

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, 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 .80

ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, AUG. 6, 1928.

FORD'S RESPONSIBILITY

Henry Ford has always been a man with original ideas. He put into effect a \$5-a-day minimum pay scale at a time when that was a princely wage. He followed that up by announcing that the way to make money was to pay as high wages as possible and sell as cheaply as possible, thus reversing two age-old maxims of the business world.

The Canadian department of the interior has issued a booklet dealing with insulated walls in dwelling houses. It points out that one of the advantages of insulation is that noises from the kitchen cannot be heard in the rest of the home.

Official reports show 48,780 visitors at Crater lake this year against 26,204 in 1927, an increase of 87 per cent. Registration shows they were from nearly every state in the union and from several foreign countries.

The rule that "an army travels on its stomach" does not apply to individuals who would win foot races, a fact revealed to the epicurean American athletes who made such a poor showing at the Olympic games.

Present weather conditions in this neck of the woods is equal to the finest coast atmosphere. There is no use whatever to look further for a more ideal climate than can be found in Douglas county.

Showing faith in your community by making a reasonable investment in a legitimate enterprise for your own home town is the best way to stimulate business.

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. Christian and Missionary Alliance Conference Aug. 12-15; Douglas County Merchants' Institute August 30-31; Southern Oregon Seal Sale Conference September (no date set); Knights of Pythias Convention, Dist. No. 5, Sept. 22; Regional P. T. A. Convention, Oct. 17-18-19; Fall Meeting Presbytery of Southern Oregon, Oct. 23-24; National Election, November 6; State Horticultural Meeting, Dec. 12-13-14

PRUNE DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Just returned from the Legion gathering in Medford and Writin' is a Darn sight easier Than talkin' as A. W. O. L.

Those Medford fellers certainly dished out hospitality in life-sized gobs and staged the BEST convention the slum-guzzlers of the late fracas have ever attended.

Medford knows how—thass certain, but remember, it took a whole town full of people who believe in cooperation rather than a town full of cliques throwin' mud at each other. Therein lies the secret of Medford's prosperity.

Spent a whole week with the pear city folks and never tasted a pear.

Hi ho hum— These annual conventions Sure leave a City in ruins!

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "A feller just wants to sit and fish after a convention like that."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer APRIL 30, 1903

Stearns and Cheoweth of Oakland have received a car load of Ranford Iron Clad wagons and a car of hacks and buggies.

Roseburg Heroes. Hobson was a hero, also Dewey and others. There are heroes walking on the streets of Roseburg every day who are passed by unheeded, heroes from the fact that they take their lives in their hands when walking some of the sidewalks in Roseburg.

The clubwoman was characterized by Dr. R. A. Holland, of St. Louis last Monday morning as one who "smatters in knowledge," taking "a dash of Dante, a smack of Shakespeare." With her, he said, smatter is a mark of intellect.

Stage Robbery. Again the Myrtle Point-Roseburg stage was held up and the passengers robbed near the summit of Hoover Hill about nine o'clock Tuesday night.

On Tuesday evening a crowd of young people enjoyed a moonlight picnic at Winchester. They expressed much delight when a hay rack drawn by four horses, driven by Mr. Al Kent, drew up on Jackson street to take them to the



Getting There

The man who is on the way—and the man getting there—cannot take the handicap of a poor tailored suit. He wears the clothes that will keep him looking his best at all times. Harth's Toggery clothes guarantee this best dressed appearance.

QUALITY CLOTHING Harth's TOGGERY

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 ROAD-RUNNER

By Louis Albert Banks The road-runner or chaparral cock, as he is often called, is one of the strangest and most unique birds in North America. He is a bird of the desert and arid plains. He does not belong in civilization, but stands ranch life on ranches where it does not crowd him; too much. It is found only in California as far north as the Sacramento valley and east through Nevada, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Kansas.

The road-runners live on the ground, and run with the swiftness of a fast horse, when they wish, and very seldom fly—never unless sorely pressed. They are two feet long, the tail being eleven or twelve inches in length, with the middle feathers longest and the others graduated; wings short; feathers of head bristle-tipped; plumage coarse; crown crested, and a naked area, bluish and orange, around the eye. The upper parts are lustrous bronzy, changing to bluish-black on head and back; the whole of his breast conspicuously streaked with brownish-white. The long tail is plain iridescent black, tipped with white thumb marks on all but the middle feathers; underparts tawny-white streaked with black; throat and belly, whitish; bill about as long as head and slightly curved; feet large and strong. His food consists almost entirely of lizards, beetles, grasshoppers, and small snakes and field mice. He is a good fighter and has been known to kill large rattlesnakes. He nests in a huge pile of sticks and roots placed near the ground in a scrub tree, if possible surrounded by thorny cactus. He is one of the wariest and wisest birds in the world. They have from the to nine elliptically shaped white eggs.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHAPARRAL COCK

By Louis Albert Banks Out in the wild romantic land Where all is raw, sublime and grand, Where tiger claw and mesquite grow, 'Tis there you're running to and fro. If fighting cock and gay magpie Were mixed, 'twould fit you to a die. You are the cock of chaparral. A fine, gay, dandy desert pal.

From all the birds you take the cake; Can whiff the biggest rattle-snake; Can meet the panther level-eyed, Outrun him in his native pride; Outwit the fox when near his den; Can all the tricks of desert, ken; You have the wit of common sense Where other birds are often dense.

You are a comedy on legs— The keenest thing yet sprung from eggs. You have the swiftest legs to run, And know just how to have your fun; You have the grit to stage a fight, Will do it ere you'll take to flight; You give to all an honest deal, But never yet were known to squeal.

You are a brave and plucky bird, And often seen before you're heard; You fit quite well in desert's fight, Quite out of place you'd be in town. But 'mid coyotes and mountain quails, And worn and trodden rabbit trails, You are the cock of chaparral, A perfect dandy desert pal.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE DAY BEFORE MY FIRST AIR FLIGHT

By Louis Albert Banks This is the curious day before I fly along the skyline shore. My thoughts are skimming o'er the past And of the future make forecast: I think of wagons, iron ax Whose jolts the stoutest frame would tax I think of oxen slow and dull That traveled lazy, liked to lull.

I think of muddy earthen roads, And how we tried for speed with goads; I think of horses handsome, gay That used to trot along the way; The coming of the daily mail— The great event of frontier trail; The swiftest dreams of speed—the stage, That bouncing, reeling leather cage.

And then there came the railroad trains Which ran so fast across the plains, That smoking, snorting iron steed— They dirt and dust and cinders breed; And then the gasoline mobile Which does not need the track of steel, Which crowds the highway with its cars And fills the night with dazzling stars.

And now—to-morrow, I shall fly And sweep along a path on high; Shall ride a bird-like airplane Along a mystic sunlit lane; Fly o'er the mountains, miss the dirt, And with the fleecy-wrapped clouds shall flirt; Shall get the best of time and space— How great to live this day of grace!

grounds, where they spent a very enjoyable evening. They were accompanied by Misses Rose Parrot and Esther Simmons. The merry-makers were: Misses Ella Black, Anna Wharton, Bessie Kidder, Elsie Benedict, Bessie Coshaw, Emma Schibred, Hazel Jewett, Vivian Jewett, Lillian Moore, Della Moore, Kate Bulck; Messrs. Floyd Ramp, John Townsend, Charlie Hindman, Dalley Bell, Harry Hildebrand, Leonard Hopfield, Lester Bell, Earl Strong, Mar Hannah, Ray Moore, Forrest Erwin and Mr. Thacher.

S. C. Miller and S. D. Evans Tuesday let a contract for the construction of a large, modern two-story store and office building on the corner of Jackson and Cass streets. The cost of the building will be \$100,000.

The claim of F. F. Patterson against the S. P. Co. for \$75 damages sustained by the loss of his horse and cart at "that dangerous crossing" last Saturday morning was settled by Manager Koehler and Supt. Fields who were in the city. And again the flagman has been replaced at the crossing so now our citizens can cross this piece of the dangerous track with a degree of safety. We do not know how long the flagman may be retained, but expect as soon as all is quiet he will be removed.

MRS. BARNEY NASS, LEARNING TO DRIVE, BREAKS LEFT ARM

Mrs. Barney Nass broke her left arm in an automobile accident Thursday morning, on the Roosevelt highway south of Bandon, when the Nass car, which was being driven by Mrs. Nass, lost beyond control and overturned and rolled off the highway, says the Myrtle Creek Mail. While the top of the Chevrolet coach was torn off in the upset, none of the other four occupants of the car were injured.

Mr. Nass and family were making a tour of the coast country. They went by way of Bandon, where they spent the night, and were planning to go on down the coast to Crescent City and from there back home again over the Redwood and Pacific highways. Leaving Bandon Thursday morning they had proceeded only a little way when the accident occurred. It was Mrs. Nass' first experience at driving and she lost control of the machine. The very first person to come along after the accident was a doctor. He rushed Mrs. Nass to the hospital at Bandon, where the broken arm was set. Later in the day Mr. Nass had the car fixed and brought the family on home to Myrtle Creek.

Dodge coupe, 1927 model; a good and good looking car with leather upholstery and fully equipped. Easy terms or trade considered; for sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.

THE TINYMITE STORY BY MAI COCHRAN - PICTURES BY KNICK

The Tinymites all stopped in awe. My, they were shocked by what they saw. The wooden man, still in the blaze, was burning at the waist. "Hey, hurry up and rescue me," he shouted. "Can't you Tinies see that I will shortly burn to pieces if you don't make haste?"



"Oh, my! Oh, me! Oh, me! Oh, my!" The Tinymites heard Scouty cry. "Our wooden man has fallen in our fire. He's burning fast. Where is some water? Get a pail!" But this plan was to no avail. They couldn't find a pail nearby. My, how long would this last?

Then Clowny had a happy thought. Said he, "Come on! I think we ought to do our best to rescue him. Imagine all that heat! Let's drag him out across the ground where we know he'll be safe and sound. If we all help, we'll do it by just pulling on his feet."

And so the Tinies, brave and bold, rushed wildly up and grabbed a hold. "Now pull!" exclaimed Wee Copsy. "Pull real hard, with all your might!" It took brave Copsy to inspire the bunch to pull him from the fire. The wooden man cried, "Thank you! My, but I'm an awful sight."

"Now, don't you worry," Carpy said. "The hot flames did not touch your head. In fact your body is the only thing that's burned a bit. I'll tell you what we'll do for you. We'll make a body, all brand new. As soon as we have done that, you'll again be looking fit."

They smoothed a log that seemed too rough and sawed it down just long enough. The wooden man looked on and said, "Oh, yes, will that be mine?" One Tiny

READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE answered, "Sure it will! This body ought to bring a thrill!" And then it didn't take them long to fix the man up fine. (A tiger gives the Tinies a scare in the next story.)

STANDINGS OF BASEBALL CLUBS

(Associated Press League Wire)

Table with columns for Pacific Coast League and American League, listing teams like Hollywood, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, etc., with Won, Lost, and Pct. statistics.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



Ed Huffman, who has been recently resumed his work at the cupercating from a major opera C. J. Breiter company store in this town for the past several weeks, city.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Comic strip titled 'OUT OUR WAY' by Williams. A woman asks a man, 'TWENNY DOLLAR BILL YOU GIMME, WASN' IT? WELL IT'S ALL HERE SOMMERS—I THINK IT IS. I PUT IT IN DIFFRONT POCKET'S SO'S IF I LOST ANY I WOULDN' LOSE IT ALL. NOPE—NOT IN THERE! I WOULDN' OF PUT IT IN 'AT POCKET—IT'S GOT A HOLE IN IT—I DON'T THINK I WOULDA TWENNY DOLLAR BILL YOU GIMME WASN—HOW MUCH YOU GOT COMIN YIT?' The man replies, 'WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY INSTALLMENTS'.