

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Dr. Hunter Speaks Tonight.

THE News-Review desires to call attention to an event of importance. It is the address tonight in the Roseburg senior high school auditorium by Dr. Frederick M. Hunter, chancellor of the Oregon state system of higher education.

This event is of importance because higher education is a subject in which each one of us should be interested. All of us contribute to its support and most people can and should make greater use of the facilities provided. Furthermore, the Oregon system has undergone numerous changes during the last few years, not without an amount of strife and trouble. Dr. Frederick M. Hunter is doing an excellent job of welding the higher education system in Oregon into a unified and cooperating whole.

The chancellor is a busy man. He does not often have an opportunity to go out into the state and make speeches. We are fortunate that he can be with us tonight and everyone who possibly can should hear him.

Too many people regard colleges and higher education as things apart. They think of them as institutions for the wealthy and above the ordinary person. This is not true at all. In Oregon, at least, a college education is within the reach of most young persons. And if actual residence attendance at a college or university is impossible, the extension service is available with its excellent catalog of correspondence courses.

Those who hear Dr. Hunter speak this evening will find themselves better informed regarding higher education in Oregon and about its problems.

Job's Daughters, Welcome!

WE ARE indeed glad to welcome to Roseburg the 250 or more young girls of Oregon and the members of the state and national councils attending the state convention of the Order of Job's Daughters here this week. This is the first time in the history of this organization in Oregon that a grand convention has been held outside of Portland, and we wish to commend the Roseburg Bethel and its guardians for their extensive work in this behalf. During the last five years under the guardianship of Mrs. A. J. Young, who is being installed at this season as grand guardian of the state, the Roseburg Bethel has grown to be an important and active order among the Roseburg girls. The order was started here in 1925 and now has a total membership of about 80 girls.

The Order of Job's Daughters is an organization with Masonic affiliation and its teachings and ceremonies are based upon the Book of Job. It was founded in 1921 by Ethel Mead Muck, who, at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, has lived to see this order grow into a popular and living organization with a total membership of over 22,000 girls in 297 Bethels over the United States, including four in Canada. Membership is restricted to girls between the ages of 13 and 20 years with Masonic relation ship.

This order has played an important part in the activities of our girls here. It has given them a healthy, friendly relationship, and through its strict obligations, has imparted the high ideals of the organization to all belonging.

Be sure to see the fly-proof and odorless Sanitary Toilets at Hunsbarger's. The government pays for the toilets and installing them. You pay only for the material. The government does not display one on the streets Saturday—Adv.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
The Nifty Cumberbund

Gay colors now predominate men's morning, afternoon and evening wear. That means if a mung has red suspenders he wears them twenty-four hours a day.

American men have become style-conscious and reflect their personality in cravats, waistcoats and spats. A neat bit of the tentmaker's art will be an evening cape lined with rich, lustrous purple silk. Throw that rakishly over your shoulder and walk past the corner cigar store. If the boys whistle at you, just stroll along like Major Bowes, wading through an amateur hour.

If the boys yell, "Whoop, Daisy!" take neither the affirmative nor the negative. If you must take something, take a walk, the same as Al Smith.

Tuxedos would also be worn in bisque, green, beige, twilight plum, Capri blue and champagne amber with colored silk cumberbunds.

A cumberbund is a wide belt that takes the place of a vest. It is worn by Spanish male dancers while throwing syncopated fits on a night like this. They look very good on thin men but successful bankers should avoid investigations, affable strangers and cumberbunds.

Our first adventure with a cumberbund was about three years ago. Our tailor decided we would look good in a mess jacket.

A mess jacket is a vest that thinks it's a coat.

That's a sartorial delusion. And leaves a space between the mess jacket and the trousers. Which looks very well on Sally Rand. But not so good on a middle-aged beak who whose stomach has all the aplomb and verve of a small but refined keg.

The cumberbund was designed to fill in this space. It is usually made of black silk, reinforced with concrete and chicken wire.

The cumberbund looks very handsome on a Madrid torador, but not so good on a Manhattan matador. Circus performers wear a kind of cumberbund they call the grouch-bag. The grouchbag is worn under the clothing and is a stashed-away for the performer's money.

But the cumberbund itself is purely ornamental, like a colonial knocker on a screen door. That's why we advise the middle-aged muggles to hesitate permanently before wrapping himself up in one like a hot tamale in corn husk.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

OAKLAND.—The Oakland Townsend club will hold its regular meeting Wednesday evening, April 23, at the O. O. F. hall. Mrs. Nash will address the club at this meeting and the program committee is arranging for some special music and other interesting numbers. The club will sponsor a food sale and lunch at the noon hour on station day, May 15, in the Underwood Red and White store. All persons wishing to donate food please get in touch with Mrs. E. L. Suttle.

YONCALLA.—The regular meeting of the Yoncalla Townsend club was held Tuesday evening in the Odd Fellows hall. Charles Palmer was elected president to fill the vacancy left by Sam Garner, resigned. Mrs. Mathis and Mrs. Holloman were elected on the advisory board, and Mrs. Bertha Toner was elected chairman of the finance committee and Mrs. D. J. Rogers as chairman of the entertainment committee. An open forum was enjoyed, with almost every one present giving a short talk.

DELAND.—The Deland Townsend club will meet tonight for a business session and ice cream social. The meeting is to be held at the Deland schoolhouse, and Townsend members and friends will be addressed by P. M. Nash of the Olla school. All members of the club are invited to attend and visitors will be well met; it is an unspoken rule that all ladies are requested to bring cakes.

JAMBOREE DATED AT JUNIOR HIGH

The annual Junior high school Jamboree will be held Friday, May 1, at the Junior high school. Commencement exercises will be held in the class room and halls from 7:15 to 8:15 a. m. and the main program will begin at 8:15 o'clock in the auditorium.

The program will be made up of various skits and acts presented as a "Amateur Hour."

Proceeds from the Jamboree are used in the student body fund, eliminating the necessity for student body membership fees.

Marching Along Together.



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Summer found Irene installed in her beloved and fashionable Greenwich. Helen found a pink stucco villa at Long Beach that was an assault to the eye but it had three bathrooms, a terrace and was half a block from the ocean. The rest of the Rileys were at the farm in Round Brook. Sometimes Helen dreamed that she was there with them and she awoke bathed in a cold sweat. Then she remembered that she was far away from them in her pink candy villa; that daily on the beach with Miss Fredricka her two children were sunning themselves without interference. Only Walter still had them clamoring and beating against him. Poor Walter. Still, he was used to them.

One evening in July Helen stood at the train with Grace waiting for Walter. Helen, spying him, held Grace aloft that she could wave to him. Helen was in white. Around her fair hair she had tied a white net band. On her feet she wore white low-heeled oxfords. She looked like a very young girl holding aloft a baby sister. Then Helen saw Walter wasn't alone.

"Dirk!" she called. "Oh, Dirk! How grand!" She actually jumped up and down with joy.

He wore a tan linen suit and, like Walter, he was pale and tired. "I haven't seen you in ages and ages. Oh, Dirk!"

He swung her hand. "You're a sight to gladden the senses, Nellie. She looks lovely, Walt."

Walter kissed Helen and Grace. "She gets prettier every time I look at her."

"I'm so glad you came, Dirk!" "I had to work like a trooper to persuade him to come out. I discovered he's been staying at a card table on the terrace. It was cool now and the early stars hung low in the sky. They ate by the light of a bridge lamp leaped in the hall through the window. Every time Mamie came out she tripped on the cord. The first time Helen giggled and they smiled but the fourth or fifth time they were all choking with laughter. Mamie joining in good-naturedly. The chilled soup and the fresh shrimp salad on watercress were delicious. Helen had brought the recipe for the potato salad from Germany. They ate ravenously. The dessert was a frozen custard. Then iced coffee and chocolate cake.

After dinner they strolled out to the patch of lawn where, under a straggling acacia tree, were set out stunner chairs, and a glider hammock. Still laughing they flopped down on the chairs at their ease and smoked.

The sky was tropical in its blackness. They could hear the break of the waves on the beach. To the right there was a misty glow in the sky from the glittering hotels on the boardwalk. They smoked in silence for a while.

Helen had never seen either of the men so lively as they were to night. Dirk sang all his old college songs and gave them all the old Yale yells. Walter had an amazing ad lib repertoire and Helen knew a lot of tender old German ballads which Dirk, unexpectedly, knew too. They were having a beautiful time when Walter looked at his watch.

"For lord's sake, no!" "I'll marry you just the same!" "Cheers for Belle Schiller!" Dirk applauded and they all joined in lustily.

"August was hot. It seemed as if the weather was out to break all records. Every night Helen went to meet her two men in the car and now she joined them in their swim before dinner.

"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"I had the best time tonight I've had this summer. But I've simply got to get some sleep. A conference on the morrow."

Walter grinned. "Good old conferences."

"Thanks for a lovely evening," Dirk whispered as he kissed Helen's hand. "Good night, my dear, and pleasant dreams."

"Don't thank me, Dirk. It's I who have to thank you."

He leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good night, my dear."

"Good night."

As Helen was undressing she said to Walter: "I'm so glad we had such a good time tonight. Sometimes I think Dirk isn't a bit happy."

"Oh, I don't know, Helen. Irene is crazy about him in her way and I think he is about her. Between you and me, Helen, I think they've made a better go of it than I expected. Irene isn't the easiest person in the world to get along with, you know."

Helen smiled but said nothing. The next morning offered no respite from the heat.

"Don't go in, either of you," Helen begged. "Stay here. No business is so important that it must be carried on in a heat like this."

But they would not be persuaded. Helen drove them to the train. She watched them board it amid a jostle of commuters and she watched Dirk's tall lean figure until he was lost to view. She drove back to the house and sat down listlessly on the porch slider. A curious uneasiness crept over her. She felt old and weary. Quite without knowing why she leaned her head against the cool iron bars of the swing and wept softly. She didn't feel the life of her own why. She shook herself as she got up to start her day but she could not throw off a curious numbness that had taken possession of her.

When Dirk reached his office he found there a message from Irene that she was coming to New York that day and would meet him at eight o'clock that evening in her apartment.

"She mustn't come in today," he told his secretary. "It's much too hot. Get my house, please."

But Irene had already left. He called the apartment but there was no answer. There was nothing to do but obey her summons unless he could get in touch with her during the day. He tried to get Irene again before he ate a solitary dinner at his deserted club. At eight he took a taxi to their apartment. The heat hung in the air like a pall. It was a thick, moist heat that seemed to choke one. Gasoline fumes hung nauseatingly over the road. Cars sped by hoping in their speed to circulate air. Dirk sprawled on the fringed seat of the open taxi. The number was still hot from the baking sun. Dirk's thin hand out pasted itself to the sticky leather seat.

He thought of the ocean at Long Beach and he felt a furious resentment at Irene for summoning him here to meet her tonight. Park avenue was deserted except for a few stragglers leading dogs. Dirk fanned himself with his hat as the elevator shot up to the fourteenth floor. He let himself in with his latchkey. The apartment was cool but airless. The smell of camphor hung in the air. The living room was dark. As he reached for the light he was Irene sitting in a linen-covered chair.

"Hello, why are you sitting in the dark?"

He noticed then, when she did not return his greeting, that she was as ghastly white as the linen slipcover against which she leaned her head. Her face was covered with a fine sweat, her eyes were closed. The thick fringe of her lashes threw a deeper shadow against the hollows of her white cheeks.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS

of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

COMING down the road north of Coos Bay several days ago, I found it blocked by six or seven automobiles. An accident had just occurred — in fact, as I pulled to the side of the road, several people could be seen carrying an injured man across the highway to a waiting car.

Just at this minute a new yellow auto arrived on the scene, and for a minute it looked like the driver was going to just naturally push his way over the parked cars. Finally he got out—a bantam like man, with importance coming from every pore of his body, and gave a mad look about him. "For God's sake," he remarked to everyone in general, "do they have to block the road just because somebody got run over?" What a nice disposition this gent must have.

This was rather an odd accident. The victim lived nearby, and at the time was working in a swale beside the hill, over which the highway ran, cutting brush. He must have been fifteen feet from the road. A north-bound truck left him, seemingly all of its own accord. Looking up at the noise, he leaped for his life, but not fast enough; it caught him and crushed and lacerated him badly, turning a somersault itself and landing right side up on a little hummock.

Pedestrians must be scarce on the Coast highway, when drivers of automobiles have to go out in the bush to run over them.

Leon McClintock was with me on this trip. When we pulled away from the scene of the accident, the little man in the yellow car had gone places, in a cloud of dust. He had to catch the ferry; we had heard him tell someone. "That ferry better be there," Leon said, "or Coos Bay will catch hell."

He's silly. When we arrived at the slip, there was the little man, with his car nosed right up to the edge of the landing, having just missed the ferry by a hair.

A newspaper man from Eugene, who had preceded us from the scene of the accident, and who likewise was drawn up at the slip, came back to us. "I'll prove I'm a reporter," he told us. "I've just been talking to the little fellow in the yellow car. He's a federal dick. I found out that much. He wears the shiniest star I most ever saw."

Poor Yellow Car played in hard luck all around. When the ferry arrived, a disembaranking Ford of 1907 vintage ran a wheel clear over a buffer rail, and got hung up right in Yellow Car's lanes. The latter was forced later, by a ferry attendant, to take the position right in the middle of the front of the ferry—and if you have had any experience with ferries, you'll know that a car placed there seldom is the first one off.

About the time the Ford was extricated from its precarious position astride the buffer beam, a big old sedan pulled up beside us, right back of Yellow Car, and as the driver cut his motor off it backfired, making a noise like a pistol shot. Happening to be looking at him through the window in the back of his coupe, I saw Yellow Car jump a foot in the air, like he'd been bitten, and Leon, who could see better, swore he saw him pull a couple of guns. He must have been a dick, after all.

When the ferry arrived in North Bend, the dick went was the ninth car to get off. Don't you suppose he was mad? I'll bet he could have bitten himself right through the sole of his shoe.

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Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY AND MONDAY

RHUBARB

Local Large Stalks—Can Now

4 lbs. 7c

Pineapple Tid Bits

Libby's, so good for salads, desserts. BUFFET 7c

LINDY CORN No. 303 Can

A fine cream style corn, so many uses. CAN 11c

LINDY PEAS No. 303 Can

You will like these sweet peas. CAN 10c

Tomato Hot Sauce

Makes a delicious meat loaf flavoring. 3 CANS 10c

PIMENTOS

Salad time—use Dromedary pimentos. CAN 10c

Tomato Plants

STRONG HARDY PLANTS 7 VARIETIES

PILLSBURY'S HARVEST TIME

Pancake Flour

Prepared, 9 8 10-Lb. Bag 45c

Cane and Maple SYRUP

SNOWSHOE, QUART CAN 28c

Blue Rose Rice

The finest fancy Big Head Rice. 2 POUNDS 15c

MACARONI

A fresh shipment of Porter's Curve Cut. 2 POUNDS 13c

Grapefruit

6 for 13c

Lettuce

Head 4c

Oranges

Full of Juice, Dozen 15c

Radishes

3 Bunches 10c

Flour GOLDEN BELLS

Sk. \$1.45

AMMONIA, Parson's, Bottle 14c

MANNING'S COFFEE, 1 Lb. 25c; 2 Lbs. 49c

PEABERRY COFFEE, Pound 20c

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, Dromedary No. 2 Can, 2 for 25c

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