

Roseburg News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Co., Inc.

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Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1920, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of
March 3, 1879.

ORIGON STATE
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
1928

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year, by mail, \$4.00
Daily, single month, by mail, .50
Daily, by carrier, per month, .50

Mischiefous Tongues

(An editorial in "The Rotarian")

ONE bit of wisdom which men begin acquiring from their earliest experience is the necessity of a proper misbelief in evil tongues. Evil reports about our neighbors start easily and fly fast. Who believes them indiscriminately finds himself shortly the only truly good person around the place. If he is so unhappy as to hear the current rumors about himself, he may even have to scratch his own name off the white list. There's a sort of person whose breath, like that of the fabled Chimera, blackens and scorches everything it touches.

As far as individuals are concerned, the wise man learns to disregard the tongue of scandal. He believes evil of his neighbor unwillingly, and only after requiring the utmost proof. If the evil tale persists, the wise man for his own protection and his neighbor's will take pains, before believing, to go to the source of the facts. We have learned this lesson as it applies to persons. It has not been so well learned as it applies to people. This has a good deal to do with the persistent peril of war.

The average Rotarian who goes about Europe, attending meetings of Rotary clubs as he goes, discovers no enemy peoples there. If he looks into their hearts a bit and gets a grasp of their different difficulties he finds himself acquiring a sympathy for each and every one of the nations there. Like our next-door neighbors at home, each of the peoples of Europe is doing as well as its circumstances allow. They have their prejudices and their shortness of view; but like the rest of us, given the light they have, they are doing the best they can. They are not anxious to cause trouble for anyone. They are only anxious to live and thrive themselves.

Now there is a tongue of slander concerning peoples as there is a tongue of slander concerning persons. Some misguided persons have thought it necessary, for the promotion of patriotism, to make us hate other countries as we love our own. It is as easy to believe evil of strange peoples as it is to believe evil of the neighbor on the other side of the hill—easier, in fact. All too often the tiny tongue of evil is playing on that weakness. It is making us think we do not like this people or that, this nation or that. It is making us expect evil of them. Just as we have learned to be suspicious of such talk about our neighbor around the corner, so it behooves us to be skeptical when it concerns our neighbors across the sea. With a nation as with a neighbor, when the tongue of evil is laid against it, we will withhold belief till we see the proof. This is the path to peace.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

(Eugene Register-Guard)
CROSS RAY reports \$1 billion feet of lumber exported there during 1930 as compared with \$2 billion feet the year previous. That would indicate a falling off of only a little more than one per cent despite prevailing conditions in trade. Not so bad! That showing by a secondary port in the year 1930 ought to stimulate a little thought on the importance of opening the Sitka and the Umpqua and cannalizing the Willamette. The Cross mill shipyard at tidewater have been able to make a showing far above the average.

(Astoria Budget)
The British believe in being tough, even in small matters. It is not surprising, therefore, to read that they have clamped down on the menace of the intoxicated automobile driver in a way to make us think they mean business.

Their new traffic regulations are away with all of the old laws of drunkenness. Indeed, it is not even necessary to prove that the driver is drunk. All the police have to do is prove that he was driving with enough liquor in him to make him "incapable of having the proper control of his car." Under a strict judge, a very slight deviation from normal would be enough to convict. This is highly sensible. The man who undertakes to drive a motor car along a public highway has no business in having even one drink under his belt. The British

seem to have devised a sensible law to deal with the abuse.

(Portland Journal)
New Year's day 25,000 aged dependents in New York began receiving old age pensions.

The pensioners are 70 years old and above. About half of them live in New York City and a few reside upstate. The upstate pensioners will receive an average of \$21 a month, while those in Gotham will, because of the higher cost of living, be paid an average of \$33 a month.

In individual cases the pensions in New York will range from \$3.50 to \$45 monthly.

Of the first 23,328 applications for pension filed, only 7.3 per cent were approved. All applications by foreigners were rejected, as were those of citizens who had lived in New York less than the 10 years required under the newly enacted law.

Half the sum required for the pensions is appropriated by the state of New York and the other half is contributed by the various localities. It is estimated that in the second year the cost of the new pension law to the state will be \$6,500,000.

It seems almost providential that the New York system should have become effective in these jobless days. Those who at 70 are dependents must have lived, and their near kin must now live, very close to the border line of unemployment, and a pension for the aged must come at this time like manna from heaven.

Meanwhile, if the economic order insists on using the machine in preference to the man, if thereby the economic order profits more heavily than if it employed the man, should not the economic order make provision for the man to survive?

(McMinnville Telephone-Register)
While you are passing out your sympathy to the down-trodden in these times of economic stress, give the retail merchant his share.

Current statistics show that he is losing the people of his community the total sum of \$28,000,000. Of this sum about \$12,000,000 are financed on installment paper and the balance on open account. \$16,000,000,000 with nothing behind it as security except the retail merchant's faith in his community and his people.

The senate of the United States has graciously appropriated \$65,000,000 to be loaned to the farmers, to be returned, if ever, many years hence. The past has seen the helping hand of the government extended to the merchant marine, special privilege to the potential wealth of electric power sites and of oil and mineral fields; land grants, loans and traffic rates to the railroads; special privilege to big publishing houses to the extent of a loss of more than \$1,000,000 a week in the postoffice department; and the guardian hand of governmental protection to the country's banking system.

But the poor old retail merchant is left to paddle his own canoe. Meanwhile, in many states it is proposed to add at least 1 per cent tax on all sales as a means of reducing the tax burden on real estate. In every instance the merchant pays a real estate tax, if not directly, in annual rentals to his landlord.

No wonder that, over a period of 50 years, the record shows that retailing, the outlet of the greatest bulk of all industry, is a desperate game of chance—about 1 out of 29 surviving.

And OCCASIONALLY you see a Mexican.

If you come down this way, don't miss Tia Juana. It's worth seeing. It does nobody any harm to take a little look every now and then at plain, straight vice. You'll go away feeling that you've spent a good day.

But DON'T come to Tia Juana expecting to see a typical Mexican town, to get a touch of Mexican local color. Tia Juana is no more Mexican than a parrot is a canary.

It is American all the way through—American views included.

WHY, so far as the eye can see, Tia Juana is almost clean, and its homes have even a faint tinge of American comfort. And actually there is running water and sanitation.

The streets are wide enough to walk in and refuse ISNT through into the middle of them to be disposed of by the chickens and pigs and the countless vultures that are typical of a Mexican town. And the people don't quite knock you down.

These Mexicans here in Tia Juana have been living alongside Americans long enough to have acquired some of the BETTER Mexican ways, along with plenty of the worse.

Spend Day at Boswell Springs—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Holmquist and son, Robert, and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Holmquist, son, Rudy, left for Boswell Springs yesterday where they spent the day.

TILLIE THE TOILER

ONE THING IS CERTAIN—NOTHING SERIOUS WILL HAPPEN TO MAC BECAUSE WE HAVEN'T RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE KIDNAPERS AS TO WHERE WE'RE TO LEAVE THE \$10,000

BUT YOU SEE THOSE KIDNAPERS WARNED ME THAT SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN TO ME IF THE POLICE WERE NOTIFIED

THEY'RE ONLY TRYING TO SCARE YOU, THAT'S ALL. YOU WOULDN'T SOMETHING TO ME, BIT

WHASZAT? JUST A BLOW-OUT—THAT'S ALL, BIG BOY

BANG. CONTINUED

False Alarm

A swerve into a passively dark street. The taxi stopped. The girl who got out of the cab was trembling and there was another excitement in her throat. She paid the driver in a frenzy of haste and ran across to the entrance of the building, her silver slippers flashing in the starlight.

The elevator operator looked at her curiously as he carried her up to the ninth floor, but Ardet never saw him. A look of strangeness in her eyes—as though she watched some vision hidden to others.

She was running down the corridor, past rows of glass topped doors which gleamed coldly in the hall lights.

Ken's office—the frosted top of the door showing a light in the room beyond. Ardet shook the knob, calling his name in a low stifled voice.

An exclamation. A footstep within. The door hastily opened and Ken caught her in his arms as she almost fell into the room.

"Ardet!" he exclaimed in wonder. "You're all right? Ken, you are? Tell me—tell me, darling."

"Of course! What's the matter, dear? Why did you come here?"

He held her away, his eyes searching her face. White as chalk, eyes wide and wild. His gaze took in her bare shoulders, the incongruous lace dress showing under her coat. Her ruffled gold head.

She saw the utter amazement in his eyes and the strangeness suddenly went out of her eyes, softened with tears. She tried to smile; her mouth twisted strangely and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Ardet spoke in a queer little whisper. "Oh—I don't know how to explain it. I heard two men talking at the party—Carolyn Forsythe's party, you know. They said you'd lost a lot on stocks today. They said you looked dreadful, and I had to come."

Ken's forehead creased. "But I don't understand—how could you know that I was here, Ardet?"

"I didn't know," she replied simply. "But I was sure. I saw you. I know that's ridiculous, but I did. I was looking into the mirror in Carolyn's bedroom. The lights were low and there in the glass I seemed to see you—or somehow I knew that you were head was in your hands and you were crying."

Ken's eyes widened. "You know that's impossible. You couldn't have seen me. I was sitting—like that—staring at the wall of the city and thinking—"

"I know what you were thinking," she whispered. "Oh, Ken, you wouldn't!"

His eyes wavered, went guiltily to the window. He shook his head and drew a long breath. "No, of course not. Not really. I did go over and look out and the thought came to me how easy it would be to—to get out of it all. But I came back and sat down, thinking and then I heard you at the door."

She shook her head and he eyes were glowing. "Not unkindly, Ken. When two people love the way we do, you were thinking of me. I was thinking of you. There is such a thing as knowing another's thoughts when you love."

He caught her to him and his words were a groan. "Oh, Ardet, this is hell."

For a long moment they stood silent. Ken abruptly lifted his head and put her away.

"You must go back, dear. They will miss you."

"Oh, Ken . . . and leave you here alone?" There was heartbreak in her voice. "Oh, it's cruel! It's wrong!" She broke out desperately.

"A wicked waste!" His voice was cold with rage. "Damn the laws of a civilization which can get a man in a trap like this. Poor weak fool, I was—trying to do the right thing. A man was never intended to brush aside his own convictions—his own desires, his right to happiness—for others. Reach and take—while you have youth and the ability to enjoy. Life loves the strong man—that's why it's played football with me, I suppose."

The smothered intensity of his voice was like a curse. The girl's heart leaped at the white strain of his face. Fear clutched her heart and she found herself in his arms, pressing her hand over his mouth.

"No—no, darling. Don't be bitter! It doesn't do any good. Ah, dearest, don't look like that. It doesn't seem you. Wait! Somehow it will come out all right for us."

"Right! It will," he said, his hand out of the reach of that frantic hand and his voice was jeer.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XLI.

A swerve into a passively dark street. The taxi stopped. The girl who got out of the cab was trembling and there was another excitement in her throat. She paid the driver in a frenzy of haste and ran across to the entrance of the building, her silver slippers flashing in the starlight.

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CROSS-STATE LINE URGED BY CUSHOW

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 2.—Construction of a cross-state railroad line opening the vast inland empire of eastern Oregon and providing a direct outlet at either Coos Bay or the mouth of the Umpqua river is the greatest need of Oregon, Chief Justice O. P. Coshov, of the Oregon supreme court, told the Rotary club Wednesday noon. Washington has outstripped Oregon, because of the development of its transportation lines, he said. Justice Coshov made it clear he held no hostility towards existing transportation systems, but that a line as he sketched it was needed to bring to market vast deposits of natural resources of varied kinds that now lie in some instances, hundreds of miles from any method of transportation other than automobile.

MUSSOLINI GIVES U. S. PEACE PLEDGE

(Associated Press London Wire)
NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—Premier Mussolini, speaking from Rome in a trans-Atlantic broadcast yesterday, sent his greeting to the United States, assuring the American people of the lasting friendship of Italy.

Several million Italians have become citizens of the United States, he said, and it is the natural duty of the pleasure of our country to mother those sons of ours who have gone to America.

The Italian premier spoke in English. "Italy never will take the offensive in starting another war," the forceful Italian leader said. "Italy needs peace. A new war would be even more dreadful than the last."

SUICIDE FOLLOWS TRIPLE MURDER

(Associated Press London Wire)
PERTH, Australia, Jan. 2.—A triple murder and suicide at a prominent farmer's home here have left the community gaping New Year's day.

Victor McCaskell, farmer, reported having found his wife and child battered to death. The three were hanging on his premises.

The police were not satisfied with his explanation of the discovery and asked his arrest. McCaskell thereupon placed a stick of dynamite in his mouth and blew his head off.

GREETES NEW YEAR THEN POISONS SELF

(Associated Press London Wire)
GREAT FALLS, Mont., Jan. 2.—Dying of self administered poison as the new year arrived, Rita Conner, 21, called her room mate: "Open the windows, Mildred, I want to hear the bells. It's the last time I'll have the chance."

Shortly after the joyous noises died away the woman expired. Officers said she drank poison because she was without funds and unable to find work.

MULTNOMAH FIVE BEATS WILLAMETTE

(Associated Press London Wire)
PORTLAND, Jan. 2.—Showing improved ability since two weeks ago when Willamette university trounced them, Multnomah club basketball last night reversed the count and won from Willamette 45 to 20.

RAW FUR WANTED

Taxidermist and Furrier
Creason Bldg. Roseburg, Ore.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

E. S. Cocklebras, F. J. Cocklebras
All kinds of cabinet work—
Cupboard Doors
Furniture Repairing, Truck Bodies
We sell Linoleum, Board and Veneer
Saw Filing a Specialty
Phone 541-J 542 Fowler St.

DAME FASHION HOSIERY

Local Representative
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244 S. Pine St. Phone 568-J
Phone for Appointment
Endorsed by station KTRB, broadcast every Monday, Wednesday and Friday 9:55 a. m.

SOUTHWEST ELEVEN DEFEATS MIDWEST

(Associated Press London Wire)
DALLAS, Texas, Jan. 2.—One of the finest football machines the southwest ever saw was being displayed today and its parts were being having been achieved in two brief, thrill-cramped hours yesterday.

For individual brilliance and all round efficiency, it is doubtful this section ever will see a great team than the southwest eleven that trampled the mid-west all stars, 18 to 0 in the third annual classic.

Nearly ten thousand dollars was realized for the Scottish Rite hospital fund for crippled children.

The individual hero was Buddy Hackman from the University of Tennessee. He was the main spring in the winners' attack, scoring two touchdowns, one of them on a brilliant 40-yard run, and throwing the pass that paved the way for a third touchdown.

WILLIAM M. LADD DIES IN 75TH YEAR

PORTLAND, Jan. 2.—William M. Ladd, 75, retired capitalist and for many years leader in Pacific Northwest business affairs, died yesterday at his summer home at Olaj, Cal.

Ladd was born in Portland, son of William S. and Caroline Elliot Ladd. The father was the founder of the Ladd & Tilton bank of Portland and the Ladd & Bush bank at Salem. His wife and three sons survive.

FATAL FIRE HITS NEWSPAPER PLANT

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 2.—Fire in three hours last night destroyed the \$200,000 four-story plant of the Baltimore Post, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, taking one life and injuring six.

Joseph R. Douglass, linotype operator on the third floor, rushed to a window and made a desperate leap for a ladder being raised by one of the first fire companies to arrive. He missed and plunged to the street, fracturing his skull. He died an hour later in a hospital.

YOU MAY

use "Banker judgment," "Hoss trader" sense, a little money and some credit and own one of our sweet running used cars.

IT IS NOT WORTH

your while to gamble when you can come here and be sure.

YES YOU CAN

own a good used car and save half the price of a new one—and half the price of a new one in your pocket has its possibilities.

USED
with an OK that counts
CARS

Hansen Chevrolet Company

SAVE with SAFETY
At Hansen, Rexall Drug Store

Restore Your Strength

with this
Pleasant Medicine!

Coughs and colds rob your system of its normal vigor. In due time you'll be your old self once more. But the recuperative process is slow at best. Speed up your recovery by taking Rexall Emulsion Cod Liver Oil, The Vitamins A and D, together with the hypophosphites of calcium and sodium, which this valuable food tonic contains, will quickly lead you back to normal strength. Get a bottle today.

Full Pint
\$1.00
Sold only at
Rexall Drug Stores

Nathan Fullerton
The Rexall Drug Store
Roseburg, Oregon