

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Too Crowded.

IT IS NATURAL for Americans to wonder why this great trouble about troops on the boundary between France and Germany. People of this country might even marvel at there being necessity, real or imagined, for extensive fortifications along this frontier. American people have a northern boundary line nearly 4000 miles in length separating the United States and Canada. No troops patrol this border nor is there any fortification. Moreover, the people of Canada and the people of this country have not, in 100 years, felt the slightest need for protection from each other.

But on the European continent, in addition to racial enmity and distrust, there is a density of population unknown on this continent. The number of persons per square mile of territory in the various countries:

France	298.9
Germany	360.7
Austria	207.9
Belgium	498.8
Italy	340.1

As contrasted with this, Canada has 2.8 persons per square mile and the United States 11.

There is no crowding on this continent and a few square miles of territory more or less are not very important. On the continent of Europe a little land is mighty important.

Add to the troubles brought about by population density, the fact that Germany has felt great suffering as a result of the peace treaty. France, moreover, being fairly well satisfied, will go to war rather than see the present situation upset.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

congress.

THIS dispatch from Addis Ababa tells its own story of modern progress:

"Ethiopian reports said today that 50 persons, including 39 WOMEN, were killed and 85 wounded in a bombing raid by 12 Italian planes yesterday on Debra Markos, capital of northwestern Galla province."

Military leaders used to say proudly: "We don't make war on women," but the world has changed a lot since those days.

CLAIR SHIREY WINS ORATORY CONTEST

Clair Shirey, representing the senior class, won first place in the boys' declamation contest held yesterday at the weekly assembly at Roseburg senior high school. Russell Harris, representing the junior class, won second place, and Winston Taylor, sophomore, was third. The judges were Mrs. Willard Johnson, Mrs. F. Hart and Mrs. C. A. Brand. Fred Robert completed the assembly with several selections at the piano.

POET'S CORNER

SPRING

I hear the birds in the branches
I see the buds on the trees,
I know that spring is coming
'Tis waiting on the breeze.

The brook is now a freshet,
The river is running high,
The mountain snow is melting,
I know that spring is nigh.

The grass is growing greener,
The jonquils are in bloom,
I know that spring is coming
And coming very soon.

Pages' cedar shingles make the most satisfactory roof. They are inexpensive, too.—Adv.

Local News

Very Ill—Mrs. Julia Insley is reported to be very ill at her home at Green.

Ill at Home—Mrs. J. H. Clark is reported to be ill at her home on South Pine street.

Here Yesterday—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ellis, of Garden valley, were business visitors in this city Friday.

Former Resident Here—S. J. Chenoweth, of Oakland, formerly of this city, spent Friday in town on business.

Here From Salem—Nois Rogers, deputy state forester from Salem, spent Friday in this city attending to business.

Coast Visitors Here—Mr. and Mrs. Willis McAfee, of Marshfield, spent Friday in Roseburg attending to business.

Here on Business—J. D. Kenner, of the Wheeler-Wilson Logging company of Glendale, was a business visitor here yesterday.

Visiting Wilders—Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Laurence, of Omaha, Neb., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilder on Chadwick street.

Leaves Friday—Ralph Mitchell, who has been a business visitor here for the past week, left yesterday for Eugene, Salem and Portland on business.

Back in School—Mary Ellen McKay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McKay, is able to be back in school after being ill at her home for several days.

Visit in Eugene—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hawn and their daughter, Mrs. Walter Fredrickson, spent Thursday in Eugene visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hawn.

Home From School—Leland Russell, student at Albany college, arrived here Friday to spend spring vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Russell.

Back From Portland—Mrs. C. M. O'Malley, Mrs. Norman Hess and Mrs. Ray Weber returned to their homes here last night, after spending three days visiting in Portland.

Spend Day in Eugene—Mrs. J. C. Hume, Mrs. A. A. Wilder, Mrs. H. H. Stapleton and Mrs. W. F. Chapman attended a party given for Mrs. A. F. Sether in Eugene Tuesday.

Over Measles—Gordon and Philip Singleton, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Singleton, are able to be out again, after being ill of measles at their home on Cobb street.

Spending Week-End—Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Slack, of Salem, are spending the week-end at their home on the North Umpqua. Mr. Slack is employed in the state forester's office.

Improving at Hospital—Mrs. M. M. Humphreys, nee Ethel Lander, is reported to be doing nicely at Mercy hospital, where she underwent a major operation a week ago. She is now able to receive visitors.

Returns to Portland—Miss Laura Miller has left for her home in Portland, after spending a week in this city visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Pickens, at the Kohlhaas apartments.

Improving—Mrs. E. J. Ellison is reported to be improving at the Eugene hospital, where she recently underwent a major operation. She will return to her home in Roseburg as soon as she is able to leave the hospital.

Return to Coquille—Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Collier have returned to their home in Coquille, after spending several days attending to business in Roseburg and visiting relatives at Winston and with the Earl Agge family at Green.

Visit in Myrtle Creek—Miss Grace Adamson, teacher at Eugene, is spending all of next week, spring vacation, at Myrtle Creek with her family. Miss Adamson recently accepted a contract to teach again in Eugene next year.

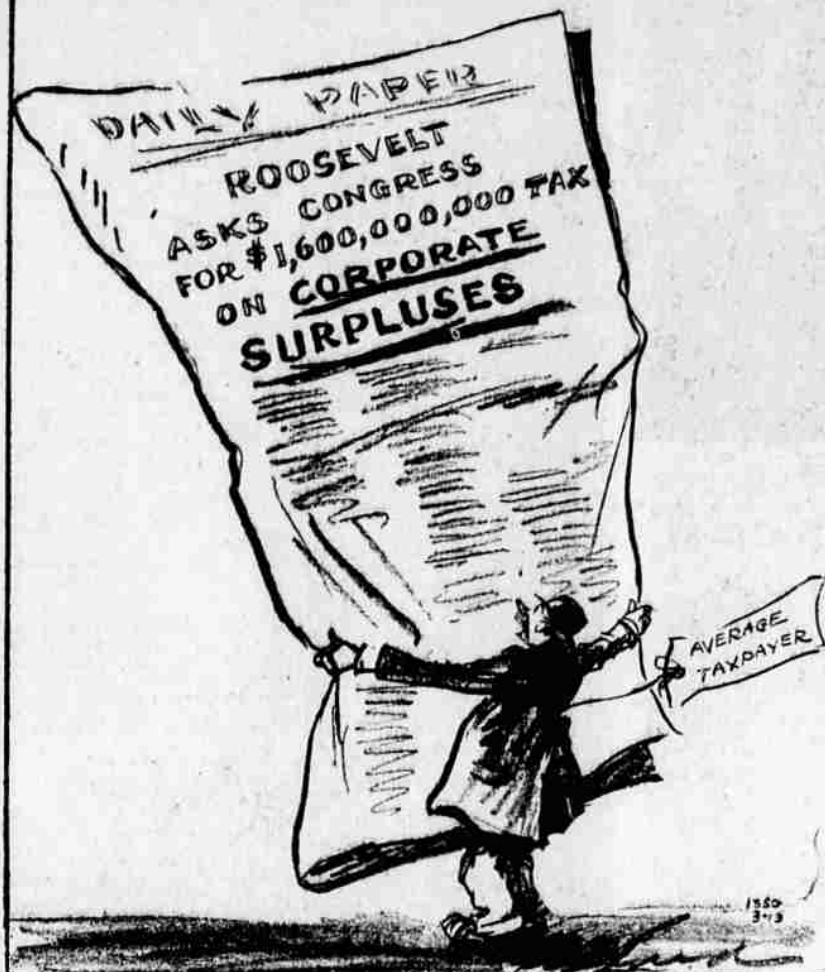
Bible Class to Meet—The non-denominational Bible class taught by Dr. B. J. Dunn will meet at 7:15 o'clock Monday night, March 16, in the dining hall of the Douglas hotel to take up the study of "The Scriptures and the Birthright." There were 56 present at the meeting this week.

Move to Roseburg—O. F. Kreger and family have moved to Roseburg from Montana and plan to occupy the Dan Boone home on East Second avenue South soon. Mr. Kreger is looking over the country and plans to purchase a farm here. Mr. Boone is moving to his home northeast of Roseburg on the Nelson road.

To Take Vacation—Loretta Knight Porter, society editor of the News-Review, will take a two weeks' vacation, starting next Monday. Her duties will be performed in the meantime by Miss Betty Shoemaker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Shoemaker and senior in the school of journalism at U. of O., who will come to Roseburg from Eugene tomorrow. Miss Shoemaker worked on the News-Review for a short period last year.

My Gosh! I Was Never Called That Before!

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"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

SYNOPSIS

luxurious to the nth degree of commercial spender were the establishments of the Anastasia Beauty Salons, but dreary and unkempt were the locker quarters of the operators, who dressed and "made-up" for business in white-washed, burnlike rooms. In one room, as they tongued their cheeks and donned their fresh, starched white uniforms, the girls talked

... talked chiefly about the Riley sisters, who managed each of the Anastasia salons, and about Walter Riley, their brother and the owner of the salons. Among the operators was one who stood out from the rest—Helen Schiller. One day, before the salon opened for business, Helen was demonstrating some dance steps that she had seen on the stage the night before

... and Walter Riley appeared. Her dancing was a blow to discipline, but he did not make his presence known. Instead he backed away, to enter a little, banging a door. When he appeared then, all the girls were at work, and he went on into the office of his sister, Stella, who managed the salon.

CHAPTER III
Miss Kunitz, Stella's secretary, came in, holding her umbrella carefully, so that it wouldn't drip on the rug and, seeing Walter, immediately became all manners.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Riley. Dreadful morning, isn't it? Been raining long? Anything I can do?"

"Good morning, No, thanks. I'm waiting for Mr. Masker."

"Of course. This is the first of November." She sighed as she ripped the page from her desk calendar.

Walter took a bunch of keys from his sister's desk and walked out with them. On his way to the steel vault in the bookkeeper's office, he detoured to look into the salon. The girls were already busy with the early appointments. Miss Irma's tones at the phone were more dulcet than ever. When ever he looked at her—at any of the girls, they looked at him coyly. He was half amused, half annoyed.

But Walter looked coldly past them. Through the door he caught sight of the Schiller girl. Her head was bent low over a pile of hands. The table lamp's cold green light made her ash-blond hair gleam like a halo about her face. He could see her smile as her customer chatted. She was swift, smiling, efficient. Perhaps he had better not mention the dancing. They were all working silently, swiftly. He turned away and got out the books. A few minutes later, Carl Masker, the firm's accountant, came in and they set to work in Stella's office checking the bookkeeper's statement for this branch.

Carl Masker, the husband of Agnes Riley, was a quiet, sober young man of twenty-five, three years Walter's junior (and eight years younger than Agnes Riley, his wife, who managed the Thirtieth street Anastasia). He had an unimpassioned face and a rather difficult manner. He did most of the talking in an eager, insinuating manner. Walter listening with that dark intensity which was so attractive in him.

Their work at Stella's branch concluded, Walter dropped Carl at Thirtieth street and drove swiftly out to Brooklyn to the Fulton street branch, managed by Jerry Leach. Walter was dissatisfied with Jerry and the entire management of the Brooklyn office, but there was so much discussion

lessly into her drawer. He came in quietly. The whine of the vacuum in the reception room drowned her footstep. He was beside her, looking down at her, before she realized his presence. He saw that her face was drawn and white. This morning as she danced she had seemed so young and fresh.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, startled. The colored maids, cleaning the cubicles, watched them curiously.

"I saw you dance this morning. He began uncertainly. She dimpled. Some of the color flowed back into her face, but she was not embarrassed.

"That's some of the steps that Marilyn Miller does in 'Sally,' she explained. "I saw the show Saturday night."

He was amazed. He had expected her to be flustered. Here he was reproving her and she was unabashed—actually conversational. He experienced a tug of anger and yet he was intrigued by her lack of self-consciousness.

On his lips was the reproach he had planned. But there was something so childlike, so friendly, in her wide, gray eyes that he couldn't say it. The words froze on his lips. He let his gaze travel slowly over her smooth, eager face, down her throat, over her young, fresh virgin body. It was a masculine appraising glance—an absolutely instinctive survey. She flushed a deeper pink. He said finally, lamely, "You dance well."

"Oh, I just love to dance!" "Do you usually dance here in the salon?" He smiled suddenly and his teeth were very white.

She laughed. "Oh, no, I was only showing the girls some of the steps. I like to go to dances to."

"She hesitated a fraction of a second—to places like Clover gardens and ... college dances, you know."

"I see." There was a small silence. Helen switched off her table light. She was ready to go.

"I hope you didn't mind my dancing this morning. It was early. Nobody was in yet and the girls weren't busy yet, either," she explained earnestly.

"Oh, no, it's quite all right. To tell you the truth, I ... enjoyed it."

"I don't know how," he confessed. "I don't believe it. You're only fooling."

"Honestly." "Why, don't you go to all those swell hotels and dance in the grills and all?"

"I've never been in one." "Honestly." "Why, I thought," she hesitated. "I thought rich men go every night."

She giggled. "I guess rich men are too tired from making money all day to dance at night."

She had nothing to say to this, so she walked toward the door. He followed her.

(To be continued)

GLIDE—The Glide Townsend club will meet Tuesday at 8 o'clock at the grand hall. Attorney J. V. Long of Roseburg will be the principal speaker. The program will be followed by refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee, free to all members and guests.

WOOD CUTTERS WANTED
To trim and cut into wood 3000 prune trees on Curry estate. H. W. Burr, Roseburg, Phone 459-L.—Adv.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

I SAW Hugh Cole, 90-year old Tyee mountain patriarch, in Oakland yesterday, sitting on a bench in front of H. O. Worthen's service station, sunning himself.

It's the first time I had met him for over a year. "I don't get out as often as I used to," Huch told me. "I am getting old, my hearing has gone back on me, and I can't see very well. There's one thing I want to do, though, and don't let me live long enough to vote against Franklin Roosevelt."

Well, that's a plums wish, Huch, and I'm right with you.

I drove about three miles from Oakland, to its sister city on the south, and the first person I laid eyes on was Hannibal Cole, Hugh's 81-year old brother, whom Hugh looks on as being just a kid. Hannibal—or Hal—is in Sutherland on business from his home in Spokane, where he has lived for the past 48 years. He was born in Coles valley, where his father, Dr. James Cole, settled in 1851.

Drunk Agin, in Jail Agin, Out Agin and Off Agin, City Gets it on the Chin.

Headline from the Sutherlin Sun. In which a long story is shortly told.

Will Hayner, veteran editor of the Sutherlin Sun, has a rollicking style in his reporting which appeals to me. Take the following clipping, for instance. I have bashfully undertaken to delete some of the proper and common names Will used, but the story still is good.

"We note from a story in the () that () is a candidate for (). The () is quite well known throughout the county."

We'll say he is. Mr. () was a candidate for () several years ago and this paper had a belatedly collected a bill due for advertising. The () credit bureau finally collected the bill and this office received 50 per cent of the original amount."

No, I don't suppose he meant who you think he did.

The Oakland High School Glee club presented a creditable performance at the school gymnasium last night. I'll bet the boys and girls participating in it have the time of their lives today and tomorrow, with no more practice, and no school either. Chinese operettas look like a lot of hard work, to me—and then, too, the boys had to sing!

I saw a humming bird this morning, in the peach tree in the back yard. I didn't ask him whether he was the first one, or not.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

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NEWS-REVIEW

SUNDAY, MARCH 14

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Program for U. S. Veterans Facility.

10:00—Sunday Musicale.

11:00—Request Program.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Montgomery Ward's Hour of Music With Wanda Armour.

1:00—Ballad Time.

1:30—Airs From the Operas.

2:00—The Roseburg Daily presents the Horner Trio in request program.

2:45—Golden Voices.

3:15—Station Master.

3:30—Martha's Orchestras.

3:50—At the Piano With Ruth Hoover.

4:25—String Ensembles.

4:50—Songs of the Past With Ruth Warren and Florence Grow.

4:30—Victor Salon Orchestra.

5:00—Popular Dance Time.

5:30—Sign Off.

MONDAY, MARCH 15

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:15—Douglas County Flour Mill, Mill Wheel Turning.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club (contd.).

8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.

8:15—Ranch Boys.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Castillians.

9:30—Waltz Time.

10:00—Women's Exchange.

10:45—Famous Love Songs.

11:15—Rhythm Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Cope's Plate Pies and His Ranch Boys.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—John McCormack.

1:15—Frischisch Circle.

2:00—Songs of Home.

2:30—Music of the Far East.

2:50—World Book Man.

3:15—Songs of the Water.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—Editor Views the News.

4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunday Program.

4:30—American Legion Program.

4:45—Melody Matinee.

5:15—Carmen's Tavern, Variations of the Primitives.

5:30—Salon Music.

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer



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Posting for the Papers

A beautiful friendship has sprung up between James Pierpont Morgan and the newspaper men. Many of whom used to be bankers themselves.

We are glad to see this. For, as a cub reporter, we hounded Pierpont's old man all over the lot. He had no more use for reporters than a cat has for mittens. He was as shy as a poker game after the winners have gone home.

The younger Morgans felt pretty much the same way about reporters until the midgets started playing tidly-winks in his lap.

When a famous financier plays leap frog with dwarfs it changes the betting. It also turns the supreme court into a boys' department and the halls of legislation into a Lilliputian bazaar.

Morgan and the midget made a beautiful group picture. Reading from left to right, it was a dead heat.

Since the midget preamble to the banking laws, the evasive financier has had his picture taken over five hundred times for the morning and evening papers. That's pretty modern for a family whose most recent portrait was snapped by Rembrandt.

A newspaper photographer is a very insinuating man. He will worm his way into your confidence like it was an apple. After he has you trained, you will bark, give him your paw and roll over.

After that you are a lens pushover. You go to banquets just for the flashlight picture. You get appointed to committees so you can stand in the front row, and you have moods like a mad genius.

You get so used to seeing your picture in the paper that you stay up all night waiting for the five star edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. That's the one they put on the milk trains.

Once you are polinated with the publicity germ you are hopeless. You smile on combustion and take two flashlight powders after every meal.

After looking at J. P.'s latest picture we figure he should have stayed mysterious. The Morgans were far more alluring and romantic when people wondered what they looked like.

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