

Fine Business, Indeed!

A gentleman who "earns" his living by watching the stock ticker, and who is forever grumbling about the cost of living, told us the other day that if Congress wasn't a darned fool this high price agricultural combine would be broken wide open in a few years. He said:

"Why a Congressman got up and wanted to exclude the Japs because they work twenty hours a day in their fields, and run out the white farmers. Fine business; that's the way to get cheap food; let the Japs have a chance, and if they can raise our food for us cheaper than we can, let them raise it."

Fine business indeed, for the Jap. California fruit growers, some years ago, tried the system. They contracted with Japanese to gather their crops. At first they saved money, had plenty of skilled help when they wanted it; everything was lovely and a white man couldn't find a job in the entire district.

And about the time the Japanese had a monopoly of the fruit harvesting, about the time the hops had to be picked, and the raisins dried, and the oranges packed, and the small

fruits gathered, why there was a hundred per cent uplift in the Japs' price, and the white growers could take it, or let their crops rot on trees, and bush, and vine.

The result was that Mr. Jap busted a number of American ranchers wide open, and took over the ruins, and today in numerous districts the Japanese monopolize the field.

And once they monopolized it, their motto is—all the traffic will bear.

About the worst thing that could happen to this country would be to become dependent for its daily bread on the good will of an alien population; any alien population.

And yet, if the American farmer be forced to compete on equal terms with workers who are willing to work for nothing, and board themselves until they can secure a monopoly, he must quit.

The old game of killing competition with low prices and then, once having secured a monopoly, milking the trade for double profits is as well known to the oriental as to any flustering pirate of high finance, who ever cornered a wheat market or an oil pipe line.

OH-H-H! THE FIRST FALL HAT!!



WHILE THE FIELDS DIE

There are certain long-whiskered theorists who are worrying about the probable result of allowing German labor to provide for reconstruction in the devastated area of France. It is on behalf of the French that they are worrying. They say so.

"What will become of the French working man?" they lament. "The German workman must be kept alive, if he is to work for France; he will have to draw wages, and the French workmen will be out of a job. If the Frenchman was allowed to do the work, then he could draw the wages; but with employment transferred to others he will starve."

There is a slight fallacy in this argument. If there was only a limited amount of work to be done in France, it might seem plausible, but the trouble in that country is a scarcity of men—not of jobs. It is essentially an agricultural country, and the fields of grain are rotting away for lack of harvest hands. Almost every square foot which would produce anything has been planted, and the crops are going to ruin.

If every man, woman and child lent a hand in the fields, the situation could not be saved at this date. And France must keep up a large army to provide a human bulwark against German military ambition where the demobilization of the British and American armies leaves the rampart unguarded.

The long-whiskered theorists need not worry about the French workingman's job. He has all the job he needs for the next fifty years. But it isn't the French workingman whom the whiskered altruists really wish to protect.

It is really the German with whom they are sympathizing. This is just one more of the numerous comic disguises with which the pro-Germans try to hide their identity.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Old Man Doodle says his noodle is full of hoodle—when he dreams. Some with us. But, sad to relate, we have been unable to induce our estimable groceryman to accept a check on dreamland for his pestiferous monthly account.

Some day, let us hope, the league to enforce peace, will produce something besides a political scrap. Among German generals a popular pastime consists of telling each other how they won the war by crying "enough."

Women's skirts, they tell us, are to be much shorter, but let us hope the hosiery will remain full length. Eye strain is too expensive these days.

Yes, the airship is a wonderful invention—until it takes a tumble.

Some men are born tired, some become tired, while others are too darned lazy to even get tired.

We have a faint recollection that once upon a time a man went wabbling down our main street and people said he was boozy. But, then, that was a long, long time ago.

They say, however, that the devil is much concerned over the future of his realm. He has no place vile enough for a profiteer.

Shoe Styles Every Stitch Yank.



One lesson that the war taught America was that we were not depending upon Europe one half as much for style ideas as was popularly supposed. The new summer and fall shoes have proved this out, because, while Paris style leaders were trying to shove the Cuban heel down our throats, American women are going their merry way, with the graceful high heel in pump and shoe that is 100 per cent Yank. Milady is here shown hanging out a line of seasonable hose—but it's not a wash—instead the newest in woven transparent patterns and a few embroidered styles.

Our halls are full of all sorts of VALE EDITOR VISITS US ON WAY TO CONFERENCE

Have, drink, brother? That's yourself. The editor of the Vale Enterprise, stopped over in this city last Saturday night while on their way for a sight-seeing trip through the Cascade Mountain section while en route to attend the National Editorial Association meeting in Portland. They were making the trip in a Ford car and intended going by way of Crater Lake and through the Umpqua Valley on down to Portland. The Carrys are pleasant newspaper folks and are wide-awake to the game, producing the best weekly paper in all of Eastern Oregon. They have a good field and that community is progressing in the way of development, especially along the line of irrigation, therefore they have a bright future. Harney county should profit by the example set by our neighbor.

Heaven's sake, it was admitted by the editor that he is an "independent" socialist. Well, we'll not dispute Henry—he ought to know.

Presidential bees are again buzzing around looking for the entrance to the official hive. We suspect, however, that some of them are only bumblebees.

This blamed stomach of ours is not a bit accommodating or considerate. Every time the price of foodstuffs take a fresh jump we get a sudden hungry spot.

Before congress confers any permanent high rank upon any officers, other than that which is already provided for in our regular army, let us have a report of the stewardship of such officers. Let us first know whether or not they are worthy of such honors in the way of lifelong promotions. The sons of the fathers and mothers must make up the next army, and it is but fair that these same fathers and mothers should know the mental calibre and qualifications of the officers who are to be placed in supreme command of their offspring.



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