

# Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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IN one important way it is really  
a blessing that passenger trains  
do not pass through our beautiful  
little city in daylight hours. This  
editor is just back in his office af-  
ter a train trip across the country  
and a motor trip back home again.  
The impression one gets of the  
land we live in through the win-  
dows of a Pullman car are vastly  
different and vastly less pleasing  
than the impression from the win-  
dows of an automobile. From the  
train the towns and cities look,  
generally speaking, poor and dirty  
—but that is for the reason that  
railroad tracks generally pass  
backyards and through industrial  
sections—seldom through the beau-  
tiful residential sections which al-  
most all towns, even the smallest,  
have in goodly measure.

So we can be glad that those  
strangers who DO pass this way  
get a pretty fair look at our city.  
By comparison with dozens of oth-  
ers we saw as we came home  
across the country, Roseburg is in-  
deed a beautiful little city as seen  
from the highway through it.

Train travel has its peculiarities,  
too. We never quite did figure this  
one out—but we know where to sit  
after the first time. Your editor  
went early to the diner for break-  
fast and happened to take a seat  
on the right hand side of the car  
toward the rear. The breakfast  
cost 60 cents (not counting the tip).  
The editor's wife went to  
breakfast a bit later, sat at a table  
on the left hand side of the car at  
the forward end. The same identi-  
cal breakfast served from the same  
kitchen by the same crew of wait-  
ers cost only 25 cents! The only  
notable difference was that the  
menus were printed on slightly dif-  
ferent paper.

Not long ago eating on a dining  
car was just about the most expen-  
sive gastronomic enjoyment known  
to the human race. But now, on  
the cross country trains, at least,  
meal prices on the diners are amaz-  
ingly low—(or possibly we guessed  
the correct place to sit). On one  
diner (left hand side—rear) prices  
were as follows: Breakfast, 25c;  
luncheon, 50c; dinner, 55c—and  
the meals were excellent in every  
way.

Evidently the FCC does not regu-  
late the rates charged in dining  
cars so that the railroads are able  
to offer competition to one another  
by price cutting in the diners. It  
is a fine thing—especially for the  
hungry rail traveler.

## Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Little, limit, as in California.  
Coming into Texas from Louisiana,  
you first see the naughty word  
then watch to see what the natives  
do.

After a dozen or so Texas cars  
have passed you at 70, you chart  
your course by the ancient maxim:  
"When in Rome, do as the Romans  
do."

IN Louisiana, at every rail cross-  
ing, there is a sign: "Louisiana  
Law: Stop." The only apparent  
result of the law is that the rail  
roads don't put wig-wags or blink-  
ers at the crossings.

HERE in Southern New Mexico,  
with Old Mexico a couple of  
hundred yards or so off to the left,  
building a house is a simple mat-  
ter.

You get a line, a spade and a  
bucket and start mixing mud,  
which you pour into wooden  
frames to dry into adobe bricks.  
With these bricks you build your  
house, which lasts until the adobe  
crumbles down.

The crumbling process will be

somewhat delayed if you trowel  
on a coating of more mud at in-  
tervals. Anyway, as long as your  
house lasts it will be cool in sum-  
mer, which is important, and warm  
in winter, which doesn't matter  
much, as winter down here is  
something you read about in the  
papers as happening somewhere  
else.

On this day in early March, it is  
not enough to fry pancakes on a  
brick laid out in the sun.

AT this point, a cut-back—as  
they say in the movies.

Longfellow's Evangeline was a  
real person. Her name was Emme-  
line Labiche, and her body lies in  
the yard of a little 200-year-old  
church in St. Martinville, Louisi-  
ana.

There is a bronze statue of  
her, and she was lovely—her face  
quiet and peaceful, but an appeal-  
ing charm.

ST. MARTINVILLE is in the  
heart of what is known as the  
Evangeline country of Western  
Louisiana, where the Acadians set-  
tled after being driven from their  
homes in Eastern Canada in one  
of England's comparatively few fits  
of intolerance.

It is a beautiful country—bayous  
fringed with live oaks and the live  
oaks hung with long, drooping  
sashes of Spanish moss.

The Acadians played quite a  
part in the varied racial history  
of Louisiana. Their descendants  
are numerous and in certain  
areas (as in the swamp country  
below New Orleans) are known  
as "Cajuns." (Cajun is a corrup-  
tion of Acadian.)

## KRRR

Mutual Broadcasting System  
1500 Kilocycles

### REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.  
4:45—Tea Time Janice.  
5:00—Layla Rhapsody, MBS.  
5:20—The Sun Calling.  
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Oval-  
tine, MBS.  
6:00—Tonight's Tune.  
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-  
ties Co.  
6:10—News - Review, News  
Flashes.  
6:15—Dinner Dance.  
6:20—John H. Hughes, Avalon  
Cigarettes, MBS.  
6:45—Paging the Post, MBS.  
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing,  
MBS.  
7:15—Mutual Maestros.  
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.  
8:00—Dance Orch.  
8:15—Howard McCrea's Orch.,  
MBS.  
8:30—Celebration of Henrik Ibsen's  
Birth, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.  
9:15—Everett Thompson's Orch.,  
MBS.  
9:30—Phil Harris' Orch., MBS.  
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
10:00—Sign Off.

### THURSDAY, MARCH 21

7:00—Staff and Nonstaff.  
7:30—News-Review of the Air.  
7:40—News, Gilmore Corner.  
7:45—Happosky in Wax.  
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.  
8:20—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.  
8:45—Huckeye Four, MBS.  
9:00—Dance Interlude.  
9:15—U. S. Army Band, M. H. S.  
9:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor and  
Kemble, MBS.  
9:45—Carters of Elm Street, Oval-  
tine, MBS.  
10:00—Adventures of Uncle Jim-  
my, Copco.  
10:15—Happy Gang, MBS.  
10:20—Francis Craig's Orchestra,  
MBS.  
10:45—Bachelor's Children, MBS.  
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors,  
Alka Seltzer, MBS.  
11:15—John Butler, organist, MBS.  
11:20—The Hitmakers, MBS.  
11:45—The Symphony Hour.  
12:00—Luncheon Dance.  
12:15—Hill School Girls Clubs, MBS.  
12:20—Rhythm at Random.  
12:45—News, Safeway Stores.  
12:50—News-Review of the Air.  
1:00—Henninger's Man on the  
Street.  
1:15—Ladies and Men, MBS.  
1:30—The Quiet Hour.  
2:00—Holy Thursday Broadcast,  
MBS.  
2:30—Johnson Family, MBS.  
2:45—American Legion News Bar-  
ack, MBS.  
3:00—At Your Command.  
3:15—Herbie Kay's Orchestra,  
MBS.  
3:30—Vagabond's Trails, MBS.  
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.  
4:45—American Family Robinson.  
5:00—Story of American Diplo-  
macy, MBS.  
5:20—Compos Sketches.  
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Oval-  
tine, MBS.  
6:00—Tonight's Tune.  
6:05—News, California Pacific  
Utilities Co.  
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.  
6:15—Dinner Dance.  
6:20—John H. Hughes, MBS.  
6:45—Paging the Post, MBS.  
7:00—Jerry Livingston's Orchest-  
ra, MBS.  
7:15—Mutual Maestros.  
7:30—The Shadows, MBS.  
8:00—Philadelphia Symphony,  
MBS.  
8:30—Hay's Pearl Orchestra, MBS.  
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cig-  
arettes, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.  
9:15—The Sheep and Goat's  
Club, MBS.  
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
10:00—Sign Off.

## ONCE SCURVY PREVENTATIVE

Originally, lemon sherbet was  
made as a preventative of scurvy.  
In an effort to make this antiscor-  
butic more attractive to patients a  
pharmacist of Florence, Italy,  
froze lemonade in 1669.

## OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J.R. WILLIAMS 3-20

## U. S. Buys Reindeer To Feed Eskimos

Nome, Alaska, March 20.—(AP)—Under plan to complete soon the program to put two reindeer—or more—in every town.

The goal is near realization in the federal project to make Eskimo wards self-supporting by giving them reindeer which have become the property of white owners. Congress appropriated \$750,000 for the purchase last summer.

Charles G. Burdick, former assistant CCC director in Alaska, but now heading the reindeer acquisition program, is on his final trip this week to close deals with white owners of reindeer.

The average price paid for the animals thus far is \$2 a head. When the purchase is completed, attention will be given to construction of cold storage facilities, abattoirs, range cabins and corrals. The program is expected to be completed early in June.

Of the half million or more reindeer in Alaska, 180,000 are owned by 46 whites and the remainder by 4,700 natives.

Reindeer bought by the govern-  
ment will be turned over to natives who do not have any now. They will be expected to increase their herds through breeding.

Delegate Anthony J. Dimond of Alaska has predicted the program will "keep the Alaska natives off the dole." Natives became destitute, he said, as they lost their principal food supply.

## County Health

A. N. JOHNSON, M. D.

Director Douglas County Health Department

During 1939 nine infants under one year and more than one month old died. While this is a marked reduction as compared with the preceding years, it is still evident that many of these deaths might have been prevented.

"The baby's life should run like clockwork. He should eat by the clock. He should not be handled or 'taken up' except at the regular times when he needs care. He should not be approached or fed just because he cries. If possible, he should be fed mother's milk. If this cannot be done, the family physician will direct how to prepare his milk and other food. He should be kept clean, quiet and comfortable. At regular intervals the baby should be taken to a doctor, who will give advice regarding his care. The doctor's advice should be followed; he knows more than the next door neighbor. Each baby is different and only a doctor can tell just what to do. Proper clothing, fresh air, sunlight, sleep, proper feeding, and cleanliness will give the baby a much better chance to grow to maturity.

The baby needs a little quiet play every day. Do not tickle him to make him laugh or bounce him up and down to excite him. Babies are often worn out and made nervous and irritable by this kind of play. Let your baby roll about and kick and stretch by himself. Do not give the baby painted toys, baby or wooly toys, objects small enough to be swallowed or toys which can be pulled to pieces easily. Instead, give him toys that have no sharp points or square corners, and that may also be washed. Rubber toys, a clothes pin, or some good size spoons may give him more pleasure and be safer than expensive toys.

The first signs that something is wrong with a baby are usually slight flinching of the face, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. A sick baby is cross and restless. A sick baby fusses about. The hands and feet of a well baby are warm and the skin is a healthy pink color. At the first signs of sickness the doctor should be consulted. Never should a drug or a patent medicine be given a baby without a doctor's advice. Under no conditions should the baby be given a "soothing syrup." Consult your doctor instead. Persons who are not well should never be allowed to go near the baby. They may have some disease that can be given to the baby, and never take the baby into a crowd. Always consult your doctor re-

## Sidelights On U. S. Capital

By the Associated Press

W. L. Austin, census director, promised census-takers today that they could take Sundays off.

He made this promise in a letter to the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which had heard that enumerators would be required to work on the Sabbath.

Senator Russell (D., Ga.), said that the democrats could elect any one of five presidential candidates—President Roosevelt, Vice President Garner, Secretary Hull, Postmaster General Farley or Senator Wheeler (D., Mont.).

"The situation looks very good," Russell told reporters. "The people are not going to want to tear up the policies of this administration."

He had no direct comment on the third term question.

Most American farmers apparently prefer to go along with the crop-control program, federal officials said, rather than gamble on expanding production for a possible enlarged European market.

An agriculture department report on farmers' planting intentions indicated today that the 1940 corn acreage would be the smallest in more than 40 years, that tobacco plantings would be 21 per cent smaller than a year ago, and that the wheat acreage would be no larger than a year ago despite a sharp advance in prices.

Five of the six women house members are in agreement on one subject—they want to be re-elected.

The five are Mrs. Frances Bol-

ton (R., Ohio), Mrs. Mary T. Norton (D., N. J.), Mrs. Caroline O'Day (D., N. Y.), Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers (R., Mass.), and Miss Jessie Sumner (R., Ill.).

The sixth, Mrs. Clara Gooding McMillan (D., S. C.), is still thinking it over. She has until June to reach a decision. She is a congressional widow, elected last November to finish the term of her late husband, Rep. Thomas S. McMillan.

WPA workers are credited by Commissioner F. C. Harrington with having built, reconstructed or improved 457,000 miles of roads and streets in four and a half years.

"For every 10 miles you drive," he said, "an average of one and a half miles of road has been built or improved by the WPA. The total... would be approximately equal in length to 147 transcontinental highways from New York to Los Angeles or Seattle."

Harrington's statements were made in the first of a series of reports on WPA accomplishments.

He said that 197 new airports had been built, 337 reconstructed or improved, and additions built to 35.

Homer Cummings, former attorney general, has established a clinic in George Washington university medical school as a memorial to his late wife.

The clinic, only one of its kind in the country, will investigate high blood pressure, and concomitant ailments.

## CLUB MEETING SCHEDULED

VONCALLA, March 18.—The members of the Drain Township club will be guests of the Seaside Valley club at their next meeting to be held in their hall March 26th.

Herbert Roadman of Roseburg will be the speaker of the evening. A social hour will follow the regular meeting.

## 19TH CENTURY DIVA

### HORIZONTAL

1. 9 Famous Swedish singer.  
5. Genus of ducks.  
12. Right.  
13. To roof up.  
15. Measure of area.  
16. Garden tool.  
18. Faculty of vision.  
19. Circle part.  
21. Embryo.  
23. Definite article.  
24. She was a noted star.  
26. Either.  
27. To bark.  
29. Twice.  
31. Church bench.  
33. Punishable with death.  
36. Grief.  
37. Fence bar.  
39. Giver.  
40. Sour in aspect.

### Answer to Previous Puzzle

WILLIAM BORAH  
HERO DRAKE  
ETUI  
OPPOSITE  
ERN  
NEEROS  
DEAN  
AD  
CASLO  
TULIP  
SEAL  
RAKED  
WILLIAM  
TULIP  
ARTIC  
BATTLE  
BORAH  
HIS  
HAD  
OF  
CRESS  
CAN  
ROAN  
ALATIE  
TALC  
ATTORNEY  
MARBLE

### VERTICAL

1. Junior.  
2. Celestial.  
3. Indigent.  
4. Year.  
5. Entrance.  
6. She was called the Swedish value.  
7. Pain.  
8. Rested on a chair.  
9. Vaults.

### 10 Pearly.

11. Doctor.  
14. While.  
17. Whirlwind.  
20. Musical note.  
21. She had a type of voice.

22. Boglike part.  
24. Lubricant.  
25. Warning signal.  
28. Small tablet.  
29. Tribunal.  
32. Mental faculty.

34. Blue grass.  
35. Padlock.  
36. To digit.  
38. Narrow wood strip.  
40. To suffice.  
42. African antelope.  
44. Race horses.  
46. Rubbish.  
47. Row.  
49. To sanction.  
51. Singing voice.

52. Day.  
54. Away.  
56. Postscript.

### IT'S SMART TO ORDER

Emil SICK'S SELECT BEER

Alcoholic Content Not Exceeding 4% by Weight

SEATTLE BREWING & MALTING CO.

Since 1878 ★ Emil Sick, President

## SERIAL STORY

# THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARIE LA PORTE—model in exclusive dress shoppe, lives on a barge.

DAN DONOVAN—playboy son of a rich Irishman, in love with Marie.

TOMMY RYAN—leader of the truckers fighting Marie's father.

LYNDA MARTIN—society debutante, wants to marry Dan.

BAPTISTE LA PORTE—Marie's father, owner of a fleet of barges.

YESTERDAY: Dan determines to go through with his engagement to Lynda for his mother's sake. He buys Lynda orchids. But a little rosegay of roses reminds him of Marie. He bumps into a girl in the storm. It is Marie.

### CHAPTER XXIII

Mrs. William Martin had asked Katie Donovan to meet her at the Colony at 1.

"There are so many things I want to talk over with you, my dear," she told Katie. "We won't have a chance tonight. I'm terribly glad you're back."

Mrs. Donovan was flattered by the intimate note in the phone call. She felt as if she had already been admitted to Lynda's family circle. She knew from past sniffs that it wasn't easy to crash.

With great care she dressed for luncheon. Susette had helped her into three different costumes before she settled on her black crepe and black Persian lamb coat. Instinctively, she knew they toned her down. Instead of her diamond bracelets she wore pearls. If Mike had seen her he would probably have asked where the funeral was, especially when she fitted on that queer peaked black hat with the long veil. But then, she knew it was smart, hadn't she paid \$50 for it at Varnet's?

She couldn't make a mistake with Varnet's taste. He dressed everybody in society. A Varnet custom-made was like a court uniform. It got you by in the right places.

A chattering lot of fashionably dressed women were already jamming the lounge when Mrs. Donovan walked in a few minutes before 1. Mrs. Martin had not yet arrived.

But Katie didn't mind waiting. She liked to watch the people many of whom she recognized from their pictures in the papers. Mrs. Biddle Matson was beginning to show the wear and tear of five husbands, she thought, surprised to find the flamboyant woman sitting beside her. Across from them was Mrs. Matson's first husband. He waved good-naturedly to his former wife. Jean, the owner of the Colony, nodded affably at Mrs. Donovan.

"We've missed you," she said. "Yes, I've been south." Katie answered, pleased to be noticed by Jean and yet careful of over-familiarity. "I came back on the boat," she added.

In her heart, Katie knew that Jean knew the social standing of the Donovans was not so secure as their finances. But today she thought she would be more impressed. To be seen publicly with Mrs. William Martin sent one's social stock soaring.

A stir at the door, heralded Mrs. Martin's arrival. Wherever she appeared, there was always a commotion. Her dress, her manner and her voice, commanded attention.

"My dear Mrs. Donovan," she cried, bearing down under full sail on Katie.

She was dressed today in heavy black satin with a great deal of jet gleaming at the throat and her mink coat and mink hat made her look like a Russian general. Those waiting in the lounge looked pleasantly self-conscious as she passed, glad to be at the Colony on the day she was lunching there.

"We have your same table, Mrs. Martin," Jean nodded, then signaled to a waiter. Madame is sitting in the front, the one marked reserved.

He directed the small cascade of waiters, busboys and attendants to draw the chairs back, fill the glasses with ice and put a special bouquet of spring flowers on the table.

"Well, order and then talk," Mrs. Martin said, accepting the homage. She sat opposite Katie, nodding to this and that person, holding up her long-forgotten better to identify those about her.

"There's Mrs. Morgan," she murmured, bowing to an extraordinarily thin old lady whose wrinkled parchment face was held in place by a black velvet band.

"I'm expecting you at my party tonight," she called.

Mrs. Morgan nodded, the plumes swaying on her Queen Mary turban. "I'm looking forward to it with great pleasure. I hear your beautiful niece is the inspiration."

By this time Mrs. Martin had spoken to the different people around her. It developed that practically everybody in the restaurant would be at the party. The Robbards, the Jameces, the Kissans and the Leonard Fishers were all coming.

Mrs. Martin fixed her long-sight on Mrs. Donovan.

"I hope you like smoked salmon and fillet of sole," she said. "I always order them in England. This is the only place in New York where they're half decent."

Katie murmured that she liked them very much. She was going to be a lady if it killed her.

"And now," said Mrs. Martin, sweeping aside the knives and forks which the waiters had so carefully laid in front of them. "We can get down to business."

"She was not one to sidestep the home," James Martin and Will, his husband, noted your husband's help and cooperation in a business way—she eyed Katie benevolently, paused a moment,

then spoke slowly and deliberately. "The shortcut to this union would be a marriage between your son and James' daughter. What could be more all-powerful than the merging of these two families?"

Katie nodded. Discussion of business of any sort was beyond her depth, but she had sense enough to keep quiet. Mrs. Martin mistook her silence for skepticism.

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be the first lady in society," she said, gently patting Katie's hand.

Before Mrs. Donovan had a chance to reply, Mrs. Tom Sherwood interrupted. "You must have raced us back," she exclaimed. "I pictured you still cruising north on the Katherine and here you are looking as if you'd already readjusted yourself to this frightful rush."

Katie smiled and explained she'd only arrived yesterday. It gave her great satisfaction to introduce Mrs. Sherwood to Mrs. Martin, for she still recalled that the former had been a bit patronizing on the boat that day she and her husband came aboard with the Murphys for luncheon.

Mrs. Sherwood had hardly left when Lynda came up to the table. "Oh, Auntie," she cried to Mrs. Martin. "Think of finding you and Mrs. Donovan here. May I join you?"

"Of course, my darling." But there was a tinge of regret in Mrs. Martin's tone. She had not yet finished her conversation with Katie.

A waiter hurried forward with a chair for Lynda. Another took her mink coat. From the service she got, the other guests, whether they recognized her or not, knew she was somebody.

"You and I don't need any introduction, do we, Mrs. Donovan?" Lynda smiled sweetly. "You're a very important person in my life."

A jostling behind her caused her to turn, frowning.

"This place is entirely too crowded," she began. But a petulant grimace followed the frozen as she saw who was doing the pushing.

"Why, Dan Donovan—" she said.

The welcoming note in her voice gave way to disapproval. Dan was followed by a girl. That forward girl, Lynda thought, who modeled her gown at Varnet's.

Dan sprang up, he stared questioningly at his mother.

"See you later?" he asked. Mrs. Donovan did not answer. (To be continued)

</