

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday by The News-Review Co., Inc.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

B. W. BATES, President and Manager
BERT G. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer
Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily, per year, by mail \$4.00
Daily, six months, by mail \$2.00
Daily, three months, by mail \$1.00
Daily, single month, by mail .50
By carrier, per month .25

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1927.

THIS CAPITALISTIC DICTATORSHIP

Capitalists run things in America. This we have on the word of Brother Leon Trotsky, mouthpiece of the soviet government of Russia. Brother Trotsky minces no words. He told a delegation of the American Federation of Labor, studying things in Moscow, that "under the external of a political democracy, the United States is ruled by a most concentrated capitalistic dictatorship." The Americans who heard him, of course, can decide for themselves. We all can decide for ourselves. That is one of the prerogatives we've had ever since 55 earnest men met in Philadelphia and framed what we backward Americans call the Constitution. So Americans can decide he was right, or that he was wrong, according to their lights, whatever they be, red or white. Be that as it may. But just a moment, Brother Trotsky has more to say. Let him carry on without interruption. The press of Russia, Brother Trotsky told his hearers, has a certain number of rabid radicals to contend with. All sorts of crazy people with new ideas about government are just as likely as not to bob up in Russia with some kind of a newspaper or other. These crazy newspapers with their new-fangled notions about how a country should be run! Let them have their say and soon Russia would be overrun with all sorts of fantastic ideas. It would be terrible, Brother Trotsky, of course, does not suppress the press. No capitalistic dictatorship in Russia suppresses the press. No, the soviet does not need to suppress the press. Adversaries of the soviet simply are not allowed to have paper or printing machinery. There you are. Go around talking strange ideas in Russia and you'll get no paper to print them on. It's all very simple and very clear. America, with its capitalistic dictatorship, isn't so ground under heel after all. Maybe we can make a go of it, yet.

HOME STILL A GOOD WORD

A recent survey in which more than 11,000 representative American homes were considered indicated that people still are inclined to live in them and that the word's sweet meaning has not vanished from the earth. Despite the distractions of modern social life, it seems, the home still is an influence. It always will be. It will continue to be a power as long as there are children living there whose young lives are growing. Pam-makers and alarmists to the contrary notwithstanding, American home habits haven't changed much in the last century. The appurtenances have; the radio keeps us in and the automobile takes us out, but the home is above and beyond these things. Superficial observers for years have been heralding the break-up of the old institution, but it just won't break up. Perhaps the same calamity callers raised their name in Solomon's day. And if they had been there when Adam and Eve were shown the exit they would have been the "I told you soers" that still ply their strange, ill-timed trade. Wild youth? Surely, now and always. Should youth ever tame down, should youth ever go about in the world as cherubim and seraphim, what a dismal washout affairs of the earth would become! Youth always will be free and in good time find its way home. And who will deny that home will be better for youth's having learned of the ways of life as the world outside the home walks them?

LET'S ALL THINK ALIKE!

You like the taste of mayonnaise dressing on lettuce? Well, I do not! You like a little fat with your slice of roast beef? Well, I do not! You like flat-heeled shoes? I don't! Something has got to be done about this. We can't go on living in the same city, in the same world, with such varying tastes. What'll we do? Perhaps we ought to pass a law. Now here. A group of citizens of Florida recently furnished the governor a list of what they called "indecent" books in the libraries of two Florida institutions of learning. George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells were among the offenders listed. There you have it, exactly. That's the way it'll finally work out. You and I will go before the judges and tell our story. You'll say you crave your lettuce with mayonnaise and I'll say I simply cannot eat it that way. You can tell the powers that be your story about liking coffee with cream and sugar. I'll tell them that dilution of coffee with cream I regard as nauseating. We'll get a decision on our troubles. Maybe they'll rule that the world will have to eat lettuce with mayonnaise and that all coffee should be taken black. We'll each have scored a point. Thus the world and everything in it eventually will be regulated. And the only books we'll have left to read will be the tomes of edicts by the censors. Won't everything be swell then?

A wan boy in a tenement coughing his life away, an over-fed and pampered poodle in a limousine, an artist sleeping in the gutter, a well-muscled, strong-backed man complaining—these are common images of waste. Walk down any street and watch for the signs of it—waste. Walk through the home, through the slums, through the halls of lawmakers, through the courts of justice, along the docks or in a crowded cabaret. Look for effort thrown away, lives tossed to the winds, precious time neglected. What is the remedy? How shall Society, as we capitalize it, care for the world's great waste? How shall Government obliterate it? How shall Humanity bend down and lift up what is wasted to a place of usefulness? How? There can be but one answer. Philosophers know it and wasters know it, too. The answer is Knowledge. We woo Knowledge with Education. What could be more logical than that?

PLANES DISPLAY DOGS

JUNEAU, Alaska.—With air planes coming into use all over Alaska for freight transportation, dogs are being used less and less

on the trails. Consequently, there is an over-supply and hundreds of huskies, abandoned, have reverted to the wild state and are becoming the most dangerous kind of marauders.

PRUNE DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

In the event
You happen to
Have trouble
Keepin' the
Ring off
The bath tub
We suggest that
You paint the
Interior of
The darn thing
With stove polish.

ONE-SIDED TWINS

Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time out in Utah, and the teacher asked them their names.
"John and William Smith," the boys replied.
"Ah, then you are brothers. How old are you?"

"Each ten years old, ma'am."
"Indeed! Then you are twins?"
"Please ma'am," replied one of the boys, "only on our father's side."

HEARTY PROOF

Judy: "Do you think abundance makes the heart grow fonder?"
Jill: "Oh yes! Ever since Robert has gone, I'm beginning to like Bernard more and more."

The following sign appeared at the Ladies' Aid rummage sale:
"We have cast off garments of every description and invite your inspection."

It's puzzling when one reads in the papers, one day, that the government is now strictly enforcing prohibition, and then, the next, how American bootleggers are importing their stuff into Canada and competing with dealers there.

"Do you care for horses?"
"No, I wait on tables."

"Do you prefer the single or twin beds?" inquired the salesman of the young farmer and his bride-to-be who were selecting furniture for their new home.

Never having heard of the duplex arrangement for sleeping the farmer cautiously asked to see the twin beds, and he waxed very enthusiastic when he saw a dainty model.

"That's fine," he said, without consulting the blushing girl at his side. "Put in one of those."

LAFE SEZ—

"Every cloud may have a silvery lining" but the ones this month seem to be filled with just water."

Good 2nd hand piano only \$195. Good tone and action. Easy terms. Ott's Music Store, Roseburg, Ore.

Jack Lockwill, the Lion Tamer

BY GILBERT PATTEN
(Creator of Frank Merriwell)

Two or three amazed and bewildered men saw the boy with the whip run out into the center of the street and stand there, waiting for the lion that was bounding along at the heels of Saunders. It seemed like a reckless, foolhardy thing to do. Saunders himself, wide-eyed and gasping for breath, cried out a choked appeal. Then he stumbled and sprawled on the ground.



As Buke told, Lockwill leaped forward, swinging the whip, which had a long, stout rawhide lash. The lash, curling through the air, cracked like a pistol shot.



The lash itself did not touch the lion, but it gave that sharp report almost under the nose of the running beast. The lion stopped as if it had been shot.



The abrupt manner in which the "Monarch of the Jungle" had stopped would have been amusing if the situation hadn't seemed so perilous. Holding the whip ready, Jack Lockwill stood still, his gaze fixed steadily upon the questioning eyes of the tawny beast. At a distance along the street, the pursuing men had halted, staring. The lion whined, and crouched. (To Be Continued)

ASSURANCE

Be assured, I would not say it, if I did not know it true; Take it to your heart and weigh it—
I love no one else but you.

Mildred, Betty, Eve and Ella, Ethel, Betty, Gertrude, Sue, Rita, Mabel, Myrtle, Stella Never doubted—why should you?
—London Opinion.

CAMAS VALLEY NEWS NOTES

We have been having a fine rain the last few days. This will help the later garden stuff and start the grass for fall pastures. School will begin Monday. Some of the teachers are already on hand ready to go to work. We expect to have a full school this fall.

Miss Eliza Church is preparing to leave soon to take charge of her school near Myrtle Point.

Mrs. W. A. Reetz and children returned last week from a ten day visit with relatives in Longview, Wash. She was accompanied home by Mr. Reetz' mother from Junction City, who visited a day or two with the Reetz family.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Creasy and family who spent two weeks on a trip north returned home last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bangs and family from Beckham's camp, have moved over into the valley in order to have an easier way for their children to get to school.

Mrs. Huntley and children returned last week from a six weeks' visit with relatives in Everett, Wash. Mrs. Huntley had very little car trouble and all had a fine time.—Correspondent.

TEN MILE AND OLLALA NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Walker of Roseburg visited with Mrs. McDaniel Sunday.

H. S. Bushnell contemplates moving to his ranch near Myrtle Point in the near future.

Mrs. Joy Ungemach and children, Harold and Betty, visited with relatives Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hoppe and Mrs. Hoppe's brother, Ray, were week end visitors at Ten Mile. They reside at Vancouver, Wash.

Rev. Allen preached an interesting sermon at Ten Mile Sunday. His year is near gone at this place but we hope he may be returned for another year with us.

Alfred and Jean Swift are building new barns on their ranches in Ten Mile.

T. M. Ollivant of Roseburg was a Ten Mile visitor Thursday. A number of the people of this vicinity expect to go to the prune orchards to help with prune harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Allen of Dillard were Ten Mile visitors Thursday afternoon. X. X.

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST

Painless Extraction

Gas When Desired

Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 488 Masnie Bldg.

Solomon Dedicates the Temple

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 11. Solomon Dedicates the Temple. 1 Kings 8:1-11, 62, 63.

By WM. E. GILROY, D. D.

Editor of The Congregationalist.

It is a great hour when a building project attains its achievement. The man or woman who has watched a future home emerging from excavation and foundation to the final coat of paint and the last touches that make the home inhabitable knows something of the process.

There are anxieties and sometimes heartbreaks, not frequently the whole result is a tragic disappointment, but where the home fulfills the plans and expectations its completion brings a peculiar sense of joy. Longfellow expressed something of this in his beautiful poem, "The Hanging of the Crane."

The joy of a home in personal life is even magnified in the fulfillment of some great community project where from day to day the dwellers in village, town, or city see the gradual upbuilding of some hall or public work which is to represent henceforth a rallying place or a symbol of community spirit and activity.

House of God.
How much more are all these things enriched in their spiritual significance when the building is the house of God? There is a sense, of course, in which, as Paul said, "God does not dwell in houses made with hands."

Even Solomon in the grandeur of his temple building acknowledged in the beauty of his prayer that as the whole world could not contain the glory of God much less could the house that he had built. Nevertheless religion derives much of its meaning from symbols and associations, from living presences and great truths made real and vital through their concrete expression or through their localization in certain definite and material forms.

It is for this reason that we value portraits and statues of great men. Having these things does not make greater the truth that their lives expressed, but it does make more real and present their influences.

All primitive religions lay great stress upon form and symbol. With spiritual progress men learn to distinguish between the symbol and the fact, but it should be remembered that even our Divine Master who taught that God is a spirit and that they who worship must worship in spirit and in truth set a high value upon the synagogue, and as he had opportunity graced with his presence the temple with which some of his most significant acts and teachings were associated.

There was nothing in the ark, save the two tables of stone, which Moses put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt.

And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord.

So that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.

And the king, and all Israel with him, offered sacrifice before the Lord.

And Solomon offered a sacrifice of peace offerings, which he offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen, and an hundred and twenty thousand sheep. So the king and all the children of Israel dedicated the house of the Lord.

Task of Religion.
The whole task of religion in life is to make intangible things tangible, to bring the spiritual into the sphere of the real, and toward



Text: 1 Kings 8, 1-11, 62, 63.

Then Solomon assembled the elders of Israel, and all the heads of the tribes, the chief of the fathers of the children of Israel, unto king Solomon in Jerusalem, that they might bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of the city of David, which is Zion.

And all the men of Israel assembled themselves unto king Solomon at the feast, in the month Ethanim, which is the seventh month.

And all the elders of Israel came, and the priests took up the ark. And they brought up the ark of the Lord, and the tabernacle of the congregation, and all the holy vessels that were in the tabernacle, even those did the priests and the Levites bring up.

And king Solomon, and all the congregation of Israel, that were assembled unto him, were with him before the ark, sacrificing sheep and oxen, that could not be told nor numbered for multitude.

And the priests brought in the ark of the covenant of the Lord unto his place, into the oracle of the house of the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubims.

For the cherubims spread forth their wings over the place of the ark, and the cherubims covered the ark, and the staves thereof, above.

And they drew out the staves, that the ends of the staves were seen out in the holy place before the oracle, and they were not seen without; and there they are unto this day.

There was nothing in the ark, save the two tables of stone, which Moses put there at Horeb, when the Lord made a covenant with the children of Israel, when they came out of the land of Egypt.

And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord.

So that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.

And the king, and all Israel with him, offered sacrifice before the Lord.

And Solomon offered a sacrifice of peace offerings, which he offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen, and an hundred and twenty thousand sheep. So the king and all the children of Israel dedicated the house of the Lord.

Task of Religion.
The whole task of religion in life is to make intangible things tangible, to bring the spiritual into the sphere of the real, and toward

Leading Players of Big Leagues
Including games of Sept. 9.
National

MAN SURRENDERS AFTER A SEARCH
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10.—

THE TINYMITES
STORY BY WAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK

The Tinies' kite sailed right along and all the bunch burst into song. "We're sailing on the deep blue," they sang in voices loud. "Right through the air we travel fast. Oh, say, how long will this trip last? As long as we are up here we will be a happy crowd."

"Ha, ha," laughed Carpy. "That was great. Come on, now, let's not hesitate. Let's sing another little verse 'cause music's always nice." So Scooty made up quite a verse, which surely might have been much worse. The whole bunch liked it very well and sang it over twice.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! My day, by night, we travel in our little kite. We're clinging to it tightly now, wherever it may go. The sky's above. Below's the sea. We're just as cheerful as can be, but where we all are 'bound' for next, we simply do not know."

Then, when their song was finally through, they glanced down on the ocean blue, and Scooty shouted: "Lookin' there! I see a great big ship. I wonder if they see our kite, or maybe we are out of sight. I'll bet the people on that boat would like to have this trip."

Just then a seagull flew nearby and Carpy said, "I'm going to try to catch that fellow by his feet. He'll make a dandy pet." "Hat," Carpy answered, with a frown, "you'll likely tip us upside down. And then we'll drop down in the sea and all get soaking wet!"

And thus they sailed along all day, while making good speed on their way. Well Carpy said, "I'm getting tired. A nap I'd like to take." Then Scooty shouted, "Goodness no! To sleep we simply must not go. We'll land some place—(The Tinies land on the island of birds in the next story.)"

Then, when their song was finally through, they glanced down on the ocean blue, and Scooty shouted: "Lookin' there! I see a great big ship. I wonder if they see our kite, or maybe we are out of sight. I'll bet the people on that boat would like to have this trip."

Just then a seagull flew nearby and Carpy said, "I'm going to try to catch that fellow by his feet. He'll make a dandy pet." "Hat," Carpy answered, with a frown, "you'll likely tip us upside down. And then we'll drop down in the sea and all get soaking wet!"

And thus they sailed along all day, while making good speed on their way. Well Carpy said, "I'm getting tired. A nap I'd like to take." Then Scooty shouted, "Goodness no! To sleep we simply must not go. We'll land some place—(The Tinies land on the island of birds in the next story.)"

Then, when their song was finally through, they glanced down on the ocean blue, and Scooty shouted: "Lookin' there! I see a great big ship. I wonder if they see our kite, or maybe we are out of sight. I'll bet the people on that boat would like to have this trip."

Just then a seagull flew nearby and Carpy said, "I'm going to try to catch that fellow by his feet. He'll make a dandy pet." "Hat," Carpy answered, with a frown, "you'll likely tip us upside down. And then we'll drop down in the sea and all get soaking wet!"

And thus they sailed along all day, while making good speed on their way. Well Carpy said, "I'm getting tired. A nap I'd like to take." Then Scooty shouted, "Goodness no! To sleep we simply must not go. We'll land some place—(The Tinies land on the island of birds in the next story.)"

tially would have little power did it not make its actuality known through some such institution as the church.

The building of a great temple, such as that erected by Solomon, is an event in the life of a people. In a fine chapter on architecture in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," the author has told the story of the significance of era of building in the world's history. It was largely in architecture that the human spirit found expression, and in the great structures that come down from antiquity we have an opportunity of discerning how great were the thoughts and purposes of men and how wonderful, though different from our own, were the era of civilization that have come and gone.

The verses of our lessons are associated with the holy things in a nation's life, and with the housing of these in a structure worthy to receive them. The apostle might fail to see in the little box known as the Ark of the Covenant the real place of God's presence which Israelites found in it. "The man of faith who is no skeptic may see in fact the fulfillment of such a conception in the passing of the Ark and may emphasize the truth that the true presence of God cannot be confined to even the most beautiful temple erected to his praise.

Use Determinate Holiness.
It is, however, the use to which things are put, and the relationships in which they are found that constitute their holiness. No dedication of a building to God can make it in deed and in truth a church, but if that dedication be the expression of devout men and women who gather together to the church in the true faith of Christ and with the purpose of fulfilling Christ's mission in the world, there will be found a true church even though the building be unpretentious and though its membership be not large.

It is not the size or beauty of a structure that makes it a church of God, though we should not be too ready to dissociate beauty and magnificence with the house of God. There is no glory in religious ugliness.

We ought to covet for the church the beauty and worth that we would desire in our own homes, remembering always that great art is appreciated with simplicity, and that richness in elaboration and decoration is as much an offense as ugliness in form. Pride in a beautiful church building, simple, dignified and worthy to stand in a community, has its value.

A well-proportioned church with its spire pointing to heaven situated upon a hill or upon a well-kept village green in itself is an inspiration toward higher things.

This great and the religious spirit craves both a fellowship and a place for its expression. We may bring to the church higher things and charity: but Chris-

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.

Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.