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GOVERNOR PIERCE AND THE PENITENTIARY

On Saturday evening last, Governor Pierce visited the Oregon penitentiary for the purpose of conferring with men confined there concerning their petitions for parole and pardon.

As is his custom, each Saturday evening, it is also in the line of his duties. He has the power over the liberty of these men; over the life of some of them. These are heavy and solemn duties.

On last Saturday evening, some of the prisoners, at their own instance, asked for the privilege of presenting to Governor Pierce the side of the men in the prison concerning the present parole law and its workings. This was granted. In presenting their side of this matter—a most weighty matter as concerning them—some things may have been said that might as well have been left unsaid; not particularly because they were either true or untrue, but because the words might be twisted as making threats or as the attempt of prisoners to unduly influence the Governor.

But that is neither here nor there. Governor Pierce hears many things, in his office at the state house, as well as at the penitentiary, that may or may not influence his actions.

The question of administering the parole law is a vital one—to the prisoners and to the state at large.

On a similar occasion, Governor West said, "To hell with the critics!"

Under the parole law, Governor West paroled 504 men, and he pardoned 181.

Governor Withcombe paroled 633 and pardoned 162. Governor Olcott paroled 432 and pardoned 43.

Acting Governor Ritner paroled 28 and pardoned 27, in a few short days.

Governor Pierce has been in office seven months, and he has paroled only 18, and pardoned only 10.

He is feeling his way. He is studying the prison system. He is examining the candidates for parole and pardon. He wants to do right; by the men and the state—by society in general.

Some dirty flings are being passed to Warden Johnson Smith, to the effect that he is a neurotic; that he is too soft with the prisoners, etc.

Mr. Smith was deputy warden under Superintendent James for four full years, from 1903 to 1907. During that time he had the picking and handling of the "trusties." And a lot of work was done in those years outside the walls. In 1907 alone, 12,000 days work with prisoners was done on the roads.

And there were very few escapes. Almost none. This would not indicate that Mr. Smith is not a judge of men; or prisoners.

But does the average reader realize that the system has been changed since those years?

In the time from 1903 to 1907, the old "trustee" system was in vogue, with every man who was "trusted" receiving double time; two days for one. A man in prison is concerned principally with time; with his own time. Time is vital to him, in his way of thinking. Naturally so.

Under the parole system, however, there is no double time allowed. The only reward for good behavior, faithful work, trustworthiness, is the possible parole. The law contemplates this. Invokes it. It is as much a part of the law as the provision for the sentence by the judge. If we are to have the parole system, there must necessarily be paroles.

In the 126 months in which we have had the parole law, up to January 1st, the average number of paroles each month was about 15—

Against 18 in the past seven months. It is the privilege and the duty of Governor Pierce to consider the whole prison matter; and if he did not hear the side of the prisoners themselves he would not be fit for the high office he occupies.

The whole prison system in Oregon is working towards an industrial system; a system that will make the prison self supporting. This it will become the day the spinning of flax commences; or very soon thereafter. Then there will be comparatively few men working outside the walls. There will then be few escapes, or opportunities to escape.

But even then the parole law will be in existence, and it will have to be administered. It is a good law. It serves a most useful purpose. No modern prison system can function as it should without a parole law. The writer would go the whole way, with all modern penologists. He would have all prison sentences indeterminate, with the parole system its natural and necessary complement.

But that is not to be for the present; though it will prevail everywhere in civilized states in time. In the mean time, the parole laws are doing a most humane and useful work. And Oregon has not been an exception in this respect; nor will our state be. Governor Pierce wants to do right, as he is given light to see the right course. He will not likely be known as a pardoning or paroling Governor. But he will see to the just and proper uses of these functions and prerogatives.

The Oregon political puzzle was almost Chinese before the passing of President Harding. It is now still more mixed.

You will be surprised, in reading the Slogan pages of tomorrow,

at the amount of advertising Salem is getting through its industries sending wares to the wide world.

"That's good, read on" were the last words of President Harding. And God's fingers touched him and he slept.

Ohio fades from the official picture at Washington by the death of President Harding. But 1924 is just ahead.

Oregon manufactured chinaware is now in the market. Why not Oregon glassware? The fruit industry of the Salem district would go far towards taking the output of a glass factory.

President Coolidge is a Yankee, with all the shrewdness of the tribe. But his sympathies are as broad as the world, and he is far from being a reactionary. He combines the Yankee spirit with the progressiveness of the west.

Many things point to the manifest destiny of Salem as the center of the world's linen industry. But the biggest thing of them all is the fact that we are growing and can grow here the best fiber flax produced under the shining sun. There are numerous fields now being harvested here that prove this claim.

The English government is fighting shy of answering the question what it proposes doing about the corporation formed over there to ship liquor to the United States. The cabinet is chary about committing itself. At the same time it is acknowledged that Britons ought to be in a better business than organizing to break the laws of a friendly power.

POISON TO DRINK

In analyses made of 80,000 samples of liquor that had been confiscated the industrial alcohol and chemical division found that only 1 per cent of the liquor was genuine. The analyses were made in eight branch laboratories located in large cities throughout the United States, from samples turned over to them by prohibition officials.

Not only were the other 99 per cent not genuine, but a large quantity of them showed distinctly toxic effects on animals that were given some to imbibe. Some of these poisons were not strong enough to cause death, but their

FUTURE DATES

August 1 to 15—Annual summer camp of YMCA, Trask river.
August 1 to 25—Annual encampment of Boy Scouts at Casadia.
August 12, Sunday—Annual meeting Marion County Jersey Cattle club, at Fox Brothers' farm, six miles south of Silverton.
August 12, Sunday—Home-coming at Court Street Christian church.
August 12, Sunday—Third annual home-coming of Aumsville Pioneer association.
August 14, Tuesday—Summer ceremonial of '40 & 8.'
August 15, Wednesday—Minnesota picnic, state fair grounds.
August 17, Friday—Luna picnic, fair grounds.
August 18-19—National guard rifle matches at Clarkamas rifle range.
September 19, Wednesday—Willamette university opens.
September 24 to 29—Oregon state fair.

Respect for Friendship Causes Escapes to Return; John Ryan And James Arnold to Tell Stories

By CHARLES J. LISLE.

It isn't a mushy sentimentality that brought John J. Ryan back to the Oregon penitentiary after he made his last get-away; it was a power greater than all the laws, than all the officers—the power of love.

Ryan said to a Statesman representative that he had been a "bad man" since 1895—28 years. He first did time in the Stillwater prison, which he says was a hell in those old days. He did time in Walla Walla. He was an inmate in the Salem prison, from which he escaped six years ago, and he was free for five years before he was recognized and sent back. He was made a trustee; then he escaped again.

No "Kick" in It
Ryan went away with Ed Bell, another prisoner, about a month ago. Bell professed to be "hard-boiled," but he said after they had gone a few miles, "I don't get any kick out of this run-away from a white man." Warden Johnson Smith. However, he didn't return. Ryan went to his home up in Seattle and worked around town for a few days. Then the fact of his own perfidy got the better of him, and he wired to Warden Smith:

"I am coming back. John J. Ryan."

He came as he had agreed. Some of the men who knew of the telegram urged the warden to send a guard to nab him on his arrival. The warden is not usually a profane man, but he told them in splendidly picturesque language that Ryan was a gentleman whom he or any honest man could trust—and he was dead right, for Ryan came straight to the prison.

"Why did you come back?" The Statesman representative wanted to know; for not many men ever come back.

Going Straight, Says Ryan
"Well, I'm going straight, for one thing," said Ryan. "And then I couldn't leave Warden Smith and all the men in prison in the lurch. He trusted me; he treated me white. He is giving all the men a square deal. If I throw

cumulative effect on the constitution would be such as to undermine it completely in time. The liquor produced a stupor in human beings, without exhilarating effect usually associated with alcohol. According to the official

there are four sources of supply for bootleg liquor, these being moonshine whiskey, redistilled denatured alcohol, smuggled goods and illegally withdrawn liquor from bonded warehouses, and of these only the latter can be considered safe to consume. Needless to say, the percentage of it available is very small.

From England comes a report of a speech by Dr. Charles Bond before the British Medical association in which he states that "10,000 of 30,000 beds in the free hospitals of Great Britain are occupied by alcoholic cases." If so many people are laid low by bona fide alcoholic drinks, it is easy to imagine the number in this country who are or soon will be, in the public hospitals from consuming illegal beverages, that are so rich in toxic substances.

SUPERMAN WANTED

According to close calculation the work required of the president today is three times greater than it was when McKinley was president. And in McKinley's time the duties of the office were heavy enough to try the full strength of any one man. Every year, too, the republic grows bigger and more complicated, with vastly extended problems and interests and an ever-increasing number of home and foreign matters to attend to.

Indeed, it looks as though the onerous duties of the office already outtax the strength of any one human being. If so, what are the people going to do about it? Attaches of the White House recall how the heavy responsibilities of the presidency sapped the vitality of even Theodore Roosevelt. Woodrow Wilson was completely wrecked by the strain. President Harding's sudden death brings the matter urgently before the public. In Washington agitation is afoot for an assistant president to take over much of the routine work from the shoulders of the chief executive.

Any change of this kind would require congressional action, possibly an amendment to the constitution.

We cannot go on indefinitely expecting one man to do the work and accept responsibility three times beyond the strength of any unassisted human being. It is possible that some day we may have to elect three presidents at once.

The only alternative is to find a man three times as strong, three times as enduring and three times as immune from mental and bodily strain as any individual created since the days of Adam. And in addition he would have to possess the other qualities without which no man can fill the United States presidency. It's a big order.

him down, I throw them down, too. I couldn't ever start or keep straight, starting with that kind of a crooked deal. The warden is the first prison official to give me a square deal—and I know, for I've tried them all. I came back to pay up my debt to society, and to show the warden that I, too, can be white. I have hated his kind and their law, but he has given me a new idea of what the law can be.

"I have a year yet to serve. I'd pay that to be honest with the man who trusts me and treats me white. When I go out next time I shall be free—and then I will never come back!"

Ryan is a fighting Irishman. He would be either a very good citizen or a very bad one. He says he has been bad; but under the white-man treatment of Warden Smith, his amazing come-back to the prison is the talk of all who knew him. If anybody doubts the bravery of sacrificing a year of his life in prison, let him try it! There are caustic critics of John Ryan, self-proclaimed plaster saints and statesmen who are not worthy to black John Ryan's shoes when it comes to clean decency; for he has come back to pay his every obligation to society—and they never will be other than liars and obstructionists and poisoners.

James Arnold's Case

James Arnold also came back, after yielding to the overpowering temptation to escape when he had the chance. He has served only two years of his 10-year sentence. He faces a long, weary term—and he had gotten away, clean, and might have stayed out. He was a soldier in the great war. He held every grade of non-commissioned officer in the army. The army breeds violence the world over; it also breeds irresponsibility—but it never gets a man past the necessity for food and clothes; and Arnold committed assault and robbery to supply his needs after the army had unsettled him. The nation needs to be just in its treatment of these men who follow the bent of war after they return to civil life, made into the creatures that war inevitably makes. Maybe, even, the nation needs to revise its ideas of what is crime, after seeing how war brutalizes the best of men.

Arnold escaped from the prison after being made a trustee. But he got only as far as Albany when the remembrance of his pledge smote him.

Resolved to Be Honest
"I promised to be honest with the warden," he said. "He was honest with me; I shall be so with him. Here goes!" And with seven years sentence hanging over him, and on top of that a federal charge that might be prosecuted, he came back. He woke the warden out of bed, and fairly broke into prison rather than lie to his friend or throw down his other prison mates.

The Statesman representative visited him in the brickyard where he is helping to make brick for the state. He knows that in the long years to come he will pay a terribly heavy price for his freedom. The men who have run away have balanced their personal faith in Warden Smith and his able corps of officers against what they believe is the injustice of the present parole system, and when the opportunity to escape has come, a few have taken it. Some of them have come back. Arnold says that there will be no more runaways.

Just how strong is the feeling in the prison on the matter of escapes is shown in the very different treatment accorded Ryan and Arnold, and Berry, who escaped and was brought back after being recaptured. Berry came to the warden asking to be put into the "full pen," the solitary confinement stockade reserved for dangerous or troublesome prisoners. He said that the men wouldn't associate with him, for the way he threw down the warden and the whole prison.

A return to the old solitary confinement, that puts the whole prison as a crushing load on to the taxpayers' backs and turns the men themselves into brutes at the end of their sentences, is not what the men want. They are ready to

pay their debts to society; they are ready to work—and every man's time is worth at least \$100 a year if it can be turned into good outdoor and indoor industry. They are willing to work their way back to society, and most of them are as anxious to go straight as are the men outside.

Prisoners Considered Men
Warden Smith is trying to treat them as men. There is probably not a man there who doesn't know what a red-headed fighting warden would do in a Tracy-Merrill case, in any insurrection against authority. There is no prisoner who doubts that there is a hand of steel under the velvet glove of decent treatment. That know that authority is there, ready to spring up into instant, irresistible action. But they know that authority and decency and brotherly love can and will go hand in hand if they themselves will but meet it half way. They have been weaklings; they have been misunderstandings over the issuance of paroles, and some men have run away and apparently left the humane system gasping for breath.

But a close study of the penitentiary as it now is, ought to lead any honest critic to want to give humanity a fair chance. Any fool with broad shoulders and a repeating rifle should be able to herd men in behind stone walls, and curse them at will and abuse them, and still keep them from running away—though some fools in other states, who tried it, have paid terribly for their folly. But there is something better than foolishness in a system that brings men back to pay with their lives their bills to the law—and to a friend who happens to be the keeper of a prison.

Support Pledged

When the Salvation army held its special services at the prison Sunday morning 100 of the inmates attending the service, each pledged themselves to support the administration in its every demand. The Salvation army visitors from outside didn't ask it. They did it themselves, under the inspiration and impetus of their own speakers and their own hearts. There are men outside who rail at the laws—the prohibition law, the Sunday laws, the speed laws, many kinds of laws; and who consider it clever and manly to break these laws and boast of it. But these prisoners are pledged to pay their obligations to the state, and to stand by their friends who are helping them to be men and not law violators. The power that is working in the Oregon state prison is a very real power, indeed; a very clean and wholesome power that some of its critics might well emulate.

Parole Board Confused

According to various prisoners, the trouble with the prison for the past six months has been the confusion in the parole board as to its powers. The board has not known precisely where it stands under the present laws; and being in doubt, it has done nothing. In consequence, the men have not had what they believe is justice in the granting of paroles as they say are authorized by law. This matter is now being investigated, and some understanding is expected. The men who have run away have balanced their personal faith in Warden Smith and his able corps of officers against what they believe is the injustice of the present parole system, and when the opportunity to escape has come, a few have taken it. Some of them have come back. Arnold says that there will be no more runaways.

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A return to the old solitary confinement, that puts the whole prison as a crushing load on to the taxpayers' backs and turns the men themselves into brutes at the end of their sentences, is not what the men want. They are ready to pay their debts to society; they are ready to work—and every man's time is worth at least \$100 a year if it can be turned into good outdoor and indoor industry. They are willing to work their way back to society, and most of them are as anxious to go straight as are the men outside.

Some Would Honor Society
It does not glorify crime to say that there are some men behind those gray walls who would honor any place in society, once they get the proper perspective of life. The average length of stay in prison is one year, eight months and 20 days. Most of them will be out soon, and they will be somewhere in society. There are two places for them to go; into the class like John Ryan was, hating the law and glad to break it; and go to prison for sheer devilry; or with the John Ryan reclaimed by kindness, and anxious to go straight.

It would be worth any critic's while to figure which class he'd probably belong to. If he were caught in his illicit booze, or his speeding, or his gambling, or any other of his legal offenses, and jailed to serve time. John Ryan, the James Arnold, prison inmates, could be trusted infinitely above many of the prison critics hereabouts. It is in the hope that the people of Oregon may understand the real prison situation a little better that this article is written.

Things To Do

The Boys and Girls Newspaper

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors.

Edited by John M. Miller.

Inside the Life Saver

Cork, which floats so readily in the water, is an extremely light substance, weighing a great deal less than a piece of wood of the same size. However, there is one variety of wood which has supplanted cork in commercial use because of its lightness. It is the balsam wood of which life savers are now being constructed.

This wood, which is cut in the forests of Ecuador, weighs a little more than half an equal amount of cork, and yet, when treated with waterproof material, it becomes sturdy enough to weather the seas. With its lightness balsam wood combines a strength equal to half that of a spruce.

During the war it was used in making wing braces, on airplanes and hydroplanes, as it was able to stand a strain in spite of its lightness.

PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

HE COMMA SAID,
"LIFE'S SUGARISH
FOR WORDS WILL SHOW
AND CROWN AND PUSH
UNLESS I BE GENTLE
SOUL IS NEAR
TO INTERCEPT
OR INTERFERE
POLKS NEED A BREATH
OR TWO OR THREE
BETWEEN THE LETTERS
Y AND T
THAT'S WHY IN GRAMMAR BOOKS THEY SAY
THE COMMA'S USED TO SEPARATE."

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

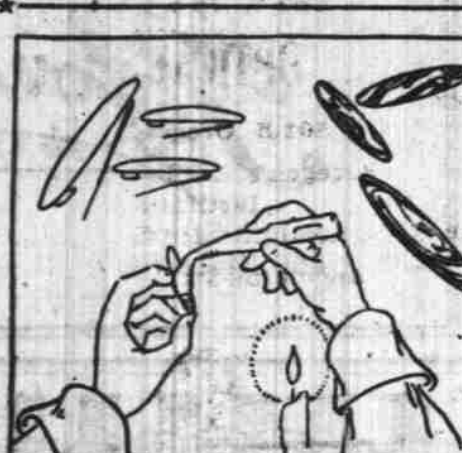
THE FABLE OF A FISH

"Tis the wildest tale that I've heard—
How a fish tried to fly like a bird;
He said that who taught him
Could own the sea bottom—
A reward which was never conferred.

There once was a little fish that was very discontented, indeed. She hated it down in the water and wished every day that she knew how to fly. "Oh, what wouldn't I give," she sighed, "if I were only able to fly away up in the air among the clouds and stars."

This little fish longed so to fly that she could think of nothing else. Gradually she lost all her friends among the fish. She was

Summertime Jewelry Making



"Needles or pins, needles or pins!" The modern girl, with little time for "fussing" with her clothes and small liking for sewing, will probably choose to pin dainty, unruly collars and cuffs in place on her dresses instead of sewing them. This is entirely proper if the pins used are attractive ones.

Here are some you can make yourself with a bit of sealing wax and a set of plain pins that cost but a few cents at the notion counter.

From your supply of sealing wax, select a color to match your dress, or any of the good combinations such as blue and yellow, or jade and silver. The foundations used are plain metal, beauty pins and a bar-pin, though any pin that has a smooth surface will do.

Take a stick of wax of the color which you wish to show up most in the finished pin. Heat it

over a flame and let the wax drop on the top of the pin. When it is covered, turn and twist the pin over the flame until the wax smooths down with a shiny surface. Dip in cold water to cool, and wipe carefully.

To decorate the pin, melt the tip of the wax stick of the contrasting color and put little dots here and there. Now hold the pin over the flame again and twist it so that when the wax melts the two colors will blend into streaks. Dip in cold water and when the surface is smooth again.

Revolvingly Speaking

He: "Remember when we first met in the revolving door at the post office?"

She: "But that wasn't the first time we met."

He: "Well, that's when we started going around together, wasn't it?"

the little fish fall and she tried to fly but it was no good. She could not learn without any wings. At last the bird became discouraged. He took the little fish back to the sea. "Now, give me my reward," he cried.

"But I do not know how to fly," protested the little fish. "That makes no difference. The bargain was that I should teach you. I have taught you, I spent all morning doing it. Was it my fault that you were too stupid to learn?"

"All right then," agreed the little fish. "If that's the way you reason, come on and get your riches at the bottom of the sea."

"But I cannot come into the sea," protested the bird. "You must bring them up to me."

"Was that in the bargain?" asked the little fish as she swam away. "No, I have given them to you. Is it my fault if you are too stupid to come down after them?"

"Now, do just as I do," he instructed. Again and again he let



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