

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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THE USES OF SCIENCE

Professor Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith college, addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science, declares that man, instead of being the lord of all creation, is only a "temporary chemical episode" on an insignificant planet which he described as a "celestial juvenile and cosmic dwarf." This, says Professor Barnes, is clearly proved by modern science, and because of it we must furnish ourselves with an entirely new conception of God. This rounds a trifle depressing to those of us who will cling to the old-fashioned notions about souls, immortality and so on. However, it is only fair to point out that science hasn't proved anywhere near as much as Professor Barnes seems to think it has. What he is giving us is not the hard-and-fast conclusions of modern science, but his own opinions. Every so often some man of learning surveys the facts and theories which science has produced, draws his own conclusions, and announces these conclusions to the world as facts. There is an intolerance and a dogmatism to it as unpleasant as the intolerance and dogmatism of the medieval theology which the scientists so abhor. For instance: Professor Barnes has evolved in his mind a new conception of man; therefore he demands a new conception of God. Who needs it? Surely not those of us who fail to see eye to eye with him on his new conception of man. And if he is correct, why should any "temporary chemical episode" need any conception of God at all? His little speech is valuable, however. It illustrates aptly the double-edged nature of that keen, glinting tool called science. For science, while it is making us rich and free, and is preparing us for the larger life to an extent that would not have been dreamed possible a few decades ago, is also quite capable of cutting out of life some of its highest values, and leaving us far worse off than we were before. If, just at the moment when it is releasing us from countless old shackles and launching us in a new golden age, science should convince us that we are mere accidents of cosmic chemistry, devoid of souls and doomed to an eternal death after a few brief years of activity—then we should not be beginning a golden age, but an age of great darkness. Luckily, however, science isn't doing anything of the kind. It is presenting us with a tremendous variety of new facts, and to date no one has come forward big enough and far-sighted enough to harmonize and interpret them for us properly. Eventually the poet of the new day will arise, just as it has always happened before. Meanwhile, it might be well to bear in mind that there is a vast difference between the established conclusions of science and the ideas of individual professors.

English is rapidly discarding its long words and becoming a language of monosyllables, according to Prof. Otto Jespersen of Denmark. British savants, following the national custom of blaming every new development on America, say that it's our fault. Maybe it is; if so, we ought to be proud of it. Short words make language a flexible, easily mastered instrument. Consider some of the jaw-wrenchers that other languages contain. In Finland, for instance, a roofpaper tar company has to advertise itself as a "huopapaperitervakattotervatehdasosakeyhtio." In Danish the old age pension law is "varemærkeindregistreringskontrolkalerne." "Highness," in Russian, is "vysokoprevoshoditstvo." The abundance movement in Poland is "wstrzemieliwosc." If we are tending more and more to one-syllable words, we may be very glad of it.

Evidence of the substantial growth of the News-Review is the fact that during the months of November and December of the year just closed 213 new subscribers, unsolicited, have been added to our daily list. In this day and age there is no medium as popular as a daily paper. Subscribers demand quick and accurate service—two features that are always adhered to by this paper. No other daily in a community the size of Roseburg serves its patrons so completely as the News-Review, which accounts for its large family of readers.

WHEN QUESTION MARK LANDED



They solved the riddle of the "Question Mark." Photograph from Los Angeles shows the crew of the Army's record-breaking endurance plane just after the ship landed after its long grind. Left to right, the men are: Sergt. Ray Hoop, Lieut. Elwood Quesada, Lieut. M. A. Halverson, Capt. Ira C. Baker and Maj. Carl G. Spatz.

PRUNE DICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

The chamber of Commerce banquet will be held tonight and we hope they don't serve Portland bread, Idaho potatoes, condensed milk, canned sweet soups, Calif. prunes, or upstate ice cream!

PAGE SENATOR EDDY:

Just finished reading a feature story in the Portland Telegram which about two weeks ago the Oregon legislature made whoopee during the legislature by chain' wild wimmen, guzzlin' likker and playin' poker. How can they do it on these bucks a day?

Doc Hoover dropped in the sanctum today and said the recent council session reminded him of the days 25 years ago when he was acting as chief executive of Poseyville. At that time Indians, attired in high red boots, spurs and two guns strapped on 'em, would attend the meetin' and flourish their fists under the snouts of the City Dads. Doc said that in those days the peace force had to be roughnecked to cope with the situation. He said that the Indians would ride their Mustangs up the bars after the council meetin' and order red-eye for the crowd. Yep, that last council meetin' proves that history sometimes repeats itself.

The Question Mark plane is going to Washington D. C. now. Why not take congress up for a month's stay in the clouds.

There's nuthin' so disgustin' as givin' home to find the washin' machines busted and the wife determined to make you finish the blamed stuff by hand.

The program committee of the c. of c. banquet 't'night have arranged to have Bill Whipple play his harmonica durin' the soup course.

The local gawd puttin' assn. met this p. m. in the lobby of the Ump hotel and made some wunnaful scores.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"Great weather fer sittin' around a fireplace."

Do You Know Your Own County?

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

TODAY: RABBIT EARS

(Editor's Note: Material in this column was obtained from the recent book "Oregon Geographic Names," by McArthur.) RABBIT EARS—These two peculiar rocks are in the mountains west of Rogue river opposite Crater lake. The Indian name was Kalliofox, according to the historian. Will G. Steel, two forest rangers, William E. White and Marvin E. Lawton climbed one of them in 1912 and built a cabin on its summit. A stream nearby is Rabbit ear creek.

REEDSPORT

This town was named in honor of Alfred W. Reed, a pioneer resident of the western part of the county. The name was first applied about 1900 when the townsite was platted. The post office was established July 17, 1912.

CURRY PIONEER DIED

PORT ORFORD, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Alice Humber, a pioneer of Curry county, died of Blandon hospital today. She was a daughter of Patrick Hughes, who established the well known Hughes estate at the mouth of the Sixes river.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

by LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE LINDBERGH OF THE BIRDS

Bessie W. Palm in Forward says: "When Colonel Lindbergh started on his famous flight to Paris, he was equipped with a plane that had a wing spread of forty-six feet and a Wright whirlwind nine-cylinder motor. An earth induction compass told him at a glance the exact direction in which he was flying. Inventors and scientists labored many months on devices that were carried in his plane. On that memorable May day when he landed at Le Bourget, the Paris airport, with a throng of cheering thousands to greet him, he had covered something like 3600 miles without a stop. He had made a record for human beings in air navigation.

"When a cooperator of the Biological Survey banded, on July 22, 1927, at Red Island, Turnevick Bay, Labrador, a young arctic tern, not many days old, with band Number 543656, there was probably no indication that this baby bird would have the same powers of flight as the Spirit of St. Louis. After the aluminum band was placed on the bird, it was given its freedom, and the record of banding was completed. On October 1, 1927, M. Robert Prodrig found the bird dead at La Rochelle, Charente-Inférieure, France. It is, of course, not known what route this tern took after leaving the point of banding, but unaided by chart or compass to mark the way through trackless skies, it flew at least 4200 miles to the shores of France. Thus, just as Colonel Lindbergh is the world's champion aviator, so the Arctic tern is the world's champion migrator."

I hail you champion, Arctic tern, For even Lindbergh had to learn, But you were to the purple born And would a royal court adorn: 'Gainst Lindbergh's whirlwind motor art You staked your gallant little heart; 'Gainst all the wisdom science brings You staked your tiny, fragile wings.

Charles Lindbergh had his compass grand And chart describing sea and land; He had of gas a swelling flood; He had a gill of rich red blood; He had man's centuries of gain; You but the instinct in your brain; He had a science-guided trail; You faced alone the stormy gale.

I would not write brave Lindbergh down— I would not even on my frown; He is a gallant, hero boy, Has thrilled the whole wide world with joy. But when I see your dainty wing, I cannot help your courage sing, And marvel at your wit adroit, That compassed you: immense exploit.

You soar far up above the mass— I think you're in the Lindbergh class; You both have dared the storms and clouds, And though he won the greatest crowds, Your daring heart was just as brave In soving o'er the threatening wave; And though the world has crowned his head, You've proved that you're a thoroughbred.

BOSTON HEIRESS ASKS DIVORCE FROM TITLED FRENCHMAN (Associated Press Special Wire) PARIS, Jan. 10.—Countess Pierre de Jumilhac, the former Countess Coolidge, Boston heiress, has applied for a divorce. The countess is one of the most prominent race horse owners in France and the count's family is one of the most notable in the French aristocracy. Details of the application have been kept a secret.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—The former Countess Coolidge, who has filed suit in Paris against Count Pierre de Jumilhac, is the daughter of David Coolidge, landscape artist, formerly of this city but now of Santa Barbara, Calif. Her marriage to De Jumilhac was her second. When she was 17 years old she accompanied her father to Germany where, while he was engaged in painting, she went to Paris and secretly married Fay Atherton, then attached to the American embassy. Later they went to Peking when Atherton was transferred to the legation there. Some time later, she returned to this city and it became known that she had obtained a divorce in China from Atherton.

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 10.—Irrigation rather than power development is the main purpose of water appropriation in Oregon during the last two years, says the biennial report of Rhea Luper, state engineer. Of 1176 permits issued, the report shows that these call for only 35,811 horsepower in power development, and that they allow water diversion for 197,895 acres. The largest permit was for the Owyhee project which will irrigate about 127,000 acres at a cost of about \$18,000,000. The construction of 23 dams, storing 76,247 acre feet, is contemplated. The report shows the progress of adjudication proceedings started before the state engineer on 16 river systems, and that water rights now being adjudicated include those on the John Day river, Walla Walla river, Cow creek, Wood, Illinois and Imnaha rivers. Involving the rights of over 100,000 acres of land. The report shows a steady development of water power during the last 29 years. In 1908 the total hydroelectric development in the state was only 70,000 horsepower. In 1915 it had increased to 175,000, in 1925 to 244,000 and in 1928 to 289,490.

Under the present law the state engineer is required to approve all applications for permits to appropriate water when made in proper form. He recommends an amendment that will allow the state to deny applications for the construction of dams or the appropriation of water that will interfere with the highest development of water resources or unnecessarily destroy fish life or the scenic or recreational value of the rivers.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

Persons owning or having charge of any dog or dogs within the corporate limits of the City of Roseburg shall pay annual license fee of \$2.00 for each male and \$1.00 for each female dog. Said license fee due on or before January 15th. Licenses may now be secured at City Hall.

A. J. GEDDES, Recorder.

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK



The Tines all were on the chute, and then the dwarf began to hoot. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I've tricked you now. Just wait until you see. You'll soon be sorry that you tried your luck at sliding down our slide. When you all reach the bottom, my, how funny you will be." "I wonder what he means by that," cried Scooty. "Whoops! There goes my hat!" And sure enough, his hat went flying lightly through the air. It floated round to beat the band, and drifted back to Scooty's hand. "You're lucky," shouted Copsy. "That sure gave me quite a scare." "I thought your hat was gone, for good. You didn't hang on like you should. Now, let's all be real careful and we may come out all right. This slide that we are on goes far. It makes me wonder where we are. I cannot see the end of it. It curves right out of sight." "On, on they slid, and very fast. "Say, just how long will this ride last?" said Clowzy. "I am getting tired of whizzing through the breeze. I wish that we would reach the end. Look out! Here comes another bend." And, as they whirled around it threw poor Clowzy to his knees. "Hey, this is getting bad," said he. "I wish that I could just jump free of all this crazy sliding. But I guess I'd rather stick. And then he looked far, far ahead, and in a shrill voice loudly said, "A bowl of white's ahead of us. The dwarf has pulled a trick."

What Clowzy saw was not a dream, but just a bowl of thick whipped cream. "My goodness," shouted Copsy. "I was sure this trip was rash." And then each one began to scream. Their slide led right up to the cream. In just a moment they all landed in it with a splash. (The Tynmites meet some hunky cats in the next story.)

STATE PRESS COMMENT

TO ABATE BILLBOARDS

State Highway Commissioner Robert W. Sawyer says two anti-billboard measures will be submitted to the legislature. These are: To prohibit the use along the highways of other than the highway department of all words of warning or caution or direction, such as "Stop," "Slow Down," "Turn," and so forth. These words are often now used for advertising, as "Stop for Hill's Barbecue," "Slow Down and Come in to Eat," "Warning, Last Chance for Gas," and so on. To prohibit the erection of billboards on private property along the highways within 500 feet of a railroad crossing, an intersecting road or a curve of more than a certain radius. This measure may be adopted for public safety and enforced by police power. Where signs and billboards destroy beauty and obscure scenery it is not certain that even the constitutional power exists to ban them. But safety is a matter which, while the public, as individuals, neglects it, has been recognized in fundamental law. And after the legislature has legislated to the extent of its authority on billboards, there is something more to do. That is to regulate, if possible, in the interest of good taste in advertising, so that billboards may be confined to those which do not deface beauty or reduce the buyer-demand for the articles advertised.—Portland Journal.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"Oh, I think he's terribly handsome. Didn't you see him in 'Tropical Love'?"

Harry Siegel of this city left last night for Lebanon and will spend the next three or four days visiting there and looking after interests.

Mrs. J. O. Eifert, formerly of this city, returned last evening from Albany after spending a few days in this city visiting with Mrs. Leslie Hatfield.

OUT OUR WAY



LUK HOUT LUK HOUT! LET A FELLER DIVE IN WHAT'S GOT NERVE! I KNOW SNOW IS OFTEN COLDER THAN TH' WEATHER, BUT HOW IN GOOD GOSH KIN A SHEET GIT TEN TIMES COLDER TH'N TH' ROOM ITS IN? HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN.

A. J. GEDDES, Recorder.