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To Whom Honor Is Due

It is an odd sight, that of a former president of the United States being received in a foreign country with greater popularity than he can command in his own nation.

Not only odd, it is a little unfair to Herbert Hoover, who inherited a nation in an unhealthy condition and then found that he could command—but could not persuade those who would not accept his commands.

There must be many persons in the United States who are too young or who have forgotten the Hoover who was a life-saving, solid, safe figure before he went to the White House. In Belgium during the war he was virtual dictator of the economy of ten million persons. He built and commanded a complicated system of machinery of living for that country's people. And his conditions were not ideal, for war was ever in proximity.

There he will always be a national hero and it is the Belgian government which invited him back for a series of ceremonies in his honor, a touching sentimentalism which must be pleasant to an ex-president who has been handed few laurels in his own country during the last few years.

It is difficult to recall that Hoover is the name man who was made food administrator in this country during the pinching days of U. S. participation in the World war; that, like President Wilson, he sprang from total obscurity into world fame in a few short months; and that his name came pleasantly to the lips of millions of persons in those hysterical days.

Hoover has retained considerable prestige in this country during the past few months through a combination of happy circumstances and happier publicity. He may regain even more, a lot more. Whatever his stature becomes in the Republican party, however, his position must always be overshadowed by positions he has held before.

It does seem unjust that a man who had a recognized genius for organization and used it for international good should be known now as the man who allowed the United States to slip into its greatest depression, when a little reflection will bring the realization that that depression must have been inevitable.

And a little more reflection based on events of the past few months will bring further realization that a depression once started is not the easiest thing in the world to stop.

Memo for Husbands

A LOT of more husbands could do worse than frame a little news item which came out of Hollywood recently to the effect that when a studio wanted a sleeky-looking evening dress the prop experts toured all the cheap shops and finally ended up buying an exclusive model for \$250.

It seems that all the cheaper stores where evening frocks are hung on racks for \$11.95 and even lower, featured smart lines and a certain available chic which their patrons recognized at sight.

Studio designers explained that the exclusive model which they finally chose was extraordinary and "must have been a night-mare" on the part of some couturier.

Many an exclusive model has been a nightmare to a husband, too, about the time the bill appeared. Hollywood has done the male sex a tremendous good turn. The little news item justifies it.

self. No home should be without it.

Brains and Backache

IN the dawn of history and for many centuries thereafter man furnished his own power. But today he has been freed to act as a guiding intelligence and the more and more power required in our intricate economic system now comes from the machine.

In the home, on the farm, in the office and in the factory, the machine and the products of the machine make work easier and more pleasant. Even in gaining the pleasures of life we use the radio, automobile, moving pictures—all products of the machine, brought within our reach at ever lessening costs because we live in the Machine Age.

There is no way in which we can retain human freedom and continue to extend human happiness—to bring more things to more people—save one, and that is the increased efficiency of industry to increase the output of each worker.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

crops, under the operation of the bonus system of payments for non-production, will this land be devoted to other crops not now so extensively grown in the cotton, wheat and corn belts—dairy products, vegetables and fruits, for example?

Will the result of this diversion of land from cotton, wheat and corn to dairy products, vegetables and fruits be to WRECK THE MARKETS for existing dairy, vegetable and fruit districts, such as we have developed extensively here on the Pacific Coast?

Again, only time can tell.

THIS much, of course, must be admitted: If the government is to regulate EVERYTHING ELSE, it must regulate agriculture. The farmer can't remain a rugged individualist in a regimented state. If EVERYBODY is to be regimented, he must be regimented too.

He may LIKE regimentation—which means being told what he can do and what he can't. As to that, only time can tell.

About all we can do about the farm bill, which was passed by congress almost without debate because it is believed to MEAN VOTES, is to watch and wait—and maybe pray a little.

SALVATIONIST GETS ILLNESS FURLOUGH

Captain Sibly Jenson, former commander of the Salvation Army corps at Roseburg, has been granted a sick furlough, due to serious illness, it was announced here today. Her assistant, Lieutenant Gladys Lee, is being transferred to Walla Walla, Wash.

Lieutenant Marie Lorenzen, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Johanna Lorenzen, is taking over the command of the Roseburg unit, having been transferred from Boise, where she has served as corps assistant since her graduation August 1 from the western territorial college of the organization in San Francisco. Lieut. Lorenzen is reported to be an accomplished singer and has had experience in young people's activities, including camp work.

Creations of Art With Needlework



COLORFUL EMBROIDERED BEDSPREAD

A fully colored, basket of flowers, surrounded with garlands of matching material is the sort of decoration that your bedspread will welcome. A center motif, with similar ones for the corners of the spread and bolster give you an opportunity to use a great variety of pastel colors, or just a few, to harmonize with the rest of your furnishings.

The pattern envelope contains full transfer design for five motifs; two 2x6 inches; two 3x3 inches; one 17x24 inches; color, etc., and complete, easy-to-understand, illustrated directions; also what material, and how much you will need; color suggestions and illustrations of stitch work.

To obtain this pattern, send for No. 581 and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to cover service and postage. Address: News-Review, Needlework Department, Roseburg, Oregon.

OUT OUR WAY



For Love of Polly

By RACHEL MACK

CAST OF CHARACTERS

POLLY CHELSEY, heroine; stranded in London when war breaks out.

JERRY WHITEFIELD, hero; the Yankee who sees her through.

CABELL BANKS, privateer captain.

Yesterday: Disguised as an old woman, Polly starts from Dover to cross the channel and mean-while the woman with the blue bonnet has written her, revealing the truth about Jerry's abduction.

CHAPTER XV

Passengers in the Deal coach were surprised to observe the tall old dame in rusty black bust into musical laughter and at the same time wipe tears from her eyes. She appeared to be slightly daft, for her face, now streaked by tears and lamp-black, was the very picture of triumphant elation.

Such, actually, was Polly's state of mind. Elation and joy. She felt that she hadn't a care on earth. She was several thousand miles from home in an enemy country with a dangerous journey before her, and Jerry was imprisoned by the British navy on a ship called the Sunrise, undoubtedly in a helpless and desperate state. Yet she hadn't a care in the world. Jerry had not deserted her. Jerry loved her.

She read the letter again. It struck her as being a delightful piece of literature. Even Maizie Miller's erratic spelling and her peculiar sprinkling of capital letters held a charm.

Polly thought, I ought to hate her for what she's done to us. I do hate her. But it's not the same kind of hate I've been feeling toward her. . . . She was nothing at all to Jerry! He didn't love her before! He'd never laid eyes on her before she wavered to him. . . . Oh, this is beautiful and wonderful.

She suddenly noticed that all the passengers were looking at her. The coach driver had turned in. She asked to say to her reprovingly, "I ask you again, Ma'am, where is it you want to be set down?"

"Oh!" said Polly. Then, "Let me off at Corby, please, south of Deal!"

His majesty's brig Sunrise, carrying 30 guns, had moved out of the gradually widening Thames into the North Sea. She sailed like a fearless bird that can go where she will, proud of her plumage and her standing. So sailed all of his majesty's ships, the great and the small. And because they were so proud and so beautiful to look at, the English people loved them and spoke of them vauntingly, as is natural.

But a sailing ship that looks like a proud swan from shore can look like a hornet's nest when viewed by one on board. It is a small floating kingdom, inhabited by too many busy men, and those in command must rule with an iron hand. So it has ever been on the sea. But so it especially is in this year 1812, when England's greatness is clouded for the moment by a grasping king and a stupid prince regent and by admirals' and commissioners' who have attracted two great words on the Union Jack—fool and Cnolly.

Now where the fair island of England is at its broadest there is a town called Lowestoft. As the Sunrise sailed north she passed within call of this port. The two marines who stood guard at the hatch above the prison hold spoke of this matter. One of them had a sweetheart in that port, and when he saw some female figures waving from shore, as women will at sight of a ship, he was moved to speculate as to whether his girl might be among them.

The conversation of the two marines could be heard in the hold. Jerry Whitefield said to Cabell Banks, "We're close to shore!"

Just those few words, but he spoke them so tensely that Cabell who was lying in his hammock with closed eyes, came alert. He turned and opened his eyes to

see Jerry Whitefield disappear up the ladder with the softness and swiftness of a cat.

As for Jerry, he was impelled by instinct entirely. Reasoning did not enter into it. He gained the deck, balanced his slender but powerful body for a moment for his greatest projection of strength, hurried himself toward the two hateful backs and struck down both men simultaneously.

He had reached the edge of the deck and had a leg over the bulwark before two other marines seized him and brought him back. After that, things happened rapidly. There was a report to the captain who listened attentively and smiled oddly.

"It was the large man?" he asked. "Whitefield?" This was as it should be. It would have been awkward, had it been the other one who had bolted. The captain gave an order.

A call was piped shrilly, calling all hands. Cabell, listening on the ladder of the hold, knew what this meant. He too must go above. He went, with sick heart and dragging feet.

To Jerry Whitefield, reason had returned. Instinct still surged within him—the old primitive instinct that writhes at the feel of a whip on naked flesh—but reason dominated. With a proud and scornful dignity he went where he was commanded to go, permitted without useless struggle the shirt to be stripped from his back and his feet to be fastened to the gratings. He heard the command "Twenty lashes!" without moving his eyes from a distant cloud. He was conscious then of nothing except his own superhuman determination to make no outcry.

As he turned to go, afterward, he looked into a ring of faces that had been summoned to witness his punishment. Some were brutally pleased, some stoical and hardened, some pitying. He saw a very young midshipman look at his bleeding back and fall in a faint. He saw Cabell Banks standing with folded arms and frozen expression.

Banks fell into step with him. The two prisoners went below. Banks said, "Here's some salve I bought from the surgeon's helper. I'll put it on for you." His aristocratic, ugly face was as white as death.

"Thank you," Jerry Whitefield said. Presently they pulled hemp strands from the damp rope and resumed their former position, and after that they spoke of how the foliage would soon be turning in Massachusetts, and of the scarcity of wild turkeys near the settled places.

It was not until night, from the depths of a pain-filled sleep that Jerry shouted, "I'll get even with them for this!" It was the threat that cruelty automatically produces.

In Boston the hour was not so late. Mr. Cabell Banks, senior, was pacing the drawing room floor in his beautiful square Georgian house on Beacon street while his wife sat erectly before the fire sipping coffee from a small fragile cup and urging him to be calm.

Beside Mrs. Banks on the high-backed regency sofa sat a small, almost pretty, very intelligent young woman, perhaps 22 years old. She too sipped coffee. Her slender feet with the neat blue lace garters around her ankles were placed properly together on the Persian rug. Her dress was slim and high waisted, squarely cut at the neck—identical in style, indeed, with the frocks of Maizie Miller and the Empress Josephine, for while three countries were warring with all their might, their women stood resolutely together as regarding short waists and tight skirts.

Prince Whitford was this girl's name, and her father was in business with the wirey old man who sheathed the floor. She was very much attached to that old man's son. She confessed as much now to her parents: "If Cabell comes home and asks me, I shall accept him. He's homely and high-strung

but I find him stimulating. I am very fond of him."

"Thank you, my dear," said Cabell's plump and proper mother. She leaned to kiss the cool young cheek affectionately. "This is highly appropriate," he exclaimed. "Your father and I have wished for some such thing to happen."

"But where is my son?" he demanded, returning to his anxiety. "What assurance have we that he will ever get home to us?"

"No assurance," replied Mrs. Banks. "We can only hope and pray." As it was time for family worship, they called in the servants and set about it in the proper Boston way. Mr. Banks read from the scriptures and offered up a stout prayer. He mentioned almost everyone in public life except the King of England and the President of the United States, both of whom had offended him by causing this war.

They all thought of young Cabell as standing at the prow of the barkentine Hardy, avoiding the British and sailing home to them, as good a federalist as when he had left them. His little dream of his new life, his new ideas and his new friend, Jeremiah Whitefield.

(To be continued)

KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—To Be Announced, MBS.

4:15—Outdoors with Bob Edge, MBS.

4:30—The Children's Hour.

4:45—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra, MBS.

5:00—Pat Barnes and His Barnstormers, MBS.

5:30—Olga Bacalova's Continental Revue, MBS.

6:00—Singing, West Coast Fox, MBS.

6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.

6:45—Interlude.

6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—Indianapolis Symphony, MBS.

8:15—Abe Lyman's Orchestra, MBS.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.

9:15—California Council, MBS.

9:30—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20

8:00—Reviewing Stand, MBS.

8:15—Devotional Hour, MBS.

8:30—Pauline Albert, Pianist, MBS.

8:45—Glad Tidings of the Air, Rev. Ira F. Rankin.

9:00—Veterans' Dedication Program.

9:30—American Wildlife, MBS.

9:45—Symphony.

10:00—Lyon & Laschelle, MBS.

10:15—Romance of the Hiways, MBS.

10:30—Paul V. McNutt, MBS.

11:00—Baptist Church Services, Rev. J. R. Turnbull.

12:00—Poems from the Tower Room.

12:15—Wanda Armour at the Organ.

1:00—Dance Melodies.

1:30—Lutheran Hour, MBS.

2:00—Tales From an Antique Shop, MBS.

2:30—Rabbi Maguin, MBS.

2:45—Sumner Prindle, Pianist, MBS.

3:00—"30 Minutes in Hollywood," MBS.

3:30—Reunion of States, MBS.

4:00—The WOR Forum, MBS.

4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C. A. Edwards.

5:00—Epic of America, MBS.

5:30—Sammy Hayes' Orchestra, MBS.

6:00—Choral Contrasts, MBS.

6:30—Novala Tosters, MBS.

6:45—L. A. Symphony.

7:00—Louisiana Hay Ride, MBS.

7:30—Old Fashioned Revival, MBS.

8:30—Hancock Ensemble, MBS.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.

9:15—Geo. Olsen Orchestra, MBS.

9:30—Sign Off.

Visit at Fullerton Home—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Richardson and son, Marion, left yesterday for their home in Colfax, Wash., after spending several days here visiting Mrs. Richardson's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fullerton, on route home, after spending the winter in Los Angeles. Another sister, Mrs. Earl Irwin, of Eugene, visited here at the Fullerton home during the Richardson's stay in this city.

UTILITY DISTRICT TO BE DISCUSSED HERE

Two public meetings, to discuss possibility of a Douglas county utility district to take power from Bonnaville, are announced today by T. B. Busebark, master of Douglas County Pomona grange.

A representative from the office of J. D. Ross, Bonnaville administrator, will meet with all interested persons of Roseburg and vicinity at the justice court room in the courthouse at Roseburg at 8 p. m., Thursday, Feb. 24. A similar meeting will be held at 1 p. m., Saturday, Feb. 26, at the I. O. O. F. hall in Yoncalia.

The representative of the Bonnaville project will explain procedure connected with the formation of utility districts and methods of handling distribution of power. Mr. Busebark stated. The grange in Oregon has been quite active in urging formation of utility districts throughout the state.

FUTURE FARMERS BANQUET FATHERS

Local members of the Future Farmers of America gave their father-son banquet Friday evening at Roseburg senior high school. Speakers were J. Roland Parker, county agent; E. A. Britton, 4-H club leader, and Homer W. Grow, chapter adviser.

Mrs. Homer W. Grow entertained with a whistling solo, accompanying herself on the piano.

A boys' quartet from the school glee club, composed of Lewis Insley, Harry Turnbull, Bob Briscoe and Billy Tipton, sang several numbers.

Instrumental numbers were given by Maurice Adams, teacher at the high school.

STUDENTS TOLD OF U. S. DEFENSE PLAN

Captain H. W. Anderson of Umpqua chapter, Reserve Officers association, in connection with that organization's national defense week program, told students of Roseburg senior high school about national defense and the purpose and work of the reserve officers. The talk was broadcast over station KRRR during the regular assembly hour Friday.

Captain Anderson was introduced by Captain H. C. Church, following numbers from the pep band and announcements given by Principal C. H. Beard.

Following the address the entire student body gave the salute to the flag. The assembly was closed with the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Behind the Scenes in Washington

By Rodney Dutcher

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—New Deal optimists, to mention a species which is fast becoming quite extinct, still think congress will pass a wage-hour bill at this session.

Professional gamblers who care to wager odds on that point can be assured of an exciting run for their money because the odds change daily, first this way and then that way.

Chairman Mark Norton of the house labor committee, the only guy whom Boss Frank Hague ever allowed to come to congress from New Jersey, has managed to convince nearly everyone that it's all the same by her if the issue becomes a dead duck.

Mrs. Norton remarked complacently the other day that she thought her committee would report a wage-hour bill late in March or early in April. At that time Speaker Bankhead was on record as predicting that congress would adjourn by April 15, so that if you put two and two together you had to figure that Chairman Norton was giving the proposal a feminine equivalent of the merry haw-haw.

Subsequently, however, Mr. Roosevelt gave private assurances that he would go to work on the house rules committee, which is the real self-appointed log jam on wages and hours.

At the special session late last year, after the senate had passed one wage-hour bill and the house committee had just reported out another bill, a small group of southern democrats and northern republicans on the rules committee decided to bottle up the latter bill and prevent the house from voting on it. By dint of prodigious pressure the administration and the wage-hour bill forces obtained the requisite number of 218 signatures to get the bill on to the house floor.

Then, with the help of the A. F. of L., the measure's foes were able to get the bill recommitted to the labor committee by a very small majority.

Pressure is Off
 Chances of another discharge petition for another wage-hour bill have seemed so poor that the idea has been abandoned. The administration spent nearly all of its remaining purchasing power on wavering members the last time. Also, the threat of the wage-hour bloc to defeat the farm bill, which persuaded several farm state senators to sign, is no longer possible because the farm bill has passed the house.

Even if enough signatures could be obtained again, the job itself and the house rules would require too much time. And, finally, the house labor committee hasn't yet turned out a new bill for the rules committee to smother.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The Psalmist asks, "From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth." All that a man could desire to keep him safe in the desert is the Lord. To those who love Him as they walk in the pre-carious paths of life, this is no conjecture. It is the confession of a man who had already tested its truth. Long after him we know that if God is "Our Father," with the greater love of the Gospels, He is this for us, and He being also the Lord who made the heaven and the earth, why should we ever worry after we have done our best for ourselves on His work in us? Our God, guide us in the way of faithfulness and obedience that we may express Thy will in our lives as to merit Thy protection and blessing in the name of Christ our Redeemer, Amen.

LOCAL NEWS

Riddle Visitor in Town—M. V. Nichols, of Riddle, was here on business yesterday.

Mr. Babka Here—Michael Babka, of Sutherland, spent a few hours here yesterday on business.

Here Yesterday—W. R. Van Orman, of Melrose, spent yesterday in this city on business.

Here Yesterday—Mrs. Gertrude Lyster, of Reedwood, was in town yesterday shopping and visiting friends.

Mrs. Johnson Here—Mrs. Alfred Johnson, of Camas Valley, spent yesterday in town shopping and visiting.

Moving to Town—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Koster, of Gilde, are moving to Roseburg to reside at 527 Mill street.

Here For Week-End—Winifred Arner, of Sutherland, is here spending the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Winifred Arner.

Improved—Mrs. Ralph B. Sipple is reported to be improved in health at her home, where she has been ill for the past week.

Fractures Arm—"Stub" Robertson suffered a fractured arm Monday and was unable to work on his delivery route this week.

Leave For Medford—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dignan left yesterday for their home in Medford, after spending a few days here on business.

Back From Portland—Don Radabaugh, manager of Hunt's Indian and Rose theatres, has returned here, after spending a few days in Portland on business.

Visiting at Riddle—W. T. Langlois, of Clatskanie, left yesterday for Riddle to visit his brother-in-law, G. N. Riddle, and family, after visiting relatives here for several days.

Undergoes Operation—Miss May DeBolt, of this city, underwent an emergency operation at Morey hospital Thursday night for a ruptured appendix. During her absence from work at the Umpqua Clean