

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1928.

OUR TEN GREATEST MEN

John Haynes Holmes, pastor of New York's famous Community church, undertook the other night to draw up a list of the ten greatest Americans. The surest way to start an argument is to make a list of "the ten greatest"—whether it be a list of men, books, plays or race horses. Mr. Holmes, limiting himself to men who were born after the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, and refusing to consider any who are now living, selected the following names: Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Robert E. Lee, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Charles W. Eliot and Eugene V. Debs. His list is worth studying, even though all of us probably would like to amend it here and there. The variety represented on it is rather surprising. There are two philosophers, one president, one soldier, one poet, one satirist, one theologian, one educator, two—well, perhaps we can lump Debs and Garrison together as "two agitators." On what basis do you suppose this list was selected? What quality, if any, did these ten men have in common? To begin with, each of them lacked the great American instinct of conformity. Not one of them ever was swayed in his actions by any fear of what people might think or by any consideration of the effect on his own fortunes. From Garrison, who was often in danger of lynching, to Lee, who spurned the highest office Lincoln could offer him, these men were independent; they thought for themselves and could be moved from their set courses by no power on earth. Perhaps we can express the matter best by saying that these ten men were, above all, brave men. And bravery is a virtue worth prizing highly—especially in this age, when men who seek high office walk on eggs for fear of offending some of us. And it doesn't particularly matter that some of these men were beaten men. Lee, for instance, fought for a lost cause and went down to defeat. Debs died with everything he had ever fought for crushed. Yet that hardly matters. The important fact is that both Lee and Debs lived; that they built up heroic lives—not for us to agree with, necessarily, but for us to admire. They lost their fights, but America is a better country because they lived. So is it with the rest of them. Some, like Lincoln, left great, concrete achievements. Others, like Thoreau and Whitman, left nothing but a few books, which remain ignored by the majority to this day. But each contributed something; each, dissatisfied with the state of things that surrounded him, spent his life in an effort to remedy them. Undoubtedly you could amend this list. A great many names are left off that could be put in with perfect justice: Roosevelt and Bryan have many supporters, and so will Daniel Webster and Jefferson Davis and John Hay. America has had many great men. Some day, when you're looking for something to read, go to a library and draw a few books on these men. Get Maurice's "Lee, the Soldier"; Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln"; Carman's "The Heart of Emerson's Journals"; and Brooks' "The Ordeal of Mark Twain." Add to them a few such books as Thoreau's "Walden" and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Or, better yet, buy these books; they're worth keeping. Then read them. Study them closely—absorb them. You'll find it a most worth-while experience; and you'll understand why Mr. Holmes put these men on the list.

The airport idea is still going strong in western Oregon. Last week Ashland took a preliminary step by acquiring a 93-acre tract. At Salem six business institutions contributed a total of \$550 toward a fund to equip a landing field on a 50-acre site donated by the state fair board. Roseburg will have an airport as large as both these cities combined if the American Legion's project is realized—and there is no valid reason why it shouldn't be. Aviation is no longer an uncertain experiment. It has become an inseparable part of our great transportation system, as firmly established as railroads, automotive vehicles and ocean-going craft. Shall we join in the procession of progress or shall we stay in the background of stillness and watch the airplanes sail past to the landing fields of neighboring cities?

DISEASED DUCKS AND RABBITS ARE SOUGHT BY POLICE
PARIS, Feb. 12.—All the forces the prefecture of police could spare were scouring Paris today for 12 rabbits and three ducks stolen from a garden on the boulevard Brune.

When Your Skin Begins to Age
Use this new wonderful Creaming Cream containing Onco Buter. Keeps the skin firm and plump while it melts into the pores and takes out all the grime and dirt. It is so different from any other cream. Will not grow hair—keeps complexion young. Ask for MELLO-GLO Creaming Cream—it's marvelous. Nathan Fullerton.

KELSO EDITOR DIES
(Associated Press Special Wire)
Longview, Wash., Feb. 12.—Frank M. Dallam, Sr., 79, editor of the Kelsoian Tribune, Kelso, Wash., prominent in state Republican circles for many years, died suddenly at his home last night, after a long illness.

PRUNE DICKIN'S
By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

The impossible has happened—A feller dropped into our sanctum today and reported that he had been in an auto accident—If he had said the other feller had the right of way we'd dropped dead.

Now we have a new weather prophet, Mister Fletcher arrived here today and will team up with the Office Cat in an effort to keep up the good work established during the past week by Mister Sunseri.

Over in Berlin they have a new dance called the "Llama, llama," the steps of which are enough to get anyone's chamois.

Ye ed. just returned from a gathering of the editorial brains of the state—it bein' just like any other convention, most of the caucusin' bein' done in hotel rooms.

It is a pleasure to note that Horse Bromley, commdr. of The Medford legion post, has announced to the staunch-eyed universe that his aggregation will wallop Umpqua Post in membership this yr.

O. O. McIntyre's "New York Day by Day" column is always refreshin'. Here's one he had today: I note with anguish as one long devoted to gumdrops they are no longer called by that name.

Now that Herb Hoover has definitely decided to run we can expect all of his second, third and fourth cousins in Oregon to claim relationship.

As this is Lincoln's Birthday, ye ed. broke a precedent and split some kindlin'.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Wow, ain't this sunshin' the dope?"

Today
(Continued from page 1)
man recruits on slight provocation, snapped their faces, called them pigs, and crowded off the sidewalk "common citizens" that paid for the army.

Sandino, Nicaragua's energetic bandit leader, tells British residents not to be frightened. He is only "after the Yankees." American marines can't fight, says he, and when he meets them "blood will flow."

PETITIONS FOR ELECTION ON AIRPORT OUT
(Continued from page 1)
ranging upward from that price to several hundred dollars per acre, so it may easily be seen that this field is being procured at a remarkably low cost.

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OUR AMERICAN BIRDS
Popular Home Lessons in Natural History
THE BIRD OF THE WEEK
(BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS)

THE PURPLE FINCH

I sometimes would like to shake some of the people who named birds. The purple finch, for example, is not purple; he is a good deal nearer rose color. He looks like a brown sparrow that has been dipped in a bath of raspberry juice and left out in the sun to fade; it never fades on his head and neck. He is a really handsome fellow, specially when he is in love, about mating time.

The Little Finch Lover
(By Louis Albert Banks)
"Dearie, dearie," I hear you sing, you dainty rosy linned thing! I think you are a dandy lover When 'round about your love you hover And up you spring with burst of song— Just also, for you, can make a throng. For though she's modest in her dress, You all your love for her confess.

I like your choice of evergreens, They lend such handsome background scenes. I like your taste for fresh green sprouts That are so tender hereabouts. Up there among the hemlock boughs, How sweet to take fair Hymen's vows! And safe and quiet in her nest Your little lady'll sink to rest.

Alack! she's led you merry chase Before you won her by your grace; She made you sing and made you dance; She kept you in a dizzy trance. But girls are often just like that— They have their trickery 'neath their hat. But just like her they're "dearie, dearie," And we of them are never weary.

NEW OBSERVER IN CHARGE AT LOCAL WEATHER STATION
Edgar H. Fletcher, meteorologist with the U. S. Weather Bureau, arrived in Roseburg today to take over the post at the local observing station. Mr. Fletcher has been with the government weather service for 16 years and for the past nine years has been located at Yellowstone park. This is his first official visit to the coast and he is already delighted, he said, with Roseburg. Mr. Fletcher succeeds Arthur W. Pugh, who was recently transferred to Texas. Mr. Fletcher was accompanied to Roseburg by his wife, Nina Sunseri, of the Portland station, who has been temporarily in charge of the work here, is returning to Portland today.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINS
A very enjoyable entertainment was held at the Rice Creek school last week, the proceeds being put aside in a fund to be used for the purchase of a piano for the school building. The entertainment was in the form of a basket social, a literary and musical program being presented before the baskets were auctioned off. The entertainment resulted in the raising of about \$50 for the piano fund.

REEDSPORT MAN TO START FOX FARM ON ISLAND
What may prove to be the beginning of a large industry on the lower Umpqua river is being started by Walter Boak, well-known resident of this section. He is to start a fur farm on Reed's island on the lower Umpqua river, placing milk and muskrat as the base stock, says the Port Umpqua Courier.

NOTICE
All holders of W. C. T. U. oratorical medals of any sort please report to Mrs. Edith S. Ackert, 245 or 643 J, by Feb. 15th.

Harth's TOGGERY
\$24.75
Every garment a record breaker for value. These Suits formerly sold from \$32.50 to \$40. Long wearing worsteds and cassimeres are included in these broken lines. The styles are net two button and double breasted models which will please the most exacting person. Sizes running from 35 to 44.

THE TINY MITES
Story by Hal Cochran—Pictures by Knuck



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE
Tiny mites looked at was a funny, big mites away in the next story. (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



OUT OUR WAY—By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY. DROPPING IN JUST AS THE TEACHER IS OUT, TO FIND OUT WHY THE FAMILY WORRY IS SO BACKWARD