

Will Taxes Keep Going Higher?

There is a great deal of talk right now about taxes; in fact, there is always a great deal of talk about taxes; but right now everybody seems to be "cussing" the law passed by the last legislature in regard to adding a penalty to unpaid taxes; and for the time being this law seems to be looked upon as the foundation and cause of all our tax troubles.

But the men who have paid taxes in Oregon for many years—many of them since territorial days—know that this law is merely the latest of many tax inequities. They know there is something radically wrong when, with three times as many people paying taxes in 1914 as there were in 1890; with three times as much taxable property to pay, the rate of taxation is trebled, instead of reduced, as it should be.

In 1890 there were only 313,767 people in all of Oregon and they were paying taxes on a valuation many times lower than what it is today, and still property was assessed much lower than it is today, the rate of taxation was less than half what we are paying now; and still they had the same state and county institutions to support.

By 1900 the population of the state increased one hundred thousand, there were many millions more of taxable property, but the rate of taxation had outstripped both the increase in population and property values.

In 1910 the population of the state had gone up to 672,765 and the taxable property amounted to \$244,887,708—an increase of 150 million in property values over the year 1909, and still the percentage of taxation had climbed up another notch.

The population of this state is not far from the million mark today, and the assessed value of property on which this year's levy is made is \$954,282,374, and taxes today are higher than at any time in the history of the state.

Taxes are now, in many cases, almost confiscatory, and people are wondering what the end will be. They are asking: "Will taxes keep on going up, and how long can the people; how long will the people stand it?"

The state is swarming with candidates and every one of them preaching economy and retrenchment. Many of these men mean every word they say, while many, no doubt, are doing as office-seekers have always done—"building platforms to get in on." Voters ought to know what they want in this matter and then put men into office who will hang together in the interests of the taxpayers, and if they fail, the people who elect them and pay them their salaries would be justified in officiating at separate hangings. If ever a people stood in need of statesmen and patriots at the helm of the ship of state, to save them from going to wreck on the rocks of prohibitive taxation, Oregon needs them now.

This year we must pay almost one and one-fourth million dollars for the support of the state educational institutions—considerably more than twice what they cost four years ago.

Our eleemosynary institutions call for an outlay of \$800,000 this year—an increase of \$150,000 in four years. We must dig up over \$256,000 for our penal institutions in 1914—an increase of \$148,000 since 1910.

The total amount of revenue for state purposes for 1914 is \$4,165,000. In 1910 it was \$2,188,778. This year Lane county must pay in state taxes \$169,290.59. In 1910 we paid \$62,073.07.

Counting state and county officers, elected and appointed, their deputies and assistants, the hangers-on and attaches of the numerous commissions, the people of Oregon carry an army of 2,500 or more, at an expense of about a quarter of a million dollars a month—a force and an expense that could be cut down one half without any loss of service of efficiency.

There is not the sign of a halt in the matter of increase in taxes and will not be until the overburdened people get their heads together and put a stop to such balloon ascensions, by refusing longer to play the part of the "robber" in the miserable game of legalized brigandage.

THE THUNDER BIRD

It Was Appropriately Named

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dick Forsyth paced the eastern floor of the Chinese hovel which was his prison cell. Three weeks had passed since he and his little party of friends had been captured by the hostile natives. To his bitter amazement the others, Blakely, Dorr and Remington, had managed to escape from their huts on that first night of imprisonment, and he had not been taken into their confidence. He had been left behind.

Why? What had become of his servants? He was almost certain that they had lost their lives in his behalf.

It was growing twilight, and he heard the conglomerate noises of the village dying down into silence.

Two men were talking beneath his window. He knew enough of the Chinese language to gather words here and there and to piece them together into some sort of comprehensive fabric. It was a welcome diversion for him in his loneliness.

In substance this is what Dick Forsyth heard:

"Every night it appears in the west and hovers over our village. It presages disaster for us," said one gloomily.

"It is an evil bird conjured by the foreign devil," returned the other.

"I never saw a bird like it. It flew straight out of the setting sun, and its color changed from red to gray, and it vanished in the clouds, and while it flew there came down a strange roaring sound like the beat of thunder."

"The thunder bird is larger than an eagle," said the first man.

"It is larger than the house we lean against," muttered the other.

Dick Forsyth, idly skeptical and a little contemptuous of the credulity of the superstitious Chinese, looked out



THE SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGERS TOOK COUNSEL TOGETHER.

of the window into the flaming sunset. He had noticed many of the people gathered on a little mound near the temple, and he gathered that they were watching for the thunder bird.

It could scarcely be an optical illusion if the entire village should witness its appearance.

Staring straight at the sun, his mind thousands of miles away from China, Dick forgot all about the thunder bird until he was conscious that a black speck floated against the red dazzle of the sun. It grew larger, and for an instant the sun was hidden from view. Then, painted with the sunset colors as it winged its way against the clouds, the thunder bird became rosy pink. Larger it grew, larger, and Dick had to strain his neck to keep it in view.

At last it appeared to pass over the roof of his prison, and then he heard the muffled throbbing that had caused the Chinese to name it "thunder bird."

He heard the yelps of frightened natives as they fled into their hives. He understood that the thunder bird had never approached so near before, had never appeared so appalling.

But Dick Forsyth was not afraid of the thunder bird.

He laughed aloud as it passed over his prison, and he even waved his handkerchief out of the window in the hope that the strange visitor might glimpse it.

The throbbing died away, and at last silence fell upon the village. There was no evening exchange of gossip, no twanging of rasping fiddle or nasal singing of voices. The village of Pao Lao was scared into silence.

Dick realized that his prison was unguarded. Now was the time to escape. But should he venture forth yet? Was the time ripe?

He sat and pondered that question over and over after the thunder bird disappeared.

The moon arose from a pale cloud in the east and flooded the village with light. The shadows of the houses were

sharp and black. The narrow street that was a filthy lane in the daylight took on a strange, mysterious half light. Somewhere a pariah dog barked. Dick took three steps toward the little window and paused.

Out of the night came the distant throbbing of the thunder bird's cry. His guard, who had timidly returned to his post under the window, uttered a yelp of dismay.

"Al yah!" he quavered. "'Tis the thunder bird! It is the friend of the foreign devil. We shall be destroyed!" Dick heard the bars of the door slip aside, then the padding of the coward's footsteps as he scuttled back to his hovel.

"Saved by the thunder bird!" ejaculated Dick as he pushed open the door and stepped into the moonlit night. His first act was to pick up a stout stick from the ground, and his second was to try to locate the thunder bird, and then, seeing it flying as though it came straight out of the moon itself, Dick turned about and went to meet it.

It was still many miles away, and he had to leave the village far behind and to climb up and down many hills before he came within close view of it. It was flying low—perhaps a hundred feet above the ground—and the closer it came, although it grew larger and more awe inspiring, the more relieved was Dick Forsyth of the United States and Shanghai, China.

Dick jumped up and down and shouted. He tore off his soiled white linen coat and waved it frantically. He swore lustily in four languages as it appeared not to heed his calls.

For an instant he was baffled. Then he put his hands to his lips and forced all his waning strength into the howling roar of his college yell.

There was a queer, siren-like response from the thunder bird. The thunder dulled to a purring throb, growing slower and slower until the thunder bird descended in lessening circles and flapped on the ground.

The thunder bird was a grotesque creature. It had a wing spread of forty feet. Its wings were of canvas, its bones and tendons of steel and aluminum, and its feet were four rubber tire landing wheels. Yes, it was an aeroplane.

Moreover, it was an aeroplane familiar enough to Dick Forsyth, for it belonged to Benny Dorr, who had been one of the first foreigners in Shanghai to startle the natives with the sight of a flying machine.

It was Benny Dorr's flying machine, and there was no doubt in Dick's mind that it was Benny who was disentangling himself from the driver's seat and coming toward him with extended hands.

This explained Benny's escape. He had gone away so as to be able to return and save his friend. But how about Blakely and Remington?

"Well, old chap, I might have missed you if it hadn't been for that zip, zip, zip of yours," cried Benny tearfully as they wrung each other's hands. "I've been scouting around this God forsaken hole for two days now, hoping for a glimpse of you. Blakely has been hidden in a ruined temple back of the town here to keep an eye on you. He was to rush in and clean up the town if they harmed you. Remington went back to Shanghai with me so that in case one of us dropped out the other could go through and give the word about these naughty Chinks! We got there all right, and I came back in this affair, thinking I might discover some way of aiding you to escape by its means. Remington is up there in the temple with Blakely, and they have a dozen husky, trusty men behind them in case you needed help in getting away. How is it you're wandering around here instead of being locked up?"

In a few words Dick told him about the thunder bird and the evil name it had gained among the terrified Chinese. Then he went in to confess how bitterly he had resented the apparent desertion of his friends.

"I don't deserve this, Benny," groaned Dick as he gripped Dorr's hand.

"Don't deserve it, eh?" laughed Dorr. "Don't you suppose we remember how you stayed awake two nights without a wink of sleep when we were taking that cruise in the south Pacific? Blakely and I were about all in, and you—oh, if you object to hearing your good deeds recited, why, don't wonder why we did it!"

"Just follow the thunder bird. Good name, eh? I guess I'll call it that hereafter. Just follow the thunder bird and it will lead you to Blakely's temple. Here's a gun for you in case any of the natives get over their scare and attempt to interfere. So long, Dick!"

In another moment the propeller of the thunder bird was buzzing merrily and the big machine was rocking over the uneven ground preparatory to flight. Then it arose obliquely and flew toward the southeast.

Dick followed so closely in its wake that it seemed as though he vanished with the aeroplane into the night air. The thunder bird hovered a moment over the ruined temple before it descended to join Dick and his faithful friends.

On a distant hillside above the village of Pao Lao a little group of Chinese saw a sight that filled them with superstitious awe.

They saw the prisoner, the foreign devil, walking along. They saw the thunder bird hovering overhead. They saw it plunge down and pick up the foreign devil and fly away with him to the moon.

Then, because the evil bird had apparently taken what it came after, they lost their fear and went back to their homes relieved of their terror. Of course the thunder bird never came back to Pao Lao.

Notice Of Administrator's Sale Of Real Estate.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

In the matter of the estate

of

W. V. De Wald, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, made on the 24th day of March, 1914, in the matter of the estate of W. V. De Wald, deceased, the undersigned, duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of said estate will sell at private sale on the premises for cash in hand according to law the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Lots 3 and 4, of block 3 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of block 9, Georgetown addition to Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon.

Said sale will commence on the 25th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. and continue till said property or sufficient thereof to satisfy the indebtedness against said estate is sold.

OLIVER VEATCH, Administrator.

in-25-5

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the county court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record the 13th day of March, in the matter of the estate of Euphrasia H. Youmans deceased the undersigned Edna L. Hedrick was duly appointed executrix with the will annexed of said estate. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified as by law required to said administratrix at the law office of Alis King, Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated the 16th day of March, A. D. 1914.

EDNA L. HEDRICK.

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SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, For Lane County.

George M. Keibelbeck and Ila Keibelbeck, Plaintiffs,

vs

William Sloan and J. C. Burdge, Defendants.

To William Sloan and J. C. Burdge, Defendants above named.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1914, said date being six weeks from the date ordered for the first publication of this summons, to-wit: six weeks from the 11th day of March, A. D. 1914 and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in their complaint, namely, for the cancellation of the bond for a deed made, executed and delivered, to the defendants, William Sloan and J. C. Burdge by Fingal Hinds and Effie Hinds on the 27th day of December, A. D. 1909 and recorded in Lane County, Oregon, in the clerk's office thereof, in Vol. 85 of Deeds, on Page 422 on the 24th day of May, 1910, involving certain real estate specifically described in Exhibit "A" of Plaintiff's complaint, for costs and disbursements of this suit and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are further notified that the date of the order for publication of said summons is on the 9th day of March, 1914 and the day upon which you are required to answer said complaint is upon the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1914; that the date of the first publication of this summons will be on the 11th day of March, 1914 and the date of the last publication thereof will be the 22nd day of April, 1914.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Cottage Grove Leader, a weekly newspaper published in Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon and is of general circulation in said county and state.

H. J. SHINN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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