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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Coming Thursday.

A GREAT national preaching mission has been undertaken by the united Protestant churches. Thursday a part of this great nation-wide program will be heard in Roseburg.

Of the preaching mission, following the addresses in the great public auditorium in Portland, the Portland Oregonian makes the following editorial comment under the heading, "The Biggest Audience":

"That the national preaching mission should jam the public auditorium with the largest crowd on record is not only gratifying but rather astonishing as well, and a matter of significance.

"Nor is the significance far to seek. The simple fact of the matter is that most people need and desire religious faith and religious fervor, but in recent years they have heard no stirring voice from the churches. The church leaders have taken on too much of remoteness and dignity—too much of the you-come-to-me attitude. Now, when the first great missionary movement is carried on by the united Protestants, the response is such as to leave no doubt as to where the trouble has been. It has been in the tendency of the church leaders to gather within the shadow of the steeples and lament over the decay of faith.

"How is anyone really to know whether faith is dead unless the message is carried militantly into the market place? Christ himself was a missionary. He did not dress himself in black and confine himself to afternoon teas, to schools, to churches, and to the companionship of women and children. Christ went down the main streets saying what he had to say, and into the leading banks, and into the plaza blocks. And multitudes followed.

"Is it, then, so surprising that modern preachers should fill the Portland public auditorium with the largest crowd ever known when they also display a militant faith in their message? We think not. And we think further that the greatest mistake the Christian leaders ever can make is to shrink from bold and red-blooded missionary activity."

Thursday, Douglas county people will have an opportunity to hear two great speakers and great churchmen, the Right Reverend Benjamin Dagwell, Episcopal church bishop for Oregon, and Dr. Levi Pennington, president of Pacific college. It is not often we have a chance to hear speakers of such ability so it is possible that we too shall give this program our "biggest audience."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

and snowed them all under, from top to bottom.

Nothing very radical about that.

BACK in the early days, say a couple of decades ago, the rest of the country listened to Oregon's radical talk and contemptuously called us the "fool of the family."

What those who gave us that name failed to recognize was that in Oregon we're extremely apt to talk one way and act another.

We've done a lot of wild talking in our time, but when it has come to ACTING we've been about as conservative as they come. As a result, we're in mighty good shape financially.

THERE are reasons to hope that the country is entering upon a period of prosperity. At any rate, it's far more consoling to hope that we're heading toward prosperity than to believe that the bottom is getting ready to drop out from under us. It can't be denied that in the past, periods of great prosperity have regularly followed periods of extreme depression.

If it is true that we are heading into a period of great prosperity, the people of Oregon (including its counties, its cities and its local taxing districts of various sorts) will be wise if they pay off their existing debts, refrain from taking on NEW debts, pay their bills as they go along and in general keep themselves in good financial condition.

If we will all do that, we won't need to worry much about the next depression, for we will be in fine shape to meet it when it comes along.

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.

PUTS BLAME FOR JUVENILE CRIME GAIN ON PARENTS

Editor News-Review: I was amused and more than a little interested at "Letters From the People" in Saturday's News-Review from Mrs. Emma P. Woods and Fred A. Goff.

I am inclined to think they were both hedging just a little, because it seems both of their minds were dangling around the size of that part of the budget which pertains to crime prevention and law enforcement. Now, Mrs. Woods and Mr. Goff, the election is all over, so let's say what we think—and we are thinking of juvenile crime.

We find that our courts, our jails, and our prisons are receiving an overwhelming majority of the youth of our land.

Now, let's not try to shift this blame on to the schools or churches. Let's put it right squarely where it belongs—on the parents.

Let's take the last two lines of Mrs. Woods' poem—

"He still that early impress bore
But I could change him never more."

How many times have you heard parents say, "I don't want my boy or girl to have to work like I have." Why? Of course, we want them to have better things, better conditions than we had. But I don't think we should bring them up to be mollycoddles and parasites, to prey upon the labors of others. Success usually depends upon the degree of service you can and will give.

I claim your children are made of no better clay than you were, and you were made of no better clay than your parents—maybe not as good. Besides in their day the father's or mother's word had to be and was obeyed to the letter; and when their children were old enough to go to school they were told to mind the teacher, and if they got a licking at school they would get another when they got home, which wasn't idle talk. I found that out.

But in those days a boy or girl in court under twenty-one years of age was almost unheard of.

Yes, Mr. Dad and Mom, if you will teach your children in infancy to "be sure your sins will find you out" and also that the laws of God and man say they will and must be punished for them, you will have done more than all the schools and courts in the land to abolish juvenile crime.

Yours very truly,
D. O. "TEX" BREEDLOVE,
Myrtle Creek, Ore.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIAGE LICENSES

HARVEY-ROBERTS—Earl Harvey, Roseburg, and Fannie Roberts, Brockway.

DELANEY - MELOY — Lawrence F. Delaney and Verda Meloy, both of Roseburg.

MARKETS

PRODUCE

PORTLAND, Nov. 10.—(AP)—BUTTER—Prints, A grade, 36c lb. in parchment wrappers, 36c lb in cartons; B grade, parchment wrappers, 34c lb.; cartons 35c lb.

BUTTERFAT — (Portland delivery, general price)—A grade delivered at least twice weekly, 38-38½c lb.; country routes, 36c lb.; B grade, 35-36½c lb.; C grade at market.

B GRADE CREAM FOR MARKET—Buying price, butterfat basis, 53½c.

EGGS—Buying price by wholesalers: Extras, 25c; standards 22c; extra medium 22c; medium firsts, 22c; undergrade, 16c; pullets, 12-15c; pee-wees 8c dozen.

Cheese, country meats and live poultry, steady and unchanged.

POTATOES — Deschutes, $2.40-2.60; Klamath No. 1, $2.40-2.60, Yakima, No. 1, $2.25-2.40.

Onions, wool, hay, hops, mohair and cascara bark, steady and unchanged.

LIVESTOCK

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 10.—(AP)-(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—HOGS—Market active, unevenly steady to higher; good to choice 165-215 lb. drive-ins 9.75-90; 220-260 lb. weights 9.25-50; light lights mostly 9.25; few slaughter pigs 9.10; packing sows mostly 7.50; good 92 lb. feeder pigs 7.75.

CATTLE—Market about steady with limited supply; few common to medium steers 5.85-7.00; common grades down to 5; cutters down to 4.00; common to medium heifers 4.25-5.50; low cutter and cutter cows 2.50-3.25; common to medium grades 3.50-4.25; fairly good beef cows 4.50; bulls mostly 4.50-85, choice 260 lb. calves 8.00; vealers quotable to 9.00; few common 300-425 lb. calves 4.00-5.00.

SHEEP—Market steady, one lot good 91 lb. trucked-in lambs 7.50; few lots medium grades 6.50; common ewes 1.50, choice quotable to 3.00.

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

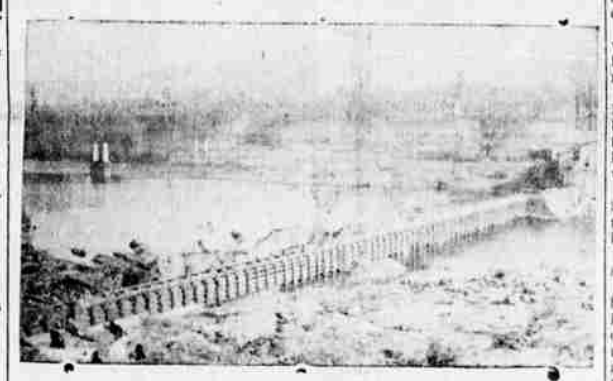
REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Grab Bag Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Good Morning J. M. Judd.
8:30—Popular Band Selections.
9:00—Max Bendix Ensemble.
9:15—Victor Concert Orchestra.
9:30—Waltz Time.
10:00—American Legion Activities From Armory.
10:30—Belle & Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Duke Ellington.
11:15—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Time Signal, Knudtson's.
12:00—The Ford V8 Revue.
12:15—Sol Bright's Holly Wailans.
12:30—Five Spades.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:30—Dean Rhodes.
1:45—Dream Melodies.
2:00—American Legion Fight Card.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:10—Mills Bros.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Oakland Community Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Alarm Clock Club cont'd.
8:30—Pentecostal Church Services.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
9:15—Italian National Band.
9:30—Close Harmony Four.
9:45—New York Civic Orchestra.
10:00—Saw Turns.
10:15—The Singing Troubadour.
10:30—Belle and Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—The Southern Oregon Gas Company Presents "The Mystery Chef."
11:15—Popular Stars.
11:45—Alma's Hollywood Fashion Parade.
12:00—Time Signal, Knudtsons.
12:00—Modern Melodies.
12:15—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:30—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Mills Bros.
1:30—Remembering. Dr. H. B. Scofield.
1:45—Hal Kemp and His Orchestra.
2:00—Richard Crooks.
2:15—Afternoon Musicale.
3:00—The World Book Man.
3:10—Popular Tunes of the Day.
3:30—Children's Request Program
3:45—Charles Vagabond and His Orchestra.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Canyonville Community program.
4:45—Sign Off.

The Annual Football Scandal!

RAMBLINGS
OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN
BY PAUL JENKINS



Shown above is the Copco dam at Winchester, in the final stages of its completion last fall. It replaces an old one which was badly damaged during a period of high water two years ago.

When the old dam went out it was a sad thing for the commercial fish interests at the mouth of the river. Prior to that time it was the custom for us up here to say, when salmon and steelhead were scarce, "Oh, of course there aren't any fish in the North Umpqua — that confounded dam at Winchester holds 'em back. The fishways at the far side are so durned inadequate a fish can't get over 'em, and most of 'em are killed by the turbines at the power plant at this end of the dam. Fish up here? We'll never have any, as long as that blankety-blank dam is there, and with those fish ladders like they are!"

But the dam went out and all last winter the fish enjoyed an unobstructed course up the river where it had stood. That is, what fish there were. There weren't many, we discovered. At least, there were so few that angling on the north river this past season was very, very poor indeed. Poorer than usual.

So now, we've decided the fish find their greatest hindrance at the nets strung by the commercial fishermen in the lower river. It's a cinch they are hindered somewhere. This conclusion is tough on the lower river fishermen; but it eases Copco's burden — if it ever was a burden to them, which I doubt.

* * *

Turkeys are looking mighty fat and sleek, and are as proud of themselves as if they were worth forty cents a pound, instead of eighteen.

Douglas county marketed about 90,000 turks last year, a trifle less than one-seventh of the total for the entire state. I suppose there will be somewhere near the same number this season.

If you like turkey — and who doesn't? — this will be a good opportunity to pamper your appetite. Eighteen cent turkey meat is allfired reasonable, compared with the costs of other kinds. Beef and pork products are scheduled for a sharp rise in retail price — perhaps this will be a further aid toward consumption of turkey, if and when it occurs.

However, maybe the cost of beef and pork won't rise. I just read it would in the Literary Digest; but it just occurred to me that the Lit. Dig. is full of predictions this fall. I remember one, in particular!

OREGON ELK KILL THUS FAR SMALL

PORTLAND, Nov. 10 —(AP)— Unless the last week of the 1936 open season on Oregon elk nets more returns for hunters than the first few days, the forest service estimate that sportsmen have a 3 to 1 chance may be a bit off this year, it appeared today.

In the Pendleton area a check of cold storage plants showed no animals brought in. Six were checked at La Grande stations and a dozen around Baker. There appeared no question that the kill would increase materially later this week, however. Hunting conditions varied.

The season opened Sunday and extends through Wednesday, November 18.

Information from the forest service indicated elk have increased rapidly in the five northeastern counties of Oregon since their introduction from Wyoming in 1918 and earlier. In 1924 the elk population was estimated at 3400 and in 1934 at 13,000.

Last year 692 bull elk were taken by 2,671 hunters and in 1934 3,140 hunters bagged 763.

ARMY OPPORTUNITIES OPEN TO RECRUITS

Sergeant Norman T. Stradleigh and Sergeant J. T. Costello of the army recruiting service were in Roseburg today contacting young men interested in enlistments in the army service.

A number of desirable positions are now vacant, they report, including infantry and medical department at Fort Worden, artillery and engineers at Fort Lewis, Wash.; coast artillery, quartermaster corps and medical department atFort Worden, Wash.; engineering corps at Fort Lawton, Wash., and coast artillery and medical department at Fort Stevens, Ore.

Interested young men may secure full particulars by addressing the U. S. army recruiting service, 307 Miner building, Eugene, Ore.

THE BIG FOUR
A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XXVI

"Am I an imbecile? Of course I understood. It gave me just the warning I needed, and the time to mature my plans. Somehow or other the Big Four had carried you off. With what object? Clearly not for your pretty eyes—equally clearly not because they feared you and wanted to get you out of the way. No, their object was plain. You would be used as a decoy to get the great Hercule Poirot into their clutches. I have long been prepared for something of the kind. I make my little preparations, and presently, sure enough, the messenger arrives—such an innocent little street urchin. Me, I swallow everything, and hasten away with him, and, very fortunately, they permit you to come out on the doorstep. That was my one fear, that I would have to dispose of them before I had reached the place where you were concealed, and that I should have to search for you—perhaps in vain—afterwards."

"Dispose of them, did you say?" I asked feebly. "Single-handed."

"Oh, there is nothing very clever about that. If one is prepared in advance all is simple—the motto of the Boy Scout, is it not? And a very fine one. Me, I was prepared. Not so long ago, I rendered a service to a very famous chemist, who did a lot of work in connection with poison gas during the war. He devised for me a little bomb—simple and easy to carry about—one has but to throw it and poof, the smoke—and then the unconsciousness. Immediately I blow a little whistle and straightway some of Japp's clever fellows who were watching the house here long before the boy arrived, and who managed to follow us all the way to Limehouse, came flying up and took charge of the situation."

"But how was it you weren't unconscious too?"

"Another piece of luck. Our friend Number Four (who certainly composed that ingenious letter) permitted himself a little jest at my moustaches, which rendered it extremely easy for me to adjust my respirator under the guise of a yellow muffler."

"I remember," I cried eagerly, and then with the word "remember" all the ghastly horror that I had temporarily forgotten came back to me, Cinderella—

I fell back with a groan.

I must have lost consciousness again for a minute or two. I awoke to find Poirot forcing some brandy between my lips.

"What is it, mon ami? But what is it—then? Tell me." Word by word, I got the thing told, shuddering as I did so. Poirot uttered a cry.

"My friend! My friend! But what you must have suffered! And I knew nothing of all this! But reassure yourself! All is well!"

"You will find her, you mean? But she is in South America. And by the time we get there—long before, she will be dead—and lord knows how and in what horrible way she will have died."

"No, no, you do not understand. She is safe and well. She has never been in their hands for one instant."

"But I got a cable from Bronsen?"

"No, no, you did not. You may have got a cable from South America signed Bronsen—that is a very different matter. Tell me, has it never occurred to you that an organization of this kind, with ramifications all over the world, might easily strike at us through that little girl, Cinderella, whom you love so well?"

"No, never," I replied.

"Well, it did to me. I said nothing to you because I did not want to upset you unnecessarily—but I took measures of my own. Your wife's letters all seem to have been written from the ranch, but in reality she has been in a place of safety devised by me for over three months."

I looked at him for a long time.

"You are sure of that?"

"Parbleau! I know it. They tortured you with a lie!"

I turned my head aside. Poirot put his hand on my shoulder. There was something in his voice that I had never heard there before.

"You like not that I should embrace you or display the emotion, I know well. I will be very British. I will say nothing—but nothing at all. Only this—that in this last adventure of ours, the honors are all with you, and happy is the man who has such a friend as I have."

I was very disappointed with the results of Poirot's bomb attack on the premises in Chinatown. To begin with, the leader of the gang had escaped. When Japp's men rushed up in response to Poirot's whistle they found four Chinamen unconscious in the hall, but the man who had threatened me with death was not among them. I remembered afterwards that when I was forced out on the doorstep, to decoy Poirot into the house, this man had kept well in the background. Presumably he was out of the danger zone of the gas bomb, and made good his escape by one of the many exits which we afterwards discovered.

From the four who remained in our hands we learnt nothing. The fullest investigation by the police failed to bring to light anything to connect them with the Big Four. They were ordinary low-caste residents of the district, and they professed blank ignorance of the name Li Chang Yen. A Chinese gentleman had hired them for service in the house by the waterside, and they knew nothing whatever of his private affairs.

By the next day I had, except for a slight headache, completely recovered from the effect of Poirot's gas bomb. We went down together to Chinatown and searched the house from which I had been rescued. The premises consisted of two ramshackle houses joined together by an underground passage. The ground floors and the upper stories of each were unfurnished and deserted, the broken windows covered by decaying shutters. Japp had already been prying about in the cellars, and had discovered the secret of the entrance to the subterranean chamber where I had spent such an unpleasant half-hour. Closer investigation confirmed the impression that it had made on me the night before. The silks on the walls and divan and the carpets on the floors were of exquisite workmanship. Although I know very little about Chinese art, I could appreciate that every article in the room was perfect of its kind.

With the aid of Japp and some of his men we conducted a most thorough search of the apartment. I had cherished high hopes that we would find documents of importance. A list, perhaps, of some of the more important agents of the Big Four, or cipher notes of some of their plans, but we discovered nothing of the kind. The only papers we found in the whole place were notes which the Chinaman had consulted whilst he was dictating the letter to Poirot. These consisted of a very complete record of each of our careers, and estimate of our characters, and suggestions about the weaknesses through which we might best be attacked.

Poirot was most childishly delighted with this discovery. Personally I could not see that it was of any value whatever, especially as whoever compiled the notes was ludicrously mistaken in some of his opinions. I pointed this out to my friend when we were back in our rooms.

"My dear, Poirot," I said, "you know now what the enemy thinks of us. He appears to have a grossly exaggerated idea of your brain power, and to have absurdly underrated mine, but I do not see how we are better off for knowing this."

Poirot chuckled in rather an offensive way.

"You do not see, Hastings, no? But surely now we can prepare ourselves for some of their methods of attack now that we are warned of some of our faults. For instance, my friend, we know that you should think before you act. Again, if you meet a red-haired young woman in trouble you should eye her—what you say—askance, is it not?"

Their notes had contained some absurd references to my supposed impulsiveness, and had suggested that I was susceptible to the charms of young women with hair of a certain shade. I thought Poirot's reference to be in the worst of taste, but fortunately I was able to counter him.

"What what about you?" I demanded. "Are you going to try to cure your 'overweening vanity?' Your 'finicky tidiness?'"

It was quoting, and I could see that he was not pleased with my retort.

"Oh, without doubt, Hastings, in some things they deceive themselves—better so! They will learn in due time. Meanwhile we have learnt something, and to know is to be prepared."

This last was a favorite axiom of his lately; so much so that I had begun to hate the sound of it.

"We know something, Hastings," he continued. "Yes, we know something—and that is to the good—but we do not know nearly enough. We must know more."

"In what way?"

Poirot settled himself back in his chair, straightened a box of matches which I had thrown carelessly down on the table, and assumed an attitude, that I knew only too well. I saw that he was prepared to hold forth at some length.

"See you, Hastings, we have to contend against four adversaries; that is, against four different personalities. With Number One we have never come into personal contact—we know him, as it were, only by the impress of his mind—and in passing, Hastings, I will tell you that I begin to understand that mind very well—a mind most subtle and Oriental—every scheme and plot that we have encountered have emanated from the brain of Li Chang Yen. Number Two and Number Three are so powerful, so high up, that they are for the present immune from our attacks. Nevertheless what is their safeguard is, by a perverse chance, our safeguard also. They are so much in the limelight that their movements must be carefully ordered. And so we come to the last member of the gang—we come to the man known as Number Four."

Poirot's voice altered a little, as it always did when speaking of this particular individual.

"Number Two and Number Three are able to succeed, to go on their way unscathed, owing to their notoriety and their assured position. Number Four succeeds for the opposite reason—he succeeds by the way of obscurity. Who is he? Nobody knows. What does he look like? Again nobody knows. How many times have we seen him, you and I? Five times is it not? And could either of us say truthfully that we could be sure of recognizing him again?"

I was forced to shake my head, as I ran back in my mind over those five different people who, incredible as it seemed, were one and the same man. The burly lunatic asylum keeper, the man in the buttoned up overcoat in Paris, James, the footman, the quiet young medical man in the Yellow Jasmine case, and the Russian professor. In no way did any two of these people resemble each other.

"No," I said hopelessly. "We've nothing to go by whatsoever."

Poirot smiled.

"Do not, I pray of you, give way to such enthusiastic despair. We know one or two things."

"What kind of things?" I asked skeptically.

"We know that he is a man of medium height, and of medium or fair coloring. If he were a tall man of swarthy complexion he could never have passed himself off as the fair stocky doctor. It is child's play, of course, to put on an additional inch or so for the part of James or the professor. In the same way he must have a short straight nose. Additions can be built on to a nose by skillful make up, but a large nose cannot be successfully reduced at a moment's notice. Then again, he must be a fairly young man, certainly not over thirty-five. You see, we are getting somewhere. A man between thirty and thirty five, of medium height and coloring, an adept in the art of make up, and with very few if any teeth of his own."

"What?"

(To be continued)

Daily Devotions
DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

In the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, it would seem to some people, the love that St. Paul is talking out is just a little too soft and pliable, a little too easy to be wholesome and workable in the rough-and-tumble world that we live in. As a matter of fact it is just because it is so strong and far-reaching and so deeply intelligent that St. Paul so highly commends it. It is seldom that a great principle is equally powerful, and beautiful. But love is the most powerful, as well as the most beautiful principle that pervades the universe of God, and that burns in the bosom of man. May we develop this principle of love in our hearts, O, God, through the indwelling of Thy Holy Spirit in our hearts. Amen.

MOHAWK ROCK AND RYE
America's Best Seller
Full Quart $1.80
70 Proof
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FROM COAST TO COAST THE NATIONS TOAST

SECOND ANNUAL
CARNIVAL CAPERS
Vaudeville, Singing and Dancing Numbers
OAKLAND HIGH SCHOOL
Friday, Nov. 13
Fun! Surprise! Prizes! Skits!

SALE
Tamales
Plum Pudding
Cooked Food
Aprons
November 14th
M. E. Ladies Aid
at
McKean & Baldwin's

FOR SALE
4-foot SLAB WOOD delivered, per cord $2.00
• MILL ENDS
• SAW DUST
PHONE 282
ROSEBURG LUMBER CO.
2nd Ave. and 5th St. on Dixonville Road

ARMISTICE
DANCE
at the
EVERGREEN GRANGE
Wednesday Nite, Nov. 11
Music by the
SNAPPY FIVE ORCHESTRA
Admission: Men 35c, Ladies free
Everybody Welcome

OPPORTUNITY
For Middle Aged
Businessman or Salesman
We have opening in Douglas County for a Business Man or Salesman. No high pressure salesmanship required. Want well known local man who is capable of calling on Business Concerns, Schools, Public Institutions, Theatres, Hotels, Better Class of Farm Owners, etc. Opportunity for earnings up to $50 a week and higher later on for right man. No capital investment required. Large nationally-known manufacturer—highly rated—established 20 years. Write complete details about your past experience, etc. Address "Secretary," Factory P. O. Box 983, Dayton, Ohio.