

The Oregon Statesman

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 213 South Commercial St., Salem, Oregon

Manager: Frank Jankowski
 Editor: Manager Job Dept.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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BUSINESS OFFICE:
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 Business Office 23-108
 News Department 23-106
 Circulation Office 583
 Society Editor 106
 Job Department 583

Entered at the Postoffice in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter

BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER
 Prepared by Radio Bible Service Bureau, Cincinnati, Ohio. If parents will have their children memorize the daily Bible selections, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

September 13, 1924
GOD IS MERCIFUL:—Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness.—Nehemiah 9:17.
PRAYER:—O God, may Thy mercy enable us to turn from every evil way unto Thee and in Thy mercy live.

"PUT THEM TO WORK"

(Portland Journal.)

"The recent conference on prison industries at Salem recommended employment of all able-bodied prisoners at constructive labor at an early date. It is a wise recommendation. From the standpoint of the state there can be no argument relative to the employment of the prisoners kept at state expense in the penitentiary. They should be made to, as nearly as possible, pay for their keep. To let them remain idle at state expense, when they could be employed to the benefit of the taxpayers, is folly. Idle men are not improving themselves, they are given plenty of time to hatch up schemes for escape, and they are out of the habit of working when they are again released. The result is that they are either not prepared to take care of themselves upon release or they do not care to work. That is to the disadvantage of both the state and the prisoner. But the work should be constructive. Prisoners should, after service of a term, come out of the penitentiary with a trade, a profession, or at least knowledge of some line of endeavor in which they may make a livelihood. When they are released under those conditions, they are far less likely to return to the path of crime. That would be much to the advantage of the prisoner and much to the advantage of society. The sooner all state prisoners are put to work at constructive employment the better it will be for the prisoners and the better it will be for the people who are compelled to keep them prisoners and pay the cost."

The above from the Portland Journal is well said. The flax industry now being developed at the penitentiary is calculated to do exactly what the Journal editor says ought to be done, and what the conference recommended—

And their self support will not be "as nearly as possible," when the development is fully consummated, but full and complete, to the last red cent; with the burden taken forever from the shoulders of the taxpayers, as is done at the Minnesota penitentiary at Stillwater.

This contemplates the threshing of flax and the treatment of the fiber up to the scutching stage, with the sale of the seed and other by-products; and finally the spinning of the yarn, and perhaps making twine—

And this it is contemplated shall all finally be done inside the walls, excepting the drying of the flax, and perhaps, later, the drying.

This will not preclude the carrying on of other industries in the prison, like making automobile plates and manufacturing various things for state account, or for other accounts, especially with the growth of our state and our prison population—

For the Minnesota prison works only 200 to 300 of its inmates in the making of binder twine and rope, which is the industry that supports all the rest fully, and creates a surplus each year besides; and the total prison population there is around 1000.

There can be no prison reform worth mentioning without employment; and no adequate system of prison reform without wages being paid to the prisoners, in order that the innocent sufferers on the outside, the dependents of the prisoners, may have a measure of support; and that other prisoners may have stakes to begin life with upon release.

There must also be moral and educational training, and military training, too, is excellent for prisoners—

But there can be no great advance without employment; and it must be employment that will be profitable and be able to pay wages; and it should also be employment, as largely as possible, that will fit the prisoners as better workmen upon release.

CONSTITUTIONAL WEEK

It is true that there is a lamentable, almost disgraceful lack of familiarity with the constitution. It is true also that the last three or four years we are addressing ourselves more to studying this wonderful document. It must be borne in mind that by constitutional week is not merely meant studying the letters of the document although that is mighty important. It is making a new consecration to the sacred duties of citizenship, a fuller understanding and appreciation of the obligations incurred by those living under this wonderful free government. The constitution stands as the embodiment of every religious and political right. It is the Magna Charta of a citizen's conduct, and in studying that we imbibe the ideas of citizenship.

Americans are notoriously complacent and smug with their government. They think it is so strong that it can get by with anything. It is at present strong, but if we neglect it and allow the rotting influences of destruction to flourish they will widen and deepen and finally reach the heart of our government. Up to this time the heart of America is untouched, and pure but these degrees would not hesitate a second to lay impious hands upon the heart of America. On the contrary they would have a diabolical gleam in feeling that at last they had reached the vitals of America and could stab it to death.

Only a small percent of Americans are disloyal but a large percent of us are careless. We love

our country. If the marshal call came we would die for it, but strangely enough we neglect to live for it. We live to ourselves and for ourselves, whereas we should live for our country and its highest glory and good should be our first aim.

The wording of the constitution is beautiful, the spirit of it is wonderful but in typifying American virile citizenship it is at its best. We should study the wording of the constitution but we should reconsecrate and rededicate ourselves to keeping America clean and virile.

JUDGE JOHN McCOURT

The state of Oregon sustained a severe loss in the death of Judge John McCourt. He was a man of wide legal learning, broad human sympathy, of an analytical mind. His decisions were carefully studied and a result of mature deliberation mixed with an acute conscience. He tried to deal out justice in every decision; he tried to get at the bottom of each case; he tried to find the facts. The splendid record he made shows that he succeeded to a marked degree.

There was one line of reason that Judge McCourt put out which should commend a man to all the people if there were not hundreds of other things of importance with which he was identified. He took the position that to enforce the prohibitory law there must be recognized a conspiracy. In the next few years the entire enforcement of this law is mighty apt to turn upon this opinion. In any

violation of the law there has to be a conspiracy. Judge McCourt was quick to see this and intelligently pointed it out so that it is already working itself into the hearts of those in favor of law enforcement.

As a citizen Judge McCourt was public spirited, progressive. He liked his fellow men; he liked to mingle with them; he liked to exercise the duties of citizenship. In his public addresses he invariably took high ground and ground that could be common ground to every hundred per cent American. Salem which knew him well in the years of his residence here feels that it has lost a man whose influence was always for good. His kindly nature endeared him to many people. He belonged here of course only by adoption but he entered into our community life and became a part of our existence. It was the way the man had of being useful wherever placed and making the best of every circumstance. A great man has gone from among us.

FIRE LOSSES

While deploring that hunters endanger the forests all the danger is not with the hunters. The carelessness of campers is making it imperative to prohibit camping except in regular places. The next legislature will be asked to do this and may do it.

A great part of our fire losses is because every year there are many campers, picnickers, and automobile tourists who take their recreation in the woods. This is an expensive practice and these people are a menace to the public.

Estimating that recreation in the forests costs the government and timber owners sums ranging from several million dollars, in a fortunate year, to as much as \$25,000,000 the government statement suggests that "perhaps it comes at too high price."

Perhaps the association is minimizing the responsibility of its members when it says that very few fires are "attributable to logging operations." Perhaps not directly, but there is abundant evidence in the Pacific northwest that many fires are the result of failure of the companies or their contractors to clean up after logging off land. Fires are easily started in these cut-over areas, and from them often extend into green timber.

This year the fire losses will be the greatest ever because it has been the driest year ever known but this is the time to take our lesson and resolve that even if there are dry years in the future the danger from fires will be minimized.

A PECULIAR MIX-UP

Kansas is regarded as a freak state. It is not a freak state in any sense. It is the state of virile men and live thinkers. Just now it is upset politically and William Allen White the famous writer is threatening to run for governor as an independent, on an anti-klan ticket.

Three years ago White defied his friend Governor Allen, posted a placard of 50 per cent sympathy with a strike. That is an index to his character. He has intense beliefs and will express them at any hazard. Mr. White is a rare man, one of our greatest Americans, unselfish, courageous, and devoted to the public service. He would run for governor if he thought there was a principle involved just the same if he knew he wouldn't be elected as if he knew he would.

Out in this country we do not appreciate the political mix-up of the middle-west. There is absolute chaos there in more than one state. That is why the presidential election is guessing. Out here the unrest has not reached. It is easy to see that the drift is toward Coolidge. In the middle-west the drift hasn't started in any direction. They are all busy hell-raising and going in no particular direction.

ANOTHER STRAW VOTE

The Literary Digest is undertaking the most gigantic pre-election poll this country has ever known. Fifteen million ballots are already in the mail and others are going out at the rate of one million a day.

The results of this gigantic referendum will be an index of the official outcome and, as such, a valuable aid in your local political prognostications, as the vote will be tabulated by States. To that end it will be of benefit all around if you will kindly urge those of your friends who have received ballots to mark and mail them at once in order to reveal the political trend in your state.

Further, each ballot is mailed in an individual envelope, personally addressed with pen and ink, and delivered directly to the voter through the United States mails. The return postage of each ballot is prepaid. All classes possible to obtain have been incorporated in the huge list, including business and professional, union and non-union, men and women.

TRAVELING HOPEFULLY

It was Stevenson who said it was "better to travel hopefully than to arrive." In our school days older people can remember the question was often debated, "Resolved, that pursuit is better than possession." It is an old story and probably can never be settled conclusively because it has so many different angles.

For instance a young man full of enthusiasm and courage wins the heart of his lady love. You can't tell him pursuit is better than possession. Again some young men win their hearts desire in the way of success early in life. You can't tell them pursuit is better than possession. However most of the things that the average man receives in life come too late, come after the red-hot, inspirational, hat-throwing enthusiasm has cooled off and it is the steady grind. One reason why youth is the greatest thing in the world is because it is enthusiastic and because it attains its ends so gleefully and sustains defeat so casually. As a man gets older he becomes more serious, more determined. There is little enthusiasm then, it is neither pursuit or possession, it is a dogged determination to see the thing through and fight to the end. The winning spirit in the world is the spirit that never stops fighting.

THE PRIZE FIGHT

There is nothing exhilarating in a prize fight. There is just one good thing about it and that is it shows the possibilities of physical development and also shows the positive necessity of living clean. Prize fighters are knocked out ten times by their adversary to once by their adversary. They make gods of their strength and believe they are exceptions to all laws civil, moral, and criminal.

In the recent prize fight there was nothing heroic. Each side whimpereed on the other; each side made silly charges against the other; each side declared the other fouled. It was inconclusive and therefore unsatisfactory. If Firpo had been knocked out he would have gone home or if Willis had been knocked-out he would have quit the game. As it is the public must be pestered with both of them for some time yet.

THE DOUBLE LIFE

The cases of the Chicago boy murderers who seem to have double or triple or sometimes quadruple personalities are equal to a case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in fiction, but in real life they have a parallel.

In 1770 George Ruloff, a schoolmaster was convicted of a series of robberies and murders in Virginia, his own wife and daughter being among the victims. His cold blooded cruelty is a record that would be hard to beat, but Ruloff had his other side.

He was an ardent philologist, and had been engaged for years on the invention of a universal language. No one could attempt to palliate his crimes, but a widely-signed petition was presented to the governor of Virginia for his reprieve on the ground that as his invention, if completed, would be of the utmost benefit to mankind it would be criminal folly to extinguish such a light of learning. The governor thought otherwise, and Ruloff was duly hanged.

A FUNNY SITUATION

In speaking of a humble private citizen whose only aim is to render such service as he can the rest of his life, the Corvallis Gazette-Times declares the man is a candidate for office. That is the first admission that that reactionary sheet has ever made that it was popular to be decent and progressive. It is so reactionary that it has always declared that the forward looking citizens were a small pack of wolves making a big noise.

A WONDERFUL WORLD

The people who congregated around the newspaper office to hear the news of the prize fight did not know that they were a bit old-fashioned. All over the country people sat in their homes and heard the report of this fight just as quickly as it was heard in front of the newspaper offices. That's what radio does.

PRATUM

A. J. Cone, hope grower, is finishing picking his fine crop of hops today.

Vogt & Beutler are busy filling silos in this neighborhood. Ed. Eisenbach, who has recently returned from California has purchased a farm near Middle Grove. Mrs. Chas Smith and her daughters Loraine and Beulah, accompanied by Miss Opal Hogan from Bolton Oregon are visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Powell.

John Hofstetter is building two silos in his barn. A sufficient commentary on human nature is the hotel's name woven into the towels.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 266

THE DESCRIPTION HARRY UNDERWOOD GAVE OF HIMSELF

One crisp evening of Harry Underwood's criticism of Dicky stuck in my consciousness like a barb all though the rest of my drive with him to Greenport by way of the Shelter Island ferry. Unconsciously, I think, it tinged all the rest of the story I told him, while he drove Dicky's car easily with but one hand resting negligently upon the wheel, apparently giving all his attention to me, and none to the car. Yet I felt unaccountably secure that any emergency would find him ready and capable of meeting it.

"The Dicky-bird ought to know better than anybody else in the world, what he is capable of," he had said, referring to Grace Draper, "and yet he opened the cage door and let her in."

Without knowing it, he had put into words a vague resentment which I had, almost subconsciously, cherished against Dicky ever since we had suffered the terrible consequences of permitting Grace Draper to come back into our family life. He should have protected me against my own compassion, and against that more indefinable thing which had lain at the root of my decision to admit her—a fear that he might think me ungenerous.

There is nothing so dangerous, so corroding to one's spirit as self-pity. By the time I had reached the end of Harry Underwood's questioning concerning Grace Draper I had worked my imagination to the point of considering myself a much abused and misunderstood creature.

But the man beside me unconsciously furnished me with a very effective lancet for my swollen self-compassion when he said at the end of his questioning: "You poor little white mouse! You didn't have a chance with that tiger cat. Wish I had the Dicky-bird here! I'd wring his graceful neck for letting you in for a time like that. I'll just give him fair warning—if he can't take better care of you than that I'll come back and run off with you."

If he had meant to give me a reaction against himself and arouse my championship of Dicky he could not have chosen better words. The idea of reckless, unscrupulous, utterly irresponsible Harry Underwood cherishing and protecting any woman or remaining faithful to her through the humdrum of life was so absurd as to be laughable.

Madge Keeps Silent. And while I had just been criticizing Dicky myself, mentally yet this second voicing of my own thought upon Mr. Underwood's part made me—incidentally enough—furiouly angry. Of—I mercilessly probed the secret recesses of my spirit—was not my anger partly due to my outraged vanity, stung by the words "white mouse," and "tiger cat," which he had used in comparing me to Grace Draper?

He, no doubt, meant to be chivalrous and complimentary, but he was a generation too late in gauging my reaction to his words. I should like to see the modern woman who would enjoy visualizing herself as a shrinking, insignificant white mouse beside a splendid, little tiger cat!

I did not answer him, for I feared I would betray the childish rancor I felt. But I think he guessed my resentment, without the reason for it, for he, too, fell silent, and it was not until the ferry at the end of picturesque Shelter Island came into view that he spoke again.

"The Lord alone knows whether or not I'm ever going to see you again, Lady Fair," he said, and there was an unsteadiness in his deep voice unmistakable in its sincerity of emotion. "But I want you to get me right on what I'm doing. Your father may or may not give you any dope on me, so I'm going to hand you a little on my own account."

"Each Man Has His Niche." He had slowed the car down to a crawl, and he piloted it into the space by the ferry, deserted now until the next boat, turned off the ignition switch and shifted toward me, his eyes feverishly brilliant. "Nobody knows better than I do just how many kinds of yellow mongrel I was upon a certain occasion," he said. "But it's curious, just because of that connection with the stigmatized gang of cut-throats and traitors that ever crawled, I'm able every little while to give your father and one other person a line that they find quite useful. I've been promoted since the old days, and I'm now quite high in their councils—the white haired boy when it comes to handing out advice. And the devil only knows the things I've kept 'em from by showing them

just where their little necks would take the axe clearest.

"Every once in a while I plan something extra luscious, just to show them what a shark I am, but it's queer what shrewd people they have under your father—they always get wise and spoil the gravy."

"Each man has his niche, they say! Well, mine is that of a high class stool pigeon! I'm making plenty of graft out of the thing, but it's a fine ending, isn't it, for a man who once had brains?"

(To be continued.)

Three State Officials Die in 24-Hour Period

Death laid a heavy hand upon the official state family within a period of 24 hours and called to three prominent men. Justice John McCourt, 50, died at his home here about 8 o'clock Friday morning; R. B. Goodin, 72, superintendent of the state employment school for adult blind, died in Portland Thursday morning and J. Edward Thompson, 48, chief auditor of the state industrial accident commission, passed away Thursday.

A large number of employees of the accident commission attended the funeral of Mr. Thompson Friday afternoon and the state will be well represented in Hillsboro this morning when Mr. Goodin is laid to rest. Both state officials and members of the supreme court will attend the last rites for Justice McCourt Monday morning.

IN MEMORIAM

Anna Malissa Todd was born in Fredell, N. C., Dec. 4, 1842, grew to womanhood in Indiana and died Sept. 3, 1924, at the home of her step-son, Prairieton Todd, near Sidney, Ore.

She leaves to mourn their loss three sons, one daughter, four sisters, one brother, twenty-seven grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren, besides many friends.

In early life she became a Christian, uniting with the Baptist church.

She lived an earnest, consistent life though for six long, weary years she was an invalid, the last three she was helpless and blind and was constantly cared for by her step-son and devoted sister. Too much cannot be said in praise of these who ministered to her with such patience and loving care.

It is said of her that "she was pre-eminently a mother and her greatest desire was to see her children develop into strong, useful Christian men and women."

Many gathered at the home of Mr. Todd to pay their respect to her memory and sympathy for the loved ones.

The funeral was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kelknap, for many years close friends of the family.

The body was carried to Bethel, Polk county, for burial and laid to rest by those she loved in years gone by.

She rests free from pain and sorrow in a land where sickness and death never enter, neither sighing or crying. God shall wipe all tears from our faces.

—A Friend

THREE MINUTE TALES

By Ad Schuster

THE GIRL FROM UBET

In the bunkhouse the marriage of Jasper Peete and the girl from Ubet was discussed with vigor and profanity.

"What gets me," Lanky Edwards voiced the general sentiment, "is how a meek looking sunflower like that girl could fall for a bristled galoot like Jasper. If he isn't the meanest mortal this side of the river I'll eat my hat."

"Does it strike you," Hunch Lippett spoke from a corner, "that there is something pe-coolar about that there hitch-up? Have you noticed them when they come to town, she a-follering like a squaw, couple paces behind and a-looking scared? And they say how her old man owed Jasp some money."

"It ain't probably that a fellow can take a girl in payment of debt in these enlightened days," Soukey Winters spoke up, "but it is the improbable that has been happening hereabouts. I don't like the way he leads her around, and I don't like her scared look and what's more, I think he did everything but kidnap that little kid and I'm sorry for her."

"If you can prove that to me," the smallest man in the group spoke in a gruff voice, "I'll run him out of the county."

Then it was that Will Ambler eldest and regarded as wise, spoke for the first time. "Such things is hard to prove but they ain't hard to discover. Did you ever notice when they come to town, he with his head down and scowling like a brindle bull, how she keeps shooting little frightened looks one way and another? She's like a bird what wants to get away. You know, I stopped one of those looks and it seemed to say just as plain as I'm talking, 'Help me, mister, take me away from this old goriller.' And all I could do was stand there and watch them go by."

There was a moment of silence and vigorous puffing upon odororous pipes.

"If anyone makes the motion," the little man said, "that we gocs up there and chases Jasper over the mountains, I'll vote in the affirmative."

Will Ambler settled it. "I'll make that motion, but we must be what you call circumspect, it ain't likely we could run Jasp outer the county without getting into trouble. And all we could do, and keep within the law, is take the girl away from him and threaten to blow his head off if he made a squawk. A situation like this requires delicate handling."

It was decided that they would wait until Jasper went to town, would visit the house, liberate the girl who, most likely, was locked in, and escort her to Ubet. And select committee would put the fear of punishment into the heart of the husband.

The house of Jasper Peete, as suspected, was locked and the girl was afraid to open the door. In vain the committee pleaded their

mission was one of peace and liberation.

"He's got her so scared she doesn't dare peep," it was decided and the committee forced the door.

"Don't be frightened," Will Ambler spoke for the party, "we came to rescue you, we . . ."

The girl from Ubet pointed a shot gun at the committee. "If you nossey, hand-legged buttinskys don't bat it out of here in five seconds," she said. "I'll tell my husband and he can lick any six of you without trying."

Whereupon the committee adjourned.

Tomorrow: Romance and rinds. (Copyright 1924, by The Bill Syndicate, Inc.)

Humane Education for Children Is Encouraged

A pamphlet entitled "Suggestions for the Teaching of Humane Education in the Public Schools of Oregon," is being distributed to the teachers of the state by J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of schools. In the foreword Mr. Churchill says:

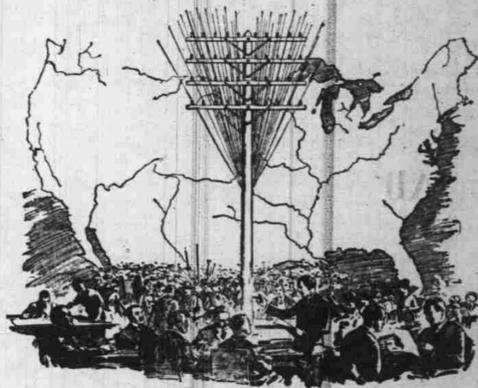
"Believing that the chief end of education is character, and that the first law of personal culture is consideration of others, it becomes the duty of the public school to instill into the minds of the children under its jurisdiction a proper regard not only for human beings, but for dumb animals as well. Most children have a natural love for animals, and this admiration should be encouraged and cultivated. They should be so taught that they will have a appreciation and thoughtfulness for all dumb creatures, and will have a sympathetic interest in them, to the end not only that justice may be done these useful friends of mankind, but that kindness and gentleness may become a part of the nature of the child.

"It is during the impressionable age of childhood that the seeds of such human virtues as gentleness, kindness, forbearance, and charity are planted and are cultivated by daily acts of thoughtfulness. There is no better way of training children in the virtues than by teaching them to be kind and just to their animal playmates; to refrain from neglecting, frightening, striking, or injuring in any way household pets; to feed the birds in winter, and to be thoughtful, always, of every living creature. Thus kindness becomes habit, and habit becomes education."

FUTURE DATES

September 15, Monday, Willamette university opens.
 September 22-27, Oregon State fair.
 September 17, Wednesday, Constitution day.
 September 29, Monday—Salem public schools start.
 November 11, Tuesday—Armistice day.
 November 20-22, Third Annual Ore Show and Industrial Exhibit, auspices Chamber of Commerce.

SOUR STOMACH
 causes bad breath, easy pain, coated tongue and belching.
 Always find relief in
CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
 Sweeten your stomach and breath—only 25c



Engineering for Service

WITH the twang of a clock-spring, carried over a short stretch of wire one June day in 1875, came a discovery that was to be of incalculable value to mankind. On that day the telephone was born, and a new vocation came into being, the profession of telephone engineering.

Today, 49 years later, a host of men, successors of Bell and his single assistant, are applying their trained abilities to the complex problems of meeting the nation's demand for telephone service. They explore the

unknown and adapt the known in science. They bring the thoroughness of specialists to the tasks of construction, operation, management. Their common objective is an improved service whereby man may substitute his voice for his physical presence in distant places.

Engineered and not haphazard effort has brought the triumphs that mark advances in the convenience of the telephone. Because of this effort there is a communion of communities without which America, as we know it, could not exist.



The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy - One System - Universal Service