

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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OUR NEW RESPONSIBILITY

An ordinary photograph sometimes can tell more about what we call the trend of the times than a column of type. Such a picture came across this desk the other day. It showed a street scene in a small native town in the Philippines, a day's journey from Manila. The town—its name doesn't matter—was in the interior, seldom frequented by white men. Streets were lined with native houses, and brown-skinned men and women, dressed as the Filipinos dressed when Magellan visited them, were bustling back and forth. Queer, ungainly, two-wheeled carriages crowded the roadway. It all looked very outlandish and foreign. But—and here is the point—mingled in the stream of traffic were a good many highly up-to-date American automobiles. Native drivers piloted Chevrolets, Fords and Dodges in the maze of buffalo carts. There was even a Filipino traffic cop, made necessary, doubtless, by this advent of the motor car. Now nothing can touch western civilization, with its highly complicated and serviceable machinery, and remain unchanged. The automobile is something like a cake of yeast; drop it into any society and it produces a strange ferment. The Philippines, having reached the point where the back-country natives drive cars, will never be the same again. This does not mean that the Filipino will, in five more years, be indistinguishable from the New Yorker. But it does mean that he is starting in that direction. He is beginning the same process of absorbing an alien culture that has struck a good many other people during the last dozen years. He is, in a strange sort of way, on the verge of becoming Americanized. This may or may not be a good thing, from his viewpoint. It is quite possible that the Filipino would be happier if he continued to live as his fathers lived, and let automobiles and radios and moving pictures go by. But, for better or for worse, he won't. Destiny, apparently, has picked out America as the nation that shall influence all others for the next century or so. The Filipino can't help himself. And the Filipino is only one among many. Everywhere, all over the world, Americanization is going on. Customs and habits centuries old are giving way to the influence of Detroit and New York. This may be for the best and it may not; that question is unimportant. It is happening, and there is no way to stop it. A new and sobering responsibility has been thrust upon us.

American recognition of the Chinese nationalist regime may turn out to have a decided dollars-and-cents value in the future. Dr. Julius Klein of the department of commerce points out that China, potentially, is one of the world's greatest markets for manufactured articles. Even today China buys \$110,000,000 worth of goods from this country annually. Her future possibilities are almost unlimited. Everybody knows what an important item good will is to a salesman. Doesn't it stand to reason that the way of the American manufacturer trying to sell goods in China is going to be made easier by this most recent display of American friendship? China is going to be a great market. There are good materialistic reasons for hoping that our government does everything in its power to cultivate the good will of the Chinese people.

We hadn't thought it possible, but it begins to appear that there is one man in public life in America who is even less talkative than President Coolidge. When Secretary Hoover visited the president at Brule, Wis., the other day, newspaper photographers swooped down on them and took a great many pictures. At last they asked the two men to engage in conversation. And then—wonder of wonders!—it developed that, while President Coolidge could fill in quite nicely with small talk, Secretary Hoover was quite taciturn. A man who can make Calvin Coolidge look loquacious is, indeed, gifted with the gift of reticence.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, famous pure food expert, charges that the recent prevalence of food poisoning in various parts of the country is due in large measure to the fact that the pure food laws are not being enforced. Executive orders, Dr. Wiley charges, have crippled enforcement officers from obtaining strict observance of the federal laws. It is hard to tell, at this moment, how far Dr. Wiley's charges may be justified. But the matter should be looked into, at any rate. The pure food laws were put on the statute books only after a very long and very hard fight. It would be an outrage if they were being allowed to lapse now.

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.

Douglas County Merchants' Institute	August 30-31
Southern Oregon Seal Sale	
Conference	Sept. 18
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 PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Well kids—
The circus is
In town and
We're slickin' up
Sally's hair
And takin' her
Over to see
The elephants
An' taggers.

An' goin' ding, they hadda prade!
Th' good ol' days are comin' back
and purty soon we may see free
lunches and beer back with us.

Didja ever stop to think how orful it's been? Herb Tea Hoover had been a graduate of the correspondence school. They'd had to hold the notification ceremony in the postoffice lobby instead of a stadium.

We note where Gene Tunney has gone to Yurppe. He may be an intellectual giant but we'll bet he'll think Venice is flooded when he gets there.

Ye ed. was victimized yestiddy by a group of local gawifiers who claimed they hadn't played for two months and who turned out to be champions.

Some woman just called the sanctum and wanted to know where they're gonna hold the circus and we didn't know but if we had to find it we'd just follow the kids.

A hot dance band was in the village yestiddy eve and we attended to watch the local hoofers hoof. One feller in a pair of orange gal-luses finished first, a gal without a sax ran him a close second and another devotee of the variety drag came draggin' in third.

Now that the turkey growers have decided to pool their birds, wot say we consumers pool our douch and buy one and then have hash for the community?

Another plane hopped off fer a transatlantic flight yestiddy. Whint we'd known it we'd like to have sent along a batch of ol' safety razor blades.

See by the papers where our Sutherland boy, Larry French, pitched a shutout game yestiddy fer the Beavers. That oughta be testimony enough fer Tom Turner to trade him off fer a benchwarmer. No use havin' a good guy like that on a cellar team.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Got my pockets full of peanuts and I'm goin' over to the circus to let the animals have a good time too."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer
JUNE 8, 1903.

Judge Geo. W. Riddle of Astoria was in this city Tuesday, on business.

The eighth annual convention of the W. C. T. U. met June 2 to June 5 at Riddle, Mrs. Marsters, county president, was in charge. One new member was added to the society, and one new pledge signer secured.

A peculiar incident prevails in Roseburg. We have the best baseball team in the league and the worst ball ground. The management of the ground should stop figuring how to graft, and make good arrangements to put the grounds in some condition, at least have the diamond leveled to keep the ball from bounding wild on fast hits. Wake up, stop crying, forget the past, and help win the pennant.

S. K. Sykes, the enterprising hardware and implement man, has presented this office with a neat wire soap holder, bearing the advertisement of the Garland stoves and ranges, of which he is the agent in this city.

Ground is being broken to commence construction of a one story brick building on the property of B. B. Matthews, on the corner of Cass and Rose. The building will have a frontage of 41 feet on Cass street and 51 feet on Rose street.

Measles are quite prevalent in Glendale, though not very severe.

Mr. Sam Reed has received a lot of pipe and is putting in some waterworks on his ranch above Leland.

Hobos are quite numerous in Glendale and one of them dined at the Chinese restaurant and started off without paying for his dinner. Little Joe took a shot at him but missed.

Willbur Hens: The surprise party given at Mr. Williamson's on Saturday evening was quite a success, socially.

Among the postage stamps of the Louisiana purchase series will be those bearing portraits of McKinley, Jefferson, President Laubet of France, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

The S. R. railroad is having such an enormous business as to make it well nigh impossible for it to be handled on a single track, and there is much talk in railroad circles regarding the construction of a parallel track. This would be an

Fall Styles

Have you seen the new form traced lines that Fall suits are affecting like the two-button peak and notch lapel with or without the rope shoulder. That is Autumn's newest. In pattern worsteds, and shadow stripe cassimere.

QUALITY CLOTHING

\$30.00 to \$45.00

Harth's
TOGGERY

enormous expense, as in most places the grades as they are now are only sufficiently wide for the one track, but another road bed would add much to the dispatch of handling business, as well as to the comfort and safety of the traveling public.

Impatient "jiggling" of the hook to signal the operator, does not flash the small lamp on the switchboard. The right and effective way is to move the hook up and down slowly.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

HERO STUFF

The hero deals in priceless gold.
And whether he be young or old,
Of human life he is the salt.
That calls our doubts and fears to halt.
How often 'tis a mother's deed
That makes us stop with pride to heed!
And often in the meanest street
The grandest heroes we will meet.

We see the men of common rock
Who oft the path of progress block.
And often fail to see the vein
Of precious manhood overlain—
A vein of sacrificial blood
That pours a precious saving flood
That marks it as of royal line—
A stream that seems almost divine.

We find these heroes in each race.
In every land their footsteps trace;
No tribe can claim exclusive right
That it has most heroic might.
For God has made man rich enough
That everywhere there's hero stuff.
From out our human refuse piles
Oft come the souls that wake God's smiles.

Sometimes they spring where life is poor—
Perhaps from out the hovel door;
Sometimes they grow where life is rich.
Is keyed to highest culture pitch;
Does not belong to any class
But sprouts from out the common mass.
He is a product of the sod
Who springs to meet the call of God.

Powell Furniture STORE

Now Located

115 Sheridan

Near Depot

BIG DAY LOOKED FOR BY DEALERS HERE SATURDAY

Things looked mighty good to the market man as he strolled about town this morning sizing up the situation among the food supply houses whose ads will be found in this paper. First the farmers and gardeners, with the fruit growers playing a close second, grow all this stuff that "our folks" eat, and then they haul it to town in the family fiftver, the trailer or truck, and these grocery-men take it over for distribution to the homes where it is served to the family. Takes a lot of work and all that to handle these commodities and distribute them, but these men all have a part to play in the comedy, so everybody gets in the final touchdown, down, the best of things to eat.

Big watermelons, crates of muskmelons, piles of big red tomatoes, stacks of sweet corn, string beans, lettuce, peas, blackberries, some luscious strawberries, his apples, peaches, plums, apricots and any quantities of other things that are grown hereabouts, that has been provided for the weekend demand.

Trading was brisk last week, and while stocks were large in anticipation of the demand, those firms who made a bid for extra business through their weekly advances to country and city buyers, had no complaint to offer over the volume of trade that came their way. This week there is no letting down in either quality or size of stock. In fact, if anything, inducements are better this week than last, and housewives are assured of a wonderful selection for their consideration. Prices on both tomatoes and melons have dropped materially this week, local growers having been able to bring in liberally of these products. All sorts of root vegetables are plentiful and prices most reasonable. Buyers will find it profitable to give a little time to reading the various ads in today's issue in order to post up. Make a weekly habit of doing this and it will make buying easier and result in saving. These dealers are offering everything from choice fresh meats to staple groceries, so you can make up shopping lists before coming in from country or down from your city home.

THE ANYMITE STORY BY MAI COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KIRK

With all the crowd inside the tent, about a half an hour was spent in looking round the side show. There were funny things galore. The thin man, and the fat girl, too, told everyone just how they grew. One youngster, to the fat girl said, "Gee, you can't grow much more!" And then a man whose hand was quick jumped up and did a clever trick. He said, "Now look! This is a card that I am holding here. Just watch me closely and you'll see that I am as clever as can be." He stuck the card a little bit, and made it disappear.

Now to the last platform they ran and gazed upon the wooden man. Wee Clowny stood beside him and exclaimed, "He's made of wood. We carved him from a great big tree. His legs are branches, you can see. He doesn't know how to be bad. That's why he's always good."

"Oh, can he talk?" a youngster asked. "You bet he can! Just go ahead; say howdy to the yoo-ster," answered Clowny with a grin. The wooden man said, "Howdy do," and talked a while. When he was through one little fellow sneaked right up and stuck him with a pin.

"Oh, that don't hurt me," said the man. "Just stick or kick me all you can. That you can't hurt a piece of wood is something you should know." Then Clowny cried, "The show is over. That's all there is; there is no more. And all the little people slowly went outside the show.

Soon Clowny went out in the air and found the other Tinkles there. Right near at hand he spied a duck and said, "I'll take a



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

chance at patting him. He's him by the pants. trained, I'll bet." The duck began to quack and fro, and then he chased poor Clowny till he caught stunt in the next story.)

GLENGARY AND GREEN

Rev. M. A. Groves, wife and son returned Friday eve from a trip to Bandon by the sea, and then on home to Turner, Oregon, Saturday morning.

J. J. Betts, wife and daughter returned Saturday morning from a weeks outing at Bandon by the sea, Saturday.

We hear our old neighbor, Mr. White, at Kelly's corner, has sold out and expects to leave soon for the south.

Mr. Moffit also has sold no dame rumor has it.

Our neighbor, Mr. Vernon, and family made a trip to Bandon by the sea Sunday—returning the same day.

Mrs. B. C. McGeehey and daughter Nell, spent the day Tuesday in Roseburg shopping and visiting.

Their grandchildren, Mary and June Fitzgerald, returned from Idaho last Sunday.

Glengary Sunday school was quite well attended last Sunday and the good talk by the missionary from Africa was very good indeed.

Mr. W. W. Cooper and family have gone on a two weeks' outing up near Eugene.

Grandpa Carnea has gone to California to visit his daughter, Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Groves returned from Bandon Friday evening.

—N. Y. Z.

Arunde, piano tuner. Phone 129-4.

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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



NOT TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS. J.P. WILLIAMS