The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Work-Relief Pay Rates

PAUL H. DOUGLAS of the University of Chicago is one of the great authorities on wages and wage history. He is also one of the early proponents of "social insurance" particularly unemployment insurance. In an article descriptive of a system of unemployment benefits Prof. Douglas included the following as the third specification of his outline:

"The benefits should always be appreciably less than the previous wages of the unemployed in order to give them a powerful incentive to seek employment. I personally favor benefits which would not average more than 50 or 60 per cent of the previous earnings, although these percentages might be graduated regressively according to the earnings. Small additional benefits might also be given for each dependent child up to a total of three, and possibly also for a dependent spouse. But in no case should the total benefits exceed 75 per cent of the previous wage, and in the beginning this maximum might be lower and be subject to an absolute limit such as $15 or $16 a week."

That is precisely the feeling of Pres. Roosevelt regarding the wage scale of his work relief program. No system of unemployment insurance has been set up. Meantime the president proposes work relief at government expense with wages $50 per month. The purpose is to keep the cost down and spread the work and by holding the wage under the prevailing level to encourage men to find jobs in private industry and so go off the relief rolls.

Now if the system of making the benefits of unemployment insurance "always appreciably less than the previous wage" is sound; the president's proposal now is sound. The republicans in the senate, all but two of them, joined with insurgent democrats to adopt the McCarran wage amendment which calls for the prevailing wage,—which simply means union scales even though those scales may not be "prevailing" in any true sense of the word.

We lack sympathy for the five billion dollar work relief program of the president because it promises to be wasteful, and we fear, futile. But the measure should be given a frontal attack and not scuttled by sharp political maneuvering such as the republican senators, including those from Oregon, indulged in.

The Party Washing

OREGON sees the pretty spectacle of the family washing of the democrats of the state hung out on the line in the senate. The occasion is Lessard's bill which is directly aimed to put Walter Pierce out of his dual job as congressman and national committeeman. The debate showed the old feud in the party ranks, and the republicans have had the renewed hope that comes from the traditional division among the democrats.

Pierce shows as much gall as Jim Farley in holding down a political office and a government job at the same time. He ought to vacate one or the other, because he is notoriously incompetent in both directions. But Walter is one of those in whose heart the motives are always pure, whose conscience by long training has a flexibility which defies fine scruple, so he feels abundantly self-justified as he fumbles his way along holding on to the payroll with one hand and the strings of party power with the other.

Nor should we forget his wife Cornelia, who also "doubles in jobs". As secretary to her congressman-husband she receives a good salary from the government. She also retains her seat on the state board of higher education, but leaves it vacant most of the year while she is absent in Washington. She draws no pay as member of the higher education board; but since she can give only fragmentary service in that position most anyone with a sense of fitness of things would resign to let some one be named who could give to the position the time and energy which it requires.

The Pierces however do not believe in the relinquishment of any jobs. The Lessard bill, which is purely a case of political spite-work, should not become law, however; because the legislature should not be made just the tool of a faction of a party. We do not believe even the democrats are ready to turn the party machine back to Os West.

Proof of Loss

THE skill of Chief Justice Hughes in carrying water on both shoulders in the government gold clause case is bringing him few enconiums of praise. With the solemnity of a Baptist deacon he says that living up to obligations is "binding on the conscience of the sovereign." But when it comes to enabling the citizen to hold the government to its promise the chief justice insists on proof of damage, and leaves the inference that if in the future a person may prove damage then he may recover.

The realities of course are that few individuals could afford to start and carry a case for recovery clear through the supreme court. The cost is excessive and unless a person held a large amount of bonds the expense would eat up the possible gain if he did succeed. As the administrative conscience is singularly elastic there is no prospect that the judicial injunction will have any weight. In fact the president and cabinet, according to report, were all ready with trick bills to circumvent the court if it had ruled against them.

If anybody but General Martin had called the battleship Oregon a lemon he would have been condemned by the patriotic societies from Clatsop to Steens mountains. As it was most people recognized that the governor had spoken the plain truth. The ship is a lemon, a grey elephant. Perhaps we should look up the last resting place for lemons and grey elephants.

At Beloit college a blonde coed defeated a football star for president of the senior class. Must be a revival of "The College Widow".

If we had public ownership of telephones would we have to quit telephoning at twelve noon on Saturdays? And would the rates be raised 50% like letter mail?

With St. Valentine's and Washington's birthday past the hostesses may now shift from red to green for color schemes.

A Pilot Rock farmer has a sow that bore 17 pigs in one litter. That's over in Walter Pierce's district, too.

The Clown You Can't Laugh Off!

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

WHEN A BONE becomes infected and diseased the condition is known as "osteomyelitis". As a rule, the infection can be traced to an injury received from a blow or fall. It is more apt to occur in young and active persons and unfortunately is a condition often overlooked.

Dr. Copeland

Children are sometimes slow to complain of pain or discomfort, especially if they have injured themselves while at play. The mother may disregard the symptoms or think the pain is due to rheumatism. She may even call the trouble "growing pains".

There is no such thing as "growing pains". If a child complains of pain in the arms, hips or legs, it warrants careful attention. It should arouse the suspicion of osteomyelitis or some other disorder.

Symptoms of Disease

At the beginning of the infection the sufferer complains not alone of severe pain, but also of headache, fever and chills. At times, nausea, vomiting and even delirium may be present. The fever is characteristic in that it is the "up-and-down type". A record of this sort is medically termed the "septic curve". The fever is high and then it drops down, only to rise again.

The injured bone is exceedingly sensitive and tender. The slightest motion or handling the affected limb causes suffering. When the pain is vague it is difficult to locate the exact seat of the trouble.

Under such circumstances it is advisable to resort to the X-ray. This will show the swelling and indicate the presence of infection of the bone. This method of examination is of great importance in making the diagnosis and in deciding on the proper treatment.

Abscess of Bone Marrow

In reality, osteomyelitis is an infection or localized abscess of the bone marrow. Similar to an abscess anywhere in the body, it can only be drained by operation. The bone is exposed and the abscess incised. This provides adequate drainage, with evacuation of the accumulated pus. The operation should never be delayed. If it is, this permits spread of the pus and leads to further destruction of the bone.

When osteomyelitis is neglected it may become necessary to resort to several incisions in order properly to evacuate the pus. Repeated operations are sometimes necessitated before the diseased bone is cleared of all infection. Such radical means are needed only when the disease is overlooked in its first stages.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. M. R. Q.—What diet do you advise in the case of high blood pressure? Does alcohol aggravate the trouble? Is smoking harmful?

A.—For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

W. D. D. Q.—I am a young man 23 years old. I feel run down and am troubled with gas. What would you advise?

A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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VAUDEVILLE MARCH 2

SILVERTON, Feb. 28. — E. A. Sewell is announcing a most interesting vaudeville show and dance for Saturday night, March 2. Dick Billings, associate teacher of the Christenson school of dancing, is responsible for plans in presenting an array of juvenile talent. Hermon Domogalla's Melody Boys will play for the dancing.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Place of the Dorion woman's grave found, fixed beyond dispute.

(Concluding from yesterday:) Still quoting from Barry's letter: "As a rule Indian girls married at puberty, and white men chose them young, for obvious reasons, just after puberty, so Pierre probably married, presumably by some priest, about three years before Hunt started, or a little less, as the eldest son was two years old in November, 1811. If Marie was about 14 when she married you can calculate her age at death."

The translation of the church record at the St. Paul Catholic church, as it appears in the Oregon Historical Quarterly article referred to by Mr. Barry, reads:

"This 19th day of July, 1841, after the publication of the three banns between Jean Baptiste Toupin, farmer of this place, formerly of Maschinenge, Canada, on the one part, and Marie Laguivoise, born of poor infidels of the territory of Saint Louis, United States, on the other part, there being no impediment, we, the undersigned priest, have received their mutual consent of marriage, and have given to them the nuptial benediction, in the presence of Joseph Delard and Fancois Xavier Laderoute, witnesses before whom the spouses have legitimized the children who were born to them before their marriage, namely Francois, aged 16 years, and Marianne, aged 14 years. The wife acknowledges having from two other previous alliances, Marguerite Venier, aged 22 years, and Jean Baptiste D'Orion, aged 25 years. Witnesses and spouses are not able to sign. F. N. Blanchet, priest."

Reading on, from the Barry article in the Oregon Historical Quarterly: "The correct spelling of Toupin seems to have puzzled the early pioneers, who wrote it Tupah, Topar, Topaz, Topan, and Turpin. Francis Topaz was one of the administrators of the estate of Baptiste Dorion, and the name is spelled Topaz in an official letter of George L. Curry, then governor of Oregon. . . . Mrs. Isabel Bertrand, of Tahola, Grays county, Wash., daughter of Alexis Aubichon, of the Hudson's Bay company, writes that her father resided at Butteville, Marion county, Oregon, and that her family were intimate friends of John Toupin and his family. She remembers Madame (Dorion) Toupin, whom the old French settlers called Madame Iowa, on account of her having come from Iowa.

"Mrs. Bertrand is now 86 years old and when a girl used to attend catechism lectures, under Father Delorme, in company with David Dorion, son of Baptiste Dorion, who, being an orphan, was raised by his aunt, Mrs. Marguerite (Venier) Goban. She last heard of him in 1920, when he lived in Montana.

"Marguerite Venier married Xavier Goban, of Brooks, Marion county, and had one son, Xavier Goban, Jr., who married Cecile LaFantasie, of French prairie, and had one daughter, Lucy, who married Charles LaFontain, and is now said to live at Pendleton, Oregon.

"Francis Toupin married Angelic Langtain, of Champoeg, Oregon, and had two children, James and Marie. He died from exposure in 1862 while operating a pack-train from Lewiston, Idaho, to the mines. His son James married a sister of N. Davidson, of Wheatland, and had three children, John Toupin, who died in Dufur, Oregon, and Frank and Emma, who went to Yakima. Marie, daughter of Francis Toupin, married Jack Staats, and their three children now reside at The Dalles, Oregon.

"Marianne Toupin married Xavier Gervais, son of Joseph Gervais, of the Astoria overland expedition. Her second husband was Robadeaux, and her third, George Gay. Her daughter, Marguerite Gervais, married John Gay and had one son, Willard Gay; her second husband was Mr. Loraine.

"The land office records show that she died September 3, 1850, and it is hoped that some form of memorial may be erected, for she was the first woman after crossing the continent to make her home in Oregon, and the first mother to travel the Oregon trail. When the Astoria expedition broke up, all the others either departed or attached themselves to the North West company, but she and her children stayed as independent settlers."

After all of the above, the writer confesses that he is now of the opinion that he was wrong when he said, a few issues back, that he believed there were four children by John Toupin and Marie Iowa, the Dorion woman. It appears that Mr. Barry was correct in saying there were only two, Francois (Francis) and Marianne, Maryenne, or Mary Ann, or plain Mary.

Thus, according to Barry, there were in all seven children born to the Dorion woman.

However, further information is solicited, by any one who can furnish it.

Baptiste Dorion was a second lieutenant in the Cayuse war, serving in companies I. J and 9, according to the muster rolls. Barry wrote in the Oregon Historical Quarterly that Baptiste Dorion was "a lieutenant of the Oregon Rifles in the Cayuse war."

The muster rolls show that there was a John Dorion serving in the Cayuse war as a private, in companies 5 and D. Probably a mistake in name. Probably Baptiste, (Jean Baptiste), before he became second lieutenant.

From the fact that in the record of the marriage, John Toupin was called a "farmer of this place," it is likely that the family lived near St. Paul for a time after arriving from the Walla Walla country, and before going to their claim in the Middlegrove district.

There are now several permanent records of the burial of Marie Iowa. Some time ago, permission was gained to make for the Oregon Historical society archives photostat copies of the Catholic church records at Vancouver, Oregon City, St. Paul and St. Louis. They were to be locked up for a time, but the date is about expired. Judge Chas. H. Carey, president of the society, paid from his own pocket the greater part of the cost of the work of photographing the records — no inconsiderable sum. And a work that will grow in value as the years pass.

So ends this series, taking up 11 issues, beginning with that of Feb. 17. But, left over, are many matters of interest regarding the historic woman and her descendants, some of which will be mentioned in future issues.

WEEKEND AT COAST

MARION, Feb. 28.—Miss Marjorie Pickard accompanied Mr. and Mrs. George Crum, Robert Mitchell and Horner Mitchell of Turner to Newport where they spent the week end, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Palmer.

"MORE MONEY" By CHARLES GRANT

SYNOPSIS

Jasper Ingram, wealthy promoter, takes his secretary, lovely Cathleen McCarthy to his "Orangelands" estate so he can transact business while attending the charity garden party given by his wife, Laura. Cathleen, the sole support of a large family, is fascinated by the surrounding luxury and wishes she could attend the party. Marian Alspaugh, the gold-digging wife of Homer Alspaugh, Ingram's confidential secretary, is cigarette girl at the fete. She flirts with the Marques d'Alhues, Mrs. Ingram's special guest. Seward, Ingram's son, is infatuated with Arline Martin, an actress, but the ruthless Arline—realizing the senior Ingram could be more helpful in furthering her career—tries to impress the latter.

CHAPTER VIII

"My dear girl, you mustn't take anything I say too seriously," Ingram said, as they took the path toward the lake. "After all, I'm not in the profession. Still I think there are points of technique, tricks of the trade and a certain smoothness that you've yet to learn—how to make your effects with less effort. The essentials, however, you seem to have — beauty and true voice. More important, still, you are able to warm a whole scene and keep the audience interested, less by what you do than by something dynamic and glowing in yourself!"

The gray of her eyes was a pale blaze behind their darkened lashes as she looked up at him. "It's as though you were pouring wine into my veins!" she cried with rare originality. "No, not wine, something headier and sweeter—what's that liqueur with little spots of gold in it?"

"Eau de vie de Dantzig?"

"That's it! And the specks of gold are little electric sparks of excitement! I'm ambitious, Mr. Ingram. I want to get on. I feel that I have something to give. I'm not just one more silly stage-struck girl—I'm not!"

The helping of talented youth was one of Ingram's hobbies, but he kept such benefactions as secret as possible, both out of delicacy and to escape the importunities of the unsought-after. He felt strongly disposed now to help Arline, and was already thinking how amusing it would be to enter a theater with her name in electric lights outside, and watch her make her effect—foretold by him — on New York's tough and wary critics.

"I should be glad to help you if I could," he told her. "Just at present I see no way. If I knew of a really fine play-script I might even be inclined to assist in its production."

A wave of excited color rose into Cathleen's face. "Do you mean that, Mr. Ingram?"

"Certainly. I don't say I'd be willing to back you in just *any* play—even in an *ordinarily* good play—"

"But, Mr. Ingram, *I* know of a really great play."

"Indeed!" he said, not too optimistically.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it. I have the script. It was written by a man I know, a terribly brilliant man. He's had things in the *New Yorker* . . . and a short story in the *American Mercury* . . . Mr. Ingram, please — please read it! Or, I wonder, would you, could you come to my tiny apartment and let me read it to you?"

She felt him stiffen in instinctive refusal and added quickly:

"If I send it to you, you may never find time to look at it. A play doesn't take long to read—no intermissions, no business. And my place is quite near your building—in the east forties."

Looking into the girl's eager face, he saw she was much prettier at close quarters than when seen across the footlights formed by a row of sunflowers.

Ingram, however impersonal his desire to further youthful talent, shared the almost universal masculine taste for the society of attractive young girls. He thought that he might spend a pleasant hour listening to Arline read the play in which she so completely believed. He hoped sighing, that he shouldn't have to disappoint her by condemning it.

"It's impossible to refuse you," he said smiling at her. "Some day next week—suppose we say Thursday at about half-past four?"

"Thursday at half-past four," repeated Arline. "You *angel!*"

"Ah, but whether I am going to be an angel or not," he said dryly, "is just what remains to be seen!"

* * *

Arline Martin had spent the entire morning in frantic preparations for Ingram's visit. Then after luncheon, she rested, bathed, set her wave, gave herself a facial treatment and slipped into jade-green hostess pajamas. She telephoned the reception clerk a peremptory order to send up to her apartment no one except Mr. Ingram. Then she got out the script and studied its best scenes in an effort to allay the nervous suspense of waiting.

So much depended on the impending interview! If he liked the play, if he stuck to his promise, she would arrive in one bound at her goal, and the author of the play also would arrive. They were lovers; hence his success meant almost as much to Arline as her own. When the buzzer at last announced Ingram, she approached the door to admit him, tortured with stage fright.

This nervousness fell away from her as soon as he was in her presence. Ingram saw a poised and well mannered young woman, who said coolly, "How *good* of you to come!" She led him in and with charming insistence made him comfortable on her long, wide sofa.

"You must be *perfectly* comfortable—so nothing will distract your attention as I read—"

She purred about him, offering another pillow, a light for his cigar, a whiff of Feu Follet and at the same time affording him a series of enchanting close-ups of her face and rippling, undulating figure. Disappearing for a moment, she returned with a cocktail shaker briskly in action, whence she poured him a cold and well mixed Clover Club. While he drank, she amused him with half a dozen clever imitations of well-known actresses, so skilfully done that the chuckling man instantly recognized them.

"And now for the play—" she said.

He gave her grave attention as she read. The exhibition of Arline's own talent and versatility, for she read well, interested him more than the play itself, which, though better than he had dared expect, struck him as considerably below her claims for it.

When she had finished he lay back against the cushions, pondering, turning the play over in his mind. Arline sat perfectly quiet, not daring to break in on his thoughts. He said at last that he thought the play promising.

"Not great, no; but not hopeless. If the author — what's his name?"

"Charles Gresham."

"Well, if Gresham will take the advice of an experienced playsmith with whom I can put him in touch, and then rewrite his play, I'll read it again."

Arline's brows drew together in distress. "Charles won't do that, Mr. Ingram. It's no use talking as though he might. . . . He won't change his play to please the box-office. He believes in it, just as it is—and so do I."

"Then all he has to do," Ingram said dryly, "is to find a producer."

"He's tried to do that for nearly two years! Mr. Ingram, won't you, just this once, gamble that an artist is right, that he knows best about his own work? I'll give all that's in me to make the play a success—"

It appeared that Ingram had definitely decided against the play in its present form. Arline looked at his set mouth, his unwavering eyes. In a moment he would get up and walk out.

At that, as she saw her great chance slipping away, desperation dictated her actions. She darted across the room, settled on the edge of the sofa and leaning toward him said, "Do this for *me!* And I on my side will do anything—You do like me a little, don't you? Perhaps . . ."

Ingram was startled at the sudden change in the girl. Her face was within six inches of his own, and her whole fragrant person was alive with seductiveness. This wasn't what he had intended, not in this sudden, impetuous way. Why must a girl young and lovely, be so crude, so devoid of imagination and a feeling for romance? Did she take him for some callow boy to whom physical sex was a new and exciting adventure? He was so disappointed, so chagrined, that he did not attempt to rise or disengage her arms, and the pleading, passionate tones of her voice prevented either of them from hearing a timid knock at the door. But Jasper Ingram did hear the door open, and, raising himself to look past the girl's bowed head, he saw the convulsed angry face of his son.

Furiously he thrust Arline from him. Damn the girl! He remembered that he had seen infatuation with her in the boy's whole attitude at the garden party. It was the sort of thing he would have given a fortune to undo. Arline might have had the money to stage her half-baked play, if she had behaved herself, if Seward had found her sitting on the little chair where she belonged, with the play in her lap.

"I guess I'd better apologize," Seward said, in a shaking voice. He leaned against the door, one hand behind him on the knob. "The elevator boy said I was to come right up. I see now that you were the Ingram she was expecting—"

"Seward!" Ingram cried. "Stop that. You don't—" He struggled to rise. He had been stretched almost supine, and Arline though repulsed, was still in his way. Before he could get to his feet, Seward banged the door behind him.

Ingram, catching up his hat, hurried after his son. Leaning over the well of the stairs Ingram heard Seward pounding down them, and called again, "Seward, wait for me. Wait, I tell you."

The footsteps raced on. He put his finger on the elevator bell and kept it there till a car rose for him. When he reached the street floor, Seward had disappeared.

There was no use trying to find the boy now. He wouldn't know where to go. Also, it was getting late, past half after six, and he had to get to Grangefields, dress and drive with his wife to Southampton. He'd have his reckoning with Seward later.

* * *

When Seward Ingram reached the street, he walked away with long strides, blind to the course his feet followed. The picture of this girl in his father's arms went with him, maddeningly vivid. How often had he imagined kissing her himself, her body sweet and lax against his, her throat arched and her chin upflung in the offering of her lips. It turned him dizzy, even now to think of it.

He was through with women. They were all alike. Except his mother, of course. And Millicent Hinshaw, maybe. She was a bishop's daughter and ought at least to be decent. But what of it? Who cared how the Millicents conducted themselves?

He could swear that Arline was innocent, too, last week when he met her. The glamor of his father's wealth and power had overwhelmed her. All that strength and personality which Seward himself felt in his father would be irresistible to a young girl like Arline. At the thought, he hated his father. His fingers twitched with the mad urge to hurt him. He could feel his father's thick muscular throat as his fingers dug into it. The physical satisfaction of this imaginary conflict calmed him.

Because he was rich, because he was middle-aged and had no one to call him to account, because he was Jasper H. Ingram, he thought he could go around as a playboy.

Maybe his father had the right idea at that. Maybe, since the world was what it was, the thing to do was to go ahead and enjoy yourself. Why sentimentalize about women? Love 'em and leave 'em. That was the only way. He had learned his lesson. He was through with women.

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

PRIMARY DATES

To the Editor:

Let's change the date of our primary from May to September. The citizens of Oregon are entitled to a little consideration. Long drawn out campaigns are hard on the voters' nerves.

The only argument we have heard advanced against changing the primary election date from May to September, is that it will handicap the independent candidate. It would seem from that argument that independent self-starters are slow starters and need time to give them the proper momentum to make a successful race. On the other hand, if the self-starter has the proper weight, the time element can be disregarded.

As proof for our contention, we submit the pertinent case of the LaFollette brothers, Robert Jr., and Phil, in the last election in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin primary was held September 18, 1934. The LaFollette brothers had the necessary background, the native ability, the essential weight to win with colors flying in a short, snappy campaign. In a three corner fight Robert M. LaFollette Jr., received nearly one-half of all the votes cast for United States senator.

C. BEECHER SCOTT.
Rt. 3, McMinnville, Ore.

MOTHER PRAYS FOR TOWNSEND PENSION

To the Editor:

I wonder if, through the medium of the Safety Valve, our readers would discuss which they consider worse, the man who goes to town on Saturday and takes several glasses too much, so that the way home is an uncertain road, and the money spent foolishly should have bought meat for his family—or, the man who marries and brings home a wife to the farm which belongs to the mother, reverting to him at her death. Almost at once the mother is made to feel she is in the way. She who is beloved by all the neighborhood, she who has raised a large family and lived through many years of pioneer hardships, and could now in her later years have comfort and peace, with the blessing of having her children in the home often; of watching her grandchildren grow up; of sitting down to a well-filled table surrounded by all her loved ones. But the wife soon vetoed all that. They were only supposed to come on invitation from her, which is seldom, indeed.

Mother, who has made up many, many barrels of flour into delicious bread, cakes and pies, is no longer allowed to do any cooking. Mother, who has always had her cream, chicks and her eggs to clothe herself and to get necessities for the home, has even had these taken away from her, and this deserving Chistian woman sits at a window in her home and realizes she has no home, she has no revenue, she is unwanted.

I am not blaming the new daughter-in-law more than the son; he is expected to protect his mother, to reverence his mother. But, he watches her fade away day by day, and will not raise his voice.

Right now they are planning to put up a one-room shack where they will install the mother, with a mere pittance, no doubt, perhaps enough to keep body and soul together.

Now the man in the first part of this story does not profess to any belief, while the husband and wife are professing Christians. What does Safety Valve have to say? The mother prays each night for the Townsend pension. Does she need it?

EMERY JONES.

Emaciated Horse Exhibited, Plea For More Relief

ST. PAUL, Feb. 28.—(AP)—Outside Minnesota's capital Wednesday stood three emaciated animals—a horse, a cow and a pig—quietly munching feed their western Minnesota owner said he had been unable to give them at home because of inadequate relief following last summer's burning drouth.

Inside the statehouse, the senate promptly passed a measure to appropriate $500,000 to be administered by the state executive council for livestock feed in western Minnesota drought areas.

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