

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Politics

WORD comes from Salem that
relatively few candidates
names have been filed for the
primary election May 20. With only
a little more than two weeks to
go before the filing time deadline,
April 4, only about half as many
candidates have filed as there are
nominations to be made.

Most attention is now being
directed toward two positions—gov-
ernor and United States senator.
Support for Governor Martin for
re-election is already reaching
boom proportions. There is more
or less general talk among repub-
licans that his name will be writ-
ten in on the republican ticket.
It is not a write-in campaign for
there is apparently no leadership
or "pulling" involved in it—the
write-in movement for Governor
Martin is spontaneous. If Rufus
Holman decides to run for the sen-
ate and does not enter against
Martin for governor, there is a rea-
sonable possibility that Martin may
receive the republican nomination
—uncollected and on a write-in ba-
sis.

The race for the office of United
States senator from Oregon, prom-
ises to be the hot spot of both the
primary and general election cam-
paigns. Today's report from Sa-
lem indicates that Rufus Holman
may be the principle republican
candidate. Willis Mahoney of
Klamath Falls has finally an-
nounced his candidacy though
there has been small doubt that
he would do so.

Flaming Autos

A MOVEMENT which started
several weeks ago as a cham-
ber of commerce stunt—the burn-
ing of ancient automobiles—has
gained force and is spreading all
over the country. It even furnis-
hed the germ for a scheme origina-
ting in Detroit to have all automo-
biles more than five years old
"plowed under" at government ex-
pense.

That would be going farther
than most of us care to share tax
expense on, for these are thou-
sands and thousands of cars in the
United States which have passed
their fifth birthdays and are still

HIGH RADIO SPOTS

AUNT EMMA
WOTS:



"Yung Artists Recital"

The Oberlin chapter of the Ohio
Young Artists club will present a
special program of classics, demon-
strating the progress being made
in the field of instruction in mu-
sic, on Saturday, March 19, from
1:30 to 2 p. m., PST, over KRNK
and the nation-wide Mutual net-
work.

The special broadcast, under the
direction of Don Morrison, radio
chairman, will be presented under
the auspices of the Ohio Music
Education association and will fea-
ture a group of outstanding young
vocal and instrumental soloists
chosen from the music centers in
Cleveland and northern Ohio.

Indianapolis Symphony

The world-famous Indianapolis
Symphony orchestra, under the di-
rection of Fabian Seivitzky, will
present another exclusive program
over the nation-wide Mutual net-
work on Saturday, March 19, from
7 to 8:15 p. m., PST.
Playing in Indianapolis' massive
Mural temple, the orchestra will
offer Purcell-Barbrolli's suite from
the dramatic music; Weber's Con-
certino with a solo by M. Feu-
ermann, cellist; Tschickow's
Variations on a Theme Rocco, also
as a feature a solo by Feuer-
mann; Casella's La Donna Ser-

trundling around in one shape and
another.

But the bonfire idea is some-
thing else. Usually the autos are
contributed by second-hand deal-
ers or are bought at sums from
5 to 20 dollars. Burning them
gets the junk off the street and
out of auto yards. Further than
that, it prevents those rattling
death-traps on four wheels from
wobbling around the streets where
they can't be stopped, started or
steered accurately.

The more old autos that are
burned up at city, dealer or pri-
vate expense the safer the streets
and highways will be thereafter.

Pooch Utopia

BURIED deep in what might
have been more important
news the other days was a heart-
warming little story from Butte,
Mont., revealing that no man in
that city is willing to start chasing
unlicensed dogs for the sake of the
\$6-per-day remuneration the
job carries with it.

Police Chief Walter Shay, after
advertising in the help wanted
columns for a good dog catcher
and receiving absolutely no replies,
announced his conviction that
Butte must be about "100 per cent
for dogs."

That is fine. Not that dog catch-
ers can't be all right citizens, be-
cause they can. There is a job
that has to be done.

The good point of it all is that
the dog catcher's job goes begging
not because no citizen of Butte
needs the \$5-per-day, but because
no citizen is willing to put him-
self in a position where some act
of his might bring heartbreak to a
kid who couldn't afford to buy a
license for his dog.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

fear and lust for power.

ABOLISHING poverty is another
beautiful ideal—even more beau-
tiful than self-determination of
small peoples. But we can't
abolish poverty by passing a law
or making a speech. Human na-
ture isn't yet perfect enough for that.

E. W. SMITH UPHOLDS MILK CONTROL LAW

Pointing out that milk produc-
tion represents one-third of the ag-
ricultural production in dollars
and cents in the state of Oregon,
Edgar W. Smith, chairman of the
Oregon milk control board, told
members of Rotary and Kiwanis
clubs and numerous guests at
their luncheon meeting yesterday
of the work of the control board.
Smith pointed out that the law
which has been in force four years
has operated satisfactorily for all
concerned, sanitation and prices are
as necessary as the regulation and
control of other public utilities, he
said, and that when viewed in that
light the law is more easily under-
stood.

A. J. Geddes, president of the
Roseburg Rotary club, announced
receipt of an invitation to Rose-
burg club members to attend an in-
ter-city meeting in Eugene, April 5.

KIWANIS PROGRAM DATED AT RIDDLE

The Roseburg Kiwanis club en-
tertained will go to Riddle Tues-
day, March 22, to present a public
program at the new school gymna-
sium at 8 p. m. The Riddle program,
which is sponsoring the entertain-
ment, is preparing accommodations
for a large audience. A small
admission is to be charged.

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OUT OUR WAY

THEY GOT A BIG
GOVERNMENT ORDER
FOR GUN CARRIAGES,
BUT YOU'LL NEVER SEE
ME WORKIN' ON 'EM.
I'LL QUIT FIRST—I'M
AGIN THAT STUFF!
MAKIN' MACHINES TO
KILL PEOPLE—NOT ME!
I'LL GO RIGHT OVER
TO THE AUTO FACTORY
AN' GET A JOB!

HE'S A NUT!
WHY, AUTOS
KILL MORE
PEOPLE THAN
ALL TH' GUNS
THAT WAS
EVER MADE!

THEY'RE A TERRIBLE
WORRY, THOUGH. I
WORKED ON THEM GUN
CARRIAGES THEY MADE
HERE THIRTY YEARS AGO
FOR THE COAST ARTIL-
LERY—AN' I THINK OF
TH' YEARS OF WORRY I'VE
HAD THINKIN' SOME
POOR GUY MIGHT GET
CAUGHT IN TH' GEAR
I MADE!



**Richest Girl
in the World**
BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONSTANCE COBBY—heroine

BRET HARDESTY—hero

RODNEY BRANDON—Connie's

father.

KATIE BLYN—Connie's "dou-
ble."

CHAPTER III

When Gibbs brought Miss Con-
nie's breakfast that next morn-
ing, there was no response. When
she returned with it again an
hour later, there was still no re-
sponse.

Gibbs' face took on its pained
expression. She knew that this
signified a thunderstorm ahead.
Whether to risk it now, or post-
pone it, was the question. Al-
ready the day's schedule
overlapped. The measure would
have to be fitted into the same
half hour as the main part; then
there was that girl coming from
Lucille's with the new frocks to
be tried and fitted. Gibbs set
her thin lips, knocked once more
on the door, pushing it open at
the same time with a decisive jut
from her knee, crossed the room
like a soldier about to face a firing
squad.

"It's very late, Miss Connie,"
she said firmly. "It's a lovely
breakfast I've brought." She set
the tray on the little table by the
mammoth bed. Its occupant was
a tiny mound buried among the
heaps of cushions and the silk
and satin coverlet. A mound that
did not stir.

Gibbs crossed the room once
more with the same purposeful
footsteps. She pulled the heavy
gold brocade draperies, letting the
warm bright sunlight stream in.
"It's a lovely day," she stated, as
though expecting an immediate
denial of such an obvious fact.
"A busy day, too, Miss Connie, if
you'll please to remember."

Still the mound did not stir,
though there was a faint quiver
of the long curling dark lashes on
the smooth fair cheeks.

"Mr. Brandon already has called
three times," Gibbs ventured, and
knew immediately that this was
the wrong approach because the
mound flopped over and buried
itself even deeper. "There's a
lovely account about your lovely
party last night." Undaunted,
Gibbs tried again, proving the old
axiom that it pays.

Connie stirred, sat up, flung
out a rounded white arm. "Let
me see," she said. Sleep had van-
ished from the blue eyes; her
smoldered in their depths. Her
hair hung in a loose swirl that
just brushed the ribbon and lace
on her shoulder of the chiffon
gown that had come, with trunk-
loads of other lingerie, from the
Rue de la Paix.

Gibbs handed her the papers,
carefully folded at the proper
place.

Connie glanced at the first one,
flung it aside. "I knew it," she
muttered.

"The low-down spying sneak.
If only I'd been a man. Or
had one with me." She gave the
pillow next to her a vicious
thump. "I'll have to send for the
guards if you don't go," she
mimicked in what was a surpris-
ing imitation of Rodney's clean-
clipped Harvard accent. Then she
slumped down among the pillows
again. "Take it away, please,"
she waved Gibbs and the papers,
and the whole universe out of her
sight. "Don't want any breakfast.
Don't think I'll get up—ever. Tell
them to come take a picture of me
dying—dying of boredom and
nausea. Tell them they can have
one in my coffin, too, for good
measure. Tell them."

"Now, Miss Connie, you'll really
be ill, if you allow yourself to

get all worked up." Gibbs bent
to pick up the scattered papers,
smoothing out a crumpled sheet
that explained—too late—the
bomb that had set off the explo-
sion. A full length portrait of
Miss Connie, clasped, somewhat
gingerly, it is true, but clasped,
nevertheless, in Mr. Rodney's
vile arms, his lips pressed—not
quite so gingerly—against hers,
and underneath the caption:
"MILK DOLLAR PRINCESS
BESTOWS BETROTHAL KISS."

"I am ill," Connie muttered
from the pillows. "I'm sick. I'm
sick of living. I'm sick of myself.
Go away—please. Take the tray
and those papers with you. I
don't want to see anything or any-
one ever. Understand, Gibbs?"

"Now, Miss Connie," Gibbs be-
gan severely, purposefully again;
but she saw that it was no use,
so she did as she was bid, her
lips set disappearingly.

The mound underneath the silk
and satin coverlet lay quiet once
more. It did not move and it
uttered a sound until what might
have been hours, or days, or years
later, when another knock came
at the door.

The knock was repeated, louder,
more urgently. The door was
pushed open.

A pillow, a small affair of silk
and lace, but solid and compact
for all that, owing to the force of
the velocity with which it was
hurled, caught the young girl in the
doorway squarely in the mid-
dle, sending the big box clasped
tightly in her arms to the floor
with a thump.

"Oh," Connie sat up, rubbed the
sleep, and some of the first out-
let of her eyes stared at the
girl. "Who are you? How did you
get in?" she asked. And then, as
the girl, without answering,
stooped and began to gather the
scattered contents from the box
together, "I'm sorry I hit you,"
Connie said.

The girl did not look up. She
was intent upon her task.

"I said I'm sorry I hit you,"
Connie repeated.

The girl glanced at her over her
shoulder, but she went on pack-
ing the contents into the box.

"Can't you talk?" Connie asked.
She sat up straight now, leaning
forward to clasp her knees in her
arms. There was a tiny candle of
interest, lighted in her blue eyes.

The girl nodded solemnly. Her
eyes, blue like Connie's, were wide
with wonder, as though they would
not credit all they saw.

"Why don't you, then?" This
time Connie's tone was touched
with impatience. She reached for a
negligee at the foot of the bed.
She slung her foot to the floor,
wiggled into blue silk mules, the

heels of which were studded with
rhinestones, walked over to her
chaise longue and sat down.

"You took my breath," the girl
said. "And I was told not to say
anything. Just leave the box."

"I won't bite," Connie said. "I
suppose you're the girl from
Lucille's. Well, you can take those
things back, I don't want any of
them."

The girl just stared at her, not
saying a word.

"Did you hear me?" Connie
asked.

The girl nodded.

"I said I don't want to see
anyone, or anything, ever again,"
Connie said. "And I meant it."

"Why?"

Connie was so surprised that
the girl could ask a question that
she answered before she thought.
"Because I'm sick of everyone and
everything. I'm sick of living."

The incredulity on the girl's
face deepened. "You," she ex-
ploded. "When you have every-
thing in the world you want!"

It was Connie who nodded this
time. "Exactly," she said. "That's
what my grandfather told me
years ago. That's why I haven't
anything."

"But you're the richest girl in
the world!" the girl said. And
then, "Oh, I'd give anything to be
you! Just for a little while."

Now Connie stared at her
speechless.

"Anything!" the girl went on,
speaking rapidly, heatedly, as
though now that her reserve had
been broken down she could not
stop the flow of words. "To have
all this, nothing but beauty around
you—to sleep in a bed like that—
to lie as long as you want . . .
But I'm sorry," she stopped, her
face coloring. "I didn't mean
what I was saying. I didn't mean
to say it."

"I didn't mean to throw things,"
Connie said. There was a new
light in her blue eyes; a flame
much deeper than any flickering
candle, a flame that grew brighter,
more intense. She beckoned the
girl to her side, regarded her a
long moment, the cheap little hat
hat set an air of chic, the
neat plain suit, worn but well-
pressed, the freshly laundered
blouse, the shiny hose, with a run-
ner neatly darned, the brown
brogues, scuffed a bit, but bravely
shined. An air of pride and de-
fiance about the whole ensemble,
matching the lift of the trembling
chin and pretty head. Connie
nodded as though satisfied, as she
said:

"Then how would you like to be
me—for a little while?"
(To be continued)

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(To be continued)

STAGE MAKE-UP IS
ADDRESS SUBJECT

Miss Kate Buchanan, adviser,
talked to members of the Nebo
Dramatics society about theatrical
make-up during the activity period
meeting Thursday, at senior high
school.

Miss Buchanan's talk was con-
cerned chiefly with the various
kinds and types of makeup used
on the stage and how they are em-
ployed. Lack of time prohibited
her from completing the demon-
stration, but she will continue at
an early date.

The program was arranged by
the late Stephens, and the next meet-
ing is in charge of Jane Clarke.

The club elected Marceline Fer-
guson, a junior, to membership.

ENDEAVORS OPEN
CONVENTION HERE

The 26th annual Douglas County
Christian Endeavor convention will
start in Roseburg tonight. Ses-
sions are to be held at the First
Christian church.

The two-day meeting opens with
registration at 3 p. m. today, with
a potluck supper scheduled for
6 p. m.

Claude O'Brien of Springfield is
to be the guest speaker. State
President Howard Cole and Vice-
President Robert Sawyer also will
be present to advise and assist in
the work.

A banquet will be held at the
church basement Saturday eve-
ning.