

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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H. W. BATES President and Manager
BERT G. BATES Secretary-Treasurer

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1929.

OUR FOOLISHNESS

The present age, according to Congressman Huddleston of Alabama, is the most foolish age in history. We have been indulging in so loud a chorus of self-praise lately that this is a rather jarring note. Surely, we must be wiser than the Alabama gentleman thinks. Let's look into the matter. A little more than 19 years ago the nations of the world finished fighting a war that nearly wrecked all but a few of them—a war fought to end war. Today all of them are preparing for a new war more energetically than ever before.

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PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Ho hum—Gosh-nighly But the comes Still roll in An' here's one We found tucked In the ol' Gossip foundry This a. m. which Even rhymes— An' besides it Says a few kind Words about this Colyum so we'll Print it.

On you rob cisters—read it an' weep: IN APPRECIATION Dear Pickers of the Purple Prune, Since we must say farewell, We have written you this dainty poem.

Which will our sorrow tell: We can no other way express The grief within our heart But through this humble little rhyme— This sample of our art (?)

The bruises that you have picked for us Will not be soon forgotten, Although with us you must agree That some of them were rotten, But they have been a varied lot. Some have, like gall, been bitter, While some of them were green and fresh, And caused us many a titter.

Some have been old, some have been stale, Some have been ripe and luscious, While some of them have been so raw

Our cheeks turned red with blushes, But here is what we'd like to know: When you've left Poseyville, Who'll write our Moral Uplift Sheet And grind our Gossip Mill?

Who'll tell us when the time has come To take our weekly bath, Who else our erring feet can guide Along the narrow path?

Who'll warn us that the time has come To shed our B. V. D.'s; Who'll tell the girls to raise their rdk Or get frost-bitten knees?

Who but you knows the bill of fare To feed the Offus Cat To make his hair look glossy And his body round and fat, So he will be good natured And give us weather fair, And not get on an ornery streak And mix frost with the air?

And who, we ask you, Will take care of little Dumbell Dura And tell us what Lufe Perkins sez When comes that sad tomorrow? But worst of all—Who'll run for Mayor

When comes our next election, For people now see their mistake In causing your rejection.

There would be no Spit and Argy Club If you were mayor, they know, And where tin cans now strew our dump Would purple violets grow. The people did not use you right And to atone for this, We hope you will be mayor next year Of Minneapolis.

When you are in that far off clime, And snow sifts down your collar, And winds up Nicollet Avenue Like coyote shriek and holler, When bitter, biting frost and cold Come nipping at your toes, Despite red flannel underwear And home knit woolen hose.

Perhaps you will think of Poseyville, And for the Main Drag long Where Winter winds are never known And life is one sweet song, And where the gentle, misty rains, Send streamlets down the hill Which gurgle past the News-Review A tinkling little rill.

It may be in the future years, On some far distant day, When the hair upon your head is thin, And what is left is gray, You will think the old one buggy up, And with the wife and Sally, Will drive toward the setting sun, Back to the Umpqua Valley.

And if our dump ground's not removed Or Chief of Piece appointed, If you will run for mayor again, You'll not be disappointed. But now the sad, sad hour has come When we must say "Goodbye," Splash! Splash! There goes two brimny tears!

Gosh! How it makes us cry! HENRY W. WRONGFELLOW

The Spit an' Argy club met last night and the mayor delivered an ultimatum which would make Mussolini blush with shame.

Avide from that the only good that was accomplished was to give their wives an evenin's rest.

We'll hafta go home if we get the boys outa the trenches by Santa Claws time.

Ho hum—wottit! The legion home talent show will take place at the opary house tonight and customers are urged to arrive the cans before hurlin' tomatoes.

Maybe Lindy didn't care for the flighty sorta gal as a wife.

Wot has become of the radio club organized in Poseyville last yr? Maybe the members have

Bright Lights



There'll be no sleep to-night. So dress yourself in a new Manhattan shirt for the American Legion Bright Light show Feb. 19th and 20th.

FASHIONS OF TOMORROW



turned in their sets for saxophones. A feller doesn't know how many happy peepul there are in the world until he reads the cigarette ads.

We see where the Al Smith books have helped wipe out the deficit of the Demo party. Thass nice—but we can't help thinkin' there'd been no deficit if Al hadn't worn that iron hat.

See ya at the opary house t'night.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "Wait'll ya see them chorus g's in the legion show—HOT SOUP!"

GIANNINI PLANS TO FORM FINANCE FIRM IN LONDON

NEW YORK, Feb. 18. Giannini, president of the Trans-American corporation, stated today that he is planning to form a finance company in London in connection with the Giannini interests in Europe.

The social at Lookingglass Graeco Hall has been postponed until Feb. 27th, 1929.

Fertilizer at carload prices at Wharton Bros.

BORAH DEFENDS PROHIBITION LAW IN REPLY TO REED

Willing to Accept "Better Way" if Found, Idaho Senator States.

PRESENT PLAN SUITS

Enforcement Obligation of Nation So Long as 18th Amendment Stays in Constitution.

(Associated Press Special Wire) WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The long waited debate between Reed of Missouri and Borah of Idaho became a reality in the senate today as the Idahoan undertook a defense of the prohibition law in reply to a two-day assault upon it by Reed.

Senator Borah gained the floor after he had listened to his colleague devote two hours to a denunciation of prohibition as a law that could not be enforced and that none respected.

Borah began by recalling that it was he who on Saturday requested extended debate on the pending Jones' bill to increase prohibition law violation penalties, because he felt it was well for the country to have discussion from time to time of the prohibition question. He then paid tribute to the Missouri senator who leaves the senate on March 4.

"Those of us who have served with him through the years and have come to know his qualities, know his retirement is a loss to not only this great body but to the country.

"His retirement is the retirement of an ordinary man. It is the retirement of an extra-ordinary man, a man whose industry, courage and sense has placed him among the foremost men of his day.

"If those who make the law violate the law the axe has already been laid at the root of the tree of free government," he said, turning to prohibition.

"I think that is a matter about which the country can well reflect and the senator has stated it in his inimitable way.

"Would Accept Better Way "The people of the United States may have erred in their judgment on this law but I cannot agree that the law is a crime.

"The object was an exalted one. This purpose embodied somewhat of the ideal and may have been a mistake. That, time will tell. No, not a crime to undertake to control that which may undermine civilization.

"The fight against the liquor traffic is not one of ten days or ten years. I am not committed against modification or repeal of the Volstead act. I am only committed against modification or repeal so long as nothing better has been proposed. If there be a better way, let's have it.

"While no better plan in my judgment, has been proposed I stand for the scheme as it is. But I am for any plan for better enforcing the scheme."

"The eighteenth amendment will stand in the constitution, Borah said, "until the moral forces of the

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN"

From Cottonwood, Idaho, comes the news of a rancher whose little girl was taken suddenly ill. The father bundled her into a sleigh and started for the nearest hospital, thirty miles away, but was stalled by the deep snow. He called up on the telephone and sent out his S. O. S. The next day here came a band of cowboys with a drove of horses to act as a snow plow, and they saved the little girl's life.

The strongest call we make today: "A child's in need! Come right away!" No other call can stir so quick As that a little child is sick.

What gave that call its magic power— That call to save each human flower? In Bethlehem once long ago A child was born in manger low.

How childhood's stock's gone up since then Throughout the whole wide world of men! That baby in His manger stall Has made life sweet for babies—all, And mothers everywhere have joy Because of Mary's baby boy. Around each crib a halo glows Because of Sharon's fragrant Rose.

Those cowboys on that Western range Were not unusual, queer or strange. For though their way be hard and rough And they be hardened, bronzed and tough Somewhere there lingers deep within The story of a crowded inn, And, though the night be dark and wild, They risk their lives to save a child.

Ah, yes, it is the children's age— 'Tis in big type on every page: "Round every child the angels sing— A bit of heaven they always bring. And if we keep our childhood's heart, 'Twill far surpass all human art; And He who makes all childhood great Says that's the ticket at His gate."

TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

Wee Clowny stood upon some rocks, and eyed the monstrous water locks. "I've heard of these before," said he. "They're all around the land. One great big piece they're always seen! The Panama Canal I mean. Of course I've never looked on them, but folks say they are grand." "You bet they are," the Sea Man said. "They tower away up over head. To see them work would really be a thrilling sight for you. I would suggest that some bright day, when all of you are down that way, you just stop over for a while and watch the boats go through." Then Scoupy shouted, "Now let's go and see how they work down below. We've wandered all around the top and seen enough of this. I'll bet the locks, when open wide, make anybody want to hide. Gee, just imagine how the water rushes with a hiss." So, down below they promptly went and 'bout a half an hour was spent in tramping o'er the lower bed. Then Coppy cried aloud, "Where are the Trouble Tots? I'll bet they'll get us into trouble yet. I wonder what it was that made them leave our happy crowd."



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

from the locks took all the Tinymites down stream. (The Tinymites are rescued in the next story.)

United States decide there is some better way of controlling this evil which has been torturing civilization.

"The question of enforcing the law as it stands, he said, is 'infinitely more important than the question of liquor or no liquor.'"

"That involves the foundations of our constitution itself. The obligation is upon us to support it, maintain it and if possible to enforce it as long as it is a part of the constitution."

"This was the adoption of a great national policy. The people have struggled with the liquor question one way and another. The people finally decided to write the policy into the constitution."

"Knowing the senator from Missouri is a great lawyer and a patriot, I know we have no quarrel over enforcement."

"The trouble lies deeper than the prohibition law itself. I fear we have forgotten what a constitutional government means. It means when the people write a law they must be bound by that law until they repeal it."

BORN

WALTON—To Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Walton of South Pine street, Monday, February 18, 1929, at Shields Maternity Home, a 6-lb. son.

WOOD—To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wood, February 17, 1929, at Childen Maternity Home, a daughter.

HELM—To Mr. and Mrs. George Helm of Oakland, February 17, 1929, at Mercy hospital, a daughter.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST. Painless Extraction Gas When Desired Pyorrhea Treated. Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Comic strip 'PORK AND BEANED.' Characters: Ssst did you get one cotten? Did I? Didn't you hear that hollow klunk? I know that sound. Sh-h-h, get 'im in th' bag! I don't like this trick of stealing pigs. Pork and beaned.