

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Swags Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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The Lytton Report
THE report of the league of nations commission headed by Lord Lytton confirms the opinion held throughout this country that responsibility for the Manchurian episode of a year ago rests largely with Japan, although China is culpable for her failure to sustain organized government in those provinces and improper treatment of Japanese interests.

Japan resents the Lytton report and the Japanese press is severe in condemnation. They insist that the new state was created by the "spontaneous will of Manchuria's 30,000 people". Japan further proclaims a "Monroe doctrine" for Asia and virtually serves notice that force alone will oust her from control of the puppet state of Manchukuo.

The situation is fraught with extreme danger. Japan has no intention of relaxing her grip on Manchuria. She needs it to fulfill her "manifest destiny" in the far east. China's government is so disorganized that that vast country may lapse into an amorphous mass of land and humans, a prey to banditry, communism, military dictatorship.

Foreign nations will not interfere. The United States may announce lofty purposes; but this country will not wage war to get the Japs out of Mukden. The probability is that Japan is in Manchuria to stay, no matter how unjustifiable the means she took to establish power there.

Steady Hand at Helm
THE address of Leslie M. Scott, chairman of the state highway commission convinced the people of Salem that a steady hand is at the helm of its affairs. As Mr. Scott said, the state spent money on its roads without due regard to pay-day; and pay-day has arrived. Just when pay-day comes people find it hard to pay; so there are complaints and agitation for sharp cuts in the auto license fees.

We are not surprised. The Statesman began two years ago to urge a stock-taking of our road program, and to recommend a slowing down in the rate of building so that licenses could be reduced. The people have been eager to get the roads at no matter what cost; they are not now so eager to furnish the money to pay for them.

Chairman Scott wisely recommends a conservative course in connection with the state's highway plans. First, issue no more bonds. Second, restrain cuts to an amount which will not endanger service on the road debt. Third, use the money as efficiently as possible.

The state must settle down to a slower program of construction. Maintenance costs increase as completed mileage increases. Debt charges are at their peak but in a few years will scale down rapidly. Most of the essential roads of the state have been completed. The other "luxury" roads will have to progress without becoming a great drain on the funds.

While there are agitators for \$5 and \$3 license fee, the legislature should be cautious. It dare not repudiate its obligations; and the state is not ready to cease entirely new construction. The legislature will do well to follow the recommendations of the highway commission in very large degree.

Time for a Weather Change
THE weather man has been fooling us for a month and longer. Usually we may set our calendars for the rain at about Labor day. This year September was crisply dry; and October opens as a summer month. Fires abound in the hills and smoke fills the air. It is the character of our north-western climate to stay fixed for quite a spell. When it rains, it rains; and rarely does anything else. When the sun shines, it shines for days and weeks at a time.

As now we say we long for rain and grow weary of the persistent summer, soon no doubt we shall be lamenting the incessant downpour and crying out for a day when the sun may show his face. So it is however with nature; and so it is, in our fretfulness, with human nature. And it is quite out of the question to change either.

Check the Chimneys
TIME of year again when property should all be checked over to remove fire risks. Summer has been long. Papers or wood may have been piled about a flue opening. Greasy rags may be lying in a corner. Someone may have scuffed insulation on the electric wiring. So it is worth while once a year to inspect your property critically from cellar to garret. Study its safeguards against fire. If you have any doubts call the fire chief and have him go over the place with you.

Fires originate from many sources but carelessness is the principal cause. And the sure antidote for carelessness is systematic inspection of the premises one occupies or owns.

One Against an Empire



Illustration by J. B. Bull

Yesterdays . . . Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 5, 1907
A movement has been inaugurated by the Oregon Tax Reform association to initiate an amendment to the state constitution to exempt all machinery and buildings used exclusively for manufacturing purposes from taxation.

The Oregon crop of prunes estimated by buyers some weeks ago at \$500,000 now bids fair to exceed that figure. One hundred dollars per ton is being paid freely. There is unprecedented demand for Oregon prunes.

Yesterday the thermometer climbed up toward the 80 mark and did not drop below 76 until evening. While not unusual October weather for Oregon, following so soon after the showers, it proved oppressive during mid-day.

October 5, 1922
SILVERTON—All but four of the Silverton high school students joined in a public demonstration on the streets here yesterday afternoon to show their dissatisfaction at the school board's refusal to ratify the student body organization. Students obtained permission of Mayor Eastman and Chief of Police Thomas to stage their protest meeting on Main street, where Student Body President Almond Balch explained their grievance.

NEW YORK—The Giants defeated the Yankees 3 to 2 in the opening game of the world series here yesterday. Babe Ruth swung violently at the ball all afternoon but garnered only a single.

Webb & Clough yesterday announced they had let a \$20,000 contract for construction of a mortuary building at Church and Ferry streets.

New Views

"Have you any ideas on how we can get rain? This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters. The answers:

Fred Williams, attorney: "If we had had a different kind of state fair we would have had rain by this time."

John Farrar, post master: "Well, now I don't know; send for Colonel Hofer, I guess. He used to be the rain maker around here."

Al Lindbeck, reporter: "Elect Roosevelt."

O. E. West, Boy Scout executive: "That can be answered—move to California."

Sergeant Walter Thompson, city policeman: "We might pray, but I guess there's no use doing that when the wind's from the north."

Lettie Ray, fashion model: "I'd just plan on a vacation; that would bring it."

Ed Kleinsch, university student: "Go out in my shirt sleeves without an umbrella."

Alma Thibault, waitress: "Start planning a picnic; I've never seen it fall."

Demonstrations with home mixed fertilizers by burley tobacco farmers in North Carolina show best returns from mixtures with high potash content.

A Football "HUDDLE" Romance By FRANCIS WALLACE

Young and ambitious Ted Wynne realizes he cannot ask the wealthy Barb Roth to marry a mill hand, so he leaves his position in the Bellport steel mill and works his way through Old Dominion college. He shows promise in football, and Barney Mack, the coach, takes an interest in him. Tom Stone, star player, and Ted's rival for Barb's affections, is antagonistic towards him. Ted, however, is admired by the other students. During vacation he toils in the mill to earn his tuition and prepare for the fall football season. Rosalie Downs, of a neighboring college, discusses philosophy with Ted. She is furious when he laughs at her and calls him conceited.

CHAPTER VII
The cigar had almost burned to the end. Ted suddenly felt like a fool. He might as well leave.

But the door opened and Rosalie came back. She approached him doubtfully, eyes troubled and contrite.

Ted walked to meet her; she smiled quickly and rushed into his arms. He held her close for awhile. "I'm sorry, kid," he whispered into her hair.

Rosalie was talented. "Sorry," Barb said over the phone. "I'm driving with Tom to Pittsburgh for a ball game."

"You're breaking a date," he reminded her. "This is something special. Can't you come any other evening—how about Monday?"

"I'm working and need my sleep. Sunday's the only morning I can sleep in."

"If you break this date I'll be the last one."

"Well—if you want to be that way, all right."

"Goody."

"Goody."

Barb slapped the phone down and bit her lip. He had a nerve; who was he to talk to her like that? She should give up a trip to Pittsburgh to spend an evening hearing him talk about himself.

But she felt a little guilty, a little sorry. He was a nice boy, if you handled him right, and he certainly treated her the way she wanted a boy to treat her—Ted was safe as a brother; not too exciting or too serious; but better that way than the other.

Still, it had to come. Barb was young, entirely too young to think seriously about anybody or to give all of her time to one boy. Maybe she could like Ted better than the rest; perhaps she did, but it would be a mistake to ever let him suspect it.

And he'd come back; he always did.

Throb! Throb! Throb! Strum! Strum! Ta-da-ta-da-ta-da. Wah-ha-ha-ha . . . Shuffle . . . Clap! Clap!

"She's watching you."

Ted danced more athletically. He was in shape and could prance around tirelessly. He felt like cutting loose. Music had piled up in his bones and wanted to run out his toes, run like a whooping kid, released from school.

Oompah! Oompah! Wah-h-h-ha-ha!

There was music in the mill, too; in the whirring of the big fly wheels, the revolution of the rolls—if you listened for it; but only Big Fritz could express it with a peep; only Big Fritz with his pot belly, tobacco-colored teeth, hairy chest and thick-soled shoes could

modify that are now currency for college tuition there would scarcely be any agricultural tax delinquency in the country, let alone a farm problem!"

Perhaps the Portland Journal writer would be interested in knowing, if not already possessed of the information, that in all the south there is a theory that farm crops ought to be marketed through the labor of inmates of the major prisons, for the support of their institutions of higher learning—and that thus little pigs go to college, along with ducks and geese, cows, cotton, cabbages, chickens, eggs, etc., etc.

All such prisons are supposed, in all states of the south, to not only pay expenses, but also to yield money for the uses named; and the rule is made to work out in actual practice in nearly all of the 15.

The Alabama prison system pays a net profit of nearly a million dollars a year. On great plantation areas cotton is grown, picked, ginned, spun, dyed, woven and made into various articles of commerce by the inmate laborers, along with other industries founded on the raw products of the land.

In Mississippi the net profits are about \$200,000 a year; in Louisiana over \$100,000, principally from the growing and grinding of sugar cane and the refining of sugar.

The same theory, put into practice in the 33 northern states, would at least work out into self support, thus turning many millions annually into the channels of educational funds—and Oregon offers the best opportunities in this line of any of the 33, on account of our diversity of raw products that might be thus fashioned into marketable form.

One northern state, Minnesota, thus saves a half million dollars a year to her taxpayers, by making Stillwater prison self supporting; and the raw materials nearly all come from East Africa, Java, Mexico and the Philippines, for making binder twine, rope and ply goods.

There is no kindness in maintaining prison populations at great expense in idleness. It is the direct opposite of kindness. And it is in futility and folly. The sum of the crime of it is as great as that of the crimes being expiated. In Sing Sing prison, New York, it tallies with the title of Warden Laves' late book, "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," representing the sum of the terms of the 250 inmates now serving sentences there.

Following Stillwater, the northern prison coming nearest to self support is the one at Clinton, New York, named the Siberia of American prisons. There the supposed hardest boiled and toughest of New York's gangland and underworld are confined. It lacks only about \$10,000 a year of self support.

DENIES CONFESION
NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—(AP)—"Confession" that he had participated in the bombing of the home of Judge Webster Thayer at Worcester, Mass., last Tuesday, and repudiated last night by James Felton, 32-year old negro, at New York police headquarters.



"I'm sorry, kid," he whispered into her hair.

move with the poetry of motion. Ted hadn't come back; he had gone to the telephone many times, convinced himself that he had been wrong; but he hadn't called. For the time being he was blocking cars; it wasn't a hot job and he didn't need sleep; and he had asked Rosalie to the Tennis Club dance.

Ted was proud of Rosalie; she was a gypsy, exotic. It was a pretty dress although Ted never got more than a general impression of a girl's outfit.

"She's following you with her eyes."

Girls were funny. Rosalie and Barb didn't like each other; they had gone to Academy together. Rosalie had skipped a class or Barb had been held back—anyhow Rosalie had gone off to college. She and her mother had just enough to get by. Her mother was society editor of the News.

Rosalie sang as they danced: "Take some honey from the bee Mix it up with TNT And what've you got?"

Magnolia—

Rosalie could sing the blue songs and make you feel things; she was a dancing fool—and pretty. Stone was looking her over. Stone wanted to cut in on every new girl, as if he were appointed to take them over when they reached a certain stage.

Barb floated by, always greatly interested in the boy she was with; when it was Stone, dancing slowly and bending over her like a gigolo, Ted burned up.

Why didn't Barb and Rosalie like each other? They were both good kids although different, of course. You never knew what Barb was thinking but Rosalie came right out with it; she was more like a fellow.

And she could dance; she was warm—got a kick out of it. Dancing with Rosalie was a compelling thing; it took your body and your mind, and then it made you feel something too.

Barb was smooth and airy—a swell dancer and you couldn't lose her, except on a reverse row and then, but Barb didn't pour herself

into it; Barb was holding something back—Ted always got the impression of an invisible hand between them, holding him back; Barb's hand; and her face with its curious, taunting, inviting smile.

Going by now, saying: I can get you whenever I want you. Yeah?

It was time to do something about Barb; make her see that neither her money nor her position meant a thing to him. She was a fine girl and all that; maybe too good for him; but Ted wasn't quite so certain about that any more.

There was an aristocracy of brains as well as money; if you had the brains you could make the money; then you'd have both. He'd seen enough of Barb to know he couldn't come to her unless he was her social equal; that would take time. In the meantime he might as well show her that he wasn't a poodle dog to be whistled at.

Barb didn't like Rosalie; Rosalie was a good scout; maybe it would burn up Barb if he kept basting around with Rosalie.

But Rosalie left town with her mother during August, off to a Lake Erie resort. Ted got lonesome over the week-ends and fought continually against the temptation of the telephone. A broken date wasn't so much, after all, and she had always been on the level with him. He dreamt of her, saw her face in the furnace fires—a shining vision in pasted shades.

But it wasn't just a broken date that was something deeper; and Ted hung on. Through long evenings of sitting on the porch swing, or in the town park, or talking to Big Red at the city jail or chatting with the boys at the pool room, he battled for his principle.

She had said he couldn't beat her at anything; that was no frame of mind for a prospective bride. She'd have to respect him before she could like him, and she couldn't respect him if she surrendered.

(To Be Continued)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

"HE HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD"

Mr. Hoyt F. Hill, Syracuse, N. Y. In a letter to the N. Y. edition of the Christian Advocate, under the subject "Where the Fault Lies" says: "The assumption that it is the duty of the federal government to enforce the law against the illegal liquor traffic is not warranted by the constitution."

"The constitution plainly divides the responsibility; 'the congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

He continues: "The federal government cannot adequately enforce this law within the states. That is the duty of the states. The federal government, except when martial law is necessary, should never undertake to do the work that the constitution definitely assigns to the states."

No state can legally repeal its enforcement law and put nothing in its place. Such an act is a violation of the national constitution.

Nowhere does that instrument grant any authority or power to any state to refuse to enforce its provisions." The several states SHALL (not may) have concurrent power, etc."

"Possibly the federal government ought to find some way to deal with these recalcitrant state officials. These traitorous state officials should not go unrebuked even though they may go unpunished."

His closing sentence is certainly a clincher. "It is neither that the law is 'unenforceable' nor that we have found no 'agent who has the authority; the means and the ability to end the illicit liquor traffic now going on," but that we have elected state officials who are disloyal—to put it mildly—to their oath of office."

Will Oregon be disloyal to the constitution of the U. S. in the

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

THE young mother has many things to learn. She may be bewildered, among other problems, with that of weaning the baby.

Weaning often is made more difficult than is necessary. For when a definite schedule is followed it need not be a serious problem.

Under normal circumstances the weaning process should begin at about the eighth or ninth month. It may be undertaken when the baby is three months, six months or nine months old, but should never be delayed beyond this time.

Whenever possible it should be planned so as to avoid weaning in hot weather. It is more difficult for the baby to digest its food during the hot days, and there is more chance then of cow's milk becoming contaminated.

Weaning should be a gradual process. It should never be done suddenly. In certain cases, as in lack of mother's milk, acute illness of the mother or disease of the breast, immediate weaning may be necessary. Early weaning is advised, too, when there is a continuous failure of the baby to gain in weight and the mother's milk is deficient in quality or in quantity.

Many baby specialists advise a daily bottle for every infant after the second month. This should be given as the afternoon feeding. This arrangement provides a little more leisure for the mother and in the end makes weaning less difficult. If something should make sudden weaning necessary the infant, being accustomed to the daily bot-

tle, quickly adjusts itself to the new routine.

Complete weaning should not take longer than four weeks. Often it is difficult for the infant to become accustomed to the bottle, and such a case requires a great deal of patience on the part of the mother.

There need be no alarm if the infant takes little nourishment during the first few days of weaning. When it becomes used to cow's milk the strength of the food formula may be increased, but the increase should be gradual, because any sudden shift in the baby's diet may cause distress. The formula should only be altered by a physician's order.

As the child grows older it should be encouraged to take milk from a small cup, which should be of a pleasing color and attractive to the infant.

The Physician's Supervision Solid foods should be added to each feeding as soon as possible. Cereal and egg may be fed to the infant as early as the third month. Cod liver oil should be given twice a day. Start with a teaspoonful and increase the amount to a teaspoonful and a half twice a day. Orange juice or tomato juice should be included in the daily diet and is best given in the morning.

To determine whether the child is making satisfactory progress, it should be weighed at regular intervals. Under-feeding is shown if the weight drops off and continues to fall. Over-feeding is a frequent cause of distress. Vomiting and recurrent colicky attacks are signs of over-feeding.

Mothers reluctant to start weaning their babies should remember that weaning by a normal process that need cause no anxiety. Never delay weaning, because it is more difficult to accomplish as the child grows older. Proper weaning done gradually and under the supervision of a physician is nothing to be dreaded.

Answers to Health Queries H. E. L. C.—How shall I make my skin firm after reducing? A.—Take a good nourishing diet and plenty of exercise in the fresh air.

November election and to this extent needs? We are very confident that there is too much patri-

claim in this splendid state to commit such an act of disloyalty. J. R. PAYNE.