

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1923

BOOMING THE CANDIDATES

Politics in a great game, and the country will be hot with it until the presidential election. It is extremely difficult to forecast results, which depend upon factors hidden from the ordinary observer, and which many politicians do not judge aright.

The men who have a strong popular following do not always make a showing in the conventions. They may not make headway with those who shape political movements. This may indicate that a man is so idealistic in his aims, that the politicians are fearful they can not handle him. Also it means sometimes, that the politicians, who have some practical sense, feel that a man has had little experience in the political game and would better serve a longer apprenticeship.

It has been demonstrated that caution should be used in spending money to promote political campaigns. If a man seems to be spending too freely for his advancement, it leads many people to think that he lacks the qualifications to win on his merits.

If a candidate does not have a considerable organization behind him, soliciting votes and winning friends, his cause is likely to fall flat. But it is much better if that organization is composed of men who are working out of personal enthusiasm, rather than from any hope of their own advancement. A group of loyal rooters working for a man for love and admiration, is better than money.

The best way to win such backers, is for a man to play the game of politics square, to support unpopular causes sometimes because they are right, and to show broad intelligence on public questions. These are times when a man must be able to think and show executive ability and power of leadership along rational lines rather than merely pull wires.

About this time of year in former days, in the country towns, the boys used to face the job of sawing up a pile of wood for winter use. In some families they never received any cash for the labor, but were told that it was their fair contribution to their own support. In others they got their pay, and many men thereby earned the first dollars of the capital that they subsequently accumulated. The boys used to dread this annual job, and complain plaintively about backache. But many of them developed into powerful wielders of the saw and axe, and the stunts they accomplished would get our present day athletes thoroughly winded. Today many woodpiles are cut up by power saws, many families buy wood all cut, so that a lot of the boys escape the job at the saw-horse over which their fathers labored. They miss something of physical development and cultivation of habits of industry as a result.

The so called crime wave that broke loose in the country shortly after the war is proving no mere temporary affair, but day after day the newspapers print a story of burglaries and hold ups. The criminal class is more numerous, more desperate, and better equipped than ever before. Every time a successful theft is pulled off, it encourages a lot of new criminals to try to do the same thing. The cities of America need bigger police forces, better motor equipment, and an abundant force of detectives. The country must fight the criminal class with determined vigor, or a vast class of parasites will prey on the life of the nation.

"Women have as much right to smoke as men, but a baby has a small chance to grow to greatness in the arms of a shallow, artificial, cigarette-smoking mother," declared Rev. Daniel F. Rittenhouse, pastor of the First Baptist Church, at Columbus, Ohio, recently. And the pastor spoke a whole mouthful.



Dear Folks:
When the sun in the heavens is shining, when the sky is the color of blue. When your step is as light as a feather and there's pleasure in all that you do you can travel alone and unaided, with a heart that is cheery and light. For it's good to be living and breathing when the world is a picture that's bright.

When there's nothing that troubles or bothers, when your mind has no worry or fear. When your coffers are brimming with shokels and your conscience is spotless and clear, you can stand without help or assistance, you've no need of a boost or a prop. For it's pleasing to think of your harvest and the profit that came from your crop. When the sun in the heavens is hidden, when the sky is the color of black. When your step is as heavy as iron and the things that you do strike you back, then you're wanting some help and assistance from a friend who will stay by your side. One who'll open his heart as a haven, and invite you to come and abide.

When you've worries and cares by the jugful, when your mind has a burden that's great. When your coffers are empty of shokels and your conscience is guilty of hate, then you're needing a friend to support you, one who'll listen and comfort and stay. For it's hard to be all by your lonesome when your good things have all passed away.

Oh it's easy enough to be friendly with the folks who are getting along. And it's easy enough to respect them, when there's nothing about 'em that's wrong. But just try to be kindly and patient, when their troubles begin to appear. If you can, you're a friend worth having, and there's nothing on earth they will fear.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

We told ya so
And we allus did
Think that
The Roseburg football
Fellers could
Lick anything
With mud on it.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS

A bobbed is a sled for the boys.

Football equipment yestiddy should have consisted of eleven pairs of boxing gloves for each squad.

Phangs the Marshfield aggregation missed the flapping of the seagulls overhead.

Or the squawking of the clams in their little nests.

Or the croaking of the crabs.

At any rate, something was missing to give them the needed oop for the Roseburg Eluks just simply swept 'em off their dawgs.

3 to a goose egg was a close score but it looked dern nice with Roseburg ridin' the 3 end of it.

If mud baths promote beauty both teams should have a schoolgirl complexion with a skin you love to touch.

And poor ol' Smitty snapped his ankle. But oh boy, it was the first snap of that ankle that booted the Hogs-hide between the goal posts enabling us to grab the only and winning score. Here's hopin' that Smitty is soon up and at 'em again.

Stinky Watson proved himself to be a regular piano mover when he shunted those heavyweights from the bay country outa his way.

Some of the nice folks of the village who wore overalls to the game got their coat wet.

This colyum would have been in mourning today had the locals failed to turn the trick yestiddy out now we can paddle a whole colyum of bull about it.

Have you had your cold turkey today?

Turkey hash with a few raisins added makes excellent pudding.

"Doctor Kills Self After Playing Solo" is a headline and until we found out that the suicide was a clarinet player we thought he might have been a card shark.

"German Cabinet Formed by Marx" says another headline today. We thought the Germans had had enough marks without taking on any more.

The young fry of the village are enjoying a vacation today—that is, some of them are—those who didn't take on too much turkey and mince pie yestiddy.

We'll bet Mother Goose turned over in her grave today when she read the statement of Professor Rollin Poase in Chicago that "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is the tune of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" revised.

We pity the fiver that tries to knock down the new lamp posts.

Things are gradually getting back to abnormalcy.

Quite a few of the air bucks of the village subscribed to several magazines today as a young damsel was in our midst soliciting.

"We'll bet many a Thanksgiving dinner was spoiled yestiddy by good table manners."

DROVE LOCOMOTIVE NEARLY 70 YEARS

Veteran Engineer Has Ridden Two and a Half Millions Miles in Lifetime

YALEMY JENKINS, 82, Not Looking Just Two Years of Being Over Three Score Years is an engineer on the Uniontown Railroad, his 47-ton has retired and is waiting a history of railroading from 1851 to the present day.

Mr. Jenkins believes that he holds the world's record for longevity. He estimates that he has worked in his capacity of time as an engineer approximately 52,000,000 miles, or a little better than three and a half million years.

If Mr. Jenkins would have had to pay three cents for each of the miles he has traveled he would have spent \$1,560,000.

One of water utility at the Specialty Shoppe.



"Pippin! No more wood to pack!"

No—nor any more coal or ashes for anyone to lug! The convenience and efficiency of Pearl Oil-made heat means comfort for everyone—fire-tending for none. Heat by the roomful at the touch of a match! Simply turn the wick high for initial warmth—then low to maintain it. And remember, Pearl Oil burns clean—it leaves absolutely no odor.

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PEARL OIL

(KEROSENE)

OIL

for HEAT & LIGHT



Now is the time to make your selection while the stock is complete. The Specialty Shoppe.

Ray Lemo Here—Ray Lemo, who has been employed by the California, Oregon Tower company at Montague, California, spent his Thanksgiving holidays here with his mother, Mrs. M. H. Lemo. Mr. Lemo has been transferred to Oakland, where he will reside.



FREE CATALOG Sash, Doors, Millwork

1883
1923

ORGANIZED BANKING

entered the Rogue River Valley in 1884, when E. V. Carter arrived to open the bank of Ashland. He writes us that it was early in that year when he came from the East, stopping at Denver to meet Mr. W. S. Ladd, who was taking some stock in the bank and whose banking house was to be the first correspondent.

Mr. Carter says: "I recall Mr. Ladd very distinctly, a large man physically as well as mentally, confined to his wheel chair through some infirmity, but a jolly fellow nevertheless. After quizzing me as to my hopes, ambitions and experience, he asked: "Are you married?" I replied that I had been married about ten days and that my wife was with me on our honeymoon trip, and he then said: "Good idea to bring her right along with you, as I knew a young fellow from the Middle West who came to the coast to establish himself, promising the girl to whom he was engaged that as soon as he was located he would send for her, but after a few months residence he wrote back to her that after getting acquainted with the girls here he had come to the conclusion there was not enough difference to pay transportation, and he would get married out here."

Mr. Carter recalls that in those days we had no banking restrictions or safe guards, and all that was necessary was enough money to install a counter, an old safe and a rented room and you were ready to open a bank. Yet in spite of this opportunity for wild cat banking the business was carried on by substantial men and in an able manner and there were few failures.

One of his first deposits was handed across the counter in a buckskin sack full of 20s with the man's name on a card tied to the sack. When Mr. Carter started to untie the sack to receive the deposit the man objected and insisted that it be placed in the safe just as it was and when he wanted it he would call for it.

Such were the early ideas and incidents of banking.

In the 80s Ashland was the trading point for Klamath cattle men, and their practice when they sold in the fall was to turn their cattle checks over to the merchants, only withdrawing such amounts as they needed and leaving large sums on deposit with the merchants. Similar conditions prevailed at Roseburg in those days, when farmers and stock men marketed their products, and it took time to convince both parties that the bank was the legitimate channel for these transactions.

Mr. Carter is one of the ablest and best bankers ever developed in the Oregon country. Writing reminiscences of his forty years as a banker at Ashland, Mr. Carter states that he believes that conditions, in so far as the safeguarding of depositors are concerned, have been immeasurably improved, but however it may be accounted for, he believes the loss percentage of banks generally on loans is noticeably greater than it was in his earlier banking experience.

Banks in the 80s were more nearly "one man" concerns than today. No regular monthly meeting of directors was held, and it was hard to secure an attendance at a meeting unless a dividend was to be declared, but in that event they were promptness itself.

The First National Bank of Southern Oregon was established by R. A. Booth at Grants Pass, where it opened for business January 1, 1899, a charter for it having been secured on December 2, 1898.

The Douglas National Bank

Forty Years of Service.

LOCAL NEWS

This is a Studebaker year.

Here Today—
Mrs. H. H. Horton and daughter of Riddle spent several hours in Roseburg this afternoon shopping and visiting with friends.

Left This Afternoon—
Frank Colvig, who has been spending the past several days in Roseburg visiting with friends and relatives returned this afternoon to his home in Ashland.

Minor Operation—
Miss Alice Post underwent a minor operation today at Mercy hospital. Dr. A. C. Sedy was in attendance.

From Dillard—
Mrs. Lawrence Hercher, who resides in Dillard was in town this afternoon spending some time shopping and visiting with friends.

Wonderful value in high grade hats at the Specialty Shoppe.

Shopping Here—
Mrs. Ann Murphy and Mrs. Myra Kamp, both residents of Umpqua were in Roseburg today shopping and visiting with friends.

Leaves Today—
Mrs. J. Johnson, who has been spending the past few days in Roseburg visiting with her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Coleman, left this afternoon for her home in Eugene.

Complaint Filed—
A complaint was filed today by the Glendale Lumber company against Henry Mickle. The suit is brought on a promissory note. Attorney Geo. Neuner appears for the plaintiff.

LADY MUSCOVITES WILL ORGANIZE TONIGHT

All members of the Lady Muscovites will meet this evening at 7:30 at the India club rooms in the Odd Fellows hall, to organize a permanent Lady Muscovite club.

SEE OUR PRICES

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE

WE WILL MEET ANY

COMPETITIVE PRICE

No Old Clothes taken in exchange, neither do we change our prices to allow a 25% Discount.

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