

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Every Thursday.

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1923.

MR. STEINMETZ'S PREDICTIONS

Charles P. Steinmetz, the distinguished electrical engineer who died recently, used to make very hopeful predictions about the benefits that would be derived from the further development of electricity and water powers. He felt that the railroads would electrify their lines as soon as they could finance such projects, he was confident that enormous amounts of coal would be saved through use of the water powers, and so on. The question may be asked, if such great savings could be made by harnessing water powers, electrifying the railroads, etc., why more is not done to realize at once these economies, and get the benefits of them now? No doubt rapid advance along these lines will be made within the next few years. The business world is becoming deeply interested in "super-power" projects. One great difficulty relates to the enormous amount of capital required for such changes. A great body of new securities would have to be offered, and the savings of the people are not sufficient to accomplish a great number of big projects at once. Also with labor scarce it would be difficult to find the men to do the rough work of these projects. If the people want their water powers and other resources developed, they must save money faster so that there shall be plenty of funds available. If capital is scarce, high rates of interest have to be paid, which creates a serious difficulty. Also people who could put money into such projects, won't go into such enterprises unless they get favorable terms. But if they do get good terms, then the cry is raised that they are robbing the people. If the public want their resources developed, they must allow a fair chance for profit to the capital that does it.

Up to recent years, the business men of most towns played a rather long hand. Many of them were satisfied with a small level of achievement. Then Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade became active, and good workers went in and got results. But there are usually a lot of excellent citizens and business men who have never formed the habit of doing public work, and who are not fully converted to the modern ideas of community activity. These men only need waking up. The first thing is to give them no rest until they have joined one or more of the local organizations working for town progress. Get them to attend the meetings. Have good talk on what is being accomplished in other places, and could be done in Roseburg. As a result of that kind of treatment, a lot of former sleepers are getting aroused, and are making excellent community workers and boosters.

If a public official neglects his duty, he is accused of being inefficient, and if he does it, then he is considered to be truckling for votes.

About this time the trapping season should be properly celebrated by bringing a lot of automobile speeders into court.



Dear Folks:

There's a little old lady I'm loving, with a whimsical lovable smile. In her dress she is quaintly old fashioned, not a thing that she wears is in style. But her face lights the room with its shining, in her presence I feel mighty small. And in days of her youth, I will wager, she was handsome and queen of the ball.

Though she's old and she's gray, still her beauty, through her wrinkles of time I can see. Not a day that I'm ever unmindful of the things that she's done, just for me. 'Round her neck is an old fashioned collar made of lace that's a hundred years old, and this little lady I'm loving, had a heart that was made of pure gold. She's a help and a real inspiration, not a thing does she miss that I do, not a word does she speak of my failings, though at times they must make her feel blue. What she thinks of our new fangled customs, there's no way that I ever can tell. For there's nothing that savors of gossip in this lady I'm loving so well.

She's alone, yet she never gets lonely. People look at her face and give praise, but she's silent through all of their talking, no emotion she ever displays. On her lap lie her hands neatly folded, for their days full of action are over. In her youth they were always kept busy doing others good deeds by the score.

So this little old lady I'm loving, with the whimsical lovable smile, will remain in the spot I have chosen and will guide me along all the while. And she'll light up the room with her smiling in her presence I'll stay mighty small. She's my Granny that's up in a picture, that has hung many years on the wall.

NOTICE

All members of Union Employees No. 8 are requested to be present to take action on proposed change in by laws. Muscovite patrol team will meet at close of lodge.

V. J. MICHELL, C. P.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS

Water will be off Friday, Nov. 9th from 2:00 p. m. till 12:00 a. m. affecting all of West Roseburg and all the rivers between Oak and Lane streets, west of the H. B. tracks.

THE CALIFORNIA GREEN POWER COMPANY

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

The Am. leg. fellers held a session Last eve after which Many of them Revived their Religious affiliations.

DUMBLELL DORA THINKS

That just because butter is made from cow's milk, lard is made from pig's milk.

The other day we made mention that this great column of moral uplift had not as yet rec'd any poetic effusions concerning the Autumnal changes but today Charley Heinline checked in a letter from Glendale with the following free verse dedicated to the chill in the air:

Autumn
When the leaves are turning red,
When the pumpkin vines are dead
And you shiver in your bed,
It is Autumn.

When you feel that B. V. D's
Ought to come below the knees
And you sit and sneeze and freeze,
It is Autumn.

When your bills for fuel come,
When your gloveless hands are numb
And you have no warming rum,
It is Autumn.

When your false teeth clink and clatter
As you mix the buckwheat batter
And your dreams of summer shatter,
It is Autumn.

AD LIB
Glendale, Oregon.

The motorboats on the streets of Venice probably sport signs reading, "Please Excuse Our Splash."

THE DIFFERENCE
Burmese girls can't enter society without car plugs. American boys can't enter without spark plugs.

The chief cause of divorce is that the menu isn't so thrilling after you have dined.

Nature has given us the cheek-tinting business as a bad job.

Long-haired men are still held in contempt but short-haired women are held otherwise.

Scientists say now that fruits are capable of feeling pain. Which may be true but the grapefruit is the only one that can hit back.

THE DIFFERENCE
The girl behind the counter chews Her gum in manner artful.
My cow chews cud the selfsame way Except my cow looks thoughtful.

So far as bobbed hair making some women look girlish it is about as successful as a tattered coat is in making some men look younger.

THE WOMEN ARE GOOD AT TAKING HINTS especially beauty hints.

Dear Colym: Another advantage about the days of old when knights were bold, the gents didn't have to worry about having their breeches pressed.—Dyna Mite.

True enough, but s'pose a gent fared forth in one of those castiron suits and then lost his screw driver, how'd he get it off?

When circumstances parks one near a courting couple, one wishes love were deaf and dumb as well as blind.

A hick town is one whose inhabitants get their tonsils burned when visiting a city.

Husbands are supposed to be protected against testimony by their wives, but listen to this statement from a Chicago wife who just filed a damage suit against her mate.

"He wears long silk stockings and fastens them with small gold safety pins to his B. V. D's. He has 30 pairs of extra long ladies silk stockings—for himself all right. He says socks let his knees get cold."

Any other nominations for the title of "meanest woman?"

The funniest thing ye ed. has seen for a long time is a traveling man for a leather company going about the country in a Ford car with a bunch of buggy whips sticking out the back end.

PETTING SONG FROM "RUSHIN' OPERA 'NECKERVITCH"

I asked there in the mist
With a longing to be kissed,
So I asked the pretty miss,
For a little loving kiss.

But she said "I would be amiss
To give you such a kiss."
And I said I'd love a kiss
When it came from such a miss.

While she pondered over this,
I tried to steal the kiss,
But I missed her in the mist—
Missed the kiss and kissed the mist.

Lafayette Sign

"Hain't some fellers get a fat a gail to ask ya to brag on their new suit."

WHEN "HOLLERIN' WILLIAM" HOLLERED

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)

Early one Sunday morning I was awakened by a loud commotion down the road. There were howls for help and pleas for mercy mingled with vigorous imprecations in another voice. I hurried to investigate and found a group of white men, in the center of which was a real black shiny negro known as "Hollerin' William." It was evident that William was in trouble. He was sobbing energetically. All he had on was a dilapidated suit of undergarment and the skin had been knocked off him in spots.

Standing at some distance was a yellow negro by the name of Adam Hull. Adam was part Spaniard, tall and powerful. He was a good sort not to tamper with. He was holding an oar. It was this oar that had taken the skin off "Hollerin' William."

Grimly, Adam told the story. He made a business of rafting. Being a bachelor, and Hollerin' William likewise, he had taken William into partnership and permitted him to live in his house. He had gone down the river to bring up a raft of logs and had left William in full possession.

During his absence, William, having fallen under the spell of a certain colored stien known as Pannola Jackson and wishing to show the lady some attention, had sold every stick of furniture out of Adam's house and had blown in the proceeds on the aforesaid Pannola. He had expected to be elsewhere when Adam returned, but Adam came home too soon and found his despoiler asleep on a pallet, which was the only article left in the house.

Sensing the situation, he had seized an oar and proceeded to work on William. Without stopping to make his toilet, William had fled with Adam in close pursuit, giving him a lick at every jump.

At the suggestion of one of the white men, William offered to go and collect some money that was due him from a man named Henderson. But he declared he was afraid Adam would kill him if he left the protection of the white folks. And grimly admitted that William had absolutely the right idea.

A council was held. A team was hitched up and a couple of white men started with William to Henderson's place, which was three miles away. On account of William's unconventional attire, the men did not care to be seen out riding with him on Sunday morning, so they made him walk behind the wagon.

Off they went, William trotting as close to the tail-kate as he could, get and Adam with him trotting dog-wildly behind William. They found Henderson, he paid William, and William paid Adam who took himself off with his oar.

Now, where was the profit in all of this? "Hollerin' William" lost his job and his home and his money. He got badly beaten and had to walk six miles on Sunday morning in his B. V. D's. All for the smiles of a black devilish who would not have had him as a gracious gift.

LOCAL NEWS

T. H. Davis, a resident of Glide, is in Roseburg spending several days attending to business.

Chas. S. Coderstrom of Melrose spent several hours in town today attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Walter Vashaw, a resident of Looking Glass, was in town today shopping and visiting with friends.

M. D. Field of the California Oregon Power company is in the city for a few days looking after business affairs.

Chrysanthemums for sale. Bigger, better and more of them. Come and see them. At the home of H. B. Church 218 East Commercial Ave.

Mrs. J. W. Hamilton returned to Roseburg last night after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Arlen Carson, of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Barry left yesterday for Los Angeles where they will spend a month visiting with friends and relatives.

Mrs. W. L. Smith of Hood River left last night for Los Angeles where she will visit with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Marsh, for a month.

Hugh B. Rankin, forest supervisor at Medford, who has been spending a few days in Roseburg attending to business left this morning for his home in Medford.

Ouch! Lumbago Pain! Rub Backache Away

Instant Relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Kidneys cause Backache? Not! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Lumbago, your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica, or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lumbago disappear. Don't stay cramped! Get small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and dealer up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is thoroughly harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

To know how good a cigarette really can be made you must try a



HOTEL ARRIVALS

Hotel Grand

Portland arrivals: H. C. Kalsnes, Otto Herling and wife, Mike and Mabel Herling, C. Edelson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davis, R. L. McDonald, Mrs. Sharpe, Miss Ebelman, M. F. Groh, L. A. Riddle, B. B. Montay, M. G. Henkel, D. H. Pine, Arta Kenell, Mrs. G. A. Kenell, B. G. McElhine, John Marks, J. R. Whitcomb, Harry N. Davies, S. K. Colquhoun, Raymond Riker, N. Burroughs, F. A. McDaniell, L. D. Curtis, C. R. Hamen.

Miscellaneous: B. N. Nedrebr and wife, Fargo, N. D.; B. D. GHI, Ashland; J. H. Thorpe, Seattle; J. L. Jacob, Malibu; Harry E. Wilson, Merrill; John R. Reber, Malibu; Edwin M. Kuhn, San Francisco; K. Allington, M. Smith, Blaghampton, N. Y.; S. R. Seaton and wife, Seattle; Isadore Roudman; R. McDaniell, Tiller; L. F. Leizer, Medford; L. F. Belott, W. T. Alpine, Riverton; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Heaney, Billings, Mont.; L. Older, Medford; Mr. and Mrs. C. Hinchaw, Salem; J. A. Graham, Mrs. Taylor, Chehalis; Henrie Grandjean, Seattle; J. A. Raffman, Wenatchee; Gilbert Nye, Seattle; T. B. Davis, Glend; Fred Mason, Lena Mason, Peoria; J. B. Roudman, Tiller; Fred Fisher, Glendale; Mrs. J. R. Mason, Peoria; H. J. Hoover, Seattle; O. A. Longe, Santa Barbara.

Hotel Douglas

Portland arrivals: C. E. Bigger, G. Edlund, R. L. McEwan, N. G. Nicholson, W. J. Howe, Harvey Carpenter, R. B. Dorsey, M. G. Gregory, P. T. Green, Mrs. C. L. Rannan, A. E. Rannan, F. J. Connolly, H. B. Hancock, E. G. Markett.

Miscellaneous: W. H. Ferguson and wife, Gold Hill; J. C. Diamond and wife, Reno; W. A. Hayne, Centralia; Chas. Evans, E. V. Kelly, H. C. Mantley, Spokane; G. W. Herley and wife, Guber, Wn.; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Compton, Columbus, O.; Leonard Slader, C. J. Heriman, Detroit; Kate W. Rodgers, Caruthersville, Mo.; Carl Proffier, H. S. Hays, Chas. Pettichord, O. J. LaSelle, S. Stanley, Prospect, Wn.; Free Farin, Eugene; Mrs. D. Black, Klamath Falls; J. G. Stack, Klamath Falls; Mrs. V. S. Mills, Hildebrand; Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Jones, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. G. Jones, Vancouver; M. W. Langley, Vancouver; James M. Garth, Thomas, Mukle, Los Angeles; Mrs. Annie Barry, Dolores Barry, Watha Walla; R. J. Denton, Orange, Cal.

Hotel Umpqua

Portland arrivals: E. R. Balsizer, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodward, C. H. White, H. B. Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Bliss, Ben Ryneche, E. W. Thompson, C. R. McManis, A. A. Burns, R. G. Vallentyne, A. H. Cuddeback and wife, Edwin Weaver, J. L. Standefer, J. B