

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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BERT G. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1935.

OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL DAY

The observance of Memorial Day in Roseburg is likened to thousands of other communities throughout the United States. This is a day given over for respect of the dead, not only to those loyal soldiers who gave their lives on the battle field, but to the fathers, mothers, sons, daughters and other dear ones who have passed from this life to the Great Beyond.

Each Memorial Day brings fresh to mind a feeling of respect, a saddening of the heart for those who have made our life worth living by the greatest sacrifices. It is the day of our dead—of all our dead—and should be so observed that a lesson of deepest reverence be taught to the younger generation that they may carry forth the memories of loved ones, those who have stood firm in the battle of life and given their blood for their country's freedom and American principles.

The many thousands of American soldiers who are sleeping their last sleep in the cemeteries on the far away battlefields of Europe give added significance to the observance of Memorial Day. The thoughts of many thousands of relatives of these boys who fell in the World War will today travel across the Atlantic to the last resting places of the beloved dead.

Ever since the close of the great world conflict the War department of the United States has been engaged in the location and construction of permanent cemeteries for the burial of the soldiers. There are five permanent soldier cemeteries in Europe. The largest one is the Meuse-Argonne, at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France, in which 13,969 soldiers are buried. The next largest is the Oise-Aisne at Serres-et-Nesles, France, containing 6,028 bodies. Then comes St. Mihiel, at Thiaucourt, France, with 4,141; Aisne-Marne, at Belleau Wood, France, with 2,213; Somme, at Bony, France, with 1,825; Suresnes, at Suresnes, France, with 1,598; Brookwood, at Brookwood, England, with 435, and Flanders Field, at Wareghem, Belgium, with 362 graves, a grand total of 30,472.

Expense is being spared in the beautification and permanent maintenance of these famous cemeteries of world-wide interest. Each grave will be marked by a white marble headstone of simple design upon which will be inscribed the full name of the soldier, his rank, regiment, division and state from which he came. In a circle two and one-quarter inches in diameter, near the top, will be cut a Latin cross, emblematic of the Christian faith, or the Star of David, emblematic of the Jewish faith, as the case may be. The stones will be 24 inches above ground, 13 inches wide and four inches thick, with slightly rounded top. No distinction is to be made as to rank and nothing could be more impressive than the peaceful effect of the modest white stones showing against the rich green grass under the shade of protecting trees. This dignified and artistic treatment will develop for our cemeteries an atmosphere of tranquility, and cause visitors to have a feeling of respect as upon entering a sacred place.

Poppies from the fields of Flanders have nothing on roses from the Umpqua Valley—either in beauty or fragrance.

When you growl about high prices, think of being able to get a whole box of safety matches for a cent.

The young people are urged to have plenty of sleep, and they do not object to getting it in school.

The blessings of today can rightfully be credited to those who have gone before.

A good deal of the bread cast upon the waters gets soaked and goes down.

This is no weather or an empty coal bin—and our is empty.

And it still rains—every now and then.

THE VILLAGE RHYMESTER
by Carlisle Emery

Dear Folks:—

Somewhere today there lives a lad whose life is full of play, a lad whose antics maybe fill his Mother with dismay. If he's a boy he's bound to pull a lot of childish pranks, the kind that bring the alipper and a dose of good old spanks.

Without a doubt he tears his clothes and falls in heaps of mud. He stubs his toe when barefoot and he laughs at sight of blood. He pulls the hair of pretty girls and scampers off in glee, at times he begs for fairy tales, upon his daddy's knee.

Who knows if you will see this lad? Perhaps you know him now. It's possible that he's your son whom you are teaching how to carry on the work he'll do in years that are to come. Or then again it may be found that he's your laddy's chum. Today he's just a growing boy, with everything content, but later on the world will know that he's our President. For Presidents must first be boys, and boys are all the same. And who can tell which one of them will rise to pomp and fame?

It pays to treat them with respect, to help them all you can, to teach one the kind of boost that makes a better man. Have patience with their kiddie ways, they're grown-ups in the bud, and many things of beauty rare have sprouted in the mud.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Gosh we hate to work
When all the rest
Of the joints
In the village
Close up but you see
If you folks didn't
Get your News-Review
Along with your supper
You'd blame us and
Besides we need the Jack.

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS—

That a man with a flock of bunions
Has a "knobby tread."

Spakin' o' poppies and such we

might give you this little poem which
is the doughboy version of the "pop-
pied fields of Flanders."
Poppies?
Not for me, buddy!
Buds o' Hell I'd call 'em.
Plain red hell-they—
They remind me—

And folks plant 'em around

Gardens—huh!
Says one old dame to me,
"Don't they bring back" say, she,
"The poppies fields of Flanders?"
"Poppied fields of Flanders" ain't a
heluva—
But who wants 'em bring back?—h?
Say, buddy,
If she'd seen poppies
Like I've seen 'em—millions—acre—
Scattered through the wheat-field,
Red—and gettin' redder—more—
poppies—

Slim—my buddy—old scout

Sleep under the same hankerly f,
Me n' Slim—clean through from the
word go!
I'm liable to forget—ain't I—
Day we kicked off West o' Chateau-
Thierry
Down the valley—
Poppies—say,
You couldn't rest for poppies.
Then the Jerries cut loose
Machine-gun fire—reg'lar sickle.
Poppies leaves—bits of red
Flickin' and fluttern' in the wind,
Mowed em, buddy—and us—I'll tell
the world!

Get old Slim—got him right!

Down in the poppies he goes—kickin'
—clawin'—
Don't talk poppies to me—
Skunk cabbage first—compre?e?
If you'd seen old Slim—
Boy, he died wallerin' in poppies!
Poppies—

Hell!!

Mighty glad to see ya, Sol, that
phaps you'd left us for good.

"I'm this away," said John Bjinks

of Skunk's Misery to ye ed today, "I'm
not going to make any garden this
year or any other year. Lots of peo-
ple like to, and that's all right by me,
but I personally am going to go fish-
ing. I prefer digging fish worms to
digging garden. I would rather snake
a fish out of the river than watch the
daily drill of the potato bugs. I would
rather lie on my back and watch the
clouds drift along than shoe the ants
off the head lettuce. A man doesn't
have any too much spare time in this
life, and I value mine too much to
chaperone a flock of radishes." "But,"
says we, "what if everybody talked
like that? Where would we get our
garden sass?" "Do as I do," says John,
"eat at a restaurant."

When a lawyer says he is going to

win, take his word for it. Any way
the case goes the lawyer wins.

"The cantata given at the church

was well attended," says an exchange.
"The oysters and ice cream and cake
were much enjoyed." That's the part
we would enjoy, too.

"Gossipin' wimmen, ain't allus sar-

lin of what they're talkin' about."

Lafayette says:

"Gossipin' wimmen, ain't allus sar-
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ADVICE
TO THE
LOVELORNby
MRS. ELLSBURY(Address all communications
to Mrs. Ellsbury, care of News-
Review.)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: The young man
I go with has been acting very queer
lately, and I wonder if you could tell
me what to do. He is never rude or
anything like that but for the past few
months, I have gone with him about
a year, he has always seemed me good
night. The last few times I have been
out with him he has been very quiet,
and never holds my hand or even
tries to kiss me good night. What
shall I do to find out what is the mat-
ter with him?
M. S.

M. S.—Ask him, very nicely, if there
is anything troubling him and if you
can help him any. If he says no,
there is nothing you can do but wait
for him to feel better. He will prob-
ably tell you all about what is worry-
ing him then. In the meantime be a
cheerful companion, and don't nag
him about his quietness.

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: At what age do
you think a girl should be married,
and how long should she be engaged,
before marriage. Thank you.
BLONDIE

BLONDIE—I would hesitate to say
at what age a girl should be married.
I am inclined to believe that age does
not have as much to do with it as real
love, and a desire to make your mar-
riage a success. I do not believe in
long engagements, nor do I believe in
short ones. If the parties have known
each other sometime before becoming
engaged then an engagement of a few
months is alright, but a year is not
too long. The engagement should not
be longer than two years at the most.

NO HEALTH IF STOMACH WRONG.
Mi-O-Na makes your stomach feel
fine, stops belching, heart burn and
all discomfort in a few minutes. Guar-
anteed by W. P. Chapman.

LOCAL NEWS

Fuller Brothers, J. E. Gray, 302-R.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Watkin's Products—120 W. Lane
Phone 177.

Auto paint at Wharton Bros.

We serve the best at Deer Park Inn.
Mrs. M. I. Winn.

Mrs. Chas. G. Stanton, teacher of
Piano. Res. Phone 7-3. 702 S. Pine.

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

MOORE MUSIC STUDIO. Open all
summer. Phone 562. 324 N. Jackson.

New Columbia Records (noiseless).
Moore Music Store, 324 N. Jackson st.

SPIRELLA CORSETS. Made to
Measure. Bell Case, Phone 391-L.

Lloyd's Taxi for country trips—day
or night. Phone 44, office is 125 Sher-
idan Street.

So per yd. for cotton hemstitching.
10c per yard for silk. Mrs. F. F. Jones.
The Specialty Shoppe.

Hear 4-year old Jean Geddes sing
"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," June
5th. Antlers Theatre.

Fresh strawberries by the crate at
the Public Market on Winchester st.
Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Hear Kindergarten Recital, Moore
Music Studio, Thursday May 31, Pres-
byterian Church, 7:30 p. m. Free.

St. Valentine broccoli plants, from
reliable Oregon grown seed, also late
cabbage and kale plants. Mrs. A. C.
Kidd & Son, West Roseburg, Phone
15 F-11.

If Kidneys Act
Bad Take Salts

Says Backache Often Means You
Have Not Been Drinking
Enough Water

When you wake up with backache and
dull misery in the kidney region it may
mean you have been eating foods which
create acids, says a well-known author-
ity. An excess of such acids overworks
the kidneys in their effort to filter it
from the blood and they become sort of
paralyzed and heavy. When your kid-
neys get sluggish and clog you must
relieve them, else you relieve your
bowels, removing all the body's urinous
waste, else you have backache, sick
headache, dizziness; your stomach
sour, tongue is coated and when the
weather is bad you have rheumatic
twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of
sediment, channels often get sore, water
reads and you are obliged to seek relief
two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physi-
cian at once, or get from your pharma-
cist about four ounces of Jad Salts;
take a tablespoonful in a glass of water
before breakfast for a few days and your
kidneys may then act fine. This
famous salt is made from the acid of
grapes and lemon juice, combined with
lithia, and has been used for years to
help cleanse and stimulate sluggish kid-
neys, also to neutralize acids in the
system, so they no longer irritate, thus
often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, can not in-
jure and makes a delightful, efferves-
cent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of
soft water. It all means have your
physician examine your kidneys at least
twice a year.

DANCE
AT WINCHESTER
Saturday, June 2Music by
Mac's Peerless OrchestraTo know
how good a cigarette
really can be made
you must try a—LUCKY
STRIKE
CIGARETTEIt's
toasted

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that a meet-
ing will be held by the Melrose Ceme-
tery Association at the old Melrose
school building on Monday, June 4,
for the purpose of tearing down the
old part of the building. Basket din-
ner, everybody welcome. Bring your
tools.

Hear Kindergarten Recital, Moore
Music Studio, Thursday May 31, Pres-
byterian Church, 7:30 p. m. Free.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
DR. M. H. PLYER—Chiropractic Phy-
sician, 114 W. Lane St.

The Removal
of Dust

is not all that constitutes
the cleaning of rugs.
They must be cleaned as
efficiently and thoroughly
as the garments you wear
in order to be perfectly
sanitary.

Imperial
CLEANERS
PHONE 277

If you are particular—

about the quality of eatables you
serve and at the same time wish to
buy as economically as possible,
you will do well to patronize our
store.

Remember, too, promptness and
courtesy are combined with high
quality and reasonable prices to
make it a pleasure to trade here.

Try Our Bulk Coffee
35c and 45c lb.

Economy Grocery
Phone 63

NURSERY STOCK

We carry a full line of trees, small
fruits, roses, etc., for fall delivery.
R. H. ELLIS
P. O. Box 1074 Phone 7-5-14
Roseburg, Oregon.

AUCTION SALE

at 2:30 o'clock every Saturday,
328 N. Jackson. Also farm sales
handled. Sales made daily.

Radabaugh & Patterson

UMPUQA HOTEL

"Roseburg's Finest"
NEW AND MODERN
The people of Douglas County
are invited to make their head-
quarters here.
W. J. WEAVER, Prop.

ENGINEERING AND SURVEYING

Reliable Work—Complete Records
COLE AND SPRINGER
County Surveyor Dep. Co. Surveyor
LICENSED ENGINEERS
Court House—Roseburg—Phone 281

SURVEYORS

Licensed Engineers
EPPSTEIN & STEWART
248 North Jackson
Phone 57

CHANGE IN MILK
DELIVERY

Beginning June the first,
we will make milk de-
liveries in the evening
instead of the morning.

Rexroad Dairy

PHONE 3-F21

"A PURITAN WIFE"

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XXXIX

The house was full of summer
sunshine and silence. Little Jack lay
asleep in his crib, and Ann sat im-
movable her elbows on the table still
uncleared. With a start she turned
as the door opened.

"I rapped several times, Ann, you
must have been asleep," Hugh Norton
said, as she rose to greet him,
embarrassed because of the untidy
table.

"No, not asleep, just thinking,"
Ann replied, as she led the way into
the living room.

Hugh Norton did not know a
great deal about women, but he
knew more than a little about Ann.
His eyes lit with admiration as they
rested on her slim, graceful figure
in its simple print gown, her shining
hair. Some women always looked
untidy at least unbecomingly dressed
when they worked about a house
but Ann was always fresh and
dainty.

"Now tell me what you were
thinking about so seriously," he
said when they were seated.

"It isn't worth telling," but her
eyes had taken on a somber expres-
sion, a look that told of unhappi-
ness.

"Where's Dick?" Norton asked
abruptly.

"Outside," Ann motioned toward
the lot on which Dick had started
his improvements. "You'll find him
there with Grace Edmunds again."

"It's that Grace Edmunds again,"
he mused. "The little she-devil! Can't
Dick see through her? See how lit-
tle she is worth compared to Ann?"

The nerve of her chasing back after
Ann asked her to go—

"It's a sign of age to m