ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Daily Except Sunday

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

FEAR IS A GREAT HINDRANCE.

The conquest of fear is an achievement. Fear is the "nigger in the woodpile" that keeps individuals from branching out in business lines, that prevents municipalities from developing into progressive cities, and destroys confidence generally. The individual is afraid of losing a good secretary, clerk, or perhaps a splendid cook, a sale of property, compels the loss of a golden opportunity—yes, the world over, fear causes the loss of millions of things. The business man's fear hinders his progress and development toward greater things. Specifically, he is afraid to invest a dollar in advertising, many times, because some "knocker" has told him advertising does not pay. A lot of business men, good fellows they may be, too, who fail to see in newspaper publicity through advertising columns where they are going to "get off" unless the dollar is in sight that the space will cost them. If it were not for fear these men might become merchant princes, but the subtle influence that fear throws about people of that sort overshadows better judgment and the broader experiences of those men who have built up gigantic industries through judicious use of newspaper space. Business of today is built upon sound principles, heralded to the buying public via the printer's ink route. Every buyer these days reads the ads in his daily paper to learn what is for sale, where it can be had, relative values and other data concerning the commodity wanted. The advertiser knows this, so he proceeds to invite business to his store. He goes to his newspaper, engages space, either writes the ads himself or perhaps asks the advice of his printer, gets what assistance he needs from the advertising department of the publication, and when the copy is ready it presents features that are attractive enough to compel attention from the public. Here fear steps in again, and this progressive merchant is afraid that if he does not advertise he will lose out in the keen competition of the age. He does not question the results. He knows that enough of the readers of his town paper will follow suggestions offered to make the transaction profitable; and more, he finds that cooperation of that sort puts money in circulation, establishes confidence between all parties concerned, builds up community interests and spells prosperity in a general way.

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The merchant who advertises consistently is helping to build up his town. The fellow, on the other hand, who expects to do business with the customers his more progressive and wide-awake neighbor has brought in through his newspaper advertising is off the same "bias" as the young man who invites his best girl to the city circus day, and then lets the lady buy her own gingerbread and lemonade—and just about as much value to the community.

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If the politicians do not make a lot of impossible promises, they are said to have no vision; and if they do promise a lot of things, then they are called liars.

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The country can probably get along without increasing the production of manicure sets, but a lot more sewing outfits are needed.

—o—

Now the question arises whether these doctors of philosophy created by the colleges can doctor up the flivver when she refuses to run.

—o—

Automobile tourists are usually going too fast to see the country, but anyway they can tell their friends they've been there.

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The Boy Scouts will soon come marching home. We miss these little fellows and welcome their return.

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Many women with beautiful hands are said to be quite fond of doing needlework.

Dear Folks:

Henry Sanborn was a Deacon and he prayed on bended knees every Sunday in the churchroom. Yet 'twas said that he would squeeze every dollar from his tenants, that his ways were harsh and mean, that his dealings were dishonest, that his smile was never seen.

Hiram Skinner hated Sanborn and he said 'It makes me sick, when I see him humbly praying, he's so clever and so slick. That's the reason why I snicker at the church and Deacons too, and that's why you never see me Sunday mornings in a pew."

"Good for you, Hy," said Cy Higgins. "Gosh-all-hemlock, but you're bright. You should sit up in our Congress, pointing wrong out from the right. I suppose you gave up business when you found it held some crooks. When you read a smutty author why, of course, you gave up books. If some soldier in our army proved to be a worthless cad, you're the man, my good friend Hiram, who'd proclaim the army bad. Beats me why you tend the movies. Don't you know some folks that go may be same worthless robbers? Guess I've stepped upon your to—!"

Hiram stood and blushed and stammered. "Cy," said he, "you've got me wrong. What I meant was—well no matter, guess it's time I moved along." When the Sunday sermon started on the next bright Sabbath morn, Hiram Skinner sat a listening, looking shamefaced and forlorn.

Cordially yours—T. V. R.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING, FOLKS

We would appreciate
It very much if you folks
Would all take your
Saturday night
Plunge in turns and
Thus keep the water
Pressure up to normal
To insure the
Sprinkling of lawns.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS

That when one nation makes overtures to another she is trying to hand them a new national anthem.

The Dokkies are dokying through our village finding an occasional oasis in spite of Mister Volstead's drouth.

The janes in the one-cylinder bathin' suits ain't attractin' so much attention as the damsel wearing the diaphanous dress when the sun is sinking in the west.

Now that most
Of the wimmen folk
Are returning from
Their vacations the
Husbands can cease
Washing the dishes
With the hose

Another thing the world needs is more worship and less warship.

A MAN IS WHAT HE EATS

"They say a man is what he eats.
"If that's the case," said Mr. Keats,
"Then by the way they slush and gush
I know some folks who live on mush."

Solomon was a great philosopher and Longfellow considerable of a versifier. But history doesn't state whether or not either of them was cursed with a back-firing liver.

A childless woman can't understand why the mothers in the neighborhood do not spank their children at least once every ten minutes.

YOU TELL 'EM, JACK

Dear Prune Pickings: While perusing your stuff in the News-Review, I found "Slang and Success" right next to you. Now with the editor I disagree—no slang, though spicy, goes with me. It certainly is the snake's right hip, but slangy guys give me the pip: they never use the pure quill dope—they're village sheiks beyond all hope. If they'd read "Prunes" as they had oughter, the English tongue they'd never slaughter. For English pure like wine divine, they'd surely find in every line.—Jack.

Old Man Bush has a daughter Mabel,
And you should hear him swear
When some smart hick goes and calls her Hazel,
'Cause hazel bushes are nutty this time of year.

Drain has purchased the city cow bell which has clanged the curfew and fire warnings in this town for beaucoup years and we sincerely hope that Drain prospers as we have under the clanging tones of the tapper.

They can't prove that you are a fool if you keep your mouth shut.

'Stoo bad the ball team disbanded, 'cause we love to chaw peanuts in the ol' Laurelwood ball park.

HIS CURRENT EXPENSE IS HIGH

This only comes once in a lifetime, remarked the murderer as he felt the electricity shooting through his body.

It's fair enough. The majority furnishes most of the bull, and the minority does most of the beefing.

Excited Husband (to doctor over the phone): Hello, Doctor, my wife has appendicitis. What shall I do?
Central (breaking in): Operator.

It is a queer world that erects statues to wholesale killers and none to the men who made the world laugh.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Once there was a man who did not get rough with the telephone operator.

The millennium is when Russian barbers buy limousines and Henry Ford gets his suits from a Jewish tailor.

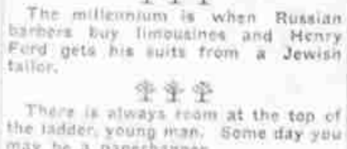
There is always room at the top of the ladder, young man. Some day you may be a paperhanger.

The Mad One to the Grinning One—I wish you were a centipede with rheumatism in each leg and soft corns between all your toes.

That will be quite an undertaking, cautioned the coroner to his assistant, as he left him to arrange the details of the circus giant's funeral.

ADD EPITAPHS

My wife she had
Another suitor;
It was too bad—
I had to shoot 'er!



"A stomach that can handle anything is just an ordinary stomach with military training."

DAILY NEWS LETTER

Gossip of Staff Correspondents at World Centers of Population.

TODAY:
The Ailment—Dollaritis
A Vicious Circle
Tragedy—Illustrated

By S. D. WEYER
(International News Service Staff Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Aug. 9—Germany is suffering from "dollaritis."

It used to be the favorite sport of anti-Americans here to refer to our people as "dollar chasers," and even now one often sees German newspapers refer to the United States as "Dollerika." But the greed for American money evidenced by the vast majority of 60,000,000 people with bitter minds and empty stomachs surpasses anything ever seen in the dollar's own homeland. Indeed, if the dollar ever has deserved the cognomen "almighty" it is here and now.

With the dollar begins and ends the vicious circle that spells economic chaos. A close second is the English pound. German industries have to pay for their raw materials which they import from abroad with dollars or pounds. To do so they must sell daily huge stacks of paper marks. That drives down the mark and raises the dollar on the exchange. As soon as the dollar rises prices are raised. Up to recently the rise of the prices kept fair pace with the rise of the dollar, but since the dollar has shown itself capable of such jumps as from 80 to 150 thousand within three or four days, the price-fixers have come to anticipate such great and such constant increases that they bring the prices up to a level far out of proportion with the dollar-rise. The result is that Germany is rapidly becoming one of the most expensive countries in Europe even for foreigners. Similarly the capitals of the rouble and crown, Moscow and Vienna, respectively, are today exceedingly expensive cities.

The discrepancy between the dollar and prices, which formerly was in favor of the dollar, but now is fast turning against it, becomes particularly marked when the dollar falls, as it usually does after a sudden sensational rise.

The most graphic illustration of the fall of the mark is given by the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung under the heading "A Sad Story in Five Pictures." The first picture shows three hefty bulls standing beside a one-liter milk can, and the cut-line reads: "For 1,500 marks one used to be able to buy three heads of cattle—today that is the price of one liter of milk (one-fourth of a gallon)."

The next illustration shows a magnificent house beside a pair of shoes: "An elegantly furnished villa used to cost 180,000 marks; today it is the price of a pair of good boots."

Then comes the picture of a fine blooded horse, and beside it a horseshoe; the latter now costs what one used to be able to get a racehorse for.

Next is a loaf of bread beside an automobile, and then—perhaps the most graphic—a sewing machine with a spool of thread. The price for the spool today is 12,500 marks for which formerly one could buy a hundred—100—sewing machines.

No wonder, then, that the dollar has become truly "almighty" in Germany. As this story is written one can get 1,000,000 marks for a $10 bill.

But while the people of Germany—and of Central Europe in general—have a great respect for Uncle Sam's money, as such, the depreciation of their own currency has caused them to lose their sense of proportion. Every workman in Germany is a millionaire—on his pay day. A year ago a 10,000-mark bill was the largest denomination to be had. Now the Reichbank is printing half-a-million-mark bills and is getting ready to print bills with six zeros. A thousand marks is a tip to the bell-hop—and a small one at that, these days.

The result is that people who continually have bills representing hundreds of thousands crumpled up in their pockets have come to think and talk only in those figures, and apply this sort of "zeroitis" also to perfectly sound foreign currency. When a German makes a proposition to an American he usually concludes his preliminary explanation thus:

"Now, that'll only cost you two or three thousand dollars—a mere bar o'shells for the equivalent in German: 'Das spielt ja gar keine Rolle'—that cuts no ice at all."

They juggle thousands in their talk the way a Broadway spendthrift does nickels. When one explains to them that $3,000 represents the annual income of a fairly well-situated American government employe, they are flabbergasted; they cannot believe it; they think one is joking. That's because they have come to treat the very conception of a "thousand" with contempt. A thousand marks is just enough for streetcar fare.

—o—

Taylor's famous treatments for catarrh kidney troubles and diseases peculiar to women have no known equal or superior. Results guaranteed. Call or address Taylor's Specific Co., Roseburg, Ore.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Our Money Trust

The currency of a nation is its life blood. Whoever or whatever interferes with its free flow, interferes with the national welfare. One of the causes of the prevailing agricultural depression and industrial unrest under which the nation is suffering such interference, for our money system has been turned over to a coterie of irresponsible bureaucrats to manipulate at their pleasure.

When the Federal reserve banking system was created it was to remove from speculative control the money of the nation. It was not designed to center that control in the hands of the money kings of Wall street—yet that is exactly the way it has worked out, for the federal reserve board cold-bloodedly and deliberately precipitated the panic of 1920-21 from the effects of which industry is still crippled and from which only speculative finance profited.—Capital Journal.

Gasoline Swindle.

The oil refiners would have the producers curtail production in order to keep up the price of gasoline. That is the only way they can see to guarantee the high dividends that have made the oil monopoly the most attractive of all investments for years but, of course the owners of producing wells are not especially anxious to take a course that will shut off their profits, and would prefer to see gasoline prices lowered in order to stimulate demand, a very natural thing to do in the old days when business competition was the rule. Now the question will be settled in favor of higher prices, of course—while the attorney general of the United States looks on and approves the open violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.—Eugene Guard.

Gets Rough With Spence

(Eugene Daily Guard.)

C. E. Spence, who draws $4000 in addition to liberal allowance for expenses and office force, as state market master, is putting in most of his time talking to meetings of farmers and telling them how greatly abused they are. There is nothing else to do in his official capacity, since the office of market master was quite evidently created to reward Spence for his political services. And that is one of the things from which the farmers are suffering, since the creating of offices and public jobs for political purposes—as in this instance—is the principal cause of high taxes. Reduce the cost of government to the level where it belongs, repeal the tariff which is largely responsible for the high cost of living and the poor demand for our products abroad, and the farmer would find conditions very much improved. Demagogues like Spence offer no remedy and are paid from the public treasury for rounding up the votes of the farmers. They as a rule know nothing practical about farms and farming and the only positive conviction they possess is their determination never to work for a living. Can anybody, from the governor down, name a single official duty that it is incumbent upon Spence to perform in consideration of his $4000 a year salary and other perquisites of office?—Oregon Voter.

The Kind of Man Coolidge Is

One of the incidents of American life is that Calvin Coolidge, who was well known to the people as governor of Massachusetts, needs to be reintroduced when he becomes president of the United States. He was so well and so favorably known in 1920 that there seemed a prospect of his nomination for president when the republican convention failed to decide among the candidates who led in the direct primary states. Yet the vice-presidency has so thrown him into the background and the public mind has been so absorbed in what President Harding has said and done that it had almost forgotten what manner of man Mr. Coolidge was.

We are now reminded that the new president is a man of strong character, cool judgment, an acute thinker, has a high estimate of the service to be required of public servants from president down to policeman, and a firm will in living up to that standard and in requiring others to do likewise. It is only four years since the country rang with the story of his prompt suppression of the Boston police strike, since he called for approval of his action by the voters of his state and since that approval was given by a majority which stunned upholders of the right to paralyze law by striking. We are reminded by reproduction of his writings and sayings that he has very definite principles, indicating an exalted sense of the duty of the citizen and of the public servant, and that he states these principles clearly and straightforwardly, without qualification, circumlocution or verbosity. He is ordinarily a silent man, but when he speaks he leaves no room for doubt as to his meaning, and he acts with such force and quick decision that we may be sure that speech will lead to action.

TODAY'S MARKET REPORT

Prices Paid Farmers for Produce.

Butter 25 to 30 cents.
Butterfat, 40c.
Eggs, 25 cents per dozen.
Hens, heavy, 16c; light, 10c lb.
Broilers 18c to 25 c.
Veal, dressed 8c to 12c lb.
Hogs, dressed, 12c, 120 to 160 lbs. weight.
Honey, local production, 20c lb.
Cascara bark, 1922, 7½c lb.

Retail Prices on Mill Products.

Millrun, $1.40 to $1.50 sack of 80 lbs.
Cracked corn, $2.30 per 100.
Flour, soft wheat, $1.70 sack.
Flour, hard wheat, $1.95 and $2.20 sack.
Rolled barley, $1.40 a sack of 70 lbs.
Whole corn, $2.20 per 100 lbs.

TRY OUR

Fried Spring Chicken

and

Roast Veal with Dressing

for that

SUNDAY DINNER

50 cents

Cooked Fit For a King

YNOT EAT?

Such a man is not hard to understand. First, study and calm, silent thought, probably aided by ascertaining the opinions of others; second, unimpassioned decision; third, action in which he does not swerve from his purpose.—Oregonian.

—o—

Get an easy shave 15c and an elegant hair cut, 35c, at Golden Rule Barber Shop, 618 Winchester st.

—o—

CHANGE OF LOCATION

Having moved my shop from North Main st. to 140 So. Rose st. upstairs in the new building of the Roseburg Service Station Garage, I take this means of thanking old patrons for their many favors in the past, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their business, and also invite others to bring in their work. I am better prepared than ever to do cylinder reboring and machine work.

E. L. RICE.

—o—

This is a Studebaker year.

LOCAL NEWS

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone [illegible]

Painless extraction of teeth at [illegible] 9, Masonic Temple. Dr. Norton [illegible]

SPIRELLA CORSETS. Made to Measure. Bell Case, Phone [illegible]

Why not ride in comfort [illegible] no more. We give special [illegible] long trips, day or night. [illegible] Phone 44; office 125 Sheridan [illegible]

All kinds of batteries charged and repaired at reasonable rates [illegible] repairing. Work guaranteed. Lightning Battery Station and Garage, 329 W. Lane St. Phone 554

Auto washing. Your car washed and polished or Simonized by expert washer. Satisfaction [illegible] Lightning Battery Station and Garage, 329 W. Lane St. Phone [illegible]

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

ALL NEW CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS WILL BE FOUND ON LAST PAGE, UNDER HEADING "NEW TODAY"

WANTED

WANTED—Auto tent, bed and table. Fred A. Goff, Phone 6 F 2.

WANTED—Woman or girl for general housework. Phone 510 or 329-M.

WANTED—Turkeys, large or small. Phone 14 F 14. Boyer Bros.

SALESMAN WANTED—To sell a complete line of nursery stock. Cash weekly. E. A. BENNET NURSERY COMPANY, Salem, Ore.

WANTED—Lady with girl nine years old wishes place as housekeeper or caretaker. Close to school. Address Jennie Love, Central Point, Oregon.

WANTED—Neat appearing woman without children, 20 to 35, as housekeeper, one to cook for, easy job, at Anlauf Auto Camp. C. B. Maxwell, Anlauf, Ore.

TRUCKS WANTED, at Port Orford, Ore. 2 to 3 ton trucks with trailer or long frame, hauling cedar logs, state make of truck and when you could be on the job, first communication. Earl L. McNutt, Port Orford Ore.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—In business section, Wednesday, lady's agate brooch. Finder leave at this office.

LOST—Friday, between East Cass st. and Short st. lady's large brown comb. Finder leave at this office.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

HOME LAUNDRY—Special prices on rough dry. 35c a doz. Phone 537

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Rooms. 323 So. Stephens.

FOR RENT—Safety deposit boxes. Roseburg National Bank.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished apartment. Phone 353-J. 707 W. Mosher.

FOR RENT—Two clean furnished housekeeping rooms with bath. 821 W. Lane.

FOR RENT—3 room apart. and bath. Gas for cooking. Adults. 608 So. Stephens st.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Broccoli plants, Phone 33 F 23.

FOR SALE—Toulouse geese. Inquire Deer Creek Barn.

FOR SALE—Fir cord wood, 16 in. fir block. Write for prices. I. J. Goff Sutherlin, Oregon.

FOR SALE—1918 Chevrolet, good condition. Only $175. Ed. Marsh Motor Co. 131 Rose st.

FOR SALE—Good milch cow, high test butterfat. Florence Howard, Riverside.

FOR SALE—Hound pups from good tree dog. Leslie Hancock, Elkton, Oregon.

FOR SALE—2 ton Republic truck. Price $1200 if sold soon. Herman Schulze, Brockway.

FOR SALE—Ford roadster with starter, 4 new fenders and new top. Just had $80 repair job with new paint. With delivery bed and turtle back. Price $265. Walter Leake, Dixonville, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Household goods, including breakfast room furniture, [illegible] fonier, beds, rugs, kitchen [illegible] dishes, bedding. 311 So. [illegible]

FOR SALE—New attractive [illegible] bungalow, ideal location [illegible] near Oak st. bridge. Phone [illegible]

FOR SALE—20 young [illegible] for quick sale. Phone [illegible]

FOR SALE—Practically new [illegible] "Hoosier" kitchen cabinet. Phone 357 J.

FOR SALE—Nice canning [illegible] Will be ripe soon. Order [illegible] Phone 27 F 11.

FOR SALE—Small stove with [illegible] coils. Also one burner [illegible] fection oven. 522 So. Pine [illegible]

FOR SALE—Good [illegible] shire buck, $10, and [illegible] each. A. E. Pattison, Sutherlin [illegible]

FOR SALE OR TRADE—[illegible] six. Address John [illegible] phone 1 F 22.

HAY PRESS for sale cheap [illegible] condition. R. H. Pence, [illegible] Ore.

REGISTERED Shropshire [illegible] lings. Mrs. Walter E. Stafford [illegible] tion City, Rt. 2, Ore.

FOR SALE—One full blood [illegible] bull, four years old, and one [illegible] Durham bull five years old [illegible] each. These are both good [illegible] Phone or write W. A. Rychard [illegible] calla, Ore.

FOR SALE—One four-year-old [illegible] beef type, one two-year-old [illegible] steer, two pole-Jersey [illegible] steers, two Jersey heifers [illegible] years old. Call afternoons [illegible] Stovall, Alexander Addition.

FOR SALE—Oliver 14 inch [illegible] tor hitch steel plow, with [illegible] attachment. R. H. Pence, [illegible] Ore.

PEACHES, PEACHES, PEACHES [illegible] Large Foster peaches after [illegible] 5th. Near Winston bridge [illegible] Worley.

FOR SALE—Used player piano [illegible] 50c each. Phone 378.

FOR SALE—Saddle horses and [illegible] horses. Phone 14 F 11 [illegible]

FOR SALE—Angora bucks, [illegible] from best stock obtainable [illegible] Chapman, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow and [illegible] Also King separator, No. [illegible] Friend, Brockway, Oregon.

FOR SALE—10 tons, baled oat [illegible] cheat hay. Come and see it. [illegible] Jenkins.

FOR SALE—A complete line of [illegible] ing equipment. One quarter [illegible] Jaeger concrete mixer. For [illegible] lars phone or write F. T. [illegible] Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Have you seen the [illegible] Harley. The 22 h. p. motor? [illegible] Davidson Sales Agency, [illegible] Douglas st.

FOR SALE—One bay mare [illegible] twelve years old, weight [illegible] hundred pounds for feed or [illegible] payment; good young mule [illegible] yearling or two year old [illegible] I. Chapman, Wilbur, Ore.