ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 27.

THE CONGRESSMEN'S TIME

The United States congress is often criticised, because its sessions are as a rule not well attended. If you visit the national House on an ordinary day, you may not find 50 members in their seats. Perhaps a third of those may be reading newspapers or apparently paying no attention. Many speeches are delivered with only a handful of people listening. A visitor might get the impression that the congressmen are idling away their time. Yet people who know say they are a very busy body of men. A great deal of their time is spent on running errands for their constituents. If anyone at home wants a job, any kind of government assistance, or any information, he is likely to write to his congressman. Many of these requests are legitimate, but many are not. The congressman is asked many times to pull wires and secure personal favors that ought not to be granted. As the people are closely affected by what the government does, it is natural that they should look to their congressman to protect and forward their interests in a thousand various matters. But they may take so much of his time, that he cannot make himself intelligent on the public questions that come before him for action. Many congressmen often leave the decisions on legislative matters to the leaders of their party, while they chase after favors to please their constituents. The congressmen should not be pestered by trifling requests and selfish demands. Requests for documents and information ought to be addressed to public bureaus that should handle such routine matters. The time of the congressmen should be left free as much as possible to do their most important work, which is the making of good laws.

GOOD AND BAD BOOKS

The Clean Books League of New York is undertaking a difficult and dangerous task when it seeks to have the state legislature enact laws "which may serve as a guide to other states desiring to join in the crusade against filth in literature." The league feels that uncleanness on the American stage is born of and nourished by immoral books. It feels that publishers are vying with one another to see which can publish the most daring and offensive volume. It feels that current literature is to blame for the "blase cynicism" of the nation's boys and girls, and is largely responsible for the "wave of ill conduct among the younger generation." This is an unconscious tribute to the influence of literature, perhaps. Yet it is probably more nearly true that the bulk of current writing reflects rather than shapes the life of the times. Occasionally books are produced which are greater than any age. They are written for all time, they influence human thought and action profoundly, and they survive the ban of the censors. The rest, both good and bad, are largely ephemeral. The fact that there are good books being written and published and read today is apparently overlooked by the would-be censors. Or possibly they believe that the public is fundamentally so unsound that it will read only the bad ones and be influenced only by them.

From the reports of returned American tourists, we gather that foreign business conditions are steadily improving and rapidly getting worse, that Europe politically is pulling itself out of the mire and going to perdition, that America ought to rush to the rescue and ought to stay at home and mind its own business. All of which, no doubt, shows the benefits of travel.

After hearing the railroad brakeman announce the stations it is evident that a lot of them should have gone into Italian opera.

The politicians are trying to pick the bandwagon but many of them will get on the dumpcart by mistake.

Anyway the motor scorchers are occasionally forced to stop by landing in the ditch.

Dear Folks:

You can fool a lot of people with some talk of sham and bluff. You can feed 'em up on nonsense and a lot of silly fluff. You can make a show of wisdom that's deceptive, it is true. But there's one you're not deceiving, and that one is Y. O. U.

You can talk of things accomplished 'til your hearers think you're great. You can make 'em think you're sterling, when you're only silver plate. You can make a show of riches, but the truth will always out, and your worth is always reckoned in your mind without a doubt.

With yourself, be always honest, be the same with others too. Make the things upon the surface show the heart that's really you. You can fool a lot of people but you cannot fool them long, for they're quick to see that something hanging 'round you is all wrong. There's a heap of fear and worry in the minds of folks who fake, for the tablet of exposure is a bitter one to take. It is full of gall and wormwood with a most unpleasant taste, and it shows that all your glitter came from useless common paste.

It's a rule well worth a keeping, just to live until you die, so that when you're meeting people, you can look 'em in the eye, for there's not a bit of glory in a thing you say or do, 'less there's one who knows you're honest, and that one is Y. O. U.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—
Owing to the
Growing popularity
Of the Saturday
Night bath in
This village
Our Mayor Nap,
Is considering
The appointment
Of a bath-tub
Inspector, whose
Duty shall be to
See that folks who
Spend only
One minute
In the tub
And wipe off
The dirt on
The towel
Change their
Habits and
Those of you
Who want a
Nice warm job
This winter
Should make
Application
To Nap now as
Nap is holding
One place open
On the commission
Which he himself
Will take.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS

The folks in the bug house spend their time making crazy quilts.

The fish in the Umpqua are hittin' for the mouth of the river to escape torture when Sheriff Starmer empties the confiscated booze down the sewer.

Only a few more days now until you'll have to pay for the Xmas presents you charged.

Gawge Neuner, whose name hain't been so often in print since he unloaded the burdens of a dist. atty., dropped into our sanctum today, puffin' a Yuletide stogie and apologizin' for same, statin' that he had to get rid of 'em while most of the folks had a cold in the head so's they couldn't smell 'em.

The cow college fellers will give a dance tonight with the r. h. s. aggregatio nas guests and to carry out the idee of the occasion the orchestra will be seated on milkin' stools.

The councilmen found out the ether day that the city hall has never been paid for and now there ain't so dern many of 'em anxious to run fer office agin.

The ump. chiefs will enjoy a banquet tomorroy eve and will chew on nuthin' but what is grown in Douglas co. and we are wonderin' what kind of coffee they'll drink—home brew, prob'ly.

Weather Prophet Bell mounted his platform up on his lot today and casting a weather eye to the sky predicted rain tonight and Friday but fellers with chilblains differ with the prophet.

OUR DAILY MAIL

Dear Ed. of Prunes: Who originated the old-fashioned goose-quill toothpick? MOLARS.

Dear Molars: Al Creason.

An Espee official was in the village today and the gang down around the depot were steppin' high, wide, and handsome.

A Roseburg feller who scraped around the bottom of his bin for a shovelful of coal to keep his family from freezing to death gazes reproachfully at the anthracite dust and the ash sifter and says in a tone of great emotion:

"And to think that only a few months ago while playin' gawlf, I was pretty nearly overcome with the heat."

Ike Ketch, commanding hossifer of the Rabg. pleece force, is figuring on havin ear muffs sewed on his uniform cap.

Since Christmas no one has been killed in the rush.

Many a feller works out in the gym while his wife does her daily dozen in the kitchen.

"I don't give a dern what wimmen do with their hair so long as they keep it out of the butter."

Milo Atterbury, former resident of this city, who recently underwent a major operation in the hospital at Salem is improving rapidly, according to J. V. Casey, who returned here yesterday after paying him a visit. Mr. Atterbury is gaining in strength daily and is in a much more hopeful condition than he has been for some time. He is very well known here and has a great number of friends who have been watching his condition continuously and who will be glad to learn of his improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Nebergall of Albany spent yesterday in this city visiting with friends.

DAILY NEWS LETTER

Gossip of Staff Correspondents at World Centers of Population.

TODAY:
Santa's Glamour Dim in N. Y.
What He Does "Between Times."

By JACK CARBERRY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Everybody knows there is a Santa Claus. There are so many of him.

Dressed in his flowing King Lears and his uniform that never cost a cent less than $2.95, he has taken his place on every important corner from Broadway to Market street—hired by department stores usually to emphasize the "Christmas spirit."

Some are portly, fitting the universal conception of the old saint. Others are skinny, dyspeptic fellows, with scraggling beards.

But what is he? Where does he come from? What does he do between seasons? And do the children believe in him?

O. Henry found one who was a burglar in off hours.

"Ga-wan, ya bum—beat it! Ya can't pull that stuff on me! If ya ain't got a nickel ya can't ride on dis car—see!"

And Santa left a Broadway surface car at the end of the conductor's boot.

"He didn't have a jit to pay his fare—thought them phoney whiskers would get him by, I guess," the conductor explained.

Evidently Santa Clauses aren't treated with respect—in New York.

Can you picture Santa at home answering the good wife's call of "Clarence?"

That's what the two-hundred-pound individual of the red suit and whiskers in the Times square district must do.

And, sad to relate, Clarence was observed in the act of rescuing an almost good-as-new cigar from the gutter there—it wasn't half smoked.

"Do the kids believe you?" the Santa—and he looked like Santa, too—at Herald square was asked.

"Nu York kids don't believe nothin'," Santa informed.

"How can we fool de kids when dere's from two to eight of us walkin' in de same block?"

"Today I sticks out me mitt to a kid dat ain't over four.

"'Does ya want to shake hands wid Santa Claus?' I asks.

"'Say, where da ya get dat stuff, ya big bum? Back to de truck for youse!' he tells me. Dat's how we fool de kids. Maybe in Joisey City, or any of dem other far Western towns it may be different."

"What do you do in off hours—after December 26?" the representative of the spirit of Christmas cheer who holds forth on Park Row was queried.

"Well, mister, while I'm not Sandy Clausin' I—"

Santa looked up and down the street—even peered around the corner.

A policeman was coming from the corner.

After he passed Santa continued: "Well, if any of your friends need a little real stuff for Christmas—"

The rest of his story was drowned in the rumble of a passing truck.

QUICK WIT

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)

We all admire the person with presence of mind—the quick-witted individual. I am inclined to believe that it is a gift, like pretty teeth or fine hair, and cannot be developed.

One night a young woman was alone in the house. She was awakened by someone entering her room. As the intruder passed between her and the window she saw that it was a negro. He went to the wall and pressed the electric button. As the lights flashed on, this young woman's quick wit met the situation. She rolled back her eyes and distorted her face hideously and lay stiff and stark. The negro gave one glance at the "corpse" and with a frightened yell bolted from the room. Her presence of mind had probably saved her life.

A Swede came running into a store in a western town and begged the proprietor to hide him. The bad man of the town was after him with malicious intent.

The Swede huddled up in a corner and the store keeper covered him with some sacks. In a moment the bad man entered with blood in his eye and a gun in each hand.

"Where's that Swede?" he demanded.

The store keeper didn't know.

The bad man glanced around. He saw the sacks. "What's under those?" he asked.

The store keeper replied that it was a set of old sleigh harness.

The bad man walked over and gave the pile of sacks a kick.

"Yingle, yingle, yingle," said the Swede. He showed great presence of mind.

Yes, it is fine to be quick-witted. Sometimes we mistake knowledge for quick wit, however. The man who has been through an experience and figures out the day after what he should have done is in a position to acquit himself with credit if faced again with the same situation.

The sparkling repartee and the apt retorts that trip from the tongues of public speakers and professional performers whenever they are heckled from the audience are illustrations of the knowledge that passes for wit. They have been bedeviled by these same remarks many times before.

It has been suggested by some theorists that perhaps the habitually quick-witted person has had similar experiences and figured them out in a previous existence and arrives here with an instinct, or a sub-conscious memory, of just what to do in such emergencies. But one guess is as good as another along that line.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Safety in Investments

Another get rich quick orator has been exposed, this time in Chicago, and has disappeared, leaving a trail of broken fortunes behind him. He was so interested in getting something for himself that he did not care whether he ruined others or not. Now he has received the first part of his reward, a quick trip out of the country and the constant danger of being brought back to pay the price.

He thought he could beat the game, just as others have thought before him. Some of them may have succeeded, but the story of "high finance" of this sort for the most part one of disgrace and imprisonment. Honesty is the best policy and those who are not square enough to be interested in it for honesty's sake should at least hold to it for policy's sake.

It requires a pretty clever man to play a lone hand against the world and win. He may cause loss and suffering to others for a while, living like a millionaire himself in the meantime but in the end he must pay the penalty, and a heavy penalty it is.—Portland Telegram.

New Era Marked

The announcement of the development and colonization plan of the Chicago Land company holdings adjacent to Grants Pass in the new irrigation project marks a new era in local progress. This is the only large holding within the district, yet including it the average ownership of the 12,600 acres now under water in the district is only 19 acres. The average ownership, without this large tract is 17 acres, and this average is being fast brought down to a lower figure, showing that the ultimate small farm in the district will be of only from 10 to 15 acres, with scores of smaller holdings.

On March 10th, a survey made by the officials of the Grants Pass irrigation district showed 586 individual owners within the district. A further survey made last week showed that this number had been increased to 657, a gain of 71 since last spring, and this number is being increased almost daily. Today there are but 11 owners whose holdings are more than 160 acres, several of these being homestead owners who cannot yet offer their acreage upon the market, says the Grants Pass Courier.

Gassed in France

In the Sunday Journal appeared the story of an Oregon boy who was gassed in France. Weakened and with days interrupted by sickness, he took up the fight for the existence not only of himself but of a wife and four children.

The voluntary breaking up of a home is a tragedy. The divorce courts are full of such mischance. But this boy's home has been breaking up, with every fiber of resistance in him set against it. Think how you would feel under similar circumstances, and you will understand.

One by one the children have been transferred to the care of others. Now only one is left, and the mother. A few days ago he was told he should go to a hospital for treatment. Uncle Sam would provide the hospital care. But his answer was no. While he was gone what would happen to the remnant of his home?

He is one of the ex-service men who during the Christmas season has been waiting for work. Heavy labor and protracted effort are beyond his strength. He has been glad for odd jobs and temporary work, hoping that something permanent would come and open the door to the re-establishment of his home.

About war there is nothing merciful. It takes fine, hopeful, confident young men, and it sends them back weakened and broken by wound or insidious disease.

But there can be mercy and sympathy when the boys return home.—Oregon Journal.

IF SKIN BREAKS OUT AND ITCHES APPLY SULPHUR

Just the moment you apply Mentho-Sulphur to an itching, burning or broken out skin, the itching stops and healing begins, says a noted skin specialist. This sulphur preparation, made into a pleasant cold cream, gives such a quick relief, even to fiery eczema, that nothing has ever been found to take its place.

Because of its germ-destroying properties, it quickly subdues the itching, cools the irritation and heals the eczema right up, leaving a clear, smooth skin in place of ugly eruptions, rash, pimples or roughness.

You do not have to wait for improvement. It quickly shows. You can get a little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur at any drug store.

To War Savings Stamp Owners

The 1919 series of War Savings stamps (the blue ones) mature on January 1st next and cease earning interest at that time.

As an investment of these funds we suggest a Savings Account with this bank where the funds will be found to be safe and earning 4 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually.

We will be pleased to collect all unmatured stamps for you and either pay you the cash or credit to an account.

FIRST STATE & SAVINGS BANK

The Savings Habit is a Good Habit.

To our many clients and customers, and to the boys who have loyally worked with us for the past year, we extend the season's greetings.

L. W. METZGER

GENERAL CONTRACTOR BUILDING MATERIAL

SHERIFF SEEKS BODY OF BRIDE

HARRISBURG, Dec. 25.—Renewed search for the body of Mrs. Josephine Dombeck Byers, the five-day girl-bride of Robert Byers, who is supposed to have been drowned in the Willamette river at the ferry approach here on the night of December 5, was begun today.

Sheriff Frank Richard of Linn county arranged for grapplers and for a large number of local men to assist in the work.

An intermittent search has been conducted by local people since the accident occurred. Only a day or two after the car in which Byers and Jimmie Parks and supposedly Mrs. Byers had plunged into the waters of the Willamette, intimations that no drowning had ever occurred then began to be heard, and the work lulled somewhat.

Survivors Leave

The doubt regarding the story of the two men was fostered in local minds when Byers and Parks, after selling their car for junk, slipped quietly away without leaving any instructions for the searchers or showing any further apparent interest in the affair. Neither Mrs. Byers' parents, who live in Aberdeen, Wash., nor her brother in San Francisco were notified by the husband of the accident. Daily papers gave the first intimation of the accident to relatives.

When the brother, Stanley, in San Francisco heard of the affair he came to Harrisburg and posted a $100 reward for the recovery of his sister's body. This occurred a week after the accident. Despite the posting of the reward, the brother as well as his parents apparently do not think that Josephine was a victim of anything but foul play.

Byers To Return.

Latest developments of the suspicious side of the case come in the form of a letter to the editor of the Harrisburg Bulletin, the local newspaper, from Robert Byers, mailed in San Francisco, imploring the editor to tell through his columns that his girl-wife was drowned and that the suspicions which the town directed at him were unjust. He also stated that after Christmas he expected to return here with a lawyer whom he had engaged in San Francisco and clear up the wrongs done him.

GREEN GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Groves are enjoying a visit with their granddaughter, Mrs. Margaret Lacey, daughter of Mrs. J. J. Botts of Glendale.

Mrs. Fuller of Corvallis is spending the holidays with the J. R. Howard family. She will return home on Monday. She is the mother of Mrs. Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Howard entertained at dinner on Wednesday, and had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson of Roseburg, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Davis and daughter Nellie, and Mrs. Fuller.

The Christmas program given by the Green school and Sunday school was attended by about 150, and was well rendered, and the numbers were very appropriate and entertaining. Much credit and many thanks