

FARMER'S FRIEND IS PROTECTION

RECORD OF MORE THAN A CENTURY PROVES THIS BEYOND ALL POSSIBLE DOUBT.

A HOME MARKET ASSURED

Fallacies of Professor Wilson's Argument and of Democratic Free Trade Exposed by Facts—American Farmers Have Always Benefited by a Protective Tariff.

- The Democratic Tariff bill, courageously vetoed by President Taft, PLACED CEREALS ON THE FREE LIST. A vote for President Taft and the Republican ticket is the safeguard of the farmer against the entry into the United States, duty free, of the products of the great fields of Canada and other grain-growing countries.

Professor Wilson is telling the farmers over and over again, that they have never been protected—that they do not need protection. Then in this connection the professor adds: "But everything you use on the farm, everything that you wear, and a great deal of what you eat, but do not produce yourself, including meats, bears a heavy duty, which brings about the interesting result that you are paying for the wealth of the United States and getting nothing, or equivalent to nothing, so far as the tariff is concerned. Now that hasn't just begun to be true. It has always been true."

It is not true. The protective tariff does benefit the farmers. American farmers know this fact, and by their votes have helped to maintain the policy of protection. Without their votes the party of protection could not have won a single presidential election in the last forty years. Have the farmers been mistaken through all these years? They have not. Has protection been of no value to them? It certainly has.

All history and all fact dispute the academic free trade contention that the farmer has no share in the benefits of protection. In every period of industrial depression, resulting from the destruction of the tariff duties below the protective point, the farmers of this country have been heavy losers, because of diminished demand and lower prices for their products.

In the most recent period of Democratic free trade legislation—1894-97—the farmers of the United States lost fully five billion dollars in reduced prices of farm products, and diminished value of farm property. In every period of restored protection the farmers have reaped the benefits of a greater demand and increased prices. There has been no exception to the rule of prosperity for American farmers, when American labor is fully employed.

Here are some proofs of that fact. In a recent statement by Senator Smoot printed in the Congressional Record of August 24, 1912, it is shown that in December, 1896, after two years of free trade tariff revision under the Wilson law of 1894, the price of corn was twenty-three cents a bushel, while in December, 1911, after fourteen years of restored protection the price of corn was sixty-nine cents a bushel; or an advance over 1896 of 200 per cent.

- Using 1896 as the basis of comparison with December, 1911, it is found that under a protective tariff: Corn advanced 200 per cent. Wheat advanced 67 per cent. Cotton advanced 28 per cent. Oats advanced 166 per cent. Rye advanced 137 per cent. Barley advanced 308 per cent. Hops advanced 138 per cent. Potatoes advanced 282 per cent. Flaxseed advanced 149 per cent. Fat cattle advanced 82 per cent. Fat hogs advanced 96 per cent. Dairy Butter advanced 86 per cent. Eggs advanced 90 per cent.

While the price of farm products has increased, the price of articles which the farmer purchases has not increased in proportion. He can buy more today with the products of his farm than he could in 1896. For example: Ten bushels of corn in 1911 paid for 125 pounds of sugar, and only 56 pounds in 1896.

Ten bushels of corn paid for 31 yards of bleached sheeting in 1911 and only 13 yards in 1896. Ten bushels of corn in 1911 paid for two pairs of shoes, and only one pair in 1896.

Professor Wilson and other Democratic speakers and writers assert what is absolutely untrue when they say that the protective tariff robs and in no way benefits the American farmer. As a matter of fact, there is probably no class of American producers whose share in the benefits of protection in the past fifteen years, has been so great as the share of the American farmer.

If the farmers rightly understand their interests, they will vote against the party of free trade. They will cast six million votes for President Taft and Vice President Sherman and a continuation of the Republican policy of protection.

What Does a Change Mean For YOU?

With our abundant crops and prosperity in all lines of business in the country, our farmers, our laborers, and our business men are going to think twice before voting for a change in the republican management of our national affairs. The following wise words of Chairman Hilles, of the national republican committee, are worth pondering over by the voter:

Two groups of zealous politicians are crying to the country for a change in our national administration.



They want to take charge of the nation. They want to administer public affairs. And they promise wildly, eagerly what they will do in return—if only they are granted control.

From Maine to California, their words fill the air. And have you, the workers and taxpayers, whose affairs these gentlemen would control, stopped to analyze their proffers and promises? You should.

The politicians themselves these proffers and promises are of no special importance. They have nothing to lose. They have everything to gain. Even if they lose, they win; for the contest will keep them in the limelight.

But for you, the workers and taxpayers, this contest is serious business, and you should weigh the consequences with a serious mind. Don't take mere words. Seek facts. Out of this whirlwind of language which the "spellbinders" send beating about your ears, what is it that stands out, first and all the time?

"We want a change in Washington." A change for what? To what?

The present administration, after nearly four years' hard work, has finally succeeded in restoring the country's business to a prosperous basis.

The mills are running full time. Mines are operating all their shifts. Factories are working to capacity. Commerce is thriving. The country is free of labor troubles and financial troubles.

The working man is steadily gaining better wages. The farmer is growing steadily more prosperous. The market for farm products has never been so broad and generous.

The railroads report the heaviest freight and passenger traffic in their existence. Shipping is everywhere active. Public works on a great scale are everywhere under way. Trade is moving smoothly, in ever-increasing volume. The savings banks are overflowing with money.

The United States is on the threshold of the greatest boom in its history. Within six months, under present conditions, we will dwarf the great period that followed the Spanish war.

And our prosperity will be here to stay, for we are on sounder ground than we were in '98.

The trust problem has been settled—and settled right. "Big Business" has been put in its proper place, and this without halting industry or organizing affairs. The currency question is understood as it never has been, and will be solved along sound lines as soon as the heat of partisan political controversy dies down. The tariff is gradually being placed on a business basis, and soon will be out of politics, as it should.

Everything is shaping to give the American people a long, unbroken, unparalleled period of peace and plenty. And at this time of all others, along come these political gentlemen shouting for a change.

Do you want a change? Do you want to check prosperity just as you are about to pluck its choicest fruits?

Would you, the workers who must pay, commit the mad folly of taking your government out of tried and proven hands and turning it over to the self-seekers who are clamoring for its control?

When President Taft took over the government the country was prostrate. Industry was paralyzed. Business was chaotic, uncertain, suspicious. Millions were out of employment. Investors, wherever possible, had withdrawn their capital. Enterprise was dead.

All this was the result of the panic of 1907, the "talking panic," the "Rich Man's" Panic, it was called. But do you remember any poor man who was not hurt?

It took the Taft administration over three years to repair the damage of this panic. It required infinite patience, skillful management at home and abroad, unflinching enterprise, good judgment and vast prudence to bring the country out of that black pit.

And now that the pit is covered, and the country is basking once more in the level sunshine of prosperity, do you want to take a chance on being thrown back? Do you want to take a chance on being talked into another and a needless panic?

The question is not to be settled by talk, no matter how smart. The huzzahs of the hustings may make sweet music, but in the background of the future you may hear the mutterings of a people unemployed.

Your family stands with you at the dividing line, which has happiness and prosperity on one side and unhappiness and even want on the other.

If you are a tramp, without kindred and without responsibility, by all means follow the adventurers. But if you own a stake in the country, if you have kith or kin dependent on the job you hold, weigh carefully the words and deeds of those who would lead you in a mad gallop to the precipice of experimental government.

Remember, a change at Washington would mean everything for them. But what would it mean for you? Would Mr. Taft's defeat help you?

Would the theories, untried and unproven, on which the politicians are seeking to ride into office, benefit your wife and family? Brush aside all the fine language of the orators long enough to dig out answers to these questions. You will then have a reasonably safe guide on election day, for, like true clarity, true politics begins at home. The intelligent man votes for that which is best for himself and those dependent on him, and not for that which is best only for the other fellow. He is not misled by the shadow of the hone in the water.

The American people, for the first time in years, have the bone of prosperity firmly between their teeth. Are they prepared, like the dog in the fable, to drop it, to chase elusive shadows?

For the Children

Sailor, the Famous Dog Collector of Money For Orphans.



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There died recently at Southampton, England, a dog known to many transatlantic travelers. Those young folks who have crossed the ocean on liners landing at Southampton in recent years must surely have seen him and if so will recognize his portrait. This dog was a Newfoundland, and his name was very appropriately Sailor. With his collecting bag strapped across his shoulders Sailor used to watch the coming and going of all steamers at Southampton. His mute appeal for funds to aid the Seamen's orphanage was very effective, and during his career he collected nearly \$2,500 for that institution. Sailor was eight years old when death ended his life of usefulness.

Game of Minerals. You older boys and girls will enjoy playing the following game. It is called the game of minerals:

Prepare beforehand a sheet of paper for every player with ten questions written on it and a space left after each one for the answer.

The ten questions are:

- 1. Which mineral has always had the greatest value? 2. Which mineral is the most useful to mankind? 3. What mineral was a vegetable product in its present form? 4. What mineral is necessary to our existence? 5. What is our principal, or commonly called "lead"? 6. The possession of what mineral is supposed to bring ill luck to the owner? 7. What mineral having a liquid form is often found in the vicinity of coal beds? 8. What mineral received the name of a mythological deity? 9. What mineral occurs in the composition of United States coins? The answers are: 1. Gold. 2. Iron. 3. Coal. 4. Salt. 5. Graphite. 6. Opal. 7. Petroleum. 8. Mercury. 9. Gold, silver, nickel, copper.

Columbus and the Egg. The true story of Columbus and the egg is like this: After Columbus returned from his perilous voyage many of the courtiers, who were jealous of him, taunted him with the words "Anybody could have done what you did just by sitting steadily westward."

"To be sure," said the navigator "but I'll show you something you can't do." Calling for an egg, he asked them to make it stand steady on its smallest end. They all tried in vain. Then Columbus took a knife and with a stroke flattened the end so that the egg stood firmly on the table.

"Oh," cried the courtiers, "we did not know you meant to do it that way. That's easy."

"Anything is easy if you know how," answered Columbus; "so it is with the discovery of the new world."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Centurndums. Have you heard the story about the egg and the coffee? No? Well, that settles it.

When did the lobster blanch? When he saw the salad dressing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Dream Ship. Sister and I have the prettiest time at night when we go to bed. We keep as quiet as can be. An ever a word is said. But we play that our bed is a beautiful

And we sail to foreign shores. Our ship is the Sweetest vessel afloat. With cover a bed of eons. We visit strange lands, and we see strange sights.

Where ships and queens all dwell, And they wear the loveliest clothes of gold. And wonderful tales they tell.

When we see the Golden Goddess bright. That they bow and kneel. We see the most beautiful girl. When we see our best about. And make for the spot where breakfast is.

With us many more wonders to stop. And this is the place where we stop the ship. To land on that beautiful shore.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Beating the Water. One of the regular employees of a city restaurant observed for several mornings that when serving the dinner a new waiter would invariably get his fingers in the most and vegetable dishes. When the afternoon waiter came around to the table one morning the customer gave the following order, supplemented with some sarcastic comment:

"Give me two hard boiled eggs with the shells on, a cocconut and a pot of tea. Now, get your fingers in 'em, will you?"—Life.

GANDERBONE'S FORECAST

NOVEMBER

"Who is the candidate ahead, And gaining rapidly?" they said, "The one who dashes down the track With the others howling at his back? "Why, that," said Hillis, "Zepher still." "Why, that's our man, I reckon, Bill."

"The one is running tight," they said "With a smelling bottle at his side, His backers greeting him with cheers, And his knee-caps fanning at his ears." "Why, that," said Mr. Bryan, "Yes— Why, that's our Jerseyman, I guess."

"The fast man raising all the dust?" They said in evident distrust. "The fellows showing them his heels Like farmland going to his meals?" "Why, that," the Roosevelt said, "Why, that's our lion hunter, Ted."

"The front one galloping?" they whined "With his coat-tails standing out behind, His brogans putting up the dirt, "That's him," they said separately said, "That's Bill!" "The Jerseyman!" And Ted!

November is from the Latin novem, nine. It was formerly the ninth month of the year, but Numa, who was running for a third term, refused to issue the regular Thanksgiving proclamation until he knew how he was coming out, and pushed it along to eleventh place. He was defeated and did not claim any Thanksgiving at all, but the one and two-termers got together, and the day was celebrated over his head.

A fond farewell, the lovely fall, the winter days are coming. The ivy rattles on the wall, and the flowers are succumbing. The wild geese wedges down the sky, with Boreas to bite him, and the bull moose sounds his thrilling cry for all who care to fight him.

Adieu to peace, the tender sky, the beauties of the season, the candidate's untrodden eye and the more appeals to reason. The battle ruses to its close, the bull begins to bellow, and the last man with a bloody nose.

The Parisian Aristocrat of Today. "I once heard a mischievous Englishman," says Miss Maude Annesley in her book, "My Parisian Year," "ask a duchess of the old school if she were going to a garden party at the president's palace. Her head went up into the air and she answered haughtily, 'I am sending my janitor!'"

The Fifth Nerve. Snowing is averted by pinching the upper lip, because by doing so we

deaden the impression made on a certain branch of the fifth nerve, causing being a reflex action excited by some slight impression on that nerve. Snowing does not take place when the fifth nerve is paralyzed, even though the sense of smell is retained.

A Monster Organ. Having sixty stops and 8,000 pipes, the organ at Harlem, north Holland is one of the largest in Europe.

will be a lucky fellow.

The field at Armageddon throbs with the heat of the battle on it, and the red bandanna blithely bobs above the royal bonnet. The golf club raises on the air from each new-spattered noggin, and the Jersey man is everywhere with his bloody pogamoggan.

Lay on, thou warriors athrist, With neither let nor comma And be upon the one who first Shall bellow for his mamma. The country will survive the row, However it's decided, And it can't much matter, anyhow, The way we are divided.

The hunter's horn will rouse the morn with mellow music of the chase, and waking day will look the worn and cold duckshooter in the face. The pneumococcus will devise a few wet inlets in his boot and at the end he will arise and calmly massacre a coot. Meanwhile, the farmer will pursue the bound quail hunter on his manse and having deftly worked him through a few wire fences, get his pants. The chilled trespasser, with his knees in rapid contact in the blast, will hurry homeward while disease pursues him hotly to the last.

Will cast their votes for President And the women, loitering about, Will voice their growing discontent They'll get the men in such a state Before the voting has commenced, They'll sometimes help the candidate That like as not they bet against.

What women's rights can haply be occasion many grave disputes, but once the women folks agree, they'll get them, you can bet your boots. As like as not another Fall or such a miter will suffice, and in the new arrangement all the men can ever be vice.

At any rate, we'll vote this time, and till that imminent event, the wondrous beauties of the climate will not occasion much comment. The sassarinas will waste its frail and fragile beauty on the blind, and the sweet cadenzas of the quail will perish on the Autumn wind.

Old King Corn and all his men Will tent upon the fields again, And in a few contested states Will succor all the candidates.

EDWARDS TO MAKE LECTURE ON SCOTLAND

An illustrated lecture on Scotland will be given next Friday evening at the Congregational Church at 3 o'clock. Rev. G. N. Edwards will be the principal speaker and will present a large number of stereotypical pictures illustrative of Scotland's history and present greatness, especially bringing out its picturesque lakes and castles and the homes of its famous men of letters. In addition there will be several entertaining lectures contributed by members of the Robbie Burns Society. Mrs. Matheson will sing Scotch ballads. Mr. Mc Larty will recite "To a Mouse." Rev. Milliken will illustrate the religious life of Scotland by a story from "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush". Members of the Teiford family will render some real Scotch music. Parts of the Cotter's Saturday Night will be read by Mr. Noble, accompanying pictures on the screen. The Apple Cross girls and "Sammie" McLarty will illustrate Scotch songs in costume.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

They'll make their military round Whenever hungry people sit And see that credit will rebound 'o everybody claiming it.

The doughty little Balkan states will measure courage with the Turks, and keep the harvesters of dates attending strictly to his works. They'll make him pile his blooming rugs as high as Haman for defense, and we'll be picking out the slugs a year or such a matter hence.

The only damage to accrue will be to fill the rugs with lumps, and buying them, as we will do, we'll wonder if they have had the mumps. The baby every now and then will dig a bullet from the nap, and having paid the doctor ten, we'll all exorcise the scrap.

The calf will show a redder plush, and take a tall note in the stack. The end will meet the center rush, and spring the hinges in his back. The hired man will bawl for more and thicker blankets in the night and the wind will pry around the door to see if everything is tight.

For the first twenty-two days November will be under the influence of Scorpio, the eighth sign of the zodiac. Any boy born in this period can be President without the usual formalities. Scorpio people are the rulers of the earth. They always have a good toe-hold at the kick-off, and if they once get the ball it is impossible to get away from them. Luther, Von Moltke and Bwana Tumbo are typical Scorpio people, all of them having been born under this sign.

The last seven days of November will be under the influence of Sagittarius the Archer. The best anyone born in this period can hope for is the vice-presidency. Still, these folks have tremendous foresights, and can usually see where they aren't going to jail, which is a great help to big business men. Carnegie and Croker are typical Sagittarians, and were both born under this sign.

The President's regular Thanksgiving about ten cents a pound, will be issued right after the election. And then December's winds will root. The last leaf clinging to the tree, And the cider will become about. What apple cider ought to be.

MRS. SAUNDERS AND JOHN CAMERON WED

The marriage of Mrs. William Saunders and John Cameron of this city, was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. H. Samson Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock, Mr. Samson performing the ceremony. The bride was becomingly attired in a traveling suit. Only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties attended the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron will make their home in this city until spring when they will leave for the east. Mr. Cameron's former home.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. S. M. Surfus, and has lived in this city most of her life coming to Oregon City when a child, from Kansas. She is well known in this city, where she has many friends. The bridegroom came to Oregon City about two years ago from Pittsburg, Kansas.

Husband Gets Decree. Edwin S. Thomas, suing Ella S. Thomas, for divorce, alleges that the defendant deserted him October 23, 1911. They were married in Portland June 22, 1910.

THESE NUMBERS WILL BAR SINGLE TAX IN OREGON

308x Yes Against Single Tax
365x No Repeals County Home Rule
377x No Against Graded Single Tax
377x No Against Single Tax Clackamas Co.



Literally translated. On visiting Ireland the great traveler Livingstone was much fazed. In Dublin at a dinner party he happened to be placed next to a literary lady who was a very stout woman. She worried him greatly about the language of the savage cannibals among whom he had managed to live and wanted to know the sound of their language. He spoke a sentence of it to satisfy her, and she answered, "Being translated, what does that mean?" "It means," he replied, "there is great cutting on you."

Too Rich For a Car. A man climbed aboard a Clinton avenue car with a large bundle in his arms. He asked in his pockets for change and found none. From his pocketbook he took a ten dollar bill. "It's the smallest I have. Can you change it?" The conductor scornfully pulled the bill out once. "You don't want a street car," he said, "you want a taxicab." And he opened the door to let the plutocrat off. Newark News.

The Shallow North Sea. The North sea is so shallow that a vessel can sail from London to Hamburg in water not more than 120 feet deep except for one short stretch. If this depth could be decreased by one-half—that is, the bottom of the North sea raised sixty feet—the islands of the Frisian shore would be linked together in an even coast line, a belt of land ten miles broad would be added to the Danish coast, a multitude of low islands would spring up off the English and Belgian coasts and a great island would rise up in the Dogger bank.

Beating the Water. One of the regular employees of a city restaurant observed for several mornings that when serving the dinner a new waiter would invariably get his fingers in the most and vegetable dishes. When the afternoon waiter came around to the table one morning the customer gave the following order, supplemented with some sarcastic comment: "Give me two hard boiled eggs with the shells on, a cocconut and a pot of tea. Now, get your fingers in 'em, will you?"—Life.