ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1928.

LIVING BY BREAD ALONE

In the state of Connecticut there is a peaceful little village that has been drowsing beneath the shade of its great elm trees since before the Revolution. Main street swept down a gentle hill in a wide, lazy curve. Giant elms flanked the length of it. Behind them were the colonial houses, trim in white clapboards and green shutters, looking very much as they looked when Washington's army marched through. There were no street cars, no busses, no factories and no noise. The town was simple, concentrated peace. But last summer the state began a highway improvement program. The road that curved through the village had to be widened and straightened. Down came the magnificent elms. The wide lawns were chopped off ruthlessly. Now a broad, straight belt of concrete runs through the town. The trees are gone. The old houses have lost their dignity. Huge convoys of trucks rumble through at all hours. The peace and quiet of colonial days have gone. All of this, no doubt, comes under the general heading, "Progress." Progress, of course, is our national watchword. Nowhere on earth is there such a fear of being behind the times as in this country. If chopping down an irreplaceable row of elms and ruining the beauty of a town that took two centuries to mellow will give us progress, we are always ready to get our axes. But we really ought to go a little slowly. The effort to live by bread alone is always a bit dangerous. There are times when we seem to be trying it. This Connecticut road-building job—which, of course, might have happened in any of the states—is evidence to that effect. What is America, anyway? It is not simply a collection of industrial sites and transportation facilities. It is not simply a huge group of highly prosperous individuals who never cease to praise heaven that they are richer than any other men on earth. It is not simply a machine for producing things in ever-increasing abundance. Those are only part of its aspects. It is, among other things, a land of great and varied beauty; beauty of sleepy New England towns, beauty of flat mid-western prairies, beauty of southern plantations, beauty of western mountains and northern forests. This beauty has had a deep effect on the national character. It has helped, in no small way, shape the idealism that has made us great. But sometimes we actually seem to dislike this beauty. We plaster the countryside with big billboards, marring scene after scene. We disfigure mountain valleys with incredibly squalid mining towns. We turn pleasant rivers into factory-stained sink holes. We destroy the charm of ancient towns to make wider roads. It won't do. If we cannot preserve the beauty and charm that still remain to us, no other nation on earth ever will envy us, for all our wealth.

VOTED ONCE TOO OFTEN

Oddest of all the stories arising from Chicago's fraud-ridden primary elections scandals of last spring is that told the other day on the witness stand by one Henry Watts, colored worker for the Crowe-Thompson machine. Watts was told to vote often, and he did—14 times in one day. Then a gang of plug uglies arrived on the scene and mistook him for a worker for the opposition. They seized him, hit him over the head, knocked him down and kicked him grievously. After it was all over he hunted up the ward boss and explained that a terrible mistake had been made. So the ward boss got a doctor to fix him up and handed him $10 to salve his feelings. And that ended it—except that now he is spilling the beans. As a comment on big city politics, this anecdote should be priceless to the historians of 50 years hence.

HORSES FOR AIRPLANES

Score one for the horse, fighting a losing fight against mechanical means of transportation. A Chicago-Omaha air mail plane made a forced landing the other day at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Heavy rains came up, and when the pilot tried to resume his flight the plane was too deeply mired in the muddy field. He could not budge it. How was the problem solved? With the aid of the horse! A farmer brought a team, which was hitched to the plane. A little sturdy pulling and the plane was dragged out to dry ground, from which it was able to take off successfully. You can't quite count the horse out, even in this day of travel through the air.

BRIDEGROOM MISSING

MT. CLEMENS, Mich.—Disappointed in love, arrested in hotel police and turned over to Detroit authorities because she had been living there for several weeks, Marie Burly, 18, is ready to go back to her home in Chicago and forget her romance. She was near collapse when taken in custody. This, she said, was because the man who had lured her from Chicago had failed to show up for the wedding which was to have taken place here.

AGE REMAINS SECRET

LONDON—More than five million women in the British Isles will be saved the embarrassment of a possible tilt when they register for their first vote. The form they will fill in merely requires them to "State whether aged 21 years or over—yes or no".

NEVER SAW HIM, BUT—

NORRISTOWN, Pa.—Emily Waterhouse never saw her Uncle Albert, but she learned that he died intestate in 1926. She filed claim for a share of the estate. This was granted and redistribution of the estate ordered among the known heirs. Miss Waterhouse was born four months after her father's death, which checked with report at her uncle's estate to the effect that George Waterhouse, a brother, had no children when he died in 1892.

MOTHER SEES TRAGEDY

COVINGTON, Ky.—Mrs. Bobbie Yetton witnessed the death by drowning of her husband and three children here recently. She stood on the bank of the Licking river and saw her husband and 12-year-old twins die in an attempt to save a younger child.

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

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Folks are already
Beginnin' to say:
"Howdy mayor!"
An' we wus just
Th'inkin'—
Wouldn't it be
Heart-breakin'
If we happened to
Lose out on the
Election.

✣ ✣ ✣

Our rally last night was a great success. Even four prisoners in the county jail joined in on the jubilee and are still gain'.

✣ ✣ ✣

There wasn't a window soaped up on acct. of extry pleecemen but some folks have remarked that it wouldn't have been a bad idee to have some of 'em soaped a little and then washed—frinstance look at the Neos-Revu window. If we are elected mayor we will see that it is washed regularly by the st. cleanin' dept.

✣ ✣ ✣

As there is no broadcastin' station in town we will issue a special election number of this colyum on Monday nite. Watch fer it and mark yer ballot accordingly.

✣ ✣ ✣

One supporter dropped in a while ago and wanted to know if anyone was runnin' fer mayor besides us. We refused to answer. These ward-heelers are too dern inquisitive.

✣ ✣ ✣

The anvil chorus of whisperin' still continues but the rains of the past few days have driven most of the members in from the back-yard fence.

✣ ✣ ✣

Of late the curfew has not been ringin'. This is gross neglect. They oughta ring the curfew ever' night so's folks could set their clocks by it.

✣ ✣ ✣

We will also make it a law in the village to excuse members of the Senior and Junior high feet-ball teams from all classwork.

✣ ✣ ✣

The w. k. pleece net was spread over the village last night and if we are elected we will secure a fish-net fer the same purpose, it'll be a dern sight cheaper and not full of so many holes.

✣ ✣ ✣

Anyone not subscribin' to the Community Chest fund would be ducked at the foot of Oak st. three times daily until the cash in his pockets loosened up.

✣ ✣ ✣

As we are busy preparin' our final bombshell of the campaign, which'll be fired Monday eve, we will close today's appeal with the words, IF ELECTED MAYOR OF POSEYVILLE WE WILL MAKE THE TOWN GROW BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS IF WE HAFTA SHOOT SOME OF THE MOSS-BACKS TO DO IT!

✣ ✣ ✣

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Kinda looks like the morgues'll be jammed then."

STATE PRESS COMMENT

A Menace

The Oregon Journal says editorially: Have you read your voter's pamphlet? It will interest you.

That, for example, a 28-passenger stage of 13,300-pound weight will have its license fee cut $549 a year is asserted in the argument opposing the Dunne motor license bill. That one stage company alone would have its license fees cut $24,000 a year by the Dunne bill is another statement in the argument.

Here is another statement: "A common carrier truck of five tons capacity, weight 10,000 pounds, with 36-inch solid tires, hauling a six-ton trailer, weight 7300 pounds, with 32-inch solid tires, would pay a total under the present law of $972.27." Under the Dunne bill the total would be only $155.75, a saving to the truck owner of more than $800.

Here are more statements: "Under the Dunne bill trailers equipped with pneumatic tires must pay the license fees prescribed therein, based upon weight, while trailers equipped with solid tires pay no fee at all, regardless of weight, capacity or use."

"Two-wheel trailers, under the Dunne bill, are exempt from the payment of any license fees, whether such trailers be operated as common carriers for compensation and regardless of the weight of such trailers or of the load on their wheels."

Here is another statement: "The public service commission has estimated that under the Dunne license bill the annual revenue paid by motor carriers operating for hire would be only $45,000, while under the present law those same carriers paid in 1927 $288,052.58. The for hire busses and trucks thus would pay only one-sixth of their present fee."

The Dunne license bill is accompanied by the Dunne bill increasing the tax on gasoline 2 cents a gallon. But the two bills are separate and distinct. They will occupy different places on the ballot. The Dunne plan is for those who vote for the license tax to also vote for the increased gas tax. But it is almost certain that the voter who votes to cut his license tax will pull with his next breath vote to tax himself more for gasoline.

In fact, in the voter's pamphlet it is claimed that if both Dunne bills should pass it would cost the average owner of a Ford $3 a year more than it costs him now to operate his car.

To pass the Dunne license bill and not the gasoline bill would cut highway revenues more than $3,000,000 a year. It would paralyze all important and needed road building. It would deprive communities that have been waiting so long of their hope of improved highways. It would put the state in position where in time it could not match federal aid highway funds, $1,500,000 of which now hangs in the balance under the threat of the Dunne license bill.

Vote 306 X No.

You'll always want
FLORSHEIM SHOES

Once you have enjoyed the comfort of a pair of Florsheims, admired their fine appearance on your feet and experienced the economy of their long enduring quality, you'll always want Florsheim Shoes.

Ten to Twelve Dollars
MOST STYLES $10

Harth's TOGGERY

FLY-TOX WILL DO IT

No more anxiety. No more danger. No more doubt. Use Fly-Tox, then you may be sure your garments will retain their original beauty and perfection—free from ravages of moths. Fly-Tox kills moths, eggs, larvae. Spray thoroughly blankets, carpets, rugs, clothing, furs and woolens. Insist on Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is the scientific insecticide developed at Mellon Institute, of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship. Simple instructions on each bottle for killing ALL household insects. Fly-Tox is safe, stainless, fragrant, sure. Every bottle guaranteed.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

THINK BEFORE YOU VOTE

If from the standpoint of physiology it could be made to appear that fermented liquors are in any way a benefit to either men or animals mentally or physically or even did not work injury to the same there might be some reason for the annulment of the eighteenth amendment and the reinstatement of the liquor traffic.

When we come to consider that intoxicants have been proven beyond question to be, not only of no possible benefit but on the contrary have wrought infinite ravages upon the physical and mental life of all who have been addicted to it, it seems clear enough that no sane or sensible person should be in favor of reversing the status of the constitution and reinstate the booze game.

Governor Smith is pursuing the same course that Stephen A. Douglas adopted when he and Lincoln stumped the country for the presidency and he is pursuing it for the same reason viz., votes. Douglas said: "I do not care whether slavery is voted up or voted down just so each state has what it wants!" And this was his "gerate per-in-ciple" as Lincoln called it.

Abraham Lincoln was for liberty—for carrying into effect the great principles laid down in the constitution. Douglas was anxious to become president of the United States of America, and regardless of principles he took the course he thought would secure the largest number of votes. He advocated the states rights principle, in order to secure the votes of the northern democrats and with the same doctrine obtain the support of the solid south.

Governor Smith's course is a facsimile of that of Douglas. He would have each state shape its own liquor laws which means that the eighteenth amendment must through some process or other become silent, this is done with the hope of winning the wet vote of the entire country excepting the dry south which he is sure this principle will appeal to and which will secure the necessary votes to place him in the White House.

When the New York legislature passed a bill which in doing it violated its path to uphold the constitution and Gov. Smith signed it also violating his oath by which the state of New York stands in opposition to the government, which is virtually treason. It and he voiced not only the true sentiment of Tammany and the wet element of the country over but his own deepest sentiment, and let me say parenthetically that the person who supports him is giving his influence in favor of a system that will do for us just what it did for those in the past viz., stamp its curse upon the thoughtful brow of humanity.

Millions of families prior to the adoption of the eighteenth amendment were reared in degradation, with no opportunities in life, in many cases no one but a weeping mother living in a drunkards hovel taking in washings to keep the wolf of starvation and cold from the door. Voters think of these things when you are at the voting precinct.

Abraham Lincoln was a statesman, that is a man who desired to do something for the people and Herbert Hoover is a man with the same principal. Stephen A. Douglas was a politician as also is Alfred E. Smith, and politicians have but one object, that to enlist the services of the people in their behalf.

—C. E. MANSFIELD.

Mrs. Viola Rice of Buckles spent a few hours yesterday in this city visiting and shopping.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE UNIVERSAL SWEETHEART

The Associated Press dispatches the other day carried this note:

"Mary Pickford's admirers must visit Toronto before January 1st if they want to see the plain little old-fashioned house in which the 'universal sweetheart' was born. Mary's former home and most of the adjoining buildings have already been deserted and stand neglected, awaiting wreckers."

Ah! why this universal charm
That makes our hearts so kindly warm,
So that we care where she was born,
Just where she saw life's early morn?
Why "sweetheart dear" to all mankind—
To all who're not to movies blind,
The one who wakes our smiles and tears
And grows the sweeter through the years?

I think I know her secret sure:
Because we feel she is so pure;
She seems as artless as a child—
With heart as tender, gentle, mild;
She shows us just a simple girl
Around whom fondest fancies curl;
She touches things so noble, true,
Which somehow our best selves can woo,

She lifts from us our weight of care,
As in her happiness we share;
And all her loveliness of soul
Shines out in every tender role;
And o'er the beauty of her face
Their streams a fascinating grace
That springs from out her gracious heart
That far surpasses human art.

Ah, Mary Pickford, sweetheart true,
This wild bouquet we throw to you—
Composite gift from masses wide,
Hand-picked from many a pasture side.
The world holds you in loving thought —
A love that never could be bought.
You've won our hearts by proving real
The sweetness of the world's ideal.

TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

All through the night of Hallowe'en the Tinymites were on the scene and having heaps and heaps of fun till time to go to bed. The captain then said, "Hey, you boys will have to stop this awful noise. You're keeping me awake, and I'm an awful sleepy head.

"I've let you run and shout and play, but now you'd best be on your way to take a trip to Slumberland. The sleep will do you good." The Tinymites agreed that he was just as right as he could be. So they ran to go to bed just as all good boys should.

At break of day the captain came and looked at them. "Why, it's a shame," said he, "to spoil their slumber, but 'tis time that they arose. The horn for breakfast shortly blows. I think I'll tickle all their toes until they come from slumberland, and open up their eyes."

When this was started, Clowny jumped. Oh my, oh my, how his heart thumped. "You scared me," he exclaimed. And then the others woke up too. "'Tis time to eat," the captain cried. "Some breakfast food will soon be tried." The Tinies were seated, and they ate till they were through.

Then, out on deck they gaily went. Away up front the whole bunch spent their time at gazing at the waves, and then up at the sail. Then something big was Coppy spied, and shortly very loudly cried, "Oh, look down in the water! There's our good old friend, the whale."

Right quick they threw a lengthy rope out to the splashing whale in hope that he would grab a hold of it and pull the ship along. "If we're in luck we'll have a ride that's really thrilling," Scouty cried. "I'm sure the whale could pull us, 'cause I know he's very strong."

(The captain gets a surprise in the next story.)

READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

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Markets

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 1.—Despite drizzly weather, trading was fairly active on local wholesale fruit and vegetable markets this morning. Apples, were moving freely, stimulated by national apple week advertising, but prices were steady. Extra fancy Delicious apples topped the market around $2.50 to $2.65 while best Oregon Spitzenbergs went at $2.00 to $2.25 per box. Other varieties were in profusion and ranged downward in price to 75c and 85c for faced and filled stock.

Grapes were also in abundant supply and moved rather well.

The lettuce market was strong with good offerings limited and mostly from Pasco and Walla Walla districts. Sales were largely at $4.00 and $4.25 per crate.

Cauliflower sold in about normal volume and prices were steady at 75c and $1.25 per crate depending on grade and size. Very little No. 1 stock was offered on the street.

Potatoes sold at steady prices but movement was comparatively light. California sweet potatoes moved fairly well at 4 to 4½c per pound but most interest was in the Virginia Sweets selling at $4.25 per 150 pound barrel.

There were no changes in butter and egg quotations and the market tone was firm on the street today.

Except for an easy feeling in the pork division, country dressed meats and poultry were steady. Although receipts of hogs were light, the supply was liberal, a large portion of yesterday's stock being still unsold.

THE AGE OF SPEED

HUBBY: I'm afraid we're on the road to the poorhouse.

WIFEY: Well, if we are, then a lot of other people here are, too.

HUBBY: Maybe, but we're passing them on the road.—Judge.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark

Here's one I'm sure you'll like. Us girls around here are crazy about it"

A NEW COMPASS

BERLIN. — German inventor, Herr Karl Kolditz, has perfected a new bar bearing compass. The new mechanism shows immediately and exactly any deviation from a ship's course and displays mechanically the exact position of the vessel.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams