

Roseburg News-Review

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Daylight Saving

THE state of California will, in November, vote on the proposition of whether or not the entire state shall adopt the daylight saving idea for the summer months. Many cities in the east are already operating under this plan. The term "daylight saving" means that at an appointed time each spring, all clocks in the state will be set ahead one hour. The result will be that an additional hour of morning daylight will be used giving a longer period of daylight in the evening.

What the daylight saving law means actually is that California is planning to do, by means of a law, what the clock makers are unable to do. The clocks, you see, go right straight through the year without changing while the sun, upon whose movement time is regulated, changes in its hour of appearance and departing, with the seasons. In other words, the thing they call daylight saving is merely a legal means of compensating and adjusting our clocks so that they will be RIGHT. The reason that clocks are changed as we cross the country is to make the mechanical time pieces agree with the natural timepiece—the sun. The three hours difference in time between Eastern standard time and Pacific coast time is actually daylight saving, only we do not call it that.

California is a progressive state. It will probably pass the measure, although certain business interests there oppose it. Those interests are such as profit by early evening darkness. Sponsoring the fight in favor of the passage of the measure are business interests whose profits are greatest in the daylight hours. Business, you see, is involved in nearly every phase of our existence, including the regulating of our clocks.

Here in Oregon we shall have to begin thinking about this thing they call "daylight saving" if the people of California vote in favor of it, we shall then be an hour behind them in time all during the summer months. Involving little more than inconvenience on the part of those who have business on an hourly basis between the two states or those who travel frequently from one state to the other, nevertheless daylight saving is a sensible modern proposition. If one state on the Pacific coast adopts the plan, all three should do so for the sake of uniformity.

Danger in the Woods

TODAY ushered in by showers and heavy dew, opens the hunting season. Good sports, healthful outdoor exercise and danger. Danger from amateur hunters, for only an amateur pulls the trigger on his gun without knowing what his bullet will strike.

What can we say, what can we do to make men think they are hunting? Every year men are killed because some half-triggered thoughtless fellow "thought it was a deer."

About the only helpful suggestion that can be made to any hunter who happens to read this is: Choose carefully your hunting companions and hunt only with experienced, calm, sensible men. Men are usually shot at by members of their own party.

School, Caution

CHILDREN are going to school again beginning this week. Drivers of cars who have become used to passing school zones without slowing during the summer months must now—today—remember that school is again in session and that children are heedless of consequences. This heedlessness is not a fault with them, it is lack of experience and of knowledge. Grown folks should not expect the little folks to look out for themselves, but should assume the burden of looking out for them.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

"Hokey" for Huey Wins
THIS result of the Louisiana election showing that Governor Huey P. Long was long enough on the "hokey" to win the senatorial nomination on the democratic ticket, which, after all, is the only ticket in that state that stands any show

of success. Governor "Hokey" was running on a platform that would vindicate his anti-freedom of speech laws, which punish newspapers that criticize the state government of Louisiana and its officials. The "hokey" governor made the people think that he was being persecuted by the state press and the people accepted his role of martyr.

As a matter of fact, it was Governor "Hokey" and not the press of the state that was threatening the preservation of the dearest right of the American people, that of free speech. And very likely the people of Louisiana will live to see the day when they realize how big a mistake they have made.

A throttled press is the greatest menace to liberty. Put officialdom where the press cannot criticize it and we will have the same condition in America that obtains in Italy, where criticism of Mussolini is punishable by imprisonment and in Russia where criticism of the Soviet is punishable by death.

Governor Huey P. Long won an election, but the outcome was achieved by a most mistaken surerider by the people of their dearest right, a right which is granted to them by the constitution of the United States.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

Caution to Deer Hunters
Men who go hunting deer are responding to a natural instinct, and a recreational need. It was in this manner that antenae were gained when the world was younger—our share of the world and not so long ago. There can be no valid criticism of a true sportsman—one who kills cleanly, who uses that which he kills, and who does not destroy the law. There isn't a finer fellow anywhere to be found than a good sportsman.

Severely, as each deer season approaches, there is warning for anxiety, and even for the opinion that the sport is not worth the price it exacts. Carelessness with firearms, disregard for the common rules of prudence or of safety yield to each season a list of wounded and slain. Men go into the forests to refresh themselves. They return on litters, never again to hunt deer, and quite done with all recreation. A certain very minor proportion of such accidents is non-preventable. The wild bullet, the stray shot must now and then find a human target. But by far the greater part of these woodland tragedies are preventable.

Be careful. Be thrice careful. Regard firearms at all times as the lethal instruments they so surely are. Do not leave them loaded in camp. Do not trail them when stalking game or crawling under branches that carry them at neck. Be careful. And when there is the least doubt of the true nature of a quarry, refrain always from shooting. Be careful. It is in such ways as these that men are wounded and killed. We are aware that this is not a cheerful subject to the hunting of the deer season—but it is, nevertheless, a most necessary one. No hunter should go into the forest unless he keeps such admonitions constantly in mind. It is lack of caution or it is relaxed vigilance that cause nearly all hunting accidents. Be careful.—Portland Oregonian.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

standpoint of romantic interest, the finding of the bodies of Andree and his companions, who were lost only a third of a century ago, is eclipsed.

ADVENTURE and achievement!

In the face of these, the fear of death vanishes from men's minds. Centuries ago, the finding of a northwest passage spelled adventure and achievement, and men risked death freely in the search for it. In recent years, the idea of flying over the oceans in an airplane has provided the same spur.

In the future, it will be something else—just what no one at present can say. But always men will be willing to risk their lives for the glory that goes with achievement.

ALASKA, whose purchase cost the United States \$7,200,000 and which to date has produced something over a billion dollars, was discovered as a part of Russia's search for the northwest passage.

Vitus Bering stubbed his toe on Alaska while seeking the fabled northwest passage, just as Columbus stubbed his toe on America while searching for a shorter route to India.

Great events often follow the most trivial incidents.

RUSSIA, seeking only the quick wealth to be gained from furs, realized nothing out of Alaska. Spain, looking only for gold, gained little of permanent value from the discovery of America.

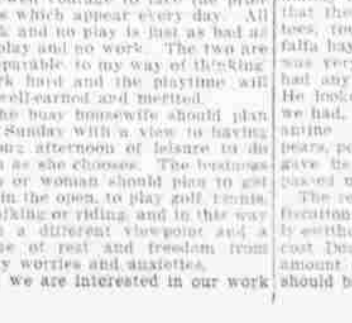
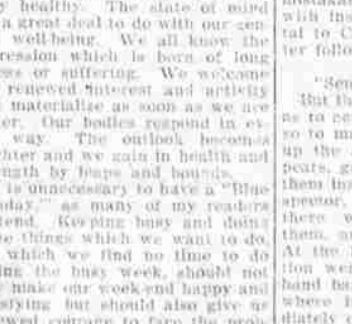
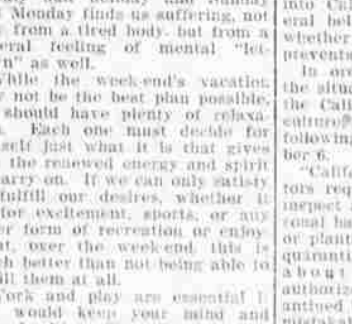
So it has always been with those who seek sudden wealth with little work. So it is now. So it will ALWAYS be.

There is no such thing as something for nothing.

1929 WHIPPET SEDAN
Has been driven only 12,000 miles, and looks like new. 1931 model. Only \$225. Trade will used car lot. N. Jackson—Adv.

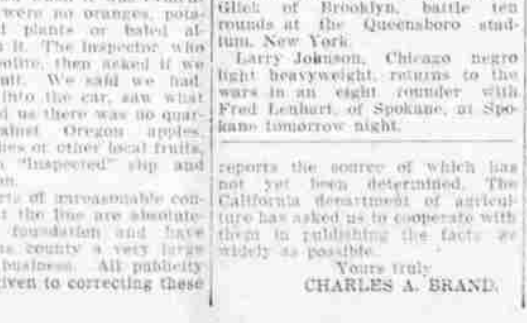
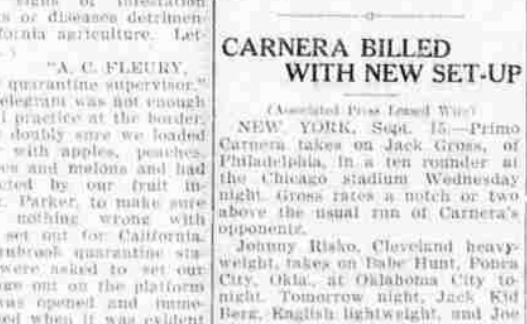
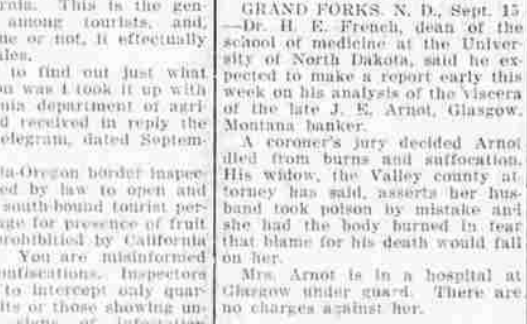
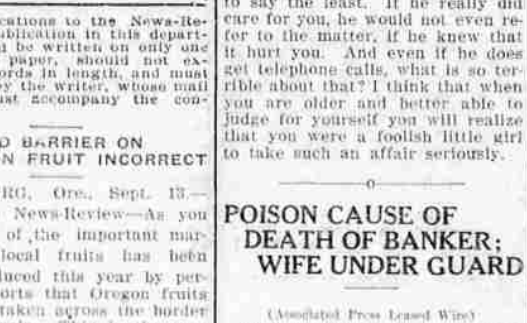
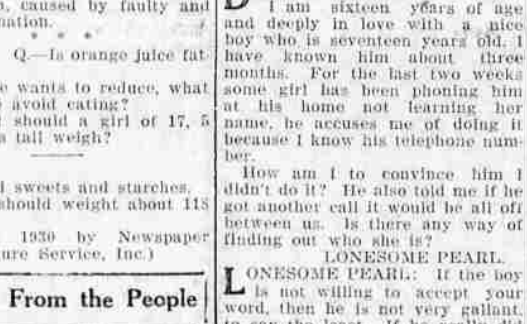
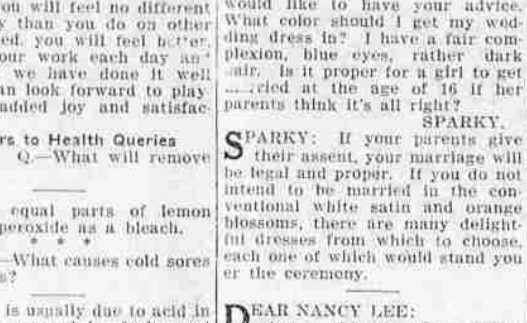
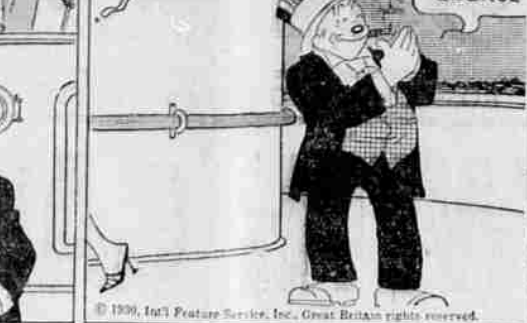
BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW SEE THAT YOU ARE ON YOUR GOOD BEHAVIOR MR. RUDDER INVITED US ON THIS YACHTING CRUISE ON ACCOUNT OF ME SO DON'T DISGRACE ME



By Geo. McManus

OH LET ME ALONE
I'M GOING TO JOIN DAUGHTER IN THE LOUNGE
OH, WELL AS BAD AS IT IS I'M NOT FALLIN' OVER MINATURE GOLF COURSE



"JUDY"

By WINNIFRED VAN DUZER

Peggy Archer would have preferred her daughter, Judith, to be a little more careful and frivolous instead of a purposeful and sensible young woman.

CHAPTER II
In grade room 2A the little teacher brought up a tired sigh, sent the apaches home. She followed them to the corridor, glanced up and down, turned around and closed the door.

Standing with her back to the panels, dignity fell from her like a hated cloak. She crossed her arms at the back of her head, capered through a few dance steps, made a face at a picture of Ralph Waldo Emerson which hung on the wall.

She was no longer a purposeful young woman. No longer staid nor serious as she rushed to her desk, dug a key from a hiding place, flung open a drawer.

Mrs. Rowe didn't know it but Peggy didn't know it but there was more than a speck of nonsense about her.

Judith Archer was leading a double life! No one would have believed it. Not Mrs. Rowe nor Peggy nor anyone who ever had seen her striding down hill to the school house in her sensible blue serge, horn-rimmed spectacles flashing vague disapproval at the world.

She would have believed, Judith, a spinsterish Judith Archer capable of a double life. No one excepting possibly Betsy Rowe, who frankly declared that no human being could be such a "darned pill."

Lyall-on-Hudson saw Miss Archer soberly working about the shabby garden which rambled around the weather-beaten old house. Betsy Rowe presided on a tall ladder as she pruned fruit trees. Hot and disheveled, face streaked with foam, as she transplanted shrubs. Bending over the vegetable patch in spring twilight, nursing carrots and peas to a hardihood sure to survive Peggy's casual attentions.

Demure of Sunday mornings as she strolled to church—suddenly scowling when old Peter Bottell came mincing up, besieging Peggy with his attentions. Competent and a bit sardonic with her head thrust under Hannibal's hood, poking at the six-year-old engine, coaxing it to life with bits of wire and rubber tape.

This was the Judy everybody knew. Sane. Dependable. No nonsense about her.

But there was the other Judy. A fly-away Judy. Girl whose law was impulse, whose world was a magic place filled with long, shining hours that came and passed like songs. Hours of adventure. Romance.

The first Judy made small shift of love. But that was because she had built around herself a hardness which could be very sharp at times; sharp as little knife blades times; sharp as little knife blades times.

A protective matter this was, resistance to the mean trick Fate had played her. Fate had made her head of the family brains of the household when she was a mere scared-eyed fifteen and had taught her that she must master the art of being sharp and hard if she were to hold her own in a world all too patently created for the pleasure and profit of the male.

Bony creatures, men. Always seizing a chance at the upper hand. Patrolling women, grinning at them, pitying them. Peacocks strutting about, trailing before your eyes the superstition that some day you'd marry one of them and thereafter alternately wallow and worship as long as you lived!

You had to watch your step with men; let them see that you understood their sly bluffing ways. Strike first, before they had a chance. With every last one of them. Little Roy Varman. Mister Bottell, smirking old beau. Mister Patrick Muldoon, who tried to run up his bills when he repaired the roof. Chick Furman, arrogant head of the family, who came to grips with them all. And held her own, too, after she had learned the way.

But the other Judy! Fighting was the other way about in her life; endless warfare carried on among cozens—oh, hundreds!—of men to win her capricious smiles, assuaging her dangerous attitude, tiring young fellows, whose very names as tentative hearts-a-beat, everywhere pursued her, rejected when she was kind; intercessed when she was not; made glorious love to her at all times; writhed through breath-taking adventures with her.

Those adventures! Wandering South Sea Islands—tanzanias and dream-tilled on white beaches under South Sea moons. Hunting jungles, defying danger and death with shouts of glee. Slithering through English lanes, a tall, laughing-eyed unknown at her side.

Plenty of nonsense about the other Judy. In her dreams, of course. Between the covers of the thriller she kept safely locked away in the upper left hand drawer of the desk in grade 2A room. Scouring across the screen of the Bijou Movie Palace on Main street. Moving over Broadway stages upon rarer occasions. She was heroine of a thousand printed tales, hundreds of movie plots, dozens of plays, this other Judy. A colorful, swiftnightingale life she lived; all within the dreams of the Judy with no nonsense about her.

Today, however, the other Judy must stand aside while Judy herself stood over a news story which caught her imagination. She took the folded paper from the drawer, read again the account of a jewel robbery.

It had taken place in London, in the home of Mr. Cecil Covington. Two men in evening clothes who had not troubled to mask or other-

wise disguise themselves, had boldly walked into the Covington dining room after having been admitted to the house by servants who believed them to be late guests—guests who were late with plenty of reason, as it turned out. One of the two had pointed a very efficient looking automatic at Mr. Covington and his dinner companions, a Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ballard, while the other had assisted Mrs. Ballard to remove her jewels.

The two then had taken themselves away in a leisurely manner and had not been seen despite Scotland Yard and a host of private detectives.

The jewels, the story went on, were three perfectly matched emeralds, half as big as marbles, each one worth a fortune. They were known as "Sisters Three" and their history was long and sinister.

One more point fascinated Judy. The robbers were Americans. They had talked back and forth while Mr. Covington and his guests writhed helplessly before the menace of the automatic, and there was no doubt of this. New York police promised arrest within forty-eight hours after the burglars landed in New York. If they did land. Mr. Covington had given descriptions of them; one was a mere youngster and looked like a college boy; the other was a leggy individual with long arms and a snarling manner of speech.

Judy read the story, visualizing the scene in the London dining room. She thrilled to the thought of "Hands up!" barked out sharply while the light played along the blue-black barrel of the gun.

So absorbed was she that she jumped as a tap on the door. Caught her breath. Answered in a thick, smothered voice.

Only little Roy Varman after all. Little Roy Varman's sleek, lightish head thrust around the side of the door. His pale eyes seeking her timidly. His voice bluff and cheery with a quake underneath.

"Well, Miss Archer, well! Ready to call it a day?"

Judy raised her head slowly. Light played upon the lenses of her spectacles and from where he stood her expression was the blank one of uncurtained windows.

"No," she said, and went back to the papers on her desk.

She did not see angry red creep up his pointed face. She paid no attention to his step as he moved forward, and stood there watching her. He, the principal, and she a lower grade teacher! He made a furious movement—caught the light glinting on her spectacles again—backed off.

"Well, I didn't know but what you'd take a walk. Stroll out to the Umpqua, Miss Archer?"

"No!"

"Well, I didn't know. G-good day."

She did not answer. He closed the door softly and tip-toed away down the corridor. And then she raised her head and sent a little grimace after him. "Peacock!" she said.

A half-hearted hiss, however.

The sort of hiss a cat gives at sight of a dog on the other side of a window pane and it was meant less for little Roy Varman than for his sex.

Judy put down the papers now and thought it over. Undoubtedly there were in the world, the real world, not the world of the other Judy—men, almost as fine and noble and lovable as her father had been. Men who considered women intelligent and sometimes honest. She admitted this. As yet she had met only the other kind—the tricky, lord-of-creation kind—and of course it was because of what Fate had done to her.

Peggy Archer left a widow with that rambling old Archer homestead in its rambling old stretch of lawn and just about enough to live on until Judy could begin to earn—this when she was fifteen. Peggy couldn't manage. She would buy flowers instead of good steak for the table, and cunning little party dresses for Judy when she had no school.

So at fifteen, Judy had taken over the management of Peggy's income. And part of the management of the house. And of Peggy herself, for the matter of that! (To be continued tomorrow.)

WOMAN ACCUSED IN GANG SLAYING

(Associated Press Special Wire)
CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—A woman, rare in the kaleidoscope of Chicago gangsters, stood out today in the circumstances surrounding the Sunday slaying of Jack Costa, one of the Moran-Alan "boys."

Margaret Reardon, 32-year-old blonde with whom Costa had been living, was held incommunicado by police who said they would charge her with being an accessory before the crime if efforts were made to obtain her immediate release.

Costa was shot down early Sunday by shotgun slugs and pistol bullets fired from the window of a building directly across a narrow court from his own apartment. He died several hours later.

Police said there might be a link between Costa's murder and the slaying two weeks ago of his former friend "Ashcan Pete" Inserra.

NOTICE
No trespassing on the E. H. Rosenberg place, 1st place east of county fair grounds.
(Adv.) JOHN D. NEFF.

NOTICE
This is to certify that no hunting is allowed on my place, 4 miles west of Roseburg. Jacob W. Jones—Adv.

WATER PERMITS ASKED BY EUGENE AND FOR OAKRIDGE

SALEM, Ore., Sept. 15.—Application for authority to appropriate 80 second feet of water from Salt Creek in Lane county, to develop 470 horsepower to provide electric lighting for the town of Oakridge, has been filed by the Cascade Electric company with State Engineer Luper. The proposed development will take the place of a steam turbine plant that is now used. Since federal forest land is involved it will be necessary for the company to get a license from the federal power commission. It was said that the state engineer will not withhold a permit until after the next legislative session, as he had said would do with some other applications, for the reason that the proposed development is small and does not interfere with any public enterprise.

The city of Eugene has applied for a permit to appropriate water from a spring tributary to the McKenzie river to provide a domestic water supply for the power plant and operator's cottage at the city's Leaburg power plant.

JAILED HERE ON BAD CHECK CHARGE

Sheriff V. T. Jackson and Forest Supervisor Vernon Harpman returned Saturday evening from Del Norte where Sheriff Jackson arrested A. R. Maus, owner of one of the summer homes at the resort, who is wanted at Lakeport, Calif., on a charge of issuing worthless checks. Maus is now in the county jail, and an effort is being made to settle the matter without the necessity of his return to California.

NEW LODGE BEING BUILT ON UMPQUA

Fred Burnham, John Coleman and Harold Mack, sportsmen from San Francisco, have arranged for the construction of a summer lodge on the North Umpqua. Property has been secured from Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hopkins of Circle-II lodge, and the house is being constructed by John Runyan, Roseburg contractor. Mr. Burnham, who is one of the best known fishermen on the coast, has been spending the greater part of the summer at the Umpqua river. He has a fine summer home on the Klamath river, and also has spent much time in the past fishing on the Rogue, but in the future plans to transfer his activities to the Umpqua.

IL DUCE ASKS FOR TRUTH ABOUT ITALY

(Associated Press Special Wire)
ROME, Sept. 15.—Fifty Italian-Americans, most of them from Chicago, were received by Premier Mussolini. They presented to Il Duce a check for 100,000 lire (about \$5,000) as a gift of the Italian-American national union and a check for 5,000 lire and 10,000 lire in bonds as the gift of the Garibaldi legion.

Mussolini expressed his admiration for the United States and urged the visitors to show the utmost loyalty toward America. He asked them, however, to make known the truth about Italy, which, he said, is often misrepresented by anti-Italians. He commended their offerings to the "Sons of Littorio" for the benefit of the rising generation.

Depot Barber Shop—open evenings until 7:30 p. m. All hair cutting 25c. 409 Cass St.—Adv.

Picnicking at Idlebay Park—Adv.



A Quality you would want if you knew all the facts...

Fact Number 31

Mix a thin paste of Schilling Cinnamon and hot water. Likewise with any other cinnamon. Dip a cube of sugar in each of these pastes, and place on the tongue. Then you decide which has the finer flavor! The comparison is unmistakable because Schilling's is made from the finest Saigon Cassia cinnamon bark—unadulterated with cheaper grades.

