ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1928.

THE COST OF CURIOSITY

The price of American curiosity is tremendous, writes a critic in a long comment on the way the countryside has flocked to see C. C. Pyle's coast-to-coast runners as they passed through nearby towns. "If Prince Carol, Rumahian cast-off, should come to America now for a lecture series, he could wheedle us out of a million dollars in a month," the writer went on to say. Perhaps we do pay a tremendous price for curiosity, but after all, is it a fault? And isn't the price we pay nearly always worth it? We are still a new country, with an insatiable desire to learn. True, perhaps, we haven't remedied our gullibility a great deal since P. T. care to know about Fiji mermaids and woolly horses and are to our attention, but we have learned at least all that we care to know about Fiji mermaids and wooly horses and are wiser thereby. We go on and on, seeking the genuine; and if we must experiment with a lot of frauds to find it, well, we must, that's all. The ideal of sincerity and truth is hard to discover. Perhaps it is only a dream, after all, but in our pursuit of it, we have not lost but gained. Pyle's runners, in their way, represent an ideal, despite the attendant ballyhoo and get-rich-quick aspect of the affair. They are men running several thousand miles, from one end of the country to the other. They are athletes with a grim determination and endurance about them that must be admired. If we pay ridiculous prices to see them, we are learning; we are getting nearer to the truth we seek; we are seeing, at least, what we pay for, and learning what we pay to learn. We might pay a million to see Prince Carol. But our motive again could be admirable—that of hearing from his own lips the story that we always have vaguely guessed at, a tale of old world romance, intrigue and adventure that, to most of us, would be worth the price. We pay a tremendous price for our curiosity. But only through satisfaction of the desire to see and learn do we advance.

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It is Roseburg's pleasant privilege today to entertain the annual convention of the Oregon Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs. For this interesting event, there is genuine "Roseburg weather," the Roseburg spirit of warm hospitality and a city gaily and appropriately decorated, not only for the visiting ladies but for the hosts of Odd Fellows and strawberry carnival guests to follow next week. Scanning the women's clubs program, one finds that the convention participants will divide their time between the serious problems of their material affairs and interlarded items of a lighter nature necessary for mental and physical relaxation. In both respects may all go well, for we want Roseburg to remain permanently listed among the pleasant memories of these guests, representatives of Oregon's most intelligent, active and progressive women. The rapid economic advancement which women have made in less than fifty years past is attested by their prominence and pronounced success at this day in the leading fields of endeavor, such as business, medicine, law, education, theology, politics, philanthrophy, architecture, literature and decorative arts. Our guests here today typify in their vocations the splendid status of their sex in world activities—a status that has also increased their worth as homemakers and citizens—and Roseburg will indeed be repaid many times over for its hospitality toward them if the city can win favorable appraisal from their discerning and competent minds.

—o—

Newton C. Chaney, district attorney of Jackson county, charged with misappropriation of public money in the administration of the prohibition enforcement fund, has been acquitted of the charge. He goes before the voters of that county today for nomination to the office which he now holds, the verdict in his case coming just in the nick of time to give him a clean "bill of lading." If the electorate of Jackson county approve the candidates worth at today's election he will be "sitting pretty" for the November campaign.

—o—

It has almost become a lost art to gain a conviction in our courts on the testimony of a stoolpigeon. Intelligent jurors do not take kindly to the evidence adduced by these fellows. It has been the writer's observation that about ninety per cent of the men employed in this capacity have a criminal record, which of course adds nothing to their prestige or worth of their testimony in liquor cases. Men of any sense of respectability will not stoop to the underhanded methods employed by the average stoolpigeon.

—o—

Dry agents are to use their guns in self-defense, according to orders from Washington. The same holds good for the rest of us.

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China and Japan are at war. The Chinese probably will be favorites in the betting; they certainly have had enough practice.

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It won't be long now until anxious candidates will know just how they stood before the voters of this county. There'll be some surprises.

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This is pretty dry weather to be slinging mud. But a red-hot campaign can always furnish most any old thing to smear things up.

—o—

All aboard for Salt Creek!

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

The local
Bachelors Union
Were all
Walkin' delegates
At the meetin'
Of the Bus. and
Prof. wimmen's
Convention today,
Some of 'em even
Goin' so fur as
Comb their hair.

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AN EYE-SORE

Service club orators and chamber of commerce addicts have spoken recently in silver-tongued addresses concernin' the beauties of our fair village but we defy any of 'em to trot down by the ruins of the Dysinger mill and go into rhapsodies about the junk pile and neck-high weeds. Instead of so much spoutin' off we would suggest that some teeth be placed in the city weed and nuisance ordinance to compel the owners of the aforesaid mess to clean it up and do it DAMNED QUICK!

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Now that we have that off'n our chest we will speak of something more beautiful—the Business and Professional Wimmen f'rinstance!

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Those gals are certainly a treat fer the orbs and a testimony of the good judgment of the business men who employ 'em.

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'Wonder what the business men's wives think about it?

✣ ✣ ✣

But mebbe most of the gals work fer their husbands. Not a bad idee, considerin' the weakness of a man from eight to eighty.

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C'mon down to the News-Review office tonight and hear the wails and sobs of the defeated candidates.

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The Salt Creek raft is already to embark and it begins to look as if there won't even be standin' room. Heving pity the poor candidate who can't swim!

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Miss Mozelle Hair is pres. of the wimmen's clubs of Ore. and the program doesn't say whether she wears her's bobbed or not.

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They decorated the front of the News-Review sanctum yestiddy with the picture of a huge eye which would have been a dern sight more appropriate to hang over the doors of those optometrists, Bubar, Church and Seely.

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The butterflies are flittin' back and forth down the main stem today and we wisht we was a banker so's we wouldn't have nothin' else to do but go out and chase 'em. By the way—why do they close the banks on election day?

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We never knew before that saloons and banks were so much alike.

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Our good friend, Newt Chaney, dist. atty. of Jackson county, was acquitted today in thirty minutes. A stool-pigeon testified that Newt took some of the prohi funds, but he didn't. At that we'd a dern sight rather see a dist. atty. have a fistfull of the dough than any spotter that ever stooled.

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LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Now we hafta put up with some more back-slappin' until the Nov. election is over."

Welcome to the Visiting Women's Club

By Louis Albert Banks

"You're welcome, ladies!" Roseburg cries;
"You're welcome 'neath our azure skies,
To eat our berries ripe and red,
And find yourself ambrosia fed;
Come see our fragrant gardens fair—
How sweet our roses are to wear!
Come learn that Roseburg is the best—
A dandy place to build a nest."

Our doors are open, hearts as well;
How welcome, we can never tell.
We're glad to see you face to face,
With all our woman's charm and grace.
You are a breath from everywhere,
Like incense breathing on the air.
We wish you happiness in play,
And hope that some come back to stay.

You're welcome mid our sheltering hills,
So rest a while from pace that kills,
And see our Umpqua running free
In beauteous way to yonder sea;
'Tis here the salmon leap and play,
And nature wears her dress so gay.
Relax a little, charms beguile—
All Roseburg welcomes with a smile.

Today

(Continued from page 1.)

business is unprofitable. Which it is.

* * *

Dr. Huntington of Yale recently announced, in the Yale Review, "the upper classes in the United States are dying out."

That's bad enough, if you happen to know what the upper classes are. The lower classes are not dying out, and threaten to swamp the upper classes completely. That's really serious.

It would be too bad to have such men as Abraham Lincoln, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and similar lower class types dominate the earth.

Kemal Pasha high boss of Turkey decides that the Turks shall adopt the alphabet in use among a majority of civilized nations, including ours.

Perhaps Germany will take the hint and abolish her unnecessarily complicated alphabet responsible for so many pairs of spectacles on little boys and girls.

* * *

And possibly the United States and Great Britain will have sense enough to adopt the metric system of weights and measures as they should have done long ago.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST
Painless Extraction
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ROSEBURG WINS FROM YONCALLA HIGH SCHOOL

Roseburg won a lop-sided baseball game from Yoncalla high school yesterday afternoon by a score of 18 to 3. The game was interesting, however, despite the score, some excellent baseball being played by both teams in spots.

Roseburg secured 2 runs in the first inning, in the second 1 and in the third, 3 in the fifth, 2 in the sixth, 2 in the seventh, 7 in the eighth, while Yoncalla obtained 2 in the sixth and 1 in the eighth.

Roseburg's feature inning was in the 8th when the team pulled a beautiful and perfect squeeze play. Zimrick had doubled and had advanced to third on Hull's single, when Robertson came to bat. Robertson put down a perfect bunt, both runners started with the throw. Hull had secured such a long start from second base that he romped in after Zimrick so close that both scored, while Robertson was safe at first. The play was perfectly timed and executed and was a fine exhibition of good baseball.

Hull for Roseburg played an exceptionally fine game, knocking out a home run in the first inning scoring a runner ahead of him, and getting hits in his other trips to the bat.

Yoncalla's big inning was in the 6th when Schlin was hit by a pitched ball, advancing to third on Kelso's single, and getting home on a passed ball. Kelso went to third on the play and scored on a wild pitch.

Bales twirling for Roseburg fanned 14 batters and Schlin for Yoncalla fanned 8.

Roseburg will play its last scheduled game for the season on the afternoon of Friday, ay 25, meeting the Myrtle Creek team at 2:30 p. m., as a part of the carnival program.

—o—

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

THE TINYMITES

STORY by HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES by KNICK

The tree trunk moved along the slide. The saw squeaked loud, then faintly sighed. The Tinies watched it rip right through the monstrous growth of wood. Big slabs were ripped off side by side. "They look like wheels," somebody cried. "With four of those a little cart would run along real good."

The woodsman laughed, and said, "Oh, no. I fear that cart would never go. The slabs are much too big, and they're as cumsy as can be. They might be made to roll around, but they would bump along the ground. The bark upon the edges makes them very rough, you see."

"They must be put to some good use, or else you wouldn't cut them loose," said Scouty. And the woodsman smiled. "You're right, young man," said he. "Each piece of wood that you see drop is made into a table top. And when each top is polished, it's a pretty sight to see.

"I'll show you now how we make planks." The Tinymites all shouted, "Thanks! We're glad to learn whate'er we can, so some day we'll be smart." Another saw was swung around, and lengthwise through the tree was ground. The Tinymites were much amazed to see planks fall apart.

"Oh, my, but they are nice and new," said Coppy. "Tell us what you do with all these planks. I'll bet they'd make a teeter-totter grand." The woodsman said, "You bet they will, but I'll build something better still. And, when I do, I'll ask you Tinymites to lend a hand."

Just then saw sawdust flew through the air, and gave the Tinies quite a scare. It happened that poor Clowny stood right in the sawdust's way. It covered him from head to foot. Said he, "I'm glad this isn't soot. I guess where sawdust flies is not a proper place to play."

READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

(The Tinymites are put to work in the next story.)
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ASHLAND TWINS DEBATE WINNERS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EUGENE, Ore., May 18.—Richard and Adena Joy, twin brother and sister of Ashland high school, captured the state debate championship for the second year in succession and permanent ownership of the E. E. DeCou silver trophy Thursday night by defeating Robert Miller and Grace Mason of Pendleton high, 2 to 1.

The question was on repeal of the state six per cent tax limitation, the Joy twins upholding the negative side. Judges were Robert W. Prescott, Hugh Rosson, and J. K. Horner. Both Ashland and Pendleton had won the DeCou cup twice in state title debates and under the rules of the award the third time gave permanent ownership. As a result the state debate this year was for the championship and permanent award of the trophy.

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NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS

Water will be shut off Sunday afternoon, May 20th, from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m., affecting all consumers on Douglas street from Jackson street west to river; on Pine street from gas plant south to Mosher street; on Rose street from Douglas street to the City Barn; and on all of Rast avenue.

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY.

GARDEN VALLEY MAN PASSED AWAY

Richard Ewans passed away last evening at his home in Garden Valley. He came to this country from Canada in 1920 and has resided in Garden Valley since that time. Surviving him are a widow and two children, a son and daughter. He also leaves two brothers and a sister, Marry E. and F. Graham Ewans of Garden Valley, Mrs. J. B. Boyd of Canada. The body has been removed to the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel and the arrangements are in charge of M. E. Ritter. No definite time has been set for the funeral but it is probable that services will be held Sunday afternoon.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark

He: 'What was the matter with those seats, we could see everything.'
She: Yes, but nobody could see us.

JUST A HINT TO VISITING CLUB WOMEN

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams