

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1925.

A VIEW OF THE "PEDDLER-EVIL."

The retail merchant with capital invested in real estate and stock pays not only his portion of local and national taxes but is also required to pay a mercantile tax, says Llew S. Soule, editor of Hardware Age, in commenting on the interest of merchants in lessening the "peddling evil."

It is a fact that we have yet to find an instance where the housewife received from the peddler a better product at a lower price than she could have secured from her local hardware or department store.

With spring wheat being quoted on the Chicago exchange around \$2.06 a bushel, and with creditable predictions that it will go even higher, it would appear that the loan of \$1,500,000 voted by the Oregon legislature to eastern Oregon farmers to re-seed their winter stricken wheat fields is a sound proposition from a business standpoint at least.

OREGON WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW.

Springfield—Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company adds 200-name switchboard and audible ringing for all phones.
Glendale—Stelgard & Sons, building sawmill at Anchor, to cut 25,000 feet daily. This is the fifth mill to be built tributary to this place.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—The bumbershoot brigade was out strutting. Their stuff today And many a parasol From the Port of missing Umbrellas was Recognized by it's owner Who had inadvertently Left the poor thing Unguarded In A beany durrin' The noon hour.

DUMBELL DORA IS HOME "Be is ever so leaky, there's no roof like yer own," grumbled Dumbell Dora, as she slid out of a side door Pullman amid the patterin' raindrops at an early hour this a.m. "Thank hevings, I'm back where a feller kin eat with his knife and tuck yer napkin in yer collar. Them highbrows down Salem way had my chamacha. Now I'm back from the land of laws and law-breakers to peddle out some of my brilliant 'thinks' to the unsuspectin' readers of this colyum. Anyhow I allus did think that Sigma Pi was college pastry."

A NEW FEATURE. For many, many years, this paper has been printin' flowery obituaries of those who have passed to the Great Beyond. Flowers for the dead may be okeh, but personally we'd rather have a dandelion in our button-hole while we're breathin' the fresh ozone than have a whole cartload of lilies dumped on the casket. And so, this colyum today starts a department known as the "Flowers for the Living Club." We've peddled a good many brick-bats in Prune Pickin's durin' the last six years and expect to peddle the slugs in like numbers in the future but we also want to hand out a pooy or two to the livin'. These posies are our sincere thots of our own citizenry. We'd rather say it to their face than wait until it's too late. So every day we're goin' to pick on someone and hand 'em a full-fledged bouquet. And we mean it!

FLLOWERS FOR THE LIVING CLUB No. 1—Napoleon Rice If Roseburg ever had a sincere mayor that man was good of Napoleon Rice, more familiarly known as "Nap." He sacrificed time and money to give Roseburg the best he had. He worked unceasingly for the beautification of the wonder city of the Umpqua Valley and that his efforts were not in vain has been fully demonstrated by the many beautiful lawns, roses, shrubbery, clean streets, parkings and flower gardens. When you meet and talk with him a few moments you begin to realize that you've met a regular feller. He's just a plain, common, ordinary example of good citizenship. Roseburg has lots of men just like him and Prune Pickin's is glad to give him a niche in the local hall of fame. Long may he live and continue to exert his good influence towards the beautification of the best city in the state of Oregon.

THE JAMES WITH THE PERMANENT WAVES, afraid to take a chance out in the rain anyhow. Billy Holbein, who peddles sunshine down at the Chamber of Commerce, was on the job today tellin' tourists of the mighty unusual weather we are now enjoyin'.

Now they're movin' houses to make room for fillin' stations. At that, the modern home is just a fillin' station. Had a talk with a feller this a.m. who said he hated to buy a new yaller license plate because it didn't harmonize with the color of his car.

Many a school graduate obeyed the advice to "hitch your wagon to a star," but within the last decade very few of them have taken the trouble to unhitch the vehicle, preferring to ramble on this mundane sphere with ideals adapted to the accompaniment of an automobile horn.

HE'S WORRIED NOW A lady who had married a traveling salesman decided to raise chickens. When her husband returned from his trip he asked how the chickens were doing. With pride she answered: "Fine! I have five hens and two roosters." The salesman was puzzled. "I don't understand why you have two roosters with only five hens," he said. "Well," his wife explained, "I got an extra rooster so the hens would still have one in case the other took a notion to go on the road."

Just when we had the wife all hopped up to spade the garden along comes a neighbor and suggests that we need the exercise. When will folks take a feller run his own household!

BOULDER STILL HOLDS COLLINS IN DEATH GRIP

(Continued from page 1.) was not used. "Couldn't something be done?" That was the question asked on all sides. Surely there was some way whereby he could have been rescued by this time. A staff correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, answered the question early today. In a dispatch to his paper, filed here, the correspondent told of going into the cave to the imprisoned man. He said that he was lowered by his heels into the entrance of the cave and descended to the end of an 80-foot drop, where he reached fairly level ground. "From the cave I had to squirm like a snake," he said. "Water covers almost every inch of the ground and after the first few feet I was wet through and through. Every moment it got colder. Finally I slid down an eight foot drop and a moment later saw Collins."

Collins' brothers, Marshall and Homer, had their throats cut into the cave to protect their kinsman from the incessantly dripping water. They had done everything humanly possible for him. Last night they collapsed from exhaustion. Still optimistic but himself facing a complete breakdown, Collins offers last any scheme to extricate him from the view nature created for one who would dare to explore her subterranean caverns. Once before he had been a prisoner for two days, when another enormous boulder fell and blocked his egress from Crystal Cave after he had penetrated new found passages.

Accidental Finding of Second Tunnel Revives Hope It was discovered today that workmen within the cave could be heard faintly from the side of a hill about 300 feet from the entrance. The spot was discovered accidentally. Members of the party outside the cave hurried to the hillside, placed their ears against a rock, and heard the workmen inside chipping away at the sandstone. With new life injected into the entire party, a plan to bring 100 men to the spot and begin a tunnel immediately was evolved. The rescue work, heretofore heroic but haphazard and unorganized, took on a semblance of order. If a tunnel passed through the hill at this point, a large section of rock, more than 150 feet from the entrance, workmen will, for the first time, reach Collins from the side where the rock weighing him down can be seen.

Meanwhile, another plan, previously untried, was being pushed by those men working within the cave. A large section of rock, placed against the wall in front of Collins, with a pipe or piece of timber extending from the jack across Collins' body to the slab it was planned to exert pressure against the stone. If the prisoner was moved the rescuers argued, it might be possible to pull the rock backward far enough to permit extricating Collins. No one knows whether the passageway immediately beyond Collins allows much leeway in pushing the stone. The jack, too, may prove insufficient as the weight of the slab has been estimated at six to eight tons. Here again, a hope reverts to the possibility of reaching the prisoner from behind.

Message Cheers Tortured Man CAVE CITY, Ky., Feb. 3.—Floyd Collins is not lying in a living tomb, but is standing nearly erect, much like a person in a dentist's chair, one of the rescuers revealed today. The huge sandstone which slumped and pinned one foot fell just as Collins was attempting to straighten himself for a squeeze through an eight inch passage ahead. Rescuers today had carried away small pieces of stone and hands full of mud until a passageway had been cleared beside Collins as far back as his knees. The debris was removed piece by piece, through of 200 feet of the cave tunnel where men crawled five tenths of the way. The cave itself has been described as more of a sink hole than a cavern.

A telegram from Charles E. Feller of New York City was delivered 150 feet underground to him last night. "I am praying for you, old timer. In betting your art will pull you through," it read. The prisoner said he was glad to get it and asked that his brothers send him "a gallon of milk and some stewed onions." That was last night. Today the strain of nearly 100 hours of torture showed its effect. Collins begged his rescuers not to leave him alone. Tiny pieces of rock as small as a pea fell just as he was brought and brought groans from the captive. Physicians warned against further efforts to pull the cave explorer out by force, asserting that death from rupture probably would result. Although worn by pain, loneliness and danger, Collins confided in his chamber two more days. Dr. C. W. Richards, of Glasgow believes. Dr. Richards paid him a visit during the night.

CAVE CITY, Ky., Feb. 3.—Skillful stone workers who came from Louisville Monday to assist in releasing Floyd Collins, 35, from his prison in Sand Cave, where a boulder pinned him Friday, plan to return this afternoon because they say their services have been declined. Other efforts to free Collins continued but still are largely unorganized. Employees of the Louisville Monument company, said to be engaged in stone work and the use of drills, were not permitted to enter the cave for a survey and members of the Collins family blocked their efforts to aid one of the members of the firm said this afternoon. No tunneling has been done and the actual work now under way is the widening of the cave above the entrance. Stone and mud are being passed

along by hand from man to man. This method, veteran cave-men estimated, might require several days or even a week before Collins was reached. CLEAVER GETS ORAL BOUQUET AND BRICK (Continued from page 1.) ment in the state than his department." The governor asked the legislature to continue the state prohibition law but to increase the percentage of fine proceeds accruing to the department from 25 to 50 percent. Four representatives of the Portland law enforcement committee were heard, all asking for a continuation of the law. They were J. J. Bess, S. P. Lockwood, head of the Portland Community Chest; John Pearson, a lumberman; and F. B. Leary, a contractor. R. T. Cookingham, sheriff of Umatilla county, asked retention of the law, declaring that he recently attended a public dance in his county where boys and girls from 14 to 18 years of age were drunk from moonshine. "From all I read and hear about this investigation," said Louise Palmer Webber, "I expected a grand exposure of a man utterly crooked, who with all his associates was being bought and sold all over the state. But it seems to be much ado about nothing. It has been proved that Mr. Cleaver is honest. He has been offered bribes without number, but he has enforced the law as he took his oath to do. How many of the officers in your counties have done as much? You yourselves may answer this question."

Nellie Dotson, Yamhill county treasurer, read a long statement in behalf of Cleaver showing how she had been deceived in her county fines in 1924 totaled \$2,200 against about \$1,700 in 1922. W. J. Herwig made a plea for an increase to fifty percent in the portion of fine funds allowed the department. He denied that he had ever dictated any of the policies of the department. "Wipe Out Office—West" "I am a prohibitionist; I always have been and I always will be," said Oswald West. "I am for the enforcement of law, but I want to see this state department wiped out. We can never get anywhere with law enforcement with the organization we have now. The governor has absolutely no excuse to offer for the mess things are in now. Wipe out the law. Get rid of Cleaver and his crew and turn law enforcement to the sheriff and district attorneys. If they don't do their duty come back in two years and again provide for a commissioner. "Under the present conditions prohibition is going to be bad in Oregon." Mrs. Virginia B. Washburne read a long defense of Cleaver. M. Kletzing, former business manager of the Western American, came back at her and said he had listened in on a telephone conversation once when she planned to "get Cleaver." He went further in this when later called to testify. Cleaver's honesty impugned. At the executive session J. H. Napier, attorney of Reedsport, defended the activities of Cleaver and his men at that place. He was followed by Kletzing, the former business manager of a newspaper. Kletzing told in detail of a telephone conversation between Mrs. Washburne and La Ronald M. Pierce with himself on a connective phone at Pierce's invitation. In this conversation, he said, they talked about plans to "get Cleaver." Kletzing asserted that Cleaver has information that he has not given the committee about money state agents from county funds, and he submitted letters to support the statement. Kletzing declared Cleaver paid his Chamber of Commerce dues in Portland from state funds, and that Weinberg, the anti-Saloon League operative tried to bribe District Attorney Clyde N. Johnston of Eugene as well as Barker, the federal agent in Portland. Cleaver admitted the statement about the Chamber of Commerce dues. Kletzing further charged Cleaver's department with being in league with bootleggers, and declared William McMillan, one of Cleaver's agents, got \$100 from Ted Wolcott, a Portland bootlegger. He told him he was going to Klamath county to engage in a clean-up campaign. Kletzing said Cleaver and the governor tried to get rid of S. D. Sandefer, an agent at Medford, and that Herwig saved Sandefer's scalp. "Sandefer seemed to have something on Herwig," Kletzing added. District Attorneys and sheriffs testified in behalf of Cleaver. R. L. Keator, until January 1, district attorney for Umatilla county, said he got along "fine and dandy" with Cleaver's men, and estimated that 35 percent of the persons arrested by the state officers, or in whose arrests they assisted, pleaded guilty. Comparing them with federal agents, Keator said two federal agents "were not what they should have been." Then T. B. Buffington, a federal man, had 30 or 40 blind pigs located. Keator said he requested Dr. Linville to keep Buffington on the job, but Linville ordered him away from Pendleton. Praise Pours In W. L. Priest, operative of the Burns detective agency, paid high tribute to Cleaver's men, declaring they were above the average. He said he had cooperated with the state men in 200 or 300 arrests. Sheriff E. B. Ellinger, of Coos county; Sheriff John Aschlin of Tillamook county and District Attorney Ben S. Fisher of Coos county, all testified for Cleaver. Ellingsen and Fisher spoke highly of Mumpower, the state agent who killed a low violator in Curry county. District Attorney Fisher said the cost of about 200 cases in his county in 1924, Cleaver should

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HEROIC BATTLE WITH BLIZZARD IS FINALLY WON (Continued from page 1.) could not tell if the anti-toxin had deteriorated until the effects were checked. Word has been received from Fairbanks that extensive preparations have been made to prevent the freezing of 1,100,000 units of anti-toxin, shipped Saturday from Seattle on the steamship Alameda to Seward, and then to Nenana on the Alaska railroad.

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