

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, APRIL 21, 1922.

BURNING HOMES.

"On the third day of last August a man set fire to more than a score of homes. Every home was entirely consumed and there was no insurance. The man went on his way, if not rejoicing, at least without visible evidence of regret. He had no fear of punishment because the homes he had destroyed were not yet built; they were still in the tree trunks awaiting the magic wand of industry to give them habitable form. But economically these homes were destroyed as surely as though the trees had been made into lumber and the lumber into structures. And this is the way it happened:

It was the vacation season and an automobile carrying a party of tourists stopped on a road that wound through a magnificent stand of Douglas fir, in western Washington. The travelers sat in rapturous admiration of the quiet forest scene and rhapsodized over the great trees that columned their majestic beauty as far as the eye could see. One of the men of the party lit a contemplative cigarette and tossed the match to the side of the road, and the auto passed on.

"Half an hour later an aeroplane patrol flying high above the mountain range saw yellowish smoke ballooning over the tree tops. He moved his control and turned in that direction. Upon the chart in the machine before him he located the fire approximately, then returned quickly to a forest fire station ten miles away.

After what seemed an interminable wait, the patrol noted various gangs of men at work. They were combating that most terrifying, most ungovernable and dangerous of all rebellious elements—the forest fire. For a day and night and another day the battle waged. Grimy men, black as the charred trunks around them, worn to the last stages of exhaustion, fought on—cutting away underbrush, dynamiting logs and trees, beating out the slinking fringes of advancing ground fire, shouting one to another above the crackling inferno of heat and smoke, panting like hunted animals around the water barrels where they slaked their thirst with lukewarm liquid, but gaining, almost imperceptibly at first, yet gradually with greater certainty as the weary hours dragged on. And amid the confusion and crash of falling timber the ranger and his foremen generated the battle.

Several days later a wide, barren scar lay upon the mountainside, still smouldering in places where the black splinters of the charred stumps pointed like accusing fingers, and still sent out masses of yellowish white smoke. The scar covered hundreds of acres and it would continue to smoulder and smoke for weeks, while all about in the adjacent woods were fire guards constantly vigilant to see that the enemy did not creep out and strike again.

And far away the automobile tourists journeyed care-free and utterly unconcerned. At a sawmill they stopped for a few minutes to watch the logs in slow procession from the pond to the band saws. "What a shame," exclaimed the man with the cigarette, in a burst of sentimental revolt, "what a shame to cut down these beautiful trees!"

A multitude of people are loose on the highway operating cars and trucks who are not familiar with some fundamental principles that should govern automobile driving. A lot of these folks have driven cars for years, and their methods are a menace to the public. The Cleveland safety council, connected with the chamber of commerce of that city, has rendered a great public service by offering the public a course of lectures on automobile driving and maintenance. This course last year was taken by 1400 people. This year a special section has been arranged for women drivers, in view of the great desire manifested by them for such instruction. As a result of this instruction many big business concerns have testified that their employees were driving trucks and cars with increased skill and many big concerns reported that their employees had had no accidents. Such courses are given in many other cities, and it might well be wished that drivers who have acquired wrong operating habits could have the advantage of them.

This is a good time to warn owners of automobiles of the increase of automobile thefts. About 70,000 cars were stolen last year. According to the police, this thievery is largely promoted by the carelessness of owners who leave their cars unlocked. Every car needs a strong lock, and it should be fastened when the owner leaves it. The favorite time to steal cars is in the evening, when people leave them for two or three hours while they attend entertainments. This offers a fine chance for thieves to get a long start. Many people take little care of their cars on account of their being insured against theft. But their carelessness raises the rate of theft insurance, and they have to pay for other owners' heedlessness.

Roseburg was favored today with a brief visit from Senator Ike Patterson, republican candidate for governor. Mr. Patterson is a very likely candidate and political prognosticators of the state have the race down to three men at this time, Olcott, Patterson and Hall. It is believed the contest will center around these three men, with the other four candidates in the field. Mr. Patterson is making a very favorable impression with the voters, has every requisite necessary to handle the affairs of the state executive's office, and would make a good governor. His army of close friends are lending all possible support to his candidacy and are hoping for his success at the primary election.

Remember: that every man is the best in his business but that he is not properly appreciated; that every young woman is beautiful and has wonderful taste in dress; that every mother's children are the brightest.

Prune Pickin's

By Bert G. Bates

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

If this weather continues much longer we will just have to get in our old tub, step on the gas, and shoot for the tall timber.

FINE OLD FELLOW.

Ye ed, had the opportunity today to shake hands with the Patterson—just plain old Ike—and we want to say right here that he would make a mighty good governor of this old state. He is one of those boys who would let a fellow put his feet either under or on top of his desk if he is fortunate enough to take the chief executive's chair at Salem. He's got hien Olcott beat a mile—for a real good fellow.

Howdy, Neighbor—The champ optimist is the man who goes to a banquet because he is hungry.

COURAGE.

There is a young damsel named KITY. Who's not so bewitchingly pretty. But the way that she dresses, Each neighbor confesses, Proves she's certainly awfully gritty.

Joe the Plodder says it matters little how many resolutions a man makes unless he already has enough resolution to carry them out.

A hen at High Rother's, Essex, says a New York paper, has laid an egg weighing four and one-half ounces and measuring seven and one-half inches in circumference. But that seems about the only sensible thing the hen could have done with it.

"That's pretty bad language you are using to that mule."

"Yes, sir," responded the mule driver, "it seems to bother everybody but the mule."

An Omaha bootlegger, given his choice between two evils, preferred jail to taking a drink of his own stuff. He evidently was assured in his own mind that he was choosing the lesser.

MOTHER HOOD RHYMES.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat Without his bottle of wine. His wife cashed in From poison gin, And Jack he paid her fine.

Ghost stories are all the fad. But the only ghost that interests us is the one that walks every Saturday night.

THE LIMIT OF VALOR.

The Swain and his Swainess had just encountered a bulldog that looked as if his bite might be quite as bad as his bark.

"Why, Percy," she exclaimed, as he started a strategic retreat, "you always swore you would face death for me."

"I would," he flung back over his shoulder, "but that darn dog isn't dead."

"Elevate the Pedestrian," headlines the Literary Digest. That's what Roseburg speeders do.

"What's all that noise gwine on ovah at, yo' house last night?" asked an old colored woman of another. "Sounded like a lot of catamounts done broke loose."

"Dat? Why dat was nothin' only de geoman from the furniture store collecting his easy payments."

Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter if she would give him a kiss when the government gave him his bonus she said no, but she might give him a bonus when the government gave him a kiss.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, ETC.

"I saw you fixing a puncture this morning."

"Yeh! Ran over a bottle."

"Couldn't you avoid it in time?"

"No, the bird had it in his hip pocket."

For summer wear, new corsets, bloomers, unbot suits, vests, camisoles, and combinations, at the Bell Millinery.

MICKIE SAYS

JERRY, SOMETIMES I WISH YOU WUZ A DOG SO'S I COULD SICK YOU ONTO THE FELLERS WHO COME IN, WHEN WE'RE JEST ABOUT READY T' GO TO PRESS, WITH A WHOLE WAD O' COPY THAT MAKES US LATE WITH THE PAPER AND RUNS US ALL RAGGED BESIDES



STATE PRESS COMMENT

DIRECT PRIMARY FAILS

Even its former advocates are now forced to admit that the Oregon direct primary law as a method of choosing public officials and securing responsible government is in its way as big a failure as the old convention system. Under the latter system rampant. Under the former, party responsibility has evaporated along with parties, and the crook, the demagogue and the ignorantist foist themselves forward for office with only presumption as a qualification.

The direct primary law has utterly destroyed the democratic party in Oregon and will destroy any minority party in any state where such a law is in force. Along with the destruction of the democratic party has gone the demoralization and disintegration of the republican party and a similar fate awaits every majority party in direct primary states. As a matter of fact, all that is left of either party in Oregon, as far as state organization is concerned, is the name. Of party responsibility, party discipline, party solidarity, there is none. Personal government has replaced party government.

The majority, with its personal and factional fights, draws the interest of the voters, particularly the young voters, who register to aid the candidacy of friends and acquaintances. The primary supplants the election in public interest and the majority party steadily swells its membership as the minority party dwindles with the result that party lines come to mean nothing, there is but one party and that only a party in name.

Neither the direct primary, nor other popular legislation, was contemplated by the framers of either federal or state constitution, in the admirable system of checks and balances devised in those instruments for representative or delegated instead of popular government. The latter necessitates a higher type of citizenship and a higher average level of education that exists. It is becoming apparent that until the mass of people takes more interest in government, and better education prevails, direct primaries will not accomplish the ends sought.

What the remedy is, we do not pretend to say, probably some compromise between representative and popular government embodying features of each, but some reform to restore responsibility in government, seems imperative.—Salem Capital Journal.

A SUGGESTION TO KLAMATH FALLS

There is this much to be said for Klamath Falls—there is no excuse for anyone living there being bored to death.

If the population is not fighting about one thing, it is fighting about something else. No municipality west of Dublin can boast of such a consistent record.

First there was a court house war, resulting in the construction of two court houses, then there was a newspaper war, with editors behind barricades shooting out copy via the Colt automatic, now after a few week's diversion with a lumber mill strike, sagging interest is revived by a recall against Mayor Wiley, charged with bootlegging affiliations.

Every now and then some courageous citizen arises to suggest peace or at least a short period of armed neutrality. It is pointed out that open warfare, while stimulating to the sporting instincts, pays no grocery bills. But the protest is soon lost in the uproar of another civic riot.

Of course, this spirit is modern, in few portions of the world today is peace fashionable. But some day the worm will turn. When it does, we suggest that the court house precedent be followed. Instead of having one city of Klamath Falls, why not have two? One might be christened Klamath City, and the other Falls City—although the titles are immaterial. But have two distinct civic corporations, put all of one faction in one unit, and all the others in the other, and then erect a Chinese sound-proof wall between them. Then there might be some chance of a normal and peaceful life, provided of course, stringent and uncompromising immigration laws were established at every hole in the wall.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

DOOMED

Why worry any longer about high taxes or vanished farm profits or depressed business in Oregon.

Isn't all going to be corrected? Take a look at the swarm of candidates—tall, short, fat, lean, and all 'rarin' to go. Read their platforms. You may have to take a week off to read them all, but read. Get out the tax receipts over which you have so often mourned, and then read a platform, any platform, for every platform is a humdinger against taxes.

There never was such a rising of noble men, girded and accoutred to drive out the tax demon. Old Demon Tax never had so many Christian soldiers hot on his trail.

When all this gallant army of candidates gets through with him, Old High Tax will wish he had never been born. Figuratively speaking, they are going to dose him with Lydia Pinkham's Pink Pills, Tanlac, eye, foot case and divers other cures. They are going to dynamite him, skin him alive, beat him up, poison him and hang him to a weeping willow tree. If there is anything not yet programmed for his undoing, mention it to some candidate and it will be promptly put on the bill.

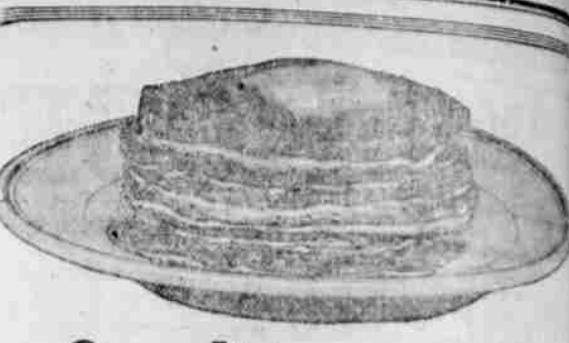
We could all feel so happy in what these great, good men are going to do for us but for the harrowing recollection that isolated cases have been known in which the candidate forgot his platform after election.—Portland Journal.

DO-NOTHING HAWLEY

State Senator A. W. Norblad, of Astoria, has announced himself as a candidate for the republican nomination for congress in this district. It is almost too much to hope that he may defeat Do-Nothing Hawley.—Polk County Itemizer.

BRONCHITIS

At bedtime rub the throat and chest thoroughly with—
VICKS VAPORUB
 Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly



Quality—
that's the Reason
 for the ever growing popularity of Albers Flapjack Flour. Makes light, tasty hot-cakes.
 Order a Package
 Your Grocer Recommends Albers quality
Albers Flapjack Flour
 Carefully sealed cylindrical container ensures absolute sanitation.

Tiller School Reaches Standard
 County School Superintendent O. C. Brown and Supervisor H. M. Cross left this morning for Days Creek, Canyonville and Tiller, where they will inspect schools. Mr. Brown will meet with the board of the Days Creek consolidated district to discuss matters relative to the selection of a site for the consolidated school. Tomorrow they will go to Tiller where they are to standardize the school there. The Tiller residents are making quite an event of this achievement of their school and to give an all day program with basket dinner at noon and a special program in the evening.
 BEFORE throwing your tires away consult GREEN TIRE MAN. He can save your tires.

Household Utilities
 Handy labor savers for the home, at new spring prices
IRONING BOARDS from 90c to \$3.00
CLOTHES RACKS \$1.75
HOUSEHOLD LADDER STOOL \$1.75
 Many other useful articles for the housewife on display.

Churchill Hardware Co.



Our treat—come and get some good things to eat
PARSLOW FURNITURE COMPANY
 Roseburg Oregon
FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES
 A good housewife won't talk anybody's word about an article as important as an oil cook stove. She wants to see for herself how it works and what sort of results it gives. We don't blame her. She is right. That is why we are demonstrating the Florence Oil Cook Stove in our window. An expert cook is doing all sorts of cooking right before your eyes and serving everything she cooks so you can judge the results. Every good housekeeper will be interested and should make it a point to see this demonstration. All this week.

SAP AND SALT
 BY Bert Moses
 "Don't" is generally better advice than "Do."
 Some love music, others love jazz, while still others prefer silence.
 The path of love leads straight to the soda fountain.
 Friends and health beat any combination you can name.
 Being handy with your hands is more admirable than being nandy with your mouth.
 The bigger the title, the harder it is to live up to.
HEZ HECK SAYS:
 "Undertakers and lawyers bite what's left after the doctors finish with you."