

Roseburg News-Review

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

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Editor

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 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, MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1929.

COOPERATION NEEDED

THERE is an ancient and alleged humorous story to the effect that a rooster chanced to pass by the pen of an ostrich and noticed and marvelled at a fine large egg in the pen. Upon reaching his own flock he is reported to have called the hens together and led them all over to the ostrich pen, delivering this lecture to them as they went: "Now folks, I don't want you to think that anyone is dissatisfied but I just want you to come with me and see what is being done in other pens."

Bearing that incident in mind, here is what is being done in Jackson county, as printed in a Medford paper:

"Perhaps the most active of the standing committees of the chamber of commerce is the roads and highways committee, headed by Chairman Jack Wilkoff, and composed of the following members of the chamber: Bert Anderson, secretary, Olea Arnsperger, R. V. Williams and A. L. Hill. This committee holds regular weekly meetings, and has made a number of trips to nearby communities in the interest of the highway program laid out by the committee."

"The construction of the Williams creek road to the Oregon caves is one of the major projects of the committee, and considerable detail work has been done by the committee in preparing its plan for presentation to the state highway commission, under the direction of County Engineer Paul Rynning, and preliminary estimates will be available within a very short time."

The interesting sentence in the above quotation, so far as we are concerned is this one: "Endorsements of the proposed construction have been secured from practically every community and civic organization in Jackson county." They are pulling together down there and they are putting things over. We should have a little more of the same spirit of cooperation here in Douglas county, in the interest of the North Umpqua road.

Thumbs down is again the gesture of the senate towards the effort by senators from the timber states to get duties put on shingles and logs. The insurgent bloc which is uniformly against all tariff increase except those on farm products is joined in its adverse vote on the shingle duty by 16 regular Republican senators who have been voting duties on eastern manufactured products without stint or limit. The insurgents are at least consistent. The regulars who joined them are not even that.

Tariff help for agriculture and for needy industries was the Hoover program. Timber and allied industries are as needy as any. With decreasing demand and low prices they are in straits. But the senate, while responding with enthusiasm to every demand for further profits for over-fat industries of the east turns thumbs down on shingles and logs, which need help.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

PEACE GATHERS MOMENTUM

"The more than twenty daily newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst have not been notable champions of the cause of world peace. The recent visit of Mr. Ramsey MacDonald to the United States appears, however, to have worked a welcomed editorial change. In a front-page declaration over his own signature, Mr. Hearst recently published a plea for peace as eloquent as any that we have seen. It ran thus:

"Ramsey MacDonald has had the courage and the conviction and the devotion to high principles to come across the sea to endeavor to perform the greatest accomplishment that has ever been achieved by human beings, and to strive to realize the inspiring and exalting ideal of peace on earth and good will to men which Christ revealed nearly two thousand years ago upon the shores of Galilee.

"Let us all, as good Americans, as good Christians, as civilized people, unite in thought and deed with the people of England, and with all the peace-loving peoples of the earth to bring this august mission, this universal benediction, to a successful issue." Stanley Hays in The Christian Herald.

We hail big William Randolph Hearst
For this new psychological twist
We hail his wide and viable press
To carry on for happiness!
We count his words a weather vane
That tells us peace is on the gain,
For here's a man with radiant ear,
Who whispers round the world can hear.

Yes, here's a man whose watchful ear
Is trained to see things through the haze;
With intuition's keenest gift,
Knows how the wheat from chaff to sift;
Knows human tides that rise and fall,
Can hear men's cries before they call;
And this rare journalistic eye
Can now the dawn of peace deny.

We welcome Hearst's Titanic aid,
His coming is a whole brigade;
He wields a force of mighty powers—
We need his aid this crucial hour—
The press is king this modern day—
No ancient monarch held such sway.
The press can palsy cruel Mars,
Can bring surcease to talk of wars.

Hearst's clientele is his alone—
He holds a place that's all his own;
He swings the millions—common folk—
With magic wand to sway and coax.
The nations all around the world
Will hail his banner now unfurled—
War-minded critics soon will cease,
Mankind will crown the Prince of Peace.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



The OFFICE CAT

Pay the man who marries for love and then finds that his wife has no money.

The term "higher education" at so applies to the price of the same.

And then there's Scotch aspirin—without tips!

Ho-vamp logic, model 1929: If she smokes, she'll drink; if she drinks, she'll get.

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

tabulated the Gregorian leap year rule which has since kept the calendar practically true to the solar year.

YOU will have noted from these sketches that when the farmers, away back in the early days of Rome, became dissatisfied with the calendar they complained. They pointed out that they had no way of knowing when to plant their crops.

Possibly the farm bloc of those days went into action. At any rate, the farmers got a calendar that was much better suited to their needs.

Probably, when the changes were made, everybody else complained bitterly and said it was too many, but the farmers knew better. The new calendar that was provided for them was a great improvement over what they had before.

NOW it is BUSINESS that is complaining about the calendar, just as the farmers of early Rome complained. Business says the present calendar is altogether unsuited to the needs of the present day and it wants a better one.

It wants a calendar that will permit every month of every year to be compared accurately, in the way of business accomplishments, with the corresponding month of every other year, without confusing mistakes such as five-week payrolls.

THE point to remember is this: When the farmers of the ancient world found that they simply had to have a better calendar they complained and kept complaining until they got a better one.

If modern business will keep on complaining for a better calendar, one more accurately suited to the needs of business, it will finally get what it wants. Business and government, the proverb tells us, work wonders.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDHURY

EXCUSE IT PLEASE
When a woman has nothing to say, she usually calls somebody on the telephone.

VITAL STATISTICS
It's easy to tell the woman who says she's usually married to a Scotchman.

AUTO-SUGGESTION
There'd be more traffic on the straight and narrow path if the stars would pave it.

WONDERS OF NATURE
Time and tide wait for no man, but everybody waits for a traffic cop.

COMMON FAULT TODAY "EATING WITH EYES"

"Take Only Food Your Body Needs, Don't Be Tempted to Overeat at Sight of Attractive Dishes." Is Health Philosophy of Athlete.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

YOU may know "Ty" Cobb as a baseball player. I know him as a philosopher, a thinker.

The other day we were talking together about how and what to eat. There is so much time to be filled in on shipboard that an interesting companion is a godsend. "Ty" is one such. We talked about everything, but this particular conversation was confined to the appealing subject of food.

"The trouble with us," said Mr. Cobb, "is that we eat with our eyes. We sit down at the table and look over the attractive things displayed there. Then we decide we will have a little of this and quite a lot of that. Whatever pleases the eye soon gets into the stomach. Instead of taking what is good for us and what our stomachs need, we take what appeals to our sight. We eat with our eyes."

"Ty" has made a great record as a professional ball player. He is noted for clean living, clean sportsmanship, clean work.

In this sport, as in all others requiring perfect poise of body and mind, habits of living are all important. There cannot be balance of muscle and certainty of correct nerve response, unless the health and vigor are perfect.

On this account, it is always profitable to inquire what successful athletes do to keep fit. We may not be able to imitate them and it is not easy that we should in all things. But from their lives we may gather much of everyday value.

I was interested to hear that in twenty-two years Cobb has not eaten 150 mid-day meals. Two meals a day are his limit. And at that the evening meal may consist of nothing else than several juicy apples.

The fact is the average man eats too much. I am always telling you that. But unless we keep at it the public won't appreciate how much better it is for health to be temperate in eating.

Those terrible, health-destroying fads of "reducing" represent the other extreme, the dangerous extreme. The body must have certain quantities of food. Without the essential supply there is sure to be trouble.

But overeating is worse. If anything can be worse, it is to be stuffed in muscle, alert in mind, you must be abstemious in your eating habits. Certainly you cannot take everything that appeals to the eye. When we eat for the body's sake we will live longer and enjoy life the more.

Answers to Health Queries

J. E. R. Q.—What should a woman who is 27 years old and 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 120 pounds.

A. R. C. D. Q.—What should girls of the following ages and heights weigh? 20: 5 feet 1 inch, 16: 4 feet 7 inches, 13: 4 feet 1 inch.

1.—How can freckles be eradicated?

A.—They should weigh respectively: 122, 103 and 115 pounds.

2.—Freckles may be made less noticeable by using equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide as a bleach. Use a good cold cream after applying the preparation, which may prove drying.

V. A. B. Q.—What causes varicose veins in the hand and arm and what can be done for such a condition?

A.—Undue strain, due to exertion of one kind or another, usually causes this condition. Bandaging during the

happy, or, "friendly greetings from three of your friends, and the hope of a most happy and delightful trip"—something of this kind to evidence your friendship and wishes.

2.—A book would be perfect. I think, if possible, a book on some subject in which he is particularly enthusiastic. Rest of all, a book on travel, perhaps something on one of the countries he is to visit. Or a detail for his traveling case if you wish to be a bit more "personal." And I have observed, on shipboard, that men eat more sweets than women do. Buses filled with many different varieties of pepper-

minis are always welcome. 3.—Send your gift to the ship—people sailing always have as much as they wish to take care of without having to buy presents sent to their homes.

No Excuse For A Careless Letter

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: I would like to know the correct way for a boy of seventeen to make a date of any kind with a girl of about that age?

Excuse mistakes and the mess.

A BOY of seventeen is, or should be, a gentleman, and should ask the girl if he may come to see her in the same way as his older brother would ask a girl of similar age. That is, it would be natural for him to say simply, "May I come to see you on Tuesday afternoon?" or "Will you take a walk with me next Sunday afternoon?" or "Will you go to the senior dance with me on the fifteenth of December? I do hope that you can go." That is, he uses the simplest words, in the most natural way, and then adds his own manner of graciousness.

And now, young man, I am going to tell you. To begin with, I didn't think your signature was in good taste—and so I changed it. I have tried conscientiously to answer your question, and I did not enjoy the levity and unattractive slang of your signature.

Then, too, it is wretched form to ask to be "excused" for making mistakes in letters. Why make mistakes? Why write a letter that is a "mess"? Is it because you are writing to a person whom you do not know, and who will not know you? Where is the politeness in that? Aren't you asking for a favor in having your question answered, and doesn't that imply that you should, in turn, grant the one asked the favor of a letter that is not a "mess"? Why should I excuse it? Are you illiterate? Since you wish, apparently to make an impression on the girls you are inviting to parties, why not brush up on your self-respect and write a careful letter to a person of whom you are asking questions on good form and goodness?

I don't mind having questioners their names—there is no reason why they should not, unless they wish to, and they are not asked to. Indeed I never print a name in the signature, even when it is given. But that doesn't mean that most friends of my column do not make an effort to write me a respectable looking letter, written with a pride in letter-writing. I should feel sorry, very sorry, and a bit disappointed if they did not try to write a letter that was worthy of them. I am making a real point of this, because it involves one of the fundamental questions of good manners, etiquette, politeness, kindness. It isn't being quite loyal to your best feelings, I think.

Do make a resolution not to write letters that are "messes," not to write letters on faded, let-ter-paper, not to write in pencil, and above all, not to tack on a postscript asking the reader's pardon for being rude and careless. (Mrs. Beeckman will be glad to answer questions on etiquette, submitted by readers.)

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Our American Birds

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History

THE BIRD OF THE WEEK

(By Louis Albert Banks)

(Cut out this block each week and you will soon have a book of eating bird book of your own.)

THE BUSH-TIT

The bush-tit is a bird that belongs solely to the West, as he has never been reported east of the Rocky mountains. He abounds from the mountains to the sea in British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California, and is seen eastward in timbered regions as far as Wyoming. There is another variety, called a yellow-headed bush-tit—a bush-tit with his Sunday clothes on, that is found in Arizona, Texas, New Mexico and southern California. The bush-tit belongs to the same family as the nuthatches and chickadees, but those birds build their nests in holes in trees while the bush-tit builds a most elaborate nest. It is a long purse-like nest built very carefully of fibres and moss and grass, and then woven fast to a limb or into a brushy thicket tied to several small shrub-like trees with a carefully arranged entrance at the top of the purse for the little bush-tit, who is barely larger than a hummingbird, to go in and out.

Their food and habits are the same as the chickadees in finding insect life on a tree. They have some very pretty notes. One is "Tut, tut, tut." One is a bell-like "Tree-e" and still another is a soft "Tut, tut, tut." They are making these calls nearly all the time in southern California all they breed in February.

They are four and a half inches long, but fully half of that is tail and bill. It is a dainty light brown on the head, contrasting with light gray on back and sides. They have four to eight pure white eggs. They are adorable little birds in ways, at peace with each other and all other birds.

How the Bush-Tit Won My Heart. The bush-tit in my Hawthorn tree ran up and down and skipped in all.

He has an appetite for bugs: He's rather small to tackle slugs. But all the time was saying, "Tut!"

He said it every little trip. He seemed of that great tree a part. And at first sight he won my heart.

And then again he rang a bell. And this was what it seemed to tell:

"Tree-e, tree-e, tree-e, tree-e." It was so musical to me. His shoes are welcome in my trunk.

Can have my trees as place to bunt. He's made a friend so tight and

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Secret Marriage May Bring Expulsion



Frederick Sanford Shaw, twenty-one-year-old Yale student who must explain his secret marriage before the college deans. As Yale comes on secret marriage, the son of Judge Samuel C. Shaw, of Redding, Conn., may face expulsion.

fast

He can be sure that it will last.

He climbs as spry as chickadees. He is as nimble as the flea.

He is as proud as any robin. And goes about with head a-bobbin'.

He's muscled like a hummingbird. But sweetest thing that e'er occurred.

I love to hear his little voice. It makes my heart, awake, rejoice.

He surely swings an agile foot. And as he clings he cries, "Tut, tut!"

His tones are crisp and full of cheer—

The kind it does one good to hear. I like to hear his snappy "Tut, tut!"

As fast he makes his tree round trip.

I like to hear his song, "Tree-e." And then to see him dance in glee.

ACHOR'S LAST SERVICE HERE DRAWS ROTARIANS

The Roseburg Rotary club honored one of its members, Rev. Roy Achor, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Sunday by attending his farrow morning service in a body. Rev. Achor is leaving this week to take over the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Oregon City. He has been very active in Rotary work, and the members of the club met in a group yesterday morning and went to the church in a body to attend the worship period.

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