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 J. H. Hulett, Editor & Publisher

LETTERS
 From Our Readers

Salem, Oregon, January 17, 1932
 To the Beaverton Review:

One of the most discussed subjects, and one of the least understood at the present time is the Sales Tax.

Some people speak of it as if it is a new and untried plan for raising money; others discuss it as a vicious form of taxation, others as a tax foisted upon the people by Big Interests, whatever that means, and still others speak of it as an additional tax and unnecessary.

As a matter of fact, the Sales Tax is one of the oldest of taxes and is paid now by millions of people in the form of gas tax, oil tax and many other forms. Several states have a general sales tax and several foreign countries have this tax as a means of raising revenue. In this state, the general taxes for raising revenue are the Property Tax, the Income Tax, the Intangibles Tax and the Inheritance Tax.

None of these taxes alone is perfect and the combination is not a perfect one. A perfect tax is one on every citizen who enjoys the protection of his state, sends his children to the public schools, and in other ways enjoys certain securities and benefits. I believe that the humblest citizen in the land should contribute his mite to the support of the state.

A large part of the people of the state pay a property tax, a smaller number pay an income tax, a smaller number an intangibles tax and a smaller number an inheritance tax. But with all these various forms of taxation, a large part of the population of the state entirely escapes direct taxation. These consist of professional men, clerks, government employees, laborers and many other classes who do not own property, pay income, intangibles or inheritance taxes.

In the past, the payers of the above taxes shouldered the tax burden without serious complaint, but now conditions have changed. These people who have escaped taxation in the past and are still employed are in many instances unable to pay something towards the expenses of the state than the owner of a large farm or business. An emergency exists in this state. The existing methods of taxation are not sufficient. Some other source must be found and be found at once. We cannot wait for several years to overhaul our entire tax system.

The only quick, sure way to raise real money at this time is by the Sales Tax. This tax is not so much to raise additional money as it is to relieve the tax on real estate, and would be used to replace the three mill levy on real property and the balance would apply on the elementary school fund in the counties. It would, in this way, be a replacement and not an additional tax.

It is, of course, true that the property owner would also pay the Sales Tax, but the reduction of his taxes by the elimination of the three mill levy by the state and the reduction of his school taxes would be brought about.

The Sales Tax bill submitted to the legislature at the special session was defeated in the Senate. It is probable that another similar bill will appear before the session ends. It is the object of this letter to try to clarify the issue. I voted for the Sales Tax, but if it is the wish of the people of my county, and if they can agree in the matter, that no Sales Tax bill be passed at this session, I would respect that wish. I personally, cannot see any other solution of the problem at this time.

The Sales Tax would be only (Cont. on Correspondence Page)

BELOW ZERO
 A Romance of the North Woods



By **Harold Titus**
 W.N.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER II

Now when a young man, fever hot with rebellion, at odds with his world, set upon, treated unfairly, finding his firmest trust betrayed, mad to his marrow, steps off a train into a strange town and is hit in the mouth by a stranger, certain events are bound to follow. For one thing, the pressure of temper within him finds relief. It was easy enough for young John Belknap to come to a decision as to what to do; easy enough to decide that the Mid-West headquarters, up in the wilderness, was as good a place as any for a young man going out on his own to present himself and ask for a chance. Easy, simple!

But not so easy to summon that rage which would wipe out the hurt. He had had his fondest hopes betrayed by the one human being he had trusted above all others. It cut and scoured, made him drive himself into a furious temper.

He had boarded a late train, packed over his shoulder, oblivious to the stares of people in the station, telling himself that he had been double-crossed, abused to a point which was intolerable. Through the remaining hours of the night he had tossed in his berth, letting that rage eat up the disappointment and heartache. Today, on a less comfortable train, his ire mounted and as the cars rocked and bounced on northward over increasingly rough steel, he sat for long intervals without moving a muscle, the fire in his eyes growing, the darkness in his heart deepening.

Snow fell. Now and again some of it sifted down from the ventilators to the greasy rattan seats of the smoker. The brakeman came in and lighted oil lamps as waning afternoon brought wintry darkness. One more change now, and he would be on the Kampfest line. . . . But he was not going to stop at Kampfest!

He moved with a start, then, and his jaw muscles bulged. This was the route he had planned so long to take, but the destination was no longer what it had been in those years of planning. On through Kampfest, rather, on for the better part of another hundred miles to Mid-West headquarters.

"You're out of luck," the conductor said; "getting into Kampfest tonight. They got three cars off on a culvert and it may take 'em until noon to get their line open. Tell you what; the Junction boarding house's a fright. You could go on to Shoestring where there's a good place to stay and come back in the morning in time to get the east-bound."

"Shoestring? Never heard of it." "Spry little town." The conductor smiled grimly as he adjusted the wick of his lantern. "If the branch hadn't been blocked this afternoon, you might've seen some big times there tonight. . . ."

John did not heed this. He said, "Much obliged," and settled back in the corner of his seat with his wrath.

Soon the brakeman rose and sung out: "Shoestring!"

Buttoning his Mackinaw, slinging his pack over his shoulder, John stood in the end of the car as they jolted to a stop. He was the only passenger disembarking, and when he pulled the door open snow swirled about him. Moving figures showed against the glow of depot lights.

A voice sung out sharply: "That's him!"

He dropped to shin-deep snow on the platform, and a bulking figure moved to confront him.

"You'd better git back on the train," the man said. "You ain't welcome here!"

"Check him through!" someone called hoarsely.

"What's the big idea?" John snapped. "Who are you to—"

"We ain't here to argue, Jack! You git back aboard that car and keep your feet out of Shoestring and you'll be better off!"

The big man grasped his arm determinedly, and as John twisted to

free himself he slipped. He flung out a hand to catch his balance and on the gesture, a stinging blow caught him full in the mouth.

An instant before, and despite his black mood, he would have argued; but that fist on his lips dropped a red curtain before his eyes, coagulated all the anger which had kept him hot for two days and a night; stripped reason from him. He crouched; he rushed. He was going to let no gang put him back on any train! He bored into them, through them, until he had distance between himself and the car and then straightened, catching one a stiff blow on the neck that spun him



He Whirled and Drove His Flat Hard Into a Belly.

about. He whirled and drove his flat hard into a belly.

Voices, then, sharp and profane. Someone struck him on the cheek, and with an uppercut John dropped a man who charged in from the right. The taste of blood on his lips goaded him.

They came on with a rush. He kicked one's feet from under him, and the falling fellow tripped another. He struck and kicked and elbowed and ducked. His head rocked sideways from a blow, and he squeezed his eyes shut for a split instant to check the mounting dizziness. They could have had him down and beaten to a pulp in one minute, if they'd used their heads. They were too mad, too eager to carry the fight; they got in one another's way, fended off the blows of their fellows.

A man, charging him, checked and veered, and he had a fleeting glimpse of a small figure on the edge of the group, shoving at his assailants, holding up a dissuading hand.

A voice, then, a girl's voice, was raised sharply: "Stop! Stop! Tiny, Ezra, Way-Bill! Let him alone!"

The "him" was beyond a doubt John Steele Belknap, but that young man was now in no mood to be let alone! The figure of the leader was before him, poised, waiting; perhaps in indecision at the sudden willing of spirit or intent among his fellows; perhaps waiting on this stranger who was so unwelcome in their midst. If for the latter his wait was brief because as he kicked free from those impending hands John rushed him, striking out quickly with short, savage blows, glorying in this moment of even odds.

The man retreated slowly. Once he landed and jolted John severely, but this advantage worked against him because it tapped buried reservoirs of strength and fury and hard fists bore him backward into the glare that streamed from the open station doorway.

A cry, then, as John, bareheaded, face set, burst into the light. "Tain't him, Tiny! Tain't him!"

Now this Tiny might, in another instant, have had reason to claim that

The Cook's Nook

Salute the casserole—sturdy pot of many good things to eat; savior of a lady's time; and friend to the dish-washers of a nation! Its round contours have provided us with the "one-piece meal," boon to the busy, and by making it possible for us to serve many things from one pot, inspired a kitchen wag to declare that "casseroles are like taxi cabs, because five fares ride for the price of one!"

Casserole cooking is really braising in a baking dish, a combination of roasting and stewing. The liquid used varies from a very little to enough to completely cover the materials. The more liquid used, the more "stew-like" the dish. Most casserole dishes are "scaloped" or cooked in white sauce. Usually the mixtures are topped with crumbs and so often combined with grated cheese that we have become to believe that "au gratin" (with crumbs) really means "with cheese".

The French, as usual, are responsible for casserole cooking, for they believe that the long slow cooking is conducive to flavor. This is true however only if the mixture is sufficiently savory and moist. Be sure that sufficient fat is present to keep the mixture from getting dry; pour liquid shortening over the ingredients if necessary.

How To Keep Contents From Sticking to Sides

Casserole foods have the added advantage of being served right in the dish in which they were baked. This makes it even more important that the contents do not stick to the sides. To avoid sticking, make sure the baking dish is well oiled before putting in the ingredients. A pastry brush dipped into oil and rubbed

the shout distracted him, did he care to lay upon an alibi. But even before the words were past his lips that yelped them, John found the opening he had been fighting for.

Full on the point of Tiny's chin his knuckles struck and the man's legs sagged. The force of the blow rocked him backward and he crumpled. His head, lolling to one side, crunched oddly as it struck the wheel of a baggage truck.

John heard that sound and a tingle ran through him. He lurched on forward, crouching as if to pounce upon his fallen adversary. Well enough to knock the big devil out, but he did not like that crunch! Hands clutched at his shoulder and a hoarse protest was in his ear.

"Get away!" John cried, shaking off the hands, heedless of the words, and dropped to his knees in the snow beside the fallen man.

"Hit his head!" someone cried, as they gathered closely about, a welter of legs damming back light from the doorway.

"Get back!" John snapped. "Out of the light, you!"

The voice of authority, that, and it cut through a rising mutter from the crowd, forced a falling back to let yellow light filter on the prostrate Tiny.

The man's face was bruised and bleeding. He lay lax, and when John raised one of the great arms it dropped back limply. The man breathed heavily, and apprehension mounted in the boy's consciousness.

"Get hold here!"—sharply. "Carry him inside where I can see!" And gently, easily, considering the man's weight, he slid an arm beneath the broad shoulders and raised the torso.

Others helped, for the most part wordlessly, and they shuffled into the waiting room with their burden, placing it carefully on the floor beside the stove.

John was heedless of the crowd that pressed close again. He removed the thick cap from Tiny's head and with light, careful fingers rummaged through the stiff hair. He encountered no great bruise, no depression. The cap had been ample protection; no fracture, perhaps not even. . . .

Tiny stirred and moaned. "Get me some snow!" John said, and two scurried outside.

With his handkerchief he wiped blood from the man's chin, and when the snow came he took a great handful and held it against brow and temples.

(Con't Next Week)

carefully on the inner surface will take care of this. The new flat lidded casseroles are very attractive the tops posing as extra baking dishes used, when not too hot, as tiles to protect the dining table.

Since many casserole dishes require a white sauce, you will want a recipe for one which gives a smooth product especially adapted to scalloped mixtures.

White Sauce

2 tbsps. cornstarch
 1 tbsps. mazola
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup milk
 pepper

Mix cornstarch, salt and pepper. Add mazola and milk and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly, about 5 minutes. Or, cook over hot water in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thick and then about 15 minutes longer.

- 1 cut-up chicken
- 1 large onion
- 2 green peppers
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 2 cups ripe olives
- 1 can yellow corn

Seasonings

Boil the chicken until tender or use, canned chicken, cubed. Saute the diced onions and shredded peppers in two tablespoons of mazola, so as not to destroy texture. Stir in the canned tomatoes, the olives (sliced) and corn. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add the chicken simmer for 10 minutes. Place in a well oiled casserole and bake in moderate oven for one-half hour.

- 1 small onion
- 1 small green pepper
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

In a frying pan put about 3 tablespoons mazola, add chopped onion and shredded green pepper; cook until onion browns. Add tomatoes and seasonings. Cook until most of moisture has evaporated. Mix with cooked rice and place in an oiled baking dish. Cover top with crumbs and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

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AIN' I'M JEST REHEARSIN' AN LAPP NOW & AIN'T THAT A GOOD LIL' IDEA?