

The Oregon Statesman

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REFORMATION, NOT VINDICTIVE JUSTICE

The Statesman is printing in its news columns this morning a letter that was written by Supreme Judge John McCourt to the parole board of the Oregon penitentiary. This is done because it elucidates some points concerning the parole system, which is under discussion in Oregon at this time.

And no one would accuse Judge McCourt of any motive outside of the general good and the just administration of the laws.

The case in point is this: When Judge McCourt was on the circuit bench in Portland, three men were convicted of robbery. One of them, named Hall, was given a sentence of six years, the second, Higginbotham, two years, and the man whose case is in question, Langdale, was sent up for eight years, because he was the leading spirit and had committed previous crimes—though never before convicted.

Through the operations of the parole law, Hall was free in two months, and Higginbotham in six months. They both had influential friends on the outside.

Langdale is still there. He has served forty-two months. In the mean time he has thoroughly learned the trade of a shoemaker, and he has studied and improved his mind until he is capable of thinking straight and of writing a letter that would do credit to most educated citizens of Oregon.

The main principle at stake is given in the following paragraph from the letter of Judge McCourt to the parole board:

"In fixing the sentence in Langdale's case, as in all such cases, punishment and the protection of society was considered, but those purposes were subordinated to the principle of reformation, consideration of which is enjoined upon the Legislature and courts in respect to the enactment and administration of laws for the punishment of crime. The Constitution provides that laws for the punishment of crime shall be founded on principles of reformation and not of vindictive justice." Article 1, Section 15, Oregon Constitution.

Judge McCourt goes on to say that in his opinion further imprisonment will likely impair, if not utterly destroy, the effect of the reformatory benefit of his service in the case of Langdale.

And he cites the unfairness of the workings of the parole law as applied to Langdale and his accomplices in crime, saying that a "wholesome administration of the parole law does not admit of any such inequality of treatment as is shown in the release of Hall in two months and the retention of Langdale in prison after forty-two months."

And he speaks of the "denial of a precious right to which he has absolute title."

The showing of the unjust administration of the parole law as exemplified in this case is rather glaring.

But still there is no "absolute title" to the right of parole on the part of Langdale, and Judge McCourt did not mean this in the way some readers might construe it. He meant that a just and impartial administration of the parole law contemplates that all cases should be treated alike, and with equal justice, in so far as this may be accomplished.

Notwithstanding such injustices, the record is that 78 per cent of the paroled men from the Oregon penitentiary become law abiding and more or less useful citizens. Only 22 per cent go wrong again. The chances are in favor of Langdale making good, if he gets his parole. And the constitutional principle against "vindictive justice" is being violated by his further retention in prison.

Provided. Provided what? Provided that there is a reasonable chance, in the minds of the members of the parole board, that he will not return to criminal ways and become a menace to society. That is the important thing; but the next most important is the reformation of the man convicted of crime.

The parole system in Oregon, as the law now stands, is as important as the judicial system in the treatment of men convicted of crime. The parole board has very responsible duties—standing between injustice to prisoners and the protection of society. There are no more important duties than the duties of the members of the parole board.

LEADERSHIP DEMANDED

The republican party is not without leadership. However, it happens that there is no outstanding figure right now. Elihu Root, who possesses the greatest mind in America, is too old to be a continued political asset. Judge Hughes has his chance and failed and America is not much of a place to give a man a new opportunity.

President Coolidge faces a most difficult proposition. He has never been a national asset to the party. His nomination was the enthusiastic outburst of sentiment. No one figured that a president was being named when the second place on the ticket was being filled at Chicago. The fates have decreed otherwise, and today Calvin Coolidge is the leader of the republican party. Despite all of our anathemas against leader-

argument and response when they are right. That will be the acid test. Congress does not meet until December, but it is possible then to enact such legislation as will make this radical wing unnecessary. On the other hand, failure to do so, failure to meet the demands of the radicals means a battle to the finish next year. Up to this time it has been possible to keep the radical forces divided. By adroit maneuvers politicians have pitted man against man, and rendered futile the strength of a great need. If there is to be a radical, certainly the sensible thing to do is to get the one who is the least tinted with communism, or those ideas of government held by the I. W. W. and kindred organizations.

The republican party will demand leadership—leadership out of the chaos that naturally surrounds any new administration, and leadership out of the serious condition that enmeshes so many farmers west of the Mississippi river. The call for a Moses is as emphatic as it was in the olden days when the original Moses appeared. The people must be given a fair-minded leader who will respond to their real needs.

FARM CREDITS

Farmers, through the war board, have been given an extension of credits. This is very good as far as it goes. A great many business men can get out of their difficulties if given a credit leeway for immediate purposes. To other men the credit is opportunity for further speculation and larger disaster later on. The farmers are just as much business men as the bankers and dry goods store owners. Credit is a great thing if rightfully used. It has saved many an institution from wreck. The withdrawal of credit on its part has caused a good part of our financial difficulties.

However desirable it is to get additional credit at this time, some way must be provided for a better distribution. You have done something for a man if you hand him a few dollars to invest as he pleases. You have done more for him if you step in and regulate distribution so that he can market his wares where they are needed, and not dump everything into an already glutted center. Farm credits is the first step, but transportation and distribution is the final solution. Give a man markets and the necessity of credit will soon disappear. Give a man credit alone, without markets, and he has a palliative rather than a remedy.

CARING FOR WRECKAGE

Four people were killed in industry in this vicinity the last week. Multiply this by the entire country and we find a real problem of the conserving of human life. Manufacturers are careful of the life of their workmen for the double reason that they value human life and need skilled workmen. However, despite the most careful efforts, there are always accidents, and always will be until machinery is substituted for human beings. We talk about the efficiency of the human mind, yet no man's mind is fool-proof, really a good deal of machinery is.

However, it was not that phase of the question that we started out to discuss. If a man is broken on the wheel of industry, no matter whether it was carelessness or some defect that could not be foreseen, industry must take care of this man's family in such a way that the great loss may not be 100 per cent. Industry must be organized to take care of its wreckage. The people appreciate this and will never complain of that part of the price that they pay for commodities.

ADVERTISING SALEM

It is a fact that Salem waked up and became a city before a good many people knew it, and in spite of what some of them who did know it, could do. This is not a situation local to Salem, as it is happening in live communities everywhere. In the last four or five years Salem has taken a new lease on life and has become one of the most progressive up-to-date cities on the coast. A recital of the activities here astonishes even the closest observers and is so much more than any of us expected.

Salem is meeting its opportunity and meeting it in a manner that is causing the citizens to get up on their toes, go after business for all that they are worth. The old idea that Salem was merely a capital city, therefore contracted in its business, has been replaced by the idea that men are going after business hard and the longest headed men are dropping the most pessimisms. We have a fine picture of Salem through the recitals of the slogan page of The Oregon Statesman, but it does not yet appear what

POSED ON THE BACK OF THE PULLMAN.



The President, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge just as they left the Pennsylvania station, New York city, for the nation's capital on their hurried journey from Plymouth, Vt.

we shall be when we come to the full realization of our hopes.

The federation of clubs thought better of the agitation to protest the erection of a one-story business block at the corner of Court and Liberty streets and the subject was abandoned before the meeting last night. In speaking of the matter one of the substantial business men of the city said: "Of course there will be some objection to a one-story building, but the objections to my mind are ill-founded. For my part I would rather have a one-story temporary building erected than a substantial two-story one. The proposed structure will give way to the right kind of a building in a few years, whereas a two-story structure might prevent a large building going up on that site in the life time of any man now in business." When The Oregon Statesman appeared yesterday with a notice that the federation of clubs forecast a protest a volunteer committee of business men was immediately formed and the true situation explained to the leaders.

In discussing radicalism in politics, simply remember not to confuse it with progressivism. Radicalism is progressivism gone mad. We need the progressives for a balance wheel, but we must be careful not to go to the extent of turning the country over to the radicals. A progressive simply wants to make progress always, and a radical is very apt to be a bull in a china shop.

Man cannot live by self alone. We touch elbows and have a meeting of hearts and minds. We cannot be indifferent to the troubles of the world morally, politically and economically. The world appeal must be accepted by America. The court of public relations offers a meeting-ground for united action.

Jess Willard is a pugilist turned lecturer. We trust that Jess will not be a disappointment on the platform as he was in the ring. Just what message a lubberly prizefighter can have for an average audience remains to be seen.

Congressman Johnson of Washington has appealed to President Coolidge for relief from the immigration congestion. A most delicate situation here has been sidestepped so long on this coast that it will take the heavy hand of law to straighten things out.

The deer season opens August 20th as usual. The doctors and the undertakers flourish in this season because so many hunters fire away on the theory, hit if it is a deer and miss if it is a calf.

President Coolidge is credited as being a smart man. He probably does not need to be told that

he can make a political ten-strike by putting an Oregon man in his cabinet.

Note: Chester A. Arthur succeeded to the presidency much as Mr. Coolidge did, but his party lost the first election it had lost since the war.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Atle Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 378.

THE "CAUSE FOR THOUGHT" DICKY GAVE MADGE. "I say, Madge."

Dicky spoke abruptly after a silence which for him was unusual. It had lasted two or three minutes, and I was beginning to wonder if I had said anything to offend him.

"I slowed the car down immediately, in which we were going to meet Robert Savarin, and answered dutifully:

"Yes Dicky, what is it?" "D'ye think Lill really means to ditch old Harry and marry Savarin?"

I winced at his query. Dicky is not prone to crudity, but evidently his disapproval of Lillian's attitude had roused him into the uncouth speech.

"It isn't a question of her 'ditching' Harry," I replied coldly, my distaste for his expression betraying itself involuntarily.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Puritan schoolma'am," Dicky mocked. "I didn't mean to shock your refined ears. I suppose you mean Harry already has performed that little job, and you're right. I don't pretend to defend him, but you mark my word, Lill was happier with him than she ever could be with Savarin."

"I fail to see how you make that out," I said spiritedly. "Her life with that man was one long martyrdom of her own tastes and instincts. Why! Don't you remember how she dyed her hair and rouged so outrageously because he insisted upon her doing it?"

"You are absolutely unjust."

"Yeses," Dicky admitted, "but while she humored Harry in little things like that, you forget that in their menage she was it. Harry always deferred to her judgment in her affairs and his own, and I never knew a man put so high a value on a woman's mentality as he did on Lill's. And, you know Lill. She's the best old scout in the world, and I owe her more than I do anybody in the world outside my family, but if she can't be the 'bride at the funeral,' life has no savor for her."

"You are absolutely unjust," I flared, for he had struck this note of criticism of Lillian so frequently in the last year that it had become a goad. I suspected that it was conceived in an absurd jealousy of my dependence upon her,

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World
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 Edited by John M. ...

Tales Our Fisherman Tells

Our old Fisherman knew more tales than any other fisherman alive. At least he was never lacking for a good story to tell. He used to sit down by the lake in a half-slouch, resting position, his soft hat pulled to shade his mild blue eyes, and for an hour or more he'd never say a word, nor even make a motion except for shifting his tobacco to the other cheek. But soon the story would come in a slow, drawing voice. One morning he was sitting down on the pier. When his line began to tug and stretch, he silently pulled it in. "Now you know, this do remind me," he began, "of a story a game warden told one time, perhaps 20 years back. Boys was as smart in those days as they are today, I reckon, for this particular boy, who went out fishin' in a boat in the lake yonder, wasn't lackin' in a ready answer. You see, this boy had the good fortune to catch a fine walled-eye pike, like the one I hauled in now, but it bein' the closed season for pike fishin' he



THE SHORT STORY, JR.

THE LAMBS' CAMPING TRIP

The children were all on their guard; to bear the hot weather was hard. "Twas a sad situation. Still they had a vacation, by camping right in their backyard.

"We can't go!" Anne's lips trembled pathetically. "Can't go!" Herbert's voice contained even more concern than his sister's.

Even Mrs. Lamb's eyes were moist as she shook her head. "Daddy says he can't afford to take a vacation this year. He's so worried. Don't you suppose you children can hide your disappointment from him?"



and I resented it all the more strongly on that account.

"Look Out!" "Of course," he gibed, but with a disarming smile. "And, besides," I went on with feminine inconsistency, "even if she is inclined to be a bit—er—dominant—"

"Go to the head of the class," Dicky interrupted. "That word is all to the mustard!"

"I can't see what difference it would make in Robert Savarin's case." "You can't, eh?" Dicky rejoined scornfully. "Well, just let me tell you something! Robert Savarin's one of the greatest artists of his time, a real genius. A man like that is in a class by himself. He ought to be put on a pedestal and revered, and his genius guarded. Can you see old Lill taking a humble attitude toward anybody?"

I glanced at him curiously. It was not the first time I had heard this note of reverent admiration in his tone concerning Robert Savarin. That it was a feeling absolutely distinct from his very real liking for the man, I knew. It was an impersonal sort of homage to a genius which he humbly acknowledged as something far above his own undeniable talent.

"I don't pretend to understand your attitude," I said, "but imagine Lillian does. You forget that she was his pupil years ago, and that he gave her the first chance she ever had to cultivate her own talent. I think she shares your admiration for his genius. And as for guarding it—"

"Oh! She'll do the maternal all right," he admitted. That's her strongest characteristic. But let me tell you that when unusual people like these two get into the marriage game there's bound to be interesting fireworks. It's had enough with dubs like us, but when real genius effervesces, look out!"

I did not answer him, because I totally disagreed with him, and knew that there was no chance of either of us changing our opinion. But secretly, his coarseness troubled me. Had he read Lillian and Robert more accurately than I? I had grown so accustomed to

regarding marriage with Savarin as the solution of problems, that any doubt of its wisdom bothered me less than I liked to admit. "Of course, you disagree with me," Dicky said loftily, "but if this thing comes off, and we live to see results, you'll acknowledge it's right. Better speed up a bit, dear. You haven't many more minutes." (To be continued.)

Albany-Corvallis Road To Be Closed Temporarily

ALBANY, Or., Aug. 10.—Benton road on the west side of the river between Albany and Corvallis will be closed within a few days, according to W. K. resident highway engineer. A new bridge will be built to replace a wooden structure. The new bridge will be built on the sharp turn in the road necessary for the old bridge. The bridge is located just out of Albany on the West Side road. The road from Corvallis to Albany is graded and graveled this year. It will be paved next year, according to present plans. The steel bridge across the Yamette river is being replaced. Traffic to Corvallis is being directed over the east side road. The other side is closed.

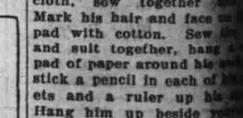
FUTURE DATES

August 1 to 15—Annual of YMCA, Trask river. August 1 to 30—Annual of Boy Scouts, at Cascade. August 12, Sunday—Annual meeting of Albany-Corvallis Highway Engineers' Association. August 12, Sunday—Homecoming Court Street Christian church. August 12, Sunday—Third annual coming of Amaville Pleasanton. August 14, Tuesday—Summer festival of "40 & 8." August 15, Wednesday—Musical, state fair grounds. August 17, Friday—Iowa state fair grounds. August 18-19—National games matches at Clackamas rifle range. September 19, Wednesday—University opens. September 24 to 29—Oregon state

READY FREDDY



Ready Freddy just had a hang around your desk or phone—he isn't happy unless helping you to remember, sooner you make him his home on duty the happier he be. Freddy isn't particular what his suit is made of, but in the style he likes. From a piece of bright blue, cut his suit like the one in Fig. 1, making it at least 8 inches long. In one cut two buttonholes in the legs, and another wide near the end of the sleeve. Now sew the two together on the wrong side at the neck and around, then turn right side. For his head, cut two pieces from plain pink, white cloth, sew together. Mark his hair and face with pad with cotton. Sew on and suit together, hang a pad of paper around his neck, stick a pencil in each of his ears and a ruler up his back. Hang him up beside you and Freddy is at your service.



THE SHORT STORY, JR.

were down in the city; it won't get very hot out here in the suburbs." Mrs. Lamb smiled wanly. She knew how hot it could get and how long and lonesome a summer in the suburbs could be with all the neighbors gone camping.

The first two weeks of the summer dragged slowly by. They were even worse than Mrs. Lamb had feared. There was nothing for the children to do. But one morning, Mrs. Lamb was awakened very early by stifled giggles in the next room. She heard the children softly steal downstairs and then there was much bumping and laughing going on in the kitchen. She crawled out of bed and hurried down to see what it was all about. "Whatever are you children up to?" she asked. "Don't you know it's just barely four o'clock?"

"Oh, mother, please go back to bed and don't tell Father," they begged. "It's going to be a surprise. We'll call you when we're ready." Mrs. Lamb hadn't seen the children so excited all summer, besides she was too sleepy to protest. She crawled back to bed but not to sleep. The children saw that. She heard them tearing up and down from attic to cellar. She couldn't see how her husband could calmly sleep on through all the racket. Poor man! He was so run down and tired, she did wish they could have gone

