

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, per year, by mail \$4.80
Daily, six months, by mail 2.90
Daily, three months, by mail 1.90
Daily, single month, by mail 1.00
Daily, by carrier, per month .50
Weekly News-Review, by mail, per year 2.00

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1922.

SOLDIER VS. STAY-AT-HOME.

Here is the way Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, sums up the national bonus problem, in his opening address made before the United States senate recently:

"I want to make this proposition so clear that he who runs may read.

"Here are two boys serving the same autocratic employer for, say, \$3 per day. The employer, whose word is law, says to one of them: 'You must take a rifle, face my enemies, and fight my battles. I will continue your wage at \$3 per day.' He says to the other: 'You shall stay at home, out of danger, relieved from hardships, and I will increase your wage to \$9 per day. But as I have not the cash to pay you more than \$3 per day, I will be compelled to borrow the extra \$6 per day, and as this figure for which I am paying your former coworker \$3 per day will last about 400 days, I want your note for this extra \$6 per day for 400 days, which will amount to \$2,400. I will pay you that \$2,400 extra in cash, but you must give me your note for that sum, and you must also sign the name of your fighting brother to that note.'

"At the end of 400 days the fighting boy comes home from the battle. He finds not only his position gone, but he also finds that his citizen brother has drawn \$2,400 during those 400 days more than he, the soldier, has drawn. Nor is this all. He finds that his name has been signed to a \$2,400 note and he must pay his part, although he has not received a cent of it.

"Now, you metropolitan papers who are damning this soldier's compensation bill, lying about its costs, falsifying the soldier's motives and his honor, just look this soldier boy in the face and then call him a grafter when he calls for some kind of a settlement that will look as though the government realized the wrong committed against him, and then continue to charge those senators and congressmen who look at this question in the same light that the soldiers look at it—look at it in exactly the same light in which I have presented it—look on it in exactly the same light that the people have looked at it wherever they have had an opportunity to express themselves—to charge them with attempting to buy the soldier vote."

The senator's views meet approval from every loyal American citizen. He has summed the soldiers' bonus question up in a clear, concise and forceful manner. Soldiers who fought our battles on the other side are entitled to government recompense. It is just and proper they should be recognized in the matter of service to their country during the late war.

LABOR DAY.

This favorite holiday was established on the theory that it would furnish an occasion to consider the dignity and the rights of labor. But like all other popular holidays, its purpose is now looked at largely as a time for a general autumnal frolic, to which people are incited by the clear and tonic air of September. Never before, however, was there a time when earnest consideration of the labor problem was more needed. The country can not prosper with so much division and antagonism existing as is seen at the present time. If the members of a business concern spend their time fighting each other, they will get no business. If capital and labor devote their energy to mutual bickerings, the processes of production will be costly, and the cause of human welfare will drag. It has been easy, however, to take too pessimistic a view about existing conditions, with two labor quarrels like the coal and railroad strikes taking a conspicuous position in the news. It should be kept in mind that outside of these two fields, the number of strikes has not been as large during the past year as in many previous periods. In many trades the capitalists and the workers seem to have reached the sensible conclusion that they have more to gain by efforts to work together than by fighting each other. When they attain this point of view, their harmonious agreement cuts no figure in the newspapers and no one hears about it, but a new force is added to the production of the country. Anyway, Labor Day gives hard working people a needed respite from their daily tasks. After men and women have had a healthful day in the open air, they are inclined to look at their difficulties with a little less bitterness and perhaps they are in a mood where it is easier to reach adjustments with their neighbors.

A recent canvass of the occupations of the fathers of 17,265 pupils in public high schools in four typical eastern and western cities, shows that 29 per cent of these children came from families where the father was a manual laborer. Only a few more of these students came from professional and business families. Figures like these show how education is being popularized, and the children of the most struggling worker may be at the head of the class. Some may say that with this vast body of children from manual workers' families preparing for business positions and skilled trades, few people will be left who are willing to do ordinary manual labor. But if high school education is made practical, it should help mechanics to work more efficiently, so that the industrial product shall increase. Also machinery reduces demand for manual labor. Anyway increase of popular intelligence means better government, which always works for improved working and living conditions.

The restraining order issued by official Washington in reference to railway strikers almost makes it a crime for a striker to whisper.

This is Labor Day for some. For others it is a hard day's labor.

BOY SCOUTS DO GOOD WORK.

As usual when there is a celebration on hand or work to be done the Roseburg Boy Scouts were on hand today for their customary good turn. The scouts rendered valuable assistance in handling the traffic, keeping the

streets clear during the parade and in running errands. The boys not only did this celebration but at many other times have proved themselves to be practicing the principles of scoutism and the city can well be proud of having boys who are willing to do their organization for such purposes.

Prunc Pickin's

BY BERT G. BATES.

WHOOPEE!!

Have you had your Daily drink of Spring water?

Whoopee!! Ain't we got fun?

Yes, this is Labor Day, awright, awright.

First thing we had to do was pack in some wood for the wife.

Let's git out our umbrellas and have a heluva time.

Who say?

Us Oregonians don't care for rain, do we?

We love the Juice Plusus juice like a bootlegger loves prohibition.

Didja hear the steam caliope? Gosh, didn't it thrill ya, tho'?

Two bits on Roseburg in the game today 'cuz them Grants Pass fellers can't play ball fer sour apples.

Shades of Aaron Rose—who'd ever tho' they'd be so much pep in this ol' village.

Them cowboys and injuns sure did put the zip in that Whoopee parade.

Those hairy pants make us think of Bill Hart.

The chesse of police hasn't been noticed all day.

It's a shame, too, after he spent a couple hours yesterday shining up his star.

Weather Prophet Dell left the city—and he sure left us in a turrible mess.

But, Whoopee, we don't care.

We're just rushing this here colyum thru today. Can't afford to miss any of this celebration.

Laws, if we'd only take another drink of that spring water, we'd be able to write all day.

Hank Dewberry sure made a cleanin' with his country store and we managed to get a stick of gum.

Rain, rain, Go away! And come again. Some other day.

Gosh, ain't we the poetical thing, tho'.

Nope, we never expected to spring such a cute little poem on our persecuted readers today, but we just couldn't resist after reading our Mama Goose rhymes this a. m.

The felks have returned home from the lower Ump, where they enjoyed a sea food banquet and where the deep sea fishes enjoyed same when a few of the most daring took a trip over the bar.

The boys state the crabs were very fine, except a few of those they had in their own party.

But they ain't no use crabbing—they got a free meal and that's a whole lot.

Least you forget, WHOOPEE!

LAFE PERKINS SEZ: "WHOOPEE!!"

AROUND THE TOWN

The Thor has been the world's leader since washing machines were first made. Hudson Electric Store.

Here From Wilbur—Mrs. Russell and daughter, Frances, of Wilbur, were visitors in town for several hours today.

Enjoys Labor Day Here—S. E. Darby, of the Wilbur section, is in town today enjoying the labor day celebration and visiting his friends.

Leaves for Newport—Mrs. Della L. Lewis and daughter, left this morning for Newport, where they will enjoy a two-weeks' outing at the beach.

Failure to Dim Lights Is Charged—Warrants have been issued for the arrest of J. W. Haugh of Roseburg, and O. E. Dyer, of Camas Valley, who are charged with failure to dim the lights on their cars.

In Eastern Oregon—Mrs. Wendell Wright, daughter, Esther, and son, Loas, left for Pendleton and Walla Walla last evening, where they will enjoy several weeks, visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Wright and children will also visit in Huell, Idaho.

At the Umpqua—Guests at the Umpqua hotel today were Mrs. P. M. White, and two sons, Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Dement, Myrtle Point; R. C. Bowers and family, Myrtle Point; Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Poarse, Salem; Mrs. J. H. Sawyer, Boston; Frank Meyer, Lelanon; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kohler, Marshfield; Lorenzo Kleinke, Salem; Major Rowland and family, Eugene; James Moore, Glendale.

At the Grand—Guests at the Grand hotel today were Amor Baker, Pringle; James Cole, Hazzell; Katherine Irvin, Eugene; Clara Anderson, Melrose; E. G. Allen, Klamath Falls; R. M. Williams, Middle; E. M. Cooper, Salem; M. H. Rowland, Seattle; Margaret

In Ye Olden Days

(From the Roseburg Review, March 20, 1899.)

Colonel J. G. Day and wife came in from the Olaha mines yesterday, and went to Portland last night.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Crawford, who have been visiting relatives here for several weeks, left this morning for their home in Harney county.

Ed Singleton, of Garden valley, went to Eugene this morning and he will be absent about a week.

Reston Items: Miss Effie Grant, who is attending the Roseburg public school, spent Saturday and Sunday at Reston.

William Cook, one of the boys who was killed at Manila, was a resident of Junction, and was the first Lane county soldier to fall in battle.

Winchester Items: Misses Lucy Burt, Violet Cox, May Davis and Lizzie Powell of Wilbur, were seen on our streets Sunday.

Looking Glass News: The farmers in Looking Glass are making a great talk with strolling hunters who are determined to have their own way regardless of law. It is strange that the legislature refuses the farmers a chance to protect themselves. The laws are made for the city hunters and they know it. A law that does not give the farmer the game is no good.

Movie Closeups

"THE BEAUTY SHOP" SCORES "The Beauty Shop," a delightful Cosmopolitan production for Paramount, featuring Raymond Hitchcock and other famous stage players, has scored a decided hit at the Antlers theater. The comedy is packed with humorous situations and as a whole the production is quite satisfying. It shows there for the last time tonight.

COMEDY-DRAMA IS A CONTINUOUS CHUCKLE

"The Ruling Passion, a United Artists feature, is a comedy-drama, and for those who feel a certain restraint at laughing outright, there is a continuous chuckle. For some, especially those who have listened in sober silence to the dignified portrayals of Mr. Arliss there was a tendency at the outset to "swat and see," but after the picture got under way these skeptics threw aside restraint—just as Mr. Arliss does—and for more than an hour enjoyed the picture. "The Ruling Passion," will be at the Liberty theater tonight.

LONDON LIMEHOUSE QUARTER IS TAMED BY VIGILANT COPS

By DAVID M. CHURCH, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—"Limehouse? Yes, sir; 'ere it is. "No sir, it ain't 'ot it used to be. Blimey, I gets terrible bored down 'ere. I asked the inspector tonight for a transfer up to the West End, 'oping as 'ow I might get a bit of excitement up there."

P. C. Margesson, police constable on duty at the corner of Burdett street and East India Dock Road, down in the heart of Limehouse, once the world's worst quarter, was speaking.

"'Ere, you 'opit now, get," shouted the P. C. at an urchin who was sliding up behind a costermonger's cart trying to fish a handful of those little shell fish known as periwinkles, which are so dear to the heart and palate of East London.

"There you are, sir, that's the worst we gets in Limehouse these nights, kids a-tryin' to pinch a 'winkle or two," said the P. C. with considerable disgust.

Limehouse nights certainly aren't what they used to be, when the raff of the world came down from the docks and made Limehouse a nightly international battlefield.

Men from all corners of the world still slip off their ships and stroll down East India Dock Road. There are Malays and Lascars, with turbaned heads; long-eared Chinamen, sturdy little Japs, black men from Africa, blood-giants from the Scandinavia, bearded sailors of the Baltic, ravenous-voiced Americans, and hordes of deep-throated English seafarers.

Swarm Public Houses. They swarm to the corner public houses and they guzzle their beer. Some of them fall for the lure of washing shirts and carnated lips.

Burchard, Seaburg; J. F. Smith, Camas Valley; L. A. Blanc, Coos Bay; E. W. Holmes, Eugene; C. C. Smith, and wife, Eugene; E. J. Blundell, Bandon; C. H. Crow, Riddle.

At the Douglas—Arrivals at the Douglas hotel today were Thomas Driscoll, San Francisco; Jack Stephenson, San Francisco; L. E. Robinson, city; L. D. Bryan, Grants Pass; M. H. Brown, Riddle; Emil Palander, North Bend; Oscar Palander, North Bend; W. J. Murry, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Hasselbank, Wilsonville, Oregon; R. D. Allen, Wilsonville; R. M. Kent, Portland; M. G. Loveland, Camas Valley; Tom Spriggs, and wife, San Diego; Charles Goerk, and family, Eugene; A. W. and A. F. Ingnor, Medford; C. C. Hopkins, Santa Barbara; Allen E. Robson, city.

A WORKINGMAN'S SOLILOQUY

By CLINTON BANCROFT

I am the blind giant. I am a part of the incomprehensible mind of the universe. I am the man who first conceived the plow. My hands fashioned its rude shares of wood and with it turned the soil. I raise the grain that feeds the armies of the world. And I walk to and fro throughout the land seeking a Master.

The Master rubs the Lamp. I build factories and mills and palaces for him. My children toil and sweat in his service; we live in a hut. I delve deep in the earth and mine the coal and iron that give mankind dominion over brutes.

I build roads of stone and steel, and bridge the torrents and chasms that divide the mountains. I build great ships and sail them o'er the seas, then bring them safely into port laden with treasure and meekly lay it at the Master's feet. Without my loyalty to Mastership, ignorance and poverty would vanish from the earth.

And still I feel the good Of human needs and bend beneath my load.

The Master rubs the Ring. I fight the battles of the king. At his command, I wound and slay my fellow worker without cause. I dive beneath the waters of the sea and sink and destroy that which I have built. The fabled powers of Jove are mine; the zephyr, my easy pathway to the skies. I drive my car among the clouds and mount above the storm.

Beside me the grim reaper sits and grim As I hurl thunderbolts of death and fire Upon the children of the land—for hire. Then back on earth, creeping and crawling, By dyke and trench, a thing of fith and slime, I was the dreaded hour to sally forth and kill. Sated with scenes of carnage and suffering the torments of the damned, I envy the felon his prison life and easy death.

I am a creature who feels Upon his neck the crush of iron heels.

I have made the lightning my messenger and conquered time and space. I speak across continents and seas with tongues of fire and herald the Pentecost of War.

Listen! a message to you, O fellow workingman! "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Listen! a message to you, ye rulers of the world! "Thou shalt not kill."

And above the awful raging of the storm of war and battle, I hear voices saying, "Peace, be still."

'Tis the weeping of the Mothers and the children; 'Tis the broken-hearted sisters crying peace; But when I speak the word, war shall forever cease.

The scales are falling from my eyes; I think I see a light arise.

—Denver Labor Bulletin.

Strange Spell Cast Over Women by Husky Farmer; Three Share "Love Nest"

(International News Service.) GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 4.—The strange influence of a Cadillac farmer, "six feet tall and handsome," over women was brought to light here by the arrest of Clarence Warner and two married women in a pretty-furnished "love nest" containing but one bedroom. All he had to do, was to say, "Come," and they came, was the explanation given of his magnetic powers. The "love nest" was discovered by F. Hyatt and I. E. Sleeper, husbands of the two women, after a three-day search for their missing wives. When the irate husbands walked in on the "love nest" they found their wives and Warner chatting easily and apparently perfectly contented with their lot. When the trio were taken to the police station the women continued their pleasant conversation with the police, but totally

ignored their husbands. "We did nothing wrong," was all they would say, and when they were arraigned in police court they waived examination and were bound over to the superior court. "My wife and I were happy until Warner came to town," said Sleeper. "He always came around to our house. I rather liked him at first, but then I noticed my wife acting rather queerly every time he visited the house. "Then she started going out nights, leaving our two infants with me. At other times she took them with her. I pleaded with her to settle down, and told her the whole town was talking about her, but she just laughed at me." Warner through it all maintains silence, slouching easily in the chair he happens to sit in and looking at his questioners with an amused twinkle showing in his eyes.

Altogether Limehouse has the appearance of being a place full of swarthy, rough-and-ready men, but its battles are few and its nights of murderous assaults are now only on the motion picture films. Sleazy Chinamen still slide and glide up the narrow, dimly-lighted streets of Limehouse, but the opium dens and the houses of gambling are few and far between. The police have their eyes on the side-street caverns and the way of the "hop-head" is hard in Limehouse.

Husky bouncers still abound in the public houses, but for the most part they stroll over the sawdust floors and yawn with ennui. Barmaids are behind the bar and they seldom have to call on the bouncer for aid and succor. An occasional sailorman gets obstreperous, but he is treated with such hearty disdain by his comrades, who want their "arfapintabitter" in peace and quiet, that the roisterous one doesn't create much of a stir.

Limehouse is still no place for a minister's son, because the men of Limehouse don't like "softies," but the average person who attends to his own affairs and doesn't invite an attack or get into the too sparsely-traveled by-laws is safe in Limehouse, who take advantage of the unfamiliar who travel from the better paths, but the lure of the old Limehouse nights is gone.

The world may be getting better, Limehouse certainly is.

Job-work of the highest degree at the News-Review exclusive job-printing establishment.

Gannatic Sea Gulls. It is not generally realized how great an enemy the sea gull is to smaller birds. An observer ventures the opinion that the reason why small migrants invariably cross the sea by night is that otherwise they would be simply exterminated by gulls. Sometimes it happens that a change in the wind delays the arrival of flocks of spring migrants, so that they fall to make a landing before daylight. Light-house keepers have then witnessed scenes of savage slaughter; hundreds of poor, tired, little songsters being hunted down by gulls, seized and devoured.

Year by year in England gulls work further and further inland, and in bad weather may be seen almost anywhere, even in the Midlands. Indeed, on one occasion a number were noticed in a flooded meadow near Leamington, a town which claims to be almost the geographical center of England.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS. Stated convocation Laurel Chapter No. 31, Tuesday 5th. All companions urged to attend. R. A. Wilson, H. P.

MOORE MUSIC STUDIO "MORE MUSIC" Reopens Sept. 1st. Up to date instruction. Dunning Kindergarten and Progressive Classes for All Ages. Phone 592, Call at 324 N. Jackson St.

Moore Music Studio Sales Representatives SHERMAN CLAY & CO. Over 20 different makes. LIBERAL TERMS. Bargains in 2nd hand pianos. Special bargain in Melder Player. Hear Marvelous Duo Art. Phone 592, or call 324 N. Jackson.

Only \$1 per Day for year buys and completely pays for the new "Community" Model Gulbransen Player-Piano. This new model is exactly like the higher priced (nationally priced) Gulbransens, except it's not so finely finished in its outward appearance—Action, tone and lasting quality is the same. A few dollars down delivers it.

OTHER MODELS, \$495, \$600, \$790. OTT'S MUSIC STORE

Used Cars 1918 Dodge Touring \$575 1918 " " 575 1916 Studebaker Touring 400 " Ford Roadster 225 1920 " Chassis 200 With Starter. 1916 Buick Four Chassis 200 With Starter. Above cars are all in first class condition and are guaranteed for 30 days. Service Garage GLENN H. TAYLOR, Roseburg.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt, or trespass in any way on Round Prairie Ranch.

TODAY'S MARKET REPORT

PRICES PAID FARMERS FOR PRODUCE Butter, 25 cents a pound. Butterfat, 42 cents. Eggs, 27 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, \$36 a ton. Grain hay, \$15 a ton. Voad, dressed, 8 to 11 cents a pound. Hogs, dressed, 14 cents, 120 to 160 pounds weight. Cows, prime, 4 1/2 cents. Steers, prime, 5 1/2 cents. Peaches, 60 to 75 cents a box. Tomatoes, 30 to 40 cents. Lettuce, 80 cents per dozen. Honey, local production, 20 cents a pound. Cascara bark, 1922, 6 1/2 cents a pound. Cascara bark, 1921, 7 1/2 c. 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.

Pure Milk It is the best food for children, and the cheapest. Contained, well cared for cows produce pure milk. We handle this sort only, and it is all sterilized, and perfectly sanitary, making it fit for the babies and children. Call 185 and we will make the first delivery tomorrow. Roseburg Dairy and Soda Works Telephone 185

Ladies—Time to think of knitting yarns. Don't forget Maypole yarns are a home product and better, too. Harth's Toggery

Mac-Dry Battery —Requires No Water —Requires No Acid —Requires No Attention! Put this Battery in your car and forget it—full written guarantee for 3 years. MAC-DRY BATTERY CO. 117 N. Jackson Phone 212-R Roseburg, Oregon.

Only \$1 per Day for year buys and completely pays for the new "Community" Model Gulbransen Player-Piano. This new model is exactly like the higher priced (nationally priced) Gulbransens, except it's not so finely finished in its outward appearance—Action, tone and lasting quality is the same. A few dollars down delivers it. OTHER MODELS, \$495, \$600, \$790. OTT'S MUSIC STORE