

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"The Gang"

WHILE the rest of the state wonders at the state of anarchy which developed in Jackson county, culminating in the murder of a constable, the student of social psychology can pretty well reconstruct the conditions which made the movement possible. Given a few individuals ambitious for power and given a great many other people with thwarted ambitions and you have the materials for such an eruption.

In every community there is a great mass of folk who are outside the fringes of success. It is true in a lodge, a church, a school district. A few "run" the organization, the others are mere members, silent in meeting and passed over when elections come round. This mass soon gets the feeling that their attendance and membership are useless, because the same old crowd will control.

In the larger sphere of city or county or even state politics the same spirit is noticed. Accumulating grievances build up "toxic social poisons" within the individual. So we have the term "the ring" frequently applied by the "outs" against those in office in a city hall or court house. Thwarted ambition in politics, in business or in social circles breeds the bitterness against those who have either been more successful or more lucky. It may not be "thwarted" ambition either; it may be plain, ordinary ambition using discontent for a bowstring.

Banks and Fehl at Medford made constant reference to "the gang". It was an indiscriminate term. One or two were named by name, the circuit judge, the district attorney. But the term was purposely vague in order to include every one who was the object of personal grievance. This brought back of Banks and Fehl therefore all the discontented elements, all the individuals whose hopes had been frustrated, and others who saw opportunity for using a movement to personal advantage. The "Good Government Congress" was a mass organization of individual grievance.

It is not enough for the "contented classes" to spurn and damn those who have thus resorted to extreme measures. Out of such mass discontent bastions are overturned. The lodge or club succeeds which keeps its channels to power open and does not freeze control permanently in few hands. There has to be some such liberty in political affairs. Fortunately the ballot is usually a strong enough implement for smiting "rings", and satisfying the rebellious public. Above all it is important to recognize the meaning of personal feelings which may be swayed into mass hysteria, when it comes to the practical functioning of society.

"Old Man" Stagg

THERE is something challenging about Coach Stagg who is at 71 traveling westward to undertake coaching a new and strange team in a small western college. Shelved at the University of Chicago after nearly 42 years of service, the old man was unwilling to rust, sought a new job, and accepted the post of football coach at the College of the Pacific at Stockton, Cal. Not many men of 71 would take on a fresh job; and fewer still would step down, save out of sheer necessity, to coach such an obscure team. But Stagg is doing it, and the country admires him for it.

Stagg has been a great coach at Chicago. He has turned out some great players. Walter Eckersall was probably his greatest. Walter Steffen was only a little less proficient. In late years his teams have not been so powerful, a fact which no doubt stimulated the desire for a change in coaches.

Besides being a great coach, Stagg has been a genuine Christian gentleman. His influence in character building has been pronounced. Victory was subordinate to good sportsmanship; so his boys have carried away valuable lessons from his training quarters.

The west will welcome Stagg. It is losing "Pop" Warner this year, so Stagg will occupy the latter's place among the elder statesman of the gridiron. He will bring fame to Stockton, and before long will bring victories there too.

Plump Women

MUSSOLINI likes plump women. The Italian premier believes:

"Thin women make poor mothers."

"Plump mothers have healthier babies."

Italian women therefore will feed themselves into plumpness as a patriotic duty. Four meals a day, the propaganda now urges; and "muchha de macaroni".

It is advice American females might sensibly copy. The biological duty of the female is to mother the species; and the task requires proper physical strength. For years there was the starvation cult in this country, and skinny females were the style. The next generation may pay for the silly sacrifice of mothers of this generation for fashionable straight-line figures.

Fortunately the style is changing somewhat and wearing a little flesh is no longer regarded as a social crime. There is no agitation here for women to eat four meals a day; but they ought to eat three, and not turn down all the starches either.

For once, we agree with Mussolini.

Just before Wilson became president he wrote a book, "The New Freedom" and made liberal use of the word, "forward looking." Now Mr. Roosevelt is turning out a book entitled "Looking Forward." Technocracy gave renewed interest to Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," but there is more interest at present in the forward outlook. Eyes front!

Incidentally Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler brought out a book of his addresses last year under the same title: "Looking Forward."

Having cast one vote for the dries, Sen. Stetson casts one for the wets, voting to pass the beer bill, which delivers the country to the brewers. McNary also voted for the beer bill; but that was expected. Both senators voted to maintain the graft of 20¢ a mile for a transportation to and from their homes to Washington. This makes a nice piece of side money in addition to salaries.

Senator Ashurst of Arizona confesses to have made the discovery that it is not necessary for the perpetuity of the republic for him to return to the senate. He is lucky to have found that out. Few senators and fewer congressmen ever concede the point.

Alaska repeals its bone dry law. From what we have heard of Alaska it has always been like "somewhere east of Suez" after the Kipling description.

Slips talks about a cat that walks away when the radio starts a saxophone solo. That's nothing; we have a dog that barks when "Ouch and Sally" start to drive. Yet we call them "dumb animals."

General Pickett's missing—and part of his horse!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Progress in penology:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The first paragraph in the Report being quoted reads:

"The years 1929 and 1930 were marked by an unparalleled number of prison outbreaks. . . . Although disastrous in themselves, these disturbances served to call attention to the futility of administering prisons on a purely custodial or punitive level."

"A changed attitude on the part of most prison administrators was the significant characteristic of 1931. As a group, those responsible for the conduct of penal institutions became aware of the dangers of the old repressive methods and became receptive to new ideas. The year 1932 shows a continuing interest in and growing appreciation of the necessity of rehabilitative measures. The practical penologist has joined with the so-called 'reformer' in seeking treatment and reeducation rather than revenge in dealing with offenders against the law."

"Modern developments in prison architecture exemplify this change. The new federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., the New York state medium security prison at Walkkill, the Massachusetts state prison colony at Norfolk, the New Jersey reformatory at Annandale, the Maryland state penitentiary at Poolesville, Md., and the intermediate reformatory at Jeffersonville, Mo., have DEFINITELY BROKEN with the bastle tradition and are designed to permit individualized treatment."

Another paragraph: "The federal government by placing the entire medical program of their institutions in the hands of the U. S. public health service have definitely provided for more intensive medical treatment. There has also been an increasing recognition of the value of academic and vocational education along with the field of adult education. The federal institutions; and the reformatories of Elmira, N. Y., Huntingdon, Pa., and Pontiac, Ill., are among those which have made a radical departure from the traditional practices of institution schools." (The report mentions in this trend also institutions of Wisconsin, Maryland and other states, especially the

one at Dannemora, N. Y., called the "Siberia of American prisons," as the one at Folsom, Cal., is put in that class among western institutions.)

The Report might have gone on and said that no major outbreaks in 1929 and 1930 were witnessed in institutions above the class of the hard boiled ones conducted on the ideas coming down from the dark ages of the bloody past; nor have they been witnessed since in the prisons following enlightened methods, offering chances for reform and rehabilitation. Not one.

Take the state of Minnesota. There has not been an escape from the Stillwater prison for over 25 years, and the only one in approximately that period from the reformatory at St. Cloud was a member of the farm forces who walked away and wandered back within the next day or two. The prison has a population of approximately 1850 and the reformatory about 1150.

A recent visit of the writer at the last named institution found the population larger than it would have been because of the difficulty of finding suitable employment for some of the inmates eligible and listed for parole. No parole is completed without such placement, and there is such supervision thereafter as to guarantee its continuance. This system surely qualifies the St. Cloud institution for correct listing among those observing the rule set up by the Osborne Association: "The proper status for parole as an integral part of correctional treatment, rather than as an act of clemency."

The superintendent at St. Cloud, Chas. E. Vasaly, is one of the outstanding men in all the world in the field of penology. He has brought himself into invalidism through work and worry over the problems of doing good to the young men and first offenders who come under his charge and go out to fill law abiding and self supporting places in society—some of them in positions of high responsibility; like a member of the legislature who makes no secret of the manner of his training, and a county school superintendent who is like minded and unassumingly grateful for having come under the direction of the good man who rules and wears away his health at St. Cloud.

The educational system at San Quentin prison is as much a part of that of the state of California as is that of any junior college, or high school in the state. The school in that state, and the schools which take work in classes at San Quentin are regularly credited for that training in the schools named, and many of them go on to institutions of higher learning, and enter into lines of employment for which they become qualified while serving time in explanation for felonies.

The Oregon legislature of this year passed a joint resolution directing a study in this state looking to the adoption of a like system here, assuming the carrying on of educational classes in our penal institutions, after the manner becoming general in the other states of the union which are making forward looking progress in the field.

The way is becoming well marked, under the fostering direction of the good men and women of the nation who direct the destinies of the Osborne Association, showing the possibilities of vast benefits from the work of a single individual who saw a great light and gave his later years and a large part of his fortune to following the gleam of that light. Such a monument will be more enduring than one of stone, and reflect credit upon his name far above such a memorial, though it

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

He went away through the wind and rain, and met Ursula Brandon's carriage at the cross-roads of the river. The wheels were mud-splashed, the horses drenched. Wolfe signalled to the coachman to stop. A window clattered down, and a pale face looked up at him. He spoke, bending forward in the saddle.

"Were you coming to the meadow?"
"Yes. What is it?"
"I wonder whether you will lend me your carriage for an hour?"
"Of course. Is anyone ill?"
"Jens Hessel. I am going to take the child home."

Ursula Brandon's eyelids flickered.
"Tell Reynolds to drive on."
She closed the window, lay back in her corner, and watched the wet and wind-blown pollard willows gliding by. Her face remained haughtily meditative. Presently a smile broke out, a smile in which cynicism and compassion were merged together.

Wolfe rode on ahead, taking the wind-driven rain straight in his face. He was wet through by the time he reached the meadow. The shadowy opening in the grey tent was like a distant rent in the world of his desires. The "Pardons" horses came squealing over the grass while Wolfe was tethering Turpin to a tent peg. He turned in time to open the carriage door, Ursula Brandon stepping past him in profile. She entered the tent, and Wolfe heard her speaking to Jess, her voice slightly above the level of its usual dignity.

"You ought to have told me, child, that you were feeling ill. My carriage is going to take you home."
"It's kind of you, I wouldn't go, only—"
"Yes, he is quite right. Good-bye. You have been such a great help here."
Jess came out with a red shawl over her head, and found Wolfe waiting in the rain. His black coat gleamed wet.

"Not a bit of it."
He helped her into the carriage. "Go home and change your clothes."
"Nonsense. I am coming up to the farm, first."
He slammed the door upon her protest, mounted Turpin, and rode on ahead.

Moor Farm and its trees struggled with a squall of wind and grey, smoking rain. Wolfe fastened the paddock gate back, and reached the quarter and white-headed, behind an Octavianus to whom these antique, pastoral worthies listened with sober awe.

"Did yer see the doctor?"
The last words were spoken by the one-legged man with the clay pipe. Blue-nosed and white-headed, he had the look of the old soldier, an ancient Odysseus to whom these antique, pastoral worthies listened with sober awe.

"Did yer see the doctor?"
"What makes ye think that?"
"Ridin' up on that there black horse o' his, jess like the o' Duke, with his leathers sharp face, and his nose a smeller in the enemy. Kind of proud and quiet and fierce. He's a fighter, he's a bayonet boy!"

"An ancient came and kicked the toes of his boots against the wall to shake off the soil."
"They're bin in yonder an hour, I guess."
"An' Turpin'll be 'unt there."
"Nor Wilks, nor bully Johnson."

were built higher than all the pyramids of Egypt.

The progress of modern penology is bound to be slower in America than in some other countries—like England, for instance, where all the prisons are under one head, and there is a possibility of making each one fit for the work it is calculated to do. One, for example, needs thick and high walls to keep inside desperate and hardened criminals. Another requires no such provisions, for only inmates are routed to it who have joined the band—and ain't it grand?

No longer are they carrying a flask in hand. All of them have given up drinking gin. So let's put our money in a block of tin for all together, one behind the other.

They are "rushing the can" to dear old mother.
Oh, Mrs. Sabia and oh, Mrs. Astor!
If you've any money left from the Great Disaster, Put it I beg of you into blocks of tin.

For the good old "growler" is back again. —A Reader.

IF BEEH COMES BACK?
Oh, Mrs. Sabia, and oh, Mrs. Astor!
If you've any money left from the Great Disaster, Put it I pray you into blocks of tin.

For the good old "growler" is back again. —A Reader.



"Mother, Jess is a little feverish. I have brought her back here. It may be nothing."

nor po'r of Muster Hubbard!"
"They do say as the new fellows be with Muster Flemming and the doctor. Threadgold ain't there."
"Fap Threadgold's busted—the old wind-sucker."
"Hi, they be comin' out."
The old men lined the wall and watched the Guardians appear. Robert Flemming came first, bare-headed, stately, carrying on his shoulders the dignity of some good thing done. He turned to shake hands with Crump, Crump whose little pig's eyes twinkled with cynical amusement. It had been hot and argumentative, and voluble in there!

"Well, sir—it's to be reform! We couldn't stand out when the Brandon influence came your way, Jasper Turrell? Oh, well, there would have been a majority anyway."
The old soldier's eyes were watching for John Wolfe.

"That be he! He's whacked 'em, he's drove 'em with the bayonet. That's a fine feller. He ought to have bin in the army."
Wolfe came out with a little man on either side of him. The little man was talking with animation, triumph. Some moral battle had been fought and won, and they were jubilant, flushed, conscious of plump altruism. There were sulky faces here and there, puzzled faces, faces that totted up figures and calculated the cost. A minority had fought and vanquished a majority, yoked them in, and made them serve.

"He's a fine feller. He ought to have bin a soldier."
Wolfe mounted Turpin and rode away in the thick of a squall of yellow leaves. The black horse had in proud fettle. There was a smell of victory in the air; a throwing open of gates, a surrendering of keys. Men might have seen Wolfe riding into Navestock, a great soldier entering a captured town.

There was something dramatic about it. Common men touched their hats.
Old Crabbe was parading in his garden when Wolfe brought him the news. The tall poplar shivered against a clear, cold sky. Somewhere a weed fire was burning, and the pungent scent filled the air.

"We have captured their out-works, sir!"
"What a majority? Don't tell me those fellows have decided on reform!"
"They have, after a good deal of squabbling. The honour lies with Robert Flemming. He hit out, and the wobblers went down."
"Incredible!"
His black eyes glittered with facetious exultation.

"What are they going to do?"
"Appeal to head-quarters, a d d ask to have an expert sent down to advise them."
The gold snuff-box came out. "By George, John Wolfe, that's a surrender. And Jasper Turrell up in Scotland! We shall have him rushing back like a mad bull."
"I think he will break his horns if he tries charging."

Wolfe snatched an hour each day to ride up to Moor Farm and visit Jess. It was typhoid that she had, but the fourth week of the disease had come, and Jess seemed drawing out of danger. Had the patient been anyone else Wolfe would not have worried, for there was nothing tangible to worry about. Josiah Crabbe had some knowledge of human nature. Love creates fear, and cowardice as well as heroism.

Jess lay low in the bed, with a single pillow under her head. Her black hair was waved back from the forehead and plaited into two tails that reached to the white coverlet.

After a few cheering preliminaries, Wolfe came to the point with:
"The Guardians have given in. Navestock has surrendered."
"For one moment she lay staring at him, and then sprang up in bed, exultant."
"John!"
Her flushed face, and the intensity of her excitement frightened him.

"Lie down, dear. I shouldn't have told you."
"But it's victory."
"Yes, yes. Lie down again, Jess. You are breathing as though you had been running up Flemming's Cross Hill."
She lay back rather suddenly, her face paling.

"John, kiss me."
He bent and kissed her forehead. "I'm so glad, so glad."
 (To Be Continued)
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Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

ECZEMA is one of the most disagreeable disorders of the skin. Children as well as adults may suffer from this affliction. Indeed, it is most commonly found in infants and growing children.



There is difficulty in digesting the bottle-milk.

Nothing is more distressing than to look upon an infant who suffers from eczema. The face, hands and forearms are usually red and prettily covered with scabs and crusts. There is a watery discharge which causes intense itching and discomfort. The effects are indeed pathetic.

To avoid scratching, with the danger of infection, many mothers place mittens or gloves on the hands of the afflicted child. Others pin the sleeves of the sleeping garment to the cuffs so that the child is unable to raise the arms and scratch itself.

To Prevent Scratching
This method of control is unreasonably severe and quite unnecessary. Many of these infants are in weakened condition and the severe crying induced is harmful.

Every effort should be made to improve the general health. Soothing salves may be applied to the skin, but only under the supervision of the physician. Unfortunately, many mothers become frantic in their anxiety to cure the little sufferer and resort to all sorts of medicines and ointments recommended by well-meaning friends. Actual harm may result because a salve which is beneficial to one skin may be harmful to another.

It is probable that eczema is produced by a sensitivity to certain foods. The diet must be carefully studied in order to find what substance is causing the disturbance. In the infant, slight variation in the usual feeding formula may be sufficient to produce eczema. When this is corrected, the skin irritation clears up and the child is relieved from the annoying condition.

Seek Underlying Cause
It is difficult to discover the particular food that is causing the disturbance. But relief can only be hoped for when the underlying cause is detected.

Occasionally the sensitivity may be traced to some external factor, such as woolen garments, certain medicines, or it may be an intestinal disturbance. In all cases, it is imperative for the mother to have regular daily elimination. Cathartics are not advisable, but enemas may be taken.

Eczema is a chronic and difficult disease to cure. But let me reassure the worried mother. Though it may take time to find the causing food, observation and care of the diet will lead a complete cure. Do not be discouraged.

Answers to Health Queries
MER. Q.—What would cause a severe pain all over the head, especially in the back of the head? Would the tonsils or kidneys be apt to be responsible? If so, what do you advise for reducing the weight? Would it be harmful? Would you advise where the trouble is due to overeating?

A.—Have an examination. The trouble may be due to some underlying infection of the high blood pressure. Keep the system clear. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. 3: Do not take any medication which has not been definitely prescribed for you. Cutting down on sugars and starches and taking regular, systematic exercises should bring down your weight and be of general benefit. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

H. W. E. Q.—My six-year-old son has frequent canker sores in the mouth—what would you advise?
A.—Correct his diet and keep his system clear. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.
 (Continued, 2202, E. P. S., 1932)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Carrying the beer home to dear old mother.
Mom's in the parlor looking kinda funny, when you ask what ails her she says "O little Sonny!"
All I ask is a can of suds!
"Never mind" says she "if the kids haven't any auds!"
"All I want" says Mom as she checks a tear,
"All I want is a can of beer!"

All the dainty Millennials, all the dainty Helens,
All the aristocratic herd—from Junior 1st to Junior 3d—
Have joined the band—and ain't it grand?
No longer are they carrying a flask in hand.
All of them have given up drinking gin.
So let's put our money in a block of tin
For all together, one behind the other.

They are "rushing the can" to dear old mother.
Oh, Mrs. Sabia and oh, Mrs. Astor!
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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

HAVE FAITH IN AMERICA
President Roosevelt has taken command of the currency crisis with courage and confidence. With courage and confidence America will respond. Bold and decisive action by the president is already evoking calm and disciplined cooperation from the people. The dramatic sequence of events in the last 48 hours has united and aroused Americans as they have not been united or aroused since the war.

Confidence is the demand of the hour. —Chas. W. Smith Monitor