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BERT G. BATES Secretary-Treasurer
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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1927.

PRESIDENTIAL BAIT BECOMES AN ISSUE.

With farm relief essential, with the Geneva arms conference just going into action, with an election only a little more than a year away, with the Chinese situation darkening, with Nicaragua, Taena-Arica and Mexico all to be watched, with an extra session of Congress imperative, it seems that there is enough work in store for any number of able hands and unidle hands to take care of.

On top of all these things, however, President Coolidge has seen fit to thrust one more issue, thereby making the situation pregnant indeed. This is his stern ultimatum to catch South Dakota trout with worms. Ignoring the proper artificial flies, he has waded into the trout streams with an agenda of angletworms, and has proceeded to catch fish. Senators Borah and Reed, quick to check the administration of any weakness, have naturally risen to the occasion, and denounced this nefarious practice with characteristic vigor.

The president's stubborn policy in this serious matter is no doubt dictated by the soundest economy, but in a situation of this kind, with foreign diplomats watching every move, the prestige of the country is at stake. If the Coolidge movement for a third term is entirely exploded, it will no doubt be traced back to the one undiplomatic move of the president's whole political career—his insistence on worms for his fishhooks.

KNOWING WHEN TO QUIT.

Few people who get up to make a speech know when to sit down, and it usually takes a good swift kick in the shins from the master of ceremonies to draw remarks to the ever-so-essential close. Authors have the same failing. Having gained fame with a character, they work him to death. As long as the fictional character provides his or her creator with bread and butter and shoes for the babies, the writer leans heavily upon the imaginary shoulder.

There would be much less bum literature in the world, though, if there were no sequels. A good character is a good character and he usually plays himself out in volume one. Sherlock Holmes in the Hound of the Baskervilles and the first series of detective stories was great stuff. In recent years he has run to seed, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's decision to kill off the old codger and raze the Baker street dwelling is good judgment. Holmes should retire on his early laurels before he ruins his own reputation and obliterates his few really glorious deeds.

In the never-ending competition to be first at something or other, there is an inevitable crowd of followers-up and second string great to trail along after the heroes. There was the first man to swim the channel, the first woman to swim the channel, the first mother to swim the channel, the first baker to swim the channel, and now, it is reported, we are to have the first twins to swim the channel, for the thirteen-year-old Zitenfield sisters are to make the attempt at least. Should they succeed, there is still room for other glory. We have not yet had the first grandmother to swim the channel, nor the first grandfather to swim the channel. The first mother and son, or father and daughter combination can attempt it, and the first entire family to do the trick will be worth \$1000 a week of more on any vaudeville stage.

NEW FLAGPOLE IS ERECTED AT THE POSTOFFICE

The task of erecting the new steel flagpole at the federal building was started this morning. The preliminary work has been under way for several weeks, the foundation having been built, and the sections of the steel pole, which were shipped from the steel mill, were being moved into place. The old wooden pole, which had been in place for many years, was removed. The new pole is 67 feet long and weighs 1500 pounds. The pole is in 5 sections, the sections fitting together by means of reinforced joints. It will be seven feet in the ground with 60 feet in the clear.

See the new Vaughan garden tractor at Wharton Bros.

FLASHES OF LIFE

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Rose Marie Schlee, of Detroit, 9, is seeing quite a bit of the country by air. She is riding in one of the planes in the national air tour.

NEW YORK.—The marines have a new mascot, Private Padgett, a pedigreed English bulldog with a wrinkled black and white face. Presented by English marines, he arrived on the Leviathan. Captain Hartley is certain that the mascot is a real devil dog. Private Padgett had been locked in the captain's bath room and the captain entered without notice. He got out intact except for a portion of his blue silk pajama coat.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Now that you've voted
Have you any idea
What you voted for?

Walking is good for the complexion, according to a physical culture expert. Some of the ladies, however, insist on phoning for theirs.

First it showers for June brides and then it showers for babies—life is just one darn thing after another!

It is a curious fact that many of the ladies who have written to ask that they be taken along on the flights to Hawaii, have signed themselves only with initials.

A Los Angeles woman of 92 took a 20-minute airplane flight and announced she'd like to own one. Timbuctoo, watch for her!

Personally we'd a darn sight rather not hafta listen to a discussion of taxes by fellows who haven't a wheelbarrow to their name.

Natives of Madagascar sleep on carved wooden pillows an explorer reports. It must be a great convention country.

The radio brings shows, fights, elections and almost everything else into the home—but the young people go out, just the same.

Let us be thankful there is no Presidential Spokesman in the Black Hills. Think of the whoping fish stories he might weave!

Some fellow suggests that we pardon the De Autromont boys and make prohibition agents out of them.

If you run up bills you're a spendthrift. If you don't your credit's no good. Oh, well, probably your credit's no good, anyhow.

China still keeps on fighting. We thought the baccalaureate speakers had settled all that.

A western editor retired the other day with \$100,000. He worked hard, helped people, sponsored worthy causes, lived a good, clean life, and a fine example, and then found oil in his back yard.

LAKE PERKINS SEZ—

"Kinda looks like rain."

PIONEER STAGE DRIVER DIES FOLLOWING FALL

PENDLETON, Ore., June 28.—David Horne, 88, pioneer stage driver and hotel man of the Umatilla country, died here this morning after being injured by a fall from a horse.

OREGON WEEKLY REVIEW

Harrisburg—Mountain States Power company installs lines for better service.

Toledo—Dredging on Yaguina Bay harbor will begin.

Eugene—Eight new street contracts let for about \$27,000.

Springfield will lay 2 1/2 miles of sidewalks.

St. Louis—One week's lumber shipments total 3,500,000 feet.

Sutherland—Haltom-Guthrie 2 1/2 mile, 6 miles southeast, will employ 15 men.

Beaverton—New plumbing shop and stove opened here.

Harrisburg—Heavy hay crop assured this season.

Flood River—\$20,000 apple washery being built to remove apple residue.

Springfield—Wendling phone line to be rebuilt with copper wire.

McMinnville—Local canning plant and will lease plant for fruit use.

New Grand Ronde—Work being rushed on Salmon river cut-off highway.

Only—Five districts vote on school consolidation project.

LOWER UMPQUA RESIDENT TELLS OF PIONEER DAYS

Mrs. Harvey of Reedsport Has Interesting Story of Early Experiences in Oregon.

In a special article appearing in Sunday's Oregonian, Mrs. Rosalia Harvey, a pioneer resident of Reedsport, gives an interesting and vivid description of the early days upon the Umpqua, and Harvey Creek, where she has resided for over fifty years.

In a recent interview she described some of the early incidents and of her trip to the Oregon country. Mrs. Harvey was the first white woman to settle on the Umpqua between Gardiner and Scottsburg.

Mrs. Harvey was born in 1844 at Plainfield, Mass., and is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, noted educator of the early colonial days. She was educated in the common school of Plainfield and at the high school of Greenfield, a nearby settlement.

In 1864 she was married to Charles N. Harvey, who died on his home place at Harvey creek in 1910. Mr. Harvey was a silversmith and Mrs. Harvey states:

"He gave up his trade and we moved to Missouri, where we lived for five years, but the grasshopper was so thick they ate us out. Then my husband got the Oregon fever, so we came by train to San Francisco bound for Oregon. Hattie, my baby, was sick on the train, and I had a hard time with her. To make it worse, the train was behind time, and at Green River, the conductor 'figured up' and ran wild trying to make up lost time. When we reached San Francisco I was feeling discouraged, and disliked everything in general, until I had a good feed of salmon. Then I began to like the west. We left San Francisco on a boat for the Umpqua country, but the boat struck on some rocks in the harbor and had to be towed back to the docks. There we were transferred to another boat which brought us to Marshfield. On the boat coming to Marshfield, I became acquainted with Mrs. Coffin, who was a sister of Joseph Butler, the postmaster at Gardiner. Among the other passengers on the boat was a stylishly dressed gentleman wearing a pair of fine white kid gloves, who strutted about on deck in a very pretentious manner, but he was suddenly attacked with seasickness. He just had to 'feed the fish,' but wanted to get those white gloves off, so as not to spoil them. It made us laugh to see him working so frantically, trying to remove them."

Leaky Old Boat Used
"We came up the beach on the stage, which was operated by the late West Reed, father of Warren P. Reed. Mr. Reed had an old leaky boat to ferry passengers across the bay. It was full of water, but he pulled it out on the bank and chucked the cracks with soap. He said they would steal a good boat if he kept one, but that no one ever bothered taking that old boat. When we reached the Umpqua I was disappointed at not seeing more land. We stopped for a short time with West Reed's father and mother, who lived in Gardiner. A day or two later we went up Smith river to Henry Bay's place, where we worked for two weeks, when my husband decided to buy 'squatter's right' of Conrad Miller, who then lived at the mouth of the stream, afterwards known as Harvey Creek, on the Umpqua river. We moved there immediately, using a small double-end skiff in which I was afraid. The old house Miller built, we moved into in 1875, and it is still in use as the kitchen part of our home today. At that time, brush and timber grew thick around the house on the place so that I could not see out except to look straight up. I was the first white woman to locate along the river between Gardiner and Scottsburg."

Mrs. Harvey early felt the call to preach the gospel, and she has had some noteworthy experiences, holding meetings up Smith river, on Otter Slough and at Scottsburg, in the meanwhile attending to her home and family. She has seen much good result from her efforts.

Panthers and Bears Seen
"When we first moved on the place," said Mrs. Harvey, "there were lots of bear and deer and panthers, but Mr. Harvey had only an old musket with which to hunt. Once, before the brush was cleared very far from around the place, a panther chased our dogs into the house. My husband took the old gun and went out to the edge of the clearing to see what it was. Soon he saw a panther crouched upon the ground ready to spring upon him, and he raised the gun to shoot it, but the gun only snapped. He quickly took out his powder horn and poured some into the tube, and fired a load of buckshot at the panther. Mr. Harvey quickly concluded that was about all he could do for the panther, so he hastened into the house. In the morning he went out where he shot at the animal, but it was not there. He had probably hit it as there was evidence of its having thrashed around, but it had afterwards gone away."

Picnic at Idlewild Park.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST

Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 488 Main St. Bldg.

"TALLOW DIPS" DESCRIBES WORLD FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

Meeting on World Trip.

"Tallow Dips" the lecture to be given at the coming Chautauqua by Dr. Robert Parker Miles is unique in the fact that it has been delivered over 6,000 times in every English speaking country of the world, including every state in the United States. It grows more popular as it mellow with age. It is one of the great platform classics of the Lyceum and Chautauqua movement.

James Whitcomb Riley wrote the following poem in regard to it:

"There are many sorts of measures
For our joys and for our pleasures,
And the changing years still bring
us newer styles;
So we heard the conjecture,
That the test of a good lecture
May best be made if measured
by 'Miles'!"

After working up from an emigrant land with fifty cents capital to the pastorate of a prominent New York church, Dr. Miles became editorial writer and religious editor of the New York Journal. He cleaned up that city and put the underworld on the run. The power of his pen, backed by personal investigations, had far reaching effects. He stopped the sale of cigarettes to minors, waged war on gamblers, opium traffickers, white slaves, respectable dives, dance halls and theatres, and in so doing reached the hearts and appreciation of all sound citizens. His world tours of investigation followed this brilliant campaign of uplift, resulting in what is doubtless the most popular and best loved lecture ever delivered before the American public—"Tallow Dips."

"Tallow Dips" is a vivid word picture of such men as Gladstone, Bulwer, King Edward VII, Pope Leo XIII, President Carnot, the late Kaiser, and other notables, many of whose lights have burned to the end of the candle. With his rare dramatic ability and word wizardry Dr. Miles has enchanted thousands of audiences.

JOHN DREW SUFFERS SERIOUS SETBACK

(Associated Press. Leased Wire.)
SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—John Drew, dean of American actors, suffered a relapse today in his fight against an attack of arthritis which seized him in Portland, Ore., several weeks ago. His condition was reported extremely weak.

The report marks another turn in Mr. Drew's battle, which thus far has been a gradually losing one. He had a "fairly good" day yesterday, hospital bulletins said.

Several times since his confinement to the sick bed the 73-year-old thespian has been reported on the verge of death.

NOTICE

Bids for audit of Books of School Clerks of Douglas County will be opened July 10, 1927, by Boundary Board. Boundary Board reserves right to reject any or all bids.

Signed:
MRS. EDITH S. ACKERT,
Co. Supt. Schools.

NOW YOU ASK ONE

FIVE ABOUT FLYING

The first five of today's questions will enable you to test your knowledge of flying records and heroes. Answers to all the questions will be found on the back page.

1.—In what year did the Wright brothers make their first successful flight?

2.—When and by what flying machine, was the first round trip flight across the Atlantic made?

3.—What famous flight was made by Lieut. Russell Maughan?

4.—Who made the first attempt to fly across the Atlantic?

5.—Who was the first to fly across the English channel?

6.—In what famous trial did "the pig woman" figure as an important witness?

7.—Who is the present prime minister of Canada?

8.—What is narcoosis?

9.—Who is Jose Capablanca?

10.—Who is president of the American Federation of Labor?

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever, Brand's Road Stand.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, In the matter of the estate of James Allen Veljan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of James Allen Veljan, deceased, has presented and filed his final account in settlement of said estate with the clerk of the above court, and said court has fixed Thursday, the 28th day of July, 1927, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon as the time and the place for the hearing of the above account, and the settlement thereof.

This notice is being published in the Roseburg News-Review by order of the above court.

J. M. COOPER,
Administrator of the Estate of James Allen Veljan, Deceased.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK

Now that the Tinymites were clean, each one of them felt pretty keen. Said Scouty, "I enjoyed that dip that we took in the brook. It gave me quite an appetite. I wish there was some food in sight, but, shucks, as long as we're up here, there is no sense to look."

Then Clowny chimed in: "Say, I'm cold, and wet. I think we're pretty bold to ride around up in the air. We'll all be coughing soon. We'd better hang out in the sun and all get dry. That will be fun. The sun is at its hottest now because it's just at noon."

Then, soon, they all felt full of glee, for they were dry as they could be. The Pelicans kept on flying and the wind began to blow. The birds swooped down, and then up high and flew in circles round the sky, and once again, was Copy said, "I wonder where we'll go."

But, ere he had the question out, the others all heard Copy shout, "Oh, look what we are coming to. It seems to be pure white!" And then they watched it float with ease and flutter quietly on the breeze. Said Scouty, "If it comes this way, grab hold and hang on tight."

In just a moment it was near and Clowny's grab brought forth a cheer. The other Tinymites drew up close and also took a hand. A tablecloth is what it was. It mystified them all, because what made it float up in the air they could not understand.

Just then a wee voice said, "Hello, Hop on if you care to go." And so the Tinymites climbed aboard the queer cloth, one by one. A pretty little girl appeared, and all the Tinymites were cheered to heart's content, in a high voice say, "I am the Princess Pui."

(The Tinymites reach Amusement Land in the next story.)



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)
Princess Pui.
(The Tinymites reach Amusement Land in the next story.)
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BASEBALL STANDINGS OF LEAGUES

(Associated Press. Leased Wire.)

National	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburgh	38	23	.623
St. Louis	38	24	.613
Chicago	38	26	.594
New York	32	31	.508
Brooklyn	33	34	.477
Boston	32	32	.497
Philadelphia	24	36	.400
Cincinnati	24	42	.364

American	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	46	20	.697
Philadelphia	36	29	.554
Chicago	37	31	.544
Washington	32	29	.524
Detroit	30	30	.500
Cleveland	30	35	.462
St. Louis	27	34	.443
Boston	13	48	.233

LEADING PLAYERS OF BIG LEAGUES

Including games of June 27.

National
Batting—Harris, Pirates .400.
Runs—Hornsbury, Giants 60.
Hits—P. Waner, Pirates 100.
Doubles—P. Waner, Pirates 20.
Triples—P. Waner, Pirates 13.
Home runs—Wilson, Cubs 15.
Stolen bases—Frisch, Cardinals 22.
Pitching—Meadows, Pirates won 10, lost 2.

American
Batting—Schang, Browns .339.
Runs—Ruth, Yankees 68.
Hits—Gehrige, Yankees 99.
Doubles—Burns, Indians 28.
Triples—Manush, Tigers 10.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS GO TO WOLF CREEK

JULY 28-AUG. 11

The annual summer camp for the Roseburg Camp Fire Girls will be held from July 28 to August 11. The girls are to have the Wolf Creek camp grounds following the Boy Scout camps and will follow a fine program of sports, recreation and study. The camp is open to all registered Camp Fire Girls with a cost of \$4 per week to cover board and an extra 25 cents for handcraft materials. The daily program will be as follows: 6:30 a. m. morning whistle; 6:40, dips; 7:15, breakfast; 8:00, capers; 9:00, inspection; 9:15, handcraft; 10:15, games; 11:00, free time; 12 noon, lunch; 1 p. m. rest hour; 2:00, dramatics; 3:30, swimming; 4:30, free time; 5:50, colors; 6:00, dinner; 7:00, council fire; 8:00, songs and campfire stunts; 9:15, lights out; 9:30, quiet.

Visitors will be welcome to the camp at all times. Entables will be turned over to the cook to be used as dessert or special treats. Mrs. H. E. Cully is to be camp director. Miss Margaret Peppoon, graduate of the University of Oregon, who has had four years' training in swimming instruction and who holds the American Red Cross Life Saving badge, will be in charge of swimming classes. Mrs. Sidney Heitwell, Camp Fire Guardian at Myrtle Creek is to be Camp Mother and instructor in campfire ethics. Mrs. Ben Larson is to be in charge of the game period. Mrs. Page, and her mother, Mrs. Smith, are to be in charge of the kitchen.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Vanishing Americans

BORN T'BE A CATTLE KILLER, THIEF AN' GENRUL ALL ROUND PEST, BUT I HATE T' KILL YUH PARDNER 'CAUSE YORE PART O' OUR OLD WEST. YOU AN' ME IS SORTA BROTHERS 'IN AN' OUR BACKS AGIN T' WALL IN A ACT TH' T'S NEARLY OVER AN' T' CURTIN 'BOUT T' FALL.

J. R. WILLIAMS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. DESIG. BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

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