

The Oregon Statesman

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MEN IN PRISON ARE JUST MEN

NEW YORK, March 15.—The members of the "Outward Bound" company, who present the Sutton Vane play at the Ritz theatre, took their Sunday off and gave the drama for the benefit of the prisoners in Sing Sing.

Trained observers who went along as guests made some interesting observations on this unique audience. "To begin with," they reported, "the audience was more mannerly than in the commercial playhouse, where the person who buys a seat feels he also has purchased the privilege to come late, make loud noises and generally disturb the others."

"The men were hungry for laughter, and it was an explosive, sharp sort of laughter that came immediately upon recognition, and not deliberation. They were quick to get the superficial, obvious things. More subtle points they missed. Emotion they had no use for. Whereas in the regular audience the greater number weep copiously when the Rev. Duke utters his boyhood prayer, and when Mrs. Midget pleads to keep her son, in Sing Sing the men were dry-eyed."

"Only one youth was seen to lean his head against a pillar and weep. Human frailty and weakness were things that they had only scorn for. When Alfred Lunt, as the drunken wastrel, broke at the fear of meeting God and judgment, and gave vent to hysterical sobs, the men had difficulty in restraining their disapproval. Here and there you could hear a groan of disgust. And the love scenes left them cold. They saw only humor in the love between the suicides. A bitter and sardonic existence is theirs, caught in a net wielded by craftier hands than theirs, and the bitter and sardonic is the only thing that appeals to them, sob fiction writers to the contrary."

The above is from the theater section of the Portland Journal of Sunday.

The writer of it was obviously working under the popular notion that men in prison are of a distinctive breed—

That they are different from other men— That they are of a class; the "criminal class."

Some of them are; perhaps 5 per cent. of them; possibly more in Sing Sing prison. But not in the western prisons, in the states where the bulk of the population is American, or first or second generation American in the processes of the melting pot; or from the parts of Europe outside of the "sugar bowl" sections of the Balkans. And not in Oregon—

And this probable 5 per cent. is only of a "class" like you would speak of the educated class or the illiterate class; and they belong to the so-called "criminal class" mostly on account of deficient development physically or mentally—they are those the crimes of whose forbears are visited upon them to the second and third and fourth generation, mostly. They are not born bad; they are born weak and deficient, and are more than commonly susceptible to the influences of bad environment.

The great body of men in the prisons of the United States are just men, like those on the outside; with the same feelings and likes and dislikes that characterize other men. In the Minnesota state prison, at Stillwater, 85 per cent. of the men are returned to society "reformed;" that is, in condition to become self supporting and law abiding members of society—not with wings sprouted; not with all the baser instincts burned out; but ready and willing and able to take their places in the work of the world, like the great majority who have not "served time."

In the Stillwater prison the men are employed at tasks that bring a revenue to the institution sufficient to pay all its costs, with a surplus, and to warrant the payment of a small wage to all the inmates, from 25 cents to \$1.50, and even \$2.50 a day; the money going mostly to the dependents on the outside—keeping the families together; helping the innocent ones who must suffer with the guilty, far outnumbering the guilty.

That system is the one to which the Oregon prison is working; and reformations here will be as large in proportion to the whole number as they are in Minnesota. The New York writer quoted above, when he wrote of the Sing Sing incident, was merely playing upon the psychological condition of the average mind which believes men in prison are of the "criminal class," and so must remain in that class. The idea has prevailed throughout the centuries since the dawn of history. But it is as wrong as many other ideas that have run counter with it.

Would the New York man put the author of the O Henry books with the "criminal class," because he served time in a state penitentiary? Or Tannenbaum, the great prison reformer and expert? Or the great body of men who go out of Stillwater prison year after year, reformed? Or thousands who have served time in the Oregon prison? They go out of the institution at the east end of State street almost daily. Most of them never come back, or go to other prisons. A man who has served time for manslaughter or second degree murder never repeats; almost never. He is a safer man, on the average, in respect to the possibility of a second offence, than the great body of men who have never been accused of such crimes.

The truth is, the New York writer was merely filling space, and writing to please the psychological taste of the average reader; and, without any proof at all, giving voice to his own psychological wrong headedness.

THE RIGHT METAL

Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, is a chip off the old block. A South Carolina congressman named Stevenson made a despicable attack on T. R. and the way that official came back at him was thick skinned, but he must be awfully thick unless this penetrates to the quick.

The democrats in congress are conducting an "active campaign," but they are not getting far with the people. They have overplayed their hands so terribly that the reaction is in danger of protecting guilty men. The democrats were in power eight years and they saw the possibilities of it. They made the most of it then, but they are

preparing to go after it right this time. They stop at nothing; the reputation of no republican is safe, but fortunately the country is not panic stricken. It is not being deceived.

There are more people reading now than ever before, and these people are making their own values.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE

E. E. Smith, who spoke in Salem against the income tax, is a candidate for United States senator on an anti-Klu Klux platform. We regret this because up until this time, the religious issue had not been injected into the senatorial fight. It ought not to be injected. It does not belong there and our prediction is that Mr. Smith will

not get far in his efforts to line up man against man.

The senatorship should be contested for upon the merits of the man personally and what he can do for Oregon. A senator should be a man of national importance, but remembering always that his feet are on the ground in Oregon. It is not fair to line up man against man on anything religious. Mr. Smith did not strike us as an outstanding man when he spoke here. He certainly did not make a good talk against the income tax.

WAR ON CIGARETTES

The W.C.T.U. has taken up the war on cigarettes. The tobacco companies have brought this upon themselves. Had the law against selling to minors been enforced, there would not now be any war to abolish the cigarette altogether. It is wrong under our law, and it is a wicked practice to sell cigarettes to minors.

One would suppose that the tobacco companies would learn from the liquor companies. Before prohibition the liquor interests defied all legislation that was made, until finally an angry people outlawed it. If the tobacco interests would see that the law was enforced against selling cigarettes to minors there would be no considerable agitation at this time. The W.C.T.U. is trying to protect the youth of Oregon and they have been hindered in every way. They are making now the only fight they can make, because they know for a fact that there will be no cooperation in enforcing the law prohibiting the selling of cigarettes to minors.

JEERING AT DRYNESS

Our American sailors complain that they are jeered at and almost spit upon by foreign sailors because of their dryness. John Randolph once said that a gentleman would not insult him and nobody else could. Our sailors should take the same view. These foreign sailors are the offscouring of the earth, the lowest possible class of people. The American sailors are one hundred per cent higher in every way and always have been. Our sailors are a decent sort and ought to be big enough to take the jeering of the roughnecks of the foreigners as praise.

CONVICTED ALREADY

Senator Wheeler, who is supposed to be conducting a fair investigation as to the guilt of Daugherty, has issued a public statement in which he announces Daugherty already convicted. Senator Wheeler is doubtless speaking the truth. Daugherty was convicted before trial was started.

The Oregon Statesman is not for Daugherty at any turn of the road, but there is not a fair-minded court in America that would listen to the testimony so far produced against him. Senator Wheeler is even more partisan than Walsh, and a man of much less ability. Walsh has the decency not to proclaim his decisions weeks ahead of the time when they are made.

In 1914, India, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Great Britain, France, Japan, Italy and the Netherlands used 1,472,000,000 pounds of tobacco, while the United States used 786,000,000 pounds. On a per capita basis we used three and one-half times as much as the average person in those countries. It would require 72,000 freight cars carrying 20,000 pounds each to move the tobacco bill of these twelve nations, making a train 1,254 1-2 miles long.

Tobacco acreage is rapidly increasing while the acreage producing cereal crops is decreasing. This in spite of the fact that our population has increased by millions. In 1910 an acre of wheat was worth \$12.63, while an acre of tobacco brought \$74. In 1917 an acre of wheat was worth \$28.53, while an acre of tobacco brought the enormous sum of \$205.95. These figures show that the tobacco vice is becoming dominant while the more wholesome food-stuffs required by the nation are growing less constantly.

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR

We have heard of the face on the barroom floor that would not come out. There is a face appearing on the floor of the oil committee room in Washington, D.C., that is becoming brighter and brighter. It shows the purpose of the investigation. The face is that of a donkey. Strange isn't it that the face of a donkey should appear where these great investigators are working?

DENBY'S HOME COMING

Denby was given a great reception in Detroit upon his return to private life. In a public address he was still defiant, still said he did right. Nobody questioned the integrity of Denby, or his motives. He was simply outplayed by men

who knew exactly what they wanted, with the result that Denby had to leave the cabinet.

He will not get far in asking for a vindication. He was too stupid in letting things be put over him.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 128

The Unexpected Complication That Met Madge and Lillian in the Kitchen

"I knew it!" I exclaimed, woman-like, as Lillian and I, at Marlon's frightened call, made a dash to the kitchen from the veranda where we had arranged the code summons to my father and Allen Drake. "Whatever is mother doing in the kitchen?" I thought I had every bit of the work done, and that she was lying down.

"She was," Lillian rejoined breathlessly, as she ran, "but she probably seized the chance of our being gone to do some extra bit of cleaning."

The truth of her supposition was brought forcibly home to us as we burst into the kitchen door. An immense dish cupboard in the kitchen stood open, and on the floor beside it in the midst of a clatter of broken crockery, sat my mother-in-law, her head resting against Marlon, her face deathly pale beneath the blood that was trickling from a cut in her forehead, and her left arm hanging in limp fashion sickeningly suggestive of a fracture.

I slipped to my knees beside her, and put my arm around her, releasing Marlon, while Lillian, with a quick survey of the situation in characteristic fashion. "Marlon, get my first-aid kit, and call to Uncle Dicky in his room as you go," she said, and as the child sped obediently from the room she poured some water into a basin, and with a soft cloth began to lave my mother-in-law's face.

Mother Graham opened her eyes and spoke feebly. "The—chair—slipped," she said. Lillian and I looked at each other in exasperated amazement. This woman of over 70 years had put a box upon a kitchen chair, and had climbed upon it in order to clean the upper shelf of the cupboard. An upset pan with soapy water flowing from it emphasized the mite story of her foolish endeavor.

"What—what is it? What's happened to Mother?" Dicky, who slipped rather from a railing, rushed into the room and to his mother's side. "I should think you could look after her better than this, Madge! How did she fall? Are you badly hurt?" "If you'll—save—your—breath—to—cool—your—broth—Richard," his mother said with difficulty, but with her old tartness, "you—may—find—out—some—thing."

I saw a smile twitch the corners of Lillian's lips, but for myself I felt no amusement. That part of my brain which was not filled with alarm for my mother-in-law was occupied with resentment against Dicky for his unjust blame of me. However, I reflected, bitterly, I ought to be used to it, for there have been few adverse happenings, big and little, in our life together, for which Dicky's first impulsive words have not been those of censure.

"Please get a doctor as soon as you can, Dicky-bird," Lillian said softly. "This cut on the forehead is nothing which I cannot attend to, but her arm—"

"My—arm—is—broken," Mother Graham said with decision, and as I saw the beads of sweat standing out on her forehead I knew that she was suffering great pain, but heroically suppressing any reference to it. Whenever I see my mother-in-law in great physical pain I realize of what stuff the old martyrs were made, for she utters no word of complaint. All her fussiness is expended upon the petty things of life, the great moments find her poised and uncomplaining.

"Jerry Tiger is at the barn," Lillian went on. "If you'll call him, I can think that with all of us we can carry her to the bedroom off the living-room. We don't dare attempt the journey upstairs with this arm. That's right, Marlon. Take out that little bottle in the right hand lower corner of the kit. Hold it ready for me if I need it. Now, Mother Graham, don't mind if I sing you a little."

with infinite care we succeeded in transferring Mother Graham from the kitchen floor to the bed Lillian had mentioned. "What doctor do you want, Mother?" Dicky asked when the journey was completed. "I suppose that Jackanapes of a Pettit will do as well as anybody," she said in a stronger voice than she had used before, thanks to the strength of Lillian's potion, and we all interpreted her words as an approval of the physician which she would have died rather than put in specific form.

"Everything is cleaned"

"I'll have him here in a jiffy," Dicky promised, and hurried from the room. Then Lillian and I bent over her mother, trying to make her as comfortable as possible. I wondered if Lillian was as dismayed as I over the prospect of the next few weeks, with Mother Graham a helpless invalid, and Katie gone. A childishly triumphant smile crossed my mother-in-law's lips as she sounded the slogan of the old martinet housekeeper she is. "Well, anyway, no matter who comes into that kitchen, everything is cleaned, just as it should be, except that water and those broken dishes on the floor. And now see that you keep it that way!" (To be continued)

RECORD CROWD AT BAPTIST REVIVAL

Another Interesting Address by Evangelist Trawin Sunday Night

The largest audience of the revival meetings greeted the evangelist at the Baptist church Sunday night. Every available space was taken. The song service under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Tebow went with good spirit and enthusiasm, the audience taking part in the singing.

The church choir rendered a beautiful selection, "With Thee, O Master," by Wooler. By request Mr. Tebow repeated the trombone solo, "The Ninety and Nine," the audience and large chorus joining in the last verse.

The sermon by Dr. C. L. Trawin was taken from Genesis 1:26. "Let Us Make Man." He said: "It cannot be disputed that God made this old earth, the starry hosts, and did a good job of it. That he made man ought not to be considered a very great impossibility for such a creator. In all the history of the human race God has been calling men for his work, Abraham, Moses, prophets and disciples were men. But in this modern age we have reversed God's plan and leave the work of God for the women. Men are too busy with business and professional duties to take a hand in the rearing of their own children, and in the proper attention to religious duties. They spend more on their horses and cattle, and the breeding of hogs and sheep than they do in rearing boys and girls, and yet 'How much better is a man than a sheep.'"

At the close of the sermon a number of those present declared their faith in the Bible and the work of God and in Christ as the Saviour of the world. At the morning service a large class of new members was received at the conclusion of Dr. Trawin's sermon. In the afternoon delegates from out of town joined the local young people in a rally at 4 o'clock and an address was given by the pastor, Rev. E. H. Shanks. Supper was served and the young people stayed for the evening. These popular Sunday evening meetings are to be continued with the large chorus choir and the special features.

SILVERTON NEWS

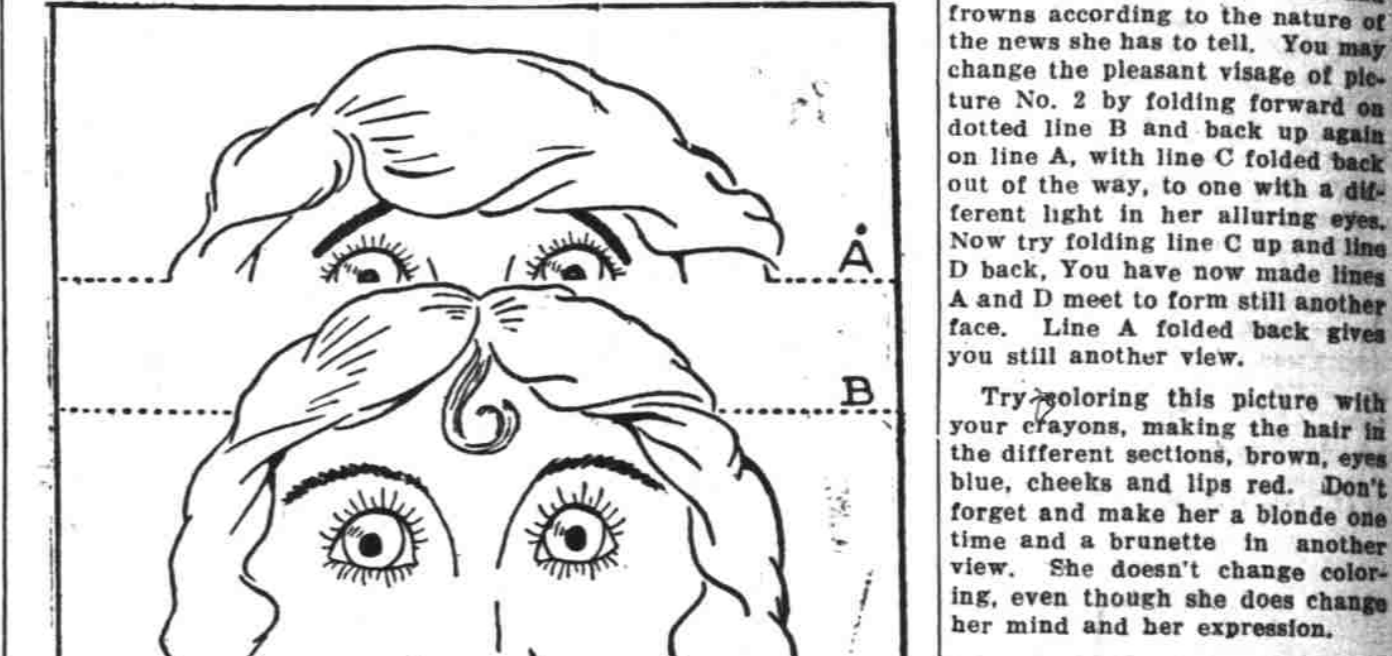
SILVERTON, Ore., March 17.—(Special to The Statesman).—Mrs. J. H. Davenport and daughter Lucile, of Denver, Colo., have arrived at Silverton and will make this their home. Mr. Davenport will come to Silverton later in the spring. He is connected with the Southern Pacific company. Mrs. Fred Atkins and her brother, Merret Stow of Lincoln, Ver., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bristol. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bristol spent their childhood at Lincoln. Mrs. John Porter is reported as being on the sick list. C. J. Rosheim is having a cement curb and cement walks laid around his home on East hill. Miss Nettie Hatterberg and Edwin Hatterberg of Pratum spent Sunday at Silverton. Miss Wilona Palmer entertained a few house guests at her home on North Water street at breakfast Sunday morning. The affair was to have been a tennis party but due to the rain the guests were entertained within doors. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Madsen of Brooks and Alvin Madsen of Salem were Sunday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Madsen of Silverton. Russel Moberg of Scotts Mills is spending a few days at the L. H. Meyer home.

The Boys and Girls Statesman

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

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THE TOWN GOSSIP IN SAD AND GAY MOODS



This attractive young lady of sixty-five summers has a very expressive face, which smiles and frowns according to the nature of the news she has to tell. You may change the pleasant visage of picture No. 2 by folding forward on dotted line B and back up again on line A, with line C folded back out of the way, to one with a different light in her alluring eyes. Now try folding line C up and line D back. You have now made lines A and D meet to form still another face. Line A folded back gives you still another view.

Try coloring this picture with your crayons, making the hair in the different sections, brown, eyes blue, cheeks and lips red. Don't forget and make her a blonde one time and a brunette in another view. She doesn't change coloring, even though she does change her mind and her expression.

HERE 'A' AND 'D' WILL MEET WHEN PICTURE IS FOLDED TOGETHER. HERE 'A' IS FOLDED BACK. HERE 'C' IS FOLDED UP TO PUT GLASSES ON 'G' FACE.

TALENT BONDS GET APPROVAL

State Securities Commission Certifies \$440,000 More Yesterday

At a meeting yesterday the Irrigation and drainage commission agreed to certify \$440,000 in bonds of the Talent irrigation district, at the same time recommending the guaranty by the first state of the payment of the first two years' interest. The bonds having been sold to a syndicate composed of the Freeman Smith & Camp company, Ralph Schneck & company, Lumbermen's Trust company, and G. E. Miller company, all of Portland, and the F. R. Mason company of San Francisco.

Bonds in the amount of \$795,000 of this district have been previously certified of which \$111,000 has been retired. Since the certification of the previous issue, the irrigable area of the project has been increased by about 4,000 acres on account of the inclusion of additional lands, and the proceeds of the issue certified yesterday, according to State Engineer Rhea Luper, will be used for the construction of a concrete masonry arch dam in Emigrant creek about seven miles distant from Ashland, 125 feet in height, and about 400 feet long, which will contain 16,000 cubic yards of concrete and seven tons of reinforcement steel and will store 8,000 acre feet of water. In addition the district will construct the Ashland lateral, 13 1/2 miles in length with 20 cubic feet per second capacity, and will enlarge and extend the Talent lateral and the East Lowerline lateral. The value of the irrigation district, including the works to be constructed, is fixed at \$3,667,725 by the commission appraiser. The district was represented by F. C. Dillard, district engineer, and W. J. Hartzell, president of the board of directors.

Charles Harbec Dies as Result of Recent Fall

SILVERTON, Ore., March 17.—(Special to The Statesman).—Charles Harbec died at the Silverton hospital Sunday morning after a week's illness. Authorities are endeavoring to get in touch with relatives as Mr. Harbec had none at Silverton. It is said he was about 55 years of age. It is reported that Mr. Harbec contracted blood poisoning from the effects of a recent fall. Funeral arrangements will not be made until word has been received from relatives.

Belt Files as Candidate For Supreme Court Bench

Judge Harry H. Belt of Dallas has filed with the secretary of state his declaration as a candidate for the republican nomination for supreme court justice. His slogan is "Will conscientiously endeavor to decide all cases according to law and justice." His platform reads: "If nominated and elected I will, during my term of office,

Ford Given. Solve This Puzzle. Win First Prize. The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. What are the words? To Men, Women, Boys and Girls All can share in these easy-to-win prizes. Send the three words on sheet of paper, neatly written, with your name and address. First prize, 1924 FORD TOURING CAR. Besides this splendid first prize we are going to give away thirty-nine other prizes. Send Your Answer. Act Quickly. THE PACIFIC COMMERCE, 209 S. Commercial St., Salem, Or. Price 30 Cents

MOTHERS—Why allow "muffles" and stuffy, wheezy breathing to torment your babies when quick relief follows the use of CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY. No Narcotics.

Cap'n Zyb. MAGIC DIME TRICK. Like every other magic trick, there is really nothing magic about this one, after you know how to do it. Ask one of your friends to lend you a dime for a minute. Place it in the center of your palm, with-



out any special effort, and then say a few magic words such as, "Abadaba-kazinkus-wahoo-wamba." These words pronounced, take a whisk broom and explain that you have placed a charm on the dime and that a whisk broom will not brush it out of your hand. As a matter of fact, no amount of regular brushing will brush the dime out of the palm of your hand. You must tell whoever is doing the brushing that he must use the broom just as he would on a suit—plain back and forth strokes. The reason that the dime can't be dislodged is that the straws of the whisk-broom will not grip its surface as it lies in the palm of your hand. They can't get any leverage, and the dime stays in place. —CAP'N ZYB.

If this Signature E. M. Grove is NOT on the Box, it is NOT BROMO QUININE. "There is no other BROMO QUININE". Proven Safe for more than a Quarter of a Century as a quick and effective remedy for Colds, Grip and Influenza, and as a Preventive. The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet. Price 30 Cents