

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1923.

DIMINISHED PRODUCTION

The statement is frequently made that the production of the average man employed in manufacturing and construction and other industries, has decreased during the past few years. Increased use of machinery has kept production up to some extent, but in many lines the effort of the worker seems to have fallen off.

The indifference that some folks manifest toward the comfort of their domestic pets is surprising. Complaint is made at summer resorts, for instance, that many people leave cats there at the close of a season when they start for home.

An insane man ran amuck this morning, jumped in the Umpqua river and swam across the stream and when he reached terra firma it took a half dozen husky men to handle the unfortunate fellow.

A local groceryman ran over a coyote just outside the city limits yesterday and killed the animal which is evidence that a groceryman is not so slow after all, as many housewives would have you believe.

Congress has adjourned, President Harding is basking in the sunny clime of Florida, all vacant jobs in the way of postmaster-ships have been filled and things generally are pretty well "hooked up" for a season of sublime peacefulness.

If some men could swing an axe as dexterously as they can a golf club they would make wonderful wood splitters in the family woodshed.

Well, we better get ready for the annual spring cleanup. The "do it now" slogan should be worked overtime.

A Covallis editor has been appointed postmaster of that city. Another newspaperman ruined.



Dear Folks:

There's a little chap who follows us wherever we may go and the only words he's spoken yet are "yes" and sometimes "No" and altho he only whippers so that no one else may hear, still his voice is like a cannon that's been shot off in our ear.

It's no use to try and shake him or to make him go away for he's deaf to any arguments and nothing that we say can remove his living presence, and it's well that this is true for he's little Johnny on the spot in everything we do.

It is Conscience that I'm speaking of, whose voice is never stifled. For the services he renders us we're never charged or billed. Its advice is more reliable than any we may get from a thousand other sources, this we know is so and yet people often will reject it just because it's given free and they plunge ahead regardless of its warning just to see if perhaps it was in error, but when all is said and done they regret, and wish their actions or their words could be undone.

So it pays to heed its wisdom for you can not fail or lose, when you're standing at the cross roads wondering which you're going to choose, if you'll stop and just remember there's a saying "be and wide which too often is neglected. Let Your Conscience be your Guide."

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS We went down to the h. a. Last night and heard Tommy Skyskull dispense A bunch of oratory And we certainly Got a wonderful kick Out of Tom's speech for That young feller knows More about this ol' world Than all of the famous Diplomats and what's more He knows how to tell us About it in language That is understandable And not high falutin'.

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS

Pensacola is a soft drink Perry Foster, who perfides smokes to our male sex, was on the main stem this a. m. needing a shave.

Salsamanship is a sort of mental window display. Don't try to exhibit too much variety at one time.

GOOD REASON!

The couple were married at the home of the bride's parents, where they will remain until the moon gets a reputation.—Centralia (Mo.) Messenger.

TIME TO CHANGE NEEDLES

After reading the testimony of a Jane in the McHard nightriding case in which she says she went over to Hal's house to get some phonograph needles we're convinced that modern music is a curse.

A bunch of folks who looked like some of them that theatrical fellers dragged into our village yesterday and had the natives all agog with excitement.

Give thanks to your competitors for keeping you on your toes.

AIN'T IT FUNNY!

'Ain't it funny why the shoe man Always wears such shabby shoes. Why the barber needs a haircut And the treasurer's short his dues? Why the bootblack needs a shoe shine And the tailor's pants are crease. And we spend our wealth for weapons. While the cry we raise is peace? —'Ain't it funny?

'Ain't it funny why dear mother Always rails at Sister Sue.

When she wants to wear her skirts short; —Then dear mother does it, too? How she bristles up to father. Tells him where he's at, and more, Yet she hides behind the curtains When an agent's at the door? —'Ain't it funny?

'Ain't it funny why the women Wrestle dirt from men's till night. When company comes for dinner. While and say the house's a fright? How they gobble on the bargains— Buy their dresses by the pair. Then complain when there's a party, That they've nothing fit to wear? —'Ain't it funny?

What this village needs is more moss with backbone and less moss on that part of the anatomy.

The legion fellers met last eve, no one claiming to have won the war.

Samuel Starmer got knocked for a row of county jails this a. m. when a crazy greaser shoved him over. We'll bet that Sam'd jest about killed that Mex if he hadn't just been recuperatin' from a shot of flu—and you all know how that makes a feller feel.

It's been a dog's age since this town has had a real honest-to-nosh fist fight. We wish we could frame it up for two prominent citizens to become tangled on the main drag, some of these days and provide a little excitement for the natives.

OVER!

We May Look it over Think it over Read it over Talk it over but we shall be judged entirely by our ability to Put it over.

HEVINGS!

Rash rumors of rash acts have reached the ears of the conductor of this great uplift coliseum and we hesitate to divulge the alleged facts in the case for fear that some of the straight faced readers of this dept of moral welfare will raise their hands in horror and blush with shame. The rumors are regarding certain doings of certain people and far be it from us to talk BUT—gee, we hate to spill the beans rich there.

Among those who motored into the village today were the broccoli growers who were exchanging cauliflower for snickels.

If those Portland buyers would rather purchase Jap produce than to patronize American red-blooded farmers they can't expect the public to take kindly to their wares.

Men brag about their chest expansion and women wear brassiers.



THIS ONE EXTRA PROCESS GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR

FATE OF WALTERS NOW UP TO PIERCE

SALEM, March 7.—After hearing appeals on behalf of Edward Walters, who is sentenced to the electric chair for the killing of Jerome Palmer, Portland policeman in October, 1920, Governor Pierce declared today that he will reserve his final decision on commutation until Thursday.

Cleaning Up the Home in March

Every housewife has to face the task of home cleaning at this time of the year. Easy work by easy stages with the finest of home-cleaning goods which result in clean, habitable, healthy homes without lost time and with economy.

All March Needs at Our Store Lloyd Crocker Pioneer Drug Store

Lumpy-Muscle Amazon Can Never be Artist's Model, Says Painter



HIVEDALE, N. Y.—Do women who take part in athletic sports lose their charm? "Athletic development is unbecomingly type," says Miss Indiana Gylstrom of Chicago, artist. "The muscular woman is ugly. No artist could ever paint her."

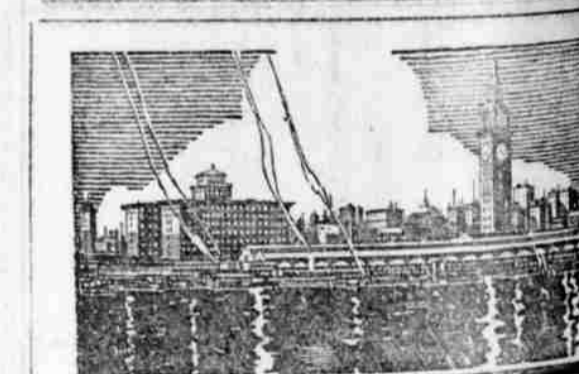
Heroic Airedale Saves Life of Pal Lying In Path of Rushing Train



ABOVE—MAJOR (LEFT) AND FRITZ (RIGHT) WITH THEIR PROUD OWNER—BELOW—EDWARD STOUT AND "TOOBER" CINCINNATI—Fritz, an Airedale, owned by Fred Thibault here as the result of having saved the life of his canine friend, Major, an aged setter. Major was indulging in a fit on the tracks in front of an approaching train when Fritz dashed to him and pushed him off, both dogs barely missing death.

Sharing the spotlight with the heroic Fritz is Toobler, a dog belonging to Edward Stout, of Terre Haute, Ind. Toobler was given away in Big Springs, Nebraska, last spring, but just coming into the Stout home, tired, lame and mud-spattered, in July. He will be kept this time.

A great deal of building is being done at Roseburg and that conditions there are very prosperous. Mr. Lyons recently constructed a new store building, which is now occupied, and there have been several other large buildings finished. Roseburg is growing quite rapidly, Mr. Lyons says, and business is becoming better daily. The residents of that section are very anxious for the early completion of the road to Roseburg.



Thousands Go East this Way—

Since it affords an opportunity of stopping off at San Francisco, The City Loved Around the World. And it enables them to tell their friends about this great and gay metropolis. Then, too, a choice of routes and local stopovers induce many to go East through California. If you're planning a trip East let our agents help you and provide descriptive folders, or write

