

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1922.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS."

Much complaint is made about the degeneracy of the times. Family life is supposed to be decaying, the homes are being broken up, the foundations of morality are undermined, the young people are light and loose, and all that. This is the constant outcry that one hears from those who look back to the "good old days." It reminds one of the famous remark credited to some former editor of the English weekly "Punch," when a critic told him his paper was not as good as it used to be. "It never was," he replied. If you go back to the writers of 50 or 100 years ago, you find them still complaining of the degeneracy of the times. If you went back several centuries, you would still find thinkers quoting the good old days, and maintaining that they were so much better. Human nature is weak, and at any age a lot of folly and crime can be found. The errors of the present always look big, but if you would look back you would find even greater faults. Plenty of instances can be found tending to show that the world is growing better and not worse. For instance, take the unblushing freedom with which votes were bought and sold at elections not much more than a quarter of a century ago. In many places big blocks of purchasable people sold the birthright of citizenship for a trifle, and were herded up to the polls like sheep to carry out their contract. Today no party would dare do that, and anybody that even spends money freely for legitimate campaigning is condemned. So it would be found if most phases of activity. The human conscience has grown sensitive, and it revolts at practices that a few years ago were everywhere tolerated. This creates the feeling that the world is growing worse, but what is really happening is that the world is getting its eyes open to wrong.

After the present campaign has reached its climax, the election has passed into history and the successful chief executive of the state is settled in his office, the long-suffering public, burdened with heavy taxation, will patiently await results. Slumbering for a few years they will awake, paw the air, give their tax statements the once over and will then take on another nightmare. "What fools we mortals be"—to listen to a smooth line of bunk during pre-election days about cutting taxes in two. Not a single penny has yet been made to even take off the rough edges of high taxes—that is, no reasonable conclusion reached by the great and lofty expounders of lower taxation.

After all a man's credit is about his best asset. Those who find their credit is short usually find the bank to which they apply for a loan is also short of funds. And there's a reason.

The library fair to be held in this city is going to be a good attraction and should be liberally patronized.

A man may be as homely as a hippopotamus but some woman will say, "He has beautiful eyes."

People who "work" you are often prone to work against you.

Prune Pickin's

BY BERT G. BATES.

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

A fellow stuck his head in the door of our sanctum this a. m. and took exception to a squib appearing in this column a couple nights ago about "maw making pancakes." He complained: "Gosh, I make the hotcakes around our diggin's."

We met a fellow on the street yesterday who is a vet of the world war, having fought with the 5th Marines at Belleau Woods, Chateau Thierry, the Marne, etc. He went through the entire fracas, receiving only two bayonet wounds and a touch of gas. In his company only 12 men were left after the eventful five days in the Woods in which hundreds of husks were slaughtered. He was sent back to Paris for duty as M. P., then transferred to Haiti to hunt bandits and again transferred to Cuba for active duty. He enlisted for the duration of the war, yet after thirteen months had passed since the signing of the Armistice he was not allowed even a one-day pass. One day he approached the commander of his company and requested a ten-day furlough. This refused, he tried to secure a five-day pass. This was also flatly refused and like many of us he took an A. W. O. L. Upon his return to his company he was kicked out of the service as an "undesirable." Yes, undesirable because he wanted a few days liberty, yet mighty desirable when the Prussian Guards were rushing towards Paris. True, "Republics are ever ungrateful."

Jonathan Farrington, The "bello boy" at the telephone office, is back from his honeymoon trip. And when interviewed today Jonathan stated the same good telephone service will be maintained if he has to be absent from his apartment to do it.

The legion gents are getting ready for a "trip-rear" Armistice Day celebration at which time the well known roof of the village will be torn from its moorings and cast to the four winds. "Lil' Joe from Kokomo," "Eighter from Decatur" and "Big Dick" will be among those present on that day.

But two still maintain that Armistice Day will never be like the one spent in France with Old Man Cognac and his twin daughters, Vin Rouge and Vin Blanc.

THE MAIL BOX.

"Dear Ed: How come you don't make so much mention about the women's dresses these days?" CASTORIA CARRIE.

"Dear C. G.: There's no use talking about, or making the women's skirts any LONGER."

ORIGIN OF DATE PRUNE.

A flapper refusing a date with a local cake-muncher, viz: "Wheredoya git that thunder, tryin' ter date me, ya big prune?"

After reading those love letters of the murdered New Jersey couple we can't help but remark, "What a curse an education is these days."

Some wisacre with a pair of tortoise-shell choppers dropped in our antique sanctum today and attempted

Rambin' Kids' Papa Goose Rhymes

DID READ
 A girl did write
 A diary once
 And wrote her heart
 Throbs daily

Then it was found
 And folks did laugh
 And read it all
 Quite gaily—

That's all!

Local News

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 159-1.

Arrives from Portland—
 Mrs. Harry Rapp arrived here from Portland this afternoon to spend several days visiting with relatives.

Painless extraction of teeth at room 5, Masonic Temple. Dr. Nerbas.

Will Meet Tomorrow—
 The ladies aid society of the Presbyterian church will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 in the church parlors. This is a very important meeting and a large attendance is desired.

Magazines, back numbers. Fiction Library.

Elected Legion Treasurer—
 Harry W. Booth was last night elected treasurer of Empire Post American Legion to fill the unexpired term of James T. Goodman, who has moved from this county. Mr. Booth will take his office immediately following an audit of the books.

MOORE MUSIC STUDIO, 324 N. Jackson St. Phone 502.

Funeral Services Today—

The funeral services over the body of the late Daniel Bunnell were held at 10:30 this morning at the chapel of the Roseburg undertaking parlors. The R. P. O. Elks officiated at the chapel services while the Masons took charge of the ceremonies at the cemetery.

E. R. Rolse, teacher of violin. Call Moore Music Studio.

Greatly Improved—
 D. W. Richardson, of Fair Oaks farm, at Sutherlin, who was seriously injured several weeks ago, has been removed from the Mercy hospital to the home of R. H. Grinstead, where he is resting comfortably. His condition is reported to be greatly improved.

Watch for the aluminum sale, Saturday, Oct. 21st at McKean, Darby and Baldwin's store. See window display.

Has Baby Daughter—

The news has been received here of the birth of a baby daughter to Mrs. Lillian Crossland, of Eugene. Mrs. Crossland is the daughter of the late James Pearson, and formerly resided in Roseburg. Mr. Crossland is professor of physiology in the university of Oregon.

At the Grand—

Among the arrivals at the Grand hotel today were Mrs. Florence Sether, Glendale; C. A. Richter, Camas Valley; Roscoe Miller and wife, Oakland; M. C. Gray, Medford; George K. Reed, San Francisco; Walter Nash

to high-brow the office force by selling us several volumes of Byron's works and the boss told him that we didn't like continued stories.

CURSE OF PROHIBITION.
 The kids use to roll barrel hoops but since prohibition they're forced to roll automobile tires.

HONEY DEW VS. HONEY DIDN'T.
 Johnny grabbed his little girl and kissed her.

And said: "I'll scare you—see what you will do!"

After they had kissed he heard her whisper:

"Oh, scare me once again, dear honey, do!"

But the first time little Johnny kissed her,

He caught a little breath of onion, too.

So next, when he heard her whisper,

Then he never even kissed her.

And all he said to her was, "Boo! Boo! Boo!"

About the only pleasure a two-by-four gets out of life is in using an insulting tone of voice when he answers the telephone.

OH, PERSIMMONS!
 The Lemon—"She is a peach. She is the apple of my eye. I love her cherry lips and am plum crazy about the 'berries' she will inherit. I think we will make a pear."

A young man may be able to do a good job in pressing the wrinkles out of his pants, but he often gets wrinkles in his coat when he is pressing his suit.

The ex-preacher who broke from jail in Los Angeles yesterday was nabbed today and returned to his cell where he will doubtless be forced to read his Gideon from now on. We can't for the life of us see why preachers and ex-service men should be picked on by the press so much. Every time a preacher or a vet slips from the straight and narrow the headlines shriek: "EX-PASTOR ESCAPES" or "EX-SERVICE MAN IS MURDERER." It's getting darned sickening to us.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ:
 "Why is it the postmaster will hawl 'ell outta ya when you fergit to put on a postage stamp and won't say a word when ya happen to put on an extra one?"

San Francisco; Joe Lantz and family Spokane; Mrs. C. Sweeney, Oakland; Frank W. Auteh, Eugene.

Here From Oakland—

Mrs. Enel Anderson, of Oakland, spent the morning in this city attending to shopping matters.

Here From Portland—

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Graves are enjoying a visit in this city with Mrs. Graves' parents. Mr. Graves is spending a few days in the hills hunting.

Missionary Meeting—

The Missionary society of the Methodist church will meet Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. L. Martin, at the south end of Hamilton street. This meeting will start promptly at 2:30.

Return from Honeymoon—

Mr. and Mrs. Jack L. Crafton, who have been spending the past two weeks in Portland and Victoria, B. C., returned to this city last night. They were recently married here, Mrs. Crafton being Miss Leah Sykes. They will make their home in this city.

Ladies Aid Will Meet—

The ladies aid society of the M. E. church will meet in the basement of the church, Thursday afternoon at 2:30 to plan for the work for the library and also for the bazaar to be held on Nov. 24. This is an important business meeting, and a large attendance is requested.

At The Empqua—

Among those registering at the Hotel Empqua today were: H. H. Earl, Eugene; H. O. Persons, Sutherlin; J. M. Putman, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Anderson, Portland; L. Kingsley, Oakland; R. S. Judson, Seattle; S. W. Sheldoh, Seattle; Mrs. Enel Anderson, Oakland; H. L. Nebergall, Albany.

W. B. A's. To Rally—

The Women's Benefit association of the Macabees will hold their District Rally of southern Oregon, in this city on Oct. 26th. At this time the ladies will entertain Mrs. Wilkerson of Portland, who is Deputy Supreme Commander. An interesting session has been planned, and a large attendance is expected.

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WRINGER SHAFT DRIVEN, REVERSIBLE, ADJUSTABLE TO ANY POSITION.

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The tub—copper and aluminum—24 inches in diameter, 12 inches deep. Not a rustable part for the clothes to touch.

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A New Electric Washer and New Price.

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 Don't It?
 There is none better.

Our new rotary oven is taxed to keep up with demands
 For our BREAD, CAKES AND PIES
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231 N. JACKSON. AUGUST HECK, Prop.
 PHONE 241. Just Same As Before.
 We are temporarily out of Flax Cakes, but will have another supply for our customers in a few days.

W. L. COB



DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR

County Judge

Douglas County, Oregon, at
 Election, Nov. 7, 1922.

MY PLATFORM: A business administration applied in the same manner that a successful and progressive private enterprise is conducted by the most efficient and energetic management. I support a carefully selected and thorough business administration of county's affairs.

State Grange Master to Speak

C. E. Spence, master of the State Grange will be here tonight to meet with the Pomona Grange. The meeting will be held in the hall of the Pomona Grange. Those interested in bettering the farmer should make an effort to be present. Mr. Spence will meet with several of the granges while here. Mr. Spence will hold open meeting Monday night, 23, when he will speak there.

The Missionary society of the church south will meet at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday at 7:30 p.m. at Mrs. W. L. Cobb's residence.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Fred Burgoyne desires to express her appreciation for the kindnesses shown during the illness and death of her son, Mr. E. Fisher, also for the kind sympathy and aid.

TODAY'S MARKET REPORT

PRICES PAID FARMERS FOR PRODUCE
 Butter, 25 cents a pound.
 Butterfat, 45 cents.
 Eggs, 45 to 50 cents per dozen.
 Eggs, pullet, 45 cents per dozen.
 Hens, heavy, 17 cents a pound.
 Hens, light, 16 cents a pound.
 Springers, 20 cents a pound.
 Wheat, \$1.10 at mill, net, turned.
 Barley, \$36 a ton.
 Grain hay, \$15 a ton.
 Veal, dressed, 8 to 12 cents a pound.
 Hogs, dressed, 13 cents, 120 lbs. and over.
 PORKS WEIGHT.
 Cows, prime, 4 1/2 cents.
 Steers, prime, 5 1/2 cents.
 Tomatoes, 30 to 40 cents.
 Lettuce, 80 cents per dozen.
 Honey, local production, 10 cents a pound.
 Cascara bark, 1922, 4 1/2 cents a pound.
 Cascara bark, 1921, 7 1/2 cents a pound.
 RETAIL PRICES ON MILL PRODUCTS.
 Mill run, \$1.20 to \$1.30 a sack of 60 pounds.
 Cracked corn, \$2 a 100 lbs.
 Rolled barley, \$1.55 a sack of 60 pounds.
 Grey seed oats, per bushel, 75 to 80c.
 Feed oats, per 100, \$1.30.
 Flour, soft wheat, \$1.65 a sack.
 Flour, hard wheat, \$2.15 a sack.

Sound Advice

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