

The men whom I have seen succeed in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Kingsley.

The Ideal Tax System

PERHAPS the ideal tax system will never come, or, at least, it is likely to be worked out long after the present generations shall have passed away, if ever.

An approach to the ideal system would be a single tax on incomes—the direct opposite of the theoretical single tax on land, the idea worked out by the school of Henry George.

A single income tax would fix the payment of the revenues of all government upon those who are most able to bear it—

Upon those who have net incomes derived from any source.

For a time, at least, it would have to be supplemented by taxes upon privileges or luxuries; upon things not in the list of the necessities of life.

The income tax measure on the Oregon ballot would make the property holder pay twice in order to reach only once the man with a net income and having no property. The farmer would pay on his land, and pay again on the net income, if any above exemptions, on the earnings of the same land.

There is another very serious fault of this proposed tax, put there by the radicals. It is the provision to pay any excess into a fund for the payment of bonded indebtedness, and forbidding any cent of the excess to go to applying on restoring the state base of taxation. It would still leave the state "in a hole," and take away the chance in another form of income tax of appealing in the future to this source.

The state of Oregon cannot go on piling up expenses without any way to get sufficient money to pay them. Ways must be provided—

And a proper income tax with property exemptions is one way.

It is perhaps the way the most likely to be approved by the voters. Almost any other way would have a large body of opponents. Witness the defeat of the tobacco tax.

Any way, the legislature, through its committees having access to expert knowledge, ought to be left with its hands untied, free to search for a way or ways to balance the state budget.

The wise thing is to vote down the proposed income tax measure, and leave the field open.

Turks May Speak English

REAL progress is being made in Turkey. The abolition of the fez was epochal. The fez dates back into antiquity. It was like taking his religion away from him to the Turk; and he has been fanatical in religious matters. The removal of the sultanate, the banishment of Sultan Mohammed VI, who also happened to be the holy caliph, titular head of Mohammedanism throughout the world, was a grave event in Turkey and other countries where the caliph is the reputed descendant of Mohammed himself. The person of the caliph was revered with religious awe. Abolition of the harem and its forms of polygamy in favor of monogamy struck again a deep blow at ancient Turkish ideas—

And now, having struck a death blow at practices that through the years have largely helped to keep Turkey among the backward nations of the world, the new leaders have ordered and are installing a brand new alphabet, the same as we use with a few additional letters to designate special sounds; taking the place of the ancient and difficult Arabic. These are all but mere beginnings in the epochal program of Mustapha Kemal and his advisers forecasting reforms making for the removal of the dust of centuries.

They are no more surprising than would be an order in that country for the use of the English language; the language of Shakespeare, with a few hundred thousands of meaningful words added, and about 6000 a year being still added; made up from all the languages of the world, ancient and modern, to express the thoughts and feelings and things of this rapidly moving era of progress and invention; things the existence of which was not before known. Already the English is almost the universal language of trade and commerce, in which the originals are written or duplicated made of practically every bill of lading or manifest in all the international business transactions of the world.

Herbert Hoover shows himself to be a good dirt farmer. He is making a success of his 1313 acre farm in California. But he has guessed wrongly at least twice. He raised this year a crop of 2,500,000 pounds of Spanish onions, on 90 acres, but much of it was a total loss because it could not be marketed in the east, on account of ruinous competition from Spanish onions that came in duty free from Spain. The product from that country undersold Hoover's onions, raised 3400 miles across country and by American farm labor. Mr. Hoover guessed wrongly on long-staple cotton, the price of which went down to a tenth of what it was in the post-war boom, when it sold at a dollar a pound. So he shifted to short-staple Peruvian cotton. No wonder Mr. Hoover is in sympathy with the southern truck gardeners who have been driven out of business by duty free competition from low cost labor countries, and are asking for protective duties.

Speaking of optimists, the man who gets comfort in favor of Al Smith's chances from the Literary Digest's straw vote figures is entitled to unanimous election to the presidency and all the other offices of the club of optimists. He cannot even see the hole in the doughnut.

Scott Bullitt, the democratic candidate, tells us that it's almost impossible to please some people. He says an editor who last week virtuously accused him of being "wet," asked him to have a drink last week and was indignant because he refused.—Yakima Republic.

Joe Robinson, democratic candidate for vice president, says the democrats are not afraid of losing the solid south, but he is impressing upon them that if southern democrats do not stop declaring for Hoover the solid south will be all shot to pieces.

A lot of democrats will refuse to believe the Literary Digest's straw vote till they see it the night of the election. And then they will wonder how such things could be, when Ras-kob promised so much.

Long periods of hard times have followed in the wake of every democratic tariff. It would be the same again. Like causes produce like results.

"The predictions are for a heavy frost. We urge all good democrats to look to their gardens."—Oregonian.

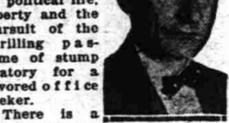
Kellygrams BY FRED KELLY

HOW'S this for hokum? The head of a company employing several scores of salesmen dealing with farmers used to tell his men, "If you go to a farm and they have a dog, don't delay a moment learning the dog's name—and don't forget it. The next time you come, be sure to call that dog by name. If it's a good dog, or a pretty dog, say so. Find out the names of the children, too. And see that the children know your name. It is almost impossible to have anything but friendly relations with a caller who knows your dog and children by name and who is personally known by name to the children."

A Washington Bystander

WASHINGTON — By Kirk L. Simpson
Cries of re-education employ or make them white on government premises. In conclusion, the warning uses this language:

"The restrictions against political activity prevent him (the employee) while in the service of the whole public from turning his official position to the benefit of the parties into which the whole public is divided, or from becoming perniciously active in politics."



Active Part Forbidden
The civil service rule is quite general, merely forbidding any active part in political campaigns or their management. Supplemented by the 14 specific prohibitions added by the commission's warning as "some of the forms of activity held to be forbidden," however, the regulations seem to leave the federal classified employee little outlet for his political feelings. He may not, for instance, serve on any political committee, be an officer or committee member of any political club, have anything to do with political rallies "except as a spectator," express his own views publicly or canvass for votes "for any party, faction, candidate or measure," be in any way active at the polls "except marking and depositing the employee's own ballot," serve as an election officer "unless the election laws of the state require service regardless of federal employment and provides a penalty for refusal to serve," or be in political matter "signed or unsigned." He may not be himself a candidate for or hold local office, distribute or wear campaign buttons, adorn his automobile with campaign stickers or signs, or circulate, even without signing himself, political petitions "including initiative and referendum, recall and nomination petitions." And just to tuck in any possible loose ends, Don't No. 14 forbids: "General political leadership or becoming prominently identified with any political movement, party, or faction, or with the success or failure of any candidate for election to public office."

Political Don't's
The "warning" supplemented the routine circular of the commission broadcast in April, cautioning them as to legal restrictions on their political activities. Inquiries from such employees for more detailed information and the "near approach of a presidential election" prompted the supplementary "warning." It includes 14 paragraphs of political don't's, summed up at the top by a statement that a classified employee "of course, may vote as he pleases," "may express his political views privately" and may make political contributions provided he does not take them over to any fellow federal employee.

Herbert Hoover
A Reminiscent Biography

By WILL IRWIN
(Extract from the book published by The Century Co.)



HERBERT—de bed ed page cut. THE second great move in Herbert Hoover's life came in June, 1891, when he went from Salem to Palo Alto to enter Leeland Stanford university. For six years he had lived in Oregon with his Uncle John Minhorn, whom he had joined soon after the death of his mother in Iowa.

He found the university in the last of its birth-pains. The campus was still "torn up" and resonant with sawing and hammering. He entered conditioned in English composition—it was not until just before his graduation that the condition was made up. Here Hoover knew first the joy of the intellect, here he felt the initial stirring of his higher powers, here he found his wife. Within fifteen years his interests and avocations were to embrace the globe, but those golden hills above Palo Alto were always the pole to his compass.

He was pressed by financial need. The registrar needed a temporary clerk. Hoover got the job. Later he obtained and operated a laundry agency.

Minor Disappointment
In the meantime a minor disappointment. Professor Branner did not arrive to open his engineering department until the beginning of the second semester. Hoover then registered in geology. He fell under the direction of a great natural teacher, one of the greatest I have ever known, a scholar to the marrow of his bones. Branner's code nevertheless envisaged the application of scholarship to practical purposes. Association with Branner was in itself a higher education.

Circumstances threw Hoover and Branner into close personal relations. The new professor needed a part-time secretary; by virtue of his experience as an office boy Hoover got the job. Before long Branner perceived the qualities of character and mind hidden beneath the placid surface of this gangling boy.

Branner was preparing a survey and a topographical map of the area. Hoover's assistance was put a proposition to his office boy. So in the summer between his freshman and sophomore years Hoover tramped the Osark's with surveying instruments on his shoulder.

In his sophomore year, under tutelage of his friend Sam Collins, Hoover first became interested in university politics. The students were entering a turbulent era. In the first semester enterprising seniors had formed "the student body" to take control of collegiate activities. Greek letter fraternities had combined at the birth of the university to control its politics. They had no organized opposition. In Hoover's second year there arose a prophet of the non-fraternity men whose name was Zion. He set himself squarely against the fraternity element, announced his candidacy for president of the student body. Collins swung in behind him, and Hoover followed. Partly through their efforts Zion won.

Student Problems
In the summer of 1892—between his sophomore and junior years—Hoover thought not only of his summer job, but on the problem of the Stanford student body. He returned in September with a mature plan in his mind—

CLICKS

Typewriter Chatter, More or Less Frivolous, of Men, Women and Events.

What a whale of a difference three-tenths of a point makes.

Levine's plane was wrecked in its attempt to take off for Rome. Unfortunately Levine was not injured.

Bolivia is in the throes of a "dry" campaign. Don't those people know they cannot stage a successful revolution without liquor?

Columbus Day came and passed without many persons discovering anything of importance.

The straw vote conducted by the Literary Digest shows a strong trend to Hoover in the South. And it also shows a stronger trend to the republican nominee in those sections where majorities mean electoral votes.

Probably they will use the straw left over from the straw votes to manufacture some new brand of breakfast food.

All young husbands and prospective husbands of Salem will rejoice at the news that the New Oregon Statesman is sponsoring a cooking school.

Someone has stolen a schoolhouse in Mississippi, and now the sheriff is engaged in the pursuit of knowledge.

And now baseball has its own "whispering campaign."

"Hold Everything" certainly is an appropriate title for the play in which a Portland flapper is starring.

If there were some way of prohibiting prohibition in the present presidential campaign it would help some.

The attempt to start a "whispering campaign" against Mitt Miller died a-borning. Nobody was interested enough to listen.

"The hardest thing," mourns Capper's Weekly, "is starting to work." Bet that editor plays golf.

Another war has broken out in Chicago. If only Cal Coolidge would recall, as Grover Cleveland did, that Chicago really is in the United States and send some regular army soldiers in there, order could be restored.

The philosopher who edits the Klamath News is moved to marvel at certain phases of matrimony. "We are a queer people," he says. "Too proud to buy a second-hand car yet willing to accept a second-hand mate in marriage." What does he mean "too proud to buy a second-hand car?"

We nominate for the president of the Optimists' club that Condor man who, according to the Globe-Times of that city "was in the city Tuesday to buy 50 head of steers for breeding purposes."

The poetical lady who raves of the beauty of Autumn's garb does not refer to scenic slickers and flapping galoshes, of course.

Oregon Flooded With Propaganda On Power Firms

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—(AP)—The circularizing of Washington and Oregon schools with monographs on power topics prepared by private utility representatives was brought out here in the investigation by the federal trade commission, through testimony of Mrs. Clare K. Trip, director of the Washington industries education bureau at Seattle.

Norwood W. Brockett, director of public relations for the Puget Sound Light and Power company, Seattle, and H. L. Walther, manager of the Oregon Public Utility information bureau in Portland, were named by her as having practically written the pamphlets which bore her name as author. She estimated these had reached 50,000 school children in the two states.

Most great men come from the farms. And believe us, they stay from them, too.—Multnomah Press.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

You'll be surprised—

At the resiliency of our pruned industry, after an almost 100 per cent failure of crop. It is not dead, nor even has it got one foot in the grave. See Slogan pages tomorrow.

"Al Smith doesn't look like a winner to us, but we must say that his chances have improved this week. John E. Ballaine, once so-called progressive leader, has come out against him."—Yakima Republic. (There are cases like this on both sides. So many people take themselves so very seriously, believing they cut so much political ice by what they do and say.)

This is a big country, and it is going to take a lot of votes to elect the president. The Al Smith voters all lined up would make the biggest army the world ever saw; and yet the indications are now that he will not get within even halting distance of the White House.

But Congressman Hawley will see the maraschino bunch coming in December, when he begins to line up the new protective tariff law and will give our cherries the rate they need in competition with the small sweet cherries of Spain, Italy and France. The maraschino makers had their innings' the last time. One time and out for them.

A New Yorker at Large

By G. D. Seymour
NEW YORK — Twenty-four years ago, when May Sutton was winning the national women's tennis championship for the first time, she was also changing some notions about what the well-dressed feminine tennis player should wear.

She discarded the wide feathered hat and the sweeping dress, often plain in black, worn by other players of her sex and donned attire of light-colored, abbreviated skirts so that they would not trip her in the course of a retreat to the baseline.

The May Sutton of 1904 is now Mrs. Bundy, mother of four youngsters, but she is still a ranking tennis player and her apparel is still distinctive. At the Forest Hills she played on consecutive days in a white satin dress and a green, yellow and gray silk attire with cloche hat to match, whereas all her competitors adhered to the conventional white linen, twill or gabardine. And she departed further from custom by wearing jewelry—a loose mother-of-pearl choker.

Political Note
Campaign cigars are missing this year from the New York headquarters of the presidential campaign. Visitors to national party offices are offered cigars instead, in any of half a dozen popular brands.

Women party executives, displeased by the increase of political misme on cigars, most of the feminine politicians have packages of cigars on their desks for callers, and one woman leader who does not smoke carries a handsome gold case filled with fags for the convenience of visitors.

Automatic Fire
There are too many stories already about cigaret lighters that won't work, but this one is true. At a stage premiere recently the hero had to light a cigaret so that he might burn a hole in the drawing room drapes. Until he

did so, the play couldn't proceed. He labored in vain to get a flame from his lighter, and finally, halting the action for a moment, crossed the stage to obtain and strike a match.

A moment later a comrade came onto the stage, and he, too, drew out a lighter and applied it to his cigaret. The play would have gone on as briskly if his lighter hadn't functioned, but it ignited at the first twist. Nobody was more nonplussed than he when the audience broke into louder applause than it vouchsafed to any subsequent development of the play.

Cigaret lighters, incidentally, are becoming the bane of theatre managers. Once they could keep the house dark at brief intermissions between scenes to produce or retain dramatic effects and to keep the audience in the spirit of the play. But lately, whenever the lights are down for a few seconds, cigaret lighters begin to lift their tiny flames throughout the house, throwing grotesque shadows against the ceilings as the spectators peer at their programs to see what comes next.

The practice violates the spirit if not the letter of the fire ordinances, and it irritates stage managers who have a motive in keeping the audience in pitch darkness; but it seems to be another of those things that nothing can be done about.

Portland Federal Building Located

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 12.—(AP)—Portland's new million-dollar federal building will be located on the west side of Sixth street, between Main and Madison streets. Official announcement of the selection was made last night in Washington, D. C., by Carl T. Schuneman, assistant secretary of the treasury.

Poems that Live

"ONE WAY TO LOVE"
ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
Today I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold music's wing:
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven?
"Tis well!
Lose who may—I still can blast
Those who win heaven, best are they!

—Robert Browning (1812-1889)

W. Earl Cochran, Pastor



Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 13, 1903

"Common Sense," writing to the Statesman, says the proposed wards for Salem are foolishness. The present four, enlarged, should be sufficient, he says.

Dr. D. H. Coleman, president of Willamette university, and family left for New York on business. They will be gone four weeks.

Miss Emma Miller, one of the telephone girls, returned from a Portland visit.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Alexander Christie, D. D. delivered the dedicatory address for the new convent school in the Catholic parish at Woodburn.

The Rev. R. C. Backwell, who has filled the pulpit at Leslie M. E. church and the church at Liberty, left with his family for his new charge at Medford.

Objections to the slander cast at Salem over recent stories about the water supply were largely responsible for an extra lively council meeting.

Use of Monograph Denied by Howard

Monographs on public utilities prepared by Mrs. Clare Ketchum Tripp of Seattle are not in use in the public schools of Oregon, according to announcement made here Thursday by C. A. Howard, state superintendent of public instruction. The denial was issued by the state superintendent following the publication of press reports that the monographs had been accepted in some of the schools in this state.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH

Grand Opera House, Corner Court & High
S. S. 9:45 a. m. Earl Gregg, Supt. Classes for all ages. We have just started the honor grading system. Trained Teachers will be in charge of your children.

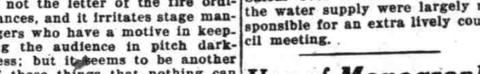
PREACHING SERVICES:
10:50 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
"HOMESICK" will be the title of the evening message. This will be the fifth in the series entitled "The Boy Problem."

Join our HAPPY SONG SERVICE at 7:30 p. m.
"THE STRONG HOLD OF TRUTH," a. m.

B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Stage entrance

Welcome

W. Earl Cochran, Pastor



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