

The chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second, away from common sight and interest, but that he understands the common things which the second only sees.—Starr King.

Deer Hunting Proclamation

GOVERNOR PATTERSON was at least within his moral and patriotic rights in issuing his proclamation extending the opening of the deer hunting season till the 20th; with the idea of making it effective till rains shall come. The same order was issued in 1926 by our then Governor Pierce; though in that year rain soon came and put a stop to the protests of some of the hunters who began to cry "un-constitutional" and prepare to enjoy the right of the order. In both cases, our chief executives in taking this action were merely making an attempt to prevent the loss of life and property; acting within the domain of their duties as occupants of the highest and most responsible official station of the state. In protesting against this action, deer hunters are placing themselves in a class with the man or woman who refused to "Hooverize" during the world war; scorned the plea of the man who was attempting to conserve food for the men overseas who were fighting and dying for their country, and that the protesters might enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in smug safety at home. The forest fire fiend is a terrible scourge; flames let loose in what now amounts to a tinder box in our mountains may in a twinkling lick up the lives of men, women and children in the back settlements, and destroy their homes and other belongings, besides wiping out whole townships of timber it has taken generations to attain to full growth, and will require more generations to replace. With the unusually long dry season, every day of its continuance and the low humidity attending it adds more than arithmetical menace to the fire risk; it is increased in geometric ratio. Governor Patterson might with good reason have gone further. He might have ordered that no fires at all be kindled in the Oregon forests, at least outside of specified safety zones, and that hunting of every kind in the forests be outlawed till rains come.

A New Penitentiary

OREGON needs a new penitentiary; new and modern buildings on a new site. The urgency of this need will grow with every passing day. The present quarters are outdated, in many particulars, including lack of space for the growing population; including lack of facilities, the mention of part of which would bring a blush to the face of a person of fine sentiments. And the present prison is a back number because of the fact that it has become virtually a large and growing manufacturing institution. The land holdings of the present prison foot up 357 1/2 acres. Additional tracts making up a total of 350 acres are rented for the use of its farming and gardening operations. And the new prison ought to have at least 1500 acres of land. It should have water power available if possible, and there should be streams; though wells would suffice. This land will have to be located in Marion county, under a constitutional provision. There is another reason. The city of Salem has grown up to and around all the lands of the state allotted to the prison. The institution proper is now in the city limits, and all the acreage within its ownership will soon be. The sale of the present lands would provide a large part of the cost of a new prison, including the 1500 acre site needed, located a few miles out. The operation of the prison industries will soon yield enough profit to fully support the institution, and provide the interest and a sinking fund to provide the cost of a new prison, with shops and adequate machinery and equipment for the industries. This has been the record at Stillwater, Minn., where an entirely new prison was built on a new site, on account of its industries. The new prison for Oregon might be built in units. The transfer might be gradual, over a term of years. But it will have to come. The legislature at its next session should at least make the beginnings of the transfer; should set the machinery in motion for providing the new site and the erection of the new buildings.

Opposes Experimental Venture

ALFRED P. SLOAN, Jr., president of General Motors, is for the continuation of prohibition, despite its faults; believes the people of the United States would be foolish to turn away from the eminently satisfactory management of the republican party to a more or less experimental venture with the present leaders of the democrats. Especially would this be foolish, says Mr. Sloan, for the mere purpose of attempting to correct fancied or real grievances against prohibition. Granting that there are plenty of things about prohibition enforcement that need correcting, he argues that it is aimed at an ideal of temperance which is essentially right, and that the correction of its faults would be best made under an executive who is at least sympathetic with the aims of prohibition. In his remarkable statement, he sums it all up thus: "I am for Mr. Hoover because I believe in him personally, his record, his experience, and what he represents." If Mr. Sloan's associates, Mr. Raskob and the Messrs. DuPont, had not broken into the limelight with political activities and political statements, Mr. Sloan would probably have kept his private views entirely to himself, for he is a man famous for his reserve. But he felt impelled to make it clear that General Motors as an organization is not campaigning and that each man in the organization is making his own political choice. Regardless of how Mr. Raskob and Mr. DuPont feel, Mr. Sloan is for Hoover. Nobody could have stated the whole case for Mr. Hoover more succinctly or convincingly than this man of business. It is a viewpoint so remarkably calm and sensible that, whether it was ever intended to do so or not, it will carry tremendous weight.

A Missouri newspaper man says he started in business 40 years ago with a capital of \$2.40. He is a success. He still has the \$2.40.

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.

Bad Boy!



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

More industries for Salem— Oregon will have to build a new penitentiary, to keep up with the growth of the prison industries. A friend says he was in a Salem theater the other evening when the picture of Al Smith was flashed on the screen. There was loud applause from one man, Little Mary, who had fallen ill, begged for a kitten. It was found that an operation was necessary for the child's cure, and that she must go to the hospital. Her mother promised that if she were very very brave she must go to the hospital. Her mother promised that if she were very brave she should have the very finest kitten to be found. As Mary was recovering from the influence of the anesthetic, the nurse heard her muttering: "It's a rotten way to get a kitten." Doc—Sorry sir, but we'll have to operate again. Patient—What, a third time? Say, Doc, while you're at it, why not put in a manhole? Franklin P. Adams: "What the worker worries about now is that the dinner pail will be so full that it will spill over and spoil the upholstery in his sedan." "Dear John, I enclose my hotel bill," came the announcement from the summer resort. "Dear Mary, I enclose check to cover the bill, but please don't buy any more hotels at this price; they are cheating you," was the answer.

Literary Guidepost

NEW YORK—It was once said by Donnell Byrne that "in these times of realism, he is as blade of green, romantic grass in a long, long stretch of sand." Now that the blade, crushed under an automobile alongside an Irish road, is dead, the critics may estimate the stature to which it grew in the field of modern letters. With the posthumous publication of "Destiny Bay," it is ready for the measuring rod. "Destiny Bay" is a volume of short stories. Or, specifically, six short stories and three anecdotes of a family on the north coast of Ireland, as told by the youngest member of the clan, Kerry MacFarlane. Pictured in them are Uncle Valentine, a huge, gruff but kindly baronet; Aunt Jeaneper, a sweet, little blind woman; Cousin Jenico, and James Carahine, simple and loyal pugilist-valet. There are gypsies, Spaniards and Chinese, too, to help along the romancing. In his melodious manner, Byrne tells of their loves and their tragedies, with here and there some of the comedy in their lives. The scenes were often shifted, but the characters he sketched all came back to Destiny Bay. Most fanciful, perhaps, is the story of the drunkard, Uncle Cosine, for whom a gypsy shanghaied a Chinese girl, and who ran away from here to become a bishop. Most poignant, probably, is Aunt Jeaneper's wooing. Words The Thing The man who wrote, among more than a half-dozen books, "Messer Marco Polo," "Blind Rafeity" and "Hangman's House," also has been called "the ablest writer of short stories since the heyday of Kipling." Which brings in a contemporary who has a few words to say on the subject of literary valuation. In "A Book of Words," just published, is the first and probably only collection of Kipling's speeches, some 30 of them, delivered between 1904 and 1927.

CLICKS

More than 80 Salem business houses have joined hands to make the annual fall opening a big event. And Salem invites everybody to come. College educations are all right, Salem folks think, but it depends on who has them. Dropping out of an air derby might be a serious thing to do. Regardless of the ups and down of the stock market in Wall street our grocery bill seems to maintain a pretty fair average. Gang warfare has broken out again in Chicago. Grover Cleveland was the boy to maintain order in that town. The job of stage hand in a movie theatre sounds to us like that of lineman for an ocean cable. Soon we will know whether Cal "chooses" to speak in this campaign. Jim Robinson has attacked Hoover's remarks on prohibition. Can he justify the stand of Al Smith, his own running mate? An Oregon City youth recently telephoned all the way to Europe. Bet what he had to say wasn't worth what it cost. "Hoover Plans Dry Address" headlines the Portland Telegram. Is that intended for sarcasm or something? Dress-up week for men, it is announced, will open September 10. Every week is dress-up week for us. The police see to that. Hoover very clearly and forcefully proves that the republican party, through the Dawes plan, naval armament limitations and the Kellogg peace pact, has done its share for insuring peace.

A Washington Bystander

By Kirk L. Simpson

WASHINGTON.—The "Little Old Red School House" of the song has nothing on Washington when it comes to flying the Stars and Stripes. Aside from its glorious trees, the city with green in summer as seen from any high place like the Washington Monument tourist observation tower, the most notable prospect of the capital is the wealth of streaming bunting waving the government flag in sight wherever you look between sunrise and sunset. Every government owned or occupied structure, however big or small, from the massive bulk of the Capitol itself, standing in aloof majesty on its garden hill, to the east of the rented buildings where a corps of government clerks toil has at least one showing and the big departments two or more. Rain or shine, they are always there—except once in a very long while. What! No Flags? One of the exceptions came just recently. It involved the huge State, War, Navy building, as it is still known, although inhabited nowadays only by the state and war departments, the navy having moved out to a "semi-permanent" structure on the Mall in crowded, war days. It's a mighty building, standing four square in sunken gardens and of the same architecture on each of its four street facings. It flies four flags, one in the center of each front, fluttering above the peaked jumble of the roof. This day it flew none. Sharp eyes in the taller business structures, away across Lafayette Square in the business heart of the city, are accustomed to those fluttering flags. They give quick notice to the world of mourning when they drop to half-staff at the death of some important figure in public life. And Captain Sherry Hopkins, who knows his Washington from years of contacts as legal adviser to scores of Latin-American governments, near governments and just plain ordinary revolutionists, was quick to notice that the emblems of freedom were missing. "What's the matter up there?" he demanded over the telephone. "There's not a flag flying on the building. Is everybody dead?" The answer was simple. The flag poles were being painted, that was all; but it only happened once in half a decade or so and a lot more folks than the captain were worried and inquired. Time Ball Still Drops One of the poles, on the east front facing the White House, still carries the time ball, dropped at noon on electric contact from the Naval Observatory, America's only official correct time factory. Time was when the streets from which the ball was visible came congested with folks, watch in hand, just before noon daily, all waiting to check up on and correct the pocket time-pieces. But that day is long past with electric clocks banging out observatory time everywhere and the radio distributing the essential government product free; tick by tick, every day and night. Nobody watches the time ball any more, although it drops every day. Coming back to the flags, there are just two of Washington official color showings that have special significance.

Italian Prunes Wanted For Canning

\$40.00 Per Ton
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To Stand in Another's Shoes

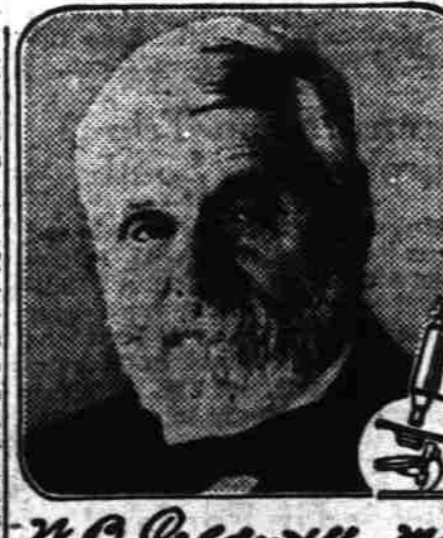
which implies securing another's good fortune, is a saying which came from an ancient Hebrew custom of removing the shoe and giving it to another as the token of the passing of ownership. To stand in WALK-OVER shoes means good fortune for the wearer—real foot comfort. WALK-OVER shoes fit well because there is a last for every known type of foot. They are made to hold their shape and they do. Careful workmanship prevents faulty construction and keeps your feet healthy.

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Dr. Caldwell's 3 Rules Keep You Healthy



Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time regardless of how much one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not a habit forming preparation. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not grip. Thousands of mothers have written us to that effect. Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their systems. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when a medicine like Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly and gently, without griping and harm to the system. Keep free from constipation! It robs your strength, hardens your arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to a druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Take the proper dose that night and by morning you will feel like a different person.

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

AS WE have already recorded, A. Lewis and Clark expedition spent the winter of 1805-06 on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia river. The return to St. Louis was made in September, 1806. It was through the reports of this famous expedition that the world learned of the great Columbia river, by far the greatest of all the rivers flowing into the Pacific from the continent of North America, the Lewis and Clark report being far more comprehensive than those of Gray and Vancouver. Personal Service --- The intimate direction of the proprietors is something of utmost importance when a funeral director is called, for he knows best of all what should be done, and how. Personal service is a feature of Clough-Huston service. CLOUGH-HUSTON CO. Distinctive Funeral Service. PHONE 120

