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My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into diverse temptation; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.—James 1:2-3.

"SALVAGE THE BOYS"

Under the above heading, the Portland Telegram of last night in its leading editorial says: "The Telegram hopes that the state board of control will approve and the legislature enact whatever legislation may be necessary to carry into effect Governor Patterson's plan with reference to the Oregon state training school for boys. Briefly the plan contemplates: First—Inauguration of a parole system where the new buildings at Woodburn will be sufficient. Second—Conversion of the old building at Salem into a reformatory for first offenders. It is estimated that the saving that will be made by eliminating the double organization that has been necessary to operate both schools will amount to more than \$25,000 annually. That is \$50,000 or more for the biennium and that alone ought to be sufficient to commend the plan to the board of control.

"But there is a more important reason why the plan should be adopted, and that is the parole system which contemplates the placing of a boy in a good home as soon as eligible. That means salvaging the boys and making useful citizens of them. It was for this very purpose that the institution was founded by the people of Oregon, but unfortunately that aspect has not been sufficiently emphasized. Governor Patterson is on the right track. If he can save the boys and at the same time make money for the state, he is deserving of the hearty cooperation of all its citizens. The second feature of the executive's plan—the conversion of the old training school building for first offenders at the state prison is also meritorious. Owing to the congested conditions at the penitentiary, it is now and has been impossible for years to segregate the first offenders from the hardened criminals. The result is that the Oregon state penitentiary is in a large sense of the word a school for crime and vice. It is a problem with which past executives have wrestled unsuccessfully on account of the lack of funds with which to erect a reformatory. With the old training school building released from further use as a school, it can with slight remodeling be converted into a reformatory. It would seem that Governor Patterson has found both a feasible and economical solution for the deplorable condition."

The Telegram is on the right track. The plant of the state training school six miles south of Salem (the old plant) can be made fit for an intermediate reformatory for older boys and young men and first offenders with very little expense. In its closing hours, the legislature of 1925 gave the governor the proper authority for transfers from one institution to another, but made no appropriation to back up the authority.

As to the paroles from the juvenile reformatory (state training school), what the Telegram writer says ought to be done has always been and is now being done. Paroles are made as fast as boys are eligible, and proper homes can be found for them. They are made almost daily. It is not as easy as it sounds to find the proper homes, but it is much easier than many people imagine.

There is no doubt the program of Governor Patterson and of the Telegram will be adopted. It is the obvious thing to do. It is called for by the conditions that exist, and by the justice and wisdom of the case.

SACAJAWEA TO HAVE A MONUMENT

Editor Statesman:
We are indebted to Mr. Leon S. Davis, a newspaper correspondent, for a report of the obsequies of the Indian woman, Sacajawea, who guided Lewis and Clark to the Oregon country in 1805.

This woman was a member of the great Shoshone tribe which roamed over the Laramie country. After her return from the service of Lewis and Clark she was much hated by her tribe for assisting the white man to gain a knowledge of the Indian's natural inheritance, as even in that day the red man was very suspicious of the designs of white men; consequently Sacajawea, in her old age, was very much neglected. However, shortly before her death, which occurred in 1884, at upwards of one hundred years of age, her tribe became reconciled to the Americans and allowed her remains to have Christian sepulture under the auspices of the Episcopal church. Mr. Davis says: "To Rev. John Roberts, Episcopal missionary, goes the credit of saving the remains of Sacajawea from the barbaric burial among the crags and ravines of the mountains. Hers was the first Christian burial accorded an Indian of that tribe, and a lonely grave on a sagebrush hill. Rev. Mr. Roberts dedicated this spot as an Indian cemetery, where now all members of the tribe seek burial at the end of their days.

Time has made something of a shrine of the grave of Sacajawea, and each year hundreds of tourists wander among the graves on the hillside. The Historical Society of Wyoming has built a concrete marker for the grave and imbedded therein a bronze tablet giving the facts of her life, but in time the pioneers of the region declare there is to be a granite shaft of pretensions proportions erected to replace the concrete block. On the other hand, too, we must not forget that there is Rev. Roberts, graduate of Oxford university, who came into the wilderness in time to save the body of this famous woman from burial in some unknown spot.

THE METHODIST ANNUAL CONFERENCE

By Louis Albert Banks

The Conference time has come again, The Methodists are here in mass; How gallant look these preacher-men! Mark well their mien and watch them pass. However hard their station be, The glow of face still shows the man; The head as high, the step as free, As when his preacher race began.

And hearken now, that hymn of grace, Ah, hear! "And are we yet alive, And do we see each other's face?" They then tell how their churches thrive, John Wesley lives in these strong hearts; They've weathered storms and seen them through, Broadcast their seed in many parts, Have stood the test, are tried and true.

Some men have found the year most hard; Some men have won a great success; For each there is the same regard— A brotherhood that all will bless. A fellow feeling makes them kind— The bishop once was pastor, too; Whichever way they look they find A kinship that will strength renew.

If one has failed he starts anew— 'Tis patterned on the grace of God; He'll do his best to find the clue And make next year the best yet had. All hail, you earnest hounds of heaven! We wish you courage for your work, And may you prove the gracious leaven That stirs our hearts to never shirk.

Old Salem holds your Mecca grand, Here lies your hero, Jason Lee, And all your pioneering bard; We give you welcome glad and free. Your circuit rider's one of us— In stone he rides upon our street; And so, all Salem, ever thus Will rise with joy his sons to greet.

(Louis Albert Banks, author and public speaker, now a resident of Roschur, Oregon, at 243 South Main street, is a Methodist preacher, a retired member of the West Ohio conference. He was a member of the Oregon conference, which Salem is entertaining, over fifty years ago.—Ed.)

The reading of the above causes the writer to blush for shame, not for what our neighbors have done or what they are going to do in the future in the memory of the noble woman who piloted Lewis and Clark to the confluence of the Columbia with the mighty Pacific. No, I would honor these people of their loyalty to their heroes and heroines of that great new era in the march of progress.

My chagrin arises from the fact, that, although Jason Lee is a thousand times greater than Sacajawea, and died forty years before that Indian died, and up to this time, 1927, not a speck of granite, not an atom of bronze has decorated the burial place of Jason Lee to permanently mark the spot or to memorialize his inestimable services to mankind.

Shall we continue to sit supinely by and see our northwestern neighbors draw tourists from the country at large to a shrine of so comparatively little importance, while we have the materials for several shrines that would draw tourists from the uttermost parts of the civilized earth. The lovers of human progress and the builders of empires would be delighted to kneel at the shrine of this great man and lift their voices to almighty God in thankfulness for such men as Jason Lee and his associates.

People of Salem, people of Marion County, people of Oregon, let us embrace the opportunities thrust upon us and place our beloved state in her proper light before our neighbors. We are building highways and inviting the world to come and enjoy our scenery which the great Designer and Master Builder has provided for us, and shall we not show our appreciation of the men and devoted women who cleared the way for us?

Let us buckle on our armor for those who lifted Oregon from the pit of dismal darkness and let the world know that we are doing honor to whom honor is due.

First give Jason Lee a beautiful bronze memorial, then let others follow.

Who will start the ball to rolling?

Brethren of the Oregon conference you should speak first, then thousands will fall into line.

Hark! hark! hear ye not the sound, the rumbling of ground beneath your feet? 'Tis the people's tread you hear, they are coming without fear, and with every confidence your early call to meet.

Salem, Ore., Sept. 20, 1927. W. T. RIGDON.

The Eugene Register sagely remarks: "The farther we go the plainer it becomes that flying is perfectly safe, but that coming down contains a considerable element of danger."

No one has to ask the Methodist visitors to make themselves at home in Salem. They are at home here. It has been so always. They built the first dwelling house in Salem, still standing. They started Salem, and have been taking a large hand in keeping it going all these nigh onto a hundred years.

The correspondent who sounds the warning this morning of the probable waste of a lot of money in controlling the flood waters of Mill creek speaks not without authority. The project calls for superior engineering knowledge.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY

By JOHN ERSKINE
Published by arrangement with West National Pictures Inc.

"We shan't quarrel over your opinion, Orestes," said Helen. "It is essentially my own opinion. Where I have been, disaster has always followed. If it had not been for me, your father would not have offered up his own child, my sister would not have slain her husband, you would not have killed your mother, nor Pyrrhus, and Odysseus would not have married Hermione.

love as Hermione and I do, you can not help yourself." "You never met Paris, did you? Of course not. He felt the same way about it." "And you didn't agree with him, I suppose?" "Yes, I did." "Then you've changed your mind since?" "No, I still believe it. That's why I'm glad to know it was love that drove you into matrimony. I was afraid it might have been Hermione. She made no secret of her intention to have you." "You imply that she forced me to marry her."

"Didn't she? I thought you said you couldn't help it? Was it her charm or yours that overwhelmed you?" "Oh—in that sense." "Of course, I'm unfair," Helen went on. "It was your charm that compelled her." "I don't pretend to any charm," said Orestes.

"Well, whatever it was, Paris found the same thing in me, and I found it in him. Isn't it strange how love becomes our will? We couldn't have done otherwise." "Oh, I beg your pardon! Such a theory would make your passion for that Trojan rascal as sacred as any other love!" "I didn't mention any theory," said Helen. "I was citing a fact. Why did you call Paris a rascal? You didn't know him. Our love was decidedly like any other love; it seemed to us sacred. If you prefer, I'll cite a parallel from Menelaos. When he married me he too said he couldn't have done otherwise. Now he thinks he could, and he wishes he had. But at the time he was right."

"If you could not have done wise," said Orestes, "you are otherwise," said Orestes, "you are logically not to blame for the miseries that followed. It's an ingenious point of view, but I don't think it will hold. Who is responsible for it all?" "I've often wondered," said Helen, "but I still don't know. I could make an argument to show it was Menelaos' fault, but I have learned to accept a thing once done, as done; we must take the consequences, but there's no sense in debating it as though it were still to do, and I am disinclined to pass judgment on the doer."

"That's a most upsetting doctrine! That would leave all wrong-doers unpunished!" "Never—unless you feel there is nothing ethical in life itself. I still like to believe you can find out whether an action is right or wrong by doing it—that a right action has better results."

"Of course, in general," said Orestes. "But in the practical world, in society, you've got to distinguish between criminals and others." "I'd like to," said Helen, "but I doubt if anyone can—that is, not until you have a long time to watch the result of their lives. Take yourself, for example: I don't know whether you are a murderer or an unusually dutiful son."

"I tried to do my duty," said Orestes, "but what I did makes me fiendishly unhappy." "Exactly," said Helen. "You are probably something of both—I meant to say, your deeds were both bad and good. You acted from the highest motives you had, but maybe they weren't high enough. Your morals are beyond criticism, but perhaps your information was inadequate. I notice that most people feel they may safely act when they know they are right. It strikes me, after a few experiments, that when we are sure we are right we had better be careful. We've probably overlooked something. You think I did wrong in going to Troy, do you understand? I'm grateful to know, that I couldn't have done otherwise. But I dare say you think Menelaos was compelled to bring on a great war, destroy a city, take hundreds to their death all because his wife ran away. You think I'm to blame. Well, I don't see it. I think it was pride and a lack of imagination. He, not I, caused all those deaths, though he acted with a clear conscience and is rather satisfied with himself, and I knew I couldn't help it. Which of us is really responsible for the suffering that followed? I think a decent man could lose his wife without bringing on a war."

"Don't you think a wife should be punished for deserting her husband?" "It depends upon the wife and the husband," said Helen. "I should have to know the special case you refer to."

"I was thinking of you," said Orestes. "Perhaps I should be punished—perhaps I am punished, but not by Menelaos. He got his friends to destroy Troy and let themselves be killed, but here he and I are back again. I know he feels he accomplished something, and I think it best not to ask him what."

"Why not?" "For the same reason that I should not ask you what you accomplished when you punished your mother, or what she accomplished when she killed your father. It's kind to ask people only their intentions; if we saw the true meaning of what we have done, perhaps we couldn't survive."

"You confuse me terribly—you can't know how terribly!" "Yes, I can," said Helen. "I did it deliberately. You came here thinking me a bad woman, and you'll find something of a martyr to duty. You were right about yourself; you are a martyr to what you thought was your duty. So was your mother. But after what I have said, you are not so sure. You probably continue to think me bad, but you see that it might not be so easy to prove, if we came to an argument about it. About my own conduct, Orestes, I have long been confused. But I won't hang my head over anything I've done. I'll take what retribution life has for me; if it has none, I'll be thankful that what I did isn't so bad as I feared."

"That's a terribly dangerous doctrine," said Orestes. "I'm not trying to convert you to it," said Helen. "I merely wanted to explain myself, and perhaps to comfort you a little. Some of the wrong we do is crime, and some error; our mistakes ought to be less tragic than our sins, but it often turns out the other way. You, I think, have made some terrible mistakes, but that won't interfere with our friendship. Of course, I do hope you won't repeat them."

"What you say sounds kind and I'm grateful for it, but it still seems immoral," said Orestes. "Perhaps it is," said Helen. "It's the best I can do. At any rate, there are no hard feelings between us? But tell me, do you think you and Hermione can get along, after all this excitement has died down?" "Of course we can—the excitement, as you call it, has been no aid to our love."

"Oh, don't you think so?" said Helen. "Hermione wants to help you. You've got to keep on needing help." "I think you misunderstand our relations," said Orestes. "We are born companions. I was glad to marry her."

"Poor boy, was that all?" "I mean, I hoped we could marry soon, but I saw no prospect of giving her the home she deserves—they won't let me go back to my father's estate. After that ghastly quarrel with Pyrrhus, who realized at once that Hermione would be compromised in the scandal if she were not my wife. In fact, it was her usual good sense that saw the point first, but as soon as she urged it, I knew she was right, and I was glad for her sake to marry without delay—though, of course, it wasn't the moment you'd choose for a wedding."

"She's very much like Clytemnestra," said Helen. "You don't know how I hate to hear you say that!" said Orestes. "I beg your pardon!" said Helen. "It was worse than tactless." "The trouble is," said Orestes, "I've noticed the resemblance myself, and at a most unfortunate moment. When I struck Pyrrhus down she was glad. I never saw such a look on another face—but one. It has haunted me to so painful a degree that I wonder whether my mind has not been ruined by what I've gone through. And I can't talk to Hermione about it, because it concerns her, and besides, she wouldn't entirely understand; she doesn't seem to have any misgivings about what she does. You're the one person to whom I've spoken, and when I came I had no idea of confiding such a thing to you."

"I am glad you did, Orestes—proud to have your confidence. If it is a sign of a ruined mind to see a resemblance to Clytemnestra in Hermione, my mind has been ruined for a long time. She has her aunt's positive feeling on any subject she notices at all; there's no light and shade to Hermione. I can think of her as marrying a man or murdering him, but nothing in between. You are right in thinking she is like your mother. I never could see that she resembled me."

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert O'Brien



"I seen that quarter on the sidewalk before Sarah stooped to pick it up, but I wouldn't let folks here me grunt for no quarter."

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POOR PA By Claude Callan



"Ma found two collars charged on this big bill from the store, so she called my attention to part of the items bein' for me."

(Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate)

SERVICE HERE LONG

23 TEACHERS EMPLOYED IN SALEM SCHOOLS 10 YEARS

Twenty-three teachers out of the 190 now employed in Salem public schools have taught in Salem more than 10 years, according to a check-up made in the superintendent's office yesterday. Margaret J. Cosper, principal at Englewood school, has given instruction to Salem children a total of 43 years and is the dean of Salem teachers.

Others in the order of their service ranking are: Anna Fischer, Richmond, 30 years; Ermine B. Fawk, Richmond, 26 years; Ellen Currin, Grant, 21 years; E. A. Miller, Grant, 20 years; Amy Martin, Park, 19 years; Principal U. S. Dotson, Park, 18 years; Principal H. F. Durham, Parrish, Carrie Martin, Englewood, Greta Hill, Englewood, all 17 years; Mabel Robertson, senior high, Merritt Davis, senior high, LaMoine R. Clark, McKinley, and Adonna Cochrane, Richmond, all 16 years; Mabel Temple, Highland, 15 years; Marie VonEschen, senior high, 14 years; Principal J. C. Nelson, senior high, and Adell Chapler, Richmond, 13 years; Mary L. Rauch, Parrish, 12 years and Etta White, Parrish, Orph Bell Mitchell, Englewood, and La Na Heist, a senior high, and Bertha Allen, Highland, 11 years.

Bits For Breakfast

Hops about all harvested. And Salem warehouses are full and redolent of them, and one on the highways meets many truck loads of bales of hops being delivered.

The window display week, opening Friday, is going to be a big and splendid showing by Salem merchants. It will attract thousands of state fair visitors.

Tex Rickard should be investigated by the peace officers. He is always starting a fight wherever he goes.

A writer suggests thirteen ways for a wife to lose her husband, but she might succeed without having to avail herself of all of them.

Not so much the first cost as the accessories dent the pocket-book.

A man in love will do anything, but he usually does nothing.

That flagpole slitter should have stuck it out a few weeks longer on top of a Chicago hotel. Now, the chances are, he'll have to pay \$40 to see Dempsey and Tunney fight.

A Chicago woman got a divorce because her husband told her everything—even lies.

Politeness costs nothing, but is worth more.

Advertisement for Becke & Hendricks Insurance of All Kinds, Tel. 161, Heilig Theater Lobby, 189 N. High. Includes a drawing of a man and the text 'Death caused by Automobile is greater than that of all other vehicles combined. This is why Railroad, Steam and Boat Cars etc.'

Blanks That Are Legal

We carry in stock over 115 legal blanks suited to most any business transactions. We may have just the form you are looking for at a big saving as compared to made to order forms.

Some of the forms: Contract of Sale, Road Notice, Will forms, Assignment of Mortgage, Mortgage forms, Quit Claim Deeds, Abstract forms, Bill of Sale, Building Contract, Promissory Notes, Installment Notes, General Lease, Power of Attorney, Prune Books and Pads, Scale Receipts, Etc. These forms are carefully prepared for the courts and private use. Price on forms ranges from 4 cents to 16 cents apiece, and on note books from 25 to 50 cents.

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