

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Landon Will Accept.

ATTENTION, at least the attention of those who are interested in politics, will be turned this evening to Topeka, Kansas, where from the steps of the state capital of Kansas, Governor Alfred Landon will formally accept the presidential nomination made by the republican party. It is the time honored notification ceremony.

It is Candidate Landon's great opportunity. The republican nominee has not previously been known in national affairs. Outside his own state he was unknown until his well planned boom for the nomination made his name familiar to the nation.

But thus far little more than his name is known. Capitalizing upon this, the opposition is gently insinuating the idea that Governor Landon is not "big enough for the job." That, of course, is a good fighting tactic and perfectly legitimate.

Tonight Mr. Landon has his opportunity. It is his first appearance in the spotlight. He can demonstrate the quality of his mind. He can let us know by his words and the manner of their delivery whether or not he can be regarded as big enough to be president.

With the acceptance speech to-night the political battle of the century will be officially launched.

Inventions and Jobs.

FIFTY years ago one of the greatest inventions ever conceived by man was put into operation—the Mergenthaler Linotype. It enabled one man, on the average, to set as much type as five men could set by hand. It revolutionized printing.

If those who insist that machines rob men of jobs are correct, then despite our population growth there should be fewer men working for the printing industry. But what are the facts shown in figures compiled by the United States bureau of the census?

In 1859, our population was around 61,000,000; in 1929, it was not quite double that—121,000,000. In 1859, which was before the linotype really made itself felt, there were 50,000 persons employed in the printing industry.

A normal growth, therefore, would indicate that slightly less than 100,000 persons should have been employed by the printing industry in 1929. But if we accept the claims of the anti-machine advocates, then there should have been only 26,000 employed in the printing industry in 1929.

Actually, while population was growing only 100 per cent, employment in the printing industry was rising nearly 500 per cent—from 50,000 in 1859 to 281,000 in 1929.

These figures, of course, do not take into account the thousands of new jobs created by the increased demand for paper, ink, printing machinery and similar supplies. Nor do they allow anything for the great educational advantages offered by less expensive books.

If we listened to the anti-machine agitators, we would go back to the days before the linotype was invented. Should we?

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

stands to reason that ALL the great, well established corporations, whose businesses are thoroughly organized, amply financed and well controlled, are rich.

Mr. Hard says these great, strongly entrenched corporations

are FAVORED by the New Deal and its policies.

HOW? Why?

Consider this statement by Mr. Hard:
"In a normal year before the depression, we used to put an average of THREE AND A HALF BILLION dollars into new enterprises. Last year, we put only four hundred million dollars into new enterprises."

WHAT do the big, rich corporations fear?

Obviously, they fear the competition of NEW ENTERPRISES. It was the new automobile industry, with its trucks and buses, that wrecked the big, rich, powerful railroads.

This is the point:
If new enterprises can be prevented from starting, the EXISTING big, rich industries will have nothing to fear in the way of new competition.

REMEMBER this, in connection, Mr. Hard's statement that before the depression we put, on the average, EIGHT TIMES as much money every year into new enterprises as we put into them last year.

It is new enterprises that create new employment.

REMEMBER this, also:

The poor thrive or suffer as their wages go up or down. How are wages to go up materially as long as we have a vast body of unemployed living on relief? This vast body of unemployed will HOLD WAGES DOWN as long as it continues to exist.

It will continue to exist as long as new enterprises are afraid to go ahead.

THE New Deal claims loudly to be the enemy of the rich and the friend of the poor.

Here is some advice:
Don't swallow these claims on somebody else's say-so. Figure them out for YOURSELF. Decide on your own account whether you are better off now than you were back in the years when new enterprises weren't afraid to go ahead.

CAMPFIRE GIRLS PREPARE FOR CAMP

Roseburg Campfire girls are regaling today for the two weeks' summer camp, which begins Sunday at the Boy Scout camp on Wolf creek.

The girls will enter camp at 1 p. m. Sunday, according to Mrs. H. C. Berg, council guardian. No noon meal will be served at camp. Mrs. Berg reports, in instructing the girls to secure lunch before going to camp.

This year's camp will be directed by H. H. Turner, who will be assisted by Betty Shoemaker and Edna Brown.

Girls desiring to attend and who have not yet registered should sign up immediately. Mrs. Berg states.

Diamond Lake News

Diamond lake CCC camp is now in full swing on the summer work program. The main project is, of course, the construction of the Roseburg-Diamond Lake highway, also the improvement of the forestry department's public camping grounds surrounding Diamond lake, in that the latter may be more enjoyable for tourists, stoves, tables and all types of camp facilities are being constructed. The drive around Diamond lake is being improved and rocked.

Flora and rock and cement are one of the features of the improvements being made. These are a boon to the campers and at the same time preclude any possibility of forest fires developing from careless handling of camp fires.

W. C. Bravender, educational adviser at this camp, has returned from two weeks' vacation in San Francisco.

Captain Claude D. Wallace was taken to Medford hospital last week. There was grave danger of his developing pneumonia.

The classes in geology and mining at Big Ginas spike camp have started a gold mining claim. The fellows have a very interesting piece of terrain on which to further their instruction in a practical manner. Shovel boxes and cradles have been constructed. The instruction is being handled by Donald Stone and William Dusenberry.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

The eagerness with which great souls have reached out after truth and righteousness and an understanding of the will of God should be a lesson to us, and too, be an inspiration as well. The one great reason why many of us are not better and truer and wiser Christians than we are, is that we have been too content. We have not in any real vital way been anxious for the better things. Our Heavenly Father, do Thou fill us with a new eagerness, a renewed longing, a more earnest desire to see Thy will done up on the earth, as it is done in heaven. Amen.

This Pill Should Kill or Cure Him

Any Person Suffering From This Condition



SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XVI
Toole glanced at the telephone. "Stool pigeon!" he uttered, as though the term had brought a bad taste to his mouth.

Bannister had heard of those mercenaries who perch like a pilot fish on the heads of sharks to steer the sea tigers to their prey. He knew by what precarious threads their lives hung once they were suspected as police informers. No where in the world, at least of all in prison—were they safe from underworld vengeance.

Once in the slaughter pens in Chicago he had seen a magnificent steer leading group after group of his own kind to the pole-axing stalls, always emerging, unscathed himself. "Judas Iscariot the men called him, but with all their loathing they found him useful in the betrayal of his hapless fellows to slaughter.

"Do you know where Jeff is hiding?" he asked.

"You bet I do, and it ain't in a cellar, either. He's just taken a nice cozy suite at the Park Victoria up on the top floor. He has all of Central park for a front yard."

"Why not go over and get him right now?" Dick demanded. "I'll go with you."

Toole shook his head. "I don't intend to arrest Jeff Whipple until I learn more of Sire's game. But I do intend to get the documents and the junk. Then I'll find out right now."

Toole shook his head. "I don't intend to arrest Jeff Whipple until I learn more of Sire's game. But I do intend to get the documents and the junk. Then I'll find out right now."

"How do you intend to work it?" "I've already hired a suite next to Whipple's. The house man at the Park Victoria is helping me. Jeff will probably have lunch served in his room, but he won't be able to resist the bright lights of the dining room at night—that's one of his few weak points. When he's downstairs I intend to get in to his place with a pass-key. He won't be expecting me. You read that little piece in the paper, didn't you, about me being in Bellevue after a taxi collision?"

"Suppose he sticks to his quarters?"

"There's a four-foot ledge on that floor, with a stone fence around it running clear across the building—a loggia. I think they call it. Crawling from my room to it in the small hours of the morning won't be such a job."

"Look here, Toole, I want to declare myself in on that job!"

"I've taken the rooms in your name," laughed Toole. "It's a respectable dump, inhabited mostly by people who have more money than they ought to have."

"I'll go over right now and take possession."

"Who else?" "I verified that only a half hour ago. Jeff and Brenda had been living in separate hotels. He was trying to butt into society by way of the grand ball rooms while she was traipsing around with the prince."

Toole drew the toe of his shoe across the fringe of the rug. "Lots of loose ends to oriental rugs, hey?" he mused.

"Did you tell Matt about our part in it—Miss Sire's and mine?" Toole snorted. "No, I wouldn't tell that stiff the time of day if I was standing right in front of the Metropolitan clock tower. If I tipped him off about you and Miss Sire juggling with that knife, he'd have the pair of you looking out through the wire gauze at the Tomb in no time."

"You're a queer fish, Toole!" "Oh, we're the same breed of pups," the detective retorted, shifting the simile to suit his own vernacular. "I'm getting a punch out of this case because I am thinking some big, mysterious hand is working for big stakes against another big and mysterious hand. You're in it because you love the girl."

Bannister gripped the detective's arm. "Where do you think she is now?"

Toole smiled meekly. "I don't think that even her father could force her into hiding with all those queer things popping," he said.

"It wouldn't surprise me if that little pigeon flew in through one of these windows any minute."

"What could Karen—Miss Sire—do?"

"Well, after the way she worked that little business of the stiletto and the way she handled Brenda, we can only guess what she might do. If she knew that Jeff was at the Park Victoria with the stiff he stole from her father, I think she'd go after him."

Bannister took to his feet amazed. "Oh, sit down!" grunted Toole. "She has no way of knowing anything about Big Jeff. I'm pretty sure we've got that part of it secured up."

Bannister subsided. "It does look foolish," he admitted, "but I'll give a lot to know that she was in a safe place this minute."

"Stick around here for a while—she may call up. I'm going out and try to get a line on this prince."

If Matt Boyle had learned anything new of Prince Jura Bal or of his murderer he did not impart the information to any of the afternoon papers. So far as Bannister could see the case was at a tumultuous standstill.

Dick was on his way to the Park Victoria at four. Billy was with him, despite Toole's protests that live pets were barred from hotel rooms and that the animal probably would bark at the wrong time, spoiling their plans.

But the house detective at the hotel was complacent about the

dog and managed to smuggle him up to the suite hired by Toole, remarking that a woman who had some kind of a "drag" with the management had just taken rooms on the same floor. Insisting that her dog be permitted to remain with her. So far as he was concerned, he couldn't see why a woman with a chow was any better than a man with an alreale.

"A woman with a chow?" Bannister asked absently.

"Yes, and a man with an alreale."

"A woman with a chow and a man with an alreale," Bannister repeated, with a flicker of interest.

"Was it a red chow?" "Yes, a red chow."

"And was its collar set with green medallions?" "The collar was green, yes."

"The lady's hair—what color was that?"

"Same color as the chow's—almost matched. Wouldn't these dames knock you stiff?"

Bannister already had been "knocked stiff." There were thousands of chows in New York and thousands of red-haired ladies, just as there were innumerable tall men with brown hair and alreales with wire hair, but—

"Was the lady young and pretty—stunning, you might say?"

The house man straightened up with a jerk. "I thought you were here to help Toole get a line on Jeff Whipple," he said peevishly.

"Now, if you're going to be steered off by the rustle of skirts—"

"Snoring of the sort," interrupted Bannister hastily. "The information I'm asking for is right in line with the job."

"Well, the lady is young and certainly not hard on the eyes. Say, you've been shooting up, down and across—why didn't you ask for her name in the first place?"

"Her name?" repeated Bannister stupidly. "What is her name?"

The house man grinned. "She registered as Miss Amy Westcott, of Mamaronock, New York."

Bannister's jaw dropped. "But that ain't her name," the man went on.

"How do you know?" "She didn't spell Mamaronock right."

"Is she in her room now?" "Yes, but if I were you, I'd wait until Toole comes alone. You may be a bright enough fellow in your own way, but it looks to me as though you were somewhat of a ham as a detective."

With that, the house man walked out, leaving Bannister to digest the comment or burst, according to his choice. Dick, without volition, did the latter, summoning to the process many quaint and curious verbal explosives of extreme potency.

RAMBLINGS

OF THE
NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS

I HAVE been following along some of Douglas county's byways I scarcely knew existed. The most I had heard of them were vague rumors, based at that on a second hand hearsay—I never had taken the trouble to verify them. However, the roads were there all right, and I wish I could have seen them sooner; I would have been enjoying them just so much longer.

The trip was occasioned by a phone call from Fred Perry, state police officer in charge of game law enforcement for this district. He was making a patrol, he said, in the Rogue-Umpqua divide country, which would take him two-three days to cover, and would I like to come along. I told him I sure would, if he would guarantee me police protection from the wild animals and rattlesnakes of the district. This little detail satisfactorily arranged for, we left Roseburg in mid-morning and drove to Tiller, on the South Umpqua.

Crossing the river there we followed the Tiller-Trail highway to a point just this side of Drew—half a mile this side, I reckon it was—where we turned to the left and started the climb up the big divide which separates the watersheds of the South Umpqua and Rogue rivers. It was a real climb, and called for considerable leg gear work, and miles and miles and miles of intermediate. The road, however, has been freshly graded and was in excellent shape, and Fred's car negotiated it like nobody's business. Once and a while, later in the day, which was warm, it boiled a little, but that was only to show its mettle.

Surmounting the divide—one speaks hesitantly here, for even after this supposed accomplishment, the road shows continuous declines and ascents—we followed

it first to the southeast, then to the northeast, to Abbott Butte, which lies some ten miles west of Union creek, on an air line, and about eighteen or twenty, I suppose, by road. Retracing our way about three miles from this point, we swung to the south down the mountain and crossed the Rogue river at a beautiful camping spot six or seven miles below Union creek, where we stayed all night.

The next morning we pulled out for Diamond lake, via the Union creek cutoff. This highway now is a regular boulevard, having been given its finishing coat of oil macadam. The trip from Union creek is made in no time at all, it seems, over this fine road.

Arriving at the lake, we tarried there until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we retraced our course over the divide to Roseburg, arrived home five and a half hours later and having taken it easy all the way. This forest road, from the Crater Lake highway near Union creek to its connection with the Tiller-Trail cut-off below Drew, is in excellent shape, is easy to drive for a mountain road, and a remarkably interesting one to view.

Few people, generally speaking, know of the existence of this road, and fewer still travel it. It was built by the forest service people as an aid to their vast fire prevention program, and is maintained, during the fire season, by them.

In the fall of the year it is used by numerous hunting parties, who follow it to famous but hitherto inaccessible hunting grounds, where the deer wax sleek and fat in hundreds of brushy canyons. It is used by many berry picking outfits, who trek annually to great huckleberry fields located there; and to a certain extent by herders, men looking after large droves of cattle on summer range in the forest. However, its lonely days are over. More and more people will hear of its many interesting characteristics, and their curiosity will prompt them to explore its secrets.

(To be continued)

LETTERS from the People

Comments on the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

ROSEBURG CEMETERIES' CONDITION CRITICIZED

ROSEBURG, Ore., July 22.—Editor News-Review: With your permission I would like to write a few words concerning a subject which is of much interest to many of us. If I could, I would use language strong enough and in any form that would correct the conditions that exist in our Roseburg cemeteries.

It has been said that a city is judged by the way it honors its dead. If that be true, I could weep for the adverse criticism Roseburg would justly reap. Our own beautiful Roseburg, the city I love; the city Mr. Rose loved and praised for fifty-five years!

Some good people, I fear, would not locate here because our cemeteries are in such a state. Oh, maybe not, for there is a green spot in the west of one of our cemeteries where newcomers may be laid to rest; but we, of the pioneer families, must needs be content to let our loved ones lie beneath a mass of weeds.

The other day when I visited Mr. Rose's grave, the tears flowed unbidden because of the condition surrounding that grave, conditions over which I have not much control than does he who lies there asleep.

There is only one consolation for us whose loved ones are buried in the "old part." Weeds cannot really hurt the dead, and if we, ourselves, are fortunate enough to get to heaven we shall not be asked, "Did you come from the green spot or the weedy plot?"

MRS. A. O. ROSE.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Reveries.
5:00—Accordian Selections.
5:15—Five Spades.
5:30—Waltz Time.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Spanish Rhythm.
6:30—Bill Billies.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 24

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Morning Musicals.
9:20—The Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
10:00—Love Songs of Yesterday.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Ar-

4:00—Enrico Caruso.
4:15—Melody Matinee.
5:00—Concert Selections.
5:30—Mills Bros.
6:00—Morton Downey.
6:15—Organ Selections.
6:30—Hoosier Hot Shots.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

DRIVERS' EXAMS SET IN ROSEBURG

License examinations for applicants for drivers' permits will be conducted in Roseburg Tuesday and Wednesday, July 28 and 29, according to notice given by the office of the secretary of state. The examinations will be conducted by Glenn Hawn, examiner for the southern Oregon district.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 20 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

COMING

Eddie Scroggins AND HIS BAND

Monday, July 27th UMPQUA PARK

WHAT ARE OIL ROYALTY DEEDS? Hear "Investment for Income," KRRR, at 1:00 P. M. daily.

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