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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Student Activity.

ONE outstanding fact about the
successful Egyptian revolt
against British, which resulted in
the restoration of native self-rule,
will not be overlooked by Ameri-
cans. It was conducted almost en-
tirely by college students.

The students of Cairo, Alexan-
dria and other centers organized,
demonstrated, patrolled, rioted and
issued ultimatums until they not
only brought the native authorities
into line but commanded the re-
spect of the British government.
Their propaganda, which began
spreading throughout the world in
quarters that made London states-
men very uneasy, finally forced
John Bull to surrender. The British
imperialism saw that it was a
very inopportune time to be ac-
cused of tyrannizing over small na-
tions.

This achievement is astonish-
ing to us, in a country where stu-
dents have small political influ-
ence and are seldom taken seri-
ously in public affairs. Foreign stu-
dents are usually more radical
than ours, and seem also more ma-
ture and more concerned with gov-
ernmental problems.

"Top-Side" Photos.

PICTURES, still and motion,
taken by Captain Albert W.
Stevens during the record-breaking
balloon flight into the stratosphere,
are said to show the curved sur-
face of the earth. This might not
prove anything about the earth's
roundness to Wilbur Glenn Voliva,
who still clings to his flat, circular
platter, theory. To scientific
minds the pictures are new visual
proof that the world is round.

The special camera used "saw
distance of 300 miles and pene-
trated the white haze of the dis-
tant horizon by screening of all
light except the infrared rays." It
recorded more than 10,000 square
miles of territory. Other pictures
taken directly downward from the
balloon show things which the fly-
ers themselves could not see with
the naked eye. Roads were knife-
edge lines, towns were invisible,
and stream courses, and creek beds
formed intricate patterns.

As scientists study the pictures
and other data obtained by the
stratosphere flyers they declare
the material to be of greater im-
portance than the setting of an al-
titude record. If the information is
presented so the layman can un-
derstand it, a fascinating treat is
in store for the rest of us.

When the government hires an
incompetent, everybody picks on
him; and when it hires a good
man, private business often grabs
him at a higher salary.

All that Italy will get out of
Ethiopia, under the most favorable
settlement, she could have bought
for less than she has already spent.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

By way of diversion it's interest-
ing to spend a little time now and
then reading ancient history. For
instance I like to read about the
deities and old heroes of the Ro-
man empire, and I also enjoy div-
ing into Greek mythology.

Who in this world is so un-
romantic as to lack appreciation
of Alcibiades, who was the wife of
King Admetos? This faithful one
saved her life that her husband
might live, and I submit the with
a woman like that a guy can get
some place. Providence rewarded
her in the end by granting her
eternal life.

Then by way of contrast, there
was Danaides. This one flew her
husband on their wedding night
and, as punishment, was required

to spend eternity pouring water in-
to a sieve.
When I read this it kinda tickled
me. A fellow like me that has
been forty years trying to catch
up with a grocery bill, could enter
into a thing like that and hardly
notice any difference.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

AS A CHRISTMAS token to the
depositories of the Douglas Na-
tional bank, Henry Booth is mail-
ing some mighty alffy little mem-
orandum books. They are regular
World Almanacs when it comes to
dishes of knowledge—you can find
nearly anything you want to know
in them, except the kind of temper
your mother-in-law is in, at the
moment. You generally find

that out anyhow.
Wouldn't it be interesting to
read all the items listed in all
these little notebooks, a year from
now? The day when one was sup-
posed to go to the dentist, the
price received for a ton of alfalfa
hay on such and such a date; when
the old Jersey was due to freshen,
and scores of even more intimate
bits of information.

Well, Henry, the first entry I'm
going to make in mine, is when
the interest in due.
At 9:30 next Monday morning
Skippy is going to appear on the
screen at Hunt's Indian theatre,
according to Don (Redskin) Rada-
baugh, manager, and shine for all
the little boys and girls in Rose-
burg, and all others who can be
there, all free for nothing. Skippy
is one of the most lovable—and
mischievous—little rascals that
was ever born in an inkpot. He's
going to be accompanied by some
other snappy attractions too, Don
says, so you want to be there,
young fellows.

I accompanied Seventy-three Stan-
ton to Brenda's office house yester-
day morning to view the wreck-
age. If the truck hadn't still been
snuggled up to its beam, the place
would have looked just like "Cap's
Place" in Scottsburg would have,
five minutes after Loring Jordan
and I found flies in our coffee
three two years ago, if the flies
hadn't turned out to be pieces of
old Cap's dish cloth.

Discussing politics with Mark
Tisdale, Sutherland democrat, I was
reminded by him of a cartoon he
once saw of Borah, riding a horse.
"By Jove, isn't that odd?" some-
one was saying: "Borah's going
the same direction the horse is!"

Mr. and Mrs. John Amacher
were in town today from Alpine
Lodge, to do Christmas shopping.
That is, the Missus was here to
shop—John appeared to be here to
carry bundles.

T. F. Heard of Lookingglass was
in Roseburg, recuperating from fif-
ty years of world-wide felicity, ap-
pearing hale and hearty just the same,
as if it had done him good.

KRRN PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

FRIDAY, DEC. 20
Morning Hours
6:30—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock club.
7:30—The News-Review on the
Air.
7:45—Pacific Woodman Life In-
surance Co. with Wanda
4 children.
8:00—Alarm Clock club, cont.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Classical.
9:00—Dance music.
10:00—The Women's Exchange.
10:30—The Tavern's Novelty Fan
Fest.
11:15—"As You Like It," request
program.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Capen's Agricultural Notes.
12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Company
Varieties.
1:00—Sun Bonnet Turkey Show,
with Herbert Hines.
1:15—Victor Young's orchestra.
1:45—Vanity Fair.
2:00—Guest Artist.
2:15—Storyland, children's pro-
gram.
2:30—Spanish Mantilla.
3:00—Salon music.
3:30—The Editor Views the
News.
4:15—Woodley's Sandwich Shop
in Fun and Profite.
4:30-4:45—Popular music.

FIRE DAMAGES FLUE AT C. D. FIES HOME

The Roseburg fire department
was called out yesterday after-
noon by a flue fire at the C. D.
Fies home, 1441 Riverside drive. A
flue hole in the chimney was in-
sufficiently protected, and scorch-
ed a wall, but otherwise no dam-
age resulted.

TRAFFIC VIOLATOR PAYS FINE OF \$10

J. C. Paen, Portland, a traveling
salesman, paid a traffic fine of \$10
in the local justice court today. He
entered a plea of guilty to a
charge of driving his car past an-
other on a curve, following his ar-
rest by a state policeman.

Teasing Him!



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XIV

"You mean everything to me,
Stuart, coming to her rescue as
you have. I only pray that she will
come to appreciate and love you
some day. I can rest with her in
your hands." She pulled down his
fair head and kissed him. "God
bless you—my son!"

Sharlene and Stuart watched the
plane rise into the brilliant night
sky and fade into the west. They
were suddenly quiet after the hec-
tic pretense of activity. Stuart had
faded the moment when the
strains should slacken, glanced
anxiously at Sharlene. Her face
looked wan in the moon light, and
her eyes were shadowy, unfa-
miliarly so.

Sam hurried up to execute Lu-
cien's final orders. "The ship's
ready to go, Mr. Pennington. I
didn't know whether you'd want
to go on tonight, or wait till mor-
ning. There's the suite at the hotel
where your baggage is—all paid for."

"Oh!" declared Sharlene. "We'll
go on tonight. Don't you think so,
Stuart?"

"While they waited for Sam to
bring their luggage, a strange sym-
phony fell between them. Stuart
tried desperately to make conver-
sation. "Did you notice how the
Colorado river looked from the air
in the moonlight? Like a fused
ribbon dropped on the floor."

"Oh, I thought it looked black
tongued and lurid!" She shiver-
ed. "And how it can be so ugly
here when it comes through so
much beauty. Don't you think it
might carry reflections of that
grand old way to the sea?"

"You mean the Grand canyon,"
said Stuart. "I've never seen it."
"You haven't? How could that
possibly have happened, Stuart?"

"Easy—I never could afford it.
I came straight out to Hollywood
from Paris, you know, and I had
two dollars in my pocket when I
got there."

"Then you're not going to live a
day longer without seeing the
Grand canyon. You—with your
love of color! It's so simple! We'll
just fly up there now, stay as long
as we like tomorrow, and then on
to Frisco. The steamer for Hon-
olulu doesn't sail till Saturday,
anyway."

"Why that's—that's great!"
said Stuart, who was schooling
himself to accept sudden changes
in plans.

"Of course, the pilot will want
more money," she said.

"I have plenty with me."
"That's good. I haven't a cent.
I don't even know if I brought a
checkbook. But we'll square it
all later."

"Don't think about it, Sharlene.
Your mother has arranged for
everything."

"Oh, of course, she would!"
But Stuart thought about it
more than was healthy for him.
Perhaps only another American
could appreciate the ultimate in
indignation toward which Stuart was
tending.

Sharlene, restless, afraid of her
thoughts, insisted on piloting the
plane to the Grand canyon. Stuart
sank down in his seat, suddenly
very tired. After a time he slept
heavily, knowing that Sharlene
would not need him.

"Where's your famous beer, Ju-
lie?" asked a stocky-haired youth,
tasting the alcohol high-ball and
grinning.
"I haven't got any—down here."

"You mean it's up at your art-
ist friend's?"
"It's his beer. He buys the mak-
in's."

"Well, but you do all the labor.
Why couldn't we toddle up there
and get some, Juliet?"

"Because we can't," snapped Ju-
lie. "I'm not on speaking terms
with the gent tonight."

"Oh, I see. . . . But what's the
harm of me going up and putting
in a requisition?"

"You stay put. This alcohol
Tony brought is plenty potent.
Come on—tune in on some jazz.
Let's dance!"

Julie did not awake until eleven
the next morning and then to a
frightful headache. That alcohol
must have been wood, all right—
to make her head feel so heavy.

As for her heart—oh no, it was
heavy because of Stuart. Stuart
loved another girl. . . . But Stuart
couldn't love the girl; she was
marrying the rich boy from New
York. Juliet sat up, grinning in
the spite of the thumping pain in her
head, and began to pull on her
stockings. It was going to be lit-
tle Juliet's turn today. She'd have
to go easy—be very sympathetic
and sweet to Stuart. She'd cook
that Italian mess he liked. It was
a lot of work and she didn't bot-
her with it often, but she would to-
day. Now was her time! As soon
as the standing girl was married,
she'd catch him on the rebound, or
her name wasn't Juliet Le Vore.
(Of course her name wasn't Juliet
Le Vore—that was just her stage
name. It would be awkward when
she had to tell Stuart that her
name really was Julia Sourbath,
to have it legal on the marriage
license.) Oh, well, what the heck!

The main business was to make
herself attractive to Stuart. She
spent nearly an hour heading her
eyelashes with mascara. Then, be-
fore she left her apartment, she
telephoned the grocery to have
various Italian foodstuffs sent up
to Mr. Pennington's house.

As she started up the hill, Juliet
saw that Mr. Jingle (the Penning-
ton fliver) was in his niche. So
Stuart had not gone out this morn-
ing. Poor dear, he must have tried
to get his own breakfast and she
was afraid the coffee can was
empty! She picked up the folded
newspaper from the walk and
licked it under her arm without
glancing at it as she hurried up
the path. Stuart would be work-
ing at his new picture, of course—
that one about "Every Bitter Thing
Is Sweet," and so he'd never think

"You mean it's up at your art-
ist friend's?"
"It's his beer. He buys the mak-
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"Well, but you do all the labor.
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Come on—tune in on some jazz.
Let's dance!"

of the paper. Poor old kid! Too
bad to be in love with the wrong
girl. But just let him wait—
Julie could be pretty sweet, too!

So absorbed was the housekeep-
er-model in planning her first
words to the disconsolate Stuart
as she fitted her latch-key into the
door that she did not notice the
piece of note-paper which had slip-
ped to the floor where Stuart
had fastened it in the crack. She
trod over it unseeing as she en-
tered the house.

The big studio room was flood-
ed with sunshine. The easel stood
in the north window as usual. But
the place was strangely silent.

"Stuart!" she called, beginning
to be frightened. And "Stuart!"
she called again as she ran
through the kitchen where the
stale beer stood on the sink as she
had left it yesterday afternoon.
She wrenched the back door open.

"Stuart!" Her voice broke as she
saw the spade where he had drop-
ped it across his little garden bed,
when he had seen Sharlene.

She came back into the studio,
glanced hopelessly into the bed-
rooms and then sat down slowly
and stared at his easel. So, he
hadn't come home from the Stand-
ring's. Or if he had, only to dress
and go back. Probably had a swell
pre-nuptial party there last night.
Only—they wouldn't have the
kind of a party that lasted all
night and into the next day. . . .
Her head throbbed intolerably. She
went to see if there was any cof-
fee left. A couple of spoonfuls.
She put on the tea-kettle. While

she waited for it to boil, she mov-
ed about restlessly, worrying. . . .
The poor sap wouldn't go and
kill himself, would he? In a sud-
den panic she flew back to the
studio and grabbed up the news-
paper. She turned to the back
page—to the death notices. Nerts!
It wouldn't be there. It would be
on the front page. She flipped
the paper over.

She stood very still, staring.
Stuart Pennington's face looked
up at her. Sharlene standing be-
side him. It wasn't death—it was
—what were the headlines? Mar-
ried—Yuma—
"I don't believe it!" Juliet cried
aloud in the silent room. The
high raftered ceiling echoed her
scream. "He would have told
me!"

(To be continued)

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penetrating. Finished
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and up according
to car and
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Made of full-width substantial ma-
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scraps, firmly lock-stitched. Attractive
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Rdstr. Coach Sedan
Leader \$ 5.99 \$ 11.78
DURO— \$ 11.57 \$ 34.48
as shown \$ 1.95 \$ 34.00 \$ 37.75
Hollywood \$ 2.57 \$ 48.85
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cluding 1935 models—cover all up-
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cars. Chromed, heat
deflectors. \$5.99
L.S.O.

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Cushions . . . 28c to \$2.89
Driving Gloves . . . 89c to \$1.95
Fender Guides . . . 59c to \$1.38
Glare Shields . . . 12c to \$1.95
Grade Register . . . \$1.80
Key Cases . . . 9c to 39c
Mirrors . . . 15c to \$2.55
Picnic Jugs . . . 98c to \$1.65
Radiator Caps . . . 28c to \$1.28
Rod. Ornaments . . . 28c to \$1.28
Sedan Electric Fans . . . \$2.95
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Splash Guards . . . 33c to \$1.69
Step Plates, ea. . . 29c to 95c
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Vacuum Bottles . . . 79c to \$1.95

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