

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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February 14, 1928 While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh, so ye out to meet him. Matt. 25:5 and 6.

THE VALENTINE STATE

This is the birthday of Oregon as a state. The act of congress admitting Oregon into the Union was approved February 14, 1859.

And thus Oregon became the Valentine State. The struggles leading up to the final consummation of statehood were remarkable. In the first territorial legislature, on August 20, 1849, a bill was offered "to take the expression of the people for and against a convention to form a state government."

By that time the slavery question in Oregon was hot. Sentiment with regard to statehood had changed radically. The final election was held July 7, 1857, resulting in a majority for statehood of 5938, the total vote being 7617 for and only 1679 against statehood.

In the seven years of territorial existence, the question of statehood had been voted upon by the territorial legislature in one form or another nine times, and by popular vote four times, while congress had considered Oregon statehood bills at two sessions.

The figures of the votes above given were taken from the files of The Statesman. Hon. Asahel Bush, the then editor and proprietor of this newspaper, was one of the most powerful and most staunch and able advocates of statehood.

There followed a terrific fight in congress. The senate had passed the bill by a vote of 35 to 17. The final scene was enacted February 12, 1859, when the debate closed in the house, and the vote stood 114 for and 103 against—a reflection of the bitter days leading up to the war of the states.

The new state of Oregon superseded the territory on the eve of the war to take its place in national affairs.

There were wild scenes in the first state legislature, which met September 10, 1860, in which a resolution was offered to surrender statehood.

But out of the turmoil finally came the election of Col. E. D. Baker, Republican, for the long term in the United States senate, and Col. J. W. Nesmith, Douglas Democrat, for the short term.

And instead of resigning sovereignty, or joining the secession movement, the state of Oregon decided to go on with the Union.

And the Valentine State has remained true to the principles upon which our government was formed. She has become one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the Union.

WHAT ABOUT SOCIETY?

(Portland Journal)

Sobbing under a plea to the judge to suspend the sentence, a 20-year-old girl who passed a forged check on a Spokane store is to go to the Walla Walla penitentiary to serve six months. She was married at 15 and has a 3-year-old daughter.

What of the man in a marriage from which her legacy was a child and forgery?

What of the little one of 3 years, whose mother, from causes that the public doesn't know, is in the penitentiary? Society wails and laments about that big section of humanity that goes wrong. With what intelligence is society dealing with the weaklings, some of whom fall because they never had a chance for their white alley?

Not much of anything, but applying the same old methods, including court processes and some laws based on statutes of centuries ago. Not much of anything but throwing the weaklings and derelicts and hardened crooks into the same hopper and grinding them out into the same human backwash.

The above from the Portland Journal is, like a great deal of the matter written about crime and criminals, merely in line with the complaints of a common scold.

Not at all constructive. In Oregon society is doing a little above the average in the states of this country.

For instance, we are stopping the race of morons at the source, by sterilization, at the institution for the feeble minded—the race from which come many of the outcasts of the "submerged tenth," the people who fill our jails and prisons and asylums for the insane and institutions for the feeble minded; those who are the pauper charges of our public funds, etc., etc.

We are building at the state penitentiary, through the operations of the revolving fund law, an industrial institution; one that will teach all the men and women who come to that institution the habits and methods of work; will teach them trades. And will render the institution self supporting, besides giving a small wage to workers, so that the innocent victims on the outside may be helped and the families kept together, and a high rate of reformations accomplished.

We have the Lewis law, much like the Baumes law of New York, that will gradually reduce the proportionate number of confirmed criminals at large.

Oh, we are not doing enough. Many more things we should do. We should have a permanent board (perhaps consisting of men and women already under state pay and

in positions in line with such duties, constantly studying and suggesting changes in our laws with reference to penology and criminology.

This would lead to the indeterminate sentence—absolutely indeterminate. That is a prerequisite to the reduction of crime.

We will probably never reach that point without some such permanent board, the advice of which will at length be taken, as authoritative.

Statutes and ideas centuries old are largely wrong; but they are not easy of correction, because of the divided and perverse beliefs of the majority of the people, who base their conclusions on wrong information or prejudice or ignorance, or all three.

THE \$3 AUTO LICENSE BILL

(Eugene Register.)

Mr. Isaacson, who writes on this page today, asks: "Why is not an automobile property?" Automobiles are property. They were formerly subject in Oregon to the general property tax.

They were removed from the general property lists and subjected to special taxation for three reasons: (1) Because people objected vigorously to paying property taxes on them. (2) Because large numbers of automobiles escaped property taxation altogether. (3) Because it was decided—wisely, this writer thinks—to make the automobile bear the entire cost of Oregon's state highway system.

Automobiles can be put back on the general property rolls and relieved of special license taxation. But if that is done, three things will happen. They are:

(1) A very large number of cars, especially transient cars, will escape taxation altogether.

(2) The tax paid by automobiles will go, not exclusively to the roads, as at present, but to the school districts, the cities, the port districts and so on.

(3) The road program, which will no longer be supported by automobile taxation, will have to receive support from general property taxes.

It is proverbial that you can not get blood from a turnip. Similarly, you cannot expect the automobile to build the roads and also support the schools, the cities, the port districts, etc. Whatever property gains by putting automobiles on the tax rolls it will lose by having to pay for its share of the roads. It is as broad as it is long.

The present system is an adequate and reasonably satisfactory system. Why abandon it until after we have paid off our outstanding bond issues? After that, of course, we can make changes as we see fit.

Salem has been singularly free from the depredations of such crooks as the ones who robbed the Bligh theater safe, partly because of the vigilance of our police officers. The place for such crooks is in the penitentiary; and once put there, they should remain indeterminate. For life, unless definitely reformed.

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS AGEN., Inc.

"I've been seeing" this house ever since it was built, Mr. Borden. Never did seem like to me folks really lived in places like this. Kind of get a real kick out of visiting one.

"You'll get used to it soon enough." "Gosh! Never to nothing like this. But it's a great thing for Bob, here—ain't it, kid?"

"I'm not sure." Bob smiled shyly. "Sometimes I take it for granted—and then I find I'm wrong. I never was used to anything like it before."

The eyes of the two girls met. For a second they stared levelly, then both smiled. Here was a common bond which they recognized and welcomed. Each was amazed that she understood the other. They were surprised by the mutual attraction.

"We really want to talk about Bob, don't we, Miss Borden?" "Nor did he hear Lois's equally honest answer."

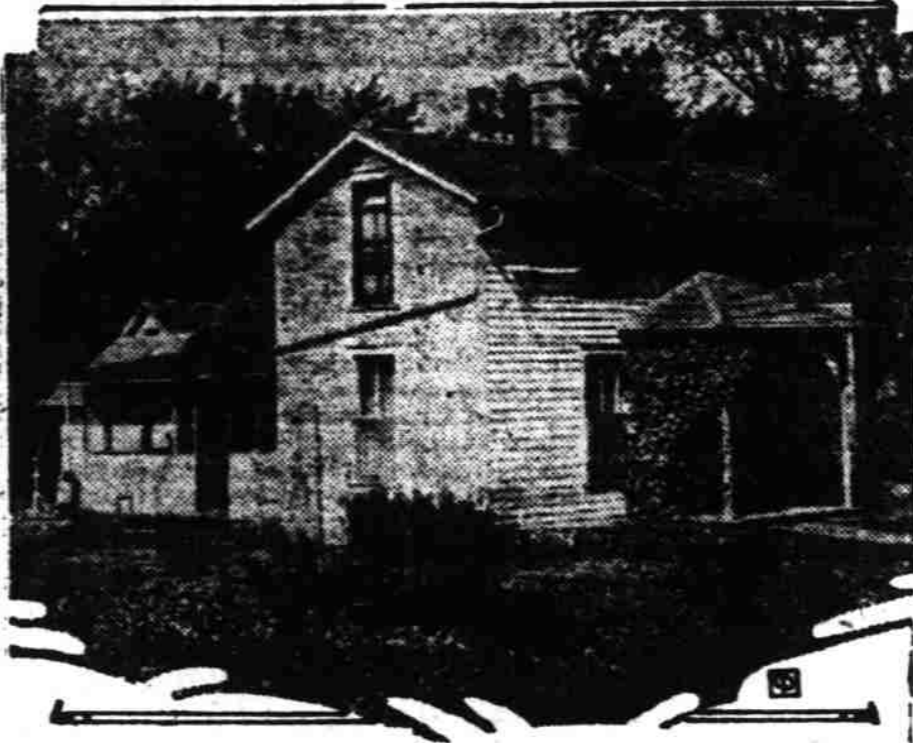
"Of course we do." Save for an occasional reassuring glance in the direction of the three men, Lois devoted her entire attention to Kathleen. The bond between them had been instant and mutual. They were as far apart as the poles, but there was no difference in the straight glances which each reserved for the other, no difference in their interest in Bob Terry.

There was no hint of combativeness. Each girl recognized the sterling in the other and admired it. They accepted their common meeting ground, and each in a second, completely altered her preconceived ideas. True, they both probed for hidden feelings, but their frank likeness for each other made that a difficult task.

"You're right. He hasn't been easy to handle. I suppose you know him better than I do—the underlying man, that is. And it is rather in his just having something to do—a job to go to every morning."

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BIRTHPLACE OF A CANDIDATE



Here is the birthplace of Herbert Clark Hoover, secretary of commerce and a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Hoover was born in this house, at West Branch, Ia., on Au 30, 1874.

encies he might have absorbed. After all, crimes seem to be committed chiefly through the desire for money—or what money will buy—and Dad thought—

"I understand, Miss Borden, and I think more of your father than I did. I didn't believe he had probed as deeply as you say he has."

"Dad is more human than he is credited with being." The girls glanced at the immaculate, trim figure of Peter Borden. He was leaning forward, listening to some low-voiced story by Todd Shannon. Apparently, he was absorbed in what the giant was saying; certainly he had put Todd perfectly at ease. Kathleen smiled gratefully.

"Perhaps he is." "You doubted it?" "Of course. Why not be honest? I only knew of him through John Carmody and Bob Terry."

"I see." Lois's eyes clouded. "And Bob hates him, doesn't he?" Kathleen hesitated before answering. Then she said the other girl the compliment of honesty.

"Yes." "I knew it. He told me so." Lois put her hand on the other's arm. "Will it always be that way, Miss Shannon?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I'll surprise you when I say that I don't blame him. You see, I know so much better than you ever can know what he has been through. And I can put myself in his place to the extent of feeling what he has felt. For three years he has schooled himself to hate your father. He hasn't thought of anything else, because there wasn't anything else to think about. Perhaps—now that he is working—

"In John Carmody's office?" "Even there. It isn't Mr. Carmody, you see; it's the fact of being regularly employed—of taking his place in the world again—that will make the difference, I hope."

"Lois was silent for a moment. 'I want to ask you something, Miss Shannon.' 'Please—'

"Very well. It is this: John Carmody hates my father. There is a good deal you can't tell me because you are his secretary. But I have the idea that Bob's employment by Carmody isn't entirely coincidental—that it is somehow linked up with that man's desire to wreck Dad."

Kathleen flushed. "I cannot comment on that, of course." "I didn't expect you to. Frankly, the Carmody thing is not important in my mind—only I'm so afraid that Bob is falling into a net, Oh! It probably strikes you as silly—but it is my intuition, and I can't help being frightened."

"For Bob?" "Yes." Again their eyes met and held. They knew that they were allies and allies.

"I see Bob in the office every day," said Kathleen. "I watch him pretty closely."

"And," suggested Lois, softly, "you are trying to shelter him?"

"Yes." A gasp. Then, "Thank you, Miss Shannon." (To be Continued)

ONE LAP AHEAD It was speeder's day in the police court. The first offender cowed he was traveling only fifteen miles an hour when apprehended. Next a notorious fast driver told the judge he was going only ten miles an hour.

"And how fast were you going?" asked the judge of Tim O'Brien, third in line. "May it please the court," said Tim with straight face, "I wuz backin' up, Yer Honor."

Power of Throat Baldwin—"Well, we've stopped the crime wave in Edinburgh." George V—"Fine." How did you do it? Baldwin—"By charging for room and board in the jails." Judge.

That cracking sound you hear occasionally is not the breaking of the ice during the January thaw. It is only the noise made by the fracture of a few New Year resolutions.

Our colleges have gained 25 per cent in enrollment during the past five years. This ought to make for bigger and better football teams.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON EXECUTIVE ARRIVES Mr. and Mrs. Burt Brown Barker, who arrived in Portland Wednesday from New York. Mr. Barker will assume his new duties as vice-president of the University of Oregon.

Twenty-FIVE YEARS AGO (From columns of the Statesman, Feb. 14, 1903)

Edgar Meresse will represent Willamette in the state oratorical.

After fifty years of prohibition, Vermont has voted to try local option in the sale of liquor.

C. F. Royal and Son got the contract for constructing a new bridge over Mill creek on 12th street. The bid was \$590.

Philadelphia—Clarence S. Darrow, attorney, was greeted with applause when he appeared here in defense of anthracite miners.

A professor of Greek in Northwestern University says the only way to elevate the stage is to have plays censored by a group of "representative moral citizens."

Freewater—Five thousand acres of dry lands between this point and Hudson Bay are to be irrigated by an enterprise which the newly formed Milton, Freewater and Hudson Bay Irrigation company will finance.

Bits For Breakfast Oregon's birthday—

This being the Valentine state, which means that Oregon is the sweetheart state of the Union.

The Better Homes week exhibitions and programs at the army are very good and creditable.

Not overlooking the cooking school and baking contest there.

Salem is tonight entertaining the biggest show that has come this way for four years—the "Hit the Deck" hallelujah company, with 68 people and two car loads of scenery.

Dolling Up the Freaks "You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?" "No; she works in a beauty parlor."—Boston Transcript.

"I want some powder." "Meenens?" "No, vimmens." "Scented?" "No, I will take it mit me."—Columbia Dispatch.

Or Dress in a Phone Booth "A dancer spun around on her toe 38 times—of all the useless stunts!" "Oh, I don't know. It would come in handy if she ever had to get dinner in a kitchenette."—Life.

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THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen



"I never did like the woman Doc Snow married, an' I wouldn't call on her if I knew any other way to learn the new gossip."

POOR PA By Claude Cullen



"Aunt May is rich, but she's a widow an' she never gives anything but a widow's mite to charity."

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Who's Who and Timely Views

By William R. Castle, Jr. Assistant Secretary of State (William Richards Castle, Jr., assistant secretary of state, was born in Honolulu in 1878. He was graduated from Harvard in 1900. In 1906 he accepted the post of assistant dean at Harvard college where he remained till 1913. Castle was appointed director of the bureau of communication, American National Red Cross, in which capacity he served from 1917 to 1919. In 1919 he became chief of western European affairs division of the state department and later was appointed assistant secretary of state by President Coolidge.)

I believe that when the pursuit of peace becomes a fad, the cause of peace becomes a fad, the cause many altogether good and otherwise intelligent men and women who believe that when once an ideal has been written into law, or into a treaty, it becomes an inviolable principle.

There are many, for example, who believe that if the United States signed agreements with other nations to outlaw war, or treaties guaranteeing that under no circumstances should we go to war, there would be no war. But this is to ignore the realities, to ignore human weakness, to miss the fact that nations are not subject to moral entities, but rather groups of fallible and passionate human beings, or as Mr. Hoover once admirably expressed the idea, "national character is the sum total of the moral fibre of individuals."

Permanent peace cannot be achieved by waving a magician's wand; it is the result of the growth of character and of understanding of the causes of international misunderstanding, of willingness to let others live their own lives as they see fit, so long as their choice does not interfere with the happiness of the rest of the world, of a consistent and unselfish support of national rights.

Every fair-minded person knows that the United States has not the smallest desire to go to war with anyone. And beyond this negative statement every fair-minded person knows also that the United States is determined to maintain an honorable peace with all the world. The department of state exists largely for the purpose of maintaining this honorable peace and our efforts along this line cannot be measured by proposals for arbitration treaties or for pacts to prevent war.

Read the Classified Ads

Twenty Mile Trip By Ski Made Possible By Tunnel

BERLIN—(A P)—A twenty mile trip by skis down a mountain side has been made possible by the building of a shaft or tunnel through the summit of the Zugspitze, Germany's highest peak.

The summit was placed within easy reach of tourists about a year ago, when a suspended railway began its operations. Thousands of visitors, for many of whom the view over the wonders of the Bavarian alpine landscape would otherwise have been impossible, were thereby enabled to reach the peak.

Ski fans next suggested that some way ought to be devised by which the Plattferner, a plateau south of the Zugspitze from where on there is a clear way ahead for 20 miles down to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, be made easily accessible.

The suggestion was compiled with by boring a shaft 2,300 feet long, five feet wide and seven feet high from the summit to the Plattferner. Lovers of winter sports

can now go to the summit by suspended railway and then walk through the tunnel down to the Plattferner, which is already known to lovers of winter sports as the place where the annual Whitsuntide ski contests are held.

The trip by skis from the Plattferner down to Garmisch-Partenkirchen offers in comparison charms, both in respect of landscape and from the purely sporting viewpoint.

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Name

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VOID AFTER MARCH 10TH, 1928

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