

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1927.

ANOTHER BUBBLE SMASHED.

Somehow this life is full of disappointments, and our oldest and fondest illusions all get smashed up sooner or later. This gloomy remark is caused by a little story from Tulsa, Okla., where chorus girls went on strike because their wages of \$15 weekly were not enough to live on.

Thus perishes another illusion. We had always supposed that mere matters like food and drink were not among the major worries of a hard-working chorine. Never having enjoyed any first-hand information on the matter, we had imagined that the life of the chorus girl was just one round of fun; in the evening, dancing about behind the footlights—and later on, mebbe, gay parties and all that.

But it seems that the chorus girl, like all the rest of us, often has a hard time keeping the wolf from the stage door. "The life of a chorus girl is a hard one," one of the Tulsa fair ones is quoted as saying. "You see, we have to have decent street wardrobes so that when the audience sees us on the street the character of our show won't suffer. Clothes cost money, and when you finish paying your board and room at the end of the week and replenish your stock of cosmetics, there is little left for the glad rags."

And another adds: "These stories about the loose life of the chorus are all the bunk. Since I have been in the chorus I have heard a lot about the 'fast life,' but the only place I find any speed is in the girls trying to make their weekly pay checks cover the ground they must cover."

Well, so be it. Somehow, we're sorry to hear it. No more, when we sit in the audience at a musical show, can we pretend that the gayly clad (or otherwise) damsels across the footlights are care-free butterflies. We shall be oppressed by the thought that some of them, doubtless, need shoes, and that others have not had a square meal all week. It's really too bad.

MIGHTY PROPAGANDA.

The pen, as the old saying has it, is mightier than the sword. And so is the typewriter. The Chinese Nationalist forces know this, and consequently are sweeping everything before them. Why did Shanghai fall? By force of arms? Not at all. Propaganda did the trick. The fighting for possession of Shanghai has been mild compared with the battles of the World War. Shanghai fell because the propaganda of the Nationalists had undermined it from within.

In China today the pen is winning more victories than the sword. Considering the magnitude of the operations, the bloodshed is surprisingly light. China has learned the value of propaganda.

HORNSBY'S STOCK IN CARDINALS IS BARRIER IN N. Y.

NEW YORK, April 1.—The Rogers Hornsby stock issue appeared headed for the courts today. After bringing his last holdout, Eddie Roush, under a three-year contract, Manager John McGraw of the Giants came out in defiance to the orders of John A. Heydler, president of the national league, with an announcement that he intended to play Hornsby, regardless of whether Rogers sells his stock in the St. Louis Cardinals.

GARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors for their kind and beautiful floral offerings during the sickness and death of our beloved wife and mother. J. P. Custer, Rennie M. Jenkins, Ross Jenkins, Clara E. Lutz, Harry E. Lutz.

SNOW AT KLAMATH FALLS

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., April 1.—Klamath was subjected to a real April Fool's joke today when it awoke to find four inches of snow on the ground, and every indication of continued stormy weather. Reports from outlying districts tell of snow of depths ranging from two to ten inches.

MUSHY CALLAHAN AND SPUG MEYERS MATCHED

LOS ANGELES, April 1.—Mushy Callahan will defend his junior welterweight championship against "Spug" Meyers, of Idaho, May 21, at Chicago, his manager, Eddie Serris, announced today. Meyers defeated Callahan in a non-titular fight in Chicago last month.

JESS HAYES RESIGNS

SALEM, Ore., April 1.—The resignation of Jess Hayes from the State Fish Commission was received at the office of Governor I. L. Patterson here this morning. Resignation was already on hand from W. T. Eakin and John

PRUNE DICKIN'S By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS! The bill collectors Now realize that April Fool's Day isn't so much Of a joke.

Why Didn't Someone Think of the Ensemble Before? The world has long given too much thought to women's apparel and too little to men's (applause).

THE "COLUMBINE" ENSEMBLE: Suit \$35.00, Shirt 2.50, Cravat 1.00, Belt 1.00, Hose .75, Kerchief .35, Hat 6.00. Complete Ensemble \$46.60.

Harth's TOGGERY

Your Boy and Your Girl BY ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D. The Parent Counsellor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parental problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Only questions of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address: Arthur Dean, in care of The News-Review.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow. "But, Mother, you don't understand me—you never did and never will." The other girls are doing it. Why shouldn't I? I've got ideas of my own and why shouldn't I follow them?

Understanding and misunderstanding mothers will each have non-understanding daughters. There is no discrimination. The only difference being that the mother who knows what it is all about does not have the girl's ears and send her to bed with the final flourish. "I'll have none of your noisy remarks. As long as you are under this roof you'll do as I say."

But worst of all is the guy with the idea that it's a wov of a joke to set the alarm clock for 3 a. m.

Pick'n up a fat wallet on April 1 is one of the best ways to be selected as the World's Greatest Sap.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "Well let's all git on our ovels and go over to the Days of '49 and the barn dance at the armory tonight."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Mary E. Kidder, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present them to me duly verified as required by law, at Roseburg, Oregon, within six months from date.

Home for Convalescents: Semi-invalids given best of care. Expectant mothers given every consideration. Cheerful surroundings. Reasonable rates. MRS. GEO. LAMB Phone 70-J

NEWS-REVIEW TO START NEW SERIAL MONDAY

"Daughter of Midas" by Anne Austin to Be New Fiction Offering.

HAS A UNIQUE PLOT Unusual Situation Created by Author as Background for Tale of Human Emotions.

What would you do if a millionaire offered you a home in an exclusive residence for a year with all the money you wanted to spend for carrying out your aims and purposes in life? Would you take the opportunity to good advantage would it prove to be the foundation of a career or would you waste it and would it spoil you? This is the basis for "Daughters of Midas," the new serial to start Monday in the Roseburg News-Review.

"Daughters of Midas," by Anne Austin, is expected to be one of the most popular serials ever featured by newspapers. It is just being released by the NEA service, which is noted for the excellence of its fiction. It is the story of three beautiful department store girls, a boy who renounced a fortune to make his own way, a strange contest, and the curse that was laid on four lives by a millionaire's gold.

In the heart of Dilly Wells stirred a great ambition—to be a concert violinist. In her dreams

she often saw herself playing to acclaiming crowds in wonderful music halls—playing beautiful things as only a great artist can play them.

But Billy was a department store clerk and the only support of her mother, so she sometimes thought her chances of realizing her ambition were slim.

"If I were rich," she used to say to herself, "I could do it. If only I had the money to pay for a great teacher and a good violin, nothing could stop me."

Then Billy Wells got her chance. A sudden stroke of luck that gave her a year in a generous millionaire's home, a year with everything that money could buy—beautiful clothes, a great teacher, a costly violin. She resolved to spend her days in study and practice.

Then she met Dal Romaine—and ambition fled. All her thoughts were occupied by him. Her mother was forgotten and her pretensions were forgotten and her pretensions were forgotten and her pretensions were forgotten.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER: Budgets for Pupils: How much allowance should I give my high school boy? Answer—Mighty little. Better start a boy early in life to earn money in order that they may learn how hard the stuff is to get.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pitts returned this morning to their home in Grants Pass after spending a day in this city looking after business interests.

High grade lawnmowers at Powell's Furniture Store.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST: Painless Extraction Gak When Desired Pyorrhea Treated Phone 658 Masonic Bldg.

THE TINYMITES STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK

The mouse that scampered down the clock, was likely now more than a block away for when the Tinies yelled it ran right out of sight. The Tinies then all stopped right short. Said Cloway "I don't like this sport. Although that thing was just a mouse it filled me up with fright."

Old Mother Hubbard laughed away and said, "It won't be back today. I think the way you Tinies screamed will make it quite afraid. And now that it is safely gone, why don't you play out on the lawn?" The Tinies thought that would be nice, so that's right where they played.

The grass was soft and very green. The Tinymites enjoyed the scene. They played a game of hop and skip and jump for about an hour. Then Mother Hubbard loudly cried, "You'd better hurry here, inside. It's getting dark right over head. I think it's going to shower."

The Tinies figured she was right, and so they scrambled out of sight. From window panes they watched the rain which started in to fall. It wasn't very long until the grass and trees had their fill. Then Cloway placed outside and said, "It's stopped. I guess that's all."

Then they decided they should leave, and Copsy said, "Say, I believe I saw a funny looking sheep down by that winding brook." The others cried, "We saw it too. The very thing that we thought do is ramble down the grassy hill and take a real good look."

The sheep they found was black as coal; and Copsy said, "Well, bless my soul, it's surely Ho-Bo-Black Sheep that we have read about."

she often saw herself playing to acclaiming crowds in wonderful music halls—playing beautiful things as only a great artist can play them.

Under the spell of his glowing eyes she could not study, she could not work, she was his adoring slave.

In her grasp was the opportunity of a lifetime to realize her long-cherished ambition but she wasted it. And then Billy learned at last that money could be a curse as well as a blessing, that riches would kill great aspirations as well as further them. When she found this out and then learned what was in the scheming heart of the handsome Dal Romaine, she fled from it all. She ran away where no one could find her, where, all alone she could fight her own battle and reclaim her great ambition and face the world once more with smiling lips and a proud heart.

This forms the plot of one of the most gripping stories ever written by Anne Austin, one of the most brilliant newspaper serial writers and magazine contributors of the country.

The mystery story "All at Sea," now running in the News-Review, comes to an end with tomorrow's issue, and arrangements have been made to follow it immediately with



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

his wool is black. What funny bit. Of that there is no doubt. (The Tinymites see Goosy, Goosey Gander in the next story.)

MEMBERS RADIO CLUB: Very important business tonight. Your presence needed. Bring a fan along.

ATTENTION, L. F. T.: Dance at K. of P. Hall Tuesday, April 12.

Annual meeting of the Roseburg Country Club April 4th at Umpqua Hotel, 7:30 p. m. Matters of vital importance to be discussed. Some changes in by-laws to be proposed. Every member urged to be present. All dues and installments on memberships must be paid by that date. Remit to the secretary.

C. A. LOCKWOOD, Pres.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT: U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 a. m. Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes. 46 Precip. in inches and hundredths Highest temperature yesterday 82 Lowest temperature last night 36 Precipitation last 24 hours .01 Total precip. since 1st month 2.48 Normal precip. for this month 2.81 Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date 34.49 Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1927, to date 27.75 Total excess from Sept. 1, 1926, to date 6.74 Average precipitation for 49 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive) 31.12 Forecast for southwest Oregon: Probably rain tonight and Saturday.

NOTICE: The final declamation contest for Douglas county schools will be held in one place, the Junior high school auditorium, Saturday night, April 2nd at 7:30. Admission 10c and 25c. Nearly all sections of Douglas county will be represented.

Mrs. Edith Ackert, Supt. Schools, ARTHUR W. PUGH, Meteorologist

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



MOMENTS WE'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER. HAPPY DAY.