

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday by The News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press.

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Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 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	.50

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1928.

THE FISH DON'T MATTER

A great many men who go fishing every summer would have a hard time explaining just why they do it. It isn't for the fish, exactly; some of the finest moments in a fisherman's career come on afternoons when his hook goes utterly unmolested. Except among the most hardened devotees, the success of a fishing trip depends in no way on the size of the catch. Herbert Hoover, who took to the California trout streams to get in shape for the presidential campaign, has found the words to explain it. Fishing, according to Mr. Hoover, is more an escape from a jazz-mad world than any positive enjoyment of angling in itself. Indeed, he believes that as many as seven-eighths of the men who go fishing go to get away from something rather than to get at the fish. It is the only occupation, he says, in which the average busy man can be alone and not be criticized or suspected. Probably there is a lot to that explanation. The city dweller these days finds life a pretty complex affair. One doesn't have to be a candidate for the presidency to learn that solitude and privacy can be almost unattainable. Modern life is restless, founded on never-ceasing movement. From the time a man gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night there is no escaping it. He hurries through his breakfast, races for a trolley or speeds off in his auto to get to the office or shop, works all day at top speed, snatches twenty minutes for lunch, hurries home in the evening—and gets, nowhere, any moments in which he can relax, commune with himself or take stock of his place in the general scheme of things. It is from that sort of thing that fishing offers a relief. And, obviously, this relief does not in the least depend on the size of the fisherman's catch. The mere atmosphere of the fishing country, with silent woods, lonely streams, quiet dawns and lazy afternoons when the sunlight comes down in wavering patches through rustling leaves to rippled water, is a tonic and a relief. Getting the fish is only a minor part of a man's business there. The real thing is solitude and freedom. A man can rediscover his own personality and build up barriers against the ceaseless assaults of modern city life. It was remarked, a long time ago, that one must not try to live by bread alone. Too many of us are trying to do it these days. The fisherman knows the remedy. The luckless trout or bass is only an excuse. The real job at hand is idleness and meditation.

No less than 144 cougars were slain in Douglas county during the twenty-two months period from October 1, 1926, to July 31 of this year, according to a statement issued by the state game warden. The total for the entire state during the same months was 399. Accepting the estimate of trappers and woodsmen that each cougar requires an average of forty deer a year for his food, it will be seen that approximately 16,000 deer in Oregon were given new lease of life by the extermination of so many of one kind of their deadliest foes. The record of cougars killed is important to this county, which is credited with being Oregon's leader in the number of deer. The county is also first in the state in the number of sheep, which animals also are prey of the cougar. Each cougar slain calls for a bounty of \$25, but the amount is insignificant when compared to the value of deer and sheep that are saved. Death to all the cougars that roam the forests, likewise to their less numerous but equally as destructive fellow varnints, the wolves and bobcats, as well as the skulking and pestilential coyotes. Complete extermination of the group will do more to conserve the supply of wild game and protect livestock than a ton of laws.

SOUTH DEER CREEK NEWS

L. L. Patterson and wife made a flying trip to Eugene Sunday, bringing back a fine Shropshire ram to head their flock this coming season.

Members of the turkey growers' association from this valley, who attended their annual meeting, which was held at Oakland Tuesday, were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bonbrake, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Manning of Los Angeles are here in our valley visiting relatives and friends and looking after business.

Bertha Patterson, who has been working in town for the past month, is home for a few days.

John Whitson of Roseburg was visiting a few days at the Mellon home this week.

Francis and Tom Mellon spent Tuesday evening in Roseburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cox were called here at the Mellon home Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Kelley and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bond returned Monday evening from Salem.

Miss Post is back in her neighborhood again. She and her sister, Mrs. G. Cox, are picking peaches for Mr. Johnson of Kelley's Corner.

F. P. Betts returned home Tuesday from Roseburg, where he was visiting his son, J. J. Betts, for a few days.

Oldsmobile Sedan, 1926 model in first class condition, offered for sale by the Hansen Chevrolet Co., for less than half first cost.

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

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

GOD EVENING FOLKS

Yep we saw
The circus
An' then
Went home an'
Took a bath—
We'd walk a
Mile to keep
From smellin'
Like a camel.

'Member how the cops pinched a
flock of little kids recently fer
playin' penny ante and made 'em
look like a gang of hardened criminals.
Well, yestiddy a three-card monte man piled his trade in a
tent at the grounds while the
piece force displayed banners to
the big tent and yatched the ef-
fants and taggers perform.

If the three shell bozo had set
up his stand on the waterfront and
not given the cops a pass to the
doorway.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT HANKS

HOW TO BE GREAT IN OLD AGE

"A well-known college president told the story of a conversation he had with a prominent educator more than thirty years ago. This man said to him in substance: 'We hear a great deal about the goals which young people are to set for themselves. I want to suggest to you that you try to become a grand old man.' This is something new in the way of suggestions. What kind of youth and service will produce a noble old age? Growing old beautifully is an art which many have earned. We have in our city a club called the Borrowed-Time Club. You cannot join it until you are seventy years of age. There are a number of members past ninety years of age. I asked a group of them the other day at one of their meetings to tell me the major forces which had contributed to make their lives happy and useful. They mentioned four: Home, Books, Work and Religion. I should judge that these factors had certainly made them 'grand old men.'"

Make much of home, ambitious boy,
Find there your most decisive joy.
Make much of home, you hopeful girl;
Your sweetest banners there unfurl.
For in that atmosphere of love
You'll find your greatest urge above;
And when your hair has silver strands
'Twill bind your soul with golden bands.

And then where'er your vision looks
Do not forget to count the books;
Good reading with its wisdom full
Is better far than any "pull".
Will bring endowment for your minds,
Enrich with wealth of many kinds;
And when you feel the frosts of age,
Will give the gracious name of "sage."

But with them both, learn how to work;
To do your part and never shirk;
The worker true sits at the head—
He is the only thoroughbred.
The man who feels his work a game
To do it well to win his fame,
Will come to age with peaceful heart
Quite conscious he has done his part.

But all through life its true backbone
Must be in God—in Him alone;
The reverent atmosphere of prayer
Must be your common breathing air;
The Bible be your chief of books;
The peace of God dwell in your books;
And then in age where'er you roam
The evening time's like coming home.

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNOCK

The Tinymites all laughed, "Ro, ho!" And Clowdy loudly shouted, "Oh, please pull this duck away from me. I fear that he will bite." Then Clowdy tried to shake it loose, but shortly found it was no use. The trained duck of the circus flapped its wings and held on tight.

It was a very funny sight to see poor Clowdy Tinymites run wildly over the circus grounds with a little duck in tow. The trainer of the duck then came and said, "Oh, my, this is a shame." He spanked the little duck and promptly made the bird let go.

Of course Clowdy thanked him for his act. The duck stood near and quacked and quacked. "Why did he bite me?" Clowdy asked. "That's what I wish I knew," the men replied. "That's plain to see. My trained duck thought that you were me. When we put on our act I wear a clown suit just like you."

"Let's go into a great big tent," cried Clowdy. In the twink of an eye, and there they found some little folks all sitting in some seats. "Oh, look," cried Clowdy, "that is nice. I guess they all have paid the price to see this show and now they hope to see some dandy treats."

The trainer of the big show came and said, "It sure would be a shame if we should disappoint these kids. Say, will you help me out? Please, Clowdy, stepped right out and said, 'Why, sure! I'll stand on my head.' And then the man replied, 'I have a better plan, no doubt.'"

"A thing that you can do, I hope, is walk along that long tight-rope. If you can keep your balance, there is not a thing to fear." "I'll

movies he'd been on his way to the penitentiary.

Funny things happen at a circus. We saw Al Cresson manning a hydrant while a flock of kids were fillin' up pails to quench the almighty thirst of the thunderin' herds. They couldn't find a uniform to fit Al or he'd been leadin' a shetland pony in the grand parade.

But folks, it does a feller good to go to a circus once in a while. We can remember the time when we was all signed up to go with Sells-Floto and lost our nerve. Think wot we mighta been t' day. No tellin' mebbe we'd been rasslin' canvas with that aggregation here yestiddy.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Take yer weekly bath tonight and give Copco somethin' to be thankful fer."

Our salesrooms are kept open evenings and Sunday forenoons for the workin' man's convenience. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Long telephone conversations, especially on party lines, should be avoided, if possible. The longer the conversation the more people you shut out of your telephone doorway.

Paul Takes the Gospel to Europe

Text: Acts 16:9-15.



The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 19, Paul Takes the Gospel to Europe. Acts 16:9-15.

By WM. E. GILROY, D. D.
(Editor of the Congregationalist.)

The Macedonian call has become a symbol of appeal in urgent need, and this, as well as the dramatic occasion of the introduction of Christianity into Europe, has given a particular significance to this lesson.

As yet Paul's ministry had been entirely in Asia. Starting out from Antioch, he had traveled extensively through Asia Minor preaching the gospel, and establishing churches. After the first journey of

this sort had been accomplished and Paul had returned to Antioch in Syria, the impulse to visit again the places where he had preached the gospel and to confirm the new disciples in the faith led to his second missionary journey.

On the first missionary journey he had been accompanied by Barnabas, but when the second missionary journey was proposed he and Barnabas could not agree about the taking with them of John Mark, who, it seems, had left them during the first missionary journey under conditions which had incurred Paul's censure. Whether or not John Mark was to blame in the matter we do not know. It seems

ing the horse attached to the delivery wagon of Geo. Rapp, the grocerman, became frightened and made a fast run down Cass and Sheridan streets and across the railroad track down Lane street to the Union bridge, where he was stopped without damage and returned to the store. In the evening the team of Harvey Jones driven by Mr. Traill became frightened at a bicycle rider passing them on Lane street, and took a lively spin down the street to the S. P. freight house, where they collided with a telegraph pole demolishing the wagon and bruising the horse. Mr. Traill left the wagon before the pole was struck.

Harry Stapleton, of Salem, arrived in this city last evening to resume his old position as bookkeeper in the First National bank. The increase in patronage of this well known institution makes it necessary to enlarge the force.

There is a larger crop of unsold hops in this country this season than was ever known before.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST.

Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated
Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



Don't see why your turned down that footman job, Bert.
"Their uniform was three sizes too small. D'ye think I want to look like a bloomin' movie usher?"

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



THE DUB. J. R. WILLIAMS