

Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Co. Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1926, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by

MCMOGENSEN & CO. Inc.

San Francisco—120 Bush Street.
Los Angeles—121 South Spring
Street. Seattle—103 Stewart Street.
Chicago—260 North Michigan Ave.
Detroit—225 Stephenson Bldg. New
York—21 East 40th Street. Portland
—Hedell Bldg.

MEMBER
EDITION
OF THE
ASSOCIATED PRESS

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

Who Owns This Country?

A PROMINENT United States senator with leanings toward radicalism said over the radio recently that 68 per cent of the national wealth is concentrated in the hands of 2 per cent of the population. Other speakers of less standing and prominence have boosted the figure up as high as 90 per cent.

Reference to the World Almanac, the census figures and figures prepared by the National Industries Conference Board and from other equally reliable sources reveals some facts bearing on this subject.

Of the 125 million population in the country, 50 million are less than 21 years of age. That leaves approximately 75 million adults in whose hands is most of the wealth.

There are 46 million people who own savings accounts totaling 22 million dollars. Some 8 million people own 10 BILLION dollars of building and loan assets. There are 40 million life insurance policies in force aggregating in excess of 100 billion dollars of insurance and the assets maintained for the benefit of these policy holders in excess of 25 billion dollars. There are 3,500,000 people living on farms which they own with a total value of 30 billion dollars. There are 10,500,000 people living in homes, not on farms or in apartment houses, that they own. The census bureau reports the value of these homes to be 50 billion dollars.

We have at least 24 million autos, tractors and trucks with a total value of about 9 billion dollars. The market value of common shares of corporations listed on the stock exchange is now estimated to be in the neighborhood of 33 billion dollars. There are 11 million shareholders who own these stocks at an average value of \$3,000 per holding.

These figures account for 176 billion dollars of national wealth. Authorities agree that the national wealth at the present time is around 250 billion dollars. The difference between the two figures is somewhat accounted for by the national wealth found in schools, colleges, hospitals, libraries and government holdings of all kinds.

The 176 billion dollars is private wealth is held by 156 million owners. It is obvious that there are a great many duplications in ownership rights in private property, but allowing for a great many millions of duplications, it is still apparent that 2 per cent of the people do not own 68 per cent of the wealth of America.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

government is to pay a \$25 a month dividend to every adult citizen—which looks good on paper.

But the provincial legislature has just received its first annual budget since the voting of this plan, and it includes:

1. A two per cent sales tax to yield an estimated two million dollars for the benefit of Alberta's depleted treasury. (Alberta already owes \$180,000,000, and ran nine and a half millions in the hole last year.)

2. A hundred per cent increase in income tax rates, to yield an estimated \$1,200,000.

3. A three mills postal service tax on city lands, to yield an estimated \$1,225,000.

THESE taxes, if they can be collected, will raise a lot of money, but this fact stands out: All put together, they will raise

only about four and a half million dollars, and Alberta ran NINE and a half millions in the hole last year, and owes a total of \$180,000,000.

It will take quite a while, at their present rate, to accumulate the money with which to pay every adult citizen his promised \$25 a month.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN
By PAUL JENKINS

AFTER having been laid up with a serious attack of sickness for over five months, Tom Hatfield is able to walk about his Deer Creek farm a bit, with the aid of a cane, and some mild profanity. When a man who has been strong and active throughout a long lifetime does become ill, he has a hard time taking it serenely, and that's Tom's case. It's the first time it has happened to him, and he not only doesn't like it, but can't understand it.

However, Tom wasn't too crippled to take me on a trip of inspection down in his new basement, and show me the rows and rows of shelves along the long walls, filled to overflowing even this late in the winter with jars of all kinds of fruit, and meats. He gave me a jar of muscatel grapes Mrs. Hatfield had canned, the first of the kind I had ever eaten. I hope she puts up a lot more of them!

Tom Higgins, whose genial face you have seen so often back the counter in the Economy Meat Market, brought in the first birdbill Monday, together with a handful of lambstongues. Tom's home is in the Lookingglass valley, and he told me that Mrs. Higgins had picked lambstongues on their farm there as early as February 27th. He was anxious that Charley Rice hear about this. Charley, you remember, sent in the first lambstongues Roseburg had seen this season, from Merle Creek, a day or so after this date. Well, spring is here, wherever it sprang from, I guess.

Another sign that spring is here in the Myrtle Creek country: Some of its residents who have been spending the winter in California, are returning, along with the birds who have been doing the same thing. Albert B. Martin, whose home is on North Myrtle, writes from Elsinore that he and the family are starting home the first of March, and plan on arriving there by the first of April, taking it leisurely.

Mrs. C. C. March, former postmistress of Myrtle Creek, writes from Redlands, where she has spent the winter, that she is returning home at once. "We have had a lot of weather for the last month," she says, "with an earthquake or two thrown in for good measure."

THREE RELEASED IN PROBE OF MURDER

PORTLAND, Ore., March 5.—(AP)—Detective Captain Jack Keegan said today that three persons held here for investigation in connection with the killing of Andrew Cichy, 70, of Crosby, Wash., have been released.

They are Pete Guy, Thomas Miller and Rosie Cooper.

Keegan said Washington officers failed to appear and "we could not hold them any longer."

They were taken into custody after police found an automobile they believed had been used by the slayers of Cichy, who said a band of Gypsies beat and robbed him. Keegan said the automobile still was in the hand of police.

The captain had said that he did not believe the trio was involved in the slaying but only might have knowledge of those sought.

WHISTLING BUOY WANDERS TO SEA

PORTLAND, Ore., March 5.—(AP)—E. C. Merrill, district light-house superintendent, wouldn't be at all surprised if a new crop of sea serpent stories appears.

Their origin would rest in a wandering buoy.

Several days ago the buoy, normally anchored at Port Orford on the southern Oregon coast, was reported whistling and blinking in true buoy style about 50 miles northwest of its scheduled position. It broke loose from its moorings in a storm.

A lighthouse tender has been prepared to dash after the traveler for several days but no recent reports as to its whereabouts have been received, Merrill said.

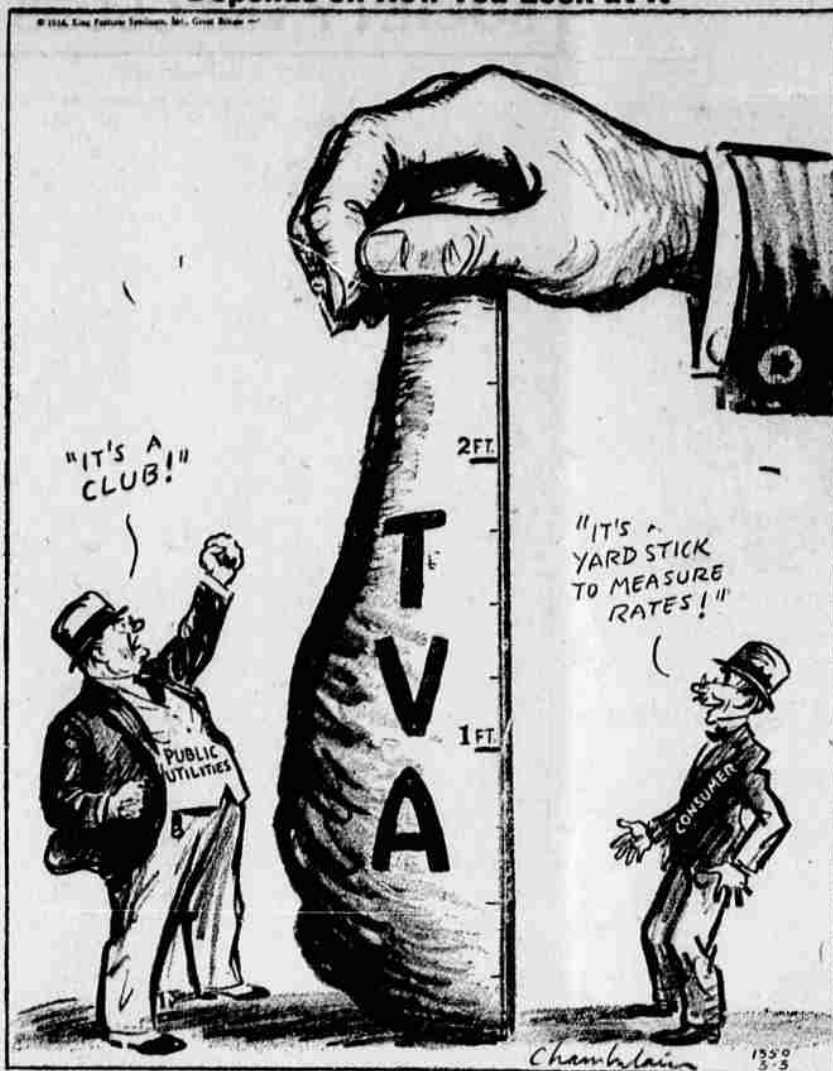
If its whistle and blinker still operate, however, shippers opined it will be heard before long. The lighthouse service said the buoy was valued at more than \$5,000.

S. P. ROUNDHOUSE BEING IMPROVED

Work of re-roofing the S. P. roundhouse is under way here. The roof is being raised and re-covered, and other improvement and maintenance work is being done.

LINEN NEEDLEWORK
Pure linen scarfs, centers, luncheon sets, cloths, etc. Clever new stampings. New low prices. Carr's—Adv.

Depends on How You Look at It



HIGH SCHOOL TRAGEDY

By MAXINE CANTY

CHAPTER XXXIII

His terror and his weak, shrill cry were terrible. I still hear them in my sleep sometimes. "Then what did you do?" "I left, as she asked me to do. I went down the stairs."

"And no one saw you go?" "No—yes—I don't know."

"The whole story, Perkins!" "I met Mrs. Sardon at the foot of the stairs. She had been listening. I suppose, had heard the quarrel. She tried to stop me. I cried, 'Get out of my way,' then I went out the door."

The silence now was the inspector's. When he spoke again, his voice was not so insistent. It was low, steady, cool. It had a calming effect upon Perkins.

"When you told Miss Sinclair that you loved her, and that you found her extraordinarily beautiful, she told you she was engaged. You say that you flew into a jealous rage. Yet she had told you that all was not well between her and her fiancé. Most men might have taken hope at that, might have asked her to marry them in spite of the engagement. It occurred to me to wonder what you found in that situation to make you so violent."

Perkins shifted in his chair again. His terror had lessened; his voice held only surrender.

"My despair was not because of her engagement. It arose from my own situation. In the fifteen minutes I was there, I realized that Constance Sinclair was the one person in the world I wanted to be my wife, and that she was way beyond my reach forever."

"Because—because I am already a married man?"

Perkins was taken away without further questioning, much to my disappointment as I wanted to know where Mrs. Perkins was. As I was "released" from my cubbyhole, I was on the point of asking O'Brien why he had dropped the matter so quickly, but his expression was forbidding. He scarcely seemed to see me, saying over his shoulder as an after-thought, "be back here at 1:30."

That didn't give much time for lunch; so I ate at my favorite drug store. I was glad no one I knew came in, for I had plenty to think about. I felt that the end was near. One-third would see the show-down. I knew the inspector had laid his plans. Even as Perkins was talking. Had he made up his mind to arrest Perkins or Bruce? Or was it one of the others? So far as I was concerned, the cases against them were too good. I couldn't have chosen between them on a bet, between Perkins and Lloyd; I mean. To me it was just as confusing as it had been at first; all this additional information had not helped to narrow the search to any one of the suspects.

I wondered how the inspector would go about making his decision—picking the "winner," so to speak. The only mystery story I had ever read completely through was "The Purloined Letter." In that the criminal had stolen this letter and concealed it so successfully that the most thorough searches failed to reveal its hiding place. In the end, it was found to have been in clear sight, on the mantelpiece, I think, right where any person entering the room could see it, but where no one thought of looking. It was so obvious.

Where would the trail of the obvious lead one in this case? As I ran away.

ate my second chocolate sundae. I went over every detail from the beginning. All of these six persons, Allen, Hym, Mrs. Carrington, Melvin, Perkins and Bruce, had appeared guilty from the start. All of them had tried to evade discovery, had tried to hide themselves as it were. Each of them had the motive and the opportunity. It was found after investigation: Who had tried to conceal nothing? Who had the least apparent motive? The most natural opportunity?

Like a searchlight from out of dark storm clouds came my answer. I gave a little squeak that drew amused glances from other soda-gobblers, threw fifty cents on the counter, and left half the syrup in my sundae dish. I ran all the way to the inspector's office. Breathless and flushed and incoherent, I asked for O'Brien. But I was too late. He was in "conference." A secretary came out of his office and told me I was to enter; he sat down outside.

I went through the door excitedly, my great "news" on my lips. But then I had my next surprise. The inspector was not alone. Near the doors and windows were several detectives, and ranged around were all six of the murder suspects, including Allen, O'Brien was all policeman, stern, brusque, non-committal.

He nodded to me. "Good afternoon, Miss Marlin. You will find notebook and pencils on that desk," waving to the small one in the corner. "You will please take down the proceedings."

"Yes, sir," I answered briefly. I exchanged glances with Allen, who was worried. I knew. He raised his eyebrows at me; I shrugged my shoulders. I had no idea what was going to happen.

O'Brien sat at his desk, facing all the persons gathered before him. A lawyer sat beside Mrs. Carrington, another next to Bruce, indicating that my father had relinquished the case, and a man who looked like a "shyster" near Melvin. They were all on the alert, all cautious and all antagonistic. I wondered why Perkins had not sent for an attorney.

The inspector looked as if he were going to make a speech. He had some papers before him on the desk to which he referred now and then. For the most part he looked from one to the other of the suspects with hard, glaring eyes.

"Today is the second of December. Since the night of the twentieth of October, we have been looking for the murderer of Miss Constance Sinclair. By diligent search and unflinching effort, we have pieced together the inner happenings of her life, have fitted the puzzle of her relationships to her into a picture that is almost complete. The process has been unpleasant for all of us; it has disturbed the lives of you all and of the persons near to you. Ugly emotions and unworthy actions have been revealed. Each of you has tried to protect himself or herself from this revelation. Each of you has been ashamed of the part you played in this young woman's life."

"You," he pointed at Hym, "had the least personal connection with her. But you resented a just reprimand; you were completely selfish in your attitude toward the victim. You admit that you arrived with ten or fifteen minutes of her death, yet you made no effort to revive her, and you did not even report the tragedy. Instead you ran away."

"That running away might easily point to your own guilt. You were there between nine-fifteen and nine-thirty, the very moments in which she died. You had as your motive—revenge!"

The look from Hym's eyes at that moment was that of hate, but his attitude remained cringing and subjective.

"You," said the inspector, assuming the role of Fate as he shifted his pointed finger to Allen, "were infatuated with this woman so many years older than you. You were jealous of her engagement to Mr. Lloyd; you were presumptuous in your conversation and demands upon her, for which she properly reprimanded you. Your egoism was hurt, your infatuation augmented, and your jealousy amounted to a frenzy. You are known to be highly nervous; perhaps it would not be wrong to say at times that neuroticism amounts to a pathological stage in which you might easily be capable of murder!"

"You came to Miss Sinclair that night. You say that you found her dead. There is no reason to believe you, no reason why we cannot believe that you arrived earlier, committed the crime, hid during Hym's visit and then made your escape to San Francisco. There your reason gained the better of your panic. Some innate decency caused you to report the crime to us. Some reasoning power told you to return and take up your normal life. But you concealed your identity in the telephone report; and refused to reveal any connection between you and Miss Sinclair. As a murder victim, she was no longer the object of your infatuation!"

O'Brien was cruel. Allen was white as death itself. He looked like an animal betrayed by his master. The others, to whom Allen's part in the affair was a surprise, regarded him with mingled astonishment and curiosity.

But the inspector's finger moved on to Melvin.

"You," he stated with great scorn, "were befriended by Miss Sinclair. You betrayed her trust, and when she meted out justice to you, you gave her hate. Your highest ideal is personified in your selfish and criminal friends. This upright and honest woman stood between you and a career of crime on which you were eager to embark. You swaggered, you drank booze, and you packed a gun; thus did you pass your initiation with your gangland pals. You quarreled with the woman who stood in the way of your first 'big chance' to rob and terrorize. The gun you carried could have shot the waif, could have taken the life of the person who was your obstacle. Murder instead of robbery may have been your first venture into crime!"

(To be continued)

MRS. HEWITT FIGHTS AGAINST REMOVAL

JERSEY CITY, N. J., March 4.—(AP)—Gov. Harold G. Hoffman awarded a brief today from counsel for Mrs. Marjorie Cooper Hewitt opposing her extradition to San Francisco, where she is wanted on charges growing out of the sterilization of her daughter, Ann.

William V. Breslin, Mrs. Hewitt's attorney, contended that a warrant issued by San Francisco police charging mayhem was not enough to extradite.

Mrs. Hewitt, meanwhile, was reported to be still on the danger list of the medical center, where she is under treatment for effects of an overdose of sedative which police said she took in a suicide attempt.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

It's Always A Secret Process
We would like to have a supreme court ruling on what to do after the process server arrives.

We were plastered last week with a summons by a fellow who sneaked into the boiler room under false pretenses. After reading the inscription engraved on the legal waffle we reached out with a fang-like left and tapped his chin.

The next day we were served with a process for slugging a process server. This can easily become a vicious circle.

We have read Emily Post on most things but she fails to chart the ethics in these intimate little incidents. Emily doesn't say a darned thing about slugging process servers.

We like to do the right thing, and try to avoid humiliating the wife by breaking the wrong chair over the hostess' head.

It's quite embarrassing to wind up a fight with an oyster knife in your hand when they are dishing out coconuts on the wing.

No ruling by a higher court can make a process server popular under any conditions. But we know they've got to make a living. The same thing being true of plumbers and mice and kings and plumbings roaches. The fellow who nails you with a summons gets two dollars every time he pins the tail on the donkey.

The thing that gets you angry is that a process server always shows up under an alias, like bean soup on a French menu.

The fellow that slapped the legal plaster on us called up on the telephone and said, "Guess who's in town."

That's always a fascinating question. We couldn't guess, so he volunteered to come over and help us out. He came into the office and we said, "Who's in town?"

"It's me," he said, and wangled us over the edge with the blue and white literature. Whereupon we tapped him for the skull and key. He came back with a petrified copy of Godey's Ladies' Magazine for 1856. That was a good year for Godey's Ladies Magazine. But a bad year for us.

A process server would never get anywhere if he admitted he was a process server. Still, there should be a law preventing them from using business telephones for guessing games.

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 6

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:20—Pacific Wooding Life Assn. Program with C. H. Arundel.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Hawaiian Shores.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
9:30—Songs of Years Gone By.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:15—Souza's Band.
11:00—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:07—Cope's Agricultural Notes.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Varieties.
1:00—San Soussi Minstrel Show.
1:30—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Tango Time.
2:30—Musical Bouquet.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Fred Resers Orchestra.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Popular Dance Tunes.
5:00—Dance Time. Speed Rober.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:30—Dinner Music.
6:00—Lawrence Tibbet.
6:15—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (cont'd.).
8:20—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Waltz Time.
9:30—Hawaiian Shores.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:45—Old Favorites.
11:00—Gross & Hargis Music Box Program.
11:15—Famous Orchestras.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Roseburg School Band.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Fritz Kreisler.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Garden of Music.

Health Talks

DR. IAGO GLADSTON

Cold and Colds

Cato the Elder used to end his speeches with, "Delenda est Carthago." He sought to stimulate the people to destroy Carthage, which he considered Rome's most dangerous enemy.

In somewhat the same spirit the New York State Medical society has undertaken to arouse the people to "wage war on colds." The common cold," warns the society, "is a serious communicable disease and should be handled in a manner similar to measles and scarlet fever."

The society is conducting an educational campaign addressed to public and physicians. Dr. Russell L. Cecil, chairman of the pneumonia committee, writes: "The layman must be warned of the dangers of an acute cold or cough with fever. He must also be taught that when he has fever with a cold, he should remain in bed and call a physician."

Pneumonia now ranks with heart disease and cancer as one of the three most prevalent causes of death in the United States. The prevention of pneumonia is closely tied up with prevention of the common cold. As Dr. Cecil states, "primary pneumonia without any preceding cold or gripe attack is rare. Prevention of the mild infections would reduce greatly the incidence of the severe infections."

Prevention of acute infections of the nose and throat may seem an almost hopeless task, because of our constant exposure to infected individuals in everyday life. However, there is more to the prevention of colds and grippe (the common colds) than merely dodging the micro-organisms that cause them. The general health of the individual and hygiene of throat and sinuses are important factors, and a proper balance of vitamins may be influential.

Most important is the prevention of exposure to wet and inclement weather. (For exposure to cold is the surest way to catch a cold.)

DISPOSAL OF GOLD HOARD IS PROBLEM

ST. HELENS, Ore., March 5.—(AP)—Disposition of the late George Morrell's gold remained in doubt today.

There were three possible claimants to the \$1180 found buried in the basement of the reclusive home near here — his brother, Henry, to whom he confided the location of the money; the county court, which purchased groceries for the deceased, and the United States of America.

The money consisted of \$500 in \$20 gold coins and \$680 in gold certificates.

Carl Vaughn, manager of a bank here, said he would recommend the government allow the brother to distribute the money.

The claim of the government would rest in the gold-hoarding statute.

The county court already has filed claim against the estate. Morrell died several days ago.

2 DAYS SEPARATE BIRTH OF TWINS

PASSAIC, N. J., March 4.—(AP)—Twins, an eight-pound boy and an eight and one-half pound girl, born two days apart in different cities, ruled the nursery at General hospital today.

The youngsters, reported doing "very well," are the children of Mrs. Frank Oosdyke, 22, of Clifton.

The boy was born Sunday at the Oosdyke home. Yesterday, Mrs. Oosdyke was brought to the hospital here for an emergency operation and the girl was delivered.

SALE CHENILLE RUGS

Fine heavy rug in solid colors and fancy borders. 24x36 size, at 62c each or 2 for \$1.25. Also large 24x18 in finer quality, solid colors—rose, blue, green, orchid—at \$1.19 or 2 for \$2.35. Has been a long time since we've had these finer rugs at such a low price. Carr's—Adv.

A "walking" machine, designed to test the wearing qualities of the upper portion of women's shoes, has been developed and placed in operation at the national bureau of standards at Washington.

New

FEATURES —!
STORIES —!
PICTURES —!

Next Saturday in the
FIVE STAR WEEKLY
SECTION OF
The Roseburg News-Review

Women's World Coming?
A Page of Hollywood News
Brewster Adam's Comment
Isolated "Tin Can" Island
Starts World Cruise at 58
Water Well Seismograph
Blue Serge Gets "Gate"
Laurie Pratt's Horoscope
Coffee Brewing Champion
West to be Art Center
Mystery Ships

Look for these and other interesting features in your copy of

Roseburg News-Review

next Saturday