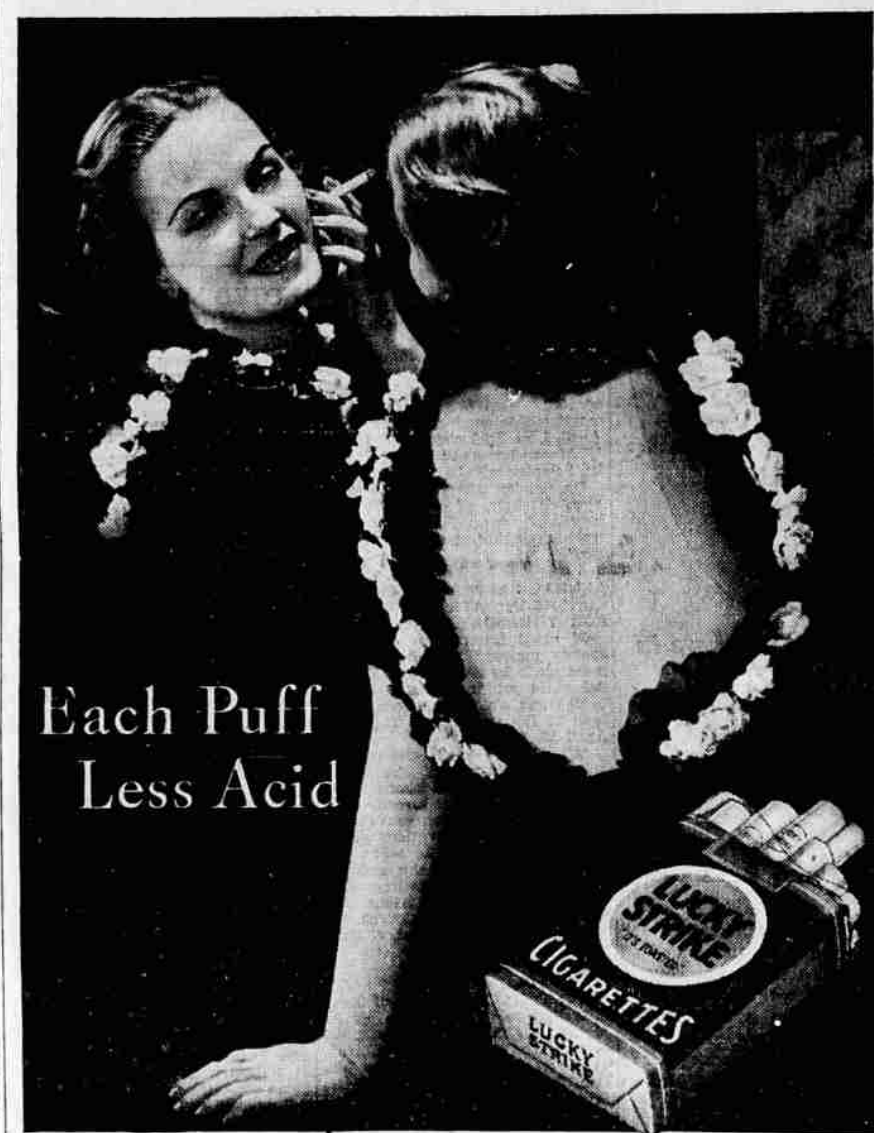
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Don't Miss
LELAWALA



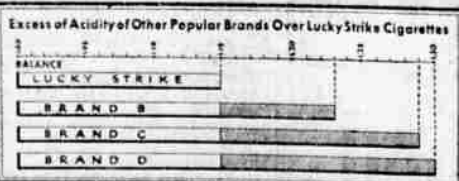
A LIGHT SMOKE OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO

Although the constituents of cigarette paper are, in themselves, unsurpassed in purity and wholesomeness, it may, if crudely fabricated, contribute a marked degree of irritation to cigarette smoke. Cigarette paper not only envelops the tobacco in forming a cigarette, but through its physical properties may exercise a favorable or detrimental influence upon the products of combustion.

Paper for Lucky Strike Cigarettes is made under our own supervision. Samples of each lot of cigarette paper manufactured are subjected to the most rigid analysis before it is used in making Lucky Strike Cigarettes.

Luckies are less acid

Recent chemical tests show that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%.



Luckies — "IT'S TOASTED"

Your throat protection — against irritation — against cough