

The Oregon Statesman

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UNTIE THE HANDS OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE

Through the passage of one of the consolidation bills, or a substitute for them, or in some other way, the Oregon Legislature now in session will untie the hands of the Governor; will give him authority to make his pledges good for a reduction of the expenses of the state and a lessening of the burdens of taxation.

The people expect this— and the Legislature will not disappoint them. There are many ways in which there may be reductions of expenses; and other ways will no doubt be found, if the hands of the chief executive are untied, as they should be— and the chief executive made responsible for reductions. There are a number of cases of duplication of work. There are many items of expense that may be dispensed with, without impairing the public service. This is a time when there should be close scrutiny of all public expenditures—leading down from the state through the districts and the counties to the cities and towns of Oregon.

The place to start is at the head. It happens at the present time that the Governor is a Democrat. There should be no thought of politics in this connection. The next Governor may be a Republican, or a member of some other party—

And he should have the same kind of authority, and be held to the same kind of accountability. The Statesman has great faith in the honesty of the present Governor, and we believe he will be able to put the penitentiary on a paying basis, with a revolving fund smaller than the one of \$150,000 with which the Minnesota penitentiary started its industries—and which has grown to over \$4,000,000 in something like fifteen years.

While the expenses of the other institutions cannot be largely reduced as a whole (though some of them can), there can be a great deal accomplished in some of them in adding to their support through work of those who are able to work, whether on the farms or in industries that may be developed. The thing to do is to untie the hands of Oregon's chief executive and give him a chance to make good—and this applies to all future occupants of that highest place in the gift of the people of this commonwealth.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK IS GOOD

Following is a paragraph from the current weekly financial letter of Henry Clews, the Wall Street authority:

"Coupling with the better foreign trade outlook the immediate prospects for spring and summer business, the commercial outlook is decidedly encouraging. In many lines of trade the January reports are showing an unusually large volume. Carloadings have again increased and the actual movement of freight is very great in nearly all branches. Ingot production is maintaining itself, as shown by this

week's figures for the December output. Copper and industries which use copper as raw material are in a favorable situation. Figures made public this week for wholesale quotations generally, show stability or slight tendency to advance, but nothing of a definitely inflationary character. The marked increase in the price of cotton reflects a shortage whose extent, if it should be further aggravated during the coming season, might be rather serious. Meantime, however, handsome profits are assured to actual owners of cotton. In general manufacturing, it is well known that plants in many parts of the country are working not far from full capacity, with sufficient orders on hand to keep them occupied for a good while to come."

The state of Oregon is buying a great many thousands of cords of wood. The number of cords can be reduced greatly, and ought to be, through the labor of those who are able to work.

Give every man and woman in every state institution of Oregon who is able to work, something to do, and the million dollar saving may be made two millions. And no one who is able to work can be injured by working. But nearly all can be helped.

THE WAY OUT

French occupation of the Ruhr district, while jarring Europe, has not thrown it entirely off its equilibrium. The clash between the French troops and the German population has been far less bloody, less violent, than had been feared.

While groups in Germany are indulging in bellicose conversation the government has kept its head and there has been no actual military resistance. There are reports of the mobilization of the German reichswehr in the Ruhr sector, but these, according to a reliable American newspaper writer, like all sensational news from the occupied districts, must be taken at a large discount.

While, on the surface, all is confusion, one is beginning to sense the hidden purpose back of what appears to be an extraordinary procedure on the part of the French government. First we must consider the internal situation of France. The French people had been growing so restless under what they regard the cowardly forbearance of their government toward Germany that a Socialist revolution was imminent.

There was a firm belief that Germany could pay if it would, and that the Germans were concealing their resources in order to avoid meeting their just obligations. The government was in the position of a jockey on an unruly horse. It could guide him along certain paths, but could not compel him to stand at attention. There was danger of his taking the bit between his teeth.

So, in response to the popular clamor, although it was against the advice of our own and other

friendly governments, Poincare gave the order for the French armies to march into the Ruhr. Now they are there; but the industries in the Ruhr have ceased to function. Not enough has been secured to feed the troops. The German government has assumed the attitude of passive resistance. It begins to look as though the English and American economists were right. There is nothing for the French to take. What will be the next step?

If the clash of actual warfare can be evaded, that step may be the appointment of an allied receivership for Germany. The French people will discover that while they received 20,000,000 tons of coal from Germany last year, they are now getting nothing. They will have the practical demonstration that one cannot take from another what he does not possess. France needs coal and money. If the invasion of the Ruhr brings neither, then the population will be in a state of mind to listen to proposals for other solutions.

That plan of an allied receivership has been discussed in financial and governmental circles both in England and in this country. On theory, it offers a way out. The receivership would take control of all governmental finances of Germany. It would take account of all the exports and imports, and see that the money for the foreign shipments came back, either in the form of gold or goods.

Then it would authorize an issue of security, say in the amount of \$2,600,000,000, to be a first lien on all German customs. A part of this money would go to France in the form of reparations, and the rest would be applied to operating the German industries. The cash would be advanced by a syndicate of English and American financiers.

Under that plan the loan would be secure, for the receivers would be in control of German customs; the French would get at least a part of the expected reparation payments, and Germany would have an opportunity to get back upon its feet.

But this plan will only work if the German government can keep

its people under control. It is a dangerous experiment; but conditions in Europe are such that great hazards may be justifiable. And it is possible that the lesson will not be without value, alike to the French and the Germans. The French will learn that force is inadequate to bring about economic solutions; and the Germans will find that it is not possible for them to evade payment for the destruction wrought by their troops during the war.

THE "CORKED BOTTLE" PESSIMISM.

(Herman J. Stich in Los Angeles Times.)

The most insidious, repulsive, depressive and misleading pessimism that disheartens many people today is the "CORKED BOTTLE" variety.

"Don't go in for law!" glooms the "corked bottle" pessimist. "Don't go in for law! It's overflying with talented lawyers who are destitute. Corporations are absorbing all the individual lawyer's clients. Big opportunities are few. Clients are wary and scarce. Competition is bitter. Hundreds, no thousands of embryos are turned out of the schools every time you wink. Anyway, there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!"

"Medicine!" he grouches. "Well, are you prepared to starve for five years after beginning to practice? Do you feel like martyring for a living—if any girl's fool enough to have you? Don't you know that the average man regards the physician as a legalized thief just a half-shade removed from the lawyer? Anyway, boards of health are supplying medical needs and supplanting medical practitioners. Free dispensaries, hospitals, advice, printed laws of health preservation—all are offered the public from the proceeds of taxation; and only experienced and famous doctors maintain a profitable practice. Yes, there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!"

"Business?" he croaks. "It's fearful. To get ahead you need a mile-long pull. To get a fat salary you've either got to own the shebang or be a brother or father or what-not to the boss. If you're merely unattached you'll be underpaid and overworked. Big department stores and chain establishments make it impossible to develop a small independent concern, and bring the thousands of modest business men into bankruptcy. Yes, take it from me, there are no more good chances anywhere and what there were have long since been grabbed up. You can see that there are only a few bottles and they are all corked!"

And so he goes on, with all his rot and cant, in the face of thousands of fresh enterprises daily succeeding; with business men crying vainly for men capable of holding up worth-while jobs; with new names constantly cropping on top in the ranks of the professions, arts and sciences; with an ever-increasing number of people coming across with bulging income taxes!

Today real worth is surer than ever of its reward.

Everywhere sheer merit is bid for.

Throughout the length and breadth of the United States any kind of ability is paid a premium. The "CORKED BOTTLE" pessimist is a liar. He ought to be crammed into a bottle which should be hermetically sealed, carried several miles out to sea, and dropped into an outgoing tide.

MARS AND CUPID

The American army of occupation in Germany was a rather small one, yet it seems that something like 1000 American soldiers found German wives in less than a year. It was an army of occupation all right. Likewise it appears that the army brought a taste of wealth and comfort to the district in which it was assigned. The American money that was circulated on pay days made everybody feel like a millionaire. There were real tears when the American army moved out. If there could be an American army of occupation in all the torn and impoverished districts of Europe the road to peace and stability would be in sight. If Uncle Sam could be named as receiver for the bankrupt house of Mars he might have the world on a producing basis in a few seasons. If the soldiers could do nothing else they could marry the girls and ease the racial differences.

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A FICTITIOUS VALUE

Money talks. The pound sterling can make itself heard above the crowd; the franc is audible to a select few; the mark has but a feeble asthmatic whisper; the ruble is dumb; but the American dollar is the magna vox of the world.

Thus when an American tourist arrives in France with a sheaf of greenbacks he feels like a diner who expected tripe and has been served fried-corned chicken. That same sheaf of American bills in Italy seems to have had its greenbacks changed to yellow; in Berlin jangling silver dollars in the pocket is like having free access to the mint and in Russia the man with an American mad imagines he owns the world, the fence and all the fixings.

Thus on reaching Madeira the dollar practically triples in value. At Algiers it once more grows threefold in purchasing power. On reaching Italy the dollar quadruples itself like the egg in the conjurer's hat that reappears as four chickens. In Greece it takes an almost incredible jump of almost 1500 per cent. In Moscow the traveler trades his teeth

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

A Tribute to the Late John P. Robertson

Editor Statesman:

With the recent passing of John P. Robertson there disappeared one who, from more than a generation, was an outstanding figure in the community life of Salem. In your columns Friday last you well commend him as "a man of courage, of integrity and of far seeing public enterprise and vision." He was more than an ordinary man, and something more is due him than a mere passing reference. His was a type of citizenship most worthy of emulation. He displayed in civil life the same course that led him as a young man to enlist for service in the Civil war. As a man of earnest convictions he was not content to see things drift politically without taking a hand. He loved controversy. He did not hesitate to attack any

or pocketbook for a gunnysack full of rables.

Thus the farther the American travels from home the louder the dollar talks. After crossing the Atlantic, and to a more amazing extent along the shores of the Mediterranean, the dollar "suffers a sea change into something new and strange."

This has made the notion of foreign travel very alluring to the well-to-do American. In reality, of course, these leaps of the dollar end as all leaps into the air end—in a return to solid earth. Even foreign exchange cannot offset the laws of financial gravity. The spender in France or Germany won't in reality get so much more for his hundred francs or his thousand marks than for their equivalent spent in his native land.

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thing, no matter how popular, that seemed to him a public abuse. There was not in him any trace of demagoguery. He commanded public respect because, above everything else, he was honest and sincere. In the old days he was rated as a radical, but time has made some of his radicalism consistent with the most approved conservatism. In the old free silver days of 1895 and 1896 it was the fortune of the writer to come into frequent contact with him, both in public discussion and in the columns of the press. At no time since the Civil war days had the country been aroused to such bitter political controversy, and contact between political disputants meant conflict of the sharpest kind. That he was then wrong, and wholly wrong, and still is, the conviction of the writer, but his courage and sincerity were never open to question, and to everybody that knew him they made a strong appeal, and inspired great respect. It is a pleasure now that he is gone—to bear testimony that, although in our controversies we were neither of us particularly courteous or diplomatic, there never at any time existed anything but sincere mutual friendship and respect. His enjoyment of conflict was something of a passion. He revelled in statistics, and he was always well fortified with a great array of facts to sustain his contentions however much we might think them immaterial or misapplied. His every day life was without blemish. On all moral issues he was ever a real community asset. Salem could boast of few, if any men of a better or finer type, and when he went over the great divide he left behind him the fragrant memory of a good man and a splendid citizen.

CHAS. B. MOORES,
Portland, Or., Jan. 21, 1923.

Why Suffer?

Monthly pains, neuralgic, sciatic and rheumatic pains, headache, backache and all other aches are quickly relieved by

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Contain no dangerous habit forming drugs. Why don't you try them?

Ask your druggist

One Written Opinion Handed Down by Court

The case of the Hancock Bank & Door company against John W. Loder et al. appellants, was slightly modified by an opinion of the supreme court today. The case was appealed from the lower court for Clackamas county, Judge J. U. Campbell presiding. The supreme court opinion was written by Chief Justice McBride. The suit was brought to foreclose a materialmen's lien against Loder and the other defendants. Other opinions were: Northwest Clearance company vs. Jennings, petition for rehearing denied. Leam vs. Green, petition for rehearing denied. Frank DeSousa admitted to the bar for nine months on certificate from the supreme court of Arizona.

The following attorneys were permanently admitted on recommendation of the board of examiners: Leo J. Hanley, Joseph T. Knappenberg, Homer C. Atwell, H. Mercer Jordan, George A. Moore, Fred W. Heilig and Albert R. Heilig.

Is Your Family Insured

against Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Epilepsy and other diseases that may come from bad teeth?

To be healthy they must have strong teeth and healthy mouths.

BE CERTAIN ABOUT IT!

Let us examine their teeth free. We will make an X-Ray if necessary. Prompt action may save much suffering.

All Work Guaranteed

PAINLESS PARKER DENTIST
Using
E. R. PARKER SYSTEM

Salem: State and Liberty Sts.
Portland: 28 1/2 Washington Street
Eugene: Seventh and Williamson Streets.

The Junior Statesman

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For Boys and Girls

FIRST STEPS IN ACTING

Making Scenery for Your Play

(From the Service Studios of Chicago, makers of scenery and draperies for the real theaters, come these suggestions on how to make scenery for the plays you put on yourself.)

A set of scenery for any sort of play you may decide to give is very simple and easy to make yourself. It will not cost over \$1. and in building it you'll have nearly as much fun as in giving the play itself.

Do you know what the "wings" are? They are the side pieces of scenery on the stage. Do you know what "coupo" boards are? They are stiff sheets of cardboard. Any place where carpenters are erecting a new home you will probably find coupo boards—large but light sheets of stiff paneboard, easy to set into different shapes with a pocket knife. These make wonderful "wings" for your play. All that is needed is a coat of paint, and behold you have trees, a log cabin, white pillars for the front of a home, or anything else you may suggest.

If you wish a fancy forest you can paint the trees on the coupo boards, and then trim the edges to look like tree branches. Or doors may be cut in the boards and the rear painted as an old-time log cabin. In fact, there is no end of things to be made, and with no expense beyond the cost of the coupo boards and the paint used.

Make Cheesecloth Scenery

Perhaps you want a special painted scene of some kind that will stay on the stage as long as

Once he had been chased by a dog-catcher. It was this one whose name and rumble he remembered best. Down the alley he had run, the dog-catcher in hot pursuit. Dashing into a little square hole at one side of the alley he was plunged down six feet into a dark, damp hole of a cellar. It was here that Timmy had discovered him. Timmy had gone without two whole meals so that Junk might have something to eat. From that time Junk had worshipped Timmy, and followed him around until people called him "Timmy's Shadow."

One day Junk was out on the street playing with Timmy when a big limousine rolled up beside them. A tall young man jumped out and came up to Junk. Somehow he looked vaguely familiar, but Junk could not tell why. He was no dog-catcher, he was sure of that. He liked him, and who ever heard of liking a dog-catcher?

"Whose dog is that?" the man asked Timmy, and Timmy told him all he knew about Junk—how he had suddenly appeared in the alley and belonged to no one in particular.

"By jove, it is!" exclaimed the man. "I never expected such luck. That's a very valuable German police dog. I lost him out in this neighborhood when he was just a pup." The stranger took Junk away with him. Junk was disgusted with himself. He had been fooled. The man was a dog-catcher, after all—disguised as a decent citizen.

He took Junk to a beautiful big house where Junk had more to eat than he had ever seen in all the time he had lived in the alley. Somehow, though, Junk had lost his appetite. He drooped and got even thinner than he had been in the alley, if such a thing were possible. He had to admit that this strange dog-catcher was very good to him, but eat his food he would not!

The young man did everything he could think of for Junk, and then, as he was a lover of dogs and understood them, one day he thought of Timmy. He took the dog and went back to the alley

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

JUNK AND THE DOG-CATCHER

His name was Junk and he lived in an alley where no one but Timmy cared whether he lived or died. Everybody wondered, though, how he had continued to live, with so many dog-catchers in the city. They did not know that Junk knew every dog-catcher by name and could tell the rumble of a dog-catcher's

PICTURE PUZZLE

FORM A WORD-SQUARE FROM THE WORDS PICTURED HERE.