

The World's Worst Job

ABOUT the world's worst job must be that of trying to be a president in Mexico. Primary elections are shoot-off affairs; inaugurations are bullet-dodging days; and holding down the office is full of the menace of intrigue, assassination and rebellion. Current History for this month has an article which begins "The old palace of the viceroys gives forth today an impression of peace and good cheer. The display of power, the atmosphere of severity, fear and tragedy, which the continuous presence of military presidents created therein, have disappeared."

The impression of peace and good cheer may have prevailed a few weeks ago when the article was written, but the old palace had an over-night change of color. The unmilitary President Gil had to turn it into an army headquarters. It became the G. H. Q. of the national government when the flames of revolt burst out at Vera Cruz, Juarez, Chihuahua, and Lower California. Calles, the strong man of the country, was called back to authority. Suppressing the rebellion became the business of the day.

People in the United States do not know yet what the fighting is all about. They do not know just which way to let their neutrality lean. It is a hard predicament for our self-righteous folk who think they ought to be partisan always to whatever side through its skillful propaganda gets itself set up as having the most "righteous" cause. This condition will not last long, however. The propaganda will soon be coming and we will know which side to line up with. The administration apparently knows that already for it is accommodating the Gil administration with surplus war material.

Mexico is an example of a country that makes a business of war and politics. It is so poorly developed economically the people have to resort to fighting and office-holding to make a living. The racial base is Indian and the racial top is Spanish. The Indian masses are ignorant and illiterate. The top layers naturally want to exploit the lower layers in the name of national development. Diaz permitted it; the country had peace and did "develop."

The revolution of 1910 and since has sought to bring Mexico into both political and economic liberty through various reform measures. For one thing they have made the state supreme, adopting harsh measures toward the church which formerly was dominant. They have tried to parcel out the big land holdings, nationalize oil and mineral lands, and promote popular education. It has been a large contract. When all the disaffected elements run together they think they can stage a real respectable rebellion and they seem to be doing it.

The rebels will lose out, because the federal forces have the army, the machine guns and the money. It is probably as well that they do; otherwise the country would be plunged into long-continued strife. Events south of the Rio Grande show however that it is never very hard to substitute bullets for ballots.

Let the People Rule

THE Portland Oregonian chides the Portland Journal with deserting its much-vaunted faith in democracy and "let-the-people-rule" stuff because the Journal supports the income tax adopted by the last legislature. The income tax, the Oregonian does not fail to remind us, has been voted down some nine times by the people of the state, and so recently as last November. The Oregonian seizes for once the mock heroics of the Journal which is supposedly the simpur defender of majority rule and popular rights.

Of course when the Oregonian refers to the people and the Journal refers to the people they are not talking about the same thing at all. The Oregonian is talking about the people and the Journal is talking about the "pee-pul". In this instance The Oregonian's people are against the income tax; and the Journal's pee-pul are "fer it." They aren't talking about the same class at all.

At the last election to be sure the "people" outvoted the "pee-pul" on the income tax question; but that doesn't convince the Journal that the "people" should enjoy the victory for long. The "pee-pul" won the income tax election in 1923 but that didn't deter the Oregonian from seeking a reversal of the verdict the following year.

Strangely enough the legislature passed two income tax bills which have met with no protest—the so-called excise tax and intangibles tax measures—both income tax measures of limited application.

The legislature had to pass an income tax; they'd have felt like they had forgotten something if they hadn't. They knew if they didn't pass an income tax bill another one would be proposed at the next election anyway. We have just gotten the income tax voting habit in this state. It wouldn't be an election if the question of passage or repeal or both were not on the ballot. So the legislature passed three income tax bills, and provided for an extra election in between times in case the people or the "pee-pul" wanted to get in some additional voting on this perennial tax question.

The real opportunity The Oregonian lost was in condemning the income tax legislation recommended by the Carkin commission. It had a chance for leadership then; and its sponsorship would have been a valuable factor in the sound readjustment of the state's taxing system. It opposed this measure of the Carkin commission, which permitted the more ardent friends of the income tax to get the present measure enacted. The legislature was not false to public faith. It was the doctor and prescribed medicine which the Oregonian and its "people" find hard to take.

Protecting Bank Depositors

ONE of the things the Oregon legislature didn't do was to pass or even to propose a bill for the state guaranty of bank deposits. This remnant of Bryanism has died a hard death, and a costly one. It was costly to solvent banks that were members of guaranty systems and costly to depositors who thought the system was going to protect them. This first got vogue in this country when Bryan was writing the Oklahoma constitution. It was a product of mid-western populism, of individual depending on the state like a wet-nurse.

Eight states tried Bryan's idea of guaranteeing deposits in state banks. In all but two of the states the system has completely broken down. Oklahoma repealed her law in 1923 with her guarantee fund about eight million dollars in the hole. In Washington the law lasted from 1917 to 1921, all the banks withdrawing from the system but not until the fund was hopelessly involved. Likewise the plan broke down in Texas, North and South Dakota, Mississippi and Nebraska. In Kansas the banks are withdrawing as fast as they can under the law. Nebraska has its guaranty fund some ten million dollars behind. The solvent banks are going in to court to stop the assessments which are eating up their earnings.

Of course the guaranty system was satisfactory so long as the banks didn't fail. It couldn't stand up in times of depression, and that was just when the depositor needed the protection. Many of the depositors in those states felt they had a claim against the state because the state natures the plan and supervised the banks. The state always had a good alibi just like Oregon has on its defaulted irrigation district bonds even though they bore a lot of state insignia.

Depositors have found out that their safety lies in the integrity and capacity of the bankers they do business with. Bankers have found they are better off to stand on their own bottom. Then they do not have to pay for the losses of poor management. The epidemic of bank failures which affected the farming regions after 1920 showed that something was radically wrong with our banking methods, but the guaranty system was a weak guy-rope that snapped with the first wind.

Unpleasant—But Needed Now and Then



Who's Who & Timely Views

Passage of Reapportionment Bill Predicted

By JAMES E. WATSON
Senator from Indiana
(James E. Watson was born at Winchester, Ind., November 2, 1864. He is a graduate of DePauw University. Admitted to the bar in 1887, he began practicing law with his father, moving to Reville six years later. He was elected to congress in 1895, serving until 1909 with the exception of one term. In 1909 he was the Republican nominee for governor of Indiana. He was sent to the United States senate in 1916, his last term expiring in 1923. He has been a delegate to the Republican national convention three times.)

I expect a new census and reapportionment bill to be brought in to the senate the first week of the extra session and I expect it to pass. Every effort that the republican leadership in the senate and a house can give to this belated validation of the constitution will be provided.

These assurances were given to Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, in charge of the last bill, before he withdrew the measure in the closing days of the regular session in order to permit the great supply appropriations of the government to break through the filibuster against reapportionment.

The assurances were given in good faith and will be sustained accordingly. Senator Vandenberg made a game fight in the last session against insurmountable odds. As a result, he succeeded in emphasizing the issue to a degree which precludes early results. He could have held this bill before the senate to the end of the final week of the recent filibuster against it.

But he could not have passed the bill. It was physically impossible. He merely could have caused the defeat of the supply bills. These in turn would have gone over to the extra session where they would have again jeopardized reapportionment. He showed wisdom in accepting a preferred status in the extra session for reapportionment itself; and it took more courage to make this decision than to have blundered into a futile impasse.

We must have an early census bill and we must have the reapportionment bill along with it. It is a mild statement that the delay in reapportionment legislation has been unfortunate. The senate must cure the lapse. Reapportionment, along with tariff and farm relief, are the major issues in the special session.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Again, our nut industries—
About which a recent article in The Statesman is being reprinted, with some elaborations, in this issue, on account of the fact that all copies of the former issue were soon taken, exhausting that edition.

The situation is like this: Not enough snow falls in the high Sierras in California to furnish enough water for the irrigation that is needed in the state. The California needs no longer get its water from the sea. The former river mouths in that state are now dry land.

Besides this, not enough water from the mountain rains and snows seeps into the earth to maintain the level of the water in the irrigation wells of that state. Their average depth has already gone down 10 feet, and it is gradually lowering. It is like the Teapot dome; the oil pumped out at the lower levels would before long take the supply from the higher places.

In California, the irrigation wells are drawing on the reserves, and the new annual supply from the mountains is not sufficient to keep them up. Result, an increasing need for new machinery and equipment and additional depth in order to secure enough water. Constantly more overhead.

With the high prices of land in California, the overhead becomes prohibitive for the growing of walnuts.
So the walnut trees in the southern counties, in the older orchards are being grubbed up. For other reasons, too, this is going on. The walnut trees must have irrigation. Without it, they die. Also, the walnut trees will not stand a high percentage of alkali in the water. The citrus trees will stand much more. Hence, orange, grape fruit and lemon trees are replacing the walnut trees.

More than this, they have a species of codling moth in California walnut orchards. And they have

to grow soft shelled nuts. And the hot weather in harvest time melts the oil of the walnuts and makes their meat rancid, and black.

This is all of tremendous interest to the people of the Willamette valley. All the hampering conditions named in California are absent here in the Willamette valley.

So the walnut industry is coming north, to the Willamette valley. We now have 15,000 acres in walnuts here. California has nearly 100,000 acres in walnut orchards. In time, perhaps soon, we will have the larger acreage here, because we can grow a better nut, and do it at a lower cost, and we need little or no irrigation.

As certainly as anything in the future can be, the Willamette valley is destined to become the great edible nut center of the world. We will major in walnuts, filberts and chestnuts, for we have the natural home here for these. There will be reforestation in black walnuts, some of them grafted over to the English varieties, and in chestnut trees, for both the nuts and the wood. Swine and poultry will be fattened on nuts, including ground chestnuts. Our forest products will be marketed on foot, in live stock and poultry products.

The federal government is to be placed behind this movement, with experts maintained here in the valley, making experiments and studies.

In the course of time, we will be shipping 100,000 tons annually of edible nuts to outside markets. And then our edible nut industries will be only well on their way. Big business is becoming interested. And cooperative effort; we will have chain nut enterprises—and do it at a lower cost, and we need little or no irrigation. And individual nut plantings will increase very rapidly. We are to have a nut boom; and it cannot come too quickly, or be too large, for the markets for nuts will grow in a thousand ways.

Editors Say:

TAX REDUCTION SLIGHT

When tax-paying time rolls 'round, property owners do not want to take too seriously the statements being published in the metropolitan papers that picture a big reduction in property levies as a result of the new tax measures just passed by the legislature. If the laws produce revenue as anticipated, it is true that much of the money received from property owners now for state purposes will be available elsewhere. But the state spends only a small amount of our tax dollar and the legislature has the authority to appropriate a still smaller amount. Even though the excise and intangibles tax provides enough money to equal all that the legislature can legally spend on its own responsibility, the taxpayer in Union county will be saved only about 7c out of every dollar in taxes he pays. If his tax bill is now \$100 a year, he can expect to have to pay it out to something like \$93—but that is all. Most of the rest of it goes for schools, for county and municipal purposes, for expenditures that voters have obligated the state for at the polls. The change is, nevertheless, a step in the right direction.—Lagrande Observer.

MEANS "BIG BUSINESS"

Farming, under the Hoover plan of relief, will be a "big business" through cooperation of individual units.
If the plan is to work, cooperative associations must be developed to gigantic proportions, and must extend to cooperative, marketing, rather than buying mostly in cooperative engaging of supplies.

The plan, advanced by Senator McNary, of Oregon, provides a three hundred million dollar fund to be loaned cooperative associations at four per cent interest. The money will be used to hold surplus crops for higher markets and to advance money to farmers during the storage period. As the money is to be loaned on surplus commodities, rather than to depressed districts, it is evident that in a diversified field there will probably be branches of half a dozen cooperatives, each marketing one commodity, rather than one cooperative marketing all the products of the district.

Increased tariff protection for depressed commodities is part of the plan. The idea is to give producers of a commodity must market through a central agency which they control, if they are to be loaned government money with which to hold their crops.—Medford News.

A few weeks ago it was an impossibility for any of the trains out of Portland or Seattle to speed up their schedules. They are now found out it could be done. Immediately all the other roads, some three in number, discovered the same thing.

Querer how one discovery leads to another. This will be a fine thing for Chicago people. Anything that enables them to get away from home quicker is good, but when they can get to the Pacific northwest five hours faster than usual, why that's a god-send.—Corvallis Gazette Times.

Rebel General is Summarily Killed

MEXICO CITY, Mar. 13.—(AP)—The execution of the rebel Simon Aguirre, one of the leaders of the revolt in Vera Cruz who was captured yesterday, was announced by the government late tonight. The execution was carried out at Santa Lucrecia, Vera Cruz, by federal soldiers commanded by General Alejandro Manjé.

Passed Up!

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER
By ROE FULKERSON
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READ THIS FIRST:
Betty Brown dances her way into the friendship of a fast and undesirable crowd, and out of the life of many nice people. An automobile accident results in a dislocated knee, and her dancing career and her friendship with the fast crowd, George Harris, are ended. Discouraged, she almost gives up, but she is rescued by a friend, and she studies stenography and typing and secures two positions, both of which she leaves. Discouraged, she almost gives up, but she is rescued by a friend, and she studies stenography and typing and secures two positions, both of which she leaves. Discouraged, she almost gives up, but she is rescued by a friend, and she studies stenography and typing and secures two positions, both of which she leaves.

CHAPTER XLIX

BETTY'S conversation with Mr. Smith, her former employer, ended with his advice not to get desperate and marry. It had been given with a laugh, but she knew that his matrimonial experience had not been satisfactory. She doubted if he would be if she married George, because she thought she should, rather than because she wanted to.

Leaving Mr. Smith, she again went to look over that salvation of the jobless, the help wanted columns of the papers. She found an advertisement of the United Hotel Supply company for a secretary. The wage was to be answered by letter, and no personal calls were allowed. It also specified that full particulars must be given in the first letter and sample of typing and penmanship submitted.

Betty answered the ad to the best of her ability, and sent with her application the letter of recommendation from Mr. Smith. She had little hope of securing the position, and was in doubt whether to enclose the letter, lest it be lost, but finally did so, requesting that it be returned to her immediately if her application was not considered.

She tried for another place the same afternoon, but the wages were so low she would not consider the position. The next morning the postman brought her a letter from the Hotel Supply company, asking her to call at their offices at 10:30. She was one of three applicants they had asked to call. She was elated at the prospect, for she had not expected it. At the office at the proper time she was told to see the chief clerk. He was a business-like man who asked her many questions, none of which, however, developed her dancing career. He had called Mr. Smith and that was what had influenced him to send for her.

He picked up a newspaper from the desk and dictated to her, then asked her to transcribe it. He seemed satisfied with her work; he told her he wanted a secretary for the vice president. Before he assigned her to this work he wanted to try her out for himself. As his secretary was now acting as secretary to the vice president, he would be better able to tell if she would do it as he would work for him for a day.

Her salary would depend entirely on her. The company was very particular about their employees and wanted only those willing to stay. Advancement was sure.
"I am very anxious for the position," explained Betty. "It is exactly what I am looking for. I care less about the salary to begin with than about the prospects for advancement. I will be glad to come in the morning and work for you all day so you may see that I am capable."

At home that night she looked up one of the books George had sent her to read, and she first went to work at the restaurant. It had to do with equipment and furnishings of a restaurant. Betty thought it might have some bearing on this business.

The following morning she took dictation from the chief clerk. It was about the very things of which she read the night before. Not once did she stop him to ask a question.
During the morning a telephone call came for him while he was busy talking to a salesman. "Saunders is busy on the phone," said Betty. "Will you hold the wire just a moment?" Saunders signalled for her to hold him. "Just an instant now and he will be here. Refrigerator display cases? Certainly we have them. We want a man to give you estimates. They not only mean a great saving on ice, but they display cold food in summer time in such an attractive way that, several restaurants have told us, they more than make up their costs in side orders. Cantaloupes, salads, fruits and cold platters seem more appetizing when people see them right on the ice. No, these cases never sweat. I'll have Mr. Saunders send you a salesman. He can take you to one of the restaurants we have certified and show you just how they work. You are opening the first of the month? Come around and let us show you some other equipment, too. Yes, we will have someone to see you within the hour. Our men are experts and, regardless of selling you, we

will be glad to give you the benefit of our advice. No, I'm not a salesman! Thank you!"
"The devil you aren't!" laughed Saunders. She looked up to see both Saunders and the salesman laughing at her.

"Where did you get all that dope?" asked Saunders.
"Out of a book I read last night," replied Betty, timidly.
"That book wanted to talk to Larkin, the salesman, not me!" said Saunders. "Go to the third floor on the right, tell him what you said, and give him the guy's name."
"Will he be angry?" asked Betty.

"You'll be lucky if he doesn't kiss you!" answered the salesman.
Betty found Mr. Larkin and explained about the call. She was only trying to hold the customer till Mr. Saunders could talk to him. She told what arguments she had used and what the man had said.
"Who are you?" asked Mr. Larkin, without removing the cigar from his mouth.
"I am on trial as a stenographer for the vice president. I'm working in Mr. Saunders' office today."
"I'll go back with you," he said.
"Say, does Andy get this young lady?" he demanded of Saunders.
"Not if I can get her away from him," returned Saunders.
"How much to boot do you want for her? I'll give you those two dumb bells you sent me."
"You get back into your own hole and let me alone! I employ and assign the help here." They seemed to be quarrelling.

"Oh well, she won't live long, anyway. She thinks. No woman can do that long at a time and survive." He went out chewing his cigar fiercely.
Betty returned to her work without comment. Saunders resumed his interview with the salesman, but when he was gone he turned in his chair and said: "Miss Brown, that was good work. It is very difficult to find girls who are interested in anything but dancing and the movies. If you continue that way you will make a success. I will assign you to Andy in the morning. You won't find him hard to work for."
"He is young in the business, but a whiz for work. He eats it alive with his head on. But he is nice. Keep using your head as you have today. I gave you some mean work purposely; you are accurate."

"I liked your reading up on this business. I can assure you I do on books for you, and there are plenty of trade papers around to take home at night, if you like."
"There! That's enough, and a longer speech than I usually make. The hours are from nine till five, two weeks vacation with pay, Saturday afternoon off, all the year round. We will start you at \$50. Later your salary will be decided by Andy."
Betty finished her work for the afternoon. She looked forward with dread to the next day. She wished life had been assigned to the cigar-shaving salesman or to Mr. Saunders, but determining to do her best with the vice president. Perhaps she would be better off with this man who was higher up in the organization. Perhaps some twist of management might put her with the man who chewed cigars.

The man she was going to work for was named Andy, and he was young. She hoped he did not have a tired, complaining wife to sail in some day and have her discharged. One thing she knew: she would never dance in his office. She hoped she would be able to dreadfully show this work-vouring business man would be if she forgot some day and called him "Andy," as she used to call Andy Adair. She suspected this Andy was like George Harris, grave and methodical and formal. She hoped she had had enough of happy, jolly fellows to work for. Mr. Smith had been like that and his jollity had gotten them both into trouble.
When she told George about her new position at dinner that night he congratulated her on her good fortune. He preened himself a bit when she related the incident of the telephone call and the use she had made of the book he had loaned her.

"No knowledge acquired is ever wasted," he announced. "Information stored away in the back of the brain is subject to call at any time, and no one ever makes a mistake in acquiring it. It is almost inconceivable that a person could acquire knowledge of any character which would not some day be useful."
"Yes, George," said Betty, dutifully. But she was wondering what her new employer looked like.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Old Oregon's Yesterdays
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read
March 14, 1935
There is every possibility that Portland may be represented in the Oregon State baseball league, according to Emmet Drake, who was president of the Portland Nationals and C. A. Whitmore, executive of the old Portland club.
Subscriptions to Salem's new bond issue had reached \$61,525 last night, more than double the amount required.
A convention of the republican party of the first congressional district, called to meet in Salem April 13.
Prof. and Mrs. R. F. Carlton of Albany are visiting in the city.