

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1927.

THE BIG CITY LURE.

Social workers in the large cities remark upon the throng of young people constantly pouring into those great centers, full of ambition and hope that they are going to do something big. They have become discontented with conditions in their home towns, and think if they could only get into a big place, they could do something big. But when they get there, and after they have made the rounds of many employment offices, and are footsore and tired in the search for work, and their little money is gone, the old home burg looks very good to them. The situation of many of the young women is particularly pathetic and dangerous. It seems very humiliating to them to go back to the old place, and perhaps they have given up the only job at home that they know of. Some yield to the temptations of the "easiest way," and God only knows where they will end up. Most of the young people ought to get over the idea that there are special advantages for them in large cities. There are of course more jobs there, but there are far more applicants for those jobs. Not merely do they have to find work for the many thousands of young people constantly graduating from their own schools, but they have a constant procession of applicants coming in from the small cities and country villages. The young people brought up in those cities can often afford to work for low pay, because they can live at home and not pay much for board and lodging. That makes a very hard competition for young people who come from outside, who have to pay high rates for rooms and food. The practical result is that many of them put up with the most meager quarters, and do not get enough nourishing food. Young people do not usually do well to go to large cities, unless they know in advance where they are going to work, and how they are qualified for the job they are going to take. Most of them do much better to start in at home in a good town like Roseburg.



SO TOLERANT.

"I'm tolerant," I often say, "the customs of this modern day may jar me somewhat now and then, but I'd rank with broadminded men, and so I say, 'We ancient guys perhaps don't know just what is wise; the world moves on and customs change, and that is good, though it seems strange.'" I see fair damsels, social pets, consuming costly cigarettes; and I grew up when no fair dame could smoke without a blush of shame, without beholding stern surprise and horror in the others' eyes. I watch the lovely creatures puff the old perique and Turkish stuff, and in my soul I'm shocked and pained, but I'm broad-gauged, as I explained, and so I say, with feigned delight, "Whatever is surely right." But when I see my nieces smoke, the shade of Grandma I invoke. What would that sainted woman say of customs we behold today? How would that grand and stately dame look on this modern smoking game? "In my own home," I cry, "by Grimes, your smoking ranks with sordid crimes, and if you're bound to smoke your fill, you'll lose your places in my will." I see old ladies chase around with skirts some distance from the ground. When I grow up old ladies were dark gowns that trailed upon the floor, and that was decent, I believe, and modern fashions jar and grieve. But I'm a liberal old scout, and so I hand no protests out. "Now bless the women," I observe; "they're wise in every trick and curve." But when my ancient aunt would please to wear a skirt that shows her knees, I stamp with an indignant hoof, and say, "The shelter of my roof, the freedom of my groaning board, your monthly rake-off from my hoard, you will forevermore turn down, if you go forth in such a gown."

Abe Martin



INDIAN BELLE WEDDED

(Associated Press Local Wire.)

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 20.—It became known here yesterday that Esther Motonic, first Indian queen of the Pendleton roundup, has been married since January 1, to Glen W. Lewis of Arizona. The groom is a member of the Sac and Fox tribes and the bride of the Umatillas. The romance started at the Haskell Indian Institute where both were students.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 A. M.
Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes. 89
Precipitation in ins. and Hundredths Highest temperature yesterday 50
Lowest temperature last night 34
Precipitation last 24 hours .32
Total precip. since 1st month 3.63
Normal precip. for this month 5.70
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date 19.85
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877 16.88
Total excess from Sept. 1, 1922 2.98
Average precipitation for 44 wet seasons (September to May, inclusive) \$1.11
General forecast for southwest: Fair and colder to night; fair Friday.
ARTHUR W. PUGH, Meteorologist

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENIN' G'FOLKS—

This column celebrated National Laugh Week. Last week by not causin' even a titter among our thousands of readers which proves that we are at least original if not so awfully clever.

The county court departed for Salem this a. m., where they may get a lotta bad ideas from watchin' the solons legislate.

We saw an adv. the other day announcin' black-tipped cigarettes. Widow's weeds, we s'pose.

We all laugh at the Santy Claws myth and swallow the gag about the "White House spokesman."

The emaciated look on the mugs of some of our town boys is distressin'. Wot they oughta do is to lay off golf for a while and take a good long rest at their office.

We don't want to appear to make light of tragedy—altho there's a humor in every sorrow as well as a melancholy echo in every laugh—but we couldn't refrain from a sads shake of the head at reading recently of a 21-year-old college lad who committed suicide because he was "convinced that he had experienced everything that life had to offer."

What a tragedy! This lad never knew the thrill of wearing a soldier's uniform when his country was at war. He never experienced the sensation of standing on the deck of a transport and staring at the blue sea, wondering if a submarine lurked beneath the waves. He never watched shells tossing high clouds of black Flanders foam or crashing into bits the brick houses of peasants; while he wondered if any bore "his number." Never had he known the thrill of companionship of a loyal buddy.

The brief newspaper story did not say, but we assume that he did not know that mixture of hell, heaven and Hoboken—if you know what we mean—called marriage. He doubtless knew love, but that's only Chapter One. Never had he known what it is to see his baby son smile at him, to feel the clutch of tiny fingers, to hear the music of baby laughter.

"He had experienced everything life had to offer!" Poor lad, poor lad!

While its snowin' in the metrop we're out in the shirt sleeves diggin' worms to go fishin'.

Some of you birds can see no advantage of bein' a World War vet. Just think how convenient it is to explain to the girls that you're gettin' bald-headed on acct. of bein' gassed in France. It's a sure sympathy producer.

We've always wondered just what shoulder straps are really for but we've finally decided it is that which prevents an attraction from becomin' a sensation.

Lather Barnes and Mose Rice were slated to sing a falsetto duet at Rot'ry today but on acct. of the former cuttin' his throat with his knife and the latter droppin' soup all over his vest the number has been postponed pendin' repairs.

Went down to Rot'ry today and heard Alvy Marsters talk on "Thrill." While he was talkin' we noticed most of the Rotarians smokin' 15 ct. seggars.

The old fashioned woman who utters pad the truth is a thing of the past. The damsels of today display the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—

"A closed cur hain't no good to a feller who chaws terbaccer."

Your Boy and Your Girl

BY ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D.
The Parent Counsellor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parents' problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Questions of general interest answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamp, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address Arthur Dean, in care of The News-Review.

From Me to You

Remember, folks, that once a week our column is carrying exchange letters. Last week "Rippling Rhymes" raised the question: "In a fellow made into a social jackass by parents who do not give him a chance to play with girls?" The week before: "Class of 1926" told his story of his love for a girl named Ruth and challenged us with the statement, "A girl who is too good will tempt a fellow to cheat."

Replies to these sophisticated samples of our younger generation are coming in rapidly. Have you sent in your reply? If not, hurry. Your letter may be the one that is published. Do not forget to give a fictitious or pen name so sign your own name and also to that you may be addressed as "Sixteen," "Serious-Minded," etc.

Here is an answer to "Fighting Sixteen":

"I did not know there were any boys in the world like you. All in my high school are either silly and young, or prematurely old in their thoughts. I have known some nice fellows; that is, they seemed to be nice, but something usually happened to change my opinion. I wonder if it is my own fault and whether I expect too much of a boy by asking him to be wholesome in his conversation, to be polite in his behavior, to be ambitious and religiously inclined, and to be athletic?"

"Like you, Fighting Sixteen, I like to talk on current news, religious problems, literature and art, and I don't care to go with a boy, any more than you like to go with a girl, who is interested in nothing but jazz and slang."

"I, too, am fighting. I want to be a great writer some day, but I find I am losing my imagination and love of the beautiful in a river of slang, phrases, punctuation, abbreviation, amputation and English in general. I like English literature but the rules and regulations are taking my imagination away, and what can a writer do without imagination?"

"You mentioned evolution. My idea of it is that if creation had not been explained and accounted for in the Bible, the Book of Ages and a Book of Truth; the Darwinian theory might have some foundation; but since this theory differs from the truth, no intelligent student can accept evolution as anything but a doctrine of

man created by some doubting Thomas of the scientific world."

"A Rejuvenated Grandmother Dear Fighting Sixteen:

Your ideas of a girl are nothing more than those of your grandmother rejuvenated. I do not see what harm there is in powder and rouge and I do not see what harm there is in going out with a fellow before giving him a quiz which is as bad as a college entrance examination.

"What do I care about his religious ideas or his attitude on evolution? I have read Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and I also have read Dresser, Ibsen, Shaw and Galsworthy."

"I admire your courage, Fighting Sixteen, but I do not attempt to scale the heights of your goodness."

Is She Popular?

"Dear Fighting Sixteen: Through Dr. Dean I am writing you. I guess the Silly Little Girls would say, 'Oh go chase yourself!' when you asked them the question, 'what do you think of evolution?'"

But there are many girls who would not. I for one, heartily approve of prohibition and heartily disapprove of the theory of evolution. You said you are religious, so am I. When my science teacher taught us evolution I had a long argument with her saying that if she believed in the theory of evolution she didn't believe in the Bible. She said she does and tried to prove that some things in the Bible prove evolution. Neither of us could change the other's point of view, so we dropped the subject.

"I find that the fresh little flirts are the girls who the popular in school and the nice girls are not. 'Girl Whowthinks.' The grown-ups must keep their seats. This is Youth's day for exchanging lost and found ideals, that boys and girls of today have."

Next week and once every week from me to you correspondence between young of both sexes will be published on all sorts of problems which youth has in back of its head.

Judge Hamilton Better— Circuit Judge J. W. Hamilton has returned to his office after an absence of 10 days due to illness. Court work which has been held up during the time he was confined to his home, is being resumed.

Mother Goose IN SPORTS

Boat Boat Mr. Pyle have you any dough?
Yes sir, yes sir, more than you know?
Some for the French lass— some for Red Grange, And some for old "Cold Cash" who revels in the change.



By NEA Service
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 20.—C. C. Pyle, better known as "Cash and Carry," reports that his first venture in professional tennis with Suzanne Lenglen as the headliner has been a big success financially. Football over, he now turns his attention to the movies as manager of "Red" Grange.



Now wouldn't you— if a friend handed you a \$10 gold piece.

Sure you would—that's what Harth's Toggery is doing for you—just come in and see for yourself—Beautiful hand-tailored suits, a bargain at \$40 and a gift at

\$32.50



WEREWOLVES

By Wickes Wamboldt

Just before Christmas a pack of wolves attacked New York City. There were about fifty animals in the band. They did serious damage, and for many they turned the holiday season into a time of mourning.

Perhaps you noticed some time ago that a prominent philanthropist had outlined a magnificent plan for rebuilding New York's East Side and doing away with the slums. The man who advanced the idea proposed to donate a huge sum to the undertaking and to induce other rich persons to do likewise.

Undoubtedly that statement was read by you. It was read elsewhere, too. It was read in the West by a pack of wolves. There are wolves that can read, you know, and talk. Little Red Riding Hood met one that could read and talk.

Well, those wolves, after reading about the proposed rebuilding of the East Side, immediately hurried to New York. They did not go armed with teeth and howls; they went with impressive looking bonds and smiles. They swept down on the East Side and talked glowingly to the residents about the wonderful rebuilding project.

The wolves offered to sell building bonds, which would not only go toward rebuilding the slums, but which would pay the holders of the bonds ten per cent on the investment. Why keep money in savings banks at three or four per cent when one could put one's money into such a glorious enterprise, that was as good as gold, and which would pay ten per cent. With pathetic eagerness the poor

A City's Civic Center

Modern American Communities Find Public-Owned Auditorium a Necessity

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a series of 20 articles on the progress and problems of American cities. Modern phases of a city's development, such as zoning, planning, traffic and population are discussed in the series, with specific instances of what cities are doing to keep abreast of the advancing times.

A modern American city is hardly complete without its Town Hall—or, as its more imposing title usually is, its Public Auditorium.

It would be interesting to trace the development of the town hall from the barren frame meeting place of years ago to the sumptuous stone and steel auditoriums of today. The old-time hall housed town meetings, political rallies and so on; the modern ones hold everything from national conventions to prize fights, grand opera and industrial exhibitions.

PUBLICLY OWNED

The town hall, of late, has indeed been found to be almost a necessity; a place where the citizens can foregather on frequent occasions, a common center for the use of the citizens for widely different events.

The basic idea is to have the structure publicly owned and operated. In this way the citizen is made to feel that he is one of its proprietors. He goes to it in a freer manner than he would to a private hall.

A great and lasting hall is a distinct asset to a city. Cleveland, for instance, with a hall that will house anything from a convention to a cavalry concert, has "cashed in" handsomely on its investment.

THESE CITIES HAVE THEM

Among the other cities that maintain public halls are: Akron, Atlantic City, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Burlington, Vt., Camden, Canton, Cedar Rapids, Chattanooga, Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus, Dallas, Denver, Des Moines, Evansville, Houston, Huntington, Kansas City, Lexington, Los Angeles, Louisville, Lowell, Macon, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Memphis, New York, Oakland, Omaha, Philadelphia, Portland, Racine, Roanoke, Rochester, Saginaw, St. Joseph, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Savannah, Seattle, Spokane, Springfield, Stockton, Topeka, Washington, Wheeling, Wichita and Worcester.

ATTENTION, U. S. W. V.

Special meeting of George Starmer Camp 19 will be held at armory Friday night, Jan. 21st, 7:30 p. m. purpose of installation of officers.
H. C. WADDELL, Commander.

people drew from the banks the savings of a lifetime and bought the worthless bonds.

Before the steal was discovered the wolves had skulked away, and they had cleaned up \$500,000 in three days. One can imagine them glowering gleefully over the fact that they made \$10,000 apiece in seventy-two hours.

What sort of hell must await persons who do things like that? One can imagine leniency for a man who steals to eat or to let somebody eat. The law of retribution might well provide that that half hundred men and women must in some future state live in a condition of abject poverty, and at every turn be duped and swindled.

The four-legged wolf cannot be held morally accountable for the lamb he has slaughtered or eaten alive. He doesn't know any better; but the two-legged wolf who does know better, what will happen to him? What would you do to teach him his lesson if you had the ordering of his discipline?

Did You Ever Stop to Think

By Edson R. Walte, Secretary of the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

A. W. Robertson, President of the Electric Street Railways and Gas Properties of Pittsburgh, says:

That modern public utilities are largely an out-growth of our city life, and in turn have made the crowded quarters of our cities pleasant and convenient places in which to work and live.

The modern factory, operated by electric power, is quite a different place from the old type factory with its huge boiler rooms, steam pipes, pulleys and accessories, even as the modern home with its many conveniences is a far different place from the home of the good old days which are no more.

The modern street car, which may be far short of the standards of a luxurious limousine, is superior to the stage coach and ox carts of the past. By means of the street car the great mass of urban population is carried quickly to and from their homes. Without the street car urban life would be practically impossible.

Gas shares with electricity the honor of making our homes and industries clean and comfortable places in which to live and work. The past generations have seen all three of these public services grow and develop amazingly. At the present time they are perhaps our most popular investments. People have learned by experience that they cannot put their savings in anything safer than a well managed public service company, and as the financial credit of public service companies has improved, so has their so-called service credit. With their consumers and the communities which they serve improved, until today practically all properly run public utilities are accepted as valuable indispensable assets to every community.

TRAIL ASSN. DISBANDS

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 20.—Members of the highway association of the Pendleton commercial club have decided to vote for the disbandment of the Old Oregon Trail Highway association at the meeting of the association to be held at Union Friday. The local group feels that since the highway is completed there is no need of the association as the publicity is being handled in a satisfactory manner by the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

BEAUTY CHATS

YOUTHFUL TOUCHES

This being an age when no woman is ashamed of trying to look younger than she is, there are several "tricks" that she ought to know about. I do not mean cosmetics this time; every one knows that some cosmetics are good for some purposes and even if they aren't, they won't do any harm and they'll at least amuse her and make her feel younger.

What we are doing these days is to set the clock back as far as feminine age is concerned. There was a time, not a century ago, when a girl who didn't marry at 18 was dangerously near being thought an old maid. We're barely sending our girls to college at that time! For longer than we can remember, 30 has been the beginning of middle age. It is only old to girls of 18 these days.

So there's no reason why the woman of 30 or more shouldn't do everything she can to look young—girlish even—if she can manage it successfully. Here are some tricks.

Short skirts help, of course, so let's hope the craze for them doesn't die out too soon. Of course the legs must be slim and well formed; slim, at least, for fat legs will not add to anyone's youthful appearance. The low waistline that makes the figure look straight also helps, especially if the figure is mature.

An open neck, especially V or U shape, helps. Only the very youthful girls can wear high collars. And a white collar does more than anything else to make the face young. Whether it is plainly tailored, or frilly or pleated, does not matter; in fact it can be pale flesh color or beige as well as white. There is just something about a white or light color collar on a dark dress that takes years and years away from the age of the face. Even the stiff Eton collar which came in vogue from time to time did it; possibly because we associate them with youth.

B. If—Sometimes pimples come these because they reflect the skin, so you might work along this line and see if you do not end the attacks. Any antiseptic preparation will do but a very effective one is to dust flour of sulphur on the pimples, especially those coming to a head. A simpler way is to use an ointment in which there is some sulphur by itself. The lifeless appearance of your skin together with the dryness might easily be traced to poor functioning of the kidneys, and you may even be anemic too from almost any cause that affects the blood. Try another doctor, especially if the pimples do not cease after the sulphur treatment.

Tomorrow—Well Kept Nails



Efficient Housekeeping

By Laura A. Kirkman

HOME-MADE SAUSAGES

It is not necessary for the housewife to use the thin skin "jackets" in which the meat-market sausage mixture may be too much to make at once, unless your family is very fond of sausages, so perhaps the first time you try this recipe it will be best to halve it. You will find that home-made sausages are cheaper than the bought kind.

Cooked left-overs of sausage may be used most deliciously if added to hot, cooked cornmeal mush and then allowed to cool; slice off layers (like Philadelphia "scrapple") to fry. Eat very hot. It may be added trouble for the housewife to make her own sausages, but at least we know that our home-made ones are pure, and made in a sanitary manner. Then, too, with very little experimentation, we can also determine what seasonings are most popular with our families.

To cook home-made sausages, have the frying pan very hot. Put the cakes into it and sear them quickly on both sides, to brown well. Then cover the pan, decrease the heat, and let cook till well done.

Tomorrow—Child's Crocheted Leggings.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Sanders and Mr. and Mrs. Will Sanders, of Portland, who visited at the C. E. Mansfield home last week, resumed their journey to California Sunday. They were accompanied by Yreka by Mr. Mansfield, Miss Laubach and Miss Vera Starmer, who visited friends there, returning to Roseburg Monday evening.

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