

Missouri University Has Rumpus

THREE college professors back at the University of Missouri have been fired because they countenanced the sending of a questionnaire to men and women students of the university. The questionnaire was an inquiry made in a study of sex questions by a group in sociology. The inquiry provoked a great deal of comment both in and out of the university. The students are rallying to the defense of the university professors while the townfolk of Columbia have presented petitions calling for the discharge of the men involved.

The board of curators decided the matter by taking drastic action against three faculty members. The president of the university jerked matters up with a sudden pull on the reins. We wonder however if the action of the university administration was not prompted in part at least by the fact the state legislature was in session. The chairman of the house appropriations committee was quoted as saying that if the university did not summarily discharge the faculty men and expel the students involved, "I very much fear it will cost the university heavily in necessary appropriations."

We think the questionnaire was a poor piece of investigation. But it is just an index of the sort of stuff that is being peddled by college profs in classrooms. We do not believe in prudery in dealing with college students; but that does not justify launching adolescents into courses more fit for medical school than colleges.

At the same time the punishment meted out to the three professors seems altogether too severe and the threat of cutting off appropriations alone was enough to justify retaining the professors involved. The papers made fun of the Tennessee legislature because it tried to prohibit instruction in evolution. Likewise a legislature is in poor business trying to regulate other portions of the course of study. Those matters should be left to the governing board and the president.

Meantime it would be well for other university presidents to see just how far their professors are going in their courses in sociology and psychology.

Continued Drift to Cities

THE latest statistics of the farm population shows that the drift to the cities continues. The bureau of agricultural economics at Washington reports the farm population now to be the smallest in 20 years. In 1909 the number of persons working on farms was 32,000,000; in 1929 the estimated number is 27,511,000. Last year 1,960,000 persons left farms for the cities while the reverse movement amounted to 1,362,000. The excess of births over deaths reduced the figures for farm population decrease considerably, so the net loss of farm population in 1928 was only 188,000 compared with 193,000 in 1927 and 649,000 in 1926.

It is true that despite the loss of farm population the volume of agricultural production keeps increasing. This is due to the greater use of machinery, to better farming methods of all kinds. Fewer people are required to man the farms than in former years. The farm family can handle larger acreages than before. So the production keeps up or increases with fewer people to do the farm work.

On the other hand manufacturing keeps growing. More men are needed to man the industries. Good wages are offered. Farm hands naturally drift to the cities for employment. The decline in farm population is slowing up. There is a real limit which may be nearly reached. Larger cities call for greater quantities of foodstuffs, and even with improved farm machinery there still must be many hands on the farms to insure adequate production.

The long view is assuredly favorable to agriculture. The laws of supply and demand have not been abrogated. Bigger cities, more consumers; fewer farmers, fewer producers. This nation is fast changing from an agricultural surplus nation to a nation with an agricultural deficiency and a manufacturing surplus. As this change occurs we will find the manufacturing centers calling for low tariffs on foodstuffs for their laboring classes. That is what the farmer needs to be vigilant about. Tariffs for manufacturing are becoming less and less necessary. There is danger that manufacturers may make an about face and demand free importation of foodstuffs which would make the farmer suffer.

The Daily Procession

PICTURES, press clippings, news stories, every device known to the ingenious press agent, are rained on the daily newspaper each mail.

Let's see; we have with us a communication from the cigarette interests showing that the habit is growing in China while in America countless women are becoming slim because they have learned to smoke.

The next letter reveals a stirring blast from the sugar industry whose strong wall has been assailed by the smokers. Faced by the attack, these devotees of sweetness fill their stories and consequently the waste basket, with facts about per capita consumption of sugar and its benefit to humanity.

On goes the procession. Did we know that big business immunized workers against contagious diseases? Were we aware that pineapple from Hawaii makes fine fritters? And how about the tariff on shingles? Isn't that a fright? Even railroads who long since have passed from the editorial jaunts of last year, send long stories protecting or assailing threatened rival competition.

Newspapers are little less than chumps when this mass of free propaganda is used. Legitimate advertising, properly placed and paid for, is a newspaper's stock in trade and it is poorly respected when this mass of waste basket material enters the columns. Yet because some newspapers are willing to be duped the publicity writer keeps his job; he throws his line a hundred times in a hundred letters if only one bite be secured. Then his stamps and stationery expenditure will have been adequately repaid.

The Newer Competition

THE competition of merchants today remains keen and hard-fought but into the field of business has come a newer competition which threatens to exceed in scope and directness the store-to-store fights of former days. This is the organized warfare of industry against industry and trade against trade.

The radio dealer becomes increasingly the competitor of the auto dealer rather than the other radio distributor. The florist seeks on a national scale to vie with the photographer, also organized throughout the United States. One sees national advertising campaigns for laundries, lumber firms, photographers, evidenced the cohesion in the trades. This is sound economy and with the increasing cooperation within the trade comes a move away from price-cutting and puratring which have prevailed among competitors with the same product.

Consequently the photographer fears less his fellow photographer and more the florist; the auto dealer sees the airplane as his future competitor rather than the dealer round the corner.

With this inter-trade competition has come a better understanding of the dealer within one's own business. Trade information is readily exchanged; merchants talk freely of overhead, turnover and profits. Evolution in business practices is just as marked as the mechanical improvements of the marvelous age in which we are living.

It will be a real debate if Borah and Mrs. Willebrandt meet. It would be difficult for once for a woman to have the last word.

Signs of spring include trilliums and millinery bills.

Page the Speed Champion!



Lay Sermons

No. 7: "To Bury Strangers In"

"And the chief priests took the pieces of silver, and said, 'It is not lawful to put into the treasury, since it is the price of blood. And they took counsel, and bought with these the potter's field, to bury strangers in, which was called, the field of blood, unto this day.' Matthew 27:6-8.

Strangers, dead strangers, were all who profited from the betrayal of Jesus by Judas. The taint on the thirty pieces of silver remained even when it was converted into a potter's field; but dead strangers would never know the opprobrious title of "The field of blood" which was applied to the field where they slept the long sleep.

Tainted money was an important issue in religious circles twenty-five years ago. Washington Gladden, eminent Congregationalist, led the fight against accepting the benefices of the manufacturers of great wealth for their religious cause. He lost his fight, but won a larger battle than he dreamed of. He started people to looking to the ill of wrongful accumulation of wealth. He helped remove the taint by purifying the sources of wealth. The chief priests were typical

of many of the moneygrubbers in charitable enterprises today. The thirty pieces they used to bribe Judas were stained with innocent blood. They knew that. They dared not put the money into the sacred treasury. But they found some other "worthy cause"; they would not let the money pass out of their hands. They would not spurn it. They found a place for it, even if it were only for the purchase of a blood-christened field to bury strangers in. If the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea had not come forward to offer his tomb, Jesus himself, stranger, poor, might have been buried in this potter's field.

The chief priests were right in making use of the money for a charity, for the silver itself had its intrinsic value under its carnal stain. So today it is well to use for worthy ends money that we may call tainted. The great task of the age is to promote that social justice which prevents the taint on wealth. The application of the principles of the religion Jesus taught is the true cure for tainted money, because they set the right standards for social ethics.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Short but great—Progress of highway improvement in Oregon—

As shown in the Slogan columns of The Statesman of this morning.

With her more than 100 blocks of new paved streets a year, Salem is leading cities of her size in the whole country—

And Marion is ahead of nearly all counties in the United States, if not all of them, in paved market roads; two 100 mile programs having been completed in shorter time than was marked out for them, and a new 200 mile stunt in preparation and partly completed and announced.

And the state of Oregon has out-classed the world, in time of her accomplishments in highway improvement, compared with her resources and her extent of territory and difficulties of construction.

T. A. Raffety was the first man to be sworn in, on the force of three men put to work as state highway patrolmen in 1920. That was nine years ago; or will be nine years on July 1st, when the force of three went to work. On January 1, 1929, Mr. Raffety was made the directing officer in the force of three. The big thing then was to see that drivers on the state highways had licenses.

The legislature of 1921 gave the highway commission concurrent jurisdiction with the highway patrol force under the secretary of state, and provided seven men for each class of work; 14 uniformed men in all; and they were so assigned as to make their work cooperative.

A law of the 1927 session authorized the secretary of state to appoint a chief of the highway patrol force, and two captains and three lieutenants, in order to secure discipline and order. Mr. Raffety was made the chief.

He is still the chief, and there are 50 to 52 men; still equally divided under the pay of the highway commission and the secretary of state. The recent legislature,

with the excuse for the need of better protection against live stock thieves, made this force practically what the mounted police is in several of our states.

Mr. Raffety was sent to represent Oregon in the meeting at Washington of the National Safety Council. He has now been placed on a committee of statistics to study the causes of motor accidents and suggest ways to make them less. He is the only member of that committee west of the Missouri river, excepting Mr. La Place of California.

The American Legion in Oregon has put on a safety campaign for

the first six months of this year, and Mr. Raffety and his forces are cooperating. The Oregon fatalities in 1928 were 203, out of 23,787 motor accidents, a number of all kinds in this state, with 5021 people injured. This year, there were 25 in January, and only four in February. Mr. Raffety spends all his spare working time trying to keep down the accident record on the highways, and dreams about it at night. The 203 new graves and the like number of vacant chairs in Oregon for last year haunt him.

He has recently established night patrol on the highways from Portland to McMinnville, a road from Portland to Salem, and this is helping to keep down the number of accidents. There is no man in Oregon who takes more seriously his responsibilities than Chief Tom Raffety; and this is putting premature gray hairs in his head.

Donald A. Laird, eminent psychologist, as related in The Statesman of Saturday, in an article in the Scientific American, says: "The average intelligence of men is greatest in Oregon, and least in Mississippi; the difference is about two and half mental age years." Mr. Laird has evidently not applied his comparative tests to Oregon women, but the guess is that this would make as good a showing, if not better. Oregon against the world!

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

March 24, 1904 Superintendent Potter of the Indian school received good news from Senator John H. Mitchell with word that the Indian appropriation bill has passed the senate and with an amendment that the Alaskan Indians be admitted.

Temporary organization of Good Roads club was perfected at Silverton. Judge John H. Scott addressed the group.

The Citizen's Light and Traction company has just installed a new style street arc light throughout the city. They require less attention and trimming than the old

Passed Up!

By ROE FULKERSON

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER

CHAPTER LVII

BETTY had been so happy all evening with Andy, dancing, meeting his parents, having him make love to her. Not until he had proposed marriage did she waken to the fact that she could not marry him as long as George Harris wanted her.

"Oh, Andy! I shouldn't have allowed you to say that, dear! I wanted to hear you say it, too! I would never have been happy if you hadn't said it. But can I ever be happy now that you have?"

"Why, what do you mean, sweetheart?" demanded Andy.

"I mean I can never marry you."

"Why not? You love me, don't you?"

"More than anyone else!"

"You aren't already married?"

"Oh, no, not that!" sobbed Betty. "But I am pledged to marry George Harris, if he wants me!"

"Why, that's all foolishness, honey! That bird can't have an option on you to exercise whenever he feels like it, or leave you alone if he doesn't care to marry you! That's the cruelest arrangement I ever heard of! I'll take you away and marry you tomorrow. He can go hang!"

"Oh, it isn't anything like that, Andy. It's hard to make you understand. George hasn't proposed to me, but I know he wants me. I would be ashamed to look myself in the face in the mirror if I married anyone else after all he has done for me."

"In the old high school days George lived next door to me. We always went to school together. He took me to the alumni dance at the country club, where I got the silly idea I wanted the rest of you boys to admire me. No one but George had ever noticed that I was on earth."

"I took dancing lessons to make myself more attractive. He disapproved, and he was right, Andy, for it was a mistake. When my father died, George took charge of everything. When my mother died, George did everything for me. Knowing nothing but dancing, I decided to dance for a living. When I began, George dropped out of my life entirely. I didn't see him again until we had that automobile accident."

"He came to the hospital and moved me from a public ward to a private room. He moved my things to Mrs. Hogan's and got me a room on the first floor so I wouldn't have to walk upstairs on my lame leg."

"Out of the hospital, he gave me a position as cashier in his restaurant. He let me pay him back little at a time until I had paid him up. He has always stepped in in every crisis in my life and been everything to me."

"When I graduated from business school he gave me a little typewriter as a graduation present. I wrote him a silly little note, the first ever written on it. I don't remember exactly what I said, but it was as good as told him that I would marry him when he wanted me to. I didn't mean it that way when I wrote it, but that's the way he took it. He gave me his pen and asked me to sign it, and I did."

"He has never let me go out of touch with him. I know, Andy, he is just waiting until he gets his business paid for, so he can exercise his option, as you call it. It is frightful, but I just have to marry him. I love you and no one else on earth but you! But, oh, sweetheart, don't you see how I am situated?"

"No, I don't see anything of the kind!" cried Andy, stubbornly. "I don't see any reason why you should sacrifice your happiness and mine to this cold-blooded gezer!"

"Andy, you must not think of George like that! I don't love him, but I do admire him. He didn't inveigle me into this situation. I did it all myself out of gratitude for what he has done for me. If it hadn't been for George, what a world would have happened to me!"

"Yes, look what has happened ones. There are 40 of the new ones, with a 1200 candle power each."

Al Godfrey, while boat riding on the Willamette river, found a bottle containing this note: "Return this slip to Albany and receive ten cents."

You are about to marry a man you don't love and leave one you do love, flat!"

"But, Andy, can't you see that every time I have gone contrary to George's wishes I have made a mistake? He tried to keep me from dancing. He would have none of me while I did it. The moment I got into trouble as a result of my stubbornness, he came instantly, unselfishly, to my rescue. Please, Andy, don't feel unkindly toward him! It isn't his fault."

"Whose fault is it, then?"

"It is mine entirely! No! It isn't my fault either, Andy. It is just Fate! I am just caught in the mesh of circumstances. There is no way out."

"Well, now that you have thought carefully about yourself and your paragon boy friend, what about me? Haven't I any rights? This love you say you have for me—has it no rights?"

"Andy, I have never loved any other man in the world but you. George Harris never even kissed me. I will always love you, dear!"

"A lot of good that will do me! Don't be silly. That's your story book stuff, marrying a man you don't love, out of gratitude. That's a lot of hokey! You got a complex. You paid him all you owed him, didn't you? Tomorrow I'm going to put you in this car and drive you to a preacher and marry you. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, Andy, I can't. Don't you see I can't!" Betty burst into tears.

"There! There! Don't cry about it!" said Andy, kindly. He put his arms around her and held her close. He patted her on the back and, placing his hand under her chin, raised her face and kissed her gently on the mouth.

"Oh, Andy, I can't give you up!"

"That's the talk! You set you can't give me up! You're not going to give me up!"

"Oh, but I must! I can't face George Harris if I did him such a dirty trick after all he has done for me."

"It's all right to do me a dirty trick!" cried Andy, pulling away, angrily. "It was all right to come to my office after I thought you were out of my life forever, and let me fall in love with you all over again! It was all right for you to let me kiss you and make love to you and then tell me this!"

"Andy, please don't be angry. I know it is all wrong. But I have

had so little happiness I just could not help it. I love you so much! "Then why can't you marry me and make the pretty speech to the other fellow?"

Instead of answering, Betty again burst into tears. Andy sat in the remote corner of the car seat, silent for ten minutes, which seemed to Betty like 10 years.

"Day after tomorrow is the first of the month," he announced, finally. "I arranged to go away for a month's vacation. I had intended to go up on the lake to the summer cottage of a friend who had given me an invitation for you also. I wanted you to take your vacation at the same time, so I could introduce you to all my friends as my fiancée. I'm going anyway. I might as well be there as anywhere else. Don't do anything about this until I get back. Think it all over. Maybe you will change your mind. Will you wait till then?"

"Oh, Andy, there's no use! I couldn't do otherwise than I am doing. I would hate myself all my life if I did. If you want me to wait I will, of course. You will want someone at the office to attend to your mail and all that until you get back. I'll do that. I suppose I will have to leave the office. You won't want me around after this."

"That can wait until I come back," replied Andy, sadly. "Nothing much matters after this. I have been living in a fool's paradise for six months. I have hardly got my bearings yet. We will see about it all when I get back."

He moved as though to start the car.

"Oh, Andy, won't you please kiss me?"

Silently he reached over and put his arms around her and kissed her fiercely again and again. "He shan't have you, damn him! You are mine. You can't get away from me!"

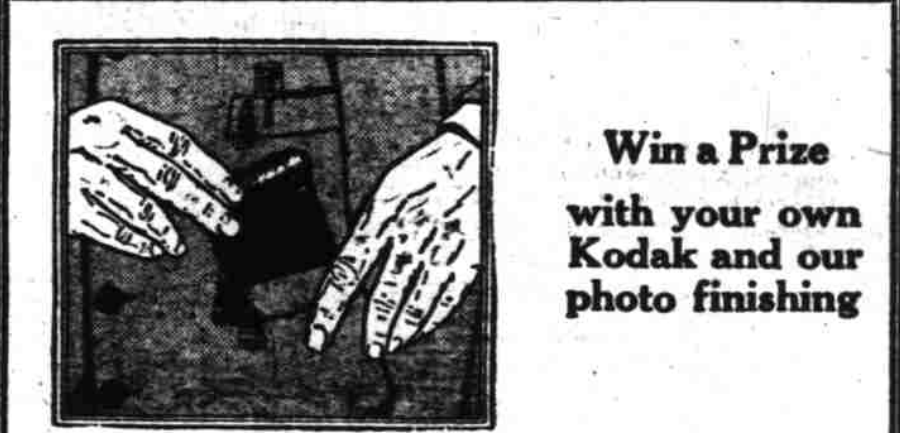
Betty put her arms around his neck and kissed his lips, his face and his throat. She pushed his head back and caressed his face with her hands. Holding it between her palms she kissed him again on the lips.

"We better go now, Andy."

He stepped on the starter and drove home silently. In front of her house he stepped out and opened the door for her, without offering to kiss her again. As she stepped down on the sidewalk he said: "Good night, Betty."

"Good-bye, Andy," she replied, feeling that she was not likely to see him again. In the house she sat for hours by her window, staring out into a night which seemed to her no blacker than her future.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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ASPIRIN

Clough-Huston Co's History of Salem and the State of Oregon

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