

# Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press  
The Associated Press is exclusive  
entitled to the use for reproduction  
of all news dispatches credited  
to it or not otherwise credited in  
this paper and all local news  
published herein. All rights of re-  
production of special dispatches  
herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor  
Entered as second class matter  
May 17, 1920, at the post office at  
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of  
March 2, 1879.

Represented by  
MCMOGENSEN & CO., Inc.

San Francisco—220 Bush Street.  
Los Angeles—415 South Spring  
Street.  
Seattle—403 Stewart Street.  
Chicago—50 North Michigan Ave.  
New York—211 East 40th Street.  
Portland—Hedell Bldg.

MEMBER  
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION  
OF EDITORS

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 ..... .35

That is War.

THERE is something hopelessly optimistic about the serious petition of the committee of the league of nations to the Italian and Ethiopian governments asking them BOTH to refrain from the use of poison gas.

Ideally, the league believes, or at least pretends to believe, that nations at war with one another will heed such a request. The league is a creation of idealism.

Actually, when trouble between any two nations reaches such a point that men are at work killing one another, when war breaks out, it is a deadly struggle. If one nation has an adequate supply of poison gas or of any other killing device, and feels the need of using it—regardless of appeals, it will use it. The only possibility of such weapons NOT being used is in the event the equipment of each combatant is similar and equal. In such an event each might refrain for fear of the other.

It is war that we are talking about now—not a game, played according to rules and with a referee. There is nothing more apt than the age-old saying that "all is fair in war."

The league of nations has proven its total inability to prevent war. It has even found itself unable to agree as to the imposition of penalties. Not that the efforts of the league have been wholly in vain—it has provided a court of argument and more than likely was instrumental in preventing the outbreak of a European war when Germany marched troops into the Rhineland. As a place where argument and discussion can take place, where words and arguments can be hurled before the bullets start flying, the league serves a real need.

But if Italy wants to kill Ethiopians with poison gas, Italy will do so—league or no league. That is war.

## Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

over night, if it was in the evening, and if you offered pay it was the worst insult you could give.

"Hospitality in those times, was open handed, hearty and sincere."

"At THE Horton ranch," Mr. Hamaker continued, "a saddle horse was always kept standing and ready in the barn. This horse was for the use of ANYONE who might have need of it."

"People going in haste for the doctor, would ride at top speed as far as the Horton ranch, leave the spent and winded horse there, take the fresh saddle horse from the barn, and dash on returning, horses would be changed again at the Horton ranch."

"In this way, many a precious hour was saved in times of emergency when speed meant everything."

WHAT a change the telephone, the good road and the automobile have made in our lives—especially in this vital matter of getting a doctor in a hurry when somebody is sick!

We now go to the telephone, call the doctor at his office or his home, tell him who it is and what is wanted; he gets into a swift and tireless (unwarying is meant, no pun being intended) car and over a good road, paved a part of the way, probably, he goes to where he is needed. Little time is lost.

Back in those earlier days, they must first get to the doctor and then must get the doctor back again.

UP IN the Sisters country, there is a tale (almost a legend, by

this time), of a man named Marsh Ambrey who rode one horse from Sisters across the Cascades to Eugene in one night to get a doctor for his sick wife, and then turned around without rest, food or sleep and came back with the doctor.

The distance is 90 miles, and in those days the road over the McKenzie lava beds was little more than a trail.

WE OF today complain bitterly of the complexities of modern life, meaning that these complexities have made living a pretty hard job for us and intimating that in the good old days, when life was simple, people didn't have much to worry about.

If we could be taken suddenly back into the seventies and the eighties, out here in the West, we'd find we had PLENTY to complain about and could hardly wait to get home to our modern complexities.

## RAMBLINGS

of the  
NEWS-REVIEW  
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

ELTON BOLENBAUGH and Jay Bartley are tearing down the building which has housed their garage in Canyonville for the past fifteen years, and will replace it with a one-story, 1116 square foot structure, 50x60 feet in dimension. Completion of the new garage is planned for May 1st.

There will be light enough in this building, Elton says, so he can recognize a customer entering the front door something he had a hard time doing in the old one!

Sam (Hardrock) Thackeray of Myrtle Creek was in town yesterday, passing out crumpled handshakes to friends here. Sam made his home on North Myrtle for many years, but feeling his age creeping up on him, moved to town last winter, locating in a house handy to the cemetery.

"When I pass in my checks they can just throw a rope around my leg and drag me through the fence to my grave," said Sam, the sacrilegious old devil.

"Berlin Rejects Peace Plan." "Mussolini Demands Complete Destruction of Black Africa, Ethiopia," "Mongols Rout Japanese Report," "Border Fight Bloody."—Just one day's headlines and without war having been officially declared in a single instance, Peace sure is hell, isn't it.

"Meets Engineers' Specifications," reads a caption beneath the picture of an exceedingly pretty girl, chosen campus queen by the students of Louisiana Tech. When they were obtaining these specifications, let us hope these young men were civil engineers.

"Poor old Puss," a little friend remarked, spying the cat sleeping on the bed the other noon. "He works all night, and has to sleep all day."

Well, Son, you can call it work, if you want to.

The California poppies are blooming along the S. P. right of way, and elsewhere.

## CITY VISITORS

John Winniford, of Wilbur, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

A. B. Rice, of Dillard, spent yesterday in this city attending to business.

James H. Murray, of Camas Valley, was in town for a few hours yesterday on business.

H. P. Roeder, of Umpqua, spent several hours here yesterday attending to business.

Paul Schutze, of Lakeside, was in town attending to business yesterday.

Grant Harris, of Glendale, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. H. McCain, of Hillsdale, were in town attending to business yesterday.

Vern Laywell, Front Street teacher, was here yesterday attending to business.

H. Paulson, of Umpqua, spent a few hours in this city yesterday on business.

George Jenkins, of Camas Valley, was here attending to business for a few hours yesterday.

F. E. Thumit, of Umpqua, spent several hours in town yesterday attending to business.

Joe White, of Astoria, spent yesterday in this city attending to business.

Mrs. A. Garrison, of Astoria, shopped and visited friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. J. A. Finckler, of South Deer creek, spent Thursday here visiting and shopping.

Frank Cain, of Hobbs, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Weekly, of Myrtle Creek, were here attending to business yesterday.

Go to Reedsport—County Commissioners R. L. Stearns and R. S. Nichols and County Roadmaster Floyd Frear left Thursday evening for Reedsport to spend today and tomorrow attending to county business.

## "WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

### CHAPTER XXVI

"If I let it go, how marvelous!" Belle's eyes filled with tears. "Now you must stay here where you'll have peace."

"Don't say a word about it yet. I've an appointment with Dr. Johnson this afternoon. Will you come with me, Belle?"

"Of course! What a pity mama can't be here to enjoy your first baby, Helen. She was so fond of children. Poor mama. She never lived to see any of her hopes for you realized."

Helen's eyes blurred as she drove. "They'd have been so proud of you, Belle."

"You too, dear."

"Belle, if it weren't for the Riley—I'd be almost perfectly happy!"

After lunch Agnes said: "My Lord, you two do gush about where are you going now?"

"Oh, just into town to get some things."

"You do plenty of shopping, don't you?"

"We'll be right back, Agnes! and then if you like I'll have Anton carry your chair down to the pool to watch us swim."

"Don't bother about me. I'm quite all right. I have to catch up my reading." Agnes frowned over the thick anthology of poetry she was conscientiously wading through.

"Please tell Marie not to make such a clatter in the kitchen. Really, Helen, she's the noisiest domestic I ever heard of and when that husband of hers comes in, it's simply impossible. I can't concentrate. They just yell at each other."

"I'll see if I can stop them," Helen laughed unashamedly. "Perhaps you'd rather be outside."

"Oh, no, I'm quite comfortable enough. Just stop that racket out there. You're never handled so decently, that's obvious." She forced a smile.

"You're got to be firm with cheap help, or else they'll take advantage of you. I know what I'm talking about, my dear. The girls in my salon would run away with the place if I didn't clamp the lid down tight."

A slow painful flush rose to Helen's cheeks as it did at any reference to the girls in the salons. Her sister-in-law disparagingly alluded to them at every opportunity.

There was no further doubt about it. Helen was to be a mother. Dr. Johnson was a fatherly, good-natured fellow with a bluff, hearty manner.

"Go home and enjoy yourself," he advised her. "Exercise in moderation; live naturally; eat what you like. There's nothing to it. In a day or two you'll be as plump as a porcupine. You'll be over it by noon! Laugh a lot. Laughter makes a good baby, and good places, do things. There's nothing to it, I tell you. And you'll come to see me every other week and tell me how you feel!"

He sent the two girls home in high spirits.

"Isn't he marvelous," Helen exclaimed. "I know I'm going to love every minute of it, Belle! A baby of our own! I'm so thrilled I could cry and shout for joy."

"When are you going to tell Walter?"

Helen's eyes grew dreamy. "I'll tell him soon. Maybe Sunday. I wish Agnes weren't here. She

brings that harassed, rutted look to his forehead when she begins to nag about the shops. Oh, I want to get Walter in one of our golden moods. Sunday, when he doesn't have to rush off, I'll tell him, oh, so beautifully. . . . he'll be so pleased."

"I'll bet he will. Honestly, I'm so thrilled I can hardly keep from bubbling it out," said Belle.

"Oh, no; you mustn't. I don't want him to have a hint of it before I tell him."

"I wouldn't spoil your effect for the world, darling. You shall have all the joy in telling him yourself."

When they got back to the house Agnes said curiously, "A Dr. Johnson called up to say that you forgot the prescription he wanted you to have. So I sent Anton over for it in the small car. What prescription, Helen? Are you sick?"

"Muttered something like 'damn' under her breath."

"I . . . I have been having headaches lately, so I thought I'd better see Dr. Johnson."

Agnes granted, "Humph, you run around too much."

"Yes, I guess that's it," Helen agreed, relieved. "I'm going to rest more. Thanks for sending Anton. Agnes. It was very thoughtful of you."

That night as they sat at dinner Helen was in a pensive mood. Agnes mentioned her visit to the doctor. She chatted with forced gaiety all through dinner so that Agnes wouldn't have a chance to bring it up until she got Walter off by herself and told him. She wanted to tell it to him alone. She could imagine his ecstasy, his tender kisses when he heard.

Suddenly the table began to go round and round. Helen felt the food press against her chest. She swallowed valiantly, tried to control herself but the nausea rose within her like a wave. She couldn't hold it back any longer. She dashed out of the dining room.

"Helen, what's the trouble, darling?" Walter rose to follow her.

"Let her alone, Walter," Agnes commanded. "She's going to have a baby, I bet."

Walter rushed out after Helen. He found her in the bathroom leaning weakly against the tub.

"Oh, darling, is it true?"

"Just an upset stomach," she gasped, trying to smile. "I feel better."

"Agnes said you were going to have a baby, dearest. Oh, my dear, are you?"

"Agnes told you! Oh, Walter! I wanted to tell you so beautifully. I wanted to tell it to you so beautifully," Helen burst into tears.

He gathered her into his arms and soothed her.

"What difference how you told me? I'm so happy, I'm so pleased and thrilled. Oh, Helen, our own little baby. Stop crying, darling, you'll make yourself sick."

"I wanted to tell you," she sobbed brokenly. "Not in the bathroom. I wanted to tell you so beautifully."

He led her weeping up to their room. Belle got up abruptly from the table and walked into the living room. Agnes finished her dinner.

Over Labor day Irene and Dirk motored out to the farm. Agnes

was still there. Belle had left a few days before Labor day. Agnes' whole attitude had changed. She was less guarded in her criticism, and yet even these were veiled in such honeyed accents that no one except Helen could appreciate the full sting of their darts. Helen raged with impotence to retaliate, but without Belle to bolster her up she was at a loss to know what to do.

She complained to Walter finally in sheer desperation.

"Oh, my darling," he said unhappily, "what can I do? She doesn't mean anything. She's got a heart of gold. I admit she's tactless, but you've simply got to overlook it."

"Why must I overlook it?" Helen asked.

"Please, Helen, don't upset yourself. It's not good for you in your condition. Just try to think of her life; she's had this accident that's made an invalid of her and then she's always stewing because she's older than Carl and now she's probably jealous—you can't blame her—at your having a baby. She can't have one, you know, dear. I told you about it."

"I know all that, Walter. If I didn't, I couldn't have stood it this long. But do I have to suffer because she's frustrated and miserable? Why can't she be a little sympathetic to me? She knows my condition. Why must I do all the compromising, all the understanding?"

"You're younger for one thing. And you're wife. In a way you ought to share my debts too. Is it too much to ask you to be tolerant and kind for my sake?"

"It's not fair, Walter. You're not being fair to put it that way. I'll do anything for you because I love you, but this isn't fair. You're taking advantage of my love," she protested. "Oh, if I were only clever. If I could only make you see that your crazy sense of what you owe them is making us both slaves to them."

"Helen, you're hysterical. I can't reason with you when you're in such a state of nerves. You just imagine it. I have eyes and ears too. So far as I can see, Agnes has been unusually nice to you and to Belle too. Belle was here all summer. I was only too glad to have her; too glad to make her welcome and I expect you to do the same for my sisters."

"You compare Belle with Agnes? Belle who is so tactful that she's incapable of saying an unkind thing?"

"Well, what do you want me to do? Throw my sister out?" Walter's lips were a tight line. His forehead was a maze of frowns.

"You won't see," Helen despairing, her voice breaking.

"You won't even console me, agree with me, make it easier for me?"

"You're being stubborn and spoiled, Helen. It's unlike you and I don't like it at all."

He turned and left her sitting there, her eyes wide with horror. "Walter, Walter! Don't leave me like this. W'ere! Walter!"

Irene said, "Why, Helen, how pale you look? Aren't you well?"

Walter put his arm about his wife's shoulder. "Don't tell her that, Irene. Helen has a very special kind of paleness now. She's to be congratulated, not commiserated with. We're both to be congratulated, aren't we, darling?"

Helen smiled. "It's not a secret any more, Irene, so I might as well tell you. I'm going to have a baby."

"Really. Well, well! Walter, dear me, a daddy! Well, congratulations, of course."

"How are you, Helen? You lucky devil, both of you. This is news for rejoicing. You look splendid, Helen."

"Thanks, Dirk. I appreciate your tact. I'm still in the worst stage, but it is nice of you to pretend that I look well."

"But I'm not pretending! On my honor! There is a new loveliness in your face. You look spiritual and angelic."

"Rot," said Irene as they walked into the house. "Dirk is old-fashioned. Helen is still regards motherhood, even approaching motherhood, as something quite exalted and saintly, don't you, darling?"

Dirk smiled. "Don't you believe it, Helen. It's going to be fashionable after a while to be a mother and then won't Irene be wild that you got in the swim early?"

"Oh, hello, Agnes, you still here? How's the knee?"

"Not so well, thanks."

After luncheon they all rambled over to the pool for a swim. Dirk left the others laughing and disappearing themselves in the pool to come to Helen's side. She was stretched out in a canvas sun chair, her sand-colored hair in two braids down her shoulders; the apple-green bathing suit she wore was reflected in little green flecks in her wide gray eyes.

"Well, little Gretchen, our little scheme didn't work out as well as we expected, did it?"

"I'm afraid it didn't, Dirk." She laughed ruefully.

"I think it will be better, though later, Dirk. I'm staying on here over the winter. The baby is ex-

pected in March. I think the winter will be a long and peaceful one. I hope it's bitterly cold!"

He looked into her eyes. She couldn't fathom his expression because the sun blinded her. "May it be a long winter and a frosty one!"

"Selah!" she murmured. He dropped his voice a key. "How long has Agnes been here?"

"Three weeks, Dirk. It's been like three years."

"What does Walter say?" he asked swiftly.

"I don't know what to say, Dirk. You understand, I know. But I can't make Walter see. We all most quarreled last night. I've been miserable about it. What can I do, Dirk?"

"What do you want to do, Nellie?"

"How can I learn to feel adequate? I think that would help. If only they didn't reduce me to a nonentity. If I only were clever like my sister Belle. Of course, when I keep away from them that helps. I try hard to keep away, but Walter sees them every day."

"That's not solving the problem. That's running away from it."

"I know it, Dirk, but I'm no match for them. It may solve itself after the baby's born, but they just reduce me to an atom. I'm all confused and I can't even hold my position before them."

"Listen, Helen," he told her swiftly, "just remember this: that knowing you are in the right will give you poise. Always remember when you're in a discussion with one of 'em that when you're right nothing can shake your position. That will give you poise and will baffle 'em. Also never lose your temper and above all never cry. You're such a sensitive child, Nellie. It's a pity that you have to fight. My advice, however, is to face reality and not run away from it. When a situation arises and you know you're right, face it! Speak up! Don't weaken! When you're sure you're right, be firm!"

From the pool Irene threw a ball at him. "Come on, Dirk, play! What are you doing? Making a speech?"

"Talk to you later, Nellie," he flashed at her as he leaped into the pool. (To be continued)

## KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY

NEWS-REVIEW

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont.

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Salon Music.

9:00—Famous Orchestras.

9:30—Album of Music.

10:00—Close Harmony Four.

10:15—Singing Strings.

10:45—Songs of the Water.

11:00—Gossa & Hargis Music Box Program.

11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—Enrico Caruso.

1:15—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

2:00—Singing Manhattan.

2:30—Evening Stars.

3:00—World Book Man.

3:15—Band Music.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—United Artists.

4:30—Melody Matinee.

5:15—Carl's Taverna Vagabonda of Prairies.

5:30—Rovano Operatic Tenor.

5:45—Five Spades.

6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.

6:15—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Program Dedicated to Veterans Facility.

9:30—Old Time Fiddling With Ernie Crane.

10:00—Salon Music.