East Oregonian

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

## PROPERTY THAT ESCAPES TAXATION.

There has been a great deal said about low taxes and inequitable assessments, and this thing and that on the subject, but there has been but little said about the property that escapes the assessment entirely.

A taxpayer was discussing the matter yesterday and said that the bulk of the property of the county escaped taxation entirely. He called attention to the immense wealth of the county and then compared the total assessed value with it. He showed how many millions of dollars in cash is actually possessed by citizens of Umatilla county, while the assessment rolls show that but a little over $50,000 in cash is assessed. He called attention to the millions of bushels of wheat produced here and the small amount assessed. He spoke of the wool, the barley, the cattle, the horses, the sheep, and wound up by saying that the small man with his little mite of an outfit in sight was about the only one that is caught.

He explained the matter in this way: He said that at the time the property was subject to assessment, men with large cash, either shifted it out of the county, or swore they did not have it; that the wheat crop was raised, harvested and sold when the assessor came around; that the wool was clipped and sold also; that the horses and cattle were shipped; that the sheep were not in the county, but on some other range in some other county, and so on down the line, until millions of property escaped taxation annually.

He narrowed down by stating that only the merchants, the farmers, the bankers, the mill men, the small stock men who had their little herds about their premises, and the small men generally were caught.

If this is true, there is something wrong somewhere. If it is true, the bulk of property is escaping taxation, and the very property that ought to be taxed. It is the property that most speculation is made upon and ought to bear its portion of the burden with the homemaker and the small business man, struggling for existence. But the question is a broad one and the man who disentangles it deserves a monument.

## THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

The printer's devil has practically become a myth. He is often spoken of now, but the "devil" himself does not regard himself as a "devil" seriously, and none of the force on a paper in the country or otherwise look upon the boy in the office today as the "devil," as he was looked upon in olden times. Still, no one is ashamed of the "devil," or of being called the "devil."

In olden times he was a hard-worked "devil," but he occupied an honorable and important position. He was the right hand man of the man who ruled the community. He knew all of the secrets of the office, did errands that brought him in contact with the best people of the place, and while he bore an ugly name, went ragged and his face and hands and clothing were usually besmeared with ink, he was looked upon more with envy than with contempt.

In those days the office force was small. It usually consisted of the owner of the paper, who was editor, printer, pressman and reporter, and his companion, the "devil." That the "devil's" position was an important and honorable one is proved by the fact that he labored seven years for his "victuals and clothes," as the only compensation, just to get to occupy the position. Then it took hard work and good recommendations and unswerving fidelity to hold the job. That ordinary boys did not get positions in those times as printer's "devils" is proved by the fact that all of the greatest newspaper men, and greatest wielders of public opinion in those days first served the seven years' apprenticeship. In fact, all of the great newspaper men of those times came through that channel.

But the printer's "devil" of today is different. He is a short-lived personage. He is unknown in the city offices, though there are a few of his species in the small country offices. But he is only there for a week or two before he develops from "devil" to printer or editor and publisher. The boys are either smarter nowadays than they were in olden times, or they were held back in those days. A bright boy, with modern improvements in printing offices, may make a better printer in two months nowadays than the boys of old made in seven years. He would scorn the idea of being seven years in learning anything. The average boy of today would make an Edison or a Marconi in that length of time, if he had such instructors as those two great men, and was held down to his work as closely as was the printer's "devil" of olden times.

No wonder it makes the printing office boy of today smile when he is called a printer's "devil." From the day he enters the office he expects to be foreman, or own a paper of his own in a few months, and he often carries out his ambition.

East Oregonian is in receipt of a season ticekt to the Crook County Stock and Agricultural Fair, which opens October 15, and continues to October 18. The promoters promise a grand time for those who attend. The fair will be held at Prineville, and besides some fine exhibits, some interesting races are booked. Those interested in stock and a glimpse at one of the richest spots in interior Oregon, should attend this fair.

Cuba has celebrated the 34th anniversary of her first war with Spain. She should feel proud of herself, but after all, if it had not been for Uncle Sam, where would she have gotten off? President Palma showed a generous and commendable spirit in releasing a number of prisoners and commuting the sentences of others on the occasion. Still, Cubans do not entertain the proper spirit toward General Palma or the United States, either. But Cuba is young.

## A FARM IN WONDERLAND.

Very few people get the best there is out of farm life. Very, very many of them long for the excitements of the city, and nine farmers boys out of ten go to the city sooner or later to mingle in its detracting vocations.

This is because people do not go deep enough into the science—for it is a science—of farming to learn its alluring features. They farm on the surface. They pull weeds out of the garden only when it is absolutely necessary. They let the manure heap grow taller than the barn. They let fences go down and down until cows that were once perfectly virtuous would attempt to jump over the moon, if there was a blade of green grass behind it. It is farming without a system; farming without a vim; farming without an object. It is an abuse of the profession.

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Farming is one of the most intricate sciences. It is not everybody who can farm rightly. Usually what a man fails at every other calling, he rents a farm and expects a fortune to come to him, no matter how he stumbles through the profession.

Farming properly is co-operating with providence. To know the perfect adaptation of crops to soil and climate; to fertilize and cultivate land to make it produce more and more; to study plant life, the chemistry of the soil, the result of nature's laws in their various processes—nothing could appeal more thrillingly to the thinking man! It is to understand nature, the great mother. It is to live hand in hand with her; to know her moods, her eccentricities, her weaknesses and her triumphs, as the mariner knows the sea. It is to be guided by her voice in her forewarnings. It is to listen to her wordless language, to lay the ear to her throbbing breast, and to feel the pulsations of her life currents, and, best of all, to understand.

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The farm of the Eastern Oregon Experiment Station, at Union, is a scrap of Wonderland. It is the farm in its highest perfection, so far as conditions permit. Weeds are not to be found. Fences are kept up. Fence corners are clean. Every foot of land is producing something. The tools are kept in place. The trees are pruned and trained. The vegetables are thinned out to allow the best results. Everything is done by system. The science of farming is the law of this farm. Every seed sown is tested. Every seed saved for future use is saved from the thriftiest, most perfect specimens. The farmer is an evolutionist. He believes in "the survival of the fittest." He plants the seed in soil adapted to its needs. He studies nature. He co-operates with her, helps her along through the tight places, tides her over the threatened defeat and makes her triumph by his industry.

BERT HUFFMAN.

Invalid—"I understand it is quite dry out here."

Broncho William — "Dry? Why, stranger, it's so dry here that the rain is wet only on one side."—New York Times.

The interstate fair at Spokane broke all records in the matter of attendance, Thursday.