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Mechanical Watchman.

SOMETHING new in automobile
fire alarms has been invented
in Paris and successfully used
there and in London. It is called
a siphonophone and may be operated
either by thermostat or by push
button. With the thermostat, hot
air rising to the ceiling when fire
has broken out breaks a closed circuit.
An electrical relay in the
siphonophone then starts a clock-
work motor. This, in turn, calls the
fire station by means of a small
dialing drum on which are metal
discs with projections corresponding
to the letters and figures of the
proper telephone number.

When the station has been called,
a photograph record begins to
play, telling just where the fire is.
It repeats the message continuously
for three and a half minutes.
By that time any well-regulated
department would be on its way.
The siphonophone, however, has not
finished its work. It proceeds to
ring up the home of the subscriber
and repeats its message to him.
All this mechanism, lacking the
thermostat, may be set in motion
by a watchman pushing the proper
button.

There is a similar outfit which
may be attached to doors or win-
dows or to valuable objects in a
home or art gallery. If any of
these are disturbed by a burglar
the siphonophone calls the police.
The apparatus runs silently in-
side a small bakelite casing.
Mechanical gadgets like these
sometimes get out of order and
fall to do their stuff, but watch-
men may fall asleep or be over-
come by smoke or overpowered by
burglars. The automatic device
is probably no more fallible than
human beings.

Double-Edged "Aryanism."

THAT boycott of Jews by the
Hitler government works both
ways. While Jewish employees
are discharged by "Aryan" employ-
ers, including the German govern-
ment itself, a New Year's edict has
also ordered "Aryan" women working
as servants in Jewish homes
and as secretaries and stenograph-
ers for Jewish business and pro-
fessional men to quit their jobs
immediately. It is estimated that
20,000 German servant girls and
many thousand German office
workers thus become jobless.

There is in these regulations a
Spartan consistency which wins a
sort of respect. The big idea is
complete separation of the races,
socially and economically. And
in separating them, the racial fan-
tasy is willing to hurt Tenthons
in order to hurt Hebrews.
The upshot is that nobody is
benefited. Both races suffer, Ger-
man prosperity is retarded and
Germany forfeits world sympathy
and support when she needs
friends more than ever before.

Experts drafting regulations for
the social security act say they
have difficulty determining exactly
what "agricultural labor" is.
Grandpa could tell them.

Wars are not won by bombing
hospitals.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1)

Human nature is human nature.

BUT many farmers, even includ-
ing those receiving AAA benefit
payments, have been slow enough
to see that under AAA
American agriculture was headed
for a headache.
Here is what we have been do-
ing:

We have been hiring American
farmers NOT to produce, thus rais-
ing the level of American farm
prices above the world level and
making it possible for farmers in
other countries to sell profitably

in the American market.
In other words, foreigners have
been hiring our own farmers not
to bring our own farmers not
to grow. American consumers, in
effect, have been taxed to provide
a good market at profitable prices
for FOREIGN PRODUCERS.
A situation such as that can't
continue indefinitely.

TO THOSE who believe as this
writer does—that is, that you
can't monkey with the law of supply
and demand without getting in-
to trouble sooner or later—it is a
fair conclusion that by stopping
AAA now, before it has had time
to disturb still further the normal
channels of world trade, the sup-
reme court decision may have the
effect of PREVENTING the head-
ache that was otherwise inevit-
able.

IN REALITY, AAA, NRA, and all
the others of their kind, are only
minor side issues. The real issue
is this:
Shall we go on with the typically
American institutions that were
built up and have flourished under
the form of government created by
the constitution of the United
States, or shall we THROW OVER-
BOARD the constitutional limita-
tions under which we have operat-
ed in the past—so successfully as
to have become the world's MOST
ENVIED NATION—and strike out
into waters that for us will be
new, although they have been sail-
ed for centuries by the peoples of
the older world?

That is the big issue that will
be before the American people in
this political campaign of 1936, and
as the days go by it will loom larg-
er and larger.

It is an issue that means life or
death for the America of the past.

CLINIC CLICKS
FROM DOUGLAS
HEALTH OFFICE

At the clinic held at the Suther-
lin school Monday, January 7, most
efficient volunteer services was given
by Rev. and Mrs. Stearns Cush-
ing and Mrs. Lloyd Thompson.
Eighteen were given toxoid, 49 the
tuberculin test, 27 vaccinated and
26 given the Schick test by Dr. J.
E. Campbell, Douglas county pub-
lic health officer.

The success of this clinic was
due to the splendid cooperation
of Marvin Fisher and all the teach-
ers of the Sutherlin school, who
not only organized the clinic with-
in the school but interested many
parents with pre-school children
in attending.
Marvin Fisher, principal of the
Sutherlin school, previous to the
clinic asked Miss Moffatt to ad-
dress his high school health class
as well as the grade school groups.
Following this clinic all the first
grade pupils of Miss Blanche Strat-
ter were examined as well as se-
lected groups of Mrs. Juanita Gale
and Lloyd Cameron's pupils.

A return trip will be made to the
Sutherlin school Thursday at which
time all high school students partic-
ipating in school athletics will
be examined.

Clinics will be held at the Oak-
land school Wednesday, January 8,
and Friday, January 10.

TOWNSEND CLUBS'
DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

YONCALLA.—The regular meet-
ing of the Yoncalla Townsend club
was held in the Odd Fellows hall,
Tuesday evening with the pres-
ident, Wm. Garner, presiding. John
Palmer gave a reading after which
bulletins were read by the secre-
tary, Mrs. Olive McKee. After a
quite heated discussion on report
of the nomination committee, the
following officers were duly elected
for the following term: President,
Wm. Garner; vice-president, Sam
Garner; secretary, Mrs. Olive Mc-
Kee; treasurer, Jake Wilson; ad-
visory board, George Edes, Henry
Parks, G. W. Angus, Oscar Thiel,
Fred Lee and Bert Hunt.

KIWANIS TO TALK
OVER 1936 PLANS

The retiring officers of the
Roseburg Kiwanis club will meet
at a directors' session tonight to
discuss the new officers to discuss
plans for club activities during the
coming year. The new officers were
installed last night at a most en-
joyable ladies night program held
at the Empyria hotel.

LOW COST FOOD IS
ACCORDED PUPILS

At a cost of only 25 cents per
month per pupil or individual, the
Oakland public schools are furnish-
ing hot soup or chocolate each day
to about 50 pupils. The hot food
is served to supplement the
lunches of the pupils, the activity
being directed by the members of
the Girls League. The cost is only
one cent per dish or cup some pu-
pils, however, furnishing veget-
ables or milk in lieu of money.

Second Crossing!



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXX
Lucien came toward the boys at
the big table, who were shouting
to him to hurry up. Then he saw
Sharlene's excited, welcoming face
and deflected his course.

"Sharlene! Of all the luck!"
"Lucien! This is my husband,
Mr. Damerell, Mr. Morrow."
Lucien shook hands with Kent,
sizing him up with a keen flash of
his eyes.
"Want you join us?" asked
Kent.
"Thanks, I'd like to—but I'll
have to make it right with the
boys."

When he came back and sat
down at their table, he looked at
their plates. "Oysters? Not for
me. Me for the big steak!"
"Are you doing in New
Orleans, Lucien?" Sharlene asked.
"Shooting a river boat on the
Mississippi."
"Another 'Showboat'?"
"No. Mark Twain story. It's go-
ing great!" Lucien's eyes shone
with enthusiasm and good feeling.
"Want to see my fellows?" Kent
said, smiling. "Get such a kick out
of your job. You're in the amuse-
ment business and you get a lot
of amusement out of it."

"Sure. It's a game. We who ac-
tually make the pictures get all the
fun. It's no picnic for the 'excess'
who sit and worry about Wall
street. But for me it's thrilling! I
wouldn't do anything else. You
see, I started out in the bond busi-
ness and there was no adventure,
no excitement, no romance, and I
thought I'd die. But in this busi-
ness I'm getting younger every
day I live."

"It interests me," Kent said,
thoughtfully, "more than anything
else in the line of business. I've
thought about it a lot—this and
producing plays on Broadway. But
this game looks like more real fun.
I've about exhausted the possibili-
ties of golf and yachts and fish-
ing."

"You can have all those in pic-
tures," Lucien pointed out, "and a
million more things besides. Why
don't you throw some of your
money into the field? Time is ripe
for independents now."
Kent's eyes began to sparkle.
"Let me see," he said. "What do
you do to Hollywood?"
"Let me see," he said. "What do
you do to Hollywood?"
"Let me see," he said. "What do
you do to Hollywood?"

cob web, with a gossamer yet per-
sistent career.
"Be delicate," she had said.
"that one may pass a whole scarf
through a finger ring."

She had left him the scarf—and
the ring, mute reminders of the
glorious moments that were his
alone. She must have felt that even
she had no right to share that
memory with him any longer. . . .
So like Sharlene.

Suddenly Stuart buried his face
in the scarf. The fragrance of
Sharlene still pervaded it. He
stood there in the big untidy room,
shaken like the silver birch out-
side his window in the February
wind. The diamonds in the ring
cut into his mouth as he crushed
it against his face. . . .
When he lifted his eyes at last,
there was a new look dawning in
their sorrowful depths. Something
just being born—not yet seeing the
light—but coming—coming—out
of agony into light. . . .

An amazing equipage was draw-
ing to a stop at the foot of the
path to Stuart's house. Cream
colored with black velvet uphol-
stery, small and ornate, it was less
like an automobile than like Cin-
derella's pumpkin coach. The
chauffeur in black uniform and
puttees (too bad it couldn't have
been small clothes!) ran around to
open the door.
Julie stepped out of her coach,
drawing sables about her small
person, and regarded the steep in-
cline with annoyance.
"I don't know how I'll ever make
it in this wind," she observed petu-
lantly.

The chauffeur measured her pe-
tite form with his eye. "I could
carry you if it was on the level,
but—" He cast a hopeless glance
up the hill.
"O-h, I guess I can walk it. It has
been done!"
When she walked in on him,
Stuart was striding up and down
the room holding an exquisite East
Indian veil in his hand. Julie
noticed it instantly, her attention
pouncing as always on any sort
of beautiful wearing apparel. He
turned dazzled eyes to her, strugg-
ling up from dreams not even
recognizing the intruder at first.
"Hello, darling! Where'd you get
that gorgeous—" Her eyes caught
the open trunk and the clothes.
"Where's up, Stuart? You're not
going away?"

"What? Oh, no. I'm broke and
I'm selling this truck to raise
some money."
"O-h, I guess I can walk it. It has
been done!"
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He did so. She kicked off her lit-
tle pumps and held her stockings
drip toward the blaze, watching
Stuart as he strode up and down
the room. There began to be a
pervading excitement about him.
His blue eyes sparkled when he
turned in his restless pacing to
face the fire. His hair was still
tumbled from the wind. His lips
were—he had cut it, Julie longed
to kiss it. At first she watched him
lazily while she basked like
a kitten, reveling in the sight of
him. Then she began to catch the
excitement, only hers was for a
very different reason.

"I had to see you, Stuart," she
said throatily. "I've been dying to
see you!"
He threw her an absent smile
and continued to pace. She got up
quickly and ran to seize his arm,
padding along with him in silk
sock feet, up and down, up and
down the room. He was not aware
of her, but she did not know it for
a while.
"Know why I came, darling?"
"Cause I love you, that's why! And
I get hungry for you. Hungry,
Stuart!"
"O-h, I guess I can walk it. It has
been done!"
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One Word Led
To Another



By
Bugs Baer

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Syndicate, Inc.)
One Great Republican

One of the first laws of national
politics is that the losers must
stage a Victory dinner.

That's how the Democrats
got back into power.

They just made it on their sev-
enty-second annual triumphant basket
party.

This year it's the republi-
cans' turn to pass the pickles
and sing songs of thanksgiving
in praise of nothing at all.

It's a strange thing about victory
dinners.

The guests look more like
survivors than winners.

And, after the coffee is served,
they carry this odd resemblance
out to the fifth decimal point.

The chairman gets up on his
rear hubs and reads a list of
the killed, the resigned, the
wounded, the ineligible, the
missing, the referendum and
the recall.

And on that list will be many
unknown and many incognito.

But, heading the scroll of
glorious statesmen are the
names of Jefferson, Jackson
and Wilson. For twelve long
years democratic orators have
called the names alive in our hearts
and on both networks.

And it was Jefferson, Jackson
and Wilson who led democracy up
Pennsylvania avenue, past the
treasury building and into the
white house. They are back in
the treasury now.

The republican orators at the
G. O. P. victory dinners are
having large trouble in get-
ting good talking points.
Chairman orators, the east
and west and says, "Think of
those three great republicans,
Lincoln, Lincoln, and er-er-er."

Then he stops. The democrats
have Jefferson, Jackson and Wil-
son. But where are the three great
republicans? Yet cannot make a
speech with just one. You must
have three great names for the
triple climax.

Teddy Roosevelt, Sr. was a
great republican. But when
you say Roosevelt today the
younger generation thinks you
mean Franklin, Eleanor or one
of the boys at Harvard. You
can't plug Hoover as a great
republican for when you say
Hoover the younger generation
knows you mean Hoover.

So the republican ardor is ham-
stringed and handicapped by the
lack of great names. After you
mention Lincoln the other two are
Amos 'n' Andy.

U. S. POLITICAL
OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chicago Bureau, The Associat-
ed Press, Washington.)

However skeptical may be their
remarks for publication, practical
politicians have found much food
for thought in the prediction of
Senator James Hamilton Lewis
that six presidential tickets may
play significant parts in the cam-
paign of 1936.

Senator Lewis is an old-timer at
the game of politics. He has had
many and varied experiences at
watching the fall of the canes and
the break of the play. His sugges-
tions, sometimes tinged with the
cynic optimism which is as
much a part of his individuality,
yet they never fail to be interest-
ing.

protestations of Herbert Hoover.
The republicans who repudiate
both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoov-
er, and are gathering together to
support Senator Borah.

The democrats and republicans
who believe that the only salva-
tion of the country is adoption of
the old-age pension plan of Dr.
Townsend.

The democrats and republicans
who can see no salvation except in
the political precepts of Father
Coughlin.

The seven groups thus enumer-
ated do not include the socialists,
who polled nearly a million votes
in 1932; the prohibitionists, now
reorganizing with a new zeal for
the repeal of repeal; the farmer-
labor party which controls Minne-
sota; the progressive party which
controls Wisconsin; the com-
munist-social-labor, liberty, and
national parties, all of which en-
tered tickets in the election of
1932.

Altogether, here are 15 groups
—all strong enough to attract
some sort of national attention,
most of them strong enough to set
up comprehensive national organi-
zations if they choose.

Further Divisions
When the list is reviewed, fur-
thermore, one striking thing about
it is the fixed character of the
lines which divide one group from
another.

Can the republicans hope for any
amiable working arrangements in
1936 between the adherents of Mr.
Hoover and the adherents of Mr.
Borah, now that both of these
leaders have come out into the
open with their opposing views
about party reorganization?

Will Dr. Townsend or Father
Coughlin find it possible, in con-
sideration of the development of the
plan to which each is so strongly
committed, to support any demo-
cratic, republican, socialist or
other candidate who does not
agree with them?

Will the democrats and republi-
cans who believe that the only
salvation of the country is adop-
tion of the old-age pension plan
of Dr. Townsend, find it possible
to support any candidate who
does not agree with them?

Will the democrats and republi-
cans who can see no salvation
except in the political precepts
of Father Coughlin, find it pos-
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