Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Slow Campaign.

THE most important presidential election in this century seems to be arousing about as much interest locally as that aroused by a minor league baseball game. There are a few campaign buttons in evidence. There is some discussion heard in public places. But in the main, election day draws near without as much anticipation as is usually felt prior to a championship prizefight.

The local campaigns are equally colorless. There may be some good reasons for quiet on the part of many local candidates. Things are somewhat mixed up. We see Townsend endorsed republican candidates appearing on the same "ticket" with the democrat Mahoney, and apparently endorsing his campaign. We see life-long democrats working hard for Senator McNary.

Then there is the case of the republican county central committee. Is it, or is it not also a Townsend central committee? The Townsend endorsement ticket contains the name of only one county democrat candidate. The rest of the locals are republicans, but the ticket is headed by Mahoney! Are the Townsend endorsed local republicans in turn giving their support to the Democrat Mahoney against Senator Chas. L. McNary? They should make this point clear.

No wonder the local campaign is unusually quiet.

Next week the News-Review will, in this column, indulge in a discussion of the candidates listed on the ballot—national, state and local—not that this newspaper has any desire whatever to influence any votes, for it cares not a hoot how anyone may vote; but its opinions will be presented for whatever interest they might be to its readers.

Prune Market.

THE work of the Oregon Prune Control board will be useless unless prune growers of this and other prune growing districts of the state pay attention to the prices set by the board and sell their prunes on the basis of those prices.

Reports from the federal-state market news service in Sacramento this week make this statement: "The dried prune market in the central part of the Sacramento valley strengthened during the week ending October 20 under an improved demand for grower holdings. A fair volume of sales was reported, particularly in the Yuba City district, although many growers continued to hold firmly for prices somewhat above current offers. Reports indicate that a large part of the crop . . . has been sold, but that only a small part has been released at firm prices at Colusa. With some packers not offering to buy on October 20, quotations to growers in the central part of the valley ranged from 3c to 3 1-8c basis for all sizes from 31 to 101, as compared with 2½c to 3c basis a week earlier."

This it appears that the assertions reported made by buyers in this area this week to the effect that the market is going down are "greatly exaggerated."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

torious Hole-in-the-Wall country in Montana was swept out and cleaned up. Each wave of bad men had to be tamed by the better element, and the bulk of the taming, as Joe tells it, was done with a six gun.

It is a thrilling saga, fit subject for campfires in the wide open spaces.

THESE bad men lived hard and they died hard.

One of them (Glaize by name) walked one day into a saloon in Burns. The ingrained caution of the outlaw sat hard upon him, and he entered furtively, turning his back to no open doors and carefully avoiding windows. He walked up to the bar and ordered a drink, and when it was poured he raised the glass to his lips. It was then that retribution overtook him.

Two doors opened, one to the right of him and one to the rear, and from each a six gun roared as he whirled at the sound. Still holding the glass in his left hand, he reached for his own gun with his right, brought it into action, firing twice from the hip, each shot dropping an assailant.

Then he sank to the floor. Each of the shots fired at him had pierced his heart, but the hot life within him refused to be stilled until he had struck back.

TWO cowboys quarreled over a calf.

The quarrel was settled thus: They took a handkerchief, knotted its corners to form a ring and with their left hands each grasped the knotted bit of cloth. In their free right hands they held their knives. Standing thus, toe to toe, they fought it out.

When it ended, both were dead.

AMONG the big cattle outfits, there was a flaming loyalty. If you worked for a man, you were his man. If he quarreled, you backed his quarrel—with your life if need be.

If he called upon you to "side" him, you sided him, winning with him or dying with him. Unless, that is, he chose to settle his quarrel alone. In that event, you stood by to see that nobody interfered.

Such was the code of the country.

ONE by one, the bad men died—practically all of them with their boots on. In Southeastern Oregon, as elsewhere through the West, the solid better element, slow at first to wrath, seeking only to be left alone to build a future for themselves by hard work and careful planning, took the situation into their capable hands when conditions became unbearable. The bad men were bad and tough, but when they got their dander up the good men were TOUGHER.

It is thus that civilizations are built.

IT IS a fascinating tale, this saga of the Southeastern Oregon country, and if you would hear it at its best get Joe started some night out in the sagebrush country, with a mahogany wood fire glowing and the stars looking down out of a cloudless sky and the coyotes howling out on the rim rocks.

It will be worth your while.

HUSBAND ALLEGES DESERTION IN SUIT

Suit for divorce was filed in the circuit court here today by William C. Smith against Helen Smith on allegations of desertion. They were married May 5, 1931, at Everett, Washington. The plaintiff is represented by Attorney Ray H. Compton.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.
Phoebe M. Long, plaintiff, vs. Ora Long, defendant.

To Ora Long, defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer plaintiff's complaint filed against you in the above court on or before four weeks from date of first publication hereof or plaintiff will take a decree as prayed for therein, a succinct statement of which is: For a divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony. The time fixed by order of the above court in which you are required to answer said complaint is on or before four weeks from date of first publication of this Summons which is served upon you by publication by order of the above court made and entered, and the court by its order directed this Summons to be published for a period of one a week for four consecutive weeks in the Roseburg News-Review, a daily newspaper published at Roseburg, Oregon. Date of first publication of this Summons October 17, 1936.

LONG, LONG AND HARTWIG,
Attorneys for plaintiff.
Address: Roseburg, Oregon.

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Prayer seems many-sided, but really there are only two sides, communion and commission. The rest are phases of these two. These are the two heartbeats of the prayer life. And a heart has to keep beating in two directions or death ensues. All communion without commission—death. All commission without communion—death. The two together—Life. First there is communion and anyone who neglects communion with God will find his spiritual life fading out. Also he who neglects commission will likewise dim his spiritual life, empty closet, empty heart, empty hands. Our Christ, who didst by Thy example show us the source of power, give to us the will to use Thy power, and pass it on to

HUNTING, FISHING POOR IN DRY SPELL

Deer hunting has been very "dear hunting" on the Umpqua along with other sections of the state this season due to the extremely dry period which has prevailed. While there are quite a number of hunters in the Tiller country, very few kills are being made, says the weekly recreational bulletin from the forest service headquarters here. The bulletin continues:

Fishing: The streams of the forest are yielding very few fish due to the low water at this time. A few steelhead are being taken in the North Umpqua between Glide and Steamboat on spinners and flies but the fishing is not considered good. Red and white hair flies are giving the best success. The majority of spinner fishermen are using the brass and nickel spoons.

Fire hazards: The fire restrictions both within and without the forests of the state have not yet been lifted and probably will not be until the rains set in, because of the very unusual hazard that now exists. This means that the following forest rules still prevail: (1) No smoking while traveling. (2) Camp fire permits are still required for all camps except those which are highly improved and attended by caretakers. (3) All camping parties must carry a shovel, axe, and water bucket.

This is the final recreational information that the office of the Umpqua National forest will regularly release this season. We hope that these bulletins have been of at least some value to sportsmen and others who have gone into the forest areas during the past summer, and we trust that the next season will see the reappearance of this bulletin in possibly even more newsy form. We realize that much of the information given during the past season has been of too general a nature to be worth a very great lot, but many times it was just about the best that could be supplied at the time. The office of the Umpqua forest, or the Roseburg chamber of commerce, will very much appreciate suggestions from the public as to how this bulletin can be made more useful to the people who read it. We again wish to express appreciation to the hunting and fishing public for the generally good cooperation which has been received during the season just closing. We have had some very excellent help from certain individuals in the way of fire cooperation and information and we take this means in expressing appreciation for it.

KRNR PROGRAM
(1,000 Kilocycles)
SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25

Morning Hours
8:30—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Jehovah's Witnesses Present Judge Rutherford.
9:05—Program Dedicated to Veterans Faculty.
9:30—Old Time Fiddling With Ernie Crane.
10:00—Wanda Armour at the Organ.
10:30—Sunday Concert, Pearl Rose Robinson.
11:00—Baptist Church Services.

Afternoon Hours
12:00—Dorana Ensemble.
12:15—Popular Band Selections.
12:30—Real Americans.
1:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents Max Dolan and His Salon Orchestra.
1:15—Sunday Sermon, Rev. E. R. Foreman.
1:30—Music Appreciation Hour.
2:00—Hansen Motor Co. Program.
2:15—John McCormack.
2:30—Concert Arrangements.
3:00—Gwen Rose Zenor.
3:15—String Ensembles.
3:30—Sol Wright and His Holly Waltons.
4:00—Popular Dance Time.
5:00—Sign Off.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26

Morning Hours
6:15—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—E. W. Kirkpatrick, Democratic Speaker.
8:00—Salon Selections.
8:30—Sacred Selections.
8:45—Dorane Ensemble.
9:00—Oakland Community Program.
9:30—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra.
10:00—Evening Airs.
10:15—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
11:30—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours
12:00—The Ford V-8 Revue.
12:15—Good Afternoon, J. M. Judd.
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Musical Variety Program.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—E. W. Kirkpatrick, Democratic Speaker.
1:15—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:45—Dean Rhodes.
2:00—Popular Band Selections.
2:30—New York Symphony Orchestra.
2:45—Feodor Chaliapan.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:10—Famous Music.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Georges Thill.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Ambrose and His Orchestra.
4:30—The Grab Bag Program.
5:30—Sign Off.

THE BIG FOUR
A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XII

Our inquiries necessarily went over old ground, and we learnt little to add to what Mrs. Halliday had already told us. Poirot had a lengthy interview with Professor Bourgoneau, during which he sought to elicit whether Halliday had mentioned any plan of his own for the evening, but we drew a complete blank.

Our next source of information was the famous Madame Olivier. I was quite excited as we mounted the steps of her villa at Passy. It has always seemed to me extraordinary that a woman should go so far in the scientific world. I should have thought a purely masculine brain was needed for such work.

The door was opened by a young lad of seventeen or thereabouts, who reminded me vaguely of an acolyte, so ritualistic was his manner. Poirot had taken the trouble to arrange our interview beforehand, as he knew Madame Olivier never received any one without an appointment, being immersed in research work most of the day.

We were shown into a small salon, and presently the mistress of the house came to us there. Madame Olivier was a very tall woman, her tallness accentuated by the long white overall she wore, and a coif like a nun's that shrouded her head. She had a long pale face, burnt with a light almost fanatical. She looked more like a priestess of old than a modern Frenchwoman. One cheek was disfigured by a scar, and I remembered that her husband and coworker had been killed in an explosion in the laboratory three years before, and that she herself had been terribly burned. Ever since then she had shut herself away from the world, and plunged with fiery energy into the work of scientific research. She received us with cold politeness.

"I have been interviewed by the police many times, messieurs. I think it hardly likely that I can help you, since I have not been able to help them."

"Madame, it is possible that I shall not ask you quite the same questions. To begin with, of what did you talk together, you and M. Halliday?"

She looked a trifle surprised.

"But of his work! His work—and also mine."

"Did he mention to you the theories he had embodied recently in his paper read before the British association?"

"Certainly he did. It was chiefly of those we spoke."

"His ideas were somewhat fantastic, were they not?" asked Poirot carelessly.

"Some people have thought so. I do not agree."

"You considered them practicable?"

"Perfectly practicable. My own line of research has been somewhat similar, though not undertaken with the same end in view. I have been investigating the gamma rays emitted by the substance usually known as radium C, a product of radium emanation, and in doing so I have come across very interesting magnetical phenomena. Indeed, I have a theory as to the actual nature of the force we call magnetism, but it is not yet time for my discoveries to be given to the world. Mr. Halliday's experiments and views were exceedingly interesting to me."

Poirot nodded. Then he asked a question which surprised me.

"Madame, where did you converse on these topics. In here?"

"No, monsieur. In the laboratory."

"May I see it?"

"Certainly."

She led the way to the door from which she had entered. It opened on a small passage. We passed through two doors and found ourselves in the big laboratory, with its array of beakers and crucibles and a hundred appliances of which I did not even know the names. There were two occupants, both busy with some experiment. Madame Olivier introduced them.

"Mademoiselle Claude, one of my assistants." A tall, serious-faced young girl bowed to us. "Monsieur Henri, an old and trusted friend."

The young man, short and dark, bowed jerkily.

Poirot looked round him. There were two other doors besides the one by which we had entered. One, madame explained, led into the garden, the other into a smaller chamber also devoted to research. Poirot took all this in, then declared himself ready to return to the salon.

"Madame, were you alone with M. Halliday during your interview?"

"Yes, monsieur. My two assistants were in the smaller room next door."

"Could your conversation be overheard—by them or any one else?"

Madame reflected, then shook her head.

"I do not think so. I am almost sure it could not. The doors were all shut."

"Could any one have been concealed in the room?"

"There is the big cupboard in the corner—but the idea is absurd."

"Ah! You think so, madame? One thing more: did M. Halliday make any mention of his plans for the evening?"

"He said nothing whatever, monsieur."

"I thank you, madame, and I apologize for disturbing you. Pray do not trouble—we can find our way out."

We stepped out into the hall. A lady was just entering the front door as we did so. She ran quickly up the stairs, and I was left with an impression of the heavy mourning that denotes a French widow.

"A most unusual type of woman, that," remarked Poirot, as we walked away.

"Madame Olivier? Yes, she—"

"Mais non, not Madame Olivier. That is obvious! There are not many geniuses of her stamp in the world. No, I referred to the other lady—the lady on the stairs."

"I didn't see her face," I said, staring. "And I hardly see how you could have done so. She never looked at us."

"That is why I said she was an unusual type," said Poirot placidly. "A woman who enters her home—for I presume that it is her home since she enters with a key—and runs straight upstairs without even looking at two strange visitors in the hall to see who they are, is a very unusual type of woman—quite unnatural, in fact. Mille tonnerres! what is that?"

He dragged me back—just in time. A tree had crashed down on to the side walk, just missing us. Poirot stared at it, pale and upset.

"It was a near thing that! But clumsy, all the same—for I had no suspicion, at least hardly any suspicion. Yes, but for my quick eyes, the eyes of a cat, Hercule Poirot might now be crushed out of existence—a terrible calamity for the world. And you, too, mon ami—though that would not be such a national catastrophe."

"Thank you," I said coldly. "And what are we going to do now?"

"Do?" cried Poirot. "We are going to think. Yes, here and now, we are going to exercise our little gray cells. This M. Halliday now, was he really in Paris? Yes, for Professor Bourgoneau, who knows him, saw and talked to him."

"What on earth are you driving at?" I cried.

"That was Friday morning. He was last seen at eleven Friday night—but was he seen then?"

"The porter—"

"A night porter—who had not previously seen Halliday. A man comes in, sufficiently like Halliday—we may trust Number Four for that—asks for letters, goes upstairs, packs a small suit-case, and slips out the next morning. Nobody saw Halliday all that evening—no, because he was already in the hands of his enemies. Was it Halliday whom Madame Olivier received? Yes, for though she did not know him by sight, an impostor could hardly deceive her on her own special subject. He came here, he had his interview, he left. What happened next?"

Seizing me by the arm, Poirot was fairly dragging me back to the villa.

"Now, mon ami, imagine that it is the day after the disappearance, and that we are tracking footprints. You love footprints, do you not? See—here they go, a man's. Mr. Halliday's. . . . . He turns to the right as we did, he walks briskly—ah! other footsteps following behind—very quickly—small footsteps, a woman's. See, she catches up to him, a slim young woman, in a widow's veil. 'Pardon, monsieur, Madame Olivier desires that I recall you.' He stops, he turns. Now where would the young woman take him? She does not wish to be seen walking with him. Is it coincidence that she catches up with him just where a narrow alleyway opens, dividing two gardens. She leads him down it. 'It is shorter this way, monsieur.' On the right is the garden of Madame Olivier's villa, on the left the garden of another villa—and from that garden, mark you, the tree fell—so nearly on us. Garden doors from both open on the alley. The ambush is there. Men pour out, overpower him, and carry him into the strange villa."

"Good gracious, Poirot," I cried, "are you pretending to see all this?"

"I see it with the eyes of the mind, mon ami. So, and only so, could it have happened. Come, let us go back to the house."

(To be continued)

Stock and Bond Averages

STOCKS

Oct. 24
Compiled by The Associated Press.

	50 Ind'ls	15 RR's	15 Ut's	60 Stks
Today	94.7	42.0	53.2	71.1
Prev. day	94.6	42.1	53.3	71.1
Month ago	90.2	40.7	59.0	67.9
Year ago	72.8	25.2	41.9	52.9
1936 high	95.5	43.5	53.4	71.7
1936 low	73.4	30.2	42.4	55.7
1935 high	76.3	31.2	44.7	56.1
1935 low	49.5	18.5	21.6	34.8

BONDS

	20 RR's	10 Ind'ls	10 Ut's	10 Fgn.
Today	97.1	103.9	102.6	70.1
Prev. day	97.1	103.9	102.6	70.5
Month ago	96.8	103.1	102.5	69.5
Year ago	81.7	100.0	98.1	68.2
1936 high	97.9	104.1	103.1	72.0
1936 low	86.9	101.8	99.3	67.6
1935 high	87.8	102.2	99.8	70.1
1935 low	76.4	92.2	84.5	65.5

Miss Helen Nelson, factory representative of the Easy Washing Machine company will demonstrate Easy Ironer daily at the California Oregon Power company sales rooms from 2 to 5 p. m., October 26 to 31, inclusive. Let Miss Nelson solve your ironing problems the EASY WAY. There will be given a useful gift to each lady attending the demonstration.—Adv.

WATKINS GOODS. 129 W. Lane.—Adv.

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that costs no more
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Corner Oak and Stephens in Spaugh Bldg.

Local News

Here Friday—Mrs. S. G. Sellick, of Eugene formerly of this city, spent Friday here attending to business and visiting friends.

Go to Game — W. M. Campbell and son, McAfee, and Homer Grow went to Eugene today for the football game.

To Visit At Home — Miss Jane Irving, teacher at Canby, Ore., is spending the week-end visiting her mother at Wilbur.

Stops Here—Joseph Campbell, CCC assistant educational advisor at Medford, stopped here today to visit friends en route to Portland.

Leave for California—Mrs. Kate Neato is leaving today for Oakland, Calif., where she will visit her nephew, Dale Starr, for several weeks.

Visiting in Washington — Mr. and Mrs. G. Peppler, of Winston, have been spending the past several weeks visiting their children in Washington.

Attend Game — Judge and Mrs. Carl Wimberly and Fanny Lu, Lee and Carl Wimberly, Jr., and Charles Church are in Eugene today to attend the football game.

Back From San Francisco—Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Fullerton have returned to their home on Vista avenue, after spending the past week in San Francisco on business.

On Vacation—Katherine Hennigh, employee at the local telephone office, is leaving today on her vacation. She plans to spend some time in Portland and other points visiting.

Buy Home — The Albertus family has purchased the Solnicka residence at Coos Junction and are planning to take possession soon. Mr. and Mrs. Solnicka and family are building a new home.

Visiting from Coast — Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Helliwell and son, James Dexter, of Marshfield, are visiting here at the home of Mrs. Helliwell's parents, Attorney and Mrs. Dexter Rice, on South Kane street.

To Be Back in Office Monday—Dr. R. L. Dunn will return to his office in the Douglas hotel building Monday morning, after spending the past several days hunting with A. D. Klingler in the southern part of the county.

Visit in Coquille — Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smith have returned to their home after spending a short time at the coast and stopping over in Coquille to visit Mr. and Mrs. Fred Martin. Mrs. Martin was formerly Fern Fletcher. Mr. Martin is a brother of Mrs. Smith.

Reported Improved—Mrs. C. J. Schloeman, of this city, who underwent a major operation a week ago in Eugene, is reported to be doing nicely. Mr. Schloeman and son, Melvin, and Mr. and Mrs. Simmons and daughter, of this city, plan to spend tomorrow in Eugene with Mrs. Schloeman.

To Attend Game — Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Reeves and twin sons, Teddy and Freddy, left today for Eugene to attend the football game and will then go to Portland to spend the week-end with the former's parens, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Reeves. Mr. Reeves is manager of the Western States wholesale grocers in this city.

Dr. R. J. Lockwood
CHIROPRACTOR
312 E. Cass St.
Phone 445-R

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Cowboy Evangelist Dated in Roseburg

Leonard Eilers

Leonard Eilers, cowboy evangelist of Burbank, California, will begin an eighteen-day mission in the First Baptist church, Roseburg, on November 4th. Mr. Eilers is no drugstore cowboy, having spent some ten years on one of the big ranches in Wyoming, five years in moving pictures, and is now, as he says, riding the range for God, says J. R. Turnbull, pastor. Mr. Eilers is a graduate of the Los Angeles Bible institute, which he attended after leaving the movies in order to fit himself for his life work. Mr. Eilers is an expert trick roper, and occasionally uses the rope for the amusement and edification of the youngsters. He can make a rope preach a sermon. He plays the guitar and mouthorgan.

Dr. Stewart P. MacLennan, of the First Presbyterian church, of Hollywood, says of him: "Leonard Eilers is a young man of unusual consecration. He has a veritable passion to serve Christ, and turn men and women to a saving knowledge of His grace." A Salt Lake City pastor says: "Mr. Eilers has a message, couched in the language of the range, which is both attractive and effective."

Pastor Turnbull, who knows Mr. Eilers intimately, says: "The originality of the presentation of the old Gospel, illuminated so effectively with parables of the range and incidents from varied experiences, arouses an intense interest and drives home the truth in a soul gripping way." He says further that Mr. Eilers has nothing of the commercial evangelist about him, and never talks about money, as far as any remuneration for himself is concerned. He certainly draws the young folks and makes a particular appeal to the teen age.

Visiting in Vancouver — Mrs. Robert L. Irving, of Wilbur, has left for Vancouver, Wash., to visit relatives and friends for a few days.

Back from San Francisco — Mrs. August Schloeman has returned to her home in this city, after spending the past several weeks visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Vote for
ROY AGEE
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY CLERK
of Douglas County
and for a continuance of efficient and courteous service.
General Election, November 3, 1936
Pd. Adv.

VOTE FOR
PERCY A. WEBB
Republican Candidate
For Sheriff
NOVEMBER 3, 1936
A vote for Percy A. Webb is a vote for Ability, Experience and Responsibility.
Place this responsible office in the hands of a capable man who will handle the collection of a million dollars per year in Taxes and Fees, as well as the job of law enforcement, in a thoroughly capable and efficient manner. (Paid political ad.)

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