

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

- JACKSONVILLE POWER. FORD SELLS FERTILIZER. TOO MUCH RELIGION. A 50 MILLION DOLLAR BRYAN. OUR RUM RUNNING PROBLEM.

To Mayors of Cities:

Go to Jacksonville, Florida—this is written in that city—call on Mayor Alsop, and learn about Jacksonville municipally owned electric light and power plant.

There is no cheap water power in Jacksonville—oil is used, at a cost equivalent to \$6.50 a ton for coal. But the people of Jacksonville buy their current at a price lower than anywhere in the United States, except, perhaps, Seattle. So says John H. Perry, whose newspaper, the Jacksonville Journal, prints this column.

Selling at a low cost, the people of Jacksonville make a profit of three-quarters of a million on their plant. They are building an addition to the plant costing eleven hundred thousand dollars, and their taxes are low.

Henry Ford, who will shock the nerves of big financiers as quickly as he would chop off the head of a leghorn hen, has recently started gentlemen that manufacture fertilizers here.

The Ford agent at Jacksonville got word that so many cartloads of sulphate of ammonia in bags ready for distribution to farmers would

TOP THAT BAKE - DAY Waste!

That's what Millions of women have done with CALUMET BAKING POWDER

Sales 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand

HERE'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT TANLAC

"If it had not been for Tanlac I would still be a sick, discouraged woman, for nothing else seemed to do me any good," says Mrs. Edward Gibbs.

All the advertising in the world and all the sales efforts combined could not have made the great success for TANLAC that has been attained, unless this reconstructive tonic possessed merit of the greatest degree. Over 40 Million Bottles of Tanlac have been sold and the demand today is greater than ever before.

That TANLAC possess merit and has brought relief to hundreds of thousands of persons is attested by the great number of testimonies that have been received by the company from people in every state of the Union and every province of Canada.

There are over 100,000 such statements on file with the company, all ringing with sincere praise for TANLAC and what it has accomplished.

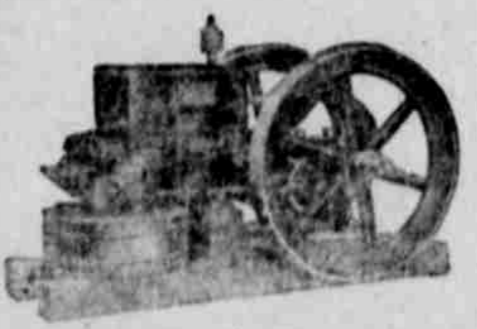
Here are excerpts from a few of the 100,000 statements on file: Mrs. Edward Gibbs, Lancaster, Pa.—"For 2 years indigestion deprived me of nearly all the pleasure of living. If it had not been for TANLAC I would still be a sick and discouraged woman, for nothing else seemed to do me any good."

Mrs. Mary A. Benson, Seattle, Wash.—"Following an operation my stomach and nerves seemed to give way and I became almost helpless. As a last resort I tried TANLAC. I began to improve from the very first.

presently arrive and they must sell it. Shipments came and have continued. Jacksonville understands that Ford's ammonia sulphate is a by-product of his coke plants. What interests the farmers is the fact that Ford sells his fertilizer, of the highest grade, \$19 a ton below the market price.

Apparently Ford is trying his hand at cheap fertilizer without waiting for Muscle Shoals.

"Not too much, not too little," said Aristotle. Even in religious emotion, excess

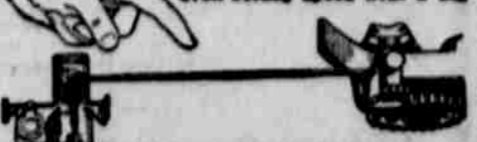


WITTE Throttling ENGINES

NOW, more than ever, the need for economical, dependable power is felt by the producer who is faced with ever-increasing labor costs. WITTE Throttling Governor ENGINES answer this important question perfectly—now an economical, dependable power plant is within the reach of everyone.

Today the WITTE ENGINE sells at the lowest price in history. Into this WITTE has gone the rich experience of more than 40 years of engine building—over 100,000 users all over the world have placed upon it their stamp of approval. You, too, can put a WITTE on your place, secure in the knowledge that it represents the STANDARD OF POWER.

The Witte Throttling Governor—the original and leader of the throttling-governor type. An even steady speed with a big



surplus of power for the heavy loads. The minimum in fuel consumption—the WITTE ENGINE burns kerosene, gasoline, distillate or gas at a fuel cost of less than 10¢ an hour. Simple, trouble-proof and guaranteed for a life-time of hard work.

The WICO Magneto—the most perfect system of high tension ignition known. Makes starting easy, even at



40 below zero—sure performance in any climate or temperature. Not affected by rain, hail, snow or sleet. The perfect requirement for all style battery-equipped engines. Makes All Jobs Easy and Cheap

No need to do the hard, back-breaking work—no need to pay high prices for poor labor—you can show \$1,000.00 more profit every year you have a WITTE working on your place. Investigate now!

All sizes, 2 to 25 Horse-Power

I. S. GEER and CO.

gained 29 lbs., and today am feeling fine."

O. E. Moore, Kansas City, Mo.: "My stomach seemed to pain me constantly, food seemed to do me no good. I would bloat up with gas, lost my strength, and could not sleep or rest. I was on the down-grade all the time. Tanlac corrected my troubles and put me in excellent shape."

Thomas Lucas, Peterboro, Ontario: "Well, sir, buying TANLAC was the best investment I ever made, for it built up my health and strength to where I haven't a complaint in the world."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Kaake, Detroit, Mich.: "For more than a year our three children, age 2, 4 and 6, had been so peaked and lifeless that we were worried about them. Their stomachs were upset, appetites poor, the color had left their cheeks, their nights were restless and during the day they would just mope around, taking no interest in play or anything else. They began to improve with the first dose of TANLAC and today there are no more healthy children in Detroit."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 40 million bottles sold. Accept no substitute.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills.

is a mistake, and brooding leads to trouble. Frank McDowell got it into his head that he had committed the unpardonable sin.

The idea stayed, and by way of "expiation," he killed his two sisters, burning them as they lay asleep in their beds. That also proved on his mind and added to his religious worries. So, by way of further "expiation" he shot his mother and father to death.

Such religious hallucinations were not unusual in the old days. They drove men and women into the desert where they lived in filth and semi-starvation, imagining that such conduct pleased the Lord.

It didn't occur to them to ask why the Lord had provided a fertile earth and clean water if it pleased Him to see hermits dirty and hungry.

Many have seen the "booby man of Benares," a deluded pagan, sitting on sharp spikes, and accepting little contributions, convinced that it pleased his particular God to see him sitting there.

The curbing down of our religious emotions is a most important forward step in civilization. Men begin to realize that the mysterious Power above gave us this beautiful planet, that we might take care of it like faithful gardeners and find happiness in the process, leaving the hereafter to a higher judgment.

Will the State of Florida accept or reject fifty million dollars worth of free advertising?

If Florida sends William Jennings Bryan to the National Democratic Convention he will go at his own expense and Florida will get free of charge in all newspapers in the United States advertising as could not be bought for fifty of a hundred million dollars.

If Florida allows herself to be deceived by political gentlemen who belong to the East Coast Railway, which doesn't want Mr. Bryan to go to the convention, then Florida will lose very valuable advertising.

President Coolidge asks thirteen million for the coast guard to deal with smugglers. The authorities intercept five per cent of the whiskey now. Spending ten millions more they might intercept seven per cent of it. They can't stop it. Smuggling cocaine and other drugs is a part of rum running.

The questions are, what is this Government going to do about it? And how long will the public be content to let things drift?

WORTH WHILE THINGS

All adults who lived the year around on farms, in their youth, but who are at the present time incarcerated in cities, find that much of the conversation of their contemporaries relating to the stage, popular plays, actors and actresses of a decade or two ago, has few associations for them. Sometimes they feel keenly the fact that they were deprived of the glamour and fascination of the theatre.

There were, however, two substitutes for the magical amusement they missed. One of the most worth while things of life is the family reading circle. On many a winter evening the writer remembers listening to the father of the family read aloud to the mother who was busily sewing or knitting, and to the children who sat enthralled in the simple farm living room, while Howard Pyle's stories of Robin Hood or Mary Mapes Dodge's Donald and Dorothy kindled imaginations and made the coming of bed time a dreadful event.

The library was a meagre one, but Christmas and birthdays added to its size and the books were so persistently and devotedly read that they were "reduced and worn to the very threads and glues of their binding;" the best of it was that the whole family read and loved the same book.

Then there was the ride in the straw-filled sleigh, generously supplied with old blankets, to the school entertainment in which the older children took part, and the babies who were just learning to walk, ambled around at their own sweet will. The pantomime of Maud Muller read aloud, thrilled the audience. How lustily the children applauded the silent performer!

But it was a family reading circle! A family sleigh ride! And the memory of these events is so vivid that the writer believes this little noted or greatly valued service rendered by farm homes in making it possible for the family to enjoy recreation in common, should be magnified until its practice becomes more nearly universal.

STATE MARKET NEWS

(C. E. Spence, Market Agent) What happens to a country, state

or private business that buys more than it sells? Anyone can answer this question. Now face this one:

In one year this country sold \$27,336,000 of dairy products and in the same period bought \$35,000,000. We bought of other countries over eight and a half millions of dollars more than we sold. Was there a dollar's worth of this \$35,000,000 stock we bought that could not have been produced at home?

Of hides we sold \$1,805,000 and we bought \$118,917,000, yet the hides the farmer has to sell are hardly worth bringing to market because of the low price, while shoes and all leather goods bring the highest prices.

Eggs, we sell eight and a half million dollars' worth abroad and then buy back six and a half million dollars' worth, and thousands of henneries have been forced to quit business during the past three years.

And so on, a long schedule could be quoted. What a ridiculous system, what needless waste, work, expense and middle profits shipping our so-called "surplus stocks" to Europe and bringing back about as much of the same stocks.

"Over-production," we hear of this condition on every hand. Perhaps it is under-consumption caused by the high expense of freighting our products to Europe and bringing like ones home again. But be it either, would it not be a good idea to so increase the tariff on these products that imports cannot come in here and take the markets away from American farmers?

There is a vast difference between the living and wage standards of the United States and every country of Europe, Asia and Africa. Since the war the differences have increased. This country simply cannot compete with

other nations and their low producing costs. The present tariff schedules are of little effect in keeping out products that undersell us.

The tariff on beef is 3 cents per pound. Of what benefit is this to the Oregon stockmen who are going broke every day? The tariff on eggs is 8 cents, yet almost \$7,000,000 of Chinese and other foreign products get by and help to put the poultrymen out of business. Suppose that the \$36,000,000 worth of dairy products that are brought in here to compete with American farmers did not come in? Would not there be a market for \$36,000,000 more of the dairy products of Americans?

The absurdity of shipping millions of dollars worth of our agricultural products abroad each year then bringing back nearly the same amount of like cheap European products, should be apparent to anyone who will study export and import schedules.

What American agriculture needs now is protection against the foreign countries that can beat us in the cost of production, and elimination of much of the legion of middle interests and profiteers between the farm and the retail store. The middle man has no interest in that all crops are marketed. He is far more interested in having the supply greater than the demand, so that he can use the condition to break the price to the producer. He doesn't want this country to absorb the "over-production," he does want the demand for any commodity exhausted. He plays both ends against both the producer and consumer.

With foreign agricultural products shut out and the middle men squeezed out, both the producer and consumer would greatly benefit.

You Need Not Fail

This is the story of William Remondino who started life at 15 in a small town in California, with a wife, a sick child and no money. He worked in a saw mill and a foreman sent him into a swamp to sound its depths. He would be killed that way. Instead he came back with a truthful statement of facts. Five years later he had the equivalent of a high school training and three years after that he graduated from a mining and engineering college.

Step by step he climbed the under-lying ladder to success by never being absent from work, never late, always leaving after others quit, and by doing each task given him more than expected. At night he studied by flickering kerosene lamp.

Editorial

But We Still Pay The Piper

In our brilliant dash toward national bankruptcy—for seemingly though we will not reach the goal, there are many persons who would heed us that way—the counties of the country lead in the race. They are ahead of the states that created them, though some of the villages are running them a close race in the wild expenditure handicap.

Census figures show that in 1922 state governments owed \$1,162,648,000. In 1912 their public debt was only \$422,796,000.

In 1912 the debts of the 3,000 counties footed to \$371,528,000. In 1922 the debt had grown to \$1,366,636,000; a total increase of 268 per cent. The business man who would aid in causing such an increase in his overhead expenditures would be regarded as a lunatic, yet peculiarly these same business men are always ready to vote for public expenditures without a thought of the consequences.

Whenever some public expenditure is suggested the village home-dweller puts on his thinking cap and hesitates, weighing the possible effect upon his pocketbook; but as soon as he learns the burden can be shifted from the village to the county then he becomes a roofer for improvement. He pays the piper, of course, but the tax burden is further removed. If the cost could be met by the state, then he would not complain if the expenditure were ten times what has been suggested.

This peculiarity in human nature is reflected most clearly in the great cities where the flat dwellers do not personally pay taxes for anything. The landlord pays them. He adds the amount of his taxes to his rental and he usually adds ten per cent, or more for good luck and safety. The flat dweller pays and he pays through the nose but he doesn't realize it. In like way the small town home dweller pays and pays through the nose whenever he fails to take an interest in local affairs and permits county expenditures to run wild.

Time will come when the public conscience will revolt against the selfish scramble for local improvement at any price so long as the money can be taken from the general purse. The outrageous omnibus bills that disgrace our national legislation give us an example. When we learn to kick out our Congressman because he has thrust his fist into the grab-bag to "get his" for his district instead of patting him on the back and approving the cheap graft, we will be better off morally and financially.

Certainly somebody in Washington is riding for a Fall.

If you try to create war you are sent to jail. If you try to bring about peace they threaten you with stripes. What is a poor girl to do these days?

America has left about \$3,500,000,000 invested in a merchant marine—most of it in ships rotting in the harbors. Presumably by next year the official Song of the Seas will be Rule Britannia.

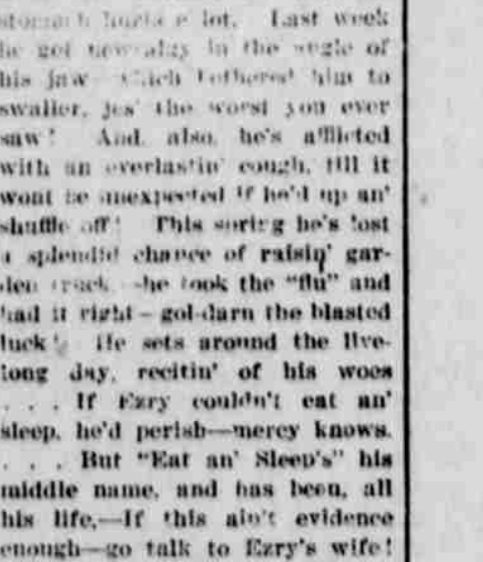
Franklin invested \$500 in England. It turned into \$20,000 after 150 years. To-day they invest nothing and \$25,000 comes out of the air. But Franklin dealt with commoners. Now we deal with Kings, John T's.



He says, "I got on by notting one foot ahead of the other slowly, and by keeping my chin steady at it." He never asked for a raise in his life but raised wages in salary by showing the boss above him that he could do any job and do it well. He saved every dollar he could by his boss on but was never stingy and he had the strange ability of making any man working with him like him. The money that he saved he invested in the company he worked for and when the time came to choose a president he was also natural, logical man.

Poem Uncle John

Old Ezy Shiffles can't spell, in the early part of spring—it's hard to catch him feelin' well,— he never works, by Jim! He'll tell you where the trouble is, and never give a spot,—he's pestered with the rheumatiz,— and his stomach hurts a lot. Last week he got new-alley in the single of his jaw,—which bothers' him to swaller, jes' the worst you ever saw! And also, he's afflicted with an over-castin' cough, till it wont be unexpected if he'd up an' shuffle off! This spring he's lost a splendid chance of raisin' garden truck,—he took the "flu" and had it right—got darn the blasted luck! He sets around the five-long day, recitin' of his woes. . . . If Ezy couldn't eat an' sleep, he'd perish—mercy knows. . . . But "Eat an' Sleep's" his middle name, and has been, all his life,—if this ain't evidence enough—go talk to Ezy's wife!



GOL DANG, OL' RHEUMATIZ!

Joe's Job

SOME THING DON'T LIVE CORRECTLY, HALL AS MUCH AS THEY LIKE THE ACT OF CORRECTING.



S. M. JARVIS Livestock Commission Cattle, Sheep, Wool, Hay Burns, Oregon