

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1929.
30,000 LOOK FOR JOBS

Thirty thousand men gathered in the open lots surrounding the Ford Motor company's plant in Detroit the other day looking for jobs. All were unemployed; some of them lived in Detroit, some had been drawn from distant cities by the announcement that Ford was going to enlarge his staff. Throughout a long winter day they stood in the cold, waiting for a chance to be put to work. There is something about that bit of news that makes one stop and do a little thinking. Thirty thousand men—collected from the cities, towns and farms of the middle west, waiting all day long in the cold and snow for a chance to win the jobs that meant the difference between comfort and privation. More men than Washington ever commanded in his continental army, standing in line to let one of the modern kings of the earth take his pick. Was there ever a time in all history when that many adult males, lacking the means of earning a living, could meet in one place without provoking fears of riot, bloodshed and destruction? Has it often happened that one man has been arbiter of destiny for so many? We specialize in bigness, in this country. Our factories are the biggest on earth, our buildings are the tallest, our rich men are the richest, our queues of job-seekers are the largest. The 30,000 men who met outside Henry Ford's factory door symbolized, in a striking way, our New World civilization. A land of magnificent plenty and a land of eternal competition; a land where the job is the biggest thing in life; a land where the race is always to the strong and the swift; a land where old words like democracy and equality have been completely changed about in their meanings by whirring machinery—those things, and more, were implied by the presence of those 30,000. The early American looked to his political leaders for guidance. If they would give him peace and freedom, he would settle on the rich farm land of the unclaimed frontier and work out his own destiny without asking anything more. The modern American has 'bout faced. He looks to the industrialists. They have the jobs. Give him one, and let him share in the prosperity of the day, and he will let the politicians do about as they like. Deprive him of one, and he will raise holy hob. That, probably, is why we are known as a nation of conservatives. Industry and business have grown more important than politics. When one man's announcement that he has an abundance of jobs can draw 30,000 men to his door, it is evident that the early American set of values has been replaced by a new set. We have committed ourselves to large-scale industrialism, and we shall stand or fall with it. Our Henry Fords put us on a new path, and it is up to them to see to it that the path leads in the right direction. If the time ever comes when it does not—well, you might ask yourself what would have happened if those 30,000 jobless men had gathered around factory gates that were not open, but closed?

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

It is extremely trite, and sometimes it isn't quite true, to say that crime doesn't pay; but every now and then something happens to indicate that the old saying is pretty generally valid. In the New York courts the other day appeared one George C. Parker, for years tabbed as "the aristocrat of crookdom." He had been a confidence man for years. Twice he "sold" the Brooklyn bridge to unsuspecting strangers. He used to be known as one of the best dressed men in New York. For a long time he was a heavy spender and a gay liver. But when he came into court he didn't look as if any of those things had been true. He was old, shabby and discouraged. He was arrested for cashing a worthless check for \$150—a sum that would have been small change for him once; and since it was his fourth offense, he was sent to prison for life. Crime doesn't pay—at least, not always.

AS THE WORLD WAGS
BY G. C. R.
Jim Reed Warns of the "Trojan Horse," Assailing Kellogg Peace Pact—Hoodini Still in the Newspapers.

REED jobs laid at waste... At best the Kellogg pact is an experiment. It is an experiment... Nobody will be surprised that opposition to the pact has been waged vigorously in the United States senate. The delegates at Paris were cognizant of this expected result and the world today is waiting to see whether the pact will submit enough "reservations" to the pact to make it valid. Too much depending by this pact on the body and the effectiveness of...

PRUNE PICKIN'S
By BERT G. BATES
GOD EVENING FOLKS
Inasmuch as this is bath night... A Detroit man who drank poisoned whiskey turned black. He died in perfect condition for a mammy soon, anyway. Now Mr. Durant might offer another \$25,000 prize for the best criticism of the prize-winning prohibition enforcement plan. A spiritualist in England says Woodrow Wilson is communicating with the earth. Maybe he has a few things to say about the Kellogg peace pact. Grover Whalen, New York's new police commissioner, ordered all speakeasy proprietors to sell good liquor or close up. That's one of the best prohibition plans we've seen to date. United States medical corps officers have warned New Yorkers to dispense with kissing until the influenza wave has subsided. By the way, the influenza epidemic started in Hollywood, didn't it? LAFE PERKINS SEZ—'It's a dern shame that more folks didn't turn out to see the Roseburg high basketball team trim the North Benders last night. Ya oughta be ashamed of yourselves.'

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PYTHIAN SISTERS
Your attendance is desired at our regular meeting Monday evening, Jan. 14th. Election and installation of officers, besides other important business matters. LENA YOUNG, M. E. C.

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TINY MITES
STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK
The cream cats had a heap of fun and licked until the work was done. The Tinas all stood very still, 'cept Clowey who jumped round. "The cat that's licking cream from me is getting much too rough," said he. And then he pushed the cat and it jumped back with quite a bound. At last a dwarf said, "Well, let's quit. You Tinas are looking fit. The cats have licked the whipped cream off your clothes, and now they're through. We'll chase the big cats on their way. They'll sleep the balance of the day." The Tinas then turned to the cats and shouted, loudly, "Shoo!" Away they went. 'Twas very queer to see the fat cats disappear. Said Clowey, "Why, you'd think that they would be too full to run." Then Clowey added, "Well, now what? Our clothes are spoiled, as like as not. They're very badly messed despite what all the cats have done." And then they heard one weep and sob, "Now, don't you fret. We'll help you out. I'll get some little bathrobes which you Tinas can wear. Hop from your clothes and do it quick. We'll wash your garments up real slick. They'll soon look just as good as new. Now that seems very fair!" A little washboard was brought out, and Clowey said, "I have no doubt that we will soon be looking fine. Let's let them wash our clothes." So, in the tub their clothes soon went and 'bout a half an hour was spent at scrubbing all the garments. It was hard work, goodness knows. When everything was washed up fine, a dwarf brought forth a little line and stretched it out to hang things on. 'Twas neat as it could be. "Well, well," said Clowey, "This is great. We're glad to sit right here and wait. When you are through we're sure that some real clean clothes we will see." (The Tinas take another ride in the next story.) (Copyright, 1929, NEA Service, Inc.)

FIGHTS LAST NIGHT

(Associated Press Local Wire) NEW YORK—Emil Rossi, Brooklyn, outpointed Andy Santelli, Atlantic City (16). Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle, N. Y., stopped Eddie Sulda, New York (9). DETROIT—Ray Miller, Chicago, stopped Tommy Grogan, Omaha (4). BOSTON—Jimmy Eyrne, Louisville, outpointed Frankie Wino, Montana (10). MINNEAPOLIS—Del Fontaine, Winnipeg, knocked out Dick Daniels, Minneapolis (11). Jack Sharkey, Minneapolis, outpointed Mike Valentin, Duluth (8). Roy Richardson, Minneapolis, outpointed Joe Fuhrman, St. Paul (6). Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul, stopped Mike Kaimis, Duluth, Minn. (1). ERIE, Pa.—Johnny O'Keefe, Columbus, O., outpointed Babe Herman, New York (10). BUFFALO, N. Y.—Meyer Grace, Chicago, outpointed Sam Bruce, Buffalo (10). LAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Johnny Clowey, Duluth, outpointed Urban Liberty, Minneapolis (10). SAN DIEGO—Bearsart Wright, Omaha, knocked out Jack Beasley, San Francisco (12). GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Otto von Ponnar, Chicago, technically knocked out Battling Levinsky, Philadelphia (5). HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—Ignacio Fernandez, Filipino, outpointed Joey Thomas, St. Paul (10).

DANCING PARTY

Saturday, Jan. 12th, at Community Hall, Sutherland. Sponsored by the Ladies' Club of Sutherland. Admission \$1, ladies free.

OUT OUR WAY

BY GEORGE—I'LL SWEAR I'VE GOT SOME BANDAGES HERE SOMMERS! MAMA—LET ME SEE NOW—IS IT UP—SAY—HAND ME THAT BIG BOX WILL YA ALEC!

POOR ALEC! THAT'S ALMOST A SELF SERVE. FIRST AID STATION. ITS TH' LAST FIRST AID ID WANT. WHERE YOU GET FIRST AID LAST. BY THE TIME HE GETS YOU WRAPPED UP YOU'RE HEALED UP.

HE'S LIKE TH' OLD CANNED ARMY EMERGENCY RATION. THEY HAD A KEY, AN WHEN AN EMERGENCY DID COME—BY TH' TIME YOU GOT IT OPEN TH' EMERGENCY HAD PASSED.

The dreamer knows an inner fire That knits his purpose to aspire; It stimulates a tempted will. Conveys a most persistent thrill Through all the nerves of sentient life Till with his dream his soul is rife: Until he breathes a pulsing air That makes his life a constant prayer.

The man thus wedded to a cause Can do without the world's applause: The world may doubt and jibe and sneer— His dream will feed his soul with cheer; He's nurtured on the prophet's food, And knows that high sublimer mood That sees the victory yet unseen; That keeps his dreaming vision keen.

I like this word of Orville Wright— The dreaming's better than the flights, And greater than the thrill of fame Is that sweet dream that starts the game. The dreamer has his rapture twice And that is fair—he pays the price. But here's a truth there a joy believing: 'Tis nobler, dreaming, than achieving.



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"No use, Beze, I can't sell popcorn while that talk's going." Here From Hillsboro— Mrs. Wm. Masterson of Hillsboro-father, Gen. J. Essig, at the boys arrived here Friday afternoon Soldiers' Home.

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A LINGERING ILLNESS.