

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1929.

GENUINE OR FALSE ECONOMY?

Roseburg's councilmen, while doubtless conceding that Mayor E. V. Hoover's election was the outcome of a desire for cheaper cost of city government, to which he had pledged himself, take the ground that it was not the desire of the electorate generally that municipal funds be saved by slashing the salaries attached to city jobs and by displacing efficient and satisfactory employees with untried men of unknown ability.

The Roseburg Chamber of Commerce is off to a flying start. The year 1929 should hold wonderful things for Roseburg and the Umpqua Valley. But we must all remember that the officers of the chamber of commerce can not put over big things without the backing of each citizen.

AS THE WORLD WAGS BY G. C. R. Sometimes the World Loves a Loner; Science Has a New Worry; Twilight Sleep Quiz.

CHAMPIONS OF A LOSING Cause were General Robert J. Lee and General Daniel Boone. Lee and Boone were not only great soldiers but also great statesmen.

TOO FEW INDIANS are there now to give their own history to the world. It is a pity that the Indians of the West are disappearing so rapidly.

JUST AS SCIENCE has become more exact about the progress of evolution, the progress of the human mind is also becoming more exact.

WHAT WOULD BE MORE profitable to the world than a universal peace? It is a question that has troubled the minds of many great thinkers.

MARSHALL POUL DEBARKED from his doctors and gets it. The market is very ill-criticized. It is a pity that the market is so ill-criticized.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES. GOOD EVENING FOLKS. Well fellers, They're gonna have another Battle of the Century tonight.

Well fellers, They're gonna have another Battle of the Century tonight. The council is meeting again. An' don't nuthin' Except waste Electricity! Bring along yer slingshot and on'ring up.

As ye ed, allus did like these wild west gallop' pitchers where pepul git shot and throats are cut, we think we'll drop up to the seat on 't'night. Berry yer wife's galashes as they're liable to be two feet of blood on the floor when the shootin' ends.

Well, we told ya so! LAFE PERKINS SELZ. "Bring 'em geraniums 't'night or bring 'em along with ya to council meetin'."

Do You Know Your Own County? Interesting bits of information concerning the origin of names and geographic landmarks in Douglas County.

TODAY: DRAIN. Drain is a place was named for Charles Drain, a pioneer settler in the locality. The donation of the land claim on which the town of Drain is located was taken up by Warren Gould.

MONTEAGUE MOUNTAIN. Dot son Mountain is an important peak east of Hillard, with an elevation of about 3200 feet. It was named for Samuel Dodson, a pioneer stockman who settled nearby.

Twenty-Five Years Ago. From Roseburg Philatelist JANUARY, 1904. In contrast to the present, the new administration of Douglas County is a wide-open town and consequently welcomes all sorts of business establishments to its midst.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST. Paints Extracted Gas When Desired Painless Treatment Phone 488 Main St. Bldg.

MASONS ATTENTION. PAST MASTERS' NIGHT. All Masons are requested to attend the stated communication of Laurel Lodge No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Wednesday evening, Jan. 23rd at 7:30 sharp.

Officers of Smith River Grange were installed at a meeting on Sunday with Rev. C. C. Hulet, minister of the new Myrtle grange, serving as installing officer. The chief of officers of the Smith River grange is Clever M. Andrus, master; James Smith, overseer; Mrs. Teasdale, secretary; Ernest Keepe, steward; Dave Roberts, treasurer; Mary Wroe, secretary, and Mrs. L. A. Blackwell, chaplain.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS. THE PEN OUTWITS THE SWORD.

"With Bolivia and Paraguay about to sign a protocol in boundary conciliation proceedings, and Brazil and Bolivia already have signed a treaty on boundaries and rail communications, can there be any question that the pen makes a better implement for drawing boundaries than the sword?"—The Monitor.

Ab, yes, the pen outwits the sword And stops them ere they were their hoard 'Twas well they talked ere they'd begun To settle boundaries with the gun; The gun's a senseless, useless thing— Can only grief and trouble bring. 'Tis good to cool our foolish hate Before we shoot—when 'tis too late.

Too long we've let the cannon rule— Been guided by that old bronze fool! His only forte's to wound and kill And wide exploit the devil's will. 'Tis time we gave our heads a chance To help along the world's advance; 'Tis time we tapped this great resource— Too long we've trusted brutal force.

OUR AMERICAN BIRDS Popular Home Lessons in Natural History THE BIRD OF THE WEEK (BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS) (Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

THE NUTCRACKER. The Nutcracker in Camp "Nary, nary!" the sharp nutcracker cry! He sees it all—he's never shy. He eyes the horses, men and camp; He cries his welcome—tricky scam! Thanks friends with horses, tastes their oats; Eyes nuts, and digests, and watches counts; His eyes are out for every treat— He'll never miss a chance to eat.

The Nutcracker, young people who played "The Nutcracker" will find it will be interesting for cottage parties where they will appear in the stage production tomorrow night and return Wednesday morning.

NEW SMITH RIVER GRANGE OFFICERS ARE INSTALLED.

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TINY MITES STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNICK.

Illustration of a boy and a giant. The boy is holding a small object and looking up at the giant. The giant is holding a large object and looking down at the boy. The scene is set in a landscape with a house and a tree.

What is the meaning of all this? cried Scouty. "We have gone amiss. Who does this big hand belong to, that has grabbed our engine light? We haven't done a thing that's wrong. Why can't we travel right along? Although it may be just a joke, it doesn't seem quite right."

Then Copy looked around and said, "Oh, look! I see a giant's head. A monstrous man has seized us and we're in a awful mess. What makes him laugh and shiver so? His body's swaying and nodding. I'm sorry that we took this ride. We're done for now, I guess. We're monstrous giant then cried Scouty. "Ha, ha! I've caught the Tiny crowd. What funny little fellows. Why, you're tiny as can be. I do not envy you at all, say, don't you wish that you were tall, and had big arms and shoulders, and a fat, strong fist like mine?"

County Supplies to be Purchased Local Merchants. Representatives of outside wholesale firms handling office, janitor and printing supplies are finding rather hard sledding at the court house since the advent of the new administration. County Judge Walter Hamilton has personally taken over all buying of supplies and is issuing all requisitions, so that no purchases are made except through him.

BOY DROWNS IN POND. Mrs. Glen Dugger, who drowned in the Valeset mill pond while playing in a boat Saturday. The body was recovered.

OUT OUR WAY BY WILLIAMS. NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU KNOW VERY WELL YOU CAN'T DO HOME WORK PROPERLY IN THAT LAZY POSITION. YOU'RE FUNNY MA, HONEST YOU ARE. JISS CUZ A FELLER AINT DOIN' NOSHIN' ER SWEATIN' YOU THINK HE AINT DOIN' NOSHIN' ER WHY BIG THINKIN MEN ALLUS PUTS THEIR FEET UP ON DESKS N'S STUFF. TH' MORE COMFTUBBLE YOU ARE TH' BETTER YOUR BRAINS WORKS—NOT ONLY AT, BUT...