

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1922.

THE OLD FASHIONED WOMAN.

In the states where women recently acquired the suffrage, they are frequently asked how they have enjoyed the privilege of voting. The majority seem to have found it an interesting experience. It has broadened their point of view and given them new and varied contacts with life. There are many women however of a very domestic nature, who are not so enthusiastic. It seems a natural thing for such ones to make their homes the center of interest. They watch over their home nest and care against its decay with a loving hand. Every flower in their little garden, every bit of furnishing and equipment is the subject of keen concern. They give loving service to their husbands and children. But the vast and stormy conflicts of politics seem far outside the cherished interests of home. They feel bewildered when they are called upon to render a verdict on matters that seem far beyond their experience and remove from their interests. This type of woman has somewhat gone out of fashion. It made many lovely personalities and it developed splendid families of thoughtfully bred children. But the modern woman, for better or worse has gone on from this ideal. She has become a member of the civic body, and she asks her share in directing the community. It seems almost hard to take these admirable women of the old fashioned type, and force them into a form of activity that does not interest them. But the majority of women will never be satisfied to give up the ballot and retire into the old conception of feminine interests. So it looks as if the old fashioned woman would have to conquer her indifference. If she will put the same sound sense into her political thinking that she has given to her home duties, she will be a wonderful force for good government.

Another speed fiend and road hog was responsible for the death of one person and the serious injury of five other occupants of a car on the Columbia river highway Sunday. A roadster occupied by two California men refused to give sufficient road room to a car occupied by a man and his wife and four children with the result that the head of the family was carried to the morgue and other members lacerated and bruised to a more or less degree. The California speed fiends hooked the rear end of the wrecked car, shoved it over a steep embankment and never even stopped to give aid to the dying man, but on the contrary, kept up their deadly pace until overtaken by officers fifty miles distant from the scene of the accident. This sort of reckless driving is nothing short of deliberate murder and invoking capital punishment is a proper remedy to clear the highways of these murderers who are getting entirely too numerous for the safety of respecting citizens who are mindful of the result of fast and reckless driving.

It would be interesting if some statistician could compute the number of women's hand bags that are lost annually, and the amount of time spent in hunting for them. The modern woman is dependent upon this article of her outfit, in which she carries money, spectacles, railroad tickets, and various artificial and emergency aids to beauty. As fashion deprives her of the commodious pockets afforded the male animal, she can hardly be blamed for her dependence upon this article of baggage. But while engrossed in conversation it is very easy to drop this essential, and soon there is a wild search for the valuables. It is very common when a mixed company goes out for some lady to lose her handbag, and many and protracted are the delays resulting therefrom. Some genius needs to devise a plan by which the receptacle can be firmly attached to the person of its owner. Probably it should be riveted around her neck and worn day and night.

For many years wealthy friends of colleges have poured superb benefactions into the treasuries of those institutions for the benefit of poor boys and girls. There is even greater need of such gifts for struggling young people who can not complete high school courses owing to poverty of parents. Every high school ought to have its scholarship fund, available to help children of worthy but unfortunate families. This country will not be on a secure and prosperous basis, until every child has the equivalent of a high school course. It need not necessarily be book education, some need vocational training. Most families by sacrifice could give their children these advantages but some need help.

"Who Owns the Air," is the caption over an Oregonian editorial. We don't care who owns it. But what we would like to get is a remedy for the fellow who is peddling the "hot stuff" during these balmy summer days instead of taking on a little physical exercise in the hay fields.

To get matters in the political arena properly "bawled up" for the fall election there is talk of a new party, to be known as the "Progressive," entering the field. The political game in Oregon is assuming a catch-as-catch-can aspect with the principals going to the mat on "all fours."

A man sometimes gets blamed for a sin he doesn't commit, whereupon he raises a howl that can be heard for miles, but he never says anything about the hundred sins that don't get found out.

The circus that was to play at Roseburg passed through the city Sunday, but the small boy failed to get a thrill gazing at the painted "beauties," that are a real part of the big show.

A hunter's aim is always the best when he shoots at something moving about in the woods. He gets his "game" under these circumstances—then calls up the coroner.

A grasshopper hops without knowing where it is going. A lot of men are grasshoppers.

Prune Dickin's

BY BERT G. BATES.

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Quite a rumpus was raised on the main stem this a. m. When Cawge Keener, Junior, Doug. Co. Dist. Atty., Dropped a couple prune boxes from his fliiver and then Grinned nonchalantly as he Placed them back in the tonneau.

Gawge kin afford to grin because aforesaid prune boxes will soon be laden with the cash-getting fruit.

Dean Bubur is among those who are still wearing straw hats and proud of it.

Large groups of local lawlfers dug the festive turf yesterday at the country club while the peaceful sheep took to grazing farther back in the hills.

The feller with a greasy necktie ain't got no business wearing a diamond stick pin.

The human hog is everywhere, no matter where you go, he's there; you find this avaricious beast in church and state at the fount and feast. You'll surely be a lucky dog, if you escape the human hog. He always hogs the choicest seat, and hogs another for his feet; you needn't look for hoof and snout, there's easier ways to find him out. If you with him should chance to deal, you'll know him ere you hear him squeal; you'll see the bristles on his spine, and know right off you've struck a swine. He looks on you and all your kin as victims grown for him to skin, and this advice I wish you'd take, avoid him as you would a snake. Oh, yes, you'll meet him by and by out on the road, or in his sty, and though it isn't nice to tell, you'll meet him if you go to hell.

In the average apartment house so many ladies are taking singing lessons that it would be practically impossible to recognize a call for help.

TOO MANY.
 Patient—"I'm bothered awfully with insomnia, doctor."
 Doctor—"Um-m, what time do you go to bed?"
 Patient—"I go to bed between 8 and 9 every night."
 Doctor—"No wonder—that's too many in one bed."

A gentleman in Cincinnati employs two negroes to work in his rather extensive gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.
 "In de hospital, sah."
 "In the hospital? Why, how in the world did that happen?"
 "Well, Sam he been a tellin' me ev'ry mornin' for ten years he gwine to lick his wife 'cause of her naggin'."
 "Well?"
 "Well, yistiddy she done ovahheah him. Dat's all."

"Are you Dr. Smith?"
 "No, but I know where you can get some."

"How's this, waiter? You've charged me two dollars and a half for planked steak."
 "Sorry, sir, but lumber's gone up again."

It seems that even the Affiliated Order of Idiots should know it's hot enough for anybody now and stop asking if it is.

Lots of men would leave their foot-prints.
 Tim's eternal sands to grace,
 Had they gotten mother's slipper
 At the proper time and place.

Many men who wouldn't take a counterfeit nickel at face value are marrying artificial complexions.

The modern flapper is more to be petted than censured.

WHEN CONGRESS GETS ITS WAY.
 C. in C.—"Where's the army?"
 Orderly—"He's playing solitaire."
 C. in C.—"Where's the navy?"
 Orderly—"He's making a new pair of oars for the fleet."

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH.
 Anybody can tell the truth, but it takes a smart man to tell it without making himself disagreeable.

The cannery is running full blast and Frank Norton says the aroma of the fruit juice is music to his nostrils.

The following is an ode to a Roseburg flapper. The writer is anonymous and we don't blame him: There's powder on her bit of nose, And paint to make each cheek a rose, Her skirts a lively length disclose Of grace and girlish charm; She dances to the maddest jazz At every happy chance she has; Her vamping ways shock some, but as For me, I see no harm— For I have noted in her eyes The smiling light of love arise All youthful, sweet, unworldly-wise And pure as pure can be; And she's the same at heart, I know, As shielded girls were years ago; Let others frown on her, but oh, Expect no frowns from me.

Very few people have ever gotten on their feet by constantly going round stepping on the other fellow's toes.

HER WAY.
 "A man never knows a woman has any old clothes until he has married her," said poor Henrypeck.
 "No," admitted skimpy little Mr. Meek, "and afterwards, according to her own statements, she has no other kind."

Roseburg hunters are returning from the battle front having not been mistaken for five-pointers.

LAFE PERKINS SET:
 "The eternal triangle was designed by the devil."

In Ye Olden Days

From The Roseburg Review, April 3, 1890.

Sheriff Stephens reports taxes coming in fairly well—better than usual at this time of the year.

J. T. Hinkle and S. I. Thornton are now keeping watch over J. M. Oberman in the county jail. One is on duty during the day, and the other at night.

A report on the effects of the gun-fire of Dewey's ships May 1, last, shows that 167 Spaniards were killed and 214 wounded.

The social given by the Lilac circle, Women of Woodcraft, was attended by a large number of people last evening. Mrs. F. W. Wooley, guardian neighbor, presided, and the following excellent program was given: Piano solo, Miss Mabel Van Buren; address of welcome, John H. Shupe; response, O. P. Coshaw; instrumental duet, Mrs. Madge Bagedale and Miss Netta Rapp; recitation, Miss Cora Snel; male quartet, Messrs. J. H. Shupe, J. A. Buchanan, O. P. Coshaw and L. Wimberly; instrumental solo, Dan Langenberg.

Some good work of scraping the mud off Jackson street is being done. Main street, in the business center of town, is in a miserably filthy condition, and if the property owners near it haven't pride enough to clean it up and keep it clean, they ought to be compelled to do so.

John Hunter returned home this morning from a trip to southern Oregon, visiting several towns there on business.

The city election at Drain yesterday resulted as follows: Mayor E. R. Applegate; councilmen, C. E. Hasard, L. M. Perkins, H. P. Brookhart, F. A. Clements; recorder, Ira Wimberly; treasurer, W. W. Kent; marshal, Ed Brown. This was called the People's ticket, and won by an average of ten votes on each candidate. Another ticket in the field was as follows: mayor, E. A. Johnson; councilmen, C. E. Hasard, J. A. Black, Ira Wimberly, J. W. Spalding; recorder, J. W. Krewson; treasurer, W. W. Kent; marshal, J. G. Hefly. The candidates on this ticket asserted that the People's ticket represented the loose element as opposed to law and order. Several names were on the People's ticket without their consent, so it was asserted by them. The People's candidates denied the allegations against them, and they alleged that they stood for a progressive city government. The fight was a hot one, 93 votes being cast. All the women in town, who were eligible, under the new charter, availed themselves of the privilege of suffrage.

AROUND THE TOWN

To Marshfield—
 Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cedarstrom left by auto for Marshfield Sat., after enjoying a week's visit here with friends and relatives.

Left for Portland—
 J. O. Newland, of the Dodge Brothers agency, left Saturday night for Portland to look after business matters. He will return here tomorrow.

Return From Hunting Trip—
 J. E. Runyan and son, Trumann, and Andy Ford, returned yesterday from a week's hunting trip in the mountains above Peel.

Expected Home—
 Mrs. Charles Helmling is expected to arrive home within the next few days. She has been enjoying an extended visit with friends in Washington, D. C.

Here From Great Falls—
 George Gates and family, of Great Falls, Montana arrived here over the week-end and will remain here for several days to visit relatives. They made the trip by auto.

Former Resident Here—
 Vern Carter a former resident of this city, spent yesterday here visiting old friends. Mr. Carter is employed with the S. P. company at Danaville, California.

Visiting at Her Home—
 Mrs. C. H. Lundy, of Los Angeles, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Story Bos. Mrs. Lundy is on her way to Portland for a visit with her daughter, and will stop here for a longer visit on her return.

At the Douglas—
 Arrivals at the Douglas hotel today are P. J. Brein, St. Louis, Missouri; L. W. Leonard, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Turner, Wexler, Idaho; C. C. Felling, Sacramento; Charles Warner, Spokane.

Merchants to Meet—
 A call meeting of the Roseburg Merchants' association will be held at the Chamber of Commerce office tonight for the purpose of deciding whether or not the stores will remain open or closed on Labor day.

Special Council Meeting—
 A special meeting of the city council will be held tonight for the purpose of passing on the Flint street paving plans. Several other important matters are expected to come up at this meeting.

Has Prize Egg—
 H. B. Hastings visited the News-Review office Saturday morning with what he is sure is the prize egg to be seen here for some time. The egg is a deep chocolate brown, except for



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one white ring around it, and has the appearance of a colored Easter egg.

TODAY'S MARKET REPORT

Market quotations in Roseburg have not changed materially since Saturday. Tomatoes are slightly less than last week, and peaches a little stronger, ranging from 60 to 75 cents a box to the grower. Eggs hold steady at 25 cents, and live poultry bring good prices.

PRICES PAID FARMERS FOR PRODUCE

Butter, 35 cents a pound.
 Butterfat, 42 cents.
 Eggs, 25 cents a dozen.
 Hens, heavy, 17 cents a pound.
 Hens, light, 12 cents a pound.
 Fryers, 20 cents to 25 cents a pound.
 Wheat, \$1.10 at mill, sacks returned.
 Barley, \$25 a ton.
 Grain hay, \$15 a ton.
 Veal, dressed, 8 to 11 cents a pound.
 Hogs, dressed, 14 cents, 142 to 160 pounds weight.
 Cows, prime, 4½ cents.
 Steers, prime, 5½ cents.
 Peaches, 60 to 75 cents a box.
 Tomatoes, 40 to 50 cents.
 Lettuce, 80 cents per dozen.
 Honey, local production, 20 cents a pound.
 Casera bark, 1922, 6½ cents a pound. Casera bark, 1921, 7½c.
RETAIL PRICES ON MILL PRODUCTS.
 Mill run, \$1.60 a sack of 80 lbs.
 Cracked corn, \$1.90 a 100 lbs.
 Rolled barley, \$1.55 a sack of 75 lbs.
 Flour, soft wheat, \$1.65 a sack.
 Flour, hard wheat, \$2.15 a sack.

NATURALIZED BOLSHIEV

YEARNS FOR NATIVE LAND
 (International News Service.)
 AMBRIDGE, Pa., Aug. 28.—Utopia has not been found in Bolshevik Russia by foreigners who went back looking for it, according to Prof. G. Devich, a foreign banker, who has just returned from a tour of Europe. "They would give anything to return to the land of the free and the home of the brave," he said. "Their hopes are blasted, and they say America is the most blessed land anywhere."

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