

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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WHERE WAR IS BORN

Figures just compiled by the League of Nations show that the World War cost, in all, a total of 37,000,000 human lives and \$362,200,000,000. These figures are staggering, almost incomprehensible. The human mind can hardly assimilate them. In all the sad record of humanity's mistakes and blunders, there is no item that even approaches this in cost. It is, in a way, a tribute either to mankind's blindness or mankind's everlasting resiliency, that the people of the earth have not arisen as one man and demanded that all war-making machinery be thrown, pronto, onto the scrap heap. They have done no such thing, of course; but, considering the price the war cost, it is rather amazing that they have not. Probably it would be expecting too much to look for anything like that. We live in a groove, worn deep by centuries of custom; so deep that even the terrific shock of the World War could not jar us out of it. The World War was not the work of all of us; the inevitable outcome of what we all were in the years preceding it. We lived in a way to make war unavoidable. We realized it, dimly, but we didn't care greatly. There always had been wars, and we assumed there always would be. Germans took it for granted that some day they would fight France and England. French and English knew that some day they would fight Germany. Americans felt sure they would fight somebody some day; the identity of the probable foe was obscure, but we sensed that there would be one. So, in 1914, things came to a head—and it happened. All of that is history, now, and it's too late to mend. We can, however, look to the future. We can snap ourselves out of our placid acceptance of war as inevitable, and realize that it is very stupid and frightfully costly. A few years ago we were in a fine mental attitude for a war with Japan. We told ourselves that such a war was inevitable, sooner or later; and that very attitude helped make it so. We have gotten over that now, to a great extent; but in its place we are beginning to put a notion that we will be fighting Great Britain before many years. If we want another war, we'll have it, all right, if we do. And if we don't want another war—if we have learned anything at all from the last one—we must abandon that attitude right away. The mental attitude is what counts. It is what produced the last war and it is what will produce all future wars. The time to avoid "the next war" is right now.

SAVING

A couple of years ago a number of economists were shaking their heads gravely over the growth of installment buying. It was feared that we were learning to live beyond our means, and that the old virtue of thrift was being forgotten. But apparently there wasn't much cause for alarm. Despite a decline in the average earnings of industrial workers last year, the amount of life insurance written in this country was \$300,000,000 above the 1926 figure. A the same time, savings deposits increased during the year by \$1,368,000,000, while investment securities found more small buyers than ever before. Thrift is still a national habit. The American has not forgotten how to salt away for a rainy day.

Justice Jennings Bailey of the District of Columbia court did all of us a service when he picked a jury for the Sinclair trial in a little over three hours. We are used to seeing weeks spent in the selection of a jury for a "big" case. Justice Bailey couldn't see any use for such delay; so he took things into his own hands, reduced objections and questions to a minimum, questioned the veniremen himself—and filled the box before the lawyers knew quite what was happening. It was a splendid bit of work. Would that more judges would copy him.

COMING EVENTS IN ROSEBURG

Cut out this list of dates of outstanding events for the year and keep it in your pocket for handy reference. Watch for changes and additional announcements as they may be arranged.

Removal of angling limits on North and South Umpqua rivers and restoration 6-inch trout limit.....April 15
Last Day of Registration for Primary Election.....April 17
Group Meeting and Merchandise School
of Winchester-Simmons Dealers.....April 20
California Good Will Caravan.....April 29
Kiwanis Governor's Conference.....May 5
Christian Church Dedication.....May 6
County Track and Field Meet.....May 12
Primary Election.....May 18
State Convention of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.....May 18-19-20
I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge.....May 21-22-23-24
Strawberry Carnival.....May 24-25-26
Federal Land Bank Convention.....June 23
State Convention of G. A. R. and W. R. C.....June 27-28-29
Epworth League Institute on Little River site.....July 9-16
State P. T. A. Convention.....October (no date set)
National Election.....November 6
State Horticultural Meeting.....Dec. 12-13-14

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Go! dang—
The trout season
Opened yesterday
And we are still
Eatin' sardines—
We dare you
Fishermen to git
Hon. mention
Without bringin'
In a mess.

Happened to put on the ol' dungarees yesterday and join the legion gang at the aviation field and as in days of yore when the war was on, there were six sergeants to every buck pvt.

Here's wot we found in the mornin' mail from a lady up Days Creek way:

Dear Bert: Sometimes when Sally Zoe gets tired of hearing "Among My Souvenirs" via radio, you might, by way of variety, sing the following—unless your sobs interfere too greatly:

"There's nothing left but tea
I live in memory
Among my souvenirs—
A recipe for brew,
A still that's almost new,
(I keep a jug for you
Among my souvenirs.)
A few more bottles rest
Within my treasure chest,
And tho' they do their best
To git me liquidation,
I count them all apart,
And how the tear drops start—
I've found a busted quart
Among my Souvenirs."

The ball season opens in Portland tomorrow and it's raining as usual. But that doesn't make much difference. The Beavers are already in the storm cellar.

Jimmy Hutchings is gonna build a modern office bldg. on the corner of Cass and Jackson sts. Thass the stuff, Jim, the ol' town is perkin' up right smart.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Now that the gals are lettin' their hair grow out mebbe we fellows can git in a barber shop."

Today

(Continued from page 1.)

21 years of age. An organization of dull-minded Britshers proposes a "50-50 league" to make women share men's perils. Unless women are drafted in war, say these dull-headed gentlemen, women should not vote.

How would the dull heads feel if men in order to vote had to relinquish their immunity from child bearing?

Women produce the human race, and if the production of children depended on men, with the suffering that goes with it at present, there wouldn't BE ANY CHILDREN.

The fiery Raditch, leader of Croatian peasants, says Mussolini is preparing for war, to take Dalmatia from Yugoslavia. Raditch calls on five nations to stop Mussolini. It would take more nations than that.

INSPECTION AUTO CAMPS BEING MADE BY HEALTH UNIT

That tourist travel, the volume of which every year is greater than that of the last, has already started this year in full force is evidenced by the fact that so many Washington, California, Idaho and Canadian licensed cars are seen every day passing through Roseburg. This year tourist travel promises to be no exception to the rule, so applications are already being sent in to the State Board of Health by campground owners for inspection.

The laws of the State of Oregon governing tourists' campgrounds provide that any individual, corporation, city or town desiring to establish, operate or maintain a tourists' campground should file application for a certificate of inspection, accompanied by a fee of \$10.00, with the State Board of Health, which in turn empowers the local health officer to inspect the campground.

This inspection includes laboratory examination of water supply, supervision of the camp, camping space, protection against fires, sewage and refuse disposal and construction and maintenance of the buildings.

The first thing to be done in preventing an epidemic is to seek the possible source of infection. This can be done in a great measure by rigid inspection of auto camp grounds.

Of the forty-one auto campgrounds in Douglas county, eleven have already filed application for inspection with the State Board of Health this year and have been inspected by the local health officer, Dr. DeWalt Payne. Dr. Payne plans to have the remaining auto camps inspected before the first of May if the applications are sent in before that date.

The health department has also been working very extensively along other lines as shown by the weekly report which was sent in to the State Board of Health. This report shows 173 high school students examined for defects, 20 babies examined in the infant and pre-school clinic, 142 letters sent out, 65 conferences, 9 school child visits, 9 pre-school visits, 5 maternity and pre-natal calls, 7

OUR AMERICAN BIRDS

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History

THE BIRD OF THE WEEK

(BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS)

(Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

THE BLACKBIRD

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

In some style the blackbird is to be found in all parts of America. In the east they are really either purple or bronzed grackles, or crow blackbirds, and cover the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and even farther west. They are twelve or thirteen inches long and live in flocks, large or small, all their lives. They are sometimes quite destructive in cornfields, and have been under discussion, but the farmers and the United States Government scientists have found they are so immensely profitable to the farmer in the destruction of insects, that they have decided in their favor, and the farmers feed them for the good they do, just as they feed the horse or the cow.

From the Mississippi valley west to the Pacific coast the Brewer blackbird holds sway. He breeds from Alaska to southern California. They are ten inches long and have, in nearly all respects, the character and habits of the bronzed grackle of the east. They lay from three to five eggs of dull white speckled with brown. In Ohio, and many other states, the eastern blackbird comes to roost in great throngs in towns, and awakens bitter criticism, which gives the theme of my poem accompanying this story.

Appreciation and Complaint

(By Louis Albert Banks)

O nobby gentle cheerful bird,
Come while I tell you what I've heard!
They say you work the fields by day,
But O my soul, at night, please nod!

But when 'tis night you fly away,
You like the country in the light,
But go to town to spend the night;
And in some giant city tree
You chatter on eternally.

I know your plan escapes the owls,
The hawks, and preying country fowls,
But let me give to you a hint—
To you it's worth all gold in mint:
Work as you will through hours of light,

And then go home to sleep at night.
Stop all this noisy idle cackle,
You handsome, jolly, careless grackle!

You must keep terms with all the people
Who live down near the towering steeples!

The kindly saints begin to fret,
And weary men feel sore beset;
The women even begin to fuss,
And reckless men have mind to cuss.
O foolish bird, have you no heart?
Quick, teach yourself the sleeping art!

We joy in you throughout the days;
We love your sweet and friendly lays;
Admire your pretty tailored gown—
There's nothing like them in the town;

We like your appetite for bugs,
We're glad you relish worms and slugs;
We love you, blackbird, gift of God,
But O my soul, at night, please nod!

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Why Not Prunes?

A Minnesota restaurant made gains in its noon-day luncheon patronage. It advertised, "Baked Idaho Potato, With Butter, 5 Cents."

An obscure individual had a bright idea. He packed Idaho potatoes in attractive cartons. He advertised. He made a fortune.

And all this was not because Idaho potatoes are better than Weston or Yakima potatoes or better than the potatoes which will be grown on the Owyhee and Vale projects in Oregon. The quality is high, but salesmanship was added.

Salesmanship was chiefly proposed to Polk county prune growers when the unorganized majority failed to organize at Dallas last Saturday. Both potatoes and prunes are homely but worthy of identity.

Cooperative marketing is endorsed by the federal government, and farmers in cooperative marketing organizations are permitted a latitude in price-making not allowed to other businesses.

Cooperative marketing is endorsed by Oregon state college and the Portland Chamber of Commerce. The Portland Chamber of Commerce cooperated only enough to put their product before the public in good-looking boxes and then advertised, an end to their losses might be seen.—Portland Journal.

The Coast Caravan

Arrival of caravans which precede the "All Pacific Coast International Caravan," reminds us that the time draws near for this friendly California invasion of the Northwest. It is said that 100 cars will bring guests from all parts of California, whose tour will extend to Vancouver, B. C.

It could hardly be possible to over-estimate the importance of this visit and the opportunity it gives to Oregon to impress upon these wide-awake and appreciative Californians the value of this state's contribution to the tourist attractions of the Pacific coast.

Years of amazingly successful experience have made Californians expert in the tourist trade. They know what tourists like, and how to tell them about it so intelligently that they must come to see and satisfy their eager curiosity.

Aside from the real and generous friendliness that inspires the voyagers of the coming caravan, there is a further motive of sound salesmanship. The time has come when California appreciates that in helping her neighbors to see their scenic wonders, she expands her own market.

The one thing that the globe trotter must have is novelty, and that is a commodity fast wearing out in California. Thousands of veteran sightseers will no longer buy California unless some new inducement is offered—and that may be supplied by the "green land" of the Northwest. Oregon, with its fir-clad hills, its Crater lake, its caves, its Columbia river and highway, its game-haunted wilderness and trout-filled streams, all its unique untraveled roads may be counted as a sort of prize package, an unearned increment, an unexpected bonus, that California will be quick to appreciate, once its value is known.

It is up to us of Oregon to realize how much this California caravan may mean to us, to welcome the opportunity it offers for a partnership that will be mutually profitable, and to show ourselves such kindly, thoughtful hosts that a growing friendship will cement the ties of our common interests.—Portland Telegram.

The Legion's Course

A splendid note was sounded by the national chamber of the

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY NAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNOCK

The Tinies eyed the funny man and right up to him they all ran. He really seemed quite friendly, and the Tinies weren't afraid.

"Well, who are you?" wee Copy said. "And where'd you get that wooden head? I'll bet right in some work shop is the place where you were made."

"You're right," replied their new-found friend. "I'm made of wood, but I can bend. If it were not for being square, I'd be just like a man. 'Course I can do a lot of things that men can't do. I have big wings. No man I've ever known could fly, but look at me, I can!"

"You bet you can. We've seen you fly," said Scouty, "way up in the sky. I wish that we could fly like that. I know right where we'd go. You see, a bird flew down on us and promptly started quite a fuss. He took poor Clowdy with him. Where they've gone we do not know."

"If we could fly, we'd take to air and start in searching everywhere, until we found the monstrous bird that took our little friend. The search would be hard, no doubt, but I feel sure that we'd find out just where the big bird flew to. Then we'd lend a helping hand."

"So, that's your trouble," said the man. "Well, I will help you, if I can. It isn't nice to lose a friend. No wonder you feel bad. Now do just as I say and then we may find Clowdy once again. And, if we do 'twill tickle me to know I've made you glad."

And then he stooped down very low, and said, "Up in the air we'll go. Hop on my back, you Tinymites!" The bunch all yelled "Huray!" They hopped upon his back real quick. The way he took the air was slick. He spread his wings



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

and slowly rose, and they were on in the air in the next story.
(Copyright, 1928, NEA Service. The Tinymites watch a battle line.)

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"Poor fellow, I suppose you seldom come in contact with the finer things of life."
That's right, lady, and when I do it ain't fit to drink."

ization to heights of splendor even what its members did in the accomplishment of a shadowing war.—Oregon Journal.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



OVER A LITTLE MORE ICK! NOW, RIGHT THERE! YUH DONT WANT MUCH O' TH' MULE T' SHOW, PEOPLE GIT KIDDIN' YUH 'BOUT WHICH IS WHICH.

SAY—THAT WONT DO! HIS HEAD'S BETWEEN TH' TWO EARS.

SHORE—THAT'S NATURAL! EVERY BODY'S HEAD'S BETWEEN TWO EARS. GO HAID, SHOOT!



BEAN SPROUTS.

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