

The Oregon Statesman

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THE HIGHWAYMEN OF TRADE

The importers who are making such enormous profits are spending vast sums in an attempt to defeat or even to delay the enactment of the new tariff law.

As every day of delay means a large amount on the profit side of the ledger for these people, who employ no labor in this country and have no capital invested here.

These men are the highwaymen of trade. They take their toll, and make it as high as the traffic will bear.

And they have a better thing than a gold mine or a string of gold mines, or a township of gusher oil wells—

While it lasts— And they naturally want to make it last as long as possible.

These corsairs of commerce have the nerve to appeal to the women voters of the country, on the screens of the moving picture houses of Salem and other cities, and in various other ways attempting to show to the women that they will have to pay much higher prices under a protective tariff.

There is nothing to the argument; but if the argument were true, the women of this country have sense enough to know that the policy of free trade would throw the men and women workers in large numbers out of employment—and where is there a woman who would throw her husband out of employment in order that she might buy at bargain prices things made in Japan or China or Europe?

And where would she get the money to buy? The fact is, however, that these importers are selling dollar watches in this country that they swear cost only 8 cents in American money in Germany, and which come in practically free of duty—and they are selling them to our people for a dollar; and on a long list of manufactured articles they are making the same proportion of enormous profits.

Never before in the history of this country did the importers have such rich pickings—

And no wonder they want to keep it up as long as possible; a few days of grace means a fortune for every large importer.

It is an economical fact often repeated but not always fully appreciated that a dollar spent for productive purposes in the United States changes hands ten times in a year. The wage earner spends the dollar for food, the merchant pays it over to the wholesaler, the wholesaler hands it on to the manufacturer or packer, the manufacturer uses it to buy from the farmer, and the farmer buys clothing—

And so on around the widening circle— But if that dollar be sent to Asia or Europe, it circulates there and does the service there it should be doing in Ameri-

ca; and does it in a larger way, owing to its greater value there on account of the high exchange rates.

The American people understand all this; they voted overwhelmingly for a protective tariff in the last general election, and they are becoming more disgusted every day that the party in power, entrusted with their mandate, delay and procrastinate and piddle and listen to hot air speeches.

They want action— And the more extensive the propaganda of the importers becomes, the greater grows the disgust of the voters of this country, men and women alike.

The weather is hot in Washington—but the great majority of the people of this country would like to see it grow hotter and hotter—hot enough to sizzle the members of the two houses of Congress into passing the protective tariff bill, and the ship subsidy bill. The monkey business of the men dancing to the music of the profiteering importers has been going on far too long.

Most of our farmers will be glad to get the June rains early in July.

Salem will soon have a broadcasting station, and the radio bug will bite everybody here.

If Jack Dempsey wants to fight a white man so bad there is Tom Watson of Georgia.

The wheat harvest in the Central west is calling and all of the tramps in that part of the country are headed for the Pacific coast.

Marconi admits that he failed to communicate with Mars a few days ago when it was within a few million miles of the earth. So did the rest of us.

The fight for the Missouri senatorship between Jim Reed and Breckinridge Long is getting hotter and hotter. Sic 'em, Towser; sic 'em, Rover!

President Harding a few days ago told a Philippine delegation that there is no chance for independence at this time. They must tarry a while at Jericho until their beards be grown.

There are all kinds of reformers in this world. For instance, the specimen in Pennsylvania who the other day reported that he had spent \$124,000 to secure a nomination.—Los Angeles Times.

The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., at Ford, Ontario, is making 200 and 225 cars a day for Canadian sale, and selling them there. Their output will be about 60,000 cars this year, against 46,832 last year.

Dr. Wu Tink Fang, former envoy from China to the United States, who has just died in Canton, was one of the most interesting figures in this country while he was in Washington. He was in demand as an after dinner

speaker, and in point of education and intelligence he stood high, even among the brilliant diplomatic circle. He evidently followed the star of Dr. Sun Yat Sen in China; and the new deal that is working out in that country in favor of a real republican form of government is disposing of that great world figure and stormy petrel of Oriental politics. That may have had something to do with hurrying Wu Ting Fang from the world stage.

Mrs. Anna Dickie Olesen, who has won the Democrat primary nomination for United States senator in Minnesota, is the first woman to obtain such a nomination, but Miss Ann Martin of Nevada beat her by at least two years in trying for one.

AMERICA'S RUSSIAN POLICY

The speech of James M. Beck before the Pilgrim Society of London made clear to the people of England that this country was irrevocably committed to that form of government that has morality and law for its foundation, and that Russia, existing under a regime that repudiates every principle for which men and nations have fought for centuries, would be treated as an international outlaw. Mr. Beck, while

thoroughly able to speak and think for himself on this question or any other, incidentally spoke for this nation and those responsible for its policies, and especially in so far as they in any way relate to foreign matters.

In the final analysis of all questions, however big may be their import, it is always true that the principle involved is one of elementary simplicity. One that controls men in their daily intercourse with one another. If it is wrong for the individual man to commit murder, it is likewise wrong for nations to do the same thing. In other words, murder is murder, and it does not matter under what circumstances of power or authority it is committed. The judgment of mankind has made it such and it will so remain as long as this is a civilized world. But if ever the day comes when human life has no value, is no longer sacred, then the high priests of Communism and Bolshevism, whatever those terms may mean, may succeed in placing Russia among the foremost nations of the world. But before that event can take place, we shall have to learn anew the moral code that protects man in his home and his life on the highway, and the Ten Commandments will have to be rewritten.

It is true that Russia gives this simple necessities of life and to them we extend the charities of human sympathy in the same manner that we are helping the starving and dying hordes of Russian children.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

Women of wealth in the east are said to be lining up in front

of the hospital in large numbers awaiting glandular operations. They find that by taking on a strain of goat they can rid themselves of some of the superfluous burden of flesh they are carrying. The Toggenburg seldom carries any excess baggage except at milking time. Goats are lithe, muscular and well-proportioned. They are hardy and active. There is almost never any waste of fat about them. If it is impossible to be a perfect lady, why not be a goat? At any rate, the women are turning to the goat for relief and the surgeons and specialists are said to have quite a waiting list. But someone suggests that it would be pitiful, though, if the flapper of the next generation should blurt when asked to sing.

The same principle that sent the soldiers of America to the battlefields of Europe. We made the greatest sacrifice any nation ever made merely, solely for the maintenance of the principle that law is law and that it applied to Emperor William of the Germans with the same force and effect that applies to the humblest citizen and Bolshevism, whatever those terms may mean, may succeed in placing Russia among the foremost nations of the world.

We know, everybody knows, that the conditions in Russia are unspeakably horrible, but we also know that thousands upon thousands of wives and children of criminals in this country are destitute and perhaps crying for the simple necessities of life and to them we extend the charities of human sympathy in the same manner that we are helping the starving and dying hordes of Russian children.

This policy we shall continue with regard to Russia until sanity and human nature react themselves in that country.

Women of wealth in the east are said to be lining up in front

The immediate future is going to have some delightful surprises for us and some of them will relate to the storage of power.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Full house—Salem chautauqua. Opie Read, the great lecturer, who is to be the speaker at the Salem chautauqua Sunday evening, is 70 years old, but still going strong. He is the grand old man of the American lecture platform.

Captain Imble, who believes friendships are better than battleships, will have a great message for those who attend the Salem chautauqua tomorrow night.

The jokes and quips and flustering in the United States senate by the members who are trying to hold up the protective tariff bill, are a disgrace to that body. Why, in the name of decency, is not the cloture rule invoked? Shut off the monkey shiners.

President Harding is doing great work for the ship subsidy bill. He should get out the big stick and the steam roller and jam 'er through.

Have you noticed the way the walnut trees in Salem are loaded with nuts? On many of the trees the limbs have to be propped up to keep the weight of the nuts from breaking them. Have you noticed, also, the great number of black walnut trees being grafted over to Franquettes and Mayettes? That is a fine thing. If every shade tree in Salem were a Franquette or Mayette walnut tree, the annual crop would pay more than the annual taxes on the property for which they furnish shade.

Read the Classified Ads

The Junior Statesman

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The Pirates' Cave

The Pirate Seven started out on an overnight hike on Friday of last week. That night when we were sitting around the fire doing nothing much Herb Woods suggested we tell stories. I'll tell you a pioneer and Indian story," says Herb.

"Sounds like good stuff," says I. "Let's hear it." So Herb started in.

"In Pennsylvania in the early pioneer days was a pioneer settlement. One late fall the pioneers got reason to believe that the Indians were planning to attack them. The settlement was very well scattered, so, for protection, the people put up a small fort, and everybody moved in.

"For a couple of weeks the people stayed in the fort and the Indians didn't come. The fort was small. The weather was warm. The settlers, not daring to venture far from the stacks, became impatient and restless.

"Among the settlers was a family named Miller. There was Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Joe Miller, 14 years old. They moved into the fort and then Mr. Miller took a horse and started for Philadelphia for help.

"One bright October morning Mr. Miller decided he wasn't going to spend that day in any block. Chestnuts ought to be about ready for gathering, he figured. So he planned to spend the day in the woods gathering nuts, potatoes or no Indians.

"Be careful, Joe," says his mother when he started out with his rifle and an empty powder bag for nuts. Joe promised, and said he'd return before dark.

"Joe spent the whole day four or five miles from the fort. He was having a grand time when he noticed the sun was getting low. 'I'd better be hiking back,' he thinks he. But he hadn't gone more than ten yards when there was a yell, a crackling of bushes and an Indian in war-paint leaped out at him.

"Joe was some surprised. But he didn't lose his wits. He swung his gun over his head and landed it on the Indian's. The gun broke and the Indian toppled over. Joe dropped the broken gun and ran. 'That Indian belongs to a bunch of others,' he thought. 'They're probably heading for the fort. I'll have to warn the folks.' Suddenly there was a lot of yelling, coming from the spot where the Indian had attacked Joe. More Indians! And they were chasing Joe! Their shouts seemed to come nearer. Joe stepped on it. The yells became fainter.

"Then Joe discovered he was running in the opposite direction of the fort. He was headed for his own family's cabin. 'Well, thinks he, 'that's all right. I'll go to the cabin get my canoe and paddle down the river to the fort. I'll get there quicker than I would by running through the woods.' 'He found the canoe where he had hidden it. Paddled to the fort. He was headed for

the fort. He had settled comfortably in the boat when from the shore came a 'bing' 'bing!' There was a whiz and a pop!—a bullet struck the side of Joe's canoe. Another whiz and a bullet hit the blade of his paddle.

"Joe knew it wouldn't do to continue paddling in gun-shot of the Indians. But there wasn't anything—another whiz interrupted his thought. The bullet tore through the sleeve of Joe's jacket, but didn't touch him. Joe fell back in the canoe as though he had been hit. The Indians supposed they had finished the boy. No more shots were fired.

"For fully fifteen minutes Joe stayed in the bottom of the boat. Then he slowly raised himself and looked to the shore. No Indians in sight. He took up his paddle and set out again for the fort. He reached it in a short time, unmolested.

"As soon as he was inside the fort Joe told his story. Every man and boy in the place got his rifle and powder ready and stood at a loop-hole.

"The sun was just disappearing when the settlers sighted the Indians at the edge of the fort clearing. The Indian attacked. But the settlers were ready. After half an hour's battling the Indians gave up. Joe had saved the fort."

And then we went to bed. —AL STUBB. Scribe of the Pirate Seven.


THE SHORT STORY, JR.

Mr. Reddy Travels Mr. Reddy was a very small squirrel, but lively enough for twice his size. Gene had found him when Mr. Reddy was a baby squirrel and had boldly started across the street car tracks without waiting to "stop, look, and listen." Gene thought he was dead, when he picked him up, but he was only stunned and suffering from an injured leg. With a little care he was all right again, but by the time he was able to hop about he had made up his mind to stay with Gene, and stay he did.

He was always running in and

ing down from unexpected places, and chattering and scolding gaily, or riding around on Gene's shoulder.

He was so small, he would often curl up in the pocket of Gene's coat and go to sleep, and you'd hardly know he was there. When the family decided to go up to

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DAILY PICTURE PUZZLE

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE IS:

What three Animals are these?



HTRE