The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Philippine Independence

THE senate committee on territories and insular possessions has approved a measure designed to give independence to the Philippine islands if approved by the Filipinos 15 years after adoption of a constitution for the islands. The estimated shortest time before the islands would become independent is 19 years.

The provisions of the plan agreed on call for admission of Philippine products into this country in the present volume for the first 10 years of the 15 year period. Then for five years the tariff would be graduated; and upon complete independence full tariffs would apply. The purpose of these provisions is to give the islands time for an economic adjustment from free trade relationship to this country to tariff relationship. Now the islands ship great quantities of sugar, copra, cocoanut oil, hemp, etc. to this country, free of all duty. American producers competing with Philippine products have lately become the most noisy advocates of Philippine independence. Dairy interests object to free importation of cocoanut oil which is a large ingredient of butter substitutes. Beet sugar interests oppose free Philippine sugar, though this is not so large as the quantities from Hawaii and Porto Rico which come in duty free. Cuba has a 20% differential, that is her sugar comes in on the basis of 80% of the standard tariff.

Perhaps in 19 years the islanders may be able to govern themselves. The United States has generally held to the plan of giving them independence when there was prospect of a stable government there. It is hard to tell how soon the period of tutelage should end. Countries free and white and nordic are having so much difficulty maintaining self-government in these times it may not be wise to be too skeptical of the governing capacity of the little brown brothers.

It does not seem however that the question of Philippine independence should be set on a higher basis than the commercial side. On the one hand commercial interests with investments in the islands are eager for the United States to retain control indefinitely. Such a course would not be honorable dealing with the Filipinos who have been our wards for over 30 years. Nor is it fair and just to set them adrift because now they are in small degree competitors of residents of the mainland. In our judgment there are only two factors involved: first, the capacity of the islanders themselves for self-government; and second, considerations of strategy from the standpoint of American interests in the orient. On the last point pros and cons nearly cancel out, the advantages of an outpost in the far east being offset by the dangers of such an exposed position. It would seem that the United States should retain some naval base there, which the Filipinos would doubtless be entirely willing to have us hold, for their protection as well as ours. So that the only issue of importance is: are the Filipinos ready for self-government?

About the only way to tell whether they are ready for self-government is to let them try; and 19 years ought to be a long enough period of probation on top of the 34 years they have had. They could hardly make a worse mess of things than the Cubans.

Holding Japanese at Bay

IN spite of the eventual loss of Shanghai, which will probably occur, the Chinese have won a great moral victory in holding off for weeks the Japanese forces. It was about a month ago the Japanese swooped down on Shanghai, their marines expecting to seize it as easily as the infantry had captured the cities in Manchuria. But they were badly foiled. A new commander was sent over and 25,000 troops, with fleets of ships and aircraft. On a stated date the combined attack was launched. But instead of moving right ahead to swift victory the Japanese were held at bay for days. Their immediate objectives are still (at this writing) outside their grasp,—Woosung forts and the town of Kiangwan.

The Chinese have shown they can fight. The Japanese have learned they can conquer only after heavy losses. The Shanghai adventure has been costly in men and materials, but even more costly in military prestige. The trained forces of Japan have proven not greatly better than the disorganized armies of China. Were it not for the need for face-saving, Japan might withdraw; but the military will not permit that now. They will have to see the adventure through.

The Shanghai sortie was either just a screen for the consolidation of position in Manchuria, or else a quick threat which it was hoped would end the troublesome boycott; perhaps it was both. The diversion has permitted the mopping up of Manchuria, though that would have proceeded anyway. But the Chinese should take heart from their sturdy defense of Shanghai; and the tonic of near-victory may give new life to the boycott campaign.

And Japan has brought down upon herself the opprobrium of world opinion.

Klein a Sacrifice

IN politics as in religion the scapegoat idea has long prevailed; and in the current instance Roy Klein is retired as state highway engineer largely on the theory that some one had to be thrown to the wolves. As head of the department Klein was naturally the man to be picked off. We regret that the exigencies of politics have forced the retirement of a man who proved himself strictly honest in the handling of many millions of dollars of public funds. Perhaps Klein made a political mistake in not sensing the changing temper of the public in a desire for reduction in highway expenditures. But he can leave his office with a feeling of duty ably performed.

For our part we did not think the faults were in the Klein administration so much as in the functioning of the commission itself; and felt that Klein would willingly cooperate with the commission if it definitely established and laid out a program. But since the new highway commission has seen fit to order a change doubtless with the idea of starting with a "clean slate" we shall not criticize it for its action.

The work of building and keeping up highways must go on; and the state will do well to forget past contention and seek unity in standing behind the new commission.

Seattle is taking the day off to decide which nit-wit to make mayor of the overgrown village.

The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

"Oregon Statesman."
To the Editor:

No doubt many of the fond parents of Salem who are advocating an ordinance forbidding the midnight matinee will be horrified when they learn that their request for police interference is a first step to a communistic government. If such keeps up, the ultimate result is a system whereby children will be reared by the state taking them from their parents at a tender age.

The writer is not entirely against this idea but it does seem that parents should be able to control their offspring to the extent of being sure they are home and retired at a sensible hour without "police protection."

Perhaps some people do not favor the use of shingle, lath, or peach tree shoot when the children are young. Physical punishment, psychological treatment, and loving kindness is the remedy for the present situation—if the "subjects" are operated upon early enough—not police control.

Sincerely,
ERNEST DENNING,
Willamette University.

To the Editor:
Oregon Statesman
Dear Sir:

The writer of this article wishes to laud the stand of the Marion County grange on the state program on road building, long advocated by Commissioner Spaulding. It is to be hoped the same will be endorsed by all granges in the state.

It is encouraging to see a man in public office making an honest effort to represent the people's interest, which, after all, is his correct function. Too many of our politicians, wish to follow the path of least resistance, which is to turn the deaf ear to the people and the good ear to the powers that be. It is a wonder that the tax-payer can be so long-suffering. Let's support our Spauldings.

ONE OF THOSE TAXPAYERS.

AN ERROR

The Wed. morning social columns of The Statesman contained an announcement of the meeting of the "Women's organization for National Prohibition". We, of the "Drys", think that the social editor or the dear ladies themselves, must have made an error, for as we understand, that meeting of women was against, not for prohibition. The real "For Prohibition" meeting was at the same time, in session across the street at the W. C. T. U. hall, (in big letters too, look and see for yourself). Now those so-called "Prohibition Reform" ladies as we understand, are working to bring back intoxicating liquors. God forbid that the youth of our land shall ever again be tempted on all sides—in saloons, on street corners, in business buildings, to use intoxicating liquor, listen to obscene stories from the mouths of half drunken men and hear their oaths and curses, see their fights and brawls, and the drunks beside the road.

Possibly our sisters of the Marion hotel meeting are related to the state of California, which likes to claim all the good things of Oregon, so we are told.

Yes, sisters, "Prohibition" is a good name, we are proud of it, proud to work for it. We camouflage nothing, we have nothing to cover up. If you copy our name, copy our deeds.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

Tomorrow: "Electric Lights Without Electricity"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Recalls high history:

In the part of the paper devoted to that sort of news, under the heading, "Samual R. Thurston," there was in the Portland Oregonian of the 17th, a dispatch reading:

EUGENE, Ore., February 16—(Special)—Samuel R. Thurston, a native of Lane county, Spanish war veteran and graduate of the University of Oregon, died in Merritt hospital in Oakland, Cal., February 7. His ashes will be brought to Oregon later and cast upon the waters of Crescent lake at the summit of the Cascade mountains. Mr. Thurston was a member of company C, 2d Oregon volunteers during the Spanish war and Filippino insurrection.

Mr. Thurston is survived by his widow, Mrs. Helen Kelly Thurston; a son, George H. Thurston, and a sister, Mrs. Dewitt Snyder. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Thurston, early-day residents of Eugene."

Time was when such a news item would have called for more than a casual, passing notice in the Oregonian; when history minded Harvey W. Scott was the editor of that newspaper, though Paul R. Kelty, an able nephew of Scott, is now the editor.

Samuel R. Thurston was a name to conjure with in Oregon during the early territorial period. Thurston county, in which Washington's capital, Olympia, is located, was named for the Samuel R. Thurston of those days. All the boy babies of hundreds of Oregon pioneer families were named Thurston, for him. He was Oregon's first territorial delegate in congress, from January 6, 1849, to April 9, 1851, the date of his death, and the Oregon of that day contained all the land that is now in the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and all of Montana and Wyoming west of the Rockies.

The Samuel R. Thurston who died in Oakland, Cal., on the 7th was a grandson of our first delegate. His father was, as stated, George H. Thurston—and his mother was Marietta Henderson, daughter of "Uncle Pinckey" Henderson, a historic character of Lane county. George H. Thurston was a brilliant young man, like his father; studied law and practiced in Portland; moved to Eugene; his fortune was wiped out in the severe winter of 1884 or '85 when his band of sheep in eastern Oregon was lost—as was the case with many Willamette valley residents who had made such ventures.

Young Samuel R. Thurston suffered a dangerous period of illness from pneumonia on his return from the Philippines, when his life was despaired of, and he was left a physical wreck. However, though never strong after that, he made a good career for himself, in the line of chemistry at Berkeley, Cal. His son, George H., is now about 20.

Samuel R. Thurston came to Oregon in 1847. In 1848 he was elected to the provisional government legislature, having established his home in Linn City, across the river from Oregon City, elected from Tualatin county. But so many men had joined the California gold rush that year that there was no regular session. Governor Abernethy called a special session to fill the places of the members who had gone to the mines, and the last session of the provisional government legislature met Feb. 5, 1849, Thurston being an outstanding member—Though there were some other able men in it, like Jesse Applegate and Medorum Crawford.

Samuel R. Thurston was born in Monmouth, Maine, studied at Wesleyan seminary; entered Bowdoin and graduated with the class of 1843. Studied law and was admitted to practice at Brunswick. Having married Elizabeth F. McClench there, they removed to Iowa in 1845, and he edited the Burlington Gazette until he started to Oregon.

Many newspaper pages could be filled with interesting accounts of the war in Campaign of 1849 for delegate to congress, when Thurston was elected by a big majority. J. W. Nesmith was one of the opposing candidates, and it was though that Thurston had no chance against that forceful and pugnacious pioneer. But Thurston out-Nesmithed Nesmith, and beat him. The rate for Thurston was 470, for Nesmith 106. For the other candidates, 413.

Thurston made a brilliant record in congress; attracted national attention. He made a high mark in his speech in favor of the admission of California as a state; was the outstanding figure when that state "broke into the union," as it were.

Thurston was on his way home to enter into the campaign for his reelection. He died on board the steamer California, at sea off Acapulco, at eight days less than 36 years of age. But he was not alone or unattended. Z. F. Moody and Stephen F. Chadwick, each to become a governor or Oregon, were on the vessel. So were the five young women, under his charge, sent out by Governor Slade of Vermont, who was then chairman of the national education board, under contract to become teachers here, or forfeit their passage money. These teachers were Thurston's tended nurses during his last sickness. Said Mrs. Victor, Bancroft's Oregon writer: "They were all soon married, as a matter of course—Miss Wands to Governor Gaines; Miss Smith to Mr. Beers, Miss Gray to Mr. McClench, Miss Lincoln to Judge Skinner, and Miss Millar to Judge Wilson."

(Governor Gaines had lost his wife who came with him, soon after their arrival, through an accident while horseback riding. The Judge Skinner was A. A. Skinner, circuit judge under the provisional government. The Judge Wilson was Joseph G. Wilson, elected to congress in 1873 and died before taking his place. He was a prominent pioneer Salemite and erected some of our fine buildings of that period. Mr. Beers was Alanson Beers, missionary blacksmith, coming with the first reinforcement. He was one of the three first governors of Oregon under the provisional government, was active in the organization of that government and of the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette university, and in many other ways in the prepioneer and pioneer periods. His first wife, who came with him and their three children in 1937, had died.

Miss Gray was Mary A. Gray, from Vermont. She was married to B. F. McClench, on his land claim a mile below where the Wallace road turns down the hill towards the old town of Lincoln. Mrs. Samuel R. Thurston was a sister of Mrs. McClench. After the death of Delegate Thurston, his widow came to keep house for her brother. After he married Miss Gray, Mrs. Thurston taught in Willamette university. General W. H. Odell was a student there. They were married. She was then 39, he was 22. But it was a happy union, and for a generation they were among the leading people of Oregon.

(There is something more that should be told, connecting that important period of Oregon history with the present. It will appear in this column tomorrow.)

"Washington, the Man, and the Capital," will be on the silver screen again today and this evening at the Elsinore, along with Marie Dressler's "Emma." The Washington picture is authentic; endorsed by leaders of education in America.

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kennedy had youth and beauty and an intense fear of poverty. Almost the last words of her dying mother warned her against marriage to a poor man. Mary refuses the offer of a home with her married sister, Katherine. She rents a small room. While sitting in the park making plans for a job, an elderly man of distinguished appearance engages her in conversation. He is Buck Landers, well known sports promoter and race horse owner. He offers Mary a job as secretary. Mary calls on Landers relative to the position. They have dinner together and Mary is thrilled by the surrounding splendor.

CHAPTER IV

AN excited little stir of pleasure kept on tingling through Mary's veins. It was all so leisurely, so unhurried and she luxuriated like a kitten in the repose of it all.

"This is so charming," she said. "It doesn't seem like New York at all."

"I hoped you might like it here," Landers answered. "The mob hasn't discovered it yet, so it's not spoiled."

In his dinner coat she thought he looked dignified; yes, handsome. His commanding personality was pleasantly softened by the mellowed chivalry he exerted for her enjoyment.

She was glad now that she had worn her little peach-colored dinner dress. It was the one gown that was absolutely right for her dark golden hair and the blue of her eyes; she adored the tight stretch of it over her breast and fullness over the knees. . . . Her eyes met Lander's and they smiled at each other. He brought her, for the first time in her life, to a palace atmosphere like this, and, more important, had made her feel that it was she who was the important one.

She was infinitely grateful toward him; he had erased the nagging ugliness of her small bedroom.

Landers, poker-faced, noted her shining eyes. . . .

She smiled at him confidently; she was elastic and strong inside; her cool pink finger tips could handle any electric currents and never even be slightly scorched.

It was this belief in her immunity that robbed Landers of any potential danger. As far as he was concerned, she had an asbestos heart.

"I like him but he could never give me any exciting thrills," she told herself. "He's too old. I feel pleasantly comfortable with him."

Yes, with a level head and a heart always under control, a girl with a bit of luck could get along very nicely in the world. It certainly was beginning to look that way. . . .

It appeared there was a wide space for dancing, too, in this flowery place and Mary's eyes fell to following a smart-looking young couple who were dancing in lazy relaxation to a loitering melody. The girl was a slim, boyish creature with shingled hair and tanned face and arms; her partner was tall and slim, sunburned, with wiry muscles, yet almost insolently languid. His features were regular and his head handsomely shaped.

"You'd like to be dancing with that good-looking chap instead of sitting here with me, I reckon," Buck Landers said, divining the object of her gaze. "But I can show you a better time in the end."

"What made you say a thing like that?" Mary asked him quickly.

She was interested in the coldly antagonistic stare that Landers leveled at the young man. In it was something of impersonal jealousy.

"That lad was born to the purple—and the girl, too," Landers said. "They've both been in the big money from the beginning. You can tell that by looking at them. He'd probably be glad to play around with a working girl like you on the quiet, but his own tribe would freeze you to death. You'd always be an outsider with that gang. And that's not saying anything against you, Mary, either."

Mary gave a careless shrug. "I can't get excited over something that is not likely to happen."

What could it possibly matter to her if a rich young man's friends were snobbish? But she was clever enough to see the implication of Buck Landers. He was building himself up, not subtly.

She began to notice other diners. a middle-aged couple, both complacently enjoying their surroundings and each other. People from out of town, probably. Somehow they lacked the New York look. And, at another table, a paunchy man with a youngish woman in cerise chiffon. A ring on the girl's left hand indicated marriage. Looked like a case of an old man's darling. . . .

"I can read your thoughts like an open book," Landers said unexpectedly. "You want me to tell you what you're thinking?"

"I'm not thinking anything at all—I'm just enjoying myself," she returned with a smile, humor in her blue eyes.

"You're enjoying yourself and feeling mighty secure behind that stone wall you've thrown up around yourself," he declared. "You're thinking that I ought to be held in check, and you're perfectly sure that you can do it. You have a hunch that I like you a lot, but you've made up your mind that I'm not going to get to first base. How about it—have I lined things up right?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no." Her voice was steady, yet her cheeks felt feverish of a sudden.

"I know how to deal with men, but women, generally, have me up a tree," he went on. "Men usually obey my wishes for what they can get out of me—in a business way. That part's O. K. Maybe it's the same way with woman, but I'm wondering if it wouldn't be possible for you to like me a little bit—just for myself."

She drew a long breath and steeled herself to stop him before he got fairly started. It would be easier now than later.

"I know perfectly well what you're driving at, Mr. Landers. I'll tell you frankly how I feel about you. I think you are awfully nice and awfully interesting, but let's not try to be too friendly. I don't feel that way towards you and we'd both be wasting our time."

She smiled at him with the kindest possible eyes. "Now are you mad at me?"

"I've been up against tough propositions before," he remarked, with a slow smile.

"As long as it is just plain friendship, I think it would be a lot of fun," Mary elaborated. "Of course, you haven't suggested anything more, but I can read minds, too, Mr. Landers. It wouldn't be long, unless we had an understanding, before there'd possibly be a question of—well, affection. That's the part I want to dodge."

He smiled at her.

"Well, little lady, you certainly come out in the middle of the ring and start slugging at the tap of the bell. You almost scored a knockout in the first round. Yes, sir, you almost stopped me dead in my tracks. I'd take you at your word and agree to let it stay a case of plain friendship, except for one thing. Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Plain friendship with you isn't going to satisfy me. You've been frank and honest with me, so I'm going to return the compliment. I think you're great. I think you're the greatest girl I've ever met in my life and I've met a lot of 'em. You're got everything—looks, sense, and you're square. I'm through playing the field. That's my personal angle. There's a slant to all this concerning you that I don't believe you've thoroughly realized. Do you know what I could do for you?"

"But I don't want you to do anything for me, more than you've done already," Mary said almost imploringly.

"I could put you in right so strong that all your troubles would be over forever," he told her solidly. "There's nothing in New York you couldn't have, because I'm able to get it for you. I'm a straight shooter. It's never been my policy to lie or stall in my life, and what I tell you you can depend on it. If you can take a liking to me, I'm willing to play absolutely fair with you. All other women are out. All you have to do is say the word. You're fixed for life."

Mary's blood began to run with a chill current and her hands suddenly were icy cold.

"Do you mean you want to marry me?"

His eyes were stone steady. "It might not be a bad idea. Maybe I would be better off married. I'm going to think it over. . . ."

Mary did not answer him, but she told herself, "I could never love him. If I was sure I'd never love anybody else, I'd consider it."

Landers took Mary home in the kind of limousine that represented all her dreams of luxury; lengthy and lustrous, its engine purred like a kitten. The chauffeur was smartly military. After dinner she had declined an invitation to dance. But the proposal of marriage from Landers had rather upset the casual tempo of the evening. She had not replied to his offer. It was evident he expected no immediate answer and their conversation veered away from the topic. Both of them knew that enough, for one evening, had been said.

The car stopped before Mary's rooming house and Landers accompanied her to the door. She gave him her hand briefly in parting.

"Am I going to see you any more?" he asked almost indifferent.

"Why not?"

"I'll leave it to you," he returned. "Think it over and we'll have another talk whenever you like. There's no particular hurry. If you haven't your answer ready we can go to dinner, and I'll try to show you a reasonably good time."

"Thank you so much," she said, and disappeared into the house.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

IN fixing standards of perfection in children we find three elements, physicial, mental and emotional. The hundred per cent child must have a proper development in each of these fields. Every age has its rules, while all ages must conform to certain general requirements.


Dr. Copeland

These are the physicial requisites. The height and weight must conform to the regulation scale for those of a given age, the muscular development must be normal, the skin of good color and free from eruptions, and there must be no deformities which often follow rickets in babyhood. The posture must be good, the chest well developed and breathing full and free. The nose and throat must be healthy, without adenoids, diseased tonsils or catarrhal troubles which interfere with normal breathing. The teeth must be in perfect repair and the gums healthy. Hearing, eyesight and speech must be normal.

I wish to speak of the emotional development. I do this because, even should the test of physical development be successfully passed, if there is lack of health in the emotional field the child is by no means a hundred per cent normal.

Lack of self-control, as well as what we call "negativism," also tantrums and other manifestations of an unstable nervous system, are defects of the utmost gravity. Many a case of failure to make good in later life can be traced to lack of discipline in childhood. Disputes between the parents and constant nagging of the children discourage the normal ambitions of the little ones. They often result in the development of inferiority and other complexes. Parents cannot be urged too strongly to use tact and patience in dealing with their children.

Here is a brief resume of what the average perfect child should be at eight years of age. Boys should be 48 inches in height and weigh about 54½ pounds. Girls should be 48 inches in height and weigh 53 pounds. The requirements of freedom from defects that I have already mentioned should be passed successfully.

Some of the mental tests for children of this age are as follows:

1—Compare two known objects, for instance, a fly and a butterfly, and tell how they are unlike.

2—Count backward from twenty to zero. Of course for this test the child must know how to count from zero to twenty.

3—Two pictures are shown, one a figure without the nose, and another without arms, etc. The child should be able to tell what is missing.

4—They should be able to give the day and date, month and year.

5—There should be an ability to repeat five digits.

Many children may be unable to pass successfully the mental test for the given age; but if they approximate the required standards, mothers need not worry. Ill health or unavoidable absences from school may have put children behind the average for their age.

We love our children in spite of their imperfections. It is within our power patiently to aid them toward the goal of hundred per cent children.

Answers to Health Queries

M. M. A. Q.—What causes the ears to feel closed, making talking and breathing unpleasant?

A.—This is probably due to nasal catarrh. Send self addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

F. M. E. Q. Q.—What will reduce the hips?

A.—You must reduce the weight in general. Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. Get regular systematic exercise. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed, with the regular exercise, will work wonders in most cases.

V. R. M. Q.—What causes puffiness under the eyes?

A.—This may be due to a kidney or heart condition. It should be wise to have a careful examination and a urinalysis to determine the exact cause.

Mrs. R. B. O. Q.—Is there any cure for chronic mastitis other than the knife?

A.—This depends upon the local condition—your doctor should be able to advise you definitely since he is familiar with the facts in the case.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Do you think China should declare war upon Japan?"

Walter Goughnour, garageman, 246 State: "I think they should, but they haven't anything to declare war with."

Anna M. Moen, housekeeper: "No, I don't. I'm against all war. While I think China is getting the worst of the present situation, I'd be afraid to have her declare war for fear other nations would be dragged in."

Clayton Bernhard, Associated Press: "Why should they? They are getting along all right without it."

M. R. Milburn, Byrne's manager: "Doesn't seem there is much else left for them to do."

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

FINANCIAL RACKETEERING

The press reports yesterday brought news of the indictment of Carl A. Johnston and C. A. DeGrace, heads of the Prudential Savings & Loan, the Prudential Bancorporation and the Union Savings & Loan association. Our own grand jury has just returned another indictment against Mr. Keenholtz, erstwhile manager of the Astoria Building & Loan association.

These men are among those whom Corporation Commissioner Mott has characterized as "financial racketeers," a name to which the men themselves take violent exception quite naturally. But though they have denounced Mott in bitter terms and sought to discredit him as a public official, it is quite significant that one by one, as he has called the roll, these men have been indicted, tried and convicted of defrauding those who have entrusted their money to them. Not all have been convicted yet, but none indicted have been acquitted.

The clean-up movement against these so-called racketeers is timely. It has been long overdue and Commissioner Mott is entitled to a full measure of credit for initiating and persistently prosecuting this campaign to rid the state of those who have been preying upon the unwary investors. They have fought back savagely but, when they came to grips with the laws they have ignored, they have had little chance. And they, who have had little sympathy for the innocent people they have been systematically robbing, are entitled to as little mercy now.

Not the least of the crimes they have committed has been the injury they have done to legitimate financial institutions. Public confidence in the stability of such institutions has been impaired and the good have suffered with the bad. Commissioner Mott has stated publicly upon several occasions that his investigations have shown that, out of 30 building and loan associations in the state, only three groups have been illegitimately conducted and that the others have complied with safeguarding laws and are in sound condition. Moreover, he has stated that the laws of Oregon are such that it is practically impossible for investors to lose their money in such institutions if the provisions of such laws are observed.

It is a severe indictment of the previous administration of the corporation department that these laws could be so flagrantly flouted without challenge and that permits were given to other racketeers for promotion schemes which had not a germ of legitimacy about them and which took millions of dollars of money from innocent though gullible people. It might be well to continue the investigation to ascertain why the previous corporation commissioner so conducted his office. The evidence points clearly to gross negligence, willful or otherwise.—Astorian-Budget.