

The Oregon Statesman

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

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A World Police System

FRANCE started the Geneva conference with a proposal for an international army to be used to enforce peace. It would create a police system under control of the league of nations whose job would be to crush a nation engaging in war. With this world constabulary France feels she could safely disarm, and the world could disarm also.

There is much that is plausible in the proposal. Comparing with the individual's restraint from use of force the same system prevails. An individual may not go out and settle his disputes by force because the law and a police force to back it up restrain him. There by the way was the fallacy of the argument of Rabbi Berkowitz last Sunday when he said that it was as plausible to say that armies keep the peace as to say that individuals armed with automatics were necessary to preserve the peace.

But this gets the problem back to the one of sanctions. Must force be used to restrain force? There was once, it is remembered a League to Enforce Peace. But the world has gotten away from that notion. It no longer is disposed to rely on sanctions of force to put an obstreperous nation back in line. The best opinion of the workers for international peace is to build up a body of law with a court to interpret and apply the law, and with world opinion as the enforcing agent.

France constantly clamors for security. It was what she nearly got Pres. Wilson to promise her. She demands security for herself, though she seems not so much concerned about security for other powers, notably Germany. But history shows the danger of international guarantees of security which become in effect alliances. At the outbreak of a struggle issues are obscure; it is impossible to determine who is the aggressor. In Manchuria for example, were Chinese or Japanese the aggressors on the night of Sept. 18? The world does not know, wherefore how can a nation decide which side to punish for breaking the peace?

It is natural for France now at the height of power on the continent with other nations prostrate, to want to preserve her position; and if she can get the other nations to underwrite her security, (especially the United States), it would be quite clever for her. But this country sidestepped the invitation in 1920 and is even less disposed now to take a hand in the European card game of politics.

As Senator Borah points out, security such as France asks would be to put Europe in a straight-jacket and freeze boundary lines just as the treaty of Versailles left them. The injustices of that peace would be preserved under the guise of security. The pathway to peace will have to be through international agreements and through courts of adjudication of disputes; and most of all through the cultivation of peace-mindedness among the peoples.

A good many local people have been picked up lately on traffic counts; and no doubt feel badly at having to puntle up a few dollars so they may go their way. The purpose of the enforcement is not to collect money for the treasury but to enforce the laws in order to prevent traffic accidents. Driving past stop signs, not signaling for turns, speeding in school zones are all fraught with danger. Portland's campaign for safety seems to be getting results. There only four persons were killed by auto accidents in January as against 13 the year preceding. This county had many fatal accidents in January. The public should cooperate with the authorities for their own protection.

The poorest paying crime we can think of is kidnaping. It has been flourishing considerably lately. Every few days some where some city boy has been abducted, then a day or two later comes his release. A few days more and the police and reporters get busy; things get hot for the kidnapers so they turn him loose close to some service station. The abductors get no money, are lucky if they don't get caught. The captive needs a shave, and his wife has had a bad scare. Kidnaping seems so foolish there ought to be a law against it.

Just what happens when a city does not pay its bonds? A woman is suing Astoria for \$207.50 being principal of three bonds plus interest. If she gets judgment, what happens? Will the city be put on the auction block under execution? Could the sheriff seize personal property in the city to cover the judgment? We do not know what the law is, but in practice nothing like that takes place. Usually the debt is refunded, written down or spread over a long term.

Tusko gets more publicity. This time it came not from the moonshine he imbued but what his keeper imbued. Now he has been sold up the river. The report is the elephant will "pack his trunk and lumber into other climes". When he goes he will leave many reporters deeply in his debt.

The Southern Pacific is about to place orders for 20,000 tons of steel and for ties. Just as soon as the roads see a little growth in their profit margin which the wage cut ought to insure they will be back in the markets as buyers of materials. The orders will be helpful to mills in Oregon.

Congress is debating the d6le, also a request from the department of agriculture for a million and a half to use fighting grasshoppers with. Why not combine the ideas and give the unemployed work catching grasshoppers at so much per bushel?

The board of control is just a society tea compared with the meetings of the highway commission. In fact reports of its sessions make livelier reading than the Shanghai troubles.

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind of blue. An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, O, my brethren, for a fellow just to lay His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort of way— James Whitcomb Riley.

MRS. FRANK HOSTESS
FALLS CITY, Feb. 5.—Mrs. E. Don Frink entertained the Art club at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. L. Thompson, Tuesday afternoon with a 1 o'clock luncheon. The members present were Mrs. Berne Helm, Mrs. D. J. Telen, Mrs. F. E. Driggs, Mrs. E. F. Brown, Mrs. Harry Smith, Mrs. Ned Smith, Mrs. Anna Vedder, Mrs. C. P. Hertz, Mrs. Dick Pauli, Mrs. Ed White, Mrs. Ira Mohrling, Mrs. Ira Davis, and Mrs. M. L. Thompson and the guest Mrs. Jesse Hale of Corvallis.

Daily Thought
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Lay Sermon

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS"
Moses and Aaron, said the king of Egypt to them, "why would you draw the people from their work? Mind your own business." Genesis V:4.

Moses and Aaron were the first walking delegates. They called the first strike. When they went to Pharaoh and asked for a new deal, which at that time meant release of the slaving Jews, the king, just like the modern industrialist, told them: "Mind your own business." Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

The pair tried to quote divine authority to Pharaoh, but he replied: "Who is the Lord that I should heed his plea to let Israel go? I know nothing about the Lord, and besides, I will not let Israel go."

"And besides"—that is significant. Pharaoh had a good labor contract, and he wasn't going to let it go on the command of a pair who tried threatening him with a deity he had never heard about. Off with you! "Mind your own business!"

Pharaoh just couldn't see the labor point of view. He told Moses and Aaron: "The people of the land are lazy as it is, and yet you would relieve them of their burdens." He got sore and gave orders to make the work heavier and to force them to gather their own straw for making bricks.

There is no doubt of it; Moses and Aaron were the bolsheviks and reds of their day. Had they lived at the present time and started fomenting strikes down in Kentucky they would have been thrown into jail or run out of the county. They got off easy with Pharaoh, who just used sharp words with them. They went ahead and pulled off stuff that surely today would draw an injunction against them. The placards they let loose were worse than boycotts and picketing. They just wouldn't mind their own business.

Being the first strike, Pharaoh was not prepared with deputy sheriffs and court injunctions. It succeeded and Pharaoh had to give in. After the Hebrews had won it however they soon got in to trouble in the wilderness, ran out of water and ran out of food and wished they were back in Egypt where they had steady jobs and got good garlic, and didn't have to listen to long sermons.

Human nature hasn't changed a great deal though now the Lord isn't pulled into the struggle. We still have the agitators like Moses, and Pharaohs whose arguments resolve themselves into "Mind your own business" . . . And besides, we still have the strikes and their attendant plagues, and still have strikers who wish they had their jobs back.

Yet, while there are sections and industries where feudalism prevails, the lot of the laborer is far better than centuries ago. The revolts led by Moses and Aaron and their successors have brought gains to labor. The arrogant Pharaohs, with their "public be damned attitude", grow fewer in number. The Kentucky will eventually have to go the way of the Egyptians under the Pharaohs.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question about town: "What do you think of Senator Spaulding's latest offer to take the state highway commission?"

Robert M. Gatke, Professor of Willamette University—"I am in sympathy with having the majority of the commission settle the affair without public appeal."

L. W. Potter, route five, farmer—"I am no politician. I think there's a lot of them whose salaries ought to be reduced. Mine has, hasn't it?"

W. J. Engelhorn, West Salem—"I don't know. I hadn't paid any attention to it."

HAS LA GRIPPE
MEHAMA, Feb. 6.—Genevieve Wagner was out of high school a week with a bad case of la grippe.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON

ARTIFICIAL SOAP SPEEDS CROPS!



BY THROWING ARTIFICIAL SOAP-SHINE AND BEAT DOWN WEEDS ON WHEAT—THE BOICE-THOMPSON METHOD—THE BEST YONKERS, N.Y.—THE GARDEN WHICH FROM SEED TO HARVEST IN '95 DAYS.

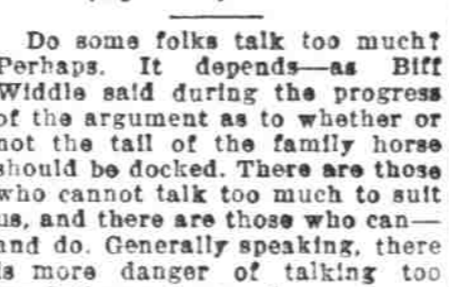
BY FEEDING THE "NON-ROSE" TREATMENT TO EP WATER—ECONOMY—EFFECTIVE—EASINESS—HAVE LENGTHENED UP ITS LIFE—'SAYS—'ORDINARY WATERS—IT'S—

Tuesday: "America's First Factory Sold Soap"

Humming Sometimes Sign of Joy

Other Times of Leak in Bellows

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem



D. H. TALMADGE

Life is pretty much as we make it. Also, life is pretty much as we take it. Life is not so much what it really is to most of us as what it appears to be.

Man is a reasoning animal. Also man is a sociable animal. I reckon a heap of him foregoes reason and joins with the majority because he doesn't like to feel lonesome.

El Gigg says he's a poor wicked sinner. But so far as the neighbors know, he has never broken any of the Ten Commandments. Too lazy, probably.

Do some folks talk too much? Perhaps. It depends—as Biff Widdle said during the progress of the argument as to whether or not the tall of the family horse should be docked. There are those who cannot talk too much to suit us, and there are those who can—and do. Generally speaking, there is more danger of talking too much than not enough.

It is not unusual for any one of us—a circumstance easily accounted for—to be mistaken on the street for someone else. And sometimes we mention the matter later and sometimes we do not.

Right at this moment I cannot recall a time when a two-bit piece tossed to a counter made so great a noise as it makes now. Almost deafening.

An expression caught from a passing Georgian: "From cause to cantsee." A long day's work.

Mr Brill says most folks are more or less different from one another, but bill collectors are less like one another than any others, seems to him. Ep says he makes it a rule to keep the smart-alecky hard-boiled ones waiting longer than he keeps the other kind. I suppose there are hard-boiled smart-alecky collectors, but it is possible the reception committee is somewhat to blame for it.

Facial expressions are mighty deceptive. A person may look as if he smells something unpleasant and at the same time be suffering from a nose ailment which



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prevents him from smelling anything at all.

"Hoover times"—the term is frequently heard. That's the dickens of being president—a man is liable to have a business depression or an epidemic of one sort or other named after him at any minute.

It is said of the man who somewhat continuously makes a humming noise with his mouth, presumably a tune, that he is of a happy and carefree disposition. But that doesn't conclusively account for the humming noise. He may have a leak in his bellows.

A sparkling weekly, now in its tenth issue, is the Scribe, edited and published at Newberg by John Burt and Don Woodman, formerly of the Carlton Sentinel and the Yamhill Spokesman, respectively.

We all have our favorite remedies. A favorite remedy is one of which we boast when it works, and regarding which, when it doesn't work, we enter into explanations.

I neglected to lock the door of my apartment when I stopped out for a few minutes the other day, and every drawer in the place was open when I returned and the contents gave evidence of having been thoroughly pawed over. However, nothing had been stolen. The chap who perpetrated the outrage had apparently wanted nothing but money. Perhaps he was hungry. Possibly had not been yielded to a dishonest impulse. Sorry I was out when he was in. I'd have been delighted to help him search.

As to the war on the other side of the Pacific I—have had a revelation. Salem—or downtown Salem, at any rate—is winning a warlike spirit, and I had not expected that. The same individuals, or many of them, who have repeatedly assured me they would never favor our entry into another war are now frankly demanding that we go over and "clean 'em up", whatever that means. Considering the sort of folks we are by nature, even the most belligerent of us, it is somewhat of a wonder that the disarmament or nations-world peace business is as flourishing as it is.

Two men on the U. S. Bank corner recently when a wind was sweeping through Commercial street from the south. Asked one: "What's your opinion of the world?" Replied the other: "The ventilation is great." Then his hat blew off and away, and what promised to be a learned discussion was nipped in the bud.

I was passing through the grounds at the state hospital not a great while ago when a woman, whom I could not see, called from one of the windows: "I got a pair of silk stockings for Christmas," she said. There was something happily childlike in her tone, and I was glad to get the news, even though she and I were utter strangers, but there was nothing in the incident to warrant a laugh or even a smile. Yet when I have

"The Gay Bandit of the Border" By TOM GILL

CHAPTER I
Gently Aunt Clara led her to the stairs. "Up there for you, little girl. Lie down on your bed. I'm going to entertain your precious uncle myself. Thank God for nervous headaches. You've got a beastly one. Run along." She waved the hesitating girl upstairs. "Spanish grandees are just duck soup for me, dear," she assured the girl, "especially when my plans for the day have been all shot to hell."

So it came about that Paco Morales, a moment later, was bowing over the hand of Aunt Clara and listening with polite interest to the fable of Adela's headache. Aunt Clara lost no time in making that part clear.

"Adela is in my room now. The girl is on the verge of going to pieces. I know, of course, what's passed, and if you don't mind a candid woman's opinion, I've been wondering how an intelligent man like you can at times make such a deplorable use of himself."

Morales's thin lips parted. "She ran away," he said, "like some common peon girl."

"Of course she did, and for the same fundamental reason—love." Aunt Clara offered her guest a cigarette, then lighted one herself. "I wonder if you know how astonishing it seems to me to find you of all men, baffled by this thing called love. Paco Morales, I have known you—how many years is it? Ever since the major was first stationed here, and that's over thirty years. And I remember the tales of those years, the wild romances of one Paco Morales when we were all much younger than we are now, and I wonder how one can so completely forget that love, when it comes, takes us and makes us do its will. But instead of remembering that high wisdom, you have stood toward Adela as if you didn't know what youth or love or desire meant. And yet, she smiled, "and yet I've reason to believe that you did."

"Señora," interrupted the Spaniard, "it was not to talk of my youth I came here, but to bring back Adela."

The woman's voice was still patient. "You're not being wise about this, Paco Morales, and yet men call you wise as the world goes."

"I am sorry."

"Listen. There is something of the cruelty of the beast in you. I can see it in your eyes. I tell you it is dangerous to do what you are doing. The girl is distraught, desperate. If I know Ted Radcliffe I know he would break you in two if Adela suffers at your hands. But your unspeakable pride won't let you see this. You have threatened her with exile, threatened to tear her away from the man she loves and from this land she loves, and now you're surprised she rebels at all this."

"Si. I am surprised. Surprised and disappointed."

Impatiently she shook her head at the trite phrase. "What would parents do without that bromide? I tell you again, Paco Morales, you're not wise. You expect her to



"In that case, isn't it just too bad we're not in Mexico?" said Aunt Clara.

submit as a Spanish girl of your generation would have submitted. But Adela is of this generation, and America's ways lie near to her heart."

Coldly Morales raised his hand. "Señora, again you are mistaken. I do not come to terrorize. I come for Adela. Please to tell her I am here."

Aunt Clara's cigarette flared dangerously. Not often had men addressed her in just that cold, insistent tone. She fought, not too successfully, for patience.

Ignoring his command, she asked bluntly: "Just why do you object to Ted Radcliffe?"

"Object? In what sense, señora?" "You know perfectly well what I mean. Is there any good reason why he couldn't make Adela happy?"

"Is there any good reason, señora, why every American adventurer should be welcomed by me as Adela's suitor?" Aunt Clara smiled. "I shouldn't be so sure about the adventurer part, Paco Morales. It's no secret that Ted Radcliffe will be a partner of Bob within the year."

"We waste time, señora. May I again remind you I come for Adela? And may I add that Mexican custom gives the guardian unreserved custody of the ward?"

The woman's color had heightened. "In that case, isn't it just too bad we're not in Mexico?"

Morales's eyebrows rose in polite curiosity. "I do not understand." Aunt Clara's patience had reached an end. "I mean you are now on

American soil. What is more, you are on a military reservation of the United States. I mean further that Adela came to me for protection. If I gave this girl over to you, I would be lending a hand to God knows what mischief. I hoped to help heal up this silly quarrel, but now I'll keep Adela here as long as she wants to stay. Yes, and now, if I weren't the well-bred wife of a high ranking officer, I'd say, 'What in hell are you going to do about it, Paco Morales?'

Silently Morales reached for his hat and gloves. Very ceremoniously he bowed. Hand on the doorknob he turned. "I wonder, in my own turn, what Major Blount will say to all this."

Aunt Clara exhaled a cloud of cigarette smoke. "I hadn't thought about it," she answered casually. He'll probably recommend me for the Congressional Medal."

Among the Mexican foothills, Blount had struck a hot trail. Many times before the chase had been close, but never so promising as that night in early April. It was high time. All through the blistering Mexican winter Blount had combed the border foothills in search of El Coyote, and now, with the coming of another spring, the old soldier's temper had not been softened by repeated failures. No one knew how much those months of disappointment had meant to the disappointed soldier. For long months the smiles of the men in Verdi had rankled.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

\$100 for a flash: It was the forenoon of Tuesday, October 2, 1860. The Oregon legislature was in session in the "Holman block," still standing, across the street from the present Statesman building, diagonally opposite the Marlon hotel.

That had been a stormy session, full of excitement. There had been a hold-up, when six state senators hid out and could not be found, though warrants were out for them. The air was tense with the slavery question. Secession was threatened. The outbreak of the Civil war was in the offing.

The legislature was in the throes of the election of two United States senators. Ballot after ballot had been taken without result. The combined strength of the Douglas democrats and the republicans was enough to defeat the forces of the Lane faction, sympathetic with the slave states, but a fusion of them, which was being attempted, was a difficult undertaking.

Col. Baker's wife was Mary A. Lee, a widow with two children at the time he married her, when he was 20, April 27, 1831. There were four Baker children, two boys and two girls, the oldest one Edward D., Jr., then about 20 years old. Young Ed. Baker was a robust youth, full of life, and a good singer. Joseph A. Baker, who will be 93 July 23 next, still hale and hearty, and the oldest person in point of continuous residence in Salem, was about the same age then.

Young Joe Baker was also a singer, and the two Baker boys often sang songs together, for the evening of social gatherings, and they came to be known as the "Baker twins." Joe Baker afterwards learned to play several musical instruments. He was started and trained in this line by Frederick Giesey of the Aurora colony, with whom he worked in a Salem harness and saddle shop learning the trade; and Fred Giesey was a wonderful musician. Joe Baker will not admit that he gained great efficiency—but there is no record that he received any other ages or vegetables from our pioneer fathers and mothers, and Mrs. Baker would probably admit that his youthful efforts in that line were pleasing, at least to her. Any way, she took him, for better or worse.

Of course, young E. D. Baker was anxious for the success of his father, and his mother was also intensely interested in the outcome of the fierce battle of ballots—and extra firebrewnoon expected. The old firebrewnoon. She told her son that if he would bring the news to her of his father's election, and get there first with the information, she would give him \$100.

The 17th ballot, the third one taken that day, had left Baker five votes short of the necessary 26 that would spell his election. In the legislature of 60 members. The 18th ballot was called for. Before the tally was announced

by the chief clerk of the senate, young Baker had observed five changes to his distinguished sire, giving him the necessary majority.

For he had been an intensely interested onlooker from the start of the historic contest—and he did not wait for the final announcement. He boiled down the laundry—the same two stairways that still lead to the upper floors—and was off up Commercial street towards State. He was wearing an overcoat. As he passed the harness shop where his "twin" Joe Baker was working, he threw him a glance, and rushed on, turning east in his marathon up State street. He was home at Capitol and Court, to earn his \$100, in record time.

Why did he not phone? There was no such thing in the world then as a telephone. There was (Continued on page 7)

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 7, 1907

After reaching the 31 1/2 foot stage, the Willamette river waters last night began to recede slowly. All day yesterday available launches and steamers cruised up and down river rescuing stranded farmers and livestock.

State representatives yesterday fought hotly over Mr. Holt's bill which would abolish the state normal schools at Monmouth and Drain and provide for maintenance of the two at Astland and Weston. They finally deferred action to next week.

Considerable complaint is being made by pedestrians concerning the reckless roller skating indulged in by boys on the sidewalks of some of the business streets. To ladies such practices are particularly objectionable.

February 7, 1932
Two regiments of infantry are being organized in Oregon, the 381st Infantry, with headquarters in Portland, to which Col. Carlie Abrams of Salem has been assigned as commanding officer and the 382nd Infantry comprising troops in western Oregon south of Portland.

WASHINGTON—Carrying out the edicts of the disarmament conference, President Harding has ordered discontinuance of work on fortifications in the islands of the Pacific and suspension of work on all ships which under the treaties would be scrapped.

Robert B. Duncan, 611 South Commercial street, was elected active manager of the South Commercial club last night.