

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Represented by
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Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$4.00
Daily, per year by mail, \$2.00
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.00
Daily, single month by mail, .50
Daily, by carrier per month, .50

Record Tourist Season.

THE tourist business on the Pacific coast this year promises to set an all-time high record. This prediction is made by several experienced observers. Mayor David Leeching of Victoria, B. C., who spoke here recently predicted an unprecedented tourist travel.

Ward O. Foster, who is rated as the foremost expert on the subject of travel, stated in Portland recently that more tourists will visit Oregon this summer than ever before in the state's history. Foster, who is making a tour of the country, has been prognosticating tourist traffic for 48 years. He says that the excellent roads available to tourists in Oregon are a particular inducement.

All this means a great deal to Roseburg and Douglas county, of course, but what we must fully realize is that we have strong competition bidding for the north and south tourist traffic. We have enjoyed a monopoly for many years but those days are gone forever. The inland route via the Dalles-California highway is a good route and the completion of the bridges on the coast makes that trip highly desirable.

We will get a good share of the tourists because the new routes create new business even more than they divide up the normal business. However, we must remember that we now have competitors and we must do everything we can to make our route attractive. This means courteous treatment. It means that time and thought should be spent on beautifying the Pacific highway through this county. It means also that we should seriously contemplate the expenditure of money for advertising—not only in connection with the Pacific Highway association but for Douglas county alone, as well.

Science is wonderful to develop a machine that will tell whether or not a man is drunk—and just how drunk he is. Now if this machine can be developed further so that it may be a standard item of equipment on all automobiles and trucks a real service to humanity will have been done. The idea would be to rig the machine so that an auto would refuse to run with an intoxicated man at the wheel.

Good old Zioncheck. The newspapers have long needed a dependable front page "character." Not since Alvin Karpis and "What-a-Man" Hudson dropped from sight have the nation's front pages had anything so nice as the antics of Zioncheck.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

thought are arising. One holds that authority should be concentrated in the federal government at Washington, so that congress may have the power to enact practically ANY legislation affecting the people of this country. The other holds that government should be kept closer to the people than it is.

The New Deal upholds the theory of concentration of government in WASHINGTON—indeed, the whole New Deal is more or less built upon that idea.

IT IS NOT the intention here to uphold one of these schools of thought against the other. What is sought here is to urge YOU, who are the individual for whom government exists, to do your own independent thinking on that subject—which is a very important subject indeed, affecting your rights, your interests and even

your liberties in a very material way.

IF YOU believe, genuinely and wholeheartedly, that congress is better fitted to GOVERN YOU than the state legislature, and if you care not a hoot whether the seat of government is close to you, so that you can get at it in case of need, or FAR AWAY, and therefore hard to get at, you will probably agree that governmental authority should be concentrated in Washington, as the New Deal insists.

But if you prefer to keep the bulk of your government CLOSER HOME, so that it will be easier for you to have some hand in it yourself and much simpler and less expensive to present your grievances you will be inclined to prefer the PRESENT form of government, which confers large powers upon the states.

THE point is this: DO SOME HARD THINKING on your own account on these subjects, which really DO concern you very closely, and will concern your children even more. Don't just wave them aside as the exclusive concern of the POLITICIANS.

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

THURSDAY, MAY 28
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Sacred Selections.
9:00—Louis Katzman & His Orchestra.
9:20—Melody Moods.
10:00—Old Favorites.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Five Spades.
11:15—Song Hit Review.
Afternoon Hours
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Gross & Hargis Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Hit Tunes.
1:00—On the Emerald Isle.
1:30—Fodor's Chorus.
1:45—Garden of Music.
2:00—Waltz Time.
2:15—John Demarcant.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—Southern Serenade.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Isam Jones & His Orchestra.
4:30—Westerners.
4:45—Sol Bright & His Holly Wailers.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage Presents The Hawk.
5:45—Airs From the Opera.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—The Stationmaster.
6:30—Request Program.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, MAY 29
Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club Cont'd.
8:00—Good Morning, J. M. Judd.
8:15—Songs of the Water.
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Dorsey Bros. Orchestra.
9:15—Love Songs of Yesterday.
10:00—Morning Musicals.
10:30—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Saw Turns.
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Cope's Agricultural Farm talk.
12:15—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—The Studebaker Chorus.
12:45—Fritz Kriesler.
1:00—Songs of Our Land.
1:15—Close Harmony Four.
1:45—Gene Austin.
2:00—Songs of the Range.
2:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
3:00—World Book Man.
3:15—The Gay Nineties.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Matinee Melody.
4:45—An Ounce of Prevention.
5:00—Matinee Melody Cont'd.
5:30—Motor Shop Garage Presents The Hawk.
5:45—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailers.
6:15—Waltz Time.
7:00—Popular Dance Time.
7:30—Sign Off.

Oddities Gleaned From Day's News

Zioncheck's Latest.

NEW YORK, May 27.—(AP)—This fellow is how to make a Zioncheck (Marion A. H. S. representative) zipper. His equal parts of eye and honey and ice and a sprig of mint and hang on to your hat. The honeymooning love favor from Seattle and his blonde 21-year-old wife awaited reunion today with their automobile, coming by steamer from Florida and made plans to return to Washington after concocting the drink and disclosing its ingredients.

Better Late Than Never.

COLUMBUS, Miss., May 26.—(AP)—An 1893 Columbus woman presented boxes of "goodies" to departing Spanish-American war veterans. The women have just been formally thanked by John A. Holmes, Jr., to Birmingham, Ala. life president of the Fifth Infantry Reunion association.

Together They Form a Fist

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"THERE'S MURDER IN THE AIR"

By ROY CHANSLOR

CHAPTER IX

Doris waved to them as they started down the winding driveway. Nat glanced back when he stopped at the gate and waited for it to open. She was still in sight. She raised her hand and waved gayly. Nat waved back. Then the gate swung open, and they descended into the road.

A mechanic was bent over the open hood of the yellow roadster. Nat grinned as they passed. Tyler was sitting stiffly silent. No one spoke until the car reached the main road.

"Don't be cross, father," Ruth said finally. He smiled and patted her arm.

"That man is afraid," said Ruth quietly but positively.

"He's frightened," said Ruth. "And he's keeping something back. Oh, I know he thinks I'm a sort of freak. . . . But I don't care. He's in danger, and I'm going to try to help him, whether he wants me to or not!"

"I thought you'd feel like that," Ruth said. "And I took the precaution of not telling the number of Gordon's private wire."

"I think he'll have cause to thank you for that," said Ruth.

In the sunny sitting-room Paul Gordon sat by the window, glancing up inquiringly at the two men who stood before him—the well-trained and courteous personal servant, and the burly fellow with the heavy brows.

"You heard everything, Johnson?" Gordon asked the servant.

"And you, Harrigan?" Gordon asked the butler.

"Sure, I heard it," said Harrigan.

"What do you make of it, Johnson?" Gordon asked.

"No more than you, sir," said Johnson.

"It all sounds screwy to me," said Harrigan. "Just what is this racket?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Gordon. "Perhaps they haven't any racket."

Harrigan shrugged with disbeliever.

"Did the whole business strike you as—well, as suspicious, Johnson?" asked Gordon.

"I wouldn't say it did, exactly, sir," said Johnson. "They don't seem that sort. After all, the man was once a reputable lawyer, even district attorney."

"It all seems phony to me," said Harrigan. "I've heard of plenty of crooked D.A.s, and I've known a few shyster lips in my time that was supposed to be reputable lawyers. I'd put it all on 'em all, boss."

"Hm," said Gordon. "Thank you. That's all. We'll be doubly careful from now on, please."

"I think that's wise, sir," said Johnson.

Harrigan patted his hip with a grin.

"Nobody's gonna get us here, boss," he said.

When they had gone, Paul Gordon leaned back in his chair, and the arm of the chair with his fingers. Then he reached for the telephone. When he had got his party, he spoke in a low voice, rapidly:

"This is Paul Gordon. I want a thorough investigation of the past life of Daniel Tyler, retired lawyer and former district attorney, his daughter, Ruth, who is a blind violinist, and his secretary, one Nat Benson. And I want you to look up a Dr. Jan Karasek, a psychiatrist or psychologist or something of the sort. Also I want them all watched night and day."

Understand?"

At the first station of the subway Nat turned the wheel over to Tyler and got out. He asked them to continue without him, explaining that there was some work he wanted to do, and that he could reach his destination more quickly by subway. He said he would probably not be home for lunch.

Tyler, somewhat surprised, nodded and drove off, wondering what could take Nat off at a time like this. They drove home silently.

"I didn't seem to be in the mood for conversation. Sometime after luncheon Nat returned, and asked if he could have the privacy of the library for the afternoon. He had some more work to do and some telephone-calls to make, he explained.

Tyler was puzzled, curious, but he asked no questions. He assured him he would be undisturbed, and watched him retire into the shell-filled room. There were many things he wanted to discuss, but he curbed his impatience and composed himself with what grace he could muster to wait for Nat. In the late afternoon his patience was rewarded. Nat appeared and beckoned Tyler to follow him into the library.

"I've spent most of the day looking into the past of our friend Mr. Paul Y. Gordon," said Nat. "I thought perhaps the search would prove fruitful. It has. The man has no past."

"No past?" Tyler echoed, wonderingly.

"I mean no past that I could discover," explained Nat. "His life, as far as I can check it definitely, seems to begin in about 1917, when he became a member of the banking firm of Street and Company. In that year another member of the firm, a David Grahame and his wife were lost in the Louisiana disaster. Gordon adopted their only daughter, Doris Grahame."

"Then the girl we met is not his own daughter?" Tyler asked.

"Apparently not," said Nat. "But he legally adopted her and gave her his own name. She has a large fortune in her own right, of which he is trustee. 'Who's Who' records that he was married, his second marriage, to one Charlotte Monroe, in Madrid, in 1916; but beyond that, the details of his life are sketchy, to say the least—and more important, false."

"What?" cried Tyler.

"False," said Nat. "At least some of them are false. I began to check on him through 'Who's Who', in which the record of his life since 1917 is voluminous. The meagerness of the earlier history of Gordon interested me. I'm afraid I ran up a pretty phone-bill for you, because I checked them all, 'Who's Who' gives his college as Northwestern, class of '01. There was no Paul Gordon in that class. Furthermore there has never been a Paul Y. Gordon recorded at that university."

"Why, this is incredible," said Tyler.

"That's not quite all," said Nat. "Who's Who also records that he married one Eleanor Cummings in Chicago on November 4, 1914. The Chicago Bureau of Vital Statistics has no record of such a marriage."

"How strange!" murmured Tyler.

"Finally," Nat said, "there is no record of the birth of his two children in Chicago on the dates recorded in 'Who's Who'."

"Good Lord!" said Tyler, mopping his forehead. "A man of his position, his wealth and fame—"

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Genuine goodness has its rewards and satisfactions. They may not be what is expected or desired always, but they are sure to be in the end wonderfully satisfying and they come in such ways and by such processes that nothing in the world can stop them or realization. That a man can feel that he has devoted himself to what he has believed to be the right, gives him a satisfaction that nothing else can equal, and nothing can spoil. Teach me, O God, "That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Amen.

how could such falsifications go undiscovered all these years?"

"I suppose because no one ever took the trouble to check them up before," said Nat. "After all, why should they?"

"I wonder if there is something discreditable about that man?" said Tyler. "Some skeleton in the closet?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Nat. "But Ruth was right. He is covering something up. And my guess is that it's a shadow from that secret past which threatens him now."

"No wonder he didn't welcome our well-meant interference," said Tyler. "He must be afraid we'd stumble onto his secret. He may be some sort of criminal. Perhaps what threatens him now is some kind of retribution. And yet that doesn't seem to fit the kind of man he has become."

"I also called Mr. Karasek," said Nat. "As usual, he merely commented that it was interesting, and suggested that I keep my eyes open. Oh, yes, he did laugh and say it would 'teach Gordon a lesson if he got a knife in his ribs!'"

"Your Dr. Karasek has a macabre sense of humor," observed Tyler with a smile.

Nat laughed. "Well," he said, "there's nothing to do but wait. We've got to depend on Ruth."

"I suppose you're right," said Tyler.

(To be continued)

CITY VISITORS

H. B. Hastings, of Wilbur, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Paul Levenha, of Scottsburg, spent a few hours here yesterday on business.

C. B. Mobley, of Elkton spent yesterday in this city attending to business.

Willard Smith, of Glendale, spent a few hours in town yesterday on business.

Mrs. Marsten and son, Ralph, and Miss Hamilton, of Oakland, spent yesterday here on business.

Mrs. M. E. McCawley, of Oakland, shopped and visited friends here yesterday.

Mrs. L. R. Jenks, of Azalea, spent yesterday in town shopping and visiting.

V. D. Hill, of Idleyd, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Swan, of Glendale, spent yesterday in this city attending to business.

Page Aladdin.

SHANGHAI, May 26.—(AP)—Reports from Foochow, Fukien province, related today the case of a poor farmer, Yen Shih, who was facing starvation when he suddenly became a millionaire.

His wife, while cutting down a tree for firewood to cook their last bowl of rice, was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure of \$1,000,000 in gold.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer



Good Excuses but Bad Intentions.

They are moving troops around Europe like bottles in a dairy. Armies are being pushed around like subway cars on the Times Square platform.

You might label this as the essence of belligerence and a neat blend of hostility. You can cork it tight. But you can't put it away on the top shelf. There is too much of a demand for it.

However, like meat balls in a Palm Beach hotel, nobody calls it by its right name.

They don't call it belligerence and they don't page it war. They have got a lot of other explanations for it. France rushed one hundred thousand brigades up to the Rhine and attributed it to spring maneuvers. Germany hustled an equal number of dragons to the Rhine and said they were trout fishermen.

England has three complete navies popping around the Mediterranean. They are looking for the breadfruit plants lost in the "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Austria just marched seventy-eight thousand Hussars to the German frontier and said they were there to do some map-making. If you believe that one you are still a pushover for Ponzi and Stavisky.

Italy's aviators are flying all over southern Europe looking for a spot to lay eggs. This is Mussolini's new passenger service for expert machine gunners.

Nobody in Europe tells the truth because nobody in Europe would believe it. But, when we see a tourist with a revolver, a bayonet and a lunch box primed with hand grenades, we ain't going to be fooled by a dollar kodak.

The Japanese army marching into Mongolia consists of farmers and hired men. The Soviet will balance this with an army of commission merchants and seed salesmen.

Every boy in Europe is being trained for service on land, sea and in the air. Every citizen has a gas mask. But it ain't for war. It's so they won't sneeze during the hay fever season.

That's the way the situation stands in the old country today, yesterday and tomorrow. Postponed trouble in Europe only means a doubleheader later on. We wish they would have a good war and get it over. When every bottle in a drug store is labeled wrong, the customers can't miss getting a deadly mixture.

LETTERS from the People

Unimpressed to the news-viewer 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.

REVOLVING PHASE OF OARP STILL LACKS EXPLANATION

Mr. Editor: I understand that you are not for the Townsend old age revolving plan. Don't you think then, it's time to be less lenient in regard to it than you have been?

Why don't you point out some of its errors? You can put things much more clearly than I can. I think you could make at least some of the more intelligent Townsendites see some of the errors in their "Plan."

I have been trying for many months to find out why they use that word "revolving" in the name by which they like to call their scheme. My neighbor says: "Why, its because the money revolves from the treasury, through the hands of the old people, back to the treasury again, every month." This was the most ridiculous—in fact the only answer—I have received to this question.

Have asked those running for state offices, who have the backing of Townsendites. Among others a minister from Eugene who has "spoken" to the Townsend club. He was very abusive in his answer, but gave me no light on the subject whatever. I have written to one or two of those who ran for county school superintendent—members of Townsend clubs, and others. No answer, only a lot of gibberish that I think they must be taught at their clubs—for this gibberish is a feature of all their letters. All alike.

I know, myself, that the Town-

send plan is utterly impossible. That that "revolving" business is a chimera of Dr. Townsend's peculiar brain. But what I can't see is why others don't see it. I have never considered my thinking power above the average. Are those then, who really believe in Townsend, mentally lacking?

Now, Mr. Editor, why can't you take a decided stand in this matter? I have great faith in your ability as an editor. That is, in making people see the error of their ways. So please make some of them see the error of using that word "revolving." E. J. PAGE.

face "Broken Out?"

Relieve the soreness and aid healing by washing daily with Resinol Soap and freely applying

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Relieve the soreness and aid healing by washing daily with Resinol Soap and freely applying

Resinol

Relieve the soreness and aid healing by washing daily with Resinol Soap and freely applying

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will be in the Myrtle Creek cemetery. Arrangements are in charge of the Roseburg Undertaking company.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIAGE LICENSES
JUDITH SHOUDE—James E. Judd and Dorothy Ida Shoudy, both residents of Roseburg.

What is considered to be the longest stretch of palms in the world—18 miles—lines both sides of the road between Savannah and Tybee, Ga. The palms alternate with oleander shrubs.

The Mallory HOTEL
A pleasant and comfortable place in which to live.
Portland

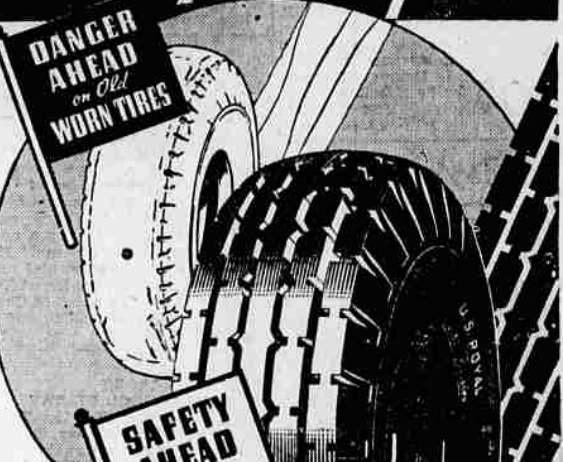
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E. A. Tall's Manager

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