

Taxation, Capital and the Oregon Farmer

By BRUCE DENNIS,
Author of the Dennis Resolution.

During the heat and excitement of political campaigns and confusing statements that attend them we are apt at times to forget hard economic facts, and the bitter fruits of some pet "ism" that looked good in theory but do heavy damage in practice.



For this reason it is time to begin telling a few plain truths about land taxation, the incomes of our people, corporations and industries, and again to bring to mind the fact that capital does not need Oregon—but Oregon does need capital.

And the reason why we should continue to remind ourselves and our friends is because another effort is being made to force a state income tax upon our people despite the fact that practically the same tax cost many millions in capital and improvements to Oregon and the people of Oregon before it was repealed in 1924. We cannot expect a proved breeder of hard times to bring good times, because it can't be done. And here are a few of the reasons why:

In all of Oregon's 96,000 square miles there is an estimated population of only 825,000 people—less than 9 to the square mile. We have 55,157 farms—an average of one to every 15 people. We have only 2500 industries that employ five men or more—an average of one industry to every 330 people.

Out of Oregon's 825,000 people, 782,256 didn't have net incomes big enough to file income tax returns. Of the 42,545 who did, one-half of them showed earnings under \$3000 and only 311 had earnings in excess of \$10,000. Only one-fifth of Oregon's 5000 corporations made enough to file returns and of the 1073 reporting, 478 made less than \$5000, and only 183 made in excess of \$20,000.

Our farms and our industries are our two main sources for new wealth. They both face hard problems on account of scant and scattered population, long hauls, competition, insufficient capital, and heavy and ever-mounting taxes. If our farms are to prosper they have to secure outside money for loans and money to finance crops. If our industries are to develop they have to finance their purchases and payrolls. Both have to have markets and that means new people and more industries.

That is what the Dennis resolution is designed to do. It is an invitation for capital to come in and help us all out. We desperately need new money to open up the state. We have to have money for farm loans and no matter how pretty this talk sounds about state income tax we cannot escape the economic and unalterable fact that new capital which we require does not have to and will not come to Oregon unless we make it advantageous for it to do so.

We must remember that there are 120,000,000 people in the United States. Of them one hundred and nineteen million plus, live outside of Oregon. They have plenty of need for the same money in case we of Oregon don't show that we really want it. We tried it once—and before the people repealed the state income tax it cost us millions; drove industries, payrolls and taxable wealth out of Oregon and taxes still went up! Every farmer who had to borrow money knows what it did to him, too.

No forward thinking and constructive citizen wants that disaster to happen again.

Instead of making things hard for everybody—farmer, merchant, industrial worker and citizens in general, we want to have a purely economic problem taken out of politics. The way to do it is to vote no against both the Grange Income Tax Bill and Offset Tax Bill and vote yes for the Dennis resolution. By this means we guarantee to every citizen, industry, and to capital that there will be no income tax before 1940. It further guarantees to every family that they will not have to pay taxes on their savings when then their bread winner dies. It is a prosperity-making measure—it is sound business policy and deserves every progressive citizen's support.

Vote 306 X YES—Dennis Resolution.

Vote 329 X NO—Offset Income Tax Bill.

Vote 335 X NO—Grange Income Tax Bill.

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Youth Rides West by Will Irwin

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(Continued.)

"In the first place, gentlemen, the man who escaped a few minutes ago was my husband—Martin R. Deane. I married him in Providence five years ago."

A shuffle of feet changing position; a composite respiration like one long sigh.

"I think you will allow that a wife in any circumstances should do what she can to save her husband's life. Of course, you intend to kill him. I did not know until this morning what happened in town last night. Then I learned—suspected—that you had my husband in jail. I reached the jail while you were killing—the other man. I felt my husband had no chance. I saw an opportunity. And I released him."

Major Brown sat with his eyes on the cover of Judge Cowan's law book. Without looking up, he asked:

"Mrs. Deane, will you explain how you accomplished this? The jail was guarded, and Gilson had the keys."

"How does a woman make a man do anything? He was alone in front of the jail. The other guards were watching—what you were doing." Here she paused and drew a breath so deep, held it so long, that I thought she would never release it. Then, as though realizing that she must shrink from nothing, she went on. "The hanging, I mean. Mr. Gilson had captured my husband. He didn't know it was my husband. I told him. He is my friend. He did not want to break my heart. I begged him I treated him. I made him feel that if you—hanged—my husband, it would kill me. He unlocked the door. My husband got on Mr. Gilson's horse. He has told you differently. But if you believe him, you must believe that he was at least an accomplice in stealing a horse." How quick was her intelligence! I hadn't thought of that. "When he says it was some unknown horse, he is only trying to make my husband's escape more certain—trying to save me and mine. I cannot let him do that. He has done enough. He took his life in his hands like the gallant gentleman he is. But I made him do it. If I had asked—" She stopped there. What she had intended to say, what she had cut off with a little intake in her breath, I could supply. So, I think, could the rest. It was a boast of the power of her sex. "If I had asked any one of you—I with these eyes, I with this appeal of my youth and womanhood and goodness and grief—what would you have done?" Any man in the room must have read that in her silence.

Major Brown cut in with his dry, unemotional tone:

"Mrs. Deane, how much have you had to do with your husband's operations in this camp?"

For the first time her smooth pallor broke into color. As from a sudden, intense flame, a spot burned instantly on either cheek, was instantly gone.

"Allowing that my husband's business here was criminal—which I do not allow—I had nothing whatever to do with that. I have not communicated with him in any way except as I have told you. When we talked, it was only about coming home with me. I cannot prove this, of course. But you cannot prove the contrary." Again her cheeks grew vivid, melted to pallor.

"Gentlemen, I acted this morning on impulse; but if you hang anyone, you should hang me, I did not see the end of what I was doing. I did not know that I was putting in danger a fine, brave, good man, worth ten times—" Her voice broke a little here, but she caught back her sob. "And if you hang him, you must hang me. I do not care to live and realize what I have done. That's all." Firmly, Constantine sat down.

Major Brown lifted his face to the crowd, opened his mouth to speak. But Buck, shoving past Marens, stood before the table.

"Gentlemen," he said without the formality of addressing the court, "before we do any votin' I've got a few brief remarks to make concerning where we are at. This vigilance committee wasn't formed just to give the boys a treat. It was for somethin'. We wanted to make this here a decent camp. And we took the only way there was. Some day, I suppose, this here imperial state is goin' to come snoopin' round inquirin' into these proceedings. What'll they find? That we cashed five tarantulas that was better dead anyhow. No kick. Everybody satisfied. We've had that bunch looked up.

Goin' on any law that ever was, they all would 'a' got a long term an' most of 'em the rope. We've saved the state a heap of board. But you've struck a different question with the kid here. He's good, he's helped make this here camp. He was in on the carbonate discovery. He's been workin' on the paper fightin' the bunch of crooks that was runnin' us. He's got nerve. I know. It's all right to go up against a man with a gun in your hand. But I don't see myself tucklin' a handit barehanded like he done. I dunno why he turned this here Deane, alias Maxwell, loose. Maybe I'm guessin', as maybe you all are, but I don't know. Anyhow, if he did it, I'm bankin' he had a good reason, a d—n—"

Buck checked himself here vainly tried to bite off the profane word he had dropped in the presence of a lady.

No one answered him at first. Then Shorty gave a growl, preliminary to speech.

"Shut up, Shorty!" snapped Buck. If anyone wanted to know why it was called Hayden hill, not Croly's hill, the answer was here. For Shorty did shut up; and Buck continued:

"I ain't goin' to let it happen. Not if I can stop it. The vigilance committee has worked harmonious so far. If you go on with these proceedings, there's two of us will take objection, strong. Marens Handy and me, his partners. And I guess there'll be others. Boys, let's call this thing off. Of course, nobody expects to do anything to the lady. While we're at it, I don't see any sense in chasing that husband of hers—unless the boys have rounded him up already. We've got five out of six of the men we wanted. That's doin' d—mighty well." Buck paused as though searching his vocabulary for the proper parliamentary expression before he finished: "I mean that in the form of a motion."

"You make what in the form of a motion?" inquired Major Brown dryly.

"All them things," vaguely responded Buck.

It was a challenge. Buck's very physical attitude suggested that. Although he had finished speaking, he did not move away from before the table but stood there straight and poised, facing the crowd. From the belt round the waist of his store clothes hung his holstered .45-caliber revolver. His hand rested lightly, suggestively, on the butt. Voices broke out; some of them—but a minority, my hopes told me—angry, arguing, protesting.

Major Brown rapped the room to order.

"All in favor of hanging Robert Gilson for betraying the vigilance committee, say 'aye.'"

Silence.

"The 'noes' have it," announced Major Brown. "Unless there is a motion to the contrary, this court stands indefinitely adjourned." (To be continued.)

Overcoats Stolen From Car.

Overcoats belonging to W. A. Garoutte and R. H. Osborne were stolen from the Garoutte car one night recently while Mr. and Mrs. Garoutte and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne were in Eugene for a short time.

The car doors had been locked but one window was left partly open and through this the thief reached and unlocked the door. Mrs. Garoutte came near leaving a valuable fur coat in the car.

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ELECT
FREDERICK STEIWER
U. S. SENATOR

ELECT
I. L. PATTERSON
GOVERNOR



The election of Steiwer as U. S. Senator from Oregon is of national importance. By virtue of republican control of the senate Senator McNary holds the chairmanship of the important irrigation and agriculture committees. If the voters of this state should go so far afield as to elect a democrat it might mean a loss of republican control of the senate and a consequent surrender of Senator McNary's vital committee chairmanships.

A vote for Steiwer, the regular republican primary nominee, is a vote for republican control of national affairs.

Patterson is familiar with the problems that would confront him as Governor of Oregon. A farmer, he understands the problems of the farmer. A business man he knows the needs of business. He promises fair and just treatment for all. He will seek to lower taxes through a reduction of the cost of state government. He will not follow established precedent and spend most of his time away from the state capital.

Patterson will be your Governor, on the job, attending to the business of the state as it accrues.

STAND BY YOUR PARTY BY ELECTING
STEIWER AND PATTERSON
VOTE 15 X STEIWER, FREDERICK
VOTE 18 X PATTERSON, I. L.

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There's a Reason

Ninety-five per cent of all diseases originate at the points shown by the arrows. A slight displacement of one or more of your vertebrae probably is causing your trouble today.



1. Slight subluxations at this point will cause so-called headaches, eye diseases, deafness, epilepsy, vertigo, insomnia, wry neck, facial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, etc.
2. A slight subluxation of a vertebra in this part of the spine is the cause of so-called throat trouble, neuralgia, pain in the shoulders and arms, goitre, nervous prostration, la grippe, dizziness, bleeding from nose, disorder of gums, catarrh, etc.
3. The arrow head marked No. 3 locates the part of the spine wherein subluxations will cause so-called bronchitis, felons, pain between the shoulder blades, rheumatism of the arms and shoulders, hay fever, writers' cramp, etc.
4. A vertebral subluxation at this point causes so-called nervousness, heart disease, asthma, pneumonia, tuberculosis, difficult breathing, other lung troubles, etc.
5. Stomach and liver troubles, enlargement of the spleen, pleurisy and a score of other troubles, so-called, are caused by subluxations in this part of the spine, sometimes so light as to remain unnoticed by others except the trained Chiropractor.
6. Here we find the cause of so-called gall stones, dyspepsia of upper bowels, fevers, shingles, hiccough, worms, etc.
7. Bright's disease, diabetes, floating kidney, skin disease, boils, eruptions and other diseases, so-called, are caused by nerves being pinched in the spinal openings at this point.
8. Regulations of such troubles as so-called appendicitis, peritonitis, lumbago, etc., follow Chiropractic adjustments at this point.
9. Why have so-called constipation, rectal troubles, sciatica, etc., when Chiropractic adjustments at this part of the spine will remove the cause?
10. A slight slippage of one or both innominate bones will likewise produce so-called sciatica, together with many "diseases" of pelvis and lower extremities.

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DR. H. A. HAGEN
CHIROPRACTOR
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Cottage Grove, Oregon