

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1928.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

There are various ways of celebrating the Declaration of Independence, and this nation, in the 152 years of its existence, has tried just about all of them. There is one of them, however, that has never been exercised to the extent desirable. It consists simply in reading that time-worn document anew and devoting a few minutes to pondering what it really says. In the old days the reading of the Declaration of Independence was a regular part of every Fourth of July celebration. The town's leading orator, warm but resplendent in frock coat and top hat, would mount the flag-draped rostrum, clear his throat magnificently and fling forth the words that once told the world of the defiance of the American colonies. This event, sandwiched in between a selection by the band and a patriotic recitation by some harassed schoolboy, was always greeted with tumultuous applause; but it is to be doubted if the listeners ever really gave very much thought to the sense of the words they were hearing. And that is a pity. There are few things this nation could do with better profit. The Declaration, at times, comes close to being a downright radical affair. What does it say? Simply this: that governments are instituted to protect the individual citizen's inborn rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that such governments can draw their power only from the consent of the governed. Furthermore, it expressly adds that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it." These are strong statements. The Declaration of Independence is not a milk and water affair. It was not written and signed by men who lived in constant fear of a change in the existing order. It holds scant comfort for the super-patriot of today who would deny the common rights of free speech and free assemblage to all who do not share his own social and economic views. There has been much loose talk lately about "sticking to the principles of the founders of the country." Fine, let's do it, by all means. But first let's see just what those principles were. We will be a bit surprised, but that will be good for us. One of the best ways to go about it is to re-read the Declaration of Independence. It would be a good thing if every adult citizen could take the time today to do that, pondering on the implications of the document's statements as he did so. The nation could not celebrate its 152d birthday in a better way.

DEFYING HEALTH BUREAU WARNING

It may yet take an epidemic of typhoid fever to abolish bathing in the South Umpqua river in and near this city. Condemnation of the polluted water by the health authorities in two past successive years having failed to halt swimming in the stream entirely, a third official indictment of the river has been issued, but there has been no noticeable diminution in the number of bathers. Absence of an epidemic in past years has probably been regarded by some as a refutation of the claim of the health officials that the water is a menace to the health of those who would seek its cooling embrace. For the present perhaps the danger may be negligible, but each succeeding year finds the stream receiving increased sewage and excrement from augmented population and animal herds and sooner or later bathers who ignore the health bureau warning will pay the penalty. An official ban on bathing in the stream would be difficult to enforce with any degree of success. The best remedy for the situation, at least so far as Roseburg is concerned, is a natatorium, such as has been planned year after year but which at this date seems no nearer reality than ever. Probably one will be built when typhoid makes a levy on human life. It would be regrettable to have the city's reputation for ideal climate and healthiness injured by the prevalence of such a disease. On the outside where the facts were not fully understood the epidemic would naturally be attributed to the city's supply of drinking water from the North Umpqua river, and it would take much publicity and money to correct the error. And in the meantime we would lose many prospective new residents. One may argue that it's the exclusive personal affair of the individual if he chooses to risk his health and life in the contaminated stream. Perhaps this is true, but when he does he is risking as well in the possible consequence the good name of his community, and on that score the community has the moral, if not legal, right to establish such restrictions as may be necessary to protect itself. The welfare of an entire community is certainly entitled to greater consideration than the unwisely-selected pleasure of an individual or comparatively few of them. The easiest way out locally, as before indicated, is a natatorium, publicly or privately operated. Let's have one before disease puts the city on the defense before the outside world.

FOREST BUREAU EFFICIENCY

Official figures made public by the Umpqua National Forest bureau tell a convincing story of increased efficiency in the protection of timbered areas within its jurisdiction. Comparisons made show that although there were 17 more fires during the period from 1920 to 1927, inclusive, than during the time from 1909 to 1919, inclusive, so effective was the combative work of the bureau that the area burned over was confined to a grand total of 923 acres as against 11,277 acres in the earlier period. It is also noted with further credit to the bureau that its improved work was done at approximately one-third less cost. Fighting 67

fires in the 1920-1927 period entailed an aggregate total expense of \$6,606, whereas the cost of subduing 50 fires occurring during the 1909-1919 period amounted to \$10,865. Figuring on the fighting cost per acre, one finds a large increase, of course, but this is because far greater efforts were put forth at the start of a fire to prevent it from gaining serious headway. The timber thus saved justified the larger expense at the start and really effected a greater saving in the end. Not all of the protective work of the bureau has been confined to physical efforts at the time of fires. There has been an unceasing campaign urging the public to exercise the utmost caution with fire while in the forests, and the fruit of this is seen in the care taken by forest visitors in the use of matches, tobacco and camp fires. So well-received has been this educational work that it has enlisted the active co-operation of civic bodies and such organizations as the Boys' and Girls' Scouts. Impressive evidence of the whole-hearted manner in which the younger generation is responding to the urge to aid in preserving its forest heritage was presented in the parade of school children at the May carnival in this city. Floats and banners emphasized the various phases of timber protection and imparted the assurance to the older generation that its labor and expense to save the forests were receiving the full measure of appreciation from those on whom the duty of conservation will fall in the near future.

The Fourth of July

America's Day of Independence
1776-1928

The Fourth of July is peculiarly our own day, the day we announced our determination to be free, a day to recall the typical hero each great emergency in our national life has produced.

The revolution gave us George Washington; the war of 1812 gave us Andrew Jackson; the Civil war gave us Abraham Lincoln; the Spanish-American war gave us Theodore Roosevelt; and in the World war all Americans caught the patriotic spirit.

I have undertaken to voice the growth of our legend of national life in the poem which follows:

OUR TREE OF LIBERTY A Fourth of July Hallelujah Ode

By Louis Albert Banks

The tree of liberty has grown
Since first we started on our own;
We watered it with precious blood
That surged about its roots, a flood.
Then eighteen twelve refreshed it more
With earnest sacrificial gore.
And all the while it waved and grew
And ever longer shadows threw.

Then eighteen sixty saw us strive
Among ourselves; till sixty-five
Around that tree men fought and bled—
Our richest blood we freely shed;
But still the tree grew on apace,
And spread its branches with new grace.
Its glory filled the modern world;
Its gracious banners never furled.

Then little Cuba called for aid—
For help to make her freedom's grade.
We interceded with old Spain;
Her answer was the sinking Maine.
Then Dewey sought the Philippines
With fighting ships and gay marines.
To Cuba, too, we went with will—
Sent Teddy up the San Juan Hill.

And then the Kaiser ran amuck
And tried the whole wide world to buck;
He built his vicious submarines
And blew our ships to smithereens.
When we complained, he'd only laugh;
He kept it up—gave us the gaff.
We called two million stalwart men,
And went across the sea right then.

With all the world we went cahoots
And scared the Kaiser from his boots;
He ran away to Holland jail
And raised his weakling's bitter wail.
We sent the Germans Charley Dawes
Who brought them up with gees and haws;
And now they're doing very well—
As happy as a wedding bell.

But ah! Alas! We risked our boys—
The emblems of our highest joys.
Some gave their lives on Flanders Field;
And some bear wounds that never healed;
Again our tree we'd fertilized
With blood of heroes sacrificed.
Red poppies there will always bloom
That Freedom's tree may have more room.

Behold our tree—how fast it grows!
And every year more fruit it shows;
We send our Lindbergh 'cross the main,
More friendships with the nations gain;
We link the land with radio
Till all our people hear the show.
Old Glory to the breeze fly!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Fourth of July!

APPRECIATION OF HOSPITALITY STILL BEING EXPRESSED

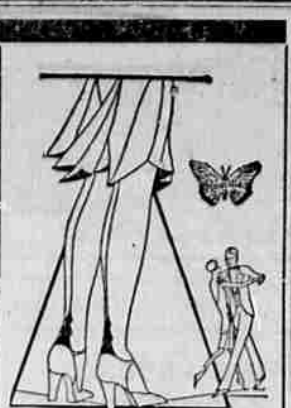
A personal expression of appreciation in connection with the recent U. A. R. convention has been received from Marie Bennett, department secretary of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War. The daughters adopted a formal resolution, which appeared in a recent issue of the News-Review, but appreciation is expressed by Mrs. Bennett in a letter to the Chamber of Commerce as follows:

Gentlemen: As secretary of the state organization of the Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, I wish to convey to the chamber of commerce and to the citizens of Roseburg the thanks and appreciation of our convention for the hospitality shown us during the past week for the entertainment provided for our pleasure, and the many thoughtful attentions for our comfort. A resolution embodying this sentiment was adopted by the convention, and a copy has been sent to the News-

Review with the request that it be published.
I wish particularly to mention our appreciation of the visit of Rev. Matthews who came to us during the first hour that we were in session, with words of welcome, wisdom and advice.
Assuring you that we all enjoyed our sojourn in your beautiful city and hope to return some day, I am
Sincerely yours,
MARIE BENNETT,
Department Secretary.

CIVIL WAR VET IS DRY LAW VIOLATOR

TACOMA, Wash., July 2.—The tale of the first law violator met here this morning and an 85-year-old Civil war veteran was arrested on liquor in possession charges while his gray-haired wife, sadly shook her head and said: "I told him he'd get caught if he did not quit moonshining."
The aged Union army man was Benjamin Seaton. He was arrested when city dry agents found a so-called capacity still in full operation in the bath room. He was unc-



Ladies--

How about an extra pair of Stockings—preparedness over the holiday.

A pair of Romilla Silhouette heel, full fashioned and all silk—the kind that every lady enjoys wearing.

In all the most popular shades.

\$1.65 to \$1.95

QUALITY CLOTHING

Harth's
TOGGERY

PRUNE
DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Tomorrow will be
The glorious Fourth
And the next
Day will be
For the purpose
Of purchasing
Arnica and bandages.



Some of the smaller fry are under suspicion by the cops of having purchased some bootleg fireworks. O well, let's remember we were all kids once and when we thought it was cute to hold a giant cracker in our paw until the fuse burnt down to the powder.

I'll probably rain as we understand that Jupiter Pluvius has his own original way of celebratin'.



The worst thing about a July 4th celebration is usually the orator.

If you think July 4th is gonna be a day of independence just suggest to the wife that you're gonna spend the day gawfin'.



The sharpshooters will be out in full blast and many a gallant Roman will be socked in the neck by a Roman candle.

Uncle Sam's birthday brings to mind that there are more appropriate ways of celebratin' same aside from layin' in the gutter fulla hootch.



The family flivver will be loaded to capacity tomorrow a. m. with sandwiches for the crew.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Whoop! Whoop! Murray!!!"

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST

Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated

Phone 453 Masonic Bldg.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY NAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNECK

The monkeys chattered in delight, but each and every Tinymite felt just a wee bit frightened, as they looked out of the cage. "Our being prisoners makes me sore. What did they take us here for?" said Clowdy. "If we're not let out, I'll fly into a rage."
"Oh, do be quiet," Scouty snapped. "It's our own fault that we were trapped. I do not think they'll hurt us. We will have to wait and see. We can't escape, and that's too bad. But there's no sense in getting mad. All we can do is hope that they will shortly turn us free."
So, all the bunch sat down to wait. The monkeys hit a joggling gait, and over the hills and valleys went the little cage on wheels. Soon Carry yelled, "Hey, please don't trot. You're shaking us an awful lot. I wish you had to ride this way. You'd soon know how it feels."

Perhaps the monkeys understood. At least their treatment was real good. They slowed right down and made the trip much better for the bunch. "I'm getting hungry," Clowdy said. "I wish I had a piece of bread. I wonder if the monkeys plan to stop some place for lunch."
Then, suddenly, the monkeys stopped. Their hold upon the cage was dropped and every little monkey ran off and scampered up a tree. "Well, what's the matter?" Scouty cried. And then a friendly man was spied. "Don't worry, little fellows! I will let you out," said he. The big cage door was opened wide, and all the Tines jumped outside. The man said, "I'm a hunter and this monstrous cage is mine. It seems these monkeys played a trick upon you. I'll let them be free. They're pretty slick. But, now



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

you're safe and sound again, so ed in the next story.)
everything is fine. (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)
(The Fourth of July is celebrat- Inc.)

BODY LOCAL WOMAN SENT TO PENDLETON TODAY FOR BURIAL

The body of Mrs. Josephine Swearingen, wife of T. B. Swearingen, is being sent this afternoon to Pendleton, her former home, to be buried. She was 72 years old and is accompanied by Mrs. J. J. Thompson and daughter, Janet, close friends of the Swearingen family. Mr. Swearingen and his two nieces, Mrs. Joseph F. Jones of this city and Mrs. Walter Markee of Westwood, Cal., and Mrs. M. E. Schutrum of Pendleton, left this morning for eastern Oregon. The funeral services will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Episcopal church in Pendleton. The Pendleton chapter of the Eastern Star Lodge of which Mrs. Swearingen was a member will probably take part. Interment will be in a mausoleum in the Pendleton cemetery.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any accounts contracted other than under by own personal signature.
W. R. WINKLER.

OS WEST DEMANDS CERTIFICATE AS COMMITTEEMAN

(Associated Press Local Wire)
SALISBURY, July 2.—Oswald West of Portland came to Salem yesterday and personally requested Secretary of State Keizer to send to Clem Shaver, democratic national committee chairman, a certified copy of West's election as democratic national committeeman for Oregon. The intention is that West will not relinquish his right to sit as a member of the national committee. It was said that Shaver requested a copy of the certificate.
The fight against West by some members of the Oregon delegation at the Houston convention resulted



"She's the one everybody says looks like me when she turns her head this way. See if you think so."

ed from West's pre-convention on-formed Shaver that he would support to Al Smith as a candi- port Smith at the November elec- date for president. West later in- tion.

OUT OUR WAY

YAVISUH, HE TAKES AFTER HIS PAP— BUT, DANGED EF HE'S AGOIN' T' BE ANY COW PUNCHER, EF I KIN HEP IT, HE'S GOIN' MOUNT T' SOMETHIN'.

WELL, I-UH—I DID BELIEVE IN EVOLUTION, BUT THAT MEANS DESCENT OR IMPROVEMENT FROM TH' SIMPLER, LOWER—UH-A-BUT—WELL, I'D BE WORRIED 'BOUT HIM. TH' WAY A TWIG IS BENT IS TH' WAY IT GROWS.

HE'LL SHORE MOUNT T' SOMETHIN' EF HE FOLLERS HIS NATURAL BENT.

By Williams



SPRINGIN' A NEW ONE.

J. R. WILLIAMS