

Dead?

AN editorial article in the Oregonian of Friday is headed like the above, minus the interrogation point—Referring to the issue of the income tax in Oregon. No, it is not dead, despite the fact that the people of this state have voted on it ten times, and carried it only once. It is the latest issue to go before the legislature at the session that will open a week from Monday.

The main trouble is that it is too much alive, or at least alive in too many ways and places.

The income tax would be carried before the people, and stay carried, if all the protagonists of the idea would get together and agree upon that kind of a bill.

Or if all of them would lay off and allow a disinterested expert who has merely the interests of the people at heart—a man like State Treasurer Kay—to dictate the writing of the bill.

If the matter shall proceed in the legislature as it has done repeatedly before, with a lot of radical proposals, either the legislature will fail to agree or the people will vote down the bill when it reaches them at the polls.

We have a "condition and not a theory" here in Oregon. The state budget must be balanced, and there seems no way to accomplish it without levying on some source not now contributing and that ought to contribute, or that might contribute without peculiar injustice or hardship.

And the most fertile possible source in that category seems to be the taxing of the incomes of people now enjoying all the benefits of organized society and paying nothing towards the support of it.

That kind of an income tax will pass and stay on the statute books. Any other kind will fail or be thrown out at a later election.

The only substitute in sight seems to be a nuisance tax of some kind—and the reader knows what would likely happen to such a bill; knows what did happen to the proposed cigarette and cigar license tax. If some way is not provided for getting more state revenue, the state will have to pay interest on warrants issued against empty funds, and direct property taxes will grow progressively more burdensome.

The Chain Farm

THERE is much talk about the chain farm, which many people predict will follow along after these mergers and consolidations and chain store manifestations—

And a movement of the kind is without doubt coming. Says a contemporary: "It has long been our opinion that farm operations could be carried on to better advantage if conducted on a large scale than if the old system should persist." But this writer adds: "The idea is somewhat repugnant to us because always we have thought of the farm as a home rather than as an industrial unit."

But he adds: "Common sense tells us that in the production of the nation's food supply efficiency, and not sentiment, must rule. The solution of the farm problem at present considered most pressing, undoubtedly must come through the adoption of factory methods on the land. We admit it should not."

The country is dotted with examples of what is the tendency, as the 1300 acre farm of Herbert Hoover in California, the large live stock and farm operations of Frank Lowden, former governor of Illinois, the great Montana grain farm that is conducted along industrial lines, with success; the big farm in the south of Jonathan Bourne, former senator from Oregon, etc., etc.

Such methods would improve conditions in the Salem district, in several if not in most lines. Our prune orchards in a great combination could be made to pay; grafting over many trees; substituting walnuts and filberts for others, and so on.

The growing of walnuts and filberts here would be good lines for big business methods—

And the list could be extended to cover a wide range; nearly all our principal crops, if not all of them. In our hop industry, such methods are already largely employed.

Salem in Session Time

SEVERAL Oregon newspapers are taking cracks at Salem on account of the way the members of the legislature during the session are entertained here—

A complaint having been voiced in the Oregon Voter against the apartment houses of the capital city.

The matter is not worth the space the newspapers are devoting to it. The legislator who comes to Salem to attend to his duties as such, and not to paint the town red in night parties and general dissipation, has never voiced any complaint, nor had any to voice.

The other fellow has just been sent by his county or district to the wrong place—he belongs at the end of State or Center street, under the care of the penitentiary or asylum officials—

Or he should have been left at home to wallow in his own mire or train with his own peculiar hell-raising group. These remarks are suggested by a long article under the heading, "Salem in Session Time," in the Eugene Register.

Salem is considered a hospitable city by all the members of the legislature who appreciate and understand and observe the rules of hospitality—

Though it is admitted that she might be even more so to her advantage. As to the fellow who would not know hospitality if he met it outside of a road house, however, Salem should not court his praise.

Both Germany and Austria have increased their sugar duties, the increases allowing better prices to be paid to growers, who will receive most of the benefits. That is what is going to happen in the United States, or ought to happen. In both those countries the old rates were higher than our present rates—a good deal higher, considering that nearly all our imports are in raw sugars from Cuba; and the new rates will be about twice as high as the Cuban producers of raw sugar are charged by our country; the Cuban producers being almost exclusively the Wall street sugar barons owning also the refineries along the Atlantic seaboard.

A great growth in the cane sugar industry of the south is taking place. The output was away below 100,000 tons a couple of years ago, when it seemed due to extinction largely on account of cane diseases, which are being overcome by the new varieties. It is expected to be 300,000 tons next year, in sugar of the standard grade, to say nothing of corresponding increase in production of molasses. This means that the south needs protection for its cane sugar industry as much as the rest of the country needs it for its beet and corn sugars.

The United States forestry department will spend \$1,240,000 on 70 miles of highways in Oregon this year, the government's share being \$580,000, and the state's \$660,000. The fact that our state highway department has been able to match all the government money offered for each class of federal assistance in road building in Oregon has been a great help in pushing forward our program. The same is true of Marion county as to state money offered. It is very important that this condition continue.

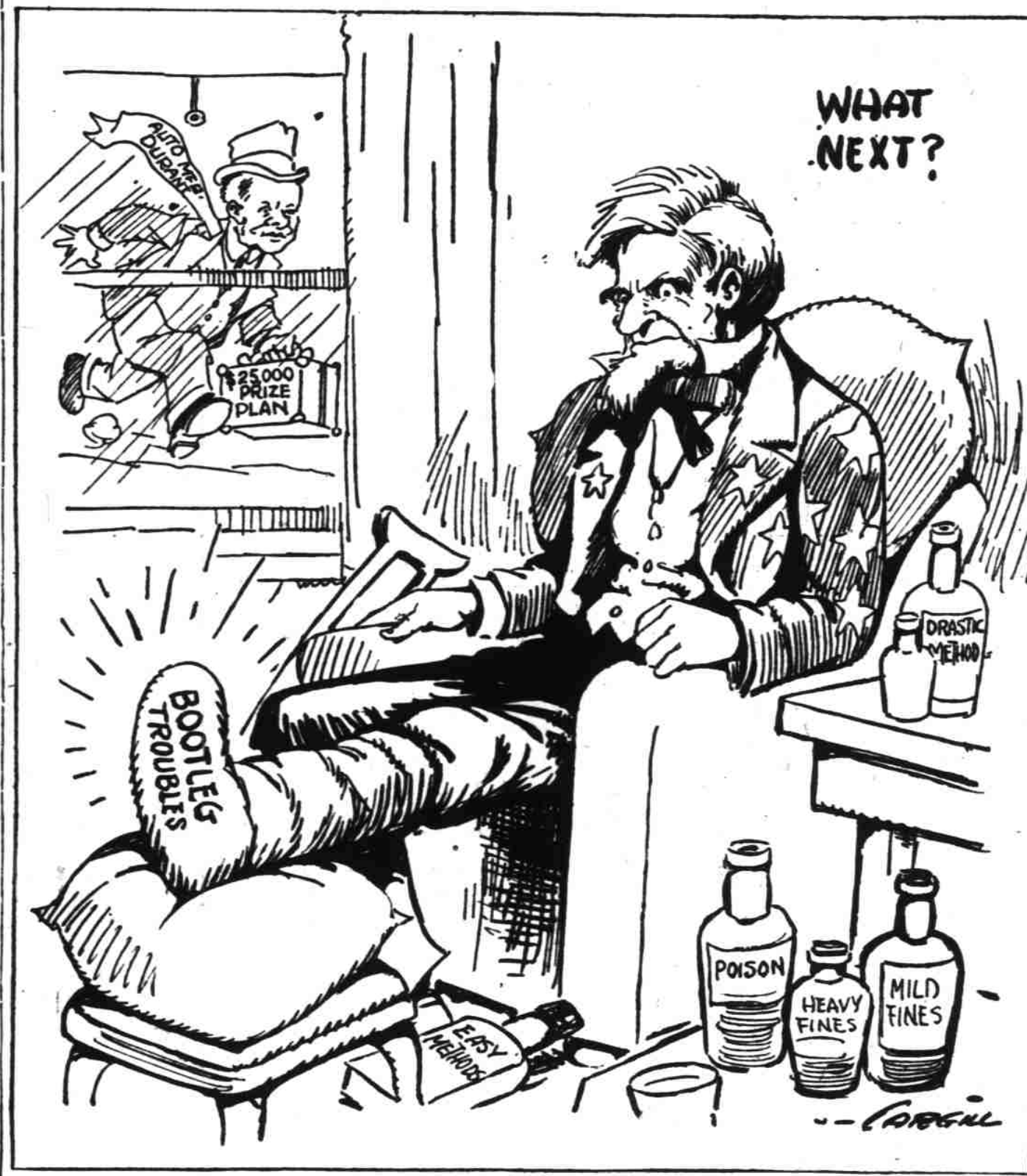
There is a movement in England to offer sugar beet growing contracts to all British farmers. A wonderful development in a few years, starting from nothing or almost nothing.

Kellygrams

BY
FRED C.
KELLY

A TRAFFIC policeman tells me he is convinced that nearly all motor accidents are due to selfishness—to somebody trying to run around another car that has the right of way, or to going too fast at crossings in an effort to get ahead of somebody else. For that matter, I have often thought that there is an element of selfishness in many crimes and misdemeanors, including burglary.

The National Ale-ment



Who's Who and Timely Views

Conference Urged to Simplify Calendar

By GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Vice-President, National City Bank of New York

(George Evan Roberts was born in Delaware county, Iowa, Aug. 19, 1857. He was educated in the common school of Iowa and later learned the printer's trade. From 1878 to 1909 he was proprietor of the Fort Dodge Messenger. He became director of the mint in 1909, which position he held until 1907. He was president of the Commercial bank of Chicago for the next three years and then was again director of the mint until 1911. In that year he became assistant to the president of the National City Bank of New York and was elected vice-president in 1919. He is the author of several books on finance. His home is at Larchmont, N. Y.)

BUSINESS men, American bankers, and railway leaders, desire participation of this government in an international conference to simplify the calendar.

The reasons for my interest in the simplification of the calendar are the irregularities in the present system that affect the value of business accounts. The only hindrance to the institution of a simplified calendar is that the present calendar is of long standing.

Business men of the United States use statistics more than business men of other countries. Business in America, is conducted on such a large scale that it is necessary to keep accurate accounts. It is the usual thing among large industries to have statistical departments.

We really know few things absolutely. We measure things almost wholly by comparison. A business wants to know the volume of production and the costs of production this month in comparison with what it was in this week or this month of last year. And it is a serious fault with our statistics that comparisons from month to month with the corresponding months of previous years are not accurate. A month may have five Sundays this year when it had only four last year.

We are interested not only in statistics of our own production and trade, but in those of other countries. We study world statistics and it is important to us that the statistics of all countries shall be on a comparable basis.

The heart of the world is the heart of the rank and file of folks. On the average it is kind, pitying, tender. A few weeks ago some Kentuckian with more sense of humor than sense sent out to the newspapers the story of a little girl named Tillie, supposed to be living in or near Paris, Ky., who was suffering from illness brought on when she was told there was no Santa Claus. The story was printed in many newspapers. In a few days there were more than 1,200 letters, a score of telegrams, and many packages for Tillie. But it developed that there was no Tillie.

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HARMONY AND NERVES
The thing that often passes for a hard heart is just a bad case of nerves. Nervous systems are strained and out of order sometimes, usually because of lack of harmony with our surroundings. If we are not making the proper

adjustment to our circumstances, living beyond our means, thrown in contact with people who are unsympathetic, doing something that we know we should not be doing, we become irritated, impatient, hard bodied. Of course it is all due to a nervous system that isn't working properly. What we need is harmony.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS
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2. Sir Henry H. Stanley.
3. Jonathan Swift.
4. Potter's Field.
5. 1 Corinthians xv, 26.

HERE'S HOW!
Oh, Salem is a town of grief. There's grumbling in the air; It's noted for its clouds of smoke And "black snow" everywhere. But oh, to hold your tongues, my dears, For just a little while, Until perchance a way is found To cure you of your bile.

It's nice to have spring water. And it's nice to have clean streets. But it's nicer still to look ahead And proudly choke your bleats; And try to put across the fact That Salem is a "wow"; And when you do meet strangers Just smile and say, "Here's how!" "Est"

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The Grab Bag

January 5, 1929



Who am I? Who is my husband? In what profession have I made my debut?

What British explorer went in search of the lost David Livingstone in South Africa, in 1869?

Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?

What is the burial place of those who have no friends nor means to pay for a funeral sometimes called?

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Where are these words found in the Bible?

JIMMY JAMS

AW, LET ME WEAR YOUR COLLEGE SWEATER, SIS, IT FITS ME PERFECTLY—



VEP—

Today in the Past
On this day, in 1781, the British, under Benedict Arnold, plundered Richmond, Va.

Today's Horoscope
Persons born on this day are interesting and enjoyable companions. They do not care what others think of them, preferring to be their own censors.

Horoscope for Sunday
Persons born on this day are good financiers and they have considerable mechanical ability. They are apt to be stubborn and like to give advice.

A Daily Thought
"Do not lay on the multitude the blame that is due a few."—Ovid.

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Talking about pears—
The Slogan pages tomorrow.

Our farmers are passing up one of their best bets by not planting more pears. Salem is a real pear canning center, and it should be the highest pear growing center in the world.

Talking of water again, things might be different if members of the legislature could "consult house bill 444," as they used to before the days of what a newspaper friend so often calls St. Volstead. In those halcyon times the members all knew the location of the bill of that number. On the last night of the session in those times a considerable number of them got gloriously drunk.

Some of them called it the intoxication of the exuberance of their own verbosity, but others were not so verbose about it; they used the plain, blunt word.

Anyway, we never heard much complaint about the water then, for there were members who did not know Salem had any water.

The Bits man is here to testify that one of the most versatile men in Salem is Prof. Seitz. He is thought of by the average Salemite as a wonderful music teacher, who knows how to organize musicians and make them do their best.

But Prof. Seitz is also a cabinet maker. He has made some of the finest specimens in Salem, in furnishing his own home; like a tea bus, a radio cabinet, a davenport or whatever you call it. He is an artist in hammered brass work. He paints and etches pictures, and sells some of them at good prices. He has "done" some scenes in and around Salem that would delight any artist.

Prof. Seitz is in German opera before coming to this country. He has trained several singers who are headed for the high places in the elite of the world in that domain. He had an early

training that qualified him to do ten trades. That was the way. Some people think it the best way, instead of teaching a student to do one thing and thus become a mere cog in the big wheels of industry. Prof. Seitz was studying Greek, Latin, French at 14.

The man who has just made president of the Southern Pacific company, having started as a telegraph operator, says he does not know what it means to be successful, or how to attain it. People make success, others get it, still others wrest it away from some one about to possess it. It is a success by accident, and by design; there are all kinds of ways of reaching the goal, and the railroad president doesn't know what it is nor how to go about it. It is not much of a chance for the average fellow. Apparently, the man who has the most of it is the least about it.

A land where old women and where the nineteenth century movement was in effect long before it was incorporated into the constitution exists beneath the Stars and Stripes, officials of the interior department were reminded recently when the report of Superintendent H. H. Kneale of the northern Navajo agency was received and made public. The agency is in the Arizona-New Mexico country. In preparation for ruling in later years, the Navajo Indian women learn to work early in life, the superintendent said in his report adding that "every member of the Navajo family works." Especially is this true of the women. The woman is the power on the Navajo reservation. Some men may pretend he is an authority and set himself up before the whites as such, but almost invariably back of this assumption of authority is some old woman who rules, and with a rod of iron.

Poems that Live

MEETING AT NIGHT

THE gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap in fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spirit of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
That the two hearts beating each to each!

—Robert Browning (1812-1889)



INSUR