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Phone 622-28

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

Do you eat three good meals a day? You should consider yourself fortunate in the present condition of the world. Over in Europe there are millions and millions of people who are living on no more than one meal a day, while other millions do not have even that much. Starvation is gathering them in.

The world is in a state of chaos. It is on its back and can not rise again without infinite patience and much assistance.

When a herd of steers become frightened they either mill around or stampede.

The population of the world is much the same. It is badly frightened—milling around—on the verge of a stampede—uncertain as to what to do or which way to turn.

We are less afflicted in America than in any other country, and we should be proportionately thankful for what we have.

While we are feasting on three meals a day there are other human beings who hunger for the crumbs we throw away.

When we shoot at a mark on a tree we take careful aim in order that no error of judgment may be made. We want to make a dead center hit—we don't want the humiliation of a wild shot or of a miss.

But when we shoot a volley of criticism at a public official we are not always as careful as when shooting at a mark.

We do not always judge the distance, our aim is not always correct, and sometimes we just blaze away at random, on the theory that people who fill public offices are fair targets for anything we choose to shoot at them.

That is one reason why so many men of high executive ability persistently refuse to accept public office. They never shoot at random themselves, and they do not care to serve as targets for people who do.

It requires skill and good judgment to drive a bullet into the center of a mark, but any kind of a loose tongue can pepper a public official until his grandmother wouldn't know him. The human race as yet knows little. It has much to learn.

Your child will soon be back in school again, Mr. Father. What are the different books it will be studying this term? You don't know? Too bad. The child knows that you don't know—that you don't take interest enough to find out—that you just leave it all to the mother and the teacher.

Perhaps that is one reason the child does not take any greater interest in its studies. It is just following the example set by its father.

PUSHING THE RICH ALONG

The rich man doesn't get there by his own efforts alone. The poor man keeps pushing him along.

Take the matter of locomotion as an example.

There was a time when the rich man was glad to ride on a donkey or in an ox cart. The poor man walked.

Then some ancient genius devised the carriage for the benefit of the rich. The poor man climbed into the old cart or straddled the donkey.

But the man of nothing was not satisfied. He wanted something. He commenced to climb into the carriage. In time he began to own them.

With the poor man bowling along in his carriage, the rich man be thought himself of a new toy—one beyond the reach of common folks.

The automobile made its appearance, with its honk in front and its small trailing along behind.

The rich man was again in a class by himself. He whizzed by old Dobbin and scared him out of his wits or drove him into the ditch.

But it didn't last. The poor man was stubborn in his determination to keep the pace. He declined to stay down.

Again time worked its wonders. It saw the poor man climbing into the rich man's car. Today it sees him owning his own car.

But evolution continues its work. The rich man is now only one of the many. He has no class of his own. Therefore he is turning his eye toward the aeroplane as a means of locomotion.

Some day he will abandon his car and travel in the air—again above the common herd.

But even that will not last. There will be no recession for him even in the clouds. The poor man will get there, too.

It is a great race, with the rich man sprinting to keep a few laps ahead and the poor man following with mighty leaps and bounds in his efforts to keep abreast.

That, if you please, is one way in which the poor man is pushing the rich man along.

Some day they may both attain wings—in another world.

The population of the earth is estimated at about 2,000,000,000. If they were all as busy as the people of this town this old world would sure be a hummer.

Are mothers-in-law becoming more amiable, less numerous, or is the editorial fraternity getting cold feet? At any rate few jokes are cracked at their expense now that they have the right to vote.

WHO KNOWS?

For beef, the farmer is paid 6 1/2 cents. The consumer, say for steak, pays 25 cents and upward.

The price to the farmer is about what it was 30 or 40 years ago. Then the consumer could buy three big cuts of round steak for 25 cents, with suet thrown in and often a soup bone. The 50 cent roast of those days costs \$1.25 and upward now.

Why was there so small a difference between the farmer's price and the consumer's price and why so large a spread now? Is it just a natural order? Is it the result of the so-called law of supply and demand, that the price to the farmer is the price of 30 years ago and the price to the consumer two or three times the price of that period? How could any natural law keep the farmer's beef at the same old price and double or treble the consumer's price?

Meanwhile, the slaughter and distribution of meat has changed. The butcher used to buy his own beef and slaughter it and sell it over the block to the consumer. Now the five big packers slaughter and sell most of the beef to retailers. Could that be the reason for the change in price?

One thing we know is this: The packing business has become a colossal business. Its owners have grown very rich. The five companies have become very large. And the prices to farmers remain very low and to consumers very high.

One naturally wonders if these gigantic organizations are a good thing for the country. There is the telephone business. The parent company pays a 9 per cent dividend and has added more than \$7,000,000 to its surplus within six months, without including the dividends from the subsidiary companies. It had a total surplus last year of \$444,000,000, and is in practically complete control of the telephone business of America.

And, like beef, telephone tolls are high and going higher.

Take the oil business of America. It is in the hands of three or four companies. They raise prices or lower prices. Nobody knows why they raise prices or what rules they apply in raising prices. What we do know is that their power of control is absolute and that such control includes fuel for every automobile in America and every tractor in America and millions of engines in the industries of America—in short, a control that is colossal in its possibilities.

We know that the power of the oil magnates is so great that they defied the state government of Oregon; that they nullified a law which the legislative power of the state attempted to put into effect, and that at the command of the oil magnates the government abdicated its sovereignty, so far as that solemnly enacted statute was concerned, and that a subsequent legislature repealed it.

The Journal does not believe that colossal organizations exercising such tremendous power over particular industries are good for the American people. If they are, why has the advent of the big packing organizations been followed by such an increase in prices to the consumer over the figures of 30 years ago, with no corresponding increase to farmers? In short, why are livestock producers mostly bankrupt, consumers scarcely able to have meat on their tables and the packers rolling in riches?—Portland Journal.

The Herald prints the foregoing editorial with the suggestion that our contemporary get the information it desires from that eminent livestock producer and defender of the packers, the senator from eastern Oregon.

OUR WOMEN AND THEIR

American women are more fortunate than their cousins of Europe—if it can be called good fortune.

In America there are about the same number of men as there are women, and the latter are admired, courted and sought after. They take their choice.

In Europe it is different. The war has worked great havoc with the male population. There are many millions more women than men, and this condition is becoming worse daily through the emigration of vast numbers of the men to other parts of the world.

The surplus women of Europe are facing a dismal and hopeless future. Marriage is their natural state, but only the enactment of laws authorizing polygamy will prevent their dying as spinsters.

The next time you feel dissatisfied with conditions, sister, just contrast your present state with that of the women abroad.

It is a rich field for deep thinking.

A word from the wise is not always one of wisdom.

Some men who respect the law do not always observe it—when thirsty.

No man ever becomes so great as to be really forgotten. The press still prints a word or two about Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson when there is no other news to be had.

A LINE OF COMMENT

All men make mistakes. A few admit them.

The fool, however, never admits his identity.

The fellow who tells all he knows seldom knows much to tell.

No one can expect to make a hit when they aim at nothing.

Yes, the world still wags, even if the U. S. no longer "jags."

It takes a fool to tell a lie and a smart man to get away with it.

The girl who has many strings to her bow is probably partial to jazz.

Some people hog all they can and try to get rid of more than they get.

No doubt there are men who have never told a lie—those who were born dumb.

America is becoming commercially rich in everything that makes it morally poor.

Many a person misses the good things of life trying to hog those that are useless.

No one ever remembers the first lie he ever told, and the last one is even easier to forget.

In labor circles, we presume, a decree of divorce would be termed a non-union document.

There is a time and place for all things, but we suspect that too frequently they are in hiding.

"First see that you are right and then go ahead" is good advice—provided you know when to stop.

It's an old saying that murder will out, but it would be more to the point to see the murderers snuffed out.

In telling the world to "say it with flowers" the florists themselves fail to practice what they preach.

When a fellow passes on to the next world he probably realizes how little he really amounted to in this one.

"Hitting the ball" in the business world is commendable, but busting the bat is a crime that is never forgiven.

Diplomacy might be aptly described as a combination of dignity and duplicity.

It is best to throw the mantle of charity over the mistakes of your neighbor. You may need a circus tent to cover your own.

It is considered quite an honor to march at the head of the procession, but the fellow at the tail end can see most of it.

Never mind what the rest of the world thinks of you. Old St. Peter is the boy who will decide whether or not you enter the golden gate.

A Chicago judge says that "we have hit the bottom of hard times and from now on business is going up hill." But how long is the hill?

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