

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday.

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THE RATIO FOR PUBLICITY.

Business experts recommend that mercantile concerns set aside a certain definite proportion of their receipts for publicity work, as a part of the essential sales expense. Different firms would differ on the ratio that should be established. It may need to be more in quiet times than in rush periods, on the theory that it takes more effort to sell goods in times of slow trade. The head of a well known big city department store says he expects to spend five per cent of his sales on publicity. Two per cent of sales goes into newspaper advertising and the rest to window space, the cost of trimming it in novel and striking ways. Probably the majority would say this is too much relatively for window space. The problem for the average merchant is not so much attracting in the crowd that goes by the store, as informing people in their homes as to what market conditions are and what special offerings are being made. But whatever ratios are agreed upon in any concern, a business house makes an advance step when it recognizes that it must set aside a certain regular proportion of its income for selling campaigns. Salesmanship is a job of convincing the people that it is for their interest to make certain purchases. That job of persuading the public is not an offhand matter, to be begun when a customer passes a show window or walks up to the counter where the goods are displayed. It has to be prepared for in advance. It has to be continued over indefinite periods. It is an endless task. The enterprising store carries on this work of publicity in order that people shall understand its methods, realize the quality of goods handled, know of special opportunities as they come along. The best of the work is done in people's own homes, as they sit down at leisure to read their favorite journal, and study advertising that interests them.

It is rather disheartening at first thought, to read of the heavy mortgage placed on the world by the war debts. Pessimists will say that this burden can't be carried. They can show, for instance, that where before the war, the debts of Europe amounted to only 6 per cent of the wealth, now they mount up to the staggering total of 65 per cent. This country is not so bad, yet our debts must be at least 10 per cent of the national wealth. But the greatest resource in any nation, is not the existing wealth. It is human labor. That is not mortgaged, it's just as free as before the war. Its productive power, if handled right, ought to be greater, because the war stimulated human initiative. If a man has a 65 per cent mortgage on his property, that does not mean that his situation need be bad. If he still has his working power, he can earn enough to pay interest and get ahead. So it will be with the world now struggling with debts. They are indeed heavy, but not too heavy to be borne successfully, if the different elements in each nation will only cooperate.

Delay in turnover costs American business \$11,500,000 every day, says the Irving National bank of New York. It figures that the total amount of production in this country in a year is \$70,000,000,000 and interest on this sum amounts for one day to \$11,500,000. If there is needless delay in getting goods from producer to consumer, or in paying for goods purchased, the working capital of the country is tied up and unutilized. Quick sales and distribution create rapid circulation of money, so that more people can be kept at work and the total of wages paid will be greater. Business hustle and advertising are the great forces tending to make the processes of trade work smoothly and promptly.

VISITORS AT THE AUTO CAMP GROUNDS

Short Stories of the Strangers Who Stop in Their Journey Along the Highway.

Last night was very light at the camp ground. There were only 35 new cars and 105 new people. The tourists arrived late in the evening many coming after eleven o'clock. Both of the tent houses were taken early and another little building which had been fixed up with a cot for emergency use was also taken. The members of the motor convoy force on the way to Eugene were entertained as guests at the camp ground. Mr. Young threw the camp grounds open to the soldiers and they were given places in which to keep their machines and make their sleeping quarters while they were also given free use of all of the accommodations. The convoy is in charge of Lieutenant Post, whose wife is traveling with him.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wilson and daughter, returned to Roseburg last night, making their second stop here. They are on the way home to Los Angeles, after a trip which took them into Vancouver, B. C. While in Canada Mr. Wilson decided to spend a night in a hotel and left his car in a small garage. During the night the garage burned and the top and upholstery were damaged from his machine. He was forced to drive the badly damaged machine about 100 miles, without cushions and with no rim on the steering wheel. Temporary repairs were made in Vancouver and he is now driving back to Los Angeles where the damage will be entirely repaired. An insurance adjuster was made following the fire and he will secure payment upon his return home.

Other visitors were: W. Bwine and wife, Marshfield; F. G. Wilkinson, Logan, Utah; W. W. Simons and family, Toledo, Ohio; Harry Hammett and wife, Oakland, Ore.; J. E. Felix and wife, Lafayette, Ind.; T. J. Hart and family, Los

Mallinas, Cal.; F. M. Pennington and wife, Fresno; J. C. Clancy and wife, Vancouver; L. A. Moss and wife, Ashland; J. C. Miller and wife, Aberdeen; O. R. Herdith and family, Nampa, Idaho; E. E. Elson and family, Kansas City, Mo.; F. M. Ostrander and family, Los Angeles; G. W. Howes and wife, Portland; W. C. Chappel and family, Portland; G. L. Hewitt and family, Billings, Mont.; R. Harmon and wife, Lewiston, Mont.; H. F. Laird and wife, Berkeley; C. A. Wilson and family, Los Angeles; J. R. Stevenson and wife, Seattle; J. J. Dunlap and wife, McArthur, Wash.; H. Falls and family, Mousley, Ind.; S. P. Gillay and wife, Pasadena; R. E. Linsey and family, Spokane; E. E. Cole and wife, Goldendale; A. B. Yates and wife, Sawtelle, Cal.; S. Colfer and wife, Los Angeles; H. Paulson and wife, Portland; S. Darby and family, Medford; J. W. Shiro and family, Portland; H. A. Johnson, Patterson, Cal.; G. H. Miller and family, Richmond, Cal.; J. O. Ford and family, Richmond, Cal.

Contracts taken for water wells, deep or shallow. Prices reasonable. Albert Graham, Looking Glass.

OLALLA NEWS

Mrs. Dan Steam entertained the Busy Steppers last Thursday afternoon very pleasantly under the oaks in the grove at her home in Olalla. At 4:30 o'clock a bounteous luncheon was served, and much laughter and merriment was enjoyed over the cooking contest. Those being at the conclusion of the contest were Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. I. R. Nichols, Jessie Monroe. Mrs. Steam has promised the members her recipe for these delicious cookies, and we wish to thank her for the favor.

Mrs. James M. Ware will entertain the club Thursday, July 20, at her home in Olalla, where the members will engage in making dordanis. All members are asked to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ollivant and little daughter, Nell, have gone in Bandon beach to stay during the warm summer months. Their many friends wish them a most enjoyable time. (Signed) THE SQUAW.

Prune Pickin's



By BERT G. BATES.

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

The drug stores
All report a shortage
In hair tonics,
Face powder and all
That goes to make
Mere man beautiful
And it's all because of
Prune Pickin's
Most Beautiful
Man Contest.

We herewith announce three new contestants for today which not only adds interest to the race but forecasts a hard fought battle for the candidates previously announced in this column.

Today's trio is:
L. J. Barnes,
Bernie West and
Fred Jones.

Now all together, rise and sing the Barber Shop chord.

THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

Red tape always reminds me of the young man who called at the house of a celebrated physician and asked to see the doctor. The office nurse asked him if he had an appointment and he answered that he had not. Then the nurse consulted the doctor's appointment list and said:

"I think I can work you in after the patient who is now with the doctor. So, please no inside that room and take your clothes off."

"Take my clothes off!" the young man exclaimed. "What for?"

The nurse was firm. She said: "The doctor has made it an absolute rule not to see anybody unless that is done. It saves time."

"But I don't want to take off my clothes," the young man insisted. He did not believe in this red-tape stuff.

"Well," said the nurse, "I am sorry, but you can't see the doctor."

"If that's the case, I'm game," said the young man, and he went into the room.

A few minutes later the doctor entered the room and found the young man awaiting him, stark naked.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "what seems to be your trouble?"

"Doctor," the young man replied graciously, "I called to see if you would renew your wife's subscription to The Ladies' Journal."

Ye ad. is leaving today for his annual vacation which puts us three jumps behind our creditors. It's a vacation for us, but not for you dear reader. We'll continue to pound out this column daily—at least try to.

LET'S GO.

When time drags on with leaden strides,
And dreams of shore, and mountain sides—
Of rosy sunsets, moonlit lakes
Cling to your brow.

'Tis then you're blue and sane all hope,
You cannot rest—you're out of gear,
Because VACATION TIME IS NEAR.
When you are listless, dry and wan,
And the resort ads spur you on—
To gather fishing tackle; dope,
Bait, hook and line,
And when you write for rates and such,
You cannot wait—your head feels queer—
Because VACATION TIME IS HERE!

Every child comes into the world endowed with liberty, opportunity, and a share of the war debt.

When an undertaker sees unscrubbed windows in a restaurant he goes home and gets out his coffin catalog.

When you come to a quiet pond, that looks like this:

And throw a stone in the middle of it, pretty soon it looks like this:
(((((((((((((((())))))))))))

We spend nearly a billion a year for candy and chewing gum, way over a billion for tobacco, goodness knows how much for army and navy, and after a supreme effort, manage to dig up 75 millions for good roads.

THE OLD CAT.

When Mr. Daniels went to the club he left Mrs. Daniels with a woman friend whose abilities as a scandal-monger and a mischief-maker are pre-eminent. When he returned he peeked his head into the drawing-room and said with a sigh of relief: "That old cat gone I suppose?"

For an instant there was a dreadful silence, for as he uttered the last word he encountered the stony glare of the woman who had been in his mind. Then Mrs. Daniels spoke quite calmly:

"The old cat?" she said. "Oh, yes, dear. I sent it to the cats' home in a basket first thing this morning."

God made woman fair, fascinating and beautiful and then the Devil gave her a tongue.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ:

"Gray hair ain't a sign of old age in these gland old days."

To the Ladies' Aid, the Church Supper Committee, the Cake Sale Committee and a Few Others

THIS newspaper is always ready to help you in every legitimate way. It stands for everything that is good in this community and it supports it liberally. BUT—it has only two sources of revenue—ADVERTISING and SUBSCRIPTIONS. Now when you send in a notice that there is going to be a rummage sale, a cake sale, or an entertainment for your benefit on a certain day at a certain place and the price of tickets is so much, it is pure advertising. That's why you send it to the newspaper. You want to advertise it to the people.

For years newspapers have been giving these notices to you free. Oftentimes these notices actually cost the newspapers from one to two dollars. Do you know that it costs at least \$4 just to get a column of news? That is just the composition. It does not include the cost of putting it in the forms, making up, printing, etc. And yet for years you have been asking the papers to give you this space free.

Do you know of any business that is giving things away free these days? Go down to the drug store and try to get an ice cream soda free just because you belong to some organization.

If the editor comes around to your sale you expect him to pay good old gold dollars for his ticket, his supper or his cake, don't you? And he has to pay that same kind of gold to the men in his office. They expect it on Saturday night. When you get something for nothing it is not generally appreciated. We don't say that is true in this case, but it is certain that the newspapers have for years been giving away their space free.

And it MUST stop. The printing business has been hard hit. While newspaper has come down a little in cost, it is still higher than before the war. Wages have gone up and hours per week have been shortened. Machinery has doubled and trebled in price.

It must be confessed that newspapers haven't for a long time been conducted on good business lines. It's the editor's fault. He doesn't blame anybody else. But since the war he has learned a few things. He knows that everything has gone up, and what's more, he has learned that his creditors expect him to pay his bills promptly and with real money. He has also learned that he is entitled to a living wage, the same as his men. He has been compelled to do business in a businesslike way.

It certainly isn't business to give your product away free. No other business does it, so why should a newspaper? This newspaper is willing to cooperate and help, and it will give a moderate amount of free publicity to entertainments and suppers, providing advertising space is purchased. It's fair, isn't it? Put yourself in our place. You expect a full return for every ticket you sell. Why shouldn't an editor expect full return for his advertising space?

Think it over. We know that it is only necessary for our readers to peruse this little talk to see the justice of our contention. So in the future please don't ask us to insert such notices free, but pay for advertising space the same as you expect the people to pay for your tickets to your affairs.

In ALL fairness—look at it from both sides.

Dawes, Doctor of Federal Pocketbook, Says Goodbye To Friends In Washington

By WEBSTER K. NOLAN, (International News Service Staff Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The only man in Washington who can smoke a pipe in the White House drawing room or in the executive office of the president of the United States and get away with it is about to say good-bye to Washington "for good, on my honor, for good."

He is Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes director of the federal budget, more familiarly known in Washington as "Charlie" Dawes. Composer of music and cursor extraordinary, multi-millionaire and pal of those who walk the common roads, shrewd financier and astute politician, calculating commander of men in the field and "life of the party" at all times and places, he it is in the salon of the White House or the card room of the Press club, "Charlie" Dawes is beloved of Washington.

Dawes has announced his intention of quitting these parts for good and all now that his task is done. He was yanked to Washington by his good friend, President Harding, for the specific purpose of setting right the government's finances, out of which setting right budded the budget. In the process of setting things aright for Uncle Sam's pocketbook General Dawes incurred the dislike of many whom he found it necessary to upset. But his enemies melted away with the course of the months, and today "Charlie" Dawes ranks among the most popular figures in figure-mad Washington.

Returns to Chicago.

Dawes is going back to Chicago to take active charge again of his bank. He vows that his limelight days are over forever. "I'm never coming back," Dawes says, and polishes up his assertion with a picturesque oath.

Dawes will be remembered especially by reason of his verbal trouncing-down of the inquisitive congressional investigating committee more than a year ago, when he used the now famous "Hell and Mafia" expression, not once, but too often, in the opinion of those unhappy victims of Dawes's harangue. The sharp tongue of General Dawes lashed the members of the congressional investigating committee without mercy. The committee wanted to know why Dawes, as controller of supplies, permitted an unseemly number of barrels of tacks, and toothpicks, and molasses, et cetera, ad infinitum, to be used at the front when a few less barrels might have been utilized had economic caution been exercised. "We went over to France to win the war, and if we thought a dozen barrels of molasses would help our soldiers win it, then we sent them two dozen," was the calm rejoinder of "Hell and Maria" Dawes. The vigorous Westerner's healthy phraseology was ordered expunged from the records of the committee the next day, but that only brought about added publicity and further rendering ridiculous its membership in the eyes of critical Washington.

Dawes is Humorist.

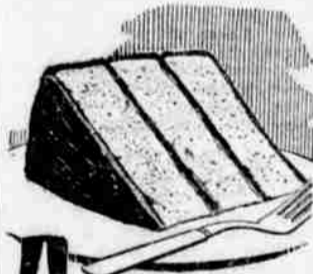
Though Dawes's tongue is sharp he is yet a humorist of the first order. He is the composer of violin pieces of extraordinary merit. His humor and sweetest shafts of wit come from the tongue not of a hard-bitten, economy-bent fiend, as has been thought by some, but from a man whose heart has been softened by love for music and love for the young lad, his son, who was taken away from him by the Grim Reaper. A merry round of affairs is being

given Dawes prior to his departure for Chicago. He is a most frequent caller these days at the White House. President Harding is fond of having him around. Dawes pops into the executive mansion on his homeward walk of an evening and, with his forbidding pipe smouldering away, calmly assails the sanctum sanctorum of the president.

At a fashionable lawn party at the White House not long ago, Dawes was to be seen in the midst of a gathering of fashionable Washington ladies puffing away at his faithful pipe as unconcerned as you please.

General Pershing remarked of General Dawes at a banquet here the other night that he had always had to rebuke "Charlie" in the war days in France for saluting him with his pipe or cigar in his mouth. In this connection Dawes is fond of telling the story about the private who, while munching a piece of pie at his sentry post, was suddenly confronted by his commanding general. Handing the pie hastily to the general, the private said: "Will you hold this, please, while I salute?"

Dawes has not been seen with his feet on the president's desk as he chatted with him, but Washington has its suspicions.



After all—

it's the baking powder that tells the story of delicate cakes, light biscuits, and dainty muffins. Science has discovered that a baking powder combining the two necessary leavening units, produces best results without worry over careful door-closing, tip-toeing, or frantic hurry.

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