

BEGIN AGAIN
Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every day is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and staning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Idle Labor
ONE of the most pitiable objects in all the world is the man or woman able and willing to work, needing work to gain the bare necessities of living—

And unable to find any work to do. It is said a check of official figures shows that about 11 per cent of 12,000,000 British toilers are idle and that unemployment figures are a quarter of a million higher than in July, 1927. Also, that in several industries, including textiles, increase in unemployment is likely. New mills in China are giving growing competition; for every seven yards of cotton Britain exported before the war she now exports only four. And the cotton mills of the United States are suffering from this Oriental competition, too.

How many idle laborers are walking the streets and lanes of the United States is not definitely known. Sherwood Eddy says four millions. The number is disputed as a gross exaggeration—

But there are too many. There will be few or none, who are willing to work, in the Salem district within a few days; with the coming of hop picking and other harvests—

But there will be a good deal of unemployment here during the rainy season. It cannot be avoided.

Labor saving machinery at least temporarily throws people out of employment, or shifts them to other lines. This thing is constantly going on. It cannot be helped.

Altogether, this matter of idle labor makes one of the world's greatest problems. One of the most urgent problems. One of the greatest tests of wise statesmanship is the devising of ways and means to solve it.

Is there any hope? There is this hope in the United States: Herbert Hoover, one time Salem boy and humble worker in menial employments, is now the world's greatest engineer. He has been the world's greatest practical and constructive director of gigantic undertakings for the relief of distress. He is the man most capable and willing, of all living men, to undertake the solving of the question of idle labor—

And there are some voters in the United States who will so cast their ballots as to give their assent to the substitution of such a chance to draft such a man for such a work—

For a glass of beer!

Anxiety
YESTERDAY was parole day at the Oregon state penitentiary. It brought a long line of petitioners for mercy and charity—

The dependents and relatives of the men given a chance to have their cases considered—the innocent sufferers for the sins of the guilty. These have ever been the greater sufferers; deserving of the larger share of sympathy.

This is not an argument for the parole system, for that system is in low favor now, mostly because of the attitude and arguments of people who have not thought the whole subject through; who are not skilled in the principles and practice of the rules of penology.

There can be no near perfect system of the reformatory treatment of men convicted of crime with the parole system left out; and the Oregon constitution calls for reformatory treatment and proclaims against vindictive punishment; in a section adopted in the wisdom of the founders of this commonwealth.

Let this be added: In the parole days to come, in the years of the near future, may we hope that higher percentages of reformations may be had, through the employment of all the men confined, with a wage for each worker; in industries making the institution self supporting—

And that is the hopeful prospect; it may conceivably come within three to four years, through the further and more rapid development of the flax industry.

Was It Worth the Price?

NOT even the news columns picked up word of a lad who died a few days ago. Yet hidden from the eyes of all but a few was a story which causes one to question. From hard circumstances the youth had sacrificed earned his way through one of our Oregon colleges where he was known to few but prized by all who were so privileged.

During his college years he became a seeker after knowledge and went to a large university for graduate work. He sacrificed what many would deem essential that he might search the records of past life and evaluate the present in their light. He won his way and earned the coveted degree of Ph. D. and a professorship in a well established college of the midland. But death came quickly, with almost no warning; perhaps traceable to his long hard drive at his work and denial of the best working conditions.

Was it worth while? No years were allowed to enjoy the newly won honors. No chance to teach and write. Perhaps in other fields his life might have crossed the normal span of years. So we question. But while he sought knowledge he was happy because he followed the inward urge which was to dig for knowledge rather than riches. Could he have known what would close his student days we believe that he would not have followed a different way. He lived richly in his chosen way up to the very portal of death and what more can any do?

It turns out that our walnuts did not have the aphids at all. The Willamette valley walnuts have never had anything to interfere with the production of the best quality grown in the wide world; our "grafted" product selling at as much as 5 cents a pound above the price of the California "budded," meaning the same thing by a different name.

If the weather man ever read "As You Like It," he didn't take it seriously.

For a National Anthem

THE woman who recently offered \$6000 for a new national anthem which would be better than the "Star Spangled Banner" has our best wishes, but the odds are about 5000 to one that, after she gets her prize song, the country won't adopt it.

National anthems aren't written in cold blood, so to speak. When they are really any good they spring up in times of trouble. They have to have a baptism in fire—such a baptism as the French hymn, "The Marseillaise," received, for instance. They have to have profoundly touching and moving associations interwoven in them—as "Dixie" had in the south. They just naturally aren't produced by prize contests.

Our present national song could be improved upon. But, after all, it has been halloved by a good many years of use. If it is ever replaced by a new one, the new one will spring into being during some great national crisis. It won't be written by someone trying to earn an easy \$6000.

Sending Gunboats to Copalis

FEAR of competition and racial hatred combined to bring mob action violating the rights of Japanese workmen at Copalis Crossing, Washington. These Japanese are here because they have felt the urge to seek opportunities in America, even as the ancestors of the mobbers had done. This is the kind of action which stirs deep hatred and makes international relations bitter. If such action occurred against American citizens in China or Nicaragua we would send battle-ships and marines to protect our rights. We wonder if Japan could not send some cruisers to Copalis?

The Job in Nicaragua

IT IS reported at Washington that the marines' job of pacification in Nicaragua is nearly finished. More than 500 armed natives have surrendered in the last few weeks, and it is said now that Sandino's 150 men are the only remaining forces opposing the marine regime.

We can all hope that this is true. The whole Nicaraguan business has been rather expensive and unsatisfactory. Once in it, there wasn't much of any way out; but the sooner the whole thing can be cleared up and ended, the better.

"The Salem Grange insists that bananas coming into the United States from South America should pay a tariff duty, as they compete with those which are produced in Florida and Hawaii," says the Oregon state market agent. Good reason. But there is another. They also compete with Oregon Strawberries and the loganberries and the prunes and other bush and tree fruits of the Salem district. Every fruit competes with every other fruit. A couple of years ago there was an immense pack of canned peaches in California, a big carry-over, and this slowed up the canned fruit market generally, and made our Salem canners take a loss on some of their packs.

No one knows how Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith are going to start off their speeches when notified of their nomination, but a friend offers to bet they don't begin by saying "this is the greatest surprise of my life."

Both parties having advised us that the bread line will not be an issue of the campaign, a friend at the writer's elbow wants to know about the pie line.

The Chemists' Dreams

By Bruce Catton
THE chemist, undoubtedly, can tell gaudier stories than any other man in the country.

This is really only fair. Laboratories are usually stuffy places, sometimes actually foul with the odor of unseemly chemicals. Chemists do not get out much; it is only right that they have the gift of yarn-spinning.

When a chemist really gets warmed up he can tell tales that are fairly fantastic. Not even a realtor turning Florida swampland into homesites can see such glittering visions. But there is this to remember: the chemist has an uncanny faculty of knowing what he is talking about. Our children may eventually be dancing to the bizarre tunes he whistles now.

The chemists of the country convened in Chicago the other day. They told some tall tales—told them with straight faces, too. Indeed, their earnestness carried a measure of conviction. Listen to some of the things they said:

There will, in the future, be no such thing as a monopoly of raw materials, for the simple reason that chemists will make, in their laboratories, everything from rubber to gasoline.

Coal mines eventually will be useless because cheaper and better fuel will be made from cornstalks. So, too, will the 3000-odd products of coal tar distillation.

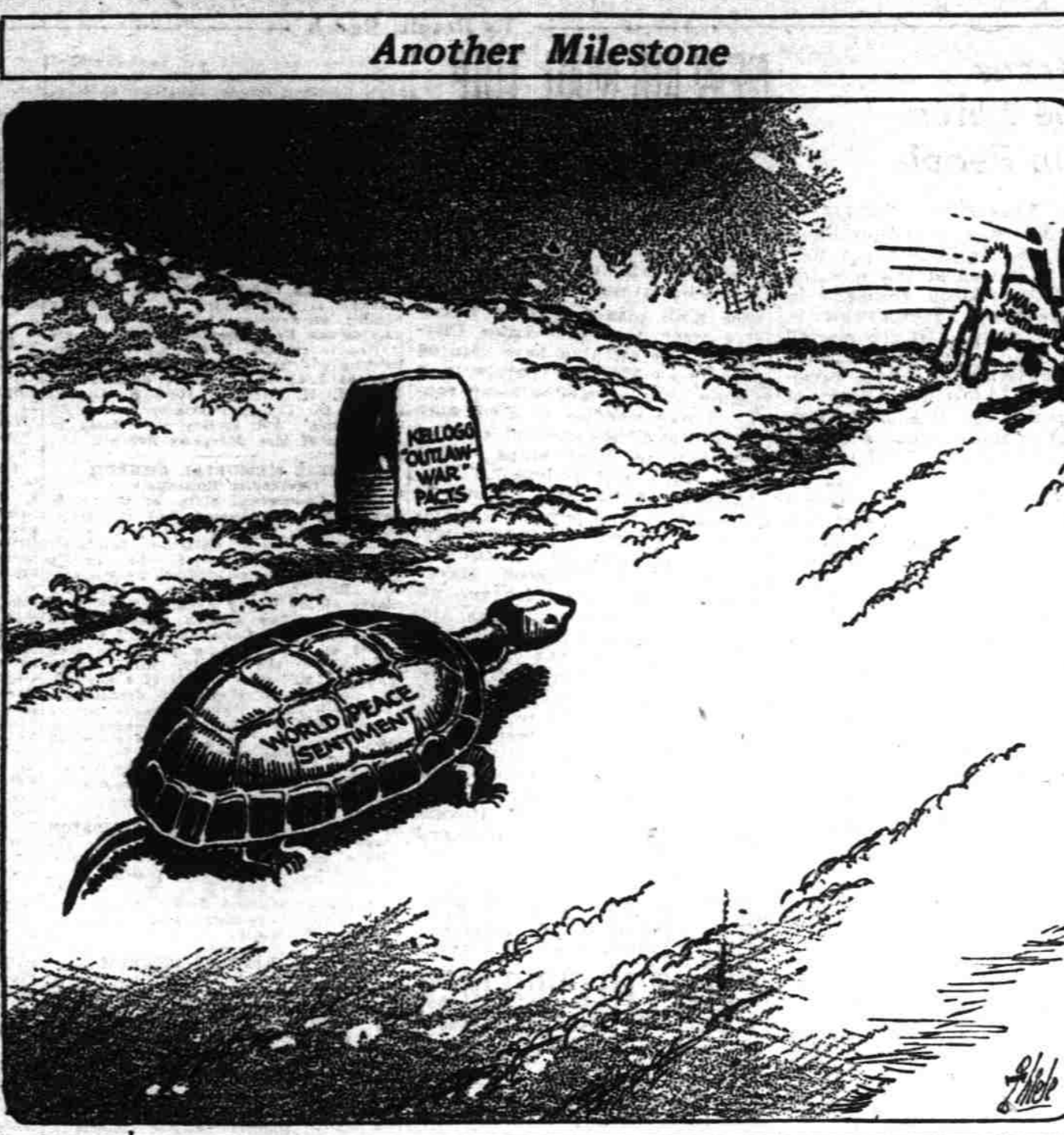
The great manufacturing center of the country will shift to the corn belt, and the big centers of population on the seaboard will lose their importance.

The old law of supply and demand will be completely upset because everything that men need will be produced in such abundance that there will be more than enough for everyone.

These statements represent a change in our civilization more fundamental than anything that has happened since the invention of the steam engine. If they all are fulfilled the America of 200 years from now will be no more like present-day America than New York is like ancient Athens. It is almost impossible for us to imagine the revolution they would involve.

Yet the chemists are quietly confident. Is not Edison even now making rubber in his own back yard? Did not the late Charles P. Steinmetz predict that eventually electricity would be generated so cheaply that it would be virtually devoid of price? These chemists have a way of knowing what they are talking about.

They spin great yarns, chemists do. But beware of how you laugh at them. Your children may live to see them all come true.



SALUTES! Kind Words of Good Friends

The Salem Statesman yesterday, for the first time in 44 years, appeared under new ownership. It is to be The New Statesman. The change not only marks the entry into Salem of new men, but it marks the entry of young men in their first venture as publishers in the daily field.

Both Mr. Sackett and Mr. Brownlee have demonstrated their ability to produce outstanding weekly newspapers, newspapers which have caused other publishers to spruce up and maintain a higher plane of newspaper excellence. They have demonstrated unbounded energy. Their aspirations in seeking a new field are high. Moreover, they are entering it with the knowledge that they must make their venture pay its way. No fairy godfather with a long purse is sponsoring their efforts.

The Itemizer-Observer extends the greetings to the new publishers of the Statesman, and wishes them full measure of success.—Dallas Itemizer-Observer.

For 44 years Robert J. Hendricks has been owner and editor of the Salem Statesman.

Forty-four years stretches back to 1884. It is a long way between that and 1928. But Bob Hendricks trudged the length of that long trail as owner and chief of the Oregon Statesman.

It was a stretch from youth to ripe maturity. It is a story of years that have completed many a lifetime.

It is by five years more than half the life of the Statesman itself, which was founded by Asahel Bush a few weeks after the first appearance of the Portland Oregonian, in 1850.

It has been 44 years of recital of the joys and sorrows of the world. It has been 44 years of history written alike for peace and war. With Bob Hendricks it has been 44 years of time and talent dedicated to community development to an extent beyond that given by most editors.

Under Bob Hendricks, it has been a generation and a half of conscience, honesty and ability woven into newspaper making.

In late years, Carlo Abrams has been associated with Mr. Hendricks in the publication of the Statesman.

Mr. Hendricks, along with his later associate in the business, goes out of the picture as owner and publisher, through sale of the Statesman to Earl Brownlee, formerly of the Journal, later editor and owner of the Forest Grove News-Times, and Sheldon F. Sackett, late owner and editor of the McMinnville Telephone-Register.

The new owners are both successful, active and experienced newspaper makers. Mr. Hendricks will remain with the Statesman in an editorial capacity.

The Statesman, which has been a pioneer visitor and has so long sung the song of the world in so many Oregon homes, will lose none of its vigor or value under the new ownership.—Oregon Journal.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new; And God fulfills himself in many ways, Least one good custom should corrupt the world."

The old order in western Oregon newspapers has certainly changed within the past few days. Franchises coinciding with the announcement of the retirement of R. J. Hendricks, veteran publisher among Oregon newspaper men, from the active direction of the Oregon Statesman and that assuming of the direction of the Statesman by the northwestern Earl C. Brownlee and Sheldon Sackett is the notice of the sale of the McMinnville Telephone-Register to J. B. Bixton, a young journalist from Iowa.

With all these men success in their new ventures and since we still consider ourselves to be a part of the new we express with them the hope that a kind providence may see fit to fulfill himself in many ways.—Forest Grove News-Times.

Announcement that two bright energetic young Oregon newspaper men, Earl C. Brownlee and Sheldon F. Sackett, have purchased the Salem Statesman, morning newspaper, is proof sufficient that this 78 year old newspaper will be rejuvenated and become as of old a power for progress in that state.—Vancouver, Wash., Sun.

BLINDNESS NO HANDICAP
FICHER, Okla., Aug. 1.—Six years ago, Harold P. Bents landed in this town with one thin dime as his only asset and blindness to offset that. He started working for E. E. Sanders, publisher of the Picher editor, a weekly newspaper, and then started covering Ficher for out-of-town papers. Today, through his journalistic efforts, he maintains his own office, hires a woman assistant, owns three houses and goes riding in his automobile with his wife at the wheel.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays
Town Talk From the Statesman Our Fathers Read

August 4, 1908
A farewell reception was given in honor of Rev. and Mrs. George C. Ritchey at the First Christian church. They are leaving for Anaheim, Cal. . . .
There were 1322 inmates at the state asylum for the month ending July 31, according to report of Superintendent Calbreath. . . .
William Bennett, engineer for the Salem water company, yesterday began the annual inspection of the company's main pipes. . . .
J. W. Young, local contractor, has the contract for the repairs of the O. R. & N. company's property here. . . .
H. M. Durst, California hop grower, has bought the Oregon hop pool on consignment. The hops will be shipped to London. . . .
ROME—Cardinal Sarto, patriarch of Venice, was elected pope as successor to the late Pope Leo XIII. . . .
Twenty-seven docket entries were made yesterday during the first day's session of Judge R. P. Boise's department, No. 2, of the state circuit court.

Barbs

The library of Gene Tunney's Connecticut home is stocked with 40 books, says a dispatch. Why, even lowbrow sports writers have read nearly that many!

The chemists' meeting at Chicago has come and gone and still we don't know why a dog seems more affectionate toward mankind when he's shedding.

An eight-year-old St. Louis boy has run away from home 60 times. Pretty soon his parents will begin to think he doesn't like the place.

A man is old when he can pass an apple orchard these days and not remember a stomachache.

A small town is one where a man can get his name in the paper by growing a mustache.

Panama asks the United States to supervise an election. Sounds like propaganda by the ammunition people.

This Date in American History

- August 4
1831—First survey and map of Chicago recorded.
1862—President Lincoln ordered a draft of 300,000 men for nine months.
1882—Chinese exclusion bill went into effect.
1889—Special delivery letters first distributed in New York.

Sheriff Declines Cash Offer to Make Liquor

VENTURA, Cal., Aug. 3.—(AP)—An offer to pay Sheriff Robert C. Clark of Ventura county \$2,000 per month and other sums for operating a still here landed two men in jail today on charges of conspiring to bribe a public officer.

They are Ed Marble of the Santa Barbara Ball Bond firm of Marble Bros., and Charles Carona of Los Angeles. They told Sheriff Clark, that officer said, that they could refer him to "several other sheriffs of Southern California counties." They did, but Sheriff Clark would not divulge their names.

The offer, according to the complaint, was made a week ago. Today the sheriff "planted" men in convenient spots and when the offer was renewed their corroboration served as the basis of the complaint.

In addition to the \$2,000 monthly, Sheriff Clark said he was offered \$500 weekly for the operation of five "houses" in the county.

Well, there's one thing to be said for modern civilization. With the great increase in the number of delicatessen stores and can openers the old fashioned hash is gradually passing out of existence.

...Let...

Oregon Statesman

Do Things For You

When The Statesman has given to you the last word about the events of the day— when it has acted as a sort of Central Office in "connecting" you with "all of Creation"— it has done much for you, of course. But it can do more than that. It can help you run your store, your office, your factory or your house. It can carry your "little worries" for you—and never turn a hair. You do not fully use The Statesman if you simply read it.

You don't really KNOW The Statesman until you have used its want advertising columns. It can dispose of things for you—it can secure things for you. It can find lost things for you, find any kind of help you need, find buyers for your house, your lot, your furniture, your shop or store, leasehold or interest or equity. In short, any day, every day, The Statesman stands ready and able to

DO THINGS FOR YOU!
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