

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Portland Representative
Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore.
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Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.50; 6 Mo. \$4.50; 1 Year \$8.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Laying Down the White Man's Burden

THE United States is laying down the white man's burden, which it assumed 35 years ago. On various fronts the flag is in retreat. Men of middle age and older recall the period of expansion which followed the Spanish-American war. The war left us with the remnants of Spanish colonial possessions on our hands. Porto Rico we retained; the Philippines we held under an indefinite tenure; Cuba was set up as an independent government, but with the United States near by to lean upon.

Now we are setting the Philippines adrift and withdrawing from our position in the orient. The president has sent in a revision of a treaty with Cuba under which our rights of intervention under the old Platt amendment will be terminated. We have evacuated troops from Nicaragua and are in process of surrendering control in Haiti. Our era of "imperialism" appears spent. "Manifest destiny" is being liquidated.

American expansion was a mixed product of evangelism of civilization and commerce. The beneficence of our civilization was to be exported to the benighted of the Spanish possessions; and the flow of commerce was to be stimulated, in both directions.

In that mood Kipling wrote in 1899:

"Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best of breed—
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half-child."

And the reward has been about as the poet predicted:

"Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

In spite of the critics the United States has done a good job, especially in the Philippines. High tributes have been paid to our colonial administrators in the islands. Porto Rico has not fared so well. Cuba has been ravished now by American bankers and then by American competitors and politicians.

We can withdraw. We can quit playing the role of big brother to Filipinos and Cubans. If we do it is altogether probable that the Philippines will either revert to political and commercial jungle or else become the prey of Japan. Not so much difference will occur in Cuba because it is already in terrible shape, economically and politically.

Once in a burst of energy and idealism, with orations by Albert J. Beveridge, etc. the country launched on its career of what Bryan denounced as imperialism. Now it is retreating, in a fresh outbreak of idealism, within its borders, renouncing both responsibility and opportunity in the colonial field.

A University President

THE University of Washington has selected a new president, the choice falling to Dr. Leo Paul Sieg. His present positions would indicate that he is a man of competence. He holds three dean-ships at the University of Pittsburgh: college of arts and sciences, the graduate school, and the school of journalism. He is a native of Iowa and a graduate of the University of Iowa. All of this is evidence of a fine background and preparation which should equip him well for service in the important post at Seattle.

The University of Washington under Pres. Suzzallo forged ahead rapidly, becoming one of the noteworthy institutions on the Pacific coast. The material is there for further constructive work under a new leader. It is to be hoped that Dr. Sieg proves successful in his administration; and further to be hoped that if he does, his tenure is not disturbed by politicians.

Our esteemed evening contemporary threw quite a fit when the Oregonian announced it would support Joe Dunne. It tried to be cheerful through the tears however by declaring the support of the Ogn would hurt Joe rather than help him. Funny it didn't discover the Ogn's kind words on behalf of Gen. Martin were detrimental to his campaign. The fact is, the general is going to be a hard man for the dems to put over. In the next campaign he will not have the advantage (to him) of being 3000 miles away from the battle-front.

A Portland woman died recently and left numerous bequests, among them one for \$5000 for Willamette university. It is a gracious gift, and one sure to go to good use. Where was wonder who the money came from for support of colleges and hospitals and YMCA's, etc. after the "redistribution" of wealth takes place? Either people will be encouraged to give their money away to causes they deem worthy to keep it from falling into the hands of the tax-gatherer, or else they will have little above subsistence money. The question is one which faces all institutions supported by public contribution.

Congress, we see, is endeavoring to finish the chores the president left it to do before it adjourns for a vacation. There is the possibility that the president may change his mind and have congress stay on the job and sizzle some more in Washington heat; but at any event, the members will jump through the hoop for FDR.

Unusual auto races at Indianapolis: nobody killed. We are all breathless waiting to hear which set of spark plugs won the race, the driver, "Wild Bill" Cummings having nothing to do but sit in the seat and let the plugs spark.

There will be three months' vacation before the schools will have to be saved again. Those who saved them in the last campaign have resigned the job to the other side who don't seem very eager to pick up the task.

If the city doesn't get its million dollars invested in a water plant pretty soon the funds will be gnawed away by expenses. Great speed has been made traveling in circles. The Washington bout with the water company ended just as have those on home soil.

The transatlantic grasshopper season is on. The first pair of fools each way came through safely. Maybe if the feat becomes easy the attempt will go out of style.

If Clarence Darrow and his fellow socialists on the committee think competition has gone out under NRA they might just enter the retail business.

The wind Tuesday blew down a \$2000 tool house on a ranch near Pendleton. If a plumber had that how many trips would he have to make for his tools?

MA CINDERELLA

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

SYNOPSIS

Years ago, Ann Haskel, dominant Ozark farmer, sent her fatherless son, John Herbert, away in the care of Judge Shannon so that the boy could be educated properly. No one knew the heartache this sacrifice caused Ann. In John Herbert's place, Ann raised a new-born stepson, Jeff Todd, Ann, Jeff, and Nance Jordan, Ann's housekeeper, live together on the farm. Following graduation from college, John Herbert returns home and is stunned to find his mother a crude mountain woman, but he overlooks this in gratitude for all she did for him. Ann, on the other hand, is disappointed that her son is anxious to write instead of practice law. Diane Carroll, a young artist, who values her work above her wealth, which she keeps secret, and John Herbert become boon companions. One day, Jeff, jealous of John Herbert, tries to win to get his stepbrother to fight. Ann tells John Herbert he will have to fight Jeff or there won't be any living for him or her. She is as puzzled by her son's ignorance of backwoods ethics as he is bewildered by her attitude. John Herbert asks his mother why she sent him away if she wanted him to be like the backwoods people. In defense of his writing, he tries to explain to his mother that it is as necessary to feed the spiritual appetite as the physical. "I reckon hit's too late for me ever to rightly understand hit," Ann says wistfully. John Herbert tells her what a wonderful soul Judge Shannon said she was. "He made out your maw war a sure-nough fine lady like you see in the picture books," Ann replies.

CHAPTER XX

"Wal, you know me for what I be, now, but you don't know the worst of me yet—not by a long sight."

That hard grim look was coming over her face again like a shadow.

"But mother, it—it's what one is on the inside that really counts."

"Mebbe what's on the outside counts for more than you know," she retorted, dryly. "You can't most generally tell the kind of timber by the bark on the tree. I ain't plum blind. I can see I ain't your kind of folks. You're more to home tellin' that young artist woman than you be with your own mother. That's natchal 'nough, too. Hit war to be expected, with you bein' brought up like you have with her."

And your schoolin' an' everything. The danger lights flashed as she added: "But I ain't aimin' fer sich as her to make a fool out of you; not after all I've went through to make you what you be."

Ann Haskel's son suddenly retreated within himself. She distinctly felt him going away from her.

"I'm afraid you still do not understand, mother," he said, coldly. "I guess I'm a fool, all right; he said bitterly. "But Diane Carroll is not to blame for that."

And now the mother in Ann Haskel longed to help him. She wanted to tell him how fully she understood his trouble. But she could not. Between them there was a wall. She could not get to him. He could not get to her. They each felt this barrier and were saddened by their helplessness before it.

Presently Ann asked, abruptly, "Herb, who war Cinderella?"

"A question, no," he answered, brought a smile to the young man's face. Thoughtlessly he exclaimed, "Why, mother, don't you even know of Cinderella?"

The mountain woman said, heavily, "You ain't got no call to laugh at me 'cause you got education an' I ain't."

"I was not laughing at you, mother," he said, hastily. "I was amused because I had supposed everybody knew the story of Cinderella. It is hardly a question of education."

She watched his face closely as he returned: "I'm right glad hit's funny. I loved hit war 'cause them Lodge folks war so tickled. Whose mother war she?"

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"Yeah, whose mother war this here Cinderella woman?"

The young man, suppressing another smile, answered, gravely, "I never heard that Cinderella was anybody's mother."

"No? Wal, who war she? What war she named that a way?" John Herbert related the story. "I guess they war right," she said when he had finished. "Hit would be funny sure 'nough."

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