

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, 1925.

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY.

When the month of December closes, the world will have completed the first quarter of the 20th century. Some of us will remember when along about 20 or 25 years ago, to call anything "20th century" used to suggest a most wonderful state of advance. Back a little further than that, the 19th century was considered the marvel of history. But when you get into the 20th century, then it seemed as if the world had reached a state of advanced progress almost beyond the realms of wonder.

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Accordin' to our most Careful observations The gals are not yet Knee-deep in their socks. DUMBLELL DORA THINKS Lumbago is the capital of Spain. MINCE PIE!

This is the time of the season when gifted editorial writers reach the pinnacles of verbiage in their eulogies of pumpkin pie. We read today the tribute of one pencil-pusher, who inspired by co-readin' Josh Billings' panegyric to "Pumpkin Pie," sets down the followin' lines as his contribution to the century of the old-fashioned dessert: "Pumpkin is the pie of plain people; it has no upper crust; it is simple and unpretentious; it is open and above board, with nothing to conceal."

Well said and undeniable, and for those who like pumpkin pie, either genuine or its alleged superior, the synthetic article made of squash, we are tolerant enough to say: "Lay in that stuff and cursed be him who cries, 'I hold enough.' But, under the Constitution of the United States, we claim the privilege of passing up that messy, soggy, pasty wood-pulp-y slab, bare as a bald man's dome unless sympathetically covered with a sickish dab of scoured cream. And right here and now we commit an unmaimed batter for truth, to the glorious cause of MINCE PIE.

Ah, gentlemen, that is a pie worthy of a more elegant type of family; one of upper crust; it is only when the upper crust—of society or pie—becomes soggy and soft that it is a detriment to the whole.

Pie with out a crust? Never! It may be an edible dish, we grant, but it is not PIE. Why, gentlemen, a pie without a crust is like a pair of pants without any pants! Two crisp, flaky crusts, separated by a wonderful filling, make a pie. Otherwise, it is like a flivver hitting on three cylinders, it goes, but how uncomfortably.

And mince pie! Even made without the mysterious flavor which even the strictest of dear old-fashioned mothers imparted to it in those before-mentioned days, it stands supreme. Mince has meat—it's food. It has fat, to warm the human engine when cold thickens the oil in the joints. It contains delicious bits of fruit and other ingredients which we never discovered but which we enjoy. When you've eaten a mince pie, you know you've eaten something. Of course, if you eat too much, you are uncomfortably aware of it, but here is another virtue: mince pie teaches moderation and temperance.

Yes, we agree with our honored co-workers in the journalistic type, pumpkin pie has "nothing to conceal"—but mince pie has! It has the fascination of the mysterious, the charm of the unknown. Eating mince pie is always an adventure. Its substance materialized out of the oven.

Mince pie in every mouthful brings happy memories of boyhood Christmas dinners. God bless mince pie!

Ain't it thrillin' to take five smacks and gasp down the main stem in an effort to make the allowable stretch over the entire Xmas list? And, how after you've made your first purchase and you cheerfully take the thirty cents change and declare yourself made! Let you finally decide to join some "prestin' cards" to the remaining relatives—ain't it thrillin'!

Just after Jake Falbe had an Xmas tree erected in his hot grocery palace this a. m. he walked a feller with a frown' beard and asked for a hand-out and chucked away Jake 'quit believin' in Santa Claus.

The legion fellers were served with chicken and noodles in assorted lengths yesterday eve by their friends of the auxiliary and there wasn't a disabled vet present at the start, but the casualties at the finish were terrific.

PRUNE PICKIN'S KEEP SALVATION ARMY KETTLES BOILING IS PLEA

Unless there is a better response to the Christmas kettle appeal made by the Salvation Army, relief work during the holiday season will be greatly curtailed, according to Captain Humphrey. So far the Christmas kettles, which should be kept boiling, haven't even been thoroughly warmed. The Salvation Army depends upon this source of revenue for its relief work at Christmas time, and unless the funds are forthcoming there will be many families which the organization will not be able to reach.

The Salvation Army today for the usual solicitation for the Christmas Baskets. Each year the workers make up baskets of food and toys to be carried into needy homes. Merchants are asked to make donations to this cause, giving articles of food, clothing and toys. Credentials signed by O. L. Johnson, president of the merchants association, and B. L. Eddy, the chairman of the community chest committee, were given Captain Humphrey today.

See the new strip shingle on our entrance display. Newest type composition shingle on the market. Dunn-Gerretsen Co., Inc.

THEATRES

Liberty Theatre. A large cast of well-known favorites are being featured in the next big Waldorf feature which will be released by Columbia. "The Price of Success." This picture has its first local showing next Wednesday at the Liberty Theatre.

Antlers Theatre. With a cast that has probably never been duplicated on the screen and probably never will in the history of pictures, "Zander the Great," Marion Davies' latest Cosmopolitan production released through Metro-Goldwyn, will be presented at the Antlers Theatre, beginning Thursday.

Antlers Theatre. "Feet of Clay," Cecil B. De Mille's latest production for Paramount, which features Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Payne, Theodor Kottloff and Robert Edeson, opens a two-day run at the Antlers Theatre tonight.

Antlers Theatre. The story is an adaptation of the immensely popular and successful serial by that name by Margareta Tuttle.

Travelling in its locale between a brilliant winter resort, a poor Harlem flat and a gorgeous eye-filling home of wealth, "Feet of Clay" is one of the most enterprising productions De Mille has ever offered the picture public.

The story starts with a yachting party at Catalina Island. All sorts of beach novelties are worked into a series of colorful scenes which in costume combine bathing suits on lovely girls with the latest summer creations of the modiste and the tailor.

Buy at Powell's for less, get our prices on blue leather, walnut rockers.

EXTRA SECTIONS TO HANDLE MAIL DURING XMAS RUSH. To handle the Christmas mail during the next week, the Southern Pacific company is putting on a second section of train number 13, from Portland to southern Oregon points, which will be in effect December 17 to 24 inclusive.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—Alexander P. Moore of Pittsburgh, who resigned several months ago as American ambassador to Spain, is expected to give up his post and return to the United States late this month. Mr. Moore submitted his resignation to President Coolidge during a visit to Washington but it was announced that he would remain in Madrid until he had cleared up several matters then under discussion.

Holly wreaths, 12-inch sizes, 50c each, large sizes made to order. Sold by weight. The Fern, 137 N. Main. Phone 113-14.

KITCHEN CUPBOARD

Christmas Sweets. LET us prepare early to collect something different in recipes for our Christmas candy. A candy thermometer may be bought for a small sum, and if carefully used will last a lifetime.

Peanut Candy.—Who does not enjoy a good peanut candy, not too hard and brittle? Here is one that is the "best ever." Take one pound of peanuts, shell, remove the brown husks and roll with the rolling pin until the nuts are like coarse crumbs. Put into a saucepan two pounds of brown sugar and twelve tablespoonsful of butter. Put over the heat and count the time from the first bubble, stir constantly and cook just seven minutes, then add the peanuts, stir and pour into a well-greased dripping pan. Mark off in squares.

Caramel Mixture.—Put in a saucepan one cupful of white sugar, one-half cupful of light brown sugar, one-third of a cupful of sirup, one-fourth of a cupful of butter and one-half cupful of heavy cream. Stir until dissolved, then cook without stirring to 246 degrees Fahr. Flavor with almond or vanilla and pour into a buttered pan. When cool shape into balls and cover with fondant, folding it around the ball with the fingers. Press a pecan nut meat closely on the outside.

Peppermint Creams.—Roll together one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water until it spins a thread. Add six drops of peppermint extract. Beat until creamy, then drop by teaspoonfuls on glazed paper.

Don't drive blindfolded in the rain and fog. Let us install a Bosch electric windshield cleaner on your car. L. G. Devaney, 405 W. Cass St.

HYMAN HUNTLEY'S SUIT FOR DIVORCE ANSWERED BY WIFE

MEDFORD, Ore., Dec. 15.—Mrs. Harriet E. Huntley, whose husband, Hyman Huntley, was acquitted of first degree murder last month for the slaying of Jesse James Gibbs, the alleged lover, yesterday filed in answer to the divorce suit her mate filed three days after the verdict.

In the answer Mrs. Huntley charges cruel and inhuman treatment, and denies that "on August 14, 1925, she gave \$69.60 of Huntley's money to Gibbs," as she avers she was accused "in an abusive and unwarranted manner."

Mrs. Huntley asks for the custody of the two youngest children, a decree of divorce, \$20 a month maintenance money and \$100 for attorney's fees.

The Huntleys are well known in Douglas and Coos counties, where they lived for years.

A large crowd of Roseburg people met with the local barbers' union at Wigwam Tavern last night for the ball given by the barbers' organization.

Give him a Bosch windshield cleaner for Xmas. L. G. Devaney, 405 W. Cass St.

When Winter Comes FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY. Good this ad and 100 cents to Foley & Co., 210 North 4th St., Chicago, Ill. Write your name and address clearly. You will receive a copy of the booklet, "How to Buy and Use Foley's Honey and Tar." Complete for 10 cents, with 100 cents, also sample packages of Foley's Honey and Tar. The booklet is the best and most authoritative for the prevention and relief of colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all respiratory ailments. It is a must for every household.

Plan to do your Christmas shopping at the Silk Store. You can come here with every assurance that no matter what Gift you may select from our stock, that it will be of a Quality and Style. That will instantly appeal to the recipient thereof. It will also register a mark of your respect toward those receiving the Gifts. Suggestions for Gift Purchasers: LINGERIE IN NEW STYLES, SILK AND WOOL HOSIERY, PIECE GOODS IN SMARTEST WEAVES, SILK SCARFS, GLOVES, VANITY BAGS, GIFT HANDKERCHIEFS, DISTINCTIVE UMBRELLAS, DRSES, COATS. I. ABRAHAM THE SILK STORE.

BINGER HERMANN RETURNS HOME FROM PORTLAND HOSPITAL

Hon Binger Hermen, who has been quite ill at St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland, recuperating from an operation, has returned to his home in this city.

Brand new sewing machine made by New Home Sewing Machine Company, auto-lift, latest model at \$56.00 less 10% at Powell's.

ROBBER QUARTET PULLS CLEVER MOVIE STUNT. NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—A robber stood in the doorway and turned the crank of a motion picture camera in the pretense of making a film while his four companions, posing as actors in a movie thriller, held up a dozen members of the Nittylo Republican club in Brooklyn last night and robbed them of \$550 in cash and jewelry.

Would you welcome an opportunity for every day. Read the classified ads.

Have you an ax to grind? There are hundreds who want the job. To learn their names read the News-Review classified ads.

FARMER KILLS WIFE THEN SELF IN FAMILY QUARREL

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—Miss Lillian Nemie, 26, made a futile attempt to save her mother's life here today when she flung herself in front of her father, Alois Nemie, 48, a retired Michigan farmer, "Shoot me but don't harm mother," she cried as she tried to wrench the shotgun from her father.

Nemie fired, probably fatally wounding his wife, Adna, 48, and a few minutes later killed himself. He had quarreled with his wife because she allowed their two daughters to attend amusements last night.

A GIFT OF QUALITY. At a Price You Wish to Pay. THERE are SETH THOMAS Clocks in great variety in our stock. All of them carry the reputation of these famous clock makers and our own guarantee of quality. Come in and make your selection for delivery now or later. Bubar Brothers JEWELERS.

CHRISTMAS DANCE. BENEFIT OF Roseburg Woman's Club. Saturday Night, December 19 AT THE ARMORY. MUSIC BY The Swanee Serenaders. Tickets \$1.00, tax free. Extra Ladies 25c.

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

TAXING THE DEAD. While I'm feeling hale and hearty I'm an optimistic party, and I'll smile with any smarty as I pay the taxes due; I will sing and smile and chortle at the tax-collector's portal, but alas, I'm only mortal, soon my journey will be through, I have saved some silver pieces which are stored in large vases, that my loving aunts and nieces may not suffer when I'm dead; it would soothe me when I perish if I knew the fines I cherish would not hear the sound night-marish of the tax collector's tread. When I'm in a churchyard sector, with the blessing of the rector, then will come the tax collector, saying to the mourners pale, "Where's the money you inherit? For the government must share it, from your keeping I must bear it—where's the plunder, where's the kale?" I'll be lying cold and senseless, down and out and all defenseless, while the mourners, sad and penitence, are reduced to scrubbing floors; they will have to sew and launder while the tax collectors ponder o'er the coin they hoped to squander in the large department stores. It's a crime, I long have ranted, taxing people when they're planted, spoiling all the dreams enchanted of our legates and heirs. "Pay up gayly," is my motto, "in the tax collector's grotto," but no tax collector ought to chase me up the golden stairs.