

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, NOVEMBER 10, 1921.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Tomorrow, Armistice Day, is the third anniversary of the closing of the World War. In honor of the millions of brave men who laid down their lives, Roseburg and Douglas county will proudly honor the dead heroes. The entire nation at noon tomorrow will bow its head in silent prayer in answer to a proclamation of President Harding, thus paying silent tribute to America's dead.

Three years ago tomorrow Roseburg was wild with excitement. Hundreds of people from the outlying districts came to this city to join in celebrating the closing of the World War. Mothers and fathers forgot all worldly cares, gave up their homes and places of business for the day, and a surge of humanity mingled on the streets from early morning until late at night.

Their loved ones from foreign soil had been released from the bondage of a terrible war and the declaration that hostilities had ended, their prayers had been answered, loosened that tense strain under which they had labored during the long years of the bloody struggle. They experienced the feeling of prisoners who had been in solitary confinement for years without hope of release. Then, like a thunderbolt from the skies, the iron doors had been thrown open, and they marched forth into a new atmosphere with light hearts in anticipation of entering a new world.

The death knell had been sounded to German autoeracy. The hellish warfare waged for world attainment had ended. The happy thought of relatives that their loved ones had been spared brought untold joy to the hearts of thousands of home people. Expressions of joy vibrated throughout the clear November air. It was a day of great rejoicing.

But this memorable day should not be wholly for the dead, but for the living as well. It should be a day of appreciation for our boys who have safely returned home after years of service for their country in behalf of America's freedom. They should be equally honored. This sentiment is the basis of a beautiful idea advanced by the wife of a Texas Methodist minister, Mrs. Simeon Shaw, who proposed to celebrate Armistice Day as Flower Day for the living soldiers of the world. She admonishes us to wear a blossom—any kind of a blossom—on this eventful day of history to impress the service boys with the fact that we have not forgotten what they did.

"Anyone will buy flowers when you are dead," says the minister's wife, "but the living soldiers must not be forgotten. November eleventh is late for flowers, I know, but 'hereafter' will be too late." This is a very happy thought and a sincere way to show your appreciation of the efforts of those who took part in America's war program during the late struggle for world supremacy by a foreign nation. In paying deep tribute to those who lost their lives, we should not forget the boys who were spared, thank God, from the death-dealing implements of modern warfare.

With the coming of the fourth November 11 our people have taken hold like those who realize that only through effort and co-operation and practical wisdom can the world order be securely rebuilt. The world cannot pay its burden of debt and repair its losses, if at the same time it must carry the crushing load of armies and navies which the war spirit has placed on the backs of the nations. Many people who admit this truth, yet will haggle and quibble about fine points, and would consent to no reduction of armament unless they were sure that other powers were reducing a little more. But the United States is in a position to be generous. It is the world's strongest power, hence the one least likely to be attacked. Weaker nations naturally feel suspicious of a strong nation that arms heavily. They have some reason to insist that it take the lead in cutting down its military forces. Our country must put itself in the place of others, and ask how our people would feel if a more powerful neighbor were arming to the teeth. Those who say there always will be wars, are probably descended from those who, during the chaotic middle ages, said there would never be established institutions and courts of justice and a government of law and order.

Prune Pickin's

By Bert O. Bates

Let's be serious for a moment before starting the evening's laughter. Tomorrow is Armistice Day. The ex-service men are bidding you welcome to Roseburg on that day to help them celebrate. Lay aside your labors tomorrow and enter into the spirit of the day.

At noon the bells will toll and the bugles will sound taps. With heads bowed we are asked to pay silent tribute to the unknown dead.

The words "unknown dead" mean little to you who suffered no sacrifice of a loved one in the world's struggle. To realize the solemnness of the occasion you should have experienced the awful sensation of walking across a fresh battlefield—a field where hundreds upon hundreds of the olive-drab forms lay still in death. With shoulders toward the enemy, faces buried in the dirt and backs still clinging to their backs, they lay. The brave sons of brave Americans mothers. In the hurry of burial, identification was lost. And now we are privileged to honor the unknown dead—or better still, to honor the mothers of the unknown dead. The hearts of these wonderful, wonderful mothers have not healed with the healing of other wounds. Their sobbing hearts receive no consolation. Somewhere they have a boy—unknown—always the fear that perhaps he may be one of the human wrecks who "cannot remember" and whose identity is unknown—and again it may be that a little white cross marks his resting place in the soil of Flanders' fields.

Father may get good and weary over the questions his small son asks, but at that, he would rather answer those than some his wife asks.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

News item: "The elixir of long life consists of soured cows' milk, cheese made from sheep's milk, and white bread, according to Dr. Sadowin, professor of physical chemistry at the University of Kiev."

Ye ed. has often thought that long life would be a fine thing but if an elongated existence depends solely on the menu above mentioned, we would just as soon put in our reservations with the undertaker without any further delay.

The fellow who used to own the first tandem bicycle in town and later purchased the first automobile was then known as the village slicker—but nowadays it's the bird who combs his hair with fat that deserves that title.

Speaking of cruel and inhuman treatment we would hate to even mention or go as far as to hint what will happen to the ex-service man who refuses to march in that big parade tomorrow.

Under the head of city improvements we call attention this evening to the ragged awnings barely hanging to the fronts of several business buildings.

WE TAKE THE DARE.

From a waste-basket of contributions we have picked the following alleged poem:

The dance at last is over,
 The evening chime resounds;
 Evelyn and Hazel, upstairs now,
 Slip off their silken gowns.
 There is a sad, sweet feeling
 And my heart within me swells,
 For I know, although I cannot hear,
 The peeling of the bellows.

Dear Ed. Prune Pickin's: For some months I have been perusing your column. Outside of Lydia Pinkham's almanac I think it is about the best bit of fiction I've read this season.

GUSHY ANGUS.
 Now listen, Gushy—Lydia and myself claim no honors for our literary efforts, but if the almanac or the column has served to delight your imagination we would suggest that you libel in another bottle of the compound or purchase a Prune Pickin's Winter Annual.

Re-read! Didja read about the snow storms in the east? Fog so thick that you have to put on goggles is lots better than chillsblains.

That Java and sinkers ration which the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Legion and the Salvation Army will hand out tomorrow free of charge to the vets will certainly be one of the features of the day. It has been a long time since the vets received anything free of charge.

WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF—
 Irvin Brunn, Lonie Reizenstein and Earl Vosburg weighed 125 pounds each?

We're all getting ready for our last big thrill when the Fatty Arbuckle trial starts. With so many snappy murder trials in progress during the past few months the daily papers resemble copies of "Breezy Stories."

LAFE PERKINS SEZ:

"It looks a darned sight better to be wearin' an American Legion button than to be packin' around an exemption card."

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One Scaffold Will Do Work

SALEM, Nov. 10.—(U. P.)—One scaffold, the same gibbet upon which Neil Hart, ringleader of the gang of escaped prisoners who murdered Sheriff Th. Taylor at Pendleton a year ago, will probably officiate in the same manner when John L. Rathie and Elvie D. Kirby, accomplices of Hart, and Dr. Richard M. Brumfield, convicted slayer of Dennis Russell, march to their doom.

Warden L. E. Compton sees no reason why a separate scaffold should be erected for the three hangings. Even though Rathie and Kirby

hang the same day, December 2, they may draw lots to see who will go last. Brumfield has the whole day to himself.

Both Rathie and Kirby have apparently exhausted their resources, their every tool in attempting to pierce an adamant justice and so achieve their liberty. Nothing but the governor's word can save them now, and that is slow in coming. Brumfield is still conceded a chance. He has appealed his case and may not meet the scaffold at all. But it will be there waiting for him if he fails to escape it by January 13, the first unlucky Friday in 1922.

YOUR XMAS PORTRAIT

Be made now. All sizes at reasonable prices. Studio appointments can be arranged to meet your convenience. Phone 462. The Roseburg Studio, Bell Sisters' Bldg.

REST ROOM AT SALVATION ARMY HALL ALL DAY FRIDAY.

Both during the morning and the afternoon of Armistice Day, Nov. 11, the Salvation Army will serve "Coffee and Doughnuts" and provide a place of rest for all who wish to stop at "the poor man's cathedral."

CHILD SERIOUSLY ILL

Josephine Jennings, the 12-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Jennings, was taken to Portland last Monday evening on account of a severe attack of appendicitis. The child was suffering intense pain, and it was thought she would not recover. A nurse and Dr. George E. Honeck accompanied the mother and father to Portland, and upon arrival the child underwent an operation with Dr. Luther Hamilton in charge, assisted by Dr. Honeck. Yesterday little hope was held out for recovery, but word was received this morning stating that she had improved slightly.

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