

PEOPLE WOULD PAY IF RAILROADS WERE GOVERNMENT OWNED

Third Party Plan Would Take Revenue From States Involved.

If the railroads of the United States should be taken over, owned and operated by the government, the vast taxes now paid by the railroads would have to be paid by the people, according to Will B. Wood, member of congress from Indiana and chairman of the Republican National Congressional committee. Mr. Wood has made a careful analysis of the situation noting the tax payments by the railroads to the several state governments last year.

If the roads were owned by the government they would be tax free just as the post offices now are. The states would still need the money, just as they do now, and as a result additional taxes would have to be levied on the citizens.

Mr. Wood's complete analysis follows: "Robert M. LaFollette, the Socialist-third party candidate for President, is trying to convince 6,000,000 farmers that the surest cure for their ills is to bring about government ownership of all the railroads in the country; that, if this is done, transportation rates of all kinds would be immediately reduced.

"There are a lot of things, however, that would transpire if this scheme were carried out, that Senator LaFollette is woefully silent upon. He is not telling the farmers that the government pays no taxes on its properties and that it would pay no taxes on the railroads of the country if it owned them. He is not telling them that the railroads are paying into the various county and state treasuries of the United States more than \$300,000,000 annually, which sum would have to be paid, in large part, by the farmers, once the government began the ownership of the railroads.

"Take the state of Wisconsin for instance. Last year the railroads paid the state of Wisconsin \$7,321,976 in taxes. In the state of Minnesota the railroads paid, last year, a total tax to the state of \$8,425,982. In Iowa they paid \$6,946,708; in Kansas, \$6,739,346; in Indiana, \$13,094,627. In these five states alone the railroads paid \$42,481,634 of the public tax burden. I have taken the figures in the above named states because they are largely agricultural and in the event that the government became the owner of the railroads of the country the farmers of these states would have to bear the greatest part of the burden in paying these additional taxes.

"In the state of Iowa if the LaFollette scheme were carried out, it would mean an increase of \$32 in taxes annually levied against each farm in the state, or \$2.80 for each man, woman and child in the state. In Kansas the burden would be \$40 against each farm, or \$3.50 for each resident of that state. In Minnesota, where Mr. LaFollette is making a strong appeal for votes, he would take away from the farmer, under the government ownership plan, a tax income now paid by the railroads and place it as an additional assessment of \$47 against each farm in the state, or \$3.50 against each person residing in that commonwealth.

"I am told that, in one county in Montana, the total tax paid by the railroads amounts to 38.51 per cent of the entire levy. In midsummer of this year there was \$104,102 of the total tax assessed in that county delinquent, upon which a penalty had been laid. This is convincing evidence that this county was already taxed much more than it was able to pay. Yet Mr. LaFollette would take away 86 1/2 per cent of the tax revenue of this county, now being paid by the railroads, and place it as an additional burden upon the individual taxpayer.

"In my own state of Indiana, the railroads pay \$13,094,627 in taxes annually. The total tax of the state is \$124,866,700. The railroads share of this tax is over 10 per cent. If Mr. LaFollette's scheme were put into effect, the individual taxpayer of Indiana would have to pay this additional sum of \$13,094,627 each year. In Marion county the railroads pay annually \$716,388 in taxes, a very substantial item in the total of the taxes paid in that county.

"The figures that I have given, applicable to the five agricultural states named, differ only in degree from those that might be given for every other state in the Union.

"Not only would the farmers be burdened by the payment of these additional taxes, should the government become the owners of the railroads, but they would also have an additional burden to bear, the size of which it is hard to ascertain. In the shape of deficits occurring in the operation of the railroads of the country for maintenance, extensions and upkeep.

"Some idea of what this burden would be, may be had, however, by recalling the experience during the period of government operation of the railroads under the management of William G. McAduo, when the amount of the deficit over the earnings of those railroads taken over by the government was more than a million dollars a day, exclusive of the payment of exorbitant salaries to an army of officers.

"The farmers of this country, before they accept the panacea of government ownership of railroads, which is but a forerunner of the socialistic state, will do well to 'Stop, Look and Listen.'"

**Fifty Years to Come**  
Regulus is at a distance of 300,000,000,000 miles from the earth. Its light takes about fifty years to travel to us at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

WIFE BEATING IN MARYLAND TOWN IS HALTED

Ancient Law Recently Revived in State a Deterrent.

Hagerstown, Md.—Wife beating is out of style in Hagerstown. Before Lewis Longbeam battered his wife's face almost to a pulp and then asked the judge what he was going to do about it, wife-beating was commonplace. But when Judge Scott went to sentence him with "15 lashes," the practice suddenly waned.

Along with several others of the blue laws, the whipping law still stands good on the Maryland statute books. It had seldom been invoked, but Judge Bower, glancing down the docket, noticed the growing number of wife-beating cases. He announced that the next case to come before him would be treated as of old. And Longbeam's case happened to be next.

With a blackened, swollen eye and several teeth missing, Mary Longbeam looked on interestedly as her husband was haled before the bar. But as the judge pronounced sentence, her manner changed.

Wife Would Wield Lash.

Pressing her way to the front of the courtroom, she addressed the judge. "Let me lash him, Judge! I'll stand on my toes and cut the blood out of his back. Let me give him a dose of his own medicine. What chance has a frail woman against a brute like him? He slaps me as if I were a child. He throws me about like a chair. He beats me like a dog. Let me lash him, Judge!"

But the Maryland law provides specifically that the lashing be administered by the sheriff, so Mary Longbeam lost her chance to hand her husband a bit of his own medicine.



The Man Gasped and Grit His Teeth.

Sheriff Duffey got out the old cat-o-nine-tails, with its five rawhide thongs each split in two. As Longbeam had been sentenced to 15 lashes, this meant 150 stinging cuts in his back.

Thousands Listen for Walls. Longbeam was taken to a vacant section of the jail, handcuffed to the bars of a cell, and the sheriff began his punishment. Outside thousands waited, hushed, hoping to hear the screams of the wife-beater getting a dose of his own medicine.

The cat-o-nine-tails whistled through the air and its ends bit into the flesh of Longbeam's bare back. The man gasped and grit his teeth. After ten lashes the flesh shined from a fiery red to a greenish blue. When the fifteenth lash cut in, it tore the flesh on his left shoulder blade and the blood trickled down and soaked into the white underclothes drawn back over his belt.

Outside the jail gate his wife was waiting. As he came out she shook her fist in his face and cried:

"You brute, I hope they gave it to you good. If only they'd let me lash you! You'd never walked out of here. You'd have been carried."

But, regardless of whether the lashing was severe enough to suit the beaten wife, wife beating has taken a decided slump in Hagerstown.

Girls Must Not Wear "Knickers" in Louisiana

Hammond, La.—The newly ordained law of the county commissioners of Livingston parish prohibiting, among other things, the one-piece bathing suits, kissing, "petting" parties and the wearing of trousers by women, had its first tryout when two pretty nurses, claiming to hail from Mississippi, were arrested at Denham Springs, charged with wearing "knickers." They were taken before a justice of the peace, entered pleas of guilty and were assessed fines of \$5 each.

Plans to Cross Sea in "Unsinkable" Boat

Manchester.—A craft 12 feet long will shortly start on a journey across the Atlantic with its builder and skipper, William Oldham, at the helm, according to an announcement given out by Oldham.

The boat is made of steel, with eight water-tight chambers, which the builder claims makes it unsinkable. Oldham proposes to propel the boat by his feet, and is fixing pedals for that purpose, but the pedals can also be used with the hands, which will give William an occasional rest.

Cemeteries in Europe.

The cemeterial branch of the War department says that following are the American cemeteries in Europe that will be permanent. The figures given are the approximate number of men buried in each cemetery: Aisne-Marne at Belleau Wood (Aisne), 2,219; Soissons at Paris, 1,498; Meuse-Argonne (Romagne-sous-Montfaucon), 13,929; Soissons at Bony, 1,827; Oise-Aisne (Serjingsat-Nesles), 6,028; St. Mihiel at Thieucourt, 4,141; Brookwood in England near London, 485; Flanders field at Waerghem, Belgium, 362.

HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

By AGNES G. BROGAN

I CAME upon her as I walked the woodland way. During past visits to the country town Judith had often walked this way with me. I met her while I visited one summer with my sister. It was the summer of the war and Judith was very lonely for the lover who rushed to his country's aid.

That her lover had returned from the war I learned, and that Judith's heart had died meanwhile. So, now, I close the woodland path, because I suspect that Judith might be walking that sunshiny morning the path she used to tread. Judith was there as I approached; I knew the scarlet turning of the cape she wore, and I knew better the sheen of her soft brown hair, with the sun upon it. Had I been a man instead of a white-haired old woman I should have fallen in love with Judith Ware. Her very presence was a tonic, her cheeks aglow, her eyes alight with love of life—love that was infectious and inspiring. I waved my lavender scarf at her and she came running. The same Judith, unaltered by marriage. A happy marriage it must be indeed to keep that lightness to her smile.

"Happy!" laughed the Fussy Judith. "And why should I not be a happy woman with my true love returned from the war and sharing the little home we made together? It may be rather far for you to walk, so, while you rest here, I'll hasten the way back and bring Robert from where he is. Robert is our horse, and so dignified an animal that we never call him Bob. I bought Robert for a song, and the shabby carriage that ages with him, I came today," went on Judith, "to gather nuts beneath the trees, to get red squawberries, and to find rosy apples—all for my Richard's birthday. A surprise, you see, which you will be able to share. I will decorate with the sweet berries, the nuts will go on the party cake I've prepared with fruit juice, and the apples will be a centerpiece.

"The nuts?" answered Judith to my questioning. "Oh, yes, I take them out only as necessary. But now, you see, while we must live so far away, I have to drive to town to give the lesson."

"Must live far away?" I persisted in my questioning.

Judith nodded her bright head. "Because of Richard's lungs. The doctors say he must have country air—burned with the gas in the war—poor Richard's lungs."

Her momentary sadness was deliberately put aside. "You will love to visit with Richard," Judith assured me. "He is full of information upon the most interesting subjects—helpful, too. In his suggestions—if you might have need to ask of him. And Richard has not changed in appearance, with all the terror he has been through; a bit white about the temples, perhaps, but the same wave to his hair. Do you recall," asked a joyously relieved Judith, "how I used to wonder about him—confide to you all my doubts and fears?"

"Useless fears, my dear," I said to her, "all ending now so happily."

"Yes, useless," agreed Richard's wife. "Why, do you know the name we bestowed upon our home? The House of Happiness. Poetic? That's Richard—but most appropriate—you shall see."

She left me seated on a log, while she went for Robert. My arms were laden with her gifts of red berries, nuts and apples. But soon she was back, early breakfasting. I climbed into the shabby seat beside Judith and we drove through leafy lanes down a far, lonely way. In a clearing of brush I spied the little house. It was freshly white, with vines of crimson about the tiny portico. The window glass shone and just inside the hallway waited a wide chair. A fireside chair it appeared to be, with a low fire glowing before it, to take off the chill of fall. I saw, as Judith loosened my cloak, a man sit in the chair, and I wondered that Judith's husband did not arise to welcome her guest.

"Mrs. Meredith, Richard," she presented me—"my dear friend and confidante—you will remember—while you were away."

The young man turned his face toward me—his fine, white face, with its border of silvery wavy hair. Then I understood why Judith's husband sat, huddled out his hand to me—he was hopelessly crippled.

"But he has no pain," she hastened to relieve my apprehension.

His smile warmed the chill away that had gathered about my heart in "sometimes," he admitted as the wife carried her spoils to the kitchen. "Yes, there is pain; but Judith must not know. This is the house of happiness only, for it is the abode of love. Love," Judith's husband added gravely, "that has known refinement."

And, looking upon them both, I knew how this thing might be, and in my heart was no place for sympathy.

"You will stay to the birthday tea?" my brave young friend begged of me, and gladly I consented. Again and again, during my stay in the village, I came to them, and ever gladly. Prosperity might haunt itself elsewhere; merriment, too, and gaiety; but always I would walk more swiftly toward the house at the edge of the wood; always I would come away encouraged and refreshed, which is as it should be—when one has learned the way where happiness abides.

History in Words.

The study of words—words which endure longer than temples hewn out of solid rock—teaches us to know the likeness of the human heart in all countries and in all ages—to recognize the superiority in many respects of nations long deemed barbaric—and to understand dimly the existence of that wondrous law of intellectual development which adapts faith to purposes and hopes to necessities, and tempers the sense of beauty according to human powers of acquisition.—Lafcadio Hearn.

Plans Now Complete for Harvest Home Festival at The Dalles

Plans are being formulated and are well under way by the merchants of The Dalles for a great big Harvest Home Festival for the week of October 23rd.

All stores of the city will cooperate to show visitors a real time and will make special reductions on all lines of merchandise affording out of own visitors exceptional opportunities to do fall buying at a saving.

Following the plans worked out for the harvest festival of a year ago, dispensers of wares and goods in The Dalles again extend an invitation to the people of Sherman county to visit the stores of that city during Harvest Festival week, when reduced prices will be the feature of the sales.

Some of the special entertainment features to be put on for the out of town visitors are dances, motion picture shows, and other entertainments. There will also be prizes for the best display of products such as corn, oats, wheat, potatoes and vegetables.

In this connection, W. S. Nelson, manager of The Dalles-Wasco County Chamber of Commerce, L. D. Beard, manager of The Dalles Co-operative Growers' association and E. L. Curtis, as representative of the farmers, being on the special prize committee, report the following offers: Five dollars for best plate of grapes, by the Hampton Furniture company; \$5 for the best plate of apples, by Stadelman-Bonn; \$5 for the best display of wheat, by A. E. Crosby; \$5 for the best squash or pumpkin, by the Service Drug store; \$5 for the best head of cabbage, by G. F. Purdy; \$5 for the best plate of potatoes, by E. C. Pease & Company. \$5 for the best ear of corn, by A. M. Williams & Company. \$5 for the best loaf of bread, by H. S. Rice.

Nature's Laboratory.

Localities where nature plays queer tricks are not wanting, but one of the most interesting is the "gulf coastal plane" or the gulf coast of Texas. Down in Brazoria county they get pure sulphur, oil, salt and gypsum out of one hole. Within a 100-foot radius there have been drilled a dry hole, a small oil well that had to be pumped out, and one which gushed 10,000 barrels a day. Recently, however, this territory added a new freak of nature—an oil well owned by one company at West Columbia, which had been pumping 100 barrels a day for the past couple of years, suddenly turned, without warning or any work being done, into a gusher making 2,000 barrels a day.

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