

Every man will have his own criterion in forming his judgment of others. I depend very much on the effect of affliction. I consider how a man comes out of the furnace; gold will lie for a month in the furnace without losing a grain.—Cecil.

Blessings From Fire

BACK of the haunting memory of a screen of flame and smoke and a deluge of water that took toll of the Statesman's press room Saturday morning, there appear what may prove to be blessings in disguise.

More important than the slight handicap the fire places temporarily upon the publication of a complete newspaper are the manifestations of fine friendships from a thousand quarters; offers of aid from fellow publishers; helpful service from individual friends.

Akin to these as a heart warming aftermath of near-disaster is the splendid loyalty of employees who clambered into the maw of flame and through veritable cascades, defiant to danger, to save equipment and materials, to prevent the spread of a fire and to make it possible to hang up the cheerful sign: "Business as usual."

Salem's fire department may sincerely be credited with checking a blaze that might have wiped out hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, for the Statesman's press room and the adjoining frame structures in which the fire started, were in extremely dangerous proximity to filled warehouses and to the Spaulding mills and lumber storage yards.

Fast and effective work on the part of the department not only stopped the flames, but saved the Statesman's valuable newspaper press and other equipment. The precautions taken by firemen before they showered water upon the flames virtually saved the great press from damage.

The unkindly cut of fire is that it should come at a time when all energies are bent toward the upbuilding of a greater Statesman; when the details of renovation and preparation for added facilities are presenting abnormal handicaps, to which fire adds another.

Without question, the shacks in which the fire started and the Statesman's press room to which it spread, were hazards that should not have remained. Their destruction may point a moral and cause the correction of equally dangerous tinder boxes elsewhere in the city.

An added blessing brought by flame, then, will be the new fireproof and thoroughly modern press room that will be built immediately at the rear of the main structure on the Statesman property.

To the Salem Capital Journal and to the Portland Telegram, which offered their press facilities for the period of the emergency, and to all the good friends who appeared in what threatened to be a much more trying hour, the new publishers of the Statesman express their most sincere appreciation.

The American Nirvana

THE Rev. Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr., Bingham, Maine, writing in the current issue of The Congregationalist, Boston and Chicago, asks, "Is not happiness the American Nirvana?" If the student is not "happy" in his work, the teacher is a failure. If individuals are not "happy," then the environment is wrong. If married couples are not "happy," they rush to the divorce court. Mr. Macdougall believes we Americans are in the grip of a thoroughgoing selfish philosophy of life; not only selfish but foolish and futile, since it has no basis in reality.

The happiness philosophy cannot bear the principle of self-sacrifice. Consider Aristotle's anthropology. You will recall that Aristotle asked a very old question and found a very noble answer. He knew too much about life to make the happiness mistake—that is, to make it the chief end of life. He knew that happiness, in the fairy-tale sense, was not possible. Too much pain and sorrow is inevitable. And so the great Greek thinker concluded that man was made for action—to do things. And since action was his chief end in life, then the only possible contentment was to be found in the expression of the Creator's purpose.

Mr. Macdougall makes the mistake of characterizing this particular kind of Nirvana as distinctly American. It is not. It is, instead, cosmopolitan and has been the goal of a considerable part of mankind since the beginning.

And always the great teachers of humanity have pointed the way to happiness in the opposite direction.

Conventions are good. Salem should be made the convention city of the northwest. We should have a great auditorium. And a bowl. Must have them. But we need industries more. The development of the flax and linen industries up to the point where we can get specialty mills will be worth more than many conventions. The specialty mills will employ more people than the primary mills. But we must have the primary mills to furnish the yarn to the specialty mills.

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. Clean news, just opinion and fair offices.
4. Building of Oregon's young industry.
5. Modern city charter for Salem, after mature consideration of all voters.
6. Encouragement to beet weavers and other pioneers and industrial enterprise.
7. Playground development for all people.
8. Centralization within the capital city area of all state offices and institutions.
9. Comprehensive plan for the development of the Oregon State Fair.
10. Conservation of natural resources for the public good.
11. Superior school facilities, encouragement of teachers and active cooperation with Willamette university.
12. Fraternal and social organization of the greatest possible number of persons.
13. Winning to Marion county's fertile lands the highest type of citizenship.

A Clubbing Bargain

PARTICULAR good fortune is in store for Salem newspaper readers by an arrangement entered into late last week between the circulation departments of the Oregon Statesman and the Portland Telegram. Through a clubbing offer the two daily newspapers will be made available to subscribers by carrier at a combined rate of only sixty cents a month.

In other words, readers may subscribe for the Statesman and the Telegram at a very slight increase over the cost of a single subscription. This method of circulation extension is practiced by many of the leading newspapers of the United States and has proved especially popular among Pacific coast papers.

The clubbing plan of adding to circulation has been in vogue in the magazine field for many years, but more recently has been adapted in newspaper practice.

Through the arrangement between the two circulation departments in this case readers will have the local morning paper for fresh news from home fields and abroad, and will be served in the afternoon with one of the most rapidly growing newspapers in the west. The plan provides the subscribers with a complete, progressive newspaper service at a small increase over the monthly cost of either paper.

The Statesman, which has applied for membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulation, has only one goal: To gain the greatest possible number of readers in the least possible time by the most legitimate methods. The clubbing arrangement announced today is in complete accord with rules of the Audit Bureau and all subscribers under the clubbing plan will be counted in the Statesman's totals when the bureau makes its official audit.

Why The Rush?

SALEM voters have twice been offered a commission form of municipal government. Twice the offer has been rejected. Yet there are unquenchable enthusiasts who would try the same thing again, in a somewhat made-over guise. The result, under present circumstances, no doubt, would be the same. Fundamentally, city manager-council administration is sound. The plan, much better prepared, is growing in favor and scores of cities have adopted managerial charters.

The Salem plan is a departure in many respects from the more popular forms under which administrative authority in American cities is passing into the hands of managers. There are serious questions as to many phases of the proposed charter. These questions have not been answered. Until they are answered to the entire satisfaction of a majority of voters there seems to be no particular reason why voters should be rushed into the expense and the uncertainty of a special election. Why the rush?

The mythology, the folklore, the literature, the religion of all peoples have dealt with the true and lasting satisfaction to be found in service and self-sacrifice over against the elusive and temporary enjoyment found in unalloyed self-seeking. The happiness which can bring laughter to the lips in the midst of privation endured in order that another fellow being may have comfort has been tested and found to be the Simon-pure emotion.

Happiness of such a character was that found by the Chicago laborer who, in order to give a neighbor woman a place to stay when her baby was born, let her occupy the room with his wife, while he himself slept in the park. "Rather tough on you, wasn't it?" said a friend to him. But, laughing, he answered, "Oh, no. It only rained three nights."

An assemblage in Holland of 500 young men, delegated by similarly minded groups in most of the nations of the world, seek the Utopia of a warless world. Their purpose and enthusiasm is not to be daunted by the piffle peddled by those who cannot see the glory of a day when the fisted hatred of nations is abandoned and peace mantles the world. Because these young people, and their counterparts, in this generation or the next, will bring an end to war.

If there are people in Salem who are under the delusion that the voters of this city will cast their ballots for a charter that would make an autocrat of a city manager, let them consult the residents of Astoria and La Grande. They got plenty of that kind of experience—"more as plenty," as the old song goes.

The community clubs are going to take a big part in the opening day of the state fair. Great idea. Then there will be a state federation of community clubs.

A Snake In The Grass



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

An efficient fire department—

That is what Salem has; headed by a chief who knows what to do and when to do it.

Chief Hutton could handle a bigger fire department. He will attend and follow them. For Salem is going to grow every year.

Also, Salem has a good police force. It is not half as large as the rules of the game call for, as estimated by experts. But the crooks of the country know they are not safe in Salem. The Bismarck man believes Salem is the most orderly city in the United States, compared with any other municipality of her size.

This is a livestock valley. But it will be a hundred times more so, with major irrigation projects, the beet sugar industry and all the train of beneficial things that will attend and follow them.

Our idea of the world's softest job: Shoemaker for Lindbergh.—Life.

She: "I didn't think you'd break your engagement with Eva; you said she was your dream girl." He: "She was—but I woke up."

As She Understood It The bank teller handed back the check given him to cash by Mary H. Schmidt.

"You forgot the 'H' when you indorsed it," said he. "Ach, so I haf," apologized Mary.

And then she wrote hurriedly. "Age 23."—Capper's Weekly.

Another Scotch Story A Scotchman returning home after several years' absence in Australia was met by his three brothers at the station. The brothers had grown beards during his absence.

"What's the bright idea?" he asked. "Weel fine ye ken ye took the razor awa' wi' ye!"—The Epworth Herald.

The Way of All Flesh I see Biggins is still driving his old car around. I thought he had sold it and ordered a new one. He had—but when he saw it advertised as a "used car better than new" he couldn't resist the bargain and paid \$100 extra to get it back.—Exchange.

Miranda's Wedding The color scheme when Miranda wed Revealed her folks as patriots true; The groom looked red and the bride looked white, And her dad (who paid the bills) looked blue.—The Epworth Herald.

The Literary Guidepost

By RICHARD G. MOSSOCK

NEW YORK — The political show is mostly hokum put on by none too clever players, assisted by managers and stage hands who, for more or less efficient, are not overly scrupulous. At least, that is what Frank R. Kent, principal political correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, contends in "Political Behavior."

Kent, who has lifted the lid off the political pot before, now presents "the hitherto unwritten laws, according to Kent, spreading scandalous practices in the United States." He does it candidly, in realistic terms that go direct to the point. And each point is frankly illustrated by specific cases and instances.

Perhaps his most sensational charge is that of corruption. Campaign fund accountings are a farce, he declares; thousands of dollars are spent in every campaign which never appear in the party records and elections are decided by the amount of money available for the direct purchase of votes through "runners," "watchers" and other election day hangers-on.

Political behavior, among other things, is "seeming to say something without doing so," answering criticism evasively and avoiding embarrassment warily, and, according to Kent, spreading scandalous whispers by means of "poison squads."

To win ballots away from the other fellow, give a good show, is one of the rules, for "the great mass of the voters are... swayed wholly by their prejudices or personal interests."

What is to be done about it, the writer does not say. In fact, he declines "any desire to reflect upon the democratic scheme of government, which with all its faults is probably the best yet devised—for us anyway—and for which there seems no practical or acceptable substitute."

Ludwig Again Johann Wolfgang von Goethe joins the company of immortals whose literary portraits are being retouched by that industrious biographer, Emil Ludwig. "Goethe—The History of a Man" is done after the familiar manner of the same author's "Napoleon" and "Bismarck." Ludwig's

lab a bank robber. Oregon isn't exactly a healthy place for crooks.

With Hoover back in Washington the whole country feels better, even if he isn't president yet. He might as well take a look around and see if there is anything he will need when he takes up his abode in the white-house.

Los Angeles judge puts a jury on trial for discussing a murder case, which looks a bit like "the bitter bitten."

North Dakota is shivering in freezing temperature while eastern Oregon sweaters. It's a pity the Weather Man cannot balance things up.

You can't keep a good paper down—or burn one out.

With the mint-Julep extinct it seems strange that the mint crop still should be so valuable.

Some movie stars are hard hit by color-photography—especially those with the bright red noses colored by moonshine.

When that Salem man's wife read that her husband said he would kick her out if she smoked cigarettes she got quite a boot out of it.

Like the Lone Eagle he is, Lindbergh soars into the sky nor tells any man his destination.

We would like to meet a real farmer who wants farm relief.

More people in the United States are wondering just now which club will fight for the world's championship than which political party will win.

The Astoria Budget is all for promoting an Astoria-to-Astoria airplane race. Why not a Salem-to-Salem flight? It's not as far fetched as it might seem.

According to the Klamath News, Al Smith never split any rails but his job of splitting the democratic party was thorough and workmanlike.

The Capitol Journal was prompt in its offer of its presses when it learned that the Statesman's press room had burned. Which just goes to show what true courtesy can be.

CLICKS

Phoenix-like, we raise from our ashes.

Saturday morning's fire department demonstrated a number of things, chief among which is that Salem's fire department is 100 per cent efficient.

Quick thinking is an invaluable attribute and particularly when applied to fire fighting.

Apparently everybody in Salem who owned a tarpaulin brought it to the Statesman on the run when yesterday's fire started. As a result, machinery worth many thousands of dollars was saved.

Salem police capture a quartet of burglars and Vernon's officers

A Washington Bystander

By G. D. SEYMOUR

WASHINGTON — One aspect of the new Kellogg anti-war treaty is giving much concern in official circles. It may give new impetus to that always active element of public opinion generally grouped under the term pacifists.

Peace moves of this sort have been followed before by renewal of efforts sometimes embarrassing for political reasons to cut or restrict drastically the size and nature of the armed forces of the country.

Neither White House nor state department puts in with any idea that the treaty can alter national defense requirements, however hopeful may be the outlook that it will act as a further deterrent to war. Their motto is still "keep your powder dry."

Silence Peace Policy It is a trifling effort for a government to explain fully its national defense policies in view of necessary diplomatic reticences. Those very restrictions on too free discussion of possibilities that involve other countries' motives and the like are sometimes even more potent for peace than public declarations of peaceful purposes could be. Every language recognizes that as between individuals, each has its equivalent of "least said, soonest mended."

By nature and training military folk are scoffers at the efficacy of peace-by-scrap-of-paper endeavors. In Washington they scoff privately rather than publicly as a rule.

But the point is, in so far as the new peace treaty and its possible reactions at home are concerned, that the men who made

it agree with the military folk that it does not justify any change in the size or nature of Uncle Sam's warlike equipment, maintained for his own protection. They have no illusions about that.

Incidentally, now that Secretary Kellogg has rendered service to the cause of peace, not only in the new treaty but also in fostering a termination of the long diplomatic estrangement between Chile and Peru, possibly he could be induced to try his hand on a snarl at home that needs attention.

There is the rupture of football rivalry between West Point and Annapolis still getting nowhere fast. An adroit and skillful diplomat seems called for. Privately, many officers of both services who are long enough out of the academies for their natural Army's ardor to have cooled a bit admit that the row which plagues the great inter-service football classic down and out for this year at least was a silly affair. Army contends it was Navy manners—bad manners—that caused the row. The soldiers take the position that their sailor colleagues made a scrap of paper out of the four year playing treaty and tried to force adoption of the intercollegiate three year player rule by tactics equivalent to holding a gun at Army's head.

Be that as it may, if the player rule itself, or some player rule, is not the real bone of contention, a solution of the difficulty and restoration of the great, colorful Army-Navy game to the sporting and social calendar ought to be apparent to a skilled negotiator of suitable standing.

A New Yorker at Large

By KIRK L. SIMPSON

NEW YORK — Newcomers in this fall's chorus girl crop on Broadway outnumber the veterans returning from the shows of a season ago. Among every hundred girls who storm the stage doors seeking employment, 55 bring faces and figures new to the reviews and the musical comedies.

The most accurate way of reckoning the chorus girl population of New York is through the membership list of Chorus Equity, the association to which the girls must belong if they are doing stage work for any of the major producers.

The association includes from year to year about 3,800 chorus girls, of whom some 2,700 are girls. Each year there are more novices, and this year they are more plentiful than their experienced sisters coming back for another season in the spangled ranks.

Whence and Whither? Where does the new talent come from? Much of it from cities throughout the country where, as in St. Louis and Atlanta, municipal summer opera has given girls a taste of chorus work or Little Theatre experience has inspired them with a yen for the stage.

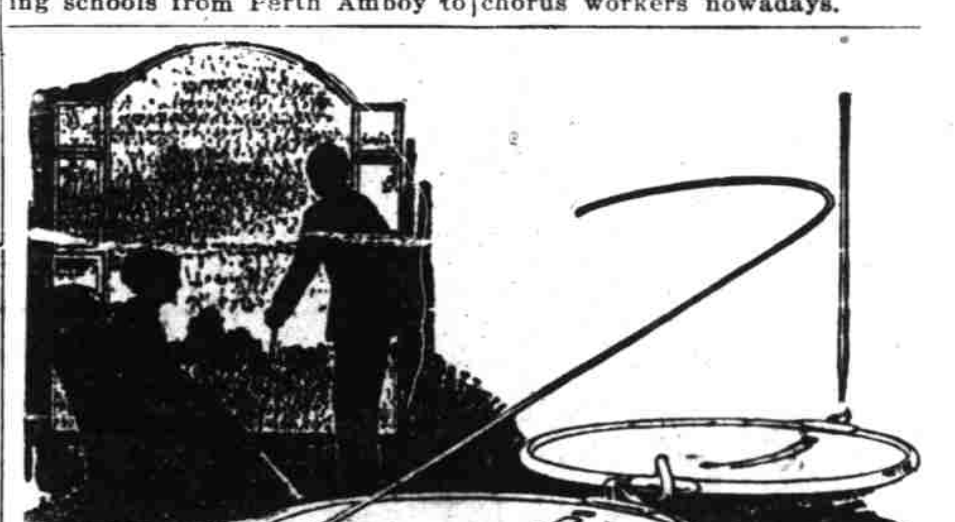
Other girls are products of dancing schools from Perth Amboy to

Seattle. Still more, out of school and ready for work, select the theatre in preference to the office or the store for no more romantic reason than that the pay is good and the work interesting.

Fifty dollars a week—the average salary of chorus girls this fall—is a more alluring wage than stenography or pedagogy offers to one whose talents in the three fields are about equal; a wage good enough to atone for the risk of occasional unemployment.

But the chances are that close to a thousand chorines of 1927 got married—nor is it likely that any considerable number got Wall Street brokers or sons of wealthy merchants. Most of them married modest-salaried young men and gave up song-and-dance routines for roles of housewifery in which they fit as trimly as their sisters who abandoned teaching or office work to wed.

A Transitory Career The pay of chorus girls has risen, because it is difficult to find good dancers for choruses. Even the novices in most cases have studied stage dancing, for the wholly untrained girl with only a pretty face and a comely figure is incapable of the feats required of chorus workers nowadays.



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Clough-Huston Co's History of Salem and the State of Oregon

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THE United States' first claim to the disputed Oregon land was, as we have seen, based on the explorations of the Columbia River by Captain Gray.

The second claim was based upon the explorations of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, who were sent out with a party by the United States Government in 1804, across the newly-acquired Louisiana territory.

