

Century News-Review

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1925 at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Daily, by carrier per month......40

Overlapping Taxation.

A RECENT summary issued by the United States treasury department serves again to call attention to the extent of overlapping taxation imposed by the federal and state governments and once more brings up the query: "Where will it all end?"

According to this summary, in 1935 the federal government collected \$2,271,400,000 from six tax sources—estates and inheritances, individual incomes, corporation incomes, gasoline, liquor and tobacco. From these same six sources, the various states withdrew \$1,619,900,000—a total burden to the nation's taxpayers on these six sources alone of over three and a quarter billion dollars.

The problem is one of growing seriousness, yet its practical solution is as yet far from clear. There is no agreement between the federal and the various state governments regarding what type of taxes ought to be reserved exclusively to the federal government. There is no agreement regarding the equitable division of any tax. For example, the federal government taxes the individual up to 75 per cent of his income and the state government comes along and taxes his income some more.

Out of the middle, two indisputable facts have become increasingly clear to the overburdened taxpayer. One is that a tax once levied by either state or federal authority will not quickly be abandoned. The other is that regardless of the inequalities of tax division as between the state or the federal government, it is the taxpayer himself who suffers the most.

P-T. A. Anniversary.

THE National Congress of Parents and Teachers will celebrate its 40th anniversary during 1937. Founders day, February 17, will be marked by many activities in each of the 25,000 local associations, councils and state branches of the congress. It is urged that the local associations celebrate during the year by considering special projects sponsored by the association. Among these are the needs of youth, world peace, home-making as a career, safety in home, school and community, or some other phase of parent-teacher work; emphasizing the underlying principles of the congress organization through programs; keeping alive the spirit of the founders and pioneer workers, and presenting free-will offerings for extension work.

It was recommended by a recent meeting of the national board of managers that each of the 25,000 local associations, councils and state branches plant a tree during the year 1937 as a permanent mark of the 40th anniversary.

The work of the Parent-Teacher association in the cause of education deserves the highest commendation. To effect a national and intelligent solidarity among our citizens, education must be given first place. National strength and social progress are always weakest at the point where education is the weakest.

Night Highway Lighting.

RECENT opening of the longest stretch of illuminated rural highway in United States focuses attention on the rapid strides made in this field of electrical engineering.

An 18-mile strip of road running

south from Schenectady, N. Y., has been illuminated with non-glaring yellow sodium lights which enable the motorist to detect a pedestrian fully half a mile ahead, while a car can be seen three-quarters of a mile distant. Special reflectors and the nature of the sodium lights reduce glare to a minimum.

The importance of the experiment is evident when records of traffic fatalities during daylight hours and nighttime are compared. Although three-fourths of the total driving is during the daytime, nighttime motor vehicle accidents last year were responsible for 59 per cent more traffic fatalities than those which occurred during the day.

This situation was partially foreseen several years ago and has caused great activity on the part of illumination engineers, who are working in co-operation with highway authorities in the interests of safety. In various sections of the country where effective lighting systems have been installed on rural highways, accidents have been reduced from 35 to 70 per cent.

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

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Violin Concert.
Evening Hours Thursday
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Melo Mads Ensemble.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Victor Young and Orchestra.

6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service Laundry.
7:05—Richard Crooks.
7:15—Los Angeles Symphony.
7:30—Dixie Memories.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8

6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Accordian Airs.
8:15—Sacred Hymns.
8:45—Victor Young and Orchestra.

9:15—Manhattan Concert Band.
9:30—Tied Notes.
9:45—Golden Voices.
10:00—South Sea Serenade.
10:30—"Belle and Martina," Copco.
10:35—Women's Exchange.
11:00—"Your Highway to Happiness," Dairies of Roseburg.

11:15—Giris of the Golden West.
11:30—Modern Melodies.
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudsen's.
12:00—"Cherry Toss," "Am All," Motor Shop Garage.

12:15—Roy Knudsen and His Swing Band.
12:30—Hits from the Shows.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Odds & Ends.
1:30—Songs of the Range.
2:00—Duke Ellington and Orchestra.

2:30—Orville Knapp and Orchestra.
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—"The World Book Man."
3:05—Gus Arnheim and Orchestra.
3:15—Novelty Tunes.
3:30—Kiddies Request.

3:45—"Hot Shots," Cellars Radio.
4:00—"The Editor Views the News."
4:15—Louis Katman and Orchestra.
4:30—Melodies at Eventide.
5:00—"The Two Guses"—Austin and Autry.

5:15—Mountain Music.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—"Hansen Memories."
6:00—Sports Question Box.
6:15—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Airs from the Operas.
6:45—Dillard Motor Co.
6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—"The Spy," New Service Laundry.
7:05—Jesse Crawford's Song Chateau.
7:15—Memory Teachers.
7:30—"The American Family Robinson."
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9

6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—"Beacon Light Hour," Rev. N. J. House.

8:30—Sacred Selections.
8:45—Marimba Music.
9:00—Memories in Melody.
9:30—Music's Magic Carpet.
10:00—Frank Traumbauer & Orch.
10:30—"Belle & Martina," Copco.
10:35—"Homenage to Harmony."
11:00—Phil Levant & His Rhythm Kings.

11:15—Dick McDonough & Orch.
11:30—"Moods in Melody."
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudsen's.
12:00—Russ Morgan Music.
12:15—Ambrosio & Orch.
12:30—"Hansen Memories."
12:45—News-Review News.

1:00—Odds & Ends.
1:30—Freddie Martin & Orch.
1:45—Tango Time.
2:00—Joe Haymes in Popular Music.
2:30—Operatic Echoes.
2:50—News Flashes.

3:00—"World Book Man."
3:05—Organ Prelude.
3:15—What's the Name of That Song?
3:30—Kiddies Request Program.
3:55—"Hot Shots," Cellars Radio.
4:00—Primal Melodies.

4:15—"Here Comes the Band."
4:30—Betsy Montana & the Boys.
5:00—Ray Kyster & Orch.
5:15—Boswell Sisters.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Los Angeles Dance Band.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Jack Shillert & Orch.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service Laundry.

7:05—Evening Organ Melodies.

The Giant Starts Up Again



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Chamberlain

GLITTERING GIRL

by May Christie

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Under the name of Metchaeva—that was the quaint thing—I was just curious enough to ask their steward, and he told me," volunteered Jimmy.

"So love's young dream is blasted, and a new one begins!" shrieked Nan, her recent drinks having mounted to her head and made her utterly reckless as well as spiteful. "I always thought he had a shy eye for Martina, even though you did make passes at him, Vernon old thing! You can keep on Terry's manly shoulder now! He'll console you!"

Dragging the young men with her, she departed. Vernon opened her mouth, but no words came. She struggled to speak for she must let Terry know at once that there never had been anything between herself and "Karinoff."

"Terry, listen—" But to her own amazement and horror, her voice broke and she burst into uncontrollable tears.

"Hit my high-and-mighty cousin fairly in the eye, eh, what, old dear?" giggled Nan to "Foggy," as, supporting each other a little, the pair found themselves before the long buffet table. "Foggy" started to pour out further libations.

"Quite a bluff in the solar plexus!" They both looked a little dazed. Shouldn't be surprised if she takes your advice and marries him! Wish I was as handsome as Shannon! He gets the luck! I'm out!" gurgled "Foggy."

"But you don't care for her? You care for me!" Nan corrected him sharply. "Foggy" was, and entirely devoid of that intriguing commodity, sex-appeal, his money TALKED! A sudden scheme, born of her slap in the face from invulnerable Terry, and of the many and mixed potions she had consumed thereafter, sprang to Nan's mind.

"Foggy, let's elope tonight! Let you and I spring a grand surprise on all the female cats and female dogs, and get married!"

"Whash thank you shay!" He swung round on her, his drink poised in mid-air, his back teeth protruding comically.

"Foggy, you've got your car below. Let's pull a fast one on 'em and be off to Greenwich or Maryland or wherever a judge'll splice us!"

He gaped at her. Even at that exciting moment, Nan thought with a pang how unattractive he was!

"You'd marry me, Nan? Tonight?"

"Uh-ha. Speak lower. Don't let 'em guess. Tomorrow the papers'll ring with it!"

This would be fit for a rat with Terry Shannon. A quick salute to her outstretched palm. Already she saw the big headlines. "REALTY TITL AND POPULAR DAUGHTER OF OLD KNICKERBOCKER FAMOUS ELOPES WITH BLUE-BLOODED MILLIONAIRE."

Before the triple mirror of her dressing-table in the luxurious bedroom of their apartment sat Vernon Tyson, her face strained and wan after last night's party with its disturbing incidents.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. All day she had been able to settle to nothing. Her ears were keyed to the ring of the telephone, the whirr of the door-bell, to the hope that Terry might in some way communicate with her. . . .

As the day wore on, her depression increased.

Now Mrs. Van Tyle was coming to call on her mother, and Sadie Tyson—in another manner equally on edge—had commanded her daughter to freshen up, to beautify herself.

"Aren't you tickled to death that she's anxious to cultivate us, Vernon? Don't you realize what a feather in our cap to be able to say we're on calling terms with such an important person in society? And her son himself bringing you home last night, and wanting you out with him tonight, and all! Why, it's just grand! All the money your pa and me are spending is coming right back to us in social position, Maggie—I mean Vernon. It's my dream being realized!"

"I don't want to go out tonight with 'Tiddy' Van Tyle, mother. I'm tired."

Mrs. Tyson drew in her lips. "I declare I could spank you, you ungrateful girl! But go you shall—I'm not going to have you home on my hands this evening moping when one of the best names in the land is after you. What are all these expensive clothes for, I'd like to know, unless you go out and are seen in them?"

"Mr. Van Tyle's all right, mother, but he simply doesn't interest me. So why should I bore myself?"

"Don't come the great lady over me until you ARE one, Maggie Tyson! Remember this town's full of women a whole heap better-looking than you, and the men can pick and choose, knowing there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and the catching's easy. Your pa and me can't have you forever on our hands—it's no good me pretending you're only eighteen when right now, with that sulky face and you refusing to put on a bit of paint, you look all of twenty-five! For the land's sake, cheer up and act like a deeb-doo-lante that's got money and good clothes and kind parents and one of the best names in town interested in her!"

Vernon smiled wanly.

"They'll be saying you're grieving for that brute of a Prince Karinoff if you don't chirk up and show yourself in public," proceeded her mother. "But don't you think I'm going to let you tumble into another mess through not being properly chaper-oned? I go right along with you tonight, Maggie. Young Van Tyle'll think all the more of you, knowing he can't put anything over on you with your own mother right at your side!"

"Have it your own way," conceded Vernon apathetically. It would certainly be a quaint evening with her mother as the third angle of the triangle. She couldn't visualize "Tiddy" Van Tyle's face when he learned that Sadie was coming with them. . . .

The telephone rang. Would it be Terry? . . . Terry whom she had left last night without an explanation of her sudden fit of tears over the announcement of what seemed to be the Karinoff-Bray elopement? She had rushed from Terry's side in nervous confusion, and locked herself in a bathroom of the Van Tyle's house until she had regained composure.

"What on earth could he have thought of me?" had been turning in her mind all day long.

The obvious answer to that, of course, was that he had erroneously but naturally surmised she was

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS

MONDAY night Harry Stearns and I drove to Oakland, to attend the monthly dinner of the Oakland Development club.

My family left the house about seven o'clock and I went down town, later going to a show. I returned home at ten.

A light was burning in the hallway, but following a habit of mine, I left the

garage and entered the house by the back way. When I stepped up on the porch, my attention was attracted to a burner on the kitchen stove, which I could see through the room windows. This burner was on full blast, and was shedding a red glow through the kitchen just like a Richfield beacon lights up its immediate neighborhood on a foggy night. I entered hastily, and found plenty.

The atmosphere in the whole house was so murky I could scarcely see across a room. I turned the burner out, and discovered it had been heating a pan filled, at one time, I shrewdly suspected, with boiling liver, for the cat. At present, it was just a mass of charred coals. I quickly heaved it into the back yard, and re-entered the house. I shouldn't have done that. I should have stayed out, where the air was good.

Did you ever spend any time in, or in the immediate neighborhood of, a chemical works? You know, one of those places where they take defunct horses, dead cows and obsolete dogs and grind them up into fertilizer. If you have, you will know just how our house smelled. I threw open all the doors and windows, and fell panting across a window seat. The air was so thick

in love with "Prince Karinoff," and heart-broken that he had gone off with another woman!

If Terry only knew that the unexpected rush of tears had been pure nerves, plus relief at the "Prince's" departure! But somehow afterwards, she had had no opportunity of explaining things to him. Tiddy Van Tyle had deliberately claimed I had for the rest of the evening. Then, in lieu of defaulting "Foggy" Henson, he had brought her home.

Before her mother could reach the telephone—for Sadie was tremendously inquisitive—Vernon had picked up the receiver.

The call, alas, was not from Terry, but from Mr. Drouet the jeweler. He had had an expert examine the papers regarding the customs declaration of the necklace, and it was exactly as Vernon had surmised. The papers were forged.

Mr. Drouet has been down to the customs house with the fake papers, and of course if Prince Karinoff—or rather, Serge Metchaeva—were here, he would be arrested for forgery at once," Vernon told her mother.

"And theft, too. But they'll get after him yet, for all that he's sneaked off to Europe with that serpent, Martina."

"I hope they don't arrest him. I don't want to be dragged into a big scandal, mother."

"Then you'd best get married quick, and the whole thing'll blow over!"—illogically.

Having said her say, Sadie waddled out to the drawing room to see that everything was in readiness to receive the aristocratic Mrs. Van Tyle. Short of being a real princess (as she had hoped for her daughter) the good old Dutch name wasn't to be sneezed at. She was gasping to get Vernon married "into the best circles."

(To be continued)

Reported III—Miss May Baldwin, of McKean and Baldwin's, has been ill the past few days at her home.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those grating, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated on the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and dizziness.

Wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE BIRD THAT
GUMS UP THE WORKS

WHO IS HE?

"Denture Static" Shouts "FALSE TEETH"

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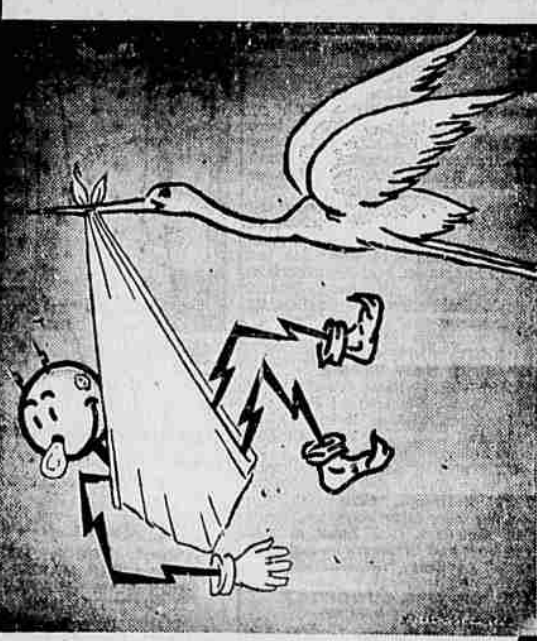
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