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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Drivers Want to See.

A WRITER in "Harper's," conceding that the automobile people have done a better job than any other industry in giving the public what it wants, makes a few constructive suggestions that are worth passing on. Head room is desirable, but he maintains that eye-room is much more important.

"The mechanical intelligence that gave us a vibrationless engine," he says, "ought to be able to cope with the problem of corner posts, but is being thrown for a greater loss every year. Engineering has failed here, and styling has done even worse. Styling in fact is likely to do away with eye-room entirely if it is not checked, and cars will have to be driven not by direct view at all, but by means of periscopes. That trend has got to stop. The consumer must be able to see out of his windshield, he wants to see his front fenders again, and he wistfully hopes to be able to see through, around, over or in spite of the cornerposts."

Windshield wipers, he insists, don't help visibility much. That problem might be solved by the ingenuity now going into making crinolines and bustles for fenderends. Something might be done, too, about the rear view. A car has to be run backward as well as forward, and that's more perilous, and every year it gets harder for the driver to see behind him.

These are intelligent criticisms, that will doubtless be endorsed by most drivers.

Stranger Than Fairy Tales.

PERHAPS the sleeping beauty of fairy tale and legend really had sleeping sickness. That is the ailment of the young Chicago woman who has been asleep since Feb. 15, 1932. A French doctor, an authority on this form of illness, examined her the other day, discussed her case with other doctors, and then said she might sleep on to old age without material change in her condition. Except for the profound sleep she seems well. She has already slept longer than any other known victim of the disease.

The princess of the stories had a happy awakening. A handsome youth had only to conquer a series of stiff obstacles, such as a supposedly impenetrable wood and a hedge of flame, reach the girl's side and kiss her. That broke the evil spell and she was instantly restored to life and health.

The modern sleeper awaits an awakening made possible either by her own remarkable resistance to the disease, or by some new discovery in its treatment. That would seem like magic, or a miracle, but would be far more thrilling and more beneficial to humanity than the method of the fairy tale.

Democracy was on trial when this nation was born a century and a half ago, and has more trials all the time.

In politics, said Carlyle, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but mainly by catchwords."

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

enough—that people who go on believing hopefully in Santa Claus and doing nothing else quite often end up facing an EMPTY stocking.

THE congress that has just adjourned appropriated TWENTY BILLION dollars. We are now spending this twenty billion—which was BORROWED, not earned. We will still be spending it when election time comes. The PAYING will come later.

Alfred M. Landon, when he gets back from his fishing trip, will face about as tough a job as any candidate for the Presidency ever faced. If he gets away with it, it will be proof that he is a mighty big man.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A EDWARDS

A Prayer

"Our Heavenly Father, who by Thy love hast made us, and through Thy love hast kept us, and in Thy love would'st make us perfect, we humbly confess that we have not loved Thee with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, and that we have not loved one another as Christ hath loved us. Thy life is within our souls, but our selfishness hath hindered Thee. We have restricted Thy spirit. We have neglected Thine inspirations. Forgive what we have been; help us to amend what we are; and in Thy spirit direct what we shall be: that Thou mayest come into the full glory of Thy creation, in us and in all men, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Amen.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
5:00—Bing 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 Mantilla.
6:45—Mystery Orchestra.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JUNE 29

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—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Waltz Time.
9:30—Jack Demarchant.
9:45—Dixie Memories.
10:00—Castillians.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Three Rhythm Kings.
11:15—Rhythm Revue.

Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—WPA Program.
12:45—John McCormack.
1:00—Famous Love Songs.
1:30—Swing Music.
2:00—Sol Bright's Holly Wallans.
2:30—Jessie Crawford at the Organ.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Songs of the Water.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The American Legion Program.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:30—Close Harmony Four.
6:00—Resettlement Program.
6:15—The Ford V-8 Revue.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—Mystery Orchestra.
7:00—The Fair on the Air.
8:00—Sign Off.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

GLENDALE.—Glendale Townsend club No. 1, held its regular meeting Thursday evening in the city hall with a good attendance.

It was voted to send I. H. Smith to the national Townsend convention in Cleveland, July 15 to 19.

Attorney J. V. Long, republican nominee for district attorney of Douglas county, was the speaker of the evening. His theme was the constitutionality of the Townsend plan.

Miss Lelia Puckett was a visitor from Roseburg, and Percy Cullap from Yoncalla.

The next meeting will be held July 9.

DILLARD—A county auction sale to be held Thursday, July 2, at 8 p. m. was planned by the Dillard Townsend club at its regular meeting Friday night. The meeting opened with a short program, which was followed by a business meeting at which the auction was decided upon as a means of financing the expenses of a delegate to the national convention.

All members and friends are to be solicited to donate useful articles to the sale. Pigs, chickens, kittens, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds, cherries, farm tools, utensils, etc., are among articles already pledged.

These will be offered at public sale, in connection with a good program. Ice cream and cake will be sold.

ATTENTION! Do you know the Standard Chevrolet is the lowest priced of the so-called three low priced cars, (Chevrolet, Ford and Plymouth). It not only costs less to buy but costs less to finance and to operate.—Adv.

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Always a Coward, and Every Inch a Fool

"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"
By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER XXXVI

Tyler paused briefly, then resumed:

"Commissioner Kilrane gave me permission to talk to Nicky Gabriel, Gaudio's younger brother, alone. I told him the truth. That as Kilrane phrased it, he was due for the 'big rap,' murder. That he didn't have a chance of beating it. And then I told him that Carlotta had killed his brother.

"I had to prove it to him. I've never seen such an expression of murderous hatred as that which crossed his face then. I think he would have torn her to pieces with his own hands if he could have got them on her. Then—" Tyler paused and smiled. "Then I used an old trick I learned in the office of the prosecutor. I judiciously flavored the truth—with lies.

"I told him that Carlotta had deliberately double-crossed them. Betrayed them, so that she could continue to live in wealth and luxury. That had the effect I'd hoped for. He was ready to forget his underworld code then—anything to strike at her, knowing that with his brother dead and himself doomed, there was no one else to avenge them.

"Well, Nicky talked. And this, in essence, is what he told me: At the time that David Moridon was kidnaped, he, Nicky, was living with his mother, who was separated from his father, in New York. They made their home with a sister of his father, a widow with a young daughter. This daughter was Carlotta.

"Gaudio found Chicago too hot for him after the bomb outrage which resulted in the death of Mrs. Moridon. He fled to his mother for shelter, leaving his underworld associates to continue the reign of terror against the Moridons.

"Carlotta, although very young, was even then extremely beautiful. And she was like a tigress. Already she had knifed a too-importunate lover, ostensibly in defense of her honor. She was Gaudio's kind. And although she was his cousin, he married her not long after he came to New York.

"As for her, she fell completely under his domination. He was bold and ruthless, a killer with a price on his head. She obeyed him like a slave. Gaudio changed his name to Jim Gabriel, a name which his worshipful young brother Nicky also adopted. And he made Nicky and Carlotta, as Gaudios, swear with him to find Moridon some day and avenge the deaths of his father and other brother, which he laid directly to Moridon's door.

"But Moridon had apparently vanished utterly. Gaudio knew only that he had left Chicago. Daily he searched the newspapers, hoping to find some trace of him, incredulous that a man of Moridon's wealth and position could drop entirely out of sight. And one day he was rewarded. He found a small newspaper story, a story which had somehow found its way past the censor. And he read that James Moridon, former Chicago financier, who had enlisted in the British army and had been badly wounded, was in Spain, recovering from a series of critical operations.

"Gaudio was afraid Moridon would never return, and that he would again lose track of him. He determined to go to Spain and carry out his vengeance. But he was a fugitive from justice; he dared not risk getting a passport, even under his assumed name, because in those days the passport regulations were growing more and more strict. He would have sent Nick, but Nicky had got into a shooting-scrape and was under indictment for assault—a charge, incidentally, which he subsequently beat.

"Gaudio acted characteristically. He ordered Carlotta, his bride, to go to Moridon and avenge her blood. In spite of her oath, in spite even of his domination over her, she protested, begged. But he was utterly remorseless. She had sworn; she would keep her oath—or else! And at last she promised, and left for Spain.

"There she took the name of Montez to bolster the fiction of her Spanish descent. And there she did find James Moridon. . . . But more important—to her, she found freedom at last from Gaudio's ruthless dominance. She cultivated Moridon, and when she saw that he was falling in love with her, she decided on a bold stroke.

"She double-crossed Gaudio, married Moridon, got him to change his name, and returned with him, as Mrs. Paul Gordon, certain in her own mind that the new identity and the changed appearance of her husband would insure her a life of wealth and luxury. She was, you see, a complete opportunist. And she made the most of her opportunity.

"For years she acted her role of the loving wife and the comradely step-mother, acted it until it became a part of her. Acted it because it gave her what she had always wanted—luxury, ease and comfort. She was a clever woman, and she won the family over.

"Meanwhile Gaudio, as Gabriel, had carried on his fruitless search for Moridon—and for Carlotta. He had become a shrewd and powerful racketeer, always keeping his own skirts clean, delegating all his lawless activities to trusted henchmen, knowing that if he were ever so much as even arrested on a minor charge, it would almost surely mean his identification through fingerprints, as Gaudio, and a return to Chicago to face charges of jail-breaking—and the murder of Mrs. Moridon.

"Then one day he saw Carlotta. She was in her smart, expensive car, with her chauffeur. He recognized her immediately. He had her followed, communicated with her. She was terrified, I imagine, but didn't dare disobey his summons. He dragged the whole story from her. And he had found Moridon at last.

"Grimly he told her that there was only one way she could escape a frightful death. She must carry out his original command: she must keep her oath; she must kill Moridon and avenge the blood of the Gaudios. If she failed—or if she tried to cross him again—nothing could save her.

"She was under his sway again from then on. She agreed to follow his orders, knowing it was actually her only hope of escaping his vengeance. It was she who planted that bomb. When that failed, Gaudio curtly ordered her to proceed on her own—but not to fail again.

"She tried again, but Ruth's warning saved Moridon. She was afraid then, and told Gaudio that an inside job was suspected. And in his characteristically ruthless fashion, he tried to create an alibi for her, so that she would have the chance to strike at Moridon again.

"Knowing the exact nature of our precautions, knowing that a man had utterly no chance of getting through that alarm system to Moridon, he deliberately sacrificed one of his men, the torpedo Espi, to make it appear that the attacks had come from the outside.

"They had hoped that the capture of Espi would result in a relaxed vigilance inside the house. But they soon saw that they were mistaken. Gaudio, in the grip of his lust for vengeance, grew more insistent; and Carlotta grew more desperate. She tried to put him off, to make him wait. But he was past waiting.

"For years he had lived on his hatred for Moridon, on his determination some day to destroy him. Now he saw that this was impossible, for the time. And he conceived the idea of striking at his enemy through Helene. He ordered Carlotta to kill her. Carlotta dared not disobey. He had set a time limit. She waited her chance.

"That night she heard Doris leave her room. She decided to make her bid then. She unlocked the door to Doris' room, turned off the alarm there, crept into Helene's room, where she also turned off the alarm.

"She stood behind the curtains, ready to shoot Helene and then to flee through Doris' room into her own. But Ruth's warning had come in time. Nat plunged into the room, sprang at the curtains. She fired, and managed to get back to her own room, first throwing the gun and rubber glove under Doris' bed, in the wild hope of implicating her."

Doris gave a little sob. Gordon, his emotions under control now, caressed her arm gently. Tyler paused until she had recovered. Then he went on: "The time Gaudio had given her was up the next day. When Mrs. Gordon communicated to him the circumstances, he gave her an extension.

"She then decided to betray Helene into his hands. She staged the shopping-party, making it appear that it was really Doris who was anxious to go. She got Doris to obtain Helene's whereabouts, as I have told you. Then she 'disappeared,' going of course to Gaudio with the information.

"Gaudio kept her there, ostensibly as an alibi for her, but actually he had no intention of letting her leave there alive. He hated her for her deceit almost as much as he hated Moridon. Then he conceived his diabolical plan of using Carlotta and Helene as hostages to make his enemy deliver himself to him—for execution. Knowing his man, he was sure Gordon would willingly sacrifice himself for those he loved.

"For Gaudio, that was the cream of the irony. He had planned to stage a macabre final scene, to toast them with champagne, then to tell the story of Carlotta's treachery—finally to destroy them all. Carlotta did not realize this until Gaudio had forced her into the room with the others.

"When she did see through Gaudio's plan, she flew at him, desperately. He knocked her down. It was a case of self-preservation then. She shot him from the floor, and in blind fury, emptied the gun into his body.

"But almost immediately she realized that she was still in danger. Suppose Helene had caught a glimpse of her that night as she stood behind the curtains? But when she heard that Helene had no idea who had tried to kill her, she thought she was safe at last.

"She must have had a terrible moment, however, when she learned that Nicky had been captured, when she stood face to face with him in the foyer of the Palm Gardens. But Nicky gave no sign, and she must have felt that he would stand by the underworld code, that he would never squeal.

"So I had to build my trap, to use my own daughter as bait, knowing that Carlotta was in too deep then to back out, knowing that if she could be convinced that Ruth would be able to identify her as Gaudio's accompice, that she would seek to destroy Ruth as she had her husband and Helene—and Nat.

"The 'next step' that I spoke of, the appointment with Dr. Karasc, the sleeping-powder, the dismissal of the guards, the trip of myself and Nat to town—these were all, of course, pure fiction. Ruth and I set the trap—and Carlotta walked into it. . . . That's all there is say, except this:

"This family has been through too much. There is no need for this story to fill the columns of the newspapers as a nine-day sensation. Carlotta Gaudio is dead by her own hand. I propose that her secret be buried with her. To the public she is now a heroine who saved her family from a fiend.

"In truth, she did save them, even though she was thinking only of herself. Shall we drag this story across the front pages of the world—or shall we let her remain a heroine?"

Gordon raised his face to Tyler. "If only we could!" he murmured.

"Then we shall," said Tyler. He moved quickly to the telephone. Nat recognized the number of Manhattan police headquarters. Tyler asked for the reporters' room, then for Doc Crandall, of the Star. "Doc," he said, "this is Dan Tyler. I have an exclusive for you. It's about Carlotta—Mrs. Gordon. Her terrible experiences unbalanced her mind. She has committed suicide."

The strains of the violin came to Tyler, faintly, through the door of his room. He stared upward, muscles tensing, then relaxing. The music was soft and sweet, untroubled. Tyler smiled. Quietly he went into the living-room, up the stairs. He opened the door.

Inside her own, near the windows which overlooked the garden, the blind girl stood, her violin under her small chin. Her great dark eyes were wet with tears. He strode toward her.

"Ruth—Ruth! What's the matter, darling?"

"Shhh," she said. "Shhh!" And she continued to play, softly.

Her father came close to her.

"It—it's just that I'm so—so happy—for Nat," she whispered.

Tyler stared from the window. Beside the fountain which splashed gayly in the warm morning sunshine stood Nat and Doris, seemingly oblivious, locked in each other's arms.

As they stood there thus, they were suddenly aware, as one, of the music. They raised their faces toward the window, toward the soft and languorous song, a love-song—the same, they both realized instantly, that Ruth had played in the darkness above them on that night which now seemed so long ago, the lovesong which had seemed a benediction.

THE END.

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RAMBLINGS
OF THE
NEWS-REVIEW MAN
BY PAUL JENKINS

The little building pictured herewith nestles coyly behind a bush in the yard back of the school house near Ruckles, near neighbor to another of its kind, back of another sweetbriar. It is one of many constructed recently in the county, and it has been my observation that always they are back of something or other.

Your guess as to what this structure is, is as good as mine. I have asked many questions, and gotten many answers. There is an official here in Roseburg who has superintended the construction of many of these 'chic' affairs, but I have never been able to interview him. As far as that is concerned, the subject is one I wouldn't care to go too deeply into, anyhow.

These houses were built through the good offices of a government organization—a New Deal agency—known, hereabouts at least, as the Rural Sanitation Project. If you wish one of them, I believe the material will cost you about $16, and the government will then furnish about $30 worth of labor, on an average, to complete it. A catalog, of opinion, among those who own them discloses that they are worth all they cost.

The R. S. P.—to alphabetize the name, as is popular nowadays—as an organization is a triumph of the democratic party and the New Deal, which prides itself specifically upon looking out for the relief of its people. It is general knowledge, of course, that our present government has lost a lot of money on many of its projects; let us hope and trust that it doesn't go in the hole on this one.

* * *

"Due to the scarcity of laborers here, Maurice Vogelpohl, local barber, worked all Tuesday night assisting in putting in a concrete floor in John Leitzel's new garage. About one o'clock Wednesday morning Maurice was attacked by hiccoughs and up to noon Wednesday the "hic-ups" were still annoying him, regardless of the fact that he had taken swallows of water, kerosene, St. Jacobs oil, gasoline, cod liver oil, Pabst ale, extract of lemon and various other remedies recommended by sympathetic friends."—Story from the Sutherlin Sun.

Just one thing left to do, Maurice; move the stove.

NORMAN THOMAS TO SPEAK IN OREGON

SALEM, June 26 — (AP) —Norman Thomas, socialist candidate for president, will make his first visit to Salem next Thursday to deliver an address.

Thomas will stop here en route to Portland where he will address the convention of the National Educational association.

ATTENTION! Do you know there have been more new Chevrolets sold to people in Roseburg and vicinity than all other low priced cars combined this year.—Adv.

NIFTY TRAILER TO BE DEMONSTRATED

A display and demonstration of the Kozy Kamp folding house trailer has been arranged by Al Bashford, local agent, at the Hansen Motor company display rooms, Sunday from 9 to 12 a. m. Mr. Bashford reports that many people interested in this unique type of trailer have asked for a demonstration, and he has arranged to display the folding device Sunday morning. The patented trailer folds into a compact unit, which may be extended within a few seconds of time to afford complete conveniences for camp use.

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

DANCE
at
Canyonville Hall
Saturday Night
Music by Canyonville Gilmore Merrymakers
Gents 40c Ladies Free

No Wonder Everyone Is Saying:
"My next refrigerator will be KELVINATOR"
A Built-In Thermometer shows you that your food is being kept surely, safely, dependably cold.
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