

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH

Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOV. 12, 1929.

NEWS ABOUT SKIRTS

THE painstaking and discriminating faithfulness with which the bachelor editor of the Salem Capital Journal observes styles and affections in feminine apparel has long compelled the admiration of beholders. His loud applause when the ladies select garments of cut and materials that his expert eye discerns at once as correct and becoming and his fearless denunciation when they allow themselves to be led by the style-masters into error are alike salutary and educational. The satisfactory eye for that you get along the Salem thoroughfares by observing the costumes of the girls who trip by is reliably said to be very largely due to the careful perusal by those girls from day to day of the Capital Journal's editorial column and their instant conformity to the instructions that they find therein.

All this comes once again to mind as one reads in the Capital Journal a recent editorial entitled "Left Holding the Skirts." The bachelor editor, it appears, has been watching with dismay not unmixed with fury the efforts of the he-dressmakers of Paris to enforce a return to long skirts. Having long ago decided that the present skirt length, or lack of it, is sensible and right he fairly quivers when regarding the fell attempt of the French dictators of models. Happily he relieves his own anxiety and everybody's by pronouncing at once that the attempt will be a failure. Thus:

In some circles the long skirt has supplanted the short for society functions, for there are certain types of feminine mentality that slavishly follow any fool extreme depicted in the fashion plates, but this attempted return to the unmanageable, unsanitary toilet of the past is nothing so much a protest and organized objection that the new dress promises to be as short lived as the other two similar attempts of the past decade. At any rate the reluctance of the women to buy has so scared the retailers that the wholesalers are left holding the skirts.

We wish we might re-print entire the bachelor editor's reassurance, but that would not be fair. It is an exclusive article for an exclusive clientele habituated to expect such things. It is enough for others to know that skirts are not coming down and with that to be satisfied. From the source it comes it may be regarded as fully authoritative.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

BIRTHDAY MEMORIES OF THE PIONEER LOG CABIN

This is my birthday. I was born in a log cabin as was Abraham Lincoln and many other good people. There must still be living in Douglas county many good folks who, like myself, were born in a log cabin and take pleasure in the memory of that old house of logs. I wish every man and woman in the county who was born in a log cabin would write me a birthday letter. It will give me great pleasure to know how many of us there are.

I never can forget that house of logs.
Where I was born, in woods of Oregon.
Williamette's vale, with all its rains, and fogs.
Is dearest name, in all my lexicon.
There first, I saw my girlish mother's face.
And felt the wondrous joy of conscious life.
Began to run life's virile, blithesome race.
Love-cushioned round about, to scent earth's strife.

That old log cabin in those western hills,
Was like those of neighbor's, round about;
Four stumpy logs were brought for sills,
And then a pile of others, not so stout;
And then the neighbors gladly came to aid,
And soon the logs were lifted into place;
A puncheon floor of split fir logs was laid,
And rafters, boards, and many a wooden brace.

Two logs were sawed to give us window light,
A doorway came in same rude simple way;
A fireplace, lit that home with cheer at night;
It warmed us through, and through, and made us gay.
A bear skin rug on puncheon floor was laid,
To keep the splinters from the baby's skin;
If from the rug, he wandered while he played;
The splinters then, were very sure to win.

The meals were cooked about that broad hearth stone;
The meat was stewed in hanging iron pot;
Or found in frying pan, its noisy throne;
And bread, on hearth with coals to keep it hot.
First glimpse of mother, I can now recall,
Is picture of her flushed and girlish face,
As quick, she saves the coffee-pot from fall;
Her presence, filled the cabin, with her grace.

The door was fastened with an inside latch;
If visitors were welcome, string hung out;
You pulled the latch string in with quick dispatch,
Where'er you wished to put your friends to rout.
My childhood days were sweet, about that cabin door;
There were no signs, to keep from off the grass;
I gathered nature's wealth in mighty store;
For childhood's joy, there's nothing can surpass.

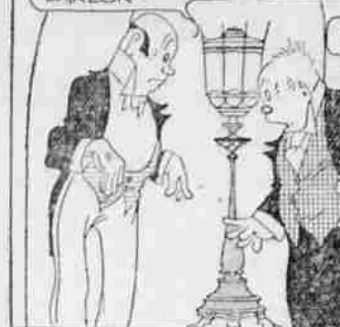
That cabin, duly was a house of prayer;
And when the Circuit Rider made his rounds;
The neighbors often came to worship there,
And filled the place with pious, tuneful sounds.
That cabin home, was sphere of earnest themes;
And hopes were nourished in that house of logs
That filled my boyish soul with dreams,
That ever cleared my sky, of blinding fogs.

That old log cabin in those Western woods,
Has gone to dust and ashes long ago;
It wrought its part, to build clean neighborhoods;
From which, through all the years, sweet waters flow.
My fortune has been, the world, to widely roam;
And fate has made me many times the guest,
Of wealthy host, in some great city home;
But still, my love's that cabin, in the West.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus

BEL FRIDON-SIR YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER JUST WENT OUT THE FRONT DOOR WITH ALL THE PICTURES THAT WERE HANGING ON THE WALL IN THE PARLOR.



WHAT?



HE TOOK 'EM ALL BUT.

HEY! COME BACK HERE, YOU FORGOT THIS ONE.

THE TITMOUSE

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

The titmouse in the East breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to New York and Illinois. The variety there is known as the tufted titmouse. He eats bugs and other tree insects just like a chickadee, and has all his characteristics, except that he nests usually in an old stump with rotted out center. He is a good looking bird; head crested; forehead black; flanks brownish. They are six inches long. Their notes are loud, clear whistles. In southern Texas they have what they call the gray or brindled or black-crested titmouse, same as to habits as the Eastern, but has a black crest, white forehead, rusty flanks. He is the same size as the tufted variety in the East.

The western variety is known as the plain titmouse. "They are a brown-gray, five and a half inches long, which becomes lighter below. He is just a dull plain little fellow whose identity is saved by his tall and sharp-pointed crest which are peculiarly his own. He has some interesting call; one is "Tee-day-day, day-day, day" or just "Tee-day-day," always with the accent on the "tee." Another of his calls is "Tee-wit, tee-wit!" They nest in stumps or in hollow trees which they line with grasses, hair and feathers. They have from five to eight white eggs.

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By Louis Albert Banks
"Tee-day, day-day, day-day, day-day!"

There comes a little bird at play. He seems to feel electric wires. He hops and skips and never tires. A midge bird, an agile thing. That flits about on skittish wings. As if the tree were now afire. With insect pests that wake his ire.

He's not a nuthatch, that I'm sure. Yet, like him, makes his speedy tour. And he is not a chickadee, though just as happy in a tree. 'Tis not a kinglet come to rule. My Hawthorne tree so green and cool.

Oh, now I know!—he's just as nice—Another of those wee titmice. First up, then down and round he flies. And uses keen those sparrowlike eyes. And all the time he sings, "Tee-day-day!"

Just like a farmer raking hay. His eyes pursue no sharp, prelude. He holds to true by clicking look. But every second buga have woo.

When men close light instead of dark. And to their conscience gladly bark. We say they're on the way of right. Are bounding upward in their flight.

Spasmodic Efforts to Whip Oneself into Good Health by Visiting Famous Spas Should Be Unnecessary, Says Dr. Copeland.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

LAST Summer I spent in European travel. In many ways it was a glorious vacation. Much of the territory covered was familiar ground, although some of the places I had not visited for many, many years. Everywhere was much to hold the interest and to give food for thought.

Some of the towns I saw were "spas," bathing places. A few of them have been famous for many decades, even for a century or more. I met many old friends and made new acquaintances. Some of these were persons who are in the habit of going abroad every year to take "the cure."

Taking the cure means that for a period of three weeks the diet is greatly restricted, the hours in bed are long, the exercise is regulated and insisted upon, great quantities of the laxative waters are taken at regular intervals. These are the rules and their faithful observance is remarkable, indeed.

I saw men there who are captains of industry, famous lawyers, successful business men. Society women and professionals of every sort are among those who take the cure.

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We have just as good doctors in North America, just as good water, just as interesting territory over which to walk, and the same rules of hygiene are just as effective. It is unnecessary to cross the ocean to have every single benefit offered by the foreign spas. We have springs in the New World just as highly curative and where all the benefits, real or fancied, can be found.

But perhaps you cannot afford to travel to Europe or even to one of our springs. In that event let's with our friend, the family doctor, go over your ailments and recite your symptoms to him. He will outline a diet and a daily routine that will overcome your present troubles and prevent those that may be on the way.

Live each day the sort of sensible living that will keep you fit and fine. Then a "cure" will be quite unnecessary.

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A. E. C. Q.—What would cause shortness of breath?
A.—Indigestion or nervousness might cause shortness of breath.
A READER Q.—What do you advise for varicose veins?
A.—Wearing an elastic stocking is often helpful. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

Good Manners
By JRS. CORNELIUS BEECKMAN
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DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:
I would like to ask a boy, not in my class, to go with me to our Junior hop.
1. Should I pay for both the tickets, for just my own, or should the boy I ask pay for both tickets?
2. Is it good manners for a boy to refuse such an invitation?
COED.
SINCE you are one of the hostesses of the dance, you should pay for both tickets.
2. There is no social reason why the boy should accept the invitation unless he wishes to do so.
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DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:
It is expected for a young lady to invite a gentleman to spend the evening with her? Or should she wait until he expresses his desire to come?
WONDERING
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Before this part of the ceremony the bride has if she wears gloves, removed her left glove. She may have removed it in the vestibule, although this is rarely done, since it means another item to be kept to mind—and in hand—or she may remove it and hand it to her maid of honor before the ceremony, or she may have left the third finger of her glove.

Also in preparation for the ring part of the ceremony, she has removed her engagement ring from her third finger, since the wedding ring must not be put above the engagement ring. Usually brides wear their engagement rings on their right hand until after the ceremony.

(Mrs. Beeckman will be glad to answer questions an etiquette submitted by readers.)
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Armed, piano tuner. Phone 153 L.

Our American Birds

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History

THE BIRD OF THE WEEK
(By Louis Albert Banks)
(Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

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He's not a nuthatch, that I'm sure. Yet, like him, makes his speedy tour. And he is not a chickadee, though just as happy in a tree. 'Tis not a kinglet come to rule. My Hawthorne tree so green and cool.

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Just like a farmer raking hay. His eyes pursue no sharp, prelude. He holds to true by clicking look. But every second buga have woo.

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WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL NEWS

Portland—Permit filed for erection of two-story apartment house at 376 Raleigh street at estimated cost of \$42,000.

Craze—Central Oregon Telephone company installed new switchboard at central office in this city.

Astoria—New oil heating plant installed for Pillsbury Astoria flour mills on port docks.

Sandy—Wapinitia highway opened to traffic.

Newport—Old roadway up Angle street will be improved.

Joseph—Newly constructed power plant at this place dedicated recently.

Klamath Falls—Klamath Finance corporation established business in this city.

Grand Ronde—State highway commission opened bids for asphaltum surface on new highway in this vicinity.

Klamath Falls—New Sacred Heart church at Klamath and High streets opened to public.

Portland—Bauer & company at No. 9 North street who sell cigar stoves, absorbed by Portland branch of Gaiser Brothers, No. 160 North 10th street.

Klamath Falls—Construction underway on new highway for Kesterson Lumber company.

Craze Lake—Plans underway for construction of modern asphalt standard highway around Craze Lake national park.

Klamath Falls—Six apartment court at Spring and Wall streets named hands.

Bend—Modern trout hatchery to accommodate between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 trout will be constructed on Fall river, near here.

Klamath Falls—Construction underway on \$40,000 Newberry store building at Eighth and Ninth.

Springfield—Amended franchise to operate buses on city's streets for every twenty minutes granted to Oregon Stages, Inc.

Hillsboro—Grain and feed business opened in Peterson building.

Salem—Construction progressing steadily on state office building here.

Merrill—New drug store opened for business in this vicinity.

Roseburg—Construction of government revolving artery beacon on summit of Mt. Nebo underway.

Condon—North half of Dunn building on lower Main street changed hands.

Sutherlin—Bonanza quicksilver properties several miles east of Sutherlin changed hands.

Condon—Red Cross drug store moved into remodeled quarters in south half of Dunn building.

Springfield—Garage building on corner of Mill and Main streets leased for occupancy by Parlier Garage.

Klamath Falls—Construction of sewer contracts for units No. 1 and No. 2 of the municipal sewer system completed.

Springfield—Construction of bridge across Willamette river practically completed.

Seaside—Twelfth avenue bridge across Wahuna river repaired.

Springfield—Large transformer under construction at sub-station here.

St. Helena—Service garage building undergoing remodeling.

Warrenton—Proddy Lumber & Box company plant will double capacity.

Silverton—Formation of \$10,000 corporation completed for manufacture of Robison electric brooders.

Rainier—Unkefer Hardware company workshop under construction in West Rainier.

St. Helena—"Sentinel" will move to quarters in Odd Fellows building on Strand street, Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co. will occupy quarters in building.

Anity—High school gymnasium dedicated recently.

Clatskanie—Old Panama restaurant building being remodeled to house the Piggy