

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Tax "Strike"

There is more reason and justice in a group of farmers threatening litigation against general property taxes and calling a "tax strike" than for coupon clippers to try to get the intangibles tax act knocked out as unconstitutional. By every measure real property has borne an undue proportion of the burdens of government in this state. It suffers from two facts: real property is tangible, and it is fixed. It may not be concealed, usually its value is easily computed; and it cannot be moved from one county or state to another to escape taxation.

When March last comes round flocks of sheep may be "over in Idaho," diamonds and notes go into hiding. But the farm is there, and the home and the factory and the store building. So the assessor marks them down at a certain value and they are taxed. But how far have we gone in just a few years? In 1920 and in 1922 the state was voting on the "single tax" which would have put all taxation upon the land. This year the tax leagues have been rebellious because the legislature did not enact the Mott resolution which would have prohibited all state taxes on real property. While both proposals were defeated the fact that they enjoyed a considerable following shows the wide swings of sentiment in this state.

The Statesman has strongly supported taxation of intangibles and of incomes both as a measure of justice and as a relief for the excessive burden on real property. But we think the tax leagues are making a mistake in urging a "tax strike" when the last half of taxes fall due. First, because there is no chance that the courts would void the tax levies duly made; and second because the operation of the new tax laws is going to give the farmers the relief they have been clamorous for. Already it is announced that the state tax levy will be reduced from 6 1/2 mills to 3 mills for next year; and that within a few years the direct tax on property for state purposes will be done away with altogether or reduced to an insignificant amount. The battle now is to protect these laws and not to defy the tax collector for past injustices.

The argument for a tax strike is that the courts might declare the property tax invalid because of the inequalities of taxation. But we do not find anything in the constitution which requires that taxes be levied equally on all property. Two taxation amendments were adopted by vote of the people June 4, 1917: One is section 32 of article I:

"No tax or duty shall be imposed without the consent of the people or their representatives in the legislative assembly; and all taxation shall be uniform on the same class of subjects within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax."

This merely requires that the same rate of taxation shall apply on the same class of property and by omission permits the legislature to establish different rates on different classes of property.

The second section is no. one of article IX:

"The legislative assembly shall, and the people through the initiative may, provide by law uniform rules of assessment and taxation. All taxes shall be levied and collected under general laws operating uniformly throughout the state."

There is nothing in this which requires that taxation be "equal." We quote from the constitution, not to prejudice the case of the tax leagues, nor to anticipate the decision of the courts; but to point out the very doubtful ground a person has to stand on if he refuses to pay his taxes in hope that the court may later void the tax levy.

What happens if taxes are not paid? Very quickly the processes of government are stopped. Teachers are unable to cash their warrants. Road work must be abandoned unless the men will take warrants for which there is no sale. Bond issues, previously voted by the people, go to default and the credit of the district or county is ruined.

We believe that good citizens of all classes will pay their taxes: real property taxes, intangibles taxes, income and excise and corporation taxes. If they feel there is injustice they may of course pay under protest and appeal to the courts for redress. Or what is better they may go to the legislature and present their case and secure a modification of the tax laws. That is what the grange did at the last session. The farmers will act on better counsel if they pay their taxes wherever possible, and see to it that the new tax laws are protected in the courts and in the legislature.

Jails and Ideas

THE Boloff case just decided in the state supreme court belongs in that twilight zone where freedom of thought and speech clashes with the inherent right of a government to preserve itself. Traditionally this country has been the home of free speech; actually we are extremely intolerant of views counter to conventional ideas in economics or politics. From the standpoint of public policy (without regard to the legal aspects of the case) we incline to agree with Justice Belt who dissented from the majority view and felt that it was wrong to punish Boloff for criminal syndicalism. The justice has in the following paragraph given a terse summary of the implications of the Boloff case:

"The criminal syndicalism act was enacted during the late world war as a sort of emergency measure. To extend its application to a poor, ignorant sewer digger who entertains erroneous ideas concerning governmental affairs and to imprison him in the penitentiary for a period of 10 years is in my opinion, not in keeping with the proper administration of justice. Throughout the centuries jails have never been able to kill ideas. It is doubtful if they can do so in this modern and turbulent age."

The judge might have gone farther and made the comment that such imprisonment becomes a martyrdom and helps to spread the virus of antagonism to the existing social and political order. We ought not to preserve the hysteria of wartime in these days of peace.

This morning when we went up State street we saw a sign reading: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothing." We hustled right into the store but were just too late apparently. The ladies already had it on. —Slips in Capital Journal.

That's nothing, Slips. We had the same experience with a sign: "Ladies underwear 1-3 off."

Political virtue which reached a new high at the 1930 Armageddon is fast getting back to normalcy. We learn that a high-placed official of the state administration got forty passes to the football game last Saturday from a henchman of the wicked power trust.

All the papers are re-trying the Joe Lillard case and most of them think the new car gave Oregon a bad rap when he slammed the brakes on Joe. It might be well to wait to see if there are seconds and thirds in the conference as well as a first.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

FACTS ABOUT TACOMA'S WATER SUPPLY

Something was recently said in a local paper about Tacoma's water supply. Being interested in the subject of municipal water supply, I recently wrote to the water department of Tacoma for information regarding the source of supply in that city. Saturday afternoon, I received from Ira S. Davison, commissioner of public utilities for Tacoma, full data about their water supply. As disclosed by Mr. Davison's letter, the facts are as follows: Up to 1912, Tacoma obtained its supply from wells and springs. In that year, the city put in a gravity system and tapped Green River about 40 miles east of the city in the Cascade mountains. From this source a supply of 40,000,000 gallons per day was obtained. Owing to the fact that the pipe line was built of wood, this source proved unsatisfactory, on account of the heavy expense to which the city was put for maintenance. The quality of the water obtained from Green River was satisfactory, and the supply was adequate for a few years. The city of Tacoma is now engaged in replacing the wood pipe line to the Green River head-works with a steel and concrete line at a cost of about \$2,000,000.

About five years ago, in order to augment its water supply, the city dug four or five more wells. In 1930, the city dug four additional wells. In Davison's letter, nothing is said about the quality of the water from these wells. One must assume it is satisfactory, otherwise the city would not be digging more wells.

For the present, Tacoma obtains its water from Green River and about a dozen or more wells. Mr. Davison's letter states that the water is pumped from these wells at a nominal cost, owing to the low rates for electricity in that city. Davison's letter shows that Tacoma did not find the well system "inadequate, undependable and unduly expensive to operate in comparison with a gravity system." On the contrary, after Tacoma installed its gravity system, it reported it "extensive" and "inadequate," they did not enlarge the gravity system by "expending millions for additions," but reverted to the well system, because it was cheaper to install and operate.

"Watch Tacoma grow" is an old slogan, and everyone knows Tacoma still expects to grow in the future, more rapidly than in the past. With a view to meet this future growth and to supply water for industries in the city which require large quantities of water continuously, in 1928, the city acquired Lake Kawasin, located about 20 miles from the city of the Cascade foothills, together with the right to divert into this lake, water from the Puyallup river. This water will be brought to the city through steel pipe and when fully developed will provide about 200,000,000 gallons per day. This development will not be undertaken until the growth of the city makes it necessary to provide a large increase in its water supply. B. W. Macy.

Editor Statesman: Now and then I meet men, or hear of some who have taken Christmas trees to California and lost money on them. San Francisco and other northern California cities are flooded every year with men who get their orders for trees in the summer. In southern California conditions are different. Most men who take trees to California stop in the north part of the state. I suppose quite a number of people who take your paper have Christmas trees. If you want to you can publish this and I will be glad to give any one further advice. How, where and what kind of trees to ship. They to send postage. Do not phone. ROBERT LOEB, 497 Union, Salem.

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Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 21, 1906
Williamette against Whitman on October 25 in Salem is the first big football of the season for this section.

President Roosevelt is considering the idea of mentioning his plan for a tax on fortunes in his annual message. His idea is for a "progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual."

NEW YORK — The Bank of England has caused a general stir in financial markets by raising its official discount rate from five to six per cent. This was done to stop the drain on the bank's reserve fund.

October 21, 1921
That the Japanese empire is the factor most imperiling the peace of the Far East is the opinion expressed yesterday by Dr. Chang Yu-chuan at Honolulu, chief counsellor of the Chinese foreign office at Peking.

ROSEBURG — Dr. Richard M. Brumfield, convicted here on October 19 of first degree murder, last night cut his throat in an attempt to end his life. The prisoner is said to have a chance to recover.

The total assessed valuation of property in Marion county this year is \$37,397,470, \$482,300 over that of one year ago, according to O. A. Steinhilber, assessor.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

SHE SHAKES A WICKED HOOF!

French Hoofs Will Eventually Change Women's Feet Into Hoofs, Declares Dr. Paul F. Mehaffy, Noted Chicago Chiropractor



Tomorrow: "Are Airplanes Safe?"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Silver Falls park: The writer proposes that as the new name, Silver Falls Park is not appropriate. The word creek plays it down. Its importance is worthy of being played up. Creek is apt to convey the idea of a trickling stream, meandering through a small field or meadow.

Each one of the 10 Silver Falls hurls down a considerable volume of water; makes a spectacle worth going far to see. During a large part of the year, several of them hurtle into space masses that have the magnitude of rivers. The biggest one makes a sheer plunge of 186 feet. The Argentine flood of the North falls drops 146 feet. The Winter fall makes a double leap aggregating 198 feet.

Nearly 1000 acres of land has now been gathered into the ownership of the public to make up this glorious park; this playground for the present and future generations, in which nature displays and shall perpetually exhibit her charms and her wonders, in forms attractive and alluring to a degree almost beyond compare.

Nine of the falls are within the confines of the present 1000 acre holdings. The 10th is within an 80 acre tract that has been filed upon by a private party who would like to see this 10th plunge into space in the one called the Upper North fall, where there is a sheer drop of 65 feet — the one where the stream is crossed by a big log.

Under the provisions of the act of congress on recreational sites, Marion county has filed upon this last 80 acre tract, subject to prior rights. This filing should be persisted in and prosecuted to a final conclusion, so that there may not finally be a single grain in the title of the great public to this expanse of wonderland set there for general use and enjoyment.

The special provisions claim of private persons should be allowed to stand in the way of the rights of the general public; of the whole country and of the world. There is nothing either in the letter or the spirit of the homestead law that justifies or sets up the claim of such an individual, predicted upon a preliminary filing, to levy toll upon persons coming hither to enjoy the natural privileges offered; that by the inherent rights of access to recreational privileges ought to be free to all.

It is a duty imposed by the circumstances of their public trust upon the members of the county court to guard against the imposition named. It developed upon the county judge and the commissioners there offered against any unwarranted attempts at securing the benefits of private greed and gain.

The whole country, and more especially this coast, the Pacific northwest, the state of Oregon, the county of Marion and the city of Salem — all have interests in preserving the pristine loveliness of Silver Falls park and in offering the advantages of its privileges freely to all comers from near and far places.

All these things being made secure, it is within the province of our home people to profit in the largest possible indirect ways from the attractions of this wonderland set by nature at the very back door of the capital city.

Our commercial bodies have a duty of letting the world know of our offering. The Salem chamber of commerce has already shown commendable initiative industry and vigilance in this respect.

The advertising of the charms of Silver Falls park has due attention at the hands of the organization. It is justified in persisting in this, and urging greater and wider claims upon the alluresments offered to tourists. This can scarcely be overdone, within the proper resources of the organization.

No piece of literature announ-

ing the attractions of the Salem district will ever be complete without a mention of Silver Falls park.

The state and county highway departments will be justified in rendering access to the park more and more easy, and in making the offerings of nature's beauty spots there more and more adaptable to the convenience of the public — while preserving the natural advantages against the encroachments of vandals.

Whatever ought to be done should be done to guard the park against contaminations that might come from disturbing the supplying streams in their upper reaches in the forest fastnesses.

With the increase of population, and the encroachments due to the commercial use of our forest growths, there will come the necessity of imposing strict rules for conservation and reforestation, such as are employed in older lands. Such gifts of the God of nature as are vouchsafed to us by this park are all too few; too rare to permit the possibility of the profaning or destroying of one of them.

Our section has not another one comparable to this.

The danger of losing it has been too close to leave any thought of further risk in this respect. It is our park; your park; the rightful inheritance of this and future generations.

Taking his cue from the words of the prisoner of Patmos, the Bits man gives it "a white stone," and the name is Silver Falls park.

VISITS MISS LEWIS BRUSH CREEK, Oct. 20 — Miss Stella Dybevik was in Corvallis the weekend guest of Miss Mary Lewis. Miss Lewis formerly taught in the Silverton high school. For the past two years Miss Lewis has been a member of the faculty at Oregon State college. Miss Dybevik is secretary to Robert Goets, superintendent of Silverton schools, but drives out to her home here every Sunday.

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER XLIX

Frank Severn on the other side of the window? They had heard no sound of approaching footsteps. It might almost have been a ghost that had suddenly materialized out of the mist-enfolded night, so silent had that figure come — so silent and motionless still, as the white staring face confronted those startled eyes within the room.

Not the Frank Severn whom Jim had last seen two years ago, so terribly changed was that haggard face that the light picked out from the blurred dimness. The features might have been those of a man sleep-walking or moving under the influence of a drug, curiously blank as they seemed of all expression. The eyes with their fixed stare, under the disordered mass of black hair, rested on Jim Wynter as if without the faintest gleam of recognition. The latter's eager cry of his name had brought no trace of any emotion, no change to that strangely mask-like face.

"Frank—Frank!" With the cry breaking from him again, Jim dragging himself out of that first momentary shock of surprise, essayed in a fever of impatient haste to push up the lower sash of the window.

In that same moment the door had been flung open and Sant had burst into the room, startled by that excited cry from within of Frank Severn's name.

Horror. Almost on the threshold the man paused arrested, his face ghastly and white as paper, as in sudden appalled horror he realized that what Martin had just told him was the truth, as he too saw the eyes staring in from the mist outside.

With a queer choking cry Sant seemed suddenly to crumple up. With his hand going spasmodically to his heart, the big burly figure swayed for a moment unsteadily, would have fallen but that there was a chair near into which he dropped. And behind him an ash-en-faced Martin, looking as if his nerve were gone, cried out half hysterically as he pointed a shuddering hand at the window: "What did I say? Wasn't I right?"

There was a panic of consternation in his eyes. In a stride Martell was by his side, gripping the unnerved man's arm wagglingly.

"Silence, you hysterical fool!" he whispered harshly, with a menacing gleam in the dark eyes bent menacingly on that face of panic. Pull yourself together, man!"

It was as had a moment no doubt for Martell as for his two accomplices, this sudden apparition of the victim of their evil plot. Frank Severn unaccountably broken free, whose first words would be to denounce the guilty man — what short of a miracle, could save them now? But even with that grim realization to be faced Martell could still keep his nerve to silence his fellow rogue's panic-loosened tongue.

"What's the matter with this window? It won't open!" cried Jim in angry impatience, as he exerted all his strength to push up the lower sash.

It seemed as immovably unyielding as if it had been wedged on the outside Bill's added efforts availed nothing. The window remained fast shut.

The figure outside, still with no gleam of recognition of his friends in that face so strangely drained of all expression, had already drawn back out of the radius of mist-blurred light, merged once again into the deep shadows behind that closed about it like a gray engulfing sea, drowning it from sight.

Jim abandoned the attempt to get the window open; he did not risk wasting time on the other window; he raced from the room, followed by Bill Grayson. They ran across the hall, dragged the front door open, and dashed out towards the grounds at the back of the



The eyes with their fixed stare rested on Jim Wynter.

house that the window overlooked.

"I can't understand it," muttered Jim as they ran — "that Frank seemed not to recognize us or to be afraid of us too! It's clear enough now what Martin's words meant — that Frank had escaped from the place where they've been keeping him a prisoner — and that place isn't far from Beggar's Court!"

"Sant's heart's been groggy for some time; no wonder it played him up just now when he saw Severn's face at the window!" Like the writing on the wall for him, said Bill, his mouth grim. "They certainly gave themselves away tonight, he and Martin!"

But where had Severn vanished — and why had he vanished? "Frank—Frank. This is Jim Wynter. Where are you, Frank?" Jim cried out loudly as they ran 'round the side of the house.

No answering voice out of the baffling darkness. No sign of the man who had come and vanished again like a ghost. No sound of retreating footsteps.

It was bewildering to Jim Wynter and Bill. Why had Severn apparently fled? He had seen his friends here as well as his enemies — must have known that his enemies were powerless now. Jim remembered that strangely vacant face, so changed, so unlike Severn's face; had all the suffering he must have undergone turned his brain for the time? Or since Jim had found Sant, whom he had trusted, a traitor, did he mistrust even his other friends now?

Then suddenly, as they raced forward, with the thin spectral sea-mist creeping up the estuary to make their search of the grounds an exasperating game of blind man's bluff, a cry broke from Bill Grayson.

"Listen, there's someone there!"

A sudden sound of movement had reached them from somewhere not far away. They ran in the direction whence it seemed to come. Behind them they could hear hurrying following footsteps. Probably Martell's. Martell was the only one of those guilty three who had kept his nerve.

Dimly ahead of them out of the thin damp mist a figure began to take shape to their eyes and a voice hailed them, but not Frank Severn's voice: "Hello, that you, Mr. Wynter?"

It was John Isham. He was standing, supporting himself by his crutches, his head half turned, staring intently into the misty dimness beyond. He was on the path that led round by the back of the house to the gate at the side of grounds.

"I thought it must be you, Mr. Wynter, that it was your voice I heard just now," Isham said as they hurried up. "What's all the trouble? And didn't I hear you call out Severn's name? And who was that who dashed past me just now?"

As he was speaking Martell came running up. "You say someone passed you?" cried Jim. "We saw the missing man Mr. Severn a few minutes ago."

"Severn!" Isham's voice sounded startled. "It's not a minute ago that someone plunged past me, running as if for dear life. Rather startled me, appearing suddenly out of the mist and nearly knocking me over! I can't say it was Severn, of course. He was heading in that direction."

Isham pointed. Instantly Jim Wynter and Bill ran on, leaving their informant staring after them.

Martell was pursuing the search too, but he was bearing off in a somewhat divergent direction, as if he preferred to hunt on his own.

A thought suddenly struck Bill. "Jim, we oughtn't to lose sight of that chap, Martell's an enemy, not a friend. And if he came upon Severn alone . . . These men are desperate, remember. Martell's one thought might be to silence Severn before he could open his mouth to denounce them. He wouldn't stick at murder. I'd bet follow Martell, whilst you take this direction." (To be continued)

New Views

Yesterday Statesman readers asked this question: "what do you think of a two per cent tax for city purposes on gross incomes of all utilities operating in the city?"

Rev. W. N. Blodgett, 1197 North 17th, retired United Brethren minister: "Yes, by all means tax would be good. I think utilities ought to bear their share and a little more."

Kester McMillip, clerk: "Don't ask me such weighty questions."

O. L. Farmer, carpenter: "Sure, I think the utilities should pay an income tax to the city. That's what we ought to have."

N. W. Zeller, grocer: "Yes, I think they should pay some tax on their income."

Miss Ada Ross, teacher: "That is a question which will bear consideration and investigation. I should not care to give an answer without knowing more about it."

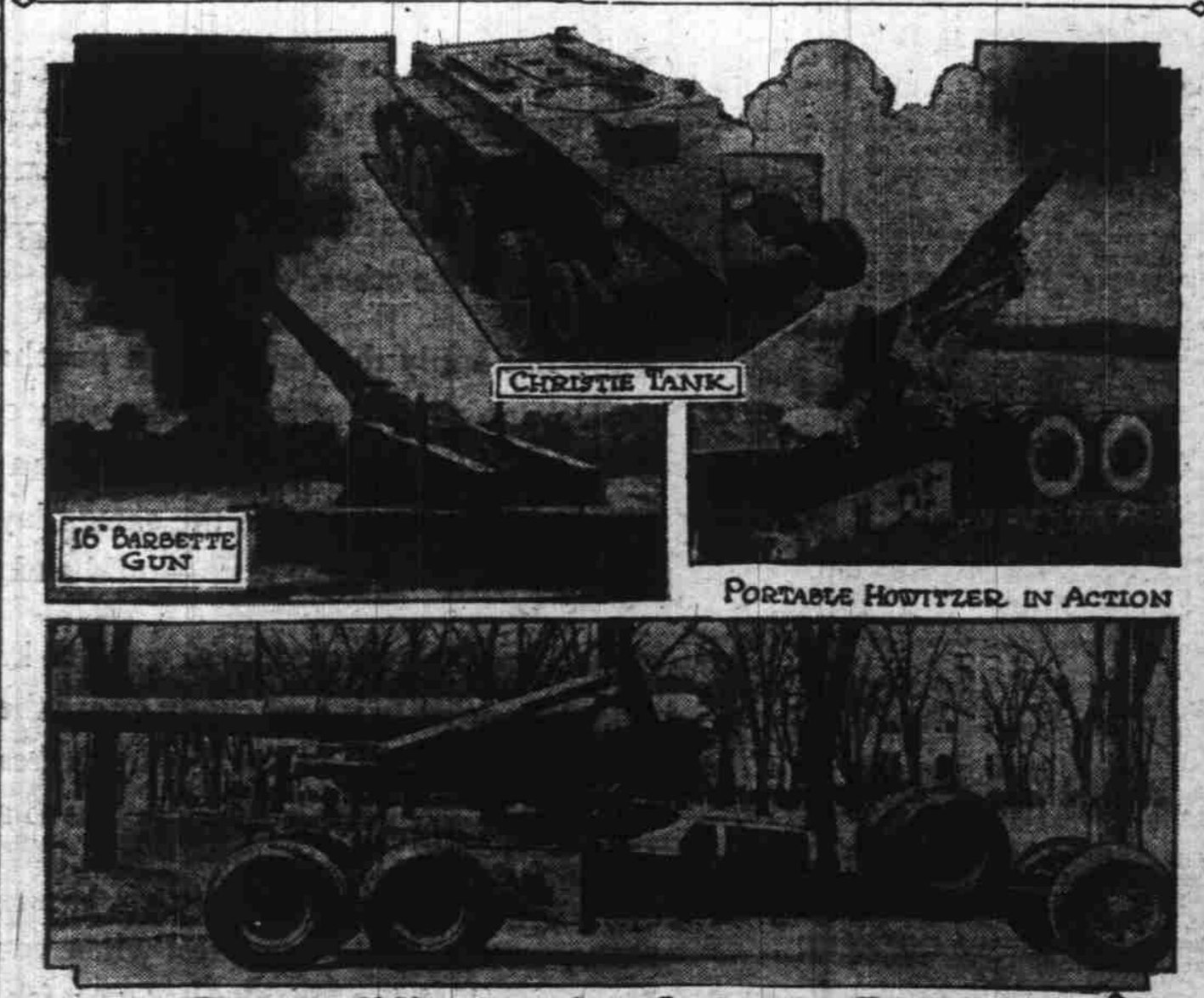
Daily Thought

"Man has not yet reached his best. He will never reach his best until he walks the upward way side by side with woman. Plato was right in his fancy that man and woman are merely halves of humanity, each requiring the qualities of the other in order to attain the highest character. Shakespeare understood it when he made his noblest women strong as men, and his best men tender as women. The hands and breasts that nursed all men to life are scored as the forgetful brute proclaims his superior strength and plumes himself so he can subjugate the one who made him what he is." — Eugene V. Debs.

ROAD WORK ENDS

SILVERTON HILLS, Oct. 20 — The road work in this district is practically completed for the autumn. Just at present the crew is hauling gravel and spreading it. This is the most direct road to the Silver Creek Falls country and every Sunday sees large groups of people motoring over the new road and enjoying the scenery.

UNCLE SAM DISPLAYS "BIG STICK"



PORTABLE 8' HOWITZER GUN READY FOR ROAD

The recent demonstration at the Government proving ground, Aberdeen, Md., before the Army Ordnance Association and 6,000 experts and Governmental department representatives, of the development of armaments leaves no room for doubt as to United States supremacy in modern war weapons. Among the armaments was a disappearing gun that fires a two-ton projectile a distance of thirty miles and can take cover in a prepared gun-pit. Armored cars thundered over ploughed fields at 50 miles an hour, shooting a spray of bullets from their battery of machine guns as they advanced. Another innovation is an eight-inch howitzer, mounted on a six-wheel truck with pneumatic tires. This weapon, Micherte prospecting with difficulty by caterpillar tractors, can be rushed from place to place at 35 miles an hour. A machine gun that fires 700 rounds a minute is another wonder of the martial array of tools. Experts concede that U. S. progressiveness in armament is unmatched anywhere in the world.