

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1923.

WELCOME TO THE KIWANIS.

With the presentation last evening of the charter to the local Kiwanis Club at a most representative and enthusiastic gathering of its members in this city, Roseburg has taken another step forward in the way of adding prestige to civic activities by the successful formation of this most worthy organization.

The News-Review warmly welcomes the Kiwanis Club. We know the good that can, and will be accomplished, by the individual efforts of each member radiating throughout the community, and we know the aims and true intent of the new club to that degree that it will have a wholesome effect, not only upon those closely identified with its program, but the community at large.

WHERE TO BUY

Many people at this moment are considering where they should buy their Christmas stuff. They ought to realize that the merchants of Roseburg are better supplied with holiday goods than ever before. Our business men have been studying the problem of holiday purchases for weeks and months.

Hardly a day passes but dispatches tell of a bank robbery, with a big majority of the robbers escaping. It behooves the man who stands guard over the funds of a banking institution to be alert at all times regarding the safety of the funds of the institution.

Speaking of our fellow townsmen, Hon. O. P. Coshew, just appointed to the supreme bench, the Salem Statesman says: "They called him Ped Coshew in the old school days; and he was a fine fellow then and has kept on going strong along the same line."

Looks like a good year for Roseburg's Chamber of Commerce judging from the interest shown at Tuesday's gathering. There has been much good work accomplished in the past and there is much to be done yet to carry forward an aggressive program.

The big rush comes next week—with a bang.

REDSPOUT GIRL NOT LOCATED

Miss Agnes Pitchford, county juvenile officer, who has been making a search for Minnie Hausman, who is believed to have been kidnapped from the state home for feeble-minded at Salem, has been unable to locate the girl in southern Oregon.

Miss Hausman was sent to Salem from Redspout where she resided for a number of years. A short time before she disappeared she was visited by two men, who are suspected of having spirited her away from the state institution.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

Luckily the soup was served before the speakers orated at the Kiwanis Banquet last eve. And thus everyone was able to hear what was said.

DUMBLELL DORA THINKS Oliver Twist is a new dance.

The stump pullers were yanking out the old cluster lamp posts today while the villagers who had nothing else to do were standing around giving advice.

Owing to the large number of chorus girls in the village today, the bald-headed townfolk are renovating their toupees.

Soon Merry Christmas will have flown. Upon its merry way, Then all we have to look forward to, Will be just Arbor Day.

Dr. Coue is coming back, which is another sign the suckers are again biting freely.

The fact that a man led his victorious college debating team doesn't do him a bit of good, when he gets into an argument with the girl he married.

It's more blessed to give than to have to think up a speech of acceptance and thanks.

One reason why we like babies is because babies do not go around repeating the smart things their fathers and mothers said.

A single man imagines that it takes two to start an argument. But a married man knows better.

Truth in advertising is a very good idea. But, thank heaven, not many of our young men resemble the fashion plates in clothing ads.

THE KINDLY NIGHT When I first saw her, Bathed in magic moonlight, Her beauty was as a star That shined in the night.

Her hair like woven silver, Glistening fair and bright, Her face so warm and tender, Ah, she was heavenly sight.

My heart was filled with longing, For I loved her with all my might; I saw her in the morning; Gawd! she was a fright!

WHERE IT'S FOUND The long skirt is on the wane in Paris. It is chiefly on the bow-legged in America.

Chicken with very little dressing is the prospect for tonight according to the posters of the whirly girly show.

Oh! Jupe Plovius was a visitor in our midst today and causing much consternation among those who claim their hair is "naturally curly."

"Do not open until Xmas," is the label some fellers are puttin' on their home brew.

A flock of mules paraded around on Dock Seely's lawn one day this week and Dock says he's in favor of a playground in the village but not for jackasses.

Nobody would object to white mules hangin' around the house.

\$2,000 REWARD For the basketball fan who doesn't get excited at the game Saturday eve at the high school gym.

CHRISTMAS TREES TRUCKED FROM MARSHFIELD Christmas trees are being brought from Marshfield to Roseburg by auto truck, and will be shipped from here to San Francisco.

ROD AND GUN CLUB NOTICE There will be a meeting of the Roseburg Rod and Gun club at Broadway's Garage, Friday evening, Dec. 18. Come and get next year's program.

Alice Raises Chickens.

(By Wickes Wamboldt.) Some time ago a man wished nine hens and a rooster on us and Alice immediately decided she would raise chickens. At first she wanted to set the rooster because she said he could cover more eggs than the hen, but expert counsel prevailed to the contrary.

In course of time a large hen with a disagreeable countenance began to park all day on her nest and get fussy, whereupon we domfelled her in the pump house on fifteen carefully chosen eggs.

It was three weeks to a day when Alice rushed into the house with radiant face and sparkling eyes. "Oh," she cried ecstatically, "that's the smartest old hen in the world! The eggs are already beginning to sprout."

They "sprouted" so well that we soon had ten black chicks and two yellow ones, which Alice declared must be of a different make. She eyed the three unhatched eggs anxiously. "Couldn't we get a hen doctor or something for them?" she asked.

Alice insisted on placing the old fowl and her brood in a coop among the roses, in sight of Mt. Pisgah, because she said they would enjoy the fragrance and the view.

Everything went along smoothly for about six hours. Then suddenly I heard Alice begin to talk tragically in the yard. From long experience I know she was approaching me with something on her mind and telling it at every step. She burst into my study and held toward me two yellow fluff-balls which peeped dismally.

"Look," she cried tearfully, "Look! See what that mean, dreadful hen has done."

I looked. The chicks' heads were bloody but unbowed. Evidently Chickenus Horribilis had tried to brain her two yellow babies. Perhaps she thought something had been slopped over on her.

"Oh! Oh!" wailed Alice in a futile attempt to say what she thought. Then she thrust both chicks into my hands and rushed from the room. In a moment she was back with a bottle of iodine. From the way the biddies squealed, I would judge that iodine smarts a little chicken as much as it does a big human.

"She won't do it any more—I'll bet you that," Alice declared emphatically. And off she went again, leaving me with two yelping chickens on my hands.

Shortly I heard raucous protestations from a straggled hen. Thinking probably it was being spanked for its unmotherly conduct, I hastened out to see what was going on. Alice was seated on the grass, holding a struggling, squawking hen on which she was working energetically.

"What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

Alice looked up, flushed and triumphant, with salt-fle poised in hand. "I'm marjouring the old thing's bill," she declared. "And I've fixed it too. Maybe she can bump them, but she can't bite them any more."

I looked, and my admiration for Alice's ingenuity moved up another peg, for she had neatly rounded off the sharp point of that old hen's bill.

But Alice was not sure then that her little charges were thoroughly protected. Later she called me to come out and look at the chicks again. There were 12 coal black biddies.

"Where are the two yellow ones?" I asked in perplexity.

Alice's face shone with the glow of achievement. "There they are!" she pointed triumphantly. "Now the old thing can't tell them apart. I dyed them."

And, bless my soul, if she hadn't.

DOUGLAS COUNTY USES MUCH LIME

Douglas county has third place in Oregon in the use of agricultural lime, says A. B. Cordley, secretary of the state lime board.

More than 8000 tons, or 216 carloads, have been delivered to approximately 150 farmers, since October, 1918, when the first car of lime was shipped from the state lime plant at Gold Hill. As some of the carload orders were placed by a number of farmers who pooled their small orders to get advantage of carload freight rates, the number of persons served is approximately 200.

Every county in western Oregon except Curry, which is cut off by lack of transportation facilities, has received shipments. Two counties east of the mountains, Hood River and Lake, have also received lime. Of the 219 carloads of lime shipped, 81 have gone to Marion county, 16 to Polk, 13 to Douglas, 11 to Clackamas, 10 each to Yamhill and Coos, 5 to Linn, 3 each to Benton and Multnomah, 2 each to Lincoln and Coos, 1 each to Hood River, Washington and Clatsop, 3 each to Columbia and Tillamook, and 1 each to Josephine and Linn.

SUTHERLIN HAS BOY SCOUT TROOP

A new troop of Boy Scouts has been organized at Sutherlin as a result of the trip made to that place Tuesday evening by Scoutmaster Lintott and Scouts Maynard Holl, Robert Apple, Calvin Webber and Roy Peaty. The Sutherlin scouts were put through their tenderfoot tests and were awarded their scout badges.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Let us solve "Her Gift" problem for you. Our holiday display includes paratively easy and enjoyable task. It is the useful gifts that are appreciated because they are a joy to receive. Such as Blouses, Hosiery, Gloves, Lingerie, etc. And so we're offering these suggestions.

GIFT BLOUSES

For every occasion, trim, tailored models, dainty ruching, fine pin-tucks and waffle pleatings.

Also dressy Blouses in fashion's latest fabrics—Printed Silks, Crepes, etc. Moderately priced at

\$5.95 to \$12.50



SILK HOSE

Are always appropriate and very acceptable as gifts. A woman needs hose to match and hose in contrast effects. At this store you may select from the sheerest of chiffon or heavy thread silk in black and colors.

Priced at, pair— \$1.25 to \$3.50



Gloves are Appropriate Gifts.

A SILK UMBRELLA

For "Her Gift" is always needed. Attractive handles with strap over or ring carriers. Covers of mesh or heavy silk taffeta. Colors: black, navy, copen, purple, gray, maroon and scarlet.

\$4.75 to \$13.95

Exquisite lace trimmed and embroidered gowns and combinations of crepe de chine and wool, priced at

\$5.00 to \$6.50

DAINTY LINGERIE

For the Christmas shopper who seeks dainty gifts, we suggest: Give Lingerie, and in our holiday display you'll find the kind "that is different." High quality silks, satins and crepes in dainty and stylish creations. Kayser's Italian silk vests and bloomers in maize, orchid and flesh.

Vests - \$2.95

Bloomers - \$3.95

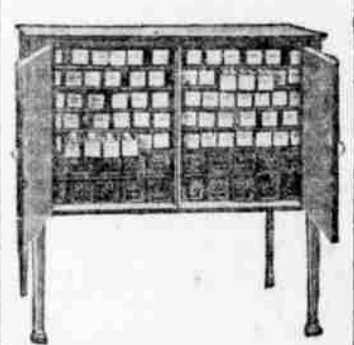
The MARKSBURY CO. Ladies Apparel

BATH ROBES

Of Beacon Blanket fabric in trimmed, Pastel shades, or plain wide wale cotton robes in rose, copen, etc.

\$5.00 to \$8.95

The troop is under the direction of James Adams, who was the scout leader of the second troop formed in Portland in 1917. He is an experienced Boy Scout worker and it is expected that the Sutherlin troop will soon rank high in the county.



Player Roll and Sheet Music Cabinet

Both Art Model and Upright Cabinets Keep your music and rolls out of the dust, and off the piano.

Prices from \$20 to \$50

Ott's Music Store ROSEBURG, ORE.

Webber was officially presented with his Eagle scout badge. There was a good attendance at the meeting and much interest was shown.

First basketball game of the season—High School gym—Saturday evening.

LOCAL NEWS

Fred Heintz left last night for Portland where he will spend some time attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Lawrence A. Goux and baby arrived this morning from Eugene.



Dear Folks: To do the things you say you'll do, regardless of what bring returns that more than pay for all that may be sacrificed your own respect each time you break your word.

To say you'll meet a man at nine, and then show up perhaps is not a vital thing which hurts with fellow men. The same, you gave your word, a word that was not kept, be you've a good excuse, perhaps you overdid. To send mail a check today, and then to let it slide, is doing as you do, this much is not denied. And yet again you give your word, perhaps it was neglect, but just the same it's bound to be of your respect.

It's easy work to say a thing you plan to do, but what's the use of saying things you think you're going to do better far to say you'll try, or do the best you can. The thing that hurts the standing of a man.

It's having folks who know you well say you're a bluff, that every time you give your word, it's just a bluff. So do the things you say you'll do, it's not a task that ruins reputation then will shine and not be dull or scorned.