

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1927.

CALIFORNIA'S PLAYGROUND.

California, long advertised as a winter playground for frost-bitten Easterners, realizes its own need of a change in scenery and discovers what it wants in Oregon, remarks the Portland Telegram. The roads to Crater Lake, to the Oregon Caves, the Klamath Lakes and the coast resorts of Southern Oregon are thronged with California cars, and the California license plate is familiar on all the highways to the north.

Seated at the doorway of the Lodge, looking out over the silent majesty of Crater Lake, a man from Los Angeles the other day talked, not about Los Angeles, but about Oregon. He said, "Why shouldn't Californians be eager for a summer in Oregon? Here in Oregon, Nature has been generous. The green of your mountains rests our eyes. The natural growth that turns every neglected corner into a garden seems to us an amazing extravagance, and we revel in it. Easterners come to play in California, but California has found its own playground in Oregon."

It is pleasant to quote this generous tribute from Los Angeles and to know that like testimonials are common in every Oregon resort.

Oregon is summer host to these Californians, who are themselves past masters of the arts of hospitality.

Let us give our California guests such attention that they will carry home not only a memory of green gardens, but of a generous, thoughtful, hospitable people, their good neighbors of Oregon.

A DICTATOR FOR AMERICA.

Speculation on political science is an innocent if not profitable diversion, whether it be indulged in on the stoop of a village general store, or on the classic lecture platforms of Williams college. The Ohio State university professor who told the high minds gathered for the Institute of Politics at Williamsstown that the United States might some day have need of a dictator because the public no longer took any interest in public affairs, was therefore expressing no opinion for which he should be drawn, quartered and deported in pieces to Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal and other dictator-loving lands.

Granted that the American people have become apathetic towards their public duties and privileges, it seems a bit hard to picture this country standing for much Mussolinizing. While the tendency in American government has been to delegates more and more power to the chief executive, democracy provides an excellent club to hold over the head of a chief executive. If he misbehaves, the club falls, effectively though without bloodshed and revolution. The trouble with a Mussolini-like dictator is that he is his own boss and can't be fired when he misbehaves.

That the "mystery" white ore of Douglas and Josephine counties contains no tin whatever is a fact definitely established on expert authority. Naturally a large number of persons who were led to believe the ore contained tin and that a highly profitable boom was impending are keenly disappointed. These may charge their deception to dishonest assayers, who deliberately "salted" the ore, according to open charges made by reputable and competent mining men at a state meeting this week. To these experts Douglas and Josephine counties owe a vote of thanks. They have rendered valuable service by broadcasting the truth and by publicly exposing the crooked assayers largely responsible for the dissemination of false reports. Southern Oregon still abounds in hidden mineral wealth, but only legitimate means should be employed to attract capital for its development. It's the only way that pays dividends in the long run. The "sucker bait" system belongs to a past period when those who used it were poor risks for life insurance companies. A flourishing mining industry is a fine asset to any community—it would be heartily welcomed in Douglas county—but the establishing of such an industry must be based on fact, and thorough investigation; it cannot be acquired through hokum and fanciful dreams.

Statistics say women spend forty million a year on beauty aids, and it doesn't seem half enough.

In this day of labor saving devices, why doesn't someone invent a note that will renew itself?

NEW BASIN STOCKED

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PENDLETON, Aug. 12.—Six thousand bass, croppies and catfish from lakes and sloughs along the lower Columbia River were planted in McKay Irrigation basin yesterday by game commission men. The man-made lake is declared ideal for these fish, although it will be two years before they have gained sufficient numbers to make fishing worth while.

WOOD SHIPMENTS LESS

(Associated Press Local Wire)
NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Production of both hard and soft woods increased last week, but there were decreases in shipments and new business, the National Lumber Manufacturers' association reports. Unfilled orders of 225 southern pine and west coast mills totaled \$27,184,298 feet, as compared with \$26,258,700 feet the previous week. Total production of soft woods was 247,264,571 feet

PRUNE DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES—

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

It seems that Jupe Pluvius Handed the rest Of the state A little aqua pura But neglected To turn the spigot on In the Umpqua Valley— Oh well, We'll get Ours later.

A ONE-ACT DRAMY

Scene: Sheriff's office at court-house.

Principals: Deputy Hodges, Deputy Sewell, Sheriff Starmer.

Setting: Deputy Hodges seated on window sill, Deputy Sewell reclining in cushioned office chair and Sheriff Starmer hard at work in adjoining room.

Quiet reigns supreme, while outside the sun scorches down against the red brick walls of the county jail. The faucet at the entrance drips steadily and the usual gang of kids are playin' hide and seek in the tall grass. Deputy Hodges sucks peacefully on his fragrant pipe and Deputy Sewell is gazin' from the window. Suddenly, Deputy Hodges turns to Deputy Sewell and says:

"How many ya got in the jail, now, George?"

George thinks stolidly for a moment, then slowly turns and looks through the door to the adjoining room where Sheriff Starmer is seated, says:

"How many we got in the jail now, Sam?"

Sam thinks a moment, then says:

"Two, George."

Deputy Sewell turns to Deputy Hodges and says:

"Two, Jess."

Deputy Hodges takes his pipe from his mouth and replies:

"Two, huh?"

And again quiet reigns supreme in the great outdoors.

To those of pure mind all things are beautiful, but those of corrupt mind find ugly meanings in the most sublime. Those who find beautiful meanings are the cultivated—and for them is joy eternal.

There is no such thing as an immortal book. Books are either well written or poorly written, and therein lies the true test of an author.

And speaking of such things, what a masterpiece Balzac could have made of "Elmer Gantry."

The shortage in handcuffs is becoming very acute locally and it is understood that a clothesline will be used by the officers hereafter. The last pair of handcuffs made its

Jack Lockwill at Summer Camp

BY GILBERT PATTEN

(Creator of Frank Merriwell)



"Hi!" exclaimed Tom. "Jim Hatchet!" Then he explained to Jack: "He's my cousin. They see him, and think it is me." "This is where we hunt and trap," said Hatchet. "White boys come over there. Bimby white men come too, and soon there will be no game. I hate the whites, who think they are better than Indians! We have this one caught. What shall we do to him?"



"You will do nothing," said Longpine, "for he kept me from being whipped by the others." "The blood in your body has turned to water!" sneered Hatchet.



Hatchet stood for a moment, staring hard at Tom. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away into the woods. "He's a bad actor, Longpine, old scout," said Jack. "He says he loves my sister, said the Indian boy. This is she—my twin sister. She is called Twin Rose." "Well, speaking of names, that one fits like a glove," declared Lockwill, bowing to the girl.

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(To Be Continued)

exit last night through a clump of brush.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"The barefoot kids are now gittin' so they can walk on hot pavement without steppin' high."

ANTI-SHINGLE RESOLUTION STIRS FIRE CHIEFS MEET

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—The convention of the international association of fire chiefs was thrown into an uproar today when a resolution condemning the use of shingles as roofing material was adopted. Shouts of "steam roller," "steam roller," from delegates opposing the resolution greeted an announcement that the resolution had been approved.

The resolution, which also recommended legislation preventing use of any material not fire proof for roofing purposes, was proposed by F. R. Allen, fire chief of Brookline, Mass.

Chief George M. Mantor of Seattle vigorously opposed the resolution and asked that a thorough investigation of the matter be made before a vote was taken. He remarked that a method of fire proofing cedar shingles had been reported and advised the association to determine the merits of the process before going on record as opposing shingles for roofing.

Thomas R. Murphy, fire chief of San Francisco, president of the association, stepped down from the rostrum and addressed the assembly in favor of the resolution.

SALVATION ARMY CAR IN 200-FT. DROP; NOBODY HURT

(Associated Press Local Wire)

GRANTS PASS, Ore., Aug. 12.—Plunging 200 feet over a steep mountain grade on the Pacific highway north of Grants Pass, a large sedan was completely wrecked yesterday but not one of the five occupants sustained injuries. The car turned over several times and the body was smashed to pieces. It was driven by Major W. G. White, of the Salvation Army at Lytton, Calif., who had members of his family with him.

BRIDGE INJURY FATAL

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—Dan L. Smith, painter, died today from injuries suffered Tuesday when his head was crushed while working on the Morrison street bridge. The accident happened when the bridge opened to let a vessel pass.

MATRON CHANGE CAUSES REVOLT OF 30 GIRLS

(Associated Press Local Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 12.—Thirty girl inmates of El Retiro school near San Fernando, north of here, after rebelling and staging a riot at the advent of a new matron, left the institution in a body today. A squad of policemen, sent to head them off, was turned back with a barrage of rocks, and the girls marched down the highway toward this city, 25 miles distant.

Try a classified adv. in this paper and watch results. You'll sure get 'em

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Harmful Tin Boom

According to reliable reports from Portland, mining experts on the coast, including Alfred Haven of this city, one of the best known mining engineers in the country, agree there is no commercial tin here, that the tin found was placed in the ores by the assayers, and these assays were made by at least three of them.

We find these reports must be accepted as true. As a result of this wild-tin boom, southern Oregon has been a put back many years in the way of legitimate mineral development. News of this sort spreads, and as a result of the Portland meeting, every mining headquarters in the west will put down a black mark beside this district.

There is no use crying over spilled milk. The harm has been done. But there is a lesson to be learned in most misfortunes, so there is a lesson to be learned in this.

And that lesson is that artificial booms don't pay. They not only don't pay, they do great harm, they do great harm whether they are based upon unwarranted optimism, or upon deliberate misrepresentation.

The only boom that this district needs, or any other district, is the boom that is the natural product of our rich resources and hard work. This combination, and this combination only, brings the sort of prosperity that counts, and the sort that lasts. The more rah-rah ballyhoo is always futile, and often as in the case of this tin fiasco, deplorably destructive.

It doesn't hurt the boomers, for they have nothing to lose. It only hurts those who have properties of value, and desire only the rewards that come from the recognition of their values through honest and legitimate development.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

The Prune Crisis

Final failure of California prune growers and packers to unite in a great co-operation merger threatens financial chaos in the market, which must handle the largest prune crop on record. Opening prices are said to be quoted to the trade from 6 1/2 cents for the 30-40 grade to 5 1/2 cents for the 50-70 grade. This means an even lower price to the grower, a price so low that orchards bearing inferior fruit will not pay for the harvesting.

There are 60,000,000 pounds of prunes left over from last year to be added to this year's crop of 400,000,000 pounds in California and 60,000,000 pounds in Oregon and Clark county, Washington. To dump such a flood of prunes upon a competitive market is to demoralize the industry and dishearten the growers.

Although the season promises a later season of experience, teaching the necessity of organization, co-operation and co-ordination in present day marketing.

The hope of Oregon prune growers lies in a united effort to perfect their peculiar product, the Italian prune; to make it so desirable and distinctive that it will command a price and market of its own. Having something definite to sell, Oregon will be in a better position to co-ordinate its selling campaigns with those of California. It may even venture into a California pool without fear of being altogether submerged.

But all this must follow the development of a real prune growers' trust, a trust in each other and in the willingness of city folk to pay a "living wage" to the grower in a fair price for his fruit. When any considerable group in the country suffers loss, the effect is quickly felt in commercial centers. Everyone should be willing to contribute a few cents extra for the breakfast prices to support an essential and important industry.

Let the prune growers unite to serve their own interests and they will best serve the interests of us all.—Portland Telegram.

Dodging Responsibilities.

It is estimated that Oregon loses half a million dollars a year in automobile licenses through the prevalent habit of "bootlegging" license plates from states where the fees are cheaper than in Oregon. Men who are Oregon citizens in everything but automobile registration pose as outside tourists, and the chances that they really may be what they profess makes the task of detecting and punishing them a delicate one for the officials who hesitate to interfere lest they insult a guest and outrage our instinct for hospitality.

The sort of person who could stoop to this petty practice of dishonesty, who can use and enjoy the highways built by Oregon license fees but refuse to contribute his just and legal share to their cost, is just that sort of person, and that is about all that can be said about him.

There are others who in a lesser degree are guilty of a similar offense. They are the drivers who avail themselves of the many convenient services offered by the Oregon State Motor association and the affiliated organizations of the American Automobile association without contributing the modest membership fee that supports these helpful enterprises.—Portland Telegram.

Worse Than Fires

Fires are devouring the forests, here and there—a little. Taxes are devouring the forests, everywhere—by wholesale.

Every effort is made to restrict fires. The effort is practically successful.

Little effort is made to restrict taxes.

Not fires are bringing timber to destruction, but taxes. A crop of trees takes 200 years, say, to grow. Taxes consume the whole value in 15 years or less.

That is, the trees cannot grow fast enough to pay the recurring annual taxes.

So the owners, to save themselves, are cutting the trees fast as possible. They are glutting the

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY NAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK

When they had finished with their feast, King Clowny shouted, "Well, at least, I'll have to say that was the grandest meal I've ever had. 'Course I was hungry, like as not, and that just made it touch the spot. If all of you have liked it too, you surely should be glad."

"We are! we are!" the whole bunch cried. And then King Clowny slowly sighed. Said he, "I'll have to take a nap. I'm sleepy as can be." He then leaned back upon the throne and snored in quite a funny tone. One Goofy Goo then said, "Let's all go swimmin' in the sea."

The Tinymites all liked his plan, so, in a hurry, off they ran. And when they reached the sea they found a big surprise in store. Said Goofy, "Say is this a dream? This sea was once just white whipped cream, and now the cream is gone, and water's washin' up on shore."

"Oh, this sea changes every day," said one small Goofy. "Come, let's play." And in the whole bunch ran to have a very dandy swim. They played around an hour or so and then they thought 'twas time to go, and into shore they scampered quick, all feeling very trim.

King Clowny woke up from his snooze. Said he, "There is no time to lose. I want to see the Goofy's home. Will someone lead the way?" The Goofy Goo yelled, "Sure we will, when you get down, don't take a spill." And as they started through the woods, the crowd felt very gay.

They walked about a mile or so, and then a Goofy shouted, "Whoa! Look just ahead. You'll see the home about which we all rave." The Thins looked ahead, and then they looked and looked and looked again, for they were very much surprised to find it was a cave.



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

and looked again, for they were very much surprised to find it was a cave. (The Goofy Goo's cave caves in in the next story.) Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

THREE FLIGHTS ACROSS OCEAN DUE IN 2 DAYS

(Continued from page 1.)

synchronize and overturned after a nose dive into shallow waters of San Francisco Bay, near the airport.

Redfern Passes Test
BRUNSWICK, Ga., Aug. 12.—Paul Redfern, aviator, who is preparing here for a non-stop airplane flight to Brazil, satisfactorily passed the tests today and will be granted a federal license as an aircraft pilot.

SACCO HUNGER STRIKE ENTERS ITS 27TH DAY

(Continued from page 1.)

count of visa difficulties, declared the American embassy had given her a visa on condition that she take a round trip ticket.

'PERFECT CITY' IN CHINA

CHENG TU, China.—The strife of civil war never has ruffled the placidity of Cheng, the "perfect city" of China. It lies 1000 miles up the Changsu Kiang River. The streets are newly paved, there are many automobiles and motorcycles, and foreign missionaries go about entirely unmolested.

TODAY'S BASEBALL

National.
At Boston—R. H. E.
Philadelphia—4 5 3
Boston—12 15 3
Batteries: Scott and Wilson; Robertson and Urban.
American.
At Philadelphia—R. H. E.
Boston—1 8 2
Philadelphia—7 15 0
Batteries: Whitte and Hartley; Rommel and Cochran.

OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

REB. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE STIRRUP WALTZ.

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