

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Political Strategy.

THERE is no plank in the platform of the Democrats calling for a constitutional amendment. There is not, in fact, even so much in this direction as contained in Governor Landon's declaration for "change if necessary."

In view of the previous ill-humor displayed by the administration at finding the constitution a definite barrier to the carrying out of certain new deal theories, this might be considered surprising. It is the more surprising since it is well known that the president and his close advisors dictated most of the platform.

Has the administration attitude regarding the restrictions of the constitution changed? Does the promise that social and economic goals will be sought within the limits of the constitution really mean all that it implies? New deal opponents believe, and doubtless with some reason, that an effort is being made to soothe business during the interim of the campaign.

It is likely that there will be three or four supreme court appointments during the next administration. Furthermore, the first effort will be to gain an overwhelming vote in the fall election. If that happens the matter of constitutional amendments can be run through rapidly.

It is good political strategy. Those who want changes made have confidence in the determination of Roosevelt to bring them about. Those who do not favor liberalizing the constitution may be lulled by the present attitude and the promises.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

The train pulled out of Topeka for the wilds of Colorado, up around Estes Park, one entire car contained the Landon and his effects, whereas the next car in the train was occupied by some TWENTY newspapermen.

Maybe Alt himself is still in dense official ignorance of what has happened, but word of it has leaked out to the newspapers.

INCIDENTALLY, how would you like to start out fishing with twenty reporters and cameramen dogging your steps, breasting down the brush and hearing away the fish?

If there's one job above all others that requires concentration and steadiness of mind, it's looking a trout when it isn't very hungry and doesn't much care whether it strikes or not. Anybody who can put all of his mind on his fishing with a dozen or so cameramen tromping around on the banks and maneuvering for good shots is above the ordinary.

IF you're going on a fishing trip in the glare of all the publicity that can be organized by a lot of competent organizers is one of the positions men must pay for being nominated for President.

They even had to drag poor Calvin Coolidge out to the Black Hills and put him to work every day with a rod and reel and all the loose conversation of half a nation looking on. There is a tradition in this country that fishermen are good vote getters, and nearly everything in politics has to go by tradition.

So poor Alf Landon has to lie himself out to the Colorado hills at least long enough to get himself camera shot in every possible pose. He probably hates it like poison, for he looks like a regular fellow.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

We need great believers. Men have always dreamed of a golden age, but we cannot altogether live in dreams. Great believers do things. The heroes of the 11th chapter of Hebrews did not live to see the promises fulfilled; but they greeted them from afar. If we live only for ideals that can be achieved in our day, then our ideals are too small. Our Christ projected a program that reaches beyond the ages. Second-rate believers only make second-rate progress. With St. John the Divine, even the sky was not his limit. He reaches beyond the ages, and sees the Christ upon His throne. "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, and He shall reign forever, and ever." Amen.

but it has to be done and he's getting it over with as soon as he can.

"FAIR ON THE AIR" POPULARITY GROWS

"Fair on the Air" listeners are responding enthusiastically to the opportunity offered to win valuable merchandise prizes. It was announced today by the KRNR management. Each business house participating in the "Fair on the Air" is offering a \$3 merchandise prize to the person whose estimate of the number of objects displayed in the "Fair on the Air" counter card in his place of business is most accurate. In addition, a \$5 merchandise prize is being offered by the combined group, whose names are listed below.

It is unnecessary for contestants to make purchases or spend any money, in order to compete. In order to facilitate participation by its readers, the News-Review prints below a complete list of the business houses participating. At each of these establishments it is possible to win a separate prize of \$3.00 in merchandise, in addition to the \$5 grand prize. Parslow Furniture and Hardware Co., 111 No. Jackson; Fullerton Rexall Drug Co., 127 No. Jackson; Indian Theatre; Dunn-Gerretsen, 231 No. Main; Roseburg Sanitary Market, 315 W. Cass; Imperial Cleaners, 242 No. Jackson; Douglas County Creamery, Jackson and Douglas sts.; Carl's Variety Store, 206 No. Jackson, St.; Parkinson's Food Store, 227 W. Cass; Alma's Dress Shop, 222 No. Jackson; Richtfield Service Station, Stephens and Mosher Sts.; Carl's Tavern, 120 No. Jackson; Radio Music Store, 225 No. Jackson.

TOWNSENDITES OUT TO BATTLE BORAH

BOISE, Idaho, June 25.—(AP)—A Townsendite moved militantly today into one of the nation's most hotly-contested campaigns—that for the United States senate seat of William E. Borah.

"Our campaign begins today," proclaimed E. C. Davis, Idaho Townsendite manager, after he and Dr. Francis E. Townsend's state board of strategy named Byron Deffenbach, former republican state treasurer, as their candidate.

Deffenbach entered the republican primary against State Senator Ralph E. Whitten of Grimes Pass and State Representative Tracy Coker of Shoshone. Borah has not yet announced definitely.

"I appreciate and accept the endorsement," said Deffenbach, "I expect to support the plan 100 per cent, without equivocation or evasion."

Governor C. Ben Ross has announced for the democratic senatorial nomination, subject to the August 11 primary, with Attorney Leslie Aker of Boise, also in the field.

But observers who had been talking about a possible Borah-Ross battle in the general election turned with the Deffenbach statement to consideration of a new factor.

MRS. H. MATTHEWS, CANYONVILLE, DIES

Mrs. Harriett J. Matthews, 74, died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Pearl Uam, in Canyonville.

Mrs. Matthews was born November 28, 1861, in Virginia City, Nevada, and had lived in Canyonville for the past 32 years.

Surviving are the following sons and daughters: Mrs. Ella LeFebvre, St. Helens, Ore.; Grace Tolls, Salem, Ore.; Mrs. Clara Uam, Milo; Mrs. Pearl Uam, Canyonville; Fay Allen, Clyde Creek; A. L. Matthews, Myrtle Creek, and F. L. Matthews, Riddle.

Funeral services will be held at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel at 2 p. m. Sunday, with interment in the L. O. O. F. cemetery at Myrtle Creek.

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By mail.

Ticket of Leave Man or Waiting at the Gate

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"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXV

"We'll be back by nine in the morning," Tyler said. "I'm sure Ruth will sleep until then. I gave her a stiff dose. Poor child, she's been under a terrific strain. She needs the rest."

"But won't you be worried about her, leaving her all alone?" Johnson demanded. Tyler shook his head. "Worried?" he asked. "What's there to be worried about now?" As they came out onto the porch, two cars, containing Nelson, Harrigan, Cooke and the other guards, came around the side of the house. The men shouted good-byes, and those on the porch waved to them as the cars went down the driveway and then headed toward the city.

Nat got out Tyler's car. He picked him up at the porch. They called good-nights. Then they were rolling down the long driveway. Tyler spoke rapidly to Nat. Near the gate a figure appeared, swung into the running-board. Without stopping, Nat slipped from under the steering wheel. The figure was that of Cooke, who took the wheel as Nat and Tyler silently dropped off the running-board.

The car turned in the direction taken by the others. Two men loomed up out of the darkness silently—Nelson and Harrigan. No word was spoken. Noiselessly the four stepped off the gravel driveway, began to make their way back toward the dark cottage. Lights began to appear in the upstairs rooms of the big house.

Reaching the cottage, the four men stepped into the dark living-room. No lights were turned on. Tyler whispered to Nelson: "You and Harrigan wait here." Then he went toward the stairs, Nat following. They mounted the steps, stood in front of Ruth's door.

Tyler opened it slowly, calling out in a low voice: "Ruth, it's Nat and I."

"Father!" she said hoarsely. They went close to her quickly. Tyler leaned over and took her hand gently. "Yes?" he said.

She groped with her other hand until she found Nat's. Then she sighed, gratefully. "I-I played," she said in a low vibrant voice.

"And then it came! Murderous determination to strike—tonight. . . . To strike, father—at me!"

Paul Gordon was deep in dreamless sleep when the telephone tinkled. He stirred, then sat up quickly. The phone—it was the house-phone—tinkled lightly again. Gordon reached for it.

"Mr. Gordon," said Tyler's voice. "Don't speak. Come at once to the cottage. Use your private stairs and make no sound. Cross the garden in the shadows. And hurry."

darkness. He saw the door to the cottage open slightly, and stepped forward. Inside he heard Tyler's low voice, reassuring.

He could dimly make out several dark figures. He heard Tyler give a low-voiced order: "Nelson, you and Harrigan cover the outside. Let anybody come in—but nobody go out. If there's any mix-up you know what to do."

Astonished, Gordon heard Nelson's mumbled reply. The two men slipped into the garden. Gordon felt a firm pressure on his arm, and then heard Nat's voice. Gordon started to ask questions, but Nat silenced him, warningly. They led him up the stairs.

As they entered Ruth's room, Tyler spoke to her softly, and she answered. Tyler whispered something to Nat, who drew his automatic and stepped noiselessly to the wall, just inside the door from the hallway.

Tyler took Gordon's arm and guided him to the shadows in the far corner of the room. "Stand by," he whispered. "And don't make a sound, no matter what happens, until I give the word!" Gordon, chilled, full of foreboding, crouched against the wall, waiting for he knew not what.

Tyler went swiftly to the side of Ruth's bed nearest the window. He dropped to one knee. His left hand held one of Ruth's, his right a heavy automatic. He turned his eyes toward the lightless house and the moonlight lawn. He saw nothing else.

Now that the moment was near, Ruth was afraid. She tightened her hand in that of her father, and he gave it a firm squeeze. From her mind she excluded every thought. For what seemed like aeons she lay there, blankly.

Presently almost without her realizing it, there was that sensation of light in her mind, as if that shutter had rolled back. Then she knew that the unknown had made up its mind. Fear Ruth felt in that mind, a desperate fear, but a fear held firmly in leash by grim determination.

Very softly she whispered to her father: "Now—it is coming."

Again she felt her father's long fingers tighten. Then she was detached, waiting. She knew that a figure was letting itself out of the house, knew that it was feeling its way through the dark shadows, eyes on the cottage. She made one cautious effort to identify that figure—and felt her consciousness as it began to recede. With an effort she cleared her mind of speculation.

And again she was inside that unknown mind. With it she stood in the shadows of the garden, near the house. With it she was very alert. There was a long moment of indecision, a moment in which fear almost got the upper hand, and caution almost stayed its purpose.

But fear and caution were conquered at last. With the unknown, Ruth slipped from the shadows, stood in front of the door, listening. Then the figure was at the door, was opening it very slowly, without sound.

Ruth gripped her father's hand. Tyler stifled his breath no sound for a long moment. Then, very faintly, he made out the soft pad of approaching footsteps. Just outside the door they ceased. There was an agony of waiting. Then the door to the bedroom opened, inch by inch. He could

just deary a dark shape there. Then the shape was moving, almost noiselessly, toward the bed. Ruth, game to the end, was simulating the natural rhythmic breathing of sleep.

The dark form drew nearer. Tyler moved the muzzle of the automatic until it was on a line with the figure's breast. Then, very quietly, he said:

"Stand where you are, Mrs. Gordon!"

Nat pressed the switch, and the light flared on.

Carlotta, hair drawn back tightly from her pale brow, knotted at the back, stood there barefoot, in pajamas, a long thin knife clutched in her hand. She whirled and saw her husband staring at her in sick despair.

She gave one choked little cry then, the blade gleamed as she turned it toward her breast. Nat, dropping his gun, sprang toward her. But the knife had been driven up to the hilt. She lay down to his arms, went limp.

On her own bed in the big house, Nelson and Harrigan laid the body of Carlotta Gaudio. At a sign from Johnson they stepped quietly from the room. The man who had spent the best years of his life in the service of Paul Gordon and his family looked down broodingly at the dead face. He bowed his head. In a moment he raised it. Gently he covered her with a sheet.

Downstairs, in the living-room, Paul Gordon sat slumped on the divan, his masklike face gray; only his deep-sunk eyes betraying his suffering. On either side of him holding his nerveless hands were Helene and Doris. In a chair at one side, unable to bear the sight of those tragic eyes, was David.

Nearly at Ruth, her delicate face filled with sympathy. On the arm of her chair was Nat. His hand resting lightly on her arm and his eyes upon Doris. His back to the room, looking moodily out of the window, was Tyler. No word was spoken until the three men had returned from upstairs.

Tyler turned then, quietly motioned them to chairs. He looked at Gordon. "There are things to be done," he said gently. "Before I do them, I want you all to know the facts. We'll have the truth, at last. . . . And then it will die—here, with us."

The people in the room nodded. Gordon, by an effort, raised his head, met Tyler's eyes. For a moment, Tyler hesitated. Then he bent in his breath. The thing must be got through with now. He spoke, quietly:

"I'll tell the story as matter-of-factly as I can. First, when and how I learned the identity of Gaudio's inside ally. He flashed a look at Ruth, who had leaned back in her chair, her head partly against Nat's arm, her great dark eyes turned toward her father. "Ruth told me," said Tyler, "although she didn't know it herself. This is how she said it: 'You'll remember that she had nervously foreseen every attempt made upon the members of this family. To my satisfaction, at least, she had proved she could detect the malignant purpose in that mind which was plotting death and destruction.'"

"Yet when Mrs. Gordon disappeared, personally kidnapped by Gaudio, Ruth knew nothing what ever about it until I myself told her. And just a little later she knew that danger again threatened Helene—knew it at the very moment that Gaudio's men were

forcing their way into the sanitarium."

He paused, but no one spoke. Ruth merely nodded.

"Therefore," Tyler resumed, "I was convinced that Mrs. Gordon's disappearance was not part of Gaudio's vengeful plan. I was certain that she had disappeared of her own free will! As far as I was concerned, that branded her definitely as being in league with Gaudio. But I had no proof whatsoever, and not the shadow of a motive."

"Furthermore, I could not be sure that some one else was not aiding her, some one else who had access to the house and to its secrets. Then I learned that Doris had obtained from Collins the whereabouts of Helene, obtained this information only a short time before Helene was kidnapped."

"But Doris had previously tried to throw suspicion on Mrs. Gordon! And Mrs. Gordon, very subtly, while seeming to protect Doris, had planted a seed of suspicion against her in my mind—by a falsehood, by telling me that Helene, in her delirium, had been deathly afraid of Doris."

"Whether Doris was involved, or how, I didn't know. But I had to move carefully. Collins helped me. I arranged his 'disappearance,' hoping that the conspirators would really believe us all drawn off the trail. I shall add, now, that Doris, of course, was not involved, that she obtained Helene's whereabouts innocently, for Mrs. Gordon, so that they could send Helene a surprise package of gifts. For Nelson's benefit, I shall also explain the seemingly strange behavior of Doris when she learned through Ruth, that we had all gone to the Palm Gardens and that we were in danger."

He smiled at Nelson. "Her first instinct was to rush to the Palm Gardens to try to warn us. You ran after her. She ran into the garage. Then she realized the futility of driving to the Palm Gardens, and instead telephoned, hoping to get one of us in time to warn us."

Doris nodded. "That's that," said Tyler. "Now, as to Mrs. Gordon: I was sure that for some reason, undoubtedly connected with Gaudio, she had twice tried to kill her husband—then Helene—had shot Nat to avoid exposure—and finally had betrayed Helene into Gaudio's hands."

"Here I made an error, which I based on the circumstances. I assumed the subsequent betrayal of her to Gaudio were made because Mrs. Gordon was afraid that something Helene knew was incriminating to her."

"That's why I was so bitterly disappointed when it developed that Helene knew absolutely nothing incriminating about anybody! I realized, then, that it was hopeless to prove her guilt without setting a deliberate trap. But I knew too, that even if I caught her red-handed, we should probably never know what had inspired her—and never know for sure whether or not Doris, or anyone else, had aided her. That's what I had to find out. By the use of a bit of guile—I did so."

(To be continued)

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—The Editor Tells the News.
4:15—Matinee Tunes.
5:00—Dixie Memories.
5:15—Singing Troubadour.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage.
5:45—Vocal Ensemble.
6:00—Spanish Rhythm.
6:30—Five Spades.
6:45—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
7:00—The Fair on the Air Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Bird.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Sign Off.
8:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Salon Music.
9:00—Album of Music.
9:30—Swing Music.
10:00—Album of Music.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:45—Hawaiian Melodica.
11:00—Songs Seldom Heard.
11:30—Popular Stars.
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—Famous Orchestras.
1:30—Evening Aids.
1:50—Famous Orchestras.
2:30—Royal Rhythm.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Story Land.
4:00—The Editor Tells the News.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
4:30—Ring Crosby.
5:15—Dixie Memories.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage Presents The Hawk.
5:45—Ruth Royale.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Morton Downey.
6:30—Spanish Melodica.
6:45—Mystery Orchestra.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

PORTLAND, June 25.—Dr. Raymond Staub, Portland, headed the state board of aeronautics as chairman today. William H. Turner, of Portland, was re-elected treasurer. Dr. Staub succeeds Tex Rankin.

THE ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
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EGGS Extras Large doz. 19c

COFFEE
Buy it fresh roasted in the whole bean and have it ground in our modern grinder—giving the correct grind and perfect coffee.
MANNING'S, Pound 25c
PEABERRY, Pound 21c
You drank our Peaberry coffee at the salmon bake.

CORNEBEEF, Armour's can 19c
GRAPEFRUIT, Dromedary, can 14c
RICE, Fancy Blue Rose, 2 lbs. 15c

Golden Bell Flour Sack \$1.29

Hardwheat flour milled by Sperry

NEW POTATOES
Good Quality
Cheaper Than
Old Potatoes
6 lbs. 19c
LETTUCE
9:30—Swing Music.
10:00—Album of Music.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:45—Hawaiian Melodica.
11:00—Songs Seldom Heard.
11:30—Popular Stars.
CUCUMBERS 2 for 5c
Large size, nice for slicing in salads.
CARROTS 3 bunches 10c
Nice and Crisp.
Vegetable Prices Saturday Only

BASEBALL

SUNDAY, JUNE 28
Finlay Field, 2:30 p. m.
Roseburg Legion Juniors
vs.
Eugene Legion Juniors
Admission: 25c and 10c

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