

## ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, NOV. 5, 1928.

## A TIP FROM SAUNDERS

We are always ready to listen to advice from a rich man. No words carry quite so much weight with us as the words that come from the lips of a man who has made a couple of million dollars. Accordingly, we might listen today to a remark recently made by Clarence Saunders, the chain store magnate who made a fortune, lost it in Wall Street, and then went to work and got it all back again. "Never let the world keep you down," says Saunders. "There is success for every man who refuses to recognize defeat." We've heard that sort of thing fairly often, to be sure; and most of us, probably, accept it with a mental reservation to the effect that all the determination in the world isn't of much use unless one has within him, in addition, the capacity for genuine achievement. But what we overlook is the fact that the simple element of determination is the major part of ability of any kind. The old saying that "genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration" is a recognition of that fact. Read the life story of any great man and see how it works out. It doesn't matter in what field the man gained fame—public affairs, the arts, science, war or what-not; the story is almost invariably the same. The capacity to stick to it, to forget disappointment and doubt, to plug away at a seemingly unpromising situation, will be found to be the chief element in his success. Lincoln, at 50, was a country lawyer in a raw new land, defeated in a race for the senate, apparently ready for the political discard. For a dozen years he had hammered away at his chosen field, and he seemed nearer failure than ever. But—two years later he was to be sworn in as president. Henry Ford entered his thirties as an underpaid engineer, tinkering with an obstinate mechanical device that would not work, apparently doomed to new disappointments each year. But it happened that Ford did not know defeat when it stared him in the face. Old John Brown, the lawless scourge of frontier Kansas, once declared: "One man and God can overturn the world." Which, after all, is only another way of saying what Saunders said: "There is success for every man who refuses to recognize defeat." It is the determination that counts. The man that lacks it lacks everything; and the man that has it, in full measure, lacks very little.

Now we have another "thrill murder"—this time the work of two wealthy young students at Oglethorpe University, in Georgia. These boys, Richard Gallogly and George Harsh, are accused of, indulging in holdups as a means of diversion. During these holdups two innocent men were shot to death. Already high-priced lawyers are being marshalled together to defend the young men. Apparently there is going to be no way of escaping a repetition of the Leopold-Loeb trial. We shall, doubtless, hear from various psychiatrists that the boys are abnormal, subnormal or super-normal. Their childhood dreams will be raked up and examined, and we shall have a wearying, sickening spectacle before the thing is over. If the young men actually are innocent, that fact must be developed. But we do hope this won't be another case where a lawyer says, "Yes they did it—but they really can't be blamed for it, as they're not responsible."

What is the important news of the day, anyway? Perhaps this little item from Washington ought to qualify. The children's bureau of the department of labor announces that a baby born in 1928 has just twice the chance of living his first year out and attaining a normal, healthy childhood than had the baby of 1912. The spread of medical care to people that formerly had to go without, and the increase in skill of surgeons and nurses, are doubtless largely responsible. But whatever the reason, the mere fact itself is a fact of great importance.

If Al Smith is elected president of these United States we're going to don a brown derby and wear the emblem for the balance of the year. But, we are afraid that we are going to be disappointed in carrying out our promise.

All a fellow has to do is to pass through a long period of illness in his family to find out where the real grafters get in their deadly work. God pity the man of humble means who is subjected to the ordeal.

The fellow that has the determination can put over most anything. There is no such thing as failure if you will just stick and use your will power—and exercise your muscle.

Returns from several eastern states will arrive quite early tomorrow and by midnight the fate of all contending candidates ought to be known.

We're still betting our last year's hat that Hoover will go over the top at tomorrow's election.

By all means get to the polls and vote. Don't be a slacker on election day.

Well, folks, tomorrow is the big day. Let's put her over with a bang.

The battle of ballots will be on tomorrow.

PRUNE  
DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

## GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Feller Countrymen:  
Here we are  
At the threshold  
Of the election  
With our hearts  
Throbbing with  
Expectancy and  
Our hopes elevated  
To the highest  
Pinnacle—  
Candidates have been  
Scampering about  
Hither and yon  
Blatting their  
Promises and  
Pattin' folks on th'  
Back an'  
Kissin' babies  
An' creatin' their  
Wives nice in  
Public but  
Feller countrymen  
No matter how  
Long you stew  
The fruit known  
As the apple  
You'll still have  
APPLESAUCE an'  
No matter how  
Thin ya slice it  
You still have  
GOLDENY!  
With those few  
Remarks we  
Cite to you  
Our platform for  
MAYOR OF  
POSEYVILLE!

Ever since we've resided in Poseyville and its been since we've been the tender age of 2 we've been for PROGRESS! We've watched prominent men who utter drink their coffee outa saucers graduate to mustache cups and later to the ordinary mode of sippin' java. We've watched our main streets undergo a transformation from bunch grass and mudholes to crosswalks and hitchin' posts and from that to "NO PARKIN' ALONG THE MAIN DRAG BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL." Now folks, we are your candidate for mayor and we will ELIMINATE THE DUMPYARD WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS. In fact, after all our bushwah of the past two weeks in this great coliseum of public welfare, we suspect all has been no matter who is elected commander in chief of the village. If they don't we'll continue to squawk until they do.

Only last nite ya ed. filvered over into North Poseyville and the aroma that greeted our nostrils reminded us of the days when John Hunter manufactured spray down by the Espee yards.

Not long ago we were standin' on the rear platform of a train that pulled into Poseyville. As our optics met the beautiful foliage of the trees, the colored leaves floatin' down the magnificent Umpqua, we were soon startled by the changin' scene. Instead of the beauty there appeared the dumpyard with its smolderin' fires, heaped tin cans, old clothes, rubbish and what have ya. Wotta fine reception committee that was! Fer hevings sake let's do away with that mess!

But there, there, we were gettin' serious fer a moment and that'll never do fer a candidate.

The cryin' need in Poseyville is better place chairlifts. Jest imagine how humiliatin' it is fer a plebeian to hafta ride in a filver. There they are dollyed up like a theater doorman, and then hafta climb into a runabout to parade the main stem. Let's purchase a Rolie-Royce fer the boys and throw the fear of the law into the criminals.

A local politician dropped into our sanctum today and tried to get a vote or two that might influence the election one way or another. Well, we'd hoped to do that—fer how can we be elected without votes?

This runnin' fer mayor may be a joke to some of you folks, but wait until the votes are counted. We've already purchased a swell, lowtail coat which we will wear to council meetin'; have let the constable puttin' in a hardwood floor in the council chambers so's the councilmen can invite their families up fer a little shindig once a month and have ordered gas masks fer Jim Draper and his helpers.

So friends, we close our campaign today fully confident that when the ballot boxes are stuffed tomorrow that out of the refuse will rise a bigger and greater Poseyville—a village which will attract things other than buzzards and a community in which you will be proud to saloot yer next mayor.

Use indelible pencil marks at the polls so we are afraid of skull-duggery.

All of my ward-heeders will please meet at the county jail tomorrow at midnight and bring yer own pretzels.

## LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Do yer Xmas shoppin' early."

Vote for Bercher for county judge.

DR. NERBAS  
DENTIST

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

STETSON  
HATS

Style is

## Good Taste

and hats of real style can be turned out only by expert designers.

It takes Stetson quality to make a hat retain its stylish lines—that is why there is no substitute for a Stetson.

**Harth's  
TOGGERY**

GENERAL MONCADA  
NAMED PRESIDENT  
BY NICARAGUANS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Nov. 5.—The people of Nicaragua have elected General Jose Maria Moncada president of the republic by a large majority. Latest returns today indicated that it might reach 25,000. The returns from 275 precincts out of a total of 432 gave the liberal leader 56,424, as against 37,960 for the conservative—an actual majority thus far of 19,464.

Bluefields, on the mosquito coast, which is strongly liberal, has not yet been reported. The indications are that the conservatives will control the next congress, although insufficient returns have been received to form a trustworthy estimate. The elections, which were held yesterday, were under the supervision of United States officials, especially appointed for that purpose, and were carried out throughout the country with no sign of disorder.

Oliver plows and shares at Wharton Bros.

## GEN. BOOTH BETTER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
LONDON, Nov. 5.—General Bramwell Booth, who is suffering from severe nervous prostration, passed a good night, it was stated at Salvation Army headquarters today. His condition had given rise to anxiety a few days ago.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW  
POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

## COUNT THE GAINS

"Lloyd George once said that America was the only nation which had won anything by the war and what we had won was prohibition. Lloyd George was not moralizing; he saw that, whatever the social unrest might be, there was an economic gain of high order. And women know this. In spite of the hard times which followed the war years, the standard of comfort and security in American homes has steadily risen."—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Let's count the gains that we have made  
Since we cast booze into the shade,  
Since we put liquor in discard—  
Condemned it to the penal ward:  
How vastly cleaner are the streets!  
How much more wholesome are the eats!  
How much more fragrant is the smell  
Since we gave booze its funeral knell!

Oh, how the homes have blossomed out!  
How loud the happy children shout!  
There never was such workman's wages.  
In all the story of the ages.  
As since the Prohibition morn  
Wrote "finis" on John Barleycorn,  
I know right well he kicks and squirms,  
And pesters 'round with bootleg germs.

But pawaw!—that day will soon be o'er,  
How it makes bank accounts to sour!  
We're creditors to all mankind  
Since we have made this sober find:  
We've cleaned away the old-time slums  
Since we quit making whiskey bums;  
And every workman owns his car  
Since we no longer have a bar.

But time would fail to count our gains—  
They're showering down like springtime rains:  
And who can tell the dried up tears,  
The banishment of mother's fears,  
Of youth that now has chance for school,  
That once had grown a drunken fool,  
Of men who now have chance for heaven  
And all the blessings God has given.

## Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer  
November 20, 1903

Marshall Jarvis arrived on the scene at an opportune moment at about midnight Saturday to prevent a saloon brawl in which some of the participants were already badly bruised, and carried a couple of the miscreants away to jail.

District Attorney Geo. M. Brown left Friday for Toledo to attend the regular term of the circuit court for Lincoln county. Judge Hamilton is unable to attend, owing to the illness of his wife, and his place will be filled by Judge Henry L. Benson, of Klamath Falls.

The boys of the high school have organized their basketball team with Mar Hannan as captain and Harry Hildebrand manager. "Pap" Bradley is their coach. The boys hope to produce a good team but are handicapped at present with the lack of room for practice, but they are determined to bring out a team.

Joe Micelli, grand master of the Odd Fellows, is in Ashland inspecting the I. O. O. F. lodge there. He "oh, my! Oh, my!" one Tiny today of the new lodge here Saturday night, December 19.

The Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian church held a very successful handkerchief bazaar Saturday, and the proceeds will go into the fund to build the new church in the near future.

Prof. A. N. Orcutt is teaching in the eighth grade of the Roseburg schools this week during the absence of Miss Golder who has gone to Nebraska to attend the funeral of her father.

Representative Ira B. Riddle stopped over in the city Friday on his way to Salem, to be in attendance at the special session of the state legislature, which convenes today. Mr. Riddle was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. R. Riddle, to visit here with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Frater, for a short time prior to returning to his home in Riddle.

## NOTICE

Bids will be received by the clerk of School Dist. No. 15, up to 2 p. m. Thursday, Nov. 8, for the erection of a play shed at the Days Creek school. For information and specifications see Archie Ferguson, Days Creek.

## BOB CAT CAPTURED

Lloyd Cole of this city, who has a string of traps in the North Umpqua district, captured a female bobcat Saturday while visiting his traps. The cat was taken alive and will probably be sold to a zoo or camp ground. It is a full grown specimen, probably about two or three years old.

## PARENTS VISIT SCHOOLS

The local schools are placing a great deal of emphasis on the visitation program this week. All over the nation Education Week is being observed and in Roseburg, as a special observance, patrons are being asked to visit the schools. On Tuesday they will be invited to the grade schools and on Thursday to the junior high, and Friday to the senior high school. At each place the parents will accompany the pupils to the regular classes and will see the high schools there will be special programs given at the regular assemblies.



## TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" one Tiny cried. "The captain's fallen on his side. The rope snapped back and hit him, and he's dazed as he can be. I think we all had best retreat before he jumps up to his feet. How he will keep from being made mad I really cannot see."

"Perhaps you're right," another said. "Why, he might order us to bed, 'cause we're the ones who threw the rope to the monstrous whale. Then, when we cut it, it snapped back and hit the captain quite a whack. Just look at Clowdy. He's so scared he's almost turning pale."

"You bet I am," poor Clowdy cried. "Come on, let's find some place to hide until the captain feels all right. We may escape his wrath down in the ship's hold we will go. Please hurry, now. I don't be so slow. Just trail along behind me. I am sure I know the path."

But soon they found their plan was blocked. The hold door had been tightly locked. Just then they heard the captain roar. "Where are you Tynmites? I warn you, do not try to hide. You'd best walk right up to my side." Then Clowdy whispered, "This is quite the worst of all our plights."

"Be quiet, and don't give up yet," said Scouty. "Maybe we can get another place to hide in. Oh, I think I have a plan. This is a brilliant one, at last. We'll climb away up on the mast. It looks real hard, but if we try I'm certain that we can."

They climbed upon a cabin house and then, as quiet as a mouse, went climbing up the tall, lean mast until they reached the top. "Well, well," cried Clowdy.

## WILDER WINS CUP

The director's cup, one of the prizes awarded by the Roseburg Country Club, was won yesterday by A. A. Wilder, who defeated L. G. Broadway four up in the final round. The director's cup is awarded on a basis of medal play with no handicaps, the winner being declared the club's best player.

This cup is a new trophy this year and competition for it was very keen.

The Roseburg Women's Club, on account of the W. C. T. U. meeting at the club house, will meet Wednesday at 2 o'clock at Mrs. Wm. Bell's home, next door to the club house.

## RECENTLY BUILT BRITISH CRUISER STRIKES LINER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
LIVERPOOL, Eng., Nov. 5.—The new British cruiser London and the White Star liner Runic were in collision last night off Greenock. The Runic arrived in the Mersey today, showing damage above the waterline. The cruiser, which was launched only last year, was damaged about the stern above the waterline. She was returning to her port after a series of running trials.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—It was officially stated at the admiralty office today that the cruiser London was not seriously damaged in the collision last night with the steamship Runic. She was said to be able to continue her trials without interruption.

## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

