

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1926.

THANKSGIVING DAY THOUGHTS.

Not many people observe Thanksgiving day now with the solemn devotion that our forefathers manifested, and if we had more of that old spirit of gratitude and desire to make a return for our blessings, many things would go better in the country and in our individual lives. There are many persons who attribute whatever success or happiness they have had entirely to their own efforts, and they think they owe nothing to anyone for all that. But if they would see deeper into their own lives, they would realize that they owe the best of what they have had to something outside themselves. What they have accomplished is due in large measure to the care and training of parents, to the favorable influences of the community where they grew up, with its schools and churches and many inspirational advantages. Then there are the blue and despondent people, who persistently look on the dark side of life, and are so absorbed by little irritations and fears that they do not see that life brings a large measure of happiness to those who meet its experiences with faith and courage. Three-quarters of the clouds that surround us in this world are of our own making, and could be blown away if we would cultivate physical health, stop fretting and worrying, and have confidence that the future will solve its own problems. If we could get that point of view, we could throw ourselves into an old-fashioned observance of Thanksgiving day, with hearty gratitude to all who have helped us and to that eternal goodness that somehow shapes our ends to some good purpose. Our experience inevitably brings a certain amount of sorrow, but it ought also to bring a great deal of joy. Thanksgiving day suggests the thought that there is power in the world that works for our good, if we will only trust it and be willing to follow its leadings.

Medical men say the supply of medical whisky is running low, and they have little confidence in the product of even the most affable of bootleggers. So they ask the government to sanction the manufacture of a new lot, and Assistant Secretary Andrews, in charge of dry enforcement, endorses their request as legitimate. The need is not really exasperating as yet. There are about 12,000,000 gallons of "good old stuff" on hand, in bonded warehouses, held for medical release. At the rate of consumption by the nation's sick, which is 2,000,000 gallons a year, that quantity will last for several years. But sick folk, unlike well folk, insist that their whiskey shall be properly aged. Or at least, their physicians insist for them. So it is considered necessary to start up the distilleries now, in order to have a maturing crop of medicine coming on against the time of need. That is probably all right—provided it's the sick people that get the medicine.

A Swiss peasant has got himself into trouble. He was wealthy, as his class reckons wealth. He wanted to rid himself of his property for the sake of heavenly riches. So he gave his farm to his brother and distributed his money, amounting to \$10,000, among the poor, and planned to earn enough for his simple wants as an insurance agent. Thereupon a local orphan asylum asked the court to appoint somebody to look after him, on the ground that his actions showed him to be mentally deranged and in danger of becoming a public charge. When Leo Tolstoy likewise sought salvation in voluntary poverty, people said he was in need of a guardian. Long ago the great St. Francis of Assisi set the historic example for that sort of procedure, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness. He became a notable example for the ages. But the present generation looks at such things differently.

The Bend Bulletin and the Central Oregon Press, two daily papers published at Bend, Oregon, have consolidated. This is a very sensible move and one that is being encouraged throughout the country by experienced newspaper men. Two daily papers in a city of less than fifteen thousand population is an expensive joke—not only to the publishers, but the public as well.

The vote on the school tax measure at Monday's election is conclusive evidence that the majority of taxpayers favor a very conservative and economical public school administration—and we will sure have to get it in order to keep "our heads above water" from a financial standpoint.

If these bank robbers don't stop getting away with a lot of wealth every day from various banks there will certainly be a big shortage at the end of the year. They seem to be might successful manipulators of their chosen profession.

The fellow who has before him on (Thanksgiving day a choice turkey and all the "trimmings" ought to be quite thankful—so far as the inner man is concerned.

Douglas county turkeys brought a tidy sum of money into the pockets of producers this year. It is a worth-while industry and one that should be encouraged.

One of the paramount things to be thankful for tomorrow is the fact that you live in dear old Oregon—and particularly Douglas county.

Some people ought to be thankful they are alive—for instance—Mussolini.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By DERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

The worst luck we ever heard was that of the woman from the rural districts who went to a kennel to buy a dog to chase the cows and the darn fool salesman sold her a bull dog.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS

The meanest fellow in the world is the guy who took his wife's last six bits to buy a phonograph record to learn the Black Bottom dance.

As yet we haven't heard what kind of bath salts Gertrude Ederie uses, but it must be good.

Minivings! Here it is Thanksgiving week and we haven't shot our turkey yet. Oh, well, as usual we'll hafta get along on a can of sardines. Anyhow, a feller workin' in the movies can't expect to eat the nashnut bird!

Ye ed. took out a membership in the Hollywood Post of the American Legion. Three of us went in together. Gene Tunney, Bill Russell and yours truly. Gene and Bill was asked to make speeches, while we stood around on one foot and applauded.

Here's a tip to the dance committee of the American Legion in Roseville. Put something in your dance ads besides "Cane To-night." That kind of ad writin' makes us think of the gag about "fish for sale," you didn't hafta advertise "em, you could smell 'em. The folks who read the ads want to know what you've got that's new at your dances—they know you've got dancin'.

The football season ends this week and the arnica manufacturers are greatly chagrined.

We suppose you are all savin' up your shekels to buy your Xmas presents. What color postal cards are you gonna send out this year?

Down here in Calif. a feller can't pick up a newspaper without notice that the South Dakota, Society, or the Nebraska, or the Iowa, or some other group is gonna have a picnic. The native son of Cal. must feel awful lonesome.

Ye ed. attended a bathin' gal parade Sunday p. m. and witnessed plenty of pulchritude and we don't wonder there's so many fellers cuttin' their throats this winter in Hollywood.



Lafe Perkins Sez.

"If you can't boost the town you live in, why not move out and do it some good?"

Jean Inge Has Dyspepsia

By Wickes Wamboldt

I met an Englishman, the other day, who is touring the United States for the first time. And he was frank to say he didn't like much about this country except the soft drawl of the Southern women.

That occurrence reminded me in a roundabout way of an assertion made by Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, London. The gloomy dean declares that England cannot count on the friendliness of the United States. He says that while cordiality exists between individual Englishmen and individual Americans, the spirit of the politicians, and of the press of the United States is unfriendly.

The dean has his horse in the hills backwards. He has his proposition going the wrong way. The attitude over here toward England is just the reverse of what the good dean says it is. The fact of the matter is that it is not the United States that is unfriendly toward England, but it is the individual American who is inclined at times, to be a little peevish towards the individual Englishman. The American cannot be said to be unfriendly toward his English cousin, though he does get a little touchy occasionally when said cousin comes over here and looks around and proceeds to rub him the wrong way by telling him exactly how provincial he is.

The Englishman is inclined to look on the American as a very elemental person given to rough wit and flashiness, and much display of wealth—all of which is more or less natural to one born and brought up in an unseasoned country. The Englishman doesn't hesitate to let it be known that his American kinsman has a long way to go before he reaches the point where he himself started.

DR. NERBAS

DENTIST
Painless Extraction
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Brains and money the American has—the Englishman will admit—but class he has not.

So it is that, individually, the people of the United States are inclined to feel more or less peevish once in a while toward the individual Englishman.

But when it comes right down to basic principles, the people of the United States, their government, and their press, are strong for England. They admire England. Many of them have close ties with England. They know England is a great country, that she has done great things, that she stands for the very things that they stand for over here. They admire the institutions of England, the traditions of England, the achievement of England. They don't blame the Englishman for thinking England is the greatest country in the world; they applaud him for that; they only wish he wouldn't scrub invidious comparisons, and screw them in quite so hard.

The jobs that the politicians and newspaper men take at England now and then don't mean anything; they are merely back-kicks from those trying little misapprehensions of us for which the Englishman is famous.

The dean's prediction that the United States would not stand by England in a crisis is not only a doleful prophecy but a groundless one; for to the people of the United States, the downfall of England would be a calamity almost as great as the downfall of their own country.

State Press Comment

What Price Defeat?

It must be apparent to all now that the University of Oregon has closed the football season without winning a game, that the fundamental trouble is that it does not pay them enough coaches and does not pay them high enough salaries. The head coach only gets about a couple of thousand a year more than the late President Campbell was paid and the several assistant coaches only draw slightly larger pay than professors heading departments. Now that the new president is paid \$12,000 a year or \$500 more than the coach, it can be expected that the overworked and underpaid coaches are going to show any enthusiasm in delivering the goods.

"Old Oregon" is paying the penalty for neglecting the most important branch of modern university education. The head coach should receive at least as much salary as the university president and he should have one assistant coach for every player on the team, as well as every substitute. How can players, laboring under the handicap of squad instructors, expect to learn the game?

Another handicap the university struggles under is lack of a million dollar stadium to practice and play in. Instead the university has spent its efforts on a palatial and costly basketball pavilion, neglecting the football industry. When higher priced coaches are provided and surroundings commensurate with their importance secured, we can expect a winning team.

In the meantime the alumni ladies night speed along the happy time by tag-days to raise the needed money, instead of wasting their time on building a fine arts building. What are fine arts compared to football? Indeed, it's not football the finest art of them all!—Salem Journal.

Our Turkey Rival

People who believe that the Umpqua Valley has a monopoly on the turkey growing business, have learned something this week, with the announcement that the turkey industry in Josephine county will put approximately \$50,000 into the hands of the growers this season. Turkey growing is becoming recognized as one of the main items on the smaller farms. Profits are declared by the poultry men to be almost certain and it will not be many years until this section vies with the Umpqua region for first honors in the turkey industry. —Grants Pass Courier.

It Doesn't Pay.

At the port of a patrol a Portland boy was forced to leave the keeper of a garage at Roseburg to turn over \$35, the contents of the cash drawer. Of course, he was captured. They are nearly always captured, sometimes, somewhere. And after capture, what? Once disgraced by capture, exposure and publicity, what? They haven't a chance in a thousand to succeed at the game. Can anybody tell why the boys do it? Are not the facts recited in this brief mention of the case a good thing for every boy to read? —Portland Journal.

Did You Ever

Stop to Think
By Edison R. Walte, Secretary of the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

Harry Giovannetti, editor of the Lexington (Kentucky) Leader, says:

THAT every citizen is a stockholder in the United States government, the greatest business organization on earth.

THAT our election days are stockholders' meetings, and yet seldom more than 50 per cent of these stockholders are counted present on election days. This is neither patriotic nor good business.

A taxpayer who neglects his duty as a voter has no right to complain, and should be ashamed to complain about the quality of government he gets.

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BEAUTY CHATS

PERMANENT WAVING

The style for very short hair has done one thing, it has kept many women from having their hair permanently waved. Not that a permanent wave need be harmful; if the shop which is to do it is conscientiously and intelligently run, it will refuse to make the wave if the hair would be injured by it. For some kinds of hair are injured, and only an examination can show whether it will be harmful or not.

The reason some hair curls naturally and other hair does not, is that some kinds absorb humidity from the air, which pulls each hair into a wave, and others kinds do not. To make straight hair wave, the whole structure must be changed, the pores of the hair must be steamed open. Formerly, the hair was wound on a curler and steamed with a borax solution, which did the trick but which made the hair dry and frizzy in many cases. Now it is steamed with oils, which gives a better wave, softer, and leaves the hair glossy.

For a loose and really well done wave, the hair should be rolled flat on the curlers, this takes time and skill. Most places twist the hair in little rolls, "house-maid's twist" they call it, and wind these rolls on the spoils. This is easier, but it is apt to give a frizz rather than a wave, and the frizz won't soften down for months.

The effect, called permanent, is really good for about six months. By that time, three to six inches of new hair, quite straight, of course, will have grown out. Some of the old wave may stay in longer than six months, it depends on the care given it. If it is set with combs when it is shampooed, and tied up at night with a net over it, the waves will last many months. But this is true of a hot iron wave and even of naturally curly hair.

Mrs. J. A. S.—Flour of sulphur does not dissolve in the formula to be used as a shampoo in cases of dandruff, but it helps the condition by being distributed over the scalp through the other ingredients.

Mrs. R. W.—You can purchase dandelion roots at the drug stores, or get them in the fields at the right season of the year (and fresh ones are always better than those that have been dried). Steep the roots in boiling water and let stand until the juices are extracted, when the tea will be very dark and have a bitter flavor, but not unpleasant if taken cold.

Worried M.—Peroxide and ammonia used on superfluous hair cannot increase the strength of the growth, and it has at times destroyed it after constant applications.

S. K.—The advice given above will help you to get rid of the hair on your upper lip.

Efficient Housekeeping

By Laura A. Kirkman

TOMORROW'S MENU
Breakfast
Left-Over Prunes
Cereal
Boiled Eggs
Toast
Coffee
Thanksgiving Dinner
Cold Grapefruit
Roast Turkey
Dressing
Giblet Gravy
Baked Potato Cake
Corn
Cranberry Sauce, Celery
Fruit Salad
Hot Mince Pie
Pumpkin Pie
Coffee, Cider
Nuts, Candy, Little Gold Cakes
Supper
Cold Left-Overs from Dinner
Coffee

Very excellent mince meat for pies can be bought today from the grocer, but when the housekeeper has time it is nice to have her "own brand" of mince meat. Here is a good recipe:

Mince meat: Six cups of chopped beef, 12 cups of chopped raw apples, one pound of chopped beef suet, one cup of boiled cider, two cups of light brown sugar and one cup of white sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of grape juice, one-third pound of citron finely shaved, three pounds of seedless raisins, one pound of currants, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of three, three teaspoons of salt, three tablespoons of ground cinnamon, and one teaspoon each of ground cloves and ground nutmeg. Mix together all these ingredients except

Diet and Health

By Lulu Hunt Peters, M.D.

Author of "Diet and Health" and "Diet for Children"

HAVE YOU EVER READ THIS?

Please do not depend upon personal answers from me for conditions that have to have the immediate attention of a physician. And do not depend on the column for such advice, for even though your questions can be answered in the column and answered immediately, it would be at least four weeks before the answer can appear.

My Diet and Health column is a syndicated feature, appearing all over the United States and Canada. It is written and sent out from New York. This means that it has to be prepared three or four weeks in advance. The column creates great interest wherever it appears, and the combined mail from the different places is enormous. In order to be able to handle this and be helpful to you, there are certain rules which we have formulated which you must follow. Unless these rules are complied with, your letters cannot receive any attention.

First: Address your letters to me in care of this paper. They will be forwarded to my New York City office. Sign your name as evidence of good faith. It will not be used in any way. (When I answer you in the column, I use one initial.)

Second: Write legibly and with a pen—if your handwriting is not clear, get somebody to write for you; or use a typewriter. Do not write more than 200 words. Remember the number of letters I get!

Third: When you ask for material which we have offered, you must enclose a large sized, self-addressed, stamped envelope (s. a. e.). The address must include my full name, street and number, city or town, and state. The booklets on reducing and gaining is the only one for which you must include ten cents in loose stamps. Do not send money—it is too easily lost in the mails. (Only one booklet can be sent with each request.)

Fourth: Do not ask for diagnoses or for individual treatment. Do not ask questions that are not of general interest and answerable in the column. You must seek your personal physician for such information. Watch my daily articles for something similar to the questions you want discussed, and consider yourself answered when you see them, whether your initials are appended or not. I must answer questions collectively in order to save time and space.

Fifth: Allow at least three weeks to elapse before thinking your request for material has gone astray or is not answered because you have not followed the rules. Allow a much longer period of time for an answer to appear in the column, if it can appear.

Don't forget to enclose a fully self-addressed and stamped envelope with your request for any material which we have offered (and the ten cents in stamps if you ask for the booklet on reducing and gaining).

I feel like adding a last rule. It is this: Save some of your 200 words to continue telling me how much you enjoy the column, and how much benefit you are deriving from it. Such a message is an inspiration to me and to the followers and makes our work happier and therefore more helpful.



Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops, Gruen Watchmakers Guild
Time Hill, Cincinnati, where the Jeweler's watchmaker can obtain standardized duplicate parts promptly.

TIME HILL

The center of fine timekeeping in America
On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American home of the Gruen Guild of Watch Makers—the center of fine timekeeping in America.

A quaint, gabled workshop it is, suggesting the famous guild halls of the seventeenth century. There a group of modern guildsmen work, who deem their craft an art, and who put into it the exalted traditions of their ancestors, the masters of the ancient Guild of Watch Makers. It is a thoroughly modern workshop, where the latest and finest machines are used; where the most skilled hand finishing gives the watch its final beauty and precision. Let us show you at our store how the ancient ideals of fine craftsmanship live in these watches today. See for yourself why these Gruen Guild timepieces stand apart as the most distinguished examples in the art of fine watch making.

Krudtson's
JEWELERS

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

UMPUQUA HIGHWAY OFFERS SHORTEST ROUTE FROM COOS BAY TO EUGENE.

DRAIN, Ore., November 19, '26.

Editor News-Review: I see in your daily today, an article copied from the Eugene Guard, saying that when the highway is completed from Marshfield to Eugene, by way of Florence, that the distance will be 65 miles less than it will be by the way of Drain.

Now let us see how that figure out. It is one road from Marshfield to Reedsport, and from Reedsport to Florence 25 miles, Florence to Mapleton 12 miles, from Mapleton to Eugene 62 miles, making a total of 99 miles from Reedsport to Eugene. Now by the way of Drain, from Reedsport to Drain 53 miles, from Drain to Eugene 38 miles, making a total of 91 miles. So you see the Guard made a mistake of a few miles. Well that is not a bad mistake, being it was the Guard, but what gets my goat is that both roads lead from Marshfield to Eugene and it is not less than 8 miles shorter by way of Drain and nearly half the distance will be paved and there will not be more than one quarter of the grade, while the road will be all rock road by the way of Florence.

Now, if this was a mistake, it certainly will be corrected. But if it was intentional, well it was just a matter of telling one thing where the other would have been better. No I hope the Guard will get down to business and stay a little closer to the line of least resistance and will be neighbors as we should be.

With best wishes for all, I am
Yours for a square deal
M. R. RYAN, Drain, Ore.

NEGRO FIGHT IN PORTLAND PROVES DISAPPOINTMENT

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 24.—"No contest" was the referee's verdict after nine and a fraction rounds of the scheduled ten-round fight between George Godfrey and Bearcat Wright, negro heavyweight.

The fight was a two-round margin. The fight was the 10-round main event on an American Legion card last night.

Billy Johnson, of Olympia, and Jim Morgan, of Pendleton fought a six-round draw. Carl Becker, of Grande, was given a draw with Johnny Goggins, of Portland, in a six-round special.

MINE EXPLOSION KILLS TWO MEN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

CALISTOGA, Calif., Nov. 24.—The death of two workmen yesterday in the Coronado quicksilver mine, isolated in the hills fifteen miles east of here, was caused by an explosion that apparently resulted when their drill struck an unexploded charge of dynamite. It was brought out at a corner's inquest held here last night.

The victims of the accident were Henry Campbell, 26, foreman of the night shift, and Joseph Ilier, 50, a laborer. The men were buried under several tons of earth as a result of the explosion. Their bodies were removed yesterday after hours of digging.

THE WISE ONES.

Before the Dempsey-Tunney fight the Wise Ones sat up late at night forecasting Gaffer Tunney's plight when Dempsey's fist had swatted him; they said he had no chance at all, for such a job he was too small, he merely traveled on his gill, and so the seers boycotted him. Jack was the wonder of the age, and in his foaming, fighting rage he knocked all rivals from the stage, he soaked and biffed and busted them; while Tunney was an awkward lout, devoid of skill and full of kraut, who wept when he received a clout—I read their dope and trusted them. "These matters are beyond my ken," I said, "but what the Wise Ones pen should be a guide to red-blood men who'd bet some rubles cheerily; and so I'll bet my little stack on that unconquered hero, Jack," and now the outlook's bleak and black, I face the future drearily. Oh, others ride in limousines and have the price of costly greens, they sit and watch the movie queens, or ride in airships glittering; but I am doomed to walk the pike deprived of all the things I like, reflecting sadly as I hike, on topics most embittering. Oh, others have three meals a day, but I go hungry till I pay the bets I made that fatal day when Tunney's light seemed guttering; and people think I am insane as I go drilling through the rain; they hear me murmur and complain, they hear me darkly muttering. In happy homes I hear the noise of merry-hearted girls and boys, but not for me such homely joys, and grim remorse is eating me; and as the night grows wet and dark I seek a corner in the park, where I repose until the stark and pallid dawn is greeting me. The Wise Ones led me to my doom; they gave the Dempsey stock a boom, consigning Tunney to the tomb, to ventures rash persuading me; and one thing cheers me, now I'm sore; there are about ten million more who fell for all that bunk galore, and as I weep they're aiding me.

WALT MASON

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

Before the Dempsey-Tunney fight the Wise Ones sat up late at night forecasting Gaffer Tunney's plight when Dempsey's fist had swatted him; they said he had no chance at all, for such a job he was too small, he merely traveled on his gill, and so the seers boycotted him. Jack was the wonder of the age, and in his foaming, fighting rage he knocked all rivals from the stage, he soaked and biffed and busted them; while Tunney was an awkward lout, devoid of skill and full of kraut, who wept when he received a clout—I read their dope and trusted them. "These matters are beyond my ken," I said, "but what the Wise Ones pen should be a guide to red-blood men who'd bet some rubles cheerily; and so I'll bet my little stack on that unconquered hero, Jack," and now the outlook's bleak and black, I face the future drearily. Oh, others ride in limousines and have the price of costly greens, they sit and watch the movie queens, or ride in airships glittering; but I am doomed to walk the pike deprived of all the things I like, reflecting sadly as I hike, on topics most embittering. Oh, others have three meals a day, but I go hungry till I pay the bets I made that fatal day when Tunney's light seemed guttering; and people think I am insane as I go drilling through the rain; they hear me murmur and complain, they hear me darkly muttering. In happy homes I hear the noise of merry-hearted girls and boys, but not for me such homely joys, and grim remorse is eating me; and as the night grows wet and dark I seek a corner in the park, where I repose until the stark and pallid dawn is greeting me. The Wise Ones led me to my doom; they gave the Dempsey stock a boom, consigning Tunney to the tomb, to ventures rash persuading me; and one thing cheers me, now I'm sore; there are about ten million more who fell for all that bunk galore, and as I weep they're aiding me.

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