

A Session of Constructive Labor

"If there has been a more generally assented session of the legislature than the one about to depart in a few days, history has failed to record it."—"Slips" from Capital-Journal.

We might attach some importance to this comment if we didn't read it or something like it at the close of almost every session of the Oregon legislature or the legislature of nearly every other state. A legislature has become the scape-goat for editorial wise-crackers, the same as bootleg is the hobby-horse for vaudeville jokesmiths. We can't see where "jacking" legislatures persistently is a very distinguished journalistic achievement.

Our own appraisal of the 1929 session is that it has made a very creditable record. Certainly the amount of foolish and absurd legislation which it has enacted is unusually small. On the other hand not for some sessions has the total of progressive and constructive legislation been as high. Confronted with specific problems, the legislature has met practically every one of them on the whole in a satisfactory manner.

Appropriations do exceed the budget estimates; but that is before the executive pruning shears get to working. Usually there is an overrun in the appropriations bill and the governor does exercise his prerogative of vetoing the less necessary items.

We set down the following as constructive acts of legislation made at this session:

1. Reduction in auto license fees and changing license year beginning from January 1 to July 1; and substituting one cent gas tax for loss on license fees.
  2. Giving tax commission power to increase low assessments, which it is estimated will greatly increase the assessed valuations.
  3. Passing excise tax bill and tax on intangibles to wipe out deficit.
  4. Income tax bill. The bill enacted does not meet with our complete approval; but we think the legislature made an honest effort to reconcile radically different views as to a proper kind of income tax.
  5. Consolidating boards of regents of higher institutions into one body.
  6. Submitting a constitutional amendment looking toward reorganization of the executive branch of government.
- These are the major accomplishments. Many minor enactments possess merit. We repeat, virtually all the ridiculous bills which were offered fell by the wayside.

"Home Rule" Is Defeated

TELEPHONE legislation ended just about where it was expected to end with the defeat of the Burdick bill to grant Portland "home rule" in dealing with the telephone company. The bill was a political measure pure and simple, designed to embarrass the telephone company and boost the fortunes of individual politicians. There was no sound argument for the bill.

Had the bill passed it would merely have opened the way to futile litigation. Portland is now involved in litigation with the telephone company, but is not hard to guess how it will come out. Maybe telephone rates in Portland and elsewhere in the state are too high. Frankly, we do not know how high they ought to be. We try to buy telephone service like commodities—as much as we feel we can afford.

After all how comparatively small a percentage of the monthly income is expended for telephone service, or for electric or water service for that matter. This is no justification for excessive rates. But because the vendors of these services are concentrated in a very few hands they become the objects of assault from professional agitators and artful demagogues.

If the head of the family will take the list of his monthly accounts and go over them one by one, we venture the assertion that with the exception of foodstuffs none of the goods or services obtained carry a lighter profit margin than the services obtained carry a lighter profit margin than the services of the important utilities.

The agitation does lay a burden on the telephone company to put its own house in order, adjust some of the service charges which the especially irritating, and get on better terms with the public it serves. It will probably always have foes to fight; it can fight more successfully with a bigger backing of public goodwill.

A Delightful Tradition

AMONG the delightful traditions which cluster about a university as old as Willamette is that known as freshman glee. Then it is that each class arrays itself to battle for honors in song.

The rules are simple: The words and music must be original and the rendition must be letter perfect. Take honors on these three counts and the coveted glee pennant, steeped with the memories of generations gone on, becomes the possession, figuratively, of the winning class for the ensuing year.

Weeks of effort go into the preparations. There is the labor of stanza writing and music composition. Then comes the arduous but happy practice periods, when dignified seniors arise early for a clandestine practice before the green freshmen are at work. There is the breathless rivalry of glee night itself, when the tramp to and from the platform, the joyous singing of the class songs, the hushed silence when the decision is announced, make epochs in the eventful evening.

Then the victory when some class, happy group, is acclaimed the winner and proudly marches to the rostrum to sing again its song of victory.

Memories of glees live on and on in the minds of Willamette's men and women and songs of the glees stay on and on in a never-ending procession of school songs which go down through the years.

The custom is a unique one; the years have tested its value; it gives quality to the school and the choruses, resounding from the campus leave a spirit of music in the Salem community.

Judicial Discrepancies

TWO University of Redlands students found guilty of breaking into and robbing a florist shop were sentenced this week to a prison term of from five to 20 years while Rayburn, who by his own confession, robbed a Portland savings and loan association of \$7000, obtained a sentence of five years in the state penitentiary, a sentence which means not to exceed three years if Rayburn is a well-behaved prisoner.

There is a half-truth in the old saw, "If you want to steal, steal big." Students in a florist shop—five to 20 years; a trusted, time-tried employee and a \$7000 theft—a maximum sentence of five years!

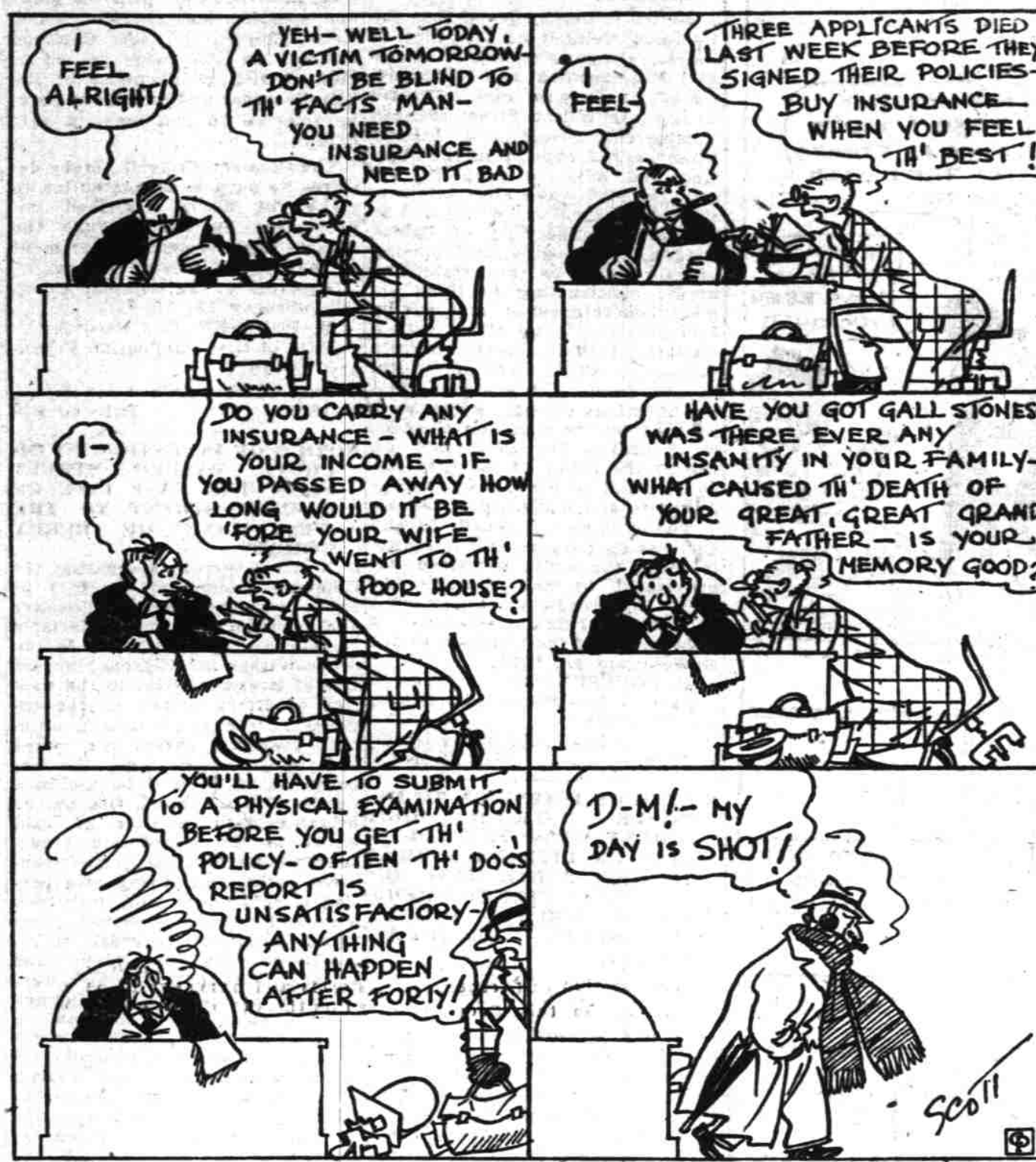
Writing a cure-all prescription for such apparent injustice is impossible. We merely point out the grave discrepancies in court judgments. A cunning lawyer and a tense court room scene may mean years of freedom or imprisonment. Wise judges should be beyond such external influences but unfortunately for the boys at Redlands, they are not.

Life Insurance Values

LIFE insurance is far beyond the stage when it was talked about in hushed terms and women preferred that their husbands speak of less gruesome subjects. One reason is that life insurance has become in fact what its name implies: insurance obtained utilized in life, not after death.

Figures released by a large company this week show that more than two-thirds of the huge payments of that organization went to policyholders before their death in the form of dividends, annuities, endowments and monthly incomes. Insurance becomes thus the asset of the insured as well as the beneficiary.

Another Day Ruined



Lay Sermons

No. 4: "CITIES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY."

Cities of Yesterday and Today  
And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in these; and no craftsmen, of whatsoever craft he be shall be found any more in these; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in these; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in these; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in these; for thy merchants were the greatest men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived.—Rev. 18: 22, 23.

Sounds like the doom pronounced over Chicago.  
It is written of the Babylon of the apocalypse. You may call it Rome or Corinth or London, New York or Chicago, Salem or Portland. We attach no special interpretation to the vagrant fancies of the author of Revelations. But the passage quoted does epitomize in eloquent style the fate of a great city, consumed by its own vices.

What is a city without the grinding of millstones, the stir of traffic, the noise of industry? What is a city without homes, without the mating of bridegroom and bride, the founding of families? What is a city enveloped in darkness, even its illuminating

candles extinguished? What is a city without its workers, its men skilled in crafts? And what is a city without music, its town band with its gleeful choir or male quartet?

We think of our own cities enduring. We cannot think of them as a heap of ruins. We think of buried cities altogether foreign from the realm of possibility so far as America goes. How foolish! Civilizations rise and fall, empires flourish and decline. Exhaustion of resources, racial decay, political depravity, moral corruption all contribute to the downfall of civilizations.

We write no premisses against Chicago, the modern Babylons. We paint no portentous prophecies like the doom pictured in the apocalypse. We simply point the fact which is its own moral that as music and the crafts, art and industry perish when a city dies; so must there be the right coordination of the material and the spiritual, of religion and government and commerce and art and science to keep our cities healthy, prosperous and vigorous.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Talking of poultry—

This being the annual poultry industry number of The Statesman—

The men going into the business on a commercial scale may have the benefit of a poultry cult here that is valuable; to say nothing of the state agricultural experts, not far away.

Reference is made especially to our big baby chick leaders, who will compare favorably with men of their class anywhere in the world.

Then there is Dr. Leo Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital. He produced the first thirteen hen pen in the world to produce over 300 eggs a year each. And that was a number of years ago.

He maintains constantly flocks of layers running into the 10,000 totals, or more. He can tell a beginner a lot of things he should know. The poultry industry has many pitfalls; but there are shining marks of success; and profits, too.

Then there are the penitentiary experts, majoring now in several preferred breeds; and going into turkeys.

And there is Charles E. Simon, down on Mission bottom, who is our turkey king, with visions of ten fold increases in our turkey population, with turkey meat canneries, as well as chicken canneries.

The reader will be interested in knowing that United States Senator McNary is getting into the turkey game, on his farm fronting on the river road, north of Salem, in which his partner is Walter T. Stoltz of Salem.

Everybody knows Herbert Hoover is largely interested in the poultry industry on his 1300 acre farm in California, and is increasing his flocks.

Here is something for the many readers who are carrying on or planning their spring gardening operations; by Edgar Guest, in "The Light of Faith":

A Package of Seeds  
I paid a dime for a package of seeds  
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.  
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"  
He said with a smile on his lip.  
"Pansies and poppies and asters,  
Flourish and peonies,  
Ten cents a package and pick as you please."

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,  
And the dimes are the things that he needs;  
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,  
But I've got of them merely as seeds;  
But it flashed through my mind  
As I took them this time,  
"You've purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,  
You've a dime's worth of life in your hands;  
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,  
Which the wisest cannot understand.  
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?  
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are there  
With their petals of various hues;  
In these little pellets so dry and so queer,  
There is power which no chemist can fuse.  
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,  
Thus for ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold."

Influenza Wave Checked In Old People's Home

Influenza has been an unwelcome visitor at the Old People's Home on Center street for the last few weeks, as many as 17 of the residents of the home being in bed with sickness at one time. This number Saturday had been reduced to ten and the flu wave was definitely checked. There are now 32 residents in the home.

Passed Up!

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER  
By ROE FULKERSON  
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by Central Press Association, Inc.

READ THIS FIRST:  
Betty Brown dances for a living. Her nimble feet dance away from all her old friends to many new ones, less desirable. With Andy Adair, one of the new ones, she has an automobile which ends her dancing career by dislocating her knee. It ends her friendship for Andy, also, as he never comes to the hospital. George Harris, however, an old friend, pays her hospital bills and gives her a position as cashier in his restaurant. She sees herself drifting inevitably into marriage with him, although she does not love him.  
(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER XL

RESSENTING the remarks made to her by Thomas on their automobile ride, Betty went to her room in a bad temper. He seemed to take it for granted because she had danced in a night club, that she was not as good as she might be. Mad at herself for yielding to the temptation to go out with a man she knew only casually, she went to her room with only a simple "Good night!" when Mrs. Hogan remonstrated with her about going riding with anyone except George Harris. She had long since realized that she would marry George. She could never face herself in the mirror again if she refused this kindly, sober-minded man who had been so good to her. But she did resent it instantly that Thomas had taken it for granted that she belonged to Harris. Now Mrs. Hogan thought the same thing; she couldn't let her go alone! She would do her duty when the time came, but she did not want to be reminded of it every minute. She sat on the table in her room and swung her stiff leg back and forth until it pained her. It got better so slowly she was beginning to fear it would never get well.

Finally she undressed and went to sleep in a state of resentment at fate. When she awoke in the morning, however, the mood had passed. As she entered the restaurant she said to George: "I went for a ride with Mr. Thomas in his automobile last night after I left the restaurant."  
"Thomas is all right," answered George, in his slow way, "but it isn't wise to make a practice of riding around with the guests of the restaurant. It is poor business."

"All right, George. I won't do it again. I'm sorry. That's why I told you."  
"It was nice of you to speak to me about it. I am deeply interested in your future. I feel it is linked with mine."  
Fearing he would propose to her in the restaurant, she became panicky again, as when he seemed about to do so before.

"Excuse me for bothering you about it, George. I won't do it again. Yet Mr. Thomas seemed so nice."  
Before he could reply she hurried back to the cashier's desk, and pretended to busy herself with a stack of meal checks. She had escaped again!

"Good morning, Doctor!" she spoke to a big man who usually ate his breakfast in the restaurant.  
"Good morning, Miss Brown. What's the matter with your leg?"  
"Sir?" cried Betty, flushing.  
"Excuse me, Miss Brown!" He laughed. "My interest was professional. I am not interested in the artistic qualities of your legs. Legs mean the same thing to me that they do to your man cook; things to be carved, not admired. I noticed your knee seemed stiff as you hurried across the floor."

Betty explained about her accident, and as nearly as possible what was done for her at the hospital.  
"Looks like an operation," he said, gravely. "Come down to my office some day and I will make an X-ray and we will see what's the matter."  
"Will it be very expensive?" asked Betty.

The Common Council hereby declares its purpose and intention to make the above described improvement by and through the Street Improvement Department of the City of Salem, Oregon.  
By order of the Common Council the 18th day of February, 1929.  
M. POULSEN, City Recorder.  
Date of first publication March 3, 1929.  
Date of final publication March 15, 1929.  
Dly including M15

"Will I have to go to a hospital?" asked Betty.  
"No! I will come down here and do it on the cash register. Maybe the guests at dinner would enjoy it. Of course you have to go to a hospital!"  
"How much will it cost?" asked Betty.  
"More than it is worth! You'll have to be there at least a week. Eight dollars a day for a room, about twenty more for the anesthetic and the operating room and six a day for a nurse for five or six days. Oh, we can get it inside of a hundred and fifty dollars! Got that much?"  
"Yes, but your fee! How much will that be?"  
"She will be there, Doctor. You'll walk afterwards. Forget about my fee. If you have the money for the hospital that's enough. I get anything from a thousand dollars down to nothing for a job like this. I'll let you set the fee if you let me set the leg!" He laughed again. "Can you get there tonight so I can operate in the morning?"  
"Can't you, Doctor?" said a voice behind Betty. George Harris had come up unobserved.  
"That's damn decent of you, Harris," answered the doctor. "I always thought you were a solemn fool, but maybe you aren't after all. Why don't you smile now and then. You look dyspeptic, and that's a poor ad for the place!"  
"Thank you, Doctor," answered George in confusion.  
"Don't thank me! I didn't give you stomach trouble. I guess you got it eating here so often. See you at nine o'clock in the morning in the operating room. What's your name?"  
"Betty Brown."  
"Sound like a movie queen!" he said. "All right, Miss Brown, you go to the hospital as soon as you can tonight so that you will have a good night's rest. I'll make all the arrangements." The doctor walked over to one of the tables and ordered his dinner.  
George's absolute confidence in the doctor began the same confidence in Betty. As soon as the restaurant closed for the night, packed a few necessities in her bag, and went at once to the hospital.

Once in her room there, she undressed and went to bed. A nurse came in to ask a lot of questions, and an undergraduate came in to know if there was anything she could do to make her comfortable; but in an hour Betty was asleep. The operation had been determined upon so suddenly she had had little time to think about it or dread it.

In the morning she was awakened by a nurse who came to dress her and place her on the little rolling cot and wheel her to the operating room. Here she found the white-washed doctor a different man from the genial person of the restaurant. He was a tyrant who ordered instead of asking.  
Soon the ether cone was over her mouth and nose; with a few deep breaths the anesthetic did its work and she sank into unconsciousness.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Even though the weather is warmer—  
There will be many chilly days this spring. You will want the best in Fuel  
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