

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1928.

THE CLEARER VISION

It isn't hard to feel a little bit envious of Marcella Calkins, the Wisconsin girl who is enjoying the gift of sight now for the first time in her 20 years of life. The girl had been blind since birth. The other day Milwaukee doctors performed a delicate operation on her eyes; now she can see, and in a short time her sight will be wholly normal. There must be a great thrill in seeing things for the first time. After living in darkness for 20 years, she must find the new, visible world a marvelous, gaily-colored place indeed. The commonest objects—houses, trees, clouds, lawns—must have a touch of divinity about them. Marcella Calkins, who for so long was an object of pity, is more fortunate now than most of us. For we, who always have had good eyes, do not, customarily, see very much after all. We take in the outer aspect of things—we know that John Jones is dark haired and slender; but that is about the extent of it. We take all familiar sights for granted and are profoundly incurious. Yet, for all that, every object that meets our eyes is something of a marvel. The house in which you live, to whose sight you are so well used—it is a bit miraculous. In order that that house could be built savages had to emerge from caves, invent tools and weapons, learn to shape trees into planks and hammers, suppress the instincts of savagery so that they could have time for home building. The newspaper in which you read this represents something for which a great many men have died on the scaffold. The automobile that takes you downtown is a daily testimonial to the fact that man's mind has progressed from beastlike darkness to comparative light. All of the things a man's eyes rest upon from morning to night are, in their own way, symbols. There is nothing in the universe cut-and-dried. The mere fact that you can see at all is a profounder miracle than the star of the east in old Judea. The compest summer sunrise is an omen of incalculable significance. Marcella Calkins is to be envied. Seeing for the first time, she is better fitted to realize that human life is surrounded by glowing mysteries. She may escape our matter-of-factness. Seeing too much and too easily, we have grown purblind. We seldom recognize our own divinity.

The mail clerk has never been a very romantic figure. Times are changing, however, and modern science is about to pitch the gray-uniformed clerk into a position of color and picturesqueness. The postoffice department announces that it will shortly establish a new airtway postal service, in which clerks will fly in planes and sort the mail enroute, just as is done now on railways. Large new planes, providing space for clerks and sorting rooms, are now being prepared, and it is expected some will be placed in operation on portions of the trans-continental route. Many postal clerks have already applied for transfer to this new branch of the service. Among them is Walter Tuchfarber, of Olathe, Kas., who has been a railway mail clerk for 22 years. This is an interesting development. The mail clerk is about to become one of those glamorous beings the rest of us envy.

Moving of the band stand to the plot of ground adjoining the public library building was a splendid idea and is generally appreciated by the public. The new location has many advantages over the court house grounds, nestled among the fully matured and beautiful weeping willow trees, affording a very picturesque setting, and doing away with the unsightly county jail that was a part of every program at the former location. Mayor Houck is taking a decided interest to make the weekly band concerts a pleasure to all and splendid order was maintained at last evening's gathering that there might be no interference with the excellent program rendered by the musicians. Roseburg is justly proud of its band. The boys are rendering a service most commendable and the music-loving public is enthusiastic and appreciative of their efforts.

There'll be a hot time in the old town next week at our sister city to the south—Medford. The American Legion boys are gathering there for their big pow-wow, and, judging from the program already announced, not an idle moment will be in evidence during the entire session. We don't know of anything that quite equals a Legion convention—when it comes to having a good time—and the boys of the World War are justly entitled to a lot of freedom in putting over innocent pranks and stirring up a lot of enthusiasm as well as patriotism for this great old country.

Senator Joe Dunne has discovered that the bills initiated by him to reduce the state motor license fees are unconstitutional. He had no trouble getting sufficient signatures to place the measures on the ballot at the November election—evidence that the public puts its "John Henry" on most any old thing—constitutional or unconstitutional.

American women are beautiful savages, says a viscount visiting America for the first time. Let him marry one and become a savage himself the first of every month when the bills come in.

We are glad to record that the weather man is "coming down to earth." Today's atmosphere had the right ring to it and we hope he continues to keep Old Sol on his good behavior.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Mister Tunney staged 'A Shakespearean drama "As You Like It" Yestiddy eve which sent Mister Heency Out on a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

It won't be long now until local world war vets are battlin' in the sts. of Medford, leavin' the village a shamble of ruins.

Among those who rec'd knock-out yestiddy was Tex Rickard who is today countin' the pennies in his moleskin purse.

As no mention was made in the dispatches last night about that distinguished gate-crasher, "One-eyed" Connelly, we imagine the gent was in Tunney's dressin' room readin' some of the work of that guy De Maupassant.

Yes, mates, it was cooler today, leavin' this colyum with practicaly nothin' to discuss.

There has been some kick about the noisiness of the cars at the band concert but no mention is made of the saxophone section.

Eve (from the bushes)—Adam, please close your eyes, dear, so I can come home. Adam—Wot's wrong dear? Eve—Darlin', I've been A. W. O. L.

The epidemic of sock rollin' continues to spread, much to the delight of the mosquitoes.

Gene Parrott, well known local pedestrian, was side-swiped by the city pleace car yestiddy, his gawff game bein' practically ruined for the week. Gene says he is gonna quit payin' taxes for contraptions like that.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "By the time the wife opens a couple cans of sardines with yer razor it ain't with a dern."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer APRIL 2, 1903.

A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Ella Black at the home of Miss Emma Schibrede, last Thursday evening, in honor of her 19th birthday anniversary. The evening was pleasantly spent with games, music and social converse. At eleven o'clock a delightful lunch was served, after which the guests continued their various kinds of amusements until a late hour. Those present were: Misses Fiske, Heendick, Hazel Jewett, Jessie Kiddler, Anna Wharton, Beadie Coshow, Edith Moore, Vivian Jewett, Ella Black, Della Moore, Emma Schibrede, Messrs. Volney Dixon, Ray Okey, Floyd Ramp, Mar Hanan, Dally Bell, Dwight Terry, Tom Townsend and Lester Bell.

Virgil Woodruff was trying his fine shotgun last week. It is all right. He shot two shots into the house and both shots show its effect.

Mrs. A. C. Kidd is visiting her daughter Lillie, who is attending the Albany school.

George Neuner, Jr., of Day's Creek, who has been attending the normal at Drain, came in on Monday's local and stopped off here. Mr. Neuner expects soon to resume his work with the U. S. geological survey, and to begin his duties this season in the Redding, Cal., country.

Governor Chamberlain will arrive in Roseburg this evening on the local to pay an official visit to the Soldiers' Home.

The prize fight between "Terrible Terry" McGovern and "Little Corbett" Bodwell, for light weight championship, was pulled off in San Francisco Tuesday. Terry fought out all the way through and the crowd hissed him several times. Corbett fought fast to the finish, and in the eleventh round he landed three times on Terry's jaw and Terry fell down and did not get up again in the ten seconds. Corbett was proclaimed victor.

The Spencer Brothers, the well-known aeronauts, are nothing if not enthusiastic, says the Tribune's London representative. They are at present engaged in the construction of a new navigable balloon, for which they are using a 24 horse-power motor. This gives an indicated speed of 23 miles an hour, and with a breeze of 25 miles an hour in the same direction, they say it is quite probable that Londoners will this year see an airship rushing overhead at the rate of 60 miles an hour.

Ford sedan in good condition, new paint and tires. Total price \$75. For sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.

JACK LONGSTREET, NOTED IN FRONTIER DAYS, DIES AT 92

Associated Press Local Wire. TONOPAH, Nev., July 27.—Jack Longstreet, 92, one of the most picturesque of the survivors of frontier days, died at a hospital

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE TOILER'S WORSHIP

"I agree that the measure of success is not merchandise, but character. But I do criticize those sentiments, held in all too respectable quarters, that our economic system is fundamentally wrong, that commerce is only selfishness, and that our citizens, holding the hope of all that America means, are living in industrial slavery. The man who builds a factory, builds a temple. The man who works there, worships there, and to each is due, not scorn and blame, but reverence and praise."—Calvin Coolidge.

I think that here we have a vein From which some treasure we may gain, For Jesus says He came to work, And God the Father does not shirk. Christ Jesus gave Himself to serve With earnest heart and steady nerve. From Joseph's shop in Nazareth town Till in the grave they laid him down.

He knew the sweat of honest toil Exchanged for products of the soil. His preaching force was fishermen— These common folks he seemed to ken, He liked the ones who toil and sweat, Who were with poverty beset; He liked the rich, he liked the poor, And entered every friendly door.

The man with brain to dream a mill, With money to his dream fulfill And give to working men a chance To know the joy of sweet romance, To build a home for wife and child, To be by heaven's love beguiled— Ah! he has built a temple dear That God will fill with holy cheer.

Each man's the steward of his own, Responsible for that alone. A man may worship with his gold And win a wealth of joy untold; A man may worship with his toil And grow a saint mid all turmoil; But whether with the hand or mind, All honest work will blessing find.

here today. He had lived for 75 years on the remote homestead which he wrested from the Indians. Longstreet was six feet six inches tall and weighed 250 pounds. During the sporting events here last July 4 he showed agility by mounting the horse which won the race by vaulting into the saddle without touching the stirrups.

CHINESE GENERAL PAYS U. S. SAILOR FOR HAND WOUND

(Associated Press Local Wire) CHEFOO, SHANTUNG, China, July 27.—The northern military authorities today tendered an apology to the United States through the American consul for the wounding of an American sailor on July 25. The sailor was shot in the hand when the northern troops recaptured Chefoo from the Nationalists and investigation showed the Northerners were responsible. The Northern commander voluntarily gave the wounded sailor compensation.

Chevrolet roadster, 1926 model, long springs and new type clutch makes this a good riding small car. Easy terms by Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Jantzen Spirit of Youth. Has found it's own in a Jantzen swimming suit. All that youth requires and asks for is embodied in a Jantzen, even to the color harmony. Whether you are Blonde, Titian, or Brunette there's a Jantzen to harmonize with your complexion. All wool Swimming Suits from \$3.50 to \$6.00. QUALITY CLOTHING. Harth's TOGGERY. DR. NERBAS DENTIST. Painless Extraction, Gas When Desired, Pyorrhea Treated. Phone 458, Masonic Bldg.

TILDEN UPSETS TENNIS WORLD BY BEATING LACOSTE

ROLAND GARROS STADIUM, AUTEUIL, France, July 27.—Big Bill Tilden today defeated his old rival, Rene Lacoste of France, in the first match of the Davis cup challenge round by scores of 1-6, 6-4, 6-2, 6-5.

The American veteran came from behind after dropping the first set and outlasted the French master of machine-like strokes. In one of the most thrilling five-set struggles these tennis giants have ever waged. By winning Tilden gave his team a flying start in its drive to regain the Davis cup from the French who captured it a year ago in the United States. Tilden's victory was his first over Lacoste in the last five times they have met and it can be set down as an upset. Big Bill won in a manner as dramatic as were the events of the past week in which he was dropped from the team for alleged violation of the amateur rule and then reinstated at the eleventh hour at the urgent request of the French people.

THE TINYMITES

Story by MAL COCHRAN—PICTURES by KNICK



At last the fairy's meal was o'er. "Oh, my, I can't eat any more," said Clowzy, as he left his seat, to flop upon the ground. "The only thing that I can see is about a half an hour's good snooze." The others felt the same way, so they spread out all around. The fairy smiled and said, "That's right! Just close your eyes and sleep real tight. I'll stay here and watch over you. I never sleep, you see." Then Scouty said, in friendly tone, "We have to leave you all alone." "Oh, my," exclaimed the fairy, "Don't you worry over me." So off to sleep the whole bunch dropped, and their mild snoring never stopped until a whole night passed away, and morning came anew. Then, with the first break of the light, the fairy poked each Tinymite, and shouted, "Wake up. We will find some nice new things to do."

"Ho, hum! Ho, hum!" Times cried. And then they jumped up by her side. "I guess we all feel real good now," said Scouty, with a grin. "If you'll suggest some things to do we all will join right in with you. And, if we're going to do them, now's a good time to begin."

The queen explained that she must leave, but told the Tinymites to grieve. "Just do just as I tell you, and you'll have some fun," said she. "Within the creek that I came from, a little grip will also come, if you'll reach down and get it. You will need no help from me." And then she disappeared from sight, and promptly Scouty Tinymite climbed up on top the little creek, quite careful not to slip. He reached down in, and with a shout,

he brought a little queer thing out. The bunch looked up and Clowzy cried, "Oh, look! He has the grip."

(The Tinymites open the magic grip in the next story.) (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

STRING OF FOUR FOREST FIRES IN NORTH COUNTY

(Continued from page 1.) nearly up to normal. Lookouts this morning reported visibility considerably improved and the fire situation is less tense. If the heat wave eases off without thunderstorms, it is very probable that there will be no serious fires encountered.

Cooler Weather Promised PORTLAND, Ore., July 27.—Decidedly cooler weather in Portland today, with promise of further moderation, and probable showers tonight and tomorrow, indicated passing of the hot wave which swooped down on the Pacific Northwest last Saturday. The weather bureau declared that the torrid spell had been broken throughout Oregon, and that regions which have been sweating this week were to have relief. Maximum temperatures late yesterday throughout Oregon and Washington, were some lower than the high peak of Wednesday. Another death was added late yesterday to the heat toll when John R. Healy, of Everett, Wash., collapsed at the Gresham fair grounds just as one of his favorite horses, Lila Dee, won the 2:14 event. Healy was said to have collapsed from a heart attack due to heat and excitement.

Hot at La Grande LA GRANDE, Ore., July 27.—Although the thermometer only registered 100 here yesterday, seven degrees cooler than Wednesday, last night was the warmest of the year, with the minimum of 73 above. The city was sizzling this morning with mercury at 82 at 7:30, sky clear.

Cooler at Eugene EUGENE, Ore., July 27.—The maximum temperature in Eugene yesterday was but 93 degrees, and a cool breeze last night brought the minimum to 54. Today was cool with a gentle breeze adding to the comfort of local residents. Clouds aided the situation, and the heat spell seemed broken at least for the day. PENDLETON, Ore., July 27.—Last night was the hottest of the hot spell in Pendleton, following a maximum yesterday of 105.

OUT OUR WAY

Illustration of a man sitting on a bench with a speech bubble: "WELL - I'M DANGED IF I HAIN'T WENT AN' SLEP THRU BREAK FUST!". Below the illustration: PASTURE IZED. J.P. WILLIAMS