

The Oregon Statesman

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BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

Prepared by Radio BIBLE SERVICE Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio. If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

RIGHTOUSNESS PAYS:—Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right.—Proverbs 16:8. PRAYER:—Teach us, Lord, to trust Thee so implicitly that we shall be satisfied in whatsoever state we are.

COTTON TEXTILES AND THE TARIFF

After floundering around for six months, blaming the tariff, Republican policies, the Republican administration, inefficient mill management, etc., the New York Journal of Commerce finally settles down to the following reason for the depression in the cotton textile industry:

"When all is said and done, however, it remains true that the major item is labor expense. This newspaper has often urged the necessity of reducing this item of cost and still is as much convinced as ever that such a step is necessary."

Cotton cloth is now coming in at the rate of 220,000,000 yards annually or four times the pre war rate. The Journal would, as an advocate of free trade, adjust the situation in truly Democratic fashion, that is by reducing tariff duties still more, permitting an even greater competition from abroad, thereby compelling American labor to accept a drastic wage cut and eventually no wage at all for lack of a job.

But having taken its stand, the Journal becomes fearful of the criticism of its recommendation and starts hedging by saying that it does not advise an immediate, indiscriminate, universal decrease in rates of pay to the operatives:

"In some instances certainly money wages are too high. In others the indicated course of procedure is probably that of taking steps to increase the output per man hour by means of eliminating restrictive rules and other senseless burdens upon efficient production."

Something of the sort was attempted by the cotton manufacturers of New England the latter part of May and it was reported that weavers in some of the mills had threatened to strike because they had been asked to operate eight instead of six looms, with no change in wages. This would have meant a 33 per cent increase in efficiency, and probably had it been accomplished by an offer of a 33 per cent increase in wage there would have been no decided objection. But this would not have met the recommendation of the New York Journal.

Wage reductions in the New England mills can only be brought about by mutual agreement between the employers and employees, for the latter are strongly organized. In some instances where it has been attempted the reaction has been so great that the attempt has been given up, and a number of operators have elected to move their plants to the South rather than attempt it again. Texas, for example, gives promise of becoming one of the great cotton manufacturing states of the future, and she is the greatest cotton producing state.

And the wage question there is easier to manage—because it is largely colored labor, and unorganized, and difficult to organize; in fact, impossible to effectually organize, under the conditions prevailing there.

The cotton mills of the South are generally making money; some of them paying high dividends. They are enjoying this prosperity under a tariff law that the party to which the South gives its electoral votes is pledged to destroy.

The destruction of which would put the New England cotton mills out of business entirely, and render those of the South unprofitable.

No Democratic tariff law is going to solve the difficulties now encountered by the cotton textile industry, and it is just such a law that the New York Journal of Commerce advocates. Compromises of capital and labor, and a revision upward of the tariff rates on cotton manufactures (though the elastic provisions of the tariff law or by direct enactment), are the best (and the only) methods to meet conditions now existing—

But a Democratic tariff would render compromise, capital, labor, and everything connected with the cotton textile industry mere surplussage—

For everything in that field would go to the dogs; soon there would be no such industry.

The time is coming when the cotton manufacturers, even of the South, are going to be up against a stiffer game than most of them have dreamed of in their philosophy, and that is the linen industry of western Oregon, Washington and northern California—which will depend largely upon machinery; the raw materials for which can be produced more cheaply than those for the cotton industry; which will be troubled with no boll weevil; which will be able to stand up even against the unorganized colored labor of the South.

And, in the very near future, this will cease to be considered any where as an idle dream.

The celery growers of the Lahish section are not disturbed by the present season of unusual dry weather. They have sub-irrigation. The harvesting and sending to the market of their 1924 crop of 250 cars of celery to near and distant markets goes right on. So did the harvesting and marketing of their head lettuce crop of some ten cars as an experiment earlier in the season. With a great asparagus crop in the offing for the same section, it would seem that no argument is needed for the full use of all the beaverdam lands in that section—which would render the proposed Million Dollar Highway a ten million dollar highway, and then some. And then a great deal more, in annual turn off of crops fit for the best markets of the country, to be sold on quality.

BILL VISITS ELKHORN

The Oregon Statesman was pleased yesterday to get a letter from its old friend, Bill Sincaller of the Waldo hills. Bill, it seems, has had a vacation, but we will let him tell it:

"Editor Statesman: Perhaps you may be interested in knowing that I took a day off and went over and investigated the ruins around Elkhorn. I am sorry to report that my investigations resulted practically in the same conclusions as when I investigated the man-ape business at St. Helens.

There is this difference, however. The men buried on the Elkhorn have been there several million years—further back than my family record takes.

"However, I noted some wonderful things there. Some call it excavations of the earth; I call it God. These excavators have found one of the unusual actions of nature and have very properly sought to capitalize it. It would be a great thing to get a King Tut, or king of the Indians' tomb out in this country; several million years old. It would certainly help the tourists and I am anxious to

make it interesting to the tourists. If I can use my imagination to help these gentlemen out, I am going to do it, but so far I can not see that my imagination is needed. It is a very good exhibition they have made for themselves in taking a clump of rocks and imagining it is a pyramid. The trouble will be to get everybody else to believe the same thing, but I guess we can do it if we agree. It is a pyramid. The discoverers of this see a very perfect pyramid. They see huge tunnels and runways. I could not see them, but I know they are there, because these men said so; just the same as I knew those ape men were there because one of the men came running past my house. He was running so fast that he couldn't stop. I don't know whatever did become of him. He was still going the last I heard of him, increasing speed as he went down hill. I have an idea the imagination of these men will go the same way—increasing as time passes, and they will not need my services which are so freely offered. And further this deponent sayeth not. Very respectfully,

—BILL SINCALLER.

WHO SHALL SPEAK

There is objection because demagogues are always presuming to speak for the people. Who shall speak for the people? We submit that it is not fair to give the demagogues a monopoly on this. It is not fair to have the special interests get all the presentation and let the people be speechless.

The trouble with our politics has been we have let the demagogues be the tongues and mouths of the average people. Then we have complained because they were taught wrong. The only blame and it is a very severe blame is upon those who ought to speak for the people but do not.

The republican party is a party of the people, for the people, and by the people, yet the special interests are always trying to get control of it; always trying to put something across. It has been a continual fight to keep the party in line with its traditions, and while this has been going on demagogues have been sowing poison and they have been able to reap a pretty fair crop. Thousands of the most honest men in the world have been led astray because the demagogues have so pedaled with them and presented fallacious things in a systematic and attractive style. If the republican party is to continue to serve the people it must adhere to its traditions and be a people's party, a constructive party; a party with a vision. It must not be governed by special privilege; it must not be used as a vehicle of men for selfish purposes. It must be consecrated to the public welfare.

The republican party has met the challenge of every hour for 60 years. It must meet the challenge of this hour by responding to the things the people want. Senator McNary has been fighting for the common people, fighting sometimes with his back to the wall. He got worsted in the last congress but the things for which he fought will come up again and Oregon needs him in the senate to continue this fight for the people.

We again reiterate that it is unfair to permit the demagogues to speak for the people when men of high character can be obtained to do it. This is more than a political question. It is a patriotic question, and in this year 1924 it is highly important for Oregon to return McNary to the senate by a tremendous majority. In the meantime it is up to us to elect a legislature untrammelled, untied, and if any pledges have been made against public interest, the candidates should be made to repudiate them. If there is a string tied to the reputation there will be a tomorrow, and the men can be marked later. This is no time for using gloves. This is a time to strike for the people's rights in Oregon, to strike from the shoulder, and fearlessly.

The republican party has offered the only opportunity in Oregon this year for the people to express themselves along the line of Coolidge and Dawes, McNary, Hawley, and a competent, responsive legislature.

It is a fact that must be remembered that the initiative and referendum has saved the day in Oregon. It has done this because hog-tied legislators have not responded to the people's desires. This is an important election, and it is no time to go after false gods, no time for dividing influences. It is a time for united action under the banner of the republican party—the only really progressive party in the world.

SELLING BLUE SKY

Governor Pierce has decided to investigate blue sky sales. The investigation promises to be wholesome. It is true that we must be protected by the state against our-

selves. In no other way can we resist the blandishments and subtlety of the smooth salesman. We must permit only legitimate stock propositions to be offered, and the state must be virtually back of the integrity of everyone.

We all want to get rich, and get rich quick. We are tired of the slow drudgery of just getting by and when a smooth salesman appeals to us on the proposition that 30 or 60 days will make us rich by expending \$100, it is very natural for us to try to get that \$100, and when we do get it we hand it over to him.

Furthermore, the violations of our blue sky laws mean that legitimate propositions must suffer. A man who has been bitten by a fake will not be very apt to succumb a second time, but fakers live because a sucker is born every minute, and none ever die. The result, unfortunately, is that many developing projects in the state of Oregon are made to suffer because they can not get capital with which to develop. It is a serious situation for legitimate promotion enterprises, and Governor Pierce has put his finger on one of the sore spots of the state. We wish luck to him in his effort to protect the people, and at the same time protect honest, four-square investments.

PLEDGES AID

Secretary Hughes in his address at London, pledged the aid of the United States in rehabilitating Europe. That is the only way Europe can ever get on its feet. After five years of snarling and petty bickering we gave them the Dawes report, and now after some months of mutual suspicion and criticism they are unable to put it in operation. America should find a way, America must find a way to go over there and use her friendly offices to see that the Dawes report be put into execution. It is the only way out of a desperate situation, and we are the only people who can morally force Europe. Our disinterestedness is unquestioned, and our ability to serve them is apparent. Secretary Hughes spoke for America in his address.

THE FUN SHOP

MAXSON REWAL JAMES VERSES AND REVERSES

By Samuel Hoffenstein A LULLABY IN JINGLE-JANGLE FASHION

Sleep, my darling baby, sleep; The French cat frogs; Australians, sheep.

Today will go, tomorrow come; I'll bake a cake and give you some.

Angels o'er your slumber sing; A kangaroo's a funny thing—

A kangaroo will make you laff, But not so much as a giraffe—

Not so much as a giraffe; I'll bake a cake and give you half.

A chocolate cake and a goose-berry tart; Sleep, my darling; have a heart!

Don't you worry; ma will keep— You sleep! all day, and now you sleep!

Her Comeback Webster (in a jovial mood): "What would you do if I should leave you, dear?" Mrs. Webster (quickly): "How much?" —Edward H. Dreschnack.

CAREFUL! DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD

A Complaint Generosity is mah middle name an' sociability is mah nature, but I done hates familiarity. I'll share mah meat wif mah dog. I'll frow ligger to de fish, an' de birds is welcome to mah las' crumb, but they's a place where mah middle name an' mah nature jes natchally 'fuse to mix; an' 'dats when a boom'n' bumble bee 'sputes wif me ovah de possession ob de shady spot und'neath de honeysuckle vine an' backs up and 'tries to push me off my own po'ch; den's when I jes natchally balke.

—Gracia Shull.

Not Much Repaired Miss Flapper: "Where are you going to spend your vacation?" Miss Flopper: "I really don't know. As a matter of fact, I haven't a thing to wear."

Miss Flapper: "Why not go to the seashore?" —Frank Braithwaite.

Items From the Bugtown Enterprise As Reported By Griff Crawford Ford Parsons, who is hard of hearing, got too close to Will King, who was playing the slide trombone at band practice Thursday night, and got two front teeth knocked out when Will slid to a hard note.

Judson Whipple, our genial postmaster, forgot to put up the mail for No. 3 Friday. He said he got interested in reading the post cards and did not notice what time it was.

Fitch's warehouse burned down Sunday night. The fire department got all ready to go, but Chief Henderson could not find his bugle so they gave it up.

Joe Burns is a wit. We stopped in his store to get a bandana to wear on a fishing trip and Joe said, without stopping to think it up, "Yes we have no bandanas."

Ladies dresses more than half off this week at the Emporium. Hurry.—Advt.

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER Who says the woman never pays? She pays enough for marcel waves. —Roy Oxendale.

In battalions troubles come; Jaws are full of chewing gum. —Nathan M. Levy.

Babies cry and flappers giggle; Fishes swim and tadpoles wiggle. —H. G. Klee.

"This," chuckled the gay married man, as he plucked a blonde strand from his coat, "is what I call escaping a divorce suit by a hair!"

The Daily Program Smith: "We call our new cook 'Radio.'" Friend: "Why?" Smith: "Because she picks up everything she hears around the house, and then broadcasts it to the neighborhood." F. M. Ingham.

And Reverses. "Henry," said his wife sternly, holding out a handful of red, white, and blue disks, "are these poker chips that I found in your pocket?" "Why yes, my dear, I suppose they are. You see, I—"

"Well, all I've got to say is this: if you haven't got sense enough to cash in your chips when you quit the game, it's time you stopped playing poker." —Isaac Anderson.

Perfect Game Though some folks frown on kissing, I am here to state I'm fond of osculation And find it more than great, With me it is a habit I pray I never shake; I find it is the only Perfect game of give-and-take. —Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Pencil Sketches Sister's "Sweetie," a handsome young lieutenant, making one of his very rare visits to the city, was being entertained at dinner and, of course everyone was on best behavior.

During a slight pause in the conversation, Baby reached for the pencil in Daddy's pocket, and beg and poking it in his eyes. "Oh, Baby must not put pencil in his eyes," mother remonstrated.

In his little hurt voice he replied: "Well, Sister writes on her eyes." —Mrs. J. A. Oestreich.

A Georgia woman who swore she would never marry a day-dreamer was recently wedded to a night watchman.

Do your Fun Shopping Early! The Fun Shop is open during all hours when our readers are awake.

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, epigrams (or humorous maxims), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesque, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for at regular rates. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, should bear name of this newspaper and should be addressed to the Fun Shop Editor, The Oregon Statesman.

A child has inalienable rights, also, but they are not worth parading it is big enough to defy those who would punish it.

today

children's afternoon— "Circus Day" Parade. Clown Entertainment. Admission 40c

evening— Comic Opera—"Robin Hood." DeKoven's famous opera presented by May Valentine's original New York cast of thirty people. Admission \$1.00

HAUTAUQUA

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Are We "Easy"? Interviews with merchants of a nearby city show that Salem furnishes them more retail trade in proportion to population than does any other city in Oregon. Salem is regarded as "easy" business for them. The First National is conducting a survey, now nearly complete, which will show fairly accurately, the extent of outside trading by Salem people. We shall publish the result of our survey and endeavor to point out the reasons for this outflow of wealth—as well as to suggest remedies. Our purposes are constructive, not critical. We ask the good will and cooperation of every merchant and resident of Salem in improving an adverse trade situation. Let us not be timid with facts—they may wound our pride somewhat—but when put to work will help build a better prosperity for Salem. First National Bank Salem, Oregon

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS Uncle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Copyright 1921, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. CHAPTER 22 What Katie Did with the Paper Father Graham Sought The nearer I came to my mother-in-law's room upon our bizarre errand, the more faint-hearted I became. Katie's monkey-like cleverness in hiding in my mother-in-law's quarters the paper she had abstracted, did not appear like cleverness, but monumental idiocy, by the time I reached the door behind which Mother Graham was peacefully sleeping. Katie put her hand upon my arm and her lips close to my ear. "Plees, I don't like go in, she keel me eef she wake oop und find me snooping round her room." With an effort I repressed the inclination to inquire fiercely in return, what fate she thought awaited me were my august mother-in-law to waken, but I turned instead and tensely whispered: "Where is it hidden?" "You know dot pretty box mit roses und pictures of old-time ladies und mens on it?" "You mean her hat box?" I gasped with a mental vision of the pride of my mother-in-law's heart—a fancy and costly millinery box, decorated with old English scenes and narrow borders of roses, inside which reposed her very best hat. "Dot's the one," Katie whispered back, and I could have shaken her for the monchance in her manner. Katie patiently had cast her burdens upon me and was worrying no longer. A Tense Moment. "It's on top shelf in closet," she went on. "I saw eet ven I dusted room yesterday. You can hook eet shoost as easy! See! I'll hold door open. You shoost grab eet und run, und I close door after you." "Don't dare to touch the door," I whispered, setting my teeth for the ordeal in front of me. "Go back down stairs und wait for me, I'll manage this. Softly, now. Hush! Not another word." She scuttled obediently and—to her credit—noiselessly down the stairs, and I waited beside the door for a long two minutes to see if my mother-in-law had awakened. But the rasping sounds of what she euphoniously terms heavy breathing, but which Dicky describes as the "sincerest snoring on Long Island," went on without interruption. So, with tense nerves and quickly-beating pulses, I turned the knob with infinite caution, pushed the door ajar and slipped into the room. I had taken the precaution to turn out the hall light, that she might not be awakened by its sudden gleam, so I left the door ajar that I might be able to escape quickly and noiselessly. "Where is it hidden?" "You know dot pretty box mit roses und pictures of old-time ladies und mens on it?" "You mean her hat box?" I gasped with a mental vision of the pride of my mother-in-law's heart—a fancy and costly millinery box, decorated with old English scenes and narrow borders of roses, inside which reposed her very best hat. "Dot's the one," Katie whispered back, and I could have shaken her for the monchance in her manner. 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