

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW, INC.

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, per year, by mail	\$4.00
Daily, six months, by mail	2.00
Daily, three months, by mail	1.00
Daily, single month, by mail	.50
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 3, 1879.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1923.

PLANNING FOR ANOTHER YEAR

New Year's time is a period when many folks look ahead and think of the things to be accomplished during the coming year. Imaginary young people are specially alert to cherish rosy dreams of some big achievement they expect to reach before the end of the New Year.

In the main this looking ahead is useful. People who drift along year after year without getting any goals to ambition are apt to be content with small achievements. The old fashioned father used about this time to lay out a certain sized woodpile for his boys to cut up. It looked big to them. They groaned in spirit as they thought of the innumerable swings of the bucksaw and strokes of the axe that would be required to work up the wood. But their spirits of achievement was incited by the laying out of a definite work to be performed. Father with the wise head knew that he would get more wood cut out if he gave the kids a mark to aim at.

Many business concerns at this time are looking ahead and setting certain marks of sales that they wish to make during 1923. Their salesmen are urged to bring in a greater total than they made in 1922. Aiming at a high figure stirs the energy of human nature. People who at first doubted if they could reach the goal set, often find that they not merely made it, but even went further.

The community should have its marks of achievement toward which it is looking with hope and purpose. Here in Roseburg our people may well make a New Year survey of their present condition and needs. It would be a helpful thing if our community organizations could lay out certain definite civic tasks that ought to be accomplished during 1923, and exert every energy to get them done. High purposes count in community work just as in personal ambition.

But planning a program for the New Year without concerted effort to carry it to a realization counts for naught. It takes a lot of vim and vigor, coupled with a whole lot of push and energy to put a civic project over. But the staid old city of Roseburg has not been neglectful of its needs during the past year and willing hands and enthusiastic citizens are already looking forward to a year of many accomplishments in the way of improvements to the city and county.

Its growth in a building way during the year just closed has been phenomenal—no boom, no inflated values, no wildcat schemes to inveigle the unsuspecting into placing money in shady enterprises—just a good, sound, conservative growth that bespeaks an era of sound prosperity and good business judgment.

To have the privilege of living in a section so delightful as the Umpqua Valley is, of itself, a pleasure afforded only to those who had the foresight to select this section of the state as a place of abode. Unequalled climatic conditions, unlimited resources, the benefit of the finest railroad and highway facilities, coupled with a diversity of soil, capable of producing bountiful crops, this section of the state is, in reality the Garden of Eden.

No wonder our people are prosperous and happy. No wonder their vision of the future is bright. It could not be otherwise.

Therefore, we take hold of each New Year with a firm and more pronounced conviction that greater things are to be accomplished and the spirit of progressiveness is with us always.

A Detroit judge says the people who speed automobiles unreasonably are either weak minded or wilful wrong-doers. He proposes to subject them to mental examination. If mentally competent they are to be given jail sentences. Some speeders show so much lack of judgment as to suggest that mental defects may have led to their exaggerated ways. But there is in the experience of fast driving a certain intoxication that sways the judgment of people who are intelligent enough, leading them to do thoughtless things or drive in a way which on reflection they would admit wrong. A still more disagreeable element of speeders are just plain road hogs. Appeals to reason will touch part of these folks, but others can be swayed only by stern assertion of authority.

Don't fail to mail a copy of the News-Review's New Year edition to your eastern friends. Copies can be had at this office, ready for mailing, for five cents. It will give them a good insight into the resources of this wonderful and most productive section of Oregon. This county can accommodate several more-thousand people without overflowing.

Some rainfall for the past twenty-four hours, but the soil probably needed a good soaking, otherwise the local weather prophet would not have called forth the deluge.

Seven million dollars worth of booze landed in New York to quench the thirst of the natives during New Year festivities. Look out for an epidemic of blind-staggers.

The automobile speeder and road hog ought to make a solemn resolution never to do it again. And they should keep this resolution inviolate.

Come on, boys, let's put the New Year over with more vim and vigor than ever before—and keep her going for 365 days.

Beginning today you can write it 1923—if you can only forget the old year.

Did you notice how easy we slipped into the New Year?

She's off with flying colors—a bright and happy New Year.

A happy New Year to all our readers.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

HAPPY NEW YEAR BOOKS
Glad to see you all
So sober this eve
Because we didn't
Hardly expect it.

Well, we guess the calendar distributors are all done. We hope so, because we've got so many sticking around the sanctum that we haven't got a place to hang our coat and hat.

Wonder what 1923 has in store for us?

Some storm, wasn't it. Did it fade your Xmas necktie?

All of those desiring to start the new year with a little old-fashioned "cheer" are urged to attend a mass meeting at the morgue tonight to make funeral arrangements for the party.

POME

He sipped his soup in silence,
It sounded awful dumb;
He stuck his fork into it—
And stabbed the waiter's thumb!

After standing on the corner of Cass and Jackson sts. for a half hour during the storm yesterday as the sweet young things were tripping along to church we arrived at the conclusion that Santa Claus must have distributed a lot of silk ones.

Nothing is quite so pitiful as the feller with false teeth who chews tobacco and has to take out his teeth every time he expectorates.

All the work some girls do is confined to fussing with their hair and putting an extra coat of paint on their maps.

Most people say "Happy New Year" without thinking what it means, just the same as they mutter, "Howdy do."

The street cleaning dept. will not have to turn out now until summer owing to the heavy rains of the past few days.

WINTER

Rain
Sleet
Cold
Feet

The N. Ump. river is quite high this week, which makes it difficult for the salmon to swim normally.

The village spooners always like to see high waters because it means no electricity.

EFFICIENCY HINTS FOR BUSINESS MEN

Be careful about hiring any young man who asks you if you have any hooch in your desk as soon as he comes in.

Do not hire a young man who comes in, sits on your desk and swings his feet.

Do not engage a paralytic if you are looking for a man to carry heavy safes.

We've always noticed that the feller who hates to pack in the wood likes to wind up the phonograph.

Lots of people read this column quite seriously and when we make a pun at some friend's expense they tip-toe up to the victim and whisper in his ear that we've got a lot of crust to print things like that about him and try to get him all roused up so he'll take a healthy punch at our nose the next time he meets us. Gosh we're glad there are a few broad-minded folks left on the old universe.

OUR NEW YEAR'S WISH

We sincerely hope that every reader of this dept. of uplift will inherit all the happiness possible in this world and that they can at least squeeze a smile per day out of our efforts during 1923.

We're mighty glad the boy scouts are taking down the circus posters in the windows of their newly acquired club rooms. That's what we call doing a "good turn."

Wouldn't this be a funny world if all of us would walk up to each other and just tell 'em what we think of 'em without miming words. A whole lot of us would find out that we're not so popular as we think we are.

Life Begins Day
"Happy New Year is a misnomer when said over a glass of sody pop."

Battling For Lower Taxes

Every western state has a battle on for tax reduction. Governors are preparing their message to make this the foremost issue to be presented to the legislatures.

They are racking their brains to see how they can keep their campaign promises to trim the overhead in some way.

The old song about the three departments of government, administrative, judiciary and legislative, has done service in the past.

But the people who pay the taxes know that so far as they are concerned, these three departments do team work when it comes to getting the money.

No case can be cited where one department has ever laid a straw in the way of another department increasing taxes—only by a governor's veto.

In most of the western states there is strong talk of junking so-called useless or superfluous boards and commissions if there are any such.

It will be denied by all of them that they are fifth wheels on the wagon, all will contend the state could not get along without them.

Just the same Illinois, Idaho, Washington, and other states have junked them and reduced taxes, dumped hundreds of useless officials, and exist.

Left to a legislature the evils of these ulcers sapping the revenue and life-blood of the commonwealth, will not be abolished. They rule.

Where the multitudinous excrescences have been scraped off the body politic, it has been done by heroic action of some chief executive.

Governor Cullom in Illinois and Governor Hart in Washington, backed by strong business men, used the club on the legislature and got results.

Without attacking the schools or the development of the highways, a number of states have got great relief by adopting the cabinet system.

Then the Governor and the heads of the departments do team work in the interest of the people instead of the countless army of office-holders.

The people will demand good officials in office, but they are also demanding application of business principles in public administration.

There is no excuse for a state or county or city government not having at least as good a system of conducting affairs as a bank or corporation.

The average state has about a hundred boards and commissions and all are interested in getting larger appropriations and levying more taxes.

At least that is the way it works out. Taxes have gone up two to four hundred per cent in the average state, population and wealth half as much.

If this is not reversed where will we be at the end of the next ten years? That is the record for the past ten years. They blame it on the war.

The cabinet or department system reverses this and sets tram work in motion to cut out duplication, dead timber and professionalism.

Under the department system there is an efficiency department, and all departments are bound by its findings where retrenching is possible.

The heads of the departments meet each week to confer with the Governor as to what can be done to economize here and there give better service.

That is what they are created for. The old spoils system put men and women into places to see how much they could make out of it for themselves.

Are we capable of this step of progress or shall state and local government continue to mean the exploitation of the people? That is the issue.

Our Long Suit

AMID the vicissitudes of this changing time and with the consciousness of temporariness that comes with the flight of a year, it is pleasant to think of the enduring character of the best thing in life, unflinching love, as does the writer of the following verses:

CARDS and the game are ours as time flits by
And deals us chances on the uncertain stage,
But, while our wisdom may increase with age,
We seldom win, however hard we try.

Clubs promise most to our insistent youth,
And diamonds glitter to our later gaze,
But melancholy spades our hopes amaze,
And leave them buried after all, forsooth.

We count the riches of the passing days,
Our gains, our losses, and our gain withal,
Our greatest gain, the one that once so small,
Ever increasing, stays with us always:

Joy after joy approaches and departs,
But we have kept the fellowship of hearts!

I. ABRAHAM
THE
SILK STORE

MATERNITY HOME
902 N. Jackson St. Phone 490
Mrs. D. Cornwell
Patients privileged to have their own doctor

A New Year's Greeting
THINK of an Egyptian pyramid—the Sphinx, for instance, that stone forged head of a man. It stolidly stares out of sightless eyes over the wastes of sand. Now think of a big town clock in the forehead of that hard face. The hour hand has been wagging around and yet around for all these centuries. And now it marks the beginning of another New Year. Does the stony face smile? No. Do the granite lips move to bid us of this age, a Happy New Year? No. If we speak up to the broken ears do they hear? Never.
Such a senseless, heartless thing it is. It knows us not nor cares for us. It has no eyes to see us, whether we be Greeks, Egyptians or Yankees. As well might be the countless grains of the desert sands, we and the generations gone before us. Our laughter and our tears are alike to time. If we living beings carve a clock on its brows; if we renew its wheels as they wear out; if we wind it day by day and appoint our children to keep it going after us; if we make its iron tongue strike the hours on a bell, it yet is nothing to the sphinx of Old Time. We only are the living ones. Time is not alive. And if there were no living ear of man or beast on the vast Sahara there would be no sound of the striking clock.
We speak in error of the New Year's coming. It is we living souls who come and go. Time never comes, never goes; is not new, not old. Time is a fetish, an imaginary thing. Man is all, in fact, since the soulless beasts take no note of time, and God's measure is Eternity.
What we do on New Year's day is to take note of our existence. Away back of us are multitudes of human lives to whom we realize our relation. We say back of us. Why not say before us? For they are the procession that passed this way. Are we the head of the column, or is it they who have gone before? In either view we are all one. It is Humanity that is passing over the earth. The Sphinx is nothing since it has no soul to see us pass, or to hear us as we pause and toss our caps in the air before him in a New Year's festival.
Instead of the pyramid let us look up to a Father. How different the thought! Eyes has He and He sees us; ears, and He hears our thankful acclamations. Hands has He, which extend themselves to sustain us, to help the toddling children, to uphold the aged. "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the air before him in a New Year's festival."
We are conscious alike of our mortality and our immortality. Life seems sweet and we are glad to be alive. Life seems all embracing, all conquering, for we have survived so many trials and yet are living.
In vain does one seek to put it in words, this mighty shout of men into the faces of the aged stars and to the sunrise. "A Happy New Year." It is a day of tinkling bells and music with dancing feet. Yet poor indeed must be the mind that cannot also rise to say: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" And so give thanks.

HIGH SPOTS IN YEAR'S SUMMARY
Oregon's agricultural yield for 1922 aggregated \$223,000,000, in which included a \$23,000,000 bushel wheat crop, a 4,000,000 ton hay crop, 7,000,000 boxes of apples and 40,000 pounds of prunes.
The state's timber harvest for the year was more than 5,000,000,000 feet. The timber and lumber industry produced \$110,000,000, giving employment to 45,000 workers, who received an aggregate of \$70,000,000 in wages.
An additional \$12,000,000 was invested in Oregon's highway system this year, which was productive of 80 miles of pavement, 290 miles of rock and gravel surfacing and 336 miles of new grade.
Portland invested \$22,000,000 in new buildings during 1922, a new high record. Of this sum \$12,056,020 went into the construction of 3323 new residences.

POSTPONE P. T. MEETING
The Rose school parent Teachers' association will postpone their meeting scheduled for Jan. 1 to January 5, at which time the regular meeting will be held.
Singer machine, slightly used, at bargain, Singer Store, Jackson St.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. M. H. DYLLER — Chiropractic Physician, 114 W. Lane St.

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