

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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B. W. BATES, President and Manager. BERT G. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under the Act of March 2, 1879.

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NEW IDEAS IN BUSINESS.

It is generally admitted that industry is more productive than it was before the war. Perhaps the principal force working toward that end is labor saving machinery. Wages have generally advanced, which has induced many manufacturing producers to put in more machinery. The result has been beneficial to everyone. The cost of production has been kept down, which has kept prices from rising still further, and it has also made it possible for producers to pay higher wages. There are periods of change in business as there are in our personal lives. People will often go along in a rutty sort of way for a long time, and then all at once something stirs them up and they get out of their rut. So the business world as a whole has these periods of new action and advanced development, when people seem readier to work out new ideas. We seem to be in the midst of such a period at the present time. In these periods the idea spreads through the commercial world that there are new and improved ways of doing things. Managers of business become anxious to try out these new ways, and they commonly result in economies and more efficient methods. The business world was never so alert as it is at this time. The business men meet together more for mutual consultation. They have their conventions and their luncheon clubs and their trade newspapers and addresses on business subjects. They know better what is going on in their own lines than ever before. They are readier to take hold of new ideas, and old wastes and mistakes are more likely to be done away with. We have seen very much of this spirit in Roseburg. It tells us to take hold and support our business and community organizations, and to keep up with the most modern methods in our respective fields.

Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and boost for the completion of the North Umpqua road. We need it more than anything else but members of the Hot Stove League should abandon their chair-warming tactics and get busy.

Grants Pass is to celebrate the appropriation of funds by congress for the improvement of the Crescent City harbor. That's the spirit, fellows!

Portland is smothered beneath a blanket of snow while down in the Umpqua Valley the closest resemblance to snow is the fields of broccoli.

Great Britain is dabbling in China. Perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton is looking for a new market for his tea.

Frost may not hurt the tourist crop but a few cold shoulders will do much damage.

Wear a smile. A frown will drive a customer away.



ILLUSTRIOUS.

When a fellow has succeeded, gaining all the fame he's needed, piling up the shining rubles till they make a noble wad, then his thoughts are always turning, with a deep pathetic yearning to the town that was his birthplace, to the old familiar sod. So at last, in pomp and splendor, loaded down with legal tender, he goes back to see the skyline of old Punktown-by-the-Moat, where he sprung his childhood capers, peddling milk and selling papers, shining shoes and running errands, anything to get a groat. In old Punktown bands are playing and the orators are braying, giving welcome to the native who has scaled the shining heights; as he makes a speech explaining what great happiness he's gaining, every gesture is applauded by the smiling village wights. There are pretty girls around him and the wreaths they bear confound him, being tributes to his greatness, to his merit and his fame; there's a banquet where the speaking sends his aging blood a-streaking like a hot electric current through the fibres of his fame. Here's a guerdon for the clever! Here's reward for stern endeavor, for the long and wearing battle that the winning man must wage; here's a solace for the trials, for the pains and self denials which have left their heavy furrows on the Croesus or the sage. When one's native town grows mellow giving welcome to the fellow who departed poor and needy, and returns with coin to strew, then the subject of its bounty yells across the town and county, "This is triumph, this is glory, this makes all my dreams come true!"

CHURCH NOTICE. Services at Bible Standard Temple were well attended Sunday. Sunday evening the evangelist gave a most wonderful message upon the subject of "Divine Healing." He left the teaching so clearly stamped on the minds and hearts of the large audience that they can never forget. Many were prayed for after the regular service and claimed healing. The subject for Tuesday evening will be on what the Bible says about "Hell." The pas-

tor of the Christian church, Rev. Now has so kindly allowed us the use of his church for a baptismal service Sunday, Jan. 30 at 2:30 p. m. A regular service will be conducted by our evangelist, Dr. Webber, after which a baptismal service takes place. All friends and Christian co-workers are invited. -CORRESPONDENT. Mr. Bauer of Canyonville was a Roseburg visitor Saturday afternoon and transacted business and traded.

PRUNE PICKIN'S By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS— Oftimes we hear comment along the main stem About certain gags in this column of uplift And occasionally we hear someone braggin' on a Certain wheeze and always that pun turns out to Be one of the few that are contributed to this dept.

There at the front gate she shades her eyes against the morning sun and waves a final farewell, then turns into the house. She pauses on the front porch to pick up the forsaken doll and the little porridge dish and the silver spoon; and Tobey scratches at the screen as he wonders what journey has taken his little master away. Then the silence and loneliness that has come out of the vibrant morning is broken by the ringing of a distant bell—a sound that in turn silences the laughter of many children—and a few tears and wistful smile and a caress for Tobey—the baby has started to school.

Doek McKean, who works in a local apothecary shop, says a deep-plemy is all right 'cept a feller can't show it without givin' away his age and since Doek is so reticent regardin' same he is lookin' for a first class check kiter who can raise the numerals on the date lines before he hangs 'em up over his mortar.

We can't help wonderin' when standin' on the depot platform watchin' strangers alight and look around at the adjacent buildin's whether they think they are then in the heart of Poseyville.

What we'd like to know is what are we gonna do fer our likker after all the bootleggers have killed one another?

The only persons who have faith in wimmen are men. Anyhow that's a lovely thot.

Well anyhow, we haven't had a drop of snow.

When I get to have some fame, So that people print my name Because it is my name, I'll smile And may be strut around a while. I'll curl the feather in my hat; I'll nod my head for this and that. I'll not speak to the villagers and The dust will pile up high on my years.

Never wink at the waiter these days and order ginger ale. He might bring you just that.

The legion fellers are gonna go to Glendale this eve to put on a vaudeville and dance as the folks in this village are gittin' dern sick of hearin' the same tenor singer warble "When You and I Were Young, McGee."

For next year's football team we suggest they consolidate the Junior and Senior high school basketball teams and get Irv Brunn for anchor man.

We understand that the old razor blade situation has been settled at last. The bootleggers are dissolvin' 'em to make their "bottled in the barn" hooch.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ— "Gotta quit and git my shoes shined fer Glendale."

Mr. and Mrs. Vasehon of Ashland, Ohio, are arriving here this afternoon to visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harding at the Umpqua hotel. Following their stay in this city for a few days they will leave for California.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS: Having a lot of friends at least gives a gossip something to talk about.

BROWNING TRIAL IS TRANSFERRED TO WHITE PLAINS. (Associated Press Leased Wire.) CARMEL, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Edward W. Browning's separation suit against his wife the former Francis Peaches Heenan, which opened here this morning, was adjourned to White Plains 35 minutes later by a ruling of Supreme Court Justice S. E. Eger. The trial will be resumed tomorrow in its new jurisdiction. Only two witnesses were put on the stand at today's opening, both witnesses for the wealthy New York realtor. They were Edward P. Carney, his chauffeur, and John T. Gorman, Browning's secretary. Both testified that they had been told by Mrs. Browning and her mother, Mrs. Catharine Heenan, that Mrs. Browning was "sick and tired of it all" and was not going back to the real estate man. The court room was filled with 300 seated and a hundred more standing against the wall. Photographers were barred and one who sneaked in was ejected. Mr. Browning's entrance to the court room was the occasion for prolonged handclapping by the women. Mrs. Browning appeared without any public ovation. She cried profusely.

MANY FINES ASSESSED. The month of January has been a very busy one in the Justice of the Peace office. Near the end of last year there was little activity in that court, but so far this year there has been a great deal of work. Fines to the amount of \$820 have been assessed, the majority of the fines being in small amounts.

DR. NERBAS DENTIST. Painless Extraction Gas When Desired Pyorrhea Treated Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

CANYONVILLE WOMAN INJURED IN MISHAP. CANYONVILLE, Jan. 22.—Mrs. L. U. Storer, confined to a broken arm in an automobile accident between Canyonville and Grants Pass. Her husband escaped serious injury. Stenger is one of the discoverers of rich platinum mines near Canyonville.

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ALL JAKE EVER STOPPED WAS A LOT OF PUNCHES, BUT WITH A FIRST-CLASS PROPAGANDA PURVEUR AROUND, THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

SO YOUR OLD GAL MARRIED A FOREIGN TITLE? OH, WELL—THE READING THIS WINTER WILL BE GOOD—AND FUNNY—ANYHOW.

YEH—HE'S WELTERWEIGHT CHAMP OF ITALY OR SOME PLACE.

IT'S NOT TIME YET. DIZZY DUGAN.

IT'S REPORTED THAT, SINCE SOME OF THE FANS DIDN'T SURVIVE THE LAST BALLYHOOG BARRAGE, PARDNERNESS WILL BE POPULAR THIS TIME.

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Your Boy and Your Girl BY ARTHUR DEAN, SC. D. The Parent Counselor

Dr. Dean will answer all signed letters pertaining to parents' problems with their boys and girls. Writers' names are never printed. Only 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 News-Review.

What One Mother Knows. Do you worry over having your house clean and your washing and ironing done more than you worry over your children the value and care of a strong, healthy body and mind? Which comes first, the dust on your piano or on your children? Here's a letter which will start one chapter of a book which I intend some day to write. The title of it will be: "What One Mother Knows."

"Dear Dr. Dean: I wish I could meet some of those wonderful mothers who write to you. We have been living in the neighborhood for six years, but I've not met any mothers as yet that have any system or regularity in bringing up their children.

"Day in and day out I sit at home, just working at the everyday problem of housekeeping and home-making, and never visit my neighbors. It's lonesome at times, but none of the neighbors agree with me regarding my methods of child training.

"I read and try to improve my methods. For instance, my three children have never tasted coffee or tea, never go out alone after dark, never eat pork or fried things, each has a quart of milk a day. They all get their full quota of sleep. Most of the neighbors children go to bed any time, eat anything and go anywhere.

"My four-year-old, Dick takes a nap of two hours every day. The neighbor's girl of three years can't be made to take a nap. Another neighborhood child couldn't go to Sunday School last Sunday because she'd been out too late the night before, and so on.

"My children also help me do certain things and get an allowance of twenty-five cents, fifteen cents and ten cents respectively. I am the banker and they have their bank books. They buy penny candy and have candy only after the noon-day meal.

"Why is it that the majority of mothers would rather worry over having the house clean and their washing and ironing done just so, than to stop to teach their children the value and care of a strong healthy body and mind?

"My children's welfare comes first. What if there is dust on the piano? When the children are grown and gone, I'll have plenty of time to dust. Now, when they come in from school I would rather have a few minutes quiet talk with them. I welcome a rest, but most of all I welcome the chance to hear what is in my children's mind and settle some questions for them—which they may go to others with if I hadn't time.

"My eldest girl came from school yesterday and said, 'Oh, I'm not going with such and such a girl again.' I asked her why not and she spelled out to me in whispers language the girl had used.

"My heart almost stood still and I could have wept. What can I do to protect my own from such children? Why must there be such evil-minded children as the child that said that? When asked what she answered to the accusation she said I didn't answer. But what did she think?

"Is home influence stronger than outside influence? I have to instruct my children alone as their father works hard all day and at night falls asleep while reading a newspaper. Please send me some helpful leaflets.

"My letter must seem a queer jumble of words, but I have no one else to go to, so I finally made up my mind to write to you, as I know by reading your daily articles you are a 'Bank of Wisdom.'"

"Perplexed Mother." Home influence, Mother, must be stronger than any other influence except that inner, inner influence which comes from the "still small voice." This influence from within is started by the home, reinforced by intelligence, and supported by good common sense. I wouldn't spend much time over the dust on the piano. There's probably a lot more dirt in your own community, which needs cleaning out. That's why Parent Teachers associations and other club movements for improving environment conditions are so worth while.

Bright light, warm room, full stomach, and a quiet wife are the causes behind your husband's failing asleep; not lack of interest in news or children. I wonder if "piano dusters" make poor mothers and keep their husbands awake by "jawing."

"Dear Doctor: Here are my sentiments in answer to a poem I saw recently in your column: Blessings on thee, little fellow, Fancy sox and shoes of yellow, With your big-legged pantaloons And your jazzy whistled tunes, With the stamch on your hair Thinking to make you more fair, Transparent clothes and lips of red, Are better than an empty head. As we pass, my lips I curl, Thankful I was born a girl. A Girl.

"Dear Dr. Dean: In your column you quoted a verse on 'Thank the Lord I was born a boy.' I am sending another verse in answer to the one the boy sent you: Blessings on you, modern sheik, Pinched for speeding twice a week, With oxford bag, sporty clothes, And overhanging, sloppy hose; With your flirring jazzy air, And plastered greasy hair, Gasoline brain that's all awfirl! Thank heaven that—I'm a girl! Constant Reader.

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BEAUTY CHATS LOOK YOURSELF OVER

You want, of course, to be as pretty as you can. There are so many ways to achieve prettiness, and girls go so wrong in their methods sometimes. Why will a girl with a weak chin wear a hat that slopes off her face? Why will a puffy faced child choose a green sweater? Why will the pallid girl wear pastel colors? Prettiness, after all, is a matter of cumulative detail.

That is—the effect each person makes is the result of hundreds of details. For instance, here's your impression of a new friend: hat, bad shape and the color not quite right; hair, pretty, but she does it up wrong; skin, passable; eyes, much eyeliner, something queer about the eyebrows; mouth had a good smile, but she shouldn't show that bad tooth when she laughs; rather round shoulders; good figure, reminds me of— but why go on? Without being entirely conscious of it you register to (use a popular movie phrase) dozens of impressions like these.

Now then, what about the effect you make on other people? How much eyeliner is mixed with how much praise? Detail by detail you can go over yourself, and I strongly advise you to do it, and you can check up which details of your person are good and which aren't. Make out a written list if you cannot remember them all. Then do something about it!

Improving the circulation in the scalp after it has tightened to the bones is much the same process as breaking up the soil in the spring and getting it ready for planting. Most scalp needs something like a gardening process if the hair is dry and brittle.

Do you look as pretty as you can? Improving the circulation in the scalp after it has tightened to the bones is much the same process as breaking up the soil in the spring and getting it ready for planting. Most scalp needs something like a gardening process if the hair is dry and brittle.

Efficient Housekeeping Lauro A. Kirkman

ENTERTAINING A CROWD. box which he would pass) and, in turn, would have to set out whatever emotion they found typewritten on the slip. Here are only 16 of the many "emotions" which were acted: Grouchiness, Greed, Peevishness, Primpiness, Vanity, Politeness, Stupidity, Awkwardness, Perplexity, Boldness, Delight, Slyness, Fury, Happiness, Organfulness and Pride. As each player stepped forward toward the center of the ring to do his or her bit of acting, the rest of the circle tried to guess what "emotion" was being portrayed. Almost invariably one of the shouted guesses was right.

Advertising Guessing Contest: Twenty-four pages of typewritten paper were spread out on a platform, each page having pasted upon it a picture from a well-known advertisement—for instance, the pair of darky twins from a well-known scouring powder, the Quaker from a well-known breakfast food, the Dutch maid holding a steaming cup on a tray from a well-known brand of cocoa. Each player was given a tiny pad with pencil and was asked to write down his guesses as to the trade name of each advertisement, numbering these guesses to correspond with the number on each of the 24 pasted pictures. As the hosts of this party did not wish to provide a prize for the best list of guesses, they decided to have the player with the poorest paper pay a forfeit (making a circle with his nose on a slate covered with chalk.)

Boys' Observation Contest: Each boy chose a girl partner and was asked to stand talking to her for several minutes. The row of boys then turned their backs on the girl, and each boy was given a pencil and a small pad, and was requested to "describe the costume worn by your girl partner!" Turning to look again at the girls was not permitted. At the end of three or four minutes, the boys' papers were collected and read aloud. Almost every paper showed original humor besides mistakes in describing the girls' clothes. "Nize Baby" and "Preferred Stock" were two of the remarks which followed two descriptions.

Registering Screen Emotions: The players in this game were stood in one great circle. A spokesman, in the center of the ring, announced that each one was to draw a slip of paper (from a

box which he would pass) and, in turn, would have to set out whatever emotion they found typewritten on the slip. Here are only 16 of the many "emotions" which were acted: Grouchiness, Greed, Peevishness, Primpiness, Vanity, Politeness, Stupidity, Awkwardness, Perplexity, Boldness, Delight, Slyness, Fury, Happiness, Organfulness and Pride. As each player stepped forward toward the center of the ring to do his or her bit of acting, the rest of the circle tried to guess what "emotion" was being portrayed. Almost invariably one of the shouted guesses was right.

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BALLYHOOGING THE BATTLERS

Cartoon strip featuring characters like Abe Martin, Bull Barnes, and Dizzy Dugan. Includes dialogue such as 'I admit Jake ain't looking so good right now— I'm just getting him hardheaded up, he'll soon be stopping all them joke contenders.' and 'I refuse to be a sucker again!'.