

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1928.

WHEN DREAMS CRASH

A 25-year-old girl, teacher in the public schools at Champaign, Ill., killed herself with a rifle the other day, leaving for her parents a note in which she said that she was committing suicide because her life had been a failure. Since she had an excellent record as a teacher, and was popular with all her associates, her parents quite naturally could not understand why she felt that she had failed. This matter of failure is entirely relative. The extent of your failure depends largely on the extent of the vision with which you began to work. If you only aspire to become a competent truck driver, for instance, you will be overjoyed when you actually get such a job. But if you aspire to become a bank president or a grand opera star, the truck driver's job, if you land it, will seem very mean and unsatisfying. Aspirations usually rise high, at the beginning. A youngster can put together a dream that takes in the entire earth. Nothing is more touching than the sublime confidence with which youth builds its air castles. A girl who hopes to be a singer is sure that she will outshine Galli-Curci and Homer. A boy who plans an army career knows he will eventually look on Napoleon and Lee as equals. Yet the realization, almost always, falls leagues short of the goal. In every city and town there are forgotten, submerged men and women who once, far in the past, had a glimpse of sunlit heights and broad living. Indeed, all of us, to some extent, are in that class. Who has not, tucked away in the back of his mind, a youthful vision of glory and mastery which now is quite faded and dead? But most of us do not give way to despair and end our lives. We keep at it, doing what we are forced to do instead of what we would like to do, keeping our faded dreams as private secrets which we can inspect, once in a while, but which we know are only keepsakes of an earlier day. How do we manage it? Why does not the sense of failure overcome us, as it did this girl school teacher, and drive us to desperation? Probably it is because we come to realize, as we gain experience in living, that such a dream or vision is an end in itself. It has a value of its own, even if it is never translated into accomplishment. It is worth something to have had a look at the promised land, even if we never quite got there. Examining our long-lost youthful aspirations, we can say:

"Here, once at any rate, I got a glimpse of what life might be. And because I know its possibilities, even if I haven't attained them, I know that it is noble and significant, and I know that I am not made entirely of the dust. If I have to live in the valleys, I at least know that there are hilltops, where fresh winds ripple the grass and the trees cast inviting shadows in the sunlight. And that knowledge is as good as anything life can bring me."

So we overcome our own failures.

The badly-scrambled situation in the New York metropolitan area is strikingly emphasized in a current bulletin from the Regional Plan association of New York. This bulletin points out that the factory towns, where living conditions are poorest, have the highest percentage of children, while residential towns, where conditions are good, have the lowest. In such a manufacturing town as Perth Amboy, for instance, 46 per cent of the population is under 20; in a residential town like East Orange, only 30 per cent are under 20. A big city and its environs may constitute an inspiring place for adults to live. But this bulletin only emphasizes what has long been obvious; it is apt to be a pretty poor place for the youngsters.

A Chicago Policeman is being sued for \$50,000 for breach of promise. The trade seems to be shifting and rich men's sons are having a little competition these days from the wealthy police.

On the transit system in New York City, according to a statistician, 3,235,200,000 people ride in a year. The people who ride the subways know that the statistician must have meant in a day.

SANTA FE TRAIN
WRECKED NEAR
HESPERIA, CAL.

(Continued from page 1)

Iron had been unbolted and removed from the track.

No Motive Known
SAN BERNARDINO, Calif., Dec. 27.—G. E. Harrison, division passenger agent of the Atchafalaya, Toluca and Santa Fe railways, told the Associated Press today that "It seems pretty well established that the wreck of the 'Missionary' was intended." Harrison said there was evidence that spikes had been removed from the rail which caused the accident.

No motive for the wrecking of the heavily loaded train was apparent, Harrison said. He said that there had been no major differences with employees and attributed it to "the frailties of the human mind."

FORT SNELLING BARRACKS
DESTROYED BY FLAMES

(Associated Press Special Wire)

FORT SNELLING, Minn., Dec. 27.—Forty soldiers were routed from their quarters early today when fire of undetermined origin destroyed the two-story barracks of the company, third infantry, U. S. A. The loss was estimated at \$10,000.

The barracks was one of the oldest on the Fort Snelling reservation, having been built in 1875.

Do You Know Your
Own County?

Interesting bits of information concerning the origin of names and geographical landmarks in Douglas County.

TODAY: ROGUE RIVER

(Editor's Note: Material in this column was obtained from the county book "Oregon Geographic Names," by McARTHUR.)

ROGUE RIVER is in Curry, Douglas, Jackson, Josephine and the extreme northwest corner of Klamath county at Boundary Springs near the northern boundary of Crater Lake national park. On December 25, 1904, Max Pracht acquired the name to the French word "rouge," on account of the alleged red color of the water during flood seasons. Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, replied to Pracht in the following characteristic language:

"This is unorthodox, purely so, though the Rogue story is old. There would have been reason for calling the Klamath river Rogue river or Red river; for its waters are much discolored by the marshes of the lake basin which it drains. But Rogue river is one of the clearest of streams, and even in flood its waters are not red. An old French map has been mentioned—though no such map is known now to be in existence—whereon the Klamath and Rogue rivers are united and called Rouge-Claret, or Red Klamath. But Rogue river, as an individual stream, has been known by its present name ever since white men first visited the country. And Bishop F. N. Blanchet's account of the Catholic church in Oregon says the French were first to call it by this name. The Indians there were a peculiarly troublesome lot," he says. Blanchet, "the name Les Couleux" (The Couleux) and not La Riviere aux Couleux (the Rogue river) was given the country by the men of the brigade. The actual truth is that the French called it Rogue river themselves. Every child is against the assumption that it once was Rouge river—channeled by Missourians to Rogue river, as the theory that the French couldn't spell."

HASH PROBLEM IS
SOLVED BY MR. AND
MRS. CATCHING

One family had had the turkey hash problem solved for them in a very efficient manner.

Christmas day, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Catching entertained a large family group, serving a big, delicious turkey hash as the choice feature of the bounteous feast. After the carcase had been carved down to the ragged edges, Mrs. Catching, with thoughts of turkey hash and soup for days to come covered the wreckage in the savory roaster and placed the pan out upon the rear porch.

Later in the day someone suggested a cold turkey sandwich, but when Mrs. Catching went for the bird, the cupboard, like Old Mother Hubbard's, was bare.

But the mystery was solved. Since Armistice Day, when Uncle Sam Post of the American Legion staged a dog race as one of the feature stunts of the celebration, every boy in town has had the ambition to obtain and train the fastest dog in town. As a result, canines of all shapes, sizes and antecedents have become numerous. Particularly is this true in the section where Mr. and Mrs. Catching have their residence.

One of the championship prospects is a big police dog and it was this dog that solved the hash problem for Mr. and Mrs. Catching. For he was found peacefully asleep beside the cleanly striped skeleton of the Christmas fowl.

Yes, he had a very Merry Christmas!

KIWANISANS HEAR
CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

A short talk on the subject of "Christmas," by Rev. Ernest Hanson, featured Wednesday's meeting of the Kiwanis club. As the club's regular meeting date fell upon the holiday, the program was postponed until Wednesday noon. Rev. Hanson, a member of the club, gave a most inspirational talk in the thought of Christmas and with that of service, accompanied by examinations such as the Kiwanis club. A fine musical program was also presented, featuring piano music played by Frances Linton and a vocal duet by Mrs. Harrie Booth and Mr. Walter Fisher, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Charles Hamilton. Next week's meeting will also feature a Christmas program on Wednesday, which will be New Year's day.

GRADE CROSSING
CASUALTIES CUT
BY SAFETY WORK

The harvest of the Green Dragon was cut down materially at grade crossings on Southern Pacific lines in the recent month ended October 31, last. It was revealed today in a report by R. J. Clancy, assistant to the general

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manager of the company.

Compared with the same period last year, reportable casualties involving automobiles at grade crossings on the company's lines showed a reduction in fatalities of 94 per cent. The number of injuries decreased 19 per cent. In spite of a gain of 6.2 per cent in automobile registration in the states traversed by Southern Pacific.

"These figures would indicate that efforts of the press, schools, churches, automobile associations and the railroads to educate the public in safe driving at grade crossings are being well rewarded," said Clancy.

Myers and Harthle sprayers and repair parts are sold at Wharton Bros.

FIGHTS LAST NIGHT

(By the Associated Press)
BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tuffy Grif, fifth, Sioux City, outpointed Galt Johnson, Pittsburgh, (10).
WEST PALM BEACH, Fla.—Johnny Simpson, San Antonio, stopped Spike Kelly, Chicago, (5).

L. F. T. CLUB

The next dance for the L. F. T. club members will be held December 31st at the K. P. Hall. This being the Xmas dance each lady will bring a ladies gift and each will give a gift for a gent. Presents not to exceed \$50 in value.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

ROMANCE DEFIES AGE

To be properly impressed, remember that this Associated Press dispatch refers to the widow of Oscar S. Straus who was a cabinet minister under President Roosevelt:

"At 70, white-haired and active, Mrs. Oscar Straus will be off next month to hunt big game in Africa with a camera, to collect birds of beauty for stuffing."

"After a lifetime of excitement, Mrs. Straus desires to top off with the thrill of watching bull elephants, shaggy lions and great tigers."

"Tall, impressive, still carrying with her that distinction and charm which made her friends in her youth refer to her beauty as that of a Sargent portrait, Mrs. Straus will leave her New York apartment to sail January 9 on an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History."

This story stirs my dreaming blood
And makes it surge a riot flood—
This heroine of court and dante
Still in the grip of wild romance.
In spite of dear King David's psalm,
It is to me a healing balm.
The dear old psalmist never knew
What glorious things were coming true.

He never dreamed our wondrous age
When youth at twenty would be sage;
And when his "three score years and ten"
Marks place where life begins again;
Where, after serious work of life
And conquests made in strenuous strife,
There comes a bright and happy day
To lure us toward adventurous play.

I think of all this woman's seen
That still is in her memory green—
Her cultured life of cushioned wealth,
Her springing dance of buoyant health,
And glow with gladness in her zest—
Her thirst to make romance her guest,
Her gift to at the jungle laugh,
And new adventures gladly quaff.

I'd like to pat her on the back
And follow in her dainty track.
We cannot measure life by years
Or wisely counsel with our fears.
To look adventure in the face
Is surest way to find life's grace.
To face the future with a smile
Will worst of all its frowns beguile.

ATHLETES TO JOIN
IN BANQUET AND
PROGRAM FRIDAY

A banquet staged by the Orange R club, made up of high school boys who have won letters in athletic competition, is to be held Friday evening at 6:30 o'clock at the Umpqua hotel for all former Roseburg high school athletes who have won their letters in any local sport in past years. This is the first event of its kind to be held in Roseburg and it is expected that there will be a large attendance. Invitations are being sent out to all the lettermen whose names are listed on school records, but these records are every incomplete, and there are many who have participated in major sports and who were entitled to the awards, and yet did not receive them, as there was a space of several years in which the school did not award letters. The committee in charge is very anxious that every former athlete of the high school, whether or not a personal invitation is received, be present for the banquet.

Buy American fence now while the price is low. Wharton Bros.

SERVICES HELD
WEDNESDAY FOR
A. J. BELLWOS

Services for A. J. Bellwos, pioneer Roseburg man whose death came Sunday night following an illness of some time, were held at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the auditorium of the Presbyterian church.

Friends from many points out of town came to pay their last tribute to his memory and members of the local post of the G. A. R., of which he was a charter member, attended in a body. There were many beautiful floral offerings which broke the high esteem in which Mr. Bellwos, who was identified as one of the men outstanding in the early development of the city, was held by the many friends in the community. Hon. J. W. Hamilton, a lifelong friend of the family, gave the beautiful eulogy. Rev. E. W. Achord delivered the funeral service. Music was by Frances Linton and Elsie Carleton Strang.

Two sacred numbers. Pallbearers included friends of long standing of the family, Nathan Furler, Geo. Culver, Tom Wharton, Jno. Throne, Geo. Sewell, Louis Kohlhaugen.

Burial was in the I. O. O. F. cemetery with arrangements in charge of H. C. Stearns of the Douglas Funeral Home.

INFLUENZA CASES
IN U. S. BELIEVED
AT LEAST MILLION

(Associated Press Special Wire)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Public health officials said today that complete reports on influenza during the holiday period probably would indicate more than a million cases in the United States.

Preliminary reports received today indicated at least 770,160 cases in 22 states, public health officials

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

The Tineytes all felt so gay they jumped and shouted loud "Hurrah!" The box that Jack Frost led them to looked very, very fine. Said Jack, "This present you have spied has something wonderful inside. I know that I'd be tickled if that great big gift were mine."

Then Scouty said, "We're tickled, too, but tell us now what can we do. How are we going to open it? You see it's nailed up tight. If we just had a hammer now, we'd pry the big boards off somehow, but I have looked around and there's no hammer within sight."

Just then wee Clowny loudly cried, "Oh, my, I took a peek inside. Our gift is something long and black. That's all that I can tell. He leaned against the box a bit, and gently started shaking it. "Oh, listen," shouted Clowny. "I can hear a little bell."

"I guess you've waited long enough," said old Jack Frost. "I'll fetch the stuff that you will need to open it." He ran off very fast. When he returned from old Toyland, he had some hammers in his hand. The Tineytes set up quite a cheer, and Carpy said, "At last!" "Come on, get busy," Jack Frost cried. "Nails must be pulled and big boards pried. I'll try and help you all I can. I won't take very long." "Course Clowny grabbed a hammer quick. He always liked to have his pick. And then he said, "Now watch me, lads. I'll show you I am strong."

They tackled first the boards on top, and tore them loose and let them drop. All of a sudden Scouty yelled, "Oh, I know what's in here."



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

It is an engine. I can tell. I see off, the bunch began to cheer. A smokestack and a bell. And, (The Tineytes get their present as they ripped some more boards out in the next story.)

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"Mother says she remembers snows so deep that you had to lift your skirts to keep them from dragging in it."

on a charge of murder. Mrs. Croce divorced her husband five months ago after he was convicted on a charge of beating one of his daughters. Since then the woman supported herself and her family. Croce has been living in Santa Cruz recently. The man has been convicted several times in this county on bootlegging charges.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



"THIS? OH, THIS IS THE HOLE WHERE TH' HANDLE COMES UP OF A INVENTION I JISS INVENTED THAT'LL PUT COAL IN TH' FURNACE BY JISS PULLIN' THIS HANDLE AN—"

"WAIT A MINUTE NOW JUST WAIT! YOU GO DOWN AND INVENT A LITTLE MORE ON THE MAIN PART OF YOUR INVENTION. MAKE THE HANDLE LAST, NOT FIRST. I'VE GOT ENOUGH HANDLES AROUND HERE WITH *NOTHING ON THE OTHER END OF THEM BUT FORLORN HOPES."

Why mothers get gray.