

Roseburg News-Review

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

Represented by

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One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

Hats, Perfumes and Leather

If you want to do some first class housework, just listen to a couple of lurching dames talk fashions and vice versa.

We overheard a couple of mid-winter May Poles chirping about something they called off-the-face hats. We don't know what an off-the-face lid means.

They were also talking about above-the-table appeal. An expression which would be Greek in an Athenian lunch wagon. Now the girls are going in for mysterious expressions, why not the men?

Off-the-arm lunch would mean a gentleman in a cafeteria who bet that Notre Dame would get the Rose Bowl game.

And off-the-table feet would be the same gentleman who knew where his brogan belonged.

Women's fashions are getting more intricate and alluring. They are always trying new things, like hats and complexions. And a woman can carry more tonnage in a small pocketbook than a day laborer can in a hod.

The latest gadget in shopping is a new perfume for leather. Now that's something! You will know this is a boon to mankind and relatives if you ever put a pair of wet shoes on the steam radiator. When we were kids all wet shoes and boots went into the oven of the kitchen stove. When they came out they were as dry as hop-toads with rheumatism.

A new smell for leather is what the world has always needed. You will know this if you ever put your head in a Saratoga trunk. We are not asking you to make a trunk mystery of your body. We are just citing an example.

Any inventor is a genius who can make a pocketbook smell good even when it's empty. Leather in any form has a peculiar odor and perspiring camels do not change the belief.

Arctic explorers are often forced to chew on leather soles. One starving hero snatched at a rubber heel with such desperate force that he bounced back into a rescue expedition. It has long been a question between cannibals and Arctic explorers as to whether old friends are like old shoes.

Although we never expect to eat leather, we are glad there is going to be a new perfume for motor-men's gloves, blacksmiths' aprons and mules' harness.

Cow Lured Onto Truck by Hatred For Barking Dog

CAMAS VALLEY, Ore., Feb. 10.—Floyd Stobie of Camas Valley, while rounding up cattle from range land, found a recalcitrant cow which refused to be loaded on the truck. Stobie was stumped.

How shall we go about checking the persistent spending of more than the government takes in?

In this way: The Republican party (which is the party of opposition, and therefore the logically effective vehicle of protest) should adopt the Democratic platform of 1932—the sound, sane platform that Franklin D. Roosevelt campaigned for, pledged himself to uphold and then THREW OVERBOARD and forgot—and after that it should nominate a sound, liberal-minded, progressive candidate who, if elected, will KEEP his platform pledges.

Then let the people decide—for in this country we accept what the majority votes for.

STATE TREASURER SAYS TOO MUCH LAW

GRANTS PASS, Feb. 10.—(AP)—“Too much government” is one of the major faults with which present day law enforcement officers must contend, State Treasurer J. H. Holman told 35 members of the Southern Oregon Law Enforcement Officers association here Saturday night.

E. W. Madison, Grants Pass justice of peace, was elected president; Harold Blackmer, Klamath county district attorney, vice-president; and H. D. Reed, Gold Hill justice of peace, secretary.

Guy Gordon, of Roseburg, was instructed to draw up a resolution in memory of St. Ralph Quinn of Roseburg, who died recently.

MRS. K. QUINE HURT WHEN CARS CRASH

Minor. Kenneth Quine suffered minor cuts about the face Sunday morning when the car driven by her husband collided on the Gard Valley road with a machine driven by Paul Hynson of Roseburg. The Quine car was quite badly damaged.

PRIZE WINNING CARTOON



The cartoon by E. Simms Campbell which won the \$1,000 prize offered by King Features Syndicate for a cartoon character best symbolizing the "Tax Collector." Mr. Campbell, a New Yorker and well known as a contributor to magazines, won over 10,000 entries drawn by professional and amateur artists from all parts of the country.

HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XII

So for two more weeks they carried on their romance and talked to each other in their flower code. By the time Connie left for St. Joseph and school, they were engaged to be married. Aunt Hannah, who was told about it one evening, was furious; she never wrote to Connie again after they parted.

Bruce came to St. Joseph once while Connie was still at the only hotel there. They had dinner together and went for a drive.

"What a dull place this is, one movie, one hotel, no country club, no restaurant, no dancing. I'll be glad to get you out of here. You belong against a beautiful backdrop of lights in the evening, gay sunshine in the daytime, music, games, lovely clothes. You aren't the same Connie in this workaday hole."

That was the beginning of the end, had little Connie known it. Bruce had fallen in love with a gorgeous playmate, a merry, lovely face and figure, a romantic background. Miss Constance Sinclair, schoolteacher, who refused cigarettes, wine with her dinner, dancing where her pupils danced and who could accept only the most dignified and discreet of entertainment, was a different person.

She proposed that thereafter she meet him in San Francisco for dinner, the theatre, dancing. This arrangement worked very well, for a time. They made their plans for a holiday wedding, and they continued their conversation to these hopes.

But Connie was becoming a part of her professional life, too. She really liked the youngsters with whom she had daily contact. Their problems, and her own in handling them, came to be very important. All the routine, all the life of a public school, were new, terrifying, exciting. She was bubbling with all these experiences when she met Bruce; yet they only annoyed him, made him impatient for their summer hours together again.

The first of October, Bruce was away for a weekend at Carmel. When he came back, he was sure his romance with Connie was a mistake. But he did not want to hurt her. She met him one evening at the Saint Francis hotel in San Francisco for dinner. When she removed her coat, he was struck again with her color, her vitality, her delicateness. Her new dinner dress was a masterpiece of art. From head to foot she was a symphony in copper tones; her little feather toque on her gleaming red hair was the shade of the velvet dress which clung to her little body, a shade which the little satin shoes repeated. In the midst of all this burnished hue was her piquant face, her beautiful eyes. Ted Fiorina's orchestra helped to weave the glamor of deep sea lode about her again, and Bruce wondered if his decision had been wrong.

During the next two weeks, he reverted to it, however. One Saturday afternoon, they met for tea in a quaint little French restaurant.

"Well," said Connie over her cigarette, "I had written to dad and mother that we will be married December 20. They are really thrilled about it. I think they would like to have us come home and do it up in the best style they can afford. What do you think?"

Bruce was slow in lighting his own cigarette; he did not look at her.

"Oh, of course, if you would prefer to be married here, they will come down for the wedding and we can leave immediately for Honolulu, just as you planned at first."

"Yes, of course, only, Connie—I don't know how to say this and not sound like a cad—are you sure you want to marry me?"

The animation was gone from her face. She looked at him directly. "What is it, Bruce?"

"Well, we met under rather romantic circumstances; we saw each other at our vacation best; we made our plans hastily. I think we both believe that marriage should last, and that is why I think we should be very sure."

"You have made other friends; you see other men occasionally—"

"None that you don't know all about, Bruce."

He flushed a little. "I know. What I mean is that you have become rather interested in your life there in St. Joseph. Perhaps if we just didn't talk about this for a while, perhaps if we didn't try to see each other quite so often, we might get a surer perspective."

He knew it was weak, but he could not tell her all he really meant. She did not believe that all the love and beauty of the past two months were gone. She thought there was some specific thing that had hurt him or annoyed him. So she agreed quietly, tried to be a good sport about it, and privately hoped things would work out all right.

The second week in October he wrote what he had not been able to say. He told her it had been a mistake, that no thinking or experimenting would make it right, that it was not fair to go on as things were between them. He thought she would come to see it as he did. At any rate, he wanted her to meet him once more for dinner on the nineteenth. They would discuss it then and come to a decision.

They did not meet, as he was out of town; but the decision was made.

Bruce told this part of his story at the dinner table. I leaned over, wide-eyed.

"Did Connie—did Miss Sinclair know that this decision was final?"

time, you might come down. You take dictation, don't you?"

"A little."

"Good. You can transcribe what goes on. I have rather needed someone like you. About 10:30."

"I'll be there."

I was so excited I could hardly get the green knitted skirt and white sweater on straight. It would be the first time I had heard any direct questioning. Evidently, too, it must be something O'Brien thought I could follow up later, for I realized the stenography was just an excuse for my hearing it all. I could scarcely understand that I, Julie Martin, was on her way to a police inspector's office to interview a suspect. I almost ran down town.

The inspector was waiting for me.

"Good morning, Miss Julie. This is something that you will be interested in. We got the Goozook to talk last night. He will tell it over again this morning, and I want you to take it down. First, however, we are interviewing Mrs. Sardon."

I was surprised to say the least. "Goozook," the inspector meant Hym, the word being a disrespectful slang term for Philomena. I wondered why he would want me to hear what Hym had to say. Surely I would not be set on his trail. Mrs. Sardon thrilled me more. That woman fascinated me.

"Now, Miss Julie, I think it would be better for you to be out of sight. How are your ears?"

"Good, sir."

"O. K. Then you sit in this closet. You see there is a mirror here which reflects this chair through the top ventilation opening. So you can see the person being questioned. Here is a chair with an arm table, pencils and a notebook. You can watch through the perforations in the door."

"Yes, sir." Evidently this closet had been used for this purpose before. I was tingling with the suspense and the mysterious atmosphere. It was like being in a play. (To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

TUESDAY, Feb. 11

6:45—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club.

8:00—Devotional.

8:15—At the Organ.

8:30—Havanna's orchestra.

8:45—Woman's Exchange.

9:00—Melody Moods.

9:15—Hits from the Shows.

9:30—Afternoon Hours.

12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varieties.

1:00—Saps Souds Turkey Show.

1:15—Friendship Circle.

1:30—Spanish Mantilla.

2:00—On Music's Magic Carpet.

3:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.

3:15—Songs of History.

3:30—Story Land.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.

4:30—Tango Time.

4:45—Del Rey Entertainers.

5:00—Bing Crosby Program.

5:15—Songs of the Novelty Fun Fest.

5:30—Opera Morning.

5:45—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 12

6:45—Early Birds Concert.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review on the Air.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club (Contd.).

8:00—"Good Morning," J. M. Judd.

8:15—Mills Brothers.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Salon Music.

9:00—Guy Lombardo.

9:15—Musical Bouquet.

9:30—Woman's Exchange.

10:00—Songs of the Water.

11:30—Musical Scrapbook.

12:00—Cope's "Pinto Pete."

12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

1:00—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varieties.

1:15—Saps Souds Turkey Show.

1:30—On the Shores of Italy.

2:00—John McCormack Program.

3:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.

3:15—Songs of History.

3:30—Story Land.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.

4:30—"Dance Time," Speed Rober.

4:45—"Heart Songs."

5:15—Tavern's Novelty Fun Fest.