

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1879.
Represented By
WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN

San Francisco—220 Bush Street.
Los Angeles—123 South Spring Street.
Seattle—1062 Stewart Street.
Chicago—509 North Michigan Ave.
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Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$3.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, \$2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.00
Daily, by carrier per month, .30

Exit Professionals.

PROFESSIONALISM in intercollegiate football is on the decline and in a few years may disappear completely. Such is indicated by a survey of colleges and universities in midwestern United States where representative students were interviewed as to the status of the average gridiron star on the campus.

It was about 15 years ago, when football was "coming of age" as a major American sport and the big stadium era was in its heyday, that the practice of subsidizing athletes was at its worst. But in the past few years great strides have been made in cleaning up this evil. Several factors contribute to the improved situation. Possibly the chief reason has been the active part taken by coaches themselves, in co-operation with educational leaders, in working to eliminate professionalism from the college gridiron.

[The law of supply and demand entered largely into the picture. Two decades ago the competition for good football players was much keener than today for the simple reason that there were fewer potential gridiron stars of sufficient caliber to attract a college coach's eye. Football then was not the universal high school sport it is today. High school coaches then were usually some member of the regular faculty who was drafted to watch over the boys while they went through the motions of being a team. It is a far different story today. High school coaches are now a well-trained group capable of giving their yearlings sound training in football fundamentals and preparing them for the more rigorous competition of intercollegiate brand.]

To a certain extent, professionalism in college football was over-emphasized and exaggerated. One never heard of a gridiron star leaving college with any respectable sum. At most, they were lucky if they received room, board and tuition. And college football, being the demanding grind that it is, exacted full toll from the average player for whatever consideration he received.

Why Grange Succeeds.

ONE of the marked characteristics of the Grange organization is the extent to which the entire family is represented in its membership, it being not at all unusual to see present at a Grange meeting a half-dozen members of a single family, all active participants in the program, and several of the members occupying officers' stations. Probably no other organization in America can make such a "family showing" as does the Grange, and this holds true in every state in which the order exists.

Equally interesting is the extent to which Grange interest appears to be "handing down" from one generation to the next, and in more than one instance four generations in the same family have held active membership in a subordinate unit of the order, while one often sees present at a single Grange meeting three generations in the same family.

A striking illustration along this line comes from West Baldwin grange, No. 274, in Cumberland county, Maine, which will be hard to match in fraternal circles. The son of the first master of Baldwin grange is this year's master; the son of the first secretary is the present secretary; and the son of the first steward occupies that position among this year's officers.

Probably the family tie is one of the strongest factors in Grange permanence and the continuation of interest among all members of the family, generation after generation, constitutes one of the most

significant pictures in America's organized life.

Robert L. Johnson, president of the Civil Service Reform League of America, recently announced the organization of a nation-wide campaign for the adoption of a constitutional amendment to eliminate the spoils system from government service. He stated that 38 per cent of the national tax bill goes to pay 3,000,000 public servants throughout the country of whom 2,000,000 are selected, "because they are faithful servants to one political party or another." May the league's aim be realized.

The year 1936 which was the top year for the horse and buggy business found about 1,000,000 people employed in that business. Thirty years later the automobile business which had largely supplanted the horse and buggy business, was giving employment to 3,000,000 people.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

lem of controlling foreign investments in the United States (now at a record peak of seven billion dollars) in order to prevent a possible demoralizing effect in the stock and foreign exchange markets.

HOW could that happen, you ask?

Well, foreigners now hold seven billion dollars worth of American securities—bought, presumably, because American securities are regarded as worth the money. Which is quite all right, and probably true.

But suppose these foreigners, for one reason or another—such as the outbreak of war in Europe—should suddenly decide to throw their holdings on the market for cash at any price obtainable. People do things like that, you know, when war begins.

Suddenly dumping seven billion dollars worth of securities would probably cause a stock market crash that would embarrass and possibly ruin a lot of American investors (or gamblers, whichever way you choose to look at it.)

THEORETICALLY, foreigners have a perfect right to buy American securities in any quantity they wish. Theoretically, these foreigners have a right to SELL their American securities at any time, in any quantity and for any price they choose.

But in hard practice in this modern world, where each nation has to look out for itself FIRST, we shall be quite justified in taking any steps which we consider advisable to prevent foreigners from disrupting our markets and interfering with the orderly conduct of our own affairs.

The thing for us to do is to look out for our own welfare.

THAT is what European nations do, and we shall be wise if we follow in their footsteps. There is no obligation upon us to act as Santa Claus for the rest of the world.

KRRR PROGRAM (1500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

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

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Popular Band Selections.
9:00—Canyonville Community Program.
9:30—Norano Ensemble.
9:45—Jack Demaremont.
10:00—Variety Program.
10:30—Belle & Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Five Spades.
11:15—Rhythm Review.
12:00—Time Signal, Knudsen's.
12:00—Close Harmony Four.
12:30—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Guy Lombardo.
1:30—Remembering, Dr. H. B. Scott.
1:45—Hill Billies.
2:00—Concert Arrangements.
2:30—Lawrence Tibbels.
2:45—Ted Lewis and His Band.
2:50—News-Review News Broadcast.
3:00—Roseburg Book Store presents The World Book Man.
2:05—Airs From the Opera.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Belle Ellington and His Orchestra.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Grange Bag Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
7:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
8:00—Norano Ensemble.
8:15—Viola Selections.
8:30—Sacred Selections.

"Goofy, we should have stood home or took our fur overcoats"



8:45—Victrol Salon Orchestra.
9:00—Waltz Time.
9:30—Vocal Ensemble.
9:45—Richard Crooks.
10:00—Victrol Accordion Band.
10:15—Louis Katzman's Orchestra.
10:30—Belle and Martha, Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Kovano, the Operatic Tenor.
11:15—Modern Melodies.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Time Signal, Knudsen's.
12:00—Johnny Johnson's Orchestra.
12:30—Max Bendix Ensemble.
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast.
1:00—Myrtle Creek Community Program.
1:30—Jesse Crawford at the Organ.
2:00—Hawaiian Melodies.
2:30—Waltz Time.
2:50—News-Review News Broadcast.
3:00—Roseburg Book Store presents World Book Man.
3:05—Hoosier Hot Shots.
3:30—Children's Request Program.
3:45—Hansen Motor Co. Variety Program.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Grange Bag Program.
4:45—Sign Off.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS



This picture of Henry Hebard's store was taken one day last spring when the entire population, except the two shown, were crowding around Louis Reizenstein, admiring a fish he had caught down the river. Lucie, the crowd, and the fish are around the corner, out of sight. I was going to take a picture of the fish, but the store showed up so much better.

Mr. Hebard purchased this store at Emporia in 1901 from Whiteside & Wilson. He later remodelled it, and in the winter of '35 and '36 he tore it down and replaced it with the present modern structure. It is located near the spot where the old ferry operated which served the early settlers in Colea valley and the lower Gnapseila, and in the center of one of the richest agricultural regions of Douglas county.

It was near this store also that the earliest settlement in southern Oregon was established—that of a Hudson Bay post, in 1822. It operated there, however, for only a short time, when it was removed down stream to the mouth of Elk creek, across the Umpqua river from where Elkton now stands. In his history of early Oregon

KELLOGG GRANGE ELECTS OFFICERS

The annual election of officers of Kellogg grange was held Wednesday, with Eugene Fleisher being chosen master, Milo Bullock, overseer; Paula L. Anderson, lecturer; Gale Madison, steward; Grant Madison, assistant steward; Mae Madison, lady assistant steward; Virginia Gates, Cora; Fay Bensen, Pomona; Evelyn Hudson, Flora; George Bullock, gatekeeper; Cecil Penny, treasurer; Thomas Madison, secretary; Virginia Anderson, musician; George Madison, Arthur Mode, Boyd Kader, executive committee.

Fifty-seven members were in attendance at the first meeting held in the new Kellogg grange hall. The building is not entirely completed, but the work has been progressing rapidly the last two weeks under the direction of Frank Madison.

The second meeting of the home extension unit was held at the home of Mrs. Rose Hutchinson, with 42 in attendance. Miss Lucy Case was in charge of the demonstration.

THE BIG FOUR

A Mystery-Romance by Agatha Christie

CHAPTER XXXI

Even now I can hardly bear to write of those days in March. Poirot—the unique, the inimitable Hercule Poirot—dead! There was a particularly diabolical touch in the disarranged match-box, which was certain to catch his eye, and which he would hasten to rearrange—and thereby touch off the explosion. That, as a matter of fact, it was I who actually precipitated the catastrophe never ceased to fill me with unavailing remorse. It was, as Doctor Ridgeway said, a perfect miracle that I had not been killed, but had escaped with a slight concussion.

Although it had seemed to me as though I regained consciousness almost immediately, it was in reality over twenty-four hours before I came back to life. It was not until the evening of the day following that I was able to stagger feebly into an adjoining room, and view with deep emotion the plain elm coffin which held the remains of one of the most marvelous men this world has ever known.

From the very first moment of regaining consciousness I had only one purpose in mind—to avenge Poirot's death, and to hunt down the Big Four remorselessly.

I had thought that Ridgeway would have been of one mind with me about this, but to my surprise the good doctor seemed unaccountably lukewarm.

"Get back to South America," was his advice, tendered on every occasion. Why attempt the impossible? Put as delicately as possible, his opinion amounted to this:—If Poirot, the unique Poirot, had failed, was it likely that I should succeed?

But I was obstinate. Putting aside any question as to whether I had the necessary qualifications for the task (and I may say in passing that I did not entirely agree with his views on this point), I had worked so long with Poirot that I knew his methods by heart, and felt fully capable of taking up the work where he had laid it down. It was, with me, a question of feeling. My friend had been feebly murdered. Was I to go tamely back to South America without an effort to bring his murderers to justice?

I said all this and more to Ridgeway, who listened attentively enough.

"All the same," he said when I had finished, "my advice does not vary. I am earnestly convinced that Poirot himself, if he were here, would urge you to return. In his name, I beg of you, Hastings, abandon these wild ideas and go back to your ranch."

To that only one answer was possible, and, shaking his head sadly, he said no more.

It was a month before I was fully restored to health. Towards the end of April, I sought, and obtained, an interview with the home secretary.

Mr. Crowther's manner was rem-

iniscent of that of Dr. Ridgeway. It was soothing and negative. Whilst appreciating the offer of my services, he gently and considerably declined them. The paper referred to by Poirot had passed into his keeping, and he assured me that all possible steps were being taken to deal with the approaching menace.

With that cold comfort I was forced to be satisfied. Mr. Crowther ended the interview by urging me to return to South America. I found the whole thing profoundly unsatisfactory.

I should, I suppose, in its proper place, have described Poirot's funeral. It was a solemn and moving ceremony, and the extraordinary number of floral tributes passed belief. They came from high and low alike, and bore striking testimony to the place my friend had made for himself in the country of his adoption. For myself, I was frankly overcome by emotion as I stood by the grave side and thought of all our varied experiences and the happy days we had passed together.

By the beginning of May I had mapped out a plan of campaign. I felt that I could not do better than keep Poirot's scheme of advertising for any information respecting Claud Darrell. I had an advertisement to this effect, inserted in a number of morning newspapers, and I was sitting in a small restaurant in Soho, and judging of the effect of the advertisement, when a small paragraph in another part of the paper gave me a nasty shock.

Very briefly, it reported the mysterious disappearance of Mr. John Ingles from the S. S. Shanghai, shortly after the latter had left Marseilles. Although the weather was perfectly smooth, it was feared that the unfortunate gentleman must have fallen overboard. The paragraph ended with a brief reference to Mr. Ingles' long and distinguished service in China.

The news was unpleasant. I read into Ingles' death a sinister motive. Not for one moment did I believe the theory of an accident. Ingles had been murdered, and his death was only too clearly the handiwork of that accursed Big Four.

As I sat there, stunned by the blow, and turning the whole matter over in my mind, I was startled by the remarkable behavior of the man sitting opposite me. So far I had not paid much attention to him. He was a thin, dark man of middle age, sallow of complexion, with a small pointed beard. He had sat down opposite me so quietly that I had hardly noticed his arrival.

But his actions now were decidedly peculiar. To say the least of them, leaning forward, he deliberately helped me to salt, putting it in four little heaps round the edge of my plate.

"You will excuse me," he said, in a melancholy voice. "To help a stranger to salt is to help them to sorrow, they say. That may be an

unavoidable necessity. I hope not, though. I hope that you will be reasonable."

Then, with a certain significance, he repeated his operations with the salt on his own plate. The symbol 4 was too plain to be missed. I looked at him searchingly. In no way that I could see did he resemble young Templeton, or James the footman, or any other of the various personalities we had come across. I had to do with no less than the redoubtable Number Four himself. In his voice there was certainly a faint resemblance to the buttoned-up stranger who had called upon us in Paris.

I looked round, undecided as to my course of action. Reading my thoughts, he smiled and gently shook his head.

"I should not advise it," he remarked. "Remember what came of your hasty action in Paris. Let me assure you that my way of retreat is well assured. Your ideas are inclined to be a little crude, Captain Hastings, if I may say so."

"You devil," I said, choking with rage, "you incarnate devil!"

"Heated—just a trifle heated. Your late lamented friend would have told you that a man who keeps calm has always a great advantage."

"You dare to speak of him," I cried. "The man you murdered so foully. And you come here—"

He interrupted me. "I came here for an excellent and peaceful purpose. To advise you to return at once to South America. If you do so, that is the end of the matter so far as the Big Four are concerned. You and yours will not be molested in any way. I give you my word as to that."

I laughed scornfully. "And if I refuse to obey your autocratic command?"

"It is hardly a command. Shall we say that it is—a warning?"

There was a cold menace in his tone.

"The first warning," he said softly. "You will be well advised not to disregard it."

Then, before I had any hint of his intention, he rose and slipped quickly away towards the door. I sprang to my feet and was after him in a second, but by bad luck I cannoned straight into an enormously fat man who blocked the way between me and the next table. By the time I had disentangled myself, my quarry was just passing through the doorway, and the next delay was from a waiter carrying a huge pile of plates who crashed into me without the least warning. By the time I got to the door there was no sign of the thin man with the dark beard.

The waiter was fulsome in apologies, the fat man was sitting placidly at a table ordering his lunch. There was nothing to show that both occurrences had not been a pure accident. Nevertheless, I had my own opinion as to that. I knew well enough that the agents of the Big Four were everywhere. (To be continued.)

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

Regular meeting of auxiliary at armory on Tuesday, November 17th, at 8 p. m. All members urged to be present.—Adv.

Give your eyes the
LIGHT
they need

Do you realize that eyes are one of the most delicately constructed parts of the entire body? That they are easily strained and easily weakened? That different tasks put varying burdens on them? That either too much or too little light affects them—often in unnoticed ways? That proper artificial light often prevents or postpones the need of glasses? Proper light not only saves eye-strain; it also prevents costly or painful mistakes. It saves many a child from failure in school, many a housewife from headaches, many a husband from eye-fatigue carried next day into the office. And with electric current so cheap today, there really is no need of inadequate lighting—for reading, for the stairs, for dark closets, for any purpose which increases the comfort and pleasure of daily living.

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