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Staggering Tax Load

OUR government 30 per cent
 better, or more efficient or are
 the services rendered by the var-
 ious government agencies greater
 and more valuable to us than they
 were two years ago?

If the answer to that question
 is a flat "NO"—we are being
 cheated by the tax spenders be-
 cause according to reliable figures
 released the total tax bill—federal,
 state and local has gone up 30
 per cent in two years and it still
 rising.

The estimated bill for this year
 will total thirteen and one-half bil-
 lion dollars. Two years ago by the
 same method of figuring the total
 tax collected amounted to ten
 and four-tenths billions.

This year the total tax bill will
 be greater than the nation's food
 bill. Department of commerce
 figures reveal the total annual in-
 come of the United States to be
 in the neighborhood of 65 billions.
 Accordingly the tax charge is 20
 cents out of every income dollar.
 The average industrial enterprise
 pays about one dollar per day in
 taxes for each person employed.

We are carrying a taxation load
 that is unreasonable in view of the
 fact that such expenditure of tax
 money has not been considered
 necessary previously.

Too Many Hours

PARENTS everywhere will ap-
 plaud the statement of Dr.
 William McKinley Robinson to the
 teachers assembled at the meeting
 of the Inland Empire Education as-
 sociation in Spokane yesterday.

Taking as his subject "Parents
 Look at the School," Dr. Robin-
 son said a question frequently
 raised by parents was: "How ef-
 fective training for leisure does
 the school give with its five to
 seven-hour day, plus home work
 and extra-curricular activities?"

"The work-a-day world," Dr. Robin-
 son said, "talks about a 20-hour
 or even a 24-hour, week. The
 schools in preparing children for
 that world have a longer schedule
 than they may speed the children
 through the grades and high school
 to be ready at from 16 to 18 for
 that world that only with great
 sacrifice is willing to have them
 before they are 24 or 25."

"Parents are serious in their
 willingness to have the whole
 school program slowed down."

FEATURE FLASHES FROM KRNR

ON THE AIR FROM EVERYWHERE

Metropolitan Opera Audition Winner

One of the latest operatic "finds"
 of the decade, 26-year-old Leonard
 Warren, whose baritone voice is
 well known to Mutual listeners
 from coast to coast, was presented
 to a nationwide radio audience on
 Sunday, March 27, as one of the
 two winners in the Metropolitan
 opera auditions of the air. A total
 of 767 persons competed for this
 coveted honor over a 26-week pe-
 riod of try-outs.

Warren's selection means he will
 appear at performances with the
 Metropolitan during the regu-
 lar winter opera season, and in ad-
 dition receives a silver plaque and
 check for \$1000.

The young baritone is a Mutual
 "find," discovered three seasons
 ago during a regular audition of the
 WOR artists bureau. This
 started the singer on the road in
 fame, leading through two sum-
 mers at a summer resort as enter-
 tainer, then to Radio City and fi-
 nally to the Metropolitan contract.

Warren will make his regular ap-
 pearance on Henry Ventura's Vari-
 ety program which reaches na-
 tion-wide audiences over KRNR
 and the Mutual network on Sat-
 urday, April 9, from 11:15 to 12 noon.
 Chicago Symphony Orchestra
 Dr. Frederick Stock, famous sym-

Dr. Robinson added, "the school
 seems to monopolize the child dur-
 ing his school years, and then
 without any period of weaning
 simply drops them."

Children in our Roseburg schools
 work six or six and a half hours a
 day, five days a week. Many of
 them must do home work in ad-
 dition, to say nothing of extra time
 compelled for rehearsals and other
 activities aside from studies
 and class work.

Our children are actually work-
 ing more than 30 hours a week
 which is considered by labor lead-
 ers a proper week's work for a
 sturdy adult. It is too much and is
 wholly unnecessary.

Jim Farley, strategy generalis-
 simo of the democratic party (at
 least a portion of it), is evidently
 one of those wise persons who pro-
 fit by experience, especially that
 of an adverse nature. Predicting
 passage of the U. S. supreme
 court reorganization bill, while it
 was the center of a congressional
 battle, Jim said the measure was
 "in the bag." In view of what hap-
 pened to that bill, there is signifi-
 cance in the fact that Jim has re-
 frained from any prediction con-
 cerning the government reorgani-
 zation bill.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Ray. Some 400 residents of Car-
 mel were invited to attend a meet-
 ing where the capital-moving
 scheme was under discussion.

After hearing the arguments in
 favor of the plan, the spokesmen
 for the Carmel delegation arose
 in his place and said:

"We want no part in this
 scheme. We don't want this pol-
 itical egg laid on the doorstep of
 Carmel. Let Sacramento keep the
 politicians. We don't want them
 loitering around here.

"They are nothing but a lot of
 riffraff."

THAT'S rough and blunt. But
 after appraising what the pol-
 iticians have done to us in the past
 five or six years, one finds it hard
 to disagree with the gentlemen
 from Carmel.

JAPAN protests against military
 assistance which she alleges
 Soviet Russia is giving to China.
 And in the same breath, prob-
 ably, PRAISES military assistance
 which Italy is giving to General
 Franco in Spain—Italy being one
 of Japan's buddies.

It's a great world, isn't it?

FIRE PATROL HEADS MEET IN ROSEBURG

Field inspectors from county
 fire patrols of Josephine, Jackson,
 Coos and Douglas counties are
 meeting in Roseburg today to out-
 line policies for the coming fire
 season. Special discussion is
 centering around logging fire equip-
 ment, slash disposal, and general
 fire prevention policies. The meet-
 ing, being held at the offices of the
 Douglas Forest Protective associa-
 tion, is being conducted by Les
 Cummings, inspector for the Dou-
 glas county organization.

TENNIS COURT JOB FINALE IS NEARING

Final work on the two hard sur-
 faced tennis courts being built at
 the Senior High school grounds is
 expected to start in a few days. It
 was announced this morning. All
 grading has been completed, and
 the ground made ready for pouring
 concrete. The cement is on hand
 for the job, but reinforcing mate-
 rial is awaited. The work is being
 done as a WPA project.

Rhode Island was purchased
 from the Indians for 60 fathoms of
 beads on March 24, 1638.

OUT OUR WAY



CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONSTANCE CORBY—heroine;
 richest girl in the world.

BRET HARDESTY—hero;
 bridge builder.

RODNEY BRANTON—Connie's
 fiancé.

KATIE BLYN—Connie's "doubt-
 ful."

Yesterday, Bret breaks up Con-
 nie's anniversary party and the
 knows that they can never be
 quite the same again.

CHAPTER XX

Bret and Connie did not have
 their talk on that morning.
 Bret apologized again for the
 scene he had created at their an-
 niversary party; he said that he
 had had too much to drink and
 that for an excuse. He supposed
 it was the outburst of an accumu-
 lation of the past months. He
 hoped Connie would forgive him.

Connie said that she would, in
 a polite, constrained tone of voice
 that showed plainly that she had
 not. She maintained this cool
 courtesy between them for more
 than a week, keeping Bret at a
 distance, as though he were a per-
 fect stranger, or a bad little boy
 who must learn obedience. He
 was completely miserable.

"We've decided to charter my
 yacht, take a trip—perhaps Ber-
 muda—make up a party," Connie
 said, at the end of that week. "Do
 you think you'd care to come
 along, Bret?"

"If you want me," he answered,
 did this mean that now she had
 decided to forgive and forget?
 "You know I want to be where
 you are. Who, may I ask, do you
 include in 'we'?"

"Oh, Rodney, Veronica, a half
 dozen or so." Her reply came
 carelessly. If she was glad he was
 going, she did not let him see it.
 "Everyone's leaving town now
 that it's spring; it will be deeply
 dull here. The Easter lilies are
 gorgeous in Bermuda, whole fields
 of them. The weather, ideal, the
 crowd smart and amusing. I think
 you'll enjoy it, Bret."

He did not care who would be
 there, if only she would smile at
 him once more. He tried to take
 her in his arms now, but she held
 herself aloof, unresponsive. "I'll
 like it," he said, "if you are sweet
 to me again. Let's stop this non-
 sense, honey. Let's be friends
 sweethearts. Can't you see we're
 drifting apart, behaving in this
 way?"

She did not answer, but the look
 in her eyes accused him as the
 one who caused their "drifting."

He let her go, turned away, his
 pride flaring as a hot, angry flame
 inside. It was not his fault
 altogether, she knew that; she was
 taking unfair advantage, since she
 held the advantage. In so many
 ways, over him, if only he did
 not love her so much; if only she
 did not have all this money. . . .

"It will be nice to see the first
 signs of spring," he muttered.
 "Lord knows there's none in this
 mud-made city. Not a glade of
 green grass, or a leaf, or flower."
 His thoughts strayed back to his
 own country, the dark hills that
 would be coming alive with that
 tender young green haze, the sky
 that would be so blue and frag-
 rant. An almost unbearable nos-
 talgia seized him.

"See here!" he turned to her
 once more, dropping all restraint,
 his dark eyes warm and eager,
 "why don't we go back home,
 alone—just we two, darling? The
 hills will be beautiful now—you
 remember last spring in the val-
 ley? We could have another
 honeymoon, take our long tramps,
 climb our own hill, come 'alive'
 again, too—as we'll never do any-
 where else, among a lot of people.
 Wouldn't you like that better,
 honey? Wouldn't you be willing
 to go back with me?"

There was no answering warmth
 in his wife's eyes. She drew her
 self up, threw back her head,
 "I'm sorry, Bret," her voice was

polite, unsufferably cool once

more, "that you don't like my
 friends. Or the plans we've made.
 Go back to that sleepy little old
 town, buried in the hills. . . .
 Heaven! I'd be bored to death.
 I'd die."

It was on the tip of his tongue
 to tell her that she had not been
 bored a year ago, that she had
 been happier than ever before,
 content, busy. But he checked the
 words. She had been Katie Blyn
 then, a different girl than the one
 who stood looking at him with
 hostile eyes that held a shade of
 contemptuous amusement. This
 girl was Constance Corby, heiress
 of a million dollars. He wondered
 how she could possibly be the girl
 he had married.

She might have read his
 thoughts, for a slow flush colored
 her lovely face, her eyes flashed
 now in anger. "I know what
 you're thinking. You might as
 well have said it. That I liked
 that little town, your hills and
 country, well enough last year.
 But I was only playing then, Bret,
 pretending. That was all it
 amounted to, really." She hurried
 on, before he could reply: she saw
 the deep color beginning to stain
 his face, too, the fire that leapt
 into his dark eyes.

"It's you who've changed, Bret,
 not I. I am what I was always,
 before and after that brief inter-
 lude. But you are different.
 You're grim and serious, cross
 and moody. You won't try to
 adapt yourself to my world; you
 won't try to like my friends, learn
 to live and play. Life isn't all
 seriousness and work! It should be
 fun and gaiety, too. I thought you
 would be big enough to meet this
 difference. I thought it would
 take more of a man to make a
 happy marriage with a woman
 who had so much more than he,
 it would take more courage, more
 doing. But it doesn't seem to me
 you're trying very hard, it doesn't
 seem as though you were suc-
 ceeding. It's you who are differ-
 ent, from the man I married."

He did not answer right away.
 The deep color drained out of
 his face; the fire left his eyes. "I
 believe you are right," he spoke
 at length, slowly. "I'm not the
 same man. I've lost that courage
 —the things you thought made me
 different—different enough to face
 any situation and conquer it. Dif-
 ferent enough to marry the richest
 woman in the world and make
 that marriage a success, to main-
 tain my own independence and
 birthright and self-respect."

"I told you—the other night—
 before your friends—what I have
 become. A man who lives on his
 wife's charity. A man who frit-
 ters away his days and nights,
 accomplishing nothing. A man
 who can't look himself in the eye
 and hold up his head. Yes, Con-
 nie, I'm different. I have changed.
 You're right about that." That

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The purpose of the period of
 retreat was also to continue
 what in the Galleian crowds had
 been so different: the teaching
 of the twelve. The great truth
 which it was the end of His
 teaching to make clear was the
 nature of the kingdom so under-
 stood that they should recognize
 Him as its Messiah. The Jesus
 looked for an earthly kingdom.
 Of such he could not be the
 head. It was only when they
 understood the kingdom to be
 of truth and love and holiness
 that their prayers for its coming
 could be answered. When any
 one could say of Him: "Thou
 art the Christ, the Son of the
 living God." It would mean that
 they understood that the king-
 dom had come. Help us, Dear
 Father, so to understand life
 and its values that we may see
 in Jesus Christ its perfection,
 and long for His Reign upon the
 earth. Amen.

By Williams

"SINCE moving to the country,"
 said Clyde Adair, former Rose-
 burg creameryman now living on
 his farm near
 Brockway, "I
 have been sur-
 prised to note
 how many ped-
 dlers stop at
 farm homes. Se-
 dom does a day
 pass when at
 least one such
 person doesn't
 visit my house.
 "These agents
 sell everything,
 from pencils to farm machinery,
 and all represent organizations lo-
 cated far away from Roseburg and
 Douglas county. They uniformly
 handle only those goods having a
 long margin of profit.

"I am a thorough believer in res-
 idents of a community doing their
 buying at home," Clyde continued.
 "That is, of course, when they can
 get what they want. Usually they
 can. Their local merchant is quite
 likely to have a fine assortment of
 goods from which they can choose,
 and he does something the peddlers
 do not. He stocks a very great
 number of articles in general use,
 carrying a very small margin of
 profit, and he does this for the con-
 venience of those who live in his
 community who look to him for
 their wants.

Another service the local mer-
 chant provides, as a matter of
 course, in his implied even when
 not expressed guaranty of the qual-
 ity of the goods which he sells. If
 there's anything wrong with them,
 bring them back, he will tell you,
 and he's as good as his word. It's
 not going too far to state that
 those who buy from peddlers do not
 always receive this consideration.

"I have been reading the series
 of advertisements sponsored by
 Roseburg merchants which have
 been appearing periodically in the
 News-Review, and I heartily agree
 with the sentiments expressed
 therein. A community has come to
 expect a great deal from its mer-
 chants — and it is not backward
 in making its wants known to him.
 He is continually solicited for
 funds to meet community needs,
 on the assumption, I suppose, that
 as the community progresses, so
 will he. No doubt this is true, but
 as a rule, it should work both ways.
 The merchant should at the same
 time receive the support of the
 people of his community!"

Well, Clyde, your views are right
 up our alley.

Two days of sunshine (round
 'em) and the pastures are carpets
 of buttercup. Spring fever is in
 the air, look out.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis Jr., MBS.
 4:15—Bureau of Internal Rev-
 enue, MBS.
 4:20—Headlines, MBS.
 4:45—The Children's Hour.
 5:00—Modern Maestros.
 5:15—Sinfonietta, MBS.
 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
 5:45—Log Rollers.
 6:00—Forum String Quartet.
 6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
 6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
 6:45—Dr. McNeil Program.
 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 6:55—News Flashes.
 7:00—Hollywood Serenade, MBS.
 7:30—The Forest Ranger.
 7:45—Webster's Musical Revue,
 MBS.
 8:00—Boston Symphony.
 8:30—Lee Wiley in Songs, MBS.
 8:45—Vincent Valsante.
 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
 9:15—Henny Goodman's Orch.,
 MBS.
 9:30—Hob Crosby's Orch., MBS.
 9:45—Willis Mahoney for Sena-
 tor.
 10:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8

7:00—"Early Birds."
 7:30—News-Review Newscast.
 7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good
 Morning."
 7:55—Western Grocery Program.
 8:00—Merry Maestros, MBS.
 8:30—Rhythm of Life, MBS.
 8:45—Let's Get "Organ"ized With
 Frank Roadman.
 9:00—Man About Town.
 9:20—Studies in Black & White,
 MBS.
 9:45—Streamlined Swing, MBS.
 10:00—The Happy Gang, MBS.
 10:15—Carson Robinson and His
 Gang.
 10:30—Homemaker's Harmony.
 10:45—Voice of Experience, MBS.
 11:00—Songs of the West, Copco.
 11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
 11:30—Hollywood Charm Council-
 or, MBS.
 11:45—Geo. E. Solokosky.
 12:00—Boston Symphony.
 12:15—"What's New in Music." Ra-
 dio Music.
 12:30—Artist Recital Bureau.
 12:35—Parkinson's Information Ex-
 change.
 12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 12:50—News-Review Newscast.
 1:00—Hendlinger's Man on the
 Street.
 1:15—Salvation Army.
 1:30—Cripple Creek Cowboys.
 1:45—Book a Week, MBS.
 2:00—Crime Clinic, MBS.
 2:15—Rannio Weeks, MBS.
 2:30—Today's Front Page.
 2:45—Lawrence Solano, MBS.
 3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
 3:30—Dr. Van Wyck, MBS.
 3:45—Nat'l Lawyers' Guild, MBS.
 4:00—Coolidge High School Orchestra,
 MBS.
 4:30—Helen Jane Kerr.
 4:45—The Children's Hour.
 5:00—"Melody Lane," With Wan-
 da Armour.
 5:30—Steven Cartwright, MBS.
 5:45—Songs of the Range.
 6:00—Evening Varieties.

In a duel with swords, a Paris
 lawyer, nicknamed one of his clients.
 Business procedure carried over to
 the battlefield?

The electric horse on which Cal-
 vin Coolidge used to exercise now
 turns up in a health club for tired
 business men. This is in the nature
 of a republican get-together.

As the Spanish war approaches
 its end, the only thing puzzling ob-
 servers is who will be left to be
 taxed to reconstruct the country
 if there is anything left worth re-
 constructing.

Peoria, Ill., police horses will be
 wired for radio. Pegasus is not to
 go down in history as the only
 horse on the air waves.

Indiana candidate for mayor says
 he will campaign on the slogan
 "Soft water in every tub." Sounds
 like soft soap.

On the road to TVA.
 Where the power projects lay.
 The dawn came up like thunder
 from the white house far away.
 (Copyright 1938 NEA Service Inc.)

RAMBLINGS

by
 Paul Jenkins

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