

TARIFF REDUCES FARM MARKETS

With Factories Closed Consumers Cannot Purchase.

CUBA WAS A BIG BUYER

Cannot Export Produce Unless Other Countries Can Sell Us.

By H. E. MILES,
Chairman of the Fair Tariff League.

In a small town in an agricultural section of the United States, not far from the Canadian border, there is a glove factory. This concern has been for years selling a large part of its product annually in Canada. Congress in the Emergency Tariff Act placed on goods imported from Canada a tariff so high that it made it unprofitable for the Canadians longer to sell their goods in the American market. The small town glove factory, among many others, lost its Canadian market and had to shut down.

It is an economic law that a nation buys where it sells. It must do this in order to have money to pay its bills in the country where the bills are contracted.

Canada being unable to sell her goods in this country was forced to sell her surplus elsewhere. Naturally, then, she supplied her needs in other markets. But this particular glove factory is important because of its effect on the prosperity of the nearby farmers.

The plight of this factory is an example of how the prosperity of every interest in this country is dependent upon the prosperity of practically every other interest. This glove factory is the mainstay of the town. Practically all the wage earners work there. When their means of livelihood was cut off their ability to purchase was gone.

The smaller farmers who had a ready market at their very doors for their butter and eggs and other farm products found it necessary to seek other and less satisfactory markets out of town. But when they got out into the world market they found that something was happening.

Everything they tried to sell was sold at a greatly reduced price, but everything that they attempted to buy they found was reduced only slightly in price or not reduced at all.

The Farmer Whipsawed

Many complicated factors enter into a situation of this kind, but one of the most important factors is the tariff. I have shown in a previous article that in at least two commodities, those of sugar and wool, the tariff protection accorded by the increased rates on these two commodities does not reach the farmer, but stops with and enriches the manufacturer.

There is a chemical plant in the state of New Jersey which makes a fertilizer product for the Cuban market. Cuba's sugar industry has been practically ruined by a 60 per cent increase in the tariff on raw sugar. Cuba is unable to buy the product of this chemical factory. One thousand men are out of work. The families of these one thousand men would use at least a thousand dozen of eggs a week and not less than a thousand pounds of butter and certainly not less than three thousand pounds of meat, all products of the American farmer.

But in the case of Cuba there is even a more direct loss of market to the farmer.

A glance at the trade reports shows that Cuba is one of the American farmer's most important customers. In 1920 Cuba purchased of us more than 50 per cent of all our exports of hogs, lard compounds, canned sausage, rice, potatoes, beans and onions. She ranked second among the nations in the purchase of our cattle, horses, mules, pickled pork, sausage other than canned, poultry, cheese, sweetened condensed milk, cocoa and prepared chocolate and corn. She ranked third in the purchase of hams and shoulders, miscellaneous canned meat products, hay and flour. Cuba bought from us during 1919 and 1920 over \$85,000,000 worth of truck gardening and farm products, over \$6,000,000 worth of live stock, over \$15,000,000 worth of dairy products, over \$60,000,000 worth of meat products, over \$63,000,000 worth of cotton cloth and over \$30,000,000 worth of manufactures of cotton.

Farmer Needs Cuban Market

It is pretty evident, then, that the American farmer needs his Cuban market. It is further quite clear that if this enormous quantity of surplus agricultural goods were dumped on the home market his prices would slump still more.

Now, where does Cuba get the money with which to purchase our goods? The answer is "sugar." Cuba produces 4,000,000 tons of sugar annually. This enormous crop is the mainstay of Cuban prosperity. If it falls her, she must go bankrupt. About one-half of her output of sugar she sells in the United States.

If an increased tariff makes it impossible for Cuba to sell her sugar in this country her power to buy goods here is going to be cut off.

We sold Cuba \$515,000,000 worth of goods in 1920, and a large part of these sales were manufactured products.

As in the case of the little town that was dependent upon the glove factory for its existence and could not buy its supplies from the surrounding farmers when the factory shut down, so in general, if American manufacturers are seriously injured by losing such an important market as Cuba, it is going to curtail the wages paid to labor and in turn will curtail the farmers' domestic market.

True Detective Stories

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WHEN Policeman William Lawrence of Bath, Me., was found in a dying condition—a bullet having drilled a hole through his lung—it was only natural that Dennis Tracey should take up the trail of the murderers. Tracey was Lawrence's closest friend on the force.

No one knew anything about the circumstances which led up to the crime, and, apparently, there was little hope of discovering any clue, because Lawrence, though not dead when discovered on the following morning, was extremely weak from exposure and loss of blood. According to the physicians, it was practically a certainty that he would die without recovering consciousness.

After leaving orders at the hospital that he was to be notified at once if his friend showed signs of being able to talk, Tracey visited the scene of the shooting in the hope of being able to find footprints or other evidence which would assist him in the search which he intended to make. The investigation, however, was entirely fruitless.

The dying policeman's revolver had been fired three times, but without effect—for Tracey found the bullets lodged in the rafters of a nearby warehouse, sufficiently close together to provide a hazy outline of the place from which Lawrence's assailant must have fired. So far as Tracey was able to reconstruct the affair, Lawrence had come upon some one trying to break into the warehouse, had probably warned him by a shot over his head and followed that by two other shots which failed to take effect. The burglar had then turned and fired point blank at the policeman, dropping him where he stood.

But who was the other man?

This was the question to which Tracey determined to devote as much time as necessary, the problem without a clue.

It was late the following night before Lawrence's condition showed any signs of change, and then only for the worse. The physicians gave him only a few hours to live, and Tracey hung continually over the bed, hoping for some word or sign which would provide an indication of the murderer's identity. Finally it came.

With an almost superhuman effort the dying officer raised himself on one elbow, and gathering every ounce of his fast-fading energy, whispered the single word:

"Wil-kin-son!"

Then he fell back, dead.

But that last word was enough. Had it not been Tracey who heard it, it would have meant nothing—for the two officers had been secretly working on a number of recent warehouse burglaries and they alone knew of the suspected connection of Daniel Wilkinson, son of a prominent New Hampshire family, with the one-man thefts. Now Tracey knew that not only was Wilkinson guilty of the burglaries, but of a far greater crime—the murder of Policeman Lawrence.

Putting himself in the place of the criminal, Tracey felt certain that the latter would not remain in or around Bath. He must have known that Lawrence had recognized him, and would fear that the dying man would find some way of imparting this knowledge. It was probable, therefore, that he would head for some hiding-place where he would be comparatively safe.

Knowing that Wilkinson's family, in an effort to whiten the character of the black sheep, had sent him to sea a number of years before, Tracey thought it likely that the fugitive would attempt to join the crew of a sailing vessel and lose himself in a foreign port. He accordingly warned the authorities of all the New England sea ports to be on the watch for a man of Wilkinson's description, and then, securing leave of absence, he took up the search—combing the waterfronts of every city and town from the Canadian border to Boston.

It was nearly six months later, after he had almost abandoned hope that Tracey wandered along the wharves at Bangor and spotted the man he wanted "porting" lumber into the schooner Good Intent, at the foot of the Railroad street wharf. With a sound the policeman edged his way along the dock until he was behind Wilkinson, and then dropped on top of his man, flattening him to the deck. Almost before he knew what had happened the fugitive found himself handcuffed and on his way back to Bath, there to be convicted of the murder of William Lawrence, after one of the hardest-fought legal battles in the history of the state.

The fact that, in the shadow of the prison wall at Thomaston, the state today a headstone bearing the number "2695," does not close the case, for there are many who claim that the murderer had powerful friends who succeeded in saving him from the gallows and helped spirit him out of the country into the Canadian Northwest. But Tracey, who is now homicide detective at a big Florida hotel, considers that he fulfilled his obligation to his dead friend, when, after months of patient searching, he located the man who was responsible for Lawrence's death and produced the evidence which led to his conviction.

"Maybe Wilkinson is still alive," says Tracey, "but the soul of Bill Lawrence and my conscience are both peaceful."

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