

# The Glasgow Courier

Published Every Friday at  
GLASGOW, MONTANA  
Succeeding the Valley County Independent

T. J. HOCKING, Publisher.



Entered at the Postoffice at Glasgow, Montana,  
as second class matter October 6th, 1911

TELEPHONE - 44  
SUBSCRIPTION - \$3.00

Advertising rates for weekly, monthly and  
yearly contracts furnished upon application.

## POLITICAL BUNK IN LARGE CHUNKS

The Nonpartisan League is expanding on a large scale, according to Walter Thomas Mills of Berkeley, California, and T. P. Doyle of Minneapolis.

The new political movement in California is to be financed by a million dollar fund. Mills is state organizer and Doyle is national organizer of the League.

At a recent mass meeting in San Francisco, Mills said that no attempt would be made to interfere with the programs of the Socialist party or the Farmer-Labor party and that no candidates would be placed in the field in California by the Nonpartisan League until 100,000 families had been pledged to League support in the state.

The League's purpose, he declared, "is to gather in a single body the useful people through a federation of agricultural, industrial, commercial, professional and other occupational self governing departments—a body strong enough to get possession of the state government of California and all its political subdivisions in order to use its public power and resources to protect and promote trade union activities, public enterprises and cooperative undertakings."

"Its membership shall not be deemed sufficient unless 40,000 of them shall be farmers and 40,000 wage earners."

One of the main groups will be formed by housewives, Mills said, and after the next election he expects to train hundreds of women in regard to the theories of the Nonpartisan League and send them on a house to house canvass throughout all California.

This is a wonderful program and should enable Mr. Mills and his solicitors to collect \$10 from everyone of the "useful people" whom the League approaches.

To a man familiar with the workings of the Nonpartisan League, it is easy to discern behind this camouflage of words, the socialistic program of League leaders to socialize, as far as possible, California, both politically and industrially.

It is safe to say that the \$500,000,000 state power project scheme will secure the solid backing of the League organization and will be one of its main arguments for securing contributions.

The regrettable feature of the situation is that the "single body of useful people" which will comprise the League cannot be left in California by themselves to finance their wonderful state ownership propositions, pay the tax bills thus created, and have all the pleasures and benefits which will result (?) from a socialized state such as they propose.

Apparently these "useful people" are not satisfied with the result of the experiments which have practically wrecked North Dakota and instead of living there, they wish to try the experiment again father west.

If these "useful people" should be as successful in establishing their reign of mismanagement along socialistic lines as they were in North Dakota, the unfortunate citizens of California who are not "useful people" and members of the League would find that after the fire works were over they would be left to pay the bills for the experiments of the "useful hundred thousand."

It seems impossible to conceive that the voters of California can be fooled by the political bunk which professional League organizers hand out at \$10 per member, especially when all these organizers can point to as testimonials is a record of League failures, bankruptcies and political wrecks in every section and state where it has met any temporary political control.

## BUY SOMETHING MADE OF COPPER

We all remember the "Buy a Bale of Cotton" slogan during the war when cotton industry was languishing, and we have not forgotten that the cotton growers and workers in the cotton fields received encouragement and assistance from the putting into practice of that slogan.

Our mountain states contain some of the greatest copper mines in the world and the business of cities of considerable size rises or falls with the prosperity of dullness of the copper industry.

There is no question as to the ultimate prosperity of this industry, for copper is indispensable in the work of the world, but meanwhile there is a dull period during which it is coming back.

We cannot all buy a "bale" of cop-

per but we can assist by buying something made of copper. Many useful household utensils are made largely of copper, and ornaments of copper make handsome decoration for the home. In its refined, polished state the red metal is beautiful, and articles made of it last through generations.

Some of us can remember grandmother's copper kettle, prized with her most valued household possessions, and how she was filled with anxiety when she loaned it to a neighbor to make apple butter, fearing that some careless person might permit it to become burned in the bottom. Her relief was great when it came back in good shape.

## GOOD BANKING FOR DEVELOPMENT

There is no question as to where banks stand on the big broad proposition of helping the farmers and industry.

Banks back the big constructive movements for the development of the whole country.

In financing the movement of crops and livestock the banking interests have been ready and willing to do their part.

Banks in all sections of the country have helped finance, purchase and distribute dairy cattle.

Hundreds of calf clubs and pig clubs have been organized and thousands of boys and girls are learning to become producers.

The modern bank believes in safe and sane co-operation with the producer so far as is consistent with sound banking.

## FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES

### Cheap German Goods.

The astoundingly cheap goods the Germans are making and offering for sale and selling all over the world will surprise Montanans when they read the statements of Mr. L. O. Evans, chief counsel for the Anaconda Copper company in the state, made at Anaconda recently in a speech delivered before the Anaconda Rotary club, and will impress everybody with the need for protective tariff walls or embargoes upon such goods. It is difficult to see how anything but an embargo can exclude them from this country.

The Anaconda Standard, in reporting the Rotary meeting and Mr. Evans' talk, said:

Mr. Evans produced a safety razor or frame and a pocket tool case, both made in Germany, and which he had purchased in New York. The razor closely resembled the American model that formerly sold for \$5 and once as low as \$3.50. It was in three pieces, nickel plated and inclosed in a nickel-plated, push-lined case. The workmanship was excellent. Mr. Evans said that this article had been sold by the German manufacturer to the American importer for 8 cents. Mr. Evans had purchased the case and six American razor blades which fitted the German frame in New York for 59 cents.

Also he exhibited to the Rotarians a hollow cylinder, finely finished, containing a variety of small tools, of excellent grade of steel, gimlet, screwdriver, etc. This outfit is being sold to the wholesale trade in this country for 30 cents.

"These are only samples of German articles that are being sent to this country in great quantities," Mr. Evans said. "Prices on the other goods compare with these I have quoted to you. All kinds of manufactured articles are coming in tools, toys and musical instruments. They show what the Germans are doing."

The speaker told of rooms in the capitol at Washington where the tariff committee were giving their hearings filled with articles such as he had exhibited to the Rotarians. "It is the almost incredibly low German values as compared with ours which have given rise to the demands for American valuations, as the valuation of the articles in this country instead of their value abroad, or selling price," Mr. Evans said.

Mrs. Evans explained that cheapness of these German goods is due to low labor costs in Germany, and the huge value of American money over German money. Mr. Evans touched upon the American valuation plan, but even with that, it is impossible to understand how American manufacturers can compete with goods so very cheap.

If the German razor, sold for 8 cents, is valued for tariff taxation under the American valuation at \$5, and the tariff is 30 per cent, that will be \$1 added to the 8 cents, \$1.08 which the importer must pay for the German razor, the selling price of the American article in competition being \$5. It is hard to see how the American razor can compete without a prohibitive tariff or an embargo seems a puzzle.—Record-Herald.

**Business Is Business.**  
Business is business. The woolgrowers of Montana, Wyoming and other states, in their fight for the enactment of a national truth-in-fabric law, have discovered the fact, the opposition to the bill from the great manufacturers and business interests of the country thus far preventing it from becoming a law, with the present prospect that the committee report in the United States senate upon it, to be presently forthcoming, will be unfavorable. This fight eventually will be won by the woolgrowers, because their demand is based in justice, but it is not won yet.

The experience of the Wyoming Woolgrowers' association in their own

state, where the merchants have been unfriendly to a state truth-in-fabric law, and have done little to assist it in the marketing of pure wool blankets, indicates the county-wide interweaving of business interests and the power of the shoddy manufacturers who sell their products as new and pure wool fabrics.

All that the woolgrowers ask is that their interests be protected only to the extent that wool substitutes and shoddy—which is maerial from old rags or made over fabrics—shall not be sold under the dishonest pretense that they are new and pure wool. They are only demanding that the law require products of the manufacturers which are not first hand wool not to be falsely labeled first hand wool, but to be labeled what they really are. This will be no injustice to manufacturers or middlemen, but will be simple justice to woolgrowers and wool consumers.

It is easy to understand why the truth-in-fabric bill has such a hard fight. For decades, in fact since the beginning of cloth manufacturing in this country, shoddy and wool substitutes have been made into fabrics and the fabrics sold for wool. Hunted in factories engaged in this business. A truth-in-fabric law, compelling these factories to truthfully label their products doubtless will have an injurious effect upon their business.

However, just because they have been established upon an injustice to the woolgrowers and the wool consumers, and may be hurt by a rectification of that injustice, is no reason why the injustice should be perpetuated forever.

### Newberry Retains His Seat.

By a vote of 46 to 41 the senate yesterday upheld Truman H. Newberry in his fight for his seat in that body. It has been a bitter, long drawn out contest, covering more than three years. Though ending in favor of the senator, the victory is a hollow one. It can be nothing else with so many of his own party voting against him. Their opposition, to be sure, was not aimed at Senator Newberry himself, but rather was because of the complication of the whole matter, involving a great trial at law in which the verdict went against him, though afterward it was reversed.

Moreover, it has been the conviction of his political friends who opposed him in this contest in the senate that he should have resigned his seat and taken his case back to the people of his state for their verdict. This was the contention of the New York Herald, though holding the most friendly feeling for Senator Newberry, and it still thinks he should do this very thing. The retention of his seat in the circumstance cannot be worth while.—New York Herald.

### COOLIDGE SAYS "LET'S GO!"

Vice President Coolidge on the first of January wrote a letter at the request of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, so optimistic that it deserves a wider circulation than the Journal was in a position to accord it. The body of the letter reads:

"There are may increasing indications that this nation is at the beginning of a greatly increased prosperity. There has been a drastic deflation of all kinds of merchandise, which appears to be completed. There are many things selling below the cost of production. There is a large reserve of money in the banks. The rate of interest has declined. Every appearance indicates that business has reached a stable foundation. There has not been a complete economic international readjustment, but the foundation has been laid for it in the existence of the most complete and friendly understanding which ever existed between the nations of the world. The Washington Conference made a remarkable contribution to this end. The period of reaction is done. The time for prosperity is at hand. The material conditions have been completed. To all this let the faith of man add prosperity."

It was William James' idea that a man ran, not because he was afraid of the bear, but that he was afraid of the bear because he ran. Business has long been in a bearish mood because of the Wilson aftermath when the conscience of an Administration made cowards of us all. We should turn the other way and put a little bull into business.

### INCOME TAX IN NUTSHELL.

**WHO?**—Single persons who had net income of \$1,000 or more, or gross income of \$5,000 or more. Married couples who had net income of \$2,000 or more, or gross income of \$5,000 or more.

**WHEN?**—March 15, 1922, is final date for filing returns and making first payments.

**WHERE?**—Collector of internal revenue for the district in which the person lives, or has his principal place of business.

**HOW?**—Full directions on Form 1040A and Form 1040; also the law and regulations.

**WHAT?**—Four percent normal tax on taxable income up to \$4,000 in excess of exemption. Eight per cent normal tax on balance of taxable income. Surtax from 1 per cent to 65 per cent on net incomes over \$5,000 for the year 1921.

Mexican sombreros of the best quality are so costly that it would take a year's wages of a workman to buy one.

## Nature Acts as Cupid

By CLAIRE SMITH.

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"Why don't you and the Widow Wilson get hitched?" his cronies would ask of William Youkum at the village store. And Youkum, with a sudden flash of anger in his blue eyes, would answer:

"I don't go courtin' no women. When they want me let 'em send for me."

All of which would duly find its way to the Widow Wilson's ears through the wives of the various auditors of Youkum's ultimatum. Nevertheless it did seem strange that two old friends should live in chilly isolation upon neighboring ranches. Their children had grown up together and everybody had expected them to get married. Then Wilson had come along and snatched Adeline Farley out of Youkum's hand—almost literally, for the bans had been announced when the startling news came from Kansas City that the pair were man and wife. Old Farley forgave his daughter and took her home when Wilson deserted his young bride; but Youkum never got over it.

Youkum had never married. Gossip averred that he and the widow would soon come together, even though a bitter enmity seemed to rage between them. But Youkum was proud as well as shy. Thus, when he was twitted, he returned the answer given above.

"I should think, Adeline, that a comparatively young woman like you would think of marrying again," her friends would say, thinking of her neighbor.

"If it's Will Youkum you're thinkin' of," Mrs. Wilson answered, "you're all dead wrong. When a man wants to come courtin' me, let him come and ask me. I don't go out of the way to invite any man into my home. 'I'll never enter her home until she asks me," was Youkum's answer, and the two stood pat. Thus matters ran along for a year after Adeline's return.

March came, snowy and blustering. The winds were incessant. Youkum was harnessing his horse for the first plowing one day when he felt a violent blow on the back of the head. He lapsed into unconsciousness.

He opened his eyes ages later, as it seemed, and the first thing that lit upon was the Widow Wilson.

He was lying in bed in a darkened room, and she sat by his side. Her eyes were red from crying. Youkum endeavored to sit up.

"Hush!" she said, gently pressing him backward. "You have been very ill. You must lie still."

The widow, in his house! Youkum had often pictured the possibility of such an occurrence, but now, to his surprise, his sensation was one of shame.

"Adeline," he said, timidly, "it all seems like a dream to me."

Adeline was silent, but he could see that she, too, was moved.

"It seems as though we hadn't been parted these five and twenty years, Adeline," he resumed.

"Why did you marry Wilson, dear?" asked the man.

"I guess because I was a fool, Will," she answered.

"And you couldn't manage to care for me just the least bit, could you, Adeline?" he asked.

The widow was tracing out the pattern upon the counterpane. "Why wouldn't you come to see me?" she asked, suddenly.

"I guess for the same reason that you started Wilson," he answered. "You stubborn, as you are. But I'm sorry. Any when I think that it was you who gave me and came to me, it just makes me feel cheap. Did they get the robbers?"

"Robbers? What robbers?" asked Adeline, looking at him curiously.

"Where do you think you are, Will?" inquired the Widow Wilson.

"Why, at home, of course," he answered. "Where else should I be? But I see you've changed the furniture round, haven't you?"

The Widow Wilson was laughing and crying hysterically. Youkum looked at her in wonder.

"Don't you know that when our fathers built their homes they made them both the same and got the same kind of furniture?" she asked when she had recovered her self-possession.

"You mean—that I'm in your house, Adeline?" he cried. "Who brought me here?"

"You brought yourself, my dear, yesterday morning. There weren't any robbers, Will, it was a cyclone. Picked you up from your plow and carried you nicely through the air and plunked you down beside me on a bed of hay I'd pulled down for Bessie and her calf. If that plow hadn't toppled over on your head—"

But the Widow Wilson did not have a chance to finish just then for William Youkum had caught her in his arms with surprising strength for a sick man to show; and you can't talk when you are being kissed, they say.

When a native dies at Arowl, Australia, his wife is killed. Her arms are plucked by two other married women, who sit on her legs. A strong rope from plaited fibres is placed round her neck and drawn taut by four men, two on each side, until the blood oozes from the nose and mouth. At this juncture a man places one hand underneath the victim's chin, and the other on the top of her head, and twists the head until the neck is broken. The belief is held that unless the wife is killed the man will not reach the Arowl equivalent for Heaven, but if both die they immediately go there.

How Could the Poor Boob Know? He (looking into shop window)—Are they bathing outfits or ballet costumes? She—Why, John, do you think anybody would show themselves in such a bathing suit? These are evening gowns.

## GRIND FEED INTO MONEY

With market conditions as they are this year in both grains and cattle, a great many farmers will find it necessary to feed their grain if they are to make any profit at all out of it. Cattle feeding authorities are practically unanimous in saying that greater value can be gotten out of ground feed than unground when used for feeding purposes. Experiment station figures tend to prove that both cattle and hogs gain in weight much faster when fed the ground food and that the increased gain in weight accomplished through this practice will pay a high rate of interest on an investment in a grinder.

The power for operating the grinder is, of course, an important thing and the man who has a gas engine or tractor is fortunate. Ordinarily, about four bushels of corn or 2 1/2 bushels of oats will be handled by the ordinary mill for each horse power operating it. A tractor is thus seen to give ample power for operating almost any grinder that the average farmer would have in his equipment.

A distinct advantage of feed grinding is that it gives valuable employment to the tractor at a time when it might otherwise not be busy.

## PRESIDENT RECALLS THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By George R. Holmes

Washington, Jan. 25.—Sometimes, in the stress and turmoil of international conferences, treaties, agricultural blocs, tax legislation and other ills that a president of the United States is heir to, Warren G. Harding wishes he could slip back to the "Good Old Days."

The "Good Old Days" were those when the great American dollar was a power in the land, and a thing to be looked up to and not down upon. The "Good Old Days" were those in which a dollar would buy a dollar watch or 20 fairly good cigars, to say nothing of what it would accomplish in the way of entertainment.

Recently, during a fanning bee with "other newspaper men," the president puffing a sweetly odorous pipe, waxed reminiscent and spun a tale which should go down in all the economic primers of the land. While a great deal of the charm is lost in the retelling, the story intrinsically is worth much as evidence of what the dollar once would accomplish. Substantially, the president told the story as follows:

"This was back in the days when the Marion Star first became affluent enough to afford a reporter. Before that day I had been the editor, the reporter, the advertising man and quite a bit besides.

"Our reporter—let's call him Bill Jones—was the most ardent admirer of William Shakespeare I've ever seen. I had Shakespearean learnings myself in those days, being particularly partial to Julius Caesar. I've since lost some of my fondness for Caesar, but that is no part of this story.

"At any rate, a noted Shakespearean troupe came to Cleveland one week. Cleveland is about 100 miles from Marion. Bill yearned to go to Cleveland. He would have gone to Timbuctoo to see Shakespeare creditably acted. I had some yearnings about going myself. So we decided we would make it by a little financial manipulation. We planned to go on Saturday.

"In those days railroads used to issue passes to proprietors of newspapers. I had one myself, and one for my father. I figured we could get father's pass O. K.'d over to Bill for this trip, so I sent a request into headquarters to this effect.

"Came along Saturday morning, and the authorization had not come through. We were in somewhat of a fix. After paying off the Star force with the exception of Bill and Jack, the foreman, I had just \$16. The foreman's pay was \$10. So I went to Jack.

"Jack, I said, 'I've got money here to pay you, but I want to go up to Cleveland to see a show. How about letting me give it to you next week?'

"'It looks to me,' he said, 'if you've got money enough to run around to shows you ought to have money enough to pay your help.'

"Well, that made me mad, so I said, 'all right, take it.' But I decided to go anyway.

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Save your eyes.

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"I knew all the railroad boys on our division, so we went down to the station and climbed on the train for Cleveland, I with our \$6, one pass made out to Warren G. Harding and another to George T. Harding, my father.

"When the conductor came through I gave him the passes and explained that the authorization had not come through in time for Bill's using my father's pass. He knew me, and it was all right. Everything looked rosy.

"Then we got to Galion, 20 miles away. Galion in those days was the division point. They changed conductors there. When the new conductor came through I repeated my explanation. But it didn't get anywhere.

"Two-sixty," said the conductor, 'or off you go.'

"There wasn't anything to do but pay it. That left us \$3.40, and we landed in Cleveland with \$3.40.

"We went straight to the theater and bought two seats at a dollar apiece. That left us \$1.40 and 100 miles from home.

"I don't think I ever enjoyed a show more. Nor did Bill. We just fairly revelled in that show. We forgot that we had \$1.40 and were 100 miles from home.

"Coming out of the theater we started down the street, figuring how

we were going to get something to eat and a place to sleep and get back home.

"Looking for a match or something, I poked my finger in my watch pocket. And there, long forgotten, was a one-dollar bill. Never did a bill look so big. It was monumental. That gave us \$2.40.

"Well, we went down to an old but very good hotel, and with my heart in my mouth I asked how much it would be for us to spend the night, two in a room. The clerk said a dollar and a half. We took it.

"Next morning we rose, paid our bill, had a substantial breakfast for 25 cents apiece, had our shoes shined and purchased the morning papers.

"Then came the question of getting home. We went down to the station, and I said to Bill:

"There's nothing to it now. You're George T. Harding and that ends it." "Well, sir, we went through a flying. The conductor never glanced at Bill, posing as my father, and we landed in Marion some hours later, still with ten cents.

"There we had gone 100 miles from home, attended a theater, slept in a good hotel, had breakfast, had our shoes shined and read the news of the world in a leisurely fashion next morning—all for less than \$7.

"And those," sighed the president of the United States, "were the Good Old Days."



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