

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Jackson County's Problem.

It is obvious that Earl H. Fehl, Jackson county fire-brand who has been serving time, in fact is still serving time, in the state penitentiary for having been involved in the ballot theft cases in Jackson county three years ago, wishes to return to that county. He has refused to accept a conditional parole, the condition being that he not return to his former residence. Fehl maintains, and not without reason, that he is entitled to complete and unconditional parole for having completed his sentence minus time deducted as credit for good behavior. The governor will not grant an unconditional parole and so the question will have to be decided by the court. Meanwhile Fehl remains in jail.

It may be accepted as a fact that when Fehl returns to Jackson county, political troubles there will begin again. Society has not yet found a way of dealing justly with an able though misguided leader. He cannot be kept in jail for he then becomes a "political prisoner." He cannot finally be prevented from returning to Jackson county or from going anywhere else he may wish in this free country. The problem is one for Jackson county to solve. Ultimately Fehl will be back down there and it does not matter so very much whether he arrives there next week or next year. Keeping him away a few months by means of a conditional parole solves nothing and serves only to arouse interest in him and sentiment for him. Earl Fehl's efforts and Jackson county's troubles have been multiplied by what has happened.

Population Pressure.

NORMAN ANGELL in a recent pamphlet, "Raw Materials, Population Pressure and War," states that "colonies are in practice no solution of the population problem."

He points out: Japan talks of need for expansion, but for forty years she has possessed colonial territories, Formosa and Korea, of relatively sparse population, much of which is far better suited for emigration than Manchuria. Yet those territories in the entire forty year period have taken less than one year's increase of Japan's population. The presence of a native population with a low standard of living has prevented any considerable immigration.

After fifty years of ownership of Eritrea by Italy there were less than 5,000 Italians living there. Of those, only 81 were engaged in agriculture. Most of the others were officials.

Libya, conquered from Turkey in 1911-12, has proved equally ineffective as a means of lessening population pressure. Vast efforts to encourage emigration from Sicily resulted in 50 families migrating in 1931.

The density of population in England and Wales is nearly twice that of Italy. It is popularly held that "Great Britain has all the empire to send her population to." But the immigration laws of the Dominions are made by the Dominions themselves. Great Britain has no control in the matter. In 1931, 20,000 more Britons returned from overseas territories than went thereto. Thus "possession" of overseas territory is not serving as an outlet for British population pressure.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Experienced general farm man. Chas. Watson, Looking-glass Star Route, Roseburg.—Adv.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

out of taxes) we would have been getting something that was worth what it cost.

FROM the Carquinez bridge to the Oakland ferry is a magnificent highway—three lanes wide all the way and four lanes part of the way. From downtown San Francisco to San Jose, on the other side of the bay, is a similar highway—two of them, as a matter of fact, for a considerable part of the distance.

These highways, with their three and four traffic lanes, are an abiding joy to ALL who travel them. They are wide and roomy, carrying an amazing traffic with astonishing ease.

The billions of government money that have been frittered away in playing projects would have crossed the United States with highways like these, and at the same time would have provided honest, self-respecting employment for millions of people.

Their benefits would have been PERMANENT.

THIS writer, who in many ways is old-fashioned, doesn't believe in government spending that is immensely and staggeringly beyond government income, resulting in piling up a debt whose interest burden alone is stupendous; not to mention the burden of repayment.

But if the politicians whom we elect to run our government for us insist upon spending vastly more than the government takes in, they might at least try to get a dollar's worth of permanent benefit in return for each dollar they spend.

Building highways, which serve all the people and whose construction is a legitimate enterprise of government, is about as good a way to do that as can be found.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

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.

9:30—Singing Strings.

10:30—Sunday Morning Concert with Pearl Robinson.

11:00—Sunday Request Hour.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Golden Voices.

12:30—Victory Symphony Orchestra.

1:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents Max Dolan and His Salome Orchestra.

1:15—Songs 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—Plano Reverie, Wanda Armon.

4:00—The Singing Parson accompanied by The Village Organist.

4:30—Songs Seldom Heard.

5:00—Popular Dance Selections.

5:30—Sign Off.

MONDAY, APRIL 20

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Hour.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

8:15—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.

8:30—Good Morning J. M. Judd.

8:45—Ranch Boys.

8:50—Devotional.

8:45—Sacred Music.

9:00—Castles.

9:30—Waltz Time.

10:00—Melody Moods.

10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Famous Love Songs.

11:30—Rhythm Revue.

Afternoon Hours

12:05—Cope's Piano Pete and His Ranch Boys.

12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.

12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Variety Program.

1:00—John McCormack.

1:15—Sally Bright and His Holly Wauks.

1:45—Gene Austin.

2:00—Music of the Orient.

2:15—Songs of Home.

2:30—Hill Billies.

2:50—World Book Man.

3:15—Songs of the Water.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Melody Matinee.

5:15—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds of the Prairies.

5:30—Motor Shop Garage Pre-ludes the Hawk.

6:00—The Right That Nailed.

6:15—The Ford V8 Revue.

6:30—Friendship Circle.

7:00—Sign Off.

TOWNSENDERS DINE, LISTEN TO ADDRESS

Roseburg Townsend club No. 1 held a very enjoyable meeting last night. Entertainment started with a 6:30 o'clock potluck supper, served by the ladies of the auxiliary at the Macabees hall. The business session which followed was brief and featured an address by P. M. Nash on the preamble of the constitution of the United States in relation to the Townsend pension plan. Following the business meeting dancing and other entertainment was enjoyed until a late hour.

"Hmm! All that's missing is a nice new war!"



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XXXIII

Helen was just leaving the Ter-

hunes when Dirk came in.

"Oh, just leaving, Dirk?"

"Oh, what a shame, I've come in for some tea. Do stay, Helen, then we can go uptown together."

"Mother Terhune, I might as well move in; this is the second time I've been here this week, Dirk, and it's only Wednesday."

"We love having you."

"I bet you do, mother. Helen is like a breath of pure, wholesome air."

Helen looked at him compassionately. He seemed thinner than he had ever seen him and his face was worn and lined.

As if by one accord they started to walk uptown instead of taking a taxi as was his wont. It was already dusk of a dreary late December afternoon.

"What is it, Dirk? You always help me. Perhaps now I can help you. Please let me try."

He laughed bitterly. "I thought my son, a boy of my own, would fill the void in my life. But he's not my son at all. He's Irene's scientific experiment. He's all Irene's. He's a triumph of science over love. Irene has a magnificent mind, an astonishing mind, although it wasn't her mind that I fell in love with. He smiled wryly. "Love, yes, I was in love with Irene. There are many species of love, Nellie, just as there are species of trees; there is romantic love—that's what you had; and materialistic love—that's what Irene and I have. That's what I have, and that's what I have."

"Irene, and passionate love—that's what I had; and mother love and platonic love. . . I'm so depressed, Nellie, that sometimes I almost feel as if I can't bear it."

She pressed his arm. "But why, Dirk? After Irene is over the experimenting stage with Wells, you'll have a son. He'll be such a comfort to you, a Dirk, a son of your own!" she pleaded. "You'll be so proud and so thrilled. You'll have mated her hand. Let's get a taxi. It's getting late. You're a darling, Helen. The only pity is I'm not easy to cure. My symptoms are too vague, too nebulous; and cures for a sick soul are not so easily found as for a sore throat."

He dropped her off first. Seeing him slumped in his seat, grim and pale in the street light, wrong her heart so that she nearly wept.

Helen shivered as she hung up her hat and coat in the closet. The foyer was pleasantly warm and she stood gratefully against the radiator to warm her back.

"Is that you, Mrs. Riley?"

"Yes, Fredericks, what is it?"

"I'm here in the nursery. Grace isn't well."

Helen felt herself grow very cold. "What is it?" She was beside the crib.

Miss Fredericks looked worried. "I took her temperature. It's one hundred two and a half. I've sent for Dr. Morgan. He'll be right up. The bell rang at this moment and Mamie left the kitchen to admit the doctor."

"This is the first time she's ever been sick, Dr. Morgan. It's the very first cold she's ever had in her life."

"It's nothing to worry about, Mrs. Riley. She's really an exceptional baby. It's nothing more probably than a—inter, cold. She's always susceptible when they're cutting back teeth."

"But we've never had any trouble with the other teeth."

"That's because you're an exceptionally able mother. The weather is against you now though. This

New York dampness is hard on everyone. Let me see."

He examined the baby carefully. "Is it anything serious, doctor?"

"Are you the kind of a mother who isn't satisfied unless it's the worst?"

"Oh, no," Helen laughed a little, "but I'm quite anxious."

"Then don't worry. It's only a little chest cold. Be careful of course, that it doesn't make headway. Rub her chest with the medicine I'm prescribing—a harmless camphor oil compound. Light diet; liquid—orange juice, milk—nothing else until the fever abates. I'm prescribing a cough medicine that you may give her every three hours. It's not a dope. I do not approve of doting young children. In a few days your baby will be as good as over. He smiled cheerfully as he packed his bag.

"Feel better already, doctor?"

"That's fine. I think it's as important at times to relieve the mother as to cure the baby. I can drive your nurse to the drug store. I'm passing that way."

"Thanks so much, Dr. Morgan. Fredericks came back in a few minutes and silently Helen helped the nurse make the child comfortable for the night. Grace was just falling asleep when Helen heard Walter's key in the lock.

She tiptoed into the foyer to meet him. He looked tired and harassed and Helen could see by his brow that he had had a bad day. He shook the raindrops from his shoulder and shivered.

"Where, what a night! His face brightened as Helen put her lips up to be kissed.

"Hello, darling."

"What's the matter, Helen, you look white."

"Nonsense. Come and have dinner. You must be cold and starved, dear."

"Something's wrong. Baby all right?"

"Walter, dear, everything's all right now. Grace has a cold. The doctor's here and now she's sleeping like an angel."

He stiffened. Without a word he stalked into the nursery. Helen at his heels.

Miss Fredericks was adjusting the ventilator.

"Sh. . . She's just fallen asleep."

Walter looked down at the baby. His face was ashen. "Whom did you call?"

"Dr. Morgan. He's a fine doctor. I like him a lot."

Walter stalked into the living room. "Why didn't you call a specialist?" he stormed. Helen watched the veins stand out in his throat. She felt herself grow hot with resentment.

"Because the child only has a cold."

"How do you know?" he rasped harshly. "If you had had the child under the care of a specialist as Irene suggested a long time ago, she wouldn't be sick now."

"Walter, don't shout at me like that. You're tired and upset. Dr. Morgan is a good, sensible, common-sense doctor. He's honest. If it were anything serious he'd tell me so. Don't upset yourself, dear, over nothing."

"Nothing!" he rasped. "How does he know it isn't diphtheria or some other disease? He's not a baby doctor. I insist that you call a specialist this instant."

She had never seen him in such a fury before and she was frightened.

"Very well!" She picked up the telephone book with trembling hands. Her eyes were blurred with tears. She couldn't think of

the specialist's name. She passed her fingers to her eyes.

"Well!" he demanded.

"I can't think of his name," she said miserably.

"Well, then for God's sake, call up Irene," Walter shouted. "Why are you sitting there like a dummy? You're so set against my family that you would sacrifice your own child rather than let them co-operate with you."

Helen very white now and calm, grimly called Irene's number.

"Irene, Grace is sick. Will you please give me the name of your baby specialist?"

Walter could hear Irene's voice in the room; could actually hear her triumphant tone.

"You see, my dear Helen, this is the result of your obstinacy. I don't like to gloat, my dear, but permit me one 'I told you so!' You may not be able to get the doctor. He is extremely busy. You know you just can't call him just for instance."

"What is his name?"

"Dr. Asche. I'll call him. He may not come for you. But he will for my niece. I'll call you back." She hung up.

"Irene will call him," Helen said in the same quiet voice.

"You see, when there is trouble there is no one like my sisters. They'll stick through thick and thin. This just proves it."

Helen's face was a white mask. She said no word.

Walter opened his lips to speak but something in her rigid attitude restrained him. He contented himself with pacing up and down the living room. The phone rang.

"Yes," Helen said.

"I'm coming right over with Dr. Asche," Irene snapped and hung up the receiver.

"What'd she say?"

"She's coming with the doctor."

Walter resumed his pacing. Helen sat without moving, her eyes unseeing, her hands clenched in her lap.

Walter looked at her uneasily but said nothing. The only sound was the beat of the rain against the window panes and the ticking of the clock on the mantel.

"What a night," Walter muttered. Helen never moved.

Mamie stuck her head in. She sensed the strained situation.

"Supper."

"Later," Walter answered. (To be continued.)

Oregon Editors' Comment

WHERE COST WOULD FALL

(Salem Statesman)

Rufus Holman is too large to do a very expert job of walking on eggs which he appears to be doing on the Townsend plan. At Roseburg the other night he urged that the OARP be given a trial and be corrected by its friends. This formula does scant credit to Holman's intelligence and none to his courage. By the same reasoning Senator Burke should be "given a trial" as state treasurer, and we are likewise unwilling to let the public treasury be raided by the oligarchs, with or without the privilege of "correcting their mistakes."

Here Friday—Sam Garner, of Yoncalla, spent Friday in Roseburg visiting friends.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Our Grade "A" Court

About this time the political campaign is opening up like a beautiful flower. The comparison stops right there like an outfielder running into a fence.

There have been some harsh words spoken on the radio since the turn of the year. There's many a truth spoken in jest and there's many an apology spoken just a minute later.

The illustrious Owen Young rushes in where angels demand special rates. Owen implores the static spotters to go easy on vituperation and the Billingsgate. Anybody who reverses the vacuum cleaner can expect to see dirt. No situation is so hopeless as to call for the truth in habit-forming quantities.

If our prominent men start blowing whistles they will wise up the public that there is something rotten in a country much nearer than Denmark.

When a distinguished and parliamentary statesman says, "My esteemed contemporary is a punk" he is telling tales out of reform school.

He should allow the public to find out things like that for itself. That's what it's paid for.

Longfellow wrote that he shot an arrow into the air. But Longfellow was a gentle whaler compared to the orators who toss harpoons through microphone.

We listened to all the politicians on the national hook-ups and can state that they were as bitter as the dark end of a drug store.

The boys called a spade a spade and then over-called that bid with a no-trump.

They started with the worst and gradually worked up to the climax. They pointed with pride, viewed with alarm and worked themselves into a lather that would have taken first prize in a barber college.

We begin to suspect that a man isn't responsible for what he says when talking under the influence of ether or while talking over it.

If he was responsible for those remarks his radio speech would be merely the preamble to his constitutional apology.

U. S. POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated Press, Washington.)

Talk of establishing a "coalition government" at Washington is giving many mysterious hints of backstage overtures and underground negotiation.

The subject is most intriguing. In theory, it would be a grand thing for all of the ablest men in the country to assemble, regardless of party, and put themselves shoulder to shoulder in a common endeavor to lift the nation out of the depression.

Looked at practically and in the light of experience, however, the proposal is seen to embrace many serious difficulties.

In the first place, there is no assurance that any impressive number of first-raters would be willing to coalesce. In the second place there is the question whether they could get along together for more than five minutes if they did. Finally, there is the problem whether they long-established party system could possibly be torn down to permit a real coalition.

It is an enticing thing to talk about, and it might happen, but few practical politicians appear to be taking the prospect very seriously.

Happened in Cabinet