

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
 Issued Daily Except Sunday by the
 Associated Press Co., Inc.
 Member of The Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively
 entitled to the use for republication
 of all news dispatches credited to
 it or not otherwise credited in
 this paper and to all local news
 published herein. All rights of re-
 publication of special dispatches
 herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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

Represented by

McMOGENSEN & CO., Inc.

San Francisco—226 Bush Street.
 Los Angeles—437 South Spring
 Street. Seattle—603 Stewart Street.
 Chicago—350 North Michigan Ave.
 Detroit—213 Stephenson Bldg. New
 York—21 East 60th Street. Portland
 —Hodell Bldg.

MEMBER
OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION
 EDITORIAL BOARD

Subscription Rates
 Daily, per year by mail.....\$4.00
 Daily, 6 months by mail.....\$2.00
 Daily, 3 months by mail.....\$1.00
 Daily, single month by mail......50
 Daily, by carrier per month......50

Inflation?

AS HAS been usual during the
 last few sessions, congress is
 talking, or at least some members
 of congress are talking, about in-
 flation. It has been suggested that
 a currency issue of five billions be
 authorized to pay the costs of the
 bonus and of relief and whatever
 else seems necessary.

It is natural that the smaller
 minds would seize upon inflation
 of the currency as a quick and easy
 way of retiring government debt.
 It sounds so easy and seems such
 a grand and noble way of getting
 out of debt. What individual, for
 example, could so long resist the
 temptation of printing money for
 his own use if he had that right
 and privilege under the law. Con-
 gress can do that.

Leonard P. Ayers, prominent
 banker and statistician, told a con-
 vention of statisticians not long
 ago that inflation is not an imme-
 diate problem. "It does not seem
 now at all probable," he said, "that
 there will develop in 1936 the serious
 inflation that some people are
 discussing. Inflation is a slow dis-
 ease that incubates for a long time
 before it becomes virulent."

In view of the fact that inflation
 has been so much discussed in
 congress and such a really im-
 portant bloc of inflationists has de-
 veloped, it seems that the "dis-
 ease" may be on the verge of be-
 coming "virulent." The people of
 this country have embraced various
 visionary schemes and plans
 and it is conceivable that a bright
 and able organizer might build
 quickly a nation-wide popular de-
 mand for printing press money.
 The arguments sound swell and
 the bad results cannot be easily
 visualized. Besides, we are too far
 from Europe to fully understand
 the chaos which inflation brought
 about over there.

Poisoner.

WHETHER or not a complete in-
 vestigation reveals that a lit-
 tle child died as the result of poi-
 son set for dogs, the current prac-
 tice of dog poisoning should be
 stamped out. There is no meaner
 nor more contemptible crime.

How anyone can be so low as to
 deliberately spread a poison that
 will cause a dumb animal a writh-
 ing death is almost beyond com-
 prehension. Certainly the dogs are
 more kindly and more intelligent
 than the man who sets out poison.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ress. It is the balance wheel of
 progress."

The constitution of the United
 States was flexible enough to per-
 mit the abolition of human slavery,
 which was at least as progressive
 a step as this nation has ever
 taken.

So it ought to be flexible enough
 to permit us to take other TRULY
 PROGRESSIVE steps.

ANOTHER point:
 "A nation will survive to en-
 rect its political mistakes, but if
 an ungodly financial program is
 coupled with them the nation faces
 destruction."

Which means that nations, like
 individuals, must REMAIN SOL-
 VENT if they are to get anywhere
 worth getting to.

AND this one:
 "We have been appalling
 waste and extravagance. We are
 exhausting our capital on useless
 projects which advance us no far-
 ther along our way."

It isn't enough, that is, just to

spend money. If you're going to get
 anywhere (except into bankruptcy)
 you must get something worth
 while for the money you spend.

NOW this final point:
 "The choice ahead of the
 American people is NOT whether
 to keep on with the mistakes of
 the so-called New Deal, or to re-
 turn to the mistakes of the old or-
 der. The old order BELONGS TO
 THE PAST, but sound American
 principles persist."

What he means is this:
 When we finally settle down
 after the experimenting of the past
 two or three years, it will be at a
 point about midway between where
 the New Deal radicals want to go
 and where the extreme conserva-
 tives want to stop.

GOVERNOR LANDON wants us
 to believe that he is the man
 who can STOP US at that point.
 If he is, he deserves attention.

CHRYSLER WORKERS GIVEN \$2,300,000

DETROIT, Feb. 3.—(AP)—The
 Chrysler corporation announced to-
 day a "world wide" bonus distribu-
 tion, amounting to \$2,300,000 to
 all employees.
 The announcement, by President
 K. T. Keller, said the minimum
 bonus would be \$30 and \$2 would
 be added for each year of serv-
 ice, up to ten years.
 Of the total, he said, \$2,000,000
 will go to the 54,000 employees in
 the Detroit area.
 The bonus, Keller said, "is addi-
 tional recognition of the services
 of our employees and in apprecia-
 tion of the cooperative efforts to
 employees in helping to further
 progress of the corporation in re-
 cent years."

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

The family of an acquaintance
 of mine is considerably perturbed
 because one of the daughters has
 disappeared. I haven't bothered
 much about it because they per-
 tered that kid until she was very
 near crazy, and she no doubt has
 gone out to grandma's without
 leaving a note.
 This is one of the funniest little
 girls I have ever known. She is
 so thin that when she gets a pain
 in the side she can't tell whether
 it's on the right or left. She ate
 two dill pickles at the house the
 other morning and later in the af-
 ternoon she said she thought she
 had backache.
 One thing has occurred to me—
 they ought to look in the sewer
 for her. She may have forgotten
 herself and pulled the plug before
 she got out of the bath tub.

CAR CRASH FATAL TO LUMBERMAN

THE DALLES, Ore., Feb. 3.—
 (AP)—Vincent Gregg, prominent
 lumberman of Spokane, Wash.,
 was fatally injured in an automo-
 bile collision 25 miles east of
 here last night. He died soon after
 being brought to a hospital here.
 His associate, C. C. Soderberg
 of Spokane, received a gash on the
 forehead and a bruised ear, but
 his condition was favorable.
 Their eastbound car collided
 with a car driven by John H.
 Potts of Portland, who escaped in-
 jury. His wife suffered minor cuts
 and bruises. Investigating officials
 blamed bright lights for the mis-
 hap.

PRIVATE JOBS TAKE MORE OF CCC MEN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—(AP)—
 Robert Fechner, director of the
 civilian conservation corps, said in
 a report published today that the
 number of men leaving the corps
 to take private jobs in 1935 showed
 a 36,769 increase over the preced-
 ing year.
 The total for the past year was
 placed at 134,055, compared with
 an enrolled strength varying from
 300,000 to nearly 500,000.
 July showed the largest number
 of resignations, 15,851 and Febru-
 ary the smallest, 6,947.

PENSION GROUP TO CONTINUE FIGHT

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—(AP)—
 Rep. McGroarty (D., Calif.), sponsor
 of the Townsend old age pen-
 sion legislation in the house, said
 today his group plans "to take any
 opportunity" to further the Town-
 send legislation at this session of
 congress.
 "We realize, of course," McGroarty
 added, "that we are faced with a
 hostile congress and an anti-
 pensionist house leadership and can
 not pass the bill at this session, but
 we are not giving up the fight."

COUNTY'S GAMING DEVICES SILENCED

SHELTON, Wash., Feb. 2.—(AP)—
 Slot machines, pin games and
 fancy gift punchboards have dis-
 appeared into storage rooms
 throughout Mason county as a re-
 sult of Governor Clarence D. Mar-
 tin's orders to state patrolmen to
 enforce the devices. Sheriff George
 and Hyman disclosed today.

LEGION MEETS TUESDAY

Empire post of the American
 Legion will hold its regular meet-
 ing next Tuesday night, February
 4th, "North Douglas Night" will be
 celebrated and it will be one of the
 big meetings of the year. He sure
 and be there. Carl Black is arrang-
 ing a fine program of snappy en-
 tertaining and some surprises
 are in store. Yes, there'll be a fan-
 dancer!

James Fletcher, Adjutant.

Filling Up at the Old Mud-Hole



HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

SYNOPSIS

Julie Martin, she's all of 17, is
 relating what happened after her
 French teacher, pretty Constance
 (Connie) Sinclair, was found shot
 dead at a desk in her (Miss Sin-
 clair's) apartment. Julie has star-
 led her mother and interests her
 father, a lawyer, by telling that she
 and her boy friend, Dicky
 Ward, had visited the apartment
 the previous afternoon, a few hours
 before the murder. She had re-
 turned a fountain pen which she
 had borrowed from Miss Sinclair.
 Newspaper reports made known
 that the teacher was slain about
 10 o'clock that night. The police
 went to the apartment upon re-
 ceipt of a mysterious telephone
 call informing them that Miss Sin-
 clair had been slain. Julie's young
 brother, Allen, also a high school
 pupil, leaves the breakfast table
 noon after the family starts discus-
 sing the tragic news. At the school
 later, police Inspector O'Brien
 questions Julie concerning the re-
 turn of the pen, basing his inquiry
 on notes made during an earlier
 examination of Mrs. Sardon, who
 conducted the apartment house
 tenanted by the slain teacher. Julie
 tells the inspector that she talked
 with Miss Sinclair about a book.
 Principal Perkins remarks that he
 found the book on the teacher's
 school desk that morning and gets
 permission to return it to the rental
 store, Melvin Wright, "the
 school's problem boy" and the last
 known caller on Miss Sinclair, is
 grilled in secret. At the evening
 papers feature the victim's last let-
 ter, addressed to a "Dear George,"
 who evidently was married.
 Then come extras with the news
 that Hym, Filipino janitor of the
 apartment house, had vanished the
 night of the murder! That devel-
 opment was obscured temporarily
 by news that the police had found
 on Melvin a gun of the same cali-
 ber of that of the murder weapon.
 The victim's father arrived, in-
 quiring for one Bruce Lloyd, described
 as the late "Connie's" fiancé. Lloyd
 appeared for police examination,
 said the engagement in question
 had been broken, refused to an-
 swer queries concerning the miss-
 ing "George," and declared he
 "could not say" where he was on
 October 20, the night of the mur-
 der. The mysterious "George" is
 identified as one Carrington, also
 reported to have been a former fi-
 ance of "Connie." Julie's father
 becomes counsel for the handsome
 Bruce Lloyd. Julie recalls vividly
 the scene when she last saw "Con-
 nie," a book in one hand, a pen
 (now missing) in the other. Re-
 membrance of Mrs. Sardon's spid-
 er-web writing is also in her mind,
 as she goes on with her "inside"
 story.

CHAPTER VI

The picture and the image of
 Mrs. Sardon's handwriting were
 the things I went to sleep thinking
 about. Where had I seen writing
 of that spider-web variety before?
 That same pale green paper, the
 same finely drawn lines tracing
 "Anna" below four other words
 that blurred, composed a second
 picture in my memory.
 I felt that in those two pictures
 were important clues to the mys-
 tery. If I could only find them!
 The next morning I went to
 school with these problems still
 enmeshed. The kids were all talk-
 ing about Carrington and Melvin.
 Opinion was pretty much divided,
 but most everyone thought Melvin
 had egg, although very few said
 outright that they thought he com-
 mitted the murder.
 "Now, what is it?" Mr. O'Brien
 asked when we were both seated.
 "Well," I began, leaning my
 bows on the desk, "I am not sure I

from the gossip angle; several
 thought his wife might have been
 the slayer. Carrington's descrip-
 tion, wired the police from down
 the peninsula where he had been
 found, fitted that of the frequent
 visitor, which Mrs. Sardon had
 furnished at this end. He was tall,
 dark, prosperous, and rather—
 well, lively. He was being brought
 to St. Joseph that day.
 After school I was in the office
 as usual when Mr. Perkins came
 in: he had a book under his arm.
 "By the way, Julie," said he,
 "would you do an errand for me?"
 "Certainly, Mr. Perkins."
 "Then please return this book to
 the lending library at the hotel,
 the one called The Book Shop Cor-
 ner, you know. Just say it was
 found here at school. Here is the
 fee."

"Yes, sir," I said. I took the
 book. It was the one Miss Sinclair
 had talked about. I remembered
 the light and dark blue wings on
 the cover, showing it was some
 sort of guide edition. Then the pic-
 ture that had bothered me all night
 came flashing back. I saw Connie
 against the sunlight table, a pen
 in one hand and this blue-covered
 book in the other! She had never
 visited the school again. Who had
 brought it from her apartment af-
 ter that afternoon?

I turned to Mr. Perkins, but he
 was gone. I felt very much excit-
 ed and very trembly. I was not
 sure just what I should do. This
 discovery of mine might reveal
 the murderer or it might bring in
 some utterly new person, someone
 who didn't want to be connected
 with it at all.
 I returned the book to the li-
 brary in the hotel, and I made a
 date with Dicky to study at the
 public library. All during dinner
 I was preoccupied. I wondered if
 I should tell my father and let
 him handle it. Then I decided
 against that. Why should I miss
 the fun? I was the discoverer!

So after dinner I put on my new
 green suit and cap and my gray
 suede shoes and told the family I
 was going to the library with my
 book. Well, I was and did; but
 we didn't stay long.
 "Dicky," I said, "I want you to
 take me to Inspector O'Brien's
 house."
 "Good Lord, what for?"
 "Well, I think I have a new clue
 for him. I want to ask him about
 that peculiar handwriting."

"Well, how do you do," he said
 heartily when he entered, "what is
 new tonight?"
 "Inspector," I said, "I think I
 have thought of something more
 that might interest you. Could I
 talk to you a minute?"
 "Why, surely, surely. Come in
 here. Mother and the boy friend
 will excuse us."
 He led me across the hall to a
 smaller room, evidently his study.
 I could feel Dicky gazing after me
 wistfully. I felt somewhat impor-
 tant, but mostly just scared. I be-
 gan to wish I had let dad come in-
 stead.

"Now, what is it?" Mr. O'Brien
 asked when we were both seated.
 "Well," I began, leaning my
 bows on the desk, "I am not sure I

ought to tell you this. I am really
 rather scared because I may get
 into an awful lot of trouble and
 I may get someone else into it."
 "I wouldn't worry a lot about
 that," he said comfortably. "Just
 tell me what you are thinking
 about."

"You remember," I said, taking
 a deep breath, "that you asked me
 what conversation I could recall
 having with Miss Sinclair that af-
 ternoon?"
 "Yes."

"I told you she talked about a
 book, a biography of a man who
 wrote Moby Dick."
 "Yes," the inspector was smil-
 ing. I could see he was not tak-
 ing me very seriously.

"Mr. Perkins said it was about
 Herman Melville."
 "Yes."
 "He said he had found it on her
 desk at school."
 He nodded.

"He gave it to me to return to
 the Corner today. I looked at it
 on the way. Inspector, Miss Sin-
 clair had that book in her hand
 when we were there that after-
 noon!"

O'Brien sat up. His eyes were
 keen and his voice harsh as I had
 heard it once before. "You are
 sure of that?"
 "Positive. She showed us a pic-
 ture in the front."
 "Then how did the book get to
 the school between then and the
 next morning?"

"If she had lent it to the teach-
 ers across the hall, there is no rea-
 son why they should have sneaked
 it down to her desk at school. Mel-
 vin is hardly the type who would
 have taken it to read. So some-
 one else must have been there that
 evening that we don't know about!"
 I finished triumphantly.

"How many people have you told
 this story to?"
 "No one but you."
 "Not your father? Not the boy
 friend?"

"No. On my word of honor."
 "Miss Julie, if you continue this
 discretion, you will be a rare
 woman. Suppose you keep silent a
 little longer. And if you think of
 anything more, come to see me."
 "I will, Mr. O'Brien, there is
 something else I want to know."

"Ask me, my dear."
 "I want to remember where I
 have seen Mrs. Sardon's funny
 writing before."
 He smiled again, evidently think-
 ing I was fancying myself a real
 sleuth. "That kind of writing is
 very common in Europe, especially
 in Italy where it is taught in many
 of the convents."

"Did Mrs. Sardon come from
 Europe, from Italy?"
 "I don't know, I suppose so."
 "Is she a Catholic?"
 "Why, I don't know that either."
 "It's strange," I said. "I am and
 I suppose you are, at least I've
 seen you in church. But I have
 never seen her there, have you?"
 "No, but there are many back-
 sliders. Little Julie. Don't worry
 your pretty head about Mrs. Sar-
 don's religion."

I smiled and got up to go. The
 phone on the desk rang. The in-
 spector talked to someone from his
 office. When he put up the receiver
 he said to me, "Miss Julie, for
 your next evening's work I'll give
 you a little advance information.
 George Carrington has arrived at
 last. He seems to have a perfect
 alibi for Thursday night, but he
 says his wife left him the Sunday
 before, and he hasn't seen her
 since."

(To be continued)

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity
 of expressing our appreciation for
 the kindness and sympathy extend-
 ed to us during our recent bereave-
 ment.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Marsters and
 Laverne Marsters.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

APPROACHING my car from
 back of where it was parked
 on the street the other day, I was
 struck by the sight of a peculiarly
 grumpy little man

at pennant which
 someone had
 bolted to the li-
 cense plate. It
 was all colors of
 the rainbow, or
 so it seemed to
 my first surpri-
 sed glance, and I
 lost no time in
 making a closer
 inspection.

"Always Be
 Careful," was
 the legend printed upon it, and
 further lettering, having to do
 with a certain method of lubricat-
 ing a car, enlightened me as to
 who was responsible for its pres-
 ence there. It was a new adver-
 tising wrinkle, for automobile
 grease jobs.

Not caring particularly for the
 startling effect of colors, mis-
 matching as they did the weather-
 ed green of my automobile, I was
 about to take the jigger off, when
 the wording of the warning, "Al-
 ways Be Careful," against attract-
 ed my notice. "Maybe," I said to
 myself, "it would be a good thing
 to leave this here, for the benefit
 of some motorist overtaking me on
 the highway. It might actually
 cause him to remember to be more
 careful, if he happens to see it.
 I'll leave it on."
 I was glad I did. Perhaps it
 has helped some other driver. I
 don't know that. I do know, that
 it has helped me. I think of its
 presence on my car every once and
 a while, and believe me, I'd hate
 like the dickens to be guilty of
 some piece of driving carelessness,
 with that little sign showing up
 like a sore thumb.

These frosty nights and morn-
 ings create some wicked driving
 hazards on the highways. There
 are few things more dangerous to
 a speeding car, than its sudden ap-
 proach to a sharp turn which is
 coated over with frost, or ice.

An experienced driver, of course,
 usually knows to be on the look-
 out for a frosty or icy condition;
 but even he is occasionally caught
 in a slide which lifts his heart in-
 to his mouth for a few breath tak-
 ing moments. That he saves him-
 self from disaster is because of
 his knowledge of what to do in
 such an emergency. Even this
 knowledge is not always enough to
 save him, for skids are treacher-
 ous things.

Really there is very little a driver
 can do in case of a skid. Too
 often he will apply his brakes in-
 judiciously and throw his car into
 a worse one; he can follow the di-
 rection of the skid with his front
 wheels; if he has time and is not
 traveling too fast, he can shift to
 a lower gear, and tramp on the
 gas, for the faster his rear wheels
 revolve, the more apt they are to
 gain traction. But too often when
 a bad skid is encountered, things
 happen so swiftly all there is left
 to do, is pick up the pieces and
 call the coroner.

The state highway department
 does a splendid work in sanding
 dangerous portions of our road
 systems, and it is due to their
 great credit for this practice. It
 does more to prevent skidding ac-
 cidents than all other safety fac-
 tors combined.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-
 Review for publication in this de-
 partment should be written on only one
 side of the paper, should not ex-
 ceed 300 words in length, and must
 be signed by the writer, whose mail
 address must accompany the con-
 tribution.

DEPLORES DESTRUCTIVE "GUESTS" WITHIN U. S.

Editor News-Review: There is
 so much written and talked these
 days about freedom of action and
 free speech. This is a country in
 which I have a right to build me a
 home, a garage or even a play
 house or, if I am not physically
 able or mechanically competent, I
 can hire it done. It is my right to
 have these buildings for my com-
 fort and the comfort of my family.
 Is it right for some one else to
 come along, look them over and
 decide they do not like them or
 do not want them to remain as
 they are because of some jealous
 or erratic notion of theirs, and pro-
 ceed to tear them down and re-
 build to suit them? Wouldn't you,
 wouldn't I, seek protection against
 such destruction and violation of
 our rights?

The greatest buildings are those
 of majesty invisible to the eye,
 but none the less real. Greater
 than the building of the great
 pyramid is the building of a na-
 tion of character mighty in its
 power and influence.

It takes knowledge and skill to
 build a home. A home for the pro-
 tection and comfort of the family
 therein should be protected from
 the outrages of those who turn
 liberty into license.

It took knowledge and skill, suf-
 fering and privation to build this
 nation of ours which has for years
 been the protection and comfort
 of our citizens.

We have been like the host in
 the comfortable home who invited
 guests into his home and found
 them robbers.

We, as a nation, have opened
 our doors and invited as guests
 those of other nations only to soon
 wake up and find we have been
 robbed of our dearest heritage.

A number of years ago a friend

of mine was called to her front
 door by the ringing of the bell.
 There was a poorly clad woman,
 seemingly. She said she was ill
 and could she come in a moment.
 The request was granted and soon
 my friend found the female attire
 cast aside and she was at the
 mercy of a demon. Timely help
 saved her and took care of the one
 who was there only to destroy.

The immigration door bell has
 rung and we have opened the door
 and now within our doors or gates
 are those whose only thought is
 to now throw off the disguise and
 use the very freedom that gained
 them admittance as license to de-
 stroy.

Freedom of act and speech is
 constructive. Liberty is a blessing
 but when turned to license and
 self-expression, as we hear talked
 of in educational circles today,
 they are a curse to any people.

Self-expression may mean any-
 thing to our young people of to-
 day, from writing a book, making
 a cake to setting fire to your
 home or mine, knitting some one
 in the back or groveling in moral
 filth till all semblance of human-
 ity is lost.

It is time to realize that we
 need to protect our liberties and
 restrain license which is fast de-
 stroying them.

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.