

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JAN. 28, 1929.

A SIGNAL OF SYMPATHY

A very little thing often means a great deal, if you look at it properly. In a little Ohio town near Toledo lives an 18-year-old boy who has been an invalid for several years. His parents' house is near the New York Central railroad tracks, and one of the lad's diversions is watching the big limited passenger trains go speeding by. One day, about a year ago, an engineer saw the boy's cot on the sun porch and inquired about him when he reached the town's station. Learning that the boy was kept to his bed by illness, the engineer decided to do a little something to cheer him up. So, thereafter, every night when his train passed the boy's house, the engineer would blow his whistle four times. The boy quickly discovered that this signal was a greeting to him, and he responded by blinking the light in his bedroom four times. That has kept up for a year now. Every night that the engineer speeds by he sounds his signal, and the boy responds by flashing his light. If the boy is feeling worse than usual, and has to drop off to sleep earlier in the evening he sets his alarm clock so that he will awaken in time to hear and respond to the greeting. On Christmas the engineer sent the boy a little present. And a few days later, on his day off, he went to the little town and called on him, promising to have all the other engineers on that section of the line toot their whistles for the sick lad when they passed his house. Now all of this, while interesting and a little bit touching, may not seem especially important. But it is, just the same. Study it aright and you will get a great deal of encouragement and hope out of it. There is a good deal of misery of one kind and another in this world. Sickness, poverty, failure and disappointment touch every one of us at one time or another. They're pretty hard to live through, sometimes; but the worst thing of all is the feeling of loneliness that so often accompanies them. We are so constituted that we can stand almost anything except the feeling that the rest of the world is shut off from us by barriers of indifference and misunderstanding. There are times when the most important thing on earth is an unmistakable hint that kindness and thoughtfulness still exist in a world of strangers. That is why the simple, kindly act of this locomotive engineer is worth reading about. What he did wasn't much, perhaps—but it meant a great deal to that bed-ridden youngster, lonely and depressed. And, though the rest of us never heard of either of these two people before, it can mean a good deal to us, too. It is just one more demonstration that kindness and the willingness to help someone else to a little happiness aren't so uncommon as we often think.

AS THE

WORLD WAGS

BY G. C. R.

Why is Byrd Exploring the South Polar Regions?—Meanest Chicago Robbers Found—Aimee Demands Action.

WHY IS BYRD, that handsome young explorer, making so much effort to explore the south polar regions? Daily we scan our papers for reports of his progress. All America seems to be concerned about what this lanky hero is doing, but there are varying answers as to why he is doing what he is. Some believe he is doing it for the fame that is connected with it. Some think it is a "patriotic stunt" for the organizations backing the expedition. Others believe he has gone because he is interested in collecting scientific data.

THE EXPLORATION was recently asked to explain why he has taken his various ventures. His answer was: "Well, I do not know exactly unless it is because by doing this I may encourage others to go ahead." That is no selfish motive. In that explanation we see no motive of fame. If he were merely seeking for fame, Byrd would not have had to make this present trip to get it. He already had plenty of that because he had been the first to fly over the North Pole; he had flown across the Atlantic and he had performed other outstanding feats. Although he is not quite so modest as our Lindbergh, we believe Commander Byrd is deserving of highest credit.

THE TWO MEANEST robbers in Chicago have been found. That's saying a lot, but here's the incident to boot it out. A widow, with a baby in her arms, has just closed her week's business at a small delicatessen shop and with her \$140 reserves for the week is on her way home when she is held up and robbed. That's one of the most deplorable mean tricks ever emanating from Chicago, we claim.

ANOTHER WOMAN at Butte, Mont., came home from a party the other day with a torn silk stocking as evidence that robbers had tickled the feminine first national bank of \$2500. An officer told her that money used to be safe on a woman's person but that did not hold true in these days of short skirts. We hadn't even noticed that the woman was carrying the money around in their hose and girders.

JUSTICE MUST HURRY in Alameda, California, the woman accused of murdering her husband Saturday night was sentenced to life in prison. The woman was sentenced to life in prison. The woman was sentenced to life in prison.

Do You Know Your Own County?

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

TODAY: CABIN CREEK

Editor's Note: Material in this column was obtained from the recent book "Oregon Geographic Names," by McArthur.

CABIN CREEK—This stream flows into Calapooya creek near Oakland. Both the Southern Pacific railway line and the Pacific highway follow along the stream between Oakland and Rice Hill. It is said that the Rev. J. A. Canwell built a cabin on this stream in the fall of 1846, in which he and his family spent the following winter. This is said to have been the first cabin built in Douglas county by citizens of the United States, and the stream was named.

BULLDOG ROCK—This rock is near the summit of the Calapooya Mountains in the northeastern part of the county and has an elevation of 5000 feet. It was named by Forest Supervisor E. H. McDaniel on account of the prominence with which the bluff stood out from the immediate surroundings, in defiance of the elements.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From Roseburg Plaindealer, JANUARY, 1904.

Judge Riddle, of Riddle, has been in Roseburg for several days this week circulating petitions for signature in the interest of an initiative bill for a direct primary nominating elections law.

Weekly weather report: Maximum temperature, 53 on January 27. Minimum temperature, 28 on January 28.

David Lemux, of San Leandro, Calif., after visiting with relatives at Winston left for his home yesterday, accompanied by his brother-in-law, P. C. Ream, who will be his guest for a short time.

T. J. Critzer came home from near Leland Tuesday with a broken jaw sustained in the Columbia mine when he was accidentally struck by a crowbar. Although the injury is painful, he is expected to be around in about three weeks.

County Treasurer Dummick has received a voucher for \$4,555.37 from the United States. This is five per cent of the land sales in Douglas county for the past year and it goes into the general fund. The amount received last year was \$1,250.89.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Denn, of Canby Valley, were visiting in the city yesterday.

Wm. Buzzell, who is employed at the Douglas County bank, is taking a vacation at the home of his father, Mrs. S. C. Bartrum. He has not been well for some time, and it is hoped that the rest will restore his health.

FAMOUS FLIER IS VISITOR IN CITY

Captain "Pop" Eagles, commandant of the Flying Field at Vancouver, Washington, dropped out of the murky skies onto the new American Legion field yesterday afternoon and spent an hour visiting with friends here. "I'll just wait for that storm coming in to blow over and then take off again," said the captain. He was flying north to Vancouver, enroute home after a visit to San Diego and San Francisco. Capt. Eagles is one of the best fliers in the country and his landing on the muddy field here was a perfect exhibition of his ability. He took off late in the afternoon, spilling his plane across the field and pulling it into the air at the far southwest corner. There was quite a crowd present to watch the take-off and after he circled the field, he dove toward the crowd, waved a farewell and pointed the ship due north.

BIDS WANTED
The Douglas County Court will receive sealed bids at the court-house in Roseburg, on or before Monday, Feb. 11 at 10 a. m. for 10 cords of 500 second growth fir wood, cut in 10-foot lengths to be delivered at the County Hospital before September 1, 1929. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

HANGS IN TREE
LONDON.—After a week of organized searching throughout Tottenham, the body of Henry David Bosch was found hanging in the hollow trunk of an oak tree. The coroner returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

"I WON'T," SAYS BRIDE
LONDON.—The wedding of Mary Paxon, 25-year-old Port, had progressed to the point when the bridegroom had said his "I do." The minister turned to the bride and asked her "Do you take this man to be your lawful husband?" "I won't," she said. "I don't want to."

JUDGE HAMILTON HOME
Circuit Judge J. W. Hamilton returned Saturday from Crater, where he held court last week, hearing several cases in which Judge Bond was disqualified because of having been attorney for plaintiffs before being appointed to the bench. Judge Hamilton had the pleasure on Friday night of attending a meeting and banquet held by the Oso county bar association. Judge Thomas A. McBride, of the Oregon Supreme Court, was in attendance at the banquet and was one of the speakers.

Local meetings are held at Wharton Bros.

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OUR AMERICAN BIRDS

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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 RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

The woodpecker family as a whole are very valuable birds in their assistance in preserving orchards. None of them damage trees. The sapsuckers sometimes do, but the woodpeckers never. The finest of them all, with some local variations, reaching every part of North America, is this handsome splendid bird, the red-headed woodpecker, which is easily recognized by the red head and white underparts, with the steel blue and white covering. On the west of the Rocky Mountains, we have practically the same bird called the California woodpecker, though he has not so much red, but his crown is red. They are about the same in size and habits. They are also known for coloring black, white and red—the red conspicuous on the head. They both are prevalent birds, storing up an abundance of acorns and sometimes English walnuts in little holes chiseled in trees for winter food. I have observed them eating these nuts both in the East and in the West. Their chief food is these nuts and worms and grubs and other insects. They nest in holes which they chisel in a

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER'S MORNING

Old red head's round on morning
In care of trees he bears the
brunt;
Examines trees in search of foes—
Goes up and down with clinging
toes.
Keen eyes inspect each inch of
bark—
To him it is the greatest task:
And every little while I hear
"A-rap!"—tells something's out of
gear.
He chews the larvae hid away
To hatch and breed another day.
He gobbles down destructive
ants—
He knows just where to drive his
beak.
Each little while I hear "A-rap."
Know ants are having said mishap.
He gives that tree a new career;
Gives every leaf a right to cheer.
His house is in an oak-top shell;
He files right home and rings his
bell.
"A-rap, a-rap," an acorn keels—

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW
POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

A HEROIC CAMPFIRE GIRL

"Miss Frances Gorthy, of West Roseburg, 17-year-old high school girl, a member of the Campfire organization, has been awarded a Carnegie hero medal for saving the lives of Margaret French and the latter's mother Mrs. V. S. French who were nearly drowned in the North Umpqua July 15, 1927."

—Roseburg News-Review, Jan. 24, 1929.
We often sing of hero Scouts,
The whole wide world their glory shouts,
But 'bout romantic Campfire girls
Much less of public notice swirls.
And to our Frances Gorthy brave,
Who risked her life to others save,
Awaken a dream of rich romance
That makes our red blood fairly dance.

We long have sung of Joan of Arc
Who seems far back in history dark;
We laud sweet Florence Nightingale—
How close she tread the blood-red trail!
And Clara Barton's tender cross—
She helped repair war's cruel loss;
And Edith Cavell's courage rare,
Let Frances Gorthy have her share!

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Roseburg's girl!
We here and now her flag unfurl.
These others had a nation's cheers
To put to rest their woman's fears;
They had the urge of great acclaim;
They knew they'd win undying fame.
Our Frances, on a common day,
Did hero work as if at play.

These medal folks do show their wit
To recognize her girlish grit;
And Campfire girls in every state
May clap their hands and be elate.
For Frances Gorthy's "done them proud"
Deserves the plaudits of the crowd.
And Roseburg gives her grateful thanks
For this brave girl who's in our ranks.



TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

Said Clowny, "Look what you have done. You've made those Trouble Tots all run. I really think it's rather mean to scare them all away. They're small and couldn't do anything. What sort of trouble could they bring? I'll bet they called to see us, and would gladly join in play."

The giant then said, "Me, oh my, I do not think you'd care to try to play with all the Trouble Tots. They're bad as they can be. They always get into a mess. You'd understand it all, I guess. If you just knew the crazy tricks that they have played on me."

"The giant's right," weec Scouty cried. "It's better that they're run to hide. We've never seen those tots before, and we do not know of all the trouble they can cause. 'Tis always best to think and pause before you make new friends. I'm glad that we have let them go."

And then they closed the small hut door and planned to have a meal once more. The giant and the Tines sat right down to quite a treat. When they were through they didn't lose much time, but promptly took a snooze. It's funny how it always makes you sleepy when you eat.

The Trouble Tots, of course, were mad. They thought about the scare they'd had and one of them exclaimed, "Let's go right back and play a trick. We'll nail the doors and windows tight. 'Twill keep those Tines out of sight." Another ran right up and said, "They're sleeping. Come, be quick!"

They crept up real close to the house. Each one was quiet as a mouse. Their boards were held across the door, and 'cross the window, too. Then one queer tot drove nails in fast. He shouted,



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

"There, those boards will last," ran because their task was the next story.
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SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"Of course we only have a small apartment."
Marguerite Porter of Looking Glass was in this city Saturday for several hours visiting with friends and shopping.

Mrs. Harry Jones of Myrtle Creek spent Saturday in Roseburg visiting with friends and attending to business matters.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

J. WILLIAMS

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