

The Emmett Index

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CURRENT COMMENT

IN an address before the Farm Bureau at Leesburg, Va., recently, Henry Wallace, secretary of agriculture, gave some mighty interesting and enlightening figures which show that while other industrial classes may have cause to complain about economic conditions, the farmer has been hit hardest by deflation. The figures show that in 1913 the average wage received for mining a ton of coal in the United States would buy 1.1 bushels of corn in Iowa, while in 1921 the average wage for mining a ton of coal would buy 2.5 bushels. In 1913 the miners' wage for mining a ton of coal would buy .7 of a bushel of wheat in North Dakota, and in 1921, .9 of a bushel. In short the miners' wage in 1921 would buy more of the necessities of life in the raw state than would the wages in 1913. The same thing was true of the railroad employees. The freight revenue a ton mile received by the railroads in Iowa in 1913 would buy 1.4 bushels of corn, while in 1921 the freight revenue a ton mile would buy 3.1 bushels. In 1913 the Iowa farmer could buy a ton of ordinary coal f. o. b. mines for the price of 2.4 bushels of corn; in 1921 it took 6.2 bushels to buy this ton of coal. While the purchasing power of the wage earners' wages in 1921 was from 30 to 50 per cent greater than in 1913, the purchasing power of the farmers' products was from 25 to 45 per cent less than in 1913. In short, the farmers make up the only class that cannot buy as much or more with their products than they could nine years ago. Secretary Wallace is not complaining that wages are too high; he is insisting that the farmer has been hardest hit. There is another thing that the secretary might have said: While the prices of the farmers' products have relatively largely declined his taxes have increased and so has the rate of interest he must pay. Before there can be permanent prosperity the farmer must prosper and before prosperity returns to him there are several readjustments that must be made. First, the prices of farm products must either be materially advanced or the prices of the things he must buy must be materially decreased. Second: Freight rates must be lowered so the cost of getting his products to market will be decidedly reduced. Third: The burden of taxes must be lessened. Fourth: Interest rates must come down to the point where the rate of interest on the money borrowed will not exceed the average net earnings on the farmers' capital.

ANOTHER sensible statement made by Secretary Wallace was that "the farmer calls upon capital and labor to cease their petty bickerings and resume production, trusting to American institutions and the American sense of fair play to see that justice is done to both of them." The advice may be good, but it is not likely to be followed. It is true that the farmer never strikes, but, after all, the farmer and laborer are in a different situation, for the farmer is working for himself, which makes all the difference in the world. The man working for himself neither strikes nor wants anybody else to strike. There is a hint in this of the solution of strikes. If the workingman can be brought to work for himself, while working under the direction of his employer, he will not want to strike either. Some large employers have succeeded in bringing this situation about, and are not vexed by strikes.

IF capital is unwilling to divide with labor it will not get work out of labor. If it offers nothing but a fixed wage for a fixed number of hours of work it will get a fixed product from labor and no more, not "loyalty," which labor does not owe and will not pay. If it is hired to work a fixed number of hours for a fixed wage it will give no more than the bargain calls for and not throw in loyalty, which the employer seems to think is part of the bargain. For loyalty—the best service labor can give—there must in justice and decency be a return. But it is worth any price that is paid for it.

SPEAKING of the present rail situation, it is the opinion of many hard-headed business men that the president could put a quick stop to the rail strike by giving notice that the administration will, at such cost as may be, rigidly and drastically enforce the laws that protect property and life, and that he has no thought of and will resent any plan for federal control and operation of the roads. On top of that let us have the blunt promise that the man who works and the man who rides and ships shall have the vigorous and far-reaching protection that the federal government can give if it will. That is what this country wants and waits for and expects. And that is what will give the rail strike its deathblow.

GOOD, honest, faithful work is worship. The man who ploughs the fields and tills the forests; the man who works in mines; the man who battles with the winds and waves out on the wide sea, controlling the commerce of the world; these men are worshippers. The man who goes into the forests leading his wife by the

hand, who builds a cabin, who makes a home in the wilderness, who helps to people and civilize and cultivate a continent, is a worshipper.—Robert G. Ingersoll.
Every town has several citizens who mutilate coins by squeezing them.
Some young fellows claim to be live wires when all they can do is to spark a little.
It will be a long, long time until the Literary Digest's straw ballot will show which way the foam blows.
This is a sad world. When the nights are fine for sleeping, the mornings are sure tough for getting up.
"We kin remember," says Abe Martin, "when women got their hair bobbed on account o' typhoid fever they kept out o' sight like a clipped collie."
When you are arranging your affairs to settle down and be comfortable the rest of your days, don't fail to hold on to a lot of your old shoes and your old friends.
"Bar, bar, black sheep, have you any boozee?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir, all you can use. I know a guy in Canada, or some such place, Who'll sell you all you want of it at sixty bucks a case."
"Was happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "It fell," cried the pupil. "And what became of Nineveh?" "It was destroyed." "And what of Tyre?" "Punctured."
Style is the only thing in this old world which could put a long skirt on a woman after she had been wearing a short one. Yes, style can lengthen their skirts, but by heck, it will take Old Man Time to lengthen their hair.
Women's dresses are to be longer, and after making all the men round-shouldered they are going to force them to wear braces. Besides, a lot of interesting scenery will be destroyed.
We have been yearning for some "light" summer reading. Yesterday we received through the mail a brochure on a sure method to grow rich by investing in a certain oil property and a marked copy of a June number of the Congressional Record. It was just like an answer to prayer.
"Bill," we remarked to Old Bill Misgives the other day, as he sat down on the exchanges piled in an adjacent chair, "we note that a lie detector has been invented." "Huh!" granted Old Bill; "it don't interest me. I've had one since the day I got married."
The radio language is on the way. A little Emmett girl, who has a brother who is a radio fan, also has a new baby brother. The other day a friend asked about the welfare of the baby. "Oh, he's all right," replied the little miss, "but he broadcasted all night."
No one has yet been able to tell why a chicken makes two scratches with one foot and one scratch with the other and then reverses feet on the second scratch. This puzzle should pass into history along with the query, always unanswered, of why a chicken crosses the road.
One of our vacationist friends returned the other day and told us some of his experiences in a crowded hotel. When he asked the clerk for his bill that individual asked, "Where did you sleep?" "On the billiard table," he informed the clerk. "Fifty cents an hour," he told our friend.
"They're telling this one on a couple of burglars who hit Boise not long ago: Said one to the other, as he came from the open window at midnight, "Did you get anything?" "Naw," his pard growled, "this is a lawyer's house." "That's tough," the first burglar sympathized; "did you lose anything?"
The smartest thing we ever heard said was by a good, motherly old soul whom everybody loves. She lost her husband a few years ago, and when asked why she never married again replied: "I have never happened to run across the man I would trade my pension for."
"In a few more years," runs a common prediction, "we shall all be traveling by air." Not only traveling in air, but probably living there altogether, using the earth only for a place to toss used cuds, cigar and cigarette stubs, soiled powder rags, old magazines and papers and other things.
The new carpet in the old church was not yet paid for, and debt stared the congregation in the face. The pastor advanced to the front of the platform and with fervor and determination announced: "We have tried every way we could think of to raise this money. We have had sociables and concerts, and we have done everything we could that was honest. Now we are going to try a bazaar

and box social."
Pat had been told by the sergeant that unless he made an arrest of some kind he couldn't keep his job on the force, so early one morning Pat came into the station with a little man in tow. "Well," said the sergeant, "I see you got somebody. What's the charge?" "He's charged with bigotry, yer honor." They proceeded to look over a list of charges, but could not find "bigotry." "It's not here," said the sergeant. "What's he been doing?" "Doing?" said Pat, "why, the runt has three wives." "Why," said the sergeant, "that's not bigotry, that's trigonometry."

I See That—

D'Annunzio, Italian poet-soldier-aviator, has been injured by a seven-foot fall from a window in his country home. After flying thousands of feet in the air in a plane without a mishap, he got dizzy looking down the seven feet from his living room window to the ground.
A boy 12 years old, sole heir to a 12 million dollar fortune, has to ask the judge for permission to buy radio sets from his estate. Lots of boys with only 12 cents take a spool and a bank of wire and build one of their own.
Down in Arkansas a candidate can give Mose Alexander a pointer or two in the campaign speech game. He said in a recent speech: "If elected I will tear down the mountains and spread them over the roads, rearrange the seven stars and grease the north pole."
Mathilde McCormick is reported to have married Max Oser, the famous horseman of Switzerland. And now we hear that Max is only a jockey on a merry-go-round.
A Paris flapper, wearing a wrist watch on the back of her neck, asks a man to tell her the time. The man says: "It's time to wash your neck."

A college student, experimenting in chemistry class, blows up building. Probably was some new recipe for home brew.
A New York laborer has been arrested for pouring scalding water on his wife. He must have taken her for a chicken.

TALES OF TOWN

THE CLOUD
To be the cloud for which men pray
When earth is parched by high sun's ray;
To be a breath of cooling breeze
When cities choke for wind of seas;
To be a dew on ripening grass
When hot days o'er the meadows pass
It must be fine, it must be sweet,
To heal the earth of withering heat!
To be a song when silence seems
A pain, an ache, a void of dreams;
To be a fragrance and perfume
When lives are longing for a bloom;
To be a kiss, a hug, a smile
That hearts have hungered for the while—
It must be fine to serve some end
Of sweetness for a human friend!
To be a star when night is dark;
To be a lyric when the lark
Has flown to other haunts of life;
To be a memory in some heart
That has grown weary of the strife—
It must be fine, O cloud, like thee
To bring the cool breath of the sea;
Or rose, to grace with beauty those
Whose lives are empty of the rose!
—Baltimore Sun.

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Extraordinary Special Terms During September on Electric Ranges
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Electric Shop--Idaho Power Co.

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