

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1924.

NOT FANATICAL—MIGHTY CONSERVATIVE

In summing up the steady advancement and conservative growth made by Roseburg and Douglas county during the year just closed it is refreshing to note there has been nothing fanatical in its program to undermine the solid foundation upon which its resources are builded, but on the contrary all accomplishments have been of such nature as to impress its people with the advantages to be derived from a steady, conservative and progressive program.

It is refreshing to note the number of substantial homes completed in this city during 1923, the great majority of which are occupied by their owners. No better criterion for a city's foundation can be advanced than an army of home-owners, and it can be truthfully said that Roseburg prides itself on the fact that it is composed largely of a home loving people—a class of citizenship that takes more than ordinary pride in home environments, and where conditions of this kind exist a community is bound to grow and prosper.

Compare the Roseburg of today with the Roseburg of twenty years ago—a town of some three thousand people—unpaved streets, dilapidated buildings, inadequate school facilities, no improved highways—a mere hamlet in comparison to the prosperous and thriving city of today. Those of us who have watched its steady business like growth are confident greater achievements will result during the next few years and a larger gain in population throughout the entire Umpqua valley will be shown.

The people of this section should feel decidedly optimistic at the beginning of the New Year and take hold of the problems confronting them with greater enthusiasm than ever before that our past growth may not only be equalled but outdistanced in the years to come.

THE PASSING YEAR

Many people, looking back at the year 1923, will say it has been unsatisfactory. They will decide that with Europe in turmoil, little progress has been made toward bringing the world to a better state of mind, which has acted as a drag on the welfare of the United States. Yet notable results have been achieved. The business and industrial progress of the country has been such, that it is generally admitted that the United States can get along with lower taxes. It seems probable, unless congress is deadlocked, that the burdens resting upon the people will be lightened. Anyway the big war debt is being reduced, which means that better days are in store. It is also significant that there have been no very serious labor troubles in this country. The threat of extended coal strikes was quickly removed by compromise. Both parties decided that it was better to adjust than to fight. This has been a great assistance in preventing an industrial depression. In the world field, while the prophets have been predicting wars and more wars, very little disposition for actual fighting has been shown. It has been proved that no matter how much political leaders may brandish their weapons and utter their menaces, the people have no stomach for more fighting. As long as they keep that attitude, there will be no wars.

Roseburg should set a high mark for the New Year and put over some constructive improvement—civilic and otherwise. Let's make it twelve months of genuine optimism.

Nineteen twenty-three is no more—we'll write 'er 1924.

This will be a fine year to do some good business.

This is the day we all turn over a new leaf.

A fine time to get square with the world.



Dear Folks:

Another page of life is turned, another chapter thru. Another year has slipped away, again we face the new. The past is gone forevermore, the future lies ahead, with unknown paths and by-ways into which we'll all be led.

The days will come and nights will go the same as just before. We'll simply take the number three and change it into four. The sun will rise the same old way, the moon will shine at night. No change will be apparent in the things which meet our sight. The only change that can be made is in our state of mind, and that depends on what we want and what we hope to find. We'll see the things we want to see if in our minds we'll say, "Our eyes are closed to other things, beginning with today."

Let's close our eyes to unclassiness, let's all of us agree, to profit by mistakes we made in nineteen twenty-three. Let's set our aim for better things, let's shut and bolt the door, and keep the things we shouldn't do from nineteen twenty-four.

Let's make a change that's worth the while. Come on, let's make a vow, to free ourselves from useless things. Let's start to do it now. Let's fill the time that lies ahead with useful thoughts and deeds, for if we will, the future's bound to cater to our needs.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT & BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS— Well it's customary To start off This colyum On a day like this With the Time-worn sayin'— "Happy New Year!"

DUMBBELL DORA THINKS They oughta put clothes on little 1924 during such weather as this.

Jasper Whiskroom Perkins, who in his spare moments runs the elevator in the Cass street skyscraper, has been under the weather for the past few weeks but with the air being permeated with all rumors, he is again able to be up and goin'.

Now we'll get a chance to try out that flock of new calendars that's been pillin' up on top of our desk.

This is great weather if you don't weaken but when a feller takes a look at the rapidly diminishing wood-pile he's liable to get weak at the knees.

And by the way folks, we hate to brag, but whaddya think about our soapage sheet today?

With a telegraph instrument clicking in our sanctum tomorrow, it'll seem like workin' on a metropolitan daily.

When a feller hanta blow his nose between each little squib you can't blame us for makin' this colyum short today.

Noticed Dave Shambrook whiz by our dugout this a. m. and he had his 'ol overcoat buttoned up around his chest. Dave says this is one morning he beat the fellers down town who have fillvers to crank.

As yet we haven't met any 'old timer' who remembered when the Umpqua froze over and if we do we're genter ram an icicle down his throat.

Uncle Tom and little Eva are headed this way and we hope the bloodhounds are not too ferocious.

The News-Review carriers used a few truck horses to pack the papers around today by those little fellers are certainly loyal and are striving every day in the year to give the subscribers real service.

A youth getting shaved for the first time by a barber doesn't know whether to feel tickled or ashamed.

Another job-haired pedagogues declares she is going to buy a transformation and let her hair grow out. "I'm tired," she says, "of having people come to my classroom door and ask which one is the teacher."

There once was a solemn old deacon. On temperance he always was speakin' Till the freight agent wrote, This short little note; "Get this package of books fer they're leakin'."

A woman gets her complexion on about as quick as a man shaves.

Opportunities always look bigger goin' than comin'.

About the time a fellow gets caught up with his fuel bill, groans a contemptory, he finds himself slipping at the grocery store.

Another strange thing is how pretty they look in the dry goods store window, and how ugly they look hanging in the back yard.

If you could really see yourself as others see you, you'd probably hunt a hole somewhere and crawl into it, and die.

A traveling man put up one night in a cheap little hotel where the thin partitions of a range of bedrooms, like the stalls of a stable, stopped half-way to the ceiling. And in the stilly watches of the night he lay awake and listened to the finest demonstration of plain and fancy snoring that had ever been his fate to hear. It was full of sudden and awful variations. Sometimes strangulation seemed imminent; then, in the middle of a fantasia, the agony stopped suddenly, and there was silence.

From a nearby stall he heard a voice exclaim wearily, "Thank God! He's dead!"

Perfumes were first used only in religious service. Well, many a girl today worships herself.

Is your face your fortune? That is why so many men feel cheap when they need a shave.

"Many a New Year's resolution is spoiled by a quart of home brew."

MUTTON CHOPS.

By Wickes Wamboldt. When my grandfather was sixteen years of age he ran away to sea. It happened that he applied for a berth on a bark whose sailing was delayed for want of a cook. He was a husky, well-favored chap, large for his age, and the distracted captain sized him up as cook without asking many questions.

Now, at that time there were several things besides cooking that my father's father did not know. And when an order came from the captain that mutton chops were desired for dinner, the burning question of the moment was, where in the carcass of a sheep, does one find chops?

Then came happy illumination. He recalled having seen his dog doing what somebody called "licking his chops." Why, of course. The whole thing was easy.

He had some trouble finding a knife sharp enough to carve off the tough, fibrous gristle that covered the sheep's jaws. But, finally it was with pride of accomplishment that he sent the dish of sizzling strips to the captain's table.

The master of the bark eyed them suspiciously and sawed on them awhile. Then he swore a great oath, sent for the cook and asked why fried rawhide had been served when he had ordered mutton chops.

My grandfather emphatically denied the rawhide allegation, at which the captain in a rage threw the platter at his head. He dodged, and stoutly maintained that he had served chops as ordered. At this, the captain's fury became incensed with curiosity. He demanded to be shown the place on the sheep from which those chops had been cut.

My grandmother's future husband led the way to the store-room, followed by the captain and his officers.

The sight of the sheep's denuded countenance, apparently grinning in derision, was too much for the gravity of the first mate and he exploded. So did the second mate. The captain looked from one to the other with curiously distorted features. Then he swore rofndly at my grandfather and vowed that since he had shipped as a cook, cook he must and cook well—or he would hang him from the yard-arm.

My grandfather then set to work sanodously to gather from the crew such fragmentary knowledge as they possessed of the culinary art. With this and an occasional clout over the head from the captain, he got along very well.

All of which goes to show that if one tackles an undertaking with an open mind and the will to win, he will usually come through all right.

W. C. E. U. To Meet— The W. C. E. U. will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:25 o'clock at the parlors of the Presbyterian church. All members of the Parent Teachers' associations are especially invited. Dr. Lucretia Smith will talk on "Our Responsibility, Definite Obligations, and Definite Measures." Hon. B. L. Eddy will talk on "State Laws," pertaining to children. Refreshments will be served and a social hour enjoyed.

SOUTHWEST WILL GET SONS IN RACE

(Continued from page one)

ting behind Governor Davis to enter the race for the presidential nomination, and the governor, in replying that while he was not aspiring for the office, declared in no uncertain terms that he will "listen to his friends' advice" in making his decision. His friends, of course, want him to make the race.

Governor Neff, of Texas, probably is the latest named democratic political candidate in the southwest to get his name out in the open. The state central committee recently endorsed Neff's name, and his friends declare the executive's combro is about to be tossed into the big rig.

A concerted move by a faction of Missouri democrats has been well under way to back former Governor Gardner for president, but it is meeting with opposition by a faction in his party headed by Senator "Jim" Reed. Reed's opposition to Gardner has shown the proverbial monkey wrench into the well-oiled harmony machine which the democratic state committee had mapped out at a recent meeting in St. Louis.

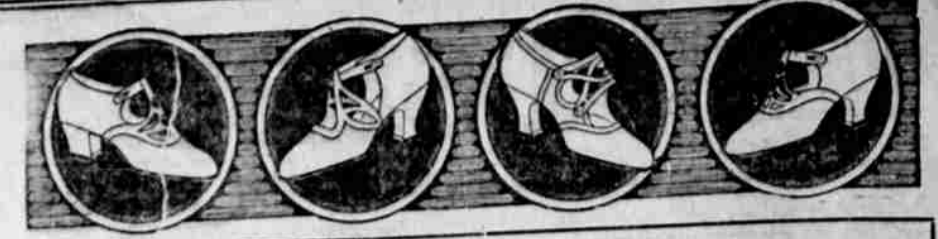
Missouri democrats were jovial when they saw the dove of peace fly over the state, as the thorn of division had been ever present since 1920 to prick the sides of the Reed and anti-Reed factions whenever they attempted to get together.

Reed made his attack recently against the former governor, criticizing him for his views on prohibition enforcement and the world court. The senator is an avowed "wet" and a bitter opponent to foreign alienation, having made one of the firmest stands against Wilson's League of Nations in the senate.

Friends of Gardner, who point out that he had toured the state last year in campaigning for Reed, are indignant over Reed's attack and declare they will not let the charges pass unchallenged. Some of the senator's friends were active in the Gardner boom, and those friends are said to be looking upon Reed's action unfavorably.

Anti-Reed forces declare they will fight for an instructed delegation from Missouri, and if Gardner is still in the race they will remain loyal to him.

G. O. P. is Active. Kansas republicans are anxious to get the state back into the republican column and will start their campaign by launching a "Boomerang" against the democratic party on an is-



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IRVIN BRUNN

Shoes that satisfy and fit your feet.

MOVIES

Liberty Theatre

When James Oliver Curwood's latest production, "The Broken Silence" comes to the Liberty Theatre on next Thursday and Friday movie fans will have an opportunity of seeing one of the most famous dogs in this country.

Curwood has always been noted for his stories of the north and "The Broken Silence" is no exception. Much of the action in this picture circles around a dog team and a great white wolf. The leader of the great white wolf. The leader of the dog team, Penepa, is the only surviving dog that was with Rear-Admiral Peary on his famous dash to the North Pole. This dog is now the property of Jacques Suzanne, who furnished the Pine Tree Pictures corporation, producers of the Curwood specials, with the dogs used in "The

Broken Silence," and also with the white wolf. Mr. Suzanne, being the owner of the above mentioned dog, has in his team two full-blooded timber wolves, said to be the only wolves in captivity having been domesticated to a point where they are tractable.

CALL FOR WARRANTS

School District No. 8, calls for the following warrants: Nos. 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97. All above warrants must be in by Jan. 5, 1924. Interest thereon ceases after above date. Dated Dec. 25, 1923.

LUELLA CONVERSE, Clerk District 8, Canyonville, Ore.

George Bradburn who has been spending the Christmas vacation in Roseburg visiting with his parents and friends left this afternoon for Eugene where he is attending the University of Oregon.

Nursery Trees—Home Grown Acclimated Trees

I still have the following to offer: Franquette and Mayette Walnuts grafted on California Black Root. Double X French Prunes, also known as the "Date Prune." Buds direct from the originator, the best possible source, also, Petite and Italian Prune. This stock is budded and on Peach and Myroblan Root. I have fine grapes, pears, roses, etc. Trees are dug, trenched and ready for delivery. I have strong, vigorous prune trees selected for replants. Just the thing. You can make your selection now. I will hold them until you are ready to plant. There are no better trees. See me before placing your order. Deal direct with the Grower and Owner. C. E. MOYER, ROSEBURG, OREGON. Nursery and Sales Yard on Pacific Highway, 8 miles south of Roseburg, and 1 mile north of Dillard.

Greetings

PREDICTING FOR DOUGLAS COUNTY THE MOST PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY YEAR IN HER LONG HISTORY Geo. A. Lovejoy PRES. AND GEN. MGR. ROSEBURG OIL & GAS CO.



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CHARMING Southern women, whose hair gives them alluring loveliness, keep their tresses in perfect condition with CARO-CO Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Makes a quick, luxurious lather, which can be rinsed free instantly. Leaves the hair soft and fluffy and the scalp clear and healthy (but not dry). Harmless in every way.

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