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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Taxing The Games.

THE action of the city council in placing a monthly license tax on the numerous pin-ball machines in Roseburg will be generally approved.

The question is complicated, of course, by the fact that the Oregon supreme court has not yet acted on the question as to whether or not the pinball machines are gambling devices.

The Roseburg council gets around that difficulty in a very clever manner. The license fee collected monthly will not be forfeited by the city in the event the court rules the machines out. If the tax is collected monthly and the machines are declared illegal, it will not be necessary for the city to return the money collected. If an annual fee were collected and the machines were ruled out within the year, the fees would have to be remitted.

Other cities have been collecting license fees from operators of machines of this type for some time. One of the examples of the successful operation of such a plan is our neighbor to the south, Grants Pass. Already this year $1600 has been added to the Grants Pass city treasury as the result of a city ordinance passed about the middle of last year. Last year for the half period following the passage of the ordinance the city of Grants Pass received $1950 from taxing games of skill and the operators of them. The Grants Pass system is to tax the owner of the machines $100 for a license and then collect $50 a year for each machine operated.

Whatever may happen to the machines in the future, the proposed licensing ordinance will be the means of some additional revenue for the city and if we can collect as much as Grants Pass is collecting, or more, it will be worth while.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

both sides to MAKE US THINK it is our business. It will be dinned into our ears that the world will sink back into savagery unless America steps in and saves it.

On top of that, our ships will be shot at and perhaps sunk, and our adventurous citizens who haven't sense enough to stay at home, where they belong, will perhaps be killed.

It will then be shouted at us that we must go to war to avenge them.

IF WE permit our emotions and our sympathies to rule us, as we did in the World war, we shall soon find urselves getting angry at one side and weeping over the wrongs of the other side. The next step will be to force congress, by the pressure of public opinion, to declare war, and if we are ruled by our emotions that step will be inevitable.

IT'S ALL right for congress to pass neutrality laws. They will do no harm—which is perhaps more than could be said for the laws that congress would be passing otherwise.

But if we are kept out of Europe's wars, it won't be neutrality laws that will turn the trick. It will be the display by the American people of hard common sense instead of emotional insanity.

UNION OIL BEGINS TANK CONSTRUCTION

The Union Oil construction department began erection of a new 20,000-gallon storage tank at the local plant this week. It will be completed and in operation in about ten days. P. M. Lee is manager of the plant.

BILL SHAPING FOR LEGISLATIVE ACTION

PORTLAND, Jan. 8.—(AP)—The legislative committee of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen said today that it would seek enactment of a federal law making mandatory the submission of labor disputes to a federal agency with no strike or lockout possible until 30 days after the issue was raised.

The statute would be modeled after a British law.

SALEM, Jan. 8.—(AP)—One of the first measures to be introduced in the legislature next week will be sponsored by the American Legion, calling for an appropriation of $75,000 with which to purchase standing timber over a seven-mile stretch on both sides of the Salmon river cut-off between Valley Junction and Otis.

The purpose of the purchase, it was stated, is to preserve the natural beauty of the cut-off highway the purchase extending back 800 feet on either side of the highway.

SALEM, Jan. 8.—(AP)—Only two vetoed bills will face the Oregon legislature when it convenes Monday, both rejected by the governor following the special 1935 session. All vetoed measures of the regular session two years ago were disposed of during the special session.

One of the vetoed measures would have provided for repeal of the compulsory student fees at the University of Oregon and the state college.

The other measure provided for civil service for the employes of the Portland school district, applying principally to building superintendents and janitors.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Johnny Appleseed
(Morning Oregonian.)

An item in the current news tells of an ancient apple tree, near an Ohio town, that is ailing from a deep crack in its trunk. The governor himself has been appealed to for skilled specialists who will treat the wound and save the life of the tree. And why, you may inquire, all this pother about an old, old apple tree? Well, that is because the tree was planted by Johnny Appleseed, 108 years ago. The memory of an eccentric who was considered to be slightly daft in his time is dear to that region now. There is a monument to Johnny Appleseed in Ohio, and Indiana vies with her sister state in honoring each tradition of him.

This Johnny Appleseed was a queer fellow, by all accounts, and it is thought his true name may have been John Chapman, but nothing whatsoever was known—a century ago—of his previous status in life, or whence he came. In that far time the frontiers of the nation were advancing, and Ohio was the far west to eastern folk. Then out of nowhere, as it seemed, came the slender, mild-manner and uncouth character who was to be ridiculously known as Johnny Appleseed. He carried appleseeds in his pockets, and as he walked the rude roads and trails he paused whenever it seemed good to him to plant an appleseed. For it was his constant vision that in years to come other travelers would find refreshment on their journeys.

It is told of Johnny Appleseed that his nature was gentle, his piety so complete, that he would not wittingly harm so small a creature as an insect. Some of the settlers were tolerant of him, and even kind to him, but all were of the opinion that his mind was touched—as, indeed, it may have been. When he passed through the villages children mocked him, and, if he turned, they fled. But he harmed none, and went his way smiling, walking with his dream, to plant another appleseed beyond the town. The percentage of loss must have been great, for there was nobody to tend the seedlings, but in after years a great many trees, scattered over a wide and comparatively wild area, bore fruit. And quite as Johnny Appleseed had foreseen the travelers were grateful.

The story of the eccentric is one of the gentlest and most human in the nation's memory. The manner of Johnny Appleseed's death is unknown—doubtless it was beside some wilderness trail—but his grave is known and pointed out to this day. He was buried beside the old Wabash canal, only a short distance from the present city of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Now nearly all his contemporaries are forgotten, though some had wealth and high authority, but this man is remembered and with understanding.

DEMAND FOR YOUNG EXECUTIVES MOUNTS

EUGENE, Jan. 8 — (AP)— An increased demand for young executives in general business lines shows gains in the state's business activity, the University of Oregon placement service reported today.

Dean of Personnel Karl W. Onthank said the service, established only this term, has placed a number of ex-students and alumni in business occupations. Janet Smith, employment secretary, and Elmer Fansett, alumni secretary, devote time to the bureau.

½ PRICE WINTER UNIONS
We have broken lines of women's, misses', and boys' and girls' winter weight union suits. Closing out at ½ price. We also carry heavy stockings, gloves, scarfs, socks, etc. Carr's—Adv.

A Worried Old Man on an Island

GLITTERING GIRL

by May Christie

CHAPTER XXXV

A few minutes later, Vernon heard a loud scream from the drawing room. She rushed in, to find her mother waving the afternoon paper, and opening and shutting her mouth soundlessly, for all the world like a fish out of water.

"Mother, you're ill? Oh, what's the matter?" Was it an apoplectic stroke? Gasping like that, and her face all crimson?

"The paper! Look! The headlines! Nan Rushington!"

"What is it? Give it to me!" With startled eyes, Vernon scanned the front page and saw the announcement of Nan's marriage to "Foggy" Henson!

"She's grabbed your beau! Nan's beat you to it! Grabbed off a real society fellow for herself, and a millionaire into the bargain! And he dared to come after you last night—him and his white orchids!" wailed Mrs. Tyson.

"Why, mother, he's nothing in the world to me. But Nan—why, she was really drunk last night—and he was, too—they couldn't have known what they were doing!"

"Drunk or sober, that girl's sharp. She knows on which side her bread is buttered! I never did take a shine to Nan for all her 'Aunt Sadie this' and her 'Aunt Sadie that' and the other thing! Give me that paper, Maggie Tyson, and take this as a lesson! That cheeky little Nan with not a penny to her name grabbing off such a fine catch! It says here that he's the 'sky-on' of a blue-blooded Knickerbocker family—and a millionaire too."

"Oh, poor Nan! 'Foggy's so ugly! I hope they'll be happy!" Vernon generously exclaimed. Nan had been horribly rude to her yesterday, but in her kind heart she only remembered Nan's good points now.

"Ugly nothing! Even if he were Old Nick himself, with his money and his blue blood he could get any woman in this town!"

"He couldn't get me, so don't be upset, darling."

Vernon was mentally comparing poor "Foggy's" homely countenance and ill-made figure with the Adonis-like proportions and handsome face of Terry Shannon.

Her mother was off on another train of thought, however. "Your dee-boo-tantie party! He and Nan've got to come to it! Not that I like either of them, but they'll give it 'catchy.'"

"'Catchet,' you mean, darling. Oh, I wish I wasn't having any coming-out party!" She knew, with a terrible ache at the heart, and sense of loss, that Terry would probably be in Arizona on the night of the ball which was set for one week from today. . . .

"Well, of all things! And me spending hours and days on the lists! Don't you know, girl, that a thousand of the best names in New York City are coming?"

"It seems such a stupid waste of time and money," Vernon sighed. "We don't know these people. Mertina de Bray did most of the inviting."

"So you'd throw that up at me at the eleventh hour! There's gratitude for you! But the party'll be given. Give Mertina her due, fakey she was, she only associated with the best. That was her game as she played it ,and you've got to give her credit for being mighty smart."

Vernon sighed again. What use was there in talking?

"Anyhow"—here was a trump card—"I'm going right over the lists this afternoon with Mrs. Van Tyle, and you'll see she'll be fairly stunned by our acquaintance!"

Mrs. Van Tyle was. But not at all in the sense that poor Sadie Tyson had expected.

"Why, my dear, dear, Mrs. Tyson, you've invited the oddest, strangest people!" drawled the aristocratic Katrinka Van Tyle as she surveyed the long list of names through her gold lorgnette shortly after her arrival, at the tea hour. "Forgive me for speaking plainly, and of course I admit times have changed, and we ought all to adapt ourselves to them, and be broad-minded. But surely no debutante I have ever known— or my son either, and he's liberal enough—ever had such people at her coming-out! Why, some of them are perfectly dreadful people, dear Mrs. Tyson!"

Sadie Tyson's plump face had turned perfectly white, when scarlet. "But—but—we were advised—"

"You've been shockingly advised, if you'll forgive my bluntness, dear Mrs. Tyson! It looks to me—and I know my New York like a book—as though you'd obeyed the Biblical injunction, and gone right out to the highways and hedges! I never even heard of half these people—and almost all the remaining ones are quite socially impossible—outside the pale—declassee—"

"No class to them, you mean?" fairly panted poor Sadie. "And Mertina de Bray making me think I'd the classiest names on my list! Oh, the wicked deceiver!"

Mrs. Van Tyle's lips twitched for a second, and her eyes held an amused, contemptuous gleam. It faded immediately as she said, coolly: "Surely you realized that woman was a bare-faced adventuress from the moment you met her, my dear Mrs. Tyson?"

"I didn't. We're new to these parts. When we found her out, it was too late! Oh, Mrs. Van Tyle, what'll I do? Can I cancel the invitations and send out new ones to YOUR friends? Oh, won't you help us?"

Mrs. Van Tyle smiled patronizingly. This woman was too quaint! Such ideas! Such murdering of the king's English! If only her branch of the Van Tyle family were not so broke and it was essential for her "Toddy" to marry MONEY, she wouldn't waste another minute on these queer Tysons. . . .

"I could have helped you had I had the pleasure of meeting you before the invitations to Vernon's party were despatched, dear Mrs. Tyson. The only thing I can see for you now—provided you decide not to entertain these people, and who could blame you?—is for someone to turn sick, or be called out of town—and then give the party later on."

Thus Mrs. Van Tyle aloud. Inwardly she was thinking: "Why couldn't I make a considerable sum of money out of this? Take the whole thing in my hands, and get a stiff commission? Times are changing. I could charge her at least $15,000 for my list of friends and for chaperoning the young daughter! If Toddy' marries her, I'd insist on a large settlement for him, poor darling! Only how ever could he, or I, or his father swallow that dreadful mother?"

* * *

It was a somewhat crestfallen "Toddy" Van Tyle who arrived at the Tyson apartment that evening. He brought no flowers. Stupid to spend his money or commit himself, until he saw how the land lay. His mother's account of the girl's mother had been quite appalling.

Imagine his further chagrin, then, when he learned from Mrs. Tyson herself—resplendent in orchid satin drawn so tightly on her stout figure that the line of her corset clearly showed—that she was accompanying them . . .!

Too well-bred to show his discomfiture, he quickly racked his brains for a suitable spot to take them too, to dine and spend the evening? The smart hotels and night clubs were unthinkable. His friends would razz him to death about the old girl, and it might look as though he were "committed," matrimonially speaking, to the daughter, with the mother in the party!

"Would you enjoy a little whirl at the tables, Mrs. Tyson?" he asked deferentially. "The old Stuyvesant Breckenridge mansion in the East Eighties has been turned into a first-class gambling house. I often go there."

Now—next to her urge for society—Sadie Tyson loved any kind of a gamble, and the turn of a wheel.

She accepted gladly. Any place that he selected for them would be "okay by me," she told "Toddy" gushingly.

"You didn't bring your car with you? And I let Jake use ours tonight! We've the swellest imported Hispanny-shueezer you ever laid your eyes on—though I'll bet you've laid eyes on the best cars in the world, Mr. Van Tyle?" she said affably as the commissionaire of the hotel signalled a taxicab.

They got inside and "Toddy" gave the address of the mysterious house in the East Eighties. Sadie made him sit between Vernon and herself in the back seat, though with her plumpness it was a tight squeeze. She congratulated herself that Vernon was looking beautiful tonight in a Chanel model of pale pink velvet. "My daughter, Mrs. Todhrober Van Tyle" . . . and there was every chance of it, apparently!

Of course that horrible Mertina de Bray . . . or rather the Metchaeva woman . . . had let her down over the guests invited for Vernon's coming-out party one week from tonight. But between now and then many things might happen. Mrs. Van Tyle would come to their help.

Vernon was saying to herself: "I've given Arlene the address of this gambling joint. If Terry telephones, he's to come on here. Something tells me that tonight I will see him . . ."

She was correct in that. But little did she reck under what circumstances!

* * *

Dinner was rather a stupid affair. They had champagne. "Toddy" had whispered a timely word anent the Tysons' wealth in the proprietor's ear.

But Vernon thought: "Champagne doesn't really exhilerate one unless one is in interesting company." That meant Terry, of course. Certain intuition told her that tonight, no matter how late, she would see Terry.

After dinner, she and her mother and Toddy played baccarat.

Vernon lost. She was $300 out when she rose from the table.

"Unlucky at cards, lucky in love!" She felt calm and cheerful and queerly anticipatory, somehow.

Her mother and "Toddy" Van Tyle had formed a partnership. That had been his suggestion. They would split their winnings or losses.

Vernon wandered off into a quiet nook in the big, roomy old mansion and found an interesting book to read.

(To be continued)

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PIGGLY WIGGLY

KRNR PROGRAM
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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Louis Katzman and Orchestra.
4:30—Melodies at Eventide.
5:00—"The Two Gencs"—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—The American Family Robinson.
7:30—Oregon-Washington State Basketball Game From MacArthur Court in Eugene—Associated Oil.
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 Traumbaur & Orch.
10:30—"Belle & Martha," Copco.
10:35—"Homemakers Harmony."
11:00—Phil Levant & His Rhythm Kings.
11:15—Dick McDonough & Orch.
11:30—"Moods in Melody."
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudtson's.
12:00—Russ Morgan Music.
12:15—Ambrose & 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—Frimal Melodies.
4:15—"Here Comes the Band."
4:30—Patsy Montana & the Boys.
5:00—Kay Kyser & Orch.
5:15—Boswell Sisters.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Los Angeles Dance Band.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Jack Shilkert & Orch.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service Laundry.
7:05—Evening Organ Melodies.
7:15—Manhattan Concert Band.
7:30—Let's Dance.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JAN. 10

8:30—Sacred Hymns.
8:45—Glad Tidings of the Air—Rev. Ira Rankin.
9:00—Veterans Program, Dedicated to Roseburg Vets Facility.
9:30—Arkansas Log Rollers.
10:00—Sunday Request Program.
11:00—Baptist Church Service.
12:00—Organ Concert.
1:00—Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.
1:15—Roseburg Gospel Messenger, C. B. Hays.
1:30—Victor Salon Orch.
2:00—"Hansen Memories."
2:15—Famous Music.
3:00—Popular Dance Tunes.
3:30—Canyonville Community Program.
4:00—"Angelus Hour," Dr. C. A. Edwards.
4:30—Violin Recital.
4:45—Sunday Evening Organ Serenade.
5:00—"Good Night All," Sign off.

MONDAY, JAN. 11

6:45—"Early Birds."
7:00—Sunrise Organ Concert.
7:15—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—"Hansen Memories," Hansen Motor Co.
7:45—News-Review News.
8:00—Instrumental Revue.
8:15—Henry Allen & Orch.
8:30—Sacred Hymns.
8:45—Brooklyn Symphony.
9:00—The Honey Philosopher.
9:15—Duke Ellington & Orch.
9:30—Spanish Serenade.
10:00—Melody in Waltz Time.
10:30—"Belle & Martha," Copco.
10:35—"Women's Exchange."
11:00—"Your Highroad to Happiness," Dairies of Roseburg.
11:15—Municipal Dance Band.
11:30—Old Favorite Dance Melodies.
1:00—"Time Signal," Knudtson's.
12:00—Hits From the Films.
12:30—Vincent Lopez and Orch.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Odds & Ends.
1:30—Jack Shilkret & Orch.
1:45—Don Redman & Orch.
2:00—Here Comes the Band.
2:30—The Singin' Cowboy.
2:50—News Flashes.
3:00—"World Book Man."
3:05—Johnny Johnson & Orch.
3:30—Kiddies Request Program.
3:55—"Hot Shots," Cellars Radio.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—Tea Dansant.
4:30—Old Favorite Singers.
4:45—Sugar Hall & Orch.
5:00—Hawaiian Serenade.
5:30—Novelty Studio Party.
5:45—Melo Maid Ensemble.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:30—Guy Lombardo& His Royal Canadians.
6:45—Dillard Motor Co. Program.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—"The Spy," New Service Laundry.
7:05—Jesse Crawford's Song Chateau.
7:15—Memory Teasers.
7:30—The American Family Robinson.
7:45—Your Grab Bag Program.
8:00—Sign Off.

EX-SPARRING PAL OF SULLIVAN'S DIES

LA GRANDE, Jan. 8 — (AP)— Pneumonia ended the life of Jack Burke, 74, park caretaker, known to his friends as a heavyweight fighter of the days of John L. Sullivan. They related that Burke once lost a decision to the famous champion and served as his sparring partner.

W. Parker Lyon, wealthy collector, of Arcadia, Calif., bought an old fire engine once used at Dayton, a Nevada mining camp, and started refurbishing it for his Pony Express museum. Something bright at the rotting hose connections attracted his eye and he scraped out some of the dirt and panned it. It was gold, and now Lyon claims to have recovered a full ounce, valued at $35, from the ancient hose.