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TAXES

The tax program for the state
is becoming more clear as the
bills roll out from the legislative
mill. After a two-day battle the
house has decided that the reduc-

There are some very good reasons
for not returning any money
to the taxpayer out of his 1942
payments. First is the practical
uselessness of auditing the thou-

Even then it could not be done
much before the year was well
along, so that the taxpayer would
be just as well off if he waited

The bill is now in the senate,
where something else will be done
with it, and no one knows what
that will be. It won't be long,

The property tax payers have
been given a ten per cent reduc-

There are some incidental tax
cuts, as, for instance, the aboli-

It is very likely that when the
ways and means committee gets
its figures added up, which will

It looks as if the state has
spent, and will spend, enough
extra money so that any important

The welfare program has
demanded an additional \$2,000,000

One cannot eat his cake and
have it too, is an old saw we all
know. The state cannot spend its

In fact, the possibility of tax
reduction has received entirely
too much publicity for its worth.

Those who have built it up as
being entirely feasible have prob-

SCHOOL BILL

Two school bills came out of
the house taxation committee this
week that will be important to
all school men, school teachers,

One of them sets up a fund of
\$20 per school census child, of
which there are some 266,000 to

This fund will take the place
of the school fund set up by the
amended school teachers' bill

The second of these new bills
gives authority over the taxing
units of the school districts to a

Authority over the management
of the schools is left entirely in
the hands of the local school

These two bills are tied together
and will be put to a vote of the
people at the next election to see

If they did so desire these two
bills provide a much more equi-

Foresight is a quality that en-

REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

(Continued from Page One)

Another thing—the legislature
is spending, often with ample jus-

The state institutions need more
money—more for food, more for

Even a state with a moderate
surplus cannot keep on spending

Taxes have been reduced. The
property tax payer gets a little

All of these things together
with some other reduction bills

The old state may not be able
to take it, and there may not be

W. F. McLeod, W.M.
C. V. Belknap, Secretary

BUY WAR BONDS
Illustration of a soldier standing next to a large 'BUY WAR BONDS' sign.

Kely's Column

Continued from page one

When the famed Chinese
woman addressed congress (the
only woman to do this other than

regard Japan as secondary to
Herr Hitler, and stated that the
Japanese have already captured

Result of her visit is that Edward
Stettinius, manager for lend-lease,

has announced that China will
share with Britain and Russia the

Payments to dependents of de-

WILLIAMS' COLUMN
Continued from Page One

our opinion the small loan, truck
state civil service, and big fish

Wheat is advancing, but break-

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that C.

Observations from the press
box: Everyone anxious to get

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All persons having claims

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In Other Days

From the Observer, March 7, 1924

It is reported that a baby boy
arrived last week to gladden the
home of S. A. Hall and wife.

Francis Alroy Sayers passed
away at his home in Moro, Ore-

Lovely weather these days.
Some of our folks are busy plow-

The city has a four-horse grad-

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Mc-

While coming to school a horse

A train of 19 cars of wheat,

Wheat is advancing, but break-

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SAADDLE and RIDE
By ERNEST HAYCOX
Illustration of a man and a woman in Western attire.

THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan
has decided to play a lone hand
against Herendeen, a rancher bent

ing his range by whatever means
necessary, with an ambition to
extend that range by whatever

This was the extent of Heren-

"Charley pulled out this afternoon
to round up a few men and scout

Gurd said, "Believe I'll go sit in
with Charley. Where you going?"

Herendeen let out a huge laugh
as he went to his horse. "Gurd,"

As soon as he had gone Cather-

She said, "Do you realize it is
Clay's friend you're trying to kill?"

"What's happened?" she said.

He came back up the steps and

"Next time you go over to
Morgan's don't bother to come

She pulled free of his arm and

The clay dust of the road was a

Herendeen hadn't heard about a

Long as he had known Charley

Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S.
Moro, Oregon
Meets Every Second and



"Next time you go over to Morgan's, don't bother to come back."

shape. Then he slowed down.

The man said: "Ben?"

Herendeen hauled in. "Nothing

Pete Borders chuckled. "How

Herendeen said: "Late for you.

Or maybe a little early."

Pete Borders said in his easy,

"I want to talk to you."

"Fire away. I guess we have

Herendeen said: "I wouldn't trust

ever out of sight, Pete, and if I

Pete Borders said: "You're a

"Ain't ever caught me, Ben."

"Remember what I'd do if I did,"

retorted Herendeen. "Do your steal-

in" in other places and we'll get

along. I propose to run every hay-

ride rider out of this country in

short order but if you stay clear of

me nothin's going to trouble you

at all. I can use a fellow like you

once in a while." He thought about

it, letting the silence settle

between them. Then he said: "Go

up to Government Valley and work

over Morgan's stuff. He's too short-

sighted to watch that end of his

range."

"Ben," said Borders indulgently,

"you sure make me ashamed for

bein' a piker. You're a bigger crook

than I ever thought of bein'."

"You grind your coffee in one

mill and I'll grind mine in another."

said Herendeen, taking no offense.

"I can make it third for you, or I

can let you alone. Just work along

like I said."

"Sure," said Borders. "But keep

your riders away from that district

at night so I won't be bumpin' into

'em. I got to cross your range."

Morgan stood with his back to the

stove, gently rubbing his hands

against the seat of his pants. Kern

Case, grave and unmoved, mumbled:

"Evenin', Ben."

For the moment nothing else was

said. Herendeen ignored Case,

staring Morgan with his round hazel

eyes half-shut. He filled the door-

way with his heavy legs and high,

huge shoulders.

Morgan brought his hands for-

ward, reaching for his tobacco to

make up a cigarette. This was the

length of the silence. When he

struck a match and cupped it to his

face he stared over the rim of his

fingers, reading Herendeen with a

steady interest. The man had swung

into the room quickly, as though to

surprise somebody; and he stood

now with his thoughts pretty much

on his face, his glance rummaging

all the dark corners of the room.

Morgan thought he knew the an-

swer to that. Herendeen had expect-

ed to find Breathitt here.

Herendeen abruptly crossed the

room, his weight squealing against

the worn floorboards, and walked to

a rear door. He turned the door's

knob gently, he kicked the door

open.

Kern Case's voice echoed his dis-

like. "Get out of there, Ben. That's

my room."

Herendeen was in it, moving

around slowly; he came out again.

Somewhere above them a board

snapped, throwing Herendeen's head

instantly upward. Herendeen stared

at the ceiling and back at Morgan.

"If you're here, he's here."

Herendeen stared at Morgan, his

lips pressed together. He was faint-

ly smiling, hard and certain and

slowly keyed-up by his temper.

"He's here," he grunted. He walked

on to the front door. He put his

back to Morgan, watching the street.

Morgan said: "Keep your eyes

open, Ben."

Herendeen didn't turn. He said:

"I see nothin' to be afraid of, Clay.

As far as you're concerned, I never

did." He stepped to the porch and

wheeled around, looking upward at

the second-story windows of the

store. He held the hard-creased

smile on his lips; he leetered on the

balls of his feet and drew his gun.

He fired at the window, breaking

the glass, and walked into the door-

way again, swinging around to

watch the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)