

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press
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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office 215 S. Commercial Street.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
Arthur W. Steyer, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, W. Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
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Willamette Free of Pollution

The septic tank salesmen are getting quite a jolt in the reports so far made by the engineers who are studying stream pollution in the Willamette valley. The bass fishermen will find their kick about destroying the river for fishing badly blunted. The engineers, headed by Dean Harry S. Rogers of the state college, have found there is a great abundance of oxygen in the water, which is one of the most important tests. They are working down stream after starting at headwaters near Cottage Grove. Above Albany the oxygen measured 9 parts to a million parts of water; below Albany the test showed 8.7 parts of oxygen. When it is considered that in water with 2 parts oxygen fish life is fully sustained, it is seen that the agitation about river pollution is pretty much bunk.

No report has been made yet on the bacilli count because that must be done in laboratory and not in the field. That is an important factor in determining water contamination.

For years the cities along the Willamette have been threatened with legislation or regulation forbidding their running sewage into the river. The costs of modern disposal plants are enormous and the cities rebelled at what they feared would be back-breaking bond issues. The preliminary results of this scientific study are therefore reassuring to city officials at Eugene, Corvallis and Albany, because they think they will now escape any compulsory process to install septic tanks. The situation so far as Salem is concerned awaits further report; but it is not probable that the water here will test much different than just below Albany because of the entrance of the large volume of the Santiam at Jefferson.

How Albany feels about it is indicated in the following comment in the Albany Democrat-Herald:

"The findings of the oxygen test, however, will be good news to Albany, which was facing the necessity of expending a vast sum of money, a sum somewhere between \$250,000 and \$500,000 if the survey should disclose a pollution saturation to the point where it endangered fish life. Medical experts, idealists and sportsmen were combining in a movement to require the Willamette valley cities and towns to close the mouths of their sewers and run their sewage through purification plants before dumping it into the river. No doubt, too, they would succeed, if the survey should afford them a peg on which to hang their cause, for to such organizations the lives of a few bass, carp and catfish are more valuable than the backs of human taxpayers. But when the survey shows that above and below Albany the Willamette river water is saturated with oxygen instead of pollution, these Don Quixotes do not have much of a case. We should say that the expenditure of such a vast sum of money as would be necessary to connect Albany's widely separated eight or nine sewers along a front of several miles would be ill advised, should serious sewage pollution be discovered."

Unrest Over the Tariff

CITING the conflicting demands on congress with regard to tariff schedules and the opposing interests of different industries and classes, the Oregonian comments:

These new forces have done much to wipe out the old line dividing the high and low tariff parties—a line which was already much blurred. Some republicans and democrats continue to fight the tariff battle on that old line, but on every issue regarding a particular industry there are likely to be members of both parties on both sides. The difficulty of passing a bill through the senate, then of bringing senate and house into agreement, will be greatly increased, with a possibility that, if they should agree, the bill may be such that President Hoover cannot approve it. This would be caused by the increased complexity of the tariff problem since the United States has begun to export manufactures by the millions of dollars in competition with the great manufacturing nations.

It is indeed a bewildering situation. Happy are those like Congressman Hawley whose naive faith in the virtues of a protective tariff is not disturbed by the great economic shifts of the past two decades. Those whose mind-set was fixed in the great McKinley-Hanna days of 1896 and 1897, still cling to the protective tariff as the ark of the covenant. The tariff and the tariff alone have brought prosperity to America.

Here is Senator Moses from New Hampshire, long beneficiary of protection. He protests that increases in tariff on foodstuffs to benefit the farmer will increase living costs in the industrial east; so he opposes the increase on farm products. Here is Senator Brookhart howling that increases on manufactures more than take away the benefits which the new tariff promised the farmer.

One thing is clear that in the welter of diverse demands and the confusion of ideas, the chances are slim for a constructive tariff to be enacted. The prevailing dissatisfaction with methods of tariff making cause the people to lose faith in its virtue, as well as in the virtue of its makers. The Oregonian hints that the final draft of the tariff may be unworthy of presidential approval. Its comments and the general unrest over the tariff situation support the position taken by The Statesman that it is time for a revision of the traditional attitude toward the tariff in the light of changed conditions, notably the shift from a debtor to a creditor nation.

Bridles of Newspapers

ONCE again the newspapers are "harnessing the Columbia." This old river is threatened with saddle and bridle every so often; but it still goes unweaved to the sea. The water is there, the fall is there. The money isn't. The money isn't because the demand for the product isn't. Time to come the Columbia will probably be harnessed, but when it is, it will be harnessed by corporations that know just what they are about, or by the government, not by the newspapers.

One such development is fairly in prospect at Rock Island, below Wenatchee, where the Puget Sound Power and Light company announces it will put in a power development. Farther down the river is Priest Rapids. Numerous fillings have been made on this power site, and considerable money has been spent on engineering work. But all the ventures have fallen through because the demand for power was not in sight. That is all that holds back the Umatilla rapids project or others on the river. There must be an assured market for the power at compensatory rates before capital will be available for the great outlay involved.

Recently a new organization was formed to exploit the Grand Coulee development on the Columbia above Wenatchee. There is virtually nothing such a booster club can do because millions are not expended on booster club resolutions. Col. Hugh Cooper of Keokuk dam fame, tried to promote this Grand Coulee project years ago in connection with the Columbia Basin irrigation project but engineers turned it down. Cooper for a long time had power rights up on the Pend Oreille river at Box canyon and "Z" canyon, but he never developed them because he lacked the market for the power.

Power development and industrial development have to go hand in hand. The northwest has the potential power,

Another Amazing Endurance Record



and decade by decade it will be utilized. It is very good for newspapers to exploit these resources from time to time to acquaint local people and the world of the magnitude of this reservoir of power that is available; but type and newspaper will not of themselves bridle the "white horses" of our rivers.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Bits man agrees—
With George Putnam in most of what he said in a couple of recent editorials in the Capital Journal—barring his flings at prohibition enforcement officials and the movement directed along the right lines to make prisons self supporting.

The Oregon prison should have a new site, with at least 1500 acres of good land, and with buildings arranged to make it comparable to a large factory operation; or an industrial city. This could all be provided now, from the money secured from the sale of the present property, that is in the city limits of Salem, together with a loan of money like that secured for the new state office building—

And without any appropriation whatever from the general taxes. That is to say, the prison, under competent management, under the present revolving fund law, is capable of providing itself with an adequate plant, and ample equipment of the best type, and at the same time grow into full self support, with only the usual appropriations for maintenance for the next three or four or five years. And very soon thereafter to go onto a system under which every worker would get a wage, and every one might learn a trade and have schooling.

Of course, an absolutely indeterminate sentence system would result in keeping some prisoners all their lives—short or long. But in none would the encouragement of hope be cut off. There would always be the chance for reform; for a prisoner to fit himself for the duties and responsibilities of law-abiding citizenship. The "hitch" would be taboo. There would be no one year or two year or other hitch, to be repeated by second time or third time losers, and then extended for life by fourth time losers.

But there is no good reason why prisons should not be self supporting. The highest class one in the United States, at Stillwater, Minn., is self supporting. And it teaches trades. And it pays wages to all who work, giving the means to keep families together on the outside, or for those without families to have stakes upon release. This makes for reformation. The Bits man believes employment is the basic principle of reformation. All other rules revolve around this.

The revolving fund law of the Oregon state penitentiary was copied largely from that of Minnesota. It is working towards the point of self support, and industrial training and education and wages for all inmates. It has a better basis than that of Minnesota, because the principal raw product, flax, is grown here at home, while those for the Stillwater institution, sisal and manila hemp, for making binder twine and rope, come from Mexico and the Philippines. But the Stillwater prison turns out farm machinery and implements, too, and other manufactures. So does the Oregon prison, including agricultural lime, flax pulling, and scutching machines, etc., and this list is capable of being much extended, and no doubt will be much extended in time.

The Stillwater prison was started off with a huge appropriation and a still larger credit

tend in one way and another to every family and each individual; for the innocent suffer more than the guilty from this burden, which is at the same time the greatest heartache and the largest expense of any one thing in this country, and in most if not all other countries.

Harvest Halts Grange Meeting Until October

McCOY, August 7.—The McCoy grange will have no more meetings until October because of harvest. The meetings do not have a large attendance when all the farmers are so busy with harvesting their crops.

Ten Years Later

Note—The following article by Paul Block, a German newspaper writer who was present at the Versailles peace conference in 1919 and at the Paris negotiations this year, appeared recently in the Berliner Tageblatt. It was translated and published in this country by The Living Age, and is an interesting statement of German opinion "ten years later."—Editor.

It is cooler today than it was on that May morning in Versailles, ten years ago, when we were waiting in the Hotel des Reservoirs for the officer who was going to take us through the park to the Trianon. The tops of the trees were waving fresh and green in the warm sunlight and the grass was dotted with bright clumps of spring flowers. On a balcony on the other side of the park fence that we were passing a brightly colored bird was chirping in a big cage. The world looked so young and lovely that it seemed as if we were going to a wedding and not to a funeral. But in spite of the politeness of our cheerful military attendant we were in the depths of despair, for we knew that in the next few hours Germany's freedom would be dead and buried.

"What will become of us?" one of us inquired in a low voice as we passed the singing bird in his cage, and someone else answered bitterly, "We shall be like that bird."

None of us will ever forget the next hour we passed in the Trianon. Around a big horseshoe table sat the delegates, some gaily bedecked in glittering uniforms, others attired in elegant frock coats. Europe, Asia, and America were there; white faces and black and yellow heads, patriarchal beards, smoothly shaven profiles—it was an assembly representative of the entire world, the entire world ranged against Germany.

Polite greetings, cordial handshakes, and a victorious air of triumph, particularly among the representatives of the little nations, which hoped to increase their stature today. In the middle sat the Big Three—Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. In the dim gray light they looked like the judges of the dead in Hades—Eacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus. But they were not judges of the dead; they were pre-emptive lawgivers to the living and the arbiters of a living nation's destiny. At that time the German world was not aware of the political discord that prevailed among these three men. To be sure, there were hints and rumors of the fact that we knew so well today—that Clemenceau had to fight hard to get his demands and that the other Allied leaders bowed to his brutal will reluctantly, and that in spite of their apparently only certain psychological differences could be recognized even on that fatal 7th of May. Lloyd George comported himself cheerfully and jovially; Wilson was stiff and uneasy, while Clemenceau sat in the middle looking stern and unbending. I shall

always remember him sitting there with his hands, in heavy gray gloves, planted on the table as he said, "The hour for the great reckoning is at hand."

But, before he said this, the German delegates had been led into the room and the entire assembly rose to greet them as they took their appointed places at the horseshoe table. It was a superb show. Six Germans against the world and outside all the way from the sunny park of Versailles to the banks of the Rhine victorious armies and threatening cannon.

What happened in the bitter weeks that followed is history. And we kept remembering that, in spite of all agonizing sorrow and burning shame that we few Germans were suffering in Versailles, we were far better off than the starving and miserable folk at home. Our daily labors occupied our minds entirely. We forgot the darkness that lay behind us and most of us were consoled by an optimistic hope that it was not possible for Germany to go under completely.

The few opportunities that we had to talk unofficially with everyday people strengthened this hope. The Germans in Versailles were fenced off from the French population as if they were a tribe of cannibals being exhibited to civilized Europeans. Wherever we went, officers and police accompanied us, and only on rare occasions, when we walked through the park at Saint Cloud, were we able to see the promised land of Paris in the distance. Even so, they could not prevent us during our daily walks from meeting workers or members of the middle class who were not politicians or police, but simple men like ourselves. Much hatred, much misunderstanding, many tears and objections, all I separated France and Germany, but men of good will felt a desire to understand each other. Only when the French Press considered it necessary to inflame public opinion against the vanquished and to apply pressure did it seem as if the fury of the War still lived on. We had a taste of this one evening when the citizens of Paris were informed that negotiations had been broken off and that the German delegation was going home. On that occasion, the doors of our hotel had to be bolted in the face of a howling mob, while we were hurriedly escorted to another hotel reserved for us, bombarded on the way by beer-pads and accompanied by the threats and execrations of harmless waitresses.

But that evening was an exception. There were also pleasant experiences which showed that our late enemies felt a spontaneous respect for us. I do not know whether it has already been related elsewhere, but it will do no harm to repeat once more the story of how half a dozen German journalists put the ribbon of the Iron Cross in their buttonholes

just before the Peace Treaty was signed, under the very eyes of the Allied officers. They had been irritated and their nerves were on edge at having been surrounded so long by the uniforms of the victors and the trappings of war, for every military color from khaki to horizon blue was being worn. Finally, one of the journalists, a Socialist, remarked that he regretted that he had left his Iron Cross in Germany. But another one of them had a black and white ribbon in his pocket which he cut into half a dozen pieces and distributed. The French officer in charge looked astonished. Everyone laughed at these decorations. The Germans, however, drew themselves up and, at a word of command, stuck them in their buttonholes. The Frenchman raised his fingers to his head and saluted the enemy's insignia. Usually I lay small store by the bright trappings of war and, furthermore, I was long past the military age, but this scene at the signing of the Versailles Treaty pleased me enormously. At such a time it was more than a naive demonstration.

Ten years have now passed and the once forbidden city of Paris is now swarming with a peaceful German invasion and the undelivered speech of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau is a leading article in the Berliner Tageblatt. The speech is a historical document of lasting importance. It is the work of a great statesman and it expresses the opinions and desires that one of the best men in Germany felt ten years ago. It is a vain task now to inquire whether things would have been different if the government had followed Brockdorff-Rantzau's wishes and refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty. The entire German people now stands united behind this decision, but it was not united in 1919. In all the dire distress that followed the signing of the Treaty at least one thing was preserved that otherwise would have fallen asunder—the German nation. We have had to fight so hard in the last ten years and we still have so much to bear that our progress remains slow. The journey from the Trianon to the Hotel Georges V in Paris has been a way of the Cross with many stations, but we live, we work, and we have the right to hope that through our work we can attain freedom once again, for time is working with us. In his preface to Tardieu's book "La Paix, Clemenceau describes an incident at the beginning of the peace negotiations that roused the choleric old man to a raging fury. Just as the negotiations had begun, a German delegate dared to say in the presence of the Allies that they must not allow the sickness of victory to infect any debate. "The conference was not broken up," thundered Clemenceau. "The delirious brute was not even asked to apologize."

If a Frenchman were to address a German representative in such terms today, he would not only have the whole world against

(Continued on Page 12.)

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