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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The General Spoke Up.

THE principle of free speech does not hold good if you are in the army and your speech has to do with your superior officer and his policies. This point is established beyond question by the dismissal of Major General Johnson Hagood. The general was summarily relieved of his duties yesterday and ordered by President Roosevelt to go to his home and await orders.

Irked by the fact that federal money was being spent with apparent recklessness by the various alphabetical organizations but was difficult to get even in small amounts for needed army expenditures, the general "sounded off" in a congressional hearing on the war department appropriation bill.

Under the circumstances, this newspaper believes the general had a perfect right to speak his mind without fear of disciplinary measures being applied against him for it. He was telling a congressional committee what he thought. Unless such a committee, conducting a hearing on proposed legislation, can get honest and fearless opinions from those called to testify a hearing is a useless farce. The general, in this case, should have been privileged to speak frankly. He spoke frankly, true enough, but when future hearings are called it is extremely doubtful if a congressional committee can obtain an opinion from army men that might be contrary to administration policies, in view of what happened to General Hagood when he indulged in frankness. Is not that equivalent to throttling free speech?

What's In a Name?

THE Oregon state board of control is taking an inventory of all state property, and persons from the relief rolls are supposed to be employed to do the work. We imagine the plot thickens when these inventory takers arrive, for instance, at the state college laboratories or the Oregon medical school where most of them wouldn't know the names, the use or the value of half the things they see. This would seem to be in line with the modern idea of doing everything in the most ineffective and expensive way as a relief measure. The man who has been put in charge of the work is probably not responsible for the system, but all agree that his name is Mudd.

Evidently the Oregon liquor control commission is not a bed of roses. There has been constant change of personnel. The name of the latest arrival in the commission's family is Rante.

Some students seem to have made up their minds that at least three words should be eliminated from the English language. They are, "must," "required" and "compulsory." Great indignation burns in the breasts of certain upstanding young men at Eugene because one of the most widely circulated books, and one still highly esteemed in Oregon, continues to include the "Ten Commandments"—an affront to modern youth! Petitions will doubtless soon be on the streets and before the granges and Townsend clubs for an initiative measure to change the name of this ancient decalogue to the "Ten Suggestions," a name somewhat less offensive.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

son, where Richard Loeb was recently killed by this fellow convict, and out of this investigation the

following disclosures, made by convicts to the investigators, have come:

Convicts played poker for large stakes in their cells; money was smuggled into the prison to inmates and was used to corrupt guards; liquor was manufactured within the prison and circulated freely; narcotics were obtainable and favored wealthy inmates were permitted to wear white shirts and flannel trousers instead of the regulation garb.

Pretty bad—about as bad as conditions could be, in fact. But it's what nearly always happens when politics get mixed up with crime.

THOSE of us who get to thinking we're pretty bad off might do well to read this story, which comes from Chaplin, Saskatchewan:

Joseph Fryer, 70-year-old pioneer, dropped dead in his isolated home on the prairie. His aged wife started out in 45-below zero weather for a post used as a community bulletin board, where she posted news of her husband's death, hoping that someone would see it and come to her aid.

On the way back, she became lost and wandered about for hours till she grew so weak she fell in the snow. A farmer, about a mile away, chancing to look out in the blizzard through a hull in the blizzard, saw her fall and dashed out and rescued her.

MANY of us, living in comparative comfort—comfort, that is, as compared with this poor woman—get the idea that the world is treating us pretty rough. If we had to face REAL privation and hardship, we might find that our present condition isn't as bad as the politicians, who want our votes, are telling us.

ETHIOPIANS CLAIM FOE'S BASE RAZED

ADDIS ABABA, Feb. 25.—(AP)—The Ethiopian government announced today that its troops had razed the Italian colony of Eritrea Feb. 19, destroying an Italian base.

The base was described as located at Amaga on the Setti river on the northwest border of Ethiopia where Ethiopia, Eritrea and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan meet.

The purported victory appeared to be a continuation of a northward thrust by Ethiopian troops in which the government said 668 Italians had been killed in two previous clashes.

A communique announced confirmation of a raid by Ras Imru's forces near the holy city of Aksum, reporting 412 Italians were killed in the engagement.

"On the same day, February 13, another detachment surprised an important enemy column at Banot Guellia, near Adowa, which fled leaving 256 dead and a large store of munitions.

"On our side, two were killed. The losses to the forces of Ras Imru, cousin of Emperor Haile Selassie and governor of Gollam province, in the first action of his 'flying columns' in the north, were set at 59 killed and 101 wounded.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25.—(AP)—New Orleans became a bedlam of carnival hilarity today. The whole city joined once more in mass celebrations of Mardi Gras.

Business paused as young and old took to the streets to pay homage to Rex, lord of misrule, and his consort in a series of glamorous parades, singing and dancing by grotesquely costumed maskers and impromptu paeantry.

Reuben E. Tipton, vice-president of the Lykes Brothers Rique Steamship company, ruled as Rex, king of carnival.

Mardi Gras' greatest social honor, that of being queen, fell to Miss Cora Jahneke, daughter of former assistant secretary of the navy, Ernest Lee Jahneke.

The fun and revelry will reach a climax in the ornate parade of Rex during the day and Comus tonight. The hilarious procession of King Zulu, negro carnival king, will add to the merry-making.

The celebration is the most elaborate carnival since 1921.

The three major parades were more elaborately planned than any in the past five years. The floats, a year in preparation, represented an expenditure of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 for each parade.

WINSTON.—The regular meeting of the Winston Townsend club scheduled for Thursday, Feb. 27, has been cancelled to avoid conflict with the Winston P.T.A. play to be presented that night. The next regular meeting of the club will be held March 12 at the Winston schoolhouse.

At Home.—Jean Zacharise, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Zacharise, is reported to be ill at her home on South Main street.

And No Room to Turn Around



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HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XXV

I wanted to ask what he thought about Allen's part. Although I had some reason to feel on pretty good terms with O'Brien by now, I was not quite bold enough to ask that.

"Well," I sighed, "I still think Mr. Perkins is mysterious."

O'Brien smiled at me. "You will be glad to know then that we have not been entirely like here. Your surprise of an acquaintance between him and Mrs. Sardonio did not surprise me so much because we have been looking the schoolman up a bit. He came here from Toledo, Ohio, three years ago, highly recommended. He was in California a year before he came to St. Joseph, doing some very common and unexciting work in the department of education at Berkeley. He has been principal here two years."

"I know," I nodded.

"Now the part that will interest you is this: Mrs. Sardonio also came from Toledo about three years ago, coming directly to St. Joseph. It is quite possible that they knew each other, at least that they had a speaking acquaintance in Ohio. Naturally, they might have renewed it here. Perhaps Mr. Perkins even helped her to rent her apartments to teachers."

"I was excited about this. 'Inspector,' I cried, 'I am sure there is something in that to investigate! It's awfully funny that she didn't see Mr. Perkins come and go when she was so positive about the other!'

"I am inclined to believe her story of going to bed early. She didn't see him or Allen either, you know, and they came soon afterward."

"I was somewhat dashed, but not entirely. I was conscious of an almost painful tone, and I feared at once that I had been too bold. But the inspector was most serious.

"We each have our pet theories and clues, Julie, and it is up to me to investigate all of them. You are quite right. Mr. Perkins shall be traced more closely and we shall try to find out something more about the mysterious Mrs. Sardonio. But each time you walk into the principal's office, don't shudder because you imagine you are walking into the murderer's den."

He was teasing me, I knew. I laughed with him.

"You see, even if he has a dark friendship for Mrs. Sardonio, his calls upon Miss Sinclair still seem to be as casual and innocent as he claims. No motive for his killing her has been established."

"That is true," I agreed solemnly. "If we could be sure all the clues were in our hands."

The inspector rose. "We are working hard to unearth them all. It is discouraging at times. I'll send a man over to see what he can get out of the other tenants about Perkins' visits to the teacher. Maybe we can dig up one or two more facts. You're a good little girl."

He patted my shoulder, and I went home happily thinking that he liked me and that I had diverted the attention from Allen for a while. If I had accomplished nothing more, I grew sad again, though, as I realized that the inspector's pet suspect was Bruce Lloyd.

but a festive mood. Allen was the center of our thoughts, and his predicament took on the aspect of something appalling when the four of us were alone in the house.

As the police had granted permission to Bruce Lloyd to have dinner with us, we had decided to have the turkey at night and only a lunch at noon. I was rather surprised that in the midst of our trouble and after the bitterness dad had expressed concerning Bruce when he ran away, that he had gone to the trouble of inviting him to our house. I guess he must have felt a certain kinship to him after Allen got into trouble.

I suppose every household in St. Joseph talked about Mrs. Carrington when they sat down to the midday meal. She had been questioned by the inspector the night before, admitted some exciting facts, and he had allowed the papers to publish them. Maybe he couldn't prevent their doing so.

After George left her that Sunday of October 16, she had debated for some time what to do. She did not doubt for a moment that he had gone to St. Joseph to see Connie.

"I decided on two things," she was quoted as saying. "One was that my husband's affair with Miss Sinclair was a serious one. I had been convinced of it after my conversation with her during the preceding week, but I had waited for further proof. Had she communicated with him, telling him of my visit and breaking their friendship, he would have discussed it with me, at least been angry. But he left as usual, happily. I knew that she and I were obstructing each other's happiness, that one of us must be removed from George's life."

Oh, boy, what a statement! It was the headline of the day—JUST WHAT DID MRS. CARRINGTON MEAN BY "REMOVE?"

"Her lawyer must be wild," commented dad.

"Why did she talk without him?" wondered mother.

"Various reasons," replied dad, and dropped the subject.

Having seen her arrogance in the inspector's office, I concluded that she felt herself quite equal to handling the small town detectives alone.

Asked directly what she meant by "remove," she explained that she had determined to divorce George. The second decision followed immediately upon that.

"I then thought," the quotation continued, "that the logical action for me to take was to leave Mr. Carrington's house at once. Then it occurred to me that it might be valuable to have seen my husband with this other woman. So the train conductor is quite correct: I did come to St. Joseph that night."

Did I have to listen to "I-told-you-so's" from Helen the next week? I began to think that that Helen was a better detective than I was, for while I had been fooling around with trivial little details, she had used her imagination to figure out just what Mrs. Carrington had done. I was somewhat blue over my own failure.

George's wife had gone to a cafe across the street from Connie's apartment. As she had taken some time to plan her course of action and longer to pack her personal belongings, and spent another hour checking her bags in San

Francisco. It was early evening before she reached St. Joseph. She ordered dinner and took a long time eating it, waiting for George's car to appear at Connie's.

Since the cafe was on one street and he had parked on another street, she did not see the "love-scene" the newsboy had described. She did see George and Connie come to the apartment door, however.

"Did he enter the building?" she was asked.

"No. Apparently they were disagreeing. She insisted on his leaving."

"He did so?"

"Yes, after kissing her good-night."

"Ah!" the reporter is supposed to have exclaimed when reviewing this testimony. "Mrs. Carrington, will you make a statement as to how you felt when you witnessed this, as to what influence it had on your subsequent actions?"

"Naturally," this was dumb. No murderer would have answered that truthfully, and no innocent person would have allowed herself to be led into this trap. Mrs. Carrington, however, was throwing caution to the winds apparently. She did obligingly make a statement:

"I don't remember that I felt any particular emotion. It merely confirmed my previous decision."

"The decision to remove Connie Sinclair from your husband's life?"

"The decision to remove myself from it by divorce," she snapped.

"Did you reveal yourself to your husband?"

"Naturally not. I waited until he had left; then I took the train back to San Francisco. There I registered at a hotel, remaining there several days until I had consulted a lawyer about the divorce action."

Asked when she had left San Francisco, she said Friday, the 21st. Asked why, she said she had thought the matter over carefully, had talked with an attorney, and decided the simplest arrangement would be to secure her freedom in Mexico. Wishing to recover from the shock and disillusion of her marital troubles, she thought it would be pleasant to stop at various places along the coast to see different friends. It was not until she reached San Diego that she determined to go to Juarez for her divorce and then spend some time traveling, a decision which accounted for her message about the trucks.

"But," she was asked, "you left San Francisco after Miss Constance Sinclair was killed; where were you the night of October 20th?"

"There came the shock, the weakest point in her whole sensational story. She answered that she had attended a movie, alone. In other words, she had no alibi.

Dicky thought this pretty damning. He came for me about one-thirty as we were going to a football game. I must say that I took time out to dress for that. After I had got into my new gray wool tweed suit with the orange sweater-blouse and beret to match, pulled on my gray suede gloves which matched my oxford, and touched my cheeks with a dash of orange rouge (which mother was too preoccupied to notice), I felt a great deal better and happier than I had in several days. It is wonderful what a few new clothes will do to a woman's frame of mind!

"Well, seeing that I'm escorting the Queen of Sheba herself," moaned Dicky in pretense, "I suppose I'll have to raise four bits for a corsage!"

Some girls would have said, "Oh, please don't bother! Really I don't want one." But I've found that is a technique pretty soon they get so they believe you mean it, and you never get so much as a nasturtium. Anyway, I think it pays, if you aren't extravagant, to let a boy know you are something that comes a little high. They think then you are quite special.

So Thanksgiving day I had a big orange corsage with a black SJ on it—St. Joseph's colors.

Gee, it was an exciting game! We had a grand time and forgot all about the murder. We were reminded of it as soon as we returned home, however.

"There sure are enough people loitering around here," Dick commented as we hopped backward, stopping directly in front of our last block. I looked at him pityingly; Dicky's brain is really good, but it does work slowly.

"Don't you remember that Bruce Lloyd is having dinner with us?"

"You don't think I'd be likely to forget it, do you? I wouldn't have accepted your mother's invitation after you told me that, if I didn't know how she can wow you with her meals."

"And why not?"

"For the simple reason that no man likes to see his girl gazing cooly at some collar and blond!" Dicky needn't have worried. That was all over. When Bruce ran away that time, something died in my feeling for him. He was no longer my ideal. I couldn't help regarding him sort of respectfully, because he was so handsome, and I still felt sad when I saw the inspector's coils closing in on him, but he was no longer a misunderstood hero to me.

Of course, I didn't tell this to Dicky. It is another one of my theories about handling men, that it is just as well to let 'em worry a bit about some other man. A little jealousy properly administered, as someone has said, is good seasoning for a romance.

I waited for Dick to get out, then I slid under the wheel and out on his side, being a little too dressed up to climb over the door on a holiday. I also took the time to look over the moon to whom Dicky had referred as loiterers.

One was Atwater and the other, obviously a plain-clothes man, too.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (Contd.)
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacrament Music.
9:00—Guy Lombardo.
9:30—Tango Time.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:15—Famous Melodies.
11:15—Love Songs of Today.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Copco's Pinto Pete.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Chevrolet Co. Varieties.
1:00—Lawrence Tibbett.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Music of Other Lands.
2:30—Heart Songs.
3:00—Vanity Fair and World Bookman.
3:15—Musical Picture Gallery.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—Matinee Reveries.
5:15—The Taverner's Novelty Fun Fest.
5:30—United Artists.
5:45—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds Concert.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (Contd.)
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Lola Kitzman.
9:30—Old Favorites.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:15—Melody Moods.
11:30—Song Hit Review.
Afternoon Hours
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co.
1:00—Challapain.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—On the Emerald Isle.
2:30—Garden of Music.
3:00—Vanity Fair and the World Bookman.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in Fun and Frolic.
4:30—Westerners.
4:45—Del Rey Entertainers.
5:00—Isam Jones.
5:15—Taverner's "Vagabonds of the Prairies."
5:30—Singing Strings.
5:45—Sign Off.

SERA RADIO CLASS TO BE ORGANIZED

Organization of a class in radio instruction under the SERA adult education program is to be undertaken Wednesday evening. Persons interested in a study of radio theory and practice are invited to attend the organization meeting to be held at 7 p. m. at the office of the county school superintendent in the courthouse. L. P. Dryden is to be the instructor.

DRAIN GRADE FIVES WIN OVER CURTIN

The Drain grade school basketball team defeated the Curtin graders 19 to 15 in a game played at Twain Saturday night. In a preliminary volleyball game played by the girls' teams from the two schools, Drain won by a score of 42 to 9.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 200 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

QUESTIONNAIRE

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 15.—Editor News-Review: Will you please answer a few questions that are puzzling me?

Why not do away with the referendum instead of the legislature?

My dictionary says an annuity is a sum of money paid yearly. Do you think Webster may be wrong? Is a transaction a sale? Or is a sale a transaction?

Is a man 71 years of age fit to take a "hot seat" in the presidential chair? Eh? Just your "private opinion, publicly expressed" on that one.

Which do you think makes the better U. S. senator—a Scotchman or an Irishman?

Thank you, Mr. Editor. If you haven't time to answer these in your paper perhaps some one else will do.

IGNORAMUS.

DEPLORES ATTEMPTS TO TINKER WITH CONSTITUTION

Editor News-Review: We talk about the constitution of a thing or a person as the very essence of being, the gauge whereby we decide its value or standing. Then, turning the matter about in our deliberation, we mention the accomplishments of an individual, the continued activities, and struggles to accomplish and we say that person has a good constitution. Or he or she could not accomplish such wonders.

We look at this country of ours which has forged ahead, has accomplished till it is considered the greatest country on the globe. How could it do it? Because of its constitution.

We speak of our form of government as a democracy. What is a democracy? It is a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

How do the people govern? By majority vote select representatives who shall carry out principles and measures expressed in what is called a platform, i. e., the basic principles or base upon which rests the good of the nation in their opinion. A constitution is necessary to stabilize such a form of government.

A government "of the people, by the people" without a stabilizing constitution is not a government "for the people," for it is a mobocracy. The very word brings mental pictures of horrors.

Our constitution, pronounced by statesmen shall carry over as the most wonderful document ever written, has placed us at the head of the nations of the world.

But some way we seem to be in disgrace just now. Why? Because those we elected to represent us in governing have turned over their authority and rights to one man who frankly confesses he has no regard for the constitution. He does not deny that he would be willing to see it done away with.

In a case like that we would be between two "mill stones" and ground to pieces either by the mob rule or an absolute dictator's rule, in no way the rule by the people.

The entire world has for several years been clamoring for change, and each change has been disastrous. There are those in our own country who are clamoring for a change in our constitution. As it stands today it is the personification of liberty—personal freedom and liberty—and no change can be made that will not abridge or take away that liberty. The time to think about the matter is now—not after we are as Russia is today.

Russia is under the rule of dictatorship in the personnel of capitalists who have no regard for anyone save their own selfish interests. Every standard of morality and right living is discarded. A people dissipated and half fed are not in a condition to rebel.

Remember this: That in this country it would be possible to cut off relief and where then would be the ever-increasing number of unemployed?

The next few months must decide the fate of this U. S. A. We must look facts in the face and not blindly stand by a party name but stand by and for our liberties guaranteed us by our wonderful constitution.

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

TRANSACTIONS TAX PHASE OF PENSION PLAN UPHELD

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 24.—Editor News-Review: Will you allow me space in your paper to reply in part to an article in a recent issue of your paper signed Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis, who were very unreservedly condemning the Townsend plan? Among statements in the article was one to the effect that the transaction tax on the payroll of the Algonia mill (wherever that may be) would amount to \$1300 per month. Well, that must be quite some sawmill and doing much more business than most mills are at the present time.

To have a monthly payroll of \$65,000 or \$750,000 per year is quite a payroll. I believe they are a case that prosperous under present conditions they shouldn't object to paying a 2 per cent tax.

These good people are very much worried over the probable increase in cost of commodities.

Now, my dear Mr. and Mrs., unless you are millionaires you won't need to worry and if you are millionaires you shouldn't have anything to worry about.

As to the pyramiding of prices, I want to quote a few figures which, while I do not claim the

amounts are authentic, will do very well for computation.

We will take a man's suit for example which retails at \$30 (and by the way there are about as many transactions in this as any article I can think of). We will start with the wool. Say it takes 5 pounds at say 50c per lb., and that is 35 or 40 per cent more than it is worth at present, so I am helping the farmer right at the start.

5 lbs. wool from farmer to buyer at 50c \$ 2.00 .05
5 lbs. wool from buyer to woolen mill 3.00 .05
Cloth from mill to mfr., 4 yds. at \$2.00 8.00 .16
Suit to wholesaler 16.00 .32
Suit to retailer 20.00 .40
Suit to consumer 30.00 .60

Then there would be a small tax for freight, etc., but on five pounds it would be too small to enumerate. But we will again give them the benefit of the doubt and say the total tax is 41c, making a total transactions tax on a \$30 suit \$2.00.

In a speech I heard the other night the speaker said the average man did not have more than two \$40 suits per year. Well, that speaker must have had a much better income than most people to think of one \$40 suit each year to say nothing of two. But even if we could afford two \$30 suits, the transactions tax on the two would be perhaps in the neighborhood of \$4.00.

The total possible transactions on a \$5 pair of shoes is about 35c.

On unmanufactured articles such as farm and orchard products, etc., the tax would be even less.