

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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## The Race for Sympathy

MANY of the leaders of modern China and Japan are graduates of American educational institutions. Trained in western universities they have returned to the homeland and have become spokesmen for their countries. Naturally these are the ones called to make their national appeals to the occident, particularly to the United States which both sides look to as more or less the arbiter of oriental difficulties.

Thus it is that Yosuke Matsuoka, Oregon educated, chief delegate of Japan at the league of nations, has made for his country an eloquent appeal for support and against any war between this country and his. His address to the American people given on the eve of his departure from Europe to the United States where he will visit again in Portland and Eugene, embraced the following:

"The United States and Japan have an important mission to fulfill for the sake of humanity in building up the coming era of Pacific civilization, in which the east and west will unite in peace for the first time in history.

"Paradoxical as the statement may seem at the present time, Japan is and must continue to be a friend of China. To the United States, friendship for the sentiment; you have no vital interests in China. To Japan, on the other hand, the welfare, security and progress of China is essential.

"The following day came the plea of Dr. V. W. Wellington Koo, likewise a product of western schools who urges international action to prevent Japan from obtaining mastery of the Pacific. Dr. Koo is the Chinese delegate to the league of nations; and he scores Japan roundly for treaty violation, saying:

"Japan's complete disregard of her treaty obligations to the United States and the league member states, her continued defiance of the international verdict of 'guilty' and her studied indifference to world opinion, are making it abundantly clear that she proposes to stop at nothing in the prosecution of her ultranationalistic policy. Japan is already menacing the life of China; she will menace that of the United States.

"The danger is growing daily. In the interests of the new order of international life and for the peace and security of the Pacific nations, this danger must be arrested. And it cannot be arrested except by common and united international action.

"China is bearing the brunt of the Japanese onslaught on world peace. For seventeen months, she has been sacrificing tens of thousands of lives, hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property, whole cities and provinces. This sacrifice is made in order to shield the new structure for peace and security from ignominious demolition, as well as to protect Chinese territory against foreign invasion.

"In this great defensive 'war,' China is entitled to the moral, diplomatic and economic support of all those powers whose signatures are to be found in the Washington treaties, the covenant to the League of Nations, and the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact.

"The purpose of the two appeals is very plain: to array public opinion in the United States on one side or the other. Japan wants to have a free hand in dealing with China. The latter makes cries for help by trying to frighten us over Japanese aspirations.

"There is no need for America to get excited over either appeal. Our national position has been stated by President Hoover and reaffirmed by President Roosevelt. The league of nations is conforming to the same policy, which is in brief to refuse to recognize the conquests made by Japan in violation of her treaties. The United States has no intention to step in to help China. The Chinese would resent the gesture if extended. If four hundred million Chinese cannot defend their country against 65,000,000 Japanese, it is their own funeral, not ours. America can serve its own interest and world interest best by keeping cool, speaking little, and thinking much.

## Lesson in Grammar

THE editor of the Capital Journal cuts into our grammar class and defends his managing editor's construction of the disputed legal definition of a public utility in the new Thomas bill. The C-J admonishes us to look at the law where a semi-colon is inserted before the clause starting "Provided, that." Well, we knew the semi-colon was in the senate engrossed bill. Its use there is proper under the rule that a semi-colon may precede such words as "namely, as, viz., etc."

To get back to Reid & Kellogg, if the editor of the C-J will try diagramming the sentence he will find that the disputed phrase "or for the production . . . of heat, light, power or water" is an adjectival phrase modifying "plant or equipment"; and it is not an adverbial phrase modifying the verb "apply."

The exercise calls for no grammatical acrobatics, just callisthenics. Call the next class.

It is readily admitted that the section in the Thomas bill is drawn in a slovenly manner and that the punctuation adds to the obscurity. For that matter many measures are similarly written. We got into quite a tangle over punctuation in the dentists' bill. Often the original drafts of the bills are crude; and when amendments are inserted the job is not done with sufficient pains to make the meaning perfectly clear.

"It was ever thus, we may remark. So it comes that we need so many lawyers and courts to do over the work of the legislators.

## Pari-Mutuel

A north of England firm has worked out a new manner of paying its debts, in which the creditors "take chances" of holding lucky numbers. When the chairman of a wholesaler group sent the firm a dun, this was the letter he got back:

"You seem unaware of our method of payment. This is how we do it:

"At the end of each month when we see our balance at the bank, we reserve a certain amount for creditors. We then place their names in a hat and draw up to the amount. The winning creditors are paid.

"If we have any more impudence from you, your name will not be put in the hat."

France is considering paying her back debt installment, one deputy saying it would be a fine gesture now when a "severe crisis has struck the money and credit of the great American republic." We'll take the money, but leave off the sob stuff.

The annual controversy over Babe Ruth's salary is on. He is offered \$50,000, wants \$60,000. Not many would hesitate like Ruth.

## Spring Cleaning



## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

PROHI REPEAL  
(Heard En Route)  
By EDGAR FIELD

"Petition, sir! Just sign your name."  
"Sign, madam! In support of Repealing Prohibition."  
"You bet!" a pool-hall lounge said.  
"I'll help your ammunition!" And then, a dapper, sporty chap augmented the edition.

A teacher next came tripping by, "Sign, madam — help the country!"  
But, learning what it was, she said,  
"I've still some noodle in my head;  
I've seen enough of liquor's 'Ned';  
Your talk is bold effrontery."

Next passed a mother with her child;  
Approached by suave solicitor:  
"FOR REVENUE and all our good,  
You'll surely sign? I thought you would!"  
But prompt replied this Motherhood:  
"I'm not a fool yet, mister."

A business man was next approached—  
Well-poised, and seemed a-thinking;  
"What's that?" he snapped—  
"THE DRY cause rapped?—  
We benefit by drinking?  
I've seen its curse—  
Grew worse and worse—  
The country's welfare shrinking;  
You'd better wind your upper-  
clock!"  
"\*(Petition-man was blinking.)"

A daddy passed, with little lad  
Who wistful looked, and slender;  
Out-handed was petition-pad;  
"We need REPEAL, and need it bad!"  
Solicitor said—SO TENDER!  
"Just sign your name—  
Get in the game,  
And help to show 'em under!"  
The daddy gully looked, then said:  
"But here's my boy—and booze is bad!  
Upon it once, spent all I had;  
So—you just go to thunder!"

And thus I heard upon the street  
The views of men and women—  
The evil with the good compete;  
Saw WET folks' underpinning,  
And who, for booze, would barter  
all.

Defile their moral linen—  
Just hang it on a tree-top tall,  
The while they get a-swimming!  
Their brains a-fog; their conscience dead,  
Nor reckon with their sinning;  
For what care they who want for bread?  
What countless hearts are wrung  
On little children blithe they tread;  
But faith the DRYs are pinning,  
That Right, not Might, will yet prevail—  
Its "outing" be its "inning."

CHARITIES NEEDS AID  
The Associated Charities having had no drive of its own and receiving no help from the Red Cross or Community Service, the need is now greater than ever for food, clothing and money.

MRS. J. H. ROSS,  
Ex. Secy.

## TEACHERS ARE CHOSEN

ROBERTS, March 20—The school directors held a meeting and elected Mrs. Elsie Carpenter, principal, and Miss Julia Query, the primary room for the coming year. This will make the third year for both teachers.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Progress in penology:  
For long years, the writer has contended for reforms in penology and criminology; for the absolute indeterminate sentence; for universal parole, or rather for the possibility of parole being made binding to the limit; for the full support of innocent victims on the outside; for work and wages and training for rehabilitation of all inmates of prisons.

In all these things there has been progress in the upper brackets of administrators of punitive laws, and a little advance in public opinion—though it must be admitted that the latter has been distressingly slow growth.

For some years, the writer has been a sort of lone wolf in advocating the training of all persons engaged in the administration of penal laws, from the policeman on his beat or the constable in his precinct to the judges in all the courts, from the lowest to the highest.

Jane Addams heads the advisory committee, and it contains such names as William Allen White, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dr. Felix Adler, Newton D. Baker, Bishop Philip Cook, Dr. Hamilton Holt, Dr. John Grier Hibben, Rabbi Harry Levi, Fremont Older, Dr. Charles F. Thwing, and others familiar in lines of unselfish endeavor in this country.

Both of the societies making up the merger were organized by Thomas Mott Osborne. After his death it was disclosed that in his will he had established a foundation, backed by a large part of his wealth, the income to be devoted to the work nearest to his heart—the improvement of prison practice, and conditions.

Some readers will recall that

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During the World war he was given charge of the naval prison at Portsmouth, N. H., serving less than two years and resigning in order to have time to pursue his studies and campaigns for betterment along the lines the espousal of which he had taken up. He wrote three books, "Within Prison Walls," "Society and Prisons," and "Adventures of the Green Dragon."

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## "The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

### CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

John Wolfe's coming was the coming of the general in command. Hospital and commissariat staffs stared more than seemed absolutely necessary. Jess was under fire, and was unconscious of the fact, her eyes looking towards Ursula Brandon, who was waiting for them by the terrace steps.

"I could not keep a waxy, Mrs. Brandon; I heard you wanted her." Ursula smiled at Jess, studying her as she smiled. It was the attitude of the woman towards the girl.

"That is the spirit we want. Will you go over and help the others to cut out sheets?"  
"I'll do anything you ask me to."  
"That's splendid."  
Jess found herself kneeling under one of the cedars, and snipping away at a bale of calico with a pair of bright new scissors. But her eyes wandered away to a John Wolfe.

Ursula was standing talking to Ursula Brandon where the steps led up from the lawn to the terrace. The massed colours of the well-watered flowers in the borders raised a broad background of rose and of gold. Beyond stood the warm, red-walled house, mellow, stately, suggesting aloofness and some awe to Jess's eyes.

They were talking like intimate friends—those two, Ursula Brandon showed animation, fire, reflecting the glow of the man's vitality. Jess had a sudden, queer, lost feeling at the heart. She sat back on her heels, watching, forgetting her scissors and the roll of white stuff before her. She discovered the desire that John Wolfe should leave Mrs. Ursula Brandon and come and talk to her, even if only for a moment.

Presently he came. Jess knelt there at his feet, not looking up, her dark lashes making shadows on her cheeks, her scissors busy.

"When are we to go to the hospital, John?"  
"The hospital isn't in being yet."  
"Has she done all this?"  
"Mrs. Brandon? Yes, I never came across anyone with a better head for organization. She has thought of everything down to feeding-cups and safety pins. I must say I was astonished. To look at her you would not think such a woman would trouble."

Jess's head remained bowed.

A cynic could have amused himself by walking about Navestock and watching the remarkable unanimity with which the people of the upper middle-class decided that they needed a change of air. The "White Hart" coach and all the wagons in the town were kept busy, carrying the fugitives to Wainington station. The Wilks family was one of the first to leave, the young ladies pressing scented handkerchiefs to their noses, and old Wilks, the squirrel nibbling at the daily paper. Miss Ferment was home off scattering "heart attacks" like handbills along the road. The Turleys went to Scotland, Johnson, the wine merchant, departed for Yarmouth, taking his daughters and his parrot with him, the bird perched in its cage on the top of the cab, shouting "Monte, Monte" outside Dr. Thredgold's windows.

Many of the wealthier tradespeople discovered that it was the psychological moment for a holiday. Business languished, and was left to take care of itself.

Thredgold's assistant deserted.

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him early in August, Mr. Talbot Tweedy being a hiring with "nerves." He smiled for a while on people with his yellow teeth, stumbled over doormats, readjusted his pince-nez that were always slipping, and then vanished out of Navestock. Thredgold had begun to be bewildered. His bewilderment increased as the work thickened, but he continued to go bowling about in his carriage and popping in and out of doors. A man's intellect may fall him, but his manner may survive. Thredgold's manner was the product of years of affable pomposity. It took command of him in the crisis, carried him about, spoke for him, kept him moving. Thredgold was dazed, but his manner went on working, and persisted in uttering the same pompous platitudes.

The people in the river alleys were brutally ignorant and ignorantly stubborn. The stultifying stupidity of the town threatened John Wolfe's hospital scheme from the very first. The marquises and tents were pitched, the little improvised beds ready, the volunteers at their posts. The difficulty lay in getting the sick children. Stupid affection, sheer obstinacy, ignorant prejudices made many of the cottagers refuse to let the youngsters be taken away.

"You be wanting to put 'em about, I know ye."  
That was what one poor woman threw in John Wolfe's face.

Compassion made him patient. He and Robert Flemming went from house to house, arguing, pleading, scolding. Wolfe began to grow fierce with some of the fools. Many of them would not let the children go, and would not feed them properly when they kept them. With the co-operation of some of the farmers, Wolfe had arranged to have fresh country milk distributed for the use of the sick. It was imperative that those who were ill should have no solid food. And again and again Wolfe caught them feeding the youngsters on such stuff as bacon and stewed cabbage.

Ursula Brandon was watching Jess tending a sick little boy in the marquee hospital.

"I think she is about the best nurse I have," Ursula told Dr. Wolfe.

"Plenty of pluck. I suppose she eats and sleeps properly?"  
"Yes, I see to that; I am very imperious."

"We should never have been able to manage this without you."  
Wolfe saw Jess alone for a few minutes before he left.

"All right, Jess?"  
"Yes, quite."  
"Absolutely sure?"  
"Shall I put my tongue out, John?"

He flipped her cheek.  
"Be careful!"  
"Oh, I am very careful. It is just splendid here, and I get on so well with the children. Aren't those people in Navestock wretches?"

"Who?"  
"The ignorant wretches who won't let their sick children be brought out here. I should like to go through Navestock with a whip."

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