ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday by The News-Review Co., Inc.

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Entered as second class matter May 17, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, per year, by mail	$4.00
Daily six months, by mail	2.00
Daily, three months, by mail	1.00
Daily, single month, by mail	.50
Daily, by carrier, per month	.50

ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1929.

THE SAME OLD SHIP OF STATE, PAINTED UP

It will cost something like $170,000 to inaugurate Herbert Hoover as president on March 4. Parades, fireworks, grandstands and aerial displays are expensive. Yet the only ceremony that is legally required is the actual taking of the oath by the incoming president. This, by itself, would take only a minute or so and would not cost a penny. However, we have a love of ceremony. It is impossible for us to feel that any event is really important unless it is dressed up. When a peace treaty is signed the signatures must be affixed with flourishes. When a great new building is to be built there must be fuss and feathers in connection with the cornerstone. And when a new president is sworn in the thing must be made as impressive as possible. Perhaps this is because the race is secretly aware that it makes a great many blunders. Any event that can be made to look like a fresh start of any kind is dressed up accordingly. When we inaugurate a president it is as if we were telling ourselves: "Well, now things are going to be different. We'll begin things over again and do better than we have in the past—so we'd better have a parade, and a few bands, and set off some sky rockets." This works very well, except that now and then it makes us deceive ourselves. Change, this world being what is is, never comes abruptly, and it never is imposed from above. Usually it is all but accomplished before any of us realize what is happening. We glorify a certain event and a certain man, but we fail to see that the "fresh start" that they symbolize for us began a long time ago, and that we ourselves had quite as much to do with it as the hero of the hour. Mr. Hoover, for instance, will probably give us an administration different from any that have preceded it. He frankly takes the position that our whole salvation, spiritual and intellectual as well as material, depends on the proper handling of the new economic and industrial forces that have arisen in the nation. Like all truly competent leaders of men, he wants each American to have a fuller, freer, finer life; but it is his idea that this can be done, not by stressing the intangibles, but by tackling such concrete, material problems as prosperity, poverty and economic well-being. This, to be sure, sounds very much as if the country were suddenly embarking on a new course. The pomp and ceremony which will mark the inaugural testify that we feel that way about it. Yet it all antedates Mr. Hoover. That whole attitude has been taking form within all of us for years. Underneath our new pride in our business leaders, our glorification of our prosperity, our impatience with "idealists," there lies the subconscious belief that we have found a new way of attacking life—a way in which the purely material obstacles to happiness and contentment must be removed before life's finer values can be tapped. The new administration will reflect that attitude. But it will not start it.

THE OLD CLOTHES TRADE

The post-war depression in Europe has had some curious and unexpected little by-products. For instance; it has made Brooklyn, instead of London, the old clothes center of the world. This odd shift is explained by M. F. Christensen, an official at the Bush Terminal, Brooklyn. Each year millions of dollars worth of old clothes are shipped to such regions as Africa, Siberia, Constantinople, India and the eastern archipelago, to be bought and proudly worn by the natives in those places. Formerly the bulk of this trade came from London. But since the war Europe has not had so many old clothes. People are wearing what they have until it is no longer wearable. So Brooklyn took up the burden. Old clothes from all over the United States flow to Brooklyn—and go around the world to begin a second incarnation in some incredibly remote village.

PRIZE WINNERS ESSAY CONTEST ARE ANNOUNCED

The judging of the essay papers on "Narcotics" written by junior high, sixth and fifth grade students in a contest sponsored recently by the Roseburg W. C. T. U. is now complete and the winners are announced. The judging has been in progress for the past few weeks and some very fine papers have been handed in. All papers were numbered, no names appearing so that the names of the authors were unknown to those judging the essays. Mrs. L. C. Davis, Mrs. Wm. Bell and E. A. Bellton were the judges. Two prizes were given in each division of the schools, with a third receiving honorable mention.

The prize winners and prizes are as follows:

Junior High

8th grade: 1, Earl Crawford, $5; 2, Genevieve Barnett, $3; 3, Kathryn Winkler, honorable mention.

7th grade: 1, Maude Williams, $2; 2, Drusilla Shortridge, $1; 3, Ethel Stone, honorable mention.

Rose School

6th grade: 1, Phyllis Anne Bolter, $2.50; 2, Martha Herman, $1.50; 3, Eliotta Blake, honorable mention.

5th grade: 1, Robert Arthur, $2.50; 2, Louis Dillard, $1.50; 3, Algerine Springstead, honorable mention.

Benson School

6th grade: 1, Marjorie Stephenson, $2.50; 2, Annabelle Stephens, $1.50; 3, Carmen Neal, honorable mention.

5th grade: 1, Jean Gebing, $2.50; 2, Helen Hayes, $1.50; 3, Mary Elen Parks, honorable mention.

Fullerton School

6th grade: 1, Joy Cleeve, $2.50; 2, Doyle Curtis, $1.50; 3, Opal Hancock, honorable mention.

5th grade: 1, Edith Morton, $2.50; 2, Harry Wilson, $1.50; 3, Audrey Richards, honorable mention.

On Tuesday evening at the W. C. T. U. county institute to be held here all of the prize winners are asked to be present and will be awarded their prizes.

The judges include Geo. Kline, Jno Thorne, A. C. Marsters, H. L. Eddy, N. Rice, H. A. Canaday, I. Abraham, F. H. Churchill, J. M. Judd, W. F. Chapman, A. A. Winter and Geo. Kohlhagen.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST
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ELKS ATTENTION

Regular meeting of the Elks and Ladies' Auxiliary Thursday, Feb. 28 at 8 p. m.
EXALTED RULER.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Hi ho hum—
Here we are
Seated before
Th' ol'
Gossip foundry
Tryin' to think up
A few smart-cracks
An' spring fever bugs
Bitin' at our
Spinal colyum—
Hi ho hum—
Why don't you
Folks think up
Sumpin' cute
To remark?

✣ ✣ ✣

Yep, guess Spring is here. We saw the ol' boys all seated on the curbin' alongside the Rsbg. Nat. Bank this a. m. and it was a fortunate feller who could dodge by without bein' soaked by a squirt of tobaccer juice.

✣ ✣ ✣

Then we picked up a paper tellin' about tornadoes in the southern states. Gosh, we'll miss this climate.

✣ ✣ ✣

The only trouble with days like this one is that a feller just naturally hates to git up and travel.

✣ ✣ ✣

The ol' sourdoughs are all droppin' in the Noos-Revu offus to swap yarns but none of 'em seem to have any nuggets janglin' in their pants' pockets.

✣ ✣ ✣

The boys at the legislature expect to finish their work this week. Gosh they must hate to come home and face their constituents.

✣ ✣ ✣

The prize fight is on t'night and we're gonna go over and watch the abysmal brutes maul each other into sensibility—or is it insensibility?

✣ ✣ ✣

Just as we thot—Spring is here—we saw J. W. Perkins out in his backyard t'day spadin' up the terra firma and promisin' us beets an' carrots in season.

✣ ✣ ✣

Mister Groos of the opery house says he's gonna have talkin' pitchers here purty soon. The movies are gittin' voice and voice.

✣ ✣ ✣

Well, there's another Spring Fever microbe and we haven't strength enough left to hardly punch this.

✣ ✣ ✣

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"I wasn't up in the Alaskan gold rush, but by gosh I've had plenty of experience with gold-diggers."

SMOCKS, $1.95

Real values, newest patterns, stylishly made. Anyone can see the extra value in these. This identical smock is sold by the largest department stores—and at this identical price. See them at Carr's—where you save.

ROSEBURG WILL PLAY MYRTLE POINT TEAM HERE FRIDAY

Roseburg senior high school's last basketball game before the district tournament will be played Friday night against Myrtle Point. The Myrtle Point team is one of the leaders in the conference, having been tied with Marshfield for first place, with Roseburg next in line. If Roseburg can win from Myrtle Point it will indicate that the local hoopsters have a good chance to win the tournament at Marshfield, which carries the honor of playing at Salem for the state championship.

The Friday night game will be preceded by a preliminary between the Myrtle Point scout troop and troop 6 of Roseburg. The preliminary is scheduled to start at 7 o'clock.

In the Coos district conference, of which Roseburg is a member, the percentage of wins and losses does not count in deciding the winner of the championship. After six games have been played a tournament is arranged which this year is to be played at Marshfield Friday, March 8 and 9.

The tentative regulations for the tournament are as follows:

Entrants—The six teams of league A. The two leading teams of league B.

Referee—Al French, Portland, will handle all games.

Schedule—Teams numbered according to their standing in the percentage column.

1. Team highest in percentage league A.
2. Team second in percentage in league A.
3. Team highest in percentage in league B.
4. Team second in percentage in league B.
5. Team third in percentage in league A.
6. Team fourth in percentage in league A.
7. Team fifth in percentage in league A.
8. Team sixth in percentage in league A.

First Round

1 vs. 8, Friday, 9 a. m.; 2 vs. 7, Friday, 10 a. m.; 3 vs. 6, Friday, 2 p. m.; 4 vs. 5, Friday, 3 p. m.

Semi-Finals

Winner 9 a. m. vs. winner 10 a. m., Friday, 7:30 p. m.; winner 2 p. m. vs. winner 5 p. m., Friday, 8:30 p. m.

Consolation 7:30 Saturday

Loser 7:30 Friday vs. loser 8:30, Friday.

Championship 8:30 Saturday

Winner 7:30, Friday vs. winner 8:30 Friday.

Tournament trophy donated by Ekblad Hardware company.

Tournament committee — Coach Fred Osborn, Marshfield, chairman; Prin. L. P. Linn, Myrtle Point; Prin. H. R. Johnson, North Bend.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

A "THANK YOU" LETTER

Feb. 26, 1929.

Editor News-Review:

The editorial on ex-President Wilson made me think that we should go by the old saying: "Give them their flowers while living." So I decided I would send Bert Bates and his dad their "bouquet" while they are still here. Now, isn't that the time to do so?

I lived several years in California and not until reading the News-Review, thought the best little newspaper in the United States was the Visalia Delta. But we all think the News-Review a great paper.

We all make for "Out Our Way," from the four-year-old up, and bye by and I think the Prune Pickin's the greatest thing we ever read, and I never miss reading the editorial and thought the one on Wilson was just fine.

Now, one more word—I don't blame you for going to California, if it's no more than a visit, but I am wondering if we will find the News-Review so good with Bert Bates and his dad gone.

Sincerely,
A LOOKINGGLASS SUBSCRIBER

W. C. T. U. cooked food sale at Parslow's, March 2.

County Notes

GLIDE NEWS

Weather some warmer, but quite stormy yet.

John Alexander made a business trip to Roseburg the first of the week.

Mrs. May Woods is expected home from Klamath Falls soon. She has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Swindler, of that place.

The new telephone line is completed, with six phones on it at the present writing.

The Glide grange had a very interesting meeting last Saturday evening.

Next Friday evening the P. T. A. will meet at the school house. Everybody come. Luncheon will consist of bread and butter sandwiches and a surprise. Come and see what the surprise is.

Shannon Band of Drain will preach at Glide next Sunday. Everyone come and hear him. He was reared in the Fort district and left there when he was small.

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Dodds of Roseburg and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harvey of Sutherlin were visiting in Glide Monday.

There is a crew of men working on the bridges here—the one at Lone Rock and the one across Little river.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

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 engineers speeds by he sounds his signal, and the boy responds by flashing his light."—Editorial News-Review, January 28, 1929.

This is a lesson we should learn
Until within our hearts it burn:
That sympathy's the sweetest thing
About which men and angels sing;
Where'er we any trouble know,
We should with speed our signal throw.
No other deed can do so much
To louse the world from sorrow's clutch.

We're often tempted to keep still
Lest we should fail the need to fill,
And so we go with silent tongue
And miss the cheer we might have sung.
Give sympathy the right of way—
'Twill always make a brighter day:
It has a grace that's all its own
No matter where its bloom is shown:

No matter whether rich or poor:—
Perhaps the richest need it more;
No matter whether high or low,
No other plant the heart can grow
Has fragrance half so sweet or rare
As just to feel another's care.
A gentle sympathizing word!—
It seems the soul to undergird.

I love this thoughtful engineer
Who whistles forth his notes of cheer.
God give us all the watchful glance
To stir to life such sweet romance;
'Twill make the world a brighter place—
'Twill dry the tears on many a face;
And more and more will hardship blend
Into the features of a friend.

As the

World Wags

BY G. C. R.

Drug Takes Its Toll.
Fosh Faces the End.
Radio vs. Newspapers.

FEW OF US who are not in regular contact with the wickedness of it realize the hold which the narcotic traffic has upon this fair land of ours. It is only when outstanding cases are presented to us through the newspapers that we stop to consider a little. Not many years back moving picture fans of Wallace Reid received a real shock when they learned that this robust young star was a victim of dope. He had been the object of hero worship for several years as he displayed his strength and portrayed a high type of manhood upon the screen. He died a victim of dope.

AND NOW ALMA Rubens, a screen beauty, whose salary per week run into the three figures, has been sent to a sanitorium to battle against the dread habit. Until her recent criminal actions have brought her into court a number of times nobody so much as suspected that she was a dope fiend. Even her husband, also an actor, disclaimed knowledge that she used narcotics. These, however, are only two isolated cases among thousands of others. It's too bad we don't know and care more about this thing.

ANOTHER HISTORICAL character is about to pass from the earth. Marshal Ferdinand Foch, supreme commander of allied forces during the late war, has but a few days at most to live, his physicians announce. When he dies he will be given a stately funeral, with tribute of flowers from every nation. But five years from now, as was the case of President Wilson, he may be forgotten and not one person may bow his head at the great soldier's tomb. The great men of yesterday must forever give place to the great men of today.

RADIO AND the newspapers are becoming, or already have become, direct competitors in the dissemination of news. It is announced in the papers yesterday that a company, willing to underwrite itself for a million dollars, has been formed to broadcast news in competition with the daily press. Twenty channels are being sought in the twenty largest cities throughout the country. As much as we respect the radio in its own field and as good as its service is admitted to be, we can hardly believe that it will displace the newspaper. Somehow type, printed on white paper, with clear headlines, is a convincing medium of expressing thought and passing on news. It's easy to go back and show where you saw this, that and the other thing. In other words seeing a thing is much more convincing to the ordinary human than hearing it.

J. Earl Parker, employed as local mail carrier, is reported quite ill at his home with bronchial pneumonia, the second attack this winter. Mr. Parker only recently resumed his duties following recovery from pneumonia.

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

The funny looking rubber tree was just as bouncy as could be. It made the Tinies wonder if they'd ever reach the ground. When they had landed plump on it, they couldn't stand, or even sit. They kept on bouncing in the air, and turning 'round and 'round.

"Hey, hey!" cried Carpy. "Wonder when we're going to quiet down again. This bouncing game is really fun, but gee, it lasts too long. It doesn't really bring a scare, but I get dizzy in the air. I've turned around so many times my old head seems all wrong."

And then the bunch heard Clowny squeal. "That's just the funny way I feel. Let's try and slide off of this tree and slip down to the earth. When we are high up in the air, we'll twist and turn 'round everywhere. I think that we can make it if we try for all we're worth."

So, when each one was bounced up high, they'd twist until it made them sigh. It wasn't long, however, till they did just what they tried. By changing their positions quick, they slid right off the tree, real slick. And shortly they were on the ground, all sitting side by side.

"Thank gosh," said Scouty, "that is o'er, and I don't care for any more. I'd rather sit right where I am and rest and rest and rest. I've had enough of exercise to make me tagged, and close my eyes. Let's flop beneath that yonder tree. I think that would be best."

"Oh, sure," said Coppy. "We all will walk to the tree on yonder hill. It surely is a crazy tree, just like a big hay stack. But, underneath it we can crawl. There's lots of room, I think, for all. Of course if we don't like it we can turn and come right back."

(The Tinies get a big surprise in the next story.)

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READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

VETERAN BRIDGE BUILDER FOR S. P. COMPANY IS DEAD

John Otto Johnson, who since August 5, 1873, was a member of Umpqua Lodge No. 37, I. O. O. F., at Oakland, died in Portland Monday at the age of 87 years, according to word received here. He was a veteran bridge builder for the Southern Pacific lines and was active in the construction of the Oregon and California line south of Roseburg, and in 1875 was made roadmaster in charge of the road south of Roseburg as fast as it was accepted.

He assisted in the building of the first long wharf at Oakland Point, San Francisco bay and also built the Centennial bridge across the Rogue river at Gold Hill. He was born in Sweden March 23, 1842, and came to the United States at the age of 18 years. He leaves a widow and five children. The funeral was held at Portland today.

BROCCOLI GROWERS

Anyone interested in planting the earliest, best yielding broccoli, maturing October, November, send orders for seed in immediately. Fred Schmidt, Coos Junction, Star Rt., Roseburg.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

LENROOT RECEIVES COMMITTEE'S O. K.; SO DOES GLASSIE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The senate judiciary committee today gave a favorable report on the nomination of Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, to be a judge of the United States court of customs appeals.

The vote was 11 to 4, with two members of the committee not voting.

The committee also approved the nomination of Henry H. Glassie, former tariff commissioner, to be a judge of the District of Columbia supreme court. The vote on this report was 9 to 7 with one member of the committee not registered.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark

"Yeah, I'm just workin' here for experience; my old man would set me up in business any time I ask him."

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams