

Leading News Items

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HAROLD ELLSWORTH, Editor... Entered as second class matter May 17, 1930, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1911.

WEEK-END HOLIDAY

New York—21 East 40th Street, Chicago—340 N. Michigan Ave., San Francisco—220 Bush Street, Detroit—319 Stephenson Bldg., Los Angeles—424 S. Spring Street, Seattle—603 Stewart Street, Portland—120 S. W. Sixth Street, Vancouver—4-1111 Hill Side, St. Louis—411 N. Tenth Street, Atlanta—225 Grant Building.

Subscription Rates: Daily, per year by mail, \$4.00; Daily, 6 months by mail, \$2.50; Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.50; Daily, by carrier per month, .50.

Facts Needed

CONGRESS is considering an appropriation of \$1,500,000,000 for relief next fiscal year. Relief expenditures are necessitated, of course, by unemployment. How many are unemployed? How many people will get that \$1,500,000,000 if it is appropriated?

Well, the American Federation of Labor estimates there are 9,722,000 unemployed. The national industrial conference board says there are 8,914,000. President Roosevelt puts the figure at 8,450,000. The United States employment service says it has 6,115,000 applications for jobs on hand. And a recent survey of the manufacturing industry showed it was employing as many as it did in the previous peak year of 1929, with further advances foreseen by Secretary Frances Perkins.

Thus you can take your choice between 6,115,000 and 9,722,000. And you can say that they are not unemployed because of conditions in the manufacturing industry. Furthermore, the federal government is planning to reduce its work-creating expenditures on durable goods, because of the belief that they have been stimulated enough.

What is lagging behind the rest? Nobody knows. Take another angle of the situation to illustrate the uncertainty: Secretary Perkins and the department of labor deny that there is a shortage of skilled workers in any field; Corrington Gill, WPA deputy administrator, says that "while some industries find difficulty in obtaining skilled workers, due to such factors as the loss of skills during idleness, age increases on the part of skilled craftsmen, and absence of a training program for several years, the unemployment program is aggravated by a lack of information."

Wouldn't an unemployment census covering the number who are willing, able and anxious to work but can't get jobs, and enumerating the jobs for which they are qualified give us the facts? We certainly don't have them now.

The Land Grant Bill

A QUARTER of a century ago, forfeiture of the Oregon and California railroad land grant to the federal government—or as it was called "to the people" was a burning issue in Oregon. By that time most of the valuable agricultural and timber lands in the O & C grants had been disposed of. The remaining lands, except for occasional isolated timber tracts, were worthless for anything except grazing purposes and still are. But they were all on the taxrolls and the state and nearly every county in western Oregon received a substantial part of its revenues from these taxes.

This tax feature was ignored by the politicians and the people, and the legislature and the county courts unanimously endorsed the forfeiture, finally forcing action to this end by congress. The loss of taxes crippled the state and counties and a terrific howl followed. But the people got what they clamored for the lands have been off the taxroll ever since, administered by the federal government, with scattered timber sold sporadically, as market materialized, on a stamper basis.

Along about 1925 the Stanford bill was passed, reimbursing the counties annually for a portion of taxes lost. As the revenue from sales of land and timber have never been sufficient to return the government's original investment of \$250 per acre or to meet tax subsidies, the interior department has introduced a bill to permit the treasury to liquidate the \$10,000,000 deficit accrued. It provides a division of revenue from sales to give the counties 50 per cent, the treasury 25 per cent

after 8 years and until the deficit has been liquidated and the interior department 25 per cent for administration in a sustained yield basis for timber. The bill will be strenuously fought by the land grant counties. The moral is that the people should not forget that when government, federal, state or local, goes into business and industry, the taxpayers have to pungle up for property taken off the tax rolls by increased levies to make up the deficiency.—Salem Capitol Journal.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

paring to sell to us. NOBODY working more than 40 hours a week and nobody getting less than 40 cents an hour sounds marvelous. Maybe the millennium is nearly here. But this disturbing thought intrudes: With everybody working less and getting more, the things we buy with what we get will have to COST MORE.

STABILIZATION of farm production and prices (which means, supposedly, that the farmer will never get too much or too little for what he has to sell) also sounds wonderful. But again a disturbing thought intrudes. If the government is to "stabilize" farm production and farm prices, it means that the government will have to CONTROL FARM PRODUCTION, so that every year the farmer will have to go to Washington and say humbly with his hat in his hand: "Please, Uncle Sam, may I raise this, or MUST I raise that?"

AND a "regional planning program, dealing with flood control, power, navigation improvement, irrigation, soil erosion, etc.," also sounds SWELL—at first. But once more a disturbing thought arises upon second thought: "Who will do all this planning?" Why, the GOVERNMENT, of course. Which means that when all this comes to pass we'll have to go to the government and say: "Please, Uncle Sam, may I do so and so?" whereas in the past we've been in the habit of saying: "I'M GOING to do so and so."

MAYBE, after we get used to it, we'll LOVE it. Having a nice, kind government to do EVERYTHING for us, so that we won't have to do a thing for ourselves, may be just wonderful after we get the hang of it. But it's going to take time for an independent, self-reliant people to learn to go to the government, with hat in hand, to ask for permission to do all the things they've been in the habit of doing on their OWN INITIATIVE.

The millennium isn't going to arrive next week. LANTERN LECTURE ON SUDAN SET HERE. Samuel Cassels, field secretary of the Sudan Interior mission, an organization which is also doing work in Ethiopia, will give an illustrated lecture on the work in the Sudan tonight at the First Baptist church at 8 o'clock.

The mission that Mr. Cassels represents is interdenominational, organized along the same lines as the China Inland mission. Its work in Africa has met with phenomenal success, whole tribes having been turned from cannibalism and savagery.

Some months ago Mr. Cassels accompanied Dr. Ralph Hooper and Thomas Titeombe, the former being a medical missionary in Ethiopia and having served with the Ethiopian Red Cross in the late war in that country. At the time of his former visit a missionary watchlight service was held but there was not time for Mr. Cassels to show his slides, and because of the intense interest aroused by Mr. Titeombe's studies and lecture, Mr. Cassels was urged to return and give his message with an entirely different set of slides.

COMING to Hunt's Indian store Saturday, May 29, Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and Martha Raye in "Waikiki Wedding"—Adv.

Daily Devotions

DL. CHARLES A. EDWARDS. The Psalmist expresses a sense of peace and satisfaction that comes to the children of God when they have given themselves up faithfully to the doing of God's will. He, himself, had found it a very satisfying experience to make a commitment of his life to right courses and faithful upright living, and he becomes quite lyric in expressing the real happiness and exhilaration that had come to him by way of faithful service to God, and no surprise it has been good for us to walk in the way of Thy testimonies, O God, we have discovered "His ways are ways of pleasantness and all His paths are peace." Amen.

OUT OUR WAY



RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

ONLY one-quarter of those people come here this season who have signified their intention of doing so, we will have all the business we can take care of," said Mrs. McMillen, who assists her husband, "Pickett" McMillen, in the management of Idlewild, noted North Umpqua fishing resort.

Some of the earlier vacationists already have arrived, I noticed yesterday. The license plates? They were California, of course. Oregon people should feel very friendly indeed toward the travelers in our sister state to the south. They furnish the bulk of our summer visitors, bringing with them a golden wealth from which we reap a rich reward.

Fish are commencing to rise to a fly on the upper river. Several good catches have been made within the last few days. The water is clearing, and fell eight or ten inches yesterday, I was informed.

Zeke Allen, well known upriver fisherman, is stationed at Idlewild park this season, and will be available for guiding patrons of the resort to a sloughy river. He was putting the finishing touches on his cabin there yesterday.

A trailer party was camped in the edge of the clearing across from the store. Smoke drifted lazily from the flue in the roof of the trailer—a pot of beans was on the stove, maybe. At a nearby table a man was sitting, idly mending a landing net, and bestowing a casual attention to the waiting sport to a slender fly rod. He yawned prodigiously from time to time.

A young woman left the trailer and, after poking aimlessly about for a few minutes, accompanied by a splendid bird dog, he took herself to a camp bed spread in the soft May sun and threw herself upon it in luxurious indolence. Sprawling comfortably there, she went to sleep.

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

Chapter 36 To Fool the Killer. The whole question of M. Farrington's accident was thrown into a hopeless jumble. Higgins' extraordinary behavior with regard to the fingerprints on the revolver might be explained as nervousness. Cook might have used that gun from M. Farrington's doorway, left it in the hall, walked a few paces toward the servants' corridor, and turned, giving the appearance of having rushed out at the sound of the shot.

The fact that both the Skipper and Higgins offered the same alibi rather tended to substantiate this theory. Could the Skipper, later on, have left M. Farrington alone with Cook, and might Cook have augmented the sleeping powder with a preparation of her own? Had Cook in some mysterious way lured the Skipper to whatever fate she had encountered? It seemed rather senseless. Cook had been at the bluff for several years without any such outbreak. What possible motive could she have for embarking on a career of wholesale slaughter? "No, sir, in order to do this, you would need staying with Miss Farrington for a little while until one of us comes up?" The alibi with which Annie leapt at the suggestion was amazing. Whatever terror the house held for her was seemingly not increased by being left alone on the upper floor with the sick woman. She rushed up the stairs eagerly. "It stands to reason," said Mike heavily, "that the house can't be full of homicidal maniacs." Gay giggled. "If it comes to that, it stands to reason that all this can't have happened in your own house. Try again, Mike."

By Williams

Facing the west end of the house, we were confronted by M. Farrington's room on the left with the Skipper's beyond it. On the right were Gay's room and Jude's. To the east my room and Mike's both faced the door to the servants' corridor. We didn't dare whisper. By some tacit agreement, we seemed to have decided that the person we sought was one of the four servants, and that observation by any one of them must be avoided above all things. Michael pointed to Gay's door, and without hesitation I unlocked it. We crept in. They were from friends and in no way startling. We went through the dressing table, desk and bed-stand, removing drawers and turning them upside down. Nothing. We tore the bed apart and even felt under the mattress. Nothing. We went through her shoes. I investigated coat linings and pockets. We lifted the rug. We leafed through all the books in the room. To save me, I couldn't think of anything else. "Jude's room," I suggested reluctantly, the very thought of my latest experience in there turning me a little sick.

"That business of rifling the possessions of a dead friend in sight of her lifeless body still remains one of the most unpleasant jobs of my life. I couldn't seem to shake off the idea that the person who had killed her might be one of the persons now rattling among her things. I couldn't drown the memory of that ghastly sight on the closet shelves and the still, sheeted figure that had not been Jude Blinshop."

I would have given anything to have thrown Gay and Mike bodily out of that room—and myself after them. But I went through with it. (Copyright, 1937, Esther Tyler)

THE RADIO AS A BLIND

I think we would have been in for a spirited debate, but the sound of Williams' footsteps on the back stairs brought them to a quick decision. "Let's," said Gay, simultaneously with Mike's grunted assent. Silently we herded into the hall, taking care that the kitchen door was not left swinging after us. One thing that none of us relished was the idea of William prowling through the deserted house on our trail—William, Higgins, or anyone else. At the foot of the main stairs Michael, finger to lips, beckoned us into the living room. We followed him on tip-toe and he closed the door softly after us. "The radio," he whispered. "Turn it on for a blind."

I had forgotten that there was a radio at the bluff. Why the dickens hadn't I thought of it during those unpeppable hours of waiting? Mike is not usually a person for details. I watched him in startled silence as he turned on the radio and most of the lights in the room with it.

"Wait," Gay whispered. "Help me move thisavenport, Sam. Now the chairs. That's it." Working rapidly, she completed the setting of our little stage. Theavenport was turned before the fire and a heavy chair drawn up beside it, so that both were turned from the hall and game-room doors. With the aid of a couple of steamer rugs and many pillows, Gay swiftly constructed an amazing semblance of three people dozing before the fire.

I suppose we had all done that very thing a dozen times, but we watched it now with no anticipatory glee. We were in deadly earnest. I for one was thinking, "She's clever. She keeps her head and thinks of details. And she's the only one above suspicion. The only one!"

"There!" said Gay with finality. "Mike, throw some logs on the fire. I think that will do." Michael moved to obey her. "The only trouble is," he said, "that this will be a pretty obvious gag if anyone happens to look through the windows. And it would sound damned fishy in front of a jury."

I reflected that practically anything we could do in the way of fooling the murderer would be twisted against us later, if his cunning succeeded in involving us.

"We'll have to take some risks," said Gay, but she went back over her blueprint, creating a fair illusion of three people given to sleeping with their heads under blankets.

"Let's get going," said Michael. At the door an unexpected problem presented itself. We no sooner stepped into the hall than a loud blast of swing music echoed through the entire house. William or anyone else would have to be deaf not to know that a door had been opened. I took a wild shot.

I said very loudly "All the hall lights are on. Shall I doze them?" "Mike stepped back into the room. "No," he shouted. "leave them on!" I closed the door after him with a careful bang. There was of course a very good chance that William had been watching us through the keyhole of either the library or the dining room door, or even through the crack of the door in the servants' hall. He could command a good two-thirds of the first floor from the kitchen without ever coming into the hall. But there was no help for it, and none of the doors had moved.

Gay's Room First. At the foot of the stairs, we were confronted with another danger. Higgins and Annie, both supposedly upstairs, might have been watching the entire performance from the landing, and even if they had not, we were now apt to be detected, if they were both where they should have been, they were both under the head of that sheet. The upward swing in her voice brought me to my feet.

"Of course he isn't!" I said loudly. "Now, I'm suggesting that we get down to business. William will be down in a minute. Why don't the three of us start now and go inch by inch over every bedroom in this house? We might find something—helpful."

favor—such as the sturdiness of the old stairs, with never a creak in them, and the thickness of the carpet. Facing the west end of the house, we were confronted by M. Farrington's room on the left with the Skipper's beyond it. On the right were Gay's room and Jude's. To the east my room and Mike's both faced the door to the servants' corridor. We didn't dare whisper. By some tacit agreement, we seemed to have decided that the person we sought was one of the four servants, and that observation by any one of them must be avoided above all things.

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KRRR PROGRAM (1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY 4:00—The Editor Views the News. 4:15—Organ Melodies. 4:45—Girls of the Golden West. 5:00—The Monitor Views the News.

5:15—Jan Garber in Memories. 5:30—Modern Vocal Favorites. 5:45—Terror Tempoes. 6:00—Lopez & Orch. 6:30—"The Ace of Diamonds," Douglas Co. Mill. 7:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments With Rubinf, Ruth Carhart & Clarke Dennis. 7:15—Fisher's Playhouse. Presents, "Gay Red Cape." 7:30—Your Grab Bag. 8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, MAY 28

7:00—"Early Birds." 7:30—News-Review Newscast. 7:45—J. M. Judd says "Good Morning." 7:50—Alarm Clock Club. 8:15—Dixie Memories. 8:30—Rudy Vallee and the Yankers. 8:45—Shep Fields in Rippling Rhythm. 9:00—Coon-Sanders Orchestra. 9:15—Chick Bullock and Orchestra. 9:30—Golden Voices. 10:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra. 10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco. 10:45—Homemakers Harmony. 11:15—Variety Show of the Air. 11:45—Mountain Music. 12:00—"Time Signal," Knudtsen's. 12:00—Chas. Vagabond and Orchestra. 12:15—"Singing Strings," Radio Music.

12:30—Manhattan Concert Band. 12:45—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—"Knights of the Road," Coen Lumber Co. 1:06—"Odds and Ends." 1:20—"Modern Rhythms." 2:00—"World Book Man." 2:05—Organ Interlude. 2:15—South Sea Serenade. 2:50—News Flashes. 3:00—Famous Vocalists. 3:30—Kiddies Request Program. 3:45—Dairies' Program. 4:00—The Editor's Views of the News.

4:15—Louis Katzman and Orchestra. 4:45—Indiana DeLaure. 5:00—Monitor Views the News. 5:15—Roy Eldridge and His Swing Band. 5:30—Songs of the Range. 6:00—Hansen Motor Co. Program. 6:15—Eagles Lodge Program. 6:45—Dillard Motor Co. Program. 6:50—Baseball Roundup, Douglas Co. Mill. 6:55—News Flashes. 7:00—Victor Herbert Melodies. 7:15—Vaughn DeLeath. 7:30—American Family Robinson. 7:45—Your Grab Bag. 8:00—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, MAY 29

7:00—"Early Birds." 7:30—News-Review Newscast. 7:45—Alarm Clock Club. 7:50—Alarm Clock Club. 7:55—Alarm Clock Club.

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SUN., MON., TUES. Waikiki WOODING. BIG CROSS BOWS. BIRTHA BARK. SHIRLEY ROSE. INDIAN THEATRE.

8:15—Sacred Selections. 8:30—Kay Kyser. 9:00—Marius Melodies. 9:15—Don Orlando and Accordion. 9:30—Lopez and Orchestra. 10:00—Here Comes the Band. 10:15—Miscellaneous Rhythm. 10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco. 10:45—Homemakers Harmony. 11:15—Variety Show of the Air. 11:45—Dick McDonough and Orchestra. 12:00—"Time Signal," Knudtsen's. 12:00—Phil Levante and Orchestra. 12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Program. 12:45—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—"Knights of the Road," Coen Lumber Co. 1:06—"Odds and Ends." 1:15—Bradley's Jamboree from Indian Territory. 1:45—Freddie Martin and Orchestra. 2:00—"World Book Man." 2:05—Organ Interlude. 2:15—Ray Noble. 2:30—Joe Haymes in Popular Music. 2:50—News Flashes.

3:00—Operatic Echoes. 3:15—John McCormack. 3:30—Kiddies' Request Program. 4:00—Manhattan Concert Band. 4:15—Gems From the Classics. 4:30—"The Howell Sisters, News." 5:15—Fring Melodies. 5:30—Saturday Studio Party. 6:00—Let's Dance. 6:30—New York Civic Orchestra. 6:45—Baseball Roundup, Douglas County Mill. 6:50—News Flashes. 7:00—Los Angeles Dance Band. 7:15—Popular Concert. 7:30—Your Grab Bag Program. 8:00—Sign Off.

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