Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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WEST-HOLLIDAY

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WHERE you'd least expect it, a symphony orchestra has sprung up.

It grew right out of the soil, among farmers and traveling salesmen and housewives and factory workers who thought they'd never again get around to picking up the old oboe or the dust-caked cello. The project was organized last fall in Greenfield, Mass., with 22 members from the surrounding community. There are now 46 in the orchestra. Two concerts have been held, and hundreds of folks came to hear their neighbors play the classics.

The musicians are people who like to play from sheer enjoyment, and whose composite talent is appreciated by everyone in the neighborhood. In a small way, it is a revival of a movement that lost ground when the various forms of "canned" music invaded homes.

It is the kind of project that can spring up anywhere. Big cities need have no monopoly on symphony music. Any community that wants it will find plenty of talent in all sorts of unsuspected places.

AMONG many of the nation's employers, a new movement to retain older and experienced hands has become evident recently.

Not forgetting the problem of jobless youngsters, many industrialists realize that the post-forty worker is entitled to just as much consideration. They are also aware that the man who has spent 20 or 30 years in the same plant is normally pretty well equipped to handle his job. His very steadiness is an asset to the firm; his years of service, a tribute to his craftsmanship.

Weeding out faithful old-timers who are still capable is not an answer to the unemployment enigma. The youngsters themselves don't want to get jobs that way.

A NEW system of making appropriations has been devised in England. When the war leaders need money, they go to parliament and asked for 100 pounds (about $500). Obviously, they need more than that for the functions of government—and actually, the 100 pounds is really considerably more.

It may be a million pounds, or 10 million pounds. The figure, "100," is merely a token. Not even parliament knows how much it is voting. All it knows that it has agreed to let the war cabinet spend another 100 pounds—plus.

It is difficult to imagine the United States congress operating under such procedure. Conjure up a picture, if you can, of the president going before the house and saying, "I need some more money. Write me another blank check."

What is even more difficult, try to imagine congress doing it.

CANADA wants American tourists. She has annually enjoyed an abundance of visitors from "south of the border," and the guests have always contributed handsomely to the maintenance of Dominion economy. But this year, Canada wants Americans worse than ever.

As a lure, the government is going to promise Americans that, insofar as it is possible to prevent it, there will be no scalping. Merchants, banks, hotel keepers and everyone else who has benefited from tourists trade have been ordered to pay Americans the full premiums for exchanging United States currency.

Currently, the premium on American dollars varies between 10 and 15 cents. On a $100 vacation, this will add up to a tidy sum. And if the Canadian government has anything to say about it, Americans are going to get every penny of it. Tourists, used to petty swindles of European shopkeepers who spot all Americans as suckers, will be glad to hear that in Canada, at least, they will be given an even chance.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

is measured by never-ending counting. All along the highways you pass these invisible ray counters, working day and night.

Instead of building them fewer and wider, they build more of them.

THERE are vast numbers of trucks, and relatively few buses. This country is full of railroads, and they all run passenger trains. Service is fast and frequent. Competition for the bus is tougher.

For 1,000 miles out of Detroit, the highways are simply cluttered with these trailer rigs carrying five automobiles. We see them occasionally on the coast, but here they're never out of sight. They leave Detroit loaded and come back empty, thus filling both sides of the road.

If you're griped by relatively occasional gasoline trailers on our Coast highways, come back and try dodging these vast fleets of automobile carriers.

SPEED laws back here are uniform, reasonable and seem to be observed by the public with a minimum of police supervision. Either traffic cops (outside the cities, of course) are remarkably few and far between or they're good at concealing themselves.

Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri (using four adjoining states as an example) use the zone system. Under this system, curves, hills, towns, etc., are zoned and the speed permitted in each zone, together with the beginning and the ending of the zone, is clearly marked. The smaller towns are rather uniformly zoned at 30 miles, and villages at 25.

Outside marked zones, your conscience is your guide as to speed, as in Oregon. They're extremely particular, as they should be, about passing on hills, curves or any place where visibility is poor. For this they use a special yellow line system similar to but not as good as California's double line.

Uniformity of speed laws, signs, markings, etc., along the interstate highways is certainly appreciated by strangers.

IN spite of the reasonableness of the traffic regulation and the surprising straightness of the roads, you can't make the time here you are accustomed to making in the WEST, because towns are too numerous. There's a town or a village about every five miles, with big cities about as frequent as county seat towns in the West.

They're beginning to bypass the larger cities and towns, which helps.

ONE item missing from the highway picture here is the motor court. One simply doesn't see them outside the larger cities.

Their place is taken by private houses, that "take in tourists." In every town there are signs such as "Tourists Taken In," "Tourists Accommodated," "Tourist's Home," etc. Surprisingly often these signs adorn run-down hookups, big homes that obviously were once the pride of local nabobs.

"From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations" seems to be the rule here, as elsewhere.

SMALL town hotels are unbelievably poor, by Pacific Coast standards. Big cities are numerous, and never out of touch. Nobody, apparently, stays at a small town hotel if he can avoid it.

State Press Comment

Surprising Mr. Taxpayer

(Portland Oregonian)

Oregon's taxpayers do not like the new and stiffened income tax. It had slipped the minds of most people, up to the last few days—particularly since it affects the lower brackets, where the people do not keep such careful accounts or prepare themselves so well against the coming of due dates. But during the past two weeks, with returns being received at Salem at the rate of $800 a day and with April 1 the deadline, the protests are multiplying. The state tax commission says the people had become accustomed to the old schedule of rates. There were few protests over a period of years. Now there is something approaching an outburst of public pain.

Well, we hope the tax commissioners will not assume too innocent a look when they explain across the country that the 1939 legislature passed the increased tax and that the commission can do nothing about it.

That is a true statement so far as it goes. The legislature did pass the amended tax. But the rates adopted were, it is generally believed, those recommended by the commission. Governor Sprague in his inaugural message proposed no new taxes. He did, however, wish to relieve the holders of small amounts of intangibles. So he recommended that the income and intangibles taxes be consolidated with intangibles exempt from some of their former burden, and the two taxes arranged in such a manner as to "sustain the productivity . . . on at least the present basis."

The proposal, in short, was that the income tax be changed sufficiently to make up for whatever was lost in the intangibles tax.

And with this end in view, and with the advice of the tax commission, a bill was worked out to boost the rates on the lower brackets to 2 per cent on the first $500 of taxable income, 3 per cent on the second $500, 4 per cent on the taxable income of $1000 to $2000, 5 per cent on from $2000 to $4000, 6 per cent on from $4000 to $5000, 7 per cent above that.

At first the house could not be persuaded. The house majority held that the experts were overestimating the need, that such rate increases would far more than make up for what was lost on intangibles. In fact, the house voted no, by 31 to 23, on the morning of the last day of the session. But pressure was put on during the noon hour. The legislators were afraid of having to lay over a few more days without pay. And in the afternoon, on the same bill, the vote was 40 yes and 18 no. That is how we got the 1939 income tax against which so many surprised taxpayers are now protesting.

And the fact is that the calculations were wrong. Tax officials are now estimating that the income tax for 1939 will bring in more than $5,200,000, which will be close to a million dollars more than the former tax realized and far more than was lost through modification of the old intangibles tax. Perhaps it is well to err on the side of conservatism. It is well to have too much rather than too little. But the income taxpayers find it hard to be this philosophic.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

1:00—Trojan Horses, MBS.
1:15—Santa Anita Handicap, MBS.
1:45—Time For Romance, MBS.
5:00—Sterling Young's Orch., MBS.
5:30—Hawaii Calls, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Betty Jane Rhoads, MBS.
7:00—Tropical Serenade, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—To Be Announced.
10:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3

8:00—Harold Turner, Pianist, MBS.
8:15—Glad Tidings of the Air, Rev. Ira F. Rankin.
8:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir, MBS.
8:45—Canary Chorus, MBS.
9:00—Parole String Quartet, MBS.
9:15—The Chaplain Speaks, Rev. Perry Smith.
9:30—American Melodies, MBS.
9:45—Words of Reality, MBS.
10:00—Symphonic Interlude, Pianist, MBS.
10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways, Greyhound Lines, MBS.
10:30—Social Concerto, MBS.
11:00—Baptist Church Services.
12:00—Meditations and Melody, MBS.
12:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
12:45—Finnish Relief Fund Concert, MBS.
1:00—Nobody's Children, MBS.
1:30—Lutheran Hour, MBS.
2:00—Sunday Varieties.
2:30—Melody Matinee.
3:00—Fifth Row Center, MBS.
3:30—Show of the Week, MBS.
4:00—Lenten Music, MBS.
4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C. A. Edwards.
5:00—American Forum of the Air, Topic: "Seven Years of the New Deal," MBS.
6:00—Old Fashioned Revival, MBS.
7:00—Good Will Hour, Ironized Yeast, MBS.
8:00—Howard McCreary's Orch., MBS.
8:15—Rabbi Edgar Magnin, MBS.
8:30—Will Osborne's Orch., MBS.
9:00—News, Serutan, MBS.
9:15—The Quiet Hour.
9:45—Sign Off.

MONDAY, MARCH 4

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—News, Gilmore Corner.
7:45—I. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
7:50—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:30—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
8:45—Buckeye Cone, MBS.
9:00—The Balladeer, MBS.
9:15—Streamline Swing, MBS.
9:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor and Gamble, MBS.
9:45—Carters of Elm Street, Ovaltine, MBS.
10:00—Varieties.
10:20—The Manhattans, MBS.
10:45—Home Service, Copco.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—Chas. Openshaw's Hawaiians, MBS.
11:30—Elbert Laschelle, Organist, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Dance.
12:15—Rhythm at Random.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange.
12:45—News, Safeway Stores.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Don Lee School of the Air, MBS.
1:30—The Quiet Hour.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:45—Music and Music, MBS.
3:00—Jerry Livingston's Orch., MBS.
3:30—Edna O'Dell, and Piano, MBS.
3:45—Marriage License Romances, MBS.
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.
4:45—Tea Time Dance.
5:00—Lew Diamond's Orch., MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Music in the Modern Style.
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Dance Orch.
8:30—Bob Crosby's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Barbers of Beeville, Wing Cigarettes, MBS.
9:30—Laws and Lawyers, MBS.
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

The American flag atop the United States capitol flies 24 hours a day, rain or shine, and is replaced every six weeks because of its exposure to all kinds of weather.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

THE EXPERT

RAMBLINGS

By PAUL JENKINS

I simply don't seem to have an ear for symphony music. Some of it I like, y'e understand—the kind which starts off without any fol-de-rol or fanfare, with an enough ensemble of pleasant sounds. There is some like that and, without appreciating it in the least, I enjoy listening to it.

But the instrument stuff which supposedly intreprets some story, or sequence of actions—Bah! I'm a barbarian. I just can't follow it.

You know the kind I mean—(you hear it over the radio)—where King Dan Hill leaves the battlefield, grieving for his two slain sons.

His grief is uncontrollable (that is, darn near so). But Lo! Suddenly he meets Quieemea a dancing in a glade—and, I suspect, in very little of anything else.

She sings and dances, gracefully, panting every once and a while, I take it, at a tambourine.

The old King halts; he stares, he listens; entranced, he rides closer; infatuated, he leaps changingly from his charger; emotionally overcome (forgetting immediately about his 2 sons lying dead in the back 10) he falls to his knees and beseeches Quieen to be his bride.

She accepts! (Anyone else except the old dotard at her feet would have known she would.) They lean astride the king's Percheron, and gallop off gaily to his castle.

* * *

All this has been explained, of course, shorter than I have done so here, by some hero over the air with a foreign accent richer than blackstrap molasses. Then the music started, intrepreting the action.

I just can't get it. When old Dan Hill was riding through the forest, the music didn't sound like it to me; unless, perchance, the stallion he bestrode was neighing as loudly for his mate as King Dan later did for his.

The nearest the music came to interpreting the sounds of the old man's passage was when he fell off his horse in his hurry to forget his 2 dead sons, and cast himself at Quieea's feet, with a clatter of his stovemetal suit which could have been heard a mile.

The music didn't even interpret Quieemea's dancing, as far as I was concerned. If you ever saw a gal dancing barefoot in a glade full of thistles and sandburs, you'll understand my skepticism.

* * *

Of course this isn't all of it, not that it had much IT to it. Arrived at the castle (as the announcer tells you in his Beethovan accent) the pair can into any number of troubles and cares, either cast by a witch, or an old astrologer, or a "coun" blonde gardener, I can't remember which. But every bit of it was intrepreted with music, until I actually felt that, whatever tribulation and punishment eventually befell the old King and his woodsy smelling enchantress, was too severe, after all the musical accompaniment which had been their lot.

* * *

Of course, I understand it's a lack of education in classical music, an absence of appreciation for true symphonic artistry, that ails me, and I deplore it.

But by Crackie, I sometimes wonder if I feel as badly about it, as I ought to.

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

A thought is not a passive thing. It is charged with power. It can prove a tremendous force either for good or evil. When the apostle Paul said "Whatsoever things are true, and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report," and bids us think on these things, he is not counselling a sentimental exercise. He is bidding us lay hold of the resources of God available for triumphant living. Some one has said that "a great idea will make a little man great." Therein lies the great Christian hope. We may not be conspicuous individuals; we may not be endowed with peculiar gifts; but once Christ controls our thinking, once His ideals become the dominant passion of our lives, we are reinforced by hidden sources of strength. We may still be facing hardships; we may have to suffer from handicaps, but we are not worried about the outcome, with a lift in our hearts and a light in our eyes we say, I can do all things through Christ. "Think truly, and thy thoughts shall a world's famine feed." Amen.

• SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARIE LA PORTE—model in exclusive dress shoppe, lives on a barge.

DAN DONOVAN—playboy son of a rich Irishman, in love with Marie.

TOMMY RYAN—leader of the truckers fighting Marie's father.

LYNDA MARTIN—society debutante, wants to marry Dan.

BAPTISTE LA PORTE—Marie's father, owner of a fleet of barges.

* * *

YESTERDAY: Mike Donovan arrives in New York, finds Dan absent. Mike goes to Lynda, tells her how happy her engagement to Dan has made him. Lynda is puzzled. Dan has not asked her. Mike plans a family celebration of the event. Arriving home, his Chinese servant informs him "Meesah Dan in jail."

CHAPTER VIII

Marie La Porte's hand shook as she brushed her brown curls before the tiny mirror which hung in the alcove that served as her bedroom aboard the La Porte barge. She was miserably unhappy. The very thing she had been trying to avoid had happened, just because Dan Donovan had insisted on coming to the barge. A shadow crossed her window. Tommy was still outside. He might kill Dan.

The casual conversation between Dan and her father and mother sifted through the blue denim curtain.

"Yes," Dan was saying, "my folks like water too. Dad's idea of a holiday is to have nothing to do but sit on the after-deck of his houseboat, smoke his pipe and think and sometimes, just sit."

"Nanette, where is my pipe?" Bat asked his wife. Turning to Dan, he continued, "Your pop and I, we share tastes in common. I smoke and sit and think. 'Specially when we go to Canada summers."

"Yes,"—Mrs. La Porte passed his pipe—"that is my husband's idea of heaven. Those long trips—they are monotonous. No life for women."

She tried to talk easily to this strange boy Marie had brought home. Her curiosity, ordinarily strong, had been deadened by the earlier experience of the evening. She still saw the fight between the truckmen and the barge people. Their shouts still rang in her ears.

"I'm glad Marie has that job uptown, modelling," she said. "At least that gets here away part of the time."

Bat disagreed amiably. "This is a peaceful life. Eet ees my very existence," he protested. "Just like Marie, I was born and brought up on a canalboat. My father before me had hees boats."

Happily forgetting his black eye and bruises, he told of the quiet summers drifting along upstate canals beneath overhanging trees.

"If the weather is good, the run lasts ten days. We haul grain, phosphate, lumber, anytheeng. The tugs, they take us up the Hudson to Albany, then through the locks to Canada. The people along the way have seen my daughter Marie grow up." His gaze rested affectionately on Marie as she entered the cabin. "They are my friends."

Marie sat down. "Pop's talking about the past. Trucking's cut in on the barge business now."

Even in her present anxious mood, she was certainly a most attractive girl. It was easy to see by Dan's expression that he thought so too.

"Yes," said Mrs. La Porte. "We're lucky if we have three hauls a summer, and tonight Bat's lost his phosphate cargo."

Bat scowled. "I'll make them pay for this."

Dan stared at him. "I don't want to be rude, but was that where you got your black eye?"

"There was a dreadful fight before you and Marie came," Mrs. La Porte answered. "I thought Bat would be murdered."

Dan moved his chair close to Marie. "Then you're really not safe down here?"

"It's just a war between the truckmen and the bargemen."

A shadow darkened a cabin window. "That's Tommy Ryan again, papa," Marie spoke nervously.

"Was he the guy that stopped us out on the deck?" broke in Dan.

"Yes, and I wish to heaven he would leave us alone."

Bat took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at Marie. He was relieved to hear her speak of Tommy in that tone.

"Then you don't want to marry that keed?"

"Did you think she did?" Dan's voice was desperate.

Bat looked at him shrewdly. "Why should you care, my fellow?"

Mrs. La Porte raised a restraining hand. "Bat! Be be quiet."

Striking a match, he lit his pipe again. "My dear boy, Marie ees not going to marry Tommy Ryan or anyone else just now. But when she does, I contend that her husband shall be a bargeman, like myself."

* * *

A shadow again fell across the cabin window. Bat sprang to his feet. "That idiot! Does he think he can police my boat theese way?"

Dan reached for his hat and coat. "I'll settle that gazook."

He was on deck before Marie reached the hatchway.

"Let them fight," said Bat contentedly. "Maybe they will demolish each other, and then you'll be free of these monkeys."

He had locked the hatchway and stuck the key in his pocket by the time Marie reached it.

"Oh, you're cruel," she shouted. "Let me out of here!" She beat her fists against Bat's broad chest.

"Have you gone mad, Marie? First you tell me that Tommy Ryan means nothing to you. Then you see heem give your father a black eye. You cannot possibly have use for heem after that.

"Now, you bring theese strange boy, Dan whats hees-name in and I know you cannot have any attachment for him because you do not make hees acquaintance long enough. Yet you cry when he and Tommy fight. Eet is not any concern of ours."

Wiping her eyes, Marie walked toward her alcove. "They may be killing each other for all we know."

Mrs. La Porte ran to a window. "Bat," she pleaded. "Tommy might hurt that boy seriously. After all, Marie is only remembering that we should look out for him. He is a stranger."

Bat looked uncertainly from his wife to his daughter. "Eet is very hard. I don't know what to do. Girls, they are deefficult to understand. You may not believe me, but I am only trying to save Marie from trouble. I have experience, I know." His voice softened. "Affair all. You are my family. Everytheeng I do is for your good."

Marie caught her father's hand. "Please, papa, don't let them kill each other," she pleaded.

* * *

She and her mother followed Bat to the dock.

"Oh, I knew it," she cried, as she caught sight of two men fighting on the pier. "Tommy's killing him."

Bat made a futile attempt to separate the pair. "You leave me alone," gasped Tommy.

Dan's suit was torn, his collar ripped off and his face a mass of cuts. "That goes for me too," he yelled, connecting a left to Ryan's nose.

"Oh, it's too terrible," Marie screamed. "One is bound to kill the other."

Mrs. La Porte called that she was going to the barge for a bucket of hot water. "That will separate them," she cried.

The sudden focusing of a flashlight stopped their talk.

"What's all this?" a gruff voice demanded.

"Hello, Jerry," said Bat, as the policeman pocketed his light and made for the two boys. "What a time we had had thees evening."

"Who started this?" demanded Jerry McGuire.

"I did," Tommy paused.

"I did," Dan yelled.

They both fell to fighting again.

"O. K." Jerry caught them by the arms. "Come along and tell the judge about it."

Mrs. La Porte came running back with her pan of hot water. "Praise God they're all right! Let me wash their faces."

Jerry laughed. "They'll have plenty of time to do that in jail."

"You can't put Dan in jail," Marie said excitedly. "His father is—"

"The boy's been disturbin' the peace just the same as Tommy was. I don't care who his father is."

"Leave my father out of this," ordered Dan.

With a heavy heart, Marie watched the three disappear down the pier.

(To be continued)

February Rain is 35 Years' Heaviest

Precipitation during the month of February, although failing to reach the all-time high point, was the greatest for the month for 35 years, according to the monthly meteorological summary compiled by J. C. McCallister, in charge of the local station of the U. S. weather bureau.

Rainfall totalled 9.71 inches as compared with an average of 4.61 inches. The greatest February rainfall on record was 12.19 inches in 1904.

The excess rainfall for February eliminated the previously existing deficiency and gave a season surplus of .11 of an inch dating from Sept. 1 and a surplus of 5.02 inches since Jan. 1.

Temperature was considerably above normal with a mean of 47.4 degrees, an average of 4 degrees daily above normal. The highest temperature for the month was 64 degrees and the lowest was 32 degrees.

Irving Doucette Funeral to Be Held in Minnesota

Funeral services for Irving Doucette, former resident of Roseburg, who was killed Thursday night in an automobile accident near Corvallis, will be held Wednesday, March 6, at Little Falls, Minn., according to word received here today. Notice of the funeral arrangements was received by Ira B. Riddle, secretary of the Elks lodge, of which Mr. Doucette was a member.

The funeral, it was announced, will be held at the A. Simonet Funeral home in Little Falls, where Mr. Doucette resided before coming to Oregon. The body will be accompanied to Minnesota by Mrs. Doucette, who will be met there by her son, Richard, who is stationed at the Pensacola, Fla., navy yards.

Camas Valley Amateur Program Lures Interest

CAMAS VALLEY, March 2.—Much interest is being shown locally in an amateur program to be held at the school auditorium at 8 p. m. March 8. Six divisions have been arranged to include students of various grades, high school and adults, together with groups of students and groups of adults. Cash prizes are to be awarded winners in each division. Winners will be selected by the audience.

Embargo Wouldn't Precipitate War

Japan Would Court Suicide in Clash With U. S., Opinion Of Rear Admiral Yarnell.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—(AP)—Rear Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, retired, former commander of the Asiatic fleet, expressed the opinion today that an embargo on exports to Japan would not result in hostilities against the United States.

"It would be suicidal for Japan to engage in another major war with a powerful enemy," Yarnell wrote Senator Schwellenbach (D., Wash.).

"As for our interests in the far east, the question arises whether our nation can afford to see the domination of that great area by a power inspired by the ideals of fire and sword that have had full sway in China during the present war.

"Success in this adventure will intrench the Japanese army in control of the government for many years, and, as time goes on, will lead inevitably to the acquisition of more territory by force of arms.

* * *

"The decision as to when our vital interests will require more active assistance to those nations whose ideals of government are similar to ours will become more pressing as time goes on.

"We will face an uncertain and dangerous future if the democratic nations of Europe, and China, are defeated in the present war."

Schwellenbach is the author of a resolution to forbid the export of war-making raw materials to Japan. He asked Yarnell's views because he said that many persons were in sympathy with the embargo idea but that they feared it "would be likely to result in involving us in war with Japan."

Yarnell commanded the Asiatic squadron at the time of the Panay bombing. He was known as a firm-handed diplomat in his dealings with the Japanese, and was awarded the distinguished service medal by congress for his handling of American affairs in the far east.

BARBS

A current book tells how to cut down your income tax. The only safe way we know is to earn less.

A North Carolina robbing net got only one penny in a recent job. Unless conditions get better he may have to go to work.

Hitler has repatriated 326 Germans driven out of East Africa by the British when war broke out. They will probably be permitted to express their gratitude by being allowed to die for the Fatherland.

A thief arrested in Philadelphia was found to be on the eligible list of applicants for the police department. Maybe he was just out doing a little research.

Starfish are raising havoc with oysters off the Atlantic coast. It's got so even the deep seas aren't immune from the totalitarian spirit.

With the escape of the Countess—a beautiful, blond spy—the current war is just about ready to be handed over to the romantic story writers.

John Hamilton, national G.O.P. chairman, says he hopes Roosevelt runs again. Republicans aren't afraid of the ghosts of Maine and Vermont.

Europe is so littered up with treaties that statesmen can't walk around without getting their boots all full of melted sealing wax.

An 82-year-old woman got a divorce from her husband, 61, because she said he was jealous. She wants to start life over anew.

Example

Nothing is so infectious as example.—Charles Kingsley.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven.—Matthew 5:16.

What grander ambition is there than to maintain in ourselves what Jesus loved, and to know that your example, more than words, makes morals for mankind.—Mary Baker Eddy.

We can do more good by being good, than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

Much more gracious and profitable is doctrine by example, than by rule.—Spenser.

Example is a lesson that all men can read.—Gilbert West.

NOTICE

To veterans of the Civil War, Mexican War and Indian Wars, and widows remaining unmarried thereof; veterans of the Spanish-American War and World War who are disabled to the extent of 10 per cent or more, and widows remaining unmarried thereof: notice is hereby given that all claims for tax exemption should be filed in this office by April 1, 1940.

BARTON HELLWEGE,
(Adv.) Assessor.

NEW STAMPED GOODS

Carr's new Spring line of stamped goods is in, featuring many new patterns in hemstitched pillow cases at 19c, 27c and 65c. Also dresser scarfs, lunch cloths, chair sets, etc., in clever, colorful patterns worked in yarns or pearl cotton. We also feature newest shades and complete lines in embroidery and crochet threads, knitting supplies, instruction books, etc. Carr's.—(Adv.)