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HARRIS ELLSWORTH Editor

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Next: Congress.

NOW that the task of unshoring
the new year has been en-
tirely, and apparently successfully
accomplished, the next order of
business is the session of con-
gress which begins next Tuesday.
The maritime strike will un-
doubtedly claim first attention. It
seems that absolutely no progress
toward the settlement of this dis-
pute has been made in the more
than two months of the strike.
Both sides are saying "There
ought to be a law" and so the prob-
lem must be debated out in con-
gress.

The assumption that the huge
democratic majority will begin to
split up into powerful opposing
blocks which will lessen the effec-
tiveness of the power of the ad-
ministration majority is not too
ground. This assumption seems to
be based largely upon the fact that
the president will not be a candi-
date for a third term and therefore
there will be a new deal for dem-
ocrats four years hence and the
old deal need not be given very
much consideration.

There is a mighty good stopper
for that argument. Every sena-
tor and every congressman wants
to be re-elected. The president is
a very popular man even though
he will not again be a candidate
for the presidency. Why therefore
the poor legislator who is so bold
as to defy the wishes of the
"chief." The Roosevelt power does
not go out of existence merely be-
cause he will not be a candidate
again.

There is an imposing list of
things with which the forthcoming
congressional session will doubt-
less have to deal. It looks like a
six-months session. The toughest
problem is a two-headed one—tax
revision and budget balancing. The
president appears to be in deadly
earnest about cutting expenditures.
The economy drive, scheduled to
begin with cutting the deficiency
estimates, will have presidential
pressure behind it but will not be
popular with the members of con-
gress. The idea with those fel-
lows is that if the federal govern-
ment puts up money for their state
or district it is just so much vel-
vet. They will fight to keep up
the flow of federal money into the
states.

Business, previously so col-
lectively dumb that it got itself into
the fix of nearly everybody picking
on it, will anxiously await the
opening of congress. Merely be-
cause there are so many other
problems to command the attention
of congress there may be nothing
new in the way of an attack on
business at this session. The sur-
plus and other tax laws, the so-
cial security act, the Robinson-Pat-
man "fair trade" act, the labor re-
lations act and a few other minor
ones provide enough trouble for
business to keep the corporations
pretty busy for a long time to
come. There doesn't seem to be
much of anything else that can be
done except a revised NRA or a
licensing act.

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

not the cause of any of these trage-
dies of the air, for the airlines,
which are commercial carriers,
have taken every possible precau-
tion to eliminate carelessness.

The trouble seems to be that
the dangers of the air haven't yet
been conquered.

A SCIENTIST at Santa Clara
university, basing his predic-

tion on observation of sunspots,
says the coming winter will be
"much wetter than usual."
Here's hoping he's right. Water
is necessary to prosperity on the
Pacific coast, and we haven't had
a inch of it yet.

TAXES FOR SOCIAL SECURITY IN EFFECT

More Than 23 Million of
Working Class to Come
Under New Law.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—(AP)—
Taxes to building the huge old age
pension fund called for in the so-
cial security act became effective
today.

More than 23,000,000 workers in
business and industry henceforth
will find one per cent of their
first \$3,000 in wages deducted by
the employer for payment to the
treasury.

The employer must match that
contribution. The first payments fall
due at the end of February.
Latest estimates at the security
board indicated 2,500,000 employ-
ers had registered. Besides making
the monthly tax returns, each
is required to keep records of
wages paid so that the internal
revenue bureau can check on the
reports.

With congress about to convene,
the tax question is among the prin-
cipal interests of those who fath-
ered the security act. The present
rates contemplate a \$47,000,000,
000 revolving fund by 1939, but the
necessity and soundness of that
provision has been challenged.

The one per cent rate has three
years to run, increasing gradually
thereafter until three per cent is
reached in 1949.

Revisions Planned.
Some sources apparently plan
an attempt to reduce the rates to
5 per cent for both employees and
employers, with increases at longer
intervals to assure a more mod-
erate but still workable revolving
pension fund.

John G. Winant, chairman of the
security board, and experts have
been working on revisions to
recommend to congress. Prospects
are that few fundamental changes
will be advocated, however, until
the supreme court has passed on
constitutional questions involving
the federal pension principle.

Organized labor intends to drive
for exemption to the workers
from the taxes, putting the
whole burden on employers. Chairman
Harrison of the senate finance
committee and other leading dem-
ocrats are expected to oppose the
move.

No Pensions Until 1942.
No pensions are to be paid until
1942. Persons already over 65 years
old are not covered by the law.
Those between 60 and 65, having
their wages taxed monthly, will
be entitled, on their sixtieth birth-
day to 3.5 per cent of the amount
shown on their wage account at
the security board.
The monthly pensions to those
who retire on reaching 65 after
1942 will range from \$10 to \$85 a
month. The amount will be deter-
mined by the wages on which taxes
have been paid.

CANYONVILLE

CANYONVILLE, Jan. 1.—Mr.
and Mrs. Louis Crockett, Mr. and
Mrs. Joseph Cassatt, Mr. and
Mrs. O. Glass and C. H. Chalmers
were dinner guests at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Brown, Christ-
mas day.

The children of the Methodist
Sunday school here gave a very
interesting Christmas program
Wednesday evening. Treats were
given to two hundred children and
parents.

Miss Mildred Williams of Eugene
is visiting at the home of her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Williams.

William McClain of Myrtle Creek
was in town Sunday visiting old
neighbors and friends.

Joseph Stachnowicz of Grants
Pass and Miss Lillian Stachnowicz
of Canyonville were united in mar-
riage Saturday evening at 8 o'clock
at the bride's home in Canyonville.
The ceremony was performed by
Judge Weaver.

Earl Duncan and Walter Boone
of Days Creek were quite badly
injured when their truck turned
over on the South Umpqua road
above Tiller.

A. K. Morxon has been suffering
from the results of a stroke of
paralysis.

Mrs. Ruth Pardee is visiting her
son at Castle Rock, Washington,
during the holidays.

Miss Pearl Hollingsworth and
Miss Lillian Hollingsworth left Wed-
nesday for Portland where they are
spending the holiday vacation.

Mr. George McClane spent
Tuesday in Roseburg shopping.

Mr. M. E. Manley and son Earl
made a business trip to Grants
Pass Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilkinson of
Anchorage, Alaska, spent several
days here visiting friends and re-
latives.

Herman Hughes and son George
of Red Cloud mine near the head
of Cow creek spent several days
in Canyonville last week. Mr.
Hughes was displaying over con-
taining a heavy per cent of quick-
silver.

Bohney Swartz and daughter
Nola Jean of Grants Pass are visit-
ing friends here this week.

Miss Anna May Manley and Miss
Ethel Brown of Dunsmuir spent
last week in San Francisco shop-
ping. They also visited Miss The-
ma Lilla, who formerly lived here.
Miss Brown returned to Canyonville
with Miss Manley to spend the
Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Steen of
Eugene spent Christmas at the
home of Mrs. Steen's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Tom Williams. Miss
Evelyn Steenmetz also accompa-

nied the Steens when she visited
her mother, Mrs. Emmett Meyer.

"An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!"



GLITTERING GIRL

by May Christie

CHAPTER XXIX

If her mother only had been dif-
ferent—had more discretion—more
reticence—Vernon would have
been everything (his morning, her
evening) really had given her
twinges when Sadie had again
invaded the prince's attic in her
face. It seemed wrong to permit
her mother to avoid in all dreams
about his womanly antagonist, how
ever precious she would be when
she heard the truth!

But her mother would have one
corner, anyway, that the scandal
would not break. That it would not
be permitted to leak out to the
newspapers. What other people
thought and said was of paramount
importance to Sadie Tyson. It al-
ways had been so, as far back as
Vernon could remember.

Even, one couldn't change people.

One must make the best of them.
Overly different in character and
outlook from her mother, Vernon
was yet much attached to Sadie.
Languishing down by the water-
front, she gave something to
each one.

Life was so sad for some, she re-
flected, so sad for others. Not
that the people on Park avenue
didn't do enough for charity—al-
most every ball and big enter-
tainment had the unemployed as
its beneficiaries.

Yet the frivolity of so many
people's lives, their self-absorption
in a so-called good time, their pur-
poseless ways, struck Vernon now
forcibly. In the daily whirl of Park
avenue, with its continuous tele-
phone calls, luncheons, cocktail
parties, bridges, dinners, theatres
and dances, one hadn't time to
think. A kind of dizziness en-
gulfed one.

Vernon's warm and kindly heart
went out to the ragged, hungry
men and women.

She surprised more than one of
them by slipping into their hands
a few dollar bills. Presently she
found a little crowd about her, and
they all came to her for help.

"To Central Park." Once there,
she told the driver to go slowly, up
towards the reservoir. She was in
no hurry. It was noon. She leaned
back in the cab, and idly watched
the men and women riding horse-
back on the bridge path.

Nan rode here quite frequently.
Perhaps she might get a glimpse of
him. She decided to dismiss the
taxi, and stroll in the bright No-
vember sunshine, and think out the
best way of getting in touch with
Terry.

It was five minutes later that
she saw him—balding, virile and
handsome on a big dappled gelding.
He was talking and laughing as
he rode beside a trim little figure
in a natty gray riding habit, seated
side-saddle on a chestnut colt
and with a pang at her heart, Ver-
non thought that her cousin, Nan
Rushington, never had looked pret-
tier nor more appealing.

So he had been with Nan, these
days? He was falling for Nan's
bright charm, her gaiety, her ready
wit? The previous attitude of
amused tolerance had gone, and
this had taken its place.

It was as though a cold weight
pressed against her chest as she
gazed, wide-eyed, at the couple.

A wave of her hand—a cry—and
they would see her.

But she felt numb and mute. She
could not bring herself to signal
to them.

The end of the bridge path was
right here, and they must turn. She

would hurry away among the trees
—not interrupt them—

But something paralyzed her to
the spot. It was as though her
feet had no power in them.

Nan was the first to see her
standing there. Oh! Certainly
Nan saw, but she wheeled her colt
quickly around. Her blue eyes
went back absently to Terry's
face. She gave not one sign that
she had seen her cousin.

Scarlet flooded Vernon's cheeks.
Nan wanted Terry all to herself.
She resented Vernon's intrusion.

A queer little stifled cry escaped
her lips, drawn from her heart as
from a wound. Though Terry
could not possibly have heard it, so
low it was, she suddenly looked
round in her direction, as though
sympathy had passed between them.

"Why, hello there!" he called
out, but his expression on his
face had changed, she noticed. The
gayety had instantly slipped from
his, and in his one eye, as they
looked at her, was a cool, quizzical
expression.

"Prince Karloff? That night
spent at the prince's flat? What
did Nan say or insinuate? I
faded through Vernon's mind
that Nan was none too scrupulous
—that credo of her set was "all
fair in love and war!" Nan would
walk over the heart of her best
friend to get what she wanted—
and she wanted Terry Shannon!

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Nan said
coolly now, the coquettish smile
fading from her pretty face as she
raised her plucked and darkened
brows in an expression that was
scarcely welcoming. "Imagine you
out here all by yourself! Where's
Prince Karloff? I thought he
wouldn't let you out of his sight
for a moment—that you and he
were inseparable."

Vernon found her voice. This
was a deliberate barb. She took up
the challenge.

"You thought nothing of the
sort. You know he's nothing in the
world to me." She turned to Terry,
contriving an airy smile. "You
know Nan's a great adept at ex-
aggerating."

Nan's eyes flashed. "Oh, you
can't fool us, can you, Terry? The
prince is with you all the time,
why, you were gut with him all
night after the party?"

"Says the pot to the kettle!"
mocked Vernon. "My dear little
cousin, you were in no condition to
remember or even know what any
of us did that night. Isn't that
so, Terry?"

He looked uneasy, as men always
do, in the midst of a feminine bat-
tle. He thought it scarcely in keep-
ing with Vernon's apparently sweet
nature, that she should now refer
to Nan's regrettable condition fol-
lowing the party. It was hardly
sporting of her.

"Well, there are some worse
things than just getting tight," Nan
snapped back. "Lucky for you, old
thing, that aunt and uncle were
out of town all night, or—pop-
corn baby!"

And with that, she wheeled her
colt around, giving Vernon no
chance to reply, and declaring that
the animal was so fresh, she
couldn't keep him still. "Terry,
we must keep ourselves home for
luncheon."

The glitter electric clock on the
mantelpiece of the Tyson's draw-
ing room chimed a silver peal. It
was a quarter to five.

Before a small low tea-table that
was covered with Queen Anne silv-

er and delicate china, and set close
to the electric life that glowed as
with live logs, sat Mrs. Tyson.

Ever since Martina de Bray's
travelling of the Tyson had re-
sounded over this exquisite old
drawing room, Martina had re-
mained the center of the world
with her English aristocracy. Sadie
Tyson had, as she herself would
have put it, "one way of the up-
per classes abroad."

Of course she liked a cup of tea
in any case—strong tea without
any cream in it. But to be elegantly
dressed at the "tea hour," and
preparing over this exquisite old
English silver and china (pur-
chased through Martina), made
Mrs. Tyson feel the part "aristo-
cratic." In fact, this was the
right background for Vernon, she
felt.

Even the rich black velvet gown
she wore, with its deep emerald col-
or, had been purchased from a
famous "Martina" had recom-
mended. What they would have
done without Martina, heaven
alone knew! She did hope Ver-
non would be sensible with the
prince today!

"Go and tidy your hair and
change your frock. Put on the pink
crêpe. Men like pink." Her moth-
er eyed Vernon critically.

Vernon did do something to her
hair that was becoming, but re-
turned to the drawing room in a
plain dark blue dress.

"You're a difficult girl, I must
say! Now sit down, and don't fid-
dle. I suppose you know by now
that the prince wants to marry
you. Any other girl but you would
be shocked to death at the very idea
of being a princess!"

What could Vernon say? The
very worst was coming! What a
shock it would be for poor Sadie!
But, knowing her as she did, it
would spoil everything were she to
unfold to her mother now the true
identity of these people—let her
know that the prince already had
a wife, but was willing and an-
xious to commit bigamy!

Trying to sound casual, she
said: "I met two charming eld-
erly ladies who are coming in for
tea today."

"You'd no earthly business to ask
them when you knew the prince is
coming," her mother snapped.

Faded Tyson walked in to the
drawing room. Like Vernon, he
was nervous and upset. The forth-
coming interview would scarcely
be a pleasant one.

Promptly at five o'clock the door
bell rang, and Arlene, in smart uni-
form, went to answer it. Not only
Prince Karloff, but the lady
known as Martina de Bray, enter-
ing the drawing room and greeted
the Tysons effusively.

For a moment, Vernon felt dizz-
ing. She wished with all her ebb-
ing courage that she could flee into
her room. But if the missing
necklace was to be restored—if
poor dad's check was to be return-
ed to him—if she were to get rid
of the prince for good and all—
she must stick boldly to her guns
and confront them!

"English tea? How delicious!
Your love for it proves your Eng-
lish blood! Doesn't it, dear Sadie?"
gushed Martina. She loosened her
furs, patted her hair, and gazed
about the luxurious drawing room,
sniffing ecstatically. "That divine
scent!" She looked at Vernon
archly. "I'll wager these are Ivan's
rooms!"

"They are indeed," smiled Sadie.
"The prince is a real gentle-
man, I'll say—even though my
careless child did lose his beau-
tiful necklace!"

"It is a great mystery," said the
prince in his meticulous, ingratiat-
ing voice, looking directly at Ver-
non. "I am deeply concerned about
the loss—not for myself—but be-
cause—oh, I cannot help my feel-
ings—my longer Mrs. Tyson—Mr.
Tyson—I have your beautiful
daughter—I had wished to give it

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

Men have had many reasons
for light-heartedness and rejoic-
ing throughout the long years
of history, but it has been left
to us who live in the Gospel
day to joy in the greatest of
them all since the Christ Child
came to earth, revealing the
love and grace and goodness of
God. Nothing has ever happen-
ed that has meant so much to
the sons of men as the reveal-
ing of the heart of God that
Jesus gave to the world, for
there was nothing that men
needed to know more to what
great truth as to what God
was like. We thank Thee, our
Father, for the revealing of
Thyself and Thy will and
thought and purpose that come
through the life and teaching
and death of Jesus Christ.
Amen.

to her as a wedding present!"

Mrs. Tyson swung triumphantly
round at that, her gaze going from
Vernon to her husband and back,
as though she would hypnotize her
into a suitable answer. He had
meant what he said! From her
parents he was now honorably ask-
ing Vernon's hand in marriage!

Vernon stood up. Her face had
turned very white. She gripped
her husband in her left hand, while
her right hand was propped against
the mantelpiece, as though for sup-
port.

"Can't you say anything, child?
Don't you realize the prince has
just done you a great honor?"

snapped her mother.

And then she spoke, in a low,
clear voice. Had she gone stark
mad? For she said, looking direct-
ly at her sister: "He has done me
no honor at all. He has done me
a great disonor."

"What?" simultaneously ex-
claimed both Martina de Bray and
Mrs. Tyson.

"He has done me a great dis-
onor in suggesting bigamy to me,"
said Vernon clearly. "The prince
is already married, mother!"

(To be continued)

LETTERS from the People

Communications to the News-
Review for publication in this depart-
ment should be sent to the Editor,
Roseburg News-Review, 115 N. Main
St., Roseburg, Ore. Letters should
be signed by the writer, and should
address must accompany the contribu-
tion.

SAYS AMERICAN FATS AND OILS USED IN MARGARINE

December 29, 1936.

Editor Roseburg News-Review:
Sir: In a recent issue of the News-
Review there was published a let-
ter signed by Fred A. Goff, chair-
man of the Agricultural commit-
tee, Douglas Youngs group, which
urged local merchants to continue
to sell local products, and express-
ed appreciation for their coopera-
tion in not advertising butter sub-
stitutes.

However, that letter completely
overlooks the fact that a consid-
erable portion of the margarine sold
in this state, as well as in the
country, is made exclusively of
American fats and oils. Such do-
mestic fat margarine is a one hun-
dred per cent American agricul-
tural product. Any discriminatory
comment against it is certainly a
grossly unfair trade practice, and
Mr. Goff seems to be interested
in fair trade practices.

Certainly, the farmers in this
country, raising livestock, cotton,
peanuts, soy beans and corn,
whose products are used to make
domestic fat margarine, are en-
titled to every bit of cooperation
possible. Anything done to hurt
such products seriously prejudices
the welfare of such farmers.

Furthermore, at the present
time we know that a large part of
our population is inadequately
nourished, and that they simply
cannot afford to buy butter. There
is every reason in the world why
such people should be furnished
with an inexpensive and whole-
some food product so that they
may maintain proper health and
strength. Yours very truly,

FRANK M. PINK.

ALLEGED SECURITY FRAUD BOND POSTED

PORTLAND, Jan. 1.—(AP)—P.
L. Lockhart, salesman, charged
with Howard J. Lintner as unlaw-
fully posting bonds for the release
of the social security board, surren-
dered to the U. S. marshal and gained
release on a \$1000 bail.

Carl Donagh, United States at-
torney, said he received com-
plaints from many Oregon points
alleging the men collected money
for courses of study to prepare ap-
plicants for jobs under the social
security act.

WOMAN INDICTED ON MURDER COUNT

PORTLAND, Jan. 1.—(AP)—
The Multnomah county grand jury
indicted Luciana Abushiran, alias
"Baby Face Nelson," on a first degree
murder count in connection with
the death of Carlos Duryea,
Filipino.

Duryea died of gunshot wounds
at an apartment house.

NOTICE ODD FELLOWS

All Odd Fellows are requested
to meet at the temple at 2:00 p. m.
Saturday, January 2, for the pur-
pose of attending the funeral of
our late brother, Ray Jones.

By order of the Noble Grand.

Return from Portland — Mr.
and Mrs. G. H. Hoxie and daugh-
ter, Betty, returned to their home
at Laurelwood Saturday after
spending a week in Portland visit-
ing relatives and friends.

One Word Led To Another



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Syndicate, Inc.)
It's Yours From Now On.

The first resolution for today is
never to act again as we did last
night.

The last thing we remember
it was midnight. Then every-
thing turned black. It is al-
ways darkest six hours before
dawn.

Horns were blowing, bells were
ringing, people were yelling and
the air was stuffed with confetti.
They were helping in the New
Year as a bouncer was helping
us out.

It seems that the New Year
never does get here until we
are leaving.

We know we had a wonderful
time last night because we feel so
lousy this morning.

But we don't begrudge the
experience because we feel that
the salutation, "Happy New
Year," finally means some-
thing.