

Watching the Side Door Entrance

SENATOR CAPPER has had another bright idea. It is to give the president power to lay an embargo on the shipments of arms and munitions of war to any nation which is naughty enough to wage an "aggressive" war. On the surface the resolution which he proposes looks innocent enough. It makes the customary appeal to many long-haired pacifists. It was widely proclaimed in Europe almost before it had any publicity in the United States. The spokesman for the French government (France has a "spokesman" too) said the Capper resolution was "of transcendent importance." A Geneva correspondent called it "the missing link"; others there said it was "the end of war," and "the one thing needful." Prof. Shotwell of Columbia, a league protagonist, came forward with his blessing, likewise President Nicholas Murray Butler.

Ostensibly measures to give effect to the Kellogg pact for the outlawry of war, the Capper resolution and the somewhat similar Porter resolution, would really cripple the efficacy of the Kellogg treaty. For the Kellogg treaty rests on the moral force of public opinion. The signatory powers openly renounce war as an instrument of policy and pledge themselves to resort to arbitration and conciliation in its stead. The Capper resolution is a resort to reprisals, to a real and effective participation in practically all the wars which may occur. An embargo on arms and munitions laid against one of two warring nations would immediately invite hostilities. America would set itself up as the umpire of the whole world, and get the usual brickbats in return.

War will not be done away with by sanctifying war. It will not be abolished by one nation's blessing one participant and damning another. The fundamental principle of the League of Nations—that of enforcing peace through police power—is wrong. The Capper resolution involves resort to just such measures. It is making a side-door entrance to the League of Nations. No wonder it is hailed with delight by old world powers who want the United States to underwrite peace for them.

What a job this resolution would lay upon the president. He would have to decide which of two or more warring states was the aggressor. What country does not claim it is merely fighting for self-defense? What country does not flood the world with propaganda on the aggressions of its foe? How could the president in the welter of confused counsel and divided opinion decide such a question? How could he keep this country out of war if he did lay such an embargo?

The embargo law we now have with reference to the Central and South American states has caused us much trouble. But these are weak and powerless to stand up against the might of America. To pass the Capper resolution would be to have the United States volunteer to police the whole world. When the people understand what the implications of the Capper resolution are, they will reject it in the same way as the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Railroad Consolidations

JUST when some people are expressing alarm over the growth of mergers in the field of light and power utilities, movements toward the consolidation of railroads into a few great systems are meeting with quite general approval. A big push toward railroad consolidations came with the passage of the Esch-Cummins act in 1920 which directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to formulate a plan for this end. The commission called in Prof. W. Z. Ripley of Harvard who worked out a plan of consolidation which would have reduced the large number of roads now operating to about 26 systems. The commission held hearings on this plan but has never given its pronouncement on a final plan for the roads to follow. The present laws are not adequate to compel the roads to adopt such a plan if the commission does decree it.

New bills have been introduced by Representative Parker and Senator Fess which would free the commission from having to formulate this final plan, and would permit voluntary consolidation subject to the commission's approval, and create better machinery for the absorption of small roads by the large.

At present there is pending before the commission the petition for the merging of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. While an early decision is expected in view of the many months that have already elapsed since it was formally presented, the commission may hold off longer to see what congress will do.

Meantime the eastern roads are making moves for the creation of four great trunk line systems in eastern territory. The Baltimore and Ohio would head one group and the Chesapeake and Ohio another group each with around 14,000 miles of line. These roads have presented their plan to the commission. The other two systems would be the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. New England roads would remain in a separate grouping.

A year ago the commission knocked out the Lorette plan for a fifth system in the east built around the Delaware and Hudson and the Wabash. The D. & H. then turned around and sold its holdings in Lehigh Valley and Wabash to the Pennsylvania company at a profit of around twenty million dollars, the Pennsylvania buying in order to protect its own interests in the eastern set-up.

Railway consolidation is made inevitable by the economics of the situation. If it can be effected in the public interest and not primarily in the interest of the stock manipulators, the results will be beneficial. The country is dependent on our railroads; and will be into the indefinite future.

Salem Loses Game and Temper

ONE of the first lessons to be learned in interscholastic sports is that of being a good loser. The Salem high school, or a goodly portion thereof, needs to learn this from page one of the primer of good sportsmanship. Certain they showed ignorance of it Friday night in staging a demonstration against visiting school heads.

Salem lost the final game to Chemawa Indian school team. That was disappointing after they had beaten the Indian team several times previously, because it shut the Salem team out of the state tournament. Salem has been nursing a grievance against the district association board for calling the district meet, which they claim was irregular.

But Salem entered the meet, and entering it, had no right then to protest. As the largest town in the district, with a long record of basketball victories, the Salem students ought to show a better spirit than to go wild when they lose a critical game. They have no excuse for resort to village hoodlumism.

The Strength of Law Education

THE state game commission has hit upon a sensible plan when it instructs its wardens to talk to men known to be law violators, to reason with them and to convince them that the killing of protected game birds and animals is robbery of one of the state's most vital resources. Such a method of game law observance, declares the commission, is more effective than fines.

The premise of self-government is that men are rational, unwilling to do things which would interfere with their happiness and welfare. Rightly appealed to, men themselves should be the best guardians of law; good sense is a stronger deterrent than heavy fines.

This is the season when all the fruit trees are full of fruit. Enterprising newspapers might pick up the pre-Christmas type:—days left for filing your income tax report.

Children! Children!



Lay Sermons

No. 5: "THOUGHTS ON A LOST BIOGRAPHY."

Moreover the Lord said unto me, Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen concerning Maher-shal-hai-hash-baz, Isaiah 34:1. What a funny name, enough to distract the linotype and proof reader truly.

ever writing down the debits and credits of our lives, but the monthly statements, always showed long, long columns of debits and scant credits. Only by acceptance of a wonderful formula could the accounts be put in balance. Slowly, slowly the churches have been retreating from this forbidding theology. God is not some harsh time-keeper on the works, forever docking, docking. He is not a meticulous accountant. Instead he is a Being to be loved and worshipped as well as feared.

With our thoughts and our deeds we are constantly writing the story of our lives. No one may be divinely appointed to inscribe our record on rolls great or little, on transient paper or lasting bronze. Even our names may never appear centuries hence to be laughed at by the moderns of that day. The record though we should be concerned with, that it merits our own self-respect; and that it harmonizes with the finest conceptions of man's duty to God.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Speaking of Salem Beautiful—Which the Statesman is proud to do in its annual Slogan number devoted to that important feature of the capital city's advantages—

J. Quian Thornton, when he went to represent the provisional government in asking for the law making Oregon a territory, for other help at the hands of congress, carried with him the notes and data for a book, which was completed in 1849, in two volumes, and published by Harper & Brothers; the title being "Oregon and California."

In that book, Thornton said of Salem as he saw it when he went on his mission in 1847: "Salem is a small village situated in Champeo county, on the right bank of the Willamette river, having around it a country of extraordinary fertility. It is the most beautiful townsite I have ever seen."

Thornton was a lawyer, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and Mrs. Thornton was a teacher in a Missouri university. They had suffered untold hardships on the plains in 1846, when many of their fellow travelers starved to death; including the famous Donner party. The Thorntons had started with two wagons, four yokes of oxen, and much personal property. They arrived in Polk county with only their scanty clothing on their backs, and reduced to the very verge of starvation. Governor Abernethy made Thornton judge of the supreme court of the provisional government. They built a small cabin of logs; and no wonder they loved the Oregon of their day!

No wonder they thought Salem the most beautiful townsite they had ever seen. No wonder they came to Salem to spend their last days. Their gentle spirits must look upon Salem from their present abode with satisfaction, as this city grows still more beautiful.

Note how Thornton spelled Willamette. There were ten counties established by the Oregon provisional government. They were Yamhill, Polk, Benton, Tualatin and Clatsop, for the country north

of the Columbia and west of the Willamette (Willamette) rivers, and Clackamas, Champeo and Linn for the country east of the Willamette. And Lewis and Vancouver counties for all the country north of the Columbia, that is now the state of Washington.

The people of Salem are of the salt of the earth. They are genuinely good and uniformly kind. About a year ago, like a message out of a clear sky, John B. Gieser was told by the doctors that he was afflicted with a cancer, and that his only possible hope was an immediate operation. No one was ever less prepared for such a dread message. He submitted to the operation; came so near to the valley of the shadow of death that blood transfusion was necessary to keep the flickering pulse beats going; failed to gain the road to recovery, and submitted to the surgeon's knife a second time; hoped on and fought on with the assurance of medical men that he would finally be well. Thus he struggled through almost a year of terrible suffering—and finally on Wednesday passed peacefully to the home of which he sang in his last days. Through-out that nearly a full year of racking pain, his brother Odd Fellows did a thousand acts of kindness; up to the very last hour. So did his brothers of the Woodmen of the World. So did the members of the force of the state accident commission, where he had been long employed. And so did a host of others, throughout all Salem, and beyond the city's borders.

He had striven to live a life of unselfish service and helpfulness to others. All this was given back to him in his days of need through-out the weary months of pain. These acts continued up to the last; to the filling of the grave where his body rests in the Aurora community cemetery. Oscar A. Steelhammer took a sextette of the Salem band and filled the air with sweet music at the grave side, and Maxine Sautter touchingly sang a beautiful song, the hearts of the members of the stricken family, and the relatives near and far, are filled to overflowing with gratitude they would like to express for the innumerable acts of kindness and officer and expressions of sympathy extending over the long and trying period.

They Say...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this Column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

Salem, Ore., March 8. Editor Oregon Statesman.

I was deeply pained at the report of the Tully-Lindsay debate in yesterday's issue of your paper. I have happened to visit for a time in other towns where similar debates were held and from what I have learned the after effects of such debates are very bad.

Young people do not make Judge Lindsay's fine distinction. They think very little about his arguments, but they do some way gather from these debates the idea that sin is not so very dreadful after all.

It seems to me that it would be better if Christian leaders were to follow the example of Jesus and warn young people of the awful penalty of that is sure to follow the breaking of God's laws. The awful things I saw during my hospital training and since then have led me to the conclusion that it is wicked in the extreme to hide these things from young people.

Many of the things I have seen are too horrible to be written. But I will say that God's words are true when He says: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked for what soever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It is useless to think that by being careful the penalty of sin can be avoided. For the penalty comes directly from God and can not be evaded. It will come, either in this world or the next or in both. Not the least is the awful doom of entering eternity "without God and without hope"; for eternity is very long.

I believe older people are greatly to blame for many of the foolish and sinful marriages we see daily. The eternal joking about marriage. The continual teasing of young people is at least tiresome and disgusting. The brainless and vulgar habit of speaking of a single woman as an old maid at twenty-five, while a married woman is young at sixty—all these things are brainless and sinful and do much harm.

Instead of this, girls should be taught the great risk they are taking in marrying at all. They should be taught to rely wholly on God for guidance in the choice of a husband and to pray continually before entering into anything so serious as marriage, and above all they should be taught to avoid all sin, great or small, and in so doing avoid the punishment that is certain to follow. Young men should also be taught the dangers of a careless marriage, for at the present time it would appear that there is more immorality among girls than among men. I will conclude my letter with the words of God in Ecclesiastes 11 which can be applied to all: "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment."

GRADUATE NURSE.
March 10, 1929
Marion county representatives at the State Grange meeting in Corvallis have been chosen as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Dan Catlow of Corvallis; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Valdo and Clara H. Waldo of Macay Grange.

Passed Up!

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER
By ROE FULKERSON
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CHAPTER XLVI
and grinned. Then, stepping over to her, he said, with pathos: "What in heaven's name must I do?"

"Tell them the position is filled," suggested Betty, feeling sorry for him.

"That's the stuff!" he agreed, quietly. Then in a louder tone he said: "Ladies, I am sorry to have made all this trouble for you, but the position is already filled."

A grumbling group of girls turned from the door and started past him to the elevator. "Stand by me! Stand by me!" he whispered to Betty, backing against the wall. She laughed again, only to get black looks from the group of disappointed applicants. "Shee" cautioned the man. "They may get violent!"

They stood side by side until the elevator had taken the last girl. The man breathed an exasperated sigh of relief and wiped his face.

"Young woman, I don't know who you are, but you saved my life. I was fool enough to put an ad in the paper for a secretary. I didn't know there were so many secretaries in the world. Give me your name and address and I'll send you a box of candy. Do you work in this building?"

"I haven't before this," Betty smiled at him.

"Who are you?"

"I am Betty Brown, your new secretary," she said.

"Huh?"

"I am your new secretary," she explained. "You told them the position was filled, didn't you? I was one of them. I am going to fill the position, I hope. You wouldn't deceive all those trusting women, would you?"

"Oh, my gosh! Out of the frying pan into the fire! Another woman has adopted me! Listen, I'm hard to get along with!" he warned.

"I don't believe it!" Betty enjoyed the situation immensely. "Come into the office and let's talk. Heaven be praised, you at least have a sense of humor. That is something. Do you by any chance write shorthand and operate a typewriter?"

"A lot of secretaries can do that," assured Betty, as he opened the office door and stood aside for her to pass. "I am one of them."

"Sit down. We will find out what you know. Here's the morning mail." He began opening letters rapidly, throwing some into the waste basket and laying others aside.

"In a moment he picked up a letter and began to dictate, and she to take it down in shorthand. The letter seemed to be to a personal friend. Some of the words made her smile. Business school dictation had never been about "lalalalalalalalalalal" or about "ooing eloquence from every pore and pimple."

When he had finished dictating, he tossed her another letter and said: "Tell me, follow me. Bring me the two letters after you have typed them."

She transcribed the letter he had dictated, then wrote a reply to the other letter which indicated consent to the plan suggested. She clothed it in the best English at her command.

He read the second letter first and said: "That's good! I wish I could write a letter like that." He read the other letter musingly, and then tossed it into the waste basket. "I always wanted to know how to spell 'lalalalalalalalalalal,'" he said. "I hope I can remember. You will do all right, Miss.....Miss..... Gosh! I didn't ask you your name, or what Sunday school you go to, or anything!"

"I told you in the hall that my name was Betty Brown. You were so excited you forgot."

"Scared was what I was, scared!" he replied. "How much money does one pay for a secretary after the secretary has saved one's life? I can't marry you like they do in story books, for that's already happened to me."

"I am more interested in the prospects than in the present pay," answered Betty. "I want a permanent position, where I can look for something in the future. What is there for me here if you employ me?"

"My name, as you may have imagined from reading my letter head is Smith. It is not an alias. My father was Mr. Smith, too. I represent two or three manufact-

urers in this wicked city, and I've got nothing but a future! I work like the devil and am out of the office most of the time. I want some intelligent person to answer the telephone, take a few letters, keep my bank book straight; that in all. If you stand by me like you did out in the hall, I'll see that you don't suffer for your loyalty."

"I'll start for \$30 a week. I feel sure I can please you."

"You got a job, Miss Brown!" He spoke enthusiastically. "Huh!" He intended to pay more than twenty-five, but a man always has to pay out more where women are concerned than he expected to. I like you."

The last sentence was said so frankly it carried no offense, and Betty answered it in kind. "I like you, too, Mr. Smith. If you want me to, I will come in the morning."

"Come early, Miss Brown! Some more of those awful women might be back and catch me alone in the hall. Here is the office key. Good-bye, my guardian, rescuer, policeman, friend!"

"And secretary!" added Betty, passing out of the door, laughing. She could not resist dancing a few jazz steps as she went down the hall, seated at her new position. Mr. Smith seemed all she could ask in an employer. He was cheerful and sufficiently helpless to appeal to her mothering instinct.

Betty laughed again when she thought how glad the head waitress would be when she told her she had a nice position and would soon be out of her way.

She hurried back to tell George Harris of her good luck, and he congratulated her.

"Betty, thirty dollars a week is not a lot of money. I don't know what your office hours will be, but I suggest that you come from your new position here and take cash during the dinner hour. Take your dinner and breakfast here for the two hours' work in the evening. That is fair to both of us, and in that way I shall be able to keep in touch with you."

"You would be better pleased if I did this?" asked Betty.

"No, I don't want to be out of touch with you," he answered, in his formal way.

"Then I'll do it gladly, George," she said. "I think it is very kind of you to offer it."

"You won't feel that it is unfair, I hope. It is a business arrangement, pure and simple. You will earn your meals by the service you render."

"I'll be here," stated Betty, simply. She went behind the desk to take up her work.

"You better knock off for the day. I know you'll be glad to go home and rest. Suppose you come back at six o'clock and work through the dinner hour today. Just as you will hereafter."

Before she left he paid her salary up to the end of that day. Betty started home, happier than she had been since the accident with Andy Adair in his automobile. She was a bit saddened at the thought that she would have even less chance to see Andy in her new position. But she had told George Harris she would do anything he wanted her to, if she was to marry George, she better put Andy out of her mind entirely.

She told Mrs. Hogan about her good luck, and how she had secured her position. Mrs. Hogan sent her to her room to rest while she made a cake in celebration of the new job.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Clough-Huston Co's History of Salem and the State of Oregon

We Have

THE administration escaped from its quandary in regard to the "54-40 or Fight" problem by the simple expedient of putting the matter squarely up to the Senate, and taking the Senate's advice in advance of the treaty.

This course, unusual as it was, shifted the responsibility to the shoulders of the Senate, at the same time soothing the feelings of the English.

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