

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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ROSEBURG, ORE. MON. APRIL 14, 1922.

BOLSHEVISM IN FRANCE.

Socialists frequently claim that if they could once get hold of the machinery of government, they could make their theory work, even if it will not operate in a small colony.

A chance to see how that proposition would work was offered in France during the revolution of 1848. As a result of socialist agitation, the king was forced to abdicate, and the palace of Luxembourg was handed over to the working class to hold a congress in the hall of the house of peers under the presidency of a workman, who sat in the chair of state in his working clothes. The congress organized with the noble purpose of abolishing poverty and want.

National workshops were established under state management, the government paying the expenses. It was the same thing as is called "nationalizing" in these times. The work was easy and well paid and over 100,000 workers were given employment.

The total amount of money expended in these workshops reached the enormous sum, for those times, of 14,000,000 francs in a few weeks. In Lyons these shops spent 1,652,000 francs, and the value of the goods manufactured there was only 30,000 francs. The merchandise manufactured was called everywhere, "unsalable, useless and costly."

The results were such a complete fizzle that the experiment was abandoned in a short time. Socialists may say that the idea was not tried out long enough to prove whether it could be a success or not. But the French people who are thrifty and keen on money matters, could see in a few weeks that the theory would never work. If such an experiment were ever attempted in this country its results would be the same, because it fails to give any incentive to the qualities that make human advance possible.

Patriotism is one of the noblest virtues. While the word refers strictly to love of country, yet a similar sentiment ought to be manifested toward one's home community. Towns and cities need more of the spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty which makes the boys or a school or college root for their athletic teams, and cheer them on to victory. A spirit of local patriotism is needed in community life. There should be something of the same sentiment that leads an athletic team to spend many days in fatiguing practice, so that it can maintain the reputation of its school. And love of country should become most intense when it comes down to one's home community, and people should manifest it by zeal in community service. When a town gets a touch of such spirit, nothing can stay its progress. People owe this feeling to their home town, since their welfare and happiness come largely from the community in which they make their homes.

The United States government is investigating the cause for the rapid wearing out of highways. One of the army officers who has been studying the subject in co-operation with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, states that light weight automobiles operated at high speeds, cause more damage than heavy trucks running at low speed. There is no doubt that heavy trucks have done a great deal of damage to highways, but if their speed were restricted probably this damage would be largely avoided. Merely fining truck drivers and owners for excessive speed, however, would fail to check many reckless ones. To keep them all within proper speed limits it would be necessary to build the cars so they could not be operated beyond a certain limit. This investigation suggests that the people are paying a tremendous cost for allowing all kinds of cars to tear around the country like mad, without regard to the enormous damage they do to highway surfaces.

There is too much tendency, when business difficulties of any kind are faced, for people to look to the government and outside sources for help, when any community or business can accomplish a large measure of prosperity for itself by conforming to the principles of economic law. An old proverb says that if every man sweeps in front of his own door, the whole world will be clean. Every business man and every worker, instead of imagining himself the helpless victim of world wide forces which he can not affect or remedy, should realize that he has his own success and welfare largely in his own hands. The communities and the industries, that deal most intelligently with the business conditions that they meet, will gain full prosperity a great deal quicker and more completely than those that sit down and wait for the rising tide to float them on to success.

Only a brief period remains to get your hat in the political ring. And as it is a free-for-all affair you needn't feel a bit bashful about entering the try-out for the primaries.

Now that the examinations for postmaster for Roseburg have been approved, official announcement from Washington, D. C., should be forthcoming at an early date.

We have Specials in our Groceteria Department

all the time but will have a few extra specials Saturday.

Specialty good quality, 12 lbs. for \$1.00.

It will be higher with your advancing.

Old Yankee strip, a fancy case and maple, large size \$1.30 per can, medium, \$1.00; small, 50c.

Do your and look over our large stock before you make your purchases.

PEOPLES SUPPLY CO.

Prune Pickin's

By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

A local humorist artist was playing his razor on the chin of a victim. And the conversation naturally drifted to the weather. And the man in the chair said: "Are you winters very long in this country?" And Fred Jones, the barber, shifted his end of tobacco. To the other jaw and said: "I don't know—I've only been here 13 months."

For some time past ye ed. has been contemplating introducing the Prune Pickin's office force to our thousands of readers. With the assistance of this force, who in addition to performing their regular duties in this sanctum, also provide ye ed. with the puns which you read here day by day, we are able to hold down our job.

The gentleman at the adjacent desk, which we have so often referred to as Charley Stanton, Charley don't wear one of those modern Wally Reid haircuts but he slings a mean typewriter.

Seated at our rear is Mr. M. M. Miller. We hesitate in printing his name for fear we'll run out of M's. Mr. Miller juggles the figures and keeps track of how much ye ed. draws during the week.

Miss Beulah Jewett, better known as the sub sister of the sanctum, is the proof reader de luxe, and if our jokes seem to be sorta muddled up at times, she's not to blame, because maybe we write 'em that way.

Miss Dorothy Veach, better known as the inquisitive reporter, keeps tabs on the Espee trains and the villagers who come and go. She also reports to us all of the dirty remarks our readers say about ye ed.—so be careful.

Lon Robbins, whose desk is a "catch-all" for those who have no other place to put things, slips in and out of the sanctum noiselessly. Lon declares his name is not an abbreviation of Louise. When it comes to advertising—well, he could sell iceicles to the Eskimos.

That completes the front office force with the exception of the editor who refuses to allow his name to appear in this column.

Now to the mechanical end. Miss Ellen Crabtree, who grabs the Prune Pickin's type and slings it into the chases each day, is not responsible for the poetry appearing in this column. She does the best she can to place it in the column right side up and it is through her earnest efforts that many a bum poem has been eliminated.

Don Humphrey, linotype puncher, suffers more as a result of Prune Pickin's than any other individual in the job. Don has to read this bunk every day—whether he wants to or not.

At his side is Hugh Ambsberry, who annoys another linotype. Hugh is continually reading this column and saying, "Heck, I've heard that one before."

Fred Renner, a Winston squirrel rancher and apple cider expert, holds down the ad. alley. Fred has lately been appearing at the office with a white shirt and collar—which is proof enough to ye ed. that the cider is beginning to work.

U. I. Hummick, called "Honey" for short, is one of the veterans of the sanctum and can remember when Prune Pickin's was first published and how disgusted he was. "Honey" believes in the future of this section in spite of the Volstead amendment, as does Dick Busch, his able pressman. Dick is the alarm clock of the force. When he unstraps his overalls you may all know it is quitting time.

Mike Gentry, the other pressman, may have a future, but we are deemed certain he has a past. The knees of his overalls are worn out as a result of "galloping donkeys."

Harry Fletcher, motorcycle enthusiast, is the champion pie-eater of the force. If no one else will buy the pies, Harry will buy 'em himself.

Duke Strange, who knifed 'member when the old Plunderer was printed, sides in with the rest of the force in declaring that this column is the worst one in the sheet. On that point the whole force always agrees.

The carrier kids, whose names we cannot recall on account of the various ticknames such as "Red," "Doorknob," "Bill" and "Jinks," are about the only ones who get a lick out of the column—and they're always kicking their heads off about it. All right, force—line up and bow for the customers.

We thank you.

Fatty Arbuckle was acquitted but we'll bet he'll steer clear of home brew parties and wild women for a while.

The Portland ball aggregation finally captured a game—which only goes to prove that mistakes will sometimes happen.

One suggestion yesterday to the effect that ribbon be tied on the doorknobs at the court house met with a hearty response. Miss Hildebrand says she will go ye ed. one better and make it craps.

YEP.

It's easy enough to be pleasant. With a loss, a glass and a song: But the man worth while Is the one who can smile. When he's got the old woman along.

This is a Good Friday for ducks. —And then it snowed some more.

LATE PERKINS SIZ:

"Ball don't amount to much unless ya kin peddle it to somebody that don't know ya."

Woman Centenarian Loses Love for Aged Man Who Jilted Her

Sims Berry, Perturbed by Reporters, Gets "Cold Feet" and Flees Altar.

By THOMAS WHIGLEY, (International News Service Staff Correspondent.)

KANSAS CITY, April 14.—Jilted at the age of 100 years and four months! Deserted at the very hour of her wedding by the groom-to-be, "Grandma" Emma Ward McMahon rocked in her armchair today, busy with her crocheting, and did not appear to mind her shattered romance of a week or so ago. She sewed merrily on.

Sims T. Berry, a tailor, her impetuous beau of 82, had "walked out" on the wedding just as Justice John George was about to pronounce the wedding ceremony. He fled when he faced a group of newspapermen who pointed a battery of cameras in his direction.

Berry didn't take to this new idea of celebrated weddings. They didn't do it back in 1848 or '50. "Who's all the strangers?" he had demanded. The reporters were introduced, and each bowed most graciously.

"I ain't no advertisement!"

"By Cricky, I ain't no advertisement!" Berry exploded.

"Me and my gal was going to get hitched 'quid like, and now they're makin' a fuss over it. I ain't used to it and ain't agoin' to begin now. 'I'm through, by jimminy, I'm through!'"

And Berry left the wedding party with the slyness of all his 82 years. The guests were in consternation. "Grandma" McMahon alone remained calm.

"I'm not worrying," she said. "If that young duck's got cold feet, let him go! Maybe he thought I was too old for him, anyhow."

The candles on the wedding cake—100 gleaming sparks of light—burned low.

Apologies to Guests. Mrs. McMahon, apologizing to the wedding guests, took off her wedding gown, which she had made herself, and carefully laid it away in a chest, with a little bonnet she also had made.

"I learned to make all of my own things when I was a girl," she said today. "Girls in my day used to occupy themselves in that way."

"And if Sims isn't careful," she observed, "he'll get some girl like we see nowadays—who thinks of nothing but picture shows and such."

"No, he needn't come back here with excuses," she continued. "If he was the last man on earth I wouldn't marry him now."

And so "Grandma" McMahon complacently rocks in her chair, acting not at all like the modern jilted lover. She can recall memories of scores of years ago which make the recent unpleasant incident a trivial thing.

Came from England. She came to this country from England with her parents when she was but 15 months old. For a year or so she lived in the frontier town of Buffalo, N. Y. Then the family made their way into the great wilderness around Chicago. "A likely town," they said, which showed signs of some day growing to double its size.

When four years old she was captured by the Indians and was held by them until she was a girl of eight. She bears two bullet wounds in her right arm for having slapped a young Indian chieftain—her first romance.

With the aid of a white woman she succeeded in escaping and returned to her parents.

Married in Buffalo. Mrs. McMahon married in Buffalo when Lincoln was president. She was the mother of four children, all of whom are living. In 1874 the family came to this city, where she has since resided.

A year ago her husband died at the age of 93 years, and some few months ago Berry began his ardent courtship, only to flee before the advance of the newspapermen, who were going to "make up a big story for the papers."

"Now you're going to be married yourself next month," Mrs. McMahon said to a granddaughter, as she rocked in her chair.

"Take an older woman's advice—don't have any reporters at your wedding—they may scare the groom away."

But a charming young person of more modern thought replied: "All the reporters I've ever known might try and steal the bride, all right. But I never knew one to be concerned about the groom."

"Grandma" McMahon smiled at this with eyes which seemed to say as well as those of any 1922 flapper: "I get you."

presented Oakland, with a run; in the fourth Brubaker and Koehler coupled doubles opportunely for another, and in the seventh Rhyne and O'Connell put two errors together in such shape that it became another tally for the Oaks.

National League. R H E Boston 2 5 7 Philadelphia 4 8 1 Batteries: McQuillan, Fillingim and Gowdy; Ring and Henline.

American League. R H E St. Louis 4 11 1 Chicago 2 7 3 Batteries: Danforth and Severoid; Hodde, Russell and Schafer.

New York 8 14 0 Washington 2 6 0 Batteries: Mays and Shang; Zachary, Gleason and Garity.

Philadelphia 2 5 2 Boston 6 12 4 Batteries: B. Harris, Yarrington, Kulhan and Perkins; Kars and Ruel.

Detroit 3 11 1 Cleveland 3 11 1 Batteries: Rhense, Pittelle and Bassler; Woodall; Uhl, Covaleskie and Nunnhammer.

Workers Council Meet.—The Workers' Council of the M. E. church, south, Sunday school, met in its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening in a luncheon and council around the table from 8 to 9:30. Mrs. L. A. Dillard and Mrs. J. B. Newman had arranged a delicious luncheon which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Oakland Drubs Frisky Seals. OAKLAND, April 13.—For the third time in as many days San Francisco proved unable to refrain from errors and Oakland romped away with a victory which had not been earned. 5 to 0. Davis outpitched Arlett but in the first inning Ellison

presented Oakland, with a run; in the fourth Brubaker and Koehler coupled doubles opportunely for another, and in the seventh Rhyne and O'Connell put two errors together in such shape that it became another tally for the Oaks.

Jim's got his, so has "Al"—You'll want yours too!

Yes Indeed A New Suit for EASTER

Suits That Are RIGHT—

—in style
—in fit
—in fabrics
—in PRICE

DUDS FOR MEN, Inc.

YALE OARSMEN TO CLASH WITH PENN CREW

English Methods of Opponents Favor Keystoneers to Win Regatta.

By DAVIS J. WALSH (International News Service Sports Editor.)

NEW YORK, April 15.—Yale tomorrow plunges into another episode of the rather fatuous business of trying to win American boat races with English rowing methods. It wasn't being done when last we heard of it and the chances are fair enough that if Pennsylvania today has half the power and speed of the rival boat on the Schuylkill river she will win rather handsily.

The fact that Yale beat Harvard in their annual race last June has no particular bearing on the situation. The deposed Guy Nickalls must be given credit for that victory, not because he was a good coach, but because he was a good blackguard.

When he was let out in summary fashion, one of the black chapters in Yale athletic history, he referred to members of the varsity crew as "guinea pigs." That was sufficient incentive to make any crowd of American boys row themselves dizzy. They wanted to prove Nickalls a flannel mouth, if possible.

Cordery Gets Credit. The credit, of course, went to James Cordery, who had very little to do with it beyond trying to bring order out of chaos in the brief span of two weeks. The victory also was taken as a justification of a coaching system whereby men are asked to finish their slide with shoulder blades more inches above the gunwales of the shell.

The deep slide and quick recovery alone is sufficient to wear down a crew of American boys. They are not an inferior lot compared to the British, but most of them have been reared on quite another diet of rowing altogether.

The matter of English equipment also comes in for criticism, although there is nothing in the records by which either to commend or condemn it. Yale has had good and bad crews during its "English regime," but the feeling is general that they were good crews in spite of that fact rather than because of it.

IF IT STOPS RAINING. We will move soon, and until we do you can save 15c to 50c on any item in our store. These are savings over and above the usual low prices at Carr's.

French Found to Be Not Guilty. At the hearing held at the city hall yesterday afternoon before City Recorder Whipple, H. S. French was found to be not guilty of the charge of assault and battery brought against him by A. P. Stone, a local teamster. According to witnesses for French the latter was justified in thinking that Stone was reaching

for a piece of two-by-four at a fight and that he grabbed him in a moment of self-protection. When asked that they believed Stone was to start a fight and that actions were only right in self-protection, French did not deny it. French did not deny that Stone had only been further trouble.

Easter Sale on children's Bell Millinery.

Myrtle Creek Couple Are Wed.

A. W. Wortendyke and Mrs. Baker, business partners in the Myrtle Creek, Ore. firm, were married at a life partnership in County Clerk L. E. Ballew's parlors at 10:15 p. m. on April 13. The couple were joined by a priest and a pinwheel deck at the altar. The ceremony was held in the parlors and was a very quiet affair. The bride wore a white dress and the groom wore a dark suit. The ceremony was held in the parlors and was a very quiet affair.

Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS. Horlick's Malted Milk. The Original Food-Drink For All Ages. The Cooking—Nostril—Nostril.

For Infants Invalids and Growing Children. Horlick's Malted Milk. The Original Food-Drink For All Ages. The Cooking—Nostril—Nostril.

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