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MARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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When a Bargain is Offered.
 THE publisher of a weekly news-
 paper in Pennsylvania, evident-
 ly troubled by the fact that some
 of the folks were too penurious to
 pay for a subscription, printed the
 following and tale:
 "We once knew a man who was
 too stingy to take the newspaper
 in his home town and always sent
 over to borrow his neighbor's pa-
 per.
 "One evening he sent his son
 over to borrow the paper, and
 while his son was on his way he
 ran into a large swarm of bees and
 in a few minutes his face looked
 like a summer squash.
 "Hearing the agonized cries of
 his son, the father ran to his as-
 sistance, and in doing so ran into
 a barbed wire fence, cutting a
 handful of flesh from his anatomy
 and ruining a \$4 pair of pants.
 "The old cow took advantage of
 the hole in the fence, got into the
 corn field and killed herself eat-
 ing green corn. Hearing the racket,
 the farmer's wife ran out of the
 house, upsetting a four-gallon
 churn full of cream into a basket
 of kittens and killed the whole
 flock. She slipped on the cream
 and fell downstairs, breaking her
 leg and a \$19 set of false teeth.
 The baby, left alone, crawled
 through the cream into the parlor
 and ruined a \$40 carpet. During
 the excitement, the daughter
 eloped with the hired man and
 took all the family's savings with
 her.
 "The moral is that every man
 should be a subscriber to his
 home paper."
 Luckily there is no need for
 anyone in Douglas county to run
 any of the above risks. The News-
 Review subscription bargain rates
 which are in effect this week
 (only) place the cost of a subscrip-
 tion so low that borrowing a paper
 should be unnecessary. To receive
 the News-Review daily by mail
 costs less than one cent a day. The
 subscription rates now being of-
 fered represent a saving of 25 per
 cent under the regular subscrip-
 tion price.
 But there is a slight catch in the
 subscription bargain offer—it lasts
 a very short time. Unless subscrib-
 ers take advantage of the bargain
 offer THIS WEEK it may be too
 late. So, to avoid the perils pointed
 out by the eastern editor, a brief
 word to the wise—take advantage
 quickly of bargains like this when
 they are offered.

Editorials on News
 (Continued from page 1.)

ing in the automobile industry.
 CONSIDER the typewriter and
 the adding machine.
 In 1860, there were no office ma-
 chines and all accounting was
 done by hand. In that year it took
 4269 clerks, bookkeepers, etc., for
 each million of population.
 In 1929, with typewriters, add-
 ing machines, cash registers and
 all the complicated machines now
 used in offices, the number of of-
 fice workers per million of popula-
 tion had increased to 42,805—or
 more than ten times.

NOW a word as to wages and the
 way they have been affected by
 machines.
 In 1879, there were 2,733,000
 wage earners in factories in this
 country, and they were paid \$245-
 000,000 in wages. In 1929, the num-
 ber of wage earners in factories
 was 8,822,000 and they were paid
 \$11,607,000,000.

That is to say, while the NUM-
 BER of wage earners in these 50
 years increased only three and one-

fourth times the WAGES PAID TO
 THEM increased twelve and one-
 fourth times.

DEMAGOGUE politicians shout
 to us from every house-top that
 under the American system condi-
 tions in this country have become
 steadily worse until NOW they
 are so bad that something DRAS-
 TIC must be done about it. By
 "something drastic" they mean
 overthrowing the American sys-
 tem under which we have lived and
 setting up something else in its
 place.

The FIGURES tell another story,
 proving that instead of getting
 worse conditions in this country
 (for EVERYBODY) have not steady-
 ly better, until today we all live
 far more easily and comfortably
 than our grandfathers and our
 great-grandfathers did.

IF WE are wise, we will study the
 figures FOR OURSELVES, and
 draw our own conclusions, instead
 of listening to the demagogues and
 accepting their honeyed words as
 gospel.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
 4:00—The Editor Views the
 News.
 4:15—Hill Billies.
 4:30—The Grab Bag Program.
 5:15—The Ford VS. Revue.
 5:30—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8
Morning Hours
 6:45—Early Birds.
 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
 7:30—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
 8:15—Viking Accordion Band.
 8:30—Famous Music.
 9:00—Municipal Dance Band.
 9:15—Richard Crooks.
 9:30—Paul Whiteman and His
 Orchestra.

10:00—Close Harmony Four.
 10:15—Jack Demarchant.
 10:30—Belle and Martha.
 10:35—Louis Katzman and His
 Orchestra.

11:00—Southern Oregon Gas Com-
 pany presents The Mystery
 Chief.
 11:15—Popular Stars.

Afternoon Hours
 12:15—Radio Music Store After-
 noon Concert.
 12:30—Chevrolet's Musical Mo-
 ments.
 12:45—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.

1:00—Frank Luther Trio.
 1:15—Sam Torms.
 1:30—Dean Rhodes "The Rhythm
 Man."

1:45—The Singing Troubadour.
 2:00—Victor Salon Orchestra.
 2:15—Italian National Band.
 2:30—Afternoon Musicals.
 3:00—The World Book Man.
 3:15—Hawaiian Melodies.
 3:30—Storyland.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
 4:15—Canyonville Community
 Program.
 4:45—The Grab Bag Program.
 5:30—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9
Morning Hours
 6:45—Early Birds.
 7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
 7:30—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.

7:45—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
 8:00—Hayden's Masterworks.
 8:30—Max Bendix Ensemble.
 8:45—Organ Selections.
 9:00—Oakland Community Pro-
 gram.

9:30—Down Memories Lane.
 10:00—Victor Young and His Or-
 chestra.
 10:30—Belle & Martha.
 10:35—Golden Voices.
 11:00—Alma From the Operas.
 11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours
 12:00—Radio Rendezvous.
 12:15—Denn & Gerstein Presents
 the Stationmaster.
 12:30—Hansen Motor Co.'s Musical
 Variety Program.

12:45—News-Review News Broad-
 cast.
 1:00—Myrtle Creek Community
 Program.
 1:20—Dean Rhodes "The Rhythm
 Man."

1:45—On the Shores of Italy.
 2:00—Hawaiian Melodies.
 2:30—Hill Billies.
 3:00—The World Book Man.
 3:10—Patsy Montana.
 3:30—Storyland.
 4:00—The Editor Views the
 News.

4:15—Songs Seldom Heard.
 4:30—The Grab Bag Program.
 5:30—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS
 Grace of speech and kindli-
 ness and courtesy in life and
 action must be the very essence
 of the Christian spirit. We can-
 not afford to be indifferent to
 these things if for nothing else
 than that they will be the ex-
 pressions of our Christian faith
 and principle that will most
 strongly tend to win men to the
 thing that we profess. Preval-
 ent never won any converts,
 no matter how worthy in him-
 self the spirit may have been
 that gave expression to them.
 We humbly pray, Dear Father,
 that we might be given a spirit
 of kindness and consideration.
 Forbid that we should speak our
 own words in place of words
 displaying a contentious spirit.
 Amen.

"After you, madame!"



"Cupid's Special" Reno Bound!



Something new in the way of all-expense air tours has been in-
 augurated by United Air Lines in the shape of a "Cupid's Special",
 for the benefit of impatient couples who wish to marry without wait-
 ing the three-day notification period required in many states. The
 trip will be made to Reno, Nev., best known for its divorce mil-
 activities, and will include expenses of marriage license, minis-
 fee, wedding dinner and bridal suite!

Browder Protests His Jailing



Earl Browder in jail

Although Terre Haute, Ind., police sought to halt a Communist party
 rally by arresting Earl Browder, Communist candidate for president,
 and jailing him, above, the Communists outwitted Police Chief James
 C. Yates when a Browder aide locked himself in a broadcasting room
 and made the speech anyway. Browder, jailed on charges of vag-
 rancy, protested that his constitutional rights had been violated
 and that free speech has been suppressed.

Country Club Ladies to Meet—
 Prize day will be held by the la-
 dies of the Country club for
 Thursday morning's golfing, which
 will open at nine o'clock. Potluch-
 luncheon will be served at noon
 and the afternoon will be spent in
 playing contract bridge.

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marion Sims

Chapter 42
 Carol took his hands and pulled
 them down to her lap. "Listen,
 Blake, and look at me. It won't
 make any difference unless we let
 it. I told you I was willing to
 fight it out beside you; that even
 a triangle didn't have to be too
 disgraceful. I've been expecting
 this from the beginning."
 "The muscles of his face relaxed
 slowly, until he smiled, wonder-
 ingly.

"Lord, what a baby you make
 me feel! You're more of a man
 than I'll ever be, and why on earth
 you should love me like this is
 beyond me. All I can do is marvel
 —and worship you!"

"Idiot! You're pretty well worth
 loving, since you ask me." He
 casual, she was commanding her-
 self; make him think it isn't im-
 portant enough even to talk about.
 She stood up and held out her
 hand to him. "Let's get a drink
 and see if that won't change the
 color of the world."

He extracted ice cubes with un-
 steady fingers, half drunk with the
 knowledge that she was willing to
 stand by him. He saw the situa-
 tion now as she had tried to paint
 it; painful and bitter, perhaps, but
 sweetened by a belief in ultimate
 success.

He put down his glass and smiled
 at her. "I haven't even asked
 about your trip home. How was
 it?"

"Almost perfect, considering the
 circumstances."
 "How was it?"

"Fine." She flushed. "I finally
 broke down and told him about
 you. I had to talk to somebody!"
 His face glowed. "Did he ap-
 prove?"

"Heartily. He says I'm to bring
 you to see them as soon as possi-
 ble, and that you sound like a
 grand guy."

"Nuts to you!"
 "Their tightness was false and
 perilous, with a throbbing under-
 current that might come to the sur-
 face in a breath. Blake glanced at his
 watch.

"Dinner time, precious. Get
 your hat." Before I devour you,
 he added in his head.
 But when dinner was over and
 they were back again in her living-
 room the lightness failed them.
 For all his discipline Blake felt
 the old hunger—more insatiable
 than ever, and because the wait-
 ing seemed endless now he had no
 hope to restrain him. He kissed
 her hotly, and knew that she un-
 derstood his hunger. His hands
 were caressing her and she made
 no move to withdraw.

She made her choice then, clear-
 ly and honestly. This is no way
 for us to live, she realized, feel-
 ing him tremble against her. A
 few months of this can destroy us.
 And I can't go away and leave him
 alone.

She sat up. "Blake..."
 Long afterwards, when he had
 gone, she sat at her dressing
 table with her chin in her hands,
 staring at her own reflection.

She rose and went to open the
 windows, and stood looking at
 the black star-dusted sky. Blake
 would be at home by now, and
 perhaps looking at the same sky—
 unless he had gone straight to sleep.
 She tried not to think of the time
 when he would not have to leave her,
 and to cling instead to all that she
 had of him now.

A quick, icy wind struck her,
 like a breath from the world of
 darkness, and she shivered and
 turned from the window. And then
 she stepped short. Someone was
 knocking softly upon her door.

She snapped on a light and hur-
 ried to the door, and Blake stum-
 bled into the room and stood, sway-
 ing. She thought incredulously:
 he's gone home and gotten drunk.
 What a queer thing to do...

He spoke faintly, shaping each
 word with great care, like a mule
 who has learned to talk.
 "Irma—has—killed—herself..."
 The icy wind swept her again,
 straight from the world of dark-
 ness. She put up her hand as if
 to shield her face, while an un-
 familiar voice whispered:

"No, Blake, no..."
 "She must have done it this af-
 ternoon. Long distance has been
 trying to find me since five o'clock."
 He rubbed a hand across his
 eyes as if to blot out a visual hor-
 ror, and shuddered once.

Five o'clock. Then all the time
 they were together Irma had been
 dead—because of her... She

laughed, and the sound was queer
 and mad.

"She chose the only possible way
 to keep us apart, didn't she? Real-
 ly it was terribly clever of her..."
 The sound faded and she heard her
 own teeth chattering.

She sat down, staring at the
 floor. He leaned his weight against
 the table and looked at nothing.
 "I have to go down there," he
 said to the floor. "There's a train
 in three hours."

"How—what did she do?"
 "Does it matter?"

He wanted to spare her what-
 ever horror he could. He didn't
 want her to see Irma as he would
 always see her, slashing her wrists
 with a razor blade, and perhaps
 smiling a small, secret, triumph-
 ant smile.

Their thoughts were stumbling
 along the same black path. Be-
 cause the suit was filed this morn-
 ing, they knew. Because she
 must have wired or phoned his
 lawyer to know if he had been in
 earnest, and found that he was.
 Because she had to defeat them,
 even with her life; she had to have
 the center of the stage—the last
 word...

Blake moved restlessly, like a
 man struggling to escape the coils
 of nightmare, and looked at her.

"She left a note," he muttered,
 "but thank God she put all the
 blame on me. I made them read it
 to me..."

Irma had been content, then, to
 take half her revenge in secret.
 Her vanity had lived as long as
 she; had forbidden her to tell an
 avid world that another woman
 had beaten her.

Blake made a heroic effort to
 pull himself together. "I'll have to
 go now. Have you any sort of
 sedative here?"

She lifted her head as if it car-
 ried a great weight. "No. It
 doesn't matter..."
 "Will you phone a drug store
 and have them send you some-
 thing?"

"Yes..."
 She stood up and held out his
 coat, as if she passed it across a
 chasm, and he took it without a
 word. He made no move to touch
 her, but his eyes were sick with
 pity and love. He said brokenly:

"Carol—you won't go away?
 You'll be here when I get back?"
 She realized that flight would
 surely damn her if she was not
 already damned. Only the guilty
 fled before they were accused.

"Yes, I'll be here. But you can't
 come and see me."
 "I'll arrange it—somehow."

His eyes compelled her, and she
 met them finally, and read in them
 all the things he could not tell her.
 The measure of his own suffering
 pierced her so that she went to
 him and gave him her hands.

"I'll be there, Blake, every min-
 ute. If that helps any."
 He lifted the hands and kissed
 them slowly. "It's the one thing
 that will help. It's what I've been
 praying to hear and couldn't ask
 you to say."

He went out, closing the door
 softly behind him.

She made herself read the morn-
 ing paper, and realized that it
 had been kind. The story was rele-
 gated to the inside pages. Mrs.
 Thornton, the account said gener-
 ously, had been in bad health; she
 was in Florida for that reason...

She dropped the paper and went
 to make coffee. Her mind was mer-
 cifully numb, so that she felt noth-
 ing—not even misery. The only
 sensations of which she was con-
 scious were a dull headache and a
 strained feeling about her eyes
 that came from sleeplessness.

The telephone clattered and she
 looked slowly towards it, wonder-
 ing if she could bear to answer it.
 And then she knew she had to.

The voice over the wire was Cor-
 nellia's; crisp and matter-of-fact.
 "Carol?"
 "Yes."

"I wondered if you'd have din-
 ner with me tonight? Either at
 home or uptown?"
 She knew then that Cornellia
 had read the paper, and that Cor-
 nellia's swift mind had grasped a
 great deal that had been unsaid.
 And she knew that Cornellia's in-
 terest was far more than morbid
 curiosity; Cornellia's contempt for
 gossip and personalities amounted
 almost to loathing.

She said: "I'd love it—but please
 come here instead." Where I won't
 have to see people, and wonder if
 they know...

(To be continued)

Watkins goods. 129 W. Lane.
 Adv.

One Word Led To Another



By
Bugs Baer

Chauffeurs and Cops are Pals.
 New York City started some-
 thing good when it honored its taxi
 drivers this summer. Police head-
 quarters gave them medals and
 cash for meritorious conduct in
 preserving a neat blend of law
 and order.

When you come to think of
 it, twenty thousand taxi
 jockeys ain't a bad army to
 have on your side. Like the
 three wise monkeys of Japan,
 they see all, hear all and tell
 the teacher.

We'll take the case of George
 Winick who drove a covered wa-
 gon on the metropolitan rabbit
 runs. George left his taxicab to
 help a blind man cross the street.
 Coming back George was struck
 by another motor car and killed.
 You can't square things like that
 with money, but police headquar-
 ters wanted his family to have
 something more concrete than fine
 words. Headquarters gave \$250 to
 George's sister, Martha.

Al Musgrif was killed when
 racketeers strong-armed him
 in his cab. Al had to go along
 or be bumped off. The result
 was he was killed in a fight
 between the police and the
 gangsters. His mother got
 the certificate of merit and
 \$250.

There is something about read-
 ing that brings the old Idaho
 potato up in your throat. The
 awards were made on a hot day
 when traffic policemen's tempers
 are short and taxi drivers are ir-
 ritable, hot and sarcastic.

It shows it ain't a bad town
 after all, and that both cops
 and jockeys are fellows who
 are doing the best they can.
 These awards and citations
 mean more for welfare and
 goodwill than the million silk
 hats on city hall steps.

Guess we know about every
 taxi driver in New York and there
 ain't one that ain't a good man.
 The same goes for the cops, even
 though they do give the boys the
 worst of it once in a while. But
 anybody is going to be short-tem-
 pered after eight hours on his
 feet.

Citations and cash ain't
 bringing anybody to life again.
 But it shows that the sacri-
 fice has been appreciated and
 the cops realize that a taxi
 driver has to carry any pass-
 enger who has the price.

Jay Fawcett Humby was one of
 the toughest highjackers in the
 racket when it came to sticking
 up banks. Humby always had an
 innocent jockey as his accomplice.
 He drove up to the bank in a taxi
 and kept it waiting with the mo-
 tor running. It took a lot of ex-
 planing for a jockey to talk his
 way out of a jam like that.

Anyway, we are glad to see
 that the age of miracles ain't
 past and that the whistles and
 the horns are playing a har-
 monious duet.

**MEDICAL SCHOOL
 QUOTA IS FILLED**

PORTLAND, Oct. 7.—(AP)—The
 1936-37 quota for the University of
 Oregon medical school was filled
 with the registration of 62 new stu-
 dents, Dr. R. B. Delehenn, dean,
 announced yesterday. More than
 100 applied for admission. Enroll-
 ment for the year is 249.

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