REDUCTION of TAXATION

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"Saw Wood"

"To reduce war taxes is to give every home a better chance."

President Coolidge could not have been more emphatic in serving notice upon the Congress that the people of this country have suffered long enough from burdensome taxation. Congress has not been hasty in responding to the President's warning but it is apparently convinced at last that when Mr. Coolidge says "Saw Wood," he means it.

But the President has not stopped at this admonition.

"Of all services which the Congress can render to this country," he added, "I have no hesitation in declaring this one to be paramount. To neglect it, to obstruct it by unsound proposals, is to become unworthy of public confidence and untrue to public trust.

"The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others."

The first plan to reduce our taxes was placed before the country by Secretary Mellon. The bill embodying his suggestions has been followed in the House of Representatives by a plan submitted by Representative Garner of Texas and by a compromise measure suggested by Representative Longworth of Ohio, Republican leader of the House.

All these measures provide for a reduction of income and so-called "nuisance" taxes in the year 1925. Since their introduction the tax-payers of the country have been so insistent in their demands for an immediate reduction that both branches of Congress have shown a willingness to agree upon a reduction of about 25% of the taxes now being paid upon the incomes of 1923.

President Coolidge urged the Congress to agree upon this reduction to March 15th last. There is now hope that this reduction will go into effect before the second installment becomes due on June 15th.

The way to turn this hope into a certainty is for every tax-payer to impress it upon his or her Senator or Representative that taxes must be reduced.

"They must understand that this is their fight." President Coolidge has declared. "They alone can win it. Unless they make their wishes known to Congress without regard to party, the Mellon bill will not pass. I urge them to renewed efforts."

This Week

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Wheeler No "Easy Mark"—Bigger Ports Coming—Would Miracles Do?

Some enthusiasts out West, stimulated by large pocketbooks, have indicted Senator Wheeler trying to discourage his able investigating. By this time they probably regret it, for the Senator is investigating THEM to find out just what and who are behind the indictment.

Washington knows that when Senator Wheeler entered public life in Montana he found two political parties out there, one called Republican, one called Democratic, both owned by copper mines.

When he ventured to oppose the copper capitalist he was informed that he would be run out of Montana. But he had other plans, got himself elected to the Senate of the United States, and now the people are hearing from him.

Even the fattest pocketbook ought to realize that this is no time for financial "rough stuff."

Dr. Chapman, excellent scientific worker for the American Museum of Natural History, returns from the Andes mountains bringing a bird that brays like a donkey and a duck that can't fly.

Before amazement carries you away at thought of a duck that can't fly, ask yourself how many human beings there are that can't think?

New York is proud, learning from United States authorities that New York's port handled more than one-half of the total ocean passenger traffic of the United States. Seattle, Boston and San Francisco were next.

Well, that's to-day's news. How long do you suppose it will be before Jacksonville, Fla., and Los Angeles both have an ocean traffic bigger than that of which New York is so proud to-day? This country is only starting, and the really big ports and cities are still to find their place.

Those that rule the oil market say there won't be any big advance in gasoline prices this Spring because "muddy roads will hold down the price." Muddy roads diminish automobiling. Less automobiling means smaller demands for gas, and smaller demands means that the rulers don't put up the price. In other words, "What will the traffic bear?" not *"What does the gasoline cost?"* is the important question.

Henry Ford will buy a trolley line connecting Muscle Shoals with the Gulf at Pensacola, Fla., according to report. He might utilize the gas engine trolley car that he once showed this writer in his Dearborn laboratory. Light in build, his car could cross the Continent at the rate of sixty miles an hour without taking on fuel, and at less than half the present cost of transportation. That ought to interest railroad men now. If it doesn't, the kind of competition it will give them will interest them later—and TOO late.

Robert D. Towne says religion is handicapped by a "lack of good news." There are no more firm assurances, such as the one given to Peter and Andrew: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." There are no definite assertions about hell, if you are wicked, and heaven, if you behave. Clergymen split hairs. Each one believes a part and denies a part. The simple mind wants to believe everything.

Perhaps a few miracles would help to revive faith and fill the churches. Suppose the Rev. Dr. Straton should say: "I warn you dissenting clergymen that you are all bound for perdition, and to prove it I shall now change Dr. Jones into a stick of peppermint candy." Would not that convert all if Dr. Jones did stiffen up and slowly turn into striped peppermint?

You'd think so, but the human heart is hard. You remember the Arabian philosopher, who said to the holy man: "You may say to me, 'Twice two are five, and to prove it I'll turn this walking stick into a live serpent,' but, even if you change your stick into a serpent, I'll still say, that is interesting, but twice two are not five."

A gorilla, just arrived, is living in a fine New York hotel. How it would surprise him if his dull, worried brain could realize that the hotel was built, according to Darwin, by the gorillas, a small, feeble tribe of his own relations, weak in muscle, teeth and claws, and therefore, compelled to think. Thinking, they became rulers of the world.

Frederick Landis says that this country, instead of admitting gorillas that come here to die of homesickness, ought to admit more of the right kind of European immigrants that would come here to build up the United States and LIVE.

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Poem by Uncle John



Old Thomas Trett would stew and fret, and toil and crave and borrow. . . . He wouldn't stop if he should drop—but said he'd rest tomorrow! Folks said he never went to bed—so hard he pined fer riches. He wasted time—an' called it crime—by puttin' on his breeches! He fed the stock an' watched the clock—he put up hay on Sunday. . . . "The world is mine," he would opine—and every day was Monday. . . . The neighbors guessed he'd have to rest if sickness overtook him—but, neither health nor sordid wealth neglected or forsook him! Some called it pluck, and, others, luck—but all pronounced it slavin'—because his life was endless strife of garnerin' and savin'. . . . One eventide he up and died—which left us steeped in sorrow. . . . Above his head, a tablet read, that he would rest tomorrow! We hope it's so, though we dunno—he's too fur gone to foller—though some surmise he'd farm the skies—if he could make a dollar!



AND WARM THE MATTRESS

"I have only one request to make," groaned the college man who come to participate in the harvest.

"What is that, Mr. Smart?" returned the farmer.

"Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."—Country Gentleman.

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