ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1927.

TIME TO START PLANNING.

It is not a cheerful picture which Prof. H. H. Barrow, of the University of Chicago, presents for the observation of his fellow citizens.

By the year 2000, says Prof. Barrow, the United States will be inhabited by 325,000,000 people. Cities will be congested; the country-side will be jammed. It will be hard to feed this huge population; hard to find fuel enough for them all.

As if this were not enough, he adds that we have already started going through our natural resources "like a horde of grasshoppers." He remarks that scientists of the future will deem our age "the most glaring economic perversion in the history of the world."

This is a highly pessimistic forecast the professor gives us. It is not the sort of thing to which we are used. It is customary for people who look into the future to proclaim that America has ever-increasing prosperity and happiness before it. Prof. Barrow does not think so.

Undoubtedly there will be plenty of qualified diagnosticians to disagree with his prophecy. It is too horrible to think that some of our great "captains of industry" may in reality be mere wasters, lucky and blind.

But it seems as if Prof. Barrow may be right to this extent; the days when America could not afford to drift merrily along, letting the future take care of itself, are about ended.

What we need now is plenty of careful, far-sighted planning for the future.

Conservation work of all kinds—for our forests, for our mines, for our oil wells, for our farm lands—is something that we must undertake soon on a national scale. Some sort of plan must be established, without thought of politics.

Every city must look ahead, too. Apparently we are due to have a dozen cities as large as New York is now. It should be possible for our growing cities to plan their future layouts so that they can avoid the unbearable crowding and congestion that New York suffers.

There is little doubt that America will be able to carry a population of 325,000,000. Our natural resources are still tremendous; we have the brain-power to cope with the problem.

But we might as well admit that this tremendous population increase won't be an unmixed blessing. We might as well begin planning for it right now.

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California continues to keep before the world the fact that she still raises prunes. Eastern magazines are now carrying large advertisements of essay contests on California prunes, for prizes totaling $10,000, open to dealers, housewives, school children and chefs and dealing with every phase of marketing and consumption. In the windows of two Roseburg business houses is displayed the syndicated picture of a 700-pound California prune pie about to be carved at Washington, D. C., in the presence of Secretary of Commerce Hoover. Thousands of identical pictures are also on exhibition all over the United States. There is no Oregon advertising within our knowledge in any way comparable in value to this California publicity. Small wonder that the consumers of the middlewest and east think chiefly of California when they think of prunes and that the crop of that state moves with reasonable speed while that of Oregon, not one whit inferior in quality and impartially considered as even superior, lags far behind in the race for profitable returns. California has not only created her market, but she is advertising liberally to hold it. Her consistent course is one that marketing experts are constantly urging Oregon to follow. Little urging should be needed, but Oregon growers seem to need it just the same. To date there is unquestionably need of more co-operative action and a stronger and continuous advertising campaign if the state is to hold its own in the outside markets with our competitor on the south.

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The Roseburg citizen who told us not long ago that he is depending more and more on a mail-order catalogue for household supplies and family necessities because of parking difficulties and traffic ordinances is not only setting a bad example but he is actually disloyal to the community in which he makes his home. It is absolutely necessary to have some kind of auto regulations, even though they may discommode us a little. Human life depends on such regulations. And it is selfish and little to wish for ourselves privileges that our neighbors do not enjoy. The mail-order man doesn't contribute a cent to the streets or roads you drive over. Catalogue houses don't keep up the schools you can now get your children to in an auto quickly and safely. Whether you have farm products or only labor to sell—the mail-order people won't buy it from you. But you can sell either, or both, right here in your own community or somewhere in your own state. Why buy from somebody who won't buy something from you?

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The modern college student is actually a better man than his father was at the same age, says Dean Mendell of Yale. Talk of modern youth's wildness and wickedness to the contrary notwithstanding, college halls have a more wholesome atmosphere than in the good old days. Remember, when youth comes in for its panning, that the messes which the world has gone through in the last decade or two were the work of the older generation. If modern youth chooses to adopt different guiding stars for his conduct than his forebears did—can we blame him?

The Oregon Farmer remarks: When it comes to citizenship, the founders of the United States declared against the favoritism of birth or wealth. Every child in the tax-supported common schools should have equal privileges; teachers of equal training. Portland and other cities demand two years of experience on the part of teachers before their applications are considered. Where can the teachers get this experience? Why, in the rural schools, of course, where no such requirement is demanded. Consequently a lower standard of teaching ability is furnished the rural child than is furnished the city child. The city has more wealth than the open country, therefore the city child is entitled to better schools. Is that Americanism? Is that the genius of our republic?

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One by one the glories of this world fade and depart. The sovereign state of Montana is now about to enact a law prohibiting the wearing of revolvers. Men now living can remember when a revolver was as much a part of a Montanan's street equipment as a pair of suspenders. A man was apt to be embarrassed if he appeared in public without either. But those days are gone. Only in places like Chicago is the pistol still essential. Montana has ceased to be on the frontier. Butte is as urbane as Boston.

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The individual should not wait for others to develop the community. If he consistently applies modern business development methods in his business, his business will grow. As his business grows his community will grow with it, and as his community continues to progress his business will expand with it. Thus an endless chain is formed that will surmount all obstacles and the community growth goal will be reached.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS

The mistakes of wise men warn fools.
The greatest debunking job: Debunking the Debunker.
Accident is Fame's best booster.
True Friendship will use the side door.

MERRIMAIDE

With disapproval Grandma gazed
On little Merrimaide, amazed
At Merrimaide's attire;
For Grandma's skirt was hooped and low,
And Grandma's waist was cut, you know,
Appreciably higher.

But Merrimaide was not impressed
By how good Grandmamma was dressed—
Per contra, Merrimaide giggled!
She flirted skirts of brevity
With loose and lilting levity,
And pranced and danced and wriggled!

"Grandma," she said, in lightsome tone,
"You roll your hoops, I'll roll my own,
Each to her taste and game!"
And grandma uttered not a word,
But sat, a caged and helpless bird,
Within her Picture Frame!

If I were a millionaire I'd send a million letters to a million men, asking: "Are you a Prominent Citizen, and WHY?"

KEEPING PACE

"Poetry," sighed the purist in art, "isn't what it used to be in the days when genius burned the midnight oil!"

"I reckon you're right," said the man who had made a million in the hog business. "But you've gotta admit oil isn't so much these days' either!"

TOUGH LUCK

"Poor Jimpson!! He's up against it again in his office."

"Running away with the budget?"

"Naw; but he had a stenographer who could spell Schenectady and she got married!"

ADVANTAGE

"I like these dictating machines, myself," said the Boss.

"You do?"

"Yep. They may have their faults, but you know they're not thinking about where they were last night or where they're going tonight, while you're dictating."

REVISED

Jack and Jill went up the hill—
I have no cause to doubt it;
And I am willing to admit
They tumbled back without it.

ANONYMOUS

Someone, sometime, wrote of a woman who is always fussing: "She rolls trouble up in front of her like a snowball."

TODAY'S LIMERICK

A reckless young fellow in Troy
With a vigorous penchant for joy,
Went to sleep at the wheel
Of an automobile,
And the Coroner said: "Attaboy!"

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Matrimony used to be an arrangement by which a man and a woman were supposed to live happily ever after."

PHIL BERGH OF ROSEBURG WINS PRIZE ON ESSAY

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Ore., March 2 (Special)—First prize in the annual Murray Warner essay contest on the orient was awarded to Phil Bergh, of Roseburg, senior in business administration, it was announced today. Bergh, who wrote on "Under the Cloak of Disorder," received a prize of $150.

Second prize went to Paul Tracy, of Springfield, senior in journalism, who wrote on "Must China Turn to Force?" Tracy received an award of $100. Walter Butler, of Creswell a junior in the school of journalism, was awarded the third prize of $50. He wrote on "The Gods of East and West."

Wallace Pack, of Portland, a senior in business administration, and Lee M. Brown, of Stayton, a junior in business administration, received honorable mention.

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FONTAINE FIGHTS THOMAS TO DRAW

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PHILADELPHIA, March 2—Del Fontaine, Canadian welterweight, fought a slashing ten-round draw with Tiger Thomas, Philadelphia negro here last night. Marine Ranieri, Tacoma lightweight, knocked out Eddie Rickard, Portland, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight round semi-windup.

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Tired, No Appetite Vinol Helped Her

"I was weak and always tired when I began taking Vinol. Had no appetite. Now, I feel like a new woman."—Lucy Stovall. The very FIRST week you take Vinol, you begin to feel stronger, eat and sleep better. Vinol is a simple, strengthening iron and cod liver compound in use for over 25 years for weak, tired women, overworked men, and sickly children. Contains no oil—pleasant to take. Pioneer Drug Company.

THE TINYMITES

STORY by HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES by KNICK

The little smoke bowl drifted 'round, and finally settled on the ground. The Tinies grew quite dizzy 'cause it seemed to rock, and then, they felt it slowly stop dead still. They all climbed out in quite a spill. Said Scouty, "Gee, how good it seems to be on earth again."

When all the bunch had left the bowl, it changed its form. They watched it roll away just like a great big ball and finally disappear. Wee Clowny waved his funny hat, and said, "I'm glad we're rid of that, and now lets look around and see what we can find down here."

Said Coppy, "It should be real grand, if this is Mother Goose's own land. I wish that we could find her. Maybe she would show us 'round." And then another voice replied. "Well, nothing's gained, if nothing's tried. Let's start to look 'cause that's the only way she can be found."

And so the bunch began to walk, mid smiles of cheer and heaps of talk. It really was a wondrous treat, to be down from the air. At first their legs seemed rather weak, and Clowny even felt his squeak, but after while they picked up strength, so no one seemed to care.

A little hill was just ahead. Before they reached it Scouty said, "Oh, look! Somebody's coming, a little girl and boy. Perhaps they'll gladly let us stay upon this isle of fun and play. Let's run right up and ask them." 'Course this filled them all with joy.

The girl and boy soon reached the band, and each put out a welcome hand. "We're glad to see you," said the boy. "You give us quite a thrill." And who are you?" asked Clowny, loud. "To meet you we are very proud." And then the little girl replied, "Why, we are Jack and Jill."

(Read the Story, Then Color the Picture)

(The Tinymites meet the Children who live in a shoe in the next story.)

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 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.

How about being ashamed of our parents? Of our home? Of that kid brother who tantalizes when the best beau calls? Of the old fashioned furniture? The oil lamps? The mother who has a biting the tongue? The father who slam-bangs around when Jimmie calls over the phone for Susie?

"Broken-Hearted" appealed to us to tell her whether she should be ashamed of her father who was a "bad actor." One reader said, "Honor thy father and thy mother." But another added, "If they are worthy of it." Another advised, "Overlook a fathers grammar, clothes and table manners, but never his mean disposition." A young woman wrote, "Many a time I have come home with some friend to find my mother crying and my father dead drunk. Did that stop my friends from coming? No! They knew mother and I as we really were. For mother's sake I brought my company home to show my appreciation for her and through my friends to encourage her."

There's a fine thought; Give encouragement to the mother who has a sot for a husband. A fine case of mother and daughter sticking together.

A drunken father, however, is nothing to be compared with a husband drunk with his own importance. Many a letter out of the hearts of youth comes to me from homes where there is constant jangling and senseless battle of the male of the species who browbeats his wife and treats his children with less respect than his dog.

Ashamed of such a father? I certainly should be. Ashamed of the poor English my dad might use? Never. Ashamed of the oil lamps when my guests had electric lights? No, of course not. Ashamed of my mother's table manners? I'd be ashamed of myself that I hadn't helped her because I know that there isn't a mother alive who does not seek to improve herself on such things. Ashamed of the clothes she wore? No, and curses be upon me if her poverty of dress is caused by the tuxedo she bought me that I might graduate in style.

But I would be eternally ashamed of a father who was such an unmitigated ass that he could publicly insult a decent boy friend who called me on the phone. I'd be ashamed of a father whose knowledge of young people was so slight that he fussed, fumed, and damned every attempt that his daughter made to enlarge her circle of friends beyond the cheerless God-forsaken fireside over which he was Lord and Master.

Ashamed of my parents clothes, furniture, use of English? How absurd! Ashamed that they ate peas and scraped their plate with a knife? No, not ashamed exactly, but rather puzzled that they could be blind to ordinary manners and lacking in any desire to be in accord with modern ways.

Ashamed if they were selfish, domineering, suspicious, evil thinking, full of know-it-allness? Yes! Don't you prefer a well kept home as well as well kept children?

Isn't the home the dwelling place of the mind and body, and why shouldn't it be kept nice for both?

Conscientious Mother.

Answer—No chance for argument here. Have seen, however, wives that make their husbands smoke in the cellar, and children who were not allowed to bring company home because they tracked dirt.

Am I Wrong?

Here's a problem: Four players on our basketball team signed an agreement that if any of them were kicked off the team that the other three would stick with him. Behold, one was fired from the team on account of his backtalk to the coach and his kicking whenever the referee made a decision against him. That gave a chance to the other three boys to quit the team without telling the coach about it. The result was we lost the next game because we only had subs.

One of the boys that quit came the day after our defeat to the coach and asked whether he could come back to the team, saying he was sorry. But the coach would not listen to him and said he would not take them back, even if the chance for winning the championship is gone.

What do you say?

High School Boy.

Answer—Failure to stick together constitutes, in the eyes of youth, a great sin. Sticking together for righteousness is fine, but why stick up for a poor sport?

In the eyes of the coach very possibly the school and most assuredly myself, the failure of a group to support the team by airing at a critical time their personal grievenances was a serious matter. If I were the coach I'd never take those boys back. How idiotic for the three to support a blowhard.

try."

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BROCCOLI SEED FOR SALE

1926 crop early St. Valentine and late $10 per pound; $1 per ounce—10 lbs. or more at $8 per pound. Anyone wanting seed for fall broccoli maturing now, please let me have your orders now at $12 per pound. Fred Schmidt, Dillard, Ore. Phone 46F5. All tested seed sold out.

BROCCOLI Market News

PORTLAND, Ore., March 2, (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture)—Carlot shipments reported Saturday: C. Cal. 9, S. Cal. 3 Texas 3—total 15 incomplete.

Carlot shipments reported Sunday: S. Cal. 7—total 7.

Previously unreported Friday, C. Cal. 11, S. Cal. 5, Ore. 1.

New York market today: 27 degrees clear. 8 Calif. arrv'd. Supplies limited, demand moderate, market stronger. California crs. $2.50-2.75, few fancy $3.00-3.25, fair $1.50-1.75.

Chicago: 34 degrees cloudy. 13 Calif. 23 cars arrv'd on track including broken. Supplies moderate, demand and trading moderate, market steady. California pony crs., best, Northern District $2.25-2.50, Southern District $1.75, ordinary $1.50.

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Whatsoever produces a higher type of character; whatsoever tends to strengthen the moral fiber; whatsoever aims for the physical, mental, and spiritual betterment of a community; is a good thing. Such is the revival now in progress at the First Methodist Church.

EXCITING CARD IS EXPECTED FOR FRIDAY NIGHT

Double Main Event to Be Offered in Mixed Program at Armory—Band to Give Concert.

Roseburg boxing fans are promised an exciting card for Friday night by Promoter Trumbull. The 10-round battle between Bud Fisher, of Salem, and Red Beck, of Klamath Falls, is expected to be one of the best slugging matches the Roseburg ring has known. Because of the hard hitting ability of each of the fighters the bout may be short lived if one or the other gets in an early punch to a vital spot. Each has a long knock-out record as well as a reputation for cleverness.

BUD FISHER, of Salem, who is to meet Red Beck of Klamath Falls, in a 10-round bout Friday.

The fighters are now in Roseburg working out for their coming bout. They arrived last night and will complete their training here. Bud Fisher plans to work out at the Armory and Red Beck, who is a member of the Elks lodge, is endeavoring to obtain permission to do his training at the club's gymnasium. Both are in good trim and expect to be able to round out their training in fine shape by Friday night.

The two wrestlers, Henry Jones, of Provo, Utah, and Cyclone Thompson, of Portland, are due tonight and will work tonight and Thursday in preparation for their match Friday night.

Several good preliminary bouts have been arranged and will be offered in advance of the double main event.

Arrangements have been made with the Douglas County Concert Band whereby the band will play a concert on the street before the bouts begin and will play during the intermissions. This will add much to the entertainment during the evening.

COUNTY COURT MEETING

The county court met today in its regular monthly session, spending the greater part of the day auditing the usual large accumulation of bills. The court will probably have a very busy term as it will be necessary to make arrangements for repairing the damage done by the recent storm, while there are also numerous other matters demanding attention.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

The Birth of John

Throughout the Old Testament the coming of Christ is prophesied. This picture story of "The Life of Christ" begins with the birth of John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Savior. "There was in the days of Herod . . . a certain priest named Zacharias . . . and his wife . . . Elisabeth. And they had no child." (Luke 1:5, 7,

One day when Zacharias went into the temple to burn incense, "there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord . . . and Zacharias was troubled and fear fell upon him." (Luke 1:9, 11, 12)

"And the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son and thou shalt call his name John." (Luke 1:13)

THE INFANT JOHN THE BAPTIST: "And they called him Zacharias after the name of his father. And his mother answered and said, Not so; but he shall be called John . . ? And his father asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, His name is John." (Luke 1:59, 63)

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