

THOSE 'GOOD OLD DAYS'--

Mountain Centenarian Still Thrives Among Them At Slow but Serene Flat Top, Tennessee

By Bruce Catton.
(NET Service Writer)

AT THE END OF THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY



His clothes are woven from the wool of his own sheep



Francis Hughes, 102, splits his own firewood



Every night in the Hughes home, hymns are sung



He thinks nothing of a 25-mile ride



FRANCIS HUGHES

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Feb. 7.—The real Road to Yesterday leads up through the mountains north of Chattanooga.

It is a rough, little-traveled road, winding up through the forests to the blue mass of the Cumberland on the horizon. At its end is the home of Francis Hughes, 102, who has grown very old without ever once stepping out of the life of yesterday.

As people lived in 1827, so Hughes lives in 1927. Time and progress have stopped, for him. The birth of a new social and economic order, world-wide, has come in his life time; he has ignored it, serene in the ways of his forefathers.

Home of the Long Ago.

Francis Hughes lives on a farm. He shoes his own horses, splits his own firewood, saws logs from his own timber. His clothes are woven from the wool of his own sheep.

His household is a household of the long ago. Every evening, after supper, the family gathers for evening prayers. A girl sits at an ancient organ in the "parlor," hymns are sung, and a passage from the big family Bible is read.

Hughes cannot read a word of the Bible, but he believes it "from kiver to kiver." He is not a church member—"I kinder think I'd like to be a Baptist," he muses—but every Sunday he saddles his horse and rides, erect as a boy, three miles to church.

Flat Top is the name of his community. It lies on Walden's Ridge, between Big and Little O'Possum creeks, about halfway between here and Dayton, where the city lawyers were worsted by

plain country folk in some kind of an argument over The Book.

The road to Flat Top is unpaved—little more than parallel wagon ruts. It is impassable for motor vehicles. When the inhabitants want to leave they ride horseback or walk.

But Hughes never wanted to leave. He was born in Flat Top and he will die there. He has ridden to neighboring towns and visited friends in the valleys, but never has he gone more than 30 miles from home.

The Flat Top region, he says, "agrees with folks." Apparently it has agreed with him, at any rate. At 102 he is white haired and wrinkled, but sturdy, muscular, capable. In the yard in front of his house he has a little wooden shack where he does his daily chores.

Ten Miles to a Radio Set. In the evenings, after family prayers, he gets down his old fiddle—an instrument twice his age, handed down by his grandfather—and plays the music that the mountain men knew a century ago. Once in a while he struts out of the early nineteenth century into the modern twentieth; he rides some ten miles to a neighbor's house and listens to music over the radio.

He likes to sit by the fire and tell young people of his youth. When there were "Injuns" in the mountains and the settlers drove them out; when, as a boy, his sleep was often broken by the howling of wolves in the clearing outside; when the only roads were Indian trails, and a trip to the next settlement was as risky as a journey to darkest Africa today.

Francis Hughes' grandmother lived in her mountain-top cabin, to the age of 105; her sister lived to be 110.

Hughes had 14 children, but he has outlived all but six of them.

In the old family Bible is a land grant issued by the Tennessee legislature in 1827 for part of the Hughes farm.

There were no schools in his youth. But he is philosophic about being unlettered.

"Some people gets into bobbles by having education," he remarks. (Copyright, 1927, NEA Service, Inc.)

BOMB SLAYS TWO CHILDREN; PARENT ACCUSED OF CRIME

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
PITTSBURG, Kansas, Feb. 7.—A dynamite bomb wrecked the home of Mrs. Earl Mayberry and killed her two children as they slept last night. Mrs. Mayberry was injured.

Mayberry was arrested and held for questioning. He denied knowledge of the crime. He and his wife have been separated a year and suit for divorce, filed by Mayberry, is pending.

ANOTHER BATCH OF MEXICAN REBELS TO FACE FIRING SQUAD

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
MEXICO CITY, Feb. 7.—Two former generals named Amancio and Junquillo and six members of the Tampico Knights of Columbus organization are reported to have been captured and charged with being implicated in an anti-government plot which was to have started last Friday. Sixto Rodriguez, head of the organization in Tampico, was reported to have been arrested when the plot was discovered last week and placed in prison with six other members.

FRANK TINNEY IS MISSING; MAY BE WITH EX-SPOUSE

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 7.—Friends of Frank Tinney, black-faced comedian, were speculating today as to his whereabouts. Discharged Friday from the Naval hospital where he has been undergoing treatment for a nervous breakdown, Tinney disappeared. He did not reveal his plans either to officials at the hospital or his brother, Joseph Tinney, a resident of this city.

Hospital officials said all the information they had was that he had been discharged presumably well or convalescent. His brother did not know he had left the institution until Saturday.

Friends of the comedian believe that he may be on the way to the Pacific coast to see his former wife. Reports from Hollywood quoted Mrs. Tinney as having said that if Frank "would take her back, she would marry him again."

PORTUGUESE REVOLT OVER

PARIS, Feb. 7.—A Lisbon dispatch to the Havas Agency says it is officially announced that the insurgents at Oporto who began a revolutionary movement last Thursday, surrendered last night after an intense bombardment by the soldiers loyal to the Portuguese president, General Carmona.

NOTICE RE DOGS

The marshal of the city of Roseburg will pay fifty cents for the name and address of the owner of any unlicensed dog kept within the corporate limits of the city. Report to be made in writing to the marshal at the city hall. Said report to state in addition to name and address of owner, the sex of dog and description of dog sufficient to identify. The first report only will be paid.

WM. VAUGHN, Marshal.

STRIBLING AND HUFFMAN WILL BATTLE TONIGHT

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—Young Stribling, one time sensation of the light heavyweight ranks, will carry his hope of world recognition in the heavyweight class to Madison Square Garden tonight.

He will pit his speed and punching skill, now increased in a husky 185 pound frame, against Hallor Eddie Huffman, of California, for

Chas. S. McElhinny

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Oregon Life

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CLIP this advertisement, and present it to the authorized I-ON-A-CO office listed below. Judge by your own experience the remarkable efficacy of the I-ON-A-CO in restoring health. This offer is absolutely free. You will not be obligated in any way. Make this simple, delightful test now.

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Graham Brothers Trucks!

Yearly sales of Graham Brothers Trucks are shown in the table below. It begins with 1921 and goes through 1926.

3-4 TON CHASSIS	1086
\$815	3401
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IN "NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER"

LEE TRACY
IN "BROADWAY"

HOLBROOK BLINN
IN "THE PLAYERS THE THING"

Wandering about Manhattan aisles, Lawrence Redner, NEA artist, has been catching the leaders of Broadway's big parade in the act, as it were. This is his first series of impressions of actors in outstanding theatrical hits of the season.

BY THE NEA PLAY JURY

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—Schemes for cleaning the Broadway stage are now as numerous as cats in Greenwich Village.

But it is not likely that a czar of the Will Hayes-Judge Landis type will come to rule over the theatre belt. The last bright idea, and a fairly logical one, recommended a committee to read play manuscripts and pass on them before they went to potential producers.

Going through a batch of editorials printed on this subject by papers outside Manhattan, we gather that the rest of the nation is considerably more indignant than Broadway. That, perhaps, may be due to the fact that visitors are largely responsible for the box office success of so many objectionable dramas.

Recently, George C. Tyler, the producer, set out to put the public and clean-show leaders on record. He produced a very amusing comedy, "Tommy," which is as nearly 100 per cent pure as could be desired. The attendance at the start was not of the sort to encourage cleanliness. Advertisements are now challenging civic leaders and

theatre-goers to do something about it. Personally, we are a bit skeptical.

On the other hand, in the very midst of threatened censorship, another play, "New York Exchange," a far play with some amusing moments, luridly advertises as "a drama of a male captive," the interpretation of which we leave to our readers.

Next to play censorship, one of the most interesting topics of Broadway concerns the popular vogue of casts taking over plays after the managers have thrown up their hands.

It has often been held that a good play went to the storehouse before its time, thanks to the timidity of managers who were losing a little money. Players have often had great faith in productions that failed and have long had a theory that, with a little longer run, a potential flop might be put over.

Within a week, two companies have gone to the rescue. One comedy drama, "The Padre," was so highly thought of by Leo Carillo, the star, that he personally threw out the lifeline, changed the name to "His Own Way," and temporarily saved it from the reefs.

Then along came the cast of "This Woman Business" and did the same thing.

Hardly had the complaint concerning a dearth of musical shows gone forth than the market seemed suddenly to be flooded. From here, there and everywhere musical pieces descended upon Broadway and scarce a rehearsal hall but isn't occupied. We have it that the demand for musical show books was so great that they have become scarce indeed. The other day we heard a report that Charles Dillingham had hired a long list of principals, had his music and everything else, but no music.

Quite the most pretentious of the new musical productions is the Shubert's opus based on a romanticized incident in the life of Jennie Lind, "The Nightingale." Eleanor Palmer is cast in the role of the immortal Jennie.

And there's another that takes the adorable Dorothy Burgess out of light comedy and thrusts her back into a singing role. "Bye-Bye, Bonnie," it has been named and boasts as one of its authors. Bide Dudley, the Broadway columnist, which may account for the

fact that its lines are more than ordinarily amusing.

The latest arrivals include one sure-fire success, "The Barker," written by a Columbia professor. It presents a more colorful than accurate picture of great carnival folk. There seems to be a definite vogue for plays concerning carnivals. Just a couple of weeks ago "Ballyhoo" made its appearance, but failed to click.

"The Barker" will survive because of the merits of its cast rather than because of the play itself. There is much to be said in favor of the types presented and there is considerable of the flavor of the small town tent show racket.

But one is asked to swallow a plot wherein a hard-boiled ballyhoo man has dreams for his son; wherein that son leaves college and falls under the spell of a gal who can charm country lads as well as snakes; wherein this hard-boiled harem of the tent racket blossoms under the tender sunshine of true love; wherein the ballyhoo man's son secretly weds a charmer and gets socked on the jaw by his daddy when the truth comes out—and a great deal that has more to do with the sugar