



The Sandy News

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"For Sandy Always."



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Legislation on Every Subject

We hear so much about the "legislative reforms" put in effect in Australia that it is interesting to know from the pen of a Californian how some of these measures work out. Rev. J. W. Webb, of Fresno, now in Australia, in a letter to the Fresno Republican tells of the sumptuary legislation in effect in New South Wales, which is part of the Australian commonwealth.

Rev. Webb declares that everywhere you go legislation on every conceivable subject awaits you:

"If you are erecting a building for home or business, its dimensions, materials, plumbing, etc., are supervised and controlled by the authorities. If you are employer or contractor has any grievance or supposed grouse, he can stop everything while a board of compulsory arbitration investigates and decides—the employer thinks 'ten times out of nine'—in favor of the workman. All stores except where provisions are sold (and they must have relays of employees) are strict law daily closed at 6 p. m., and at 1 p. m., on Saturdays.

"In New South Wales they are regulating the price of commodities; it being a misdemeanor to sell at a higher price than that prescribed. Prices are soaring. My host complained that he had to pay a pound (about \$5) apiece for turkeys. He is a caterer.

"A storekeeper in the country charged the regular price plus freight for some goods. For this he was fined fifty pounds (nearly \$250). He paid under protest and put his business and property in the hands of a real estate agent for sale, declaring that he would go to some country where he could get justice."

True Principle of Regulation

The correct theory of regulating public utilities must be that the corporation can get no more for its stockholders under regulation than the individual would get as a private investor.

On the other hand it is the duty of public utility commissions to see to it that stockholders get the same fair return on their investment that they would receive on a private investment. Any other policy drives capital out of utilities.

A minister called on one of the sisters who had a very large family that had recently been added to. As he was about to leave she suggested: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he replied, "and I never expect to."

THE SEVEN DAYS' KING.

Short and Tumultuous Career of a Neapolitan Fisherman.

In 1647, when the kingdom of Naples was under the grinding rule of Spain, a fisherman of Sorrento was stung to madness by the indignities offered his wife by Spanish officials because she had attempted to smuggle a few handfuls of flour. So furious was he that he tore down an edict that had just been posted by the authorities.

The whole population, including women and children, rallied around him. Forty years of Spanish oppression had made them frantic. They terrified the viceroy, resisted the soldiers successfully and killed many of the Spanish residents. They secured a revocation of oppressive edicts, the abolishment of oppressive taxes and full pardon for all who engaged in the insurrection.

The fisherman, whose name was Masaniello, was the leader in all this and became the idol of the people. He ruled Naples for seven days, but his success seems to have turned his head. He became dictatorial and oppressive and was put to death by the populace. Hence he is called the "seven days king."—Argonaut.

"We" and "They."

In the smaller towns and country districts people say "we" when they speak of governmental activity. "We" built the courthouse and got it done at low cost. "We" organized the high school. "We" pay the expenses of keeping prisoners in the jail.

In the big cities people say "they." "Why don't 'they' do this and so?" People wonder when the city government falls down. It isn't a personal matter with them. The government isn't their government. It belongs to somebody else.

There is a world of difference in the two attitudes. When the people of the cities get to saying "we" about their cities and counties, then they are going to clean house and take possession.—Kansas City Star.

What the Knife Said.

"Some folks want funny inscriptions engraved on their silver," said the jeweler. "Take wedding knives. Many wedding cakes are such mountainous affairs that a special knife is required to cut them. One of last month's brides cut her cake with a knife that was a present from her aunt. I guess

not many of the guests got to read the inscription. If they had they would be talking about it yet. These knives are supposed to be used for cutting the bride's cake and then laid on the shelf for the rest of the time, but the aunt couldn't distinguish, apparently, between wedding and birthday cakes, for she made us engrave on the knife, 'May I serve thee well and often.'"—New York Press.

HIS COOK WAS LOYAL.

He Stuck by Prince Buelow and Won the Title "Misery."

Some years ago, when Prince Buelow was retiring from the ambassadorship at Rome to return home and take up the post of chancellor of the German empire, he summoned his cook, a veritable cordon bleu, to tell him of the change. "We shall not live in our present grand style," he said, "but on a much smaller scale. Perhaps, therefore, you would prefer to find another place."

The cook, doubtless imagining that financial disaster was impending, remained silent for a few moments, then, with the air of one about to perform a sympathetic act, replied: "Well, excellency, I am grieved at hearing such melancholy news, but I shall remain in your service. Whatever may happen to you, I would not for worlds have it said I had deserted you in your time of misery."

At dinner one evening the prince told the story to the kaiser, who had had personal experience of the culinary chef's skill, and was highly amused at the prince's anecdote. So interested, indeed, did the emperor feel in the cook that shortly afterward he sent the worthy fellow a handsome gold watch, on the lid of which was engraved the one word "Misery," by which name his majesty ever afterward laughingly spoke of and addressed him.—Dundee Advertiser.

Very Unkind.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager before the curtain, "it is my unpleasant duty to inform you that Mr. Dust, the star comedian, owing to illness, will not be able to appear tonight. His system has had a very severe shock, and he is suffering from nervous prostration."

"What's the matter?" shouted a voice from the gallery. "Did yer pay him in advance?"—London Mail.

THE MAMERTINE PRISON.

Where King Jugurtha and St. Paul Were Immured.

The reputed place of St. Paul's long imprisonment, the Forum, is the center of the noblest ruin of Rome. Not far from the center of the busy, noisy, modern city rise the scarred ruins of her ancient glory. Here are the temple of Saturn, with its eight columns; the often copied three columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux, the arch of Septimius Severus, the temples of Vesta and Caesar and many other famous ruins, and beyond are the palaces of the Caesars. Not far away is the magnificent column of Trajan, 147 feet in height, around which run reliefs of the emperor's wars, containing, it is said, over 2,500 sculptured human figures.

Close to the entrance to the Forum, this most wonderful collection of the ruined monuments of ancient times, is a small church called the Church of St. Giuseppe dei Falegnani. Under this church are two dungeons, an upper and a lower, called the Mamertine prison and from a hole in the upper chamber prisoners were lowered into the noisome hole below, sometimes to perish miserably of starvation, as did Jugurtha, king of Numidia, while whom schoolboys become so familiar in their first year of Latin.

In this dungeon, uncounted thousands of Christians believe, St. Paul and St. Peter were immured, and every year on the night of the 4th of July representatives of all the churches of Rome assemble by torchlight and "in solemn silence kneel in front of the tradition of pillar."—Christian Herald.

Ancient Britons' Sweet Tooth.

Mention of the German custom of eating a compote of wild strawberries with roast pork reminds us that our ancestors in England had a decidedly sweeter tooth than we have. In Tudor times it was the general practice to pour honey over the meat, and, indeed, honey or sugar was used in so many dishes (to say nothing of being mingled with the wine) that it is on record that the teeth of most people were black in consequence. Most of our ancestors' dishes would be too rich for us today, for surely even the most accomplished diner out would shrink from oysters stewed in wine, pigeons stuffed with gooseberries, grapes boiled in butter and mutton stuffed with oysters.—London Tit-Bits.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

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OREGON

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For a haircut that looks right
and a shave that feels right
and Hot or Cold Baths this is
the place

New Junker Building.

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INSURANCE

Representing reliable Companies

Winning a Reputation.

An amusing story of how he won the title of being the champion coconut shier among the clergy is told by the bishop of Chelmsford.

He informed a gathering of clergymen, says the London Globe, that when vicar of Bethnal Green he took a party of workmen to Epping forest and was there challenged to have a shy at the cocoanuts.

He accepted and, paying his sixpence, was given seven balls. Then something happened which would not happen again were he to live to be as old as Methuselah. With those seven balls he knocked off seven cocoanuts. He has lived on the reputation of that feat ever since, and when any one asked him to have a coconut shy he said, "You go and knock seven off with seven balls and then I will speak to you."

Scientific Research.

"Well, what is the professor up to now?"

"More scientific research. He is conducting experiments to determine the exact velocity with which a man drops a hot potato."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

COMING

At The

BUNGALOW

Saturday Jan. 8,

A Two Reel Charlie Chaplin Comedy,

"His New Job."

One Reel, Hazards of Helen, The Little Engineer.

Don't Miss It!

The last installment of "Lucile Love" will be shown at the Bungalow Wednesday Jan. 5th.