

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1928.

CHILDREN OF "INFERIORS"

Once again a serious surveyor of the social scene has made the discovery that poor people have more babies than rich people. Dr. Henry D. Chapin, writing in the Review of Reviews, points out that "everywhere the poorest and least efficient have the largest families." The worthy doctor adds that it is quality and not quantity that is desired in the human race, and says that "the fecundity of the inferior classes should be discouraged." For a good many years complaints such as this have been voiced recurrently. And on the surface, they seem justified. It seems rather obvious that a child brought up by educated parents who have ample means to give him good medical care and a complete education will make a much better citizen than a child born in the slums or on a run-down farm, with parents who are forever pressed by poverty. Yes, it seems obvious. But it doesn't work out that way. It certainly is natural and human to wish that all children might have as many advantages and pleasures as possible. It makes our hearts ache to think of youngsters who have to think about earning their livings before they are out of short breeches. Yet the world seems to be so constituted that a certain amount of hardship is necessary for the development of strength. Nature is quite calloused and hard-boiled about it. Hardiness comes only from combat. The list of men who, by force of character and ability, have helped shaped the course of history is a long one; and if you will examine it you will find that most of the names are names of men who were born to this lamentably fecund "inferior class" that Dr. Chapin speaks about. Genius is not something that can be foreseen in advance, and it does not appear where you might expect. A baby born in a back-alley kitchen or a frontier log cabin is quite apt to have it as a baby born in a mansion. It is not without significance that the phrase "from a log cabin to White House" is a byword in this country. The boy who has to fight for everything he gets is sure to develop to the utmost all of his latent capacities; the boy whose early battles are fought for him is not. Let's stop worrying about birth rates among the rich and the poor. They have always been just about as they are now. If the world were to be wrecked thereby it would have wrecked long ago.

Just because Bert Hassell and Parker Cramer are not completing their flight to Denmark from Greenland, it would be a great mistake to assume that their venture has been a failure. The coming years may well prove that Hassell and Cramer have blazed the way on the most feasible air route to Europe. Instead of taking the perilous "great circle" course followed by Lindbergh and Chamberlin, they went farther north and were able to avoid the long water jump the other flyers encountered. To be sure, they hit bad weather and were forced down; but you might note that if they had been forced down at a corresponding stage on the "great circle" course they would have perished. As it was, they came through unhurt. It is entirely possible that the coming air lines to Europe will follow the Greenland route. If so, Hassell and Cramer will get much of the credit.

It has been nearly a year since the new Ford models were unveiled. And in that time, it seems to us, a new change, even more remarkable than the change in the flivver, has come about. The drivers of Fords are not what they used to be! Maybe we're wrong, but that's our observation. In the old days, wherever you drove—in city traffic, on a suburban boulevard or on a country road—there was always some flivver trying to get ahead of you. They crowded in, cut across your bows, overhauled you from behind, dodged in and out unexpectedly and made motoring a burden. Now they don't! The new Fords are faster and more flexible than the old ones—but somehow the drivers don't take advantage of it. They drive more sedately, somehow, with more restraint and less verve. We wish somebody would explain why this is so.

Baro-legged schoolgirls seem to provide the issue this year. Wise school principals aren't making any statements until the first frost.

Philadelphia bootleggers made \$10,000,000 profits in 10 years, says a dispatch. The city must be pretty well dried up.

Now that the ladies have abandoned the diet idea and taken to eating again, it's harder to fill a date than it used to be.

It's often cheaper to move than pay parking fines.

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 Teachers' Annual Institute . . . Oct. 22, 23
Regional P. T. A. Convention . . . Oct. 23-24-25
Fall Meeting Presbytery of Southern Oregon . . . Oct. 23-24
National Election . . . November 6
State Horticultural Meeting . . . Dec. 12-13-14

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer
AUGUST 10, 1903

Born—Oct. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Jess Tooley, a ten pound girl. You will have to plant another row of spuds, Jess.

Harry Stocum is fitting up a bowling alley in the new Matthews building next to Rice and Rice and will have it open for business in a few days.

Early Skepticism
The big flying machine built by Prof. Langley at Whitewater, Va., was given an airing and it fell into the water and was a perfect wreck. The government stands behind the professor and furnishes him with the cash to experiment with and is nearly as good a graft as the stenographic fees charged by a special land agent.

The famous Ferris wheel which delighted sight-seers at the Chicago World's fair is to be taken to the St. Louis exposition.

The city election received a very light vote Monday, the officers elected being as follows: City recorder, H. L. Marston; city treasurer, H. C. Stocum, Jr.; and councilmen, W. A. Barr, F. G. Mitchell, and Jos. Sykes.

President Roosevelt is expected to call a special session of congress in a few days to ratify the reciprocal tariff treaty with Cuba.

Dr. Oehme on Friday complimented ye editor with a basket of very fine grapes of his own growing and a bottle of grape wine, the product of his own vine, and from the excellence of it one recognizes



The name you know . . .
"The FLORSHEIM Shoe"
... is definite assurance of value, fit and style . . .
money's worth and more.

\$10

Some Styles \$11 and \$12



that Dr. Oehme includes rare wine-making among his many other clever accomplishments.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

MAN'S FLYING INSTINCT

Alone of creatures on the earth
Man finds the sky congenial berth.
When flying in an aeroplane,
This fact to me was made most plain.
I looked around the birds to greet
But found them all beneath my feet.
We speak of birds as of the air,
The earth beneath has all their care.

The vulture with his scanning eye
Who seems to fly so very high.
Will only stay above the ground
Until his normal food is found.
And eagles, proud of soaring wings,
Are still fast held by earthly things.
And while the birds were made to fly
'Tis man alone can claim the sky.

The sky's the climax of our schemes—
The inspiration of our dreams.
To only man the soul is given
To breathe the air of highest heaven;
He sanctifies earth's common air
With breath of incense from his prayer;
Can from his heart a perfume raise
That fills the courts of God with praise.

The lion crouches in his lair,
Will take the jungle for his share;
The beasts all prowl and search for food,
Content in their instinctive mood;
But only man has power of thought,
Is in the mesh of heaven caught,
Is drawn by magnet up above
That gives to him the charms of love.

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 VARIED THRUSH

The varied thrush is often erroneously supposed to be some species of robin, but is decidedly a thrush. It is often called locally, Alaska robin, sometimes Oregon robin, and sometimes winter robin. It breeds all the way from Alaska to northern California on the western side of the Cascade Mountains, though its migrations it has been known to wander entirely across the continent to the Atlantic in New York and New Jersey and Massachusetts. It is a beautiful bird, with a half inch long, lustrous blue and a half inch long, lustrous orange-yellow breast and black throat. Its song is its distinguishing feature. Whenever there are deep mounds in the mountains in winter it comes down into the valleys for food, eating frozen apples left hanging on the trees, and scattering under dead leaves for worms and insects. It makes itself at home as though it had lived there all the year, but it goes back to the mountains again as soon as the weather warms up. Their nests are placed in small trees and bushes, usually near the ground, and are made of twigs, weeds and grass and lined with moss. They have four eggs, greenish blue with a few spots of brown. They have a sweet song, with a melismatic strain, but a plaintive wailing cry. When it descends from the top of a giant fir in the mountains, it has all the wildness and sweetness of the song of the hermit thrush.

Where did you get that friendly smile
As though you knew us all the while
That's just the kind of bird you are—
Your friendship's not a thing afar—
You like our old hand, ready way—
We doff our hats and have our say.

One thing is sure you are petite,
And just as sure you are polite.
I've never seen you have a scrap
Or strike a single ugly rap.
Your very nature seems so sweet,
That you're a friend we're glad to greet.

We like your quiet, gentle ways;
We love your tender, lullaby lags.
We wish you were our summer guard
We're sure you'd capture all the bird.

Why go so high your nest to build—
Our valleys green with worms are filled.
Our valleys green with worms are filled.
We'll make the robins share with you.

There's plenty here to feed you, too.
We'll furnish you a house all free,
And you shall have the lock and key.

We like that orange clock you wear;
We like your collar black and rare.
We like your kindly, cheerful face.
We like your lovely thrush-like grace.

In fact we've given you our heart
And with you we are loathe to part.
If you'll stay with us all the year,
We'll promise to protect you here.

AN INVITATION TO
THE VARIED THRUSH
O varied thrush, with orange glow,
Just chased from hills by gold and snow.

HOMESTEAD FIGHT
WILL BE CONTINUED
BY BEST AND DAVIS

Men Now Serving Time for Contempt of Court—Expect to Return to Claims.

Considerable publicity is being given by Portland papers to the case of E. H. Best and Emory Davis, whose endeavors to homestead forest service lands in Fish Creek desert have twice landed them in the federal court on trespass and contempt charges. They are now serving a term which will end on November 24, having been convicted of contempt of court. The Oregon Journal in an article published in Sunday's edition says:

E. H. Best, a cripple of the World War, will give up the government will give him a chance to make a home for his wife and children on the public lands of Oregon. Emory Davis, a disabled veteran of the Spanish-American War, clings to the same ambition.

The two, in the county jail as prisoners of the country for which they fought, still continue to plead that the government will recede as agricultural land the upper valley of the North Umpqua.

While they wait for their sentences to end on November 24, Best says his wife and children are in the high valley living in the cabin he built in a squatter and getting along the best way they can. Davis ate the grain he planted. He had just received word that his wife was carrying away, one by one, the much goats with which he hoped to establish in their Alpine sense a new Oregon industry.

Meanwhile neither can explain why they are considered by their country better in jail than out since worst offense was to try to make a home.

"Not until I die will I give up the fight to make me a home," said Best in the county jail.

"I don't know how long I'll be able to go on fighting on such terms," said Davis wistfully. His body was quivering with the tremors of nervous breakdown, his eyes dim with failing sight.

United States Attorney George Neuner knows why the two men are in jail and conversation with him indicated that though he had done his official duty by the department of justice he had been unable to escape a human sympathy with their persistent attempts to gain a foothold.

In fact he was ready, as a citizen, to sign their petition for reclassification of the land.

Best has a silver plate which takes the place of part of the bone in one of his ankles. He was wounded by gunfire and gassed at Belleau Wood in France. After he came back from the World War he and Davis thought they would try to homestead on the headwaters of the North Umpqua. To those unfamiliar with the district they show government quadrangle maps. These maps indicate a valley of about 15,000 acres at a general elevation of around 2200 feet. They say the climate is about like that of Portland, rarely colder, and much less arid than the 4200-foot elevation of the Klamath district on the other side of the mountains.

Power Interests Score

Although the Byllesby interests of Chicago have, through the California-Oregon Power company, 61 miles of the upper Umpqua under permit for power development some time in the future, the two service men found they were barred from the territory by the fact that the secretary of agriculture had decided the land was not agricultural. They begged to differ with him and showed grain and vegetables to prove their point. In their persistence they ignored federal action and decision against them and it cost them preliminary jail sentences.

Held for Contempt

As to what happened when they came back there has been much publicity. The federal attorney was told they would refuse to be taken out alive. Best says he had been with his family in the little cabin for a week; Davis says he had been on his claim not more than four days, when picked up and brought out and jailed for contempt.

A flash of sympathy in the midst of red tape duty appeared when it was decided the wife and child of Davis need not be subjected to the same force, and a permit by C. M. Cavanaugh of the forest service permitted them to remain.

Now, in the county jail, Best and Davis call upon Senator Neuner and officials who are to record with them for help to win their homesteads lawfully. That means recalculation which they say would happen if the secretary of agriculture could ever be persuaded to give the issue a hearing. They wonder, with not resentment, why the power company is so much more welcome and has so much better legal standing, apparently, than a couple of wounded soldiers who want a home where the valley is beautiful and the mountains majestic.

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DENTIST
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TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

"Come here, you crow," yelled Cappy loud. "Grab hold of him." The crow kept right on running, with the loaf of bread held tight. Then Cappy sighed, "Oh, me, oh, my, I hope he doesn't start to fly. How easily he'd fool us if he'd fly right out of sight."

A sparrow then chirped, "Don't you fret! He'll stay right here on earth, I'll bet. It's been a long time since we've seen that crow up in the sky. Keep up the chase, if you're in trim, and you will soon catch up with him. You see, he fell and hurt his wing. That's why he cannot fly."

So, on the chase went, through the trees. The stealing crow hopped on with ease, with Cappy close behind, and all the rest at Cappy's heels. "It seems to me this naughty crow," snapped Cappy, "really ought to know that punishment is sure to come to anyone who steals."

Just then the crow chirped, "Hey! I quit this race. I've had enough of it. I'm sorry that I stole the bread. I knew that it was wrong. Oh, please don't hurt me. I'll be good, and always do just as I should." By this time Cappy grabbed him, as the others came along.

"What shall we do with Mister Crow?" said one. "That's what I'd like to know. Let's build a little jail for him of branches, twigs and such. That punishment will not appeal, but it will teach him not to steal. 'Twill serve him right, but not be cruel, 'cause it won't hurt him much."

The rest were for this little plan, so off for twigs and such they ran. The jail was shortly made and Mister Crow was put inside. Then Cappy beckoned Mister Crow, said he, "Now, after this you'll know that you should never



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

never steal. The crow broke Crane in the next story.)
down and cried. (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)
(The Tynmites meet a friendly Inc.)

ROSEBURG WINS
FROM MEDFORD IN
GOLF TOURNEY

The Roseburg golf team yesterday defeated Medford by a score of 353 to 153. The showing made by the Roseburg players was the best this year, and the club is greatly encouraged. This year's tournament season has been a decided help to the individual players. The club started the season in very poor shape and was easily defeated in the first games, but each tournament has shown a decided improvement, and in yesterday's contest the players were turning in unusually good scores. If the same scores had been made in earlier tournaments Roseburg would have won from nearly every team played.

As a result of the fine progress there is much interest being shown in the tournament for the directors' cup, which is the next event on the club's calendar. This is a prize for the best player of the club, and no handicaps will be imposed. There are, however, 16 fine prizes to be awarded, so that there is a chance for every player of the club to get into the awards.

The qualifying round will be played Sunday and the field limited to 16 contestants. The second elimination will reduce the players to eight, then four and then two, after which the finals will be played by the two survivors.

The tournament season ended except for one more contest, which will be played with the Eugene club for Sunday, October 7.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



The New Neighbor.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY
GROWING PAINS.