

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Prospects For Youth.

IN SPITE of current economic conditions and the unemployment situation, young Americans now coming of age have an excellent chance of obtaining an adequate income, being happily married and having children, according to Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician, who reports the results of a survey of millions of cases.

"The average white man of twenty years," he said, "now has an even chance to live to be sixty-nine. His chances of getting a job are excellent, so long as he continues to train himself in some particular field. It is true that there is a great deal of unemployment. The figures run into millions. Actually, however, the figures represent less than one-fifth of the employable population. His chances, then, are four out of five, even during the depression period. It is almost impossible to have talent, training and energy and not come out on top, even in an era of depression."

Dr. Dublin reports today's average youth will attain "what is considered an income adequate to a fairly good standard of life—\$2,000." He adds that 23 youngsters in 1,000 will reach \$10,000, while 11 per cent of all people living and working in cities will make \$5,000 a year. Thirty-one per cent of the urban families will have \$5,000.

Nine in ten of today's young men will marry, at an average age of twenty-five (girls 22), and they have a four-out-of-five chance of escaping divorce, although that rate is rapidly rising. The average couple will have three children. One in each 87 will have twins, one in each 7,600 will have triplets, one in each 669,000 will have quadruplets, but only one in every 57,000,000 births will bring quintuplets. On the average, there will be 166 boys for every 100 girls.

Getting back to social economics, Dr. Dublin said:

"Only about one in three at present is decently provided for in his latter years. About 17 per cent of the people over 65 are still earning their own living. About five per cent are maintaining themselves on the income from property, investments, insurance and other such things, while 50.4 per cent are dependent on others for support."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

pl instead of WORKING for their money.

THESE headlines loom at the week-end:

"Germany, Austria End Long-Standing Feud. Countries Agree to Stabilization of Central Europe. Threat to World Peace Believed Removed by Accord."

How many diplomatic fingers were crossed, do you suppose, when those optimistic statements were given out?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, speaking at the opening of the great tri-borough bridge in New York (cost \$84,000,000, considerably less than the San Francisco bay bridge) dedicated it as a symbol of changing human needs, which, he says, "call for an up-to-date government in place of an antiquated government."

True enough.

But an up-to-date government isn't one that spends more than it takes in, thus risking its credit and endangering the welfare of its people.

THERE'S nothing modern about reckless government extra-

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

A Prayer

Increase, O God, the faith and the zeal of all Thy people, that they may more earnestly desire and more diligently seek the salvation of their fellow men, through the message of Thy love in Christ Jesus our Lord. Send forth a mighty call unto Thy servants who labor in the gospel, granting unto them a heart of love, sincerity of speech and the power of the Holy Spirit, that they may be able to persuade men to forsake sin and return unto Thee, and many be brought from the kingdom of evil into the kingdom of Thy dear son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

gance, which is nearly as old as civilization. Rome was ruined by reckless government waste. France suffered the same fate at the hands of her spendthrift kings. Governments that are truly up-to-date must keep their people out from under the crushing burden of government extravagance.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)

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NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Ranch Boys.
4:30—Matinee Reveries.
5:30—Vocal Concert with Gladys Gable.
6:00—Mills Bros.
6:15—The Ford V8 Revue.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—The Melodians from Umpqua Park.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, JULY 16

Morning Hours
6:15—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:20—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
9:30—Old Favorites.
10:00—Melody Moods.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Royano the Operatic Tenor.
11:15—Song Hit Revue.

Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Reed Chappell.
1:00—On the Emerald Isle.
1:15—Garden of Music.
1:30—Your Favorite Band Selections.
2:00—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
2:30—Studio Music in Rhythm.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Westerners.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
4:50—Vagabonds of the Prairies.
5:15—Bob Howard and His Orchestra.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Nelson Eddy.
6:30—Ruth Royale.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

Morning Hours
6:15—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Conf'd.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicals.
9:30—Dorsey Brothers Orchestra.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesterday.
10:30—Belle & Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Songs Strident Heard.
11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Cineo's Agricultural Talk.
1:00—Spring Orchestras.
1:30—Popular Band Selections.
2:00—Hins From the Shows.
2:30—Concert Arrangements.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Close Harmony Four.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Melody.
4:50—Royano the Operatic Tenor.
5:15—Studio Music in Rhythm.
6:00—Lawrence Tibbett.
6:15—Five Spades.
6:30—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

JOHN DOWELL RITES SET FOR THURSDAY

Funeral services will be held at 10:30 a. m. Thursday at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel for John W. Dowell, whose death occurred yesterday. The service will be conducted by the Rev. J. Frank Cunningham, and interment will be in the Masonic cemetery.

THE ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW, Douglas county's daily newspaper, only 50c per month by carrier in Roseburg—three months for only \$1 by mail anywhere, except in foreign countries. Subscribe for it today!

Eastern Apple on a Stick



SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER IX

Bannister was about to jump off his own perch when he gave a yip of elation. "Gawky getaway, eh?" he shouted. "Now let me tell you something, old man. The next time you hide out on an adventure, please don't leave your derby turned upside down on the window sill with the initials sticking out like the gold letters of a show window."

Toole glowered at him. It was true—in his haste to prepare a vantage point for observation, the detective had forgotten to take his hat with him.

"Kind of late on the tip-off, ain't it?" he rambled savagely. "I ran you for the stairway and took the treads down two at a time. Hardly a minute had elapsed since the woman had descended; there was still time to catch her."

Bannister re-entered the larger room just as Karen Sire came out of her own.

"We've failed," she said, making a droll little face at him. "We've failed," echoed Bannister. "My dear young lady, you carried off your part magnificently. Toole and I bungled it. He left his infernal derby here with the initials in plain sight, and I never noticed it."

"And we thought Mr. Toole so clever!" Karen exclaimed. "The worst part of the fiasco may be charged to my own stupidity," Bannister said. "I didn't handle my own departure with enough skill—Toole says I botched it."

Her hand brushed his sleeve with a light, soothing touch that gave him infinite relief. "I was peeping, too, and listening," she said. "No one could have acted more cleverly in a difficult situation. But how did you manage to resist that ravishing look she gave you?"

"No—did she?" Bannister bawled. "I've learned a lot about women today; met two prodigies of cleverness, although one—"

The appearance of a servant checked whatever pleasant he had intended to add. "A note for Miss Sire," the man said.

Karen ripped open the envelope. Handing the servant, she read aloud to Bannister:

Miss Karen Sire—

What a sly little mouse you are! Tried to lead naughty pussy into a trap, didn't you? Really, you are splendid, but the work of that ignominious, One-Armed Toole, and the vocal, Bannister, was terribly crude.

Oh, no, I don't mean the celebrated Toole derby on the window sill—that was a pardonable error of haste in getting under cover when you phoned up that I was coming. But the poor fellow showed frightfully bad judgment in the selection of his hide-away.

Imagine! The sun was streaming through the outside window and diffusing itself over the stained glass window inside. What lovely splashes of color it made on the floor! Only the Toole alibi, right in the middle of it spoiled the pattern. Dear me—it was all too funny for anything. What with Bannister joining him on another chair and you peeping out through a crack in the door!

a cruel wound, one that was far too deep for her to look upon.

He took a step toward her, glowing with compassion, love and indignation. "Miss Sire—Karen—we have condensed a year in the few hours of our acquaintance, and in that time I have given some proof of my willingness to serve you—a poor and bungling service, I know, yet one that asks no requittal except in your confidence."

She smiled a little, perhaps at his stilted speech. It had the curious ring of an old-fashioned prelude to a declaration of love. But whatever emotion lay behind that smile, it was one destined to haunt Bannister's dreams for many a night; to pursue him with the ever-recurring riddle of its meaning.

Bannister tried to take her in his arms but she eluded him. "You had planned to go away tonight," she said. "I was glad when you decided to remain, but now—"

"That trip to Nova Scotia is off!" Bannister shouted. "I am a hunter of wild beasts by choice—why shouldn't I stalk the one that gives you all this pain?"

Karen smiled again. He was continuing in the language of romance. She closed her eyes for a moment—just long enough to divert him of those rough tweeds and deck him with sword and plumed boots, belt and spurs.

Bannister became a torrential. "Think of it, Karen—Fate has thrown us together! Was it mere chance that I came blundering along with Bolly? Fate arranged and referred that dog fight—It made Captain Boyle almost tie us together—It invented 'One-Armed' Toole at exactly the right moment!"

It shook the leopard robe in my face as a challenge. And you pulled that dirt out of my pocket and put it in Toole's to save me. Even that hard-headed detective fell under its spell and played the game with us."

Karen laid her hand on the note inside her dress, but withdrew it quickly, as though the touch had scorched her fingers.

"You have been splendid," she said. "But you must go. I dare not tell you why."

It was over. She would not tell. The mystery of Brenda Whipple's

phone call, of the trinkets for which murder had been done, was not for him to know. Was it a shameful secret—her father's, perhaps? The man was a Titan who strode the earth with a knotted club and called what he liked his own. Such men make enemies and the gods who anoint them inevitably leave some weak spot open to attack. Yes, that must be it. Someone was striking at Maurice Sire through the most beloved part of his life—his daughter.

"You must go." There was finality in her words; they included no hope of another meeting. All that his rhetoric had brought to her face was a pained smile. He began to feel ridiculous.

Karen silently accompanied him down stairs, leading him to the foyer door. The policeman who had summoned him was still on duty there.

"Heard anything from Toole?" Bannister asked.

"One-Armed Toole? He took it on the run out of here about a half hour ago."

"That woman reporter left just before him, didn't she?"

The policeman grinned. "Naw! She went in'o the library to see Captain Boyle and Mr. Sire. She breezed out in a few minutes—got the cars, I guess. She asked me about Toole and I told her he took an elevator down. She left a note for Miss Sire and then dusted away just behind Toole."

Miss Sire did not permit this episode to serve Bannister in delaying his departure. The young geologist sensed a compelling stare on his back and an impalpable hand seemed to shove him toward the door. It would be foolish to linger. With a bow to the girl he turned to leave.

"Hey, Bannister!"

It was Captain Boyle's voice. The head of the homicide squad had emerged from the library with Mr. Sire and both were holding up their hands to restrain Bannister's exit. A moment later he was acknowledging Boyle's introduction to Karen's father.

"Hod Bannister's brother?" Sire was saying cordially. "He's told me a lot about you and I've often envied your roving commission with a kit of tools and a gun. Hod is coming up tonight and I want you to be with him."

(To be continued)

GLENDALE SHOE REPAIR SHOP SOLD

GLENDALE, July 15 — D. A. Davis reports the sale of his shoe repair business, which is located on the west end of Pacific avenue next to the Glendale hotel, to H. W. Howard of Eugene.

Mr. Davis has been in business here for the past four years and now plans to return to his ranch home near Gold Hill.

Mr. Howard had been employed in a shoe repair shop in Eugene until he decided to locate for himself. He is a brother of Mrs. Fred Bartle, who has made her home here for many years. Mr. Howard took possession of his new shop last week and will move his family here in the very near future.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS

J. C. (Coffee Creek Jim) FOREE

has no particular complaint to make about the times. "Times never have been too confoundedly brisk with me, or so it seems," he told me, "but I see no reason to howl too loudly about them now. I'm making a living for myself and the missus, and what more can you ask?"

Jim lives in Glengary, alongside Roberts Creek, and after a look at his gardens there I know how he lives. He grows a lot of what it takes to eat well. He has some of the finest tomatoes I have seen this year, beans, a lot of mighty promising melon vines and four or five acres of popcorn, of which he has great hopes. A lot of fruit — pears and apples and such — is scattered about the small farm, together with a wide variety of other fruits and vegetables. He gave me an assortment to take home, including peas and new potatoes, and for a day or so I lived about as well as he does.

About 45 years ago Jim came to Douglas county, prospecting and mining for gold along Coffee creek. After he had been here about a year, he went to California and got married. Why he had to go so far away to find him a wife I don't know, unless claims were staked out on all the ones here at the time. Anyway, he returned right away, and for fifteen years lived on a homestead in the upper South Umpqua country. Between times he worked at cabinet making, be-



ing a mighty good hand at that as well as at prospecting, and traveling over a lot of country at this trade, before eventually settling out and removing to his present home on Roberts creek.

The Dionne's latest blessed event, according to an AP dispatch, was appropriately and fittingly described in a headline by an eastern sports writer in the two words: DIONNE SINGLES!

WAINSCOTT TELLS OF KIWANIS MEET

Dr. E. J. Wainscott, lieutenant governor of Kiwanis clubs for the district with which the Roseburg club is affiliated, gave the Roseburg Kiwanians an interesting report on the recent international convention held at Washington, D. C. Dr. Wainscott attended as a delegate from the district, and made his report at the regular Tuesday luncheon meeting.

E. A. Britton, county 4-H club leader made a brief report on the Kiwanis sponsored 4-H club camp held at Wolf creek.

The Kiwanians were also entertained with a group of piano selections, played by Elizabeth Williams.

GLENDALE WOMAN HURT IN CAR WRECK

GLENDALE, July 15 — J. R. Stevenson received a wire Friday to the effect his wife and her sister, Miss Irma Mussman, who left here by auto last Thursday for

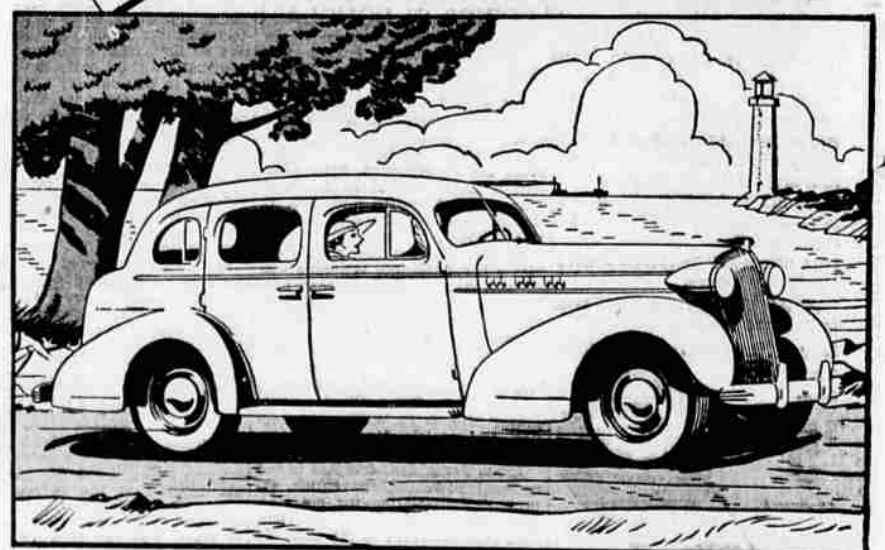
Santa Rosa, California, had met with an accident and both young women were in the Santa Rosa hospital. No definite word has been received as to the extent of their injuries, but it is understood Mrs. Stevenson is in the most serious condition. Mr. Stevenson left immediately for Santa Rosa.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson just recently located here. Mr. Stevenson reopening the Glendale barber shop.



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

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