

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday.

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1922.

THE WAILS OF THE PESSIMISTS

According to a certain type of people, the country is going to the dogs. The war has unloosed all the fountains of evil, and American institutions are in danger of being overwhelmed. Patriotism and virtue are about dead, except in the minds of these virtuous critics who sit on the side lines, frequently doing nothing themselves to correct the difficulties they complain of. Suppose occasionally people should look around and see the many respects in which improvement is being manifested. Take the schools of the present day. Never before were they so efficient. A multitude of children who can not quite grasp book learning, are being instructed in practical trades. Special attention is given to backward and mentally defective children, so that no longer will they be such a drag on the community. More young people are going to college and other higher institutions, and getting splendid ideas of civic duty as well as special knowledge. Take politics, bad as it is. Where once bribery was a common evil, now under the secret ballot we have a free election. Even at the worst estimate, the federal and state lawmakers are usually honest men who are doing the best they can according to their lights. Take community life. Most cities and towns have business and civic organizations working for all kinds of human progress. The young people may be frisky, but instead of loafing around through vacations, they usually work. A greatly increased number have high school education. Take the churches. Where once they talked about theoretical theology, now they urge practical beneficence. So it goes in all departments of life. There is plenty of folly in the world, but the intelligence of the community is better organized than ever before to cure the evils that it produces.

Reminiscences of the Brumfield murder case were brought to the surface again this week. David Windmill Hazen, of the Portland Telegram, and Wayne Windfall Pettit, of the Portland Oregonian, both lost sight of the Olcott gubernatorial race while in Roseburg and gave way to their "nose for news" proclivities and remained in the city for a half holiday endeavoring to get a focus on the recent murder case from an entirely different angle than has heretofore been presented to the public. Both these "youngsters" spent a greater part of their time trying to "pan out" a little color from which deductions will probably be made later. It is not thought the governor has any inkling his news gatherers had strayed from the straight and narrow path, but the chief executive was mistaken.

There's a little agitation in Roseburg at this time in reference to the railroad merger, and railroad officials are stepping pretty lively to get their cause before the people. This helps some to stimulate business and interest in railroad affairs generally from the standpoint of the average layman.

The railroads have started a war on the 8-hour day in anticipation of abolishing the present standard of working hours. We no sooner get out of one mess until another is launched.

Walter Pierce is now trimming some of the Portland newspapers for their accusations made against him—and Walter is some trimmer.

This weather is just a little bit crimpy for the average native hereabouts.

They're stepping lively to cover the lost lap before election day.

Come on, let's go—to the polls next Tuesday and vote.

Roseburg People Hear Gov. Olcott

(Continued from page one.)

to the state. He praised the work of the state highway commission, alleging that the men composing that body were giving their services to the state because they felt that since Oregon had done so much for them that they surely could do no less than serve the public without salary and to the best of their ability. He declared their work had been patri-



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DR. CHAS. J. DEAN

2ND AND MORRISON PORTLAND, OREGON

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING

Prune Pickin's

BY BERT G. BATES.

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

The crimp in the air
 This morning had
 A tendency to make
 A feller's nose drip.

The gov. was in town last eve, dispensing some arguments pro and con about this and that.

Ye ed. attended the banquet and ate \$1.50 worth of turkey.
 It's a stiff neck that has no turning when a short skirt goes by.

Freddie Hamilton of the Half Moon orchards (Half Moon having nothing to do with the cider put out by the ranch) was in the village today for no reason that he could think of when interviewed.

The Espree officials were on the main stem today under the steady guidance of one Lott Moore who was forced to grin ever time his bosses cracked a bum joke.

TWO-GUN GETS SURPRISE.

As was writ in the good book 3,000 years ago, "All dem phooas isn't dead yet."

Wednesday night when Wayne Pettit, the partly deaf-and-dumb correspondent of the Oregonian, and David W. Hazen, the young and fairly-like reporter of Portland's nicest newspaper, The Portland Telegram, were flitting towards Roseburg, they decided to send a message to an old pal of Brumfield days.

The message was writ on the train and sent from one of the stations en route. It was a swell message and sent collect to no less a personage than "Two-Gun" Hopkins of Canyonville.

It said: "Dear Two-Gun: Olf th' gate and get the howie nife slicked up. Two of the finest cheeses ever sent out of Tillamook are on their way south to visit you. Meet us at sunrise and you'll know the worst."

When Deputy Sheriff Two-Gun was handed the telegram, it is said he was skinned to open it at first.

"What will I do if it is from Dennis Russell?" he mused. "What will I do if it is from President Harding asking me to go to Leavenworth to watch that slippery feller, Roy Gardner? What will I do if it is the Police Gazette asking for my picture to put on the first page with one of them thar shameless and pretty nigh naked chorus hussies?"

Then Frank gave his suspenders a couple of hitches, winked the other eye, took a fresh chew and opened the telegram.

Slowly he read the message.

Then he looked at the names signed underneath.

"Oh, Hell," was all Frank said as he went out to feed the calf.

The boys are spilling a good one these days on Ed. "Pink Whiskers" Weaver. So the legend goes, Ed was invited to attend a recent banquet and love-feast of the local republicans at the Hotel Umpqua. He pumpled up the one buck for the meal and picked a soft leather chair in the hotel lobby to await the ringing of the dinner bell.

In less time than it takes to punch this out on the gossip mill, Ed was whisked away to the land of nod. The gong was sounded, the boys gathered and munched and after the last course had been cleared away one of the fellows said, "Where's Ed?" A search found the county commissioner sound asleep in the hotel's easy-chair. No one had the heart to awaken him and he was allowed to slumber on.

Have you bought the "Memories" of the former Kaiser? Neither have we. But undoubtedly he will need the money as he has announced his approaching marriage.

FROM A MAN IN A GLASS HOUSE

The women folks have been talking for a good many years of their rights and of 'freedom' and so on and have been asserting themselves a good deal in politics, business and the like. But for all her boasted emancipation, fair woman is still an abject slave. She has rejoiced in the short skirt and loved it fondly because it made her look young and gave her freedom of motion, grace of bearing and trimness which the old long skirts dragging in the dust could never do. And she has been saying that she would never again trammel herself with the long, ugly, dirt catching skirts again. But fashion says 'long skirts are the style' and down they are coming and soon we will have a lot of middle aged looking women where we have had a bunch of attractive mature looking girls for the last few years. Hurrah for women's rights.

USELESS INFORMATION

Charles Evans Hughes does not use a 90-cent safety razor.

Queen Mary of England does not drive a Ford when she goes to market.

Thomas A. Edison is not worrying about the length of women's skirts.

William Penn's treaty with the Indians was not typewritten.

The Rockefeller Foundation is not composed of a concrete mixture.

Talk about a perfectly harmless drink which the reformers have overlooked. How about "Drink to me with Your Eyes"?

THE FLAPPER

Take the flapper—people rap her. And I call that wrong because it is certain that the kiddie violates no pesky laws.

Let the yapper at the flapper. Find another theme to spring. For the kiddie, I'm maintaining, is a decorative thing.

Jack O'Neill, the corpulent Union Pacific representative, is under the weather today, said to be suffering from an epidemic of Southern Pacific

"111"
 cigarettes
 They are GOOD! 10¢

officials. Jack said it was kind of the Espree folks to send down the pall bearers but he won't need 'em.

Bad people, if there are any, in the small town, do not belong there; they are transient.

LAPE PERKINS SEZ:
 "Many a nut has dropped from the family tree."

CHICKEN TAMALES SALE

A chicken tamale and cooked food sale, will be held at the McKean, Darcy and Baldwin store, Friday, Nov. 10, by the Loyal Circle class of the Christian church.

Talk.

Nineteen billion conversations were carried on over American telephone wires last year. Telephone companies having figured this out, also find that the distance covered by these messages was 45,000,000,000 miles. Six million messenger boys, working nine hours a day, would be required to deliver all the messages that pass over the telephone wires. Forty-six years ago there was only one telephone belonging to Bell, its inventor. It was a crude device compared with the phone you use today. Perfection comes rapidly in our age. Do you remember when you had to turn a crank to attract central's attention?

Growth of the Telephone.

If the telephone calls that were put in last year in the United States alone had been scattered evenly about the earth, every person in every country would have been seven times to the phone—every one of India's troubled millions, of China's and of Africa's, and of the almost countless others in every other land. The wires used in the United States would span the distance of the moon 100 times—would circle the earth 1,000. The army and navy of the United States together number about the same as the employees of the Bell telephone system.

Tramps.

The age of the average tramp before the war was fifty years. Now it's thirty-two. And the 1922 model tramp rides on auto trucks instead of freight trains. This information is from the report of a New York welfare association with a name as long as Karum's Cardiff giant. The association is seeking a way to reduce the number of tramps. Quickest way is to give them the jobs they seek. Second, and impossible, is to kill the wanderlust that exists in every human, a psychoanalytic complex, reaction from the dull grind of civilization.



The Height of Good Taste

HER BIRTHDAY anniversary—or perhaps it's your wedding anniversary—or perhaps tonight you are anxious to show her how much you care. Whatever the occasion

Krause's Stellar Chocolates in the chaste white box, are the height of good taste.

16 varieties of the finest chocolates—an interesting array—each piece a delightful surprise. You couldn't choose a sweeter gift for her.

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 Krause's Frenchy Chocolates \$1 and \$2
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G. ATHERTON MARR



G. Atherton Marr of Salt Lake City, Utah, has been appointed general counsel for the War Finance corporation, succeeding Gerard C. Henderson. Mr. Marr has been connected with the corporation as an assistant counsel in Utah.

HEMUS
 CHRISTMAS
 &
 PHOTOGRAPHY
 P.S...
 GET IN EARLY

Kearney's Groceteria

Specials for Saturday

Shoulders, known as Picnic Hams, per lb.
 Sweet Potatoes 8 lbs. for
 Onions, 8 lbs. for
 Huckleberries, per lb.
 Pumpkin, per lb.
 Squash, per lb.
 Oregon Cranberries, per lb.
 Fresh Ranch Eggs, per doz.
 Carnation Milk, 2 cans for
 Carnation Milk, per case
 Borden's Milk, 2 cans for
 Borden's Milk, per case
 Libby's Milk, per can 11c, per case
 Alpine Milk, per can 11c, per case
 Comb Honey, per comb

Serve Yourself and Save

Kearney's Groceteria

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COALE

AT THE Methodist Church South

Tonight on

"Is Dancing Wrong; If So, Why?"

Sale Saturday. 5 yds. challie, \$1.

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BOYS DEMAND BETTER BOOKS

Youngsters Not Content These Days
 With Anything Dreamed by
 Old-School Writers.

A Chicago librarian has made the discovery that boys are gulping the so-called "boy fiction" for reading of a different kind. They still read fiction, to be sure, but it is not their chief reading nor is the fiction they read that provided by the old-school writers of boys' books, who had the notion that the youthful masculine mind required and demanded a specially prepared and specially flavoured food.

The boys of today, according to this finding, are calling for the biographies of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Edison. They are reading Christy Mathewson's "Book of Sports," the "Boys' Book of Mounted Police," the "Boys' Book of Home Science and Construction" and books on camping and woodcraft.

When they go in for fiction they read Mark Twain, Scott, Dunas, Stevenson, Jules Verne and Kipling. They do not read Henty and Oliver Optic.

The only thing at all curious about this is that it should ever have been believed that boys had standardized minds capable of taking anything but spoon food. Boys want first of all the genuine, and it would be strange if they didn't learn where to find it. A boy who has heard of Roosevelt's life in the West is not likely to be content thereafter with the pretended adventures of the old make-believe heroes, whose authors turned out their thrills in New York boarding houses. A boy who has read "Treasure Island" and "Kidnaped" will have small use for Nick Carter. Kansas City Star.

TODAY'S MARKET REPORT

PRICES PAID FARMERS

Butter, 35 cents a pound
 Butterfat, 45 cents
 Eggs, 45 cents per dozen
 Eggs, pullet, 40 cents per dozen
 Hens, heavy, 17 cents a pound
 Hens, light, 12 cents a pound
 Turkeys, No. 1, live, 25 cents a pound
 Turkeys, No. 1, dressed, 25 cents a pound
 Springers, under 3 lbs., 30 cents a pound
 Stags, 15 cents a pound
 Old roosters, 10 cents a pound
 Wheat, \$1.10 at mill, elevator turned.
 Barley, \$36 a ton.
 Veal, dressed, 8 to 12 cents a pound
 Hogs, dressed, 13 cents, 12 1/2 pounds weight.
 Cows, prime, 4 1/2 cents
 Steers, prime, 4 1/2 cents
 Tomatoes, 39 to 40 cents
 Lettuce, 80 cents per dozen
 Honey, local production, 10 cents a pound.
 Casaca bark, 1921, 4 1/2 cents a pound.
 Casaca bark, 1922, 4 1/2 cents a pound.
 RETAIL PRICES ON PRODUCTS.
 Mill run, \$1.30 to \$1.35 a bushel.
 80 pounds.
 Cracked corn, \$2 a bushel.
 Rolled barley, \$1.50 a bushel.
 Grey seed oats, per bushel, 80c.
 Feed oats, per 100, \$1.30.
 Flour, soft wheat, \$1.35 a bushel.
 Flour, hard wheat, \$2.00 a bushel.

DOES YOUR FOOD DIGEST?

MI-O-NA, that's the name of the best prescription ever written for indigestion or stomach distress. It is suggested by W. F. Chapman.

A sale on houses dresses, \$4.50, \$5.00 dresses are shown this sale of Friday and Saturday. \$2.35. Fast colors in crepe, hams, satens. Don't overlook sale if in need of a dress and millinery.

Names Omitted—The names of Mrs. Tom of Butte, Montana, and Mrs. Poorman, of Salem, who were guests at the lovely afternoon party given at the home of Mrs. than Fullerton on Wednesday afternoon of this week, were unfortunately omitted. Both were present, and have been quite extensively during stay here.

The News-Review to read over 20,000 people. They read ads—advertisers get real results.

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