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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Yelem.

THE reaction to the Hoare-Laval
attempt to sell out Ethiopia
and let Mussolini get away with
his African grab is the most
heartening thing seen in interna-
tional affairs for some time. Not
only does the civilized world in
general condemn this trafficking in
other people's rights and prop-
erty, but to the credit of Britain
and France, public opinion in both
countries condemns it.

The political storm raging
around the ears of the British gov-
ernment is especially interesting to
Americans. The British people
want to safeguard their empire,
and this was doubtless the idea of
Haldane, Hoare and Eden; but the
people don't want to do it by be-
traying a small nation that has
trusted Britain, carving it up to
placate a strong aggressor.

As for the League of Nations, for
the first time many Americans feel
like giving a rousing cheer. Not
for the big powers dominating that
body, but for the little ones. The
small powers may have as little
regard for Ethiopia, generally
speaking, as Britain and France
have, but they see that distressed
country as a symbol of weak na-
tions in a wicked world. So they
insist on holding the league to its
professed principles, to safeguard
a fellow-member in peril, and they
proceed to gang up against the big
powers planning that shameless
sell-out.

As for Ethiopia herself, she rises
in the world's esteem by the cou-
rageous attitude of her king and
people. The people, except for a
small ruling class, may be bar-
barous, but they have never been
defeated in 3,000 years. Their king
is a civilized man, brave and in-
telligent. To all cowardly proposals
they give a thundering "Yelem!"
That is a grand word for "no".

Cotillion Again.

WHEN Henry Ford, some years
ago, began advocating the re-
vival of old-fashioned dances, the
chief response came from people
who had once danced square
dances, lineages, quadrilles, and so
on. This youngsters kept on with
their modern dancing. Lately,
however, they are beginning to
show a lively interest in the co-
tillion of the '20s.

The Society of Teachers of
Dancing of New York reports a
growing demand among younger
groups for instruction in the old
figures. Square dances have ap-
peared at college parties and pri-
vate functions. Their vogue is
spreading even to society balls.

Nobody seems to be trying to
explain the new fashion for old
dances. It may have taken this
long for the Ford movement to de-
velop, or the revival may have
come with some of the current
books dealing with prominent per-
sons of the cotillion era. The rea-
son isn't so important as the fact
that the young folks are going to
have a lot of fun with such dances.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

That is a long time.

THE money to pay this 20 billion
dollar debt will have to be
EARNED.

Let's not fool ourselves as to
that. The only way debts can be
paid is by earning the money and
paying it over.

They can't be paid by waving a
wand.

SUPPOSE somebody had suggest-
ed to your grandfather that the

An Important Annual Message



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XV

She flung the paper down and
ran into his bedroom. Her frantic
gaze swept the dresser for the note
she expected to see on the pin-
cushion. The dresser was empty.

Another significant headline:
"Townsend Ticket Wins in Michigan."

It wins, as a matter of fact, by
TWO TO ONE.
Whether or not you believe the
Townsend plan could be made to
work—and this writer is in the dog
house with a lot of good friends
because he doesn't believe it can
be made to work—you've got to
admit that Townsendism is a big
factor in present-day politics.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

Well, we had a big musical and
all the society boys came out in
their evening clothes. Some folks
like to wear tuxedos and it's kinda
hard on them to live in a small
town, as the occasions are so far
between.

Most folks look nice in these
suits and it really is refreshing to
see them decked out, but once in
a while you encounter a fellow like
me who can't dress up. When the
wife says get out the stiff bosom
shirt, I can see war clouds on the
horizon.

When I came by the elevator
boy last night I heard him say,
"Look at Dutchy in his soup and
fish. He looks like a Doeduck
coming up for air."

BRUNO'S PETITION TO SOON BE FILED

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 20.—
(AP)—C. Lloyd Fisher, one of
Oliver C. Hauptmann's attor-
neys, said today the condemned
man's petition to the court of
pardons for clemency will be filed
within a week.

In view of Governor Harold G.
Hoffman's statement he would
probably convene the pardons
court between Christmas and New
Year's if the petition were filed in
time, Fisher's announcement made
it virtually certain Hauptmann
would know before the New Year
whether the state would com-
mune the death sentence, now set
for the week of January 13.

MAIL SERVICE FOR YULE IS EXTENDED

In order to keep pace with the
increasing volume of Christmas
mail, city carriers will make one
complete delivery in the residence
sections of the city Sunday, Post-
master L. L. Wimberly announced
today. Collections will be made
from all drop boxes in the resi-
dential districts at about 7 p. m.
each night of the week, in addition
to the regular collections in the
business district.

The postoffice, which usually
closes at noon on Saturdays, will
be kept open until 6 p. m. next
Saturday, Mr. Wimberly stated, in
order to accommodate local pa-
trons.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS. Ump-
qua Florists. Phone 620.—Adv.

threw it after him and stamped
her foot and sputtered.

Mrs. Standing was just strug-
gling awake from an exhausted
nap, when her secretary ventured
in apologetically.

"I don't want to disturb you,
Mrs. Standing—I know you've
just got to rest—but—"
"What is it?" wearily. "More
reporters?"

"No, we're clear of them now.
No, it's a woman who acts very
mysterious and threatening."
"A woman?"
"Well, I should say a girl. She
says her name is Julie De Vore."

"I never heard of her. What
does she want?"

"She declares she is Mr. Pen-
nington's 'sweetie'—her own word,
Mrs. Standing."

"Heavens!" Mrs. Standing sat
up. "You don't suppose Stuart
Pennington has any untangling al-
lances?" She paused, frowning.

"I think perhaps you'd better see
this person, Mrs. Standing. She's
very determined and angry; she
sounds dangerous to me!"

"Mary, I can't bear it if he has
another wife. . . . But no, Stuart
wouldn't. I'll see her, but give
me time for a shower."

"Shall I serve her tea?"
"No, we'll have no social ameni-
ties till I see what her game is.
By the way, please ask Mr. Mor-
row to come up if he can. Try to
get him at the studio. I feel un-
equal to facing dangerous women alone."

Julie was left in the great draw-
ing room to cool her heels in soli-
tude for forty minutes after the
secretary had told her Mrs. Stand-
ing would be down presently. The
place rather subdued Julie in spite
of her belligerent attitude. . . . It
was like a handsome cinema set,
she thought, and wondered what
the bathhouse were like. Funny
to live in a set all the time! The
spacious gardens seen through the
enormous windows, the birds twit-
tering outside, the delectable food
upon everything inside. . . . It al-
most "got her goat," she admitted
to herself nervously.

She jumped when she heard a
pleasant, low voice behind her:
"Mrs. De Vore?"

Mrs. Standing had come in
unobtrusively on the thick Oriental
carpet and stood regarding her
visitor tranquilly, but without cor-
diality. "You wished to see me?"
"Yes!" Julie's sense of injury
came sweeping back. These Stand-
ings with all their money and po-
sition, acting snooty even as they
plucked Stuart Pennington—Ju-
lie's own prize—off the Christmas
tree! They had her nerve!

"You are a friend of Mr. Pen-
nington?" asked Mrs. Standing.

"More than a friend!" Julie
burst out. "Much more!"

"Oh, well, all down. What did
you wish to see me about?"
"This marriage—with your
daughter—I won't have it!"

"What? But it's done—they're
married!"

"Stuart can't marry her! It
isn't fair! It isn't fair—to me!"
"What claim have you on Mr.
Pennington?"

"I'm engaged to him. . . . I
live at his house."
"Really?" gasped Mrs. Stand-
ing, genuinely startled. "I
thought—"
"You thought he'd been in love
with your girl for five years? Well,
you see she went off for eighteen

months. I came in the meantime."
Julie smiled meaningfully, trium-
phantly.

"Oh, I can't believe that Stuart
—no, no, it can't be. Stuart loves
Sharon—I know that—" Mrs.
Standing was really speaking to
herself.

Julie jumped to her feet, her
eyes blazing dramatically. "He
loves me—me—I do everything for
him! He just thought he had to
marry your daughter when she
asked him because he's just a weak
fool for the soft stuff. The way
she came whining to him when her
boy friend let her down! I won't
put up with it, do you hear?" She
was standing over Mrs. Standing
now, shouting and brandishing her
arms. "Stuart is mine! Mine!"

"What's all this?" broke in Lu-
cien Morrow's hearty voice. The
secretary had brought him direct-
ly to the drawing room without
letting Brooks announce him. Mrs.
Standing was immensely relieved.
Capable as she was, she felt that
she needed help in this unprece-
dented encounter.

"Why Julie!" Lucien exclaimed
in astonishment. "What kind of an
act are you putting on?"
"I'm not putting on any act!"
barked Julie furiously. "What are
you putting in for?"

"But what's it all about?" The
famous movie director looked in-
quiringly at Mrs. Standing.

"State your case, Miss De Vore,"
she said wearily.

"I've been telling her—I won't
have Stuart marry her daughter.
I won't stand it!"

"Why, Julie, you can't do any
thing about it. The knot's tied,"
expatiated the cinema boss.

"It's got to be untied—pronto!
She's got what she wanted . . . to
save her face because the other
guy ditched her. She'll get a di-
vorce—or I'll!"

"Now, now, Julie," said Lucien
matter-of-factly. "Don't be im-
perative. . . . Dora. And where do
you come in, anyway? To my cer-
tain knowledge Stuart never prom-
ised—or intended—to marry you."

Julie suddenly went wild. "He's
got to marry me—now!"
"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to—I'm going to—"
She broke into loud sobbing and
cast herself down in a woebegone
heap on a chair.

(To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY
NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:20—News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Radio Music Store Pro-

gram.

8:00—Devotional.

8:45—American Folk Songs.

9:00—Popular Stars.

10:00—Woman's Exchange, guest

artist.

10:30—Guy Lombardo orchestra-

tion.

11:00—Tavern's Novelty Fun Post.

11:15—"As You Like It," request.

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review news broad-

cast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Var-

ieties with BPWC Glee club.

1:00—San Soussi Turkey Show

and Herbert Heinz, tenor,

and Florence Grow, piano.

1:45—Guest artist, Paul Campbell.

1:55—Vanity Fair.

2:00—Guest artists, L. D. Horner

Trio.

2:15—Story Land (for children).

2:30—Musical Bouquet.

2:45—V. P. W. Program—Dick

Preston.

2:50—Vocalists 2.

4:00—"The Editor Views the

News."

4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun

and Frolic.

4:30-4:45—Douglas County Cream-

ery "The Right That Nail-

ed," second episode.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

Morning Hours

6:30—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Old Timers.

8:00—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Program for U. S. Veterans'

Facility.

10:00—Pipe Organ Music.

10:30—Christmas Carols.

11:00—"As You Like It," request.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—"A Marriage Proposal" (One-act comedy with local

players).

12:30—The Musical Globe Trot-

ter.

1:00—Characterization and Song.

Cecil Black.

2:00—Meditation at the Piano.

Wanda Armour.

3:00—Canyonville Orchestra.

4:00—Heart Songs, Gwen Ross

Zenor.

4:15—Chamber Music.

4:30-4:45—Harmonizing, Jack

Freeman.

TURKEY PRICES ARE REMAINING FIRM

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 20.—
(AP)—The percentage of below
top grade turkeys increased slightly
today on the Portland whole-
sale market. Prices held up, how-
ever.

A survey showed that more than
88 carloads of Oregon turkeys, or
about 2,250,000 pounds, moved to
out-of-state markets this year. A
large number also were taken to
cally.

This year's crop was large and
of the best average quality ever
shown here, trade leaders said.

The country price today for top
toms was 22c generally and 21c
for hens. City prices are a cent
higher, as a rule. The Portland
prices to buyers ranged from 22
to 25c.

CARR'S OPEN EVENINGS

Carr's Store will be open every
evening till Christmas, including
Christmas eve. Carr's—Adv.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS. Ump-

qua Florists. Phone 620.—Adv.

Christmas Foods

SATURDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY

Cranberries Deep red berries, quart **15c**

Manning's Coffee Special demonstration **24c**
Monday POUND

Powdered Sugar C. & H. 2 1/2 POUNDS **17c**

Jello All flavors, 3 Pkgs. **17c**

Oysters Nip Tide, big Washing- ton Oysters, 8-oz. can **18c**

Shredded Wheat Fine for Stuffing, 2 Pkgs. **23c**

Dates Golden Hollow, 2 lbs. **19c**

Pineapple Sliced or Crushed, flat can **9c**

MINCE MEAT With Brandy, 2 lbs. **21c**

RIPE OLIVES Grogan's large size, pint **15c**

CORN Diamond A, whole kernel, can **13c**

PEAS The Dalles, taste like fresh, can **14c**

LUTEFISK Pound **15c**

ORANGE JUICE Dromedary, can **10c**

POP CORN Jolly Time, pound **15c**

HOME DIPPED Chocolate, 1/2 lb. **19c**

WINDMILL FLOUR Sack **\$1.79**

We have the 19-Piece Lunch-
on Sets and Salad Sets—Make
fine Christmas presents.

CANDY
Satin Mixed Candy, 2 lbs. **23c**
Missouri Chocolates, lb. **16c**
Gum Drops, big luscious ones, 2 lbs. **25c**
5-Lb. Christmas Box delicious Assorted Chocolates **98c**
2-Lb. Box Finest Quality Chocolates **53c**
5-Lb. Box Fancy Chocolates **\$1.23**
Chocolate Cov'd Cherries, lb. box **27c**

NUTS
Mixed Nuts, a fine mix, pound **17c**
Brazil Nuts, large size, pound **19c**
Almonds, 1XL, soft shell, pound **24c**
Peanuts, fresh roasted, quart **10c**
Filberts, large size, pound **20c**
Pecans, southern soft shell, pound **20c**
Black Walnuts, pound **10c**

Candied Cherries Lb. **35c**
Dressing Bread Large Cello Pkg. **15c**

Heinz Plum or Date Pudding, tin **32c**
Buckwheat Pure New York, 9-lb. sack **67c**

Oranges Fancy Navels—Just the right size. **23c**
Sweet Potatoes 4 LBS. **13c**

2 TURKEYS and 6 Christmas trees giv-
en away. A turkey and
the trees, Saturday at 4
P. M.—the other turkey
Monday at 4 P. M.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

One Word Led To Another



By
Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1935, King Features
Syndicate, Inc.)

Old Friends in New Clothes

We may have to give the Demo-
crats another four years so they
can explain what they did the first
four. This administration will be
famous for its queer nomenclature.

A queer tribe called the
technocrats burst into bloom
with the early spring brain
trusts. The combination
made a beautiful bouquet to
wear in a paper hat.

Nobody knows the meaning of
technocracy. Even the five men
who understood Einstein refused
to answer. When we tried to in-
terview them their keeper said they
were busy writing love letters on
poppermint.

Whoever heard of boon-
doggling before 1932? What is
boondoggling after 1932?
Boondoggling means making
something useful out of odds
and ends. It is an easy racket
and the odds are a million to
one it never ends.

Do they get paid for boon-
doggling? Do they get wages for
adding and raising? They do. For
boondoggling is now one of our
standard industries. The Boones
were an old Kentucky family. But

we never heard of the Loggies be-
fore.

What is a brain trust? Did
we have brains before 1932?
Did we have brains in Wash-
ington before 1932? We did,
but we never trusted them. A
brain trust has theories but
isn't practical. A practical
man about the time the ne-
cessitous horseman tips his hat.

Thousands of our disgusted ad-
mirers have asked us about this
neopagan business. What is nepo-
tism? We never heard of that
before 1932. Gator around, cal-
culation, and well crack the egg-
shelled almonds.

Nepotism is the grabbing of
all good government jobs by
families, tribes, and clans.
When a mouse gets into the
barn he spreads the word to
his cousins in the field. And
they move in for the winter.
You can't blame mice or men
for wanting to keep good
things within the family.

After all, why should you shake
the tablecloth out of