

## ASTORIAN DECLARES FISH PRICE TO BE LOW

The Morning Astorian, of Astoria, under date of April 14, had the following story concerning the outlook for the opening of the spring fishing season:

"With the opening of the commercial fishing season but a short distance away the annual discussion of raw fish prices has already come to the fore.

"No definite public announcement has been made in regard to prices and to date neither fishermen nor packers are said to have done anything more than hold informal conferences in their own circles on the matter.

"However, from all indications the price paid to the fishermen for Chinook salmon will be from one to two cents lower than last season when 12 cents a pound was the ruling price.

"Market conditions generally; the remonstrances of financial interests against high production costs; the fact that packers have been making little if any money for the past few seasons; and a steady demand on the part of brokers that they get the fish at a price which will permit the retailing of half pound cans at 25 cents, are said to be the main factors in a determination on the part of the packers to cut their offer below last year's level.

"To permit the 25-cent retail price, the packers say, they must sell their fish at \$2.10 the dozen half-pound cans. While the opening price may be as high as \$2.20, it is declared that with discounts, fees, etc., this means only a return of about \$2.10 to the packing interests.

"To date little has been said by the fishermen who are reported to be sitting back and studying market conditions.

"For the past three or four years the Columbia River Fishermen's league has been active in the price making line, but to date little has been heard in the way of activity in the ranks of this organization.

"With all predictions pointing to a good early and summer season on the lower river, it is stated that the fishermen will probably acquiesce with the packers' ultimatum with an eye to advancing their demands if conditions warrant."

## MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

### BROILERS BRING BIG REWARDS

PICK up the menu in a city hotel or restaurant, any time from February to June, and you will see, opposite the words "spring broiler" such figures as \$1.50 or \$2.00.

"And that means," says a small town girl who helps to make possible this table luxury, "that the girl who raises spring chickens or 'broilers' will have good returns for her work."

"In fact, the industry is so lucrative that I know of many people who are carrying out the venture on a large scale, with huge capital invested," she declares. "But almost any girl has room on the premises where she can start in a small way. Her profits will grow to delightful proportions from year to year."

An interesting side-line of (yet a distinctly different underface from) the ordinary poultry industry, is this business of raising spring broilers. The idea is to raise young chicks in the winter, and sell them in the early spring.

The girl who decides to undertake the work at home must have, for equipment, an incubator which can be run in the cellar of the house, or in an unused room where there is no other heat; and a brooder—or nursery house—for the baby chicks. One brooder will take care of fifty chicks until they reach the broiler age.

Wyandotte eggs are a good variety for broilers. The chicks weigh, when hatched, two ounces, and, if all does well, they should weigh two pounds by the end of the eighth week.

Few of the rules for raising ordinary chickens apply when it comes to broilers. The caretaker must push them along as rapidly as she can, for the broiler that has developed quickly and that has plump, juicy meat brings the best price. Many growers never give their broilers water to drink, substituting scalded milk, since milk is a strong factor in making the flesh juicy and tender.

Marketing problems are not serious. If the town is large enough to support a good hotel or country club, her spring broilers are almost as good as sold. She is still luckier if her town happens to be a summer resort—for the "cityites," hungry for home-grown meats, will be flocking out at about the time her chicks are ready to sell.

At all events, the girl who raises spring broilers will make the best financial returns by selling "direct to consumer," or, in less elegant terms, "peddling her own."

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## HOW EXCESSIVE TAXES BLIGHT A NATION'S LIFE

Productive Effort Stops if Government Takes Undue Share of Profits, Says Treasury Official.

WEALTH IN RUSSIA FLED BEFORE THE TAXGATHERER

Men in America Prefer Golf to Giving Fruits of Three Days Work a Week to Income Taxes

The blighting effects of excessive taxation, leading to a nation's economic destruction, are described in the current issue of the American Bankers Association Journal by Garrard B. Winston, Under-secretary of the Treasury. Citing possible effects on the Ford Motor Car Company, he declares that "the value is so large and its ownership so centered it is conceivable that collection of inheritance taxes may check, if not destroy, that unit of policy which has created and expanded that industry and thus prevent its future prosperity. Of what avail, then, is it to any government if it collects one hundred million dollars once in estate taxes and destroys a source of income upon which it can rely for revenue year after year?"

"Success of the Ford Company does not mean simply that Mr. Ford and his son have grown wealthy. It means employment of tens of thousands of men and women; that mines, forests, railroads and vessels are brought into use; that the public has received an efficient and inexpensive means of transportation; that the farm is in touch with the city, and the worker with his office." Mr. Winston says in part:

**Wealth Flees Oppression**  
"Upon first impression it might appear that a nation could take all of the earnings of its citizens or all of their property. The Soviet government proposed to appropriate all instrumentalities of trade and commerce. Yet, when the state reached out to grasp this wealth, it disappeared and left nothing but a few tangible objects, such as gold and jewels, which were easily transported to other countries. Wealth in Russia ceased to exist.

"If income tax rates are placed so high that capital in productive business no longer gives a net return commensurate with the risk, capital will go out of productive business, lie idle, go abroad, go into tax-exempt securities, or find other ways of avoiding the tax. If income tax rates are so excessive that a man of ability finds he must work more than three days a week for the government, he will become discouraged and decide that the result is not worth the effort. Less income will be produced and less will be realized from the tax.

"Recently a letter came to the Treasury from a small farmer. He owned a few acres which in 1913 were assessed at \$900 and on which a tax of \$12 was levied. In 1924 the assessed value increased to \$3,200 and the tax to \$123, but the farm failed to produce any more. Taxes exceeded the rental value of the land and more than the net earnings of the property were taken by the state. The farm was abandoned and now produces no tax.

"Often there come to notice cases where a particular improvement is not made, or a particular business is not started, because after deducting taxes the risk exceeds the value of the expected return. Men have dropped business, spent their winters in Florida and their summers abroad, because what they are permitted to retain under present tax rates is not worth the labor they must give to acquire it. They prefer golf to the further development of the country.

### Unscientific Taxes Destroy a Nation

"Unscientific methods of taxation may actually destroy the very earnings or property which it should be the principal interest of a government to foster. When it reaches the limits of what is known as its taxable capacity, a nation has begun to die. If taxes are raised too high, a country will slowly but surely destroy itself. It will use for daily consumption the seed corn on which its future life depends, and the spirit of initiative and adventure in its people will finally disappear. One or more of three things happen: The quantity of consumption is cut down, which means a lowering of the standard of living; or capital accumulations for extensions, improvements and new undertakings must diminish, resulting in a slowing up of progress and lessening eventually of taxable revenue; or, thirdly, a slackening of effort on the part of the citizen will take place when too large a part of his earnings are taken in taxes.

"The effort in taxation should be to find the tax which will continue to raise money over a period of years invariably, with an excessive tax, its yield has fallen off year by year, while each rate reduction is reflected in an increase of taxable income. If the Treasury is to be assured a continuance of revenue, our citizens must prosper. If they are to prosper the appropriation by the state of their earnings and property must be based upon economically sound principles."

## "OLD-SALT" TALES

By CAPTAIN IRA PERKINS

(Copyright.)



### "Minute"

"THERE are many good names for him," said Captain Ira, as he stroked the velvet-smooth muzzle of Tommy Radnor's new pony. Meanwhile, the other nine boys of the club had gathered around and were admiring the sleek little fellow. All sorts of names were suggested. Finally, Bobby Treat asked the captain if he didn't know of some famous pony after which Tommy's might be named.

"Yes, several of them," replied Captain Ira. "There was one in particular. They waited for the captain to start. But he stayed silent for a time. Reaching out for a clover blossom he plucked it from the stem. Then he plucked out a thumb and finger full of the little pink petals and sucked the honey-sap from the base of them. There was a far-away look in his eyes.

"Boys," he said at last, "I'm about to tell you of a famous pony. But he was a pony who never had his name in any printed story and he was not cited in any dispatch book. His fame now lives as a happy memory in the hearts of several thousand men. It is really a story of a half dozen parts. I'll only tell you of the one which I know best, today. Some other time, if you like, I'll tell the others.

"It was while the big war was going on. I was in command of an old P. & O. liner, which had been converted into a horse transport. Four trips we had made and, despite all the talk about submarines, our most exciting moments had been when a horse had broken loose now and then and started a ruction between decks.

"The fifth trip across began as an eventfully as the others. The only out of the ordinary thing had been the antics of a small bit of horseflesh which the host had nicknamed, on account of his size, 'Minute.'

"How Minute ever won past the inspectors, I can't say. He was under size something like five hundred pounds. The shoe he wore was as dainty as a woman's wedding ring, in comparison to the average. After he'd known you for two minutes, he'd be nuzzling through your pockets for sugar lumps. And if you let him loose, he'd follow anywhere. One calm day I sighted him strolling along the forward hurricane deck, apparently with his mind made up to mount the bridge and visit me as soon as he could find the way up.

"From then on he was the ship pet. I had a stall rigged out for him in an unused runway between two cabins. Things went so far that the ship's tailor fashioned him a set of four soft rubber boots, so that he could walk the deck without slipping.

"Then the unexpected happened. Out of a clear sea, one night, a submarine popped its periscope. Next thing, a torpedo crashed into us. We started to sink. I had the lifeboats lowered. Our wireless sputtered a continuous S. O. S. for help. In about twenty minutes my ship slid gently into the sea, almost as though she were glad of the long rest which awaited her.

"It was a very dark night and, at my command, the boats had rowed away as fast as they could from the ship's side, so they would not be engulfed with her when she went under. Thus, after the ship had gone down, I found myself floating in the chilly sea, hampered from active swimming by my clothing, and with little hope of being able to keep on top until I should be picked up.

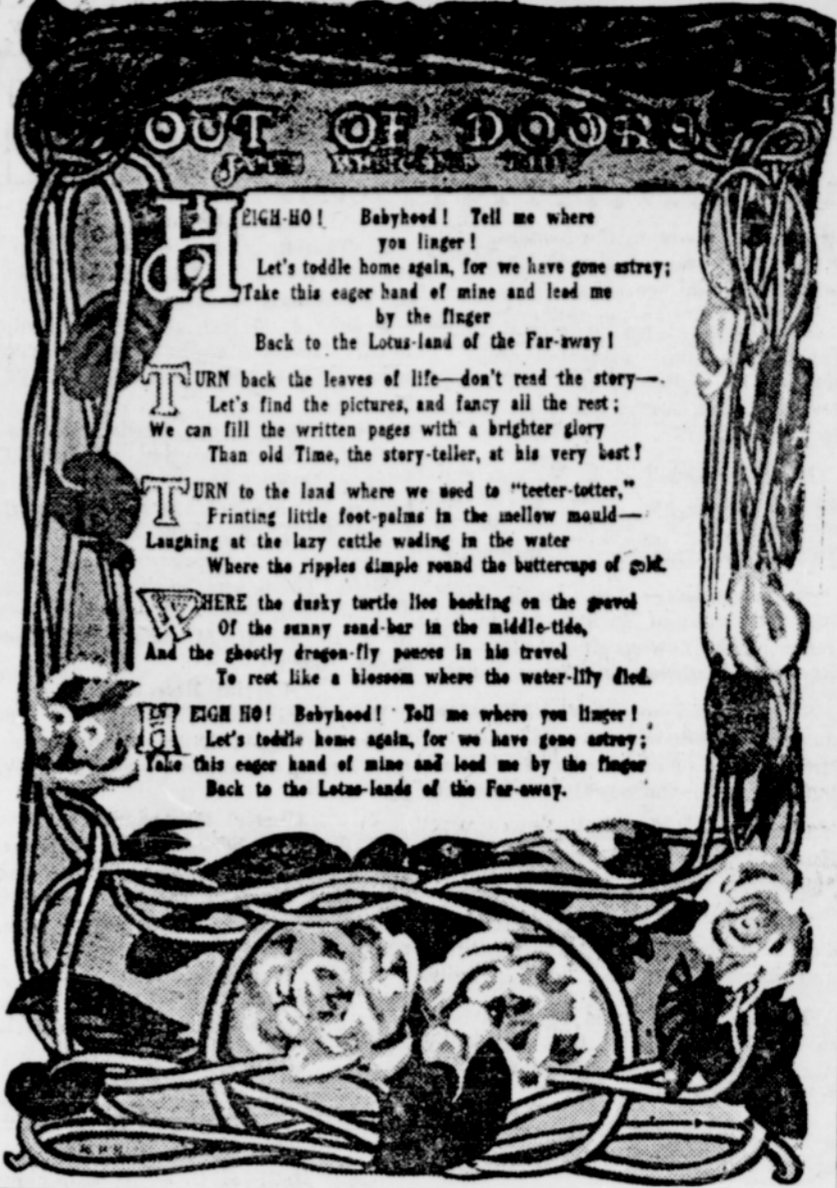
"There was a snort in the water beside me. It was Minute, as I found out later. Then, with a thankful heart, I seized hold of his mane. He was a strong swimmer and bore me easily until one of the boats found us. I was hauled aboard.

"Since the boat was a good-sized one and could easily bear his additional weight, it was decided to try and save Minute also. I'll never forget how patient he was, just as though he knew the danger he was in and that we would have trouble saving him. You would have laughed to see how he looked with his feet waving free in the air and laced fast on them the engaging rubber boots which the tailor had made for him.

"Later we were picked up and Minute was delivered to the army in France."

After the captain quit speaking, Tommy thought a bit. Then he said: "Do you mind if I call my pony 'Minute'?"

"And indeed," replied Captain Ira. "And some other time I'll tell you more about Minute and his exploits in France."



## My Favorite Stories

By IRVIN S. COBB

### The Poor Aim of Mr. Zeno

When the circus reached the small Vermont town the proprietor feared for awhile that his afternoon performance might lack its chief feature. The star of the aggregation was Zeno, the Mexican knife thrower, answering in private life to the name of Hennessy. Twice a day Zeno, dressed in gaudy trappings, would enter the arena accompanied by his wife, a young, plump and pretty woman in pink tights, and followed by a roustabout bearing a basketful of long bowie-knives and shining battleaxes. While the band played an appropriate selection of shivery music the young woman would flatten herself against a background of blue planking which had been erected in the middle of the ring. There she would pose motionless, her arms outstretched and her feet close together. Then Zeno, stationing himself 40 feet from her, would fling his knives and axes at her, missing her each time by the narrowest of margins. Presently her form would be completely outlined by the deadly steel, but such was Zeno's marvelous skill that she took no hurt from the sharp blades which plinned her fast.

But on this day Mrs. Zeno had fallen ill and, although the circus owner offered a reward for some one who would take her place, he could find no volunteers among the members of his staff. In this emergency the invalid's mother—who by the same token was Zeno's mother-in-law—and who traveled with the show in the capacity of wardrobe mistress, stepped forward and agreed to serve as an understudy in order that the performance might not be marred.

The hour came. Forth came Zeno, wearing his professional scowl, slightly enhanced. His mother-in-law, skinnily and homely, with her hair knotted in a knob on her head and her daughter's fleshings hanging in loose folds upon her bony figure, followed him closely. She plastered herself flat against the wooden background. Zeno gave her a look seemingly fraught with undying hate. He took up his longest, sharpest bowie-knife. He tested its needle-like point upon his thumb. He poised it, aimed it, flung it.

Like a javelin it hurtled on its hissing flight through the air. Striking tip first a scant quarter of an inch from the lobe of the mother-in-law's left ear, it buried itself deep in the tough oaken planking and stood there, the hilt quivering.

The pause which ensued was broken by the astonished voice of a lank native sitting on the lowest tier of blue seats industriously milking his whiskers:

"Wall, by Heck—he missed her!"

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### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

#### INGREDIENTS

HERE'S a Day all full of Light;  
Here's a Day of Minutes full;  
Here's a World spread in my sight.  
Full of Chance delectable,  
I've two Arms, two Hands likewise,  
And a pair of Eyes to see  
All the Wealth that round me lies  
Waiting, waiting, there for me.

I've a Brain to guide my Hand,  
And within my Soul the Fire  
That will lead me to the Land  
Of my Heart's supreme Desire.  
Can it be that lacking will  
Will the onward Path to press  
I shall lose by standing still  
All the Fruitage of Success?  
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Civilization needs wood; wood is a forest crop. Keep it growing.

## DOES PORT ORFORD WANT?

(Continued from page one)

with a reply, even the Curry county papers do not contain anything about it so that I can learn the date and plans. We are in hopes to be able to arrange our affairs so as to spend some time at Port Orford this summer and would like it to be during the Oregon State Encampment of the U. S. W. V.

At what date do you expect to arrive at Port Orford and do you expect to come by this way, if so would be glad to see you, let us know.

Yours in Comradship,  
E. W. JENSEN.

## JACKSON LOSES WHEN JUDGMENT IS APPEALED

The supreme court of Oregon last week handed down a decision reversing the judgment of the circuit court of Curry county, wherein Alfred Jackson of Brookings was awarded damages against the state industrial commission for injuries sustained two years ago when he fell off a truck in Gold Beach and suffered a broken leg, which ultimately resulted in amputation.

the same. I don't care anything about the traditional theories of stage production. All I ask is that it (the production) will give me a kick that I think will kick back to the public—but it must be a hell of a big kick." Morris Gest, touted alien purveyor of entertainment to American Book Gentiles. The Dearborn Independent.

Thoughtlessness by man is responsible for most of our forest fires.

"You've got to educate the American people to what you want to give them. Our forefathers used to have ballyhoos in front of the theater to get the public in. Today methods have changed, but the principle is

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