

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1929.

WILSON'S MEMORIAL

The fifth anniversary of Woodrow Wilson's death saw only one memorial wreath deposited on his tomb in the great cathedral that is rising on Mount St. Albans, overlooking Washington. This wreath, a simple affair of yellow jonquills, bore no message to identify the sender. It was merely marked, "For Woodrow Wilson's Tomb," and was taken to the place by a delivery boy. The only visitors to the tomb on that day were Mrs. Wilson and her brother. The anniversary had passed unnoticed. Five years ago the scene was different. Messages and tributes came from every ruler on earth. Ambassadors, generals, statesmen saw the casket placed in the crypt. A bugler sounded taps, and a nation stood at attention as the sad notes of the trumpet gave one of the Titans of the century his last salute. And now—one wreath and two mourners! Woodrow Wilson was a proud man. He walked with kings, saw great crowds cheer themselves into hysteria at the mention of his name, found himself, for a time, the most powerful man on earth. Two million men crossed the Atlantic at his bidding to face death. He hung phrases at the world and saw them taken up and made into national creeds. He pushed the German emperor off his throne and helped remake the map of Europe. But he died only five years ago, and already the anniversary of his passing has been forgotten! This might mean almost anything. It might mean that the defeat that came upon Wilson after the war ended was a lasting defeat, and that he is steadily sinking into the shadows, never to emerge. It might mean that his country has taken his measure and found it small, and so has decided to forget him. It might mean, in short, that he was an utter, pitiable failure, deserving oblivion. But probably it does not. The thunder of the guns has died away, and the cool depths of the Argonne forest are quiet and peaceful once more. The armies are disbanded, and the great fleets lie at anchor. But it happened that Wilson let loose into the world, during those terrible years, something that may yet prove worth all of the sacrifice, all of the pain, all of the horror. Into a world racked by war Wilson dropped a vision; a vision of a new order of things, in which justice and freedom should be something more than pretty words, in which the common man should at last get a chance to prove his divinity for himself, in which war could be done away with as human sacrifices and medieval torture chambers have been done away with. Many men have dreamed that dream. But it remained for Woodrow Wilson to make it take on color and life and enter the hearts of ordinary men. And a vision of that kind, once raised, is immortal. It goes on and on, until in the long course of years it compels men to translate it into reality. And there is Woodrow Wilson's real memorial. What, after all, is a wreath more or less?

OUR RECLAMATION RECORD

The activities of the federal government's reclamation bureau are often attacked these days on the ground that they cost far more money than they were worth. It is charged that the arid lands reclaimed for cultivation were not needed and, in many cases, are not used. Figures just issued by the department of the interior are interesting, in that connection. They show that more than 600,000 people live on federal reclamation projects. Last year these people raised crops worth \$135,000,000. The local food products which these districts supply have helped to open mining districts and keep mines in operation, and have strengthened the range stock industry by providing winter feed for stock. In addition, the crops grown on these areas have cheapened railway freight rates by providing an immense amount of local business for the transcontinental roads. Such figures indicate that the reclamation bureau can be rather proud of its record.

POLICEMEN SHOT BY BANDITS FOR WHOM THEY WAITED

While Marcus had a wide margin on points, he was never idle for a moment for the little Indian boy never backed up on his own volition, but kept going in from start to finish. Joe took a wide margin in the first few rounds, but the Indian's perfect condition and willingness made the latter rounds more equal. Anador's best rounds were the sixth and ninth. One of Marcus' swinging rights caught the Indian on the chin in the first round and damped him on his back for the only knockdown of the fight. Referee Graman stopped the Fred Kelly Carl Olson match in the third round to save Olson further punishment. Johnny Wood, Seattle, developed a Charley horse in the fifth round of his bout with Tenaka Wine, Portland, exceeding the match to White. Sam Warren took a decision over Jack Ryan in the six round semifinal, and Jack Nash Longview, and Frankie Moon, Hood River, fought a round round draw in the curtain event.

TURKEY DINNER

Christall Church, Thursday, Feb. 14, 11:30 to 1:30 given by Ladies Aid Society for benefit building fund. Price 25 cents.

JOE MARCUS GETS NOD OVER INDIAN IN HARD BATTLE

Joe Marcus, Portland, won over Pedro Anador, San Blas Indian from Panama, here last night, after ten rounds of very fast fighting.

PRUNE DICKIN'S

By Bert G. Bates

GOD EVENING FOLKS

Gosh folks— Ya know we're all Susceptible to Flattery an' when We get down Some squib in This column that Reflects our own Personal opinion An' then the next day A flock of peepul Call up and pat Us on the back We can't help Squealin' up an' Puttin' an' The dawg— Last night's Colym brought us A flock of Phone calls t'day An' we wish to Thank you!

Walk, or a bird, fell off'n his perch and is going git married. Let's see how if he can keep both feet on the ground. By the way folks, don't forget that Legion show on next Tues. an' Werk nites. The cash'll be used to pass out cheer to our wounded Buddies and hevin' knows that public is ever ungrateful an' it's up to us to see that they are not forgotten.

Well we fin'ly gotta murder mystery to browse over. Now watch the public eat up the front page. Just finished readin' Ben Hecht's and Greer's MacArthur's "The Front Page" a newspaper story. Some of the language is sorta hot but then anyone who dramatizes the life of a newspaperman can't use Sunday school verbs. A mammoth "R" appears on the battered side of o' Mt. Nebo now. It's "R"—but who ever did the painter musta been a wee bit nervous as shown by the ragged edges.

An' besides if the color is orange then things have changed a lot since we were a kid. Someone said it stands for "Revolutions Roseburg." Now trot the basketball team past it and let 'em read it. The sunshine which was dispensed today felt dern good and caused some of the local boys to go about in their shirt sleeves. Gosh pimple's were all the rage.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "Some of the members of the Spit an' Argy Club are barely grinnin' when they pass ya, eds— for which he breaks down an' eds watterly."

Do You Know Your Own County?

Interesting bits of information concerning the origin of names and geographic landmarks in Douglas County. TODAY: JACKSON CREEK

JACKSON CREEK— This stream was for many years called South Fork South Umpqua river, a name sufficiently cumbersome to call for a change. It was renamed by the U. S. Geological Board for Clarence W. Jackson, who was killed by a truck in the state of Washington while in the employ of the forest service. He had formerly been a ranger on the Umpqua national forest.

LANE MOUNTAIN— This mountain, about 12 miles east of Roseburg, was named in honor of General Joseph Lane, who was an early settler in the Umpqua valley.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Spirit" was the subject of the lesson in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, February 11. The golden text was, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2:14). Among the citations which accompanied the lesson sermon was the following from the Bible: "This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh." (Gal. 5:18).

The lesson sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "One's aim, a point beyond faith, should be to find the footstep of Truth, and way to health and happiness. We should strive to reach the Horeb height where God is revealed; and the consciousness of all spiritual building is purity. The baptism of Spirit, washing the body of all the impurities of flesh, signifies that the pure in heart see God and are approaching spiritual life and its demonstration." (p. 241).

MADEUP CURTAIN SETS Dandy new tinted curtains, all made up. Checked, Marcellines with blue, rose or gold voile ruffles. Also pair, Voile curtains with fancy ruffles at the top. Five-piece novelty sets of voile, colored or novelty rayon aprons ruffled. Dandy special at \$1.25 pair. See list at Carr— "where you save."



\$16.75

Special Offering of Men's Clothing

The ideal suit for every day wear. These suits are hand tailored from quality casimere and hard worsted woolen fabrics.

Harth's TOGGERY

TRAPPER AND SON UNDER SNOW SLIDE, IS BELIEF

Associated Press Special Wire CREEDE, Colo., Feb. 12.—Two lites are believed to have been lost in the snow-slides which have dead-locked traffic in southwestern Colorado and left several mining camps winter bound.

Apparently buried under tons of snow, the bodies of James Wells and his 17-year-old son, James, trappers, were sought by searchers today near the wreckage of their cabin which was crumpled to ruins under the great weight of the slide. The father and his boy left the Roy Powell ranch, near here, on February 5, saying they would return within 48 hours after inspecting their traps in the Sulphur Hot district. On Monday they failed to return.

NEW PRINTS FOR SPRING

Dandy values in beautiful new prints, cambric or percales at 21c and 25c yard. Tub fast goods. Carr's—where you save.

WILLAMETTE EASY VICTOR OVER PACIFIC HOOPSTERS

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 12.—Willamette University's basketball quintet overthrew Pacific here last night, 48 to 21 in a northwest conference game. Willamette led 21 to 2 at the half. Coach Keene used nearly all available Willamette substitutes in the last half.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

CITIZENS AT LAST

"For more than a generation certain Indians have enjoyed the franchise—those who, in the opinion of the white authorities, have been held to be competent to manage their affairs. Not until 1924, however, have all the Indians received the right to vote in national elections. The law was so new in 1924 that few Indians availed themselves of it in the presidential election of that year, but at the last election the Indian vote was in full swing. The adults of 193 tribes were thus given a share in determining the destinies of a land which is peculiarly their own, and their massed vote is 340,000, an element in an election which is not to be left out of account. It was especially interesting that the Indians should thus enter into full citizenship in an election which saw an honored statesman of Indian descent chosen to be vice-president of the United States."—Amos R. Wells.

"All things will come to him who waits." An old-time proverb boldly states: The Indian brave has waited long— His good to hear this victory song. His wigwam's been a lonely place, And long he's had a fruitless chase, But now he comes into his own And proudly rules the senate's throne.

Here's hoping he will ne'er need help To take the senate's woolly scalp. They've poked their fun at Charley Dawes. Still take their time to make the laws; They sometimes make the public sore— And some the very saints would bore. 'Tis time a chiefman took the helm To curb the senatorial realm.

The Indians tread a thorny path— We've often suffered from their wrath. But now we give them friendly hail And wish them well on this new trail. We've often had an earnest feel They have not had an honest deal. But now they go to white man's schools And help to make the governing rules.

The Indian is our brother, too— E'en though he has redder hue; He has the same inquiring mind, An to earth a wisdom not to bind. 'Tis ours to help him up the hill. Reveal to him the Master's will, And, by our justice true and great, Make him a bulwark to the state.

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

The Sea Man seemed to quite enjoy the pushing. He yelled, "Ship ahoy! Look out for this big basket. Not a thing can make it stop. This bunch is on a trip some place. That's why they started on this race." And then he swung the basket round, and spun it like a top. "Hey, hey!" yelled Clowny. "Stop that, quick! I fear that it will make me sick. Oh, my, but I am dizzy." The Sea Man laughed. "Ho, he, ha, ha, ha. Oh, no," said he; "Stay where you are, I'll stop this whirling stunt, and promise I'll be very nice." He promptly made his promise good, and stopped as quickly as he could. "Is this as far as we can go?" asked Scouty. "No, siree," replied the man. "I'll push some more. But say, my arms are getting sore. You'll have to wait a little while. I'm tired as I can be." He sat down on the ice to rest. The Tots and Tines never guessed that he was going to play a trick, to give them all a fright. All of a sudden, as they peered at him, the Sea man disappeared. He slid right through a big hole in the ice, right out of sight. "Oh, mercy me, what can we do?" wailed Copy. "Is our trip all through?" "Of course not," answered Scouty. "I will push the basket now." But ere he had a chance to start, the basket took a sudden dart. It slid all by itself and everybody wondered how. Not far ahead the bunch could see some ice as roily as could be. "Was funny when they reached it, and the queer ride was begun. They'd slide right up a hill and



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE then, slip over the top and down him. It's like a scenic rail. (The Tots and Tines take a wavy, shouted Copy "Gee, it's n'ging in the next story.")

LINDBERGH TO WED DAUGHTER OF U. S. DIPLOMAT, MORROW

(Continued from page 1) about flying over the telephone. Wait a minute, I'll see if I can get a better connection. By the time the new line was established the colored man was gone.

MEXICO CITY, Feb. 12.—Mexicans hoped today that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Miss Anne Morrow, daughter of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow, would be married in this country's capital. It was here that the romance of the famous aviator and the heiress began.

Efforts to have Ambassador Morrow elaborate on the statement announcing the engagement were unavailing. He was asked as to the probable time and place of the marriage but persisted in a smiling silence, broken only finally by the remark: "All you can say on such points is mere guess work. I think your guess will be good if you say the time is not yet fixed."

Former President Calles, who welcomed Colonel Lindbergh at Valbuena field at the completion of his good-will flight from Washington that endeared him to Mexicans, said: "This is a great pleasure to me. As you know I am very fond of both these young people. As Mex-

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Don't you think this play has some awfully good ideas?" "Yes, I particularly liked the lines on the daughter's tea gown." "It has been the scene of their than we Mexicans. These two fan romances I sincerely hope they will like and these two young people be married in this country. are very dear to us. They have not held their own people can our best wishes for, and I know not hold their nearer their hearts they will have a happy married and wish them more happiness life."

OUT OUR WAY By Williams



GOOD HEVENS, AGAIN! TWICE IN LESS THAN A YEAR! WELL, WILLIS WILL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THEM TO THE RIVER THAT'S ALL. YES, HAVE HIM PUT THEM IN A SACK WITH A STONE IN IT. WELL, I MUST GO, I'LL BE LATE. YES—LET TH' FAMILY MURDERER DO IT. HARD-HEARTED HARRY, TH' ASSASSINATOR, TH' DROWNDER DELUXE. JISS CALL ME FER ANY MURDERS YOU WANT DONE—HOME TRAINED TALENT. AW MA WH YYY? THEY'RE SO CU-HUTE. HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.