

From Imperialism to Wooden Shoes



The United States said imperialism in Germany had to go. It has gone. William Hohenzollern, former kaiser, has been pictured in all phases of his return to the life of just plain Bill. Now here

FARMERS LOSE HUNDRED MILLIONS

(By Snell Smith.)

Charging the Department of Agriculture under the Democratic Administration with inefficiency and unfairness in the grading of the wheat and potatoes of the farmers, Congressman Halvor Steenerson, of Minnesota, has voiced what he declares to be a "universal complaint." Asked at a meeting of the editors of farm journals with the Chief of the Bureau of Markets to state his views frankly in criticism, he did so with facts and figures that are somewhat startling.

The substance of the charge of the tall legislator from Minnesota, who is himself a farmer and will be chairman of the Postoffice and Post Roads Committee in the next House, is somewhat technical, but it reveals a loss to the wheat producers of the country of more than \$100,000,000 every year. This is due to a change

in the grading of the staple from the older and simpler state methods practiced at Minneapolis and other central points up to a year ago to the more complex system adopted by the Department. In Minnesota, for instance, there had been five grades for designating wheat. Numerous inspectors carried out the details. The method pursued was a perfection of twenty-five years of experience during which time there had been developed experimental laboratories, bakeries and mills. As the result of this, when the farmer sold his wheat as No. 2 grade and it was found under inspection at the mill to be No. 1, he was given the benefit and was paid the larger return.

But under the new method devised by the Bureau of Markets ninety-six varieties were established and under the food administration act the inspectors of Minnesota were taken over by the federal administration. There had been an appeal board under the state, but now there was also a federal appeal board. Under the new grading, penalties were imposed against the farmers for a slight amount of moisture, for damaged kernels and for mixing. Hence the

buyer of the wheat from the local farmer became afraid to take any risk, lest he lose in the transaction, and gave the grower the lowest grading possible in order to make sure. Having but a few bins to differentiate the grades, there was no local means of determining whether a mistake had been made.

Ridiculous and Unfair Rules. Steenerson charges, and he is backed up by experts in and out of the Department of Agriculture, that when this wheat, in which the farmer has been deprived of an average profit of about ten cents per bushel, gets to the miller it is there properly graded, with the certain net result that the miller gets the advantage which the farmer has lost. The farmer gets less and the consumer pays the same for flour and bread. The Department of Agriculture, then, just as it worked against the wheat farmer and in favor of the cotton planter during the war, has worked against the farmer in grading his wheat and in favor of the miller. A representative of the Department said: "Complaints come from all parts of the United States regarding all classes of wheat. The least com-

plaint was in the Pacific Northwest, but complaints have come from all the territory east of the Rocky mountains, and they come principally from country grain dealers and producers. We formulated the grades which are now in effect, and when fixed prices and other measures came in we received complaints from everybody except the millers."

It is the expectation of the Minnesota man that when he and his Republican colleagues come into power at the next session of Congress they will find remedy for this and other injustices now done the farmers by the Department through arbitrary rulings. He believes there will also be a stop to the practice of grading potatoes by screening them to such a fine point that the farmer is unable to harvest the smaller ones before the frost comes. He has presented evidence to show that in one county in Minnesota the growers lost \$180,000 by arbitrary and exacting rulings of the Department, and declares that the loss throughout the entire country from this source has been enormous. He reports that in several states the agents of the government actually ordered cars unloaded and stopped the loading of others because of the failure to comply with rules of the Bureau of Markets which have come to be regarded as unfair if not ridiculous. It is likely that as soon as the new Congress convenes the Republicans in Agriculture, a thorough investigation of the methods of the Department in officiously retarding the efforts of the farmers in marketing their crops to their just advantage.

Hold On To Uncle Sam's Insurance.

To Soldiers and Sailors of America. Approximately four million officers and men of the Army and Navy are now insured with the United States Government for a grand total of almost thirty-seven billion dollars.

You owe it to your yourself and to your family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest, and cheapest life insurance ever written.

For your protection Uncle Sam has established the greatest life insurance company in the world—a company as mighty, as generous, and as democratic as the United States Government itself. Just as Uncle Sam protected you and your loved ones during the war, so he stands ready to continue this protection through the days of readjustment and peace.

The privilege of continuing your Government insurance is a valuable right given to you as part of the compensation for your heroic and triumphant services. If you permit the insurance to lapse, you lose that right, and you will never be able to regain it. But if you keep up your present insurance—by the regular payment of premiums—you will be able to change it into a standard Government policy without medical examination. Meantime you can keep up your present insurance at substantially the same low rate. The Government will write ordinary life insurance, twenty-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and other usual forms of insurance. This will be Government insurance—at Government rates.

The United States Government—through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department—will safeguard you and your loved ones with the spirit and purpose of a Republic grateful to its gallant defenders. To avail yourself of this protection, you must keep up your present insurance. Carry back with you to civil life, as an aid and an asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States Government.

HOLD ON TO UNCLE SAM'S INSURANCE.

W. C. McADOO, Secretary.

W. B. Ewing, who for thirty-six years lived on and developed one of the very best alfalfa ranches on Lower Willow creek in this county, writes us an interesting letter from his home at Oakland, Oregon. He states that Douglas county, where he now resides, has a mild and most congenial climate. There is an abundance of rain in the winter and in the summer it does not rain any more than in Eastern Oregon. The entire county is hills and narrow valleys, every ranch has pure spring water and good timber, and deer and game birds are plentiful. The principal industries are the raising of sheep, goats, turkeys and fruit, and farming is only to meet the demand for feed. Sheep, goats and turkeys run at large, there being no varmits to molest them. In early days the county was infested with coyotes and bear, but most every farmer is a hunter and keeps hound dogs and the varmits cannot exist there. Mr. Ewing further states that the taxes are very low in Douglas county, because of its large area and thick population. They have good roads also and Mr. Ewing is quite well pleased with his surroundings in Southern Oregon.

County court should have met in adjourned term on Monday last, but owing to the fact that Commissioner Padberg is under quarantine and the storm made it impossible for Commissioner Bleakman to get to town from Hardman, the meeting was passed up until a later date.

Y. W. C. A. WORKER IS BIG SISTER

Industrial Woman's Service Club Brings Home to Girls in New Factory Community.

BLUE TRIANGLE MEANS CHEER

Club Stands for Hot Lunches, Clean Towels, Comfortable Cots, Parties, Games and Recreation to Girl Workers.

Katherine Holland Brown.

"MY name is May Isabel Carnahan. I am eighteen years old, and I work in a big factory in Michigan. More than four hundred other girls work there too. I don't aim to tell you about our job. You can read about our work in the labor department reports. But I do aim to tell you about our Big Sister and of the things she has done for us.

"To begin with, our factory town isn't a town at all. It's a huge barn of buildings stuck down in the country nineteen miles from nowhere. There is a railroad siding, a station the size of a dry goods box, seven farmhouses and one general store and postoffice combined—it's pretty near as big as a hot tamale stand. And that's all. No Main street, no banks nor stores, no ice-cream parlors, not one solitary movie show. In all those nineteen miles. Lonesome? It's the ragged edge of desolation, that's what it is.

"I was one of the first carload of forty girls that was shipped up from Chicago. The factory was swarming with workmen putting in the machinery, and we girls couldn't begin work for a day or so, so we began hunting places to eat and sleep. That was a trifle that the employment folks hadn't thought of. The workmen were sleeping and eating in the cars that had brought them there, backed on the siding. Our only chance for beds and food was with those seven farmhouses, so we marched straight to the farmers' wives and asked for board and room.

Farmers' Wives Hospitable.

"I will say that those women were kind and hospitable. They fixed it up between them to feed us forty girls, and they gave us good food too. But for rooms, that was the question. They could each spare one room. That meant sleep five or six in a room. But right then along came the boss of the factory and told us the machinery was ready and he'd expect us girls to work double shifts, night and day.

"He wanted to make use of every minute, you see. But that gave us our chance as to sleeping. We fixed it up with the farm folks that we'd work double shifts and sleep double shifts too.

"So we planned it. Three girls would use a room from eight at night till six the next morning. Then they'd hustle over to the factory, and the three girls who'd been working all night would take the room and sleep till afternoon. It wasn't any luxurious slumber, believe me. The farm women had so few sheets and pillow cases that most of us went without. And towels were scarce as diamonds on blackberry bushes. As to soap—well, the general store kept yellow bar soap, that kind that is so full of rosin you could use it to caulk a ship. But we made out till the next three carloads of girls came rolling in. Then we went 'most distracted. Those poor girls had to sleep in tents and in the cars that the workmen had abandoned by this time, and they were lucky if they got a straw tick and a blanket. By this time it had turned raw cold, and maybe you know what late autumn nights in Michigan feel like. To cap the climax the farm folks cut down on food, and for a week it was potatoes and beans and mighty few beans at that.

Along Came a Miracle.

"But, right when we were about ready to quit our jobs and beat it for home, along came a miracle. Two quiet, businesslike women climbed down from the eastbound train one morning. With them came eight workmen, a carload of scantling and tar paper, another carload of cots and blankets and pillows and sheets and towels—brand new blankets and beds—think of the glory of that!—and bushels of dishes and rolls of oilcloth and enough burlap to carpet the country. You won't believe me when I tell you that in ten days their workmen had a scantling-and-tar-paper shack put up and burlap tacked over the walls, and the Y. W. C. A. secretary and her helper had set up board tables and coffee kettles and were serving us the grandest hot lunches every day. And back behind the burlap screens were set those rows of clean cots, with enough cover to keep you warm the coldest night that ever blew, and a towel apiece for every single girl. Do you wonder that we all felt, as one girl put it, 'I'll wager the Fritz-Carlton has nothing on this!'

"Who were those women? Why, Y. W. C. A. secretaries, of course. I'd think you'd know that without being told. All over the country wherever we girls have pitched in to make aeroplane cloth or overalls or munitions or canned goods you'll find a Y. W. C. A. secretary working harder than anybody else to make the girls comfortable and to keep them happy and well. Sometimes they haven't money enough to get all that we really need. But always they stretch every cent to make it do its level best for us. Do you wonder that we girl workers have learned to call the Y. W. C. A. our Big Sister—the very best Big Sister of all?"

MARIE LEBAUDY MAY NEVER FACE TRIAL



Madame Marie Lebaudy may never face trial for killing her rich eccentric husband, Jacques Lebaudy, at her Long Island home. District Attorney Weeks in his first investigation after the shooting of the self-styled "Emperor of the Sahara"—found that for fifteen years the beautiful Madame Lebaudy had lived in terror of her life and twice within the last three weeks before the fatal affair—had suffered mistreatment which threatened her life. Although a jury may be employed—there are few legal minds who think a conviction will be made, and that 13-year Jacques Lebaudy will be left motherless.

Insurance and Influenza.

Partial reports from the life insurance companies of the United States, printed in the Journal of Commerce, show the deaths from the influenza epidemic of the October-to-December period in 1918 of more than 120,000 policy holders. These deaths caused claims against the companies for more than \$52,900,000. It is expected that complete returns will show a loss at least of 200,000 lives and of \$100,000,000 in claims.

These reports constitute a reduction to plain figures of some portion of a national calamity to which we are accustomed to refer in terms of human sorrow and bereavement. Such statistics of a plague are unusual. As quoted here they are amazing. To guide us in an estimate of the proportion of the loss in insured lives to the total number of deaths from the epidemic we may know that something more than 11,500,000 policies were in force in the United States in 1917, or a little better than one to every ten of population.

To policy-holders generally, and to business interests in any way related to insurance concerns, the word will be reassuring that in a broad way the companies are meeting the liabilities strongly. The call upon their resources was unexpected but is not staggering.

Agreeing with the observation of health authorities and others who watched the progress of the influenza, the insurance men report that an unusual percentage of victims died in years from thirty to forty-five, covering thus an age period ordinary robust. This occasioned calls on many policies on which but few premiums had been paid. Beyond the insurance consideration, it is a matter of considerable pathologic concern. The insurance data in full may prove of great value in the post-facto medical study of the epidemic.—New York World.

I WANT YOUR POULTRY.

Am in the market for all kinds of poultry, alive or dressed; also veal and pork. Pay highest cash market price and take all you have at any time. HENRY SCHWARZ, Heppner, Oregon. Phone 636.

LOST—A sorrel mare colt, coming year old; long, white stripe in face, branded JB connected with bar under it on left shoulder. Notify E. BERGSTROM, Ione, Oregon. 1m

HINES QUALIFIED TO BOSS THE RAILS



Ability usually proves itself—so say friends of Walker D. Hines, new director general of railroads to fill the place vacated by Secretary McAdoo through resignation. Hines is both railroader and lawyer. He was formerly chairman of the Santa Fe before taking the place as assistant to McAdoo during the war.

Uncle Sam Says Corporations Must Get Their Business on a Cash Basis

WE WISH TO EXTEND OUR THANKS TO OUR MANY PATRONS FOR THE PAST YEAR.

We hope to be able to serve you in a more efficient manner in the future.

Owing to the demand of the Government for ready cash, we are forced to handle our business to comply with their orders.

Hereafter all accounts become due the first of each month.

Fuel C. O. D. The Yard Health and Prosperity to All. Yours to serve

Tum-A Lum Lumber Co. LEXINGTON AND IONE