

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

(Published every evening and Sunday)
 EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Alton F. Baker
 MANAGING EDITOR: William M. Fugman
 NEWS SERVICE: Associated Press, United Press
 MEMBER: Audit Bureau of Circulations

The Register-Guard's policy is the complete and impartial publication in its news pages of all news and statements on news. On this page, the editors of The Register-Guard offer their opinions on events of the day and matters of importance to the community, endeavoring to be candid but fair and helpful in the development of constructive community policy.

WITH THE "FORGOTTEN MEN"

WHAT has become of the names which were so prominent in the nation's official news only a few months back? Herbert Hoover has taken up the work of building the great "war library" at Stanford. Ogden Mills, who stepped into the ancient Mellon's shoes at the treasury, is back at the life of banker and country gentleman. Henry Stimson, who directed the diplomatic relations of the country for many years, has retired into extremely private life (though some say they hear a very subdued chuckling as the reports from London come in).

Some of the "old warhorses"—Jim Watson, of Indiana; Moses of New Hampshire, Reed Smoot of Utah (and Charlie Curtis and his sister, Dolly Gann)—they say they are "through forever". It is a long way to the next national campaign. Jim Wadsworth, of New York, wouldn't mind a nomination. Neither would Mr. Mills, Borah and Johnson and Reed of Pennsylvania are still in the congressional limelight but they are becoming "old men." Relatively young chaps like McNary and Steiwer of Oregon are doing most of the active battling for the Republican wing.

Temporarily the Republicans are in eclipse at Washington. The Republican party has a lot of troubles ahead of it, internally. Before it can again be effective it must have a showdown between its conservative and radical factions. But the reports from well-informed Washington correspondents tell us that it plans to shine again.

The Republicans, especially the conservatives, figure that Roosevelt's tremendous popularity will go the way of prohibition, says Raymond Clapper, the "U.P." man. They figure that no program so big and ambitious as that which the Democrats have launched can escape some obvious failures. They are sitting back confidently and planning to capitalize on "reaction" when it sets in, just as they did in 1920 when the people turned away from "Wilsonism."

The Republicans are probably smart in their figuring. That's the way politics goes and the way life goes. Roosevelt will indeed be a super-man if he survives the inevitable blunders of either himself or his henchmen. The Republicans may get their chance but they will be mistaken if they think to find the "old home" ever quite the same. They may fear gently at "government control of industry" and nourish "government leadership" as a better phrase, but out of every great effort a certain amount of new idealism comes to stay.

THEN YOU WOULD—OH, YEAH?

If you were deeply in love with an attractive wife and discovered one day that she had been carrying on an intrigue with your closest friend, what would you do? At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago last week, Dr. Emello Mira, an eminent psychologist, told of a test on this interesting topic which was made by questioning 578 married couples, carefully selected for their seeming normality both mentally and socially.

Ten suggested choices brought the following responses—challenge to duel, 67; kill the seducer, 13; kill faithless spouse, 32; seduce seducer's spouse by way of revenge, 37; divorce, 259; separate but stay under same roof, 31; complete separation without divorce, 288; try to regain affections of wayward spouse, 239; analyze causes of infidelity and correct them, 71; talk it over with both lovers and if out-talked retire from scene, 89.

Dr. Mira studied his table and decided that logic plays only a small part in the determination of moral conduct in the present status of the human race. Dr. Mira is quite right. As a matter of fact the 1156 persons who tried to answer Dr. Mira's questionnaire could do little more than guess what they would do or state how they would hope to act if confronted actually by the suggested melodramatic situation.

Man (and this includes woman) is partly the primitive animal and partly the creature of environment and intelligence. Primitive instinct in every case would say kill the rival if you are big enough, subdue or kill the faithless mate. Intelligence, born of environment, says go slow; unless you are a pretty woman who can stir pity in a jury, you may only create a costly and undignified mess. Besides modern thinking has been profoundly influenced by that almighty maxim, never run after a street car or a woman (man), there'll be another along in a minute.

It is interesting to note from Dr. Mira's tables that killing (which certainly was the prevailing code a few hundred years back) seems to be out of fashion, out of date. Like the excessive wailing at funerals, once "de rigueur" for all classes, killing your too successful rival or your faithless spouse (at least among the enlightened) is now "bad taste." It spots up the rugs and brings in reporters and police.

Yet, no living person, probably, can quite predict just what he (or she) will do under intense emotional stress. So much depends on circumstances, time lapses, trifling incidents. In the last analysis, if given time for it, civilized man tends to dramatize himself in the situation, and to take that course which is most consoling to injured pride (for it is pride, mainly, that is offended).

Murder, in the modern world, is more bother than it is worth, but deep down the jungle instinct lurks. That is what makes living so fascinating. We are never certain, even of ourselves.

MR. MITCHELL "NOT GUILTY"

A FEDERAL jury in New York has refused to convict Charles E. Mitchell, former president of the vast National City Bank, for alleged evasions of the income tax. Possibly the jurors inclined to the view that Mr. Mitchell was no worse than scores of others in Big Business. Certainly, if any of them read the news of the Morgan inquiry which was "popping" just before the Mitchell trial began, they may have felt that to pick on Mr. Mitchell was a bit unfair. To almost anybody it was obvious that the income tax laws were lax, open to jiggering and abuse.

That's that! Mr. Mitchell's own colleagues in National City were not so tender-hearted. It will be remembered that they accepted his "resignation" with alacrity when his name came under the cloud of federal indictment. A good many citizens feel that the meticulous directors of National City may

have had their fingers crossed. Somebody had to be "the goat" and of the whole crew none could be found better able to take care of himself in the courts.

But the acquittal of Mr. Mitchell does not carry with it the acquittal of Big Business in the court of public opinion. The "man in the street" may have very little resentment toward Mr. Mitchell personally. He has appeared rather a good fellow, conscientious according to his lights, generous in some respects, playing the game as he found it. You can't get very enthusiastic about jailing a chap like that.

There is, however, a very definite feeling that Big Business itself must clean house. Big Business which has done a good deal of preaching about Americanism and patriotic duty has an ethical code which would bring blushes to a tout at a dog race. It may keep within the limit of the law but it cheats. Big Business will not enjoy any respect and confidence or safety till it cleans that mess up.

CLARENCE DARROW MUSES.

ACCORDING to that shrewd veteran of the law courts, Clarence Darrow, this depression is not going to teach us very much. In fact, he says he never had any hope that it would. Man is "the rational animal," Mr. Darrow admits, but he remains "the emotional animal" also.

"You know," says Darrow, musing aloud for the benefit of an Associated Press writer, "I don't expect intelligent action from people and yet I act as though I do. In talking to juries, I have always divided the argument pretty evenly between logic and emotion. Marshal the facts and let them stir the emotions."

Mr. Darrow knows juries. If anybody does, and certainly juries are of "us, the people."

Darrow thinks the so-called "working man" is the biggest obstacle to "progress" because he is still crying for work when a rational being, noting the mechanical and scientific implements of the age, would be scheming to get away from it. Darrow says he believes in some form of "socialism" under which producers would be autonomous, handling their own production, distribution and finance, but he doesn't hope to see it arrive.

Pessimist?

"No," says Darrow (who is well over 70), "I love it."

There is a good deal of profound wisdom mixed with the whimsies of this old philosopher. The progress of mankind is measured and limited by the degree in which intelligence controls emotions—greed, hate, fear, prejudice, lust of all kinds.

Yet the emotions can be valuable as hand-maidens to intelligence. If we grow to fear war more than we fear our neighbors, we may get out of the "war habit." If we learn to prize content above power, we may begin to get industrial justice. But we are still a long way from "making the world safe for philosophers," except those like Mr. Darrow who have fortified philosophy with plenty of the world's worldly.

Some progress toward rationalism is made with every passing century, it seems to us, but the biggest battle is to down our innate fear of intelligence. Not only do the masses dread it and suspect it. Most of us shudder when we discover an inkling within ourselves. We do not LIKE the discovery of the fact that it really requires very little to lead the happy life. We make ourselves slaves to our little vanities and ambitions. We do not care to realize that most of our heartbreaks are unnecessary.

The best that can be said for us is what Mr. Darrow said for himself if he had lived through a lifetime of it: we can still chuckle and enjoy the ever-changing spectacle around us.

"We love it!"

AIRMAIL STOPS FOR EUGENE.

NEW and faster airplanes are being put into service on all main lines for passenger and mail service. Under the new administration at Washington, the whole setup of air service is being scrutinized and the promise is made that where improvements can be made in service or revenue increased, the service will be revised.

Now is the time, if ever, for Eugene to present its case for mail stops here. A large and populous area in Oregon can be given effective airmail service if a stop is made here. Today the airmail service along the coast is absolutely useless for this whole territory. Straight train mail out of San Francisco or Seattle is faster than the plane and train combinations by way of Portland and Medford.

For Albany, Corvallis, Newport, Toledo, Marshfield, Roseburg and the towns that lie between, the Eugene stop would make the coast airmail service effective for the first time in its history. California businessmen with dealings in this territory are pounding for effective service. We have a qualified airport. We can make all the re-haul connections. It is time to re-open Eugene's case for airmail connections. We are on the airmail map now in name only.

If you are an average person you ate 72 pounds of pork, 47.4 pounds of beef, 6.8 pounds of veal, 7.1 pounds of lamb, and 15.3 pounds of last year's lard, says a National Livestock report. All of which goes to prove that you can be thankful you didn't have to live on the fish you didn't catch.

Judging from the protests wherever the Roosevelt administration has attempted to make some cut, it was all a mistake to suppose that anybody in this country really wanted any retrenchment.

Alax McGurk says he is all in favor of what is being done for the "forgotten man," but he can't help wondering just who is going to pay the check.

Pacific Coast schools have gone on record against the open proselyting of athletes. They have also endorsed scholarship as a good thing for athletes. That is a very radical step.

Over in Bend they are planning a Marathon race for the Fourth, but have cut the distance from 26 miles down to 11 or thereabouts—probably because those hussies over there can't get used to navigating without skis.

George Bernard Shaw doesn't think much of the London conference on world economics. It was in the "percentages" that some time, sooner or later, G. B. S. had to be right.

A salesman traveling Eugene, complains that he called on Mr. X, Mr. Y and Mr. Z in rapid succession and found them all "out." We suggested that he page them from Vida to Blue River and then try the South Fork himself.

THE GATES OF PARADISE



IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

ON PROHIBITION

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—The President of the United States and the Director of the Budget, Lewis Douglas have told you their side of the revenue question. May I quote to you five statements of statesmen of worth who take the opposite view? Later (in another letter) after I have quoted them I shall contrast one or two of them with the view of our President and Mr. Douglas.

Canon Willburforce says: "The depriving of vast sums of revenue from the bitter sufferings and grinding pauperism of the people is a terrible offense."

The Queen of Madagascar says: "I cannot consent as you intend to take revenue from them which destroys the bodies and souls of my people."

Emperor Tao Kwang of China says: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the glowing poison (opium). Gain seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

William E. Gladstone said to a committee of Brewers: "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue."

I have one more Englishman to quote on this subject, but I shall close this letter as I wish to comment upon the sayings herein written in a following letter and to comply with the 300 word rule of the Guard.

—C. MADISON LANDAKER.

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In August, 1932, when President Roosevelt was notified of his nomination for president, he had announced:

That immediately after his inauguration he would take the United States off the gold standard—that when over \$75,000,000 became due the United States from England for gold dollars loaned it by the United States and payable in gold, he would accept from England 20,000,000 ounces of silver as payment of \$10,000,000 of the amount due, such silver being worth about \$6,000,000 on March 4 and about \$7,200,000 in our present depreciated currency at the time of the delivery of the silver.

That he would, by all the power of his administration, including appointments to all offices, force congress to pass statutes repealing the anti-trust laws—regulating the payment of United States bonds as agreed at the time they were issued—regulating the obligation of private contracts—making it a crime to own lawful money of the United States—giving him sole and arbitrary power over commerce and business so that no factory can operate without his permission, such factory to produce only what it is told to and run such days and hours in the week and pay such wages as ordered by him and to sell its product at a fixed price; also to issue billions of paper money and reduce the amount of gold in the dollar to one-half the standard existing on March 4; also to levy an enormous sales tax on food stuffs under the name of "processing tax"; none of which goes into the public treasury, and to lease farm lands for the purpose of not having them lie idle and uncultivated.

If he had then fairly informed the voters of America of what he would do if elected—

Who would now be President of the United States?

F. C. HEFFERON.

THOUGHTS

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In this machine age and period of transition, there are many perplexing questions confronting the whole of civilization, and it is going to take more than mere statesmanship such as is practiced in this age to tide humanity over this present

ON REASON

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—As I read the pages of history and the records of today I wonder how much unadulterated Reason we have left today.

It was Thomas Paine who said, "The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is Reason. I have never used any other and I trust I never shall." The terrible effect of "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Rights of Man" on the British monarchy during the 18th century showed that Paine knew how to deliver the shots.

But like many of us today, Paine made the mistake of thinking that he was living in the "Age of Reason" because he over-estimated the Reason possessed by his fellowmen.

"The greatest gift of God to man is Reason," said he and the man does not live who has ever disproved it. True there are many sincere and intelligent people who believe that Reason is superior to Reason. But if questioned carefully as to how they know it, they will finally admit that they have Reasoned over it and believe it to be so, and seem hardly aware of the contradiction. But are we living in the Age of Reason today or is this the age of super-age man?

How many of us can account for our conduct for having Reasoned over it, and how many look to some authority on social ethics to justify them?

Is Reason a remedy for the ills of society if diligently used, or do we need religion? The Russians say that religion is a opiate to stupefy reason. If any religion does that then it has no place in civil society. The ancient Pagans had Deities of both sexes, Gods and Goddesses, for the obvious reason that the former might catch the ladies and the latter the men.

To fundamentalists conception of God is no lacking in magnanimity and also in justice, while the modernist conception according to one critic is like "A congress of laws floating like fog through the universe," and the spiritualists believe that the "Phenomena of nature both physical and spiritual are the expression of infinite intelligence." A cyclone may express infinite intelligence, but use your reason and look out for falling timber.

"A congress of laws" may be all right but use your head and keep out from under the fog. While if you use the fall of man and the scheme of salvation, use your reason once more and do not let them kid you too much lest you feel like a whipped dog. Since you were not present when the racket started in the Garden of Eden nor when it ended, and have no guarantee against fraud, enter a plea of "not guilty," and let them convict you if they can. And lest we forget, every mental and spiritual faculty that was in possession of the great men of antiquity, is in use more or less developed and can be further developed by proper use.

The world is in a sorry mess today because so few people use their reason. We are so much like sheep and do not quite understand "mass psychology" but are driven like a common herd through fear of the future. Rejoice that there is no Devil but fear that sin is misdirected energy, that apes are very ugly and not desirable as relatives, that Reason is better than superstition, that prize fights breed hate and discord, and love is the fundamental law of the universe.

W. S. MILLER.

ON TAXATION

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—In the Mail Bag of June 11th is a communication from J. M. Hill, Jr., Judge, from Eugene, Ore., who writes he is in favor of the 2 per cent sales tax; our system requires that we pay a tax; if we don't vote the sales tax there will be deficiency that will have to be made up on real estate which is so high that the county taxes are so high it had no value. I say we need something to take the place of the most of the property tax, the 2 per cent sales tax will relieve it quite a lot, but not enough. The class of people that the sales tax will help most will be the farmer who will raise more than half living and the farmer that don't vote for it I would consider a sap.

Prior to 1909 when the assessor came to assess you he would ask if you had any money, notes and accounts, if not, he would ask if you had any debts, if so they were deducted from your assessments, that looked to me like on the square. The man with the money, notes and accounts did not like to pay taxes, so they put it up to the people to exempt money, notes and accounts from their property tax. You vote yes and you will get your rate per cent for less, of course all the money lenders voted for it and enough of the feeble minded to make it a law. What did the feeble minded learn? If he is equal to the six grade at school and has learned that he has voted to change or shift the tax from the loaner to the borrower, for the exemption made a deficiency, so they tax the poor fellow's debts, when he can't pay, then they close him out. In the dark ages they used to put him in prison. The closing out of the debtor may be the best way, the lawyer gets ten per cent, then court costs, and maybe the creditor gets a little equity, and debtor goes free to prey on the public and a lot of this class will become law breakers.

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REPLY TO OSBORNE

SCOTTSDALE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—After reading the article of Mr. W. L. H. Osborne of April 24, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me to call you on the same. Now Mr. Osborne, I am an old-time, full blood Oregonian, born in Jackson county, Oregon. My father was a man and my mother was a woman. Father was born in Crawfordville, Indiana, in 1835. Mother was born in Ohio. Both came to Oregon in the early days of the 40 tier, came by ox team. Now Mr. Osborne, after reading your article on this so-called Roosevelt big tax and economy and government wind, I am as I said before, an old time Oregonian, rail splitter, logger, farmer, fisherman, ox driver, wood cutter, deer hunter, timber feller, hook tender, team master, or what these loggers call handy man, whistle punk, or flunky and Miss Marian Miller of the Oregonian paper called a jay walker. I do not know what kind of a bird that is, but you can see one when you see me and so can she. Now, Mr. Osborne, after reading your article, I can see you as you are and your organization as they are and their object and its object and at this time I call you and as many as the Lord shall bring from one side of the earth unto the other, Nation or all nations, you and your doctoring, your President or Presidents, you and your governor, you and your American Legion, you and your law, and all your Roosevelt lawyers. Clarence Dearrow, George Neuner, B. L. Edgerton, Judge McNary of Portland, the two great English Lords and statesmen, Shaw and Macdonald included, you and your preacher, or priest, or church, your connected law and its enforcers, to an open debate on the same today in any town, church, public hall, armory, or out in the open that the people be not ensnared in such an article or such stuff as is being handed out to the American people as you and Mr. Roosevelt are handing out today as law and government. I will, Mr. Osborne, include the Devil also, in which many are riding around over the earth today in big cars, collecting taxes and keeping back by fraud that which rightfully belong to the poor under the garb of government, the big I am, yours for the eternal principle of right and law. No Exceptions.

Awaiting an early reply I am very truly,

IRA J. MILLER.

ON BIRTH RATES

EUGENE, Ore.—(To the Editor)—I read an article in the Register-Guard last week entitled "Our Unborn Birth Rate," in which Frederick Osburn, trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, tells of the sad story of for many country babies and to few city babies.

I just had to write my personal opinion on the subject. I think any doctor will tell you the country is the best place to raise children both from a physical standpoint and safety.

I always felt sorry for anybody who moved from the country to the city. As for the city people being the smartest people there are a few that are above the country people's level of intelligence, but this is not so with the average city dweller.

The city dweller is the lowest type of citizen in existence and he is a city dweller. The people of the country are called hicks and rubes by thousands of city people and are looked down upon by them, but I have seen dumb ones in both places. I guess it doesn't make much difference where they live. I would rather live in the country among the hicks and rubes.

THOMAS OXLEY.

The African Zulu covers his face with his shield whenever he meets his mother-in-law, and is not allowed to mention her name.

Men's clothing industry is the second largest in New York; women's garment industry ranks first.

One million trucks in service in the United States are estimated to haul 1,400,000,000 tons of freight annually; 134,000,000 tons of this represents farm products.

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the counties to lower the tax on real and personal property.

This tax if voted is only for two years, if you can't find anything better, then make the sale 4 per cent, so as to exempt the little home owner in the city and the little farmer from a real and property tax. Then the money lender instead of renting a home will want to own one. There are thousands of acres of now unused land which could be made good tillable land, suitable for homes and wanted. I read in the paper that there are several counties who have collected less than 15 per cent of 1932 taxes, first half paid due and the state having to borrow money. What will happen? Better go safe!

J. N. R. FULLER.

MY DAD

Dear Dad, I thank you for the three-and-three-cent stamps you sent me. You've done for me to help me pay my ends.

You've held to me the realties, sewing wings. Of all my little hopes (on you attend)

My court of petty triumphs, tender thoughts, And placed the ladder nearer to my feet;

You smile at what I look on as fearful blots; You reach my hands half-way—my Joy's complete!

Now when I think of all the years you've spent To make of me a man ideal—

I see you, shining, more than just a bent Man, graying at the temples; you are a wall That shines on me as even Mother shines!

And I am thankful to the Lord for the sad Yet good and splendid guide. The many lines In his face, his eyes and voice, all say, "Your Dad."

—REXFORD EDISON.

MY HUSBAND

I thought I loved the roses best, That bloomed around my home; I thought I loved the soft white clouds,

That sailed the bright blue sky, I thought I loved the glowing sun that shone,

And the mountains wild and high, I thought I loved the murmuring sea; Of a brook that slowly wound its way;

And to feel the grass wet with dew, Just at the dawn of day, I thought I loved to hear the robin That sang in the cherry tree;

But dear—I've found it's only you, Where love has captured me. (MRS.) MARION BOY.

DELIGHT VALLEY

DELIGHT VALLEY, June 24.—