

Is Legislation Applesauce

AFTER working for a year as a secretary to a legislator, I surely have lost my respect for Oregon's laws. Most of them are applesauce."

It was a Salem young woman speaking and perhaps her judgment was as faulty as it was slangy. Yet she had sensed, in company with those less fortunate than the ring-side spectators at the 40 day legislative circus, that all was not well in the halls of democracy.

Perhaps the fair stenographer referred to night sessions and inside parties where votes are traded for no good reason at all. Perhaps she sensed the futility of sound, sensible legislation in an atmosphere fraught with horse-trading and log-rolling and gross lack of facts on which legislation should be based.

But what could our critic do? Or what can we do, for that matter? A legislature is convened for 40 days and that is too short a time for deliberate action. Two groups of men, where sound judgment would dictate but one, can be expected to do little of permanent value and may do considerable harm by their jumbled deliberations.

Were there but one house, if it had fewer members and better trained ones, if the sessions were annual and for at least a two months' duration with much weighing of state needs and the way the state could meet them, would there then be less applesauce in legislation? Other states have tried such a plan successfully and perhaps we will when stenographers rule. Until then we shall continue to muddle through not without some valuable work being done but without the efficiency which should mark the state's legislative assembly.

A Reflection for America

THE Rev. Giulio Brisino, O. F., 94, is one of the priestly guardians of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. For 68 years he has never relinquished for an hour his post at the sacred shrine. Sage and prophet is Father Brisino who declares his continued interest in life.

Father Brisino finds in the growth of America one of the wonders of his age. Yet he cautions, in his Christmas message which has been widely printed throughout the United States, against the growth of materialism in this nation. "We who have faith in America," he writes, "think of her rising influence in the world, and we look across the maze of world things and we look at the luminous figures of Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, spiritual giants, men who reckoned no cost too great to help in making the world better and happier."

Continuing to reflect on the influence of this mightiest of nations he writes: "If America sets her heart on peace, we shall have peace. That is outward peace. Inner peace can come only if on Christmas morning men and women allow the savior to be born again in their hearts."

These reflections born from years of meditation are worthy of application. They are the quiet judgments of a man grown tender from a life of contact with a shrine where peace and good-will were born into the life of the greatest of prophets and teachers.

Cause and Effect

DOREENE DE SILVA, romantically pretty, a mould into which all women are cast when they achieve notoriety, whipped a gun from the folds of her skirt and the lover who had jilted her fell dead at her feet.

Then there opened that opera of tears from press, pulpit and—save the mark—the police themselves, that must have caused the coldest of hearts to thaw. Her beauty, her travails and her justification were prated of and paraded. Even a Portland jury, which could do little else than as the law prescribed in finding her guilty of manslaughter, recommended leniency.

Lonzo Bryant, his curled pompadour properly greased in the manner of such unbalanced morons, plunged a bread-knife into the lung of a popular collegian for whose favor Bryant has been cast aside by a Corvallis girl. Although there is slight parallel in the two pictures, there at once arose such a storm of feeling against Bryant that authorities were forced to escape to Portland for the safe-keeping of their prisoner. A properly indignant district attorney shouted in the loudest type the press could grant, claiming the blood of a murderer as forfeit.

"He shall pay with his life. I will demand the death penalty," cried this Benton county dignitary.

To our editorial utterance there is neither point nor moral unless it be that, in the crystal gem of legal consistency we sometimes see the reflection of a funny world.

How's Business?

"HOW'S business" ranks with the eternal weather as a conversation favorite.

Some men will invariably answer "good." These proprietors are either eternally optimistic and equally unwilling to know facts or else they are truly good merchants who take all conditions and make them occasions for profit-making.

Salem has its quota of merchants, of course, who are eternally complaining. The town is in the doldrums; no one is doing anything in the way of sales and the only thing for them is to bide their time until good fortune but more probably, disaster, overtakes them.

Probably the city has not enjoyed its best business year in 1928. Yet those merchants who have planned wisely and played the game according to their best information, have not lost ground this year. As Roger Babson points out, years of difficulty call for retrenchment and more expert manipulation but they bring increased ability to the retailer or the manufacturer. "How's business" can usually be answered in cheerful manner by the business which has the will to win.

Countess Flanagan

COUNTESS DE TAURINE acquired her title as an added incumbrance to the gift of an ancient chateau in romantic southern France where a luscious glamor lends distinctive beauty to life. But she lost it, at least in effect, when a commonplace, every-day American constable in the prosaic, unromantic town of Wichita, Kansas, confiscated just about everything she owned. The irony of it all seems to lie in the fact that the Countess De Taurine, elevated to the sables of royalty by right of possession will be reduced again to plain Pearl Flanagan and the gingham of Wichita by right of dispossession.

Well, it's only 364 more days until Christmas!

Kellygrams

BY FRED G. KELLY

MANAGERS of big industrial plants are discovering that accidents are contagious and, still more important, that the spread of accidents may be checked by getting rid of the source of contagion. Accidents do not happen to old men of faltering steps so much as to young men who are sure of themselves and take unnecessary chances. The most daring fellow in an industrial group sets the pace for others.

Factory managers also find that those who have accidents are likely to keep on having them. In one factory the personnel director made a careful tabulation of the number of accidents each employe recalled covering his whole life. Those who had suffered one or more accidents were listed in one group, while those who had never met with any accidents made up another group. A year later, records showed that three-fourths of all injuries among employes befall those who had had accidents before. The reason isn't hard to find. While some mishaps are entirely unpreventable, when you average the thing up most accidents are due to carelessness. The same inborn carelessness which leads to one injury is likely to cause others.

Insurance men often say: "Haven't had an accident in fifteen years, hey? Then you've probably done for one."

But such a conclusion is illogical, in the light of facts. When a man goes fifteen years without a serious mishap he has proved his ability to exercise care and avoid accidents.

Not the Spirit of the Season



Who's Who and Timely Views

CAUTION IN SIGNING MULTILATERAL TREATY URGED

BY JAMES A. REED
Senator from Missouri
(James A. Reed was born at Mansfield, O., Nov. 9, 1861. He was educated in the district schools of Lynn county, Iowa, followed by a special course at Col. college. He studied in law offices at Cedar Rapids and was admitted to the bar in 1885. Two years later he moved to Kansas City, Mo., and has been actively identified with local and state and national Democratic politics since 1888. From 1894 to 1900 he was prosecuting attorney of Jackson county and for two terms was mayor of Kansas City. He was elected United States senator in 1911 and is now concluding his third term which expires in 1929. Reed was a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1924.)

I WANT to be sure that the United States by signing the Kellogg multilateral treaty has done nothing that will impair its right to protect the Monroe Doctrine, or to fully defend its rights without laying itself open to the charge of having violated the treaty.

I want to be sure that by adhering to this treaty we are not implicitly obligating ourselves to go to the aid of a nation which may be attacked, on the theory that the compact is intended to preserve the peace of the world; that its obligations are mutual because the treaty is multilateral, or mutual, and that, therefore, if the treaty is broken, and the peace of the world disturbed, the obligation rests on all the nations

Dinner Stories

Or Maybe Crocheting

The young man in the corner looked bored, and his host was touched. Picking up an opened box of cigars, he walked across to his guest.

"Have a cigar," he asked.

"No, thanks. I don't smoke."

"The other was rather surprised, but he tried again."

"Have a drink?"

"Never touch it."

"Well, let's go in with the girls and dance"—and the host linked his arm in that of the young man.

"Sorry," hesitated the youth, "but I really don't dance, you know."

The other was dumfounded.

"Look here," he concluded lamely, "my wife has a ball of wool and a couple of needles—what about a spot of knitting?"

High Pressure Pete

I'D LIKE TO EXCHANGE THIS ROOM AND WASHBOARD FOR MY WIFE FOR CHRISTMAS, FOR A BOTTLE OF ARNIKA AND BANDAGE, PLEASE.

DRUG DEPT.

FOR THE DAY THE DAY HAS BEEN SPENT IN EXCHANGING PRESENTS

ON PETE—THAT LITTLE JOE IS THE DEAREST THING—AND JIMMY GAVE ME A BEAUTIFUL STRING OF BEADS.

GOTTA SWEET SARATHONE.

MY DAD GIMME A CIGAR FOR \$100.00

LOUNT WATCH GOT

MYN POLK! XMAS IS OVER—LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!

SAY YOU! THIS FOUNTAIN PEN MY WIFE BOUGHT ME FOR XMAS, LEAVE!

NO WONDER! YOU PUT INK IN IT!

H HOC PA

THREE STRINGS BEHINDS

to restore the peace by the use of whatever force is necessary. We do not want to make a dangerous concession when, by signing this treaty, we assent to the assertion of Great Britain that she reserves freedom of action in certain territories. These territories are not defined, the character of her freedom is not specified. We do not know what Great Britain may claim, her reservation means. It is not only general and sweeping, but vague. She may hereafter interpret her reservation in a broader way than we would be willing to have it interpreted.

We ought to do nothing which would appear to bind us to any construction she may put upon her indefinite and sweeping statement. I have not thought this out in all its details and without finally committing myself, I am inclined to the view that we can, in a proper senate resolution, so declare our position as to avoid the defects that I have suggested. If the treaty does not carry with it any of the obligations I have referred to—that is, embrace them by indirection and implication—then it is little more than a mere gesture, and goes no further than a general expression of peaceful intentions.

That is particularly true when we consider that some 65 nations, all of whom are presumed to sign this treaty ultimately, already have signed the League of Nations compact which clearly authorizes the league to call upon any or all of these nations to furnish force to discipline or repress any nation offending against the mandates of the league, and the correspondence between Mr. Kellogg and the other powers makes it clear that this treaty is not in any way weaken the obligations these nations have taken to the league.

The One-Minute Pulpit

The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord. All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits.—Proverbs, xvi, 1-2.

In these days of female dieting, nearly every household has a family skeleton.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A scientist is a man who can study the layers of earth under which Bill Jones is buried and prove that Bill's skeleton is 250,000 years old.

When people say of gin, "It's the berries," they probably refer to the juniper berries that keep it from being mere varnish remover or something.

Correct this sentence: "When I was your age, young man," said dad. "I didn't think myself smarter than my parents."



ASPIRIN

To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. Whenever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

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The Grab Bag

December 26, 1928



Who am I? With what colleagues did I sever my connections in 1924? What is my present position?

Who is credited with having driven the snakes out of Ireland?

What is a junk?

What is the motto of the Marine Corps?

"A friend loveth at all times and a brother is born for adversity." Where is this passage found in the Bible?

JIMMY JAMS

Today in the Past
On this day, in 1776, the Hessians were surprised and defeated by the Americans at Trenton, N. J.

Today's Horoscope
Persons born on this day are good observers and kindly in their criticisms. They usually are optimistic and not without cause because things turn out pretty well for them.

A Daily Thought
"For the will and not the gift makes the giver."—Lessing.

Answers to Foregoing Questions
1. Dr. Alexander Melikoff; Amherst, professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.
2. St. Patrick.
3. A Chinese sailing vessel.
4. Semper Fidelis.
5. Proverbs xvii, 17.

An Error
"Do you mean to tell me you couldn't see me coming on a straight piece of road like this?" said the owner of the very small car after the collision.

"Sorry, guv'nor," said the lorry driver. "I thought it were a fly on me windshield."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Here's hoping—
Hoping that the dark brown taste in your mouth is not too brown.

The Christmas present to Salem of a stabilized, going and paying flax and linen industry is one of the biggest things that was found in the capital city's stockings.

But it is small compared with the size to which it will steadily and perhaps rapidly grow.

"Somehow not only at Christmas time
But all the long year through
The love that you give to others
Is the love that comes back to you."

You may clip that out and save it for next Christmas, if you like it. By the way, is it too early to think about buying 'em early for next year?

By doing the square thing and making it \$6050 instead of the proffered \$1890, Marion county will get \$50,000 for 1929 from the Commonwealth fund for health work, to be expended in his country.

That's one thing. It is important. But another thing, and still more important, Marion county will be saved the unsavory reputation of being a welcher—not living up to her promises. That reputation is one that the people of this county could not afford to gain, if there were no benefits at all to come from doing the square and honorable thing.

There are 4000 school children in Marion county getting ready to participate in the health parade next year. That parade will not be held unless Marion county lives up to her promises.

When the Marion county health demonstration began work there were many deaths each year in this county from diphtheria. Are the lives that are thus saved, of our children, not worth something? Are they not at least worth enough to make us pause before thinking of putting a blot on our county's name for unfair dealing?

A Montezano, Wash., farmer befriended a poor young man who needed a job. The young man eloped with the daughter, stole the car and cashed forged checks. The record does not state, but it is believed that he left the mortgage still on the farm.

Whatever the size of the bond issue, that's what Salem has got to do—get mountain water, piped down from the Cascades, and the hydro-electric power of it used all the way down, to help pay interest on and retire the bonds sold to get the money to pay the cost.

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