

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday by The News-Review Co., Inc.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and to all local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

B. W. BATES, President and Manager
BERT G. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer

Entered as second class matter May 11, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, per year, by mail \$4.00
Daily six months, by mail 2.00
Daily three months, by mail 1.00
Daily, single month, by mail .50
Daily, by carrier, per month .50

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1928.

BERLIN'S "WHITE LADY"

The spectral "white lady" has appeared again in the former imperial palace at Berlin, and superstitious Germans are saying that this foretells the early death of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. This "white lady" is the ancestral ghost of the Hohenzollerns. Ever since 1806 she has flitted into view on the eve of disaster. Her appearance, legend says, is always followed by some catastrophe—death or something else. Wilhelm, it is said, saw her a few days before the final crumbling of the German lines in 1918 compelled him to abdicate his throne and flee to Holland. Now she is seen again. The old imperial palace is a museum, and a night watchman affirms that the spectre was seen, by him, gliding in and out of the suite formerly occupied by Wilhelm himself—which makes it obvious that whatever happens will happen to Wilhelm and not to a lesser Hohenzollern. Wilhelm, for all we know, may be quite unworried by all of this; indeed, the man who used to be the kaiser is, in some ways, in a rather enviable position. Nothing that can happen to him—not even death—can be much of a misfortune for him. When November 11 of 1918 came and found him roosting in uneasy safety across the Dutch border, his life had really come to an end. Any subsequent event was bound to be an anti-climax. For Wilhelm, born under an unlucky star, lived too long. In his life he came to be a symbol for an outworn system. He was the supreme figurehead and earthly representative of an archaic idea—the idea of divine kingship. That idea, along with much other rubbish accumulated by the centuries, was blown to bits by the guns on the western front. When it vanished, Wilhelm, too, vanished. The flesh and bones of him still exist, of course. A gray-haired old man with a withered arm has continued to eat, walk and sleep at Doorn, emitting protests, complaints and explanations ever so often; but the real man—the imperial war lord who held fleets and armies in his hand—died with the field-gray soldiers in the Argonne and along the Hindenburg line. The shadow still hangs on, but its existence is important to no one—not even to Wilhelm. It is the fate of most of us to be symbols of something outside ourselves. Our lives attain coherence and nobility only when we identify ourselves with some force or movement in which others may share. Wilhelm of Germany was supremely unlucky in that he tied himself to a thing that was doomed to die. The world advanced beyond the idea that he embodied, and he died with it. The "white lady" of the Hohenzollerns may flit through the deserted palace at will; it no longer matters. The last of the kaisers has been dead for a decade.

A THOROUGHBORED BOY

Just such a boy as Horatio Alger might have loved to picture in one of his popular books of juvenile success is Clarence Goecke, 12-year-old Iowa youth, whose Hereford steer won the grand championship at the international livestock show in Chicago this week. Paying his father \$55 for the animal when it was a mere calf, young Goecke alone raised the steer until it fully matured in prime condition at 1,150 pounds. After winning highest honors with the animal at the Iowa state fair, the boy disregarded his father's advice to sell the steer for \$1.00 a pound and took it to the world's show at Chicago. There he won highest prize money totalling over \$1,000 and then disposed of the steer on the auction block at \$7.00 per pound, realizing over \$8,000 additional. The boy's announced plans for disposal of his richly earned money are just what one would expect from one who has displayed such accurate business foresight and untiring industry. Part of the money, he states, will be set aside to further his scholastic education and the remainder will acquire partnership with his father in the stock business. Here is the type of boy that insures future stability to the backbone of the nation. Such may never become Lindberghs, statesmen or the kind that win the plaudits of multitudes by athletic prowess; but in their less noticeable roles in the field of food production on a progressive scale they give full promise of developing into the highest standard of citizens and, as the important work of their lives, contributing to the prosperity of the country.

A collection of editorials written by the late Harvey W. Scott of the Portland Oregonian, bearing on the works of Shakespeare, have been re-issued in book form by the editor's son, Leslie M. Scott. For a title the book takes the surname of the fearless bard of the English language. Its contents, typical of the masterful and entertaining style of the distinguished writer, are well worthy of the efforts spent to assemble them for convenient reading and preservation by the present and future generations. In addition to articles bearing on salient passages of the great dramas, there is a very interesting discussion of the controversy of eighty years' standing resulting from the contention that the works attributed to Shakespeare, who had only a moderate education, were really written by his scholarly contemporary, Francis Bacon, one of the celebrated masters of English prose. Mr. Scott's writings richly merit a place on the shelves of all libraries containing Shakespeare works, and we predict a warm welcome for them by all who can appreciate the appropriateness of such a book companionship.

JAS. A. PATTEN DEAD

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—James A. Patten, famed "wheel king" of the Chicago board of trade, died at his home here today. The 76-year-old millionaire had been ill only a short time with double pneumonia.

A Basis of Quarrels

The desire to be superior, if followed for petty or personal ends, is the basis of quarrels and is the cause of untold failure and unhappiness, thinks a writer on women in the Woman's Home Companion.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES—D

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

AND SO T'NIGHT

Kiddies of Radioland

We are going to

Listen to the

Wonderful music of

FRANZ SOO-BARE—

The great

Polish composer—

Signor SHOO-BARE—

As we all know

Was born in a

Tiny garret—

Far up in the eaves

Of an old house in

Stockton-on-Asthma

And there kiddies—

But snuff of

This stuff.

Ever since around the sanctum

has the sniffles—if you know wot

we mean—is the flu and the feller

who can brag about the high-

est temperature vied with King

George for signal honors—only

we don't get our name in the pa-

pers like George does ever-day.

The dump smells like the opera-

tin' room of a hospital wot with

eucalyptus, menthol and cough

syrup.

So we've taken great precau-

tions today in writin' this colum

so's you folks won't catch it.

In order that this column might

come to our millions of readers en-

tirely free of flu germs the fol-

lowing precautions were taken.

First it was written on a type-

writer—before which the Office

Cat held a hanky saturated with

menthol and eucalyptus—it dern

near strangled us—but the of gos-

sly found bore up wonderfully

well.

Then the column was taken to

our sturdy matrix puncher, Harry

Fletcher—who looked it over care-

fully in an effort to decide which

was the top. Then he set it in 8

point type with scaldin' hot lin-

otype metal. Then Ellen Crabtree

dressed the type in some lyre and

tossed it in between a couple col-

um rules.

Then it was sent to Walt Fred-

ricksen, the Swedish web pressman

and Walt whirled it 'round and

'round on his presses until any

germ that might have survived got

giddy and fell off.

Just show us any business in

town that takes care of its custo-

mers like we do.

LAKE PERKINS SEZ—

"Th' chitblain season is on."

LACK OF UNITY

ON ROAD PLAN

COUNTY'S LOSS

(Continued from page 1.)

Dr. E. V. Hoover, Roseburg, Oregon.

"Dear Sir: The writer fully real-

izes the urgent need of a road

through the national forest, con-

necting Roseburg and Diamond

lake. On account of the great

protection this road would lend

the federal government should

make a liberal appropriation for its

construction. Having gone over

this territory has caused me fully

to realize that the construction of

this highway is not only practical

but imperative. You may rest as-

sured that you have the whole-

hearted support of the people of

Marshall.

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) "I. L. THOMAS,

"Mayor."

And Senator Charles McNary

writes the following:

"September 5, 1928.

"Roseburg, Oregon.

"During last session of congress

as chairman on agriculture and

forestry committee I assisted in

obtaining maximum for federal aid

in construction of highways. I am

deeply interested in improvement

of our highways and believe that

the federal government should

continue liberally in those states

like Oregon where there is large

tracts of government

lands. I shall do what I can to in-

crease the government in complicity

of highway between North

Umpqua and Diamond lake.

(Signed) "C. L. McNARY."

And a similar wire and letter

from Congressman Hawley. I have

on file in my office the originals

of the above, together with the

correspondence with the leading

officials of Coos county, and invite

any of the conscientious objectors

to the project to inspect them.

Loyal cooperation is necessary

for success in public as well as

private enterprise. Roseburg could

in no judgment, have been the

gateway into Klamath Falls had

as wilderness in bronze years the

poetry criticism directed towards

the stream of California railroads

conquered. We lost their considera-

tion and good will by ill advised

attacks of well meaning citizens.

It is to be hoped, in this con-

nection, that in the meeting of the

11th of this month those citizens

who are opposing the district will

at least control their now ex-

pressed desire of open warfare and

personal bitterness. The bound-

aries involved are the only ques-

tions to properly raise before the

meeting. Let the battle be fought

at the polls and not in the laps of

the commission.

As a heavy taxpayer of this

county I am more than anxious to

see this project a reality. The ac-

tual cost of the initial investment

to the average taxpayer will be

trivial compared to the ultimate

benefit when the state and govern-

ment aid has been made available.

Steel rails may yet link Roseburg

with Salt Lake City, and who may

say that the North Road is not the

first move in that direction? What

helps Roseburg and vicinity most

of necessity be of benefit to the

whole of the county. W. G. Paul

says he speaks for all the farmers

and they are against the creation

of the district for the reason it

would create no industries and re-

sult only in a fool's paradise for

improvident sportsmen. Los Ange-

les answers that question. Indus-

tries follow the crowd and if we

can't get industries first let us get

the crowd. Los Angeles did, and

the manufacturers came close be-

hind. It has and will be said again

that this but another scheme of

the Roseburg "hog" to grab some-

thing at the expense of the rest of

the county. If this spirit endures,

it will find us in a sad predicament

in the years to come. Our farmers

and merchants may not be overly

successful with the good will and

good word of every man, woman

and child in the county. God knows

they never can be, with a divided

house and forked tongues to wag

about sinister motives. Roseburg

as a small city once had its fac-

tional fights and its personal ad-

monities. Old General Cass and old

General Jackson never fought in

their palmy days as did Cass

and Jackson streets in the years

gone by. And with what result?

Well, we all lost. Railroads, mills,

payrolls passed us by, for they fig-

ured that if we couldn't get along

among ourselves we couldn't get

along with them. Let us at least

sheathe our knives in the presence

of the commission. If it must come,

let the assaults and battles fol-

low their departure. Why allow

yourself, citizens of Roseburg

and Douglas county, to be govern-

ed by exaggerations and propa-

ganda now in circulation by un-

scrupulous enemies of the project?

Lend support and help build the

highway. Do as Lane and Jackson

counties and as Eugene and Med-

ford have done. Be united on the

proposition, for divided, nothing

can be accomplished, thereby al-

lowing our neighbors to get what

is justly ours by geographical sur-

vey. The road from Coos Bay to

Diamond lake is 50 to 75 miles

shorter than any other route.

Some years ago the following

was written about internal dissen-

sion. It seems appropriate now:

WHILE ROSEBURG AND DOUGLAS COUNTY SLEEP

Out with the hatchets, boys, out

with the knives.

And let the old scragging go on;

Let the fittest survive, it's the

fight of our lives.

And our hammers must start

with the dawn.

What matter if railroads and mills

pass us by?

What matter if payrolls are lost?

It is war to the hilt, 'til our en-