

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, FEB. 28, 1927.

DOUGLAS COUNTY FARED QUITE WELL.

To play upon an old expression, the legislature has failed to put a T in tax, but what is left of the word is likely to be used by Governor Patterson in slaying most, if not all, of the bills passed appropriating \$1,686,000 for normal schools, armories and other buildings and fairs. Confronted by an impending biennial deficit of \$4,000,000, with the only visible offset hanging upon the uncertainty of the people's verdict on the income tax measure in June, 1928, and which, if favorable, would yield approximately \$2,000,000, Governor Patterson cannot evade the unpleasant duty of preventing a number of meritorious items from being entered on the debit side of the state ledger. No other course is left to the governor since the legislature rejected his titling plan and failed to agree on any other means of raising revenue. Raising of the base for the six per cent tax limitation, which is also subject to a vote of the people, does not remedy the situation for the ensuing biennium, because it is to be offset by the estimated collection on the income tax if the latter is authorized by the electorate. One hesitates to speculate on what the state's financial condition will be at the end of 1928 if the voters reject both measures. There is good ground for apprehension. The voters of Oregon have twice slain income tax laws, and it is not improbable that they will object to increasing the general property tax levy. In connection with the latter proposal it is of interest to note that \$200,000,000 worth of taxable property is not on the assessment rolls of the various counties, it was estimated at the legislative session, and a bill was enacted directing the state tax commission to "assist" county assessors in adding such property to their rolls. Summing up the whole situation, it does not appear that the state's financial outlook is any brighter than before the legislature met. To the credit of the lawmakers, however, let it be said that they enacted a number of necessary laws, killed a number of others that were obsolete and prevented any mutilation of the election statutes; but they were of too many different minds on special taxation methods to permit of agreement on any one of those proposed, and they choose the easiest way out by putting an O. K. on Governor Patterson's income tax plan and letting the voters of the state hold thumbs up or thumbs down.

With relation to Douglas county the work of the session may be regarded as very satisfactory, thanks to its able senator and both representatives. Highway, waterway, fish and game bills enacted through their efforts seem to be meeting with general approval. Salaries of four county offices—assessor, clerk, treasurer and school superintendent—were raised in the aggregate total of \$2,000 annually, effective after the expiration of the present terms of the incumbents, a proviso that induced Governor Patterson to sign the bill. Senator Eddy's highway crossing bill, relieving counties of sharing in construction expense, will save the county over \$50,000. Gratifying to the entire county above all else was the fact that no bill appeared in the legislature relating to the state's expected attempt to grab a portion of the O. & C. R. R. tax refund to western Oregon counties. On the assumption that the state would receive such money, Senator Upton of Bend prepared a bill directing how it should be disbursed, but the measure never got to a vote. Evidently a decisive majority of the legislators were not in sympathy with any move tending to support the state's claim, which would take from Douglas county alone \$318,000, a sum it has already lost by damage to highways in the recent floods. For the hands-off policy of the legislature in this matter the county may be thankful. May the ultimate outcome of the expected clash with the state give us reason for even greater thankfulness.

Oregon boasts the lowest infant mortality of any state in the Union; only one out of every 20 born alive, die under one year of age. Portland, Oregon, outranks most other cities of similar size in the percentage increase in the cost of living since 1914; only 55 per cent in Portland, 84 per cent in Detroit. Safe motherhood and safe babies are about the most important things there are in life; and food and necessities that can be bought by one's earnings, without stint or without going in debt, are gifts of the gods, remarks an exchange.

Judging from present indications Oregon is going to receive its share of new people during the present year—people who are coming west to find homes and become permanent residents. Wideawake communities are already bidding for their quota of patronage and are exerting a lot of energy to encourage these strangers to cast their lot in their respective sections. Every new home builder is a mighty valuable asset to the community.

A boy is a "phenomenon composed of dirt and noise," says the founder of Father and Son Week. That's what they're saying about the Broadway shows, too.

Maybe Chaplin is beginning to believe that after all there is something real about that phrase, "with all my earthly goods I thee endow."

An Indian named Naqui, who can write 400 letters on a grain of rice, is coming to America. We wonder where he'll park his car.

Harvard cutups came off second best in a brush with Boston police. They ought to sever relations with the blue-coats, too.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS

A successful liar needs a good card index system. Only the poor can afford to be generous. Man guesses whence he came and gambles on where he's going. Education means nothing to a tadpole.

TOMORROW

There is a magic day
That I have never seen;
It's always on the way,
The sun and moon between.
It promises delight
By day, and peace by night.

It whispers to my heart
Fulfillment of my dream;
On it my fortunes start,
And fairer jewels gleam.
And on this magic day
My griefs shall pass away.

But tho I wait and pray,
And tho I sleepless lie,
There never comes That Day,
The many days whirly by,
And it shall lure me on
Till all my days have gone.

A TOAST: May you live until love is always true and a nickel is money.

A HERO

"There he goes! A veteran of three wars without a single decoration!"
"Three wars! In one generation? Abroad, then?"
"Nope. He has been married three times."

BUDDING

"That boy next door is a perfect pest!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "No matter what the other children want to play, he forces them to play something else!"
"My dear," said Jones, looking up from his paper, "you are observing the childhood of the world's greatest reformer!"

MODERN VERSION

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-peppin', sir," she said.
"If that is the case, it must be allowed,
You're running around with a heck of a crowd!"

OH LOVE!

H. E. W.: How can I tell if I am really in love with a fellow I know?
—Mable T.
Dance with him and let him step on your corn. If it hurts, you don't love him; if it thrills you, that's love.

TODAY'S LIMERICK

A Sheikh who resided in Delaware,
Of the value of raiment was well aware;
To be strictly au fait,
To his tailor he'd said:
"What kind of new clothes can a fellow wear?"

UP-TO-DATE

"Goodness, Mary, why are you going to get married? Don't you think married life is really a bore?"
"Of course it is, Genevieve; but how else can I get a divorce and keep up with my set?"

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Some women think married life is a success when the woman has bullied the man into lying for the sake of peace."

Your Boy and Your Girl

BY ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D.
The Parent Counsellor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parents' problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Only questions of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamp, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address Arthur Dean, in care of The News-Review.

Dear Topekin:

Once a week I am Judge Landis—all except the salary. I am the Most High Mogul in a very interesting game of watching youthful players bat ideas and ideas tossed over the plate by Youth itself. Easy job? Well, not always. But I asked for the job so I cannot kick. Anyhow I'm mighty interested to see what youth is thinking.

I have an extensive library on pedagogy, psychology and several other "ogys," but in all the sea of literature through which I have waded I have found nothing on "Problems of Modern Youth" which can compare with the Contributor's Day letters that come to this department. Here we get real stuff instead of the wordy mouthings of text book writers whose only actual contact with the mind of Youth has been through a study of white rats and guinea pigs.

Today a sixteen year old boy awaits the ball thrown by "Topekin" in a letter printed here recently. If I said what he says I'd be called a "preacher." When he says it well!...

"Dear Topekin: What do you become, a social jackass or a fine citizen? You are one of those who sit on a stool and whittle and cuss everything. If you haven't enough strength to try to change you will be a real, genuine, social jackass."

"I quote you, 'If a man or woman ostracizes himself by his early love of study, until his kind no longer want him, he is in a desperate plight indeed.' If he ostracizes himself because of a love of study, as you stated, he will not be in a desperate plight. Was Lincoln a Beethoven?"

"Again I quote, 'Until his kind no longer want him.' Don't worry your kind will always want you. If you're an ass, there'll be another who will have your company. If you're a fine citizen other such citizens will want your company."

"You consider 'your foundation laid,' you said. Friend, you have but graduated from high school. I did last year. I haven't taken a girl out in my life but I bet I can go to some of the best in town and will not be refused. I don't consider not taking a girl out as a detriment to my latter life."

"You said, 'Bennie never hung around the pool-room.' Must a society man hang around the pool-room? If so, I will never belong to society, and yet I have the respect of the whole town and plan on having the respect of worth-while people all my life. And who would crave to go out with a wild woman? Surely not a gentleman. Here's an answer—Fame is a

Anti-Topekin.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Texas—it's The Durndest Place I Know," Says Writer Who Is Coming to Oregon Very Soon

A short time ago Mr. S. E. Ferguson, who is the owner of a large stock ranch on Oak Creek came to this country from Texas. Since his arrival here he has been one of the best boosters Douglas county has ever had and has been directly instrumental in getting three families to settle in the county. He is influencing others of his friends and will have another family here very soon, according to indication. A real estate dealer, who is a friend of Mr. Ferguson procured a letter written by the local man to a friend in Texas in answer to a letter previously received, and these are being printed below as samples of conditions in Texas and also how real boosting for Douglas county ought to be done by every resident:

Littlefield, Texas

Feb. 13, 1927

Mr. S. E. Ferguson:

Dear old friend:
I have been thinking of you for some time and regret that I am not over there with you. I know that you are enjoying the calmness of the atmosphere, but here the wind is making about 125 per. a think.

Since I last saw you I have been over lots of country, but none looks as good to me as Oregon and we are coming back next spring or summer. How are you making it there? Are you making any money? I know that you have more to eat than we do. Of course, you know the old stand by, pinto beans, that's what we eat.

I met Leonard Tow a few days ago and learned that he did not like it there, but I think from the way he talked that they are going back to California. I planted another crop here this year and gave it away. Cotton brought 5 cents per pound and Midze \$6.

My sale notes were all hard stuck. I had to take back everything and now I have a mess of it and am going to have a cash sale just as soon as I can get a crop up. Am going to sell everything and if nothing happens I will see you in Oregon.

Keep your eye peeled for me for I am looking for a small place, improved, where I can raise chickens and keep about four or five cows and where the sand don't blow. The sand is blowing here today so that you can't see 100 yards.

This country is as dead as a house and it is going to take a lot of doctoring to ever get it well. The land companies are trying to cure it with a lot of "Oil Bull." I guess you have heard of it. The land companies are drilling in the canyon and say that they have fine prospects for oil.

Write me a long letter and tell me all about yourself and family. How do you like the country and are there any bargains there now? When do you think is the best time to buy there?

Don't ever regret leaving Texas. It's the durndest place that I know. Since I came back I have toured the states of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri and New Mexico—stay in Oregon.

Do write me soon as I am anxious to hear from you.

An old friend,
S. D. HONEYCUTT.
And Here is the Reply

Roseburg, Oregon
February 26, 1927

Mrs. S. D. Honeycutt,
Littlefield, Texas,
Dear old friend:

Received your letter and was glad to hear from you but sorry to hear that you were back in that God forsaken country. Hope you will be out in God's country again.

Well, I never thought of you being back there, but hope you will be out soon. Hope you will come out with your sale this time all right.

You wanted to know if there were any bargains. There are plenty of them and when you come we will get some. Come back to a country where the wind never blows. We have no storms, no thunder and lightning, no flies no mosquitoes, so you see that is what I call God's country. Where the grass grows winter and summer all over the hills and valleys, we never have to feed and there hasn't been any time this winter but what I could go out and gather flowers in the yard. Now what do you call that but a Paradise?

Now show this to all the old friends back there and tell them that if they want to come to God's country to come out here to Roseburg. We will find plenty of places for them.

Lots of deer, lots of pheasants and worlds of fish. I can go in thirty steps from my barn and catch a mess of fish when I want to, so why should I want to come back to a wind-blowing, hail-storming country like that?

Come out here and bring as many of the old friends as you can.

Yours truly,
S. E. FERGUSON.

Arandel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

In Portland—
Geo. W. Rutter spent the week-end in Portland where he visited friends and attended to business and attended to business.

Student association lecturer, broadcast from KTRR.

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST

Painless Extraction

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Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 488

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Hagen Still Superior to Persistent Challenger



WALTER HAGEN

GENE SARAZEN

(Associated Press Licensed Wire.)
ST. PETERSBURG, Fla., Feb. 28.—Whatever hopes Gene Sarazen had of tying a can to Walter Hagen's golf coat are dashed, for a time. Hagen hung a decisive defeat onto his persistent challenger yesterday, eight up and sent to

playing in a 72-hole match. Sarazen, starting in a flash of form, rapidly lost his pace and Hagen, by persistent drives, forced his lead to eight at the start of the final eighteen holes yesterday. Hagen laid back and waited for Gene to produce his game, but the

one time open champion could not get started. Sarazen had a medal score for the last eighteen of 81, and Hagen six strokes better. The match netted \$6,000 in gate receipts which the professionals divided.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

By Edison R. Waite, Secretary of the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

W. J. Smith, editor of the Waukegan (Illinois) Sun, says:

That there are a lot of merchants in every town who believe in "letting George do it" in the matter of advertising; that, like leeches, they never spend a dime with the newspapers but when real advertising merchants join in a big special sales day for the community those non-supporters of the newspaper dress up their windows, slip in some seemingly attractive bargains in order to get their incidental share of the trade brought down town by the men who have put on the campaign to get folks out. This is the fact in all communities and you can go up and down every business street and pick out these men by the appearance of their stores, their stock, etc. They think they do not have to advertise but rely on their ability to profit off their neighbor's aggressiveness in this respect.

Usually this same merchant is fond of patronizing the mail order houses and he wonders why his neighboring merchant who is opposite him doesn't patronize him for his wares. It's my belief if every merchant in every town followed the plan himself of buying at home that his own business would of necessity improve. Merchants themselves, even advertisers too, often fail to remember that it is their first duty to trade at home in order to set an example for the balance of citizens. Yet here in our hustling town, 36

B ROCCOLI Market News

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 28.—(U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.)—Gar lot shipments reported Friday: C. Cal. 6, S. Cal. 12, Tex. 1, total 19. (* incomplete.)

Previously reported Thursday, C. Cal. 8, S. Cal. 6, Ore. 1. New York market today: 34' clear, 7 Cal. arrived. Supplies moderate, demand moderate, market steady. Calif. cars \$2.00-\$2.50, few fancy \$2.75-\$3.00, poorer lower.

Chicago: 28' clear, 5 Cal. arrived, 13 cars on track including broken. Supplies moderate, demand and trading moderate, market steady. Calif. pony cars, northern district best \$2.25-\$2.50, southern district \$1.75-\$2.00, fair \$1.50.

Shipping point information: Roseburg, Ore.: Cloudy, moderate. Haulings light, shipments 600 car per day now. Wire inquiry improving market steady. Carloads 1 c. b. cash track, U. S. No. 1, large \$1.25, small \$1.00, No. 2 \$1.00 per cwt.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. FOSDICK IN HOUR OF DEATH

(Associated Press Licensed Wire.)
NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Notified of the death of his father, Dr. Frank Sheldon Fosdick, too late to secure a substitute at the Park Avenue Baptist church, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick preached yesterday to a congregation that was unaware of his bereavement. Dr. Fosdick's only reference to his feelings was a single sentence concerning death in his prayer. The congregation learned of the death after the services.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK



He scampered 'cross the great others they all shouted, "Clowny's smoke puff, well satisfied he'd had found!" enough. Then, as he reached the Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.