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B. W. Bates, L. W. Winters, Bert G. Bates
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Roseburg, Oregon, May 10, 1921.

THE PROBLEM OF PROFITS.

Many people feel that the great profits made by many corporations are not only a tremendous evil, and that some means must be found for distributing these gains more fairly among the people. Even during the recent depressed times, many of the big concerns were making from 10 to 15 per cent and during recent years a lot of them have netted a good deal more than that.

The question of what to do with these accumulations of wealth sometimes seems almost insoluble. It is many sided. If you levy a heavy tax on such gains, people will take the money out of business and put it into tax-exempt securities, and labor will not be employed.

If you should fix prices so that profits would not exceed a given amount, you would discourage many enterprises and slow up business. Furthermore the bulk of these profits are not used on personal extravagance. They are invested in new enterprises, in financing factories and farms and constructing water powers and buying production equipment, and so on in a thousand ways that make business better and production more efficient. Profits re-invested in that way benefit all of the people.

If more of these profits were distributed among the people, and if the people thus benefiting would save a fair share of these funds and invest them in sound enterprises to develop the country, everyone would be better off. The country would become more productive and the mass of the people would have better living conditions. But the wild wave of extravagance prevailing during the years 1919-20 proved that a great many people do not make wise use of their money when they get it.

The burning pile of dead grass and litter in the back yard has long been the means by which orderly householders eliminate a vast amount of unsightly rubbish. People with refined senses claim that the smell is disagreeable. But it lasts only a few minutes. If refuse is allowed to lie around, it will offend the sight of the neighborhood all summer. The spring bonfire is a pleasant and cheerful sight. The children come running from all the nearby houses, and they feel as if the household was celebrating for their special benefit. Only remember that many destructive fires are started from burning grass. A little puff of wind on a breezy day sends sparks into dangerous places and may cause a terrible loss. Also look out for the children. The clothing of little girls seems precisely adapted to catch a tongue of flame, as they heedlessly bend over the pretty fire. Don't forget to burn the oily rags. Many mysterious fires start spontaneously from a forgotten box where this dangerous stuff was tucked out of sight.

Some of our business methods seem absolutely stupid. Here are about 100,000 miners now out of employment, because there is little demand at this time for bituminous coal. They must be paid wages high enough when the mines run, so they can afford to loaf through the spring. And then people kick on the price of coal. Also next winter, when everybody begins to be delivered all at once, there will probably be a shortage, and some factories will shut down. President Harding suggests that a lower freight rate be made on coal to encourage purchase in the spring. Coal should be sold for a considerably lower figure at that time. With these adjustments, and a public willingness to co-operate by buying early, coal could be mined for less expense, and there would be no more shortages.

Mortality, in the sense in which it is most frequently employed, the death rate, that is, the proportional quantity of the individuals who, in a certain population, die in a given time. It is estimated that one-quarter of the earth's population die at or before the age of 7; the half part of it die at or before the age of 17. One in 100,000 persons reaches the age of 100 years; one in 500 reaches the age of 90; one in 100 reaches the age of 80. It has been estimated that of the earth's population about 50,000,000 die yearly, or 100 each minute.

Alicia Hammersly
A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Ida McGlone Gibson
The Noted Writer

ALICIA'S MARRIAGE VIEWS.

Of course, he answered," said Bab, when I earnestly asked her if the editor of the magazine had replied to her note.

I took the letter she extended to me.

"Read this one first," said Bab.

"My Dear Miss Atwell:

"I am very sorry to learn of your sister's illness. We are publishing her story in the magazine of next month. She has written a great story, and I am wondering if it is the first one and am hoping that it will not be the last.

"Yours very truly,

"Roland Early, Editor."

The next one was a very short note:

"My Dear Miss Atwell:

"I am said to be a very hard-hearted old editor, but there has been something strange about your sister's story—something that gripped me as I have not been in years.

"I hope our magazine has not found her only to lose her so soon again.

"Sincerely yours,

"Roland Early, Editor."

"Did you tell him, Bab, that I was married and a widow? He must have seen the account of the accident."

"I didn't write him anything. I think he's very curious and it's a good thing to keep him curious. I were you, Alix, I wouldn't go to see him. If he can read your character from your stories, just let him build up the kind of character that suits him."

"What did you write, dear?"

"I simply wrote a perfunctory note saying that you were still very ill and we were not quite sure of your reason, even if you lived."

"I suppose when he got that letter, Bab, he thought the story had been written by a crazy woman."

"Well, it does sound rather queer, doesn't it? You see, Alix, I was rather ashamed to tell him that you were just on your honeymoon, because you certainly did rail about this marriage question, and you said a great many things about marriage that I think were better left unsaid."

"That's just it," I answered hotly. "There seems to be a conspiracy of silence which hedges about the marriage state. I believe honestly, Bab, that if a woman would tell the truth, she would say that the last years of her married life, if she were happy at all—these last years when her husband and she had become adjusted to each other's idiosyncrasies—these last years when they had learned tolerance and understanding—were much happier than that hectic period which is called 'honeymoon'."

"My dear, I know perfectly, and so will you after marriage if you do not know it now, what nature knows but one law—the perpetuation of species. And she touches the eyes of youth with a magic ointment which makes both the man and the woman think that the other is superhuman. The man feels that unless he is able to press his lips and time he wishes to that little curl just behind the ear of the woman he loves, he will not be able to live, not realizing that after marriage the time soon will come when he will forget that the little curl is there. And the woman wants the feel of her lover's strong arms about her, forgetting that she cannot live forever in her husband's arms. And then nature brings the two together, and after the mating, she goes on her way to work her will with other men and other maids. She has nothing more to do with these two people whom she has tied together. They must depend upon themselves. They must depend upon a sympathy of tastes, a broad understanding, which will make for companionship."

"The woman is vain, my dear. She wants still to be thrilled by the words of burning love which tell her that she is the object of adoration to her lover husband. The man wants again the thrill of the chase, and so, between them, disappointment starts, and they, if they would be happy again, must turn to each other with the knowledge that marriage and romantic love are two quite different things and start to build their lives together on an altogether different basis."

In order to forget his troubles that he's like the frog in the milk can, he churns a big chunk of butter to sit on, and comes out on top. Then there's another chap that gets the same result in a pleasant way. He takes his wife as a stimulant. He's dog-dog proud of the little woman he married, so he works brain and brawn to provide for her in a fitting manner; and he acquires a nice little home where he proceeds to do the fair, square thing by this old world by raising up a nice little bunch of husbands and wives for the next generation.

Some men use their wives as an opiate. They come home knowing there'll be a good feed waitin' for 'em—give their wife a sweet "belly smile" as they gaze over the table, then gobble down in fifteen minutes the good meal she has taken two hours to get up—after which they drape themselves over the easy chair, and proceed to snooze and be comfy the rest of the evening.

You can't divide wives into classes, 'cause sure as you try it every blamed husband you know'll rare up his hind feet and howl that his wife is in a class by herself, and don't you forget it. Ain't it so?

No husband can manage his wife—except you. If you only had the chance you could show Jones and Smith and Brown just how to manage them silly wives of theirs; but them darned duffers can't do it themselves and won't listen to no advice from any feller what can. So let 'em take their medicine, you should worry. You've solved the problem and your wife knows darned well that she can drive you just so far and no farther. You manage her like this: when you come home and find she's got a nice dinner waitin' for you, and is all slicked up and lookin' purty, right then and there you tell her how you appreciate her, and you tell her how good the biscuits are, and how the meat is cooked just the way you like it, and that she's the purtiest and the smartest and the dearest little wife in all the world; and you know darned well, you sly old duffer, that she'll go through fire and water for you, just because you appreciate her. So many fool husbands don't know enough to look out for their own interests by showin' that they appreciate a good thing when they get it; then when it's gone they howl their fool heads off, and say the Lord's got it in for 'em.

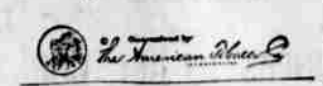
Many a feller will go a-courtin' a fine little gal, and call her a "jewel";



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then he'll marry her and put her in a darned old brass settin'; or maybe she's his "beautiful rosebud," which he transplants into a cabbage patch. Then he wonders why she ain't the same as she used to be. If you find that your wife don't seem like she used to, it might be a good thing for you to do a little self-analyzin', and see if you ain't at the bottom of the trouble yourself.

Wives is darned funny things; but they're the best medicine in the world; and I'm thinkin' it would take a powerful big volume to hold all the testimonials to its credit, if all the men should take it into their heads to publish what this wife-dope has done for them. Ain't it so?

BOX SOCIAL AT GREEN.

A fine program was given by the Evergreen Grange at their hall Saturday evening, May 7. After the program, Mr. Lee Morrison proved to the crowd that he was a finished auctioneer. A neat sum was realized and all returned home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

X. X.

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



The Liberal Adviser is dispensing Free Advice from his Windy Cave of Wisdom and Experience but it falls on Deaf Ears, for Advice is quoted at .00% These Days, with No Takers. He tells the Farmers how to Farm, the Banker how to Bank and the Editor how to Edit, hence these few Protest-ling Lines.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

CONCERNING BRIDGE SITES.

There has been a considerable misunderstanding with regard to the attitude of the voting public concerning the erection of a new bridge to replace the old Alexander's bridge. Seventy-two per cent of the legal voters of this city have petitioned for a bridge at the old site and this overwhelmingly large percentage of citizens still support their position. Three-fourths of the business men of the city have been interviewed and without exception expressed themselves as favoring the bridge at the old site or as near that location as possible. It is the Umpqua Park Addition who have petitioned for this bridge and not one of them desire the Lindsey site nor will in any way sanction it.

Above all, the ultimate good of our school children should be considered and if the proposed bridge be erected at the Lindsey site, the walking distance for the children will be almost doubled. This would work a tremendous hardship particularly on some of our smaller children, who have found the previous distance most strenuous during the inclement winter months. Not many of us in this section of the town own automobiles in which our children may be conveyed back and forth to the classroom.

Furthermore, the Lindsey site would make the park very difficult of access to the south-enders and there is a universal remonstrance against this phase of the situation.

We feel that we can expect a reasonable and fair adjustment from the railroad with respect to a suitable crossing. We have always found that the Southern Pacific company is ever inclined to do the just and right thing by the public.

As to the closing of Mill street, we are assured that the citizens in that section of town would rise to a person in remonstrance at such an action.

Be it understood that there is nothing of a personal nature in our minds in the prosecution of this controversy but we feel that we are working uniformly for the best interests of the greatest number concerned.

(Signed) MRS. A. J. DAVIS.

LOW HOSIERY PRICES.

We all now have our new mail order house prices on hosiery. We know they are lower. We know also that a picture of a 15c hose looks just the same as a \$1.50 hose. If you could see what you're getting and get them cheaper yet, then you would be interested. Carr's Store have a big line of quality hose at prices that save you money. And our hose wear. Carr's hosiery trade is a substantial part of their business. Women's and children's hosiery in black, white, brown, of silk, wool, cotton or flax. If you're not satisfied with your hose, try a few pairs from Carr's. Compare our quality with hose from anywhere—we can show you we save you money on your hosiery.

Russell & Gilbert's 'Cardinal' Chocolates put up in one pound fancy boxes. Special price, 70 cents—they are delicious. Fouch's Confectionery, Sheridan street.

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DANCE AT RIDDLE.

Oh, boy, just listen to dat Sunset orchestra expound dat music. Um, um. They'll be at the Riddle pavilion Wednesday night. Dance under auspices of Riddle baseball team. Wednesday night. C'mon 'long.

MAY DANCE.

By the Daughters of Isabella, Maccabee hall, Tuesday, May 10. Sunset orchestra. Tickets \$1.00. Ladies free.

OPENING NEW STUDIO.

The Roseburg Photo Studio, formerly the Hayden Studio, in charge of Clark & Clark, in the Bell Sisters' building, 137 Jackson street, is now open to the public to do all kinds of high grade work and kodak finishing. Your patronage solicited. Prompt and efficient service. Phone 462.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Camp No. 125, meets in Odd Fellows' hall in Roseburg every 1st and 3rd Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome. H. M. CARRICK, C. C. M. M. MILLER, Clerk.
I. O. O. F., Philistine Lodge No. 8, meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren are always welcome. H. W. SHAW, N. G. J. O. BATTIST, P. M. Sec.
O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 5, holds their regular meeting on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month. Visiting members are always welcome. MYRTLE REYMERS, W. M. FREE JOHNSON, Secy.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

ALL NEW CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE POSTED IN LAST PAGE UNDER HEADING "NEW TODAY."

WANTED. EXPERIENCED waitress wanted. Apply in person at Cafeteria.
WANTED—A capable middle aged woman cook for ranch. Phone 1-F32.
WANTED—Man with drag saw to cut 16 inch wood on contract. S. W. Taylor, Brockway.
WANTED—Girl or woman for general housework. Phone 1-F14. Mrs. Charles Watson, Dixonville.
WANTED—All kinds of motor car and truck repairing. All work guaranteed. McGraw & Rose, Oak & Pine.
WANTED—Good country hotel, Washington or Idaho. Western Brokers Co., 317 N. W. Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore.
WANTED—An experienced girl to do housework. Phone 4405. Myrtle Creek collect. Address Box 218, Myrtle Creek.
WANTED—Salesman to call on dealers, low priced guaranteed tire, Good money. Address Burr Oak Cord Tire Co., Burr Oak, Mich.
FOR RENT—Safety deposit boxes. Roseburg National Bank.
FOR RENT—Two furnished houses. Keeping rooms. Phone 416-J. Mrs. Brockway.
FOR RENT—Rooms and apartments. 327 West Douglas St. Phone 83-L.
PASTURAGE by mo. for cattle and horses. C. T. Brown, Phone 2-F21.
FOR RENT—Several rooms, newly furnished, close to dispatchers' office. 529 W. Oak St.
FOR RENT—3-room house. Could be used for two families. Close in on pavement. Page Lumber & Fuel Co. Phone 212.
MISCELLANEOUS. TAILORING, dressmaking of all kinds. Phone 187-R. Mrs. Guhrke.
RUGS WASHED—On your floor. Hamilton-Beach way. Phone 234-L. Clarence Perkins.
LOST AND FOUND. LOST—License plate No. 4977. Finder please leave at Palace of Sweets.
LOST—Woman's black hand purse. Finder keep money and leave purse at this office.
LOST—At or near the Rose school, lady's gold wrist watch. A liberal reward will be given for its return. J. M. Judd.
FOR SALE—Seed corn. Farm Bureau Exchange.
FOR SALE—Nice fresh cow and calf. J. M. Judd.

THE CLANCY KIDS
He Likes Water
With His Food
By PERCY L. CROSBY
© by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

WHAT DID YA LOSE, HENNY?
IDROPPED ME COAT IN THE CANAL.
LET IT GO! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT 'N BESIDES IT'LL BE NO GOOD NOW.
OH! I GOTTA GET IT. ME LUNCH'S IN IT.