

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1928.

DO WE NEED MORONS?

"We are coming to recognize," remarks Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, professor in the Yale Medical School, "that the high-grade moron is perhaps a necessary and desirable element in a civilization that involves the performance of so many routine tasks repulsive to the mentally alert." This statement is taken from an article by Dr. Winslow in the current Golden Book, in which he sets forth the pleasing proposition that it is a good thing that all of us are not quite bright. If we were all gifted with alert, capable brains, the doctor says, we would not be happy. There are in the world man unpleasant jobs to be done; intelligent people do not care to do them; hence, indisputably, it is necessary that we have a host of morons who will do the work without getting discontented and dreaming of better things. This is a very fine doctrine if you are sitting somewhere near the top of the social heap, and if, in addition, you feel that our civilization today needs only a little bit of tinkering here and there to be absolutely perfect. Otherwise, however, it is apt to be rather depressing. For it happens that the world changes. We no longer assent to the old Bourbon idea, that all is well if only the well-born few are happy. During recent years we have come to see that it is precisely the average man—the man who has to do the unpleasant tasks, "repulsive to the mentally alert"—that is important. If he is not happy, then the world needs remaking. Dr. Winslow's idea, apparently, is that if this average man is only dumb enough he will be content with his lot. But the world did not spin into form out of glowing stardust merely in order that we should raise a hundred million people content with cheap covens and tawdry amusement parks. The moron, submerged in poverty and not caring to rise, was not designed by heaven for that lot. To be sure, from certain viewpoints a population of morons would be an advantage. A big industrialist would delight in having a breed of workers who were just smart enough to operate machines but not smart enough to organize for better pay or shorter working hours. A political boss would be highly pleased with an electorate that could not see through his output of bunk. All of the forces of reaction would exult in such a situation. But the democracy of which we have dreamed would die. We need more education, and not less; broader horizons, not narrower; higher aspirations, not lower. We are not yet ready to preach a gospel of contentment to the unfortunate. If the time ever comes when the moron is "a necessary and desirable element" in our national life, America is done for.

DRY AGENTS' GUNS

On the outskirts of Lorain, O., a man, his wife and their children were taking a quiet afternoon drive in their automobile. As they came to a small bridge three men sprang out from the roadside and yelled at them to stop. Fearing a holdup, the driver increased his speed. A volley of revolver shots was fired after them, and his daughter was shot through the head. She may die. The three men who caught and fired were prohibition agents, looking for rum runners. They are now in jail awaiting trial. What happened was, to put it mildly, an outrage. And no one should be so quick to denounce it, and to insist that this sort of "enforcement" be abolished, as the good friend of prohibition. Every time some innocent person is ambushed and shot by an ignorant dry agent, a new platoon of enemies of prohibition is created. The dry cause has no greater foe than the quick-trigger enforcement officer who shoots first and investigates afterward. The more ardent a prohibitionist a man is, the quicker he should demand a highspeed cleaning.

PREPARING FOR AIR TRAFFIC

How rapidly is commercial aviation in the United States going to develop during the next few years, anyone? William B. Stout, head of the airplane manufacturing company that bears his name, ought to know something about it. And here is what he thinks: Detroit, considering building a new airport, asked Stout's advice as to the site. And Stout promptly told Detroit that instead of building one airport it ought to build 20, right now. In a very short time, he said, it would be using all of them to capacity. If business were not more obvious every day that aviation has only started to grow, Stout's advice to Detroit may sound far-fetched now; yet the coming years may well show that he did not exaggerate in the least. A city that equips itself to handle air traffic in a big way is looking wisely to the future.

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. W. C. T. U. County Convention, Oct. 12; 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.



AUTUMN IS HERE

The stately corn and golden pumpkins in the field are ready for Halloween. The cool crisp moonlight evenings makes a man ready for his top coat, and we are ready for the man, with top coats of llama wool, camels' hair and tweeds. These fabrics are the finest of quality.

\$30.00 to \$45.00

QUALITY CLOTHING



NEWEST STYLES IN FALL APPAREL

What are the authentic styles in women's wear and where would you expect to find them in Roseburg? And are style and quality things of price or are they to be had at moderate prices which will appeal to the average purchaser in our city?

The month of October is the time when new garments are most wanted. In this time certain styles have attained popularity. It is therefore an appropriate time to ask the above questions and ascertain if Roseburg is able to satisfy at home the cravings of her women to dress as fashionably as elsewhere.

The first place to look for these things is in the dress in the lines of leading manufacturers which are recognized for such features particularly. In this, Roseburg is fortunate.

Following in the value of News-Review advertisements, Fisher's store has always used this medium to bring to the attention of the women of Roseburg the extra-ordinary value and newest styles of the seasons.

Ranking among the foremost creators of stylish dresses at moderate prices are the famous Coast Dressmakers of New York. This concerns specialties in youthful frocks with the very latest individual touches which differentiate them immediately from those marked by bulk production methods usually evidenced in cheap store merchandise. These fine Coast dresses are made in the best dressmaking in the east and are sold direct by the manufacturer. The dresses are so large and so completely styled that they completely conceal throughout the year with them. These dresses are given these regular orders to new orders of the style. The Married Ladies dress, just recently added to the Fisher's repertoire, reflects perhaps some of the more extreme suggestions and still doubtless these dresses will win between them and others a little more following than the others. Dresses of the character produced by any of these makers can always be depended upon for attractiveness and good looks. Fashion today are they based in either the style as Roseburg. It will also be noted that the fashion is found in the fact that there are no small errors and these garments, number thousands of the more dependent stores throughout the country.

The above facts are very clearly set forth in the following by Fisher's in many ways. Although well understood by many, every woman who does not know that Fisher's are practically all dressed in Paris and most of the stock is selected in Ireland and Southern France. The quality of fabrics and the way in which they are made is the best in the world and the fact that they are made in the most famous of styles. Fisher's is now showing the latest in the style of the season. The dresses are shown in tweeds and patterned fabrics such as Delton, Venetian cloth, broadcloths and corduroy. Fisher's changes are interesting to study and to change one's dress in keeping with fashion is the hour's desire of every woman. Certainly anyone may find plenty to interest them this fall.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

MAN'S FUTURE IN THE AIR
Man's future course is in the air
Where there is room—yes, room to spare!
For there he'll need no track of steel.
His way he'll guide by steering wheel;
He'll have no need of section crew—
The air way's free as falling dew;
He'll carry on so very cheap—
He'll have no right to keep.

Our Henry Ford once prophesied
That all the working men would ride;
This hope was Ford's high guiding star—
That every toiler'd own a car.
He lived to see his dream come true.
A newer age is in our view.
And in the cleaner upper air
Now very soon the world will fare.

I see a day when airplane ships
Are used for all our longer trips;
When boys are seeking out careers,
They'll train for air line engineers
And every new age shipping trust
Will be o'er tracks that never rust;
And lawyers then will hunt for flaws
In fresh made skyline shipping laws.

How men will laugh about our time
With all its dust and dirt and grime!
As we now laugh at slow oxtams
And all such ancient kindred themes.
From old New York to Frisco bay
Will only take a single day.
The world will be a neighborhood
In that new day of brotherhood.

Each working man may own his ship
And, after work, fast homeward skip.
Perhaps he'll fly a hundred miles
To some fair spot where nature smiles;
His touring home to spend the night
Will be a soothing, restful flight.
When he returns with morning's dawn,
He'll be refreshed to carry on.

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 THRASHER

The broken thrasher is a famous singer in a family, all of which are good singers; two of the family, the catbird and the mockingbird, are both top-notchers, but while the broken thrasher is not so famous in other ways it is as rich and sweet a singer as either of them. It is eleven and a half inches in length; is a reddish brown above; below is white with black spots. It is a long slender bird with long tail, short wings and curved bill. He is less timid than the catbird and, like his western and southern cousin, the mockingbird, he likes to come out at night when he sings. I once heard him in a low sound on the top of a tree and greet the sunrise in a song that made me feel he must be a sun worshipper. The broken thrasher seems to be increasing in numbers, and takes more to the bushes in the fields. Some farmers complain of their rice like fondness for corn; now, ever, their fowls of insects, in the north, makes them one of the farmers' best friends. On the Pacific coast, the California thrasher takes the place of the broken thrasher in the East, and is equally as good as a musician, and goes all far north as southern Oregon. There are some modifiers of the name of the thrasher known as the house thrasher, Chipping and Palmer thrasher. They cover the wide brush plains and the green deserts of Arizona—all good singers as becomes the name. They all build near the ground and have but one, bluish green very thickly spotted with brown all over.

THE BROWN THRASHER'S SONG

Brown thrasher bird, you pretty thing,
I'll never forget I heard you sing:
'Twas in the bush of early morn—
My heart was lonely, all forlorn,
Then I saw you a-top the tree—
You caroled forth so glad and free.

There was about it all a rush
That made my doubts begin to blush.
Your song so sweet, so soft, so holy,
It seemed to reach my thoughts so lowly.

Awoke me first to admiration,
Which followed out to exultation;
You seemed to me an angel piper
On guard right close to heaven's wicket.

All doubts of triumph fled away—
Quick fled before your hopeful lay;
My heart was all alone with God;
The place I stood was sacred sod.
Like Moses at the burning bush,
My soul was gripped in holy hush.
I never can forget that song
That seemed to you and me belong!

You're not to me like other birds—
My thoughts of you, too deep for words.
Are close to feelings fraught with prayer—
They make a refuge from my care.

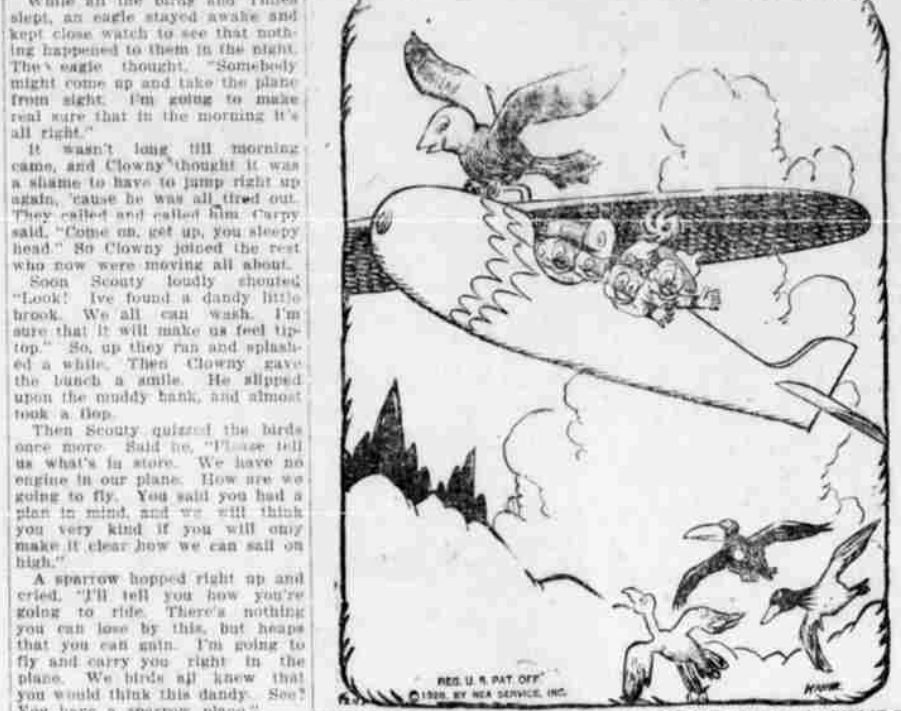
Again I see you 'top the tree;
And hear your carol glad and free.
I feel again that holy thrill
With power all my fears to still.

SIXTEEN QUALIFY IN FIRST ROUND DIRECTORS' CUP

The qualifying round for the directors' cup, the trophy soon to be awarded to the best player of the Roseburg Country club, was held yesterday at the club grounds with 41 entries, the largest number of players ever participating in a tournament of this kind locally. The qualifying round left 16 players eligible for further competition; those surviving the round with their scores being as follows: J. F. Jones, 83; Lou McInerney, 89; J. A. Craton, 90; Kenneth Quinn, 90; Walter Fisher, 90; A. A. Willard, 91; Jack Nerbas, 91; I. G. Broadway, 92; E. F. Mauldin, 92; John Marks, 93; C. A. Lockwood, 94; W. F. Chapman, 97; H. L. Whitely, 98; John Strickland, 98. These 16 players will be paired to hot next Sunday in matched play by holes. This will leave a stretch work, who will be paired the following week. The directors' cup will be won by the player who survives all of the matches and emerges victorious in the final round. His opponent will receive the second prize, which will be a golf club. Each of the sixteen winners in yesterday's tournament will receive a prize. There will be no entry fees for future play for the directors' cup. Eat barbecue sandwiches and use forever. Brand's Road Stand.

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK



While all the birds and Tines slept, an eagle stayed awake and kept close watch to see that nothing happened to them in the night. The eagle thought, "Somebody might come up and take the plane from sight. I'm going to make real sure that in the morning it's all right." It wasn't long till morning came, and Clowdy thought it was a shame to have to jump right up again, "cause he was all tired out. They called and called him. Carry said, "Come on, get up, you sleepy head." So Clowdy joined the rest who now were moving all about. Soon Scouty loudly shouted, "Look! I've found a dandy little brook. We all can wash. I'm sure that it will make us feel tip-top." So, up they ran and splashed a while. Then Clowdy gave the bunch a smile. He slipped upon the muddy bank, and almost took a flop. Then Scouty quizzed the birds once more. Said he, "Please tell us what's in store. We have no engine in our plane. How are we going to fly. You said you had a plan in mind, and we will think you very kind if you will only make it clear how we can sail on high." A sparrow hopped right up and cried, "I'll tell you how you're going to ride. There's nothing you can lose by this, but hope that you can gain. I'm going to fly and carry you, right in the plane. We birds all knew that you would think this dandy. See? You have a sparrow plane." "Oh, great!" cried Clowdy. "Come, let's go! Why we should better, I don't know." So, while the sparrow took his place, the Tines yelled, "Good bye!" And then the plane began to fly. The birds all shouted, "Happy trip!" (The Tines have trouble in Right quick the sparrow rose in the air, in the next story.)

ODD FELLOWS GIVE DEGREE AT ELKTON: SEE MAT BATTLE

About 20 local members of the Odd Fellows Lodge, comprising the first degree team, motored to Elkton Saturday night for a visit to the lodge of that place. During the evening the local men conferred the first degree upon a candidate for the lodge at Elkton. Immediately after the lodge session those present retired to the hall on the ground floor of the building where they enjoyed an exhibition of wrestling by Tiger Jensen and Joe Sheridan, two professional wrestlers who are spending a time hunting in the vicinity of Elkton. Mr. Jensen made his home at Elkton for a number of years, and is a member of the lodge at that place. After the 20-minute exhibition an excellent banquet was served during which time several talks on subjects pertaining to the good of the order were made by both the Roseburg and Elkton men.

TO ATTEND GRAND LODGE

George R. Ware and W. H. Bowden left today for Salem, where they will attend the grand lodge of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Bowden was the winner of the contest in the Lesson of Friendship at the district convention held here recently. He will participate in the state contest and the winner at Grand lodge will probably enter the national contest.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST

Painless Extraction Gas When Desired Pyorrhea Treated Phone 485 Masonic Bldg.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"Tell the lady she can get two cents back on the bottle."

Glendale Family Visits—Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Elliott and family returned to Glendale Saturday evening after visiting and shopping here during that day.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



WAY MOTHERS GET GRAY. Eat barbecue sandwiches and use forever. Brand's Road Stand.