

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND PUBLIC EDUCATION

No community is completely equipped with facilities for public education unless in addition to adequate schools it also has a public library accessible to its people.

The public library is often called a "university of the people," and such it is, offering something of value to every person who will avail himself of its services.

The purposes for which people read may be classed under the heads of information, inspiration, and recreation, and the public library supplies literature for each of these ends.

The public library as an institution fosters a sturdy Americanism and a democratic cooperation for civic improvement among all classes in the community.

Every community, no matter how small, should either have its own public library or access to library service from some nearby convenient source.

Thirty-eight states have official agencies for promoting the establishment and development of public libraries in their territory—in each case either a state library commission or a division of the state education department or a state library exercising functions similar to those of a library commission.

The people of the open country need and are entitled to good library service as much as the residents of towns and cities. In most parts of the United States the county library is found to be the best adapted for supplying reading matter to dwellers in the rural districts.

The famous Douglas County truck was roosting on a low perch today and Dad is sincerely hoping that he will be within reach by the time Thanksgiving Day arrives.

The politicians say we must listen to the voice of the people. Just at present the voice of the people is principally heard raving at the football games.

The boys may not be in sight when you want the yard raked up, but if you ring the dinner bell they would show up from somewhere.

A noted scientist has gone to Borneo to capture butterfly specimens. He could find some beauties at society events in this country.

Some people will celebrate National Education Week by growling about their school taxes.

"Father and Son Week" should be observed 52 weeks in every year.

After all, it's pretty hard to beat this weather.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS— With turkey selling At 27 cents a pound Today we may be able To purchase A gizzard or two.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS Ma Jungg is the mother of a Chinaman.

The Masons observed "Father and Son Week" last night and the lodge room is still intact, strange to relate.

Frank Hills drove a flivver out in the sticks the other day to demonstrate to some victim, and, experiencing a streak of hard luck, had a flat tire. He phoned to the village in an S. O. S. for help and the service wagon was dispatched to his aid and just as the tire-repairing outfit appeared on the scene an hour later, Frank found a spare tire on the rear of his bus all pumped and ready for use.

Girls of the Civil War days wore pantsuits to cover their legs, now they wear pants to show them off.

Admire a woman, but don't try to understand her.

A lot of men think the world is hard on them because they cannot land a soft berth.

THANKFUL! (All Together, Please.) WE ARE! THANKFUL! for what? For EVERYTHING!

Sunshine, soft breezes, birds that sing Doxologies from every tree; the dandelion-covered sea;

The round red apple and sweet pear, the elderberry everywhere.

The juice of which on may convert, without committing act overt, into a "near" but "not quite" wine to "aid digestion" when we dine.

"Thankful!" you ask, "and, pray, for what?" And I reply, "for THAT, why not?"

"This lovely but lovable blossom, despite an earlier (entirely unjustified) shady reputation, bids fair to become the National Flower."

We know a girl who is so modest that she blushes when the radio announces Bedtime Stories.

All girls in the Ziegfeld Follies have been branded peaches.

Marry a chicken and you may get henpecked.

At sixteen: "How dare you, sir!" At eighteen: "I'm sure I don't know you."

At twenty: "I don't think we've been introduced, but—" At twenty-five: "I'm sure we have some friends in common, so it really doesn't matter."

At thirty: "Conventions are so foolish, anyway."

At forty: "My dear man, can you lead me a match?"

THAT THIRTY THING "What'll we have for dinner, Mom? We have nothing in the house but some scraps of pork, a bit of ham, some tinfoil in cellophane and the corn is a rosette beef."

"What more do you want for lunch, Mary? Make chicken croquettes of it."

The winter frocks are carrying touches of ermine, formerly worn by somebody's house cat.

A painter arrested and accused of stepping a girl, told the magistrate he was trying to see if the paint was dry.

A woman who is strong on economy claims she has been stung. She married a doctor twelve years ago and she hasn't been sick since.

A town may boast of its culture but its chief source of pride is the traffic problem.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)

There's a lot in a name. I used to think my father had about ruined me when he gave me mine, besides conferring a very doubtful honor on an old friend. From the time I was old enough to comprehend, it was the bane of my life. When people would ask me my name, I would say I did not know.

Having to get up before a slick-erted class room the first day of school and announce my name was always a thumb-screw ordeal. When I was about twelve years old I took matters into my own hands and adopted a less unusual appellation. This so grieved my father that I finally abandoned the idea and went back to first principles.

However, as time went on, I became used to it. I am not kidding now. It is all right for publicity purposes and no one else gets my name. Besides, I met a Kentucky minister by the name of Will B. Derr, and that helped some.

Yes, there is lots in a name. I knew a man who had invented a very good contrivance for freezing cream, loaves, and so on. He should have made a good thing of it. But he organized his company under the name of The Southern Sanitary Glass Mould Ice Cream Freezer Company. He went broke in three months. And it served him right too.

One has to be careful with names. When we were setting up the second Red Cross War Drive a rival poster was suggested, showing a Red Cross nurse holding one end of a stretcher and below was the inscription, "Hold up your end." Some of the publicity experts were rabid against this poster. They declared the drive would be called "The Hold-Up Campaign."

Under ordinary circumstances they would have been right. But the American people were not joking much about such things at that time. I like to see a man's name tell something about him. According to Webster's Unabridged the name Emile signifies an educated man and the word Coue is defined "Having a tail." Emile Coue is certainly educated and he does have a tale, which he tells with effect.

The appellation of J. A. Makeover, a tailor of Washington, D. C., is fitting. But George M. Oyster of the same city should be vending bi-valves instead of milk.

Our names are our labels. It should be our constant endeavor to make them stand for the best there is in human qualifications.

SOCIAL DANCE

At Winchester Saturday night, November 21, where you always have a good time.

DAILY NEWS LETTER Gossip of Staff Correspondents at World Centers of Population.

TODAY: Chicago's Post-Volstead Fetes The winter Now Looks Rosy By ROLAND KREBS, (International News Service Staff Correspondent)

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—That part of Chicago that was its breakfast out of cocktail shakers and is always eager to go on a "bust" was complaining lachrymously about the winter setting a dull start, until the artists of the Tree Studio Building got together the other night and pitched a party. Now the winter looks rosy.

It was a party with a 72-hour day—the kind where, when dawn glows, one asks "Is this Wednesday morning or October?"

Just about everyone was there at one part of the evening or another.

It was a costume party if you choose, formal if you had a dinner jacket or informal if you had no drinking clothes and selected to come in your workaday rags.

Out among the oaks and alfalfa they'll call it a housewarming, all though dancing was planned as the night's chief diversion. Dancing with anything other than the eyeballs, however, became impossible just as soon as the guests began arriving.

There was no dance hall of any kind in the building you see. Someone wheeled a piano into one end of the corridor, took a clarinet down from the window rack, it was holding up and placed a saxophone and trap drums up from behind the Japanese screen that hid the box and the orchestra was assembled.

After everyone had been pretty thoroughly brained in the dancing, visiting parties were organized and went from studio to studio, admiring each other's costumes and criticizing pictures as best one may after three coples of gin.

The costumes were bizarre. They always are. There were Shakespearean characters, East Indian pirates, Pierres, Zulus, Raggedy-Ann dolls and hoboes.

After midnight visiting show people came tripping in and things got sayer and sayer.

These artists are great improvisors. They served their guests really appetizing rare-bits cooked in kettles and things over coal-burned gas stoves. They got sandwiches out of cabinets that house brushes and shellac sprays. Tin receptacles meantor lineded oil made dandy cocktail shakers.

As might have been expected, everyone got to be one big family by daylight. Names were small matters for introductions. One managed that in this way: "Mrs. Zipp, I should like to present Mr. Oank. Mr. Oank and I went to different schools together or something like that."

In fact, said one lady about to introduce a gentleman: "Let me see, what was your name again?" and he answered: "It slipped my mind just now; pick me out a good one."

JCPenney Co. A NATION-WIDE INSTITUTION - 475 DEPARTMENT STORES

Wool Frocks for Fall Priced at the Very Bottom!

Compare these Wool Dresses with those sold elsewhere and you'll see that ours are really unusual values! Our quantity buying induces the makers to sell to us at prices which also mean savings to you. Make your choice now while our showing is complete.

Styled Becomingly Poiret twill of good quality fashions these Dresses which are in becoming styles for women and misses. The waists are silk lined. Trimming consists of braid, silk embroidery, and self piping and straps on the strictly tailored models. In navy and brown. Sizes 16 to 44 \$9.90 \$14.75

Stop Coughing The simplest and best way to stop coughs, colds, croup, bronchial, "flu" and la grippe coughs is to take CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY Every user is a friend

Dear Folks: "I'm getting fat," said Abby Lee, "without seeing to see my weight's increasing every day. I'll start away. No more of sweets will I partake, I'll pass sweets and cake, but not today, that's much too soon for gin tomorrow noon." Tomorrow came and Abby said, "Today's the head. Of course my breakfast doesn't count, I'll eat amount. But lunch will find me starting in, a diet me thin." So breakfast found her eating strong, and lunch time came along. But when the pangs of hunger Abby's will grew kind of lame. Said she, "I guess I'll night and make my dinner good and light. What about a luncheon make?" And she stumped on pie and cake and need a dinner free from sweets, just onions, carrots, and beets. That night some friends came in to dine, and she draw the line on feeding guests with thinning things, and ment no approval brings. Tomorrow is the day I'll start from sweets and fats I'll part. But as a hostess I'm regardless of what's fat or sweet." Each day would bring some new excuse, "I'll stay what's the use? It's not because my will is weak, because it's health I seek. And diets often make you sick, so I guess I'll stick to what I know is good for me." The answer Abby Lee.

Everything for the Home In Our Classified Ads

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

When a fever gets a few gray hairs on the head he starts in position to give to his friends.