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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1933

BETTER DISTRIBUTION INSTEAD OF TAXES

We wish the state and nation would pay more attention to distribution rather than trying to wring the last tax dollar out of over-burdened tax payers, because from now on it seems that new taxes must fall largely on the poor. The rich, except for the government tax-exempt bonds, are being pretty thoroughly soaked.

In the face of hunger, nakedness and want, it does not seem reasonable to us that pigs must be destroyed, the third row of corn plowed under, cotton crops reduced and farmers paid to keep wheat lands out of production. Certainly we have more of food and clothing than we have of money. It then follows it will be easier to give in these goods than in money. The fault is merely with the method of distribution—and, nobody can remedy this but the state and nation.

We will agree there is overproduction in terms of ability to buy and that the supply must be cut in order to raise prices. But prices can not be raised from the backs of the starving. That fact might as well be recognized and this element eliminated from price-fixing consideration. To us it is far better to feed the hungry and clothe the naked from the surplus than to destroy that surplus, creating an economic waste any way one can figure. It is certainly more humane to relieve the suffering and much more conducive to orderly government.

There is a demand for a special session of the legislature for the purpose of raising money. The legislators we have talked to readily admit they do not know any more now about making a tax bill than they did at last session and none of their critics have offered any practical solution. Then why have an extra session? It will only result in extra expense and no fair tax measure. Whatever bill is formulated, no doubt, will face the referendum.

We believe that if the hungry are fed out of the surplus then there will be no surplus, and in time prices will rise as high as by any controlled method of production and on a more stable basis. If the government is going to have an investment in this surplus of tax money, collected from you and I, it might as well have the use of these goods to feed and clothe its needy citizens. To our minds it is wicked to destroy.

There are many ways this surplus handling for the needy might be worked out. One, we believe practical, would be for a civilians conservation corps to be recruited out of the unemployed farm hands, to go into the fields the government is leasing to keep idle, and produce the food necessary to feed the hungry. Other corps members might go into idle factories and produce the clothing necessary to clothe the naked. In neither of these activities would the government be competing directly with private industry. The ward of charity is neither a paying customer of the farmer, the merchant or manufacturer.

We think this solution is better than trying to wring more tax dollars out of people who simply have not the money to pay. The high tax delinquencies should be ample proof of that fact.

SAVING IS ESSENTIAL

People who write about economics divide all the things which people spend money for into two classes: "consumer goods" and "capital goods." Consumer goods, as we understand it, include everything that people use up and have to replace in a shorter or longer time, such as stockings, automobiles, radio sets, and food. Capital goods are things bought for the purpose of making them earn something for the buyer. In this class would come workmen's tools, factories and machinery, buildings of all kinds, toll bridges, power plants, business trucks and anything else that will earn or save money for the owner.

Most of the talk in connection with the N. R. A. and the "buy now" appeal seems to be about consumer goods. Of course, there must be trade in consumer goods, but it is our notion that real prosperity has always been based upon large investments in capital goods. Railroad locomotives and cars are capital goods; they earn money. Perhaps the railroads can't buy any more rolling stock until the traffic in consumer goods is enough to keep their present equipment busy; but we mention that to indicate that the real return of prosperity will begin when we hear of new factories, new houses, new ships and other sorts of capital goods being produced in large volume everywhere.

Capital, for the larger part, consists of the accumulated surplus of great numbers of people, deposited in banks or invested in shares of corporations, where it can be handled in large volume, to finance the purchase of capital goods. That sort of capital is still accumulating. Savings bank deposits, for example, have increased greatly in the past year. So have investments in the shares of the sound industrial corporations; which provide the only way in which the average man can participate in the growth and development of the nation's business and industry.

The new laws regulating banks and the sale of securities should make it safer than ever for the "little fellow" to put part of his surplus into them. We should like to hear Washington, while it is talking about spending, do some serious talking about saving and investing. We do not believe genuine, sound prosperity will be with us until there is a surplus above living expenses flowing from the income of every worker into these pools of capital, and the huge annual investment in capital goods, which prevailed before the depression, is resumed.

FREEDOM GUARDED BY PRESS

Next month there will be a celebration of the 200th anniversary of the trial of Peter Zenger. Zenger was the editor of the New York Weekly Journal, who dared to publish the report of an election against the orders of the Colonial Governor, William Cosby, whose candidate had been defeated. He was put in prison, but the jury which tried him set him free, denying even to a Royal Governor the right to suppress the free expression of the truth.

That was the first victory in a battle for the freedom of the press which began with the publication of the first newspaper, and is still going on. Authority has always tried to make the press subservient to its will.

So long as the press is free to tell the people the truth about what Government is doing or trying to do, human liberties are safe. Suppress the press and those in power can do what they like. The first act of a dictator is always to put the newspapers under restraint.

DOUBLE-HARNESS FOR FORD?

Henry Ford has been front page news for many years. His peace expedition during the war, his Model-T, his profit sharing plans, and now the N. R. A. have all contributed toward free advertising for him. Whether he will be successful or not in his hold-out with the N. R. A. remains to be seen. We are inclined to think he will, because the conditions in his factories are far above the minimum laid down by the government. His signing is a technicality so far as employment is concerned but a big item to him from the standpoint of freedom and price-fixing by the automobile code. We doubt if "public opinion will crack down on Mr. Ford" as the administrator indicated. After all you can not say in one breath that the N. R. A. is a voluntary cooperative plan and in the next demand that all must sign up. That's neither consistent nor democratic.

AWAKENED WOMAN

by ELINORE BARRY

Synopsis — Joyce Ashton, poor stenographer, suffered loss of memory in a skidding taxicab accident in Chicago. One morning two years later she woke, after a fall from her horse, her memory restored, to find herself, as Frills, the wife of Neil Packard, rich California fruit packer. She determined to tell nobody of her predicament but set about learning what she could of her life in the interval. From the conversation of her friends and letters in her desk she gathered that she had been a heartless, pleasure-loving young woman. One letter that troubled her was from a woman signing herself, Sophie, blaming Frills for not giving a home to a baby Sophie was caring for. Could it be her baby, Frills wondered? She also found herself involved in an affair with a man named Maitland. In San Francisco, where she went while her husband was away on business, she met Robert Ainsworth, a poet whose work she had always admired. When Joyce returned home, she decided to be pleasant to Neil than Frills had been. But this line was dangerous, too, for Neil was rather anxiously anxious to win back Frills' love. At his request they call on Neil's mother, whom Joyce finds adorable. Later, she met the poet, Robert Ainsworth, and several times stopped for lunch at his cabin when she was horseback riding. One day he started to make love to her. Later, Joyce and Neil, out riding, are come upon by Ainsworth. Cornered, Joyce makes full confession,—her loss of memory and its restoration. When Neil accuses Joyce and Ainsworth of being in love, Ainsworth makes a "graceless" exit, leaving Joyce to explain. NOW GO ON WITH STORY.

"That's true all right, and you had me guessing too. But of course Frills wasn't wild and reckless when I married her—you say, I don't know who I did marry!"

"That's what I've got to find out, Neil! It's been driving me nearly crazy, and now at last I've had the courage to tell the truth, as far as I know it. Will you tell me, Neil, how you met Frills and all that?"

"Why, at Joe and Maisee Turner's, of course! Don't you really remember, Frills—er, I mean Joyce? Gosh, this gets my goat, I feel as tho' we'd gone absolutely nutty—"

"I felt that way when I first woke up and found myself Mrs. Packard," she said gently, "but I've lived with the idea so long that I've gotten a bit used to it. Tell me about the Turners."

"Why, it was their car that ran into your taxi in Chicago. Joe was running for some political office at the time, and he was very anxious to keep out of the papers in any way that might bring him any unpleasant publicity, so he gave the police a tip, I suppose, and got them to allow you to be taken to his house instead of to a hospital. You were unconscious a couple of days, and when you woke up you were in a dazed condition. I remember Maisee saying they thought you never would say a word, and how queer it made them feel, having some one lying there conscious, but just looking at the walls without saying anything."

"Fancy! That was me, and I don't remember any more about it than if it had never happened!"

"Joe and Maisee had a time finding out who you were. The doctor said just to leave you alone and you'd come around all right. And, sure enough, that was what happened, or what everybody thought had happened."

"The Turners were lively, entertained a lot, plenty of money and all that, and as soon as you were well they introduced you around to their friends. You made a hit with every one, and that tickled them. My cousin Lawton Packard's wife was a great friend of Maisee, and I'd met her and Joe a number of times in Manzanita, and they'd always told me to look them up if I was ever in Chicago. It struck me to do it one time; I called them up and Joe invited me out to dinner that night, throwing a lot of dark hints about a swell girl who was staying with them. I went, and it was you I met—Florence Hilton was the name. I took a terrible tumble, and in a couple of weeks we were engaged."

"I kept stringing out the business in Chicago, and finally—I remember now that it was your own suggestion!—we were married right away, before we left town, and you came back to Manzanita as Mrs. Neil Packard!"

Joyce had been spellbound by Neil's recital. It was all so queer and unreal, and she felt her head swimming by the strangeness of it.

"Didn't you ask me anything about who I was, and all that, when you wanted to marry me? How did I act? Was I like the Frills I've heard about, or more like Joyce?"

"Well, you see, every one treated you with kid gloves, so to speak, on account of this accident," said Neil, "it was understood that you'd had a great shock, and that you mustn't be pressed. The doctor kept saying, just leave her alone and she'll come around all right. All this mystery was very exciting, you understand—we all got a great kick out of it. . . . I remember I wanted to ask you a lot of things when we were first engaged, but you said to me, 'Neil, you've got to trust me. There are some things I can't tell you, and you mustn't ask me about who I am and all that."

There's nothing I'm ashamed of, and some day I expect I'll tell you all there is to tell." A shade passed over Neil's face. "I always thought you would tell me, but you never did . . ."

Joyce watched him excitedly. The strange story gripped them, so that realities were seen through a haze.

"Oh, Neil, I think I see it all now, don't you? Frills just couldn't remember back! She was trying to remember all the time, and she couldn't! It must have been awful for her, mustn't it? When did she change, when did she get reckless and wild?"

"I guess that came gradually," Neil answered with puckered brow, "I can't remember any special time when it began. First she took to drinking more than I liked; that really worried me a lot. Then it seemed as if she couldn't do stunts reckless enough, as if she were almost trying to kill herself! She drove her car at a breakneck speed, and got the wildest horse she could find to ride! And then there was Maitland. . . ."

Joyce made a quick movement. "Yes," she said softly, "don't go into that, Neil I know; and I'll never forget it—"

"But—but—Joyce, you are Frills!" It was Robert Ainsworth speaking, and Joyce and Neil turned to him with a start in their absorbing interest in piecing together the mystery of Frills, they had almost forgotten that he was there.

"Would you mind telling me," Neil asked Joyce politely, "just where he comes into this?"

Joyce looked at Robert thoughtfully. The air of rather superior insolence with which he had approached them was gone now, and she saw again the Robert Ainsworth she knew. He met her gaze frankly, with disarming friendliness.

"I'm sorry, Joyce," he said, "I didn't understand. Will you forgive me?" He came over and held out his hand, smiling charmingly. He was like a little boy who, having shown his temper unreasonably, makes arrogant claim of a loving parent for pardon.

"Who the devil are you, anyway?" asked Neil petulantly. "I don't want to crab, Joyce, but wasn't it a bit thick, letting him hear all this?"

"Robert Ainsworth is the great novelist, Neil. Haven't you ever heard of him?"

Neil shook his head. "Never," he said. "What does he do besides write? And, once more, how does he come into all this?"

"He comes into this, Neil because I happened to have met him since—since the accident on Fire Queen, and because I happened to like him rather more than ordinarily."

Neil fixed his gaze on a distant pine tree. "Do you mean that you're in love with him, Frills?"

Instead of answering his question, Joyce said sharply, "I wish you'd make up your mind whether you want to call me 'Joyce' or 'Frills' Neil!" She regretted her ill-temper at once, however, and went on more agreeably. "Oh, Neil, I don't know anything any more."

"You are free, if you want to be," Joyce, said Neil, drawing his lips together in the attitude of severe restraint that he assumed when Frills had especially hurt him. "What about Ainsworth?" He turned to the other man. "Did you and Frills fix this all up between you?"

Before Robert could answer, Joyce broke in. "Oh, no, no, Neil, please—I wasn't quite so beastly as all that. Nothing had been fixed up—we had simply, well, fallen in love, and there the matter stood." She looked at Robert and was hurt to find an amused smile lingering about his eyes.

Joyce felt a profound shame creep over her. Neil had just told her she was free, and yet Robert sat quietly, saying nothing, tensely digging holes in the soft ground

with his riding crop. Her husband was, in a sense, offering her to her lover—who was making no move to claim her. Was she being rejected by both men? Her nerves, strung tautly under the strain of the entire morning, collapsed utterly, and she felt that she would grow hysterical if she sat there another moment.

She sprang to her feet. "Well, now I've unmasked before both of you!" she cried, her voice trembling close to tears. "Goodbye!"

Neil was after her in a moment. "Here, dear, I'll go back with you—"

"No, no, please don't. Please leave me alone. For Heaven's sake, Neil. Let me be for just a little while—"

He fell back, struck by vehemence of her tone, and she sprang lightly in the saddle and galloped off.

Once in her room, Joyce locked the door and flung herself down on a couch. She felt crushed and hurt as she had at no time since she had found herself Frills Packard. Her disillusionment about Robert Ainsworth was so profound that she felt she had lost all faith in humanity. Every one seemed less noble, all life took on a menacing and ruthless form. Where could she go to find beauty, to find truth, to find fineness, if not in this man whom she had so ardently worshipped?

That he should have regarded the situation at first as one to be treated with cynical levity was a fault that seemed to her graver than the grave.

She did not . . . want . . . Robert Ainsworth. . . .

When she awoke it was a cool evening, and she was shivering. As she collected her thoughts she noticed an envelope lying on the floor under her door. It contained a note from Neil, and she read "Dear Joyce:—

"When I got back I found a message to go and see Mother. She's not seriously ill, but feeling badly and wanted to see me. I shan't tell her anything about us, of course. We must talk everything over. I thought it might be better if I'd camp out somewhere else tonight. Please go to bed and get a good rest. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Neil."

Joyce read this over several times, almost uncomprehending. At last, however, she knew what she must do. She knew she must go away—that it was the only thing for her to do.

"I've been wrong to stick it out this long," she thought. "No wonder I've gotten things into such a mess!"

It did her good to have some definite work to do, no less than an hour she had bathed, dressed, and packed two bags with Frills' simplest clothes and belongings.

"It seems like stealing to be taking them," she thought worriedly, "yet what can I do? Neil doesn't want Frills' clothes—they won't do him any good if I leave them. I'll have to find some sort of work right away, and I can't apply for it unless I'm decently dressed. Of course I won't take any of Frills' jewelry or anything of real value."

Roxie met her at the foot of the stairs. "Excuse me, ma'am, but Mr. Neil he said you'd be waking up after a time and we should have your dinner ready."

"Very well, Roxie, just serve it quickly in the dining room, please. And tell Sam I want to speak to him."

Once Joyce had decided to leave, she felt she could not go quickly enough. She could not endure looking about Neil Packard's house, and reflecting that she would probably never see it again. Her only salvation was in acting at once. She was grateful for the non-chalance with which Sam received her orders, and for the lack of demonstration on the part of Roxie.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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