

Roseburg News-Review

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Reverse Economy.

TWO correspondents whose let-
ters are printed on this page
today happen to hit upon the same
subject upon which to make com-
ment in the "Letters from the
People" column. Fred Goff points
out that there is budgeted a total
of \$81,858.50 for relief and
crime control and asks "What are
we doing toward eliminating these
expenditures?" In her letter, Mrs.
Woods mentions those figures and
points out that the total budgeted
for the county school superintendent's
office and for 4-H club work is
only \$4,500.

It is a fact that there is a rela-
tionship between amounts of tax
money spent for education and the
amounts spent for crime control
and relief.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the
federal bureau of investigation,
said today 17 out of every hundred
individuals arrested during the
first nine months of this year were
under 21 years old.

The figures, he said, emphasized
"the seriousness of the juvenile
delinquency problems."

One of every four persons arrested
for robbery during the period,
Hoover added, was under 21, and
\$914 of the \$351 persons arrested
for auto thefts also were under
that age.

Statistics compiled from a study
of 343,132 arrest records sent to
the justice department by state
and municipal law enforcement
agencies showed that of the 59,954
youths arrested who were under 21
years old 526 were charged with
criminal homicide, 3,622 with ro-
bbery, 2,207 with assault, 8,600 with
burglary, 11,081 with larceny, 696
with forgery and counterfeiting,
708 with carrying weapons, and
943 with criminal assault.

How many of those youths would
have been saved a life of crime
with better influence, training and
instruction?

It is short sighted indeed to pay
for the results of economy obtain-
ed by slighting educational and
character building work.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

repeatedly, and every high official
of his government has echoed the
statement. The business figures
confirm it. Industry is operating at
a high level, and agriculture (ex-
cept in the drought-stricken area)
is prosperous.

Happy days are here again. We
have that from the highest official
authority.

THIS, then, must follow:

If the depression is ended and
prosperity is here again, the nec-
essity to spend immensely more than
the government's income each
year in order to "prime the pump,"
no longer exists. The government
can reduce its expenditures sharp-
ly, balance its budget and leave to
private industry the task of carry-
ing prosperity forward. That has
been offered time and again as the
New Deal program.

Indeed, if this program is not fol-
lowed, serious troubles, affecting
EVERYBODY, must ensue, for gov-
ernments can not go on indefinitely
spending more than they receive
without getting into trouble any
more than can private individuals.

Printing press inflation, with all
its terrible evils, is the inevitable
result of a national budget that re-
mains continuously unbalanced.

IT WILL be easy to go on spend-
ing. It will be HARD to stop.

On the side of continued spend-
ing will be every member of con-
gress who wants something for his
district out of the federal purse,
and every expanded activity of gov-
ernment that depends for its ex-
istence upon continued appropri-
ations.

AGAINST continued spending

will be only the knowledge that at
SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE we
must pay the penalty. The future is
a long way off, and right now we
aren't worrying about it.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is
freed from the necessity to
campaign for re-election. He has
more power than any President
ever possessed before—perhaps
more power than any single in-
dividual ever possessed before. From
now on, he can do exactly as he
chooses, without answering to any-
one. He can go on spending more
than the government receives, or
he can balance the budget.

It will be interesting to see what
he does.

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-Review
for publication in this depart-
ment should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 200 words in length, and be
signed by the writer, whose mail
address must accompany the con-
tribution.

PROPER TEACHING HELD PREVENTION OF CRIME

Editor News-Review: Have just
been reading over the proposed
Douglas county budget, and it is
estimated that our justice court
will cost the taxpayers \$2600; that
the juvenile court will cost the tax-
payers \$2,140; and that the circuit
court must have at least \$6,200 to
make this county a comfortable
place to live in. Besides the court
expenses are those of the district
attorney and sheriff—all because
of crime.

As we look down the list we find
for the county school superintend-
ent's office, \$3,110, and \$1,200 for
4-H club agent's appropriation. This
much the county expects to spend
for the training of our youth.

Right here the lines of an un-
known poet come to me. May I
share them with you?

"I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when years were past,
The bit of clay was hard as cast,
It still that early impress bore,
But I could change it never more.

"I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
I molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone,
He still that early impress bore,
He still that early impress bore,
But I could change him never more."

I wonder if this means as much
to you, reader, as it is to me. I am
convinced that there is but one pre-
vention of crime and that is build-
ing character in the child.

The "school tax" pays for the
carrying on of the schools but what
is the teaching in many of our
schools? Thousands of teachers
have been sent to Russia to be
filled with communism and come
back to poison the young minds of
our American youth, and teach
them hatred and revolution.

Self-expression is taught—self
expression to the limit is crime and
self-destruction of any building of
true character.

Right here allow me to say I
have no reason to criticize Rose-
burg schools in this respect. Nev-
ertheless in these days of changes
and "turning to and fro" we have
many young people in our midst
who have had wrong molding in
school.

But aside from school, there are
other forces and powerful ones
that are molding our youth for
crime; the street training and lack
of home training; the movie train-
ing, which is a school of crime.
Another powerful influence
which molds for crime is the lack
of Christian training and the non-
Christian training. Teach a child
that he is an animal differing from
other animals only that he can
think why should he have any
high ambitions or desires to build
character.

Teach a child that through eter-
nity he must bear the punishment
or reward for what he builds here
and there is a different power to
life. Teach children B-I-G-I-T and
crime will decrease.

MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

DOUGLAS COUNTY BUDGET ITEMS EVOKE QUESTIONS

ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 7.—(Editor News-Review)—Nov. 7.—
The Douglas county budget, set up
for Douglas county for the coming
year I wonder if the average tax-
payer has made a study of the
purposes for which our taxpayers'
money is being used.

Taking the figures as given, I
find the following: For relief, do-
mestic mothers, \$9,000; old age,
\$25,000; blind, \$1,000; salaried
persons, \$4,379; other indigents,
\$9,408; county home, \$10,595, a
grand total of \$59,385.

For courts, etc., for punishment
or restriction of crime: Justice
court, \$2,600; juvenile, \$2,140; cir-
cuit court, \$6,200; district attorney,
\$1,100; sheriff, \$8,923; jail, \$1,800,
a grand total of \$22,763.

Making an aggregate total for re-
lief and crime control of \$81,858.
These figures are not given to
bring criticism in any way on
those for which this budget is pre-
pared or upon those who prepared
the budget.

The point I wish to make is:
What are we, as average citizens,
doing to eliminate such expendi-
tures? No one of their own desire
would wish to have any of this
money expended on his or her ac-
count if they could prevent it.

Our fraternal and civic organiza-

"Now to get back to work!"



THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XXIV

I had no time to think. I saw
only one thing—Cinderella in the
power of those devils. I must obey
—I dare not risk a hair of her
head. I must go with this Chin-
aman and follow whither he led. It
was a trap, yes, and it meant cer-
tain capture and possible death, but
it was baited with the person
dearest to me in the whole world,
and I dared not hesitate.

What I liked me most was to
leave no word for Poirot. Once set
him on my track, and all might
yet be well? Dare I risk it? Ap-
parently I was under no super-
vision, but yet I hesitated. It would
have been so easy for the Chin-
aman to come up and assure him-
self that I was keeping to the let-
ter of the command. Why didn't
he? His very abstinence made me
more suspicious. I had seen so
much of the omnipotence of the
Big Four that I credited them with
almost super-human powers. For
all I knew, even the little bed-
ragged servant girl might be one of
their agents.

No, I dared not risk it. But one
thing I could do, leave the tele-
gram. He would know then that
Cinderella had disappeared, and
who was responsible for her dis-
appearance.

All this passed through my head
in less time than it takes to tell,
and I had clapped my hat on my
head and was descending the
stairs to where my guide waited.
In a little over a minute
the housekeeper of the message was
a tall, impassive Chinaman, neatly
but rather shabbily dressed. He
bowed and spoke to me. His Eng-
lish was perfect, but he spoke with
a slight sing-song intonation.

"You Captain Hastings?"
"Yes," I said.
"You agree me, please?"
I had foreseen the request, and
banded him over the scrap of pa-
per without a word. But that was
not all.

"You have telegram today, yes?
Come along just now? From South
America, yes?"
I read anew the excellence
of their espionage system—or it
might have been a shrewd guess.
Bronson was bound to cable me.
They would wait until the cable
was delivered and would strike
hard upon it.

No good would come of denying
what was palpably true.
"Yes," I said. "I did get a tele-
gram."

"You fetch him, yes? Fetch him
now."

I ground my teeth, but what
could I do. I ran upstairs again.
As I did so, I thought of confiding
in Mrs. Pearson, at any rate as
far as Cinderella's disappearance
went. She was on the landing,
but close behind her was the lit-
tle maid servant, and I hesitated.
If she was a spy—the words of the
note flashed before my eyes. . . .
She will suffer. . . . I passed into
the sitting-room without speaking.
I took up the telegram and was
about to pass out again when an
idea struck me. Could I not have
some sign which would mean noth-
ing to my enemies but which Poi-
rot himself would find significant.
I hurried across to the bookcase
and fumbled out four books on to
the floor. No fear of Poirot's not
seeing them. They would outrange
his eyes immediately—and coming
on top of his little lecture, surely
he would find them unusual. Next
I put a shovelful of coal on the
fire and managed to spill four
knobs into the grate. I had done
all I could—prayer, heaven! Poi-
rot would read the sign aright.
I hurried down again. The Chin-
man took the telegram from me,

read it, then placed it in his pocket
and with a nod beckoned me to
follow him.

It was a long weary march that
he led me. Once we took a bus and
once we went for some consider-
able way in a train, and always
our route led us steadily eastward.
We went through strange districts,
the existence I had never dream-
ed of. We were down by the
docks now, I knew, and I realized
that I was being taken into the
heart of Chinatown.

In spite of myself I shivered.
Still my guide plodded on, turning
and twisting through mean streets
and byways, until at last he stop-
ped at a dilapidated house, and ex-
plained four times upon the door.

It was opened immediately by
another Chinaman who stood aside
to let us pass in. The clanging
of the door behind me was the
knell of my last hopes. I was in-
cluded in the hands of the enemy.

I was now handed over to the
second Chinaman. He led me down
some rickety stairs and into a cel-
lar which was filled with bales
and sacks and which exhaled a
pungent odor, as of eastern spices.
I felt wrapped all round with the
atmosphere of the east, tortuous,
cunning, sinister.

Suddenly my guide rolled aside
two of the sacks, and I saw a low
tunnel-like opening in the wall.
He motioned to me to go ahead.
The tunnel was of some length,
and it was just too low for me
to stand upright. At last, however,
it broadened out into a passage,
and a few minutes later we stood
in another cellar.

My Chinaman went forward, and
rapped four times on one of the
walls. A whole section of the wall
swung out, leaving a narrow door-
way. I passed through, and to my
utter astonishment found my-
self in a kind of Arabian Nights
palace. A low long subterranean
chamber hung with rich oriental
silks, brilliantly lighted and frag-
rant with perfumes and spices.
There five or six silk covered di-
vans, and exquisite carpets of Chi-
nese workmanship covered the
ground. At the end of the room
was a curtained recess. From
behind these curtains came a
voice.

"You have brought our honored
guest?"
"Excellency, he is here," replied
my guide.
"Let our guest enter," was the
answer.

At the same moment, the cur-
tains were drawn aside by an un-
seen hand, and I was facing an im-
mense cushioned divan on which
sat a tall thin Oriental dressed in
wonderfully embroidered robes,
and clearly by the length of his
finger nails, a great man.

"The seated, I pray you, Captain
Hastings," he said, with a wave of
his hand. "You acceded to my re-
quest to come immediately, I am
glad to see."

"Why are you?" I asked. "La
Chang Yen?"
"Indeed no, I am but the humblest
of the master's servants. I carry
out his behests, that is all—
as do other of his servants in this
other countries—in South America,
for instance."

"I advanced a step.
"Where is he? What have you
done with her out there?"
"She is in a place of safety—
where none will find her. As yet,
she is unharmed. You observe that
I say—as yet!"

Cold shivers ran down my spine
as I confronted this smiling devil.
"What do you want?" I cried.
"Money?"
"My dear Captain Hastings, we

have no designs on your small sav-
ings. I can assure you. Not—par-
don me—a very intelligent sugges-
tion on your part. Your colleague
would not have made it, I fancy."
"I suppose," said heavily, "you
wanted to get me into your toils.
Well, you have succeeded. I have
come here with my eyes open. Do
what you like with me, and let her
go. She knows nothing, and she
can be no possible use to you.
You've used her to get hold of
me—you've got me all right, and
that settles it."

The smiling Oriental caressed
his smooth cheek, watching me ob-
liquely out of his narrow eyes.
"You go too fast," he said purr-
ingly. "In fact, to 'get hold of you'
as you express it, is not really our
objective. But through you, we
hope to get hold of your friend,
M. Hercule Poirot."

"I'm afraid you won't do that,"
I said, with a short laugh.
"What I suggest is this," contin-
ued the other, his words running
on as though he had not heard
me.

"You will write M. Hercule Poi-
rot a letter, such a letter as will
induce him to hasten hither and
join you."

"I shall do no such thing," I said
angrily.

"The consequences of refusal
will be disastrous."

"Confound your consequences."
"The alternative might be
death!"

A nasty shiver ran down my
spine, but I endeavored to put a
bold face upon it.

"It's no good threatening me,
and bullying me. Keep your
threats for your cowards."

"My threats are very real ones,
Captain Hastings. I ask you again,
will you write this letter?"

"I will not, and what's more,
you dare not kill me. You'd have
the police on your tracks in no
time."

My interlocutor clapped his
hands swiftly. Two Chinese at-
tendants appeared as it were out
of the blue, and plinked me by
both arms. Their master said
something rapidly to them in Chi-
nese, and they dragged me across
the floor to a spot in one corner
of the big chamber. One of them
stooped, and suddenly, without the
least warning, the flooring gave
beneath my feet. But for the re-
straining hand of the other man
I should have gone down the yawning
gap beneath me. It was black,
black, and I could hear the rushing
of water.

"The river," said my questioner
from his place on the divan.
"Think well, Captain Hastings. If
you refuse again, you go headlong
to eternity, to meet your death in
the dark waters below. For the
last time, will you write that let-
ter?"

"I'm not braver than most men.
I admit frankly that I was scared
to death, and in a blue funk. That
Chinese devil meant business. I
was sure of that. It was good-
bye to the good old world. In spite
of myself, my voice wobbled a lit-
tle as I answered."

"For the last time, no! To the
devil with your letter!"

Then involuntarily I closed my
eyes and breathed a short prayer.
Not often in a lifetime does a
man stand on the edge of eternity,
but when I spoke those words in
that East End cellar I was per-
fectly certain that they were my
last words on earth. I braced my-
self for the shock of those black,
rushing waters below, and ex-
perienced in advance the horror
of that breath-choking fall.

But to my surprise a low laugh
fell on my ears. I opened my eyes.
Obeying a sign from the man on
the divan, my two jailers brought
me back to my old seat facing him.

"You are a brave man, Captain
Hastings," he said. "We of the
East appreciate bravery. I may
say that that expected you to act as
you have done. That brings us to
the appointed second act of our lit-
tle drama. Death for yourself you
have faced—will you face death
for another?"

"What do you mean?" I asked
hoarsely, a horrible fear creeping
over me.
"Surely you have not forgotten
the lady who is in our power—the
Rose of the Garden?"

I stared at him in dumb agony.
(To be continued)

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

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8

Morning Hours

8:30—Sacred Selections.

9:00—Jehovah's Witnesses Pre-
sent Judge Rutherford.

9:15—Program Dedicated to Vet-
erans Facility.

9:30—Old Time Fiddling With Er-
nie Crane.

10:00—Sunday Request Program.

10:30—Sunday Concert, Pearl Rose
Robinson.

11:00—Baptist Church Services.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Dorano Ensemble.

12:15—Wanda Armour at the Or-
gan.

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

1:15—Sonora's Band.

1:30—Music Appreciation Hour.

2:00—Hansen Motor Co. Program.

2:15—Popular Dance Time.

2:00—Gwen Rose Zenor.

3:15—Variety Program.

4:00—New York Symphony Or-
chestra.

4:15—The Angelus Hour.

4:30—Sonetters.

4:45—Sign Off.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Morning Hours

6:45—Early Birds.

7:00—Alarm Clock Club.

7:45—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.

8:15—Feodor Chaltapian.

8:30—Sacred Selections.

8:45—Salon Selections.

9:00—Oakland Community Pro-
gram.

9:30—Famous Music.

10:00—Clark Wilson's United Ar-
tists.

10:15—Romano the Operatic Tem-
per.

10:30—Belle and Martha.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my
strength."
O Jesus—
Christ, Thou Son of
God.

And Son of Man:
Thy love no angel understands,
Nor mortal can!
Thy strength of soul, Thy clean-
est purity,
Thy understanding heart of
sympathy.

The vigor of Thy Mind, Thy
poetry,
Thy heavenly wisdom, Thy sim-
plicity—
Such sweetness and such pow-
er in harmony!

Thy perfect oneness with Thy
God above.
The agony endured to show Thy
love,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of
Man.

Thou Son of God, grant me Thy
face to see,
Thy voice to hear, Thy glory
share.

Never apart from Thee, ever
Thine own to be,
Both now and through eternity.
Amen.

10:35—Women's Exchange.

11:00—Morton Downey.

11:15—Modern Melodies.

Afternoon Hours

12:00—Time Signal.

12:00—The Ford V-8 Revue.

12:15—Jack Shilkert's Orchestra.

12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Program.

12:45—News-Review News Broad-
cast.

1:00—Myrtle Creek Community
Program.