

The Oregon Statesman

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MR. MEMBER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Let the members of the Oregon Legislature, including the two lady members, each ask himself or herself this question:

If you had a family of over 400 grown children that will grow gradually larger; a family that will be yours to support, willy nilly, till your dying day—and that will have to be supported by your heirs and their heirs, throughout all time—

Would you be willing to spend, say \$350,000 to \$420,000 every two years in their support, and to bequeath this burden to your children and your children's children, without attempting to provide all the members of your growing family with some productive work to do, in order that they might become self supporting and in some measure self respecting; it being considered that they are for the most part able bodied and willing and anxious to work?

No matter how rich you might be, would you not think it foolish to burden yourself and your estate with their expensive support in idleness?

Well, this is the case of the Oregon penitentiary— And the burden of the support of that institution, while it has to be borne by a large number of people, falls heavily upon some of them; upon many of them, already charged with grievous burdens.

It is fairly certain now that \$100,000 invested in spinning machinery with which 100 of these 400 men could work would lift the burden of their support permanently from the people of Oregon—

Would make them self supporting— Would give each worker at any task in the prison a small daily wage—

Would allow him to support his family or dependent relatives on the outside; so that his home might be kept together, and in some cases would support the family of the bread winner whose life was taken by the prisoner serving his sentence for his crime.

Perhaps \$75,000 will be enough to buy the machinery. Perhaps \$50,000 will do it.

But whatever sum it may take, up to \$100,000, this would surely be a good investment—it would surely be considered a good investment in the business world outside the prison walls.

The Oregonian said a few days ago that twice \$420,000 expended in order to make the penitentiary self supporting would be well expended.

With an original investment of \$150,000, the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater was made self supporting with binder twine spinning machinery, working 300 men, and supporting 1000 prisoners and giving them daily wages and paying every expense of every kind in and about the prison—

And piling up a surplus besides of over \$4,000,000 since 1905, which was the last year the Minnesota Legislature made an appropriation of tax money for that prison.

However, a Minnesota law allows the prison board and the superintendent of that prison to borrow at not more than 4 per cent money from the state treasury for the revolving fund, to buy materials and pay wages. Under that law, they may now at any time borrow over \$3,000,000—

And they did, during the war, borrow large sums, on account of the high prices of raw materials and the contracts they had made to sell the manufactured articles at the usual prices—thus operating at a loss for a period.

But they paid it all back, and interest.

For buying raw materials and paying labor, the Govern-

nor and the superintendent of the Oregon prison ought to be given such authority. They may not have to use it. They should nevertheless have the authority, in order to provide the necessary raw materials and pay cash, and discount bills.

With \$50,000 or \$75,000, or at the most \$100,000 for machinery, which may be provided without any additional appropriation more than has been expended in running the penitentiary heretofore—

And with the authority to temporarily borrow when or if needed in the revolving fund to buy materials and pay for labor—

With this appropriation and this authority, Governor Pierce and Superintendent Smith of the penitentiary can make the penitentiary self supporting—and they can likely accomplish this in two years. They can surely do it in four years; and they can surely make a big dent in it within two years.

They are anxious to try. They will not experiment. They will not spend a cent till they know what they are doing.

Give them the appropriation and the authority. That will be among the most constructive things of this session of the Legislature. Will it not be the most constructive of all the things that can be done?

President Harding, like President Cleveland, has congress on his hands.

There is at every session talk of putting the business of the legislature on a business basis. But it has never been done. It can be done. Will it ever be done?

Europe must feel quite at home with the drums beating, flags flying, troop trains running, motorcycle corps flitting about, aircraft roaming above and other signs of war. It takes all sorts of people in this world to make up the population.

Oregon never had a more able or a more earnest body of men (and women) in her legislature than she has in the present session, taken as a whole. And there have been sessions in the past composed of some of the best and ablest minds in the commonwealth. The members in some past sessions followed leaders better than the members of this session are doing; some of them followed party bosses better. Perhaps this is a fault of the present session—that there is not enough following of leadership; providing that it be good and able and honest leadership, directed to the best interests and highest welfare of the state. There are a lot of constructive things yet to be done at this session that ought to be done; and the doing of which would make this a notable session of the Oregon legislature in the annals of the state.

There is not a member of the Oregon legislature who, given 400 and over men physically fit and willing to work, if he or she had such a force available for a private enterprise, could not so direct them that they could earn their own keep, with something over. That is what the state of Oregon has at the penitentiary. All they need is direction—and tools and machinery. They can earn their own keep and small wages besides, and a surplus every year. If there is, after two years from now, ever again needed an appropriation for the support of the Oregon penitentiary, it will be a disgrace to the present legislature. The governor

and the penitentiary managers are anxious to make the institution self supporting. They can do it, with provision for some machinery and tools; and any money provided now for these can all be paid back, with interest, besides making the prison self supporting.

Lord Curzon is in a somewhat similar position. He has been instructed by the British government to retain the Mosul territory in Iraq at all costs. From present indications a bit of fighting will be necessary before the dispute is settled.

Mustapha Kemal recently boasted that he is at the head of the most powerful army in the world. His men have grown restive during their period of enforced inactivity. They want to cross the Straits, to reconquer Constantinople and Adrianople, the holy cities of Islam, and test their strength with the peoples of the Balkans.

France has cashed in and retired from the Near East game. She is now devoting her entire activities to settling her score with the Germans in the Rhine valley. Her withdrawal has caused the Greeks to replace on their shoulder the chip that was knocked off so rudely by the Turks in Asia Minor last September.

The cabled news tell the world that Greek troops have entered

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Groundhog day— And it is a groundhog case of hurry with the legislature. The days are fleeting.

The danger of a fight as to whose name the proposed consolidation measure shall carry is that no bill at all accomplishing the objects aimed at may be passed at this session. This would please some people, but it would disappoint a great many.

The Oregon penitentiary is without a female prisoner. The beauty of the thing is that there are very few women in this state who ought to be there.

The flax growers are satisfying everybody that they can furnish all the flax the penitentiary plant can use. The fact is, they could furnish all 100 institutions of that size could use, and they would be glad to make contracts to do this very thing. The producing end of the game is rock ribbed. The problem is with the manufacturing end.

The freezing weather of the past few days and nights has probably not injured seriously any of the \$500,000 worth of broccoli that will soon be ready to harvest in the Salem district; if nothing happens to destroy the crop. But freezing weather, with dry winds, would give the growers sleepless nights and gray hairs.

Most of the paving of streets in Salem this year will be with concrete. There will be some blocks of the bitulithic type, however, and the Marion county outfit will apply the "hot stuff" in finishing these.

President Wojciechowski of Poland started life as a printer. But, as his predecessor in the office, Narutowicz, was assassinated, he hopes to escape any of this "leaded matter."

In fact, the Turks themselves broke with the Bolshevik delegation at Lausanne, on whose presence they had insisted. Of Communism one may say as of certain landscapes, "distance lends enchantment to the view." The close-ups are singularly repulsive.

WIND AND POWER

The English people are harnessing the winds in order to make electricity for power and light. Buildings with whirling wings are being erected on various hilltops and the force thus developed is used to produce current for the service of the British farmer. They have no great water power possibilities like our Columbia or Niagara, and must do the best they can with nature's offerings. So they take the wind. We should learn to use the energy of the Kansas cyclone, the Dakota blizzard, the Oregon legislature and the American senate to create real power for service. They might all be tamed—except perhaps the senate.

TONGUE OR PEN

Mussolini, the new Italian premier, speaks French, German and English, in addition to his native tongue. Although he climbs from the bottom, he is better equipped as a linguist than any other of the European premiers. He was a professor of French in the University of Milan and has also been a newspaper editor. He would be a handy man in training the League of Nations to work. He can use tongue or pen with equal skill.

BUSINESS TRAGEDIES

There were nearly 3000 more failures in England last year than the year before—not including the one of Lloyd George. The total liabilities were some \$75,000,000 in excess of those of the previous year. It is evident that a good many business men are being taxed into bankruptcy under British schedules. The decks are being cleared, but the process is a hard and harrowing one.

NONE SO BLIND

According to the gentlemen who garner vital statistics there is a lessening of blindness in this country since people have taken to wearing glasses and caring for their eyes. Nevertheless, there are over 120,000 blind persons in the United States today—not including those who persist in voting for the single-tax idea.

DUMMY MARBLE

They make millions of buttons from clam and mussel shells taken from the Mississippi river and now they are making synthetic marble from the waste of the button factories. It is a fine thing when a man can rear his tombstone from his extra pants buttons.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

A Passing Spirit

Wednesday afternoon several score of the most respected residents of Salem attended the funeral services of Mrs. Caroline White.

In terms of the goods of this world, Mrs. White was not wealthy.

An ex-governor of Oregon and several of Salem's most influential citizens attended Mrs. White's funeral. Why? Why had this plain little woman attracted so many friends and so many friendly thoughts toward her at her little home on North Cottage street?

There is an answer. An unselfish, sacrificing example of true Christian womanhood. A nature which recognized the needy and those who were in such straits that a true friend was required.

Only those who were personally acquainted with Mrs. White can vouch for the facts indicated in this halting testimonial, which by the way, is written by a young man whose own life has been far from the precepts lived out by the subject of this article.

The facts of Mrs. White's life can be briefed. Widowed and living beyond the line of four score years, she had clung to the old home in Salem. Her living children had offered her homes with them at various times, but Mrs. White preferred to end her life in this city where she could be near her many friends.

In her later years Mrs. White was afflicted with a transitory cancerous condition. This resulted in a minor facial disfigurement. Yet disease could not mar the life of this woman. During the world war, despite her limited means, there is actual record that she aided several families in Red Cross and other work she was always a willing worker. So far as was possible, and she always found a way, Mrs. White never failed to help in a substantial manner.

The writer is one who has held the belief that the true things should be said to the living rather than to those who have been called by death. The funeral of Mrs. White was a reminder that there was a task left undone. It is written now only in the hope that it may call attention to the beautiful though isolated lives of many whom we know who will never be heralded by fame and yet whose lives are living testimonial to a God whose presence points to better things for mankind.

—By Will Carver.

Supervisor at State Hospital Succumbs Here

W. J. Irwin, for many years supervisor at the Oregon state hospital, died last night at 11:30 from an organic illness that has troubled him for a long time. He was with the Hawthorne Institute in Portland before the present state hospital was built; then he came here, and is one of the oldest of all the officers. He was well past 60 years of age at the time of his death. The funeral services have not yet been arranged, though the body is at Rigdon's.

Mr. Irwin leaves a widow, who has been for years in charge of the women's receiving ward at the hospital. They have no children. Mr. Irwin was a member of the Elks lodge and is well known in and around Salem.

CHILDREN'S COLDS should not be "dozed." Treat them externally with VICKS VAPORUB. Over 17 Million Jan. Used Year.

CREAM CLEARS A STUFFED-UP HEAD

Instantly Opens Every Air Passage—Clears Throat

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed because of nasty catarrh or a cold, apply a little pure antiseptic cream into your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage, soothes and healing swollen, inflamed membranes and you get instant relief.

Try this. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Your clogged nostrils open right up; your head is clear; no more yawning or sneezing. Count fifty. All the stiffness, dizziness, struggling for breath is gone. You feel fine. —Adv.

The one man we know of who thinks he is about the best that ever came down the pike is the average father-in-law.—Exchange

The Junior Statesman

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For Boys and Girls

THE FUN BOX

Dad's Come-Back "Dad," said Bobby (who was always asking questions), "am I made of dust?" "I think not," replied his Dad, "otherwise you would dry up once in a while."

Wasting Energy Herbert had spent the first years of his life in a house where pots were unknown, but he had had experience with motor cars. So when he was visiting his aunt, and found the family cat dozing comfortably in the sunny window, he cried excitedly: "Auntie, come quick! This cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running!"

First Aid Farmer: "What are you doing up that tree, young fellow?" Joe: "One of your apples fell down, mister, and I'm trying to put it back."

More Would Do Bobby (aged 5 years): "Please give me a nickel, Uncle Jack." Uncle Jack: "Why, little pal, I thought you were too big to beg for a nickel." Little Bobby: "That's so, Uncle Jack. Make it a dime."

Not Obliging

Nervous man to boy next to him who has a cold: "Boy, don't you have a handkerchief?" Young America: "Yes, but I don't lend it to strangers."

Talented "I asked you to send me young lettuce." "Yes, ma'am. Wasn't it young what you got?" "Young? It's almost old enough to wash and dress itself."

Seems That Way Mr. Young: "What animal makes the nearest approach to man?" Stude: "The cootie."

Out of Luck The prisoner threw the magazine across his cell in disgust. "Nothing but continued stories," he muttered, "and I am to be hung next Tuesday."

THE SHORT STORY, JR. INSIDE OUT With a sigh Clarence sank back among the far robes in the big limousine. The air in the car was hot and stuffy, and he was so bundled up he could hardly breathe. Why couldn't he go

coasting like the other boys? He looked with envy at the ragged little urchin they passed tugging his sled up the hill.

"Mother," he asked, "why can't I have a sled and go coasting like that boy?" Mrs. DeBois looked at her son in astonishment. "Mercy! Clarence," she gasped, "you know you're too delicate. Besides you really wouldn't like to be that little rag-a-muffin, would you? Poor boy, how he must envy you your big limousine."

The limousine drew up in front of a large house and Mrs. DeBois got out. "Now, Clarence," she said, "James will drive you all through the park for your fresh air. Call for me in an hour."

The big car swung around and back towards the hill where the boys were coasting. "James, stop! Stop a minute," Clarence called suddenly. The chauffeur drew up to the curb. It was not his place to ask questions, but he watched with interest as Clarence tumbled out of the car and ran up to Tommy. "Say, would you be willing to go riding in that limousine for a little while and let me have your sled?" he panted.

"Would I!" Tommy gasped. He dropped his sled and ran for the limousine as fast as ever he could. There must be some mistake, but he wasn't going to give that rich boy time to change his mind.

"Drive on!" Tommy ordered, as he had seen it done in the movies. They were back in half an hour and met Clarence at the bottom of the hill, cheeks glowing, eyes shining. "Gosh, ain't it great?" Tommy sighed as he climbed out of the car.



but they were not talking about the same thing. "Why, Clarence, how flushed you are! You're not well," his mother said when they called for her. But Clarence was not listening. He was taking a last long look at Tommy and his sled.



PICTURE PUZZLE



Answer for yesterday's "Milkman's Dog" puzzle: "With Milk."