

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

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

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, 711 Madison Ave.;
Chicago, 344 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 315 S. Commercial Street.

Subscription Rates:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 2 Mo. \$6.00; 3 Mo. \$12.50; 6 Mo. \$25.00; 1 Year \$48.00. Elsewhere 10 cents per Mo. or \$3.00 for 1 year in advance.

By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.50 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Youth and Crime

THE Portland Journal quotes Warden Holohan of San Quentin as saying "Youth is going to prison at a rate faster than ever before." Of the 5015 prisoners in his institution, 2780 are under 30 years of age—63%. This is a sharp rise of 12% over the previous year.

Students of criminology will know the exact statistics as to age ratios of the present day as compared with former years. We happened to note recently the distribution by ages of the prisoners at Salem in 1886. There were 269 male prisoners then, as follows: 19 under 20 years; 108 between 20 and 30; 85 between 30 and 40; 36 between 40 and 50; and 21 over 50. The percentages for the several classes were: 7%; 40%; 32%; 13%; 8%. In other words, in 1886 in the local institution there were 47% under 30 years of age—which is comparatively close to the last year's figure at San Quentin, 51%.

It is something to ponder over that any considerable number of people should go to prison; but it is neither surprising nor particularly alarming that the most of them are under 30 years old. That is the time when blood runs fastest. Youth takes its fling; and we may always expect the largest percentage of inmates ranging in age from 20 to 30.

There is another reason why this average should be falling, that is the faster development of youth of today. Toy-makers have remarked that boys of 10 to 12 today are all through with toys. They were not a generation ago. More and better schools, more mechanical devices, movies, more books and papers all help to give the mere boy of today an early and intimate acquaintance with life which formerly he remained in ignorance of until his later teens.

The youth who goes to prison today is a sophisticated chap, more so than his prototype of fifty years back. As the general education of youth progresses more rapidly, so does his criminal instinct develop earlier. Likewise his moral training must be speeded up to enable him to erect protective defenses of self-control against the invitations to enter a life of crime.

The Journal has done well to point out the sad picture of mere boys going off to prison after a fling at criminality. It is one of the sad commentaries of our presumed enlightenment that society seems so impotent in coping with this growing problem of crime and the feeding of bright youth to the pits of wrong-doing.

No More Change in Prison Staff

THE STATESMAN believes it voices the belief of 99% of those who have followed the administration at the state prison when it expresses the hope that Henry Meyers will remain as superintendent and John Lewis as warden. The direction of this institution has been admirable and these men have rendered a type of service which is not being compensated for in money and cannot be. We have felt that a change was necessary in the management of the flax industry, though we have not the slightest personal feeling against Col. Bartram and admit that under his control the industry has shown great expansion. If his post can be filled satisfactorily we hope there will be no further changes in the executive staff at the penitentiary; and hope that Supt. Meyers in particular will be willing to remain on the job.

Under the heading "Insanity in Oregon," The Nation, New York, prints a letter from Irvin Goodman, Portland, which relates that one Mike Kulkoff, 19, has been sent to the state insane asylum for reading Lenin's "State and Revolution" and "Imperialism" at the Washington high school. Goodman is a professional radical sympathizer. He wrote wildly fantastic tales about the state penitentiary and was instigator of a hearing before the state board of control that flattened out like a dime under a locomotive. Why, it would be impossible to send the last to the insane hospital after the recent election when "freedom of speech" was Plank I of the reform platform which the public endorsed by a big majority. Collier's recently had us "pink"; now The Nation has us black. Both might do a little investigating first, and we think they would find our color true blue—but a paler than usual.

Has it ever been scientifically determined what food should be taboo at a training table? One high school lad here this week said he hadn't had pie all this season. Hadn't smoked either, but that was no privation because he said none of his team smoked. Is the bar on pie for the moral effect or the physical effect? Has it ever been determined how much less accurate a lad is in shooting baskets if he ate a small piece of apple pie? We doubt it. The training would be impossible to send the last to the insane hospital after the recent election when "freedom of speech" was Plank I of the reform platform which the public endorsed by a big majority. Collier's recently had us "pink"; now The Nation has us black. Both might do a little investigating first, and we think they would find our color true blue—but a paler than usual.

We heard of one ex-service man who has a very fine position, paying him around \$4,000 a year or better, the warrant coming regularly to him from the state. He was the first to apply for his "bonus." Asked what he was going to do with the money he said he would invest it to draw 5% (the rate charged him by the government is 4 1/2%). He questioned frankly told him he hoped he lost it all. Here surely is a case of making merchandise of a patriotic duty.

Poor old sugar, which has gone lower in price from year to year until now it is the lowest the writer can recall, stiffened its back a trifle this week. And wool has been a bit firmer. Cotton textiles have been in fair demand. All of this is encouraging, and like straw, indicate the turning of the wind. Poor old gasoline is still on greasy skids, however.

The news of the organization of the hydro electric commission says that Col. Clark was present and "most of the time was given over to study and consideration of the act itself." That's a good beginning and will probably have to be repeated by lawyers and courts in liberal doses the next few years.

Never before have there been so many business doctors as during the present industrial illness. Apparently the trouble is that too many of them had faith in their own medicine.

Business has reached the yawn stage after a night's sleep. Here's hoping it doesn't turn over and take another year's cat-nap.

So Theodore Dreiser slapped Sinclair Lewis in the face. More Rabbit stuff.

Royal Neighbors In Portland For Institution Meet
SCOTT'S MILLS, March 20—Six members of Scott camp 6113 Royal Neighbors of America attended the Nash meeting held in Portland Monday. This gathering was in honor of Mrs. Alice C. Nash, chairman of the board of supreme managers, Royal Neighbors of America, with headquarters in Rock Island, Ill.

Monday afternoon a closed meeting was held in the Odd Fellows temple. A school of instruction, a class in initiation and a question box were the principal features. A banquet was held at 8:30 and a short reception held from 9 to 9:30 p. m.

Dried Milk

By C. G. DAUER, M. D., Marion County Health Dept. In very recent years there has been a great increase in the amount of dried milk used, especially for infant feeding. The purpose of this article is to discuss the preparation and uses of this article of food.

Not only is plain milk prepared in this way but a variety of formulae used in infant feeding. Soured or lactic acid and protein milks are processed in this manner as well as others.

Dr. C. G. Dauer, the hot air all the moisture or water is instantly evaporated. Another method is to spray the milk into a partial vacuum which is warmed. In either case the solid parts of the milk are deposited at the bottom of the vessel in the form of a fine powder. One difficulty or drawback to preparing milk in this form is that not all bacteria are destroyed, however, most of them are.

Not only is plain milk prepared in this way but a variety of formulae used in infant feeding. Soured or lactic acid and protein milks are processed in this manner as well as others. Numerous advantages to this kind of food. First we might mention that dried milk properly prepared and packed will keep almost indefinitely so it can be shipped long distances. This makes it a desirable form of milk to use in the tropics and other regions where it is impossible to get fresh milk. It is very easy to prepare, that is the mother has very little difficulty in making up a formula for the child. It is economical for only the exact amount needed for the day is made up at one time. The vitamin content of the dried milk is very nearly on a par with fresh milk.

Dried milk is also used quite extensively in the preparation of certain foods in a commercial way. Some bakers use it in making bread or other baked goods. However, the quality of the original product is a lower grade of milk than that used for feeding of children. It may also be used instead of fresh milk in the home for preparation of different foods requiring milk.

When a community has access to a great supply of milk as this community enjoys, it would not be adequate reason to use dried milk extensively except for special occasions. Under present conditions a better control is kept over the sources of milk supply.

ANOTHER UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

Dave Ordway, wealthy, young aviator, makes a forced landing in an orange grove in the hinterland of Florida. Looking for the owner to pay for the damage, Dave comes upon two beautiful girls in the overall Joan Marbury, who is a thousand years old. From the girl's point of view, she has been running the plantation since her father's death. Fearing the wrath of Mueller, owner of the adjoining groves, when he learns of the damage to his trees, the girls urge Dave to leave. He insists upon reimbursing Mueller, and when he learns Mueller has been molesting the girls, he is more anxious than ever to meet him. Just then Mueller's plan flies by, Dave wonders why he has an amphibian when there is no water in the vicinity. On the way to Mueller's, Dave pictures his former fiancée, haughty Barbara Holworthy, in Joan's place.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

More Taxes, Not More Debt

Reprinted from the Nation, March 4th.

The ease with which the treasury has been able during the past few months to float successive issues of short-term securities at low rates of interest has undoubtedly helped to confirm a great many people in the comforting belief that the finances of the government, notwithstanding the business depression, are in an entirely healthy state. On February 13, for example, the treasury sold \$150,000,000 of 120-day bills maturing in 1931 at the year. The advance subscriptions aggregated \$247,532,000, and the amount actually allotted was \$154,218,400. The heavy oversubscription would seem to indicate that the credit of the government is good and that its securities are eagerly sought, but that the operation of borrowing money at low rates can go on indefinitely without occasioning any serious concern.

As a matter of fact, however, the treasury situation is far from healthy. For the first time in years the treasury is facing a deficit. On January 23 Secretary Mellon told the senate finance committee that he looked for a deficit of \$1,419,232,655. For the fiscal year ending in 1931 the deficit would be \$1,419,232,655. For the fiscal year ending in 1932 the deficit would be \$1,419,232,655. For the fiscal year ending in 1933 the deficit would be \$1,419,232,655.

What the issuance of short-term securities every few weeks such as the \$150,000,000 sold on February 13, amounts to is that back what is already borrowed, all the while adding a little one way or another, some \$500,000,000 behind on June 30 next. For the simple reason that the volume of bonds maturing in the course of the next three years is no other resource save to replace the old issues with new ones, possibly at lower rates of interest, but without cutting down the principal of the debt. It is exactly this operation that is contemplated by the bill which Secretary Mellon submitted on January 5, and which was acted on favorably by the house on

February 20, raising from \$300,000,000 to \$23,000,000,000 the amount of bonds that may be issued under the second Liberty Loan act.

Meantime congress, apparently expecting that there would always be a surplus and that, even if there wasn't, things could be managed somehow, has gone on appropriating money with a lavish hand. It has just completed the sinking of \$500,000,000 in a scheme of farm relief without regard for the fact that the country was committed to an indefinitely large outlay for Mississippi flood control, and has scattered millions right and left to relieve unemployment by means of road construction and public building. With the same gay confidence in the future it patted the country on the back with a 1 per cent reduction in the 1930 income taxes. Now, with business scraping bottom and struggling hard to rise, a persistent volume of not less than \$,000,000 unemployed, foreign trade declining, railway revenues heavily cut, a glutted world market for wheat, less and less demand for cotton, and an alarming record of bank and business failures, the treasury faces a deficit of half a billion and a huge program of debt refunding.

In almost any other country in the world a financial predicament such as this, would have been met not only by reduction of expenditures wherever such reduction was possible, but by a frank increase of taxation. Unfortunately a tax increase has always been about the last thing to which congress or the administration has been willing to resort. Until the federal income tax was established, the United States relied upon tariff duties and excise taxes on liquors, tobacco and a few other articles for all but an unimportant part of its revenue. The tariff, of course, was supposed to protect the foreigner; liquor and tobacco taxes were all right because these articles were more or less wicked luxuries. Since 1911, however, the internal revenue receipts have run ahead of customs receipts, and since 1918 have been counter-receipts reached only millions. As things stand, if the \$9,000,000,000 that has been lopped off the debt since the peak of 1918 is not to go back again through recurring deficits, the country will have to go into its pockets and pay more taxes.

It is to this necessary increase in taxation that the new congress should without hesitation address itself. There is no virtue whatever in carrying a national debt a day longer than the time needed to repay it, none whatever in the indebtedness incurred by the present generation. With all allowance for the practical usefulness of credit or long-term financing, the generation that goes in for expenditure should pay for its expenditure. Barring the unavoidable hardships of exceptional situations, the rates of the federal income tax, of the low-

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

CHAPTER IV He was startled out of his abstraction by a peremptory voice from behind the next row of orange trees. "Hey, you!" Dave paused in mid-stride, knowing an instant irritation at the curt tone of command. From between the low branches of the trees came a heavy-set figure, clad in garments which might have made a fashion plate entitled "What the Well-dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear." With a Panama hat, mole-skin riding breeches and high boots of polished cordovan, the hard-faced stranger looked as though he had just been turned out of an over-zealous hotel. The only outfit note in the otherwise perfect ensemble was a double-barreled shot gun held in the crook of his left arm. He met Dave's eyes with a hostile glare which sent a sharp tingle of anger through the pilot's usually steady nerves.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reverting to the pioneers:

This column has lately had something about the high average intelligence of the pioneers, and the outstanding educational training of some of them.

After the death of Joseph L. Meek, "Col. Joe Meek," as he was usually called, Mrs. F. F. Victor wrote a sketch of the life of that intrepid "mountain man," hunter and trapper, for the annual meeting of 1876 of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Mrs. Victor was the author of several books, and she furnished much of the Oregon matter for Bancroft's Histories. She was high authority on the career of Joe Meek. In the course of that sketch she said:

"There are certain seasons of the year when either the beaver cannot be taken on account of cold or its fur is worth little on account of the weather. At these seasons the men had their semi-annual rendezvous—that of the winter season being the longest—all of the men going into camp in some part of the country where they could best subsist themselves and their horses. During some of these winter vacations, Meek applied himself to acquiring some knowledge of reading; and as the only authors carried about with the company were the Bible, the best—the Bible, Shakespeare and the standard poets—the effect was to store a mind otherwise empty of learning with some of the finest literature in the English language.

"Besides this advantage, Meek had for companions men who had in their youth been educated for a very different life from that they were leading, but who, for one cause or another, had become embittered against society and voluntarily exiled themselves. Others, from a love of adventure had come to the mountains. ONLY A SMALL PROPORTION were really illiterate men.

"Besides his companions in

camp, Meek quite often was brought into contact with the traveling parties of English noblemen, or of painters and naturalists, who attached themselves for greater safety to the caravan of the fur companies. In this way he was enabled to pick up a fund of miscellaneous knowledge that went far to cover the deficiency of his early education."

It is easy to verify what Mrs. Victor wrote, when she said "only a small proportion were really illiterate." This applies also to the pioneers who followed the missionaries who came after or with the hunters and trappers. None of the missionaries, of course, were illiterate.

Meek was for a long time, after first joining the caravan of the hunters and trappers with William Sublette, who was an educated man, as was his brother Milton. And William Sublette was a partner in the firm of Smith, Jackson and Sublette. The senior member was Jedediah Smith, first to lead white men over the southern route by way of the Colorado river to the vicinity of what is now Los Angeles; first in his return trip over the Sierras by the central route; and last, but not least, in the conquest of the Colorado route to the Sierras to the Oregon country.

Jedediah Smith was unique among the hunters and trappers in other ways. He was a deeply religious man; a "shouting Methodist," carried his Bible with him and taught religion wherever he went, with regular prayers. He faced dangers that others avoided, because he believed in answers to prayer and regarded himself as under the protection of the God he worshipped.

Meek was with Smith a good deal. It was Meek who found him with his faithful companion, Arthur Black, in the shadows of the Tetons in the summer of 1829, after he had spent the winter at Fort Union. Meek was with Smith on the trip up the coast in 1828.

Meek followed the leadership of Jedediah Smith in the winter of 1829, and the spring of 1830, in the dangerous country of the Blackfoot in the Yellowstone region. He was with Smith when the sale was made to the new firm, and when the catch of furs was first sent, on a large part of it, to St. Louis in wagons, in 1830; the event that was touted last year as the centenary of the covered wagon days. Which, of course, it was not. The wagons were covered, but they brought no settlers. They merely returned loaded with furs.

There, in the Yellowstone country, in August, 1830, Smith, Jackson and (William) Sublette sold out their business, to Thomas L. Love, and to a partner (brother to William), Henry Fraeb, Baptiste Gervais and the famous Jim Bridger; and Joe Meek remained with the new owners.

The reader will perhaps remember that in his book, "The Covered Wagon," from which was constructed the great screen play under the same title, Emerson Hough, the author, represented Jim Bridger as an uneducated man—and that his relatives sued the producers of the screen play on account of this, in which case they showed that their ancestor was a man of good education.

Jesse Applegate was a master of English; his writings comparable with the best in the English language. The man who came in the covered wagon days traced their family connections in many cases back to the best of the east and the south.

Those who came in to the wilderness were among the most hardy and the bravest of their family lines. A large proportion of them came with high purposes and patriotic motives; came to aid in taming the wilderness and adding an empire to their country's possession. The men who says they were ignorant only shows his own ignorance, besides his unworthiness.

American Biographies in Miniature

1. THIS GREAT AMERICAN WAS BORN IN VERMONT IN 1767. HE ENLITENED THE MINDS OF HIS PEOPLE AND WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BRITISH.
2. AFTER THE WAR HE BARRICADED HIMSELF IN CONSUMPTION, PROSECUTING SHERIFF, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, STATE CONGRESSMAN AND U.S. SENATOR. HE WAS KILLED IN 1845.
3. HIS CAREER WAS A STORMY ONE. HE FIGHTED THREE BATTLES, IN ONE OF WHICH HE ENDED HIS OWN LIFE AS A MAJOR-GENERAL HE WON A PERSISTENT VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH AT NEW ORLEANS IN 1812.
4. IN 1820 HE WAS ELECTED OUR SEVENTH PRESIDENT AND REELECTED IN 1825. ONE OF THE FEW PRESIDENTS OF WHOM IT CAN BE SAID HE WENT OUT OF OFFICE MORE POPULAR THAN HE ENTERED IT.

Lasting popularity — not merely the public favor of the moment — comes to one who serves with genial zeal the needs of his family and friends.

A PERSONAL SERVICE THAT FAMILIES APPRECIATE

W.T. RIGDON & SON MORTUARY
W.T. RIGDON, PRES
1891

CLOYD T. RIGDON
WINIFRED R. HERRICK
J. D. DALY TAYLORS
J. E. EVERETT TAYLORS