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What Will They Do?

WHAT has become, in this campaign, of the men known how deal brain frusters? Where is Rexford Guy Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter, Raymond Moley and some of the others? Why do not they, the brains behind the throne, come forward and make speeches giving the voters at least a hint of what the new deal will be if and when it is approved by the voters Tuesday?

Those are the men who have aided and advised the president in framing his policies in the past. Nothing has been promised by the president, or his platform, or those who have been speaking in behalf of his campaign, other than that the economic royalists would be smashed.

Voters are asked to re-elect Roosevelt mostly because of a really glorious personality and a winning smile. The policies of the future, the promises and predictions for the next four years seem based solely upon the contention that the pump has been primed, prosperity is here, so do nothing to disturb it.

The pump has not been primed. The prosperity when reckoned in terms of actual industrial employment is slight indeed. Billions have been spent, millions are still on relief, labor troubles abound. It is true that the emergency measures of the new deal have been successful in keeping people from hunger. Quick and vigorous action was compelled by the emergency of the depths of the depression. That Roosevelt had the courage and the initiative to meet the emergency is certainly praiseworthy.

That he, with the advice of his brain trusters attempted, is attempting, and undoubtedly will attempt to alter the government, social and economic structure of the country is not praiseworthy. . . . not, that is, when done of his own decision. It is the very basis of our system of government that the people have the right to decide their own destiny. It is not in accordance with the American plan that any one man or small group of men may make sweeping decisions directly concerning all the people in a vital way, without giving the people an opportunity to pass judgment.

In this campaign it is now evident that neither the president nor his brain trusters are going to come forward and outline their plans for the future. The voters are entitled to know what to expect from a national administration. They cannot judge from the previous three years because so much that was done was done in the name of emergency. There seemed to be no plan or pattern. What do they intend to do if elected?

The republican presidential candidate has, at least, made plain understandable statements of the policies he will pursue if elected.

The Strike Begins.

THE waterfront strike is on again. It has been freely predicted that administration forces would succeed in postponing the strike until after the elections, but they failed to do so.

In 1924 a similar strike, or more properly speaking, the first installment of the current strike, reached alarming proportions, resulting in a general strike and a complete tie-up of the city of San Francisco. That strike cost seven lives and considerable property damage.

Every indication points to even more serious consequences this time. The employers have intimated that they cannot and will not comply with all of the demands made by the radical dominated

longshoremen. This may be a fight to the finish with nothing but evil results for all concerned and for the people of the coast states. All manner of business including farming will be seriously damaged. It is a deplorable situation.

Editorials on News (Continue from page 1.)

mit yourself to fall into the error of thinking that election day is the beginning or the end of all good things in this country. No matter what happens next Tuesday, the United States of America will still be the greatest nation on earth, providing the best opportunities for its people.

TWO dispatches, both from Paris, are interesting. One of them reads:
"Informed Spanish sources tonight (Thursday) said a new government army, equipped with Russian tanks and planes, has been gathered at the southeastern cities of Albicete and Alicante to attack the rear of insurgent armies in time to save Madrid."

Here is the other dispatch:
"The Spanish embassy (at Paris) announced today it had confidential information that a fleet of Italian submarines was awaiting sailing orders at Gaeta, Italy, to establish a blockade of the Catalan coast and perhaps attack the Spanish government stronghold."

EUROPE, you see, has troubles much graver than our election. If these dispatches are true (which probably they aren't, as they are issued for propaganda purposes and it isn't safe to believe ANY propaganda) they mean that Russia is preparing to help the communist government of Spain OPENLY and Italy is preparing to help the fascist Spanish rebels.

If that happens, it will mean war in Europe.

U. S. POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON PRICE
(Chief of Bureau, The Associated Press, Washington.)

The presidential campaign drives toward its ending amid a confusion of tongues more suggestive of bedlam than of an ordered clarification of the issues.
The "clear-cut" question remains elusive. Opposing campaign orators speak of many things but seldom of the same thing, in a direct meeting of minds. Qualifications and reservations clutter the political landscape.

To the historian of future times this may well appear a remarkable and unexplainable characteristic of the great political battle of 1936.
At a time when questions of future policy are of vital interest, words without end are spent upon the past. The members of the Hoover administration are explored diligently, and each party nominee is confronted daily with some quotation of what he said on previous occasions. Questions about the details of what is to be done henceforth go unanswered.

Even as regards the current physical facts of the case, there is no common meeting ground. Mr. Roosevelt is accused of making the grossest misstatements about the condition of the treasury, and Mr. Landon is charged with telling outright untruths about present market prices and trade conditions. It is an extraordinary situation.

Two Factors Involved
The wires of argumentation being tangled as they are, what will decide the election? There are two sorts of indications.
No one can disregard the evidence that some on both sides are fired by a deep-seated, even a zealous, conviction that victory for their candidate is vitally essential in the national interest. This type of conviction developed early in the campaign, and apparently no arguments have shaken it.

At the same time, other large groups of voters are showing unmistakable signs of disregarding all of the forensic pros and cons as to national policy, and casting

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

We put the idea sometimes that things never were quite so bad as they are in our day and time. Perhaps that idea needs correction. St. Paul reminds us that the days were evil, away back in the first century, and he was not given to pessimism. Evil days are days of great opportunity, when the world about us is filled with wrong and injustice and evil, that the world of our own lives has its splendid opportunity to reveal the beauty of goodness and true brotherhood and to make genuine Christian living, and the doing the will of God, a glad and joyous undertaking. Dear Father, do Thou fill our hearts with a great ambition to be truly Thine Own, and with loyal, joyous hearts, bear witness to the beauty of goodness, even to those who despise it, Amen.



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THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XVII
It was all very well for Poirot to say that we were acquiring information all the time and gaining an insight into our adversaries' minds—I felt myself that I required some more tangible success than this.
Since we had come into contact with the Big Four, they had committed two murders, abducted Halliday, and had been within an ace of killing Poirot and myself, whereas so far we had hardly scored a point in the game.
Poirot treated my complaints lightly.
"So far, Hastings," he said, "they laugh. That is true, but you have a proverb, have you not? 'He laughs best who laughs at the end.' And at the end, mon ami, you shall see."
"You must remember, too," he added, "that we deal with no ordinary criminal, but with the second greatest brain in the world."
I forbore to ponder to his conceit by asking the obvious question. I knew the answer, at least I knew what Poirot's answer would be, and instead I tried without success to elicit some information as to what steps he was taking to track down the enemy. As usual he had kept me completely in the dark as to his movements, but I gathered that he was in touch with secret service agents in India, China and Russia, and from his occasional bursts of self-glorification, that he was at least progressing in his favorite game of guessing his enemy's mind.
He had abandoned his private practice almost entirely, and I knew that at this time he refused some remarkably handsome fees. True, he would sometimes investigate cases which intrigued him, but he usually dropped them the moment he was convinced that they had no connection with the activities of the Big Four.
"This attitude of his was remarkably profitable to our friend, Inspector Japp. Undoubtedly he gained much fame for solving several problems in which his success was really due to a half-contemptuous hint from Poirot."
In return for such service Japp supplied full details of any case which he thought might interest the little Belgian, and when he was put in charge of what the

made on the following morning. One of the housemaids, on descending, was met by a sickening odor of burned flesh which seemed to come from her master's study. She tried the door, but it was locked on the inside. With the assistance of Gerald Paynter and the Chinaman that was soon broken in, but the terrible sight greeted them. Mr. Paynter had fallen forward into the gas fire, and his face and head were charred beyond recognition.
"Of course, at the moment, no suspicion was aroused as to its being anything but a ghastly accident. If blame attached to any one, it was to Doctor Quentin for giving his patient a narcotic and leaving him in such a dangerous position. And then a rather curious discovery was made.
"There was a newspaper on the floor, lying where it had slipped from the old man's knees. On turning it over, words were found to be scrawled across it, feebly traced in ink. A writing-table stood close to the chair in which Mr. Paynter had been sitting, and the forefinger of the victim's right hand was ink-stained up to the second joint. It was clear that, too weak to hold a pen, Mr. Paynter had dipped his finger in the ink-pot and managed to scrawl these two words across the surface of the newspaper he held—utterly fantastic: Yellow Jasmine—just that and nothing more."
"Croftlands has a large quantity of yellow jasmine growing up its walls, and it was thought that this dying message had some reference to them, showing that the poor old man's mind was wandering. Of course, the newspaper, as for anything out of the common, took up the story hotly, calling it the mystery of the Yellow Jasmine—though in all probability the words are completely unimportant."

"They are unimportant, you say?" said Poirot. "Well, doubtless, since you say so, it must be so."
I regarded him dubiously, but I could detect no mockery in his eye.
"And then," I continued, "there came the excitement of the inquest."

"This is where you lick your lips, I perceive."
"There was a certain amount of feeling evidenced against Dr. Quentin. To begin with, he was not the regular doctor; he was only putting in a month's work, whilst Dr. Holtho was away on a well-earned holiday. Then it was felt that his carelessness was the direct cause of the accident. But his evidence was little short of sensational. Mr. Paynter had been sitting in health ever since his arrival at Croftlands. Dr. Holtho had attended him for some time, but when Dr. Quentin first saw his patient, he was mystified by some of the symptoms. He had only attended him once before the night when he was sent for after dinner. As soon as he was alone with Mr. Paynter, the latter had unfolded a surprising tale. To begin with, he was not feeling ill at all, he explained, but the taste of some curry that he had been eating at dinner had struck him as peculiar. Making an excuse to get rid of Mr. Ling for a few minutes, he had turned the contents of his plate into a bowl, and he now handed it over to the doctor with injunctions to find out if there was really anything wrong with it."
"In spite of his statement that he was not feeling ill, the doctor noted the shock of his suspicions had evidently affected him, and that his heart was feeling it. Accordingly he administered an injection—not of a narcotic, but of strychnine."
"That I think, completes the case—except for the cur of the whole thing—the fact that the uneaten curry, duly analyzed, was found to contain enough powdered opium to have killed two men!"
I paused.
"And your conclusions, Hastings?" asked Poirot quietly.
"It's difficult to say. It might be an accident—the fact that some one attempted to poison him the same night might be merely a coincidence."
"But you don't think so? You prefer to believe it—murder?"
"Don't you?"
"Mon ami, you and I do not reason in the same way. I am not trying to make up my mind between two opposite solutions—murder or accident—that will come when we have solved the other problem—the mystery of the 'Yellow Jasmine.' By the way, you have left out something there."

"You mean the two lines at right angles to each other faintly indicated under the words? I did not think they could be of any possible importance."
"What you think is always so important to yourself, Hastings. But let us pass from the mystery of the 'Yellow Jasmine' to the mystery of the cur."
(To be continued)

"Your narrative style is masterly," murmured Poirot. "I say to myself it is a book that talks, not my friend Hastings."
Paying no attention to Poirot, I went on, warming to the story.
"Mr. Paynter kept up a fair staff at Croftlands—six servants as well as his own Chinese body servant—Ah Ling."
"His Chinese servant, Ah Ling," murmured Poirot.
"On Tuesday last, Mr. Paynter complained of feeling unwell after dinner, and one of the servants was despatched to fetch the doctor. Mr. Paynter received the doctor in his study, having refused to go to bed. What passed between them was not then known, but before Doctor Quentin left, he asked to see the housekeeper, and mentioned that he had given Mr. Paynter a hypodermic injection as his heart was in a very weak state, recommended that he should not be disturbed, and then proceeded to ask some rather curious questions about the servants—how long they had been there, from whom they had come, etc.
"The housekeeper, as a secreted these questions as best she could, but was rather puzzled as to their purpose. A terrible discovery was

D. H. LENOX
Democratic Candidate
For County Treasurer
Present Incumbent
EFFICIENCY IN OFFICE
Courteous Service to All
General Election Nov. 3, 1936
Pd. Adv.

GLENN N. RIDDLE
For
State Representative

Over fifty years a resident of Douglas county. Business and farming experience. World War veteran. Two years' experience as legislator, and his knowledge of Douglas county people and their needs qualifies him for the position.
STOOD FOR economy in government consistent with efficiency. Relief for those in distress. Aid for the blind. Help for dependent children. Assistance to the aged.
STOOD AGAINST any increase in taxes on farm or home. Taking any class of property from the tax rolls.
Vote 32 X—Glenn N. (Bert) Riddle
Republican Nominee for State Representative

Qualified by 30 Years of Bookkeeping
Vote For
OLIVER L. JOHNSON
Republican Candidate for
TREASURER
Douglas County
And an Efficient and Economical Administration.
General Election Nov. 3, 1936
Pd. Adv.

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and Guarantee
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\$25 trade in allowance will be made for your old washer
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Ground Floor of Medical Arts Bldg.
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J. R. Turnbull, Minister
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Rider of the plains in Wyoming, five years in the movies, but now riding the range for God.
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You're welcome every night at 7:30 except Mon.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Morning Hours

8:30—Sacred Selections.

9:00—Jehovah's Witness Presents Judge Rutherford.

9:05—Program Dedicated to Veterans' Facility.

9:30—Old Time Fiddling With Ernie Crane.

10:00—Sunday Request Program.

11:00—Baptist Church Services.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.

12:25—Oregon Business and Investors.

12:50—Roosevelt Progress.

1:00—Douglas County Creamery Presents Max Dolan and His Salmon Orchestra.

1:15—Sunday Sermon, Rev. V. R. Foreman.

1:20—Music Appreciation Hour.

2:00—Hansen Motor Co. Program.

2:15—Sol Hoopile Novelty Trio.

2:30—Victory Symphony Orchestra.

2:45—Manhattan Concert Band.

3:00—Green Rose Zenor.

3:15—Clark Wilson's United Artists.

3:45—Popular Dance Time.

4:45—Sign Off.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2

Morning Hours

6:15—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.

7:40—Ray B. Compton, Townsend Speaker.

7:55—Oregon Business and Investors' Speech.

8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Juhl.

8:15—Songs Seldom Heard.

8:30—Sacred Selections.

8:45—Georges Thill.

9:00—Oakland Community Program.

9:30—New York Symphony Orchestra.

9:45—Eduard Chailapian.

10:00—Famous Music.

10:30—Belle and Martha.

10:35—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Five Spades.

11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—The Ford V-S Review.

12:15—Roosevelt Progress.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Musical Variety Program.

12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.

1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.

1:20—Dean Rhodes, "The Rhythm Man."

1:45—Louis Katzman and His Orchestra.

2:00—Doramo Ensemble.

2:15—Clark Wilson's United Artists.

2:45—Popular Band Selections.

3:00—The World Goes Man.

3:10—Swinging Ales.

3:30—Children's Request Program.

3:45—Paul Whitteman's Orchestra.

4:00—The Editor Views the News.

4:15—Grab Bag Program.

4:45—Sign Off.