ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday.

B. W. Bates L. Wimberly Bert G. Bates

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, DECEMBER 31, 1921.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION.

With the closing of the old year and just as we are beginning to step on the first round of the ladder, drawing us within reach of a new year, the time is most opportune for one to drop into a restrospective mood to seriously consider the results attained, both in a private and general business way.

This is the one period to strike a grand total of your business interests and a definite conclusion drawn regarding future policies and devise ways and means for outstripping past records during 1922. It is the spirit of the progressive business man to go 'em one better each year, and it is a happy thought to carry throughout the new year and one that implies true confidence.

With the biggest minds of the country proclaiming a general revival of business throughout the whole United States—a state of normalcy declared—there is every reason for the business world to be thankful.

It is in this spirit that the management of the News-Review expresses appreciation of the loyal support given this paper, not only by the business men of Roseburg, but by its thousands of readers throughout the entire county. The patronage accorded this paper has been generous and no effort or expense has been spared to give the very best service possible in return. It has been the policy in the past, and will continue throughout the future, to establish a newspaper that every citizen of the county might feel a just pride in supporting—a paper published in the interest of every upright and just citizen within the borders of this great county. A paper that courts open discussion on any subject affecting the interests of the people at large and closes its columns to no person desiring an expression of his or her views, so long as those views are devoid of malicious utterances and not carried forth for the purpose of injuring innocent persons and to gain selfish ends. In truth, the News-Review wants the people of Douglas county to feel they have a part in the conduct of this paper, that their individual interests and those affecting the county at large will be sincerely dealt with in the very broadest and most comprehensive way.

In order that a just pride may be felt by this progressive community in their home paper, modern equipment running into thousands of dollars has just recently been installed and further improvements are now under consideration that will give the people of Roseburg and Douglas county the best and most modern equipped plant south of Portland, a plant large enough to cope with a city three times the size of Roseburg. Our faith in this growing city compels us to take these forward steps unhesitatingly in order to keep in the front ranks of progress and serve our patrons in the best possible manner.

The tremendous growth made by this paper in a subscription way during the year just closing is evidence that our efforts have not been wasted. Upwards of twenty thousand people read the daily publication every day, an increase of over three thousand during the past year. This is a very flattering condition and one in which we take much pride, for a constantly increasing number of subscribers is the best evidence that a newspaper is giving perfect satisfaction.

The substantial growth made by the News-Review in each and every department of the plant is in no way due solely to the owners and management. It is a happy culmination brought about not only by the business men of Roseburg and our thousands of loyal supporters throughout the county, but by the assembling of a corps of loyal employes who take a personal interest in the conduct of the business and have labored faithfully at all times to attain a higher standard of efficiency in the way of giving better service to the public generally.

For this condition of affairs the News-Review feels most grateful and spurs those responsible for its success to endeavor to make greater strides during 1922.

THE MEANING OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Coldly philosophical people can see no sense in celebrating the New Year. January 1 is just the same as December 31, they argue. Nothing happened when this artificial and meaningless division of time passed, so why quit work and celebrate, just as if humanity had accomplished some noteworthy achievement? This thought overlooks the significance of the passing of time. Our years slip by with the rapidity of a swiftly passing stream. The days melt into each other like the eddies in the smooth flowing river. Time drops out of sight without attracting attention, so that life passes beyond our grasp before we know it. Men and women go on from youth to middle life and old age, scarcely realizing the changes. It is a useful thing to have a New Year's day come along, to remind them of the rapidity of the flight of time. It should be a day of restrospection and anticipation. People should ask themselves what they accomplished in the previous twelve months. What did they do to improve their own equipment for life, to rise to better attainment, to achieve things for their community and their country If New Year's day can not bring some sense of positive gain in the past year, there is something radically wrong about a person's life. And so the old idea of turning over a new leaf and making new resolutions is a good one, much as it has been derided. No person is worth much, unless he does from time to time resolve to make a fresh start, to accomplish more in the future than in the past. Not necessarily to make more money and acquire more material success but to develop a finer personality and to be of greater service. New Year's day brings human life to a realization that life is moving swiftly and we must all seize its opportunities as they pass.

If you don't swear off drinking bootleg whisky the first of the year the undertaker will get your number before 1923.

Here's a happy New Year to you, and the hope that it will be a prosperous one.

Prune Pickin's

By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Before ye ed. makes his final bow to the old year, we wish to thank our readers, perusers, and what-noters for the various contributions received at this sanctum. In commenting further we might mention the fact that as yet no one has donated a cord of wood.

Ben Scovell, an unabridged volume of fun, dropped in ye ed.'s dugout this a. m. and held quite a confab with us. Ben is a mighty good scout and if his lecture at the Methodist church Monday night contains one-half as much good wholesome fun as his conversation with us, it'll be a humdinger. Ben was the entertainer de luxe with the British, Canadians and Auzies in France during the late rumpus. The only thing we're sorry of is that he didn't run across our outfit in "sunny" France to help make us forget the few million cooties and second looies.

Yesterday in the want ad. colyum of the News-Review there appeared a little squib from a Medford lady in which she advertises for a real pal. She sets forth her accomplishments, financial and otherwise, which ought to attract some of the local birds who have been dodging work for the past few months.

One good thing about Monday being a holiday is that the bill collectors will be one day late.

The fellow who makes a gob of resolutions every year and "swears off" on almost everything, will sooner or later fall down and break 'em all, along with a majority of the ten commandments.

We are now busy on an invention which will petrify prunes and make them suitable for watch fobs. The secret of the petrified prunes served to us in France has never been made public.

Jess Shambrook, mayor and city council of Umpqua, dropped into our village this a. m. and took several notes on the improvements, which he will put into effect immediately in his home town.

Bill Poorman, the one time obese adjutant of the soldiers' home, is pulling up stakes today for Salem. Bill will be a regular hi-brow from now on and on speaking terms with the governor.

MORE UP-TO-DATE.

"They used to talk about men who had a champagne thirst on a beer income, you know."

"Yes, and what about it?"

"Well, since the Volstead outrage, that's been revised. Now they speak of a Rolls-Royce aspiration and a flivver realization."

POME.

Tillie was a gay young thing
And so was Brother Ben;
She wore the thinnest stockings
Just to shock the men.

But Bennie went one better—
He made her jealous, too;
He grew a set of whiskers
And dyed them cobalt blue.

WE ARE STILL WAITING TO LEARN:

How to live without work.
How to make both ends meet.
How to pick the winners. (We said winners).
How to grow hair on bald heads.
How to see ourselves as others see us.
How to make a wife and food agree with us.

"How many of you children want to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher. Little Jimmie didn't raise his hand. "Why, Jimmie," smiled the teacher, "don't you want to go to heaven?" "I do," said Jimmie, "but I guess there ain't no chance. Pa just bought a new Ford and he says we can't go anywhere now that the Ford won't take us."

DISQUALIFIED.

Mid Western movie actors
I fear I'll never stand,
Because a cigarette I
Cannot roll with one hand.

OBSERVATIONS OF OLDEST INHABITANT.

"I kin remember when a man's profanity was given the acid test taking up, beating and putting down the old-fashioned carpets that covered the entire floor."

WHAT THEY DO.

That's what they work at every day,
These pencil-slinging hams,
Who dash off in their own small way
These things called epigrams.
—San Francisco Bulletin.

A man can sleep peacefully while his wife groans. But he gets terribly worried when his auto engine squeaks.

And let's disarm the bimbo who picks his teeth with his pocket knife.

The only good thing about apartment house radiators is that they afford a handy place to throw one's cigar ashes behind.

When the baby swallows a nickel call the landlord, he'll get it.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ:

"The feller with a drooping moustache allus looks dejected."

MOVING PICTURES.

Upon the broader stage of life
We see them day by day,
The patient mother and the wife—
The daughter far away.
How dreary is the little house,
The mother weeping there,
Now, that's a moving picture
We read of everywhere.

A son before the Justice stern,
His sorrowing mother pleads,
While fondly doth her spirit yearn
To cover his misdeeds.
The tears fall from her aged eyes,
Her son to prison led;
Ah, that's a moving picture
To fill the soul with dread.

A wife for her husband pleads,
Though he be worthless quite,
Who squanders money that she needs
To bring her home delight.
The Justice bids him be a man—
For her sake sets him free;
Ah, that's a moving picture.
Alas, too oft we see.

A baby on the doorstep left,
Its inhuman parents flee;
The aged man to poorhouse goes,
Forgot by world, is he.
The man who takes the orphan's all
That he may have the more;
Behold these moving pictures
Before us evermore.

The wealthy swindler and the tramp,
The poor, the proud, the meek;
The student at his midnight lamp,
The stalwart and the weak;
The couple parted by a word,
The man whose soul has flown—
All, all are moving pictures
On which the sun has shone.
—LUE F. VERNON.

WATCH PARTY AT M. E. CHURCH

The members and friends of the M. E. church will have a watch party tonight in the social rooms of the church. The party will begin at 8:30 and last until after the old year is gone and the new year in. Everyone is invited to attend. There will be a program, games will be played and refreshments will be served at midnight.

Goodrich Tire Service. See us. C. A. Lockwood Motor Co.

Some Good Advice

ONLY PIGS

By Mary Graham Bonner

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

"SQUEAL, squeal, squeal," said Pinky Pig.

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," said Porky Pig.

"It's the best thing I ever heard of," said Brother Bacon.

"It most certainly is," said Sammy Sausage.

"I've never heard of anything so nice," said Master Pinky Pig.

And his mother added,

"It's fine, squeal, squeal, it's fine."

"I agree," said Miss Ham. And she grunted five times, one grunt after the other to show that she agreed.

"What are you all talking about?" asked Red Top, the rooster.

"You don't know?" asked all the pigs.

"Oh yes, I know," said Red Top, crowing proudly.

"Then why did you ask?" inquired Brother Bacon.

"You haven't much sense," said Red Top. "Of course I don't know, or I wouldn't have asked."

"Well did I ever," grunted Miss Ham. "You said one moment ago that you did know and now you say you don't know. Which do you mean? Do you know what we were talking about or don't you?"

"Yes," said Sammy Sausage, "that is what we would like to know."

"Well," said Red Top, "I don't know, and if I had I wouldn't have asked you. When I said I knew I thought you all had sense enough to know that I was joking. It seems that none of you can take a joke."

"Take a joke," repeated Brother Bacon. "You say that none of us can take a joke. Well, why should we? A joke isn't anything to eat. What would we be doing with a joke I'd like to know."

"Yes," said Porky Pig, "we'd all like to know what we would do with a joke."

And all the pigs squealed.

"We'd like to know what we could do if we took a joke. It's nothing to eat so why should we take it?"

Red Top the rooster clucked and crowed and grinned.

"This is the best joke."

"What do we care about it being the best joke?" asked Brother Bacon. "We've already told you we didn't care about a joke because it was nothing to eat. We don't care whether it is a best one or not. Now if you were talking about a best dish of food—that would be different."

"Yes, that would be quite different," squealed the other pigs.

"I was wrong," said Red Top grinning. "Of course you have no wish to take a joke because it is nothing to eat. I meant, of course, that it was a joke when I pretended I knew what you were talking about just after I had asked you that question. I wouldn't have asked you if I had known, as I have said before. And I wouldn't have bothered to have had a little joke with you if I had thought that you didn't care about joking. In fact you care about nothing but eating."

All the pigs grinned and twisted their little tails.

"We show we're regular pigs," said Brother Bacon.

"We'll forget about jokes and joking then," said Red Top. "Tell me what you were talking about. I would like to hear. I don't know really. That's the truth. And that's not a joke."

"We were talking about it being such a good thing," explained Miss Ham.

"What is such a good thing?" asked Red Top.

"This idea of New Years resolutions," said Miss Ham. "You see we heard that every year around this time folks and creatures begin making good resolutions. And we've made ours. We think they're fine and we hope to live up to them."

"That's good," said Red Top. "But what are your resolutions?" he asked after a moment.

"To get all we can to eat, each of us," said Miss Ham, "and never to think or worry about anyone but ourselves."

"Well, I never," said Red Top. "You don't know much about the real meaning of good resolutions, but what should I expect? After all your are only pigs."

"Pigs with good resolutions," repeated Miss Ham.

Old Oilcloth.

Do not throw away old oilcloth. Use it for pads for the baby.

Ben Scovell
Famous Actor-Entertainer

BEN SCOVELL, famous [illegible] Entertainer, is a nephew of the late Sir Henry Irving and son of the late Very Rev. F. Pearl Scovell, Dean of Salisbury, England.

With Irving he played in "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Faust," "Louis XI," "Madame Bella." He was with Wilson Barrett in "The Sign of the Cross," "Lights o' London," "The Silver King," and "The Manxman." With Mr. Richard Mansfield he played in "Henry V" and [illegible] roles with other great actors and companies.

During the Great War he served as entertainer and Camp [illegible] for soldiers and sailors of the United Armies and Navies, in Belgium, France, Great Britain, U. S. and Canada.

He is meeting with great success, appearing before packed houses everywhere he goes.

On Sundays he gives "The Story of The Cross," "The God of Peace," "The Greater Love," "The Deathless Army," all masterpieces.

During the week:
Shakespearean and Humorous [illegible]
Auspices Christian Workers' [illegible]
Monday Night, Jan. 2, 1922
at 7:30 o'clock
First M. E. Church
Tickets on sale at Ott's [illegible]
Admission 25 cents

YOUR LOYAL SUPPORT

You give your loyal support to a great Government enterprise and also obtain its protection for your money, when you become a depositor of the Roseburg National Bank, which is a member of the Federal Reserve System.

The Roseburg National Bank
Roseburg, Ore.

On With the Dance

AT THE ARMORY
SATURDAY NIGHT

Bid Old 1921 Farewell at the New Years Dance

Something doing every minute of the evening with Ott's Orchestra distributing the necessary jazz

SATURDAY NIGHT IS JOY NIGHT

Prune Pickin's

Book of

Giggles

ON SALE NOW

"Throw out the Laugh Line"

News-Review office—Pitchford's News stand
Roseburg Book Store

Did you ever stop to think?

Churches may be closed (six days in the week) schools two days; the post office Sundays and holidays; the banks and stores ditto. But our plants never know a day off, not even an hour—24 hours a day every day in the year, every year of your life. Rain or panic, winter or summer, day or night, we are on the job to keep you supplied, to keep you comfortable.

EVER THINK OF THIS?

Douglas County Light & Water Co.
R. M. JENNINGS, Manager.