

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1927.

DANGEROUS STUNTS TO GAIN PUBLICITY.

On the Pacific highway in the Roseburg-Eugene territory there is an automobile whose driver is endeavoring to make an endurance test in which he is to keep the car running continuously while he goes without sleep or food for 125 hours. The driver of the car is handcuffed and chained to the steering wheel and can move only a few feet from the seat, sufficient slack being given to permit him to make necessary examinations of tires and motor.

It is high time that the state or some vested authority take steps to put an end to such tests as these. No man who is not in a fit physical or mental condition should be allowed to drive a car on a highway where traffic is constantly passing and where lives depend upon the exercise of mental faculties and constant alertness. It cannot be disputed that a man, no matter how good his physical condition, cannot drive an automobile continuously for five days and nights without food and without sleep and still retain the facilities necessary for safe driving. Not only is he endangering his own life, chained as he is to his vehicle, and that of his female companion, a nurse, but he is a menace to all motorists who are called upon to use the highways either for business or pleasure.

The motive, of course, for such a test is the advertising which will result. The stunt, unusual as it is, will draw the attention of throngs of people to the particular companies sponsoring this run. Newspapers will probably give free publicity, the most difficult of all kinds of advertising to secure, and the most valuable. The public will marvel at the driver's powers of physical endurance and will carefully check the performance of the car and the various fuels, lubricants, and etc., participating in the demonstration. Little thought, however, will probably be given the motorists whose lives will have been endangered by this driver, whose deadened senses will, near the end of his run, render him entirely unfit to responsibly operate a motor driven vehicle.

The companies that sponsor this test believe in the power of advertising. They spend huge sums of money annually to gain the attention of the public to their products. Any means that will draw the attention and comment of potential consumers or purchasers is given consideration. But we believe that the excellent qualities of these particular products, brought before the public in legitimate and attractive ways through regular and recognized channels, will appeal sufficiently to the reasoning mind to produce action on the part of the buying public in a satisfactory manner without endangering the lives of motorists through exploitation schemes which include the operation of a powerful motor vehicle by a man physically incapable of efficiently handling that potential danger.

It is, perhaps, too late to interfere with this test, which, we trust, will be brought to a termination without loss of life or property, but this test will merely incite competitors of the sponsoring concerns to attempt still greater showings, resulting in a constantly increasing menace to the travelling public, and we believe that there should be some definite action taken to prevent future tests where lives and property are needlessly placed in jeopardy.

INTERESTING EDITION.

Oregon's 10-year internal struggle to lift itself from the status of a territory to the dignity of statehood is told understandingly and with historical accuracy in a book recently issued under the direction of the Oregon Historical society and edited by Charles H. Carey, of Portland. The title of the book is the Oregon Convention and Proceedings and Debates of the Constitutional Convention of 1857. Students of Oregon history, as well as casual readers browsing at random, will find this work well worth their time. Beginning with the brief territorial governorship of General Joseph Lane, the chapters take the reader through a decade of bitter strife between one faction of the pioneer population that favored admittance as a slave state and another vehemently opposed to it. There is described the unsuccessful attempt of the pro-slavery element, led by L. F. Mosher, a son-in-law of Lane, to form a slave state out of northern California and Jackson, Douglas and Umpqua counties in Oregon; the four popular votes cast before a majority was obtained for a constitutional convention; the attempt of Stephen A. Douglas, then United States senator, to establish the summit of the Cascade mountains as the eastern boundary of Oregon, and, finally, the creation of the state in its present boundaries by President Buchanan's signature to the bill on February 14, 1859. The debates that took place in the state convention and the acrimonious disputes waged by the intensely partisan newspapers of the period are referred to in a way that will hold the attention of the reader, and no less interesting will be a perusal of the state constitution itself in its original form. The narrative belongs in every school and public library of the state, and the owner of a private library will find it well deserving of a place among his own volumes.

New York held a pedigree oyster show. When they get this pedigree business down to cheese then we'll take a look.

Headline says, "Germ's home life bared." But it was a story from some laboratory and not a divorce court at all.

One man's liquor is another man's poison.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

On our way down here to Hollywood
We saw the oldest fashioned place—
You know—one of those places where they
Put the telephone booth in the backyard.

We just finished readin' a scientific work which tells us that forty thousand germs are transferred with each kiss. No wonder Hollywood is such an unhealthy place.

We don't see why they don't give those two kiddies to Charley Chaplin. Lita is young and can have some more.

It's gittin' so a feller can't take a girl out ridin' without her wantin' to walk home—fer goodness sake. The only way to overcome this nashul habit is to purchase a submarine.

We understand that the circus season will soon be upon us. The annual battle on the farm will soon take place over whether Paw will let them go dang bill posters put pictures of them naked bare-back riders on the barn.

Heard a swell tune a while ago by that new composer. The name of it is "Just a Cottage Small" by A. Waterfall.

Passed Jack Dempsey down on the boulevard a while ago. He ain't such a big feller but he was comin' down the left side of the street and I let him have his way just the same.

Most girls go wrong in the confession magazines.

We note that the Ump. Chiefs initiated Gene Tunney recently. 'Bet they didn't pull any of their rough stuff.

Met the most deceitful feller this a. m. He pulls hairs out of horses' tails and puts 'em on his shoulder to make folks think he's been out with girls.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Some of the boys will celebrate St. Patrick's Day by drinkin' green likker."

Your Boy and Your Girl

BY ARTHUR DEAN, SO. 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.

The Girls Have a Job

A woman has a double job while I, mere man, have only one.

The world expects me to train myself for one job, stick at it for eight hours a day, and perhaps succeed at it, and, that done, to bury my head in a newspaper, or under an auto hood, or on a pillow the rest of the day.

If I were a girl, I'd be expected to train myself for a temporary job as teacher, nurse, stenographer, clerk or something or other in which I would be painfully employed. At the same time I'd have to keep my eyes open for the right man and then, when I either caught him or was caught, to turn my previous existence aside to do to exact the demands of home, husband, children, telephone, ice man, butcher, baker, and candlestick maker.

Now, as a mere man, I walk out of the house at 8 a. m. pushing a chair. I walk into an office, or factory, all prepared to receive me, and start my machine or open my books or push a ball all provided for me. And behold it's soon lunch time! A noon day's waiting for my body, I get my sports by reading about them, my fellow craftsman pass the day's gossip, and the whistle blows twelve-thirty. The afternoon provides me with the latest labor saving devices, trade unions and employers give me rules by which to work. And behold soon it is pay day!

When I walk out of my home all the wifery of America get up from their tables. In fifty per cent of the homes their domestic machinery is antiquated and their crops are three too many. Furnaces and babies to feed. Garbage and ashes to put out. Children made ready for school. Store to be telephoned or visited. Behold, Willie has the crop, Susie has the snuffles. Jimmie is sent home by the teacher. The bathroom is flooded. The ice man bangs the back door. The letter carrier is ringing the front door bell and telephone is ringing. Its head off. When does Willie's whistle blow?

At evening time I slip on the slippers. I am so tired you know. "Where is my pipe?" "What did you do with the morning paper?" "Say, for the love of Mike where's that draught coming from?" Wifery hears, "Mamma, Mamma, I can't go to sleep!" "Willie keeps hitting me with a pillow." Coughing, coughing of Susie. Willie choking to death.

And father, that's me, now peacefully snoring in the easy chair.

No, girls, give me a Man Sized Job, I. e., a job which is the size that a mere man can fill. One of those jobs where industry furnishes

us the tools and the boss furnishes the directions and the unions furnish the hours and the scale of wages.

A Few Pointers

You are girls and so don't make the worst of it.

Train yourselves to be financially independent and select your man with great care.

Never get so dependent upon a meal ticket that you have no independence of your own.

When you marry make it a real business. Insist on labor saving devices. Get in your pay envelope either an allowance or love, or both.

Train your husband at the start. That will give you some advantage in training your children.

Study household management as your husband's boss has studied human engineering. If hubby has a self-starter on his car you need at least an electric washing machine. You cannot be expected to crank the wringer by hand.

Keep up with your husband. Yes, and get ahead of him if you can. He has his lodge and his club. See that you have yours. If he grows you grow with him. But if he rots don't rot with him.

Unless he is willing to take some responsibility with reference to the children, ignore all his wonderful advice on how to bring them up.

In All Seriousness

To be a wife, to be a mother, to be a member of the community, to have an individuality of your own; to meet adequately all the involved situations which fall to woman's lot requires a woman who sizes up to the job.

Life is a problem to all of us. But to a girl it is twice as big as to a boy. So broaden your interests before marriage that nothing can rob you of your birthright after marriage. Prepare yourself vocationally for a temporary career. Prepare yourself personally for a Greater Career.

OUR CONVERSATION CORNER

Keeping Up

My mother and my teacher are telling me that the Morse Operator will soon disappear from the modern business world and will be replaced by machines. What am I going to do about it?

Answer—Very likely your mother is right, which is all the more reason for you and anyone else who is in a line of work which may be supplanted by a machine to get busy and be the man who bosses the machine, because every machine has behind it, somewhere up the line, a boss.

GOOD-WILL PLANE FALLS INTO SEA

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

MONTVIDEO, Uruguay, March 7.—One of the American army good-will planes fell into the sea shortly after taking off today for the north. There were no casualties.

Owing to engine trouble the plane failed to take off cleanly and ran into some rocks in the harbor. The damage was said to be slight and it is hoped that the flight can be renewed today or tomorrow. The other two planes returned to await the repairing of their sister ship.

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST

Painless Extraction

Gas When Desired

Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

TREASURER KAY BETTER

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., March 7.

State Treasurer Thomas B. Kay is

at the Portland Medical hospital



How Much Are You Spending For Plant Improvement

All progressive and successful businesses put some of their earnings back into plant improvements and each man personally should do the same thing—the principle is just as sound for individuals as for institutions—letting a wardrobe deteriorate is just as bad as letting a plant run down. No man can expand unless he is willing to expend some of his earnings for good clothes. Keep down the overhead but not at the expense of overhead improvements and efficiency—overhaul your wardrobe and add a new suit for spring—a few shirts—a new hat. Let us help you. Just stop in and see how easy it is to balance up that wardrobe for you.

Harth's TOGGERY

State Press Comment

The Sky The Limit

Numerous appropriations fell under the governor's veto.

But what else was to be done? The legislature appropriated money that it did not have, and knew it did not have.

Oregon is now badly muddled with state institutions. They are widely scattered through the counties. Members from those counties swap votes on appropriations for their respective institutions. It means state money spent in the home bailiwick.

It is log-rolling. The state is now perfectly muddled to stimulate log-rolling in the legislature. A big number of the counties have something for which they want appropriations. On top of that, there is now a scheme to repeal the 6 per cent limitation. And there is another plan to raise the base for legislative appropriations to \$5,000,000. Both plans will remove all barriers and open the way for each legislature to have the sky for the limit in appropriating tax money.

We have just seen a better-than-average legislature appropriate lavishly of money that it did not have. Deficits had no terrors for it. An empty treasury did not count.

What would future legislatures do—all of them will be long-rolling legislatures—with the tax base raised and the 6 per cent limitation repealed?—Portland Journal.

The Fruit Spray

Conclusion of the fruit spray controversy precipitated last season by conditions in foreign markets is a happy augury for the industry in the northwest. It ought to be known that the amount of spray residue adhering to fruit shipments under normal methods of handling was never in all probability, a menace to health.

It was, nevertheless, not to be gainsaid that prejudice existed, which it was the depth of unwisdom to ignore and that to have flouted which would have been to imperil our standing in markets already profitable and capable of indefinite expansion with tactful salesmanship.

Neither apples nor pears will henceforth be accepted for export which do not conform to the standards of present and prospective customers. This is obviously good business, and moreover it tends toward a policy which can only have a good effect on domestic consumption. By deferring until 1928 the enforcement of maximum restrictions the federal authorities have wisely shown consideration for the practical aspects of the problem, but postponement is not mandatory and growers will meet the new conditions as rapidly as they can.

It is significant that the state which was first to organize spraying on an effective scale is also first to discover a means by which the incidental disadvantages of spraying can be corrected. The hydrochloric acid method worked out by experts at Oregon Agricultural college seems efficient, reliable, inexpensive and timely. There remains only the factor of thoroughness of application, which is guaranteed by the industry's past record for integrity.—Portland Oregonian.

For rest and diagnosis, in charge of Drs. N. W. Jones and T. M. Joyce. His condition is not regarded as serious. He went down to the doctor's office this morning for an examination.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

John the Baptist



"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand... John had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins." (Matt. III: 1, 2, 4)



"Then came out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea... and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." (Matt. III: 5, 6)



"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." (Matt. III: 13)



"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove lighting upon him." (Matt. III: 16)

HOREMANS-HOPPE MATCH TONIGHT

WASHINGTON, Mar. 7.—Willie Hoppe, world's 18.2 balk line billiard champion, has a chance to-night to go into a second place tie with Edouard Horemans, Belgian star in the championship tournament being held here. If Horemans wins he will take the lead with

three victories and no defeats.

Welker Cochran, young Californian, and Jake Schaefer of Chicago, who are in a triple tie with the Belgian for first place, were not scheduled to play today, the drawings bringing together for the afternoon contest Felix Grango of France, who has defeated Hoppe, and Kinroy Matsuyama, the Japanese "tid-bit" who is definitely out of the running.

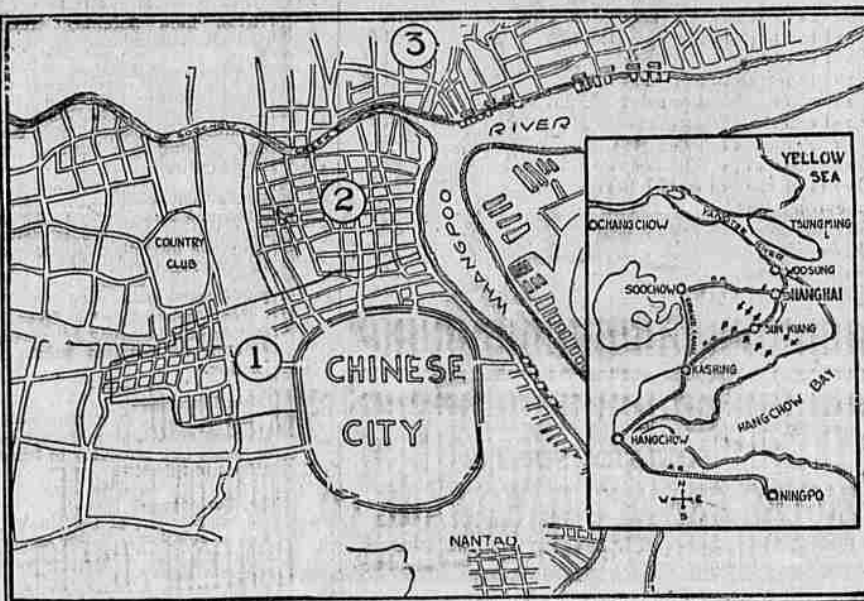
DAWES OFF FOR PANAMA

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 7.—Vice-President and Mrs. Dawes leave today for Havana on a vacation trip which will also take them to Panama before returning home to Evanston, Ill.

Try our buttermilk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 146

Shanghai—Where China Awaits New "Waterloo"



The Waterloo of the Chinese civil war is about to be fought on the territory pictured above, according to news reports from the Orient. A close-up map of the city of Shanghai is shown, indicating location of the French (1), British (2) and American (3) settlements. These settlements have been heavily garrisoned by the foreign powers. Chinese defenders of Shanghai under General Chang Chung Chang and attacking Cantonese forces are expected to clash at Sun Kiang, as shown on the inset map. Shanghai is built on the Whangpoo river, which runs north to the Yangtze. The ancient "Chinese City" portion is surrounded by a wall and moat. Sun Kiang is 30 miles south of Shanghai.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK

The little children of the Shoe showed all the Tinymites much to do. They played all sorts of games and had a dandy time all day. When nighttime came, they went to bed and on their faces, Scouty said, "We'll get up early in the morn, and then be on our way."

So, very early at the dawn, the Tinymites were up and gone. They thanked the good old lady in the Shoe for fun they'd had. Said she, "Come back again some day when all of you are round this way. My children seem to like you, and I'm sure 'twill make them glad."

Then, down the road the Tinies went. An hour or so in play was spent, as they walked slowly through some woods, and up winding hill. The birds would twitter in the trees and squirrels jumped up around their knees. The friendliness of everything gave all of them a thrill.

Said Clowny, "I am quite perplexed. I wonder who will turn up next. I liked both Jack and Jill, and the Old Lady in the Shoe. We'll meet lots more, in this queer land, 'cause they are here, I understand. Oh, my, it's fun to meet a lot of people who are new."

Just then wee Choppy said, "Oh, see, do all of you see what I see?" And all the rest looked down the lane and spied a funny man. His legs were long and very bent. So were his arms. A queer old gent. Said Carpy, "Why is he that way? Just tell me, if you can."

They peered behind a great big tree, but found 'twas pretty hard to see. So Clowny said, "I'll speak to him. He'll sure not turn me down." He rushed right up and said, "Hello." The old man answered, "Do you know, I am the Crooked Man who lives down in the Crook-



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

ed Town.

(The Tinymites visit the Crook-Crooked house—the next story.)

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