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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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20,000 Years Behind.

THE MODERN nations think they're intelligent and progressive. And so they are, with regard to themselves and the individuals composing them. But in their attitude toward each other, in their handling of international problems, they should listen to what Admiral Richard E. Byrd wrote in his diary when he thought he was dying, alone in a snow-covered hut in an Antarctic winter. Nations looked pretty much alike to him then, and he could look at the human race as a whole. He has just told about it. He wrote:

"From here, the great folly of the human race is the amazing attitude of civilized nations toward each other. Fear, antagonism and reprisals seem to be the rule among nations which, in their conduct toward each other, are, I believe, 20,000 years behind the individual civilized citizen in his conduct toward his neighbor."

"Therefore, it appears to me that if a citizen desires reasonable prosperity and well being for his family and his fellow-citizens, he should strive for friendly understanding among the family of nations. That seems the loyal and efficient thing to do for his country."

Twenty thousand years ago our ancestors were savages. But they lived together and worked together, by families and tribes, making a "social compromise" between individual liberty and general security, and thus slowly rose to civilization. Yet collectively, nations still regard other nations with suspicion and hate. So we have war, poverty and frustration instead of peace, co-operation and prosperity. And thus civilization may destroy itself—as it has done several times before in this 20,000 years.

Legal Supply and Demand.

A COMMITTEE on professional economics, appointed by the New York County Lawyers association, has completed a four-year survey of the situation of the 15,000 lawyers living or practicing in New York county. In 1935, considered a "typical depression year," more than half the number had incomes of less than \$3,000 a year and 10 per cent of them were "virtually on relief." Furthermore, 75 per cent of the total income was received by 30 per cent of the group.

There were further barrowing statistics, implying either that there were far too many lawyers in that area or that many people who needed legal service were not getting it.

The committee concludes that the profession is greatly overcrowded and proposes to remedy the situation not by plowing under lawyers but by stiffening the standards for admission to the bar. It suggests also that legal clinics might be established which would eventually bring about a demand for legal services on the part of those who have never felt they needed or could afford a lawyer.

Thus, it appears, the twin problems of over-production and under-consumption plague the profession at world as they do the industrial and agricultural worlds. The nation with the right answer will win a high place in history.

Politics go round and round, but whether they make the world go round is a matter of opinion.

Because he had lived in the United States 48 years without seeking citizenship, William Van Dusen, native of Holland, was denied naturalization by an El Centro, Calif., judge.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

black with headlines.
The would-be assassin, apparently, is a crank with a grievance.

WHATEVER his grievance, real or fancied, it can't be righted by taking a pot shot at a young man who seems to be open, frank and sincere and is really the pick of the crowned heads of Europe.

TO MAYOR CARSON, of Portland, goes the credit (whatever it may be worth) for the best smart crack of the week.

Invited to attend a meeting of the League of California cities at Santa Monica in September, he replied: "I can't come because I'm afraid I would have to get a passport."

He adds: "Just now it is altogether too difficult to get into your state. When California comes back into the Union, I'll try to go there."

PORTLAND'S mayor, who has just returned from a trip to Crescent City and may still be smarting over his experiences at the frontier, complains that "the most intimate things women wear have to be inspected at the California line."

He is referring, obviously, to the bus stations, where normally courteous but always firm attendants go through the baggage of California-bound travelers searching for contraband Florida grapefruit, or whatever other outlandish product California happens to want to keep out.

It is a nuisance, all right.

IT IS asserted, on the highest authority, that California's quarantine law is designed solely to keep dangerous agricultural pests, notably the Florida citrus rust, out of the Golden State, but down here along the border we sometimes suspect that it is used to keep out whatever products California doesn't at the moment want to compete with.

MARKETS

WOOL
BOSTON, July 18.—(AP)—The Commercial Bulletin today says:

"The wool market has continued to mark time, although there has been rather more activity in the market, which may result in better business. Prices have been hardly changed, although rather favoring the buyer than the seller during the week."

"In the west, operations have been comparatively few and scattered, with bids of the dealers somewhat lower. Growers have been inclined to resist any decline in price."

"The piecegoods market is between hay and grass. Openings of tropical goods have been at 10 to 15 cents a yard advance over last year."

"Foreign markets are a bit firmer, in sympathy with the stronger tone in London, which has regained much of its opening losses."

"Mohair is in limited demand but very firm."

The Bulletin publishes the following quotations:
Scoured bays:
Oregon: Fine and 6, m. staple, 55-57; fine and 6, m. staple, 75-80.
Mohair: Oregon, 55-57.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Today, people are trying to construct a Christianity that leaves Jesus out of it and does not give Him any great place and often these people make a beautiful thing of it. But that kind of religion is like a cut flower. It does not last long, not more than a day or two. There is never any root to these Christians. Our Christianity has lived because it has gathered around the Lord Jesus Christ, not looking back or forward to Jesus, but looking up to him as Lord. May we always be found "looking up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Amen.

Will the Worm Turn?



SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XII

At the butler's bidding the head of the homicide squad strode into the room. "Just as I thought," he said abruptly, "that little brown fellow who was stabbed and thrown from the window wasn't a Filipino. He was an Asiatic prince who had been stopping at the Ritz for a month."

"Incognito?" Sire asked.
"In the Ritz, I said. What are you patting your hands for, Miss Sire-nervous?"

"Applying your smartness, captain."
"Save it until this act is over. We found the Filipino whose identity the prince assumed. The boy had been bribed to make the shift but we don't know yet whether the employment agency was in on it or not."

"Prince, eh?" said Sire. "What is his name—did he have passports?"
"We thought at first that he was an East Indian but the British consul has no record of him. His full name is like a lot of scrambled radio stations, but he was known at the hotel as Prince Jura Bal. He arrived in this country from Hawaii, under some kind of special dispensation from the state department. You see, he was trying to hide his identity."

"Picked a quiet little spot for it, didn't he? Did he have an entourage?"
"Captain Boyle looked embarrassed. "There might have been a dame in the bunch when he arrived," he said quickly, "but so far as we know there was nobody with him except a secretary and a half dozen hangers-on."

Maurice Sire looked at the ceiling and Karen smiled into the palm of her hand.
Boyle scented something mysterious. "What's the low-down?" he demanded. "It was on your own tip that I dug this information up. Did this prince come here to get the leopard robe and why?"

Sire lowered his eyes and met the glint of the detective's. "I didn't know his Royal Highness and never heard of him," he said. "The leopard robe, as I have told you, was an Asiatic prince. The parchment stolen from me at Southampton contained a somewhat vague account of his history. Beyond that, captain, I fear that I can tell you little that might be useful in running down this mystery."

"Oh, yeah?" drawled Boyle. "I suppose your daughter? Didn't know the prince, either?"
Karen felt a sickening chill. Had Brenda Whipple injected the "drop of poison" already? "I did not have that honor," she forced herself to say.

A scuffle was heard at the doorway and Meyers appeared with his necktie hanging awry over his shoulder. Behind him stood "One-Armed" Toole, pressing his derby back into shape.

"This person tried to enter the room without being announced," Meyers complained.

"Huh!" snarled Boyle. "One-Armed Toole, hey? Do you think you're working on a cashhouse case—what do you want?"
Toole gazed at him impudently. "I'm going to turn in my badge tomorrow, Ma'am," he said, "but I want to give you a break before we cut loose. This job was done by the Whipple Syndicate. Right now, Jeff and Brenda—"

CHAPTER XIII

In a glowering fury. "Get out of here, you nut," he roared, "or I'll have you stuck in the squirrel ward at Bellevue! I've got this case sewed up and I don't want any crazy tips from you."

Toole turned to Maurice Sire. He had the look in his eyes of an honest dog who had been kicked and yet was only waiting to be whistled back.

"Captain Boyle is in charge, I understand," was Sire's only comment.
"Save it for later," Toole retorted, gliding to his side. "Remember, one for a girl looks too much like an old tapestry subject for the present day. Karen probably would prefer a wrist watch."

The Sire apartment were a somewhat subdued air when Hod and Dick Bannister entered it that evening. A somnolent young policeman, swaying in a chair in the foyer, gave an incongruous touch to the quiet elegance of the place.

Sire was in the library. "This show of Karen's," the financier laughed, glancing at the aloof Napoleon. "Doesn't seem to be quite satisfied that I'm the master here. Sorry you didn't bring Billy down to teach him another lesson."

"Billy's done enough mischief for one day," said Dick. "I suppose your daughter told you all about it."

"She did. It gave me a thrill when she spoke about your threatened enterprise—how I'd like to be with you! But don't worry about the leopard robe, my boy. I'm going to pack Karen off to school again in the morning and get her away from this atmosphere of mystery and murder."

The girl's voice was heard at the door and a moment later she entered the room, taking in both guests with a radiant smile of greeting. An exquisite and ethereal figure she made in a simple evening gown—a girl ripening to beautiful womanhood.

"One would think," remarked Hod, when the conversation inevitably turned to the murder "that ultimate safety had been reached on the twentieth floor of a building like this. Every hazard has been considered and, presumably, removed. Yet, murder and robbery have been done here in broad daylight. The perpetrators are free—free even to return."

Dick looked at Karen. She smiled back at his anxious face; the sinister prospect did not seem to alarm her. But when Hod turned the talk to the snow leopard, his habitat in the land of the Tartars, and its sinister significance in the murder mystery at hand, Karen rose as in a trance. Hod did not notice the effect of his words, but Dick was out of his chair and at her side in a moment.

"I don't feel right about leaving that stillie in the aquarium over night," he whispered.
Karen looked surprised. "It's not there," she answered. "I looked in the water before I came down stairs. Mr. Toole took it away, didn't he?"

(To be continued)

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RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN
By PAUL JENKINS

THE white Legion caps appearing in vast numbers on the streets the past few days bring vividly to mind

that the state Legion convention scheduled here for August 12, 14 and 15 is only a few weeks away. Goodness how many Legionnaires will come here for the convention, but my guess is there will be thousands

of them. Roseburg, dating back to the day in the seventies and eighties when it was railroad for all of southern Oregon, has been one of Oregon's well-known towns, and it has attained a reputation for hospitality which is known throughout the state. Those who have been here know of this reputation—those who have not, wish to test its character.

Veterans as a whole have more money to spend this summer than they have had for five years, and they are budgeting a trip to Roseburg from their funds, in lieu of other possible vacations, according to all reports. In fact, there is no doubt that attendance at this convention will surpass that of other years by a very wide margin indeed.

The convention commission—composed of Roseburg business men who are underwriting and managing the activities connected with the convention—have been meeting together for the past several months arranging the details of the entertainment program. There has been no easy task, for much has been to do. Not only have they had in mind the entertainment of the delegations of Legionnaires, but of residents of Roseburg and Douglas county as well. To them, the convention will not have been a success, no matter how enthusiastic the Legionnaires are about it, unless the home folks have enjoyed it too.

There is every reason to believe they will enjoy it. Three special features are being prepared which are open to the general public—in fact the general public in most cordially invited to attend—and these are the great street parade of the Legion and its many groups of drum corps; the thrilling drum corps competition under lights at Philby field, and the Gilmor Circus.

Have you ever seen a Legion drum corps contest? If you never have, you've missed an electrifying experience. These drum corps contests sound tremendous enough; but the actuality is something you will not soon forget. It is an experience which will lift you, body and soul, for the time, clear above the ordinary course of everyday life.

This Legion convention will be attended by ex-service men from every community of Oregon, middle aged men and women (strike out the word "women") who are representative of the citizenry of Oregon. They will be here for a vacation, a reunion, a general good time with their buddies who, with themselves, shoulder the responsibilities of the American government in 1917 and did the best they knew how, which was pretty good. They were young men then. Today they are midway in life's span; but their loyalty to their country is undimmed by the passing years. It burns more brightly, perhaps, because of them.

Carl Black, as a sort of pre-convention gesture of goodwill, is opening a dugout in The Tavern today, known affectionately as the Estabment. The dugout, where those interested in the convention, the big meet may foregather and practice a little on convention entertainment details, perfecting their technique and anticipating and smoothing out expected difficulties to be encountered in this machine age of ours.

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KRRR PROGRAM

(1,500 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY
NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—Matinee Reverses.
4:00—Vacationers of the Prairies.
5:15—Jack Demarehand.
5:30—Guy Lombard.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Ruth Royale.
6:30—Bill Billies.
6:45—The Melodians from Umpqua Park.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JULY 19

Morning Hours
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Program dedicated to Veterans Facility.
9:30—Old Time Fiddling with Ernie Crane.
10:00—Sunday Request Program.
10:30—Sunday Concert with Pearl Rose Robinson.
11:00—Baptist Church Services.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Golden Voices.
12:30—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.
1:00—The Douglas County Creamery presents Max Dolan and His Salon Orchestra.
1:15—Knickerbocker Little Symphony Orchestra.
1:30—The Sunday Players conclude Abraham and Isaac.
2:00—Jack Demarehand, Operatic

Tenor.
2:30—Manhattan Concert Band.
3:15—Enrico Caruso.
3:30—The Melrose Young People's Choir.
4:00—Popular Dance Time.
5:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JULY 20

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Famous Love Songs.
9:30—Castilliana.
10:00—Waltz Time.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Woman's Exchange.
11:00—Jack Demarehand.
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—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.

1:30—Music of the Orient.
1:45—Songs of the Water.
2:00—Hawaiian Melodies.
2:30—Songs Seldom Heard.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—The Singing Troubadour.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The American Legion Program.

4:30—Melody Matinee.
5:30—Songs of the Range.
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6:15—The Fox & S. Ryue.
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