Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1878.

Represented by

WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN Co., Inc.

San Francisco—220 Bush Street. Los Angeles—433 South Spring Street. Seattle—603 Stewart Street. Chicago—360 North Michigan Ave. Detroit—323 Stephenson Bldg. New York—21 East 40th Street. Portland—Bedell Bldg.

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates

Daily, per year by mail	$4.00
Daily, 6 months by mail	2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail	1.00
Daily, single month by mail	.50
Daily, by carrier per month	.50

Maintenance Needed.

WHAT is the most traveled road in this county other than the main-line Pacific highway and the Coast highway? Traffic counts on such roads are not available, of course, but it is a safe bet that the road up the North Umpqua carries more traffic during the summer months than any other county road.

This is especially true this year for in addition to the unusually heavy tourist travel, the trucks of the Steamboat CCC camp and logging trucks add to the traffic on this road.

Such heavy traffic creates a maintenance problem. Under such circumstances it is not possible merely to run a grader over the road a few times in the spring and then let it go. Such procedure is fine for the less traveled roads but it will not work on the Umpqua road.

Right now that road needs attention. To the layman it seems as though the proper thing to do would be to give it a good coating of oil and then sprinkle it with fine crushed rock. Such a surface would keep the dust down and would prevent the traffic from kicking the whole surface off the road. In other words the road, if oiled, would not only be greatly improved for the benefit of our summer tourist visitors and other traffic up the river but it would actually be preserved against surface disintregation.

If the county has any money that can be expended for such maintenance, and only the county court can determine that, it would be well spent in surfacing our roadway to one of the greatest tourist attractions on the entire Pacific coast—the North Umpqua river recreational area.

Drifting.

JUST what is government? Is it a benevolent something or somebody carefully and tirelessly watching over and taking care of us? Is it an all powerful fabulously wealthy something-or-other capable of ordering our lives and providing for us if we are in need?

No, those are not silly questions. Millions of people have been led to believe—actually now do believe—in a general way that government, the government of the United States, is about as described in the second and third questions above.

Continuing the question and answer method: How did we get this way—that is, why do people look upon government in that way? A mean answer is that a federal administration has fostered such a philosophy, created such paternalism, in order to secure reelection.

That is not entirely correct. A tired and discouraged people developed its own philosophy of dependence but such development was encouraged rather than repulsed by the administration.

It is time that government be shoved back to where it really belongs in the American pattern of life. Our government was created to be and really should be merely the simplest possible machinery for permitting 126,000,000 people to live peaceably together in one country. We have drifted far from that ideal and it is dangerous.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

Neither, obviously, can be believed.

WHY these conflicting statements?

The answer is plain. They are made for propaganda purposes. The government wants everyone to believe it is winning easily and the rebels want to convey the same impression. It is human nature to side with the winner, and both sides want to be regarded as the WINNER.

So, having the power, they unhesitatingly poison the news.

IN THE MATTER of politics, American newspapers themselves are not free from the stain of propaganda.

A generation or so ago, Republican newspapers twisted practically all campaign news to favor their own purposes (and especially to make it appear that their candidates were winning in a walk) and Democratic newspapers did likewise. Distortion of political news was the accepted thing.

The result was loss of confidence in the newspapers, and in time this diminishing confidence forced better and more honest political reporting. At the present time, fortunately, American political reporting is reasonably fair and accurate.

In Europe, however, the idea that the press is merely a vehicle for propaganda is still widely held. That idea is back of these conflicting reports from Spain.

ADULT EDUCATION CLASSES SCHEDULED

Schedules of adult education classes were announced today from the local headquarters at the county school superintendent's office as follows:

Monday, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 p. m., dressmaking and sewing.

Tuesday, 2 to 5 p. m., rug making.

Tuesday, 7 to 10 p. m., dressmaking and sewing.

Wednesday, 2 to 5 p. m., dressmaking and sewing.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 2 to 4 p. m., lip reading.

Tuesday, 7 to 10 p. m., art.

Thursday, 7 to 10 p. m., leather tooling and wood carving.

Classes in dressmaking and sewing are held at 408 East Douglas street, while other classes meet at the county school superintendent's office in the courthouse. Any interested adults may enter any or all of the classes.

PRE-SCHOOL CLINIC DATED AT GLENDALE

GLENDALE, Ore., July 28.—With Dr. A. J. Fawcett in charge, and Miss Jane Moffatt, county health nurse, assisting, a pre-school and baby clinic will be held at the schoolhouse, Friday, July 31, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The clinic is for physical examination, also children may be vaccinated against smallpox, or have the toxoid for immunization against diphtheria for which there will be a small charge.

DR. MORSEY DATES 2 MEETINGS HERE

Dr. T. M. Morsey of Los Angeles will stop in Roseburg Wednesday and will hold a meeting of the Harvester Mission circle here Wednesday night at 8 p. m. at the South Methodist church, and one also Thursday evening at 9:30 o'clock. Dr. Morsey is the national president of the Harvester Mission circle. All members of the circle and friends are urged to attend these meetings and the public is cordially invited.

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

GLENDALE. — The Glendale Townsend club is calling a special meeting for Thursday night, July 30, at the city hall. Rev. J. D. Chappelle, of North Bend, Ore., who comes highly recommended as a Townsend speaker, will address the club. I. H. Smith, Glendale's delegate, who just returned from the national convention held at Cleveland, will be present and give his report of the convention. All members and the general public are cordially invited to be present.

MARKETS

PRODUCE

PORTLAND, July 28 — BUTTERFAT — Portland delivery, general price — A grade, delivered at least twice weekly, 38-39½c lb.; country routes 36-37½c lb.; B grade 34-35½c lb.; C grade at market.

B GRADE CREAM for market—Buying price, butterfat basis 53½c.

LIVE POULTRY — Portland delivery, buying price: Colored hens over 4½ lbs. 17-18c; colored springs 2 lbs. and up 16-18c; others unchanged.

CANTALOUPES—Yakima standards $1.25 crate.

Onions, new potatoes, wool and hay, steady and unchanged.

EGGS — Buying price of wholesalers: Extras 24c; standards 21c; extra mediums 20c; do mediums firsts 18c; undergrade 16c; pullets 14c dozen.

Cheese, country meats, mohair, cascara bark, hops, steady and unchanged.

WHEAT

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28—(AP) Wheat:

	Open	High	Low	Close
July	92¼	92½	92¼	92¼
Sept.	92¼	92¼	92¼	92¼
Dec.	92¼	92¼	92¼	92¼

Cash wheat: Big Bend bluestem, hard, $1.02; dark hard winter, 12 per cent $1.10; 12 per cent, $1.04; 11 per cent 98c; soft white, western white, northern spring, and western red, 92c; hard winter, 93c.

SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XX

Almost without a sound the men slid to the floor, the robed figure underneath. Not a snarl or a growl issued from the tense, vibrant huddle. In silent ferocity the combatants rolled across the floor, one to hold, the other to gain the advantage. The gray bulk writhed and strained; from within the hood a glitter of teeth and eyes flecked the darkness. Presently the robed bulk relaxed and settled inertly to the floor.

"Let him up, Bannister!" it was Toole's voice calling from the open window. He stepped down from the sill, lumbered across the room and threw on a light, revealing what looked like a sack of potatoes slung across his shoulder.

Bannister rose, drew his revolver and eyed the still prostrate figure of the man he had subdued. Toole relieved himself of his burden by casting it upon a lounge. Dick's late antagonist heaved up into a sitting position and pulled off his hood.

"Hello, Jeff!" greeted the detective.

Whipple got on his feet. "Ah, good morning, Mr. Toole!" he returned. "My voice is a bit hoarse, I fear. Your young friend has been quite rough with me." He rubbed the livid marks where Bannister had laced his fingers about his neck.

"It was a mistake to let you live," Dick retorted. He tapped his prisoner for a weapon but found nothing.

"I never carry firearms," Whipple explained.

"Not when you're calling on ladies," Bannister sneered. "I've a good mind to toss you over the balustrade, ghost robe and all. That rig is enough to scare the average girl to death."

"But I wasn't calling on an average girl," the man replied.

"Right!" said Bannister, withholding his wrath until he could expend it with better grace.

Toole raised his hand. "No more chatter, Jeff! I've got your little playmate here and we're going to have a private line-up. The best you can expect is a smack from this if you duck my questions or lie." He was dangling a blackjack in his right hand.

Bannister turned to inspect the squirming thing that Toole had thrown to the lounge. It was a whiffet of a man dressed in a gray knit suit, with sox and cap of the same material. He was doubled up and hogtied: a handkerchief, bound tightly across his mouth, accounted for his silence.

"My valet," Whipple volunteered.

"Valet, hell!" Toole snarled. "He's your killer. Carry him around in a trunk, boy?"

Bannister whistled. "So this is the weasel who killed the prince and stabbed Maurice Sire!"

Toole made no direct answer to this reasonable conjecture. "You can buy those rooms for a dime a dozen in the place Whipple comes from," he rejoined.

"Mr. Toole refers to Alexandria, Egypt," Whipple supplemented. The detective stepped over and removed the gag from the "valet's" mouth. A sibilant breath issued from the thin-lipped, crooked cavity.

"Where did you scotch that snake?" Bannister inquired.

"Oh, I caught him by the leg when he was following Jeff through the window." Toole drew a tri-cornered dagger from his pocket. "I had a hunch," he resumed, "that if we left this little instrument in the aquarium it would turn up sometime in the hands of its owner. Now we've got enough to burn 'em both, and maybe Brenda, too."

Whipple smiled. "Mr. Toole," he said suavely, "you must know by this time that Brenda and I have not been working together recently. Without wishing that lady any harm, I fear that she has been indiscreet enough to cause the death of the prince and the attempted assassination of my much esteemed friend, Maurice Sire." He calmly removed his robe and tossed it across a chair.

Bannister and Toole eyed him loathingly but allowed him to continue. "I had hoped to recover my property without violence," he went on coolly. "The lady in the Rose room used great finesse in separating me from it and I merely wished to reciprocate in the same considerate manner."

Dick picked up the gray robe and pulled a small rubber bag out of one of the pockets. From the bag he extracted a sodden handkerchief which permeated the air with chloroform. "You were going to drug a sleeping girl," he gritted.

Toole had untied a length of window cord that held his own prisoner's knees together. The man uncoiled his legs with a grunt of relief. Bannister gazed at him. He was small and slight, but lithe as a serpent. Even in his helpless position on the lounge there was something about him that breathed danger—the swift strike of a cobra. His face was brown, his nose beaked and thin, his eyes black beads of somber light. He skinned his teeth and snarled at Bannister.

"Look here, Whipple," Dick said suddenly, "why have you gone to all this trouble to get that snow leopard robe and the old parchments?"

A gleam of triumph came into Whipple's eyes and Toole looked chagrined at the question. The creature on the lounge writhed and a gargle of satisfaction escaped him. Evidently the question had given the prisoners an idea.

"We haven't examined the documents yet," Toole mumbled, casting a pained glance at his co-worker.

"You haven't got them!" Whipple shot back. "I see that we're both holding empty bags. Miss Sire worked with you two only long enough to get hold of my portfolio, then she double-crossed you. But I don't blame her for trying to keep the contents of those documents a secret. Any young woman in her place would do the same."

"Why?" Bannister thrust in, his heart in his mouth.

"You'll never learn that from me," Whipple replied easily.

Toole had put on his derby and taken a seat; now he permitted the blackjack to swing like a pendulum between his knees. "We'll get it from you or I'll gravel this floor with your teeth!" he snarled ferociously.

Whipple merely smiled.

Bannister began lacing on his boots.

The man who had met the threat of a blackjack without flinching paled when he saw the grim purpose of this by-play.

Dick stood up and pawed the carpet to secure a more perfect adjustment of the heavy boot. "Your dirty pooch!" he growled savagely. "You sneaked into Miss Sire's room with chloroform, bent on robbery and possibly murder. A minute ago you tried to betray your own accomplice, and followed that with an innuendo against a schoolgirl. You're going to turn up the information that Toole wants or I'm going to kick you, not once but as often as necessary to bring out the yellow streak in you. And now that I look at you closely, there is a yellow streak. You're some kind of a half-breed or quad!"

It was Whipple's very pallor that brought out this sudden observation. With the blood drained from his face, a slight but unmistakable tinge of yellow had come over it; not the swart brown of a southern European, but yellow—the color of the orient.

"Give it to him, Bannister!" snarled Toole.

Bannister seized the man by the shoulders and twisted him around. The heavy boot shot out and found its mark. "Now yelp, you yellow hound!" he growled. Dick stopped suddenly, wheeled and jerked the little revolver from his hip pocket, firing almost instantly. But the shot was not for Jeff Whipple. It was aimed at the snake-like figure of his accomplice, who had squirmed free from the cords and was reaching for the light switch.

A click followed the bark of the revolver, then, instant, impenetrable darkness. Bannister heard a crashing fall to the floor; in a split second a bolt hit him on the head and passed like an electric shock to his heels.

When Bannister regained consciousness his head was churning like a motor. Something warm and wet lapped his hand; through glazed eyes he saw Bully crouching on the floor beside him. He wondered stupidly how the animal had escaped from the ballroom. Faint amber streaks of light were touching the windows and sounds of traffic came up from the street.

Bring himself to a sitting posture he gazed giddily about him. Toole was sprawled on a divan, his face a fish-belly white, his jaws loose and drooling.

"What happened?" Bannister demanded.

Toole stirred and lifted his head. "Jeff got me with the chloroform and then crowned you with the blackjack," he managed to gasp.

Bannister dragged himself to a lounge and drew himself up.

"We're a fine pair of bozos," the detective groaned. "And me talking about benching that rookie for going to sleep. I'll have to get an axe and cut off my right arm—this is the third muff I've made with Jeff."

Dick looked at the clock. "We've been out about an hour. It's after five. Wonder why Jeff let me live? Funny nobody in the hotel heard the ruckus."

Toole staggered to his feet. "You nicked his little playmate with that shot," he said. "There's blood on the switch. There wasn't enough noise at that to wake anybody." He picked up the telephone. Bannister heard him mumbling but did not catch the words. In a little while the detective turned. "They've checked out—made a clean get-away," he continued gloomily.

Bannister rubbed the matted bump on his head. He was never nearer zero in his life. Fired by a great love he had enlisted in the work of solving the mystery that shrouded Karep Sire's life, but so far he had encountered nothing but defeat. He would not have been discouraged by the mauling he received from her enemies, but he could not surmount the obstacles the girl herself had thrown in his way. Yet, everything he had done against her express wish had been so stupid and bungled that it seemed to justify her lack of faith in him. Karen herself, acting independently, had shown superb resource, attended by success.

Dick's head was throbbing wearily from Jeff's terrific blow, while the after-effects of the drug had left Toole little better off. In a half hour they were receiving treatment at a private hospital. Bannister's skull had resisted a feared fracture and Toole's excellent physical condition helped him to a speedy recovery. When they left the hospital they felt almost fit.

"Suppose you get the Sire place on the phone," Bannister suggested. "Karen must be warned against Whipple. Of course, I can't talk to her again—she probably regards me as a crazy pest by this time."

Toole was more tenacious and phlegmatic; he was unhampered by a love complex; the work at hand was his trade. Yet he was not prepared for the next development. Emerging from a telephone booth, he gazed into his friend's woebegone face. "Miss Sire is sailing this morning at ten o'clock for Alexandria, Egypt," he announced. "She's on board the Thessalonia now."

"The dence!" For a moment Bannister contented himself with this futile exclamation. Then his mind became the theatre of a new drama. Karen Sire on her way to Egypt! And from Egypt where? To the land of the snow leopard? To the country of the slain prince, Jura Bai? Why this desperate haste?

He hailed a taxicab. "We'll talk on the way to the pier," he said hurriedly. "The Thessalonia sails in less than an hour; you may have a chance of seeing Karen before she goes."

"We probably have a better reason than that for catching the boat," Toole answered uneasily. "She isn't the only person in New York who's in a hurry to get away. Alexandria is Jeff's own stamping grounds. Besides, he knows that Miss Sire has the documents. Whatever use they are to her on the other side of the world are of the same use to him."

(To be continued)

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Half-heartedness and indifference is worth little in any line of life, and especially is it true in our religious lives. Religion is intended to take its place in the life of the whole man, and so touch and influence him at every point as nothing else in his life. If religion is not worth everything, it is worth nothing. If our religion is not the supreme thing, the one important and all-controlling thing in our lives, then it is just about nothing at all. This is not a new discovery. It was known by men thousands of years ago. The pity is we should ever have forgotten it. Help us, we pray thee, to put a deeper love and a holier purpose into our lives, in Jesus' name. Amen.

RAMBLINGS

OF THE
NEWS-REVIEW MAN
BY PAUL JENKINS

The summit section of the McKenzie Pass highway, lying between Sisters and Belknap Springs, is in the worst condition I have seen it for many years. The surface was washboarded, and it also has a loose covering of crushed rock which with this washboard condition makes for very treacherous driving. Likewise, it is dusty as the dickens. Dust rises in clouds from under passing cars, almost obscuring vision at times, and vegetation beside the road is drab from its heavy coating of drifted soil.

Nearly everyone drives slowly over this 20 or 25 mile stretch, and this is a wise precaution. It is extremely unnerving to brake down for a sharp curve and suddenly feel your car bounce three or four feet to the middle of the road, because of the washboard footing—particularly if you happen to be meeting another car there.

* * *

Last summer a CCC outfit tore down the old observation post at the summit, and commenced construction of a new one. They just got a good start at the work when, as so often happens in this country on such jobs, they quit, and left the place in a mess. What once was a sightly and highly interesting spot, now looks like something the cat dragged in.

* * *

What a shame it is that the North Umpqua route to Diamond lake isn't opened to automobile travel. A summer road, such as has been constructed in nearly every other portion of the state, would do, lacking a better one. Of course, one is projected there, and some work is being done, but it certainly isn't being pushed.

For all the good it does Douglas county, Diamond lake might as well be in California or Washington. Most of the cars seen there bear licenses from other states, and this is a reasonable situation, for it is just as easy for them to reach the lake, as it is for us to do so. It's a thundering long drive from Roseburg to the lake, by the way we have to go, and this is most annoying, when this beauty spot is practically in our back yard.

* * *

Fishing at Diamond hasn't been very good this season, according to reports which I suppose are reliable as it is possible for fish stories to be. However, it is better now than it has been, and enough fish are being caught to warrant Ed Walker's checking of licenses and catches. I haven't been able to hear of any place in the country where fishing really is good, if one takes the word of visitors who have tried to catch them some. I wouldn't be surprised if the fish have gone for a permanent walk.

Visitors at Diamond lake, pictured above in a Patterson photograph obtained at the lodge, have a mighty good time there, even if they don't get many fish. An excellent beach provides fine swimming, mountain trails afford hiking and horseback riding trips, great mountains are everywhere, to be viewed and climbed, and marvelous canyons and streams are nearby, to be explored. It is a fine playground readily accessible to everyone, except us folks here, next door to it.

* * *

I wonder where all the travelers visiting Diamond go, when they leave there. Surely not to Portland, by way of The Dalles-California highway, if traffic on that road last Sunday was any criterion. Most of them, I suppose, return home, if they live in California, by way of Klamath, Medford or Grants Pass, unless they swing on north over the Pacific or Coast highways. At any rate, the D.C. highway north of Bend was quiet as a country lane. Which was a great relief to me, after having threaded heavy traffic on the Pacific and Columbia river highways for several hundred miles.

KRNR PROGRAM
(1,500 Kilocycles)
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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—On the Shores of Italy.
4:30—The Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Matinee Idylls.
5:30—The Singing Troubadour.
5:45—Rovano the Operatic Tenor.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Richard Crooks.
6:30—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:45—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29
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—Salon Selections.
9:00—Guy Lombardo.
9:30—Tango Time.
10:00—Morton Downey.
10:15—Saw Turns.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Rovano the Operatic Tenor.
11:15—Love Songs of Today.
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Organ Concert, George Bauer soloist.
1:00—Investment For Income.
1:05—Heart Songs.
1:30—Lawrence Tibbett.
1:45—Marimba Orchestras.
2:00—Your Favorite Band Selections.
2:30—Sol Bright and His Holly Wallans.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:15—Ruth Royale.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Reveries.
5:00—Studio Music in Rhythm.
5:30—Accordion Selections.
5:45—Salon Program.
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 30
Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
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LETTERS from the People

Communications to 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.

SAYS NATION MUST DECIDE ON "INDEPENDENCE" ISSUE

Editor News-Review: Many of your editorials and those of Frank Jenkins brought forth a decided "Amen" as I read them. We are indeed at a deciding point in our national life. "To be or not to be, that is the question."

For almost four years we have seen the "new deal" in print and heard it talked about and we who are older have forgotten our history and have credited the "new" part, but is it new? In the third century when Diocletian became head of the Roman government he decided to remodel government and society and gave to the people the "Novae Tabulae," which means "New accounts" or "New Deal." What was the result?

This "New Deal" caused Rome's downfall as a nation and it has taken these almost seventeen centuries and a man of iron will and dictator's power to bring Rome to recognition as a national power again. But has she come back with a government that would suit us? Has she come back with a "government of the people, by the people, for the people"? Is it not rather a government of dictatorship, by a dictator for the conquest of nations?

Diocletian's government was one of alphabetical bureaucracy, of reckless expenditures for public buildings and enterprises of wholesale "relief."

Many ruins today bear witness to his reckless waste, but above all the wrecked government has shown what his "Novae Tabulae" could and did do.

We are coming to the time when as a nation we must decide whether we want to continue the Roosevelt "brain trust New Deal" till we, as Rome, have lost our standing as a nation and our independence as a people.

Have so many been "on relief" and lost their independence and pride that a continuance can and will be put over?

There are two yawning chasms awaiting us: One is fascism with its grinding dictatorship prohibiting any individualism of thought or action; the other is communism, where even the individual family is done away with and all right to individual choice in any phase of life is denied. One chasm is just as deep as the other. The mire at the bottom may affect the victim a bit different but let us as a free liberty loving people awake to our dangers which are many and avoid both chasms.

Our production has been cut down, our foodstuff destroyed, and it seems as if the very elements now are resenting it and exacting penalty. Our government is so deeply in debt now that we are slaves to those from whom we have borrowed. No, we as a people have not borrowed but we as a people must pay for what a reckless spendthrift administration borrowed.

Have we as a nation lost the power to think? Can't we, won't we, arouse ourselves and assert our individuality in the crisis upon us as a nation?

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

Oliver Goldsmith, author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," was held prisoner by his landlady while Dr. Samuel Johnson peddled the novel—and sold it for him.

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