

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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

Member of The Associated Press.
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 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
Daily, by carrier, per month	.50

ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, MAY 7, 1928.

MESSAGES FROM MARS

Prof. Frank Schlesinger, director of the Yale University observatory, doubts very much that we ever will get into communication with the inhabitants of Mars. He believes that Mars is inhabited, and thinks it possible that the Martians may have a civilization superior to our own. But he does not think they are trying to send us radio signals. And, if they are, he doubts very much that we'll ever understand them. Prof. Schlesinger's words are timely and to the point. There is something uncanny about the thought of radio waves being hurled at us through empty space from a pin point of light away off in the outer darkness. Our own earth has problems enough, and seems very big and busy; it is discouraging to feel that far on the other side of the sun there are men of science who are debating whether our planet is inhabited, and wondering whether they can get us to talk to them, if it is. We like to feel that we are the center of the universe. Indeed, many of us have trouble in realizing that our own continent is not all that matters. We cannot get along with the idea that life is a tremendous, star-glowing mystery. We are too earthbound. We want things simplified. When we eliminate the mystery we can go to work. We have a good many things to do, and we can't help feeling that some of them are rather important. We blot out the sight of distant stars with factory smoke, and we overwhelm whatever distant signals may be coming to us with the noise of lathe and drill. And, on that basis, we get along very nicely. But suppose, just once, we should get in touch with Mars. Suppose, in other words, that each of us suddenly should get a glimpse of this universe of ours as it really is—a mystery that we never can fathom, loaded with meanings too big for us to comprehend, dwarfing our mundane affairs and convincing us that we are heirs to a limitless universe, too high-born to waste our time at our customary pursuits of getting and spending, building and using. What would become of factory smoke and turning lathe then? It's just as well we don't get the signal. We aren't ready for it. Our heads would be turned, but wits would become permanently confused. Let's hope Prof. Schlesinger is right. Some day we'll be ready for the revelation. But not yet.

Back-seat driving, an Iowa judge has ruled, is not sufficient grounds for a divorce. A woman who appeared before him seeking a decree because her husband continually found fault with her driving was sent away without it. The subject of back-seat driving has not yet been treated thoroughly enough in our literature. It is a great evil, to be sure; yet there is much to be said for the one who practices it. Some drivers breed back-seat driving inevitably. They steer their cars about in heavy traffic as if they were free from the ordinary limitations of time and space, and the hapless person in the rear seat can only grind his—or her—teeth and bear it. When the day dawns on which all back-seat drivers are led out to be shot, grave injustice will be worked if a good percentage of front-seat drivers are not led out with them.

The beautiful church, erected at a cost of \$50,000 by members of the Christian church, of this city, is a worth while accomplishment. It is a stroke of progressiveness that ought to be appreciated by every citizen of Roseburg. The financial support given the enterprise is conclusive evidence that the work of the churches of Roseburg is of paramount importance.

Al Smith looks like the democratic nominee for president—judging from present indications. Hoover and Smith, two opposites, ought to stir the political pot to the boiling point before the November election goes down in history.

All candidates on their toes—with only a couple of weeks to go.

This wonderful spring weather beckons us to the tall timber.

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.

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.	June 27-28-29
and W. R. C.	July 9-16
Epworth League Institute on Little River site	July 9-16
State P. T. A. Convention	October (no date set)
Knights of Pythias Convention, Dist. No. 5	Sept. 22
Fall Meeting Presbytery of Southern Oregon	Oct. 23-24
National Election	November 6
State Horticultural Meeting	Dec. 12-13-14

Today

(Continued from page 1.)

their secrets to the hair dresser. It is because he listens. He might as well, in fact he must.

Barbers and hair dressers have strange power, and history proves it. Louis the Eleventh, greatest king of France, made his barber, Oliver Le Diam, his confidant, almost his prime minister.

And the deepest secrets, and most audacious lies about Wall Street and profits made there are confided to barbers. It seems to be part of human nature.

An unfortunate inventor made a flying machine like a sea cat, flew half a mile and was killed. He had imitated a gull's methods carefully, and that was his mistake.

Man's business is not to imitate, but to improve on nature, and he does it. Radio is quicker than a flying pigeon, and the swift deer, pushing himself along with four legs, cannot compete with the locomotive rolling on four wheels. Ignore nature's methods when you start inventing.

Police Chief Hughes, backed by Mayor Thompson, says he is going to "clean up Chicago."

Chicago is in earnest and means to end a condition that has hurt the city's good name—although most of the crime there has been bandit against bandit.

The interesting fact is that police can stop public gambling if they mean it. Bootlegging is another matter. No city spends for police such sums as bootleggers take in, and the public, juries and even courts sometimes sympathize with the bootleg crowd.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Propaganda Against Lumber
In a middle western paper we notice a "feature article" on the front page, accompanied by pictures, in which the grave "danger" of timber guard rails along highways is pointed out in subtle fashion—loggers with axes are referred to as "old fashioned" and as being "good enough for the horse and buggy days but it has no place on modern highways where automobiles travel at speeds of 40 miles an hour and over."

The article is obviously reprinted from a matrix sent out by some "Research Bureau" or "Safety Council" organized by companies who manufacture the wire mesh which is so artfully shown to be superior to any timber substitute. These wooden rails are referred to as "old fashioned" and as being "good enough for the horse and buggy days but it has no place on modern highways where automobiles travel at speeds of 40 miles an hour and over."

It is plain that this kind of feature, sent out to newspapers under the guise of "free" news matter and published by unscrupulous or careless editors, is nothing more nor less than paid press agent propaganda against our most important Northwest product, lumber, and its use in the construction of guard rails along highways. The relative cost of timber and means of constructing wooden guard rails to give maximum strength and safety were points not considered because they would doubtless destroy the effect of the remainder of the article.

It is such propaganda as this that is doing the lumber industry a serious injury and contributing to the present unfortunate and costly depression in the lumber market. Substitutes of various kinds—steel and iron—wallboard made from waste products—being manufactured and marketed in a way that is disastrous to the lumber industry. Under the guise of new inventions and "modern safety methods" the people of the country are being educated by highly paid press agents, who slip their stuff by the editor's desk to believe that these substitutes are better and more desirable.

What is needed is a counter-irritant in middle western and eastern markets in the form of an intelligent advertising campaign to present the truth about lumber. Guard fences along highways, for example, are no more efficient when made of wire than when constructed of the right kind of timber, and the lumber product is far less expensive. But public county and state highway officials in the east haven't time to investigate and fall before the carefully planned and efficiently presented propaganda of the steel industry. It's a matter of concern to the Northwest. Anything that tends to decrease the use of lumber hurts Northwest prosperity. —Lafayette Oberver.

The Oregon Prune
Two businesses have grown to large proportions in America in spite of slimmers, says C. C. Gignoux of Portland in the Union Pacific Magazine. The manufacture of a certain apple car and the production of prunes have survived the laugh at their expense. Instead of being a box-drying house joke, the prune of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, as well as that of California, is recognized by America as a dietary need.

The story of the prune as Mr. Gignoux goes on to tell it brings into the picture Henry Lewelling, who brought some trees of the "Little German" variety from Iowa in 1847 and planted them in the vicinity of Milwaukie. Ten years later, Henry Miller, also of Milwaukie, obtained from Rochester, New York, grafts of the "best drying prunes," such as the Fallenberg Italian and d'Agen French varieties. Then in 1860 Seth Lewelling is found settling on near Milwaukie Oregon's first prune orchard. After 1871 Dr. J. R. Cardwell set out 6000 trees and in 1875 S. A. Clark began to plant a prune orchard near Salem. That he might settle a dispute as to whether the

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 WATER OUZEL

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

The water ouzel, sometimes called the dipper, has a very interesting story. Naturalists tell us that he belongs to one of the smallest and oldest bird families in the world. He seems to have started out up in the Himalaya Mountains in northern India, from whence, in the course of time, he has spread abroad over the mountainous districts of the world. He is never found excepting along the mountain streams that are specially dashing and rapid in movement.

There are five varieties of the water ouzel on the American continents, but only one in the United States and other mountainous sections of North America, and four varieties in South America. In the United States he lives as far north as trees grow and spread runs in mountain canyons and in the mountains from the Rockies to the Pacific coast, extending as far south as Lower California. A few individuals have been seen as far east as the Black Hills, South Dakota, and in Western Nebraska.

They are trim, neat birds, with gray, quiet plumage that is practically waterproof. They are not webfooted, but can swim or walk under water and dive like a loon. They get their food on the creek bottom from periwinkles and water snails. They build a round nest of moss, shaped like a ball with a hole in the side. I have seen this nest back of the sheet of a waterfall where they had to go through the spray to get in or out of it. I have heard him sing his weird woody note, which I would not undertake to imitate. They have four or five eggs entirely

white. They are eight inches long and look like an overgrown wren.

The Sir Galahad of Birds
(By Louis Albert Banks)

I love the mountain water ouzel. Who dwells where waters have carved.

He loves the canyons dark and deep. Where little rivers laugh and leap; He loves the whitened waterfalls And all the daring mountain calls. He loves high nature's solitudes In all her lofty hilltop moods.

His heart is in the highest hills. Where glaciers weep in little rills. He loves the home of fragrant ferns:

The lonely ways of God he learns; He lives afar from haunts of men. But loves to see the angler when He whips his sparkling silver pool. Where all is silent, sweet and cool.

The water ouzel's singing note Is one not easy now to quote. But when you hear it in the hills, It mounts music sweet distills. Fits in the sylvan woody dream—You hear the gurgling dashing stream;

The highest thoughts of God are given— It seems to give foretaste of heaven.

The ouzel's life's a wild romance— He lives in dreamy, airy trance. He swims and dives in waters cold;

And cares not for material gold. Sir Galahad, whose heart was pure, Who, of his strength, was doubly sure, Unselfish, gathered force of ten, Recalls to me this water wren.



FLORSHEIM

SHOES do wear longer. They are made for strenuous service. The style also endures . . . it's built in.

Why don't YOU wear Florsheim Shoes?

Ten to Twelve Dollars MOST \$10

Harth's TOGGERY



OREGON U. DADS MEET

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., May 7.—With Bruce Dennis of Klamath Falls, president, presiding, the executive committee of the University of Oregon Dads, a state-wide organization, met at a breakfast here yesterday. President A. B. Hall of the university assured the committee of his earnest cooperation in matters of student welfare in which the organization is interested.

Members of the committee will spend May 24 at Eugene inspecting buildings and investigating work of the various departments. The association will meet next at Grater Lake lodge next July as the guest of Richard W. Price, manager of the lodge.

SWEET REVENGE

HUSBAND: Why did you keep so close to Mrs. Jones all the time at the party? I thought you disliked her.

WIFE: I hate her, don't! But didn't you notice how my green frock simply killed her yellow one?—Everybody's Weekly.

ALBERT ABRAHAM
Roseburg, Oregon
for District Attorney
Republican Primaries, May 18, 1928.

Stands for:
Law enforcement without fear or favor.
Protection of public funds against unlawful expenditure.

(Paid adv.)

DR. NERBAS DENTIST

Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY NAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNUCK

With milk the pail was running over. The Tinymites began to roar. "Hurray! Our good friend Clowry sure knows how to milk a cow. A farmer man he should have been." And this, of course, made Clowry grin. Said he, "Just look me over, 'cause I am a farmer now."

"I started in and didn't stop until the milk reached to the top. You'll notice that the bossy cow was quiet as could be. She didn't try to kick my pail, or even wish her funny tail. She knew that I'd be kind to her, so stood real still, you see."

The farmer then said, "Well, my lad, your milking really wasn't bad, but if you want some butter there are other things to do. Right now you'll have a chance to learn to make the butter with my churn. I'll bring the churn right out here and 'twill then be up to you."

Then Clowry said, "I really think I need a nice refreshing drink. I see a pump, but where's a . . . to get the water in?" A little later Clowry said, "Gee, why don't you make good use of me. Just fill me up with water." This remark made Clowry grin.

But to the pump he quickly ran, and found it was a dandy plan. He filled the little cup up full and shortly quenched his thirst. He drank and drank, and then he said, "I feel so funny in the head." Then Clowry said, "You drank too much. I really fear you'll burst."

Just then the farmer brought the churn, and Clowry shouted, "It's my turn." They poured the pail of milk in. "Now just work it up and down," the farmer shouted. "Work real quick. You'll find it is an easy trick." And Clowry churned



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

until they had some butter, golden (some violets in the next story.) brown. (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

SCHOOL TEACHER SWIMS COLUMBIA

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PENDLETON, Ore., May 7.—Miss Lucille Hubbard, 20, school teacher in the Olex district near Arlington, yesterday swam the Columbia river making the round trip in an hour and 30 minutes. She started her swim two miles east of Arlington, and due to the strong current, finished the first lap five miles below Roosevelt on the Washington side. The return swim started a mile east of Roosevelt and took 25 minutes.

FLASHES OF LIFE

(By the Associated Press)

NEW YORK.—The eagle on the silver quarter has his feet tucked up back, rather than forward, to show that he and the country he represents are not warlike and ready to pounce on weaker prey. A. H. McNell, who designed the coins, said no one has yet convinced him that flying eagles do not carry their feet trailing.

NEW YORK.—Tex Rickard is certain that Jack Dempsey won't climb back into the ring for a year at least. Jack has theatrical contracts involving an advance outlay of some \$75,000—and that renovated nose must be protected.

BOSTON.—Now comes anticlimax to indicate the first "flight" in the United States was a hoax. Since 1757 Joan Childs has been credited with having circled in a glider about the steeple of the old North Church, landing on the shore of the Charles river. Now Otis Rice, assistant to the archdeacon of the church, suggests that while Childs actually did was coast down a rope and pulley.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Two policemen with shotguns killed a reptile that Golden Gate Park visitors had described as a sea serpent which was biting the heads off ducks in Spreckles lake.

In England, a duke is the next nobleman in line to a prince.

THE MODERN WAY

"When Jack broke off—the engagement did you take it to heart?"

"No, to court."—Everybody's Weekly.

By Williams

OUT OUR WAY

M-M-M-UM! GOIN' SWEETIN' HAH? SLICKIN' UP TH' OL'-SAY, HE'S PART AIRE DALE, HAINT HE?

AIRE DALE? WHY I BET IF HE WENT BACK FUR ENOUGH, HE'D FIND THET HOSS IS PART ARAB, WAY BACK.

AH, DID BOY! AH WEN JES FUR ERNUFF BACK TER FIND HE'S PART MULE—WAY BACK.

THE TIDE MARK

REED U. S. PAT. OFF.

©1928 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.