BREEZY NEWS NOTES OF WHEELER

We get a little rumbling once in a while, of the disbanding of the society known as "less government in business, and more business in the bread line," organized sometime in the first part of November, 1921. We welcome its disbanding.

C. Nelson, an old and well liked citizen of Wheeler, was taken to Portland Sunday morning, to be treated for blood clot on the brain, having been unconsious for three days. An early recovery is sincerely hoped for.

We are glad to anounce that the vacancy in our school room, caused by the resignation of Miss Fellows, of the eighth grade, has been ably supplied by the employment of Mr. Canterbery of Monmouth, Wash.

Miss Myrtle Mortenson teacher of the 3rd and 4th grades, was detained for a while at home on account of sickness, is again on the job.

The Wheeler Dramatic Club is to have a Minstrel show soon, composed local talent. Watch the papers.

Amos Ross, we are glad to chronicle, is soon to be home very much improved in health, after taking medical treatment at Tillamook.

Miss Alice Daniel, who is in Portland because of illness, is reported about the same.

Brighton Camp Four will soon be running again, after replacing the buildings that burned last week.

BLAINE NEWS ITEMS

The surprise party on Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin and Earl was a success. Fifty-two were at dinner and every one had a good time.

Earl Ayre took his daughter Gwendolyne out to Tillamook Saturday to have her tonsils removed.

O. M. Burbank was in Tillamook Saturday.

Thomas Bedortha was called back to Portland to resume his work at Montgomery-Ward & Co.

L. P. Gray is reported some better. Adam Lapen Jr. is improving.

MEDITATIONS OF A SCRUB BULL

They call me a scrub bull; yet I have a pedigree. I was sired by a scrub, dam'd by a scrub and am treated like a scrub. My tribe outnumbers pure bred bulls four to one. Just why I should exist is a mystery to me. Yet I am not responsible for it. I was brought into the world without my consent and I shall probably leave it against my will. In the meantime I am getting the most vicious publicity, principally through the farm press. They say I am a renegade and an abomination, and should be exterminated. Dairymen passing my owner's farm look at me with contempt; even the cows show me no respect. My own daughters seem to hold a grudge against me, saying that I am responsible for their low production. I cannot argue the point, for it is true. But what can I do? My owner must think a lot of me personally, or he would not continue to support me, notwithstanding that I can never improve the quality of his herd, or be a source of profit to him. These cow testing associations are certainly showing me up, and I can see the handwriting on the wall. My tribe is doomed. Under the keen competition and low prices of good pure bred bulls there will soon be no place on the farm for me. So, good-bye. I may be gone but not forgotten, for I have retarded the development of the dairy industry for many years.

—J. E. D.

Prometheus

The word Prometheus, the name of a character in Grecian mythology, means forethought, and forethought is the father of invention. According to the Grecian tradition, Prometheus taught man the use of fire, and instructed him in architecture, astronomy, mathematics, writing, rearing cattle, navigation, medicine, the art of prophecy, working metal, and, indeed, every art known to man. The tale is that he made man of clay, and, in order to endow his clay with life, stole fire from heaven and brought it to earth through a hollow tube. Zeus, who in Grecian mythology corresponded to Jupiter in the Roman mythology, in punishing Prometheus, chained him to a rock, and sent an eagle to consume his liver daily. During the night it grew again, and thus the torment of Prometheus was ceaseless, until Hercules shot the eagle, and unchained the captive.

Sound Made by Crickets.

The tones given forth by insects are, most of them, so extremely high as to be imperceptible by human ears, scientists say. The peculiar chirping sound uttered by the male cricket is made possible by the circumstance that the left wing cover is almost entirely covered by the right wing cover. This enables the insect to draw the right wing with an indented cross vein across a smooth outstanding vein on the top of the lower wing cover, with much the same motion as that of the bow of a fiddle. The sound thus produced is extremely faint in itself, but it is greatly strengthened by means of four resonant bits of parchment-like skin so that it can be heard for a distance of about 230 feet.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

I wish to cal the attention of all owners of dogs in Tillamook County to a recent decision by the Supreme Court, holding the dog license law constitutional. This law provides that all owners shall procure a license for their dogs during the month of January of each year. Failure to comply with this statute, is a misdeamor and subjects the owner to a fine and any unlicensed dog is to be killed under the provisions of the law.

License can be sucured from the County Clerk and you are respectfully urged to attend to this matter without delay.

JOHN ASCHIM

Sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, has been appointed administrator of the estate of Amanda Edmunds, deceased, by the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present their claims to the undersigned, with the proper vouchers thereto, at the law office of Webster Holmes, Attorney for said estate, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 18th day of January, 1922.

G. A. EDMUNDS,
Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Fred Paquet, deceased, has filed his final account with said estate in the County Court, of Tillamook County, Oregon, and that said Court by its order, made and entered on the 11th. day of January, 1922 has fixed and appointed the 13th. day of February, 1922, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day and in the County Court room, in the County Court house in Tillamook City, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing thereof and final settlement. And all persons are hereby notified to then and there appear and make objections thereto if any they have.

Dated this 11th. day of January, 1922.

R. N. HENKLE, Administrator of the estate of Fred Paquet, deceased.

Some Aspects of the Farmers' Problems

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

(Reprinted from Atlantic Monthly)

I

The whole rural world is in a ferment of unrest, and there is an unparalleled volume and intensity of determined, if not angry, protest, and an ominous swarming of occupational conferences, interest groupings, political movements and propaganda. Such a turmoil cannot but arrest our attention. Indeed, it demands our careful study and examination. It is not likely that six million aloof and ruggedly independent men have come together and banded themselves into active unions, societies, farm bureaus, and so forth, for no sufficient cause.

Investigation of the subject conclusively proves that, while there is much overstatement of grievances and misconception of remedies, the farmers are right in complaining of wrongs long endured, and right in holding that it is feasible to relieve their ills with benefit to the rest of the community. This being the case of an industry that contributes, in the raw material form alone, about one-third of the national annual wealth production and is the means of livelihood of about 40 per cent of the population, it is obvious that the subject is one of grave concern. Not only do the farmers make up one-half of the nation, but the well-being of the other half depends upon them.

So long as we have nations, a wise political economy will aim at a large degree of national self-sufficiency and self-containment. Rome fell when the food supply was too far removed from the belly. Like her, we shall destroy our own agriculture and extend our sources of food distantly and precariously, if we do not see to it that our farmers are well and fairly paid for their services. The farm gives the nation men as well as food. Cities derive their vitality and are forever renewed from the country, but an impoverished countryside exports intelligence and retains unintelligence; only the lower grades of mentality and character will remain on, or seek, the farm, unless agriculture is capable of being pursued with contentment and adequate compensation. Hence, to embitter and impoverish the farmer is to dry up and contaminate the vital sources of the nation.

The war showed convincingly how dependent the nation is on the full productivity of the farms. Despite herculean efforts, agricultural production kept only a few weeks or months ahead of consumption, and that only by increasing the acreage of certain staple crops at the cost of reducing that of others. We ought not to forget that lesson when we ponder on the farmer's problems. They are truly common problems, and there should be no attempt to deal with them as if they were purely selfish demands of a clear-cut group, antagonistic to the rest of the community. Rather should we consider agriculture in the light of broad national policy, just as we consider oil, coal, steel, dyestuffs, and so forth, as sinews of national strength. Our growing population and a higher standard of living demand increasing food supplies, and more wool, cotton, hides, and the rest. With the disappearance of free or cheap fertile land, additional acreage and increased yields can come only from costly effort. This we need not expect from an impoverished or unhappy rural population.

It will not do to take a narrow view of the rural discontent, or to appraise it from the standpoint of yesterday. This is peculiarly an age of flux and change and new deals. Because a thing always has been so no longer means that it is righteous, or always shall be so. More, perhaps, than ever before, there is a widespread feeling that all human relations can be improved by taking thought, and that it is not becoming for the reasoning animal to leave his destiny largely to chance and natural incidence.

Prudent and orderly adjustment of production and distribution in accordance with consumption is recognized as wise management in every business but that of farming. Yet, I venture to say, there is no other industry in which it is so important to the public—to the city-dweller—that production should be sure, steady, and increasing, and that distribution should be in proportion to the need. The unorganized farmers naturally act blindly and impulsively and, in consequence, surfeit and dearth, accompanied by disconcerting price-variations, harass the consumer. One year potatoes rot in the fields because of excess production, and there is a scarcity of the things that have been displaced to make way for the expansion of the potato acreage; next year the punished farmers mass their fields on some other crop, and potatoes enter the class of luxuries; and so on.

Agriculture is the greatest and fundamentally the most important of our American industries. The cities are but the branches of the tree of national life, the roots of which go deeply into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So, when we of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of six billion dollars in the farm value of their crops in a single year, of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills, they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets, and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them as economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being seekers of special privilege. Rather, we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if for no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to "normalcy." But is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges; but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on an equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?

II

Let us, then, consider some of the farmer's grievances, and see how far they are real. In doing so, we should remember that, while there have been, and still are, instances of purposeful abuse, the subject should not be approached with any general imputation to existing distributive agencies of deliberately intentional oppression, but rather with the conception that the marketing of farm products has not been modernized.

An ancient evil, and a persistent one, is the undergrading of farm products, with the result that what the farmers sell as of one quality is resold as of a higher. That this sort of chicanery should persist on any important scale in these days of business integrity would seem almost incredible, but there is much evidence that it does so persist. Even as I write, the newspapers announce the suspension of several firms from the New York Produce Exchange for exporting to Germany as No. 2 wheat a whole shipload of grossly inferior wheat mixed with oats, chaff and the like.

Another evil is that of inaccurate weighing of farm products, which, it is charged, is sometimes a matter of dishonest intention and sometimes of protective policy on the part of the local buyer, who fears that he may "weigh out" more than he "weighs in."

A greater grievance is that at present the field farmer has little or no control over the time and conditions of marketing his products, with the result that he is often underpaid for his products and usually overcharged for marketing service. The difference between what the farmer receives and what the consumer pays often exceeds all possibility of justification. To cite a single illustration. Last year, according to figures attested by the railways and the growers, Georgia watermelon-raisers received on the average 7.5 cents for a melon, the railroads got 12.7 cents for carrying it to Baltimore and the consumer paid one dollar, leaving 79.8 cents for the service of marketing and its risks, as against 20.2 cents for growing and transporting. The hard annals of farm life are replete with such commentaries on the crudeness of present practices.

Nature prescribes that the farmer's "goods" must be finished within two or three months of the year, while financial and storage limitations generally compel him to sell them at the same time. As a rule, other industries are in a continuous process of finishing goods for the markets; they distribute as they produce, and they can curtail production without too great injury to themselves or the community; but if the farmer restricts his output, it is with disastrous consequences, both to himself and to the community.

The average farmer is busy with production for the major part of the year, and has nothing to sell. The bulk of his output comes on the market at once. Because of lack of storage facilities and of financial support, the farmer cannot carry his goods through the year and dispose of them as they are currently needed. In the great majority of cases, farmers have to entrust storage—in warehouses and elevators—and the financial carrying of their products to others.

Farm products are generally marketed at a time when there is a congestion of both transportation and finance—when cars and money are scarce. The outcome, in many instances, is that the farmers not only sell under pressure and therefore at a disadvantage, but are compelled to take further reductions in net returns, in order to meet the charges for the service of storing, transporting, financing, and ultimate marketing—which charges they claim, are often excessive, bear heavily on both consumer and producer, and are under the control of those performing the services. It is true that they are relieved of the risks of a changing market by selling at once; but they are quite will

(Continued to next week)

Had Human Instinct.

Funny things you hear on the streets. The other day a little negro boy stopped at the Murray Transfer office with a rat in a wire cage. Several men about town were seated there and discussed Mr. Rat pro and con. Finally one of them said, "Bob, why do you suppose that rat sticks his head out through the wires?" "That's easy, said Bob, "He wants to telephone for a lawyer."—Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

Place of Cabbages and Snakes.

Cabbages and snakes are the chief features of New Year Island, a tiny speck in the Bass Strait, between Australia and Tasmania. The cabbages are twelve feet high. In four months two soldiers killed 1,050 snakes.

Ancient Love of Music.

Excavations in Egypt show a shepherd of 6,000 years ago playing a leather-covered lute. On one side is his dog, on the other a lamb. Love of music was a characteristic of the earliest civilizations.