

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday by The News-Review Co., Inc. B. W. BATES, President and Manager. BERT G. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer.

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

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LINKING UP THE FARM

The rapidity with which agriculture is coming to be regarded not merely as a copartner but as a component part of business is reflected in the results of a survey of the agricultural activities of local chambers of commerce by the Bureau of Agriculture of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

The survey shows that 175 of the 300 chambers responding to the questionnaire maintain agricultural committees or bureaus or have farmers on their board of directors.

In some cases the agricultural committees are made up entirely of farmers. One committee is made up of 80 farmers and 40 business men. In other cases the farmers constitute the majority of the agricultural committee.

One chamber of commerce has a bureau consisting of a fruit specialist, a livestock and dairy specialist and a farm and poultry expert all of whom are paid by the chamber.

The significance of this development among chambers of commerce is not merely that business is giving its attention to farming, but that farmers are turning their attention to business, but that both meet on common ground.

In many cases farmers, bank directors, merchants, lawyers, teachers, physicians, veterinarians, insurance agents, foresters sit down at the same table to discuss the business problems of farming.

THE KNOWN MERCHANT

People always prefer to buy known goods from merchants whom they know. Advertising makes you acquainted with the buying public. This "personality in print" is the greatest builder of confidence there is.

To those who use printer's ink to inform the public what they have for sale we recommend a perusal of the following advice from A. H. Deute, sales manager of the Borden Milk Company:

"The man who uses the newspapers tells his story quickly and directly to all the people in the territory covered by the circulation of those papers. In your ads, be straightforward—be sensible! The attempt to use clever witticisms in ads has done more to ruin advertising than any other factor. Don't be sensational. Tell the simple, unvarnished truth about your product. Invariably your readers will appreciate it and come to your store rather than go to the place of the merchant who exaggerates his product. Poor goods cannot be sold by sensational advertising. The good ad is the truth well told."

MEXICAN PUGILIST ARRESTED WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO FAKE

YUMA, Ariz., July 11.—Tony Fuentes, Mexican heavyweight boxer, whose ring career has been marked by several collisions with the law, and three others awaited in the county jail here today the outcome of their latest trouble. Fuentes and his opponent in a fight here last night, a boxer who posed as "Sator" McCarthy, of Los Angeles, and their managers and the promoter were arrested and charged with violation of a state law against staging "framed" boxing bouts. McCarthy, who is believed to be Nick Newman, of Los Angeles, escaped.

Besides Fuentes, those in jail are Charley Garcia, promoter; Al Lopez, Fuentes' manager, and "Pop" Nealla, manager of McCarthy. The trouble started when McCarthy's seconds tossed up the sponge in the second round. The spectators who had been booing the fight from the start, were swarming toward the ring when officers interfered and arrested the five. McCarthy escaped by hiding near an ice plant and catching a freight train out of town.

It was a short battle. A little preliminary sparring and Fuentes rushed McCarthy to the ropes.

striking the Los Angeles man on the back of the head several times.

ROSEBURG ONE OF TWO TOWNS WITH WATER INSPECTION

REDMOND, Ore., July 11.—Bend and Roseburg are the only towns in Oregon which have regular weekly tests of the municipal water supply made by the state board of health. This was the statement of Dr. William Levin, director of the laboratory of the state board of health, before the Homemakers Institute here. He gave two talks on individual and community health under the topic "health crops and their harvest."

Good health may be purchased and the health of the community reflects the money which has been expended upon it, Dr. Levin said. Communicable diseases have been decreased 50 per cent during the last 20 years largely through proper control and methods of prevention.

COAST GUARD OFFICER TRANSFERRED TO PACIFIC COAST FROM NEW YORK

NEW YORK, July 11.—Captain W. E. V. Jacobs, coast guard commandant in this district who directed the recent blockade against liquor smuggling from Rum Row, today was ordered transferred to command the California district, with headquarters in San Francisco. His territory will extend from Oregon to Mexico on the Pacific Coast.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—So dern many Elks Are passin' through The village these Days enroute to The metrop that We're hoarse From yellin' "Ho Bill!"

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS Escadrille is a round dance.

One of the Jurymen in the Scopes trial can't read. A deaf, dumb and blind jury would be able to know more what the "intellectuals" are talkin' about.

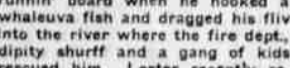


If you don't think Kipling was right when he muttered "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," you oughta see one of 'em whippin' the air on the golf links.

OUR DAILY MAIL Dear Editor of Proznz: It is proper for me to go around with a married woman? OSWALD Friend Ok. Be sure you can go two rounds with her husband first.

Chief cook and bottle-washer Lester of the Home Restaurant had his high-powered vehicle down at the Mosher street swimmin' hole yesterday and was fishin' from the runnin' board when he hooked a whaleuva fish and dragged his fliv into the river where the fire dept. dipity shurrff and a gang of kids rescued him. Lester recently returned from Prineville where he cooked for the legion gang of the village and his dern car hasn't got recovered yet.

If the pedestrians would put tacks in their pockets they wouldn't be run down so often.



The feller who is uster takin' his trips alone ofttimes has a hard time explainin' why he forgot to add the "and wife" on the hotel register when the missus happens to be along.

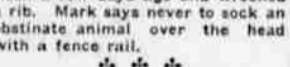
Thomas Dittimas Christopher Holmes Archibald Harrison Mark Asbury Jones took a nose-dive off a fractious piece of hoss-flesh a few days ago and wrecked a rib. Mark says never to sock an obstinate animal over the head with a fence rail.

Herb West and Dock Adams have just finished reelinin' their garage which became necessary when a swarm of ambitious chickens crawled under the dern thing and started scratchin', thereby raisin' a dust which seeped through the cracks in the walls and floor and settled on their shiny new gas buggies. A chicken in a coupe is worth a dozen walkin' home, the boys say.



A herd of Eureka Elks will invade the village tonight and disturb the night cop's slumbers with their brass band, which there oughta be a law agin.

Some of the Elks are plannin' to take their wives with 'em to the Portland convention and others plan on a fine time.



After havin' yer nose to the grindstone for a year a vacation seems just like goin' over the wall at the penitentiary.

As you may have suspected, this is Satisfy night and we urge you to mop out the bath tub and do your stuff.

The rassin' mat, boxin' mitts' dummbell, punchin' bag and other paraphanelia in the Elks' gym oughta last a long time now. "Nick" Nichols is leavin' for sunny Cal. where he will act as official inspector for the bathin' beauts in that vicinity.



"The feller who's allus barkin' at a waitress oughta get married and try orderin' his meals."

Monkey Business



(By Glenn Radsbaugh) "There's a lot of monkey business going on back in Dayton," we remarked to the Geology Shark, our captive for an interview on the timely subject of evolution. "Now, being an honest reporter, we want to know what you think about it."

The Shark carefully laid aside his reading glass and meticulously returned the bone of a hipparion to its box, adjusted his goggles and began.

"Evolution is a very graphic study. Now you take the horse—," he started.

"All right," said we, anxious to please, "Where is he?" The Shark appreciated our cleverness enough to disregard it completely.

"Now the evolution of the modern equine species from the eolippus—"

"Just a minute," we gurgled. "Eolippus?"

"The eolippus, the first known species, which existed in the Eocene," he explained impatiently, making it all as clear to us as Einstein's theory had been since kindergarten days.

"It was back there, perhaps six millions of years ago," he began in a reminiscent tone which made us wonder if he really remembered it, "that the little Dawn Horse, which stood no more than twelve inches high made his appearance. He had five toes and his dentifical structure—"

"His what?" we interrupted again modestly.

"His teeth. They were very simple in construction."

"Yes, yes," we assured him, knowingly. "He fed on the tender grasses and his only means of defense was flight. That explains why his immediate descendant, the horse—"

"The Oligocene, had developed into a taller animal, with longer legs for locomotion as means of escape," he continued, but evidently catching the exceedingly ignorant look in our eyes when the descendant's cognomen had been mentioned, he stopped to spell out the word and explain that it meant a period of geologic time.

"In this specimen we find a more developed set of teeth than characterized his forefather. Further, and what is more important in tracing his history, he had lost a toe."

"Too bad," we muttered in a stifled voice, to which, however, the Shark inclined a geologic ear and grabbed off his horn-rims, scowling at us. We thought that would be the end of the interview, but he pursued the subject.

"The horse now stood about 24 inches high. His head had lengthened considerably, and his ear bones show that his sense of hearing had developed through the necessity of protection.

"Then came the horse of the Miocene, which was the first to even flinch at that one and wrote it down in full, misspelling it beautifully.

"He was the first three-toed horse. His teeth—," and when he saw us skipping this part in our notes he coughed loudly and began again. "His teeth had developed a set of premolars. Teeth, my dear sir, are very important evidence in following out the horse's development; they are the most perfectly preserved fossils we have."

"Oh, yes," we admitted. "But what's all this got to do with our relation to a monkey?" we asked cautiously.

"Just a minute, we'll come to that," he answered, evidently not wishing us to frighten his horses. "The Pliocene horse which followed was the direct and immediate ancestor of the modern horse."

"Good," we broke in, believing that the Shark was bringing things up to date, which is the delight of all good newspapermen. "How long ago did he exist?"

"Probably not more than three millions of years ago," he replied, and we grabbed for our smiling salts.

"A more complex structure of teeth and the beginning of a one-toed tribe were the outstanding characteristics of this age," he proceeded, neglecting our physical condition. "In the place of the toes he once possessed, we find in this horse only small splint bones along the tibia bone. All his weight now fell upon what was once the middle toe. In size some of his tribe equaled the modern draught horse."

"The Pleistocene, or Ice Age, was the doom of thousands of—," he commented.

But our patience gave way and calmly rising we delicately plucked the arm bone of a pithecanthropus erectus and killed him.

In his diary we found this data: "I asked young Smith in a lecture today, for the purpose of waking him up, if it wasn't true the auditor from the level of an ape. He asked me a very peculiar question, which was, to wit: "Who kicked the ladder out from under you?" "I wonder what he meant."

COLLEEN MOORE in "DESERT FLOWER"

Give Her a Vacation!

Don't ask "mother" to stay in the kitchen these July days and cook over a hot range, but go in the Delicatessen on the way home, or call up and order your roasts, pies, salads, cakes, etc., and give "mother" a "vacation" this summer.

Hot Bread Every Day and Fresh Potato Chips, Roasts Salads SPECIAL FOR MONDAY—Veal Loaf, Spaghetti Italian, Banana Cream Pie, Honey Cream Cup Cake. VOSBURGH & WIARD Fancy Grocers Phone 515

TRADES CONGRESS ENDORSES ACTION OF MINE WORKERS

LONDON, July 11.—The general counsel of the trades union congress today issued a manifesto endorsing the refusal of the miners' deputation to meet mine owners proposals calling for lower wages and a longer working day are withdrawn. The congress pledged assistance to the miners in every way.

The refusal of the miners to meet the operators until the proposals are withdrawn virtually ends the efforts toward mediation that have been conducted by the first lord of the admiralty, W. C. Bridgeman.

The Baldwin government is expected to bring an inquiry into the whole question of the mining dispute.

The manifesto issued by the trades union congress today declared the action of the mine owners' organization in giving notice to terminate the present agreement with the workers was responsible for the present crisis in the British coal industry.

AVIATOR FORCED TO MAKE LANDING ON SMITH RIVER

After circling over Reedsport, flying low, Lieutenant R. T. Freng of San Francisco, crashed to Spokane, Washington, from San Diego, California, in a forest patrol plane soared up Smith river and landed in Peter Cowan's cornfield.

The plane, seen by many Umpqua people, was believed to be one of those engaged in Douglas county patrol work.

Clayton Cowan of Smith river has contributed the appended item relative to the visit by Lieutenant Freng.

"Lieutenant R. T. Freng, of San Francisco, while flying a forest patrol plane from San Diego, California, to Spokane, Wash., lost his bearings and drifted 50 miles west of his course. He landed in Peter Cowan's cornfield, near Reedsport."

"Lieutenant Freng said he had been looking for a place to land for about an hour, because his gas supply was getting low. He thought for a while he would have to use his parachute to land. Just as he got over the cornfield, his engine stopped for the want of gas, but he made a beautiful landing."

"Mr. Cowan and Oliver Cowan rushed down to the field to see if he landed right-side up and if they met the Lieutenant walking down the field. The first words he said were: "Where in h— am I."

"Mr. Cowan brought him home and gave him a good dinner. While the Lieutenant was eating, Mr. Cowan phoned to Reedsport for gasoline. "Hap" Hogan sent the tonita up with a drum of gas and in less than an hour, the lieutenant was off again; his next stop being Eugene."

"Lieutenant Freng started from San Diego, Friday morning and landed at Smith River about 4:30 p. m.

"The neighbors came from miles around to see the plane. "The last we saw of him, he was making a bee-line for Eugene."—Fort Umpqua Courier.

Carter's Tire Shop Evolution Story

I stood at my shop window not long ago looking out when two sparrows fell to the ground in a struggle or fight. The female sparrow was flinging a male sparrow. She would grab him by the head and drag him around on the walk, beating him with the butts of her wings, then she would turn him loose and dance before him, chattering all the time. Again she grabbed him by the head and gave him another wallop. The male sparrow showed no desire to fight, neither would he fly away when she turned him loose. He seemed to pout and sulk and took his flogging. I wondered what crime in bird life he was guilty of, because he showed plainly that he was guilty of some offense.

As the female continued to wallop him while she chattered, a young cock sparrow appeared on the scene. He danced and waited around, chattering to the pair. The female sparrow turned and looked him over. The young sparrow reared back, puffing out his breast. Then the female hopped up to him and plucked a mouthful of feathers from his breast, flying across the street to a hole in the wall, her nesting place. I understood, then, what the row was all about. The female bird wanted feathers to line her nest. The old bird would not give them up. The young bird did, so he flew off with the bride, while the old bird winged his way to the trees along the creek, there to sigh and sigh alone. Perhaps he has had full measure of this world's pleasures and prefers to be alone.

I have noticed this same trait of mind running down all nature, from the lowest type of creature to the highest type we call man. It seems to be here as a cruel law running through all nature, compelling all material life to grow old and fade out, and the flame of youth and energy to burn out. This may be for advancement of some kind, but the purpose has not yet been revealed to the mind of man.

Now, dear reader, I have put five words and recited to you a little incident I observed from out my shop window. If you think seriously on life's deep and mystic problems, you will see food for thought in this brief essay.

These fellows down in "Senessee" are thrashing out life's origin. How foolish, it seems to my mind, for preachers and teachers to waste time arguing about something they cannot find out. What difference is it to you or to me whether we came from a toad stool, a jolly fish or a monkey, or out of a beautiful garden we call Eden? The great question is: What are we now and what are we going to be in the future? How shall we live to attain that perfection hoped for by all mankind?

Now, please remember, that Nick came from the stock that stood at the stake, and when you need tire work done, call at 445 North Jackson St. I will do you a good job, upon my word, I will.

NICK CARTER 445 N. Jackson

White Enamel Oval Dish Pans

When you see these fine Enamel dish pans you'll want one. While on Window Display we are offering this line at only \$1.58

Also, while you are in, ask to see our new Aluminum Camp Sets. They are as handy as a pocket in a shirt. Churchill Hardware Company Ironmongers

Spends Morning—Mrs. T. E. Cornutt was a visitor here yesterday morning, spending several hours shopping before returning to her home at Riddle.

LIME PUTTY

For All Purposes—Aged in Concrete Pits—No Dead Lime. For all uses where lime is required. Avoid waste, delay and expense and be assured of first class results. Spray users will find this especially suitable for their work. USE LIME PUTTY—READY TO GO.

COEN LUMBER CO. Phone 121

A Standard for the People

millions now living will never die After six thousand years of effort man points proudly to our present-day civilization as the acme of his attainments.

A civilization stooping to brutalities too inhuman for savages, makes the standards of Christianity but empty and hollow professions.

From this hypocrisy there is a tearing away. A spirit of lawlessness flouts laws and customs with an abandon that does not stop to consider the consequences, so persistent are the attempts for release. But what new standards—social, political, and religious—are to succeed the present?

In the fulfillment of prophecy, so marked at the present time, there is outlined a program that was foretold in the Bible, a standard that promises adoption, because present troubles were foretold as shaping the Standard for the People.

G. R. POLLOCK

OF NEW YORK, N. Y. MOOSE HALL COR. JACKSON AND WASHINGTON STS. ENTRANCE ON WASHINGTON ST. ROSEBURG, OREGON.

SUNDAY, JULY 12 8 o'clock p. m. Seats Free No Collection International Bible Students Association

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Special Combination Offer \$187.50 Is the installed price of this Smoothtop with automatic oven control and an automatic storage water heater. \$10.00 down and \$10.00 per Month. NO CARRYING CHARGES A smooth polished top with 590 square inches of cooking top. No odors or grease from the gas. Automatic water heater gives you an ample supply of hot water all the time—and at any temperature you desire. \$10.00 credit for your old range. Our new combination rate makes gas the cheapest fuel. Southern Oregon Gas Company 340 North Jackson Phone 235