

OSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923.

BOY LOVE FOR HIS DAD.

The following from the Columbian Missourian is worthy of more than casual thought by every father:

"Some children, like some grown folks, seem to have met one poignant grief than that which comes to the loss of a pet or the death of a favorite dog, or any of the usual things which are said to cast a shadow over childish dreams. Recently, in a neighboring city, a boy, bred in overalls and unpatched shirts, with a father who was far from a model of shining virtue, cried himself to death over the supposed suicide of that same worthless parent whose clothes were found on the river bank.

"In the eyes of the world, the man's death was nothing more than another derelict drifting seaward. To the youngster it was his dad, the only sort he had ever known in his short life, and he loved him.

"Preachers may preach, kind people may lend a helping hand, and sentimentalists cheerfully chatter, trying to show men how to live. But it seems as if the mute adoration, the silent loyalty of a boy for the man he calls father, is a greater incentive in this world for going straight and believing in decent living.

"This love of a boy for his father is one of the few genuine things on earth. The youngster may be freckle-faced, barefooted, ragged-haired, with a fondness for crawfish and worms, which a feminine world cannot understand. But he will tramp anywhere and in any weather, for miles at a stretch, to be with this emerald-green seen through the magic mirror, this superior being, is father."

The California Oregon Power Co., operating in northern California and southern Oregon, has been rapidly extending its system and selling its securities among its employees, customers and the people living in the territory it serves, remarks an exchange. It is typical of the public utility that identifies itself very closely with community development. In mailing out its regular dividend checks to stock holders, instead of merely enclosing a perfunctory letter, it recently sent photographs of actual construction operations, together with a letter outlining specifically the work the company was doing. The descriptive matter was so plain and the figures were so clear that any persons could understand it. It was a striking contrast to the technical financial statements which few persons except an expert accountant can understand. Accompanying the photographs and the explanatory letter was a map showing the entire field of operation of the company. Progressive management of this kind is worth mention as it takes the mystery out of public utility operation by making the stock holders and the public actual partners in their understanding of the problems faced by these great public servants.

An exchange very aptly remarks: Every cheap demagogue is busy shouting that if only a few more laws could be passed all the problems of the farmers and the rest of the people would vanish. So far as the farmer is concerned, congress passed at its last two sessions about all the laws that anyone could think of or suggest to solve his problems and it appears that he is worse off now than he ever was. Isn't it barely possible that "legislation" cannot make farming prosperous? And that the demagogues are shouting to distract our attention from their own mistakes and the failure of their previous schemes? If the halls of congress could be locked up for ten years and the key thrown into the Potomac river, we believe that business conditions would right themselves. The biggest trouble with the country today is the political demagogue with his head of bone and his lungs of leather.

To the tall timber for many persons tomorrow if present weather conditions prevail.

September put over the unexpected—the warmest day of the entire summer season.



Dear Folks:

I have heard it said that silence is a golden thing indeed. So it is in many cases but in silence there's a breed like the breed in living beings, some are good and some are not, and the silence that is golden never gets to boiling hot with the wrath and pent up fury of a tongue that's feeling numb, 'cause it's gone for days and longer in its anger, staying dumb.

There are times when lack of noises brings relief and peace of mind. That's the silence that is golden. It's the honey dripping kind. It is soothing to the senses, it is restful, calm and sweet. When the nerves are torn and ragged, it's a thing that's hard to beat.

But the silence found in sulking is another kind of breed. It's a raging noisy silence, one that makes you want to shout. It's a silence that's destructive for it breaks, and tears and rends, and the clouds of gloom hang over 'til this kind of silence ends.

Better far to air your grievance than to close your lips up tight. Better far to clear your system and to get out all your spite. For the silence found in sulking, shuts the doors to faith and love, and it's worse than leaden bullets to the peaceful little dove.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Bein' Saturday night it will be unnecessary for this column to suggest what to do. To be next to Godliness.

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS

The congestion in the city's arteries can be cured by bleeding the public.

Down in a vale where the dogwoods grew. On a vacant lot ten feet by two. A Jap raised things so folks could can 'em. And made four thousand bucks per annum.

The dawg days are upon us but they're not so dawgish as they are flyish, ye ed. having been niched seventy eleven times this a. m. by obstreperous flies.

We read where Jack Dempsey is soaking his skin in vinegar or some such stuff to harden it for the Firpo match. We allus thought Jack was thick-skinned enough, having stood up under the severe criticisms of the nation for being a slacker.

The home brewers of the village are this week plucking the dandelion crop and making ready to salt down a good supply for the winter.

As predicted exclusively in this great column of public welfare some weeks ago, the school marm is drifting back into our midst and the town bachelors are having their stray hairs marcelled and placed in condition for a strenuous social season.

It's a good thing the good die young or we wouldn't have any fun on this earth.

THE POLLYWOG'S NECKTIE. The city water tastes like it has been in the moss.

A flivver drove into the village last eve containing a bunch of disgusted tourists. On the back of the car they had written "It rattles—but doesn't bite."

We'll bet the young fry who has a dirty face kids his mother who smears beauty clay on her mug.

OUR DAILY MAIL. Dear Prune Pickin's: Is it imperative that we girls must wear long skirts? I think it is a dirty shame that such an old clumsy vogue has returned. What do you think about it? RAZZ BERRY.

Dear Razz Berry: Why don't you get yourself a pair of knickers and kick fashion to the wind?

Mayor Nap Rice is thinking about having the pants of the street cleaning department pressed. We haven't heard 'em panting any lately.

The city council now has a habit. They peddle some bunk to the "progressive citizens" in an open letter which no one took to heart and very few digested.

A feller told us today he was intending to take a sea trip and wanted to know the best way to keep his meals down. We told him to bolt them.

Conceit is a banana on the step of fame.

OUR DAILY HEALTH HINT. Never start an argument with a bird twice your size unless you are well armed with brickbats.

For some this is the vacation period. For others it is the vacation dash. For me it is the vacation coma. I thank you.

We hope the Japanese earthquake will have no effect on the output of Ma Johnson sets.

We humans are never satisfied with the weather. No less than fifty folks told us yesterday that they wished winter would hurry up and come and the sweltering heat end. As soon as the cold and icy mornings are with us they'll be howling their heads off, and looking forward to balmy spring.

Most of us stood the heat fine until we learned how hot it was from the weather bureau.

More bone in the back and less in the head is what some of the local knockers need.

We wish folks wouldn't send in poems to this sanctum without a poetic license.

Most any man is more interested in the art of love than he is in the love of art.

"Tombstones even say kind things about a man when he is down."

—Lafayette Pickins, Esq.

Getting Mesmerized

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)
I had occasion to go to the city where a friend of mine lived to transact some business with him. His secretary was a fascinating and beautiful young woman. One did not have to stay long around his office to see how things were going there.

The following day, as the young woman left the office, I looked at my friend significantly and said, "Jack, you're going to lose your happy home if you don't look out and your job, too."

He colored to the roots of his hair. "What do you mean?" he asked feebly.

"You know what I mean," I said. "You and Miss X. have simply mesmerized each other, that's all. You have a wife and a good business. The way you are heading now, you are going to lose both. The man doesn't exist who can conduct a married life and a business successfully and at the same time play the triangle game. No one can win at that game, either, no matter how hard he plays it."

Then we had a frank talk, at the conclusion of which he said, "What do you advise me to do?"

"Operate," I said. "It's a cancer. Cut it out. There's no other known way of eradicating cancer but by the knife. Cut it out and cut ruthlessly. Let Miss X. go."

"Man," he said desperately, "I can't fire a faithful girl."

"What about a faithful wife and a faithful job?" I suggested. "You have got to choose between them and your faithful girl. Minnie will quit you cold if this thing goes on and you'll lose the management of this company, too. Has Miss X. any connections in any other town where she could go?"

"She has talked several times of going to live with her sister in California," replied my friend miserably. "She mentions that whenever you and she have any little difficulty, Jack?"

He nodded. "The up-shot was that he promised that the next time Miss X. spoke of going to California, he would advise her to make the trip."

I became so concerned about this case that I delayed my departure from the city. Miss X. instinctively felt my attitude. She became constrained and touchy. One day as I entered my friend's office I heard her say, "I think I'll go out and stay with my sister in California."

I looked at Jack and he looked at me. He swallowed. "When do you go?" he asked huskily.

Miss X. looked at him with surprise and then began to backwater. "I'd go now," she said faintly, "but I haven't the money for the trip."

"Jack," I broke in cheerily, "You're a tightwad! If you were anything else, you'd offer to pay the young lady's fare to California, considering the long and faithful service she has given you."

Again Jack and I looked at each other, and again he swallowed. "I'll just do that very thing," he said in a strained voice.

Miss X. went to California. A year later Jack said to me, "I thank God every day for it. I didn't know how deep I was in until she left. As you said, I was mesmerized. The hardest thing I ever did was to keep from following her out there, but now I'm all right. We performed the operation and the wound is healed. And I heard the other day that Miss X. is happily married."

There is only one way to cure a cancer, moral or physical. Cut it out.

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NEW BIG PACKAGE

111 Cigarettes 24 for 15¢

FORMER RESIDENT DEAD.

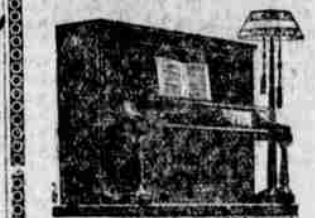
Word has been received by Mrs. Earl Ollivant of the sudden death of her father, W. C. Steele of Syracuse, Mo. While a resident of Looking Glass Mr. Steele was the owner of what is now known as the George Russell fruit ranch. At the time of his death he was in the restaurant business at Syracuse, Mo. He leaves a widow and four children and two grand children to mourn his loss. The children are Mrs. Earl Ollivant, Ollalia, Mrs. Ray Stone, M. C. Steele, and B. D. Steele, all of Kansas City, Mo.

This is a Studebaker year.

DO YOU KNOW

that Roseburg has one of the best music conservatories in the state? The Helmline Music School is now enrolling scholars for the fall and winter term. Now is the time to start. Start your boy or girl now and let us help you. We are going to make a special offer for a limited time to any one wanting to start now, either on Violin, Piano, Saxophone, Cornet, Clarinet or any other musical instrument.

\$10 down and select any instrument in our store, whether Violin, Cornet, Piano or any other instrument, and pay the balance on easy monthly payments. If you could ever afford to start your child in music, you certainly can afford to do so now and take advantage of this special offer.



\$10 places this beautiful piano in your home and \$10 per month until you have paid the balance of \$285. Beautiful tone, full 88-note scale, rapid repeating action, full metal back, bushing tuning pins. Guaranteed 10 years, not only by the maker but by your home dealer.

This is only one of a dozen wonderful bargains we offer, as our prices are from \$100 to \$150 cheaper than other piano houses selling the same makes. Come in and get our prices on the wonderful

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Gulbransen

Pianos and other good makes. Second-hand Pianos, guaranteed in first class condition, \$175, \$200, \$225 and \$250. Remember it only takes \$10 to place one of these in your home.



\$10 down places a good Saxophone, Cornet, Clarinet, Trombone or Violin in your home. Any King, Conn, or Beuscher horn included in this special offer for a limited time. Balance like rent. Remember this is only for a limited time. Come in while this offer holds good.

Ott's Music Store
Roseburg
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DEEDS

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The Roseburg National Bank Roseburg, Ore

AIN'T IT WUNNAFILL. Serenaders who'll play at the Armory to hear those Oswald's Greater Sept. 11, for a pippin of a dance.

Reduce the Skidding Danger!

Buick Four-wheel Brakes



BUICK four-wheel brakes reduce to a minimum the skidding danger every driver encounters on wet pavements.

The action of the simple yet positive Buick brakes not only slows down the car safely but keeps it steady, preventing skidding to either side.

Buick four-wheel brakes operate with slight pressure on the service brake pedal, are of the Buick-proved external contracting type and function independently of the emergency brake.

Buick has taken this advanced step of designing four-wheel brakes on its 1924 cars in conformance with its well-known policy of providing owners with the safest and most dependable transportation.

We will be pleased to give you a demonstration and let you prove the effectiveness of Buick four-wheel brakes yourself.

E-4-15-NP

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Effective at once, the following new low prices will prevail

Overland	Touring	\$633.00
	Roadster	\$633.00
	Coupe	\$915.00
	Sedan	\$975.00
New Motor	Red Bird	\$850.00

Willys-Knight	Touring	\$1395.00
	Roadster	\$1395.00
	Coupe-Sedan	\$1805.00
	Sedan (5)	\$2060.00
Knight Motor	Sedan (7)	\$2275.00

All prices delivered Roseburg

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