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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Big Crop of Measures.

THE "Oregon system" of enacting laws by means of popular vote always brings out a healthy crop of suggestions for new laws. This election year is no exception. Yesterday, a news story from Salem told of 19 proposals that may or may not be offered on the November ballot. Petition shovers are beginning to work but many thousands of names must be obtained before the proposals are entitled to a place on an election ballot.

The activities of the petition shovers this year will be greatly curtailed. This fact may substantially reduce the number of measures voted upon. The reason for the curtailment in petition shoving is that the legislature recently placed a ban on paid name gatherers. Formerly, petition hawkers were paid at the rate of ten cents a name and more. Now they must do the work for the love of the cause—at least that is what the law says they must do.

It is difficult to frown on the idea of enacting new laws by popular vote because some very excellent laws have been enacted in this way. However, a glance at the list of things proposed for the coming election is enough to make one wonder if the initiative and referendum system is all that it should be. Oregon voters though, are accustomed to voting "no" on everything so, after all, what does it matter?

Tourists Coming.

THE glorious spring weather, in addition to bringing out the flowers, leaves and green grass, is also bringing out the summer tourist crop a bit earlier than usual. Just notice on the highways and streets the number of out of state license tags you see. The coming summer bids fair to be the heaviest tourist summer we have had.

Let us do what we can to make Roseburg and Douglas county attractive to these travelers. And that does not mean in physical appearance only. However beautiful and inviting the country through which a tourist passes may look, if the treatment he has at the hands of those individuals with whom he comes in contact is not satisfactory, Mr. and Mrs. Tourist will be displeased.

Let us treat these folks as welcome guests. Let's go out of our way to be helpful, give information, render assistance, if needed, and otherwise do everything possible to sell the hospitality and friendliness of this territory as well as its physical beauty. It is only good business—mighty good business—to do so.

FILM BEAUTY WILL WED BENGAL LANCER

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., April 17 —(AP)— A romance of two weeks has resulted in the betrothal of Maxine Jennings, brunette film beauty, to Tony Browne, of the Bengal lancers, British regiment in India.

Miss Jennings is a native of Salem, Oregon, and a former Portlander.

Browne, on furlough, will take his fiancee to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Bliss Jennings, of Vancouver, Wash., and the wedding date will be set after their return to Hollywood, they said.

The bride-to-be was runner-up in a "Miss America" contest at Atlantic City before she entered motion pictures.

Justice Relents

MOUNDSVILLE, W. Va., April 17.—(AP)—Lloyd Sines owes his freedom to the man who sent him to prison.

Judge H. G. Kump in 1930 sentenced Sines to 16 years for slaying his brother-in-law.

Governor H. G. Kump, in 1936, signed the orders for Sines' parole.

RAMBLINGS of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

WHEN it is fortunate enough to find a feature that proves popular a newspaper is pleased no end, and when it discovers one that is a knockout, this is right up the paper's alley. The News-Review feels that it has such a one in old Popeye the Sailor — in fact, it knows it has, for telephone calls and letters coming to this office over an extended period of time entitles us to this belief.

Popeye carries a knockout in each fist, and in each strip. My personal opinion is that he is rather a sinful old rascal, but I know he has a heart of gold. If he didn't smoke a pipe I'd have more confidence in him, for a fact, but then that's a small matter. Perhaps that is what gives him his strength!

Someone always is advertising Popeye, in this way or that, and patting him on the back, and urging the kids and the grown-ups to see him and watch for his wallop; this tickles us right down to the ground. Follow his activities each day in the News-Review.

* * *

Traffic is picking up on the Pacific highway. The safest manner for a pedestrian to cross, is to shy his hat over first, and if it doesn't get run over, it may be safe for him, if he moves fast enough.

* * *

A fireside argument regarding the tendency of physicians and surgeons to specialize in some one particular line of their work caused one member of the party to recall the following incident: A student at a medical school had just told the dean of his desire to specialize in diseases of the nose. "Fine, young man," the dean said. "Which nostril?"

* * *

The dogwoods are in full blossom, and so are some of the candidates.

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 18

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club (contd.)
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Famous Orchestras.
9:30—Album of Music.
10:00—Golden Voices.
10:30—Musical Library.
11:00—Gross & Hargis' Music Box Program.
11:15—Melodies of Dreams.
11:30—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents the School Band.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
1:00—Enrico Caruso.
1:15—Close Harmony Four.
1:45—Singing Troubadour.
2:00—Spanish Mantilla.
2:30—Evening Airs.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Mills Bros.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra.
4:30—Singing Strings.
5:00—United Artists.
5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of Prairies.
5:30—Motor Shop Presents The Hawk, also Paul Campbell.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Friendship Circle.
7:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19

Morning Hours

8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Music.
9:00—Program dedicated to the Veterans Facility.
9:30—Old-Time Fiddling with Ernie Crane.
10:00—Singing Strings.
10:30—Sunday Morning Concert with Pearl Robinson.
11:00—Sunday Request Hour.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Golden Voices.
12:30—Victor Symphony Orchestra.
1:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents Max Dolan and His Salon Orchestra.
1:15—Singing Troubadour.
1:30—Roseburg Dairy Presents The Horner Trio.
2:00—Four-H Club Entertainers.
2:30—Sunday Concert with Jessie McClelland Mercer, accompanied by Ruth Hoover.
3:00—The Stationmaster.
3:15—Salon Music.
4:00—The Singing Parson accompanied by The Village Organist.
4:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
5:00—Popular Dance Selections.
5:30—Sign Off.

Jail Taught Him

TAHLEQUAH, Okla., April 17.—(AP)—Fred Reynolds of Sand Springs, assigned the part of a convict in a high school play, spent a night in jail to acquire atmosphere and mood. It turned the trick.

With Reynolds in the role of Jean Valjean, Sand Springs entered Victor Hugo's "The Bishop's Candlesticks" in a scholastic contest. Fresh out of jail, "Jean" was adjudged the best actor in the competition.

The British Throne—1936 Style

"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXXI

Helen and the baby and the nurse arrived in New York at eight o'clock. Walter met her at the apartment. He was white with anger.

"What could have got into you, Helen, to do anything so insane as this? It's madness! You might have given Gracie her death of cold taking her out so late at night. She was thriving so beautifully on the farm. You haven't anything here—her pram, or her bed! Stella called me up and she's wild."

Helen faced her husband levelly. "Listen, Walter, if you want to live on the farm with Stella, you may. I'm entitled to a home of my own and I'm going to have it. I invited Stella to come out to us after her illness for a week or two to recuperate. I didn't expect her to share my life and my home. I've left her with the whole house, everything; the servants, the furniture, the whole works. She's welcome to them. But I won't live with her. Do you understand?" she asked. Her eyes were steady.

Walter paled. "No, I don't understand you, Helen," he said, but the anger had died out of his face. "What did Stella do that should have excited you so?"

"She wouldn't let the Havemayers in," and then because the bitter outrage of the situation filled her with fury, this time she really lost herself in throes of hysterical laughter.

When she was quite calm again and the baby was asleep, she faced Walter again.

"I will not go back to Bound Brook until Stella goes and that's all there's to it, Walt. If she wants the house she can have it. I'll spend the winter here."

"You don't love me or else you wouldn't be so unreasonable," she sobbed.

Helen gave a little cry of unspeakable misery and rushed out of the room, slamming the door after her. Half the night she lay sobbing in her bed. She heard him moving restlessly about the living room. It was three o'clock. He wouldn't come to bed . . . he'd be ill and exhausted the next day. She rose unsteadily to her feet and staggered to the door. He was sitting on the couch, his head buried in his hands.

"Walter, oh, Walter," she whispered hoarsely, "don't let's make each other miserable. I can't bear to see you unhappy."

He was beside her and they clung to each other.

"I'll try to be kind, Walter, but don't ask me to live with Stella," she persisted mutinously.

"Let's forget it. Maybe a way will present itself. If she doesn't want to stay on the farm alone, I'll take an apartment for her. She can't go back to mama's. She doesn't get along with Agnes."

"Poor Walter, come to bed. I'm sure you'll find a way." Tenderly she led him to bed.

He clung to her. "Oh, Helen, it isn't easy for either of us. But what can I do?" he pleaded.

She lay beside him in the darkness until he was asleep. "A truce," she thought bitterly, "and still no solution." She began to tremble with fear.

* * *

The next morning Stella phoned. Helen heard Walter talking earnestly but his voice was so low that she couldn't make out what he said. He hung up the receiver. "It will be all right. She's coming to New York today. She says she's arranged to stay at Ethel's until she finds an apartment for herself. Those two always did get along together."

"That's fine then."

"Do you want to go back to the country?"

"No, I think we ought to take a larger apartment in the house and stay over the winter. Marie and Anton are staying at Bound Brook aren't they?"

"So far as I know."

"That will be all right then. We can go out there for week-ends. I shall speak to the house manager today. I think there's a larger apartment available on the other side."

"All right, dear, do as you think best."

"I'm not going to run away," Helen decided definitely when he had left for the salons.

At eleven the phone rang. It was Dirk.

"I want to be the first to tell you, Helen. I heard last night you were in town. I'm at the hospital. Irene gave birth to a bouncing boy this morning," he exulted.

"Oh, Dirk! A boy! Congratulations, oh, thousands of them to you and Irene. How is she?"

"She's wonderful, Helen. He weighed nine pounds and not a whimper out of Irene."

"Oh, I'm so glad for you both. When can I see Irene?"

"Not until later in the week. But won't you have lunch with me and watch me beam with fatherhood?"

"What fun! Of course. You may beam to your heart's content. It will do me good too. I feel old and chilled this morning and a good beaming will hearten me."

"Why, what's wrong, Helen?"

"Oh, nothing much. I won't blight your big moment by complaining. I want to hear all about the baby. Where shall I meet you?"

At noon they sat facing each other in the restaurant. So contagious was Dirk's happiness that Helen forgot her troubles for the time being.

After luncheon, Helen walked slowly back to her apartment. She felt spiritually refreshed as she always did when she had been with Dirk.

"I'm so glad he's happy," thought Helen, relieved. She was sincerely glad. Everything was working out all right. Dirk was more contented than he had been for a long time.

* * *

Aside from a distinct coolness in her attitude toward her when they met in the hospital's lobby on the same side, no one brought up the fact that Helen had walked out on Stella. Stella greeted her icily but made no mention of what had happened.

For two weeks they all stayed away from Helen. Helen's days were full; she moved into a larger apartment. Whenever she had a moment she met Fredericks and the pram in the park and Marian Craley, who usually accompanied her insisted on pushing the pram.

"I get so little exercise," Marian laughed, "and wheeling Gracie is an incentive to walk down my hips!" So the three of them, laughing and chatting, tramped along the pebbled path around the reservoir in Central park in the cold November wind.

Cecily and Helen resubscribed to their concert series and several times a week Helen alone, or in the evenings with Walter, slipped down to call on the old Terhunes.

"One of the joys I missed in the country was not seeing you," Helen told Mrs. Terhune.

"We missed you too, dear. Many's the afternoon last winter dad used to say when we sat down to tea, 'If little Helen were here, it would be real cozy.'"

"Not really."

"Yes, yes, isn't it so, dad?"

"Honor bright," the old man twinkled.

"Well, Grandfather Terhune, pretty soon Irene will be bringing the grandson down and then won't you be proud!"

The old man smiled wistfully. "I hope it will be soon."

"Oh, the baby's too young to be moved yet."

"Oh, I don't know. When Ces was a month old, I traveled with her to Europe and she grew like a wild flower."

"Thanks, mummy, for not saying a weed!"

Helen, sensing an unspoken criticism of Irene's super-scientific nursery, tactfully changed the subject.

* * *

Because of the strain on her health as the result of her operation, Stella had persuaded Walter that she could return to the salon only on a part-time basis—at full-time pay, of course. Walter had grumbled a bit but he paid the bills just the same and Stella's salary went on. And now a new storm was gathering. Agnes was beginning to nag at Walter. If Stella worked only part-time, why should she work all day? Besides, Agnes intended to have a nervous breakdown.

"What good is your Christian Science if you get breakdowns just the same?" Walter demanded angrily.

Agnes dissolved in tears and Walter had to repent his harshness. After a long, hysterical fuss, Agnes won out. She came in only part-time and for a long time both Stella and Agnes were careful to let Walter know that so expert was their management that even on a half-time basis they were able to keep up the morale of the salons and even increase the receipts!

* * *

"Don't you think you ought to protect this living room step by a gate, Helen?" Irene asked.

They were having tea at Helen's new apartment in the same house on Madison avenue, on the occasion of Irene's first official visit since the Stella affray.

"I don't think it's necessary, Irene. I want to teach her self-reliance. If she crawls too near, she'll fall and bump herself. Next time she'll be more careful."

"What specialist have you got Gracie under?"

"None, Irene. I have her under no specialist nor do I intend to put her under one, unless, God forbid, she is ill. Dr. Johnson in Bound Brook gave me a diet for her and I use my own judgment. She is thriving beautifully. I don't want to make a hypochondriac of my baby."

There was a little silence. Agnes, who had preached this same doctrine on behalf of Christian Science, now squirmed to disagree with Helen but couldn't. Stella's eyebrows shot up. She tapped her carefully slipper-shod foot and murmured, "Well, everyone according to his lights. I must be toddling. Coming, Irene?"

"Yes, I want to be back in time to supervise Wells' bath."

* * *

A few nights later as Walter and Helen, arms entwined, hung over the crib listening to the deep rhythmic breathing of the sleeping child, Walter said suddenly:

"Don't you think you ought to take her to a baby doctor every other week or so to be sure she's all right?"

"You mean a specialist, don't you?"

"Yes, that's it, a baby specialist!"

"No, I don't, Walter. She's thriving beautifully. She's well and happy and she laughs all the time. Don't you think that's a fair test of health?"

"Yes, but there may be things you're not doing."

"You mean I ought to keep charts and graphs?"

"Why, yes."

"Like Irene."

"It's the most modern way."

"So they've already told me, Walter. Now let me make myself clear. This is my baby and I'm going to raise it in the old-fashioned, common sense way. I was at Irene's yesterday. She's feeding Wells a raw vegetable diet."

"The specialist recommended it. It's a diet rich in vitamins."

"Yes, and all the while I was there Wells howled. I think the baby's starved even though the curve of the chart or whatever nonsense it is, curves up. Do you ever hear Gracie scream like that?"

"She is an exceptionally good baby, Helen."

"There's no such thing as an exceptionally good baby. She's an exceptionally well baby because I take good sensible care of her. No fads, no modern science to confuse me. Now, Walter, I don't want to be cross, but please don't bring me any more suggestions from the salons on how to raise Gracie." Her voice trembled.

He rose. "I don't see why you're getting excited, dear. I was only suggesting."

"I think Irene's baby is pathetic, yet I wouldn't dream of venturing an opinion, much less a suggestion." She bit her lip.

The fire was burning brightly now. Walter carefully set up the fire-screen.

"I can't understand you lately. You're always so sweet until you start to talk about my sisters. Then you fly off the handle."

She laughed. "Darling, I'm sorry." She held out her hands and he sunk to the floor, his head on her knees. "Walter, I suppose they'll always be here and I'll have to learn to tolerate them. You'll never know how beautifully I've succeeded because you're not around to hear when they say these things to me. But they shan't run my baby, do you hear? That I won't permit!"

(To be continued)

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

fall, Roosevelt will carry Illinois, and if he carries Illinois (where industry is powerful) he will carry enough more states to be elected handily.

BUT we can't even accept the verdict of the Illinois primaries as decisive.

Only registered Democrats voted in the Democratic primary in Illinois. Only registered Republicans voted in the Republican primary. In Illinois, as elsewhere, persons on relief or desiring to get on relief, have been inclined to register Democratic. All aspirants for political jobs (and in Illinois their number, along with their relatives, is considered) have registered as Democrats. The combination of these factors has increased Democratic registration heavily.

Next fall, voters will cast their ballots as they please, and the voting will be SECRET. Mr. Farley won't be able to check up on how people vote at the general election.

So we can't forecast from this spring's primary what the vote will be at next fall's election.

BUT the broad and general conclusions to be drawn from the Illinois primaries are:

1. None of the avowed Republican candidates will go into the Republican convention with decisive and dominant strength.

2. Unless the Republicans name a candidate and frame a platform that combined will win popular confidence Roosevelt will be reelected.

CALL FOR DOUGLAS COUNTY WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given, that General Fund Warrants issued by Douglas County, Oregon (registered not paid for want of funds) prior to and including Warrant No. 27828 are called for payment on April 15th, 1936. Interest ceases on April 15th, 1936.

D. H. Lenox, Treasurer,
Douglas County, Oregon.

ACHIEVEMENT

The SUM of the many little helpful and friendly things we do for hundreds of people in the course of our day to day business transactions is equal to an outstanding single achievement (though not as spectacular).

Yet we continue to give this dependable and friendly service and we are well pleased with the numerous rewards we get from satisfied customers.

In helping each other we all gain happiness.

RICHARDSON'S DRUG STORE
At the Deer Creek Bridge

Piggly Wiggly

SATURDAY April 18
MONDAY 20th

RHUBARB 3 lbs. 7c
Local Large Stalks

Jello Ice Cream Powder 2 Packages 15c

Pineapple Fancy Crushed or Sliced ..... Flat Can 9c

PEACHES Large Delicious Halves ..... Large Can 15c

Shredded Wheat 2 Pkgs. 23c

Sureset A Gelatin Dessert, Pure Fruit Flavor ..... 2 Pkgs. 9c

Tomato Juice Del Rogue, No. 1 Tall Can .. 2 Cans 15c

MANNING'S COFFEE
THE WORLD'S FINEST COFFEE
Pound ..... 25c 2 Pounds 49c
Peaberry Coffee Lb. 20c

Waldorf Tissue 3 Rolls 13c
PAPER PLATES—9-inch, dozen 5c
TOMATOES—Solid Pack, No. 2 size can 9c
NAPKINS—Assorted Colors, 100 count, Pkg. 9c
MUSHROOMS—Pieces and Stems, 4-oz. can 19c
BAB-O—For Enamel and Porcelain, can 13c

Pillsbury's Cake Flour
Sno-Sheen with Sifter
Large Pkg. 25c

FIG BARS 2 Pounds 25c
Wax Paper 40-ft. Rolls ..... 2 Rolls 11c
FELS NAPHTHA SOAP—Bar 5c
INSTANT POSTUM—8-oz. Can 43c
STRING BEANS—Famous Santiam, Can 12c

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BROOMS A good cheap broom 29c
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