

The only hope of preserving what is best lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours.—Hamerton.

They Are Moving South

SIX textile mills of New Bedford, Mass., may be dismantled and moved to other localities or the corporations themselves may dissolve and go out of business. If that is done that town, long noted for its cotton manufacturing plants, will be seriously crippled as the force employed in those six mills numbers 5000. Antiquated machinery, labor difficulties and competition from other parts of the country, especially from the south, are the reasons given by the directors for the contemplated action.

There is no getting away from the competition of the cheap colored labor of the south, by the New England mills; other than the textile mills, too. The protective tariff cannot be invoked, because the south is a part of the United States; of continental United States—not as the Philippines and Hawaii, the free trade sugar of which insular possessions of ours is sought to be limited in quantity to be allowed to come in without paying a duty.

There are a number of things happening in the south, besides the operation of more textile machinery, to make that section strong for the protective tariff.

Not the least being the foreign competition affecting the great truck garden industries below the Mason and Dixon line.

This new trend in affairs in responsible in part for the gesture of the Houston platform in favor of a protective tariff; thus giving a sop to the democratic vote of that section.

Leaf From Experience

FRANK JENKINS, editor of the Eugene Register, has a little scrap from his own experience to offer, as follows:

Governor Smith's plan to stand on the steps of the New York state capitol while delivering his speech of acceptance was knocked into a cocked hat by rain. It seems appropriate that an extremely wet speech should be accompanied by extremely wet weather.

Contrast the sunny blue skies of Oregon on Wednesday with the drab drizzle that drove away the admiring crowds who yearned to hear and see Al on the greatest day of his career. Remember that the summer skies of Oregon are almost invariably sunny and blue.

But don't try to make a New Yorker believe it. He will assure you solemnly that he has been told on the best of authority that it rains every day of the year in Oregon.

This writer, making a small purchase in a New York store, requested that it be mailed to his home. "Let's see," said the salesgirl, looking again at the written address. "Is Oregon a suburb of New York?"

New York is quite certain that Al Smith is going to be elected. He just can't help it, because New York is for him. That is the point of view of the typical New Yorker. Just how well informed this point of view is may be judged by the fact that a great many of those who hold it do not know that Oregon isn't a suburb of New York.

Justifying a Confession

A CAREFUL reading of the defense by Al Smith of his bad legislative record, as exposed by William Allen White, discloses that Mr. Smith confesses to the record, but attempts to justify it. His vote to permit saloon within 200 feet of a school or church, he said, was to accommodate a certain hotel which was serving liquor anyway. His votes against the gambling bills and against early closing of saloons was made because the laws "couldn't be enforced." His vote against an effort to control prostitution was cast because "the measure was unconstitutional." Well, Mr. White said that Al probably had his reasons. Al has told us what they are, after first denying that he had any such record and stating that White was merely misled by a Protestant minister. After White showed the record, Smith admitted it and gives his reasons. The public now will have to decide whether they are good or not.

Here is a matter that needs early attention if Salem is to make the showing she ought to have in the 1930 census. Preparations for taking the census will be going forward soon. There are several outlying sections of Salem that are not included in the corporate limits. The people only will be counted who are within those limits, or belonging there by some rule of the census takers, like students away at school. The asylum and penitentiary are in the city limits. Mayor Rodgers helped see to that, just before the 1910 census was taken.

Al wants a commission to say what content of alcohol makes booze intoxicating; but in the next breath he wants the states to decide for themselves. The latter is the more reasonable. What would make one man drunk would not give another even a bracer.

The Statesman's "Fourteen Points"

A Progressive Program To Which This Newspaper Is Dedicated

1. A greater Salem—a greater Oregon.
2. Industrial expansion and agricultural development of the Willamette valley.
3. Efficient republican government for nation, state, county and city.
4. Clean news, just opinion and fair practices.
5. Upholding of Oregon's young linen industry.
6. A modern city charter for Salem, adopted after mature consideration by all voters.
7. Helpful encouragement to beet sugar growers and other pioneers in agricultural enterprise.
8. Park and playground development for all people.
9. Centralization within the capital city area of all state offices and institutions.
10. Comprehensive plan for the development of the Oregon State Fair.
11. Conservation of natural resources for the public good.
12. Superior school facilities, encouragement of teachers and active cooperation with Willamette university.
13. Fraternal and social organization of the greatest possible number of persons.
14. Winning to Marion county's fertile lands the highest type of citizenship.

A Clarion Call

THE leading editorial of the Portland Telegram of last night was in part as follows: "It cannot be too often emphasized that Oregon's first need today is industrial leadership. We need capital and capable executives who will put it to work to release the frozen values that lie in the millions of horsepower in our rushing waterfalls, the raw materials supplied by millions of forest acres, our fertile valleys, our fine-fibered wools, our prize-winning dairy herds, our fish-filled streams—all these so far representing but a small part of our potential resources. It is a significant fact that whereas Washington has 31.5 acres of land for each inhabitant and California 41.9 acres, Oregon is so sparsely settled that it has still 78.1 acres of land for each man, woman and child in the state. In a way, these figures dramatize the situation. Many of our farm products perish for lack of people near at hand to eat them. Some of our industries languish for lack of a nearby market to absorb their output. Our outgoing commerce suffers for lack of return freight that might find ready demand if we had a large population, whose prosperous industries gave them funds for extensive purchases. We must have people before we can have the interlocking activities that make a great prosperity."

This is a clarion call. The Portland Telegram in the above only hints at the vastness of our potential ability to sustain a teeming population in plenty.

If the Portland chamber of commerce, leading off, should enlist the aid of all commercial and service organizations in the Willamette valley, and a concentrated drive should be made for major irrigation projects, we would get them—

And this would give us beet sugar factories, and these would make the Willamette valley the greatest dairying district in the world.

These things, with the development of our flax industry, and our walnut, fibert, mint, fruit, drug garden, seed and bulb and other industries will give the Willamette valley 10,000,000 people, and more, against the less than 500,000 she has now, outside of Multnomah county—

And all this is only a part of what may be done in the whole state in securing a large population for Oregon.

We are only in our swaddling clothes in Oregon. We are only crawling; not even walking yet.

CERTAIN middle western cities are reporting that the Chicago "racketeer" and his methods are being copied in their localities.

The racketeer, in case you don't know, is a high-binder who levies tribute on small business men—garage owners, dry cleaners and the like—under threat of putting them out of business. Men who don't pay find their places bombed, their delivery wagons wrecked, their employees attacked. It's quite the thing in Chicago; but, until recently, it hadn't spread to other cities.

Prompt police action can check this menace wherever it appears. The situation in Chicago is hopeless, for the moment, because of the peculiar tie-ups between politics and crime. Other cities, not working under such difficulties, have only their police and prosecuting attorneys to blame if the racketeers get a foothold.

If any further proof were needed to assure us that half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, it might be found in this review from the Yakima Republic: "Dangerous unrest prevails in eastern Europe. The Croats want self rule; the Lithuanians would a little rather than not engage the Poles in a fight; Italy is looking for a place in the sun. Of course, it is simply impossible that another war should break out in Europe, but somebody may forget that just as they did 14 years ago, and see what happened then."

Our nut crops will this year hit it up towards the five hundred thousand dollar mark. With the fifty million dollar mark in the not far distant future. That is the point California has reached in her walnut crop, and Oregon is a far better walnut state than California, and western Oregon is the only section of the United States that can produce filberts on a commercial scale at all, outside of sections of western Washington and a small strip of northern California.

Another harvest is on in full blast—our mint harvest, which will bring us a half million dollars. And point the way to one of the greatest of all future industries on the land; the industry depending upon our essential oils, of which we have about sixty here, a number of them with greater promise than is held out for peppermint oil.

Another Shell Game?



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

No excuse for idlers— Or there will be none in the Salem district after hop picking gets into full swing.

But the Bits man holds no brief for unemployment conditions here after hop harvest. Salem needs more industries, and is going to get them. And the industries on the land are capable of being geared up to give work to tens of thousands more people.

A great blessing now would be major irrigation projects being put under way. The work would employ thousands; would speed up many lines in the cities and towns, too. We can get these projects if we will go after them, and keep after them. Invite them, and let it be known that 'his valley is ready for them.

Albert Richard Wetjen, dean of the book and magazine writing unit in Salem and outstanding figure in that field here, has a story in Colliers for September 1st, entitled, "The Sovereign of the Sea." Of course, it is a sea story. It is a gripping tale; tells of events that might happen on any similar voyage. The ending is on a par with the best ones of O. Henry. That great short story writer, as every one knows, brings his reader right up to the last page or paragraph or word, and then gives him a surprise or a thrill. That's what Mr. Wetjen has done. The sovereign of the sea. Who is he? What is it? It is the cargo.

The college professor who says young people need to be taught to

make love never had any experience at Willamette, at the University of Oregon, or at the Oregon Agricultural college. The "old Swash" of his college days must have been a strange school.

Yes, we have seed time and harvest every month in the year. Another harvest is in full blast; the stilling of our mint crop. It will bring about a half million dollars to Salem this year. One day, it will bring ten millions and more; and the other essential oils and their cousins will bring a hundred millions. Our soil and sunshine and showers furnish the natural conditions in perfection, and such industries everywhere will follow the lines of least resistance.

Patches still serve as an indication of poverty, but they're on casings now. Al's promise is to consult the best minds about farm problems. Nobody consults the hardest hands. The objection to saving for your old age is that you can't save your appetite for old age. You think you would buy better stuff than the magazine editors do, but so would they if they had a chance.

Salaries paid by the consumer include those of the salesman who forced the article on him and the collector who forces pay from him. Colonel Shortridge says woman's vote is dictated by her husband. Colonel, meet Mrs. Clem Shaver.

trans-Atlantic passage the Amity Standard recalls the remark of Asa Redman, aviator, more than a year ago: "The ocean ain't half full of airmen yet."

Flappers of China now have to pay a tax for getting their hair bobbed. Another hair-razing atrocity.

We are informed that a sea elephant eats 600 pounds of fish at a meal. Guess we will stick to our canary as a pet.

So far as the Statesman is concerned, there doesn't seem to be much importance attached to the question whether Os West or Bill King becomes democratic national committeeman from Oregon.

Southern Pacific trains now give a long hoot, two short ones and another long one when approaching grade crossings. And the fool auto drivers who try to beat the trains to it don't ever give one hoot.

The mere fact that a New Jersey boy whistles and catches fish at the same time does not prove or disprove the theory that fish have no ear for music.

The Portland Oregonian's society editor recites that at a recent gathering the guests were entertained with "music and singing" which probably described the situation exactly.

We would like to take some of those Salem folks who think the half-ox immodest back to the Kentucky mountains where most of the girls are proud to own a single pair of shoes and often never own any stockings at all.

Uncle Sam invoked the old pirate law when that gambling ship which has operated off the California coast was seized. That's the stuff. Those gamblers are pirates, anyway.

Wonder why so many professed prohibitionists of Oregon motor to Canada on their vacations?

Senator Curtis resorted to words with the bark on in taking Al Smith to task for his stand on the liquor question.

A busy man has no time to kick every yelling dog that snaps and snarls at his heels.

SALEM MAN CHIEF OF HARTLEY CLAN

MACLEAY, Ore., Aug. 24.—(Special)—The members of the Hartley clan held their annual reunion August 19 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. C. Tekenburg near Macleay, that being the original Hartley home.

Sixty relatives were present, the oldest being James Clayton Hartley, 83, of Hillsboro and the youngest, little Miss Virgie Patterson of Salem, age four and a half months. Officers elected were: C. L. Hartley of Salem, president; H. A. Hartley, Silvertown, vice-president; Dr. Harvey Hartley, Goldendale, Wash., second vice-president; Miss Marie Bowen, Silvertown, secretary; Miss Jesse Hartley, Silvertown, program committee. The next meeting will be held at the old home site the third Sunday in August, 1929.

"Well, now, what time do I have to get to work mornings?" asked the new hired man. "Any time you like," responded Farmer Furnigate. "So's it ain't later than 'last-past-four.'"—Kansas City Star.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From the Statesman Our Fathers Read

August 25, 1908
Ex-county Judge G. P. Terrell came up from Portland yesterday morning for a brief business visit.

Hon. I. L. Patterson came up from Portland and has gone to his ranch in Polk county.

Elmer Will of Aurora was a Salem visitor yesterday.

James Harms, the hop dealer has gone to Eugene.

Dr. W. H. Byrd is in San Francisco for a few weeks.

L. T. Schmidt of Olympia, president of the Salem Brewery association, is again in town.

The heavy rains are threatening the hop crops, with some growers already reporting that hops are

turning black in their yards.

D. H. Looney, Jersey breeder, living near Jefferson, has lost one of his most valuable cows. Last year this cow held the milk test record for the entire northwest fair circuit.

A San Francisco wholesale firm has purchased the woolen mill property at Marshfield and will install a large and modern plant to manufacture matches.

Arthur Welch will be new janitor at the Salem postoffice after September 1.

Barbs

Al Smith says his speech "hit the mark." In view of the fact that he used a scatter-gun and took a shot at all creation, that isn't surprising.

Probably those men who started out to cross the Atlantic in a 32-foot boat and landed in Bermuda got thirsty.

A golfer at Lake Placid, New York, hit an opera singer with a golf ball recently. The chances are that the singer was going to sing at the clubhouse that night.

Isn't it funny what insignificant, unimportant things can amuse persons of shallow mentality.

Wallace C. Gaines, Seattle man who is to hang for the murder of his daughter, is pleading for mercy. The chances are his daughter did, also.

Comments on the news that another filer is to attempt the

BOURBO! LAUDS SMITH ADDRESS

Chairman Of Western Headquarters Speaks Highly Of A's Speech

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 24.—(AP)—Fred W. Johnson, chairman of the Democratic western headquarters here said today that Governor Smith's acceptance speech was "a clear, straightforward exposition of his views, typical of the man who delivered it."

"The words were direct, not evasive; their meaning always clear, never questionable and burning honesty permeated them all," he added.

His attitude on the tariff plan was especially acceptable to the industries of the west. The suggestion regarding consolidation of bureaus and the elimination of unnecessary departments is meeting the hearty approval of voters in these rocky mountain states, according to reports coming into this office.

SILVERTON HOOVER CLUB PROGRESSING

SILVERTON, Ore., Aug. 24.—(Special)—The Hoover for President club met for the second time Tuesday evening. The meeting was held in the K. of P. hall and a good crowd was present. A large number of women were in attendance. A. L. Larson, president of the club presided.

The speaker of the evening, George Keach, mayor of Silvertown, was introduced by Dr. A. F. Blackerby, republican state committeeman for Marion county. Mr. Keach is an able speaker, well informed on the political issues. Mr. Keach was born and reared in England. In his address the speaker called attention to the fact that labor was paid a great deal better here than in European countries.

Mystery Man In Portland Wants To Know Identity

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24.—(AP)—A man who said his name might have been Arva Ridgeway and who declared he went to sleep in a Nebraska wheat field and woke up in Portland was placed under observation by police physicians Thursday and is considered a probably case of amnesia.

He said he could remember no name other than Ridgeway but that even Ridgeway might belong to someone else. He believed he is married but can't remember his wife's name nor what she looks like. He is about 30 years old, dressed in blue overalls and appears to be ill. He could remember, he said, that he had been in Hershey, Nebraska.

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