

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Born Soapboxer
 JUDGE McMAHAN has a perverted sense of humor if he extracts mirth from the decision of Judge Walker which knocked into a cocked hat the allegations of wrongful use of public funds which McMahan had peddled over the county as part of his political vendetta against District Attorney Carson. The decision of Judge Walker will surprise no one; and McMahan probably least of all. Although we would not accuse Mac of knowing any law, he surely had sense enough to know that his allegations would not stand up in court.

McMahan sets a poor example for the public to entertain respect for the courts. When Judge Skipworth declared his pet grand jury was dead as a door nail, McMahan railed around about the decision. Now when another of his colleagues on the circuit bench of the state returns a decision going against one of his pet peeves McMahan vents another blast in an effort to bolster up his political fortunes.

If McMahan still thinks the law has been violated he can lay the matter before his grand jury and encourage that body to bring in indictments for wrongful appropriation of public funds. He will not do that, but he will continue to spew about insinuations reflecting on the integrity of men of strict rectitude.

The condition of affairs in the administration of his own department are deplorable. Slipshod opinions, delays in handling of work, lack of confidence on the part of attorneys and litigants make department no. 1 the joke of the state, a joke however in which there is nothing funny because of the serious matters involved.

Take the Rhea Luper case in which an indictment was returned months ago. Why doesn't McMahan bring the case up for the accused to plead? He has been playing horse in the matter for months; until eventually it will be forgotten and dismissed.

McMahan is the perfect example of the born soapboxer who will never get off the box.

Confusing the Issue
 THE Oregonian, in its fight against the new schedule of state income tax which will be voted on next month, urges defeat of the measure and the forcing of economy on the state government. In this that eminent newspaper is hardly frank with the public. The new rates, which do represent an increase, are not intended to provide the state with more money to spend, but to shift the source for state revenues from property to current incomes. The measure specifically provides that it is not designed to increase the amount of funds available, and that any surplus must be conserved to reduce in the year following the amount to be levied against property.

The proposed income tax has nothing to do with the spending of money, but with the raising of money which has been appropriated by law. The drive for economy must come in the legislature and with the governor who are the officials determining the amount of money to be spent. Whether this measure passes or not there will be need for pressure on the next legislature to reduce appropriations. And whether this measure passes or not the state may not legally raise an amount in excess of six per cent above the last tax levy.

The Oregonian makes note of the fact that an unmarried person with a salary of \$100 a month will pay \$8 income tax to the federal government and \$4 to the state government, a total of \$12. Again the Oregonian is not frank with its readers. For a person with a salary of \$1200 a year is entitled to deduct interest, property taxes, charities and benevolences which may bring the net down to less than the \$1000 exemption (or the state tax to less than the \$10 exemption).

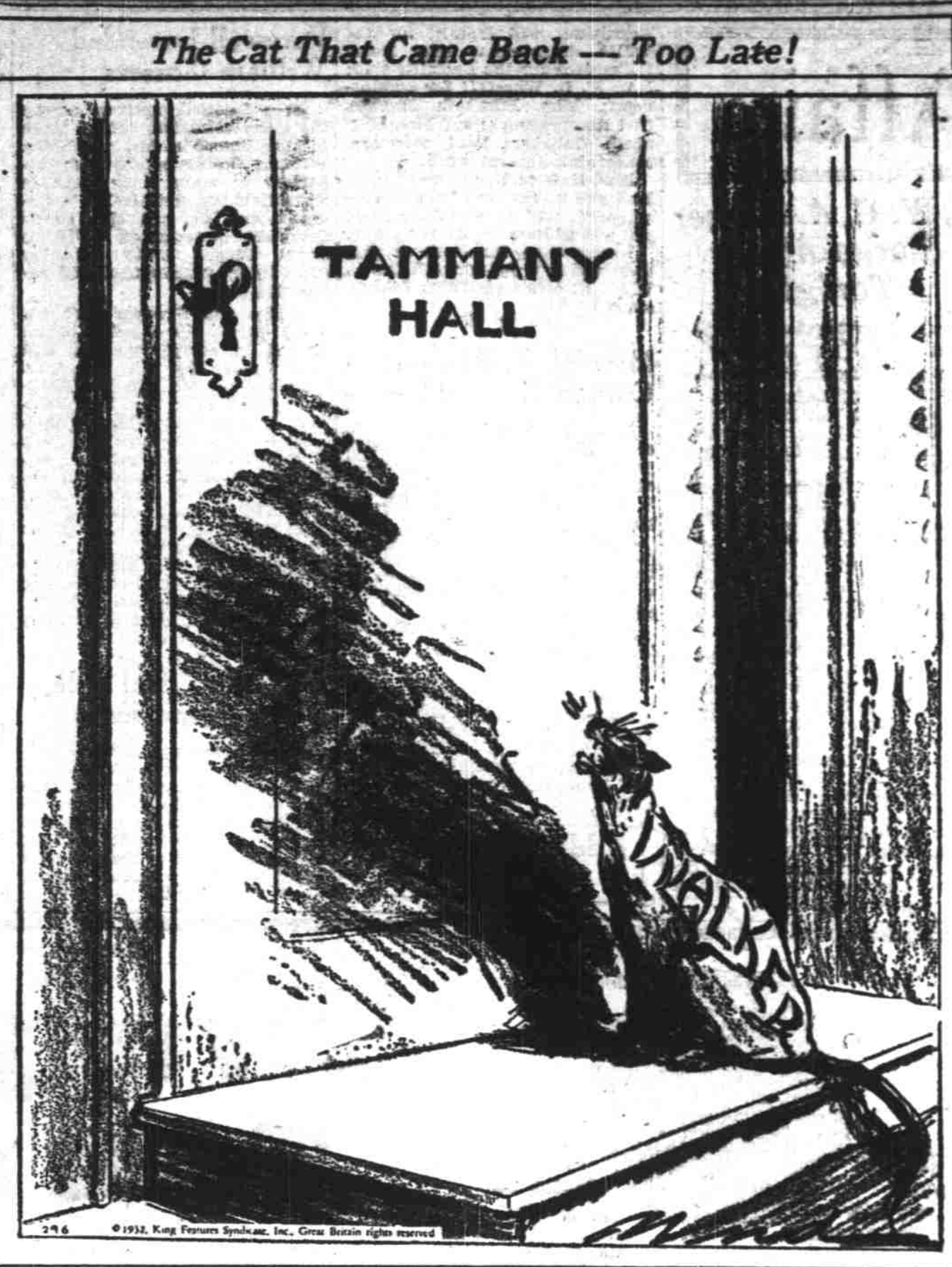
But suppose such a person, without dependents, does pay \$12 to the state and federal government. Wherein lies the offense? Is that a very heavy burden to lay upon his income? A dollar a month, which if it does not go for the tax, may find wings as easily and perhaps with must less return. Again it should be remembered that the decreasing price level has the effect of a salary increase upon those with a fixed income. So if \$1500 was a fair exemption in more prosperous days \$1000 is not far wrong at present.

The Oregonian concludes:
 "We can defeat this proposed increase in state income taxes and compel the legislature to reduce appropriations and compel officials to practice greater economy."
 As we have remarked above defeating this new tax schedule forces no state economy whatsoever. We go farther and wonder just how far the Oregonian will "compel" the legislature and the officials to cut their costs. Presumably by cutting out the "frills" of government. We do not like to be captious but we do not observe that the Oregonian is cutting out any "frills" in its publication although published reports of advertising linage show it has suffered severe losses as have all other newspapers. It maintains a costly radio station. Its features are still lavish. It keeps four wire press services, when in past days of equivalent income it probably got along with one or two. We know nothing of the Oregonian's income sheet, but we venture it does not begin to show the profits that it did 20 or 30 years ago when its figures of income were the same.

Why then doesn't the Oregonian cut its costs to correspond with its reduced income? Undoubtedly because it thinks the condition is only temporary and that its revenues will "come back" in time.

The state has followed the same theory. And two years ago when the legislature made its appropriations few thought the depression would grow worse instead of better. Undoubtedly the state will lower its expenses this year; but we will have to remember that we have some long time commitments which cannot be scuttled. We have our road debts; our guarantee of irrigation bond interest which soon will end; and our heavy bonded debt for the veteran's bonus loans. In addition it is doubtful if the people are willing to do away with some services of government any more than the Oregonian with its radio station and extra wire services. There will still be the hope that better times are ahead.

When it comes to expenditures The Statesman is quite as conservative as the Oregonian and is ready to fight the battle for intelligent economy at the next session of the legislature and the national congress. But we do repeat that the Oregonian draws a herring across the trail and confuses the



New Views
BITS for BREAKFAST
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "What were your reactions to the Hoover speech at Cleveland, Ohio, Saturday?"

Allan Carson, attorney: "Pretty strong speech. He's getting stronger. I didn't hear it all but I read it. He's showing more steam. One thing I've had against Hoover is that he is too lilylike."

Walter Lamkin, county courthouse: "I noticed the stock market Monday flopped; was there any connection? Hoover made a good speech. How will the election come out? Ask me two weeks from now!"

E. H. Riggs, typewriter merchant: "I'm not much versed in politics, but I was glad to hear Hoover clear up several questions including the one in which he was claimed to have been involved in the Chinese coolie traffic at one time."

William Smith, salesman: "I didn't hear it, but from what I've read about it, I can find no complaint. He is certainly mincing no words."

Daily Thought
 "Before me, even as behind, God is, and all is well."
 —Whittier.

The Safety Valve
 Letters from Statesman Readers

Route 1, Salem, Ore. October 12, 1933

To the Editor: In your editorial columns, issue of October 13th, you published a short letter of inquiry from the State Grange Bulletin in which they asked what had become of the farmers strike and why there had been no news of the same. In commenting on the inquiry you stated that the newspapers have not been guilty of suppressing facts, and general news concerning the farmers strike. This may be true, but we are inclined to believe the newspapers HAVE withheld facts that should have been published.

In this editorial you admit that the newspapers have "played down some of the distress news, such as bank failures," and you should have added farm foreclosures, forced sales of chattels and bankruptcy, caused by the ruinous prices we, the farmers, have had to accept for every commodity we are producing.

You also admit that you have played up some of the brighter business news in hopes of restoring confidence in the business situation. Just as every newspaper in the country did in the month of July when hogs in about one week advanced from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per hundred at the time of year when receipts are always the lightest.

The leading newspapers played this strong, calling the country's attention to the millions of dollars worth of hogs. But there was positively no mention in anything I read of the many more millions the packers made out of the advance on cured meats in storage, which at that time amounted to \$75,000,000 pounds. In three days cured meats advanced an average of 2 1/2% per pound AND THE PRICE STILL HOLDS. Just as soon as the advanced price on cured meats was established hogs hit the tobbogan and have been declining ever since. The Salem price this morning is \$3.60 to \$3.85, the lowest in the 45 years that I have been raising hogs. The last bunch we delivered was on August 11th, at \$4.60, which was only \$1.05 below the cost of production. However, as the newspapers were constantly "playing up" on the brighter business news, we were led to believe that the market was over, and that it would be safe to feed more hogs, so on September 11th we commenced feeding another bunch which now shows us a loss of \$1.85 per hundred at today's prices.

The newspaper editors may feel that they are justified in playing up the bright spots, and perhaps have no intention of deceiving anyone, but the result of OVERPLAYING in times like the present is sure to be the cause of more distress.

It is not surprising that the farmers are striking. This has been expected for some time. Why are we striking? Simply because

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

ROMANCE

Ted Wynne leaves his position in the Newport steel mill to work his way through Old Dominion college. He is a brilliant student and shows promise in football. Barney Moore, the coach, makes Ted a quarterback. Tom Stone, another student, and Ted are rivals for the love of wealthy Barb Roth. When Barb breaks a date with Ted in favor of Tom, Ted ignores her. In the fall, Barney is pleased with Ted's playing. Rosalie Downe, a student at Weyrick College, is another admirer of Ted's. Rosalie, the independent, good-fellow type is the direct opposite of the haughty Barb. In the game against Army, Ted is hurt making a tackle. Barney says he is stalling because he missed. Ted refuses to leave the game. With Army leading in the first half, Ted gambles for a pass and misses. The Army wins and Old Dominion loses its first game. Ted feels responsible but Barney assures him he made the right play. Tom's ridicule riles Ted. They fight, and Ted wins. At the end of the season, they buckle down to their books. Ted's room-mate, Fidge, jokingly rebukes Ted for making him study. Ted takes Rosalie to the Christmas dance, but his thoughts are of Barb, who passes him without recognition.

CHAPTER XVIII
 "Still goofy for the wonder girl?" Rosalie asked.
 "Why don't you like her?"
 "Why don't you?"
 "I do like her."
 "Why?"
 "I don't know. She's clean, inspiring."
 "Doesn't smoke, drink or neck, I suppose?"
 "Are you saying she does?"
 "I'm not interested in whether she does—none of them would hurt her."
 Rosalie could be annoying when she talked about Barb.
 "Why aren't you with her if she is so sweet?"
 "A little misunderstanding."
 "Must be a little one—you've been away a long while."
 Ted felt like asking her what business it was of hers; he hurried to defend Barb.
 "Maybe I'm wrong, maybe it's my fault."
 "Probably is."
 "Thanks. When I'm wrong I admit it—but I have to be shown."
 "And no mere girl can do that."
 "What do you know about it, anyhow?"
 "I know how your mind works."
 "Yeah? You know more than I do sometimes."
 "On this, I do. That's why I'm telling you."
 "You can't tell me anything."
 "That's your trouble—nobody can; but just the same it's true."
 "What is it?"
 "Your ideas about girls—all wrong."
 Ted lit a cigar angrily. She smiled and counteracted with a cigarette. They sat back from the table.
 "So you're starting that again?"
 "This time I'm going to finish it—and you're getting angry, like a bear that's been insulted, won't change it any."
 "Who's sore?"
 "You."
 "I'm not—only you get my goat. What do you know about how I think?"
 "I might give you a very nasty answer but I won't. But this is how you think: You have an impossible ideal in your mind which no girl of flesh-and-blood can fit."
 "As far as you know, maybe."
 "I got that one. It wasn't nice, at all. This ideal has a vague shape and probably pastel coloring. Along came Barb and she seemed to be the wonder girl; and you bow down and worship. Right?"
 "No."
 "Yes—and when she doesn't con-

form in the flesh to your ideal of a pink angel, you become terribly outraged."
 "You're talking through your hat."
 "No, Ted. You might as well realize that you'll never find a pink angel in short skirts—they die when they're babies—and if you should find her, you'd tire of her in no time."
 "I haven't tired of her."
 "You haven't known her in the flesh. An ideal is intangible, a perfect being. Nothing with a body can be perfect—not even the great Wynne."
 "Who said he was?"
 "You demand perfection. What right have you to do that if you can't give it in return?"
 "Fallacious. I deny your premise."
 "In words, but in practice you search for the ideal. I tell you, Ted, the body is demanding. We are not angels among the angels but humans living with other humans. Some day even you may find that out."
 His glare developed into a stare. He felt a sudden change within himself, a shifting of gears from a steady, disturbed second to a smooth, purring high.
 Rosalie was growing into a sleek creature. Without questioning why, Ted had been conscious that she always looked smart; tonight he was aware that she was a stand-out in the crowd and he was a little proud. Regardless of his other deficiencies regarding them, Ted had a fine sense of discrimination among women.
 Her gown, a greenish, steely silk, had a slanting design which curved with the slant in her eyes and brought out in them a green which he had never noticed among the blue; hair fashioned smoothly as gold strands close to her head. Ted leaned towards her, and said sincerely:
 "Why aren't I don't think I ever told you how beautiful you are."
 "I don't think you have ever recognized that I'm a female except in the sense of a sparring partner."
 "Well, you are darned pretty—too darned pretty."
 "What do you mean by that?"
 "Somehow I don't associate beauty with brains—don't seem right. I suppose you're right about one thing—I don't believe I have considered girls as intellectual equals; not that I mean they're inferior—I've always placed them as nearer the angels, I suppose—or nearer the devils, some of them."
 "And where am I?"
 "You're just a swell kid, Rosalie; a swell kid; a good pal and on the level."
 His eyes were suddenly misty. She looked straight at him; suddenly dropped hers.
 "Thanks, Ted."
 "And, Rosalie, I feel kind of funny telling you you're pretty—almost as funny as if I said it to Fidge. But there's something else; you're not just ordinarily pretty like a lot of these painted poses fluttering around—you're a polished jade goddess with oriental eyes. You are."
 "I mean it."
 "Bless your poor dumb heart, I know it—you mean everything you say—that's why you're rare."
 "That sounds like a dirty dig."

"It is and it isn't. But now that you've found my secret—"
 "What secret?"
 "That I'm a girl—I seem to have been keeping it from you—what are you going to do about it?"
 He looked vacant, then laughed.
 "Get, we're the only ones down here."
 "Yes?"
 "Well, let's go up and dance."
 Rosalie smiled, as one might at a favorite child, and they returned to the dance floor. They danced silently. He looked down and caught her eyes, glowing, warm.
 "You're getting prettier all the time," he marveled.
 She moved imperceptibly towards him, his arm tightened tenderly about her. They danced dreamily, ecstatically; they moved on a velvet cloud. The pale pink was gone from the rainbow. Barb's face, frankly puzzled and questioning, was only one of a phantasmagoria.
 Rosalie was warm, vibrant, electric.
 "You're marvelous," he whispered to her hair.
 Her eyes were heavy with something Ted could feel in his own, some delightful drug.
 Barb caught his eye for a moment as they left the club but could not hold him.
 Ted wandered on, under the spell of Rosalie, the gypsy, through the cold starlight.
 The room was dark except for a ruddy glow from a lamp at the piano. He touched her shoulder lightly, spoke softly:
 "Rosalie, I want to kiss you."
 "All right, Ted."
 Softly he touched her lips, almost reverently.
 She did not move from his arms. Her eyes were closed, yet expressive. He kissed her again, found her responsive, tingling, electric. Something darted within his chest; caught at his throat, scurried in his stomach; something breathless, exciting, whistling—commanding. He crushed her to him; her strong young arms returned his embrace.
 Then she murmured: "Easy, boy, easy."
 He moved away quickly as she spoke, and sat down.
 "I'm sorry."
 She stood by his chair, rested his head against her, ran her fingers slowly through his hair, whispering gently:
 "It's all right."
 Evenings with Rosalie, poppy-like, dangerously sweet. Sweet, poppy dreams, excluding the painful thought of Barb. Rosalie's warm voice, approving eyes, expressive eyes, honesty.
 Warm, clinging lips.
 Days looking forward to evenings; evenings of contentment.
 Returning together on the leisurely Whaling and Lake Erie—almost a private Pullman car, Luncheon passing through Canton.
 Stopover at Cleveland; walking jauntily along Euclid Avenue, through the snow, arm in arm, singing in the snow, singing on the sidewalk, too content to note that people were turning to look at them.
 Improvising:
 "Let it snow
 Let it blow
 Where we're going
 We don't know—
 Vo-deo-do-do."
 Rosalie turning her head to agree with eyes eager with living.
 The wind had brushed her cheek with a wet rose—a snowflake perched on the tip of her nose and was gone.
 Five and tens; soda fountains; music stores; May Company department store—a hushed hour in a movie holding hands.
 (To Be Continued)

there seems nothing else for us to do. There is no one farmer in all the United States today that is getting cost for one commodity produced on the farm. How long can this continue?

The only advance in prices of any consequence has been a few cents on eggs, and about two cents per pound in butterfat which is still 2 1/2% below cost of production. The same applies to wheat and other small grains.

As long as the farmer is compelled to sell at less than cost of production, big business will not be able to recover. There may be a lot of bright business news that the papers should play up, but playing up the brighter business news and playing down the news of the other side may cause people to venture too much in a business way which will prove as disastrous as the hog feeding.

The farmers are not striking with the intention of causing any greater distress by keeping our products off the market, but for the purpose of trying to get living cost and a small profit on our products so that we can liquidate our most pressing obligations, thereby bringing general relief to all of our suffering fellowmen the nation over. If a merchant cannot get cost for his goods he closes his doors, as he cannot afford to operate at a loss. But for three years we farmers have continued our business at tremendous losses and increased indebtedness from day to day, sinking deeper into the mire of dependency until now we are forced to close our doors until such time as we can realize a profit on our investment.

The farmers strike has not been discontinued by any means, but is quietly spreading from state to state and will so continue to spread until we can get prices that will enable us to make a decent living, the standard of which has been gradually lowered for several months until it is pitiful in many sections of this land of plenty, where necessities of life are rotting in the fields and orchards because the suffering people have no money to buy. This fall we hauled peaches by the wagon load and fed them to the

hogs as there was no sale for them, and in our own city many families have no fruit for winter. We do not want to be deceived, nor do we want to deceive anyone. It is better for everyone that we

know just the facts and that both sides of the picture be shown.
 Yours respectfully,
 V. V. SCOGGAN.
 Route 1, Box 218,
 Salem, Ore.

22 Years Ago
Tolstoy's Book Angers Czar

Tolstoy revising proof of his book

From the Nation's News File, St. Petersburg, Russia, Oct. 17, 1910

The Czar is incensed over "The Kingdom of God is Within us" by Tolstoy. Reluctant to punish the author, the imprisonment of the book's publisher for a year has been ordered.

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