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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1934.

THE AUTOMOBILE AGE.

The younger crowd of today can not imagine what the community was before the days of automobiles. They can't conceive of such a situation. The remarks of two youngsters lately will illustrate.

One was a smallish girl who was telling the story of the birth of Christ to her younger sister. "You see," she said, "there was no room in any of the hotels the night that he was born. So they had to go to a garage, and he was born in the garage."

The other was a smallish boy, whose family always made all their movements by automobile. Even if they were only going a short distance, father would drive out the car, and they would all bundle in. The car was taken out every day, and it covered a big mileage.

This boy noticed one day that a family in the neighborhood had a garage, but had no car.

"Don't you have any car in that garage?" he asked the lady. "No, we decided some time ago that we would get along without a car for a while," was the reply.

"Well what do you do when you want to go anywhere?" was the puzzled question that came back from the kid.

"Oh, we just walk on our two legs," laughingly replied the lady.

This was too much for that boy. It was a phase of life that he had never imagined and he could not comprehend it. It had probably never occurred to him that anyone could get along without a car. It was like getting along without a water supply or without meals or a bed to sleep in. He departed plunged in deep thought, trying to reconcile his mind to a new situation.

It is a mighty fine thing for any family to own a car. But if its result is to get the people so they can't walk, and are unable to get around their home towns except by gasoline power, its results are not wholly advantageous.

"Six Million Dollars for Advertising the Pacific Coast" is the title of a folder being mailed by the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce today to 8000 representative business men of the state. The bulletin points out that every large city on the Pacific coast has raised a fund for the exploitation of the potential resources of their territory, and that all the rail lines serving the west are spending literally millions in national advertising. "This is Oregon's opportunity to cash in," says the message to the business men of the state. "When you support the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce you are helping to take advantage of the greatest advertising and publicity movement in the history of the nation."

President Coolidge is urged to give up the practice of shaking hands with visitors, which has been customary with most of the presidents. As the number of tourists who come to Washington has greatly increased, it becomes a tremendous task for a president to grasp hands with all these curiosity seekers. It is not the president's business to amuse pleasure seekers. If shaking hands with the tourists is to any extent a burden, he should give it up entirely. The American people do not want him to wear himself out giving personal exhibitions of himself.

A young man and his automobile may travel fast but he seldom gets there to witness a good finish.

It doesn't cost anything to be polite and affable but there are some people who never get the habit.

Men who do things that "can't be done" are the boys who make a success.

Giving service has brought home the bacon to many a good man.



Dear Folks:

While the world keeps rolling onward, folks will laugh and cry. Some will sink to lower levels, some will climb to stations high. Some will prosper and be wealthy, some will fail and have to beg. Some will find a life of leisure, some will have to work and beg.

What's the answer? you may ask me, and perhaps you'll wonder too, if there's any rule that's standard, pointing out just what to do. Is it luck that makes one happy while another sad? Is it chance that brings the good things when you sit a waiting? Just because a man is thrifty, does it mean that he is blind to the joys of spending money? And with what does one compete, when he's careless, slack and shoddy, tho he's striving to be neat?

Here's my answer, folks. It's habit that is back of all we do. You may argue on the subject, but you'll find my words are true. Habit makes a man a worker, or an idler, or a drone. Habit makes a man a liar, or it puts him on a throne where he rules because he's truthful. Habit builds the walls of thrift, or it makes a man a spender, makes him row or simply drift.

Boost your habits that are worthy, fight the ones that pull you down. They're the things that make or break you, make you swim or let you drown.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—Tommy Gibbons skipped rope and pushed leather for the boys in the village last night. Who were disappointed? Not to see him. Knockout somebody.

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS A bawl park is a nursery.

HONK! HONK! You talk of the man in the Street, The fellow who makes up the throng, But gimme the kid in the car, Gimme the goof with the gong, Gimme the hick with the horn, Gimme the whiz at the wheel, Gimme the nut with the noise, Gimme the automobile, Who cares for the Man in the Street? The geek only gets on the grass—Gimme the fish with the Ford, Gimme the guy with the gas, Gimme the lad with the liz, Gimme the simp in the seat, Gimme the crumb with the crink—For I am the Man in the Street!

Some of the janes in the vediville show last eve wore no sex and as a result many of the folks in the back end of the house didn't get their money's worth.

A lotta local fellers went over to the Myrtle Point fair yesterday to watch the animals race—some to watch the horses and others to view the pink elephants.

We saw a woman fittin' an over-sized muzzel on a little poodle yesterday and we guess the dawg days are still with us. We'll bet the canine has a stiff neck from packing the cage around.

The show last night was good because no one inflicted the banana song on the audience.

All of the fellers who swore they wouldn't do any speeding after reading about a bad accident, are back to normal now and their accelerator foot is working great.

"What makes your golf clubs so crooked?" asked a local feller of a golf bug. "That's from cheating on myself," was the reply.

THE MORALITY OF HOSE. From "The Heart Knoweth," by Mrs. Horace Tremlett.

Did you ever see a girl displaying a pair of cotton legs to the public eye? Never. If her skirts are short she keeps them under the seat. Yet the most virtuous woman is not proof against a pair of good silk stockings. A mother of six, with ankles to match, will dangle them in a room full of strange men without turning a hair. Modesty went out when silk stockings came in. Even silk stockings are not all the same. Some are worse than others. You know the kind that are silk all the way? I mean to say, there is no stopping them. Then there are those which know where to draw the line; they begin to be cotton about half-way up. Quite a number of women wear that sort; you can see it in their faces.

THE WINTER TIME OF LIFE. We soon will see the frosts of Fall, They'll chase the leaves away; And on our domes they will install A few more strands of gray.

"How's this? Our affairs are going from bad to worse, and you buy a car!" "My dear, it's the only way we can escape from our creditors."

London doctor now comes forward with the cheerless news that women are too weak for housework—well, the men are not strong for it, either.

If it wasn't for trouble making how would Europe's great men get their reputations?

We often wonder what the bimbo is trying to accomplish when he dims his auto lights and lets the dimmest spotlight shine in all it's devilishness. Perhaps some nut can explain what he is trying to do.

About the funniest thing of all, after what we've been through lately, is a girl in the act of being scared to death for fear two or three inches of leg may show if she's not careful.

GOTTA GOOD ONE. You wonder why I feel so blue? Ah, dearest can't you see, The reason's very sad but true; I've lost my recipe.

When we hear a man howling loudly for justice we wonder what ail he would be in if he got it.

It isn't pride that gives the returned vacationist that stiffened appearance. It is sunburn.

He who talks about the other fellow is generally the worst of the two.

Laurel Pickens Says: "If all the world's a stage, the grade crossin's must be the exits."

THE STAIRS

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)

I had a dream the other night—one of those instructive hallucinations or visions or whatever they are—that came to a man once in a while.

I saw a great black niry pit. Rising majestically from this was a splendid flight of marble stairs, reaching high into the heavens. Burning torches were set at intervals along the balustrade.

As I watched the pit, something slowly began to work its way up and out of the muck until it stood on the lowest step. The black ooze clung to it tenaciously. The object was a man.

Laboriously he began to climb the stairs. From him the viscous muck strung back to the pit, powerfully elastic. His progress was tedious and painful. His oozy footprints showed black on the marble steps.

As he slowly toiled his way upward the substance that stretched from him to the pit took on the definite appearance of resilient ropes of varying thicknesses. These strands exerted a strong backward pull. The man had to strain forward to hold his ground and the muscles in his body stood out like whipcords.

Gradually legends appeared on the hampering strands. One bore the name of Hate; another was labeled Envy; another, Greed; another, Dishonesty; another Brutality. And the largest and most powerful carried the inscription Sensuality.

Step by step the man battled upward. As he progressed his footsteps less and less defiled the whiteness of the marble. From his body the sticky mire had receded into the elastic ropes that were straining to hold him back, but which were becoming attenuated with each upward step.

He reached the first torch, and as he did so his flame shot out and the tugging strand labeled Brutality was burned through and snapped back, relieving him of that particular pull from the pit. Then I saw that as each torch was gained in the upward climb a strand would be severed.

On the man labored. One by one the ropes of Hate, Envy, Greed and Dishonesty were burned through and flew back to the pit with a snacking thud, until only the bond labeled Sensuality remained.

The man was now nearing the top. His stress had been relieved by the severance of the other strands. His step became more confident; he walked with less exertion. He began to look around and analyze his surroundings.

He was within a few steps of the last torch which would burn the sole remaining bond when his foot slipped. As quick as a flash he was jerked back into the pit from which he had so laboriously climbed!

Shortly he emerged and began to climb again. His progress was more rapid, for this time he was hampered only by the one strand—Sensuality. Now as he neared the top he did not relax his caution. Step by step he advanced. He looked neither to the right nor the left. His eyes were firmly fixed on the great beyond.

He gained the top step. There was a white, blinding flash. Back into the pit with a sucking, awishing slap hurried the strand of Sensuality. The last bond was severed.

The man had won his freedom!

DEMPSEY ATTENDS STRICTLY TO WORK

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Sept. 7.—(A. P.)—Jack Dempsey's hobbies in his training camp are not so many or varied. The champion most of the time attends strictly to the business of getting himself into shape. But when he does "let go," he plays cards with his sparring partners or favored visitors, romps around the place like a school kid, plays with the many dogs he owns or puts in his spare time attempting to train some newcomer to his menagerie.

At Great Falls, Mont., where Dempsey conditioned himself for his Shelby match with Tommy Gibbons, a wolf cub was the recipient of most of the title holder's attention. At his present training camp he is attempting to win the affection of a leopard cub that was recently sent him. His collection of dogs ranges from toy bulls to German police dogs. These canines are scattered all about the country. Many of them are in Dempsey's Los Angeles home, some are at Salt Lake City and others on a Utah ranch the champion owns. His manager, Jack Kearns, also finds kennel space in his Oakland, Calif., home for several of Dempsey's dogs.

Dempsey loves music. He carries a portable phonograph with him wherever he goes and puts it to constant use. On one of his trips to New York this year he arrived at his hotel without a hand bag, but with a phonograph in his hand. The champion's music tastes run to "blues" and jazz numbers.

FRANCISCO VILLA DIED RICH. MEXICO CITY, Sept. 7.—(A. P.)—Had not the bullets of unknown assassins cut short the life of Francisco Villa at Parral on July 26, the former band leader bide fair to become one of the greatest landholders of the republic. In addition to the huge ranch at Canutillo, Durango, which the government coded to Villa and his followers, another rich property, the Piedad Hacienda, south of Ojima on the banks of the river Conchos in Chihuahua, had been added to his holdings by the government.

Villa was also on the point of being given control of the San Isidro ranch, situated in the Jimenez district of Chihuahua, and the Carrizosa property in northern Durango.

TICKLE YOUR TOES To the strains of Glen Oswald's Greater Serenaders at the armory Sept. 11th.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

The "Gas of Goodness"

There comes from Paris a wild story about scientists discovering a gas which is the opposite of poison gas. More wonderful still, it is not only good for the body but for the soul. Believe it or not—here is the yarn:

They were at work in a laboratory trying to "break up the atom," when there came an explosion. The gases in their containers had disappeared. What had they turned into? They searched and found nothing perceptible in the containers or in the closed room. But the experimental gases could not have vanished utterly. They concluded that the experimental material had changed into a new gas, more subtle than any yet known.

Then the scientists began to observe a strange thing. Of the experimenters, one was a crank who was looming up again, with destruction of all mankind. He found this fear mysteriously vanishing. Another was embittered by family losses. Suddenly he felt that these losses were nothing at all. Two others were scientific rivals who hated each other. They found themselves respecting and liking each other. One was on the point of divorcing his wife. He decided immediately to effect a reconciliation. One was a miser. He started offering money to a colleague. It was not, and hard on nerves. Yet they all found their nerves soothed, and went about their work serenely and happily. And the effect lasted.

The scientists concluded that they had produced a "gas of goodness," with miraculous effects in transforming human nature. Now it is merely a question—if you believe the story—of quantity production and distribution.

It would be simple, wouldn't it, to improve humanity in that way?

Yet there has always been a "gas of goodness" in the world, capable of such regeneration, within the reach of everyone. People pay little attention to it, though, because it is called religion.—Albany Democrat.

Confusing Prophecies

The Italian seizure of Greek islands which constitutes a declaration of war and will probably plunge the Balkans into another conflict that may involve all Europe and the world, and the tremendous loss of life in the Japanese quakes and holocausts, will confirm the beliefs of many of those who predict a speedy end of the world through interpretation of the Book of Revelations.

They see in the great war and the events that have followed a confirmation of the strange and mystic prophecies of John the Apostle. Just what these prophecies mean to all a matter of surmise and they are variously interpreted to suit the views of the interpreter. They have been the subject of numerous controversies and probably always will be, and various religious sects have been created based upon the varied interpretations.

The Book of Revelations, or the Apocalypso has been accepted in the west as the work of John the Apostle since the second century, but its authenticity has long been disputed in the east, where it has been attributed to John the Presbyter.

Whoever the author, it is generally admitted that he incorporated older apocalypso materials. The different methods of interpretation alter the meaning. Some see in it a symbolic narrative of the events of the author's own time, others apply it to the duration of Christianity and still others to future history until the end of the world.—Capital Journal.

The Japanese Disaster

In times of distress and disaster the brotherhood of man asserts itself. Everything is forgotten in the necessity of the moment. Today Japan stands a wreck. Of course the brave little island will gather itself together, but it is up to us to see that it has brotherly help. The tremendous death toll in Japan is a trial to the world. But the appeal is now to take care of the living who have lost their all. The dead will be sadly and sorrowfully buried. The living, standing on the ruins of the nation, must go to work to rebuild; their hands must be strengthened by us. They must be taken care of while they are rebuilding, if there is such a thing as brotherhood of man. Such disasters as this make the tide of human kindness flow at full flood. Japan must be helped and that quickly. It will be.—Oregon Statesman.

NOTED WRITERS' LOVE PACT RESULTS IN MANY SUICIDES

TOKIO, Sept. 7.—(A. P.)—The recent double suicide of Mr. Arishima, one of Japan's foremost novelists, and of Akiko Hatanaka, a young married woman magazine writer as a result of a love affair and death pact continues to hold the attention of the Japanese public. This is due not merely to the prominence of the pair or to their tragic deaths, for suicides of prominent persons in this country are not unusual.

It is the imitators of the famous couple that are keeping interest alive. Many couples, for the most part obscure, are seeking reflected glory from the main event by imitating the writer's example.

The growth of western philosophy however, is gradually turning the public against suicide under any circumstances.

WATCH FOR 'EM

Those Oswald Serenaders, dance music de luxe, at the armory September 11th.

Taylor's Extract, Specific No. 15, the greatest germicide and household remedy in the world, for internal or external use. Has no known equal. Taylor's Specific Co., Roseburg, Ore.

CHURCHES

What God Says about—THE BLESSING OF HIS PRESENCE

"And the Lord blessed Obededom and all his household."

King David was peeved. That affair by the roadside when he was trying to get the Ark of God up to his own house on a new cart—that affair which cost Uzzah his life when the oxen shook the cart and Uzzah put out his hand to steady it—that affair perplexed and peeved David, and actually made him afraid of the Lord. (And we may all well be afraid of God when we try to do God's business in our own way.)

So God had to re-establish confidence between Himself and David. (How patient God always is with those who get a bit out of the way.) So when David in disgust put the Ark in the nearest house and let it stay there three months, the Lord just greatly blessed Obededom and all his household until that fact became a proverb.

Often and often God has blessed entire households because of the presence of one person who was His Ark, His temple, His abiding place. But the trouble in these days is that men don't recognize that a godly mother or father is the real reason for the physical blessing which the boys and girls are enjoying. If, instead of thinking that we have earned our prosperity, we would often ascribe it to God's blessing on our godly ancestors, we would be far wiser.

*11 Sam. 6:11.

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First Methodist Church, on South Main at Lane; William Steward Gordon, pastor. Those who failed to hear a Labor Day sermon last Sunday will have the opportunity Sunday morning at 11 o'clock; and Miss Fay Geddes will sing. The topic of the sermon will be, "Pay Day, or The Worker and His Wages." Probably this will be Mr. Gordon's last sermon in Roseburg, as he has asked to be relieved from the pastorate here. Invitations have come to him from several important churches, but his appointment will not be settled until the annual conference which opens in Portland next Tuesday. In the evening at 7:30, Mr. James McClintock, Jr., will occupy the pulpit. At the suggestion of the pastor, he was recently given a local preaching license and is preparing for the ministry as a life work. He has registered at Willamette University, and expects later to take work in Kimball school of theology, Salem. He is a young man of pleasing personality, and has been especially successful in high school debating. An unusual attendance is expected as his many friends will be glad to hear his introductory sermon. The Epworth League will meet at 6:30 instead of 7:00, as we have changed to the fall schedule. Supplying the pulpit for the following Sunday is in the hands of Mr. Frank Churchill, and all services will be held as usual.

The First Baptist Church, corner of Lane and Rose streets, H. L. Caldwell, minister. 7:45 a. m. the church school, O. P. Coshaw, superintendent. Former pupils are urged to be getting lined up for the fall work. All new children in the town are cordially invited to enroll with us. We have a good group of teachers and the best subject matter in the world to teach—the Bible. 11:00 a. m., morning worship. Message by the pastor. A hearty welcome to the public to attend this service. 7:00 p. m., young people's meeting; Louise Jennings, president. Come and see a young people's meeting that thrives in hot weather. It will warm your heart. All young people invited. 8:00 p. m., evening worship. Message by the pastor. We took an excellent start last Sunday evening. Strangers are especially invited.

The Church of Christ, is pressing on in the work of the Lord in an earnest effort to edify (build) in love, by continuing its regular Bible studies each Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., and 10 a. m., each Lord's day. No many in numbers but strong in faith and active in zeal. Preaching Lord's day at 7:30 p. m. Visitors welcome.

Christian Church, corner Pine and Woodward streets; C. H. Hilton, minister. On Sunday evening this congregation will observe "Go to School" Sunday, with a program participated in by some young people who are attending school. The Misses Neva Church, Goldie Bruton, Dorothy Gibson and Ruth Powell will give the reasons and benefits and advantages of school life, and the pastor will give a short sermon on "The Conservation of School Life." The regular morning service, subject, "Trust Our Saviour." Bible school at 9:45, with the interest beginning to grow. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 o'clock, subject, "Different Forms of Gambling and the Evil of It." A cordial invitation is extended to the public to any of these services.

The Presbyterian Church, corner Lane and Jackson streets; L. Bowring Quick, minister. 9:45 a. m. Bible school. Don't wait for rainy day, come regularly now. 11:00 a. m., morning worship, a Junior service; sermon topic, "The Second Advent of Christ." This is the first of a series of fundamental doctrines relating to the future. What do we believe? Come, see. 3 p. m., junior and intermediate Endeavor. 7 p. m., senior Endeavor, topic, "Different Forms of Gambling and the Evil of It." 8 p. m., evening service; topic, "In God's Net." There will be the usual song service. Everyone welcome.

International Bible Students meet every Sunday at 10:30 at 925 West First street. The subject for Sunday will be "The Day of Jehovah."

The troubles of this Day of Jehovah will give an opportunity for preaching the good tidings of the coming good, such as is seldom afforded and blessed are they who will follow the footsteps of the Master, to be Good Samaritans, binding up the wounds and pouring in the oil and wine of comfort and cheer. Assurance given such is that their labor is not in vain; for when the judgments of the Lord are in the earth, the inhabitants of the earth will learn righteousness.—Isa. 26:19.

St. George's Episcopal Church, Rev. Andrew O. Dodge, rector. Early communion service 8 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m. Everyone is welcome to come and worship with us.

Lutheran Services in Epworth Parish house, corner Main and Cal. Sunday afternoon at 2:30. G. W. Hoffman.

First Church of Christ, 312 East Douglas street. Regular services are held Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, this meeting includes testimonies of healing. Sunday school convenes each Sunday morning at 9:45 all from ages of 4 to 2 years are invited to attend. Reading rooms in the front of the church building is open daily except Sundays and holidays from 2 to 5 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend the services and visit the reading room. Subject of Sunday's lesson is "Man."

CHINESE WORK TO RESTORE RIVER

TSINANFU, China, Sept. 7.—Yellow river, which plowed a path through the thickly populated territory in Shantung when it broke its banks two years ago, is being restored to its original course through American enterprise backed by good Chinese teamwork. It is estimated that a quarter of a million Chinese have reoccupied the land from which they were driven by flood. They are rebuilding their villages in many places, late crops have been planted.

More than 23,000 workmen were employed by the Americans (Asia Development Company) who undertook the work of building a diversion dam and during the necessary channel re-direct the treacherous stream, the course of which they had to cut out a huge flow of ice in February when the enterprise was just getting under way, and the customary winter during many and June. During the spring flood ebb, machines and supplies were barely saved from destruction by continuous effort and day.

The American contractors were assisted by the Y. M. C. A., which operated in organization of sanitation squads and provided sports amusements for the army of workmen. In seven months, with an average of 10,000 laborers, only ten deaths occurred, according to an official report. The International Flood Relief Committee supplied \$360,000 of the total cost of the work, approximately \$1,500,000, the remainder being supplied through efforts of Governor Hsiung, of Shantung.

Pass Through City—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bartrum and two children, Dorothy and Kenneth, passed through Roseburg yesterday on their way to their home at Portland after a visit of several days with Mrs. Bartrum's mother at Medford and at Crater lake.

Magazines, Subscribe. Alden Hennes, Fiction Library.

NO DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT

Owing to the absence of the Oak Grove orchestra, the members of which are playing with the Roseburg band at the Myrtle Point fair this week, the Saturday night dance at the armory will not be held this week.

Fruit picking ladders, good ones at Wharton Bros.