

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, NOV. 21, 1927.

ALL TOO LOVELY

The news that six little American girls and boys have sent sweet letters and gifts of American paints, brushes and pencils and a little artist's blouse to King Michael of Rumania, is most touching.

One of the little girls wrote that she had seen a picture of "Mickey" and that he looked so nice, "I should like to have you as my boy playmate."

It's all too lovely. The little boys and girls of the world haven't become so sugary as all that at once, surely. Indeed we sincerely hope not. We had thought Little Lord Fauntleroy dead and buried these many years, and here he is mincing about again, with his sissy curls and lily white hands.

We hope the boy-king Michael understands. Pray let him not think for a minute that "little playmates" on this side of the water are all clean-eared little dolls. Let him not think he could twist any pigtailed or break up any marble games in this country and not go home without a black eye or a bloody nose. There is just a chance that King Michael might not understand.

We only hope the same parents who inspired those mis- sives to King Michael are as ready to let their boys and girls help the "little playmates" at home who are far more in need of sympathy than King Michael, far more in need of a little brotherly and sisterly smile, children who never have seen a plaything, crippled boys and girls, the children of the poor, the children who have to help dig and scrape for what they get, even at King Michael's age.

Here, it seems to us, in America are more chances for expressing real sympathy, real charity, real love, than in the palaces of Rumania. We have seen more need, and, in this city, too.

We hope, too, that King Michael doesn't deem these letters and gifts of American tribute to royal blood. All the "little playmates" in America are born to the blood royal. It is to be hoped these gifts do not put us in false light.

It's a rotten world. It's a decadent period. Things are not as they used to be. All the good old customs are falling into disuse. All the good old privileges are being lost. Men have no more rights at all—except to pay bills! This woman business has killed everything. Time was when the husky, able-bodied Englishman had a perfect right to beat up his own wife when he felt like it. There was no danger from the police or the courts. But those halcyon days are over. A London porter the other evening thought to indulge in the old-fashioned pastime. The police rudely arrested him. Did the court scold the police and dismiss the defendant instant? It did not! Instead: "Don't think because you have married a woman you are entitled to knock her about. Fifteen dollars fine or 28 days in the clink." We despair for England. Her days are numbered. She is tottering forward to petticoat rule. Instead of the lion and the unicorn on her escutcheon, she will soon have emblazoned on a background of gold—the lip-stick and the powder puff!

Stories about John Coolidge taking girls to dances leave us entirely cold. We can't get steamed up to the idea that zealous story-seekers are trying to put over that every time the young man has a "date" he's about to get married, elope, defy his parents or kick over the traces in some other way. The young Mr. Coolidge is a handsome boy and the son of a president. While the elder Mr. Coolidge remains president, John can expect a certain amount of pestering by reporters who seem all too anxious to have him do something besides go to school and study his lessons. John Coolidge is no "story" at all until he does something he's not supposed to do or something exceptional and unexpected—that's taken for granted. But until he does, there's not a great deal of sense in trying to imagine that he has.

Your average doctor still has a trait of the medieval man of pills, or to go back farther in time, the witch doctor. He loves to puzzle and mystify. He likes to pronounce big Latin words. He adores discussing ordinary ailments, in such a way that the mere common garden variety of layman can't understand what he's talking about. For instance: the scene is a court room. The judge has just read a doctor's certificate which explains that a witness can't be present because he is suffering from "lumbar filonitis." "What on earth is that?" asks the magistrate. "It sounds very terrible." "A strained back," says the lawyer in the case. "Well, why on earth didn't he say so in plain English?" retorted the magistrate. To which we echo a fervent amen.

It is a mighty bad habit for any publicly employed individual—or anyone else—to make a practice of buying his personal wares from outside communities, instead of leaving this money at home. Still, there are people who will accept the taxpayers' money and when they want a new dress, a pair of shoes or some other wearing apparel, they make a practice of traveling to a northern city, some seventy-five miles, to do their trading. This is not only setting a poor example, but is crippling the very hand that feeds them. The stores of Roseburg are well stocked—their merchandise is of the best quality for the prices asked—and there is no reasonable reason for riding about the country and trying to get a kick out of trading away from home.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

We went home the other night. And read. Renewed energy in our chosen profession—On the front porch Was a Lydia Pinkham almanac And in looking Over the horoscope We found that we Had been born under The Sign of the Bull And now we can See no reason For failing in this Line of work.

Up in Portland a couple, after guzzlin' seven pints of moonshine, decided to use a shot of rose spray as a "chaser"—that's one way to avoid havin' a hangover.

If this form of drinkin' in the metropolis continues, we'll hafta rename the village, "The City of Rose Spray."

We note in the news of the day that the Umpqua forest squatters are gonna be kicked out agin. Somehow or other, we're not much in sympathy with the activities of the federal gov't in this matter. We think that they oughta be presented with Hubbard medals. Any man that can eke out an existence on some of that gov't land deserves recognition. Ask any ex-serviceman who has been tryin' to grow a handful of alfalfa on a gov't homestead.

It's gittin' to be the fad to have irregularities in trials back East. No sooner do we recover from the shock of the Fall-Sinclair tampering scandal than up pops a similar mess in the Dempsey-Keane case. About the only way to protect a jury in this day and age is to tack up a small pox sign on the jury room.

A Kansas City publisher today approves his daughter enterin' into one of them god dang companionate marriages, and she he figures that's the way of keepin' the groom from livin' with the bride's parents.

Thankgivin' is only a few days off and prospects of gittin' a piece of gizzard are as slim as ever.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "Life insurance agents are pesterin' the cast of the legion home talent show to death this week."

FOOTBALL CLASSICS ON FOR SATURDAY

(Associated Press Leased Wire) NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Two inter-sectional struggles and ten renewals of old rivalries, including the annual Army-Navy classic, appear in the finale this week of the 1927 eastern gridiron show. One of the greatest of Army eleven defeated only by Yale, will fling its speedy formations against the Middles at the Polo Grounds on Saturday. While the Cadets lost prestige at New Haven this was partially dispelled by their decisive triumph over Notre Dame. New York University's eleven goes to Lincoln for an encounter with the Nebraskans on Thanksgiving Day while Carnegie Tech journeys to Portland, Oregon, to engage with the Oregon Aggies on Saturday.

Among the old feuds which will break forth afresh on Thursday are those between Cornell and Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Brown and Colgate at Providence, Pittsburgh and Penn State at Pittsburgh, Washington and Jefferson and West Virginia at Morgantown; Maryland and Johns Hopkins at Baltimore; Columbia and Syracuse at New York; Calhoun University and George Washington at Washington and Bucknell and Dickinson at Lewisburg, Pa.

On Saturday, Holy Cross and Boston College will meet in their yearly tussle at Boston. Pittsburgh and Washington and Jefferson in their respective contests will be striving to keep a clean slate, neither having tasted defeat. They had one tie game, a scoreless deadlock against each other.

While Yale, through for the season, has established herself as the leading contender for eastern championship honors, victories for Pittsburgh or Washington and Jefferson Thursday will leave the title in dispute.

NO CLUE TO MURDER

(Associated Press Leased Wire) MEMPHIS, Oct. 21.—The sheriff and police have found no clue to the murderer of K. S. Nakamo, restaurant owner known locally as "Tommy the Jap," slain Sunday morning as he was opening his place of business. Several suspects have been questioned and released.

Nakamo is thought to have grabbed with a holdup man who tried to free himself, the bullet striking Nakamo in the leg, and severing an artery, causing almost instant death.

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RADIO PROGRAMS

FOOTBALL GAME AT CHICAGO NEXT SATURDAY TO BE BROADCAST OVER THE PACIFIC COAST NETWORK

Saturday afternoon, November 25, will find for the first time a Pacific Coast Sports Announcer stationed at the Soldiers' Field, Chicago, to broadcast play-by-play descriptions of a football contest. The University of Southern California-Notre Dame game, to a radio audience several thousand miles away. It will also be the first instance of a football game broadcast being brought to the Pacific Coast over the National Broadcasting Company's overland telephone facilities.

Jack Keough, KPO's colorful "air" reporter of sports events, will be the Pacific Coast announcer to make the trip to Chicago to broadcast this big game between the East and West for his friends on the Pacific Coast. This young man, of 25, is today known as the most accurate and best reported of football contests in the West. He has been reporting all season the most important games of the Pacific Coast Conference, and his graphic accounts of each game have brought him thousands of admirers.

KPO, the Halo-Chronicle Station, will be the San Francisco unit of the Pacific Coast Network to offer this broadcast to Western listeners. The entire Pacific Coast Network of the National Broadcasting Company will participate in this epochal broadcast, which will be sponsored by the Associated Oil Company. Broadcasting of the U. S. Notre Dame game will begin at 1:45 p. m. (Chicago time) or at 11:45 a. m., Pacific Coast time.

- Portland Stations: KGW, 491.5-6.7 p. m., dinner concert; 7:30-7:45 p. m., orchestra; 7:45-8 p. m., travel talk; 8-9 p. m., "Spotlight Hour"; 9:10 p. m., music; 10:12 p. m., dance frolic. KXL, 220-5:7:35, courtesy concert; 7:45-8:30, amusement guide; 7:30-8, vocal recital; 8:30, studio program; 9:10, studio program; 10:11, dance frolic. KEX, 239-5:30-6:30, "Our Gang" program; 6:30-7, music utility; 7-8, Ninipal trio; 8:30, studio music. KOIN, 319-6:7, dinner concert; 7-7:15, amusement guide; 7:15-8, orchestra music; 8:30, orchestra concert; 10:11:30, dance music. Other Coast Stations: KOAC, Corvallis, 270.1-7 p. m., the campus reporter; 7:10, 411 Club meeting; 7:30-8, Farm utility program; 7:30, timely farm topics; 7:30, Polk County Extension News; J. R. Beck, 7:30, Farm market review.

LOOKING GLASS LADY DEAD; BURIAL TODAY

Mrs. Eliza A. Boymer passed away Saturday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Morgan, at Looking Glass, death following an illness extending over its past number of years. Mrs. Boymer was 72 years, 3 months and 18 days old. Before coming to Oregon to live she spent many years in Colorado. Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. Lena Morgan of Looking Glass, and five sons, William and Tom of Heppner, Frank of Alfalfa, Oregon, Fred of Vancou, Oregon, Arthur and Salem. The funeral services were held at the Looking Glass church this morning at 10 o'clock and were attended by a large number of friends. The many beautiful floral offerings attested the esteem of Mrs. Boymer. Rev. T. F. Allen officiated and interment following in the Looking Glass cemetery. Arrangements were in charge of M. E. Ritter, funeral director of the Roseburg Undertaking company.

MRS. LENORE MOHR PASSED AWAY SUNDAY

Mrs. Lenore Mohr, wife of Wm. Mohr, died at her home in Roseburg early Sunday morning. Mrs. Mohr had been an invalid for the past eight years. She was fifty years old, and had been a resident of Roseburg, where she has many friends, for the past six years. Besides her husband, who is an employe of the Standard Oil company, she leaves her mother, Mrs. Shilds, of Los Angeles, Calif. The body has been removed to the Roseburg Undertaking company parlors and funeral arrangements will await the arrival of Mrs. Mohr's relatives.

SHERIDAN CAN NOT HAVE A BANK

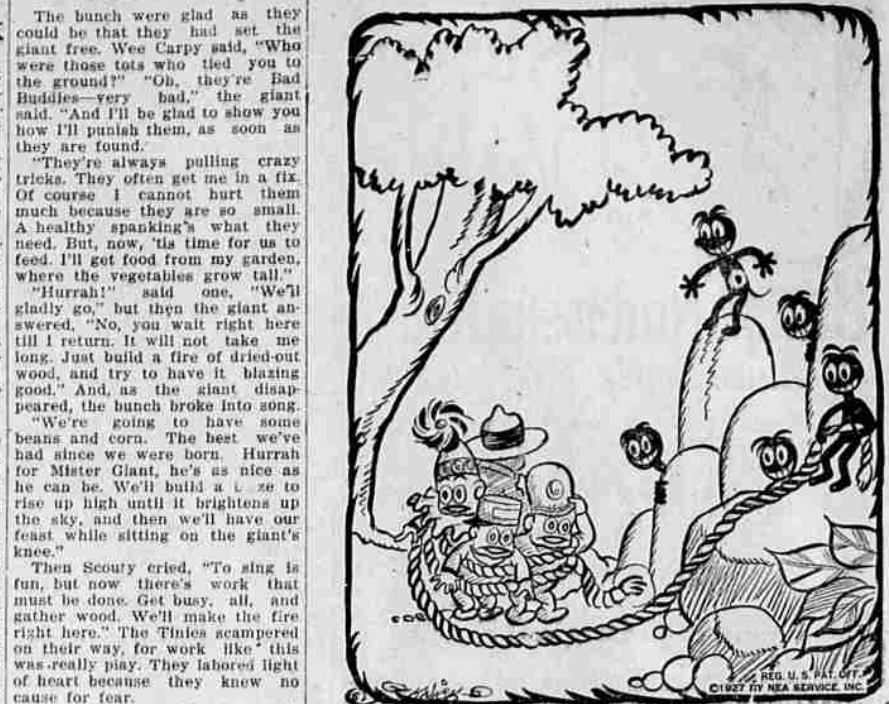
(Associated Press Leased Wire) SALEM, Ore., Nov. 21.—A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks, has turned down a petition of 30 Sheridan residents for an authority to start a new bank there. The petitioners were headed by Jacob Von Weh. The petitioners have the privilege of appealing to the state banking board. The denial of the petition is on economic grounds. The capital proposed was \$25,000, the minimum allowed by law. It is said that the petition was presented after an effort to organize the defunct Sheridan State Bank proved futile. That bank was closed September 23.

BUILDING CODE COMMISSION NEED

(Associated Press Leased Wire) SALEM, Nov. 21.—Governor Patterson has let it be known that within two weeks he probably will appoint a state building code commission, provided for by a resolution of the 1927 legislature. The

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN - PICTURES BY KNUCK



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE. It landed right, and Clowny cried, cave in the next story. (Copyright, 1927, NEA)

They're always pulling crazy tricks. They often get me in a fix. Of course I cannot hurt them much because they are so small. A healthy spanking's what they need. But, now, 'tis time for us to feed. I'll get food from my garden, where the vegetables grow tall. "Hurrah!" said one. "We'll gladly go," but then the giant answered, "No, you wait right here till I return. It will not take me long. Just build a fire of dried-out wood, and try to have it blazing good." And as the giant disappeared, the bunch broke into song. "We're going to have some beans and corn. The best we've had since we were born. Hurrah for Mister Giant, he's as nice as can be. We'll build a fire to rise up high until it brightens up the sky, and then we'll have our feast while sitting on the giant's knee." Then Scouty cried, "To sing is fun, but now there's work that must be done. Get busy, all, and gather wood. We'll make the fire right here." The Tinties scampered on their way for work like this was really play. They labored light of heart because they knew no cause for fear. It wasn't long till they were back, and putting wood up in a stack. They didn't see Had Buddies coming down a nearby slope. The Buddies planned a chilling scare and threw a lasso through the air.

TABER REELECTED MASTER OF GRANGE

(Associated Press Leased Wire) CLEVELAND, Nov. 21.—Louis J. Taber of Columbus, Ohio, was re-elected master of the national grange here today. It will be Taber's third successive term.

Other officers elected were Overseer David H. Agans, Three Bridges, New Jersey; lecturer, James C. Farmer, South Newbery, New Hampshire; steward, Herman Hild, Neenah, Wisconsin; assistant steward, Ralph W. Smith, Sevelton, Iowa; chaplain, W. W. Deal, Nampa, Idaho.

After five days of ritualistic work, the grange today began its consideration of proposals for farm relief, use of Muscle Shoals, Mississippi flood relief, and half a dozen—other legislative subjects that are due for action by congress. Several plans for farm relief are receiving attention of the delegates.

Try This For COLDS That Hang On

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FREE Send name and address for a regular 25 cent bottle of Salicon to K. A. Hughes Co., Boston, Mass.

NOTHING SO QUICK—SO SURE—SO SAFE—SO GOOD AS SALICON

Does Not Affect the Heart Does Not Upset the Stomach

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Cartoon illustration of a man sitting on a bench and a woman standing nearby. The man says: 'I'M COMIN' MA, I'LL BE DOWN IN A MINNIT. GOSH MA—YOU MAKE ME KINDA NERVIS WURRYIN' 'BOUT THINGS. GOSH! I'ALLUS GIT THERE—DONT I?' The woman says: 'YES—YOU ALWAYS DO— WITH ME BEHIND YOU "DUSTING YOUR GATORS," AS GRAN'MA CALLS IT. AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO "GIT THERE" LIKE THAT, IF I CAN HELP IT— WITH YOUR PANTS WHERE YOUR SHIRT OUGHT TO BE AND A SHIRT FOR PANTS.'