

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Adequate Defense.

WHEN a man is suffering from
an inflamed appendix which
may rupture at any moment and
cause him intense suffering, he
does not consult some person who
may have an untested, untried
theory of treatment. Instead he
goes to a reliable and skilful sur-
geon who has established a record
for successful treatment of this
particular physical trouble.

With the disease of war threat-
ening the world, this is no time
for the United States to be listen-
ing to hair-brained peace theorists
and subversive pacifists.

As stated here by Oscar W.
Worthwine, national vice-command-
er of the American Legion, there
is no group of men and women
more able to advise the United
States on matters of defense and
peace than are these who know the
horrors of war.

Men who have known the intense
fear, the gallant courage, great sac-
rifice of war; the women who
have known the heart-rending suf-
fering and the strength-sapping
care of the disabled—these are the
people who are the real pacifists.

Men who have had their health
shattered, men who have become
prematurely grey, men old beyond
their years, men who seal their
lips against the horrors their eyes
have seen; these are the men who
carried through to a successful
end, and who can be looked to with
a degree of security for their ad-
vice.

These men and these women do
not want war. They do not want
war for themselves, for their chil-
dren, or for their children's chil-
dren.

Yet they stand solidly and ear-
nestly for adequate preparedness.
If the abolishment of standing
armies, the discarding of navies,
the scrapping of implements of
warfare would bring about peace,
certainly these men and women,
now grown to a maturity of age
and judgment would be the first
to advocate such policies.

Today we hear much talk of
peace. We find students pleading
themselves not to bear arms in de-
fense of their country. We hear
speakers expound endless theories.
Yet through all the shouting and
the tumult the American Legion,
the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the
Disabled American Veterans and
other veterans' organizations and
their auxiliaries hold forth for ad-
equate preparedness.

Not preparedness for aggression
but for adequate defense.

Like the quick doctor who plac-
ards his office with the anatomical
diagrams that advertise his suc-
cess, some honest, some fools of
foreign nations that would over-
throw the stalwart standards of
Americanism which assure their
jealousy by inability to attain
flame their banners.

But if America is wise it will
give little attention to the un-
known and untried theories, but
will heed the advice of those who
know and understand and have a
care that has been successful even
though that cure, like a surgeon's
bill, may be somewhat expensive.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

and were carried on improvised
stretchers. Those not wounded
dragged guns picked up from their
fallen comrades.

Those brief sentences tell the be-
ginning of the end in Ethiopia.

PITIFUL, isn't it?

Still, it's the way of the world.
Since the beginning of time, the
strong have gobbled up the weak.

About the only way to be safe

NOT TO BE WEAK.

SECRETARY ROPER, of the de-
partment of commerce, pro-
poses a 10-point program through
which, he says, business can ab-
sorb more of the jobless. One of
his points is interesting. Here it is:
"As improvements in productive
efficiency are secured, business
should pass on to the consumer the
benefits of the lower costs of pro-
duction which result."

THAT is to say (translating for
the benefit of an ordinary peo-
ple who like plain statements made
in plain language) as industry
learns how to MAKE THINGS
CHEAPER it should reduce the
price to those who consume the
things that are made.

When that is done MORE
THINGS are consumed, which re-
sults in a higher standard of living
for ALL of the people instead of
larger profits for a FEW of the
people.

FROM 1921 until late in 1929,
mechanical progress in indus-
try, resulting in lowered costs of
production, went on at a great
rate—perhaps more rapidly than in
any similar period in history.

But, instead of reducing the
price to the consumer as rapidly
as decreased cost of production
warranted, industry went on sell-
ing at high prices and capitalized
the resulting profits in the form of
the wildest stock market boom
ever known.

That is, the profits resulting
from better mechanical processes
and lowered cost of production
were TAKEN BY THE GAM-
BLERS instead of being passed on
to the public.

THE result of the wild frenzy of
speculation that followed this
policy was a terrible crash, from
which we have not yet recovered.
If we are wise, we will take Sec-
retary Roper's advice and not
make that mistake again.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review
for publication in this depart-
ment should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 200 words in length, and must
be signed by the writer, whose name
and address must accompany the con-
tribution.

PROGRESS OF ROSEBURG WINS VISITOR'S PRAISE

Roseburg News-Review: I am
visiting in Douglas county after an
absence of many years. Time
moves on; for as I turn back the
pages of memory I can see a typical
western town of approximately
2,000 population, with no paved
streets nor sewers, no modern
hotels, school buildings, new theatres
and few telephones. The highways
were deeply rutted in winter, and
people traveled in trailing clouds
of dust in summer. Such is a brief
sketch of Roseburg as I recall.

Although I had heard of Rose-
burg's development, I did not antici-
pate such a charming picture as
your city now presents, with its at-
tractive business district and the
general progressive appearance of
the entire city.

And then it would seem that na-
ture, with the hand of prodigal
and the genius of an artist, has
dressed the entire landscape in
her loveliest garb. The North
Columbia, sweeping its majestic
grandeur from the heart of the
Cascades, is a crowning jewel in
nature's wonderland. Roseburg
may well give wide publicity to
one of her greatest assets—the
scenic and excellent climate of
Douglas county.

THOMAS W. LEONARD,
Portland, Ore.

SCHOOL CALENDAR DRAWN AT DRAIN

DRAIN Ore., April 28.—The re-
minder of the school year brings
a great number of activities on the
high school calendar. The follow-
ing are already definitely sched-
uled with a few more to make
their appearance later.

Thurs., April 29—Yonella vs.
Drain, baseball at Yonella.

Fri., May 1—Junior-senior ban-
quet.

Sat., May 2—High school music
festival at Roseburg.

Mon., May 4—Drain vs. Elston
at Elston.

Tues., May 5 at 6 p. m.—April
Showers, a dramatic program
sponsored by national assemblies.

Thurs., May 7—Mother's tea,
2:30 to 4:30 high school.

Fri., May 8—Drain vs. Drain
at Drain.

Fri., May 8—Music week pre-
sented, Washington.

Sat., May 9—Roseburg vs. Drain
at Roseburg.

Wed., May 13—Southon vs.
Drain at Drain.

Thurs., May 13—Ten for six grade
girls' home economics room.

Fri., May 22—Senior class night,
H. S. auditorium.

Sat., May 23—Barabara vs. H.
S. auditorium, 10:30. H. S. speak-
er.

Thurs., May 28—Commencement,
H. S. auditorium, Dr. Bruce Baxter
of Willamette university.

Fri., May 29—H. S. picnic.

PORTLAND, April 29.—(AP)—
Mrs. F. J. Edwards was overcom-
e by smoke and fainting when fire
of undetermined origin caused about
\$10,000 damage to her residence early
today.

Firemen and police carried her
out. She recovered and was re-
leased after hospital treatment.

His Place in the Sun



"WIFE IN CUSTODY"

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

CHAPTER XLIII

"It isn't healthy, Helen."

"Nothing matters now, Ces."

"Oh, Helen—!" The words were
written from Cecily's very soul.

"Did you... love... my brother?"

"No, Ces, I didn't."

Cecily covered her face with her
hands. "Not that I'd have blamed
you," she choked.

"No, Ces, I didn't."

"You love Walter?" Cecily asked
incredulously.

"Oh no! It's just that I'm fool-
ish, I guess. I have nothing to
take the place of Dirk. But I don't
worry about me, Ces, I'll be all
right. Don't consider me a prob-
lem. I'm no problem to myself."

Helen smiled. "If you and Belle
didn't keep telling me that I ought
to do something, I think I'd be
content to sit and rock for the
rest of my life."

"Something's got to happen."

Cecily said grimly.

"God forbid," Helen laughed.

The following day Cecily called
on Captain Lockwood at his office
in the bank.

"I want a job for Helen, Phil.
She's in the dumps. She ought to
do something. We've considered
all the lady-like possibilities; in-
terior decoration, tea rooms, dress
shoppes. Unfortunately all these
take a certain amount of talent
and training but social work—"

"I like that!" Philip Lockwood
exploded. "Don't you think social
work takes talent and training,
young woman?"

"So," Cecily exclaimed blithely,
"it's the simplest profession on the
market. That's what Dirk always
said. Helen has brains and charm.
Oh, such charm, Phil!"

"I know it. I'm sure you do. Too
bad her marriage was a flop. But I
never did cotton to those Ri-
leys."

Cecily nodded but said nothing.

"What could Helen do, Ces? So-
cial work may be windy, as you so
pungently put it (I can hear Dirk
laugh—damn it, how I miss him!)
but Helen is utterly without office
experience or case work experi-
ence."

"She's got to do something, Phil.
She's depressed and listless and
she isn't interested in anything. I
thought if you could give her a job,
it would be a step in the right di-
rection for her. Another man
would help—"

"Too bad I can't qualify there,"
he chuckled.

She laughed. "Seriously, Helen
is a woman made for love and mar-
riage. She's a born wife; she has
a real talent for wifehood."

"Don't be like that, Helen. Ces, I
wish more women had it."

"Believe it! Wish I had it!"

Phil looked away from the plain,
intelligent face opposite him.

"I think this talent of Helen's
may be directed into other chan-
nels, however. She's so gracious
and adaptable."

"Send her to me tomorrow at
ten and in the meantime I'll put
some strings and arrange it so that
she can do something on Monday."

"Fine. You can give a general
promotion at the association and
fire the man at the very top! That
always seems to me to be a particu-
larly apt way of promoting peo-
ple and the chap at the head is
probably less unsatisfactory and
efficient. No one will miss him.
Well, goodbye, Phil. Kiss the kids
for me. Helen will be here at ten.
Goodbye—and thanks loads."

"Don't mention it, Ces. At your
service any time. You know that!"

Helen Schiller—for this was the
name under which she entered her
new job—did not become a suc-
cessful social worker; a second Lil-

lian Wald or Jane Addams.

Helen was assigned to a small
desk in the reception room, a
pleasant enough place with wick-
er furniture, a green rug, and a
long imitation mahogany library
table covered with literature of
the organization, a few health
magazines and such newspapers
were laid there and forgotten.
When she wasn't busy being a re-
ceptionist, Helen addressed en-
velopes, soliciting contributions for
the campaign department.

Helen was terrifiedly anxious to
make good. But Mrs. Ingalls had
neglected to mention how one
hundred salesmen of labor-savings
devices, insurance agents, solici-
tors of advertisements and a whole
drove of interesting and instruc-
tive fellows with something to sell.
Helen graciously sent them in
with their impressive brief cases—
usually concealing safety razor
gadgets, automatic desk fasteners,
etc., to the executive secretary or
only someone less important, the
publicity director.

By noon of her first day the of-
fice was a shambles.

"I'm so sorry," Helen apologized
continually. "But he didn't say
he was a carbon paper salesman."
Why, he said he had in his brief
case a paper to revolutionize the
office detail of this organization.
Oh, the wretch! I thought surely
he must have been someone terri-
bly important.

Nor did it help matters when
Helen kept out the president of the
board of directors, a meek, gray
little man who said he didn't want
to see anyone in particular, but
just anyone who wasn't busy.
Helen severely sent him about his
business.

"How was I to know he was
president of the board of direc-
tors?" she wailed. "Why, he looked
just like a bank clerk."

Fortunately Mr. Grayley, who
was sent away so unceremoniously,
was completely captivated by Helen's
charm. He made a great joke of
his dismissal but the laughter of
the others was a little sickly.

The girls in the office were not
slow to realize that Helen had
bought her clothes on her salary
as a receptionist. "She's a show-
girl," they whispered. "She's prob-
ably a carbon paper salesman."

But they liked her in spite of
their envy. She was so disarming
in her ignorance of office proce-
dure, so pleased at their sugges-
tions even when they were given
stiffly. The hardest part of her
job was getting in at nine o'clock.
No matter how early she left the
apartment, Helen came in late.

She was one of those people for
whom trains are delayed by short
circuits, floods and blizzards.
Firemen held firelines in her
way and forced her to make
detours of eight blocks or poor
men were thrown by runaway
horses and Helen was held
voluntarily as a witness. Helen
never heard Mrs. Ingalls didn't
even believe the truth!

"Where do you live, Miss Schil-
ler?" she questioned acidly.

"On Washington square."

"On the square?"

"Yes, Washington square North."

"Oh!" And her "Oh" was poi-
sonous.

Then, to assure questioning, Miss
Ziegler, one of the secretaries,
made the horrifying discovery:

"Why, she's a society woman do-
ing social work as a fad."

Which, of course, was unfor-
gettable.

One day one of the case work-
ers, Miss Birde, fell and disloca-
ted her hip. Mr. Meech was about
to telephone the Social Workers
exchange for a case worker when
Helen pleaded earnestly. "Mr.
Meech, couldn't I be a case work-

er, temporarily, until Miss Birde
recovers? I think I could do the
work. I understand it and I think
I'd be much better fitted to work
with cases than here in the office."

Mr. Meech, who was assistant
director, looked at Helen through
his spectacles. He was a plump,
middle-aged man, who was said to
have a very sad story behind him.

"It would certainly be giving the
case a break to have anyone as
lovely as you to call on them," Mr.
Meech remarked unexpectedly.

"Oh, Mr. Meech," Helen blushed
in embarrassment.

"And I don't know but that it
wouldn't be a good thing!"

"I'll work so hard and I'll do
everything Miss Birde did. She ex-
plained everything to me. I'll
take courses at night at the school
for social workers too."

"That won't be necessary," he
said drily. "Some of the ablest
social workers in the country
haven't gone through all this new-
fangled academic nonsense at all.
There's no harm in trying. I've a
hunch you'll make a fine case
worker. You have brains, intelli-
gence and enthusiasm."

"Oh, Mr. Meech, thank you!"

But as it happened Mr. Meech
was wrong.

It is undoubtedly true that Helen
had brains, intelligence and en-
thusiasm. She had, in fact, too
much enthusiasm.

Helen burst into the law offices
of Lester Molyneux one day to
ask his help in one of her cases.

She was too excited to notice that
the walls were hung with tape-
stry; that the carpet beneath her
feet was royal blue and softer
than moss; and that the reception
clerk could have graced the fol-
lies if he could sing or dance or
even act natural.

She was admitted without a mo-
ment's wait.

Lester Molyneux looked up
from the papers he was signing.
Helen was unimpressed by his im-
maculate gray suit, his spotless
linen or his great private office
with its paneled walls and marble
fireplace.

He rose as she dashed toward him.
Was this beautiful, flaming
girl the pale, apathetic Helen Ri-
ley of a few months ago?

"Why, Mrs. Riley, how do you
do?"

"What a pleasure. Won't you
sit down?"

"How do you do, Oh, Mr. Moly-
neux, you must help me! It's
really an outrage. This woman's
husband, he's dead, was an ex-ser-
vice man and she looks so tired.
She's a splendid woman but you
see the oldest two have tuberculosis
and she's an irritable case—"

Then seeing his look of utter as-
tonishment, she began to laugh.
"I suppose you think I'm crazy."

"You don't know so I'll have to
begin from the beginning. Oh,
dear," She sat down. "I'm a case
worker. I'm working for the Anti-
Tuberculosis association."

In a few moments she explained
the case to him. He listened at-
tently.

"Well, Joan, I think I can help
you."

"Oh, fine. But I think you've
mixed me up with two other peo-
ple. I'd better save you from fu-
ture embarrassment. The name is
Helen—Helen Schiller Riley.
Not Joan."

"To be sure, Helen of Troy but
also Joan—Joan of Arc?"

"Oh, Mr. Molyneux how gal-
lant!"

Helen suddenly realized that she
was enjoying herself. She was
flirting with Lester Molyneux,
the first time she had flirted in
years and years and yet—And
she loved it.

Molyneux looked at his watch.
"It's noon. Haven't you served lun-
ch yet? Won't you give me the pleas-
ure of taking you to lunch?" And
then I'll go with you to your work-

thy Mrs. McNaughton and we'll
see what is to be done."

If there was something irregular
in the dispatch with which the Mc-
Naughton case was disposed of, by
the time it came to the attention
of the proper authorities at the
Charity Organization society every-
one had forgotten just who the in-
vestigator was and just what had
happened anyway. And even
though the case was satisfactorily
closed, the records were so deplor-
ably incomplete that there was
great to do over it in the offices
of the mighty.

(To be continued)

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

FRIDAY, MAY 1

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Mountain Music.
8:30—Devotional.

8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
9:30—Morning Musicals.

10:00—Spanish Music.
10:30—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Love Songs of Yesteryear.
11:30—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours
12:05—Coppo's Agricultural Farm
Talks.

12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

12:30—Oldsmobile Program with
Lyman Spencer.

1:00—Fritz Krieger.

1:15—Jessie Crawford at the Or-
gan.

1:45—Quartet Selections.

2:00—Music of Other Lands.

2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.

3:00—World Book Map.

3:15—Novelty Tones.

3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Marie Idylla.

4:30—Carl's Tavern Vagabonds
of Pralries.

5:30—The Motor Shop Garage
presents The Hawk.