The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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What's Right With the World?

THIS Sabbath morning folk may well pause for a moment to reflect: "What's right with the world?"

Much have we had on the opposite theme. For a year the jeremiads have been unceasing. The old world has been put through the modern economic clinic. Business has been x-rayed. Teeth have been extracted; hearts have been thumped; heads have been bandaged; diet has been changed. The patient has been found guilty of malnutrition, megalomania, inferiority complex, heaves, weak back, overfeeding, credit constipation, kidney troubles (watered stock), creeping paralysis and speculative intoxication. Owlish doctors with test tubes, stethoscopes and scalpels have worked over him. Dr. Hoover and Dr. Mellon were first to be called. Dr. Babson was early on the ground. Dr. Leonard Ayres, Dr. George E. Roberts, Dr. Benjamin Anderson were consulting physicians. Dr. Alex Legge took full charge of the agricultural ward.

As the patient got no better fast under the treatment of the republican allopaths, a change of doctors was decided on in November and the democratic homeopaths and doctors of hydro-electrotherapy were called in to work on the case.

The present treatment consists of a complete rest, hypodermic injections of stimulants to force circulation, advertising enemas, cutting down on factory diet, the Drs. Hawley and Smoot famous prescription of double doses of tariff quinine, blood transfusions through bond issues, absent treatment, Dr. Coue's "every day in every way business is getting better and better." Some say it is just a mental case and recommend liberal dosages of rotary club pep talks. Thus far the major surgery of wage cuts has been generally avoided.

According to latest bulletins the patient is about to be discharged from the hospital. He may not be cured but the doctors are through with him; and it is hoped that the spring fresh air and sunshine will perfect the cure.

So much indeed of "what's wrong with the world?" Why not a little of "what's right with the world?" Same sky, same sun, same rains, same soil. Same mines, same factories, same people, same needs. Friends, brains, resources; not all exhausted or consumed. Food in plenty, shelter and fuel for all. Social institutions more active, enlarged human sympathies and understanding. Old calendars with the last leaf fluttering; new ones for 1931 appearing bearing new hopes and revived energies.

"What's right with the world?" Why, the eternal harmonies of the universe are with us yet; and on this small bulb we call the earth, there are the experiences of the past, the materials of the present, and confidence for the future. These are the stuff which make things right in the world.

Investigating Telephone Rates

THE demand of H. H. Corey, member of the public service commission, for a statewide investigation of telephone rates may be regarded principally as a political gesture. The commission knows that something is going to happen when Julius Meier becomes governor. The whole commission may be scrapped and control of utilities thrown back to the cities and towns. Or the form of the commission organization may be changed. At the very least the personnel will be altered. About the only thing for the present commission to do is to "let the old cat die." The new regime will find telephone rates along with power rates and franchises waiting on its doorstep January 12th.

In this connection Oregon will be interested in the outcome of the Illinois case which has been before the U. S. supreme court. Seven years ago the Illinois commerce commission ordered new rates established by the telephone company for Chicago, affecting four classes of coin box service. The order was suspended through injunction proceedings brought by the company. The case finally reached the supreme court, but in an opinion written by Justice Hughes the court remands the proceedings back to the lower court in the Illinois district requiring it to make further findings on the intricate questions involved.

There are two important matters in this case which the high court desires findings on by the lower court. One is the relation of the Illinois company to the American Telegraph and Telephone company and the Western Electric company; and the other is the definite valuation of the intrastate properties of the company. On the matter of depreciation which is in frequent dispute in telephone controversies, the opinion says that while congress has empowered the interstate commerce commission to fix depreciation rates for telephone companies doing an interstate business, which has not yet been done, "the prerogative of the state to prescribe such rates, and the jurisdiction and duty of the statutory court in considering the amount properly allowable for depreciation in connection with the intrastate business, are not to be gainsaid."

In the matter of a fair rate of return the court quotes from its former opinion in the Bluefield case:

"A public utility is entitled to such rates as will permit it to earn a return on the value of the property which it employs for the convenience of the public equal to that generally being made at the same time and in the same general part of the country on investments in other business undertakings which are attended by corresponding risks and uncertainties; but it has no constitutional right to profits such as are realized or anticipated in highly profitable enterprises or speculative ventures."

Inasmuch as the Illinois case presents before the highest courts in the land those questions which come in controversy in telephone rate matters, viz.—relation of the operating company to the holding company, the A. T. & T., and to the supply company, the Western Electric company; correct method of property valuation; proper allowance for depreciation, there is the prospect that before many more months regulatory bodies may have the proper formulae to use in fixing telephone rates.

Pending that time, local regulatory bodies whether state or city, could proceed with making valuations, etc., and be ready to order rates conforming with principles which the court will probably establish in this Illinois case.

It has been clear ever since the election that the Pepco would not get a permit on its Marion lake project. No officeholder dares political electrocution by touching that "hot" wire. Hydro-political-power will be dropped over to the new legislature and the new administration; and nobody knows what is going to happen then.

Congress is open again, and the list of bills submitted proves that fools breed as fast as suckers.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.


DR COPELAND

Boys and girls twelve to sixteen years of age have their own problems. They are at a time of life when rapid growth and development produce conditions that demand special attention.

This may be called the "awkward period" of life. The young folks don't know what to do with their long legs. Their growing hands and feet are in the way. There are strange emotions stirring in their hearts.

Sometimes there is a feeling of loneliness, a sense of aloofness, a suspicion that their elders do not understand them. This is the time they need advice, but the young things don't know where to get it. They don't want to be laughed at or scolded. They don't know where to turn.

I get many letters from men and women who write to me because, they say, I am a sort of impersonal individual. They would not face the family doctor with the questions they put to me. It is easier to write an outsider, although he is a stranger, but made at least half a friend, perhaps, by reason of his familiar writings.

Well, boys and girls, I am at your disposal. If you have problems, so have a million of other young people. If you will tell me what troubles you have, it may help me to assist a multitude of others who are having thoughts and anxieties exactly like yours.

I do wish to say, this right now: Because you wonder about life, don't be distressed about it. Many of your strange feelings, probably all of them, are just the same feelings your parents and all the rest of their generation had. Every one of your ancestors went through the same stage. The fact that they became ancestors proves that nothing ill in their effects can happen as a result of the symptoms you observe in yourself.

Nothing is more terrible than the fear that you are abnormal. You may wonder sometimes if what you go through is not a sign that you are not normal. It isn't. As a matter of fact, you wouldn't be normal if you didn't have these symptoms. They are really the sure signs of your normal state.

If you write to me, in care of the paper where you read this, the kindly editor will forward the letter to me. But being assured that what you experience just now is what every older person has experienced, may give you the comfort I want you to have.

Answers To Health Queries

Rita D., Q.—What do you advise for enlarged pores?

A.—Try using hot and cold compresses alternately for 15 minutes night and morning.

* * *

Mrs. O. W. F.—Is there such a condition as a ruptured naval?

2—What can I do to overcome constipation? I always have a coated tongue.

A.—Yes. An operation is the only cure.

2—Your diet must be corrected. Eat simple, well cooked food.

* * *

D. M., Q.—Is it a good idea to put olive oil on the skin in order to have a nice sun tan?

A.—Yes, you may use olive oil, cocoa butter or a good pure cold cream. However, do not risk basking in the sun too long. A little exposure to the sun each day will in time produce a tan.

TODAY'S PROBLEM . . .

A rectangular field, whose width was ⅖ of its length, had a perimeter of 600 rds. How long was it? How wide was it? Today's answer tomorrow. Yesterday's answer: $396.

LAY SERMON

READING THE KING'S MIND

"Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"—Esther VI:6.

Haman ranks as the world's great failure in mind-reading. When the Oriental monarch residing voluptuously in Shushan the palace asked him what should be done to the man whom the king delighted to honor, Haman instantly thought that he himself stood in the highest favor with the king. So he recommended to the king a program of glorification which he thought would exalt him in almost regal splendor and power: royal apparel, the king's horse to ride on, and the "crown royal" upon his head; a horseback ride for him through the city streets with a herald going ahead to proclaim that thus it was the king treated one whom he delighted to honor.

How crestfallen was this ambitious prince when the king told him to provide such honors for Mordecai the Jew, whom Haman hated and for whom he had just erected at his wife's suggestion a gallows fifty cubits high. The climax of this story, typical of the mercilessness and vengefulness of the Orient, is when Haman himself, at the king's command, is swung from that fifty-cubit gallows.

Haman was human. Every man about a palace or a state capitol thinks that he himself is the one deserving unusual honor or distinction. How many times have you sat in your club or society or organization when the call came for nominations for officers, sat there fully expecting some one to get up and nominate you? And what a queer feeling have you had when some one else was nominated and elected rather than you. You were just like Haman, making a wrong guess as to your ability or your popularity. The likeness ends there because you will hardly be hanged for the wrong guess you may have made.

Ambition is indeed a canker eating at our hearts. An office, a social invitation, a promotion, a raise in salary—how easy it is for us to convince ourselves that they should come to us? We are like Haman who thought in his heart: "To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"

We have learned from bitter experience that king or governor or club or lodge puts no such measure of merit or capacity on us as we do ourselves. Some Mordecai got the honor which we coveted. The sad thing is that so many people cannot endure such "slights." Harsh thoughts, even hatred grow within their breasts; and sometimes unkind words are spoken. Seldom does it avail save to spoil and sour our own dispositions. It is a genuine test of character for one to keep his courage and his cheer when disappointment comes, when ambitions are frustrated, when hopes are dashed to the ground.

Man needs to aspire; he has a duty to grow, to expand his powers and his responsibilities. But he needs always to discount his estimate of his own worth. That way he may avoid the bad blunder which Haman made in thinking h[illegible] the king's favorite and su[illegible]g only in bedecking his foe in the royal purple.

ONLY A MIRAGE

"FOREST LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XIV.

Shivering in the chill morning before the bright sun had warmed the day, Nancy would slip into her warm riding things, run a comb through her short curly hair, and meet Decatur by the corral, where the mules were already being packed. Camp beds, blankets, foodstuffs. Everything for the high Sierra camps above the meadows had to go in on mule-back. There were no wagon roads, only the narrow, winding trails.

And riding through the meadows starred with flowers, with the soft wind blowing and the world far away, nothing seemed to matter but the sun and the wind and being alive.

Sometimes, with a short, sharp stab of pain, she thought of Louise sitting with Aunt Ellie on the veranda of the Awahnee, rocking . . .

Well, Lou's turn would come after she and Jack Beamer were married. The things she'd do for Louise and mama and papa. . . .

Not a word from Beamer since she had left the High Sierras, and the days slid by so fast, so lightly, so full of beauty. Soap bubble days, coming and going so swiftly you could hardly keep count. Full of color and beauty and a strange sort of languor. Unreal days. Days in which you weren't yourself at all, but someone else, eating and sleeping and riding and laughing. Exulting in the feel of the saddle under you, not caring that your clothes smelled of horseflesh, and that your nose was sunburnt, your hands grubby.

Roger Decatur was part of the spell. He seemed to understand her every mood. Words were hardly necessary—they could jog along over the trails for an hour, not bothering to speak, grinning at each other expansively, sometimes breaking into absurd little snatches of song.

Lunches were the big event of the day. With the horses tethered to trees and one of Roger's tiny fires burning brightly in its circle of stones near the river bed, she would unpack the fruit and sandwiches while he watched the sizzling bacon and pulled the coffee pot off the blaze at the very moment it frothed and started to spill its brown foam into the flame. Then, surfeited with food, they would stretch out on the soft green carpet of the grass and smoke and y wn and stare up through the trees to the bland, noonday sky.

Nancy found herself telling him things about home, things she had never told anyone before. About the house, little, weather-beaten and genteelly shabby, perched on a Piedmont hillside, between its more pretentious neighbors. The Freese's rambling stone house, closed nearly all year while the family were in Europe or New York, on one side, the Whaley's Italian palace on the other. About mama, who was a Peebles, fuming because the Whaleys were getting into society when they weren't anybody at all. "And of course it is absurd," Nancy finished.

"It just goes to show that we haven't any real society in the west anyway. Why, Mrs. Whaley's mother used to do a big family wash every Monday! Honestly! Mama says the girls used to giggle as they passed the yard because she'd be out there with her mouth full of clothespins, and red flannel underwear and crocheted petticoats flapping all around!"

Roger laughed, showing all his even, white teeth. "My mother did her own washing, too, and sometimes some for the neighbors. I used to run the wringer for her when I was a little kid. We lived on a little ranch in Nevada. Great days."

"But that—that's different. On a ranch."

"Oh, I don't know. We were sort of poor white trash. Dad was what they used to call a remittance man—got a little money every month from home to keep him away. A bribe as it were. He met my mother up in the Klondike. She was a dance hall girl. Had a mighty sweet voice."

After a little pause he added, "She did her darndest to stick it out but I guess it was the loneliness that got her—she was used to a crowd. Dad and I were away on a hunting trip for about ten days, and when we came back she was gone. Lit out with a washing machine salesman. I remember how nice she left the cabin, with the fire all laid and the bacon in the frying pan. Dad said he didn't blame her any, but he didn't want to stay there any more. We worked around the lumber camps in Washington for a while. Dad was killed in an accident about five years ago. Well, he had a pretty fair life . . . . his share of fun . . ."

"But his wife, going off like that . . . it's such a terrible thing to do!"

Nancy's eyes were wide with horror. One's MOTHER running away . . . Leaving a bewildered little boy and a heartbroken husband . . .

"I can't imagine any woman . . being so cruel!"

(To be continued)

Yesterdays

. . . Of Old Oregon

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Dec. 7, 1905

New fences, new walks and new buildings for man and beast greet the visitors at the state fairgrounds now. Extensive improvements have just been completed.

Mrs. Kate Hart has gone to Kansas City, Kan., for a visit with relatives and friends.

At the city election in Independence, E. E. Paddock was elected mayor; W. G. Sherman, recorder; J. L. Janna, C. A. Mattison and A. Huston, councilmen.

Someone called at the home of H. A. Johnson the other night and stole two rabbits.

Someone has poisoned the fine pointer dog, "Mark Hann" belonging to Thomas Holman.

The Woodburn city council has granted to A. Welch a franchise good for 30 years for an electric railway on Walnut avenue.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Helping our poor:

Salem is filled with good people, and so is the surrounding country, and those of them who are able are responding to all the usual appeals for assistance in getting the unemployed and destitute families through the hard five months of the winter season; doing this with greater unanimity and liberality than they have shown in former years—

And also filling up the extra $5,000 fund for the Community Service enterprise; that much extra, because the number of our poor is larger, due to an increased total out of work.

Wonder if the reader has ever visited the Salvation Army building, at 241 State street? He will find there an unpretentious place; an old plumbing shop of wood, with a second floor. But it is a haven for the poor. He will find at the right on entering the office of Ensign Williams, where the records are kept and the business affairs carried on. The new card index is there, listing all the needy, in order that there may be no unnecessary duplications—also, that no needy person or family may be overlooked.

Back of the meeting room of which the office takes up a small corner is the kitchen and dining room, with a good woman in charge, presiding over a range with, always, a steaming pot of stew; meat and vegetables. Every day in the week, 35 to 75 meals are served to hungry men and women. Seven meat markets in Salem give their surplus soup bones for the purpose—one every day. Farmers furnish potatoes and carrots; they donate them. Many other gifts of meat, vegetables and fruit find their way thither.

Yesterday, a fine looking young man was there, getting his meal of savory stew and other things. He came from California with a party of youngsters in an automobile, looking for work. He has not been successful. Jobs are scarce. He will soon go back to his people—but in the meantime he is not allowed to go hungry. Yesterday morning, one of the young men who almost met his death in the railroad tunnel beyond Eugene a few days ago, from poisonous gas from the engine that was drawing the train, called and was supplied with a meal, and with assistance to communicate with his people—and he was soon on his way home, to one of the Puget Sound cities. Just two cases of need, out of trooping thousands, year in and year out.

A woman comes in needing clothing for her children. Can she pay a small price? Then she is sent upstairs, where there is a large room with the appearance of a second hand store; and a good one. Articles brought in from all over the city and country. She is followed by another woman on the same quest. But she has no money. She can pay nothing. So she is taken in charge by Mrs. Ensign Watson, a veteran in Salvation Army work, who is now serving here. She gets the articles needed for her litle ones, without paying anything.

How do they get the wood to keep the rooms warm and the stew pot boiling? They get the trimmings from two planing mills—free. Men needing food prepare the wood. Dealers and farmers give wood. There are many angles to this work. The Christian religion is back of it. There are many meetings, including street meetings.

Prisoners in the penitentiary, and released men, have their attention. Three of the latter are now paroled to Ensign Williams. Physicians help. The committees of the service clubs help; like the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, ets. The total receipts of the Salem branch of the Salvation Army for the year ending December 1 were $9,923.32. There are prospects for a larger sum for the current year. It should be above $12,000, for it is all needed—not on a five months' program, but the whole year through; for the Salvation Army never takes a vacation.

Wonder if the reader has ever visited the Associated Charities building? It is an old house at 207 North Front street, corner Court. The rooms look like the second hand store of the Salvation Army. They are filled with a great assortment of second hand clothing for men, women

(Continued on page 13)