

Roseburg News-Review

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HAROLD ELLSWORTH, Editor

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War Debt Dodging.

ENGLAND leads off with the semi-annual default of war debts which thirteen nations owe the United States. Eleven others are expected to follow this example. The thirteenth, Finland, will undoubtedly remit the regular installment, as in the past. England's stated reasons for withholding payment—prevailing economic conditions—probably answers for all the others. An added reason by some will be the halt in payment of German reparations. And here is another explanation: Foreign nations, mistrustful of each other and apprehensive for their own safety, spend millions for armaments in anticipation of future war, then dodge their debts on the pretense of financial stringency. Take a look at the U. S. war debt ledger:

	Due June 15	In default
Great Britain	\$85,070,765	\$582,802,106
France	74,787,725	250,292,592
Poland	4,039,029	32,505,988
Belgium	9,112,153	23,630,269
Czechoslovakia	1,682,812	9,584,149
Estonia	322,850	2,611,886
Hungary	37,410	290,381
Italy	15,411,593	37,853,383
Latvia	174,883	964,955
Rumania	1,648,750	2,843,750
Yugoslavia	350,000	1,150,000
Lithuania	166,441	776,319

Will the United States ever collect these debts or any portion of them? Supply your own answer. The most frequently heard reply runs something like this: "Not a cent will ever be collected by the United States, but the loan experience has taught this nation a lesson." To the average reader, the lesson referred to is obvious. It is a costly one, but belief is warranted that in the long run the debtors will suffer far more than the creditor as a result of the dishonored accounts.

Value of CCC.

THE CCC has demonstrated its usefulness as part of the country's social and economic system and will be continued permanently in some form, in the opinion of J. J. McEntee, assistant director of the national CCC organization.

The CCC was the first relief agency put into effect by the present administration, according to McEntee, first camps being established in the region three years ago. "Many questioned whether the new institution would be successful but it has proved its value in a hundred ways," he added.

"It has improved the general health of the boys as evidenced by an average weight increase of 164 pounds during enrollment. Juvenile delinquency in large cities has decreased 59 per cent."

"Farm boys used to hard work took to the new jobs like a duck to water, but many city youths who enlisted had no idea of what it meant to work. In a few months time you couldn't recognize them."

It is estimated that 1,500,000 youths have already passed through the CCC and have received a liberal and practical education. They obtained a new grip on life. They have been amply clothed and fed and have provided a source of revenue for themselves and parents, most of whom were on relief. In this way city, county and state relief burdens were lightened as a time when they threatened to carry under the local organizations.

Mr. McEntee stated that although no actual figures are available, it is estimated that the CCC has in large measure paid for itself in reducing forest fire losses.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

The only way to success in any line is seldom an easy, straightforward way. If we are going to allow ourselves to be worried by disappointments we shall surely never win. We thank Thee, our gracious God, that the strength and courage that will keep us from growing weary in well-doing, or quitting before our task is done may come from Thee, if we but trust and believe. Help us, dear Father, to keep faithful until the day's work is all done, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

adding to permanent improvements and otherwise meeting public needs.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

look forward hopefully to what will happen at Cleveland.

JUST a word here, before Le is chosen, as to the task that will face the nominee of the Cleveland convention. It is staggering in its proportions.

In his campaign, he must face and FIGHT the most fascinating fallacy ever conceived by the mind of man—the fallacy that nations can achieve prosperity by passing a law; that they can borrow and spend themselves rich.

He must tell people, in plain, simple, HONEST words, that there is no Santa Claus.

THAT is a frightfully difficult task, because down in our hearts we all WANT to believe in Santa Claus. We would like SO MUCH to believe that there is some short cut to the millennium, over a smooth paved road, with no deep, dark woods and no bogey men along the way.

Oh, HOW we want to believe that!

THE nominee of the Republican convention must tell us, if he is honest (and may heaven forbid that he should be other than honest) that wealth can be created ONLY by the application of labor to natural resources, and that before wealth can be SHARED it must be PRODUCED. He must bear down hard on the fundamental fact that there is no such thing as something for nothing—that we must PAY for everything we get.

WE SHALL not want to hear those things the Republican candidate must tell us if he is really BIG ENOUGH to fill the office he seeks in these critical times.

We shall long to go on listening to the siren song of something for nothing, of wealth without labor, of security without saving, of happiness and prosperity by the simple process of passing a law.

For these things (trifle pleasantly in the car, and if we turn our backs upon them and STOP our ears to them, it will be only because our wisdom is great enough and our characters strong enough to heed the lesson of history, which is that every nation since the world began that listened to this siren song has been destroyed.

We shall hope against hope, up to the last moment, at least, that WE will be the exception.

THE task the nominee of the Cleveland convention will face will be as hard a task as ever was faced by any candidate for President of the United States, for NO TASK can be harder than telling people unpleasant truths which they do not want to hear.

So let us hope, FERVENTLY, that whoever is nominated will measure up to the hard task that will be his.

BIBLE CLASS HAS INDOOR PICNIC

More than 50 members of Dr. H. H. Dunn's Bible class enjoyed a picnic at the Douglas hotel last night. Due to inclement weather the picnic, originally scheduled for the Roseburg camp ground, was held in the former dining room of the hotel.

The regular lesson period was enjoyed during the early part of the evening, and was followed by a program of music and readings. An old fashioned spell down, with the men pitted against the women in the spelling of names of the books of the Bible, was won by the women. Refreshments of ice cream, cakes, sandwiches, coffee and punch were served following the entertainment.

A proposal was made that a picnic be held once each month during the summer season, but no definite action was taken.

RECITAL POSTPONED

GLENDAL, June 8.—The piano recital that Mr. Sebastian Apollon's pupils were giving at the high school auditorium, has been postponed from Wednesday evening, June 10, to Friday evening, June 12.

Somebody Must Have It!



"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XX

"Found this beside the red," he said. "This guy was takin' no chances on prints."

Doris drew in her breath in a half-raising sob.

"I didn't do it!" she cried. "I didn't do it!"

Carlotta placed an arm about her shoulder.

"No, baby, darling, she said. "Nobody thinks you—"

Doris wrenched free.

"Don't—don't touch me!" she said intensely.

Gordon went to her, took both her hands.

"Now, now," he said. "Don't let your nerves get the best of you, darling. Carlotta was only trying—"

Carlotta was smiling at her.

"It's all right, Paul," she said. "The child's upset—and no wonder. I understand."

She put out her hand again, but Doris shrank back into the arm of Gordon.

"What's the matter with you, Doris?" said Gordon sharply.

Carlotta made a pleading gesture toward him.

More gently he said: "What is it, darling?"

Doris drew in her breath.

"Nothing," she said in a low voice.

Tyler, glancing at Ruth, saw that she had turned her face toward the sound of Carlotta's voice.

There was a curious expression on her face. Gordon put an arm about Doris's shoulders.

"Come here," he said. "Don't be childish."

Doris nodded, and managed a weak little smile. Carlotta put out her hand again, and Doris allowed her to take her arm. Tyler saw that she was fighting for control of her nerves. He broke in, briskly: "Well, it looks as if our man got away again. He must have thrown the gun under Doris's bed, and somehow or other have slipped out by way of the balcony in the excitement. The only thing to do is keep careful watch—and search the grounds. Meanwhile, I move we adjourn till morning."

"But this—this man," Carlotta said. "Suppose he's still inside the grounds?"

"Don't worry, darling," said Gordon. "He can't get in again. I've posted a man in the hall downstairs, and another on the balcony. That will take care of the room on that floor. Now let's see Doris suppose you take Dave's room for the night. We can't move Benson."

"Of course," she said.

"I can bunk on the couch in your sitting-room, Dad," said David promptly.

"Fine," said Gordon. "Nelson, see that a man's put in this hall-way. That'll take care of Dave and Johnson—and myself."

"Right," said Nelson.

"He went out quickly, Harrigan starting to follow."

"Wait, Harrigan," said Gordon. "Put a man in the cottage too."

"Kayo," said Harrigan.

He left to carry out his orders. Dr. Grace came upstairs. To anxious questions he replied:

"The boy'll be all right. He's strong and strong, and the wound is trivial. Ought to be up and around tomorrow."

Ruth turned an eager, hopeful face toward him. The physician patted her arm reassuringly. She sank back in her chair, relaxed and happy.

Dr. Grace turned to Gordon, his voice troubled.

"But I don't know about Helene," he said.

Gordon clutched at Dr. Grace's shoulder.

"There's—there's nothing serious the matter?" he asked huskily.

"She's had a terrific shock," said the physician. "I'm hoping a night's sleep will make her all right. But I can't be sure."

He regarded Gordon for a moment. The man was tragically worried. Carlotta slipped her hand into his.

"I think you'd better go to bed, Paul," said Dr. Grace. "I've had Johnson get one of the maids to stay with Helene for the night."

"But she shouldn't be left..."

"I'm going to stay with her to-night," declared Carlotta suddenly.

"She's a maid with her," objected Doris.

"She needs some one closer to her—some one who loves her," said Carlotta.

"Then I'll stay with her," announced Doris.

Carlotta's eyes flashed, and she turned angrily on the girl. The two stared at each other. Carlotta flushed angrily.

"She's here, Doris, enough's enough!" she said.

"I've as much right to stay with her as you," replied Doris.

Gordon broke the tension.

"Come, come!" he said. "Both of you'd best go to bed. We'll take care of Helene."

Doris shook her head in rebellion. Gordon took her arm, smiled at her indulgently, gave her arm an affectionate squeeze.

"All right, Dad," she said meekly.

"She kissed him, murmured good-night, and was gone."

Carlotta had recovered her composure. She smiled after her.

"Poor child, she is upset, of course," she said. "But I still think some one should stay with Helene."

"You may stay with her, of course," said Dr. Grace. "I don't know what's the matter with this—this petty jealousy isn't like her."

"I've already forgotten about it," said Carlotta. "She'll be all right in the morning."

She raised her face, and Gordon kissed her.

"Good night, Paul," she said. "Try to get some sleep."

She bade the others good night and left the room. Gordon turned to Dr. Grace.

"Can you stay the rest of the night?" he asked. "We can put you up in one of the guest-rooms. There's one right across the hall."

"Certainly," said Dr. Grace. "I'll want to have a look at both of them in the morning."

He looked at Gordon searchingly.

"Paul," he said, "was there anything at all peculiar about Helene this evening?"

"Peculiar?" he asked. "Not that I noticed. Let me think—she did say right after dinner there was something she wanted to talk with me about."

"You talked to her?" Tyler asked interestedly.

"Why no, I didn't," said Gordon. "Something came up. I don't remember what. . . . Oh, yes, Doris."

He stopped. Tyler looked at him curiously.

"Doris had—something to tell me," he went on. "When I came back, Helene had gone to bed."

"Did anyone hear Helene ask to speak with you?" asked Tyler.

"Why—yes," said Gordon. "I believe Doris was there—and perhaps Carlotta."

"I heard her too," said David. "It was just before I went up to my room."

"That's so," said Gordon. "But it's nothing," Tyler smiled.

"Now, I think we'd better say good night."

Harrigan appeared as Tyler and Ruth were coming out of Gordon's apartment.

"I've got a man in the cottage," he said. "I'll walk along with you now."

He escorted them to the cottage, where they found a man on guard in the living-room, prepared for an all-night vigil. Harrigan cautioned him to investigate the slightest sound outside the cottage and then took his departure.

Tyler picked up Ruth's violin from the table and went with her up to her room. He turned on the light and put the violin on the bed.

He saw her face turned toward him questioningly.

"What do you think, Ruth?" he half-whispered.

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she raised her face, filled now with tender concern.

"Father," she said, "the moment after that shot was fired, I—I knew exactly what was in Nat's mind. It was terribly sharp—and clear."

"What was it, child?" Tyler asked gently.

"First—pain," said Ruth, "physical pain, the reaction of his mind to that bullet. And then—astonishment and pain; but a different kind of pain—a pain that struck at his heart. And—finally, a name." She raised her face.

"Doris' name," she whispered.

"Then she gave a little half-sob."

"Oh, father, I can't believe it!" Tyler gripped both her shoulders and stood off, looking into her face.

"Ruth!" he cried. "You are sure?"

"No," she said. "Because at the moment that name was in Nat's mind, I had no communication with—with the mind of the one who fired. . . . I don't know it was Doris—but who else could it be?"

"My lord," Tyler said heavily. "I was sure it was an 'inside job.' But Doris—it doesn't seem possible!"

"And, father," Ruth said, "Nat loves her."

Great tears welled up in her dark and sightless eyes.

Next morning Tyler went out into the garden to have a smoke while he waited for Ruth. Upstairs Olga was helping her dress for breakfast. Tyler had taken a turn about the fountain when he saw Gordon approaching. The two men looked against the fountain.

"Dr. Grace is having a look at the patients," Goblin said.

He took out a cigarette, lighted it and stared thoughtfully into the smoking end. Tyler kept silent for a long moment, expecting Gordon to speak. When he did not, Tyler brought up what was in his mind.

"You were telling us a story," he said quietly. "I'm eager to hear the rest of it."

Gordon regarded him silently for a moment.

"Very well," he said finally. He turned, leaning against the edge of the fountain. "The facts, as Benson learned them from the news-stories, are correct," he said. "I was excited, because I thought it was my duty as a citizen to wipe such vermin out."

Tyler nodded sympathetically.

"Of course they agreed to make

no move until David had been returned," Gordon went on. "But as the news-stories said, they followed the man who got the money; and as soon as David was sent back to me, they trapped the Gaudios. Justice worked swiftly; they were promptly convicted."

He sighed.

"Then—came the fall-back," he continued. "I realized that with Joe Gaudio at large, myself and my family were in danger. I asked for police protection—and received it. But—but my house was bombed. My—my wife was killed."

He sank his head into his hands, paused, shaken by the memory of the far-off tragedy. In a moment he raised his eyes, controlled his voice.

"The other attacks followed. It was plain that Gaudio's mobster friends were carrying on the feud. I knew one lives would never be safe in Chicago, at least as long as he was free. I didn't care, for myself; at that time, to tell the truth, I would have welcomed death. But I had David to think of—and Helene. She was only a baby then."

"So I—I converted all my securities to cash, took my children and slipped away. In New York was my friend of college days, David Grahame, then an important financier. I communicated with him, and got him and his wife to take charge of my children. I couldn't forget the awful thing that had happened to my wife. And I had to forget or go crazy."

He turned a tortured look on Tyler, who nodded understandingly.

(To be continued)

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:00—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 4:15—Jack Demaremont.
- 4:30—Roseburg Chamber of Commerce Program.
- 4:45—Matinee Juggles.
- 5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
- 5:45—Westerners.
- 6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
- 6:15—Studio Rhythm.
- 6:45—Jack Hyllton & His Orchestra.
- 7:00—Hansen Motor Co. presents Veterans Bonus Program.
- 7:15—Grab Bag Program.
- 8:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10

Morning Hours

- 6:45—Early Birds.
- 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
- 7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
- 8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
- 8:15—Miles Bros.
- 8:30—Devotional.
- 8:45—Salon Music.
- 9:00—Guy Lombardo & His Royal Canadians.
- 9:30—Famous Music.
- 10:30—Women's Exchange.
- 11:00—Five Spades.
- 11:15—Love Songs of Today.

Afternoon Hours

- 12:30—WPA Program.
- 12:45—Lawrence Tibbett.
- 1:00—Heart Songs.
- 1:30—Music of Other Lands.
- 2:00—Waltz Time.
- 2:30—Kovano Operatic Tenor.
- 2:45—Close Harmony Four.
- 3:00—World Book Man.
- 3:15—Band Selections.
- 3:30—Storyland.
- 4:00—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 4:15—Matinee Reveries.
- 4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
- 5:00—Dixie Memories.
- 5:15—Sol Bright & His Holly Wallans.
- 5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
- 5:45—Songs Seldom Heard.
- 6:15—The Ford VS Revue.
- 6:30—Pupils of Gladys Strong.
- 7:00—The Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.
- 7:15—The Grab Bag Program.
- 8:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11

Morning Hours

- 6:45—Early Birds.
- 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
- 7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
- 8:00—Devotional.
- 8:45—Sacred Selections.
- 9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
- 9:30—Melody Moods.
- 10:00—Old Favorites.
- 10:30—Belle and Martha.
- 11:00—Women's Exchange.
- 11:30—Kovano Operatic Tenor.
- 11:45—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours

- 12:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 12:45—Hit Times.
- 1:00—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.
- 1:30—Fender Chalmers.
- 1:45—Garden of Music.
- 2:00—On the Emerald Isle.
- 2:30—Concert Arrangements.
- 3:00—World Book Man.
- 3:15—Southern Serenade.
- 3:30—Storyland.
- 4:00—News-Review News Broadcast.
- 4:15—Melody Matinee.
- 5:00—Dixie Memories.
- 5:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
- 5:30—Motor Shop Garage presents The Hawk.
- 5:45—Ring Crosby.
- 6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
- 6:15—The Stationmaster.
- 6:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
- 6:45—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
- 7:00—Hansen Motor Co. presents the Veterans Bonus Program.
- 7:15—The Grab Bag