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PHONE 96

ALBANY, OREGON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24

SHOOTING THE TELEPHONE

A man in London is said to have been so infuriated with the poor telephone service that he shot the telephone with a pistol. The effect was a wound for the man himself, and the discontinuance of his telephone service—which, poor as it was, he seems to have preferred to none — for three months.

In New York the other day there was a hearing by the Mayor's Committee on Rent Profiteering in the course of which a group of irate tenants trounced the landlord soundly. So far it has not resulted in a lowering of their rents.

Disciples of Dr. Sigmund Freud may argue that the expression of the impulse to rage was better gratified than suppressed. It will save trips to the psycho-analyst or the sanitarium for these people later in life.

Maybe so. But the London telephone service is no better, and rents in New York have not gone down.

May there not be some better ways of accomplishing these desired aims than gabbling about them to friends who have no power, than feebly acquiescing in the injustice of the situation, or than shooting the telephone or trouncing the landlord?

No new house was ever built by grumbling at the old one, by weakly suffering its inconveniences, or by burning it down and thus destroying what shelter it gives.

The new house is built first of all by taking thought as to what is needed, and then by taking thought as to how to produce the desired result. Only after this process of good hard thought can the foundation be dug with any assurance that the building will answer to its requirements.

If food is high, if rents are unjust, if public service corporations are imposing on the easy good nature of communities, there are remedies possible. Good, hard, straight, square thinking, thinking that is not afraid to face issues and look ahead, is the only thing that will get the people what they want.

GUBERNATORIAL AMERICANISM

Speaking of Americanism and everybody is doing it just now—the New York World says:

"There was one kind of Americanism prevalent 125 years ago which may still be commended to every governor, every sheriff, every mayor and every police official. In those days the states did not run to the national capitol shrieking for assistance every time there was a riot or a shooting or a defiance of their constituted authority. They enforced their own laws and they preserved their own peace and they dealt with their own criminals. They were self-governing states in every sense of the term, and if the forty-eight states today had enough gumption to govern themselves the country would have nothing to fear from Bolsheviks or I. W. W., or Communists or Syndicalists or any other advocates of revolution by 'direct action'."

This is the gospel truth, and it is a truth that sadly needs preaching today. Though the American people have really made many gains over the Americanism of the early days of the republic—freedom from slavery, manhood suffrage, abolition of the indentured servant system and other reforms in the direction of democracy—there has been in recent decades a decline of state government.

More and more responsibilities, once assumed by the states as a matter of course, have been piled upon the back of the federal government. That back is broad, but it cannot stand everything. Uncle Sam is staggering under the load. The last straw is the practice of so many state and municipal governments of "passing the buck" to the federal government in matters of industrial dispute and law observance which they themselves should and could handle.

Gov. Coolidge of Massachusetts, in his management of the Boston police strike, proved to be a conspicuous exception to this rule of timidity on the part of state authorities. It may not be literally true, as the World says, that—

"Forty-eight Collidges properly distributed among the state capitols would settle every question of law and order, and the economic fermentation of the country could be safely left to clarify itself."

But surely the Coolidge spirit of self-reliance were to infect every state capital, there would be a wonderful clearing up of the present confusion and unrest.

A young man in Middletown, Conn., who meant to drop a penny in the church collection, accidentally put in a five-dollar gold piece instead. Learning his mistake, he sname-facedly sought the church treasurer after the service and compromised for half a dollar. This should be a lesson to people who try to settle their church obligations with pennies.

Comment of the State Press

Snappy Gleanings from the Press of the Valley

Ye Editors' Natal Day—

Astronomers predict heavy storms from Dec. 17 to 20, because some five major planets will all be on the same side of the sun. High winds and earthquakes are billed to appear at the same time. As Dec. 17 is the anniversary of the birth of the editor of The Tribune, he will be under obligations to Neptune, nature or what-not for celebrating the even in this herculean manner, confesses Brother Digger.

Who's Your Tailor?—

Since the country went dry the tailors ask you, when taking your measure for a suit, which do you prefer, pint or quart pockets?—Mail.

The Cynic Muse—

Matrimony and alimony rhyme very nicely, but when the two mix they take the poetry out of married life, laments the Brownsville Times.

Slacker Dollars—

Two thousand dollars tucked away in an old shoe and set back in a dark closet is simply money whose usefulness is suspended. It is full brother to the lazy hobo who steals chickens and sleeps in the jungles instead of getting out and doing good honest work. It is just that much wasted opportunity.—Register.

No Use For It—

A fine way to cripple Oregon would be to adopt the initiative law provided for a four per cent interest rate, says the Pendleton, E. O. It would simply mean that the money would be loaned elsewhere in order to obtain a higher rate.

It's the Climate—

Ripe, red raspberries at Thanksgiving time are among the seasonable fruits seen in this climate. L. L. Bell has a fine lot of such berries on his home place in this city. A few tips of bearing bushes are on exhibition in the News office windows, just to prove that the claim is not a myth.—Roseburg News.

We Heartily Agree—

How is this weather for the middle of November? Sun shining and the air full of gossamers, while blizzards rage in the middle west, and correspondents in Los Angeles write of snow on the near-by hills? It is good to be in Oregon and particularly the California valley.—Crawfordsville correspondent, Times.

As For Lodge—

As for Lodge, he has accomplished his purpose, for he long ago said: "Every country can take care of itself and I have never thought it was our duty to look after them"—and his every effort has been to defeat the league of nations, says the Capital Journal.

It Pays—

Rev. E. V. Stivers, pastor of the First Christian church of Eugene, has advertised churches in the newspapers for thirteen years, recounts the Times. Since he went to Eugene, less than a year ago, the church has greatly increased in membership and the Sunday school attendance has grown to 600.

Without a Kick in It

Since kicks are unlawful and knockers taboo
By H. & A.

TO OUR MILLIONS OF DELIGHT-ED READERS

Dear Sir—and the one who is reading over your shoulder—As the writer kings would say, we are venturing forth on a literary ocean that would make Tom Lipton seasick in a bark that could stand drydocking. Our crew may desert us, we may founder in a storm of overripe 80-cent hen-fruit and decayed vegetables, or run out of the necessary fuel; but we won't give up the ship—maybe.

Well anyway, as that solemn scribe King Lardner would say, "You know us AL." So up with the gangplank, histe the mainsail, and we're off.

And oh, say, by-the-way, we receive contributions!

INTRODUCING THE O. T. T.

"What doth it profit a printer," quizzed the obsequious two-thirder, "to work like Solomon on the paper as it is, and then have you to start another colyum?"

"Art is art's own reward. Besides," said we triumphantly, "You're mixed on your precedents. It wasn't Solomon—"

"Yes is was," said the O. T. T. "I'm also married."

THE LEGION TURNED RED TO RUE.

Sir:—Do you not think that the Centralia Reds have faded into a post-mortem blue?—A. Hiram.

Judging from the name, we would say that Prof. Horner is well qualified to horn in on the most private secrets of those old-time mound-builders.

DOC. BONESAW

The doctor is a learned guy. He knows the what and which and why of all the ails that pester me. He whets his knife upon a stone and goes right in through flesh and bone to see what cog has gone awry. He pulls the things out in his lap; he puts the gastric juice on tap; puts here and there a rubber patch; slaps in a new piece if in need, he regulates the time and speed, and pumps 'em up and puts 'em back. With pin and thread he hiles the knife and calls your spirit back to life. Again he switches on the juice. From right before your startled eyes a hundred-dollar bill he pries; he whacks you on your back and turns you loose. He makes you take some smelly dope—tastes like pine tar and blackjack soap; and if, perchance, you live, he sticks a spoon into your throat. This never fails—up comes your goat—and with it all that in you is. He does it all for you dear sake and for the \$50 rake he totes off for his strenuous try; you are as spick as a new trunk and he has got all your spondunk—the doctor is a learned guy. A.

Sir:—Red in the morning sailor's warning.

—Red at night, sailor's delight.

A red in the jug—what would you suggest?—A. Hiram.

Something about bug, or mug, we think.

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