

The Oregon Statesman

No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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State Taxes and Finances

THE recent flurry over state finances reminds one of a similar scurrying for an audit in early 1933 when the state was forced on a warrant basis for a brief period and all hands and the cook got busy to reconcile figures among the various state offices to determine just what the famed deficit amounted to.

Keeping books of account for the state is not a simple matter. The budget office prepares a budget based on estimates of income available; the legislature makes appropriations, with no limit on what it can appropriate, but with generally the good purpose of keeping within anticipated revenues.

On the spending end the machinery works this way: payrolls and bills all go to the secretary of state's office. After they are checked for correctness and legality the secretary of state issues a warrant on the treasury for the payment.

Thus it is seen that a great many departments of government have to do with the provision of income and the expenditure thereof for the state. In the secretary of state's office when appropriations are made books are set up showing the amount of the appropriation. The aggregate becomes the total liability of the state.

Another point to be emphasized is that the state's business is continuous. It does not have to have its books balanced on any particular day. Revenues are being received all the time; expenditures are being made all the time.

Still other points need setting out in primer style so those unfamiliar with state finances may know the facts. The state constitution forbids a taxing body to levy taxes in an amount which would exceed by more than six per cent the amount levied in any of the three preceding years.

When the income tax law was passed, in order to prevent this new fund being used for added spending, it was written into the law that receipts of these income taxes should go to extinguish the levy on general property.

The mere fact that there are millions of dollars in the treasury does not mean all this money is available for general spending. The money belongs to separate funds and may be used only for the purposes for which those funds are created.

This is all old stuff to persons in close touch with matters of state finance. New legislators, new office-holders have to learn the story when they come to Salem.

Growing "Peppers"

A FAVORITE children's book of yesteryear was "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." The title suggests itself in connection with recent news stories regarding the budget office of the state.

Another "little pepper" whose growth has been rapid is the property control department, a real newcomer, with an allotment of \$35,652 recommended for it during the coming biennium.

Now of course the test is not the direct cost of these departments, but whether they result in savings to the state which more than offset the sums which the offices cost.

Admiral Byrd, now lecturing in these parts, who declared some months ago his dedication to the cause of peace, has announced he would institute an effort to persuade all signatories to the Pact of Paris to declare a six-month moratorium on war.

River transportation on the Willamette has not become extinct. On the contrary the locks at Oregon City passed the greatest amount of cargo in history, says the Oregon City Enterprise.

With about all the \$200 for the first month gone there is only a little \$16 in the tax kitty by which the \$200 was to be renewed in the Chelan Townsend experiment. The theorists think the fund is self-filling like the widow's cruise of oil.

The house appropriations committee has reported a deficiency bill of \$259,717,518 for "recovery and relief." The division is not made, but probably the \$259,000,000 is for relief and the remainder for recovery.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Our provisional government legislature was unicameral from its beginning to its ending:

The Portland Oregonian's leading editorial for Tuesday, January 11, under the heading "One-House Legislatures," was informative; but it omitted Oregon's own pioneer provisional government legislature.

A few days ago the Spokane Spokesman-Review mentioned editorially that the late Governor Lister of Washington long advocated Senator Norris in proposing a one-house legislature.

This comment has inspired the Yakima Republic to remind its Spokane contemporary that Governor McBride of Washington, in an unsuccessful campaign for reelection prior to the Lister administration, advocated the single-house legislature, and for that matter Nebraska is not the first state to have tried the plan.

Well, in Oregon, 25 years ago come next November, the people voted on the plan and rejected it. An amendment, initiated by the People's Power League, abolished the state senate. The amendment had other features such as proportional representation in the remaining legislative house, ex-officio membership in that body by the governor and unsuccessful party candidates for governor.

The proposal was defeated by the people by a better than 2-to-1 vote; the succeeding simpler proposition was rejected by a nearly 2-to-1 vote.

In the early days of the republic three states experimented with the single-house legislature. Following the Declaration of Independence the continental congress urged the separate colonies or states to set up constitutional forms of government. In acquiescing, Georgia established a one-house legislature in its 1777 constitution, but changed to the dual form in 1789.

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What a Boon!



News Item— Electro-Optical Ray Reported Capable of Making Men Invisible

"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

SYNOPSIS

On the train, enroute to her home in Los Angeles from college, lovely Elizabeth Harmon meets handsome Gerald Bruton, young stock broker. Full of the zest for living, Elizabeth speaks of her ambitions for a career. After luncheon, Gerald suggests a haqver.

The waiter brought a bottle and two glasses the size of thimbles. He poured out a pale liquid that seemed to have captured some of the spring sunshine in it.

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"You were out till two o'clock this morning, Elizabeth. Might I inquire with whom?"

thinkable that any feminine creature could have made him suffer, for he was so attractive.

From his coat pocket he drew out a heavy gold case with the same monogram on it as on his wallet. He flicked it open.

"Will you have one? These are Egyptians at this end. Domestic at the other."

She took a cigarette that had a gay red tip to it. He lit it for her. He drew back to light his own.

Suddenly she saw the hand that held the match halt in midair, and his eyes looking beyond her, dilate in a face that had curiously whitened. The match slipped from his fingers to the tablecloth, burning a tiny hole; he did not see it.

Elizabeth was no coward to be browbeaten. She had never got on with her step-father, and now, after a year's absence from home, she had to be in the presence of the man who had plighted the memory of last night singing in her mind, the thought of interference was intolerable.

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gentleman is someone who picks a young girl up on a train and pursues the acquaintance without even having the decent manners to call at her home? How do you know his name is Bruton? Like as not he made that up to impress you."

Elizabeth produced his card. Her step-father glared at it, and with an unbelievable "Humph!" had widened. "Instead of running around at night, it would be much better and more seemly for you to take care of the house. I won't have you going out with Tom, Dick and Harry. As for this man, if he is one of the Brutons, it makes it all the worse, since he must know what's what and what isn't."

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Sage of Saem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

The Me of Me If only I could sometimes be Turned inside out for folks to see

The part that really is of me— The honest truly Me of me! I carry round a pair of eyes (I didn't order) just to see, And back of them and down inside My own real self I try to hide.

My face belies the honest Me. And folks don't know, nor care maybe, To know the self I really know. Only the measly me I show.

But then, if I should really show The real Me, it might be a blow; I guess I'll have to keep the face Given to me to start my race.

S. S., Salem, Ore.

The O'Conner boys—the tall one, the middling' tall one and the little one who isn't tall at all—were in town Friday and Saturday. They dropped in for the laudable purpose of dispelling, so far as they might, the weather gloom that has been hanging around of late. They said their father and mother sometimes accompanied them when they came to town to dispell gloom. But on this occasion mother remained at home to split some wood, and father couldn't come because he had to hold the lantern, so that mother could see to split the wood, and so they (the three boys) would be compelled to do the best they could without help from the old folks.

So far as I know, there is no way of accounting for the reactions of an audience to vaudeville. What would appear to be the veriest trifle not infrequently marks the line between glumness and hilarity.

On Friday and Saturday night at the State theatre, did little of an especially noteworthy character. They danced acceptably, did a few acrobatic stunts and sang a little. But these things were as nothing compared to the atmosphere with which they clothed their presence on the stage—the half-intangible something that everybody (or almost everybody) likes and tumultuously approves.

The bill was, of course, better in some spots than in others. Also it was a more popular bill than some that have preceded it. It is ever thus with variety programs.

In view of what is going on in the Ohio valley, it does appear that we should be ashamed of ourselves for the complaints we have uttered about our 32-degree temperature, but a fellow must complain about what he has to complain about. We can't help it if we have nothing more grievous than a freezing temperature to complain about, can we? Gee, whis!

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone, you may still exist but you have ceased to live.—Mark Twain.

Out of the opinion that "Charlie Chan at the Opera," the picture that opened the week at the comfortable playhouse at the corner of High and Court streets, is the best "Chan" film to date.

It is a waste of time to analyze a vaudeville performance. If an average audience likes it, it is "good." otherwise—well, it isn't.

Friday night I chanced to read in Stage (New York) Mr. Cecil DeMille's story of "The Plainsman." It is an interesting story, with a bearing upon the conception of the picture and the labors incidental to the making of it. I have seen the finished product, and in my opinion, who am of course but an indifferent judge, it is a great picture. Monday morning, glancing at the editorial page of the Portland Oregonian, a habit of 25 years and more, and amid the times when I wonder mildly why I do it, I learn that not everybody is pleased with Mr. DeMille's story of "The Plainsman." The Oregonian states bluntly that the Hickok-Cody picture has no relationship with

really whatever. The writer mentions the statement flashed on the screen at the beginning of the film that the film does not purport to be biographically accurate, though it does claim to be accurate in spirit.

The Oregonian writer continues: "The Hickok-Cody picture has no relationship with reality whatever, and yet the critics are supposed to be disturbed by the advance admission of the producers. That makes matters decidedly difficult for those historically-minded persons who actually do have a regard for the true characters of Wild Bill, Calamity Jane and Buffalo Bill, and who wish that these bizarre primitives could be revealed to the public as they were."

The Oregonian is just a little unreasonable. Doubtless Mr. DeMille's young men and women dug into every book that might throw light upon the careers of Messrs. C o d y and Hickok and Miss Calamity Jane, and doubtless they found, as others have found before them, that no two writers are agreed upon any two consecutive points. I have talked with men and women from Deadwood, and I have heard a brother of mine tell of the old days at Abilene and Hays City, as he had gathered the tales from old-time lips during a newspaper sojourn in that section, and none of the tales agreed.

Really it does not seem the historically-minded persons, for whose bleeding sensibilities the Oregonian writer is so concerned, should allow this kind of talk by Mr. DeMille to darken their lives.

It was, perhaps, carrying the matter a bit too far when it was made to appear that Jane Canary, in order to save the life of Hickok, whom she worshipped, was responsible for the massacre on the Little Big Horn. But does it seriously matter whether or not much, in truth almost nothing, upon which to base a biography of either Bill Hickok or Jane Canary. Neither of those wild spirits would give a whoop whether they were correctly set forth biographically or not.

Since congress adjourned last June three senators and six congressmen have died. A book worth the reading, "White Barkers," by Lloyd Douglas. I've been around some, but so far I haven't met up with anybody who acts as he enjoys making out his income tax report.

You hear some folks saying they think they've had a touch of flu, and others saying they expect they'll have it, but you don't hear very many saying they aren't going to have it.

I met the man yesterday who has had the worst flu attack anybody in Oregon has ever lived. He admits it. There was a day when folks with a few moments to spend restfully took a 15-12-14 puzzle from their pockets and poked at the little blocks with their index fingers. We have now ascended to a higher plane—the crossword puzzle.

How tough is tough? Of course, nobody knows. But it's safe to say it ain't so tough as some folks who think they are tough think it is. I see white pencils on display in the bookstores. I reckon some folks use 'em to draw on their imaginations.

A newspaper wise guy, "Don't swing to the right or left, but stick to the middle of the road." Yes, but doesn't the guy know it's contrary to the traffic regulations?

Gosh, how I hate that word "assess." It's the only certain legislator that no fault has been found with him since he assumed the office. A sort of washout, what? This is being written to the accompaniment of a warm rain that came a short time back on a south wind. The window is open and a moth miller has fluttered in. Reminds me of something Ed Wiger said once when a moth miller fluttered in on an open window. "Darn a bird," said Ed, "that lays holes instead of eggs!"

An eastern magazine has a remedy for the ancient story of the man who was painting hurriedly because he wished to get the house covered before his paint ran out. The latter story has to do with a speeder who was driving fast because he had not much gas and wished to reach home before the supply was exhausted. Old jokes of new people become new jokes.

The "Dr. Bull" picture (Will Rogers) is being brought to Salem for another showing. Opens Saturday. A new electric sign at the Commercial Book Store. One may traverse most of the business section of Salem in a rainstorm without getting wet except when crossing the streets.

Arrivals of 30 years ago recall that awnings were few and far between in that day and market (spelling not guaranteed) were fewer and farther between.

Ten Years Ago

January 28, 1927 Under name of Candalaria Heights to old E. A. Clark or Charles, 50 A. has been platted into town lots and filled with county court by Mr. and Mrs. George Grabenhorst.

Prun-port machinery and equipment on way—E. L. Holsclaw, president of Prun-port Co. is in city for week.

Charles Kaufman has been elected president of sophomore class at Willamette university and Mary Louise Aiken, vice-president.

Twenty Years Ago

January 28, 1917 A demonstration of physical activities of Y.M.C.A. will open new membership drive to start February 7.

President Carl Gregg Doney will address men's meeting at city Y.M.C.A. today and Willamette university male quartet will sing, luncheon will follow.

New Cherry City bakery opened with reception, more than 2000 visited and were served refreshments.