

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Roosevelt and the Progressives

THERE was quite a clean break between Roosevelt and progressive senators over ratification of the world court resolution. Nearly all the western radicals voted against the measure which Roosevelt endorsed and Mrs. Roosevelt spoke for over the radio. Hitherto these senators have for the most part been found supporting the president's program, especially the new deal legislation and vast appropriations. Even now they are seeking to double the pot for the big spending program.

While the breach over the world court resolution does not prove a definite parting of the ways there are indications that western progressives are getting restless. The immediate irritant is the administration attitude toward Bronson Cutting, senator from New Mexico. Although he was a 1932 republican bolter for FDR, and though he supported most of the president's program, he seems to have been marked for political execution. The democratic opponent had Farley's support; and though Cutting got the certificate in a close election, the opponent is proceeding to a contest, undoubtedly with support of the Farley machine.

The progressives will band behind Cutting and condemn the contest as a political ruse engineered by Farley. Farley, it may be said, is the target for sharp darts of progressives like Norris of Nebraska who demand that he vacate either the postmaster generalship or the chairmanship of the democratic committee.

Another irritant is administration treatment of Robert Moses, who ran against Gov. Lehman in New York and made a strenuous fight against the new deal legislation. Now Ickes, under White House orders no doubt, refuses to advance PWA money to build a bridge in New York unless Moses gets off the board, on the thin ground that Moses is also on the New York park board. Moses is held in the very highest regard by New Yorkers and they resent this form of political punishment. Senate progressives will regard this as another evidence of building a political machine by the Farley crowd.

Finally the progressive senators are concerned about their own seats. Will they have to face opposition in their own states from a revived democratic party, and so perhaps go down to defeat though they have been administration supporters? Bob LaFollette got a pat on the shoulder, so did Hiram Johnson; but what will be the fate of the others?

Sooner or later Roosevelt will have to decide whether he is going to continue as a democratic-progressive coalition president; or whether he is going to rebuild the democratic party and confine his loyalty to it as a political organization. Keeping Farley actively on the job indicates that he intends to rely on party organization for retention of power.

Another Brain Child

THE brain trust has incubated again and hatched another bill to revolutionize state government. Though house bill No. 2 was rewritten and the planning board stripped of most of the powers it intended to assume, senate bill 70 looms as another effort to foist a child of the brain trust on the state. It is an act "relating to public welfare"; which is indeed a generous term. It takes in most everything from relief work to running the state institutions. A new board is to be created, of course; this one with seven members who would serve for seven years. The membership is neatly hedged by the brain trust sponsors however, with nominations for three coming from selected groups: one by the president of the University of Oregon (why ignore the chancellor? "from the faculty of the college of social sciences (guess who)"; one by the state medical society; one by the state bar association. Then there is to be a "director of public welfare" who is to receive "an annual salary to be fixed by the commission".

Besides running all the state institutions now directed by the board of control, the new board would:

- Have oversight of dependent, neglected children and dependent aged.
- Direct expenditure of money appropriated by the state in children's homes, and charitable institutions.
- Administer federal unemployment relief.
- License maternity homes, day nurseries, etc.

Not satisfied with a state welfare board, the bill creates county welfare boards and provides for a county director of public welfare.

If this bill passes a new and vast department of government will be set up on a very permanent basis. As a money-spender this department would prime the pump generously. With a grip reaching down to the people on the relief rolls the department might soon grow into a formidable political machine. It would remove the governor even farther from control of spending than he is now.

The bill is not endorsed by Gov. Martin. Instead he kicked it back to the brain trust. But nothing daunted, they brought their brain child back to the legislature. It isn't making a very healthy squawk yet; so like house bill No. 2, it may prove still-born. But public vigilance is needed to prevent its passage in present form.

"Free Labor"

MRS. MARY FULKERSON, county school superintendent, sent out letters recently to school board chairmen asking them to list their eligible projects in anticipation of the coming work-relief program. Here is a copy of a letter she received from one schoolboard chairman, which shows at least one board member is suffering from no mental illusions over free labor:

"In reply to your letter relative to free labor for school work it is my belief we can not use any more to advantage at present."

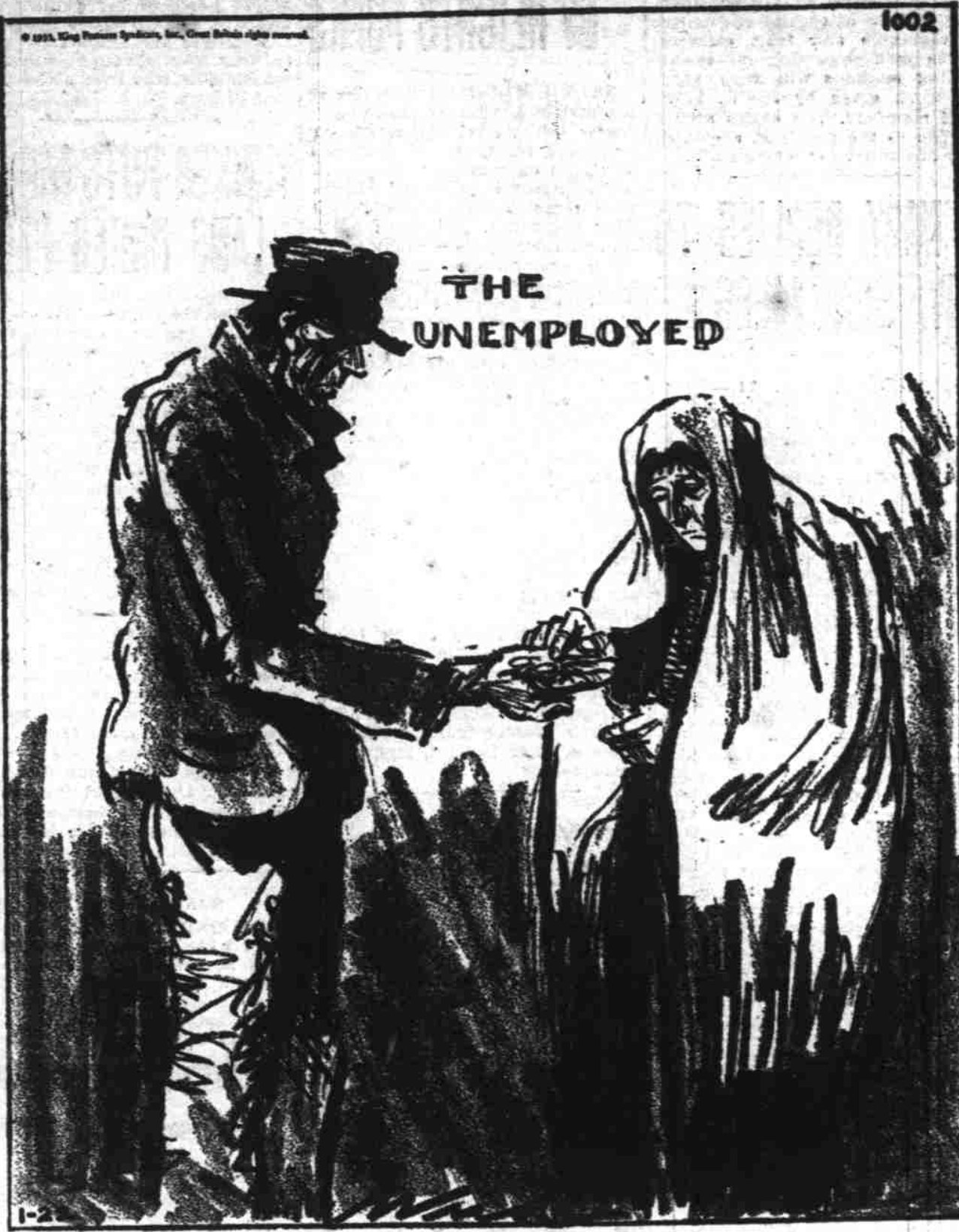
"The waste incidental to any program not under our control about offsets the so-called free labor. After all, the labor is not free but simply put in the form of a debt to be later paid or repudiated. Thank you for the communication."

We can suggest to the legislature a trifling little bill of a dozen or 20 words which if passed would result in a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to taxpayers. It would consist of nothing but a direction to county boards to publish in the official newspaper each week the names of those on "relief" and the amounts they have received. Such a publication would go far toward winding up in a hurry what is fast becoming a public scandal.—Yakima Republic.

If they wait just a little while it will be much cheaper just to print names of those not on the lists.

Walter Pierce has introduced his birth control measure in the congress. It is to be hoped such legislation may be made legal for authors at novels at any rate; then the readers wouldn't have to trade through so much illicit obstructions.

Another Unbalanced Budget



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Men in penitentiary take reading courses:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The next case is that of a man in the Oregon penitentiary with two years of high school education. He was before imprisonment a blacksmith and riveter, and he wants a reading course in one of those fields, so that, upon release, he will be familiar with the latest equipment used.

A former dairy farmer with three years in high school asks for a reading course on advertising.

A former newspaperman, with two years in college, asks for a reading course on parliamentary law.

So they go. A number of the men are taking reading courses in foreign languages, Italian, Spanish, or French.

One man is studying the civilization of the Mayas. For the most part, requests have come for courses in occupational fields, indicating that the men are glad to read along lines which may help them readjust themselves to a world which has moved on while they were shut away from it.

Here is a definite, constructive educational work that reaches a man in his own cell, keeps him busy and his mind active, making him a better prisoner and at the same time giving him opportunity for development.

This explains in part why all up to date prison administrators demand individual cells for the men under lock and key.

In the states like Minnesota and most others in the north, and now, even in the south, schools are kept, and correspondence courses provided by the state schools.

It is interesting to note that this whole reading course project of the Oregon state library, which is doing so much good and attracting nation wide attention, was based on experience with reading courses in the Wisconsin state prison when Miss Harriet C. Long, Oregon's state librarian, was connected with the library commission of Wisconsin.

The reader who has followed this matter thus far will be glad to have a month's summary of subjects pursued by inmates of the Oregon penitentiary. Take September. There were 32 courses.

Radio, photography, welding, navigation, journalism, short story, forging, typewriting, barbering, Spanish, auto mechanics, social work, astronomy, navigation, advertising, poultry, public speaking, shorthand, baking, mining, ancient history, English, mechanical engineering, psychology, animal husbandry, showcard writing, Diesel engines, parliamentary practice, eighth grade subjects, biology, chemistry, violin.

More than one are taking reading courses on advertising, journalism, short story writing, Spanish, poultry breeding, mining, Diesel engines, English, and several other subjects. And more than two on a number of them.

The reader must not conclude that the men in our prison who are taking the reading courses are the only ones out of the more than 800 who are reading books. From the state library, and books from the prison library, they are not. The prison library was started,

in 1882, with a splendid selection of \$4000 worth of books; selected by the man himself who gave them.

He was Hon. A. Bush, founder of The Statesman and pioneer banker of Salem, Oregon and Washington. He was superintendent of the prison in Governor Thayer's administration, 1878-82, at \$1000 a year. He did the work and drew the salary for four years and put the whole \$4000 into books for the prisoners. There have been additions; but the total of them has not been great.

It is commendable that the prisoners should have the reading courses. It is creditable that so large a proportion of them are taking advantage of the opportunity.

But this is not enough. No institution of the kind anywhere should be without schools, literary and trade. Few in up to date states and countries are. And in many of them the cost to the taxpayer is nothing at all.

"How is that?" the reader may ask. The teachers are, for the most part, inmates, teaching their fellows.

In Stillwater prison, Minn., with one of the largest and best prison schools, the total salary, to one not an inmate, is \$50 a

Daily Health Talks

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

IN THE large modern hospital, hardly a day passes that a blood transfusion is not given to some patient. This procedure is indicated when an individual has lost a large amount of blood. The hemorrhage may be the result of an injury or it may follow a severe operation. Transfusions are also beneficial in certain diseases of the blood, such as pernicious anemia.

The vital importance of the blood has been known for many centuries. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome, attempts were made to replenish the body with this fluid, often referred to as the "vital force".

Blood transfusion baffled medical men until recent years. Now it is carried out in a simple, safe and painless manner. It is used, not only to save lives, but to prolong life and restore health. Its value to mankind cannot be overestimated.

If you have ever seen a person receive a transfusion you will agree with the statement that the results are almost miraculous. The beneficial effect of a transfusion is instantaneous. The appearance of the patient is entirely changed for the better.

"Different Types" of Blood
Prior to the transfusion the victim may be pale, listless and extremely weak. The skin seems yellowish and the lips are without color. Immediately after the administration of blood the sufferer becomes strengthened. The lips assume a reddish color and the cheeks lose that pale, anemic look.

If necessary, a second and third transfusion are given. In many instances one treatment is sufficient. Friends and relatives of the person who requires the blood often heretofore offer their blood and cannot understand why it may be refused. They fear it is because of

Fifty Thousand Liquor Profits Turnover Made

The state liquor commission Thursday turned over an additional \$50,000 of liquor profits to the state relief commission. This completes the liquor commission's quota for the month of January. Certificates of indebtedness in the amount of \$250,000 will be issued to take care of Oregon's share of unemployment relief during February.

The liquor profits are used to match federal funds.

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The Safety Valve

Letters from
Statesman Readers

Turner, Ore.
To the Editor:
I'll warn you right away that this comes from a nineteen year old youth, so that those who consider people of this age so inexperienced that they shouldn't express themselves among older and experienced people, won't need to read further.

I read A. P. Kirsch's Safety Valve letter in The Statesman Jan. 26, with alternate applause and disgust. I'll admit that I don't know exactly what the term old school includes, but if he learned in it to be honest, industrious and economical, and to keep out of debt, I am certainly for the old school to that extent. It certainly does exist yet; there are many people of this kind on this earth, and what a better world this would be if everyone had these characteristics! But love and kindness is another desirable and necessary quality. The laws of the universe mentioned at the last of his letter certainly are intertwined with this quality. If any man shall not work, neither shall he eat" might be a good injunction among the young and strong, but I cannot comprehend anyone wanting to let old people quit eating when they become unable to work after a whole life of work and service. If the old school teaches that let's get in a different school!

Specialized production has got us to the place where we could all have what we want and have leisure time for development of the spiritual and mental sides of ourselves and really enjoy life instead of having to have our nose to the grindstone all the time to get what material things we need. That is what the world has been developing toward all along and what most of the inventions have been for—to produce more without putting in so much work. Now that we are to this point are we going to reject the further step of advancement to enjoyment of all this progress made, because we think that people should sweat to eat, or because we don't want to be so radical as to work for a change in our system of exchange? It is evident that as long as the only way for money to get into circulation is by having it lent to people on interest, that

there will arise panics and an unequal distribution of, and in some quarters, a shortage of the medium of exchange even in this land of plenty. The way money gets into circulation now — for every dollar that goes to the people, a dollar six cents or more must go back to the bank vaults, only to be lent out again to bring back with it another ten cents or so. Any thinking person could see that this would bring about poverty and hard times, for the medium of exchange, the means by which man's material wants are distributed, is being continually drained to a central point.

Let's keep advancing and neither cling to old ideas that will retard the progress or accept new ones that will lead in wrong directions.

Each one of us has a brain and the ability to use it if we will. It is up to us to think out these problems and to take our stand.

As I think of possible advancement, I wonder what this world would be like if every person on earth would leave selfishness, greediness and hate, and take up brotherly kindness, love, honesty and the ambition to advance physically, mentally and spiritually. Then, of course, the nations by teaching each country above all others in the citizens' minds, therefore no wars. With everyone's interest in each person's mind, the financial and material world would advance so that conditions which now seem impossible could be brought about. It would be a heaven on earth. The human mind cannot imagine any greater bliss and happiness than would exist on this earth with right conditions here.

It seems to me that the first step is to get peace, love, and happiness within our own hearts and minds. Happiness is a state of mind, and our mind is our own kingdom. Before we can have peace and harmony in the world we must first have it in ourselves. If we get in the right state of mind and have our thoughts in harmony with the universal laws, adverse conditions will become all right.

Harold W. Fowler
To the Editor:
PASS THE TOWNSEND BILL
I don't think the Physicians at Washington can jolly us along to make a few forget with only 3,500,000 jobs at \$50 per, the situation is too serious.

When the President signs the Townsend bill eight millions will be withdrawn from competition and the balance of the unemployed will be needed by industry to

'THE LADY DANCES' By Marge Stanley

CHAPTER XX
He ascended the stairs to the upper hall. A dim light shone beneath the door of a room half-way down the corridor that must of necessity be Vanya's quarters, since the other two girls were still downstairs. Shene's room was on the ground floor, and Hong slept, if he slept at all, in Heaven knew where. He paused at the door; probably had no more lock than his own, he thought.

"Trial by Fire!" he murmured, and rapped sharply on the panel.

"Yes!" called a voice—Vanya's voice!

He deliberately turned the knob; the door gave and he stepped in. Vanya looked up in startled surprise as he glanced the door behind him. He closed about the room, very similar, save for the single window, to his own—furnished with a narrow bed, a single straight chair, a bureau with a mirror, and a wooden wash-stand with a pitcher and basin. Vanya sat on the bed, with the long evening gown she had worn the preceding night crumpled in a fold; she was apparently mending it. The single chair was bedecked with a scanty litter of other clothes.

The girl, as she stared wide-eyed at Mark's unceremonious entrance, still wore the latter's costume of her last dance; in the room's heat she had discarded the flowered robe across the foot of the bed. She sprang to her feet and reached for a chair to drape it about her semi-revealed figure.

"You again!" she exclaimed. "What do you want here?"

Mark made no answer; as she fumbled with the scarlet-dyed robe, he suddenly advanced a step, swung his arm about her waist, and pressed his lips against her full, pouting ones!

Vanya neither screamed nor struggled, nor did she yield; her body was pressed rigidly against his by his arm, but her soft lips, except for their warmth, were as unresponsive as those of a stone statue. A moment only Mark held her, then he released her. She pressed her fingers across her lips and backed slowly away from him, sinking to the bed with her eyes fixed steadily on his face.

"Well," said Mark, "why don't you call for help? Why don't you scream?"

"Scream?" said the girl dully. "Who'd come? Your friend Loring? Or Hong? Or Pearly Shene? Aren't you a paying guest?"

She tried to shift the rage to cover her bare white knees. Mark made no answer to her words, but seated himself on the bed beside her. Suddenly he again drew her to him, bending her back across his knees; he leaned forward and once more pressed his lips to hers.

There was a violence in this second kiss that she had hardly intended; he was suddenly involved in his own plan in a manner somewhat unexpected. Vanya was rigid and unyielding but some how Mark felt, or thought he felt, a change in her. Then suddenly she was struggling, twisting, writhing in an attempt to escape from the clasp of his arms.

He drew his lips, and she lay motionless, her eyes closed, and her breath sounding in little gasps.

"Why don't you scream?" Mark repeated.

"Please—let me go," she said in a low voice.

By way of answer, Mark cupped his great brown hand beneath her chin, and holding her firmly against his chest, he kissed her again. And in the midst of this procedure, she ceased to struggle; she was passive in his embrace, and a curious and unexpected thrill moved in Mark's blood.

Had she responded? Had he imagined a scarcely perceptible flutter of the warm lips? He wondered.

for no one, except clever Loring, could have read the real reason for Vanya's hauteur and coldness to him—that her attitude was a mechanism of defense against the love she feared. Out of the bitter circumstances of her life had grown the distrust of men that led her to erect her shield of disdain, and from her first meeting with Mark had come the fear of the very thing that was now occurring to her. Her defense was cracking, and even though Mark could not know her feelings, sensed enough to do no more than repeat his kiss with added fierceness.

This time he was certain! This time he felt her response. And still she lay passive and unresisting in his arms, with those dusky eyes of hers now gazing seriously into his own! Again he kissed her, with an ardor that was quickly outrunning that carefully engineered plan with which he had entered the room.

He recalled himself. This wouldn't do! Not while the Trial by Fire remained to be given. But the warm throbs of the girl's half-revealed body, the silky feel of her black hair on his arm—He pressed one final kiss on her now responsive lips, while her arm slipped softly over his shoulder and drew him still closer.

He placed her upright on the bed, and stood erect. Vanya sat with her face buried in her hands, her ebony hair cascading across her bare arms.

"You didn't scream," said Mark in a half-choked voice, "because you didn't want to!"

She made no answer, but raised her head until the dark eyes met his. She looked at him with a serious, frightened, puzzled face; Mark had steel himself to continue his designated course.

"Will you deny that?" he muttered, wondering how to proceed.

Vanya shook her head silently, with her puzzled eyes still fixed on his. Mark, for his part, was himself more or less at a loss; though he had burst in upon the girl determined to carry through his plan, her bewilderment, half-reluctant yielding to him seemed entirely at variance with the attitude he might have expected. Still, he told himself, what of it? He was here with a definite purpose; he was going through with it.

A burst of sound from below interrupted the progress of Mark's plans. There came a rattle of shots and a crashing of chairs and tables. Vanya's head, sailors' shouts, and keening through the hubbub, a familiar voice raised in song!

"I sing a song
Of men unclean,
To Li Eling,
And Pearly Shene!
Their liquor's strong,
And so's their smell!
So send them both along
To Hell!"

"Oh!" said Vanya, passing her hand dazedly through her black hair. "Again—now! I can't stand this!"

The hullabaloo rose to a crescendo of shouts, oaths, rending wood, and crashing glass. The evening's song shrilled again above the brawl.

"For decent seek
The filthy pen
Where such men reek!
For Hong's a rat,
And Shene is a pig—
But Shene's a rat,
And Hong's a pig!"

Mark heard Vanya's distracted murmur, still missing the hysteria in her voice.

"Oh God!" she whispered, "No more of it!"

The fracas broke into the open; Mark saw through the doorway a group of sailors, Loring in their midst, stagger toward the beach. And a final fragmentary melody floated back.

There will arise panics and an unequal distribution of, and in some quarters, a shortage of the medium of exchange even in this land of plenty. The way money gets into circulation now — for every dollar that goes to the people, a dollar six cents or more must go back to the bank vaults, only to be lent out again to bring back with it another ten cents or so. Any thinking person could see that this would bring about poverty and hard times, for the medium of exchange, the means by which man's material wants are distributed, is being continually drained to a central point.

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"Let long, cool swells
Of ocean clean
Wash out the smells
Of Hong and Shene."

The voice faded. Mark turned again to the pale face and haunted eyes of Vanya.

"I've got to leave," she said, "or go mad!"

Mark perceived his chance—the opportunity to further his plans. "Where?" he asked.

Singapore, Canton, Harbin? Or Saigon or Shanghai? I'll give you passage money, if they're better than this.

"But I have a plan," he continued, noting the girl's shudder. "I'm not proposing marriage, but I can slip you into the United States—as my wife! Get you the passport you'd like to enter the States, wouldn't you? Clean cities, cultured people, wealth—you know the details!"

Vanya still looked up at him with that hopeless, silent, dazed hope.

"I'll be fair," said Mark. "I won't collect until I deliver. The mail packet leaves Taulanga for Honolulu in about three weeks; we'll sail on that as my marriage. Once in the States, you belong to yourself; until we dock at Frisco, you are my wife. There's my offer; yes or no?"

Mark stared down into the dark eyes beneath the pale face. "There it is!" he thought. "Trial by Fire—and I hope to Heaven she sleeps my face!"

But she didn't. She just gazed at him with the same staring, less expression, and then closed her eyes and sobbed quietly.

"Looks like a typhoon passed through the bar!" said Mark to Loring, as the latter sat munching his morning quota of bananas and breadfruit. The beachcomber showed some effects of the evening's fracas; his lower lip bore a ragged cut, and his eyes were more than usually red-rimmed. His unkempt beard concealed any other dangers his face might have suffered from the "Good party!" replied Loring.

"Must have been, for I've had the only headache I've acquired for several years. . . . Though that might have been a bottle full instead of its contents!"

"Hong looked normal this morning," he should; the pig ducked out when the excitement started.

"Couldn't say," grinned Loring. "Just began, I suppose. These little affairs have a habit of starting when I get spiffed around Hong or Shene. Just what you mean?"

"At that," said Mark, "you and your friends appeared to come off second best, from what little I saw of the affair."

"The beachcomber with distaste. He did in the five of us; took most of it out on me, of course; he was really very gentle with the paying customers."

Mark stared at where the *Shene* was slowly rounding the last curve of Tongatabu. It sailed jauntily, with full sail spread to the mild Trade Wind, notwithstanding the fact that a good portion of the small crew must have been feeling their two-days' dissipation.

"There goes Shene's clientele," he observed. "No show tonight."

"Oh, the lady will have a free evening, if that's what you mean," replied Loring. "And by the way, did I win that quart?"

"You did not!" snapped Mark.

He was leaving Loring gazing after him with an expression of mingled amusement and regret. He did not heed the beachcomber's sarcastic call.

"That's also a Trial by Combat!" came Loring's irrepressible voice. "I'll wager another quart on that!"

(To Be Continued)

Strawberry Growers' Meeting Called 4th

UNION HILLS, Jan. 31.—A strawberry growers' meeting will be held at the Oak Grove schoolhouse Monday, February 4, at 8 p. m. All interested are asked to attend.