

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1923.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS

Did you ever receive an unsigned communication setting forth the opinion of an individual expressly pertaining to yourself? This is a common occurrence in a newspaper office. In fact so dogged common that we no longer keep these epistles as souvenirs. But newspapermen are not the only persons who are targets for the darts of gopher hole habit. Business men, public officials, ministers and men in all walks of public life are frequently "marked" by these falconiform individuals who seem to think they are called upon by some supreme power to give utterances of the most unavailing character against upright and clean citizenship.

They take great delight in waiting at a dark corner to throw a dagger in the back of worthy men or thrust a poisoned spear in the breast of pure womanhood. They revel in the deeds of unkindness, displaying a character and state of mind unfit for clean associates and devoid of every semblance of purity. Like arch fiend who cruciates the soul of innocent childhood, these creatures are adept at hiding behind a screen of falsehoods and a work of licentiousness, there in wait for their prey like wild beasts of the forest.

The man or woman who attacks the character or good intentions of any person from ambush, who deliberately speaks in written language those things that cannot be truthfully said face to face, is nothing more or less than a mental degenerate and paragon of imbecility.

We rather admire the man who has the stamina to slap you in the face to express his utter disregard for your utterances and various shortcomings, but the parasite who stands aloof and shoots his anonymous effusions under the seal of a two-cent stamp is about the lowest thing that the human race has so far produced—and it has quite a variety of two-legged samples in the offering.

It was Mother who shielded you when life began; it was Mother who guided your first steps; it was Mother who helped you with your first lessons; it was Mother who solved your childhood problems; it was Mother who guided you through maturity. And it always will be Mother who will be your best pal as long as you live. Tomorrow is Mother's Day—consecrate the day to the memory of her love and care.

A lot of good timber was "gobbled up" yesterday through the sale conducted at the local land office. The purchasers have ten years to strip the land then it will be sold for agricultural purposes, after which the stump puller will get a whack at what is left. Pity the poor stump extractor.

The Old Man is shunted aside for one whole day—May 13. But the average household provider is perfectly willing to pass all the glory to the gentler sex and let 'em wrestle with the old thirteen.

You may talk about your million dollar beauties but today's gentle showers were worth millions to the farmers of Douglas county—which has the proverbial beauty beat a mile.

Now if we can only induce a dozen or more street lamp manufacturers to make a demonstration the town will be "lit up" like a parade of hoodluggers in annual convention.

Looks like a great day for the sports tomorrow, a salmon bake and a regular league game of baseball. It's up to the wether man to "bring home the bacon."

It is not likely that anyone will go hungry if they happen to drop in at the local rod and gun club meet tomorrow.

The News-Review is still going into the homes of over four thousand people every day—and going stronger.

Here's to our dear old Mothers—God bless them.



THE VILLAGE RHYMESTER

by Carlisle Emery

at Folks:—

A fountain pen is made to write when filled up full of ink. A mind is made to be of use, to concentrate and think. But what's the use of fountain pen when empty or when dry? And what's the use of having minds that don't know how to keep themselves in proper shape to do the things they could? They might as well be made of tin or any kind of wood.

The fountain pen is just a shell you hold within your hand. It's point will follow anywhere your fingers may demand, but less it has a steady flow of ink to leave its mark, the things that you would have it write are always in the dark.

The human mind is but a shell that you alone can fill. It's like a field that's rich in soil but it's up to you to till. To plant a lot of rubbish there, is wasting fertile land, for rubbish never grew a crop that met with much demand. Like fountain pens, a mind that's dry won't leave a single mark, it's just an attic full of webs, that's dismal, bleak and dark.

How wise is he who cleans it out and fills it full of sun, who fills it with precious things, for when the storing's done, the mind will give a steady flow of ink that's bright and clear, the kind that leaves a mark of worth that always will appear.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Don't let the Rain stuff you out— This is the Bonafide bath night Of the week.

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DUMBELL DORA THINKS—

A revenue cutter is legislation for reduction of revenue.

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We notice an eastern dame set a

new record for dishwashing. Like 't bet she don't start any dishwashin' craze among the flappers.

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George: "Well, I showed up the

teacher before the whole class again today!"

Hickory: "Yes? Wise me up!"

"She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address, 'n' I had to tell her he never lived there. Oh! Ya should hear the class laugh then."

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Boss: "Why did you let that book

agent into my office?"

Office Boy: "Well, sir, as you saw, he had his stuff in a golf bag."

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A woman went into a photograph

gallery and asked the proprietor, Sam, if he took pictures of children.

"Yes, ma'am, we do," replied Sam.

"Well," said the woman, "and how much are they?"

"Three dollars a dozen," replied Sam.

"Well," said the woman smilingly, "I guess I will have to come back later. I've only got 't."

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You can't keep a good man down.

Jonah and a jelly-fish found themselves in the basement of a whale.

Jonah took the first elevator going up—the jelly-fish stayed there.

That's a common story.

It's hard to keep a bum on the top as to keep a good man down.

Everybody has a backbone with his head at one end, and at the other—a place to sit down.

Some guys use one end most—some use the other.

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Anybody can tell which end the guy

uses by his pay check—heads no wins, tails he loses.

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The society dame at the adjacent

desk is writing poetic stuff about parties and such and we'll bet she's so darn sick 'bout writing up salads and other refreshments that she can't look a leaf of lettuce in the face.

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We've felt this poem comin' on all

morning and now we'll hafta inflict it on our readers. Here goes:

It was the busy hour of four, When from the horticultural store Emerged a gentleman who bore

1 hoe,  
1 spade,  
1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went into a seed establishment

And for these things his money spent:  
1 box of bulbs,  
1 lot of shrubs,  
1 package of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way And if he's fairly lucky, say He'll have about the end of May—

1 Nasturtium  
1 cress  
1 mignonette.

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Doc Church entered our sanctum

this a. m. with a bouquet of posies and noticed that some kind reader had already left us a few, he backed out and took his down to his grocer.

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If this rain

Keeps up and On wearing their Straw hats we'll Soon be sprouting A new crop of alfalfa.

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Remembering is often a whole lot

worse than forgetting.

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A NET LOSS

"Dear me," murmured the landlord as he turned on the parlor light and saw the young lady boarder feverishly trying to free her hair net from the young man boarder's coat button— whoever'd think that a hair net could catch a fish!"

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D. C. McGehey, the Glengarry feller,

brot in his first batch of peas to-day which makes the California growers green with envy.

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The village terpsichoreans will ter-

pichore in their most terpsichorish manner this eve at the armory.

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The sawmill lake will be held to-

morrow and everybody is expected to know enough to spit out the bones.

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The devil finds work for idle gos-

sips to do.

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Never notice how busy jay-vultures

have in the village? But then that's awright, 'cause lotsa times we hate to walk a block just to cross the street and besides we all know enough to dodge the fliers.

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The ancienters are making hay fever

while the sun shines.

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