

THE EVENING NEWS

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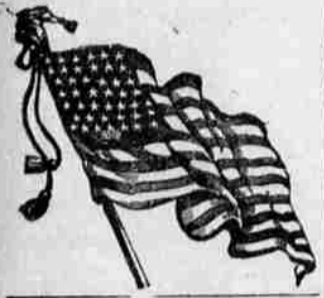
ISSUED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Subscription Rates—Daily
Per year, by mail, \$3.99
Per month, delivered, .50

Semi-Weekly.
Per year \$2.00
Six months 1.00

Entered as second-class matter
November 5, 1909, at Roseburg, Ore.,
under act of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915



SHOULD GO THERE SURE

Considerable discussion was heard
on the fair grounds and over in the
city regarding the shipment of the
exhibit of the industrial work of the
various schools to the state fair at
Salem, next week.

WHERE WERE THE HORSES?

The evolution in the method of
travel could not be better demon-
strated than by a comparison of
vehicles that were banked around
the fair race tracks yesterday and
every afternoon.

THE PRUNE CROP.

Next week will practically see the
prune crop of this county taken
care of, and while it has not been a
record year by any means, the sum
total realized by growers will give
proof again that this is one of, if
not indeed the first, assets of the
county.

Off Agin, On Agin
STRICKLAND & GILLILAN

The Cat!
She gave a party and did not invite
Young Mrs. Brown. She said: "I'll
show that cat."
I've not forgotten her historic slight
Of me when she received for Mrs.
Pratt.

She had the house all decorated up,
With canvas stretched above the
walk, and all—
Now maybe she just wouldn't fill
the cup
Of cattish Mrs. Brown with bit-
terest gall!

The great night came, and so did
(not) the guests!
The village folks seemed other-
wise employed.
Instead of coming in their evening
beats,
They stayed away—the hostess
was annoyed.

Next day she found that hateful
woman Brown
Had spread the thrilling tidings
that she might
Have two new discs shipped in from
Bigertown.

She did! And played them both,
that very night!

Not To Bust Up Our W. K. Neu-
trality, But—
With the elimination of vodka and
the strengthening of their lines,
the Russians seem to have been
stopped from both treating and re-
treating.

The Near-Bright Guy
There are certain people we meet
who have had a narrow escape from
being bright particular stars.

They once had a talent, and im-
mediately wrapped it in a napkin
and interred it with proper cere-
monies. The graveyard where that
napkin-awaddled talent was buried
has never been disturbed by ghouls.

The Creator gave the fellow a start
in life, filled his tank with gasoline,
and gave him a shove. He could
have gone far, if he had opened the
throttle, cut out the muffler and
steered properly.

And nearly every one of them uses
an alcohol mixture in his radiator.
To most one of them is a pain, and to
be one of them is a tragedy ten
times worse than any form of death
imaginable. Gosh, yes!

No Surprise
"I rule the roost
At home," he said,
"I do not bow
My kingly head
For any skirt—
No, not at all."

The hotel clerk
Said: "Brown, a call."
Brown stopped his brag,
Stepped to the phone,
Said, "Coming, dear,"
In meekest tone.

The crowd all knew
Just what that meant.
Brown grabbed his hat
And homeward went.

The Worst Thief
The dip who steals a dime from
you—
For him let not your anger burn!
But he who steals your time from you
And gives you nothing in return—
He is the gink
To swat, I think!

Bad Omen For Wet And Dry
Election
"Archie Boozie smiles all the time."
It is a new girl that came to their
home the evening of the 2d.—Put-
tack Items in Union Register, Ml.
Gleed, O.

Brown
Of tightwad Brown
Here in our town,
I rise and simply say this much:
Though very "near"
This likewise clear
He's never close enough to "touch."

The Young Lady
Across The Way



The young lady across the way
I saw in the paper that sixty
per cent of our English words are of
French origin and she supposed
that of the rest came from the
Norman or German.

Health Talks
BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

Marks Of Degeneration

DEGENERATION, in the medi-
cal sense, means a distinct
deviation from the normal or
usual. It is shown by faulty or un-
balanced development of the body,
and by nervous and mental peculiari-
ties. Neurotic individuals, those
with hereditary tendencies to insanity,
alcoholism, drug habits, and the
like, are most likely to exhibit the
stigmata or marks of degeneration.
However, anatomical stigmata are
very often seen in absolutely healthy
stock; most of us can boast some lit-
tle freakish trait if we will. Indeed,
the medical conception of insanity
permits no fast drawn line between
sane and insane; there are very
vague gradations, eccentricities, pec-
uliarities, monomanias, between the
frankly sane and the theoretically
normal. That is why medical ex-
pert witnesses and criminal—very
criminal—lawyers have such difficulty
in reaching conclusions in court.
The legal conception of insanity is
an arbitrary one; the medical con-
ception recognizes the resistance
to classification offered by human
nature.

Asymmetry of the skull, very small
head, very large head, peculiar
shapes of the skull, excessive prognathism
and very large jaws are in-
cluded in the list of marks of de-
generation. So are projecting teeth,
very irregular teeth, double teeth;
very thick lips or very thin lips;
narrow palpebral fissure (the width
of opening of the eyelids), and
shaky, jerky eyes; projecting ears,
too large and too small ears, ears too
high on the head or too low on the
neck, floppy ears, ugly ears, ears
without lobes or with lobes adherent
to the cheeks.

Supernumerary fingers or toes,
webbed fingers or toes, excessively
long arms, excessively long legs—
like the swell fella in the fashion
plates—and, last but not least, gos-
sips will please take notice, an ex-
cessive amount of tongue.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to Health. If your ques-
tion is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not
it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.
Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Ad-
dress all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of this newspaper.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
His Features Are Plastic

Several years ago, deploring M. R.,
I had some paraffin injected in my face
to all out hollow cheeks. Now it has
all gone to lumps. Is there any help
short of surgical operation?

Answer—We fear not. But you
ought to go back and exhibit your
face to the operator who injected the
paraffin.

Footstrain—Tired Business Woman
What shall a perfectly healthy,
normal business woman do to stop
the tired, aching misery in her feet?
She is much on her feet, and from
the prints on the bathroom floor she
imagines the arches are partly broken
down.

Answer—She must wear shoes with
straight inside sole lines—that is,
shoes whose toes do not diverge. The
soles must be as broad as the naked
foot under the weight of the body.
The heels should not be more than
one and a half inch high, and broad
as the naked heel is. Perhaps she
should have her feet strapped with
adhesive plaster by the physician.
Then she could find relief and still
not put the muscles and ligaments
out of business.

Vest Pocket Essays
BY GEORGE FITCH

TY COBB
is very corrosive on the nerves of
the opposing catcher and baseman.
Cobb steals twice as many bases as
any other man in the business.
This is because, like every other
Georgian, he is passionately fond of



He practiced hitting horse-flies with
a curtain rod

home and begins suffering from
nostalgia whenever he gets on first
base.
Cobb is a quick-tempered young
man and breaks into the police re-
ports now and then by musing up a
spectator who has called him names.
This is considered to be a great fault.
However the baseball-going public
needs more Cobbs on the diamond.
The spectator who throws his good
breeding away with his cigar stub
when he enters the bleachers needs
more strenuous education than can
be given him by a million editorials
on good sportsmanship.

Views Of The Press
The Hackman, A Modern Type

MANY people returning from a
summer outing can tell some
story about their misadven-
tures at the hands of the tribe of
hackmen encountered during their
travels. The cost of getting baggage
carted is getting to be a very sizable
item, and the hackman has a devious
strategy by which to augment it.

In towns like ours, the men who
pursue this calling are as dependable
and faithful as mechanics and
tradespeople. They can earn a living
only by doing faithful work for a
fair price, and must make and keep
friends by honest treatment.
But in the larger cities and popular
summer resorts, a tribe of vultures
haunt the railroad stations. Their
call of "Keb, keb, keb, keb,"
assaults arriving tourists, on whom
they pounce with hungry eyes. Their
unshorn and weather-beaten faces
suggest that they need all the money
they can get. Often their appear-
ance suggests that their families will
not get all of their revenue, however.

Cartoons Of The Day
ONLY NUMBER ONE



Best New Books
BY CATHERINE COOK

"K." by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
\$1.35 net.
In this invigorating story, the ad-
ventures of life have for their setting
the scenes in and about a surgeon's
hospital. Here youth and love make
close harmonies with life and death.

The interest centres about a man
of mystery, "K." who drops into the
closed life of a small city. There is
but little plot in the narrative, but it
is rich in incidents true to life. The
characters are all persons we have
met—and hated—or loved—or pitied.

Mrs. Rinehart has the faculty of
bringing into her stories the sub-
stance of human passion without going
into revolting details. When poor Tillie
defies the world for love of Schwit-
ter, instead of seeing her as a de-
praved creature, one sees only her
tragic eyes as she lies mutely watch-
ing the babe at her breast, and a sigh
of relief welcomes a telegram bring-
ing news of the death of Schwit-ter's
insane wife.

This may be melodrama for the
reader, but it is heaven for Tillie.
We shamelessly rejoice with her for
the baby's sake. Though but a hum-
ble chapter in the main story, for
compelling pathos and a big lesson
for moralists, nothing better has ever
been written.

One finishes the book with solid
satisfaction, as "K." stood in the hall
of the little house with the letter in
his hand. Just beyond on the door-
step was Sidney, waiting for him.
His arms were still warm from the
touch of her. Beyond lay the Street,
and beyond that lay the world and a
man's work to do. Work and faith
to do it, a good woman's hand in the
dark, a Providence that made things
right in the end."

The Rose Garden Husband, by
Margaret Widdemer. J. B. Lippin-
cott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00 net.
Love in a garden is a hardy peren-
nial. Its blooms are health and joy
in living.

This pretty fairy sweetheart story
tells how wishes can be made to
come true. The love and marriage
day dreams of a young girl float far
away into a dusky room where Al-
lan Harrington, a hopeless invalid,
lay inert and white, "looking like a
wonderful carved statue on a tomb."

The incidents that draw these two
young people together to spend their
lives in a delightful rose garden
where life and health return to the
lover-husband, are a little fanciful,
but altogether charming, as true love
stories should be. It is a book for
sweethearts, young and old.

How it Feels to be the Husband of
a Suffragette, by Him. George H.
Doran Company, New York. 50 cents.
The author says with some feeling,
"It takes a good deal better man than
I've met yet to face the mirth of a
mob without some of it getting under
his hide."

Husbands will read this book with
trembling, but the trembling will
come from a good laugh. Wives will
smile too and say that a bit of truth
lurks in this satire on the man who
lives the courage of his convictions
and marches with suffragette parades
down Fifth Avenue "tangled after
the girls entirely surrounded by empty
space with two or three hundred
thousand people earnestly cracking
their larynxes calling us 'sis' or
'henpecked.'"

The Illustrations by May Wilson
Preston complete this delightful
sketch of the attitude of the average
American husband on the question
of Woman Suffrage.

The Harbor, by Ernest Poole. The
Macmillan Company, New York.
\$1.40 net.
Wall Street and New York Harbor
and all that comes between woven
into human fabric is the background
of one of the best novels of the year.
It is not just a story, it is a revela-
tion of the human condition that un-
derlies modern life.

In the first chapters, The Harbor
and all that it stands for is intro-
duced by a bit of child psychology.
It points out evil like a leak in the
social sewer and children of the
rich are as exposed to its infection
as are those of the poorer districts.

It is a book to read and to ponder.
Socialism and labor strikes are not
the only signs of an impending
change in world politics. Exposure
of children to vicious surroundings,
the drying up of women's hearts by
economic pressure—these are the
real issues made clear in this
splendid story of home and civic life
in a great metropolis.

One lays the book down with a
smothering sense that life has be-
come a sort of mania. Big ships—
big harbors—big money—and Oh!
such rushing and sweating and driv-
ings and all for what—Power and
the great game of overcoming. And
to what end?

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Women often masquerade as men,
but no man seems to think it worth
while to masquerade as a woman.

What, by the way, is the object of
the semi-colon?

The smaller the town the more im-
portant an egg with two yokes be-
comes.

Before a man hires a stenographer
he asks to see her list of references.
But he seldom is so particu-
lar with the woman he marries.

Every man gambles a little.
It is to say he, twice a year, but
that, betting 25 that his wife will
stand for 25.



Pepper Talks
BY GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS
Your Size

There is nothing that makes one
appear so small and helpless as to
be on the sand at the edge of the
Ocean and hear its roar. To that
Ocean we all appear but a little big-
ger than the billions of grains of
sand that its waters wash and kiss.

It is well that we frequently get
away from ourselves and the con-
templation of our little bits of selfish
interests long enough to realize the
enormity of life and the appeal that
it makes directly to each of us. The
Sea Shore, the great Forest, the
Country, the Crowd go far toward
bringing a man back to his human
self. For humanly speaking, no man
is bigger or more important than
any other man except as he does.

That is the test of Size—Your Size.

Much of the world mistakes great-
ness. It isn't Power—it's Worth.
Most people look right over Worth.
But Power wanes. Worth does not.
That is why the real great grow
greater after they are gone. And
that is why many who seem to be
overlooked while they live loom up
grand and wonderful after they have
died and their actual Worth—their
Size—has been measured.

Your Size—right now, or later, can
only be determined by what you do.
It matters little whether your work
is performed in public or private.
It's the Work that counts. How big
are you? Think it over alone. You
are the one most concerned.

The authorities all are in error
as to the relative values of a flush
and a full house. The relative values
of the two hands are determined by
the player who first develops a lump
in his thorax.

The fact that a band serenades you
has little bearing on your standing
as a citizen in your community. It
merely indicates that the leader of
the band believes you will set up the
cigars.

Every divorced man appears anx-
ious to serve another indeterminate
sentence.

Imogene Watteigh wears so much
society when she comes downtown
that strangers often mistake her for
a musical comedy.

When a man sits through an
amateur show, it means that he be-
longs to the lodge, or has a relative
in the cast.

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