ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, OCT. 22, 1928.

WHY REFORM WAVES FAIL

A Philadelphia police captain, a patrolman and a detective have been indicted on charges of bribery and corruption. An additional score of patrolmen have been suspended, and one man already has pleaded guilty. Thus the big investigation by District Attorney Monaghan bears its first tangible fruit. It would be very nice to assume that this investigation will continue until every guilty man has been brought to book; to assume that Philadelphia, after it is over, will be given complete decency and probity in its law enforcement activities. But surely one may be pardoned for being a trifle cynical about it. No American city can go for very long without being swept by a reform wave. The noisome aroma of our metropolitan politics is bound to become too strong to be ignored every so often; so all of us are familiar with the sight of investigations, revelations, indictments and so on. But the only trouble is that it is almost invariably the small fry that get caught. The higher-ups go free; they are seldom even mentioned. And after the smoke has cleared away they can usually be found doing business at the old stand in the old way—a little quieter, perhaps, but essentially unchanged. And—worse yet—the system that makes all of this graft and corruption possible is pretty much the same now as it was in the days of Tweed. Reform waves come and go but the system under which an unscrupulous political machine can fasten itself on a large city and have its own way is never touched. The fault, after all, lies in ourselves. Political corruption, on a greater or smaller scale, seems to be almost inevitable under present conditions. When half of the electorate will not take the trouble to go to the polls at all when the nominating of candidates is left strictly in the hands of those who have an ax to grind; when the average citizen takes it for granted that his city government will be woefully lax and inefficient in places; when all of these things are true, the wonder is not that there is corruption, but that there is not more of it. District Attorney Monaghan, of course, is to be commended for his work in Philadelphia. It is only through repeated expostures such as his that we can be aroused sufficiently to give ourselves consistently good government. But his work will be wasted if we conclude that everything will run sweetly once a few rascals have been jailed. The thing lies deeper than that.

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A Kansas City man has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary for driving a motor car while intoxicated. His escapade didn't kill anyone, although he knocked over a boy and girl, injuring them rather badly, and crashed into another automobile. The sentence given him is undoubtedly the stiffest ever given for the offense charged. Even so, it is hard to see where it is unduly severe. We must recognize that no one has any business driving an automobile unless he is in complete control of all his facilities. A drunken man in a car is a potential killer. It is time that every driver understood that he can commit no crime much greater than taking the wheel while under the influence of liquor. A few more penitentiary sentences for this offense might go far toward stamping it out.

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At the general election on November 6, the city of Eugene will vote again on the proposal to allow the theatres to operate on Sundays. One of the arguments frequently made in defense of the closing law is that it is necessary to preserve respect for the churches among university students. What the students themselves think about the matter is shown in a straw vote recently taken on the University of Oregon campus. There were 476 votes in favor of opening the theatres on Sunday and only 93 against.

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An inspired headline writer announces that the Byrd South Pole trip will reveal the last of the world's great secrets. Aha! the reason why a pedestrian tries to beat an automobile at the intersection.

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A wife, her mother and her grandmother sued for divorces in the same week. If they all were married to the same man that would be news.

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Scientists are finding substitutes for gasoline, rubber and all that, but what this country needs is something to say instead of "I'll say so."

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Apple growers now urge everyone to eat two apples a day. Probably the theory is that the more doctors you keep away the better.

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They call them permanent waves, the word "permanent" here meaning "once every two months."

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
Dixie Jubilee Quartet, Jr. High School Benefit	Oct. 26
National Election	November 6
State Horticultural Meeting	Dec. 12-13-14

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES—O

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Ah feller Roseburgers,
Gather close to
The loud-speaker—
Your next mayor
Will give his
Evenin' bedtime
Story—an' how!

✣ ✣ ✣

Well, mates, we've just opened our campaign headquarters today and guess where it is located. Right in the center of our beautiful dumpyard and Jim Draper will be right on hand all the time to dole out campaign buttons and information concerning our campaign. Jim is busy today cuttin' the lids off'n tomato cans for the campaign buttons and they're quite attractive.

✣ ✣ ✣

Runnin' fer mayor and not bein' able to write prescriptions fer our supporters is a real handicap but we will surmount it and promise 'em anything their little hearts desire.

✣ ✣ ✣

Just as soon as we take the oath of office we will have an ordinance passed settin' a reg'lar salary fer mayor. Then after this candidates can shed crocodile tears and declare that "even tho there is no financial remuneration they seek the flce only as a means of servin' our dear city." Why not pay the mayor fifteen or twenty cents a week and cut out that squawk.

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Had we been mayor of Roseburg, not only would Lindbergh have flown over and doffed his chapeau to us but the Graf Zeppelin would have tied up at the flag mast on Mt. Nebo for the day. Yep, we'll bring in all the big attractions.

✣ ✣ ✣

And the radio! We'd install our own broadcastin' station and let you tune in on the council mestin's. That'd be a scream, mates!

✣ ✣ ✣

We have gobs of things to offer that no other candidate has even yet dreamed about.

✣ ✣ ✣

Some heckler in the crowd asks us wot we're gonna do about the fire dept. Well, in the first place we'd buy ever' fireman a new flivver with siren attached, the hull contraption to be painted red. Then we'd have bigger and better fires with refreshments afterwards. Ask any fireman!

✣ ✣ ✣

It has been rumored that if elected mayor we would tear the climbin' vine off'n the city hall. Nuthin' to it, mates! In fact, we'll grow bigger 'n better vines which'll not only be an ornament but will also have some grapes to eat or you can use the juice fer jelly or if you don't like jelly you can just use the juice.

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We promise to beautify ol' Poseyville so's attar of roses will have the fragrant aroma of skunk cabbage—and right there we'll get back to our campaign hdqrs., the dumpyard.

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Jim Draper and his Shetland ponies are outside now folks, an' we beseech you to get on the bandwagon. Jim's boys will pass among you now and collect the ol' soupbones.

✣ ✣ ✣

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Bigger and better promises is wot we need durin' this campaign."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer

OCTOBER 19, 1903.

Vernon Ramp has the city record of the bowling alley, formerly held by S. Cawfield; he scored 78 pins. Mr. Slocum offers a prize of $5 for the highest score for the month ending December 15.

Marsters brothers, of the local granite works, have recently placed a neat monument on the Marcylot in Fair Oaks cemetery.

On the opening night of the Eugene opera house, fire started on the stage from a defective furnace pipe. It was in the middle of the performance. The theatre was cleared of its audience in four minutes without any disorder.

The young ladies of the high school have organized a basketball team and will begin practicing as soon as they get the ball. Leonard Hurfield is coach, Miss Khie Benedick, captain, and Miss Rose B. Parrott, manager.

E. G. Young and Co. and Beckley Bros. are killing and shipping about 14,000 Thanksgiving turkeys. The birds will be shipped to Portland, San Francisco and Seattle.

Turkeys are selling at a premium here compared to Minnesota, where they go at 12 cents per pound. The local price is 19 cents.

Mrs. J. H. Beech and two children have returned from Grants Pass, where they have been visiting relatives.

R. L. Gile, manager of the Umpqua Valley Prune Packing association, left this morning to spend Thanksgiving with friends at Salem.

The Plaindealer for this issue had a number of Thanksgiving features, illustrated stories, etc.

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A Martin ditcher will save half the time in ditching, grading or cleaning ditches. We have one in stock. Wharton Bros.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST
Painless Extraction
Gas When Desire.
Pyorrhea Treated
Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

The Rex

The man and the young man of smart tastes will be delighted with the autumn version of "The Rex." This popular model with raglin shoulders is correctly styled to meet the demands of men. For comfort, swagger and distinctive lines of style.

QUALITY CLOTHING

Harth's TOGGERY

P. T. A. MEET TO OPEN TUESDAY

Registration at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at the Elks temple will open the regional convention of the Oregon Congress of Parents and Teachers which will occupy three days of this week and for which a program interesting not only to parents and teachers but also to the general public, has been prepared.

All sessions will be in the Elks temple and a pre-convention board meeting will be held at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The reception, which will be an informal affair, and open to the general public, will be the outstanding event of the opening day as no business session will be held that afternoon aside from the board meeting. Several speakers of prominence in the county and state have been secured for the programs, which will also be varied with musical entertainment the last two days of the meeting.

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Axes, wedges, cross cut saws and other tools for wood cutters are sold at Wharton Bros.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

WHERE STRENGTH LIES

"The people who think that to be outspoken is the chief mark of strength might well consider the strength of the man who is able and willing to listen, and who considers well before he speaks."—The Christian Endeavor World.

Ah, no! your strength lies not in noise,
But in your quief steady poise;
'Tis gentle speech breeds confidence,
And not the cry of bold pretence.
The man who's thought the whole way through,
Knows well the course we should pursue,
Is always most convincing guide,
Will win the thoughtful to his side.

You cannot measure strength by speech,
But by your ever-lengthening reach;
'Tis not determined by your pride,
But by the limit of your stride.
Some quiet souls have silent force
That gives them vast unseen resource,
And, though they walk with slippered feet,
They find their way to highest seat.

Keep watch on foe who listens much,
Look out for steady quiet clutch.
The man who takes his time to think
Will never stumble on the brink
Of any danger—unprepared,
Nor is he likely to be scared
By any unexpected foe—
No matter when or where it show.

The greatest Master of them all,
The Man of Galilee, so tall,
Went straight along His quiet way,
Said gently what He had to say;
But how it thunders down the years,
Arousing hopes, dispelling fears,
Is slowly gripping all the world
With banners everywhere unfurled!

FOREST RANGER FRANK RITTER IS GIVEN PROMOTION

Frank Ritter, district ranger in charge of the South Umpqua district of the Umpqua National forest, with headquarters at Tiller, was today notified of his promotion to the office of road superintendent for the Olympia national forest in Washington, and is leaving immediately for Olympia to take up his new work. His exceptional ability in road construction work, as shown by the new section of the South Umpqua road, which is being built under his direction, was very instrumental in his being selected for the fine promotion. Mr. Ritter has been a very efficient ranger on the Umpqua national forest, proving exceptionally good in fire control work.

His brother, Hugh A. Ritter, who has been in charge of the Diamond Lake district, has been promoted to the South Umpqua district, which is a higher position, both from the standpoint of grade and remuneration.

Supervisor Neal states that there is no pressing work to be done in the Diamond Lake district, so there probably will not be an appointment to that vacancy until spring.

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GRANGE PLANS ANNUAL HARVEST DANCE

South Deer Creek grange at its meeting October 20, decided to hold a combined harvest dance and Hallowe'en party on the evening of October 27, and committees were appointed to take care of this annual event. It was also decided to hold an open meeting November 3, inviting speakers to talk on the various measures which will come before the electorate November 6. Mrs. C. H. Bailey, the lecturer, presented the following program: Piano duet, Isabelle Karcher and Lois Duncan; reading, Mrs. C. H. Bailey; piano solo, Nellie Rose Duncan; reading, Harry Collison; piano solo, Isabelle Karcher; reading, Mrs. T. E. Duncan; folk dance, La Verne Neil; violin duet, Helen and Ivan Branton, Miss Josephine Cachelin, accompanist; recitation, Madeline Smith; recitation, La Verne Neil; violin duet, Helen and Ivan Branton, Mrs. Ada Melton, accompanist. After the closing of the grange all present enjoyed an informal dance.

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EX-PREMIER FISHER DIES

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The Right Honorable Andrew Fisher, former premier of Australia, died at his London residence this morning. He was 66 years old.

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DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Data reported by E. H. Fletcher, Meteorologist in charge.

Barometric pressure trequced to sea level) 5 a. m.	30.25
Relative humidity 5 p. m. yesterday (per cent)	35
Precip. in inches and Hundredths:	
Highest temperature yesterday	62
Lowest temperature last night	31
Average temperature for the day	46
Normal temperature for this date	52
Precipitation, last 24 hours	0
Total precip. since 1st month	.71
Normal precip. for this month	2.61
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1928, to date	1.55
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877	3.01
Total deficiency since Sept. 1, 1928	1.46
Average seasonal precip. Sept. to May, inclusive	31.16

Forecast for interior southwest Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday; warmer tonight.

TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

"Oh, my!" cried Clowny, "I'll just bet that we will all get soaking wet. The waves are splashing near us. I am sure I felt a spray. Why did we ever get inside this crazy plane to take a ride? If we could just land safely, it would be a happy day."

The plane sailed on above the sea, about as close as it could be to foam upon the rolling waves. Oh, what would happen next? It didn't drop. It didn't rise. The Tinies all heaved heavy sighs. Just why they stayed out of the sea had all of them perplexed.

Said Scouty, "This is mighty queer. What is it keeping us up here? Perhaps the wind is blowing strong, and holds our plane in air. This sort of fun is not so good. If we must land, I wish we would. Just flying on and on is bound to give us all a scare."

"Don't worry," whispered Carpy, "I just wish we were up in the sky, but shucks we can't get there 'cause our airplane has no power. The water down below looks cold, but let's try hard to be real bold. We may sail on like this, you know, for hour after hour."

Just then, however, came a shock. The little plane began to rock. "It's going down," cried Coppy. "Oh, my goodness, what's in store? We're almost in the water now. Oh, can't we all be saved somehow? It even scares me badly just to hear the wild waves roar."

The plane then took a sudden dip. It seemed that it would surely slip into the rushing water. All the Tinymites turned pale. But then it seemed to strike the ground. Soon Scouty cried, "We're safe and sound. At least we've missed the sea and landed on a monstrous whale."

(The Tinymites get a ducking in the next story.)

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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 REDPOLL

Some bird students say the redpoll is the American linnet. He is a pretty little fellow, a little less than five inches long; would pass for a little brown striped sparrow except for his red head. He is a bird of the far north, whose real home is in Greenland and Iceland, though he sometimes breeds about Hudson's Bay and even down to our northern border. In severe winters they condescend to visit us and go as far south as Virginia in the far east, northern Alabama in the middle, and to northern California on the Pacific coast. I have seen them quite frequently in southern Oregon. They are always ravenous for weed seeds, and have an undulating flight familiar to the goldfinches. They sometimes eat pine seeds, and will stand upside down on a pine cone, digging for seeds as fearlessly as a chickadee hunts beneath a branch for bugs. They have sweet querulous call notes and a cheery warbling song. They have been seen ten thousand feet high, with the thermometer many degrees below zero, still retaining their good spirits and as cheerful as in the valley. Where they breed, they build down near the ground and have three to five light bluish green eggs specked with brown.

THE REDPOLL'S FAITH

O cheery bird with bright red poll,
I covet your heroic soul.
You're but a speck against the world
Yet keep your banner still unfurled.
In face of storms you keep your cheer
And never once give way to fear.
There is no venture you'll not dare—
You've grit and pep enough to spare.

You never settle down to blues—
The smallest joy will you enthuse.
You seem to think it will come true
If it is good enough for you.
And though the universe is wide
You seem to feel its on your side.
You never once agree with wrong,
But trill and warble forth your song.

You fly in undulating bounds;
You sing in rapturous cheery sounds;
You have a sweetly-tempered will
That storm and care can never chill.
Your spirits rise when trouble comes—
It never once your courage numbs.
You are a little king of arts—
A valiant bird of finest parts.

You've learned the secret of success;
Believe that God intends to bless,
Then act as though he means to win—
To doubt His kindness is a sin.
Both men and birds His children are—
This world is his own chariot car;
He watches with a jealous care;
His love can reach us everywhere.

ARREST GROWS OUT OF ACCIDENT SUNDAY

H. C. Willey of North Bend was arrested by Traffic Officer E. R. Thurber this morning on two counts, one for operating a car without a driver's license and the other for driving on the wrong side of the highway. Willey appeared in the justice court today and was fined $25 on both offenses, which he paid.

The arrest grew out of an auto accident near the Camas Valley post office at about 6:45 o'clock Sunday evening when the machine of A. L. Reynolds, who with his wife and son and Walter Post, all of Bandon, were enroute from the coast, was crowded off the Coos Bay highway by the other car as it started to pass, the car being thrown into the ditch and the entire side of the car badly wrecked. The car which Willey was driving, belonging to his brother of the Coos Bay Service and Battery company at North Bend, was damaged to a minor extent, one wheel being torn off. The occupants of the machines were unhurt.

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UNCLAIMED

"I'd like to git a couple gallons, Jim."

"Just a minute, Knick. It ain't aged yit."—Judge.

HANDS COLD, KNIFE SLIPS, BUTCHER DEAD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 22.—Clifford Whitman, 20, a meat cutter, was chilled when he reached work this morning. His hands were cold—his knife was keen.

A few minutes later he died in an ambulance on the way to a hospital. His hand had slipped and the knife had stabbed him in the groin. He died from loss of blood.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams