

ECONOMIC VITALITY.

The famed Literary Digest quotes some one as saying that if wheat is sold for 35 to 40 cents per bushel it will represent a loss of 10 or 15 cents to the farmer. Now that's smart. For the past ten years wheat has been selling at a price that was ten or fifteen cents too low when all costs were figured.

Now with wheat at 35 cents the price is still called 10 or 15 cents below cost of production. What it should have made clear was that 35 cents was that much less than the labor expense of putting the wheat on the market. Farmers that receive 35 cents per bushel for their wheat are not going to pay taxes, interest, or debts unless they have other resources.

They will be able to pay for what labor they must have; for what gasoline they actually need; for sacks if they can't get along without them, and for a few other essentials. It is like asking Henry Ford to put out cars at a price that allowed him pay for the paint, the labor of marketing the car and enough on the power bill to pay upkeep.

Wheat farmers have done their job too well. They have become too efficient and have raised too much of their chosen product. They have become temporarily poor. But, who has profited? Who gains when the farmer is not prosperous?

Absolutely no one. The farmer is one-third of the buying power of the nation and when that one-third reduces its purchases the manufacturer and the laborer are hurt. Let them lend their support to the farmer and see how soon conditions become better.

The farmer is the backbone of the nation and he is in bad shape. Does of physic, trimming of the toe nails, or application of liniment will not help the condition until the primary cause of illness, the backbone, is put in health.

HOW TO REDUCE.

One of the first requisites to intelligent tax reduction is a thorough knowledge of the costs, government and what is purchased with the money expended. This was shown last fall when the Sherman County Tax Reduction League began its operations. Several times at the budget meeting spokesmen for the league arose to inquire what certain appropriations were used for only to quietly sit down when their question was explained by the members of the court. Tax reduction without complete information can not be long satisfactory.

The chart printed on another page of this issue of the Sherman County Journal gives a very complete picture of the school receipts and expenses of the county for the past year. With this chart it is possible for every one interested in schools, either as a director or parent, to see what use is made of the tax money spent by the schools of the county.

Even the casual reader will observe that the larger schools are able to educate their children with a much lower cost per child than is possible where only two or three children of school age are in the district.

BOYS.

The word goes around town these days, "The boys are bothering things again," and house holders lock up their homes carefully whenever they leave for fear their possessions will be molested before they return. Business houses may be pillaged of the objects dear to childish hearts unless carefully locked against the youthful marauders.

Some allowances are always made for the predatory spirit of boys, but when it comes to actual theft or destruction of property these generous allowances on the part of men who remember their own youth stop and the youths are condemned. It is quite likely that when boys are young there is little difference between the good and the one who seems destined to become bad. Both classes do things that are frowned upon by the elders with good cause.

Boys in the predatory stage of existence may easily get into the habit of petty theft if they are not restrained by parental control and advice. Boys that run loose and unwatched at night and boys that wander aimlessly about buildings that are temporarily unoccupied quite often turn out wrong and break parent's hearts. A little more care on the part of parents, even though they may have plenty already, will many times keep boys on the straight and narrow path to respectable manhood while carelessness for the few dangerous years lead to disgrace.

Now that the Satus road is nearing completion across the Columbia in Washington and more cars will be crossing the river to travel on south through Oregon it is an opportune time for the county to erect a sign at the junction of the Highway 97, the Sherman Highway, and the Columbia River Highway to inform tourists that the shortest, fastest, and easiest way south in Eastern Oregon is through Sherman county.

So even the legislators do not want to meet to discuss the tax situation. The prospects of long hours at small pay talking heatedly in hot weather about a subject full of dynamite is not so hot, we presume.

The only way a horse can get in the news nowadays is to throw an actress or a prince. The days when such accidents were as a matter of course are gone.

Somehow shooting children doesn't seem so out of character for gangster. They have done nearly everything else against public decency.

Grass Valley

Miss Jessie Pike returned home the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beezy are here visit with Mrs. A. J. Bibby, Mrs. Beezy's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. French drove to Portland Wednesday of last week and returned Sunday.

Harold Todd will drive the Buckley school bus during the school year beginning in September.

Mrs. Ella Olds entertained last Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Kenneth Mulkey, who is visiting here.

Bob Johnson spent the week end at Ocean Side where his wife is living for a few weeks this summer.

Jack Kelly, of Shaniko, is in charge of the barber shop while Florin Coon helps Dell Olds harvest the wheat crop.

J. C. Hartley, a former resident of Kent, was here the first of the week from his home near Jefferson. His wife accompanied him.

Miss Della Helyer, of Kent, received her diploma from Oregon State Normal School at Monmouth at the graduating exercises held this week.

The Woman's Bridge Club met at the home of Mrs. Herman Schilling last Wednesday and spent the afternoon at what is rapidly becoming the national game.

A bunch of cattle were driven through town last Tuesday on the way to Judge Krusow's ranch at Moro, where they will turn 30 cent wheat into \$60.00 beef steers.

R. O. Baldwin of Los Angeles, is at the Peters ranch this week visiting his wife who has been employed there for over a year. Mrs. Baldwin is a sister of Mrs. Grover Young.

P. N. Lemmon was a Sherman county visitor again this week from his home near Albany. He looked over his place near Klondike Monday and was here to see his ranch south of town Tuesday.

S. Smith, a shoe cobbler from California, stopped here last week and unpacked his last and awl in the house owned by H. A. Sommer back of the Fields garage. He expects to remain indefinitely.

C. M. Plyler, who one time cut the hair of this town in the day time and showed it pictures that seemed to move at night, was here one day this week from Mt. Pleasant, Utah, where he conducts a picture house.

Cliff Gilpin, of the Gilpin Truck Line, dropped his truck through the planking back of the Dillingier building Monday night and partly into the basement. Some extra power and a few plank put him on the level again.

The Buckley school district purchased a new school bus the first of the week from the International Harvester Co. This is a larger one than they had for the past three years and will be used to transport the children of Michigan district as well as those of Buckley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Taylor left on the Portland Rose Monday evening to attend two Holiness camp meetings in Ohio after which they will meet their physician Dr. Keeney-Ferris in New York or Boston where she is now for examination and consultation by specialists there. They expect to also visit Washington D. C., Chicago, and in Iowa, returning in September.

Kent News

Warren Norton left for Harrisburg to help with the harvest.

Norval Martin delivered a new Delux Oldsmobile coupe to L. V. Walton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Guyton and grandsons were visiting in The Dalles Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilson are the parents of a baby girl born in The Dalles, July 29.

Harvest is in full blast at Kent and wheat is making from 4 to 8 sacks, quality good.

Ed Sanborn came up from the

valley last Saturday to work for J. H. Wilson during harvest.

Hazel Decker suffered a fractured collar bone a few days ago on account of her horse stumbling.

Miss Edna Lyons returned home Sunday from Jefferson, where she has been for some time.

Mrs. Ethel Howell who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home in Vancouver Friday.

Gene Hoskinson returned home Monday from Portland where he had visited with his son Guy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson and daughter Nellie, motored to Mitchell Sunday, returning with Mrs. Ida Davis and daughter Pauline.

Mrs. Volna Guyton, Misses Clarice Wilson and Marguerite Howell accompanied Glenn Howell and his aunt to Vancouver Friday returning Monday.

Glenn Howell, accompanied by Mrs. Volna Guyton, Marguerite Mitchell, Maudie McKay and Rosie Howell left Thursday for Lost Lake where they spent a few days.

GRADUATE 'DICK' LANDS IN JAIL

Got Star and Diploma, but No Definition of What Forms a Felony.

White Plains, N. Y.—James Homer Wood still has his nickel-plated badge, but he has lost a good deal of his assurance as a detective since Judge Close suspended sentence on him in Westchester county court, where the young man had pleaded guilty of unlawful entry.

"You ought," Judge Close advised him, "to tell your professor of detective—or whatever the science is called—that he might include in the course a few definitions of what constitutes a felony."

James Homer Wood is twenty-one years old. He lives in Peekskill and works as a printer in Ossining. He also sings baritone in a church choir in Peekskill, but James Homer Wood demands more of life than a place either at a linotype machine or in a church choir.

He sees no satisfactory career in either vocation. He craves mystery, excitement, peril, the joy of living which comes to the man hunter who mingles in his being the cold faculty of reason, the ardent thrill of the chase, and the supreme courage of the capture. In other words, James Homer Wood felt in his soul that he had the makings of a remarkable detective.

About six months ago he enrolled for a correspondence course in detecting. Every week a questionnaire was mailed to him, which he answered with painstaking thoroughness which won commendation from the institution of learning in which he was a student. He also carefully omitted to shave his upper lip and attended all the motion picture shows which gave him an opportunity of studying the stage detective in action.

Most encouraging reports came from his instructor, who said that James Homer Wood was displaying an astounding aptitude for the profession and would make a name for himself and for the school. This pleased the young man almost as much as did the indubitable mistake which was budding beneath his nose.

Ambition Surges Up. He devoted a lot of time to the mustache, and by the time he got his diploma and badge last month there were few bona fide detectives who could boast a more vigorous or more somber growth.

The head of the detective school himself signed the diploma sent to James Homer Wood and wrote him a personal letter in which he pointed out that while James Homer Wood was now thoroughly grounded technically as a detective, it would be advisable to undertake field work in an experimental way before attempting anything really dangerous.

A badge came with the diploma and in spite of the velvet restraint which the head of the college evidently strove to impose upon his promising pupil, James Homer Wood felt capable of tackling any baffling crime that came along.

Baffling crimes were somewhat scarce in Peekskill just at that time, however, and after a few minor investigations which came to untimely ends, the graduate detective decided he had better take the advice of the college president until something turned up. It had become exasperating to make inquiries in a casual way about deaths which invariably proved to be the result of nephritis, pneumonia or something equally uninteresting and James Homer Wood gave himself seriously to thought on the subject of harmless field work.

He recalled that there was a slot machine in a filling station not far from his home. As a detective, he knew that slot machines were illegal and as a choir singer, he knew that they were immoral. The slot machine, he decided, had as few influential friends as the man-eating shark and was the logical subject for experimental field work of a harmless nature such as had been suggested in the letter he had received.

Pins on Badge, Takes Field. This particular slot machine was

out of order and had not been used for months, which seemed to make it all the better subject for experimentation. Moreover, so far as a detective with a diploma could discover, it was the only thing in all Peekskill which smacked of illegality.

James Homer Wood pinned his nickel-plated badge beneath the lapel of his coat and went after that slot machine at an hour at which all Peekskill should have been asleep. He had no difficulty in breaking into the filling station and decided that he would write a thesis on that subject in case the correspondence school gave post-graduate degrees, but the disposal of the slot machine was a different matter.

It was much bulkier than the graduate detective had thought it would be but eventually he got it through the window.

As he had brought no conveyance with him, he had to carry the slot machine on his back down the road to a dump. Several times during the laborious journey he had to set the machine down and rest. Several times motorists passed and, though he was engaged in detective work of a highly moral nature, James Homer Wood did



King of Siam

KING PRAJADIBON of Siam, accompanied by Queen Rambal Barni and her parents, made his official visit to Washington during the week. They arrived in the capital city from New York on Tuesday, being met at the station by Vice President Curtis and other high officials, were duly photographed, and escorted in state to the Lars Anderson mansion on Massachusetts avenue. Next day the royal couple made their formal call at the White House. Just within the front door President and Mrs. Hoover met them and led them to the Blue Room where, after brief conversation, the king requested the honor of presenting his suite. Mr. Hoover giving consent, the royal retinue entered and was introduced by the Siamese minister.

The king and queen soon after hustled back to their temporary home and the return call by Mr. and Mrs. Hoover quickly followed. Queen Rambal Barni has been having a great time shopping in New York, purchasing quantities of feminine gear, especially hosiery and footwear. She has the reputation of being the prettiest woman of all the Far East's royalty.

SIR HUBERT WILKINS and his weary crew managed to get the submarine Nautilus into the harbor of Cork, Ireland, after its stormy voyage across the Atlantic. The commander said that after the batteries were recharged he would proceed to England for other repairs, and that he hoped to reach the North pole, by the sub-ice route, in two months.

The mishaps and delay suffered by the Wilkins expedition led Dr. Hugo Eckener to abandon his plan for a meeting between the Graf Zeppelin and the Nautilus at the pole. The dirigible will make a six-day cruise into Arctic regions in July on a scientific mission.

DWIGHT DAVIS, governor general of the Philippines, has had enough of that difficult and thankless job and has notified the administration in Washington that he would like to be relieved, quit as soon as President Hoover can conveniently fill the post. He says merely that he desires to take up again his residence in the United States.



Dwight Davis

The knowledge spreading through official circles that Mr. Davis has offered his resignation has already produced booms for two men as candidates for his position. They are Theodore Roosevelt, governor of Porto Rico, and Maj. Gen. Frank R. McCoy. The official expectation is that one of the two will get the post and at present Mr. Roosevelt appears to be in the lead.

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TUM-A-LUM TICKLER Published in the Interest of the People of Grass Valley and Vicinity by The TUM-A-LUM LUMBER COMPANY Vol. 31 GRASS VALLEY, OREGON, JULY 31, 1931 No. 28 EDITORIAL. A husband may find that a safety pin is okay as a substitute for a button, but it is not so good for closing the hole in the toe of the sock.—E. E. Germain, editor and yard manager. —T-A-L— If you are bothered by the heat these hot nights, here is a suggestion. Build a sleeping porch on the shady side of your house and sleep every night. Or insulate that ceiling of the house and keep the heat outside. —T-A-L— Lady: "Have you ever been offered work?" Tramp: "Only once, madam. Aside from that, I've met with nothing but kindness." —T-A-L— Insulation is on the job 24 hours a day and 365 days of the year. Leap year add one day. Healthier homes, happier families are made possible by insulation. —T-A-L— PAUL BUNYAN AGAIN. Paul Bunyan did not invent Geogra-

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