

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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For Proper Defense.

IT WAS an intensely interesting story which appeared in the News-Review columns in last Thursday's issue from Washington which stated that the senate appropriations committee voted the largest peace-time fund in history for the war department—\$600,000,000—including money to maintain the army at the full authorized strength of 165,000 manpower.

The news story went on to relate that while not " earmarked " \$50,000,000 of this vast total will go for projects such as work on rivers and harbors and flood control all over the country.

These may at first thought appear like amazing amounts of money to spend but when laid alongside the figure of 34 billions of dollars raised for the world war, they are but as puny totals—and yet they mean so much more in value. They mean construction and not destruction, they mean upbuilding and not tearing down—they mean improvements, they mean protection, they mean preparation.

One trouble with the American is that he lives too fast, he works too fast, he eats too fast, he dies too soon—long before his allotted three score years and ten—and puts off till tomorrow, oftentimes the things which should be done today. He waits to prepare at the fatal eleventh hour, and sometimes is too late as a result.

The expenditure of this \$600,000,000 will be money well spent. It will mean preparedness; it will mean development of those things which cost so little now but later count so much. Preparedness—being prepared—for the eventualities of life have far reaching effect on the life of the commonwealth and the nation at large. This is as true in our individual living as in the national point of view.

Oregon and Washington will get quite a chunk of this \$600,000,000—in developments to our rivers and harbors, to our Forts Stevens, Canby and Vancouver—for the continued growth of our young nation in our standing army—a vital necessity to the growth and worth of the nation.

The senate is to be commended and wise expenditure is to be advised.

Take Human Life?

IN ALL seriousness a learned man, a man who has earned the academic degree of "doctor," proposes that mental defectives be killed. The reference is not, as might well be supposed, to mentally defective cows, or horses but to human beings.

The proponent of this startling, if slightly bloody suggestion, is Dr. S. B. Laughlin of Willamette University. One question of the good doctor might be in order—who would decide, who would pass death sentence—would the decision be left to the parents of children suspected of being mentally useless?

Then too, where would the line be drawn—might not some of us want to question the doctor's own right to live under such a ruling? It is not conceivable that a Christian nation would ever adopt legislation in accordance with Dr. Laughlin's ideas. It is true that by average intellectual standards certain individuals may be reasonably considered wholly useless to themselves and to society. But by what right may we end their lives? Human intelligence has not yet fathomed the mystery of creation. It knows only how to alter and



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

SYNOPSIS

Luxurious to the nth degree of commercial splendor 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, barn-like rooms. In one room, as they rouged 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 later, 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. That evening, he found himself back in the shop where Helen worked. Intending to speak to her about her dancing of the morning, he found himself disarmed by her smile. When she asked him if he liked to dance, he appeared uncertain, admitting finally that he had never danced. At that, Helen giggled and said she thought rich men went every night. To that, he said rich men were too busy making money. She moved off, then, not knowing what to say. He followed:

CHAPTER IV

"Would you teach me to dance if I took you somewhere?" "I'd love to," she said honestly. "Let's go somewhere tonight." "Oh, but I'm not dressed." "Must one be dressed?" She considered. "Well, not to go to some." "Couldn't we go to one of the hotels for dinner and dancing?" Her face brightened. "The Pennsylvania?" "Let's go there. You're not tired, are you?" "Not a bit!" And, in truth, all the tiredness had fled from her face. "I'll wait for you while you change." He gnawed his dark mustache. He suddenly remembered his position, the other girls, the waiting maids. "Suppose," she suggested quietly, "I meet you in front of the Pennsylvania street entrance to the library in twenty minutes." It was as if she had read his mind. Their eyes met in that moment a wealth of understanding gleamed between them. Her eyes were smiling. He nodded, relieved. "That will be great."

Helen stood before the scarred mirror over the washbasin and stared at her reflection with unseeing eyes. It was late and only a few girls were loitering about. Fortunately no one had noticed change and manipulate that which is created. It knows how to destroy. Until, as a people, we learn how to cure, how to create a useful mind from one apparently useless, we had best bear patiently with the problem.

her talking with the boys. Was it possible that he had actually talked to her? That the great Walter Riley had actually asked her, Helen Schiller, an Anastasia manicurist, to go out with him and to teach him to dance? Helen shivered with ecstasy. It was like a dream. Helen had had romantic dreams about him just as all the other girls had. But this was no dream. She was alive. She was going to meet him in flesh and blood. She pressed her fingers to her hot cheeks.

Then slowly her exhilaration died. Suppose she wouldn't know what to say to him? As she slowly washed and dressed, the long evening ahead of her rose like a specter, an ordeal as terrible as a trip to the dentist when you know a molar has to be extracted.

What would she say to him? She could chatter brightly enough with the boys she knew. There even crept rather awkwardly into her conversation the veiled insinuations about sex, only half understood, that were fast becoming accepted parlor talk. She had seen the latest plays; had read "If Winter Comes" and "The Sheik" and most of the best sellers—knew in fact more about books than any of the girls she worked with.

But did one talk that way to Walter Riley, the owner of the Anastasia Beauty Salons; Walter Riley, the rich man, the great man? What did he want of her? Stage fright crept numbly over her. She had an impulse to go home and give him a stand-up, but then he'd fire her. She was dressed now and ready, and still she clung to the washbasin. Oh, why had she promised to meet him? The worst of it was she'd probably lose her job either way.

She set her jaw. She'd better go. She couldn't keep him waiting in the rain, but as she crawled to their meeting place she prayed that he'd change his mind and give her a stand-up. He was there first, his chin sunk in his collar. The streets were slippery with wet and the raw dampness crept into one's bones. He was depressed. Never before in his crowded, busy life had he had a date to meet a girl. There just hadn't been any time for it, that's all. And it had always seemed to him a complicated, involved process. Yet how simple it had been. He had asked her to go out with him—on an impulse—and she had accepted. He had phoned Anastasia, his mother, and had simply said he wouldn't be home for dinner. He had a business appointment. She told him not to get his feet wet. And that was all there was to it. And here he was at the 12nd street entrance to the public library, waiting for a girl like any clerk—and that girl a manicurist. One of their own manicurists! He stirred uneasily. Suppose she turned out to be vulgar and stupid? He could never maintain his aloofness again if it leaked out that he had been out with one of the operators. He'd have to fire her. Suppose she told the other girls? His flesh began to creep. Yet how tactfully she had decided where to meet him. . . . She might be wearing some terribly conspicuous clothes—those short skirts he loathed so. He could actually see the thighs of some of the girls in the trains. He shuddered. Someone plucked at his sleeve. "Here I am. Waiting long?" He was so grateful to see her in her neat, tan, military rain outfit and to see she was fresh-looking and young and slender, that he

pressed his arm about her shoulder. "Gee, you're a sweet thing," he whispered.

It broke the ice between them. Helen was flooded with relief. There he was, standing in the rain, umbrella-less as she was; friendly, natural, just like any of the boys she knew. She was so full of gratitude at finding him quite human that she could act almost naturally.

"We can take a bus. There's a Fifth ave. bus that passes the hotel," she suggested tentatively. "I have my car."

He held the door for her. She seemed to shrink away. "You're not afraid to ride in my car, I hope. I'm a swell driver." "No, of course not." She laughed nervously. He got in beside her and slammed the door. "Only—," she hesitated. "You're so rich, aren't you." It was more a statement than a question. "I'd like it better if you were poor like me."

"What for? I know what it is to be poor. It's hell. I never want to be poor again." He began to laugh. His eyes twinkled; the nervous, irritable lines about his mouth were miraculously smoothed away.

She bit her lips and laughed, too. She was still too nervous to speak. He drove carefully across town. "Here's the Pennsylvania station."

"The hotel's right across the street." "Fine. And here's a place to park. What luck?" "First I'll teach you a foxtrot. Can you waltz?" "Nope. I can't even schottish."

"Never mind, the dinner will be good, anyway." He grinned at her as he steered her across. "Never mind the dinner. You're going to teach me to dance. That's the bargain, isn't it?"

"All right, I'm no quitter. I'll teach you if I do nothing else." "Great. Here we are!" They were like two children at a party with no grownups there to supervise and admonish them. She had no idea this dark, silent man could be so much fun. He never knew that a woman could be gay, tender, yielding and graceful and yet so impetuously wise. He who had four sisters and a mother, actually knew nothing about women.

"Don't be afraid," she reassured him when they got up to dance. "The floor's so jammed we'll just barely be able to move around. Just relax and let the music seep into you. Then just sway and dance."

(To be continued)

SUTHERLIN COUNCIL MEMBER RESIGNS

SUTHERLIN, March 15—John W. Turner, member of the Sutherlin council, who recently moved to California, tendered his resignation at the meeting of the council Thursday night, and Martin Lloyd was appointed to fill the vacancy. A request from J. H. Hogan to be allowed to place slot machines in Sutherlin, with a monthly license of \$5 for each machine, was tabled pending a decision on the legality of the proposal.

AMERICAN LEGION ANNUAL VESARY MEETING

The meeting of Umpqua Post No. 16, to be held in the armory Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock will celebrate the 17th anniversary of the founding of the American Legion and will be known as charter member night. Talk by our first commander, Judge Carl E. Wimberly. Will also hear national broadcast. All World War veterans try to be present. Adjutant—Adv.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

TUESDAY, MARCH 17

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Music.
9:00—Victor Young and His Orchestra.
9:30—Hawaiian Shores.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:45—Golden Voices.
11:15—Hits From the Shows.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Dillard Motor Co. Program.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—John McCormack.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
1:45—Myrtle Creek Friendship Circle with Charles Rice of the Myrtle Creek Mail.
2:00—On the Shores of Italy.
2:30—Down Memory Lane.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Songs of the Water.
3:20—Storyland.
4:00—Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Musical Bouquet.
4:45—Saw Turns.
5:00—Bing Crosby.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairie.
5:30—Dance Time.
5:45—Edith Fabbe speaking for Business and Professional Women's club.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Mills Bros.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadiana.
9:30—Tango Time.
10:00—Women's Exchange.
10:45—Famous Music.
11:30—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Cope's Pinto Pete and His Ranch Boys.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Lawrence Tibbett.
1:15—Friendship Circle.
2:00—Music of Other Lands.
2:30—Heart Songs.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Musical Picture Gallery.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—Editor Views the News.
4:15—Sandwich Shop Sunshine Program.
4:30—Matinee Revue.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairie.
5:30—Close Harmony Four.
5:45—Sol Bright and His Holly Waltzes.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:15—Sign Off.

ICE CREAM SPECIAL—For St. Patrick's Day. Pineapple Lime. Quarts, pints, and bricks. Umpqua Dairy. Phone 296-J.—Adv.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ness? Well, there are two reasons. One is that if everybody else boycotts Germany and the United States DOESN'T, Germany won't be bothered much because she could buy about everything she needs from the United States.

The other is that with the United States OUT of the league of nations France can't think of an immediately promising scheme to make us pay for a war if she started one.

EVEN as it is, war or no war, the situation isn't so good from the European, and especially the French, viewpoint, as may be seen from these figures: Germany now BUYS annually from the United States about 80 million dollars more than she sells, whereas she SELLS to Great Britain nearly 140 million dollars annually more than she buys, and in the case of France her sales are nearly 100 million dollars a year.

Chafing Even in most aggravated cases burning stings and comfort follows the soothing touch of—
Resinol

more than her purchases. SO YOU see, Germany is TAKING IN money from both Britain and France and SPENDING it with the United States.

Nothing could hurt a Frenchman more than that, and it probably doesn't set any too well even with the British. Every day, in almost every way, the United States is a big fly in Europe's ointment these days.

ICE CREAM SPECIAL—For St. Patrick's Day. Pineapple Lime. Quarts, pints, and bricks. Umpqua Dairy. Phone 296-J.—Adv.

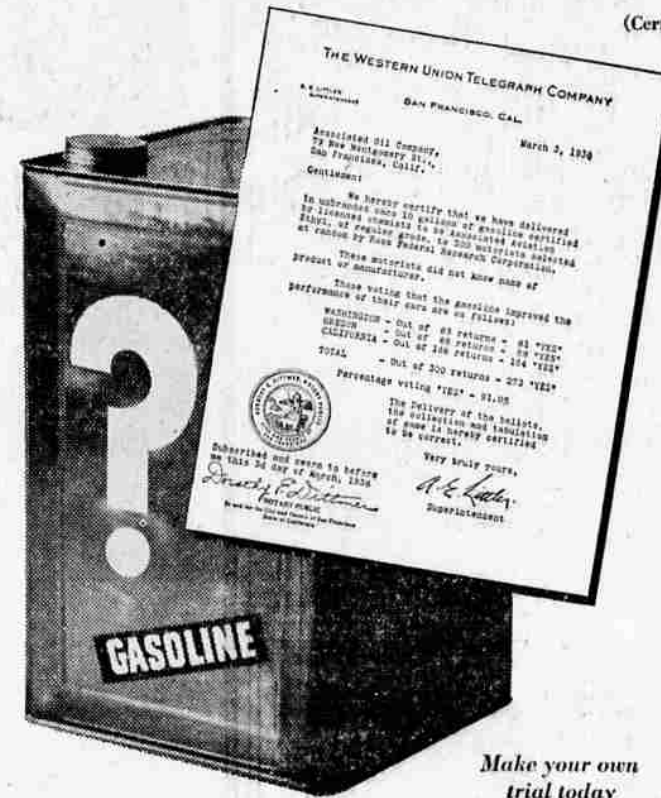
BURN PAGES! COAL AND BE COMFORTABLE.—Adv.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

91% of motorists vote Associated Aviation Ethyl WINNER in coast-wide test

(Certified by Western Union)



To explode the belief that all gasolines are alike, to prove that one gasoline stands out above all others, 300 Pacific Coast motorists recently passed solemn judgment on a "mystery fuel", under the supervision of Ross Federal Corporation and Western Union.

The verdict was 273 to 27—91% that this nameless gasoline improved the performance of their cars. On all counts—starting, warming up, pick-up, hill climbing, mileage—it proved itself better in the impartial minds of the jury.

That "mystery fuel" was Associated Aviation Ethyl, identical in fact to that sold everywhere by Smiling Associated Dealers, certified as by licensed chemists, witnessed by Western Union.

273 to 27

The chances are 273 to 27 that Associated Aviation Ethyl will give you better performance and economy than you ever knew before. That you'll recognize and appreciate the difference. That, regardless of how you test it, Associated Aviation Ethyl will give you more satisfaction, more for your money, than any other gasoline. You be your own judge.

ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY

273 to 27

MYSTERY TEST??

No! You can tell it every time: more satisfaction, more for your money, than any other gasoline. 91% of motorists cannot be wrong.

Drive a car filled with "winner" gasoline.

CAMP VIEW Service Station
"JIM" HEATH
EDENBOWER

"SI" DILLARD Motor Co.
MAIN AND DOUGLAS STS.

KEN'S SERVICE STATION
"KEN" RADABAUGH
STEPHENS & BROCKWAY STS.

IF YOU LIVE IN CANYONVILLE STOP AT
Harold Rachor's Service Station
Associate yourself with a "Winner" gasoline: Aviation Ethyl.