

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1927.

HARVEST TIME.

There used to be two American holidays dedicated primarily to the consumption of more food than was good for the human digestive machinery. One of those holidays—Thanksgiving—was and still is primarily a city feast day. It has been fixed on the calendar, and from its earliest times it has been associated with the gathering of people in towns.

The other of these holidays is a seasonal affair which wanders about the calendar during summer months, depending on weather and location. It is a rural orgy with which many civilized epicures are unfortunately unfamiliar. The feast, as the farm-wise have surmised, is the dinner set for the harvest hands when threshing time comes round.

For the smaller wheat belt farms, threshing time is the biggest holiday of the year, though it is a day on which all hands work their hardest. The threshing machine men move their awe-inspiring, cumbersome, puffing, iron monster by night. For two and three days before they pull into each farm, the farmwives are preparing the feast. Young roosters give up the ghost like pilgrims in the path of a Moslem horde. The garden, at harvest time, is always at its maximum productivity. Roasting ears, new peas, new potatoes, new beets, new carrots, new beans—lima beans, pole beans, kidney beans, string beans, and beans in succotash. Jelly and jam of every flavor. Pickles. Cakes by the dozen and pies by the score. First table, second table, third table. Good women from the neighboring farms wash dishes after the first feeding in order to provide equipment for later details. Sweating men wash the chaff and grime from their faces and ears and arms and elbows in big tubs out under the sycamore tree. Then they sit down to eat enough fried chicken and trimmings to lay up less hardy beings with acute indigestion for several days.

It was an orgy for men folks, but it was a woman's day too, for the reputation of any farm wife in her community was made or broken on the repast she set for the harvest hands at threshing time. Pride went into each loaf of bread, each glass of jelly, and each pie, and women stood behind the chairs of the reticent to urge gastronomical achievements. East of the Mississippi the day will remain much the same for several generations at least, but from the big wheat farms of the west comes news that the day is changing. The combination harvester-thresher, which eliminates much threshing drudgery and saves much time has reduced the demand for many extra laborers. And the paid secretary of the Hutchinson, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce boasts that the wives of the wheat farmers drove to town in their automobiles this harvest time and bought 6000 loaves of baker's bread.

In a few more years, harvest hands may be fed grub that comes in cans, and the harvest feast will lose its sacredness.

MURDERING AMERICAN.

Scholarly gents with good intentions often get worked up unduly over the fact that there are in the United States some dozens of American dialects, each of which is dominant in some one section of the country. These purists say that there should be one standard pronunciation for every word, and that the dictionary should have in it only pedigreed words.

Perhaps it would be nice if every American spoke like every other American and every Englishman, and then again, perhaps it wouldn't. Language has been changing daily since language began. A limited dictionary with a constant, unchanging vocabulary is an impossibility furthermore, for radio has added some hundreds of new words to the language in the last few years, and aviation will do the same before it is done.

From the point of literature, it is most beneficial that there never has been and never will be a fixed and universal language. The ridiculous Harvard accent, the melodious southern accent, the broad colloquialisms of the Hoosier, and the solid hard accent of the west all have their place, and add to the variety and spice of life.

Every American murders his language, but what of it? By repeated murderings of the language we make progress, in spite of the fact that pedants may argue we have made no progress in speech since the days of Shakespeare.

Increased use of printing, increased literacy, and the broadcasting of speech by radio are helping the growth of the language. It is to be hoped that eventually we shall have a speech of reasonably simple grammar instead of the hodgepodge of inconsistencies which today makes it impossible for any but a logician to master the rules in the book.

Most wage earners who have a real struggle keeping body and soul together are quite familiar with the adage, "It isn't what you earn, but what you save that counts." William A. Schneider, counselor on personal financial problems to the employees of a big electric manufacturing company, disagrees. In discussing how to get ahead financially, he advocates spending—judicious spending which constitutes in the final essence, saving. He advocates spending for life insurance, for a home, for education, for investments. Incidentally, Mr. Schneider's position is sufficiently unique and yet so obviously worth while that one wonders why other firms haven't thought to provide "personal financial counselors" for their employees, thus cashing in on the idea that the unworried and contented employee means fat coffers for the employer.

Disarmament is the process by which a country which has several obsolete battleships displaces them for nice new shiny cruisers.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES—D

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

With the modern style of dress
A gal doesn't hafta wear a bathin' suit 'n' gits her knees tanned.

A car got loose on the main stem this a. m. evidently havin' more brains than the driver who hadn't heard of our hard-boiled thirty-minute parkin' law.

A New York corporation is to exploit the airplane with a loud speaker of enormous carrying power, to fly over cities and shriek messages to the inhabitants. Great chance for advertising. Send a flyer over Jerusalem right away with a battery of pickled pigs. You CAN turn the radio off, but the only way to silence the racket about Stumbleoff's special arch support pingpong shoes is to place an anti-aircraft gun on the roof. . . . It'll be a great comfort in the middle of the night to hear "All's well with those whose breakfast will be Dr. Jorgenson's Alfalfa." . . . It'll soon be so that a man won't be able to sneak in at some wee small hour at all. Well, he can always stay with some stricken friend.

We note that down in Calif. the gov't has given the fig growers the right to manufacture wine from the surplus crop. Now that we face a similar condition in prunes why not apply to Uncle Sam for the right to distill prune whiskey?

The proli officers stepped in and knocked over the beer gardens just when Old Sol was gittin' in his good licks. It never sweaters but it roasts.

With more than 100 days set aside for such special observances as swatting flies, eating apples, stepping on cockroaches, buying insurance, having your brakes relined and whatnot, a man really should spend all his Sundays studying his schedule for the week.

There oughta be anthin done about the fellers who always shout "Where'd ya go after ya left the barber shop?"

A poultry journal says to feed hens wet mash to stimulate production. The eighteenth amendment seems to be a thing of the past.

LAPE PERKINS SEZ—

Gay young blades are now runnin' up and down the main stem in the p. m.'s with wet swimmin' suits hangin' on the sides of their flivvers.

EX-LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION, WELSH, DIES IN POVERTY

(Associated Press Local Wire)
NEW YORK, July 28.—Freddie Welsh, ex-lightweight champion of the world, was found dead today in his room at a hotel.

Welsh, whose real name was Frederick Thomas, was a boxing instructor and held a commission as captain in the reserve corps.

About ten days ago he was taken to a police station on charges of disorderly conduct, when he resisted arrest by a patrolman who interfered in a 2 a. m. street fight between Welsh and Edward DeLaney. Welsh was discharged after explaining to the court that he had been engaging in a "friendly fight."

He died at the Hotel Sidney in West Fifty sixth street, apparently from heart disease. His widow said that although he earned large sums in the prize ring, he died "without a penny."

HOMES IN ASHES ARE POOR ASSETS UNLESS THEY ARE FULLY INSURED

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MELNOR REALTY COMPANY CORNER OAK AND MAIN

NOW YOU ASK ONE

FILL IN THE BLANKS

This is a hot weather quiz, and will require least mental exertion than answering questions. Fill in the blanks of the ten sentences below with the correct words. Answers are on the back page.

1—James wrote "The Old Swabbin' Hole."

2—The entrance to San Francisco harbor is called "The Gate."

3—The Roman god of war was called _____.

4—"Remember the _____" was the cry in the _____ war.

5—The United States senate has ninety _____ members.

6—Dean of _____ was known as "The Mad of _____."

7—Mr. Pelée is a _____ in the _____ Indies.

8—Mrs. O'Leary's _____ kick over a lantern and so caused the great _____ fire.

9—Andrew J. _____ sponsored the federal law which interpreted the prohibition amendment.

10—The normal adult human being has thirty _____ teeth.

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GEE WHIZ! AIN'T IT WONDERFUL



That's what Tagalong McGoosey said today—"Gee Whiz! Isn't it wonderful?"—when another heap of letters arrived at his home. Ever since Tag asked boys and girls to help him name his pony, mail has been arriving by the bushel-basketful—and you can't exactly blame him for being tickled pink over the way his little friends have taken an interest.

Tagalong brought a letter in for us to print—so here it is:

Dear Boys and Girls:
It surely is going to be a lot of fun picking a name for my pony. I have had hundreds and hundreds and hundreds—and lots more of letters so far, and they all suggest dandy names. I wish I could call my pony all of them. But, of course, I can't, so hope that when a name is finally picked out, everybody will be satisfied and will still like my pony—and me, too—whatever the name is. I want to thank you all for helping me, and in return, Freckles and I will try our best to amuse you every day.
Your friend,
TAGALONG MCGOOSEY.

JACKSON COUNTY WATER CHARGES TO BE PROBED

(Associated Press Local Wire)
SALEM, Ore., July 28.—Increased maintenance of the Public Water company of Jackson county will be on trial before the Public Service commission tomorrow when all three members of the commission will sit in a hearing at Medford.

The old maintenance charge is \$2.50 an acre. This has been increased to \$6.50 an acre, and was effective June 14, affecting new contracts. The petition from the users who asked a hearing avers that the new rate is discriminatory in that some users will be paying \$12.50, some \$2.50 and some \$6.50. About 200 users and between 4,000 and 5,000 acres of land are involved.

USE FLY-TOX

Enjoy Restful Sleep.
Kill the mosquitoes. Fly-Tox bed rooms before retiring. Enjoy rest free from the buzz and sting of mosquitoes. Insist on Fly-Tox for killing all household insects. Fly-Tox is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship. Fly-Tox is safe, sure, fragrant and will not stain. Every bottle guaranteed.

JAP LUNCH CLOTHS, 79c

The big 60x90 inch size in blue and white Japanese lunch cloth. Special at Carr's for 79c. Also three color styles at \$1.15. See them at Carr's.

MARKET RATINGS

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28.—The local produce market shows a general steadiness in prices for most fruits with some sharp advances, while several kinds of vegetables are cheaper.

Cucumbers are plentiful and cheap at 50 to 60 cents per box wholesale and mostly five cents each at retail.

Tomatoes continue downward in face of large supplies. At wholesale, best boxes are around \$1.50 while to retail trade 10 and 15 cents per pound are quoted.

Onions are cheaper. While new crop onions sell for 5c per pound retail while Walla Walla globes were taking \$1.75 to \$2 per cwt. sacked.

Greenstein apples from California brought \$3.50 per box for poor grade, while local transparents took \$3 at wholesale.

Country dressed meats and poultry were steady this morning. Poultry receipts were noticeably lighter. There is an easy feeling for veal and lamb with some coolers overstocked with holdovers.

Standard cuts better in demand a half cent today on the dairy exchange to \$2.12. Other grades are unchanged but butterfat is effected upward to 49c by the gain in standards.

Eggs are unchanged.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28.—Cattle and calves nominally steady. Sheep and lambs steady. Hogs: Slowly killing classes 10 to 15 cents lower. Heavyweight 250 to 250 pounds medium to choice \$10.75@11.75; medium-weight 200 to 250 pounds medium to choice \$11.25@12.15; lightweight 160 to 200 pounds medium to choice \$11.50@12.25; light lights 120 to 160 pounds medium to choice 11.65@12.25; packing hogs rough and smooth \$7.50@10.00; slaughter pigs 60 to 150 pounds, medium to choice \$11.65@12.25; feeder and stocker pigs 70 to 150 pounds medium to choice \$11.75@14.00.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 28.—Butter: Standards and butterfat 1 cent up. Extra cubes, city 40; standards 39; prime firsts 38; firsts 36. Creamery prices: Prints 3 cents above cube standards. Butterfat 40 cents f. o. b. Portland. Eggs steady, current receipts

ATTENTION SQUAWS

Special meeting tonight at home of Mrs. Ness. Important business, be sure to be there.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF P. N. G. CLUB.

The Past Noble Grands will hold a picnic at the Kiwanis camp ground in Maple Grove, tonight. All members meet at 1-0-0, F. hall at 6 o'clock. Pot luck lunch.

JEFF MYERS MUCH BETTER

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Jefferson Myers, commissioner of the United States Shipping Board, was reported today recovering from pneumonia. He was expected to be out in about a week.

Have a dandy target rifle for \$3.50 at the Anclon House.

Wanted—All members of Christian Church Bible School to enjoy our annual picnic next Friday afternoon. Cars will leave the church at 2 o'clock.

EMERGENCY NUMBERS!

Police! Telephone 375
Fire! Telephone 99

Blowouts Telephone 447
Blowouts happen, like fires and burglars, when you least expect them. But we can rush a new Silver-town to you—or we can rush a service man to change your tire. Call us—we'll come in a hurry.

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Goodrich Silver-towns

THE TINYMITES STORY by HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES by KNICK

Of course the bunch soon looked a fright. The puffy candy made them white. Marshmallows flew both thick and fast. It was a thrilling war. Wee Scooty yelled, "I do not choose to hurt these little Goofy-Goos. I'll bet that not a one of us knows what we're fighting for."

"Oh, what's the difference?" Clowzy said. "Let's fight till we come out ahead. This candy can't hurt anyone, so there is naught to fear. This battle's really all in play." Just then a candy came his way, and ere he had a chance to duck, it smacked him on the ear.

"Hey! Cut that out!" he loudly cried. Another hit him in the side. Wee Clowzy hid behind a tree. I guess he'd had enough. The others kept on with the fight until the whole bunch looked a sight. Then Carpy said, "I think that we are getting much too rough."

Another voice then broke right in, and stopped the clatter and the din. "My goodness," yelled a funny man, "You mustn't fight this way. Why not be friends instead of foes? Why, surely, everybody knows that fighting's very foolish, when it's much more fun to play."

This made the candy battle stop. The man snapped, "I'm King Lollypop. Come here, you little Goofy-Goos, and meet the Tinymites. Shake hands and do not be afraid. 'Twill all be well when peace is made, for then you'll all be friendly and there'll be no cause for fights."

The Tinymites and Goofy-Goos then felt there was no time to lose. They all shook hands and broadly smiled. My, what a happy band. Said Scooty, "Well, our fight was fun. You're very brave. You



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

(The Tinymites ride the sugar rabbit in the next story.)
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Prune Marketing Widespread Job

Business Men in Growing Areas Urged to Aid in Putting Prices on Firm Basis—California Influence Seen in Threatened Disaster—Cash Down on Poor Price Preferred to Delay for Good One.

(Portland Oregonian)

Failure to organize the prune growers and packers of Oregon on the plan submitted by R. H. Kipp of the Portland Chamber of Commerce is no cause to cease all efforts. Rather it is cause for the business men of the prune districts to act upon the fact that their prosperity largely depends on that of the prune industry and to combine their energies with those of the cooperative growers in bringing the outside growers and the packers into line. There is in the business men of the cities in the prune belt about businesslike marketing of the prune crop, the theory being that this is the growers' own business. It is the business of everybody in those communities, for a living price to the grower means more business for the merchant and banker, the railroad and the dealer. The growers are only the first in interest. The second are those with whom they do business, and the third are the people of Oregon and Washington, whose prosperity is enhanced by that of every industry.

A large sale of Oregon prunes to a California packer at a price below the market seems to have defeated the plan for organized marketing at an agreed price. That incident and the fact that California packers control the crop of their state, which is usually three or four times the size of the Oregon and Washington crop, seems to have created the impression that no organization can succeed that does not include those Californians, that they have a greater interest in staying out and that therefore nothing can be done. On the contrary that incident is a reason to grapple with the problem anew, to devise a plan to keep Oregon prunes out of the hands of California packers who sell them as the product of their state and to sell them as Oregon prunes at a price justified by their qualities as such.

Defence of the Oregon prune market against California packers who break the price may be found in capitalizing the tart-sweet prune of Oregon as an entirely different product from the sweet prune of California. It seems to be treated by Californians as a by-product, when in fact it is a distinct product and a decidedly superior product. This fact was brought out in articles for the Oregonian by the late C. J. Hurd, who shortened his life by his labors to put the prune industry of these two north Pacific states on a sound footing. Advertising and selling agencies should establish a reputation and market for the tart-sweet prune as a fruit distinct from and superior to the sweet prune and should establish a higher price for it. This would become a defense against the price-cutting propensities of the California raiders and would give them a business motive for selling the Oregon prune as what it is, not as the product of their state.

About 50 per cent of the growers, in the opinion of Mr. Kipp, are true cooperators, willing to have their crop marketed by the manager of a cooperative, and a further 25 per cent are willing to work with these on the basis of a stabilized price but wish to have the crop packed and distributed by a commercial distributor. These two groups came together on the plan recently considered but now held in abeyance. The other 25 per cent are the disturbing element. They are not content to accept a cash advance on delivering their crop to the cooperative as their selling agent and to wait for final payment until distribution is completed. They sell at a cut price in order to get all cash on delivery and they are natural allies of the

California.

A plan by which the cooperative may buy outright and distribute the crop of these outsiders should be practicable. It would require enlargement of the legal power of cooperatives to deal as merchants with outsiders. The cooperative would then do business in a dual capacity—as agent for its members and as dealer in the crop of non-members. For this purpose it would need to be strongly financed as a competitor with California buyers, but its membership would constitute a strong foundation of bank credit. Its success in buying the outsiders' crop and selling it at a profit would depend on its success in developing a broad market for the Oregon prune as such in the consuming market. Let the distinction between the tart-sweet prune and the sweet prune once be fixed in the consumer's mind and the reputation established for the Oregon product would maintain its price.

Some cooperatives have suffered loss through branching out as dealers, but that is not conclusive proof that they cannot succeed in that capacity. It is a challenge to seek and avoid the error which caused them to lose. The greatest business men make mistakes. James J. Hill admitted making many, but he added "I am a damned poor hand at an error."

There is no inherent difficulty in the way of a cooperative's performing both functions—agent for sale of crops of members and dealer in the crops of non-members. An important thing is to study the experience of others and avoid giving evidence of their mistakes. New mistakes may be made, but they need not be fatal, if the manager be a big enough business man for what would be a big business job and if the directors hold him to their policy and give him a free hand in executing it.

Solution of the prune problem is not a task for the growers and packers alone; it is a task for the business men of each city and town in the countries where prunes are grown, in fact of the whole state.

Cottage cheese. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 186.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



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