

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1929.

AN OPTIMIST AND A WILL

THE WILL left by W. H. Latta, Indianapolis attorney who was killed the other day in an auto accident, is at least unique.

After making minor bequests, Latta directed that \$50,000 be deposited in a bank and kept for 200 years. At the end of that time it will have grown to approximately \$160,000,000, and is to be used to start a public library, found a university, establish a conservatory of music and benefit similar existing organizations.

A man has to have more than ingenuity to make a will like that. He has to have a vast deal of faith—faith in the existing order, faith in the institutions his fellowmen have raised, faith in the continuance of peace, prosperity and the system of capitalism.

A whole lot can happen in 200 years. Our own nation has not yet lived that long. For example: it is quite within the bounds of possibility that public libraries will be as out of date as stage coaches. With radio, television, moving pictures and such-like devices, it may be that people 200 years hence will never have to stir out of their own homes to see, hear and read anything they want to.

The same applies to universities. Who knows what our educational system will be like 200 years from now? Isn't it quite possible that universities, as they now exist, will have been replaced by something entirely different? And is it entirely too imaginative to suggest that the youth who wants to study music, in the year 2129, will simply "tune in" on his teacher, with radio and television, in his own home—so that conservatories of music as we now know them will be extinct?

Those are only a few of the chances Mr. Latta's bequests are taking. In 200 years we may—for all anyone now living knows—have passed beyond the realm of private property. Banks may be nonexistent. Big bequests, by that time, may be confiscated by the state.

Or—sadder of all to suggest—the bank that holds the \$50,000 today may be out of existence 200 years from now. War, revolution, ill luck, sudden shifts in the nation's economic trends—these unpredictable possibilities could very easily remove Mr. Latta's swollen fortune to the land of things that might have been.

To be sure, it may all work out just as this attorney planned it. But 200 years is a long, long time—particularly in view of the fact that the world is changing faster now than ever before in history.

It is hard to work up any great amount of admiration for the lad who stowed himself away on the trans-Atlantic airplane Yellow Bird.

To be sure, he had plenty of nerve. But he didn't seem to have the brains to balance it; and when too much courage goes hand in hand with a scarcity of common sense, the result is apt to be rather distressing.

By climbing into a plane already loaded to the very limit of safety this empty-headed youngster put the lives of three brave men in extreme danger. The added weight that his presence gave the plane prevented the Frenchmen from reaching Paris, as they had planned; it might well have brought them down in the middle of the ocean.

Here's hoping that no one will try to make a fuss over this youth, so that he will get the idea that he is a hero. A good old-fashioned session in the woodshed with an irate parent is about what his case seems to call for.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE COLLEGE THAT MADE GOOD

This news story comes from Jacksonville, Florida:
"A man who was given \$100 and told to go nearly three miles and start a college on the frontier in honor of the centennial of his founding."

"It was in 1825 that the American Home Missionary Society of New England elected the Rev. John M. Ellis to the \$100. The result was the college. It came near to giving a President to the Nation for it graduated William Jennings Bryan."

No wonder that a hundred years
Has brought its founder rousing cheers,
For in that swiftly passing time
It gave the Commoner sublime.
Sent forth that brilliant fertile brain
That could the multitudes enchain,
Unleashed his tongue to golden words
That made his speech like singing birds.

If that were all that school had done,
What wondrous glory it had won!
No other man by human speech
So far across the land could reach;
No other man so swayed the crowd,
His country of his life is proud,
And though it never named him Chief,
He gave it blessings past belief.

Three times he led his party host,
And still he is their noblest boast:
His fame was built on a rock
And could withstand defeat's dread shock.
The common people loved him well—
A greater love than words can tell;
He was the champion of their cause,
Held monster Greed at cowering pause.

That mission college has made good,
Has blessed all human brotherhood.
The whole wide world owes it a debt,
For Bryan's work we'll ne'er forget.
His voice for every worthy cause
Has greatly changed our country's laws,
He loved all men on earth's green sod—
Majestic man and friend of God!

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



A LOOP HOLE IN THE LAW

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trel

THE SHADOW-CHILDREN HELP TO STRAIGHTEN OUT ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Mr. Flor, old Yarn and Knarf—the little shadow-children with the turned about names—were taking a stroll along the edge of the library table one afternoon when they heard a low moan.

"Who moaned?" asked Yarn, stopping short. "It must be the cat," said Mr. Flor.

"Or the dog," said Flor. "Or neither," said Knarf. "That it's Robinson Crusoe," said Yarn.

Now you know without being told that Robinson Crusoe is a character in a book. It was extremely odd, therefore, that he should have been heard to moan.

Knarf walked quickly to the middle of the table, followed by the other shadows. There lying on its side was a book. From inside its pages came a distinct moan.

"I told you it was Robinson Crusoe," repeated Knarf.

"How do you know?" asked Yarn. For answer the shadow-boy pointed to the title of the book which read: The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe.

"If it's really Robinson Crusoe whose moaning," said Knarf, "tell us what he's moaning for?"

"I'll ask him," said Knarf. With that he crept down and called into the book: "Oh, Mr. Crusoe, what are you moaning for?"

The next instant the answer came back. "Quick, quick—get someone to straighten me out—I'm all bent over!"

Looking closely at the book, the shadow-children saw to their surprise that one of the pages was

turned down. As Robinson Crusoe's name happened to be right in the center of the page, half of it was on one side and half on the other. You can imagine that this was no pleasant state for the famous explorer to be in, especially as he had so many other matters to think about. The shadow-children, who felt very sorry for him, made themselves as small as pins and crept into the book to see if they could be of any help.

"I'm all doubled up," cried Crusoe. "If there, Knarf," he shouted, "come here at once and straighten me out."

Unfortunately his man Friday was on the next page and could only observe his master's position without being able to aid him. The shadow-children, however, could do nothing. The page was too heavy for them to move.

"Just think," moaned poor Crusoe, "that I—the great Robinson Crusoe—should be bent in two by just think of it—by a boy!"

"He should have used a book-math," said Mr. Flor. "Or remembered his place," said Knarf.

"He certainly shouldn't have turned down the page," said Knarf. "What is his name?" asked Knarf.

"His name is Frank," said Crusoe. "I know it because it's written in front of the book. Oh, somebody please, straighten me out before I break in two."

Just then Frank's mother picked

up the book. She noticed the bent-down page at once. "Frankie," she called, "come here this instant and straighten out this page. You're simply ruining Robinson Crusoe."

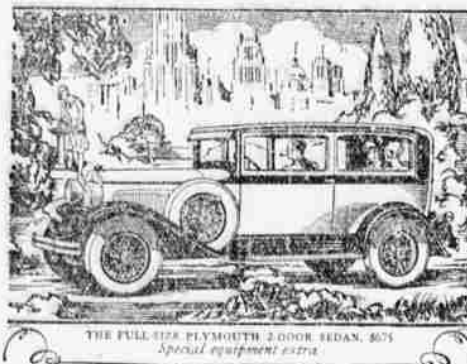
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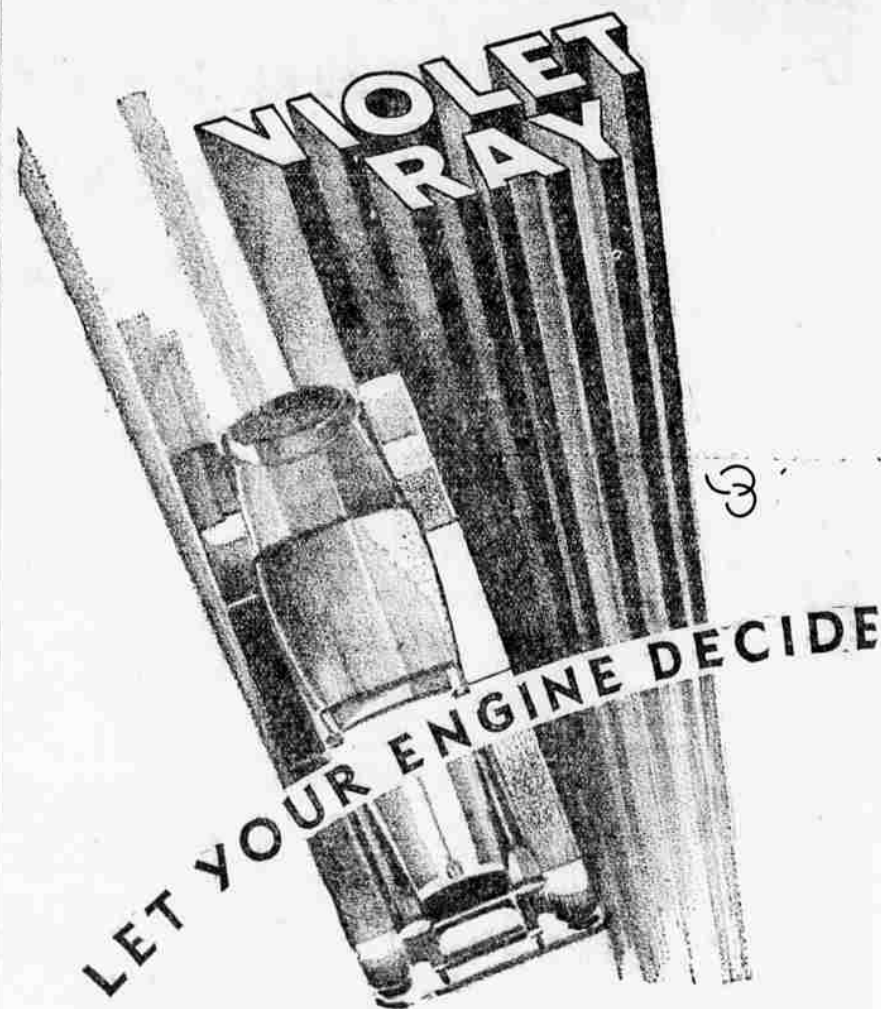
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