

Roseburg News-Review

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

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Clemency to Bruno.

THE reprieve granted by Governor Hoffman of New Jersey to Bruno Hauptmann strengthens belief that the full story of the Lindbergh baby kidnapping-murder is still to be told, at least to the public. That the governor's action was probably motivated by certain secret information allegedly throwing additional light on the crime seems a reasonable conclusion. Certainly there must have been some powerful warrant for extending executive clemency to the doomed man in the face of overwhelming national sentiment in favor of his execution, and, further, in view of the refusal of the New Jersey courts and the United States supreme court to disturb the first degree murder verdict of the trial jury. Significant is the statement of Governor Hoffman that there would be no extension of the reprieve "unless the evidence warrants." This may mean that alleged new evidence, presumably favorable to the convicted man, is to be submitted to the governor in a probable effort to secure at least a commutation of the death sentence. Those who regard the reprieve as a reprehensible act, as many of such there must be, may take what consolation they will from the governor's explanation that he was prompted by "diverse reasons which I do not care to disclose."

He further explained that his action followed a conference with the attorney general of New Jersey, who agreed that the reprieve "will not be challenged." Hauptmann, we are now told, will live at least three months longer, thanks to prescribed legal procedure. Meanwhile, the public will await and expect developments justifying the delay in carrying out the death sentence. If there is an exposure of guilt in the baby murder on part of others instead of or besides Hauptmann, as has been predicted, or a full confession by Hauptmann of sole culpability, which the state has persistently sought to obtain, the reprieve will have been justified. If, however, nothing comes of it save idle theories and unsubstantiated assertions, Governor Hoffman will continue to be a target, justly or unjustly, for censure. Taken in all, the situation presents a rather sorry mess. The parents of the murdered child evidenced good foresight and judgment in going abroad to avoid its unpleasant atmosphere.

Farmer Must Prosper.

IT IS the supreme court's job to interpret the federal constitution. The court is not concerned, except incidentally, with the purpose of the wisdom or the folly of legislation. It is concerned with the question whether congress in enacting a law, and the president in executing it, have constitutional authority for what they do.

So it was in the case of the AAA, which aimed to control farm production and balance farm income with city income, through federal action. The law by which this plan was created and administered is declared void. What happens to the farmers, what happens to the national economic system, for lack of adjustment that might conceivably be established by such a plan, is none of the court's concern.

But the problem remains. For a dozen years American farmers have been in distress, which became more and more intolerable as the depression continued. Economists have regarded the industrial depression itself as largely due to this agricultural slump. When farmers cannot buy, factories and stores suffer and the whole business system sinks.

It is clear that some new way must be found to insure a reasonable balance in production and purchasing power between agriculture and industry, whereby each can support the other. This is not merely the government's problem.

—the problem of the president and congress. It is the problem of all the rest of us. It is as true now as it was in the depth of the depression that there can be no genuine and lasting business revival without agricultural revival.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

age. Europe is very, very old indeed. Over there, they've had time to make all the mistakes in the book, and to learn how to RECTIFY their mistakes. Here we're just beginning.

When we've had as much time for trial and error as Europe, we too will know better how to handle our land.

A COYOTE crosses the road, his tail curled over his back and a grin on his face, and pauses to watch. He hasn't a care on his shrewd mind, which tells him that dressed-up dudes in fast-moving cars can't shoot straight enough to cause him any harm.

But stop the car and his nonchalance would vanish and he would fade into the distance.

If you cherish the notion that animals can't think, just watch a coyote some time.

UP OVER the Wapinitia cut-off, and as one approaches the backbone of the Cascades the rain that has been persistent at the lower levels changes to snow.

At Government Camp, the skiers are hard at it—hundreds and hundreds of them, in spite of the fact that the day is about as lousy as days can be; half rain and half snow and a shrewd wind that drives the mixture of rain and snow down the back of your neck, no matter what you do.

Question: Why will people in such numbers leave their comfortable homes in the city and head out into the snowy hills on a day like this?

BESIDE the road, here at Government Camp, is a ski shop owned and operated, the sign says, by Hjalmar Hvam.

Well, a boy with a name like that ought to know his skin.

LATER. The mystery as to why people will leave their homes in the city and head into the hills on a day when the hills are raked by as nasty a brand of weather as a good imagination can imagine is solved.

The weather in Portland is just twice as lousy as the weather on the mountain—raining young forests and blowing great gales. The storm that sank the gowls at the mouth of the Columbia river is just getting up here.

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—The price on several varieties of American bourbon and rye whiskey will be reduced as a result of the recently enacted Canadian trade treaty, the Oregon state liquor control commission said. Price reductions for Canadian brands already have been announced. Several items previously ordered stricken from stock were retained when the commission reconsidered.

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—Details appear to be among those things on which District Attorney Bert C. Boylan of Deschutes county insists.

Included in his accident reports sent to the state department was the item: "Going about 10 miles per hour. No other traffic. Dog ran out of side street. Driver applied brakes, dog not. Bumper of car struck dog. Car stopped, dog howled but did not stop at scene of accident. Unable to obtain dog's name and address."

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—Abstention from tobacco and whiskey and the fact that he is a "dyed-in-the-wool" democrat aided Dr. J. H. Wright in attaining the age of 91, the doctor said. Dr. Wright, who observed his birthday yesterday, was a practicing physician in southwestern Idaho for 40 years. He now resides here with a son.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

When I lived in St. Louis I used to have my laundry done by an old Chinaman who kept a place close to our home. This was a most friendly fellow, but he was awful independent. I used to complain once in a while just to hear him rave and he always ended with, "You no like my style so long."

There was always a slip on top of the laundry bundle with a lot of goofy marks on it and I asked him one day, "Is this my name on here?" He advised me that it wasn't my name, just a description.

I finally persuaded him to read it to me and here it is. "Flatfoot, Dutchman with two chins, also two faces. Works in brewery and does wages to the Anti-Saloon league. No ketchup money, ketchup buds."

It's not only a description but also a credit rating, but don't laugh. Have a Chinaman read your name some time. They don't kid anybody.

The Dinosaur and the Ostrich



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Look here, Sharlene," he said more quietly. "Be reasonable. You must know that in a man of my temperament, a little flirtation is necessary. I want you to remain my wife—the head of my home—my protection against the kind of woman I don't want for a wife."

"I see," Sharlene said gently. "Julie, in the background, began to breathe heavily with rising wrath. Her eyes darted fire at Kent's back. He did not notice her."

"I resent your coming here, Sharlene. It's cheap. We should have had this out at home, decently, no melodrama. Cora would never have done this."

Julie, unable to contain herself any longer, flounced into the room to face him, like a small red fury. "Do I understand you, Mr. Kent Damerell, that you expect me to be kept in the dark, hidden, while she compares your effort with her own other thing coming?" Her voice rose to a shriek and she stamped her foot.

"Look here, Julie," he began sternly. "Shut up! I hate you! I won't make your old picture! I won't be humiliated this way! You must shut up!" She broke into a storm of wild sobbing, glaring at him through her tears, stamping her foot.

A nervous in cap and apron, shaking a wet umbrella, clattered into the corridor from some back entrance and looked into the room where they were standing. "Mazie!" shouted Julie, turning her rage on her maid, "what if you mean, going off so this woman could butt in here?"

"Julie went out a minute to tell my boy to wait for me 'cause I didn't know how late I'd be." Her eyes rolled toward Kent. "Get out of here!" screamed Julie. "You're fired!" She pushed her furiously out of the room and slammed the door in her face, sobbing hysterically.

Sharlene shrank back, feeling queerly remote, as if she were looking at some incredible moving picture. She raised herself with an effort, beginning to feel again the gnawing, clutching pain that wanted to reach up into her brain and take away her consciousness.

"Wait, Julie," she said exhaustedly, putting out her hand as Julie whirled back from the door, "your time is coming—be patient."

Julie tried to stop her uncontrollable weeping, watching Sharlene comprehendingly while the tears coursed down her small storm-tossed face.

"What do you mean, Sharlene?" asked Kent sharply. "Come on, let's get through with this scene. I hate scenes!"

"I'm going. I just mean, Julie, that you can have him. I—I don't want him any more." She pulled the damp coat about her and turned toward the door.

"Sharlene!" Kent started toward her. She stopped him with a level look straight from her hurt, indignant heart.

When she got to the door she stood for a moment painfully considering its ivory painted surface, fumbling for the knob. As she opened the door and let in a gust of wind and rain, she looked back at them, saying in a queer, amazed voice:

"This is Good Friday!"

She was gone into the night. Kent and Julie stared at the closed door.

"Is she cuckoo?" asked Julie.

"Yes, ma'am," Morton turned toward the door, then hesitated and glanced at Stuart in some embarrassment. "It's good to see you again, sir."

"Thanks, Morton," responded Stuart, surprised by his fervent tone. "Will you do something for me? When you come back take a look at my car in the garage—wait, here are the keys—and tell me if you think the clutch is all right or if I ought to go and make a row about it."

"Oh, I'll be glad to!" exclaimed Morton, beaming, as he departed. Sharlene shook her head, smiling. "You're certainly got a way with you, Stuart. There isn't a servant in the house who wouldn't gladly make a doormat of himself for you. And Katie—you know how prim she is—Katie sent you her love!"

They both laughed. Then Sharlene pulled off her gloves and went over to the packages. "Let's have your knife, Stuart."

He produced the little gold pen-knife at the end of the slender watch chain which had been one of her gifts, and cut the string of the big roll. They were both thinking about the knife, but neither commented.

"This is the Gobiella mother wanted you to have."

"I haven't said—except for my note—how desolated I am about Emily."

"I know. There isn't any use putting it in words. You loved her—and she adored you. The last time she was here she so regretted not seeing you and promised herself that when she came west again she would come up here. Now—there are only her things to come."

She pulled the tapestry out of its wrappings and held it up. It was a rare old masterpiece and Stuart admired it anew.

"Mother told me once what she wanted done with her best-loved possessions. I set it down at the time so I shouldn't forget." She glanced around the room. "Where shall we hang it? On the west wall? Oh, I see you have something there now."

She was looking at a pair of delicately carved wooden doors which had been set into the wall.

"How about over the fireplace?" he suggested quickly.

"Perfect! Have you some tacks, or wouldn't you know?" She grinned at him understandingly.

"I think there are some in the kitchen—if I can just lay my hands on them in the future."

When he came back triumphant with the tacks she had the other packages open.

"Here's the prayer rug you were so crazy about, Stuart."

"She remembered that! But you should have said, Sharlene—"

"No, I have so much. And she particularly wanted you to have it."

He stroked the soft fabric glowing with rich color and examined with never ending wonder its intricate design.

"It's beautiful! And now it means more to me than ever—Emily's prayer rug."

Sharlene turned abruptly away and set her quivering lips. "Here—here's her jade!" She held out the boxes.

"Oh, Sharlene—I couldn't—it's too valuable!"

"But it's her gift. She never found anyone else who understood jade, and such an affinity for it—knew so much of its fascinating history—as you. She wanted to give you the collection before—before—well, as a wedding present."

Sharlene flushed and hurried on: "And the only reason she didn't was because she thought that right then you'd rather have—"

"Money!" he finished for her, frowning the jade. "Dear Emily—now she tried to help!" When he looked up his eyes were full of tears.

Notable Western Women Described

Western women have ruled European thrones!

Western women have built railroads—shocked the world as bandits—and known life and love and danger!

Don't fail to read "Wildcats of the West" beginning in Five Star Weekly, the new colored supplement of the News-Review, on January 18.

tears. He rose and went over to the window, laughing to hide his emotion. "But it was like feeding Niagara!"

Sharlene regarding his back for a long moment, hesitating, then gathering her courage, asked: "You mean the flow of money?"

He came back to her smiling: "Yes—but that's over and done with, thank God!" His eyes were very friendly as he stood looking down at her, smiling the little knife at the end of his watch chain. They were getting back on the old footing of pre-marriage days. It was comforting, and Sharlene cringed at the thought of stirring up his hatred, but she ploughed ahead resolutely:

"I'd like to talk about it, if you don't mind. I've been doing a lot of painful puzzling over my various failures in life lately."

"Don't do it!" he advised shortly. "What's the use? Besides, you weren't to blame—"

"That's kind, but it isn't true. I lacked in tact if nothing else. The trouble was, money had never seemed important, then—"

"Exactly. You don't really know anything of the value of money, Sharlene. Or how hard it is to get. How could you? You're an expensive article. You've always had anything you wanted instantly for the signing of your name on a check. You couldn't possibly understand the point of view of a fellow to whom fifty dollars was riches."

He was smiling at her again lazily.

"Well, if I hadn't been a fool—the money should have meant insurance for you, insurance against the worry of daily bread, so that your mind could be free for your work."

"Ah, but you discount the egotistic male you had to deal with! Raised as I was to the American plan of being the head of the house, I couldn't bear not to be the one to dole the money out to you, see?" He laughed heartily at himself. "Well, that's ancient history now." He went over to the table and picked up the pieces of jade.

(To be continued)

RAMBLINGS

of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

"RAMBLINGS," News-Review, September 19, 1935: PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE WILL ASK MERCY FOR MEXICAN YOUTH FACING TWO YEARS'

PENALTY. Deputy District Attorney William Knight announced this morning that it was felt the youth has qualities which should be preserved and that it was proposed to save him if possible from the hardening effects of a penitentiary term. Yesterday's News-Review.

All Petro Chavez—the youth in question—had done, was to beat a companion over the head with a railroad spike until he was unconscious, then stuff him into the ice box of a refrigerator car, where he remained for eight hours before being discovered.

If the capacity for this kind of action is one of the qualities which it is hoped to preserve in this young man, heaven preserve those who meet him in the future. One or at the most, two, kicks over the head with a railroad spike ought to have been enough, to discourage any common attacker, don't you think?

News story, News-Review, January 16, 1936: The parole of Pete Chavez, Mexican youth, from a two-year sentence in the state penitentiary, was revoked here today by Circuit Judge Carl E. Winter.

Chavez was sentenced in September, after pleading guilty to a charge of assault with intent to rob. Because of the fact that he was only 17 years of age and had not previously been in trouble, the court was asked for a parole, which was granted. Chavez, however, recently has become unruly, the court was informed, and attacked a cook at a transient camp near Grants Pass, causing the court to take action in revoking the parole.

It seems to hurt just as much, when you're hit over the head by a 17-year-old thug, as it would if he were 37.

Newspapers over the land are giving a lot of space to Col. Lindbergh and his troubles, in an attempt to explain that newspapers over the land have given too much space to Col. Lindbergh and his troubles.

Well, let it snow; it did yesterday, at Yoncalla.

Homemade mattresses are replacing straw ticks, long used by many rural families in the south, thanks to 115 pounds of tax-free cotton allowed growers for domestic use.

Piggly Wiggly

Where Your Round Dollars Get a Square Deal

Saturday and Monday, Jan. 18-20

HIDDEN TREASURE CARDS NO BLANKS EVERY ONE GOOD
Ask for the Hidden Treasure Card—Free

BROOMS 4-sew—A good cheap broom EACH 29c

WALDORF Sanitary Tissue 3 Rolls 13c

Peanut Butter 2 Lbs. 29c

Mother's Cocoa 2 Lb. Carton 18c

H&D Jell Dessert 2 Pkgs. 9c

MANNING'S COFFEE

1 Pound..... 26c 2 Pounds..... 50c

Peaberry Coffee Pound 20c

Maxwell House Coffee, 4-lb. can..... 93c

PALMOLIVE For the complexion, 2 Bars 9c

SHREDDED COCOANUT—Fresh 1/2-lb. bag 13c

WHITE STAR TUNA—1/4s, can 11c

CORN—Golden Bantam, can 12c

SCOTT'S TOWELS—150 to roll, 3 rolls..... 29c

TOMATOES—New Day, No. 1 tall, 2 for 17c

INSTANT TAPIOCA—1/2 lb. pkg. 9c

ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT JUICE—Can 10c

CALUMET BAKING POWDER—1 lb. can 23c

LAUNDRY SOAP—White Wonder, 5 bars 18c

GINGER SNAPS—Fresh, 3 doz. 10c

Save your Cash Register Receipts for the Luncheon Sets and Silverware.

MINCEMEAT Brandy or Rum Pound 10c

MUSTARD—French's Cream Mustard, 9 oz. jar 11c

MARSHMALLOWS—Fresh, lb. 14c

Windmill Flour Montana Hardwheat \$1.44 Sack

APPLES Spitzenberg Box 67c

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, JAN. 18

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—Radio Music Store, "The Music Box."

8:00—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd.)

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—"Melody Moods."

10:00—"Woman's Exchange."

10:45—Vocal Selections.

11:00—The Tavorri's Novelty Fun Fest.

11:15—"As You Like It."

Afternoon Hours

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varities.

1:00—San Souki Turkey Show.

1:15—Camp Bradford Boys.

2:00—Vandy Fair and the World Bookman.

2:15—Hotel Valley, "Familiar Melodies."

2:30—Songs of the Range, Paul Campbell.

3:30—"Story Land."

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.

4:20—The Douglas Co. Creamery with "The Right That Nailed."

4:45—Popular Dance Orchestras.

5:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JAN. 19

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ music.

9:00—P. S. Veterans' Facility program, with Ernie Crane.

10:00—Vocal selections.

10:30—"Musical Bonquet."

11:00—Guest artist.

11:30—Salon music.

Afternoon Hours

12:15—"At the Organ"—Wanda Armour, with Lyman Spencer, baritone.

1:15—Down Memory's Paths.

1:45—Sacred music.

2:15—Hotel Valley's "Familiar Melodies."

2:30—"Songs of the Past" with Ruth Warren and Florence Grow.

3:00—Canyonville Rhythmen.

4:00—KRNR Little Theatre with

local cast.
4:30—"The Singing Parson."
4:45—Salon music.
5:00—Sign off.

Much fine entertainment is to be heard by KRNR listeners Saturday and Sunday.