

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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

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Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1923.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOY.

A story was told the other day about a father who had not spoken to his son for three months, though this boy lived at the family home. To an outside member of the family the lad, 18 years of age, said his father took no interest in him and that his chances for success seemed to be stilled by the parent's attitude.

The father was a man of more than ordinary means and well able to give such financial aid as might be expected in such cases, as well as sound fatherly advice to his offspring, but he had lost sight of the boy and his growing habits until the young man had become wayward, not vicious in any way, but had fallen into loose company that kept him out late at nights. Habits had been formed that were not conducive to manly boyhood. The neglectful father complained that he had no control over his son's career, being utterly unable to change his habits in any way that would make a real man of his offspring.

And he hadn't uttered a word to this boy for three months. Just sat idly by and watched him gather loose habits and loose friends without ever concerning himself to that degree to even take the young man into his confidence and explain the better and more wholesome things of life. No wonder the boy was going to the dogs. He hadn't heard his father's voice directed to him for three months, and the father complained of having no jurisdiction over his son. His business relations were probably too numerous and extensive. He thought more of adding to his wealth and mingling with his friends than he did of his own blood and flesh.

And the inevitable occurred—a wide estrangement between father and son, and at so late a period in life that the boy had lost all faith in the one person who should have been his pal and advisor during early boyhood days.

A man of ordinary intelligence wouldn't treat a dog as this supposedly "good" business man had treated his son. His manner toward the boy was far more severe than a kick and cuff, for what is more depressing in the family circle than a husband and father with that deep stillness that breeds fear and contempt and acts as an incentive to wrong doing?

Too many boys are left to battle with such fathers in their early career and too many boys are falling into pitfalls for this very one reason. The father who assumes the responsibility of bringing a boy into the world and then accords him this beast-like treatment has no other place to rest the responsibility for his son's sins other than upon himself.

When fathers learn to make pals of their boys, give them a few hours of their "valuable" time each week, enter into their frivolity with a meekness and lowliness that is so common among the younger set, then, and then only, will the boyhood of the country be brought to that degree of efficiency and morale that this great nation rightfully deserves.

If there are any fathers in Roseburg who have failed to make the acquaintance of their boy don't wait for a formal introduction or a quarter of a year before you begin to rub shoulders with the lad. It pays and pays well to be a regular pal to your boy.

If there is anything the city of Roseburg needs more than the acquisition of the park in Umpqua Addition we would like to have some fellow step up and name it. And when this park proposition passes into private hands, or rather, the offer of the thirty acres to the city is withdrawn, where will the inhabitants look for another site so beautiful, so convenient and so ideal for a park children's play ground and tourist camp ground? The time to act is right now and the leaders in such a benevolent undertaking will go down in history as great benefactors to Roseburg.

And while we are discussing the park question it is right and proper to consider a city park within the city limits. A place where the visitor from rural districts can find proper conveniences for his family and the local inhabitant can utilize as a rest and recreation spot.



THE VILLAGE RHYMESTER

By Carlisle C. Cady

Dear Folks:

Here I'll take a stand for women and mistakes they sometimes make. They deserve consideration, for abuse they often take when the same mistake by others, if the other folks are men, would receive but little censure from the mouth or from the pen.

"It's a woman, that explains it," is the cry you often hear, when a woman's in a tangle that it's difficult to clear. While a man can be entangled in a web that's tighter still, but his sex is never mentioned and he takes no bitter pill in the shape of words sarcastic, which reflect upon his mind, which would make it seem to wisdom, he must be forever blind.

When an auto gets in trouble with a woman at the wheel, she's the one to place the blame on. That's the way so many feel, and they never hunt excuses when a woman's near at hand. She's responsible for trouble, and although she takes a stand for her rights and own convictions, she might just as well give in. "It's a woman," is the clamor, "til it raises a din."

So you self appointed jurors, stop and think a little bit. Don't be hasty in your verdict, it becomes you not a whit. Give a woman just the fraction of the thought you give to men. Do it once and when you've finished, you will do it oft again.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

If there is any

Smaller or more

Typical small town

Than Roseburg, Oregon

I'd like to see it.

Said Sullen Josephson,

Former home town feller

To his present agent,

While writing the

Scenario for "Main Street"

And we guess Julian

Thinks this burg

Is still the same

As it was when he sold

Ribbons behind the

Counter of the store

That had been

"Treating people

Square since 1877."

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS

A football coach is a carriage.

We've been inspecting the young

fry these days to ascertain whether

any of 'em are wearing copper-tipped

shoes but we don't imagine any of the

kids would stoop to such straits as

as long as their parents can dig dimes

and provide the chic patent leathers.

All good little boys and girls were

delighted to welcome teacher back

from her vacation. Quit your frowning

Willie!

CONTRIBUTED BY MERRIE MARY

One type of husband sits and reads

the paper while his wife toils over

the dishes.

Another type murmurs now and

then "Can't help you." To which

he says: "N-no, dear."

And that is about the only difference

between types of husbands.

THE PETTICOAT CREW.

Here's to the club girl.

Here's to the lass girl.

Here's to the tub who looks you

through.

Here's to the mannish girl.

Here's to the klannish girl—

Here's to the bunch—the petticoat

crew!

WEDDINGS

A silver wedding—Marrying an old

maid of sixty.

An iron wedding—Marrying a

blacksmith.

A wooden wedding—Marrying a block-

head.

A golden wedding—Marrying for

money.

A plain wedding—Marrying a car-

penter.

A paper wedding—Marrying an

editor.

After a man gets into a hole it is

surprising how many people could

have told him what path he might

have taken in order to avoid the pit.

The legion fellers gathered around

the o. d. blanket last night and went

through a ritual which resembled an

ice and a king.

A big basket of grapes dropped in

our sanctum today and we are glad we

live in a fruit belt, instead of the cot-

ton area.

Ad's Gen'l Gawge White of Salem

was in the village today saluting the

national guard fellers.

Some people would a heap rather

talk about you than with you."

THOSE GOOD HAIR NETS

Lady Lois' double-mesh cap-shape

hair nets at Carr's—special 10c value.

They wear.

GLIDE NEWS

We are having lovely weather at

present.

Lester Blakely has just finished

putting forty cords of wood in the

basement of the school house.

Miss Marie Hayes of Douglas has

won on the streets of CHIE one day

last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lutz and

children from Corvallis are visiting

his brother, Leslie Lutz.

Clifford Lilly, the Glide merchant,

spent the last Saturday in Medford

visiting his sister and attending the

funeral.

A. S. Crawford is getting along as

well as could be expected.

Carl Hill is riding around in a

brand new "Red Bird."

Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Thornton at-

tended church at Glide last Sunday

morning.

J. C. Davidson is building a foot

bridge across the river.

There were two services Sunday at

the Glide church. John Har-

rison in the morning and Rev. C.

Caldwell in the afternoon.

The community fair is to be held

in the community school house

September 21. Bazaar dinner at

noon and everyone invited to bring

a well filled basket. After dinner

Mr. C. E. Shouse will make a talk

on state marketing and C. L. Hurd

will talk on cooperation. Mr. C. E.

Baker will speak on the income tax

and the organization of farmers. O.

C. Brown and others are expected to

make short talks.

X. X.

FULL FASHIONED HOSE.

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save.

Death-Bed Psychology

People are not always as good as they think and are not always as sick as they feel.

When my father was a young minister there was an eccentric old man in his church who was very fond of him who took a great deal of interest in him. He was constantly giving him much advice, and my father, appreciating the good intent of the old man's intellectual qualifications, accepted this advice in the spirit in which it was given.

One day my father was sent for in haste. The old man was dying. It was a hot day and as my father entered the chamber of death he perceived the old man, who was six feet long and as gaunt as a rail, lying on the bed with only a sheet over him. His pale blue eyes had a far away look. His hands were clasped on his breast. He addressed my father in a sepulchral voice.

"I am going to die," he said, "and I have already made my peace with God. I am ready to go. I have sent for you not because I need you, but because I want to hear how you would talk to a dying man. I have my doubts about your ability to handle a death-bed scene. Now, go ahead and let me see what you can do." The old man relaxed and closed his eyes.

My father said he felt for the moment that had he possessed the tongues of men and angels they would have availed him nothing. But it was only for a moment that he was speechless. Then his ready wit came to his rescue and he rose to the occasion. Addressing the old man, he said:

"You say you have made your peace with God and are ready to go. I doubt it. Ever since I have known you I have been impressed with your irascible disposition. I have noticed that, through yielding to your irascible tendencies, you have given your wife and children many unhap-

py hours. Now, before your tongue stills in death, send for your wife and your children and ask them to forgive you for the many unkindnesses you have inflicted on them."

The old man opened his eyes, rolled them around at my father, and essayed to speak.

"One more thing," said my father, raising his hand. "The members of your church feel that you have not carried your share of the burden there. They feel that you have been stung by your financial relations with the church. They resent this, and quite properly. Now, before your fingers stiffen in death, take your pen and write a generous check in favor of this church toward which you have been so libellar."

The old man suddenly developed a good deal of energy for a dying man. He raised himself on one elbow and shook his fist at my father. "Get out of this room, you impudent young scamp," he wheeled, "Get out of this room or I'll thrash you out!"

From that moment the old man's reprobation began. In a few days he was out of bed and in a few days more, having a keen sense of humor, he was telling the story all over town as a huge joke on himself.

"When the time does come for me to die," he said to my father, "I want you to preach my funeral sermon. You are the only man that ever did really understand me."

SILK HOSE WON'T RUN

We have a special silk hose so treated as to make runners almost impossible. Buy this hose at Carr's for \$1.49 and get a hose that will last.

POPE STRENGTHENS EDICT AGAINST IMMODEST DRESS

(By Associated Press.)

ROME, Sept. 19.—As a result of the recent sensational incident when 150 women, forming a part of a deputation to the Pope, were turned back from the Vatican because their dresses were low cut at the neck and short skirted, the papal majordomo has issued a new set of regulations for dress when being received by the Pope.

Women must wear dresses covering the arms to the wrist and the neck to the chin, says the regulations. Material and not transparency and be long enough to reach down to the ankles of the wearer. Dresses giving undue prominence to the figure are discouraged.

Gloves must not be worn and only wedding or engagement rings may adorn the fingers of intending visitors to the Vatican, who are now admitted to three examinations, viz: first at the door, second at St. Damaso Courtyard, and if they pass these posts their invitation card is crossed with a blue mark. The third examination is made in the Papal anti-chamber, where successful candidates receive a red cross on their cards.

Make-up of any description is strictly forbidden. Hair dye is tolerated provided it is not of the conspicuous peroxide tint.



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DAILY NEWS LETTER

Gossip of Staff Correspondents at World Centers of Population.

TODAY:
Traffic Problem Grips L. A.
Is it a Job for Police?
Chief Vollmer says "No."

By WILLIAM G. CAYCE,
(International News Service Correspondent.)

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 19.—Traffic and its solution—ever a thorn in the side of Los Angeles—is still the most menacing problem officials have to face.

Various methods by which the traffic, which continually keeps the downtown streets clogged, have been suggested. Some of these plans have been given a trial, but were of no apparent satisfaction.

Chief of Police Vollmer, the "scientific cop," brought here from Berkeley to reign over the Police Department, suggests that the only way to regulate traffic is to take it out of the hands of the police department and place it under the supervision of an entirely new branch of the city government, created for that particular purpose.

Under the arrangement suggested by Chief Vollmer the new department of the city government would be supervised by a traffic commission of traffic engineers. Special traffic officers, he claims, would replace the present police officers in that particular work.

"Regulation of traffic does not belong in the police department," the chief said. "It is not even police work. Prevention and detection of crime is the work of the police department."

"I strongly favor a new division of the municipal government to take over the traffic entirely. This would divorce it from the police department. My idea is for the creation of a traffic commission composed of traffic engineers, which would have full responsibility for traffic regulation."

"Police officers could be relieved from traffic duty entirely and in their place be detailed specially trained traffic officers, who would have no connection with the police department. The officers would wear different uniforms than the police and would have the authority to enforce traffic laws only."

Chief Vollmer said there were numerous reasons why the traffic problem should be taken from the police department and cited the following:

The widening and lengthening of city streets is strictly a traffic problem, still the chief of police has nothing to say about it. He should not; a chief of police does not know anything about the widening of a street.

The granting of electric street railway franchises and bus lines is in the discretion of the city council. That is a traffic question and the action of the council may seriously handicap police efforts to regulate traffic. The chief of police has nothing to say regarding the granting of such franchises; still he is required to regulate traffic.

"Take the question of speed," the chief said. "How fast should traffic flow? Any slowing up of traffic interferes with the transaction of business. The chief of police should not be burdened with this problem. What does he know about commerce and transportation and the needs vital to the commercial life of a city?"

The greatest element entering into the traffic question is that the efficiency of a police department hinges greatly on the respect the community has for it. The respect an individual has for the police department is based on his contact with the single members of the department.

"The policeman should be allowed to go about his business protecting life and property and preventing crime and not hindered with traffic problems."

News-Review circulation 4125.

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