

Science when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to assist in building up a new creed by which man can live.—John Morley.

The Kind Tammany Wants

AL SMITH'S plea for increased immigration and a change in the basis of the present law has got him into a lot of trouble, especially from the Legion and D. A. R. and other patriotic organizations and some of the labor organizations, who have been fighting for restricted immigration. The Smith plea was popular in his own city and other big eastern centers composed largely of immigrants from southern Europe. Al's proposal would increase the number of Europeans who would come to America; and especially the proportion of undesirable ones—

Which is what Tammany wants: The present law limits the influx of the scum of Europe to two per cent of the number of such people here in 1890. Some ratio had to be devised. We tried a law with a three per cent ratio with the 1910 census as a basis—and the southern European influx was not abated. From 1820 to 1883 about 90 per cent of our immigrants came from northern Europe and the British Isles. After 1883 came hordes from southern Europe. The World war stopped them, but 430,000 immigrants came in 1920, and in the following year 805,000; mostly from southern Europe. The 1924 law with the three per cent ratio on the 1910 census did not check the influx much, for 700,000 immigrants came in that year.

The present law lets in 400,000 a year, but reduces the number of Latin undesirables— And this Al has promised to have changed. The promise is greeted with glee in Latin quarters of the big eastern cities where the riffraff settles and breeds. There is rejoicing in the Italian press, but the newspapers of the west and the patriotic organizations of the country have had no kind words for Al's proposal.

Everett Wants to Go Back

EVERETT, Washington, which has tried the manager form of city government, now presents a petition with 2000 signatures asking to vote on the proposition of returning to the old mayor and council form.

An exchange commenting on this says: "The whole trouble with all city government is that it is somebody else's business. The only thing that's worse is municipal ownership."

That is flippant, and it is not true in all cases, by any means. The manager form of city government is like a kingdom. It is the best form of government, presupposing a perfectly just, wise and good king; and one who could transmit his wisdom, justice and goodness, which is impossible—against the rules of human frailty and of heredity. The law of Mendel is against it.

The most popular form of city government may not be the best; but it is the best that can be had and with any certainty maintained—

So, for Salem, this writer advocates a corporation form; the councilmen standing for the board of directors, the mayor for the president, and the city manager chosen by the mayor with or without the consent of the councilmen. That kind would go over in Salem. We need a new charter. A manager form would be both cheaper and better; more efficient.

Why not try to get what we can get? The people of Salem would certainly bury under an avalanche of adverse votes the proposed charter that was some time since before the service clubs.

He Would Be Ashamed

I AM opposed to Al Smith and his "wet" ideas because of the support they get him. Every lawbreaker is in full sympathy with him. Every criminal who has abandoned decency and follows his criminal inclinations is whole-heartedly for Al.

While many very fine people are supporting him, if they could see the army of criminals of every known cast and description who are on his side they would leave him instantly. In fact, if Al himself could visualize his wet supporters all in one group he would be ashamed of his company.

The United States can enforce fairly well any law it desires to enforce. Violators of the prohibition laws do so for money. Why don't they counterfeit instead? It's quicker and much less trouble. There was a time when counterfeiting was a "great indoor sport," but Uncle Sam decided to stop it and he has almost succeeded.

No "wet" will ever be president of this nation.—O. S. Whitman, Indianapolis, Ind., in Liberty Magazine.

Kellogg Returns

SECRETARY KELLOGG is back in Washington with a document accepted by 49 nations as a renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. It is a common-sense recognition upon the part of civilized nations that war is too fearful a thing to be used to achieve the petty things for which they have struggled in the past.

It is significant of the new conditions brought into international relations by modern inventions that Mr. Kellogg was enabled to attend a great international conference in Paris on August 27, make some diplomatic visits, including one to Ireland, and be back at his desk in Washington on September 10.

When our first treaties with European powers were made it took three weeks to cross the Atlantic. An envoy had to go with full instructions because there could be no practicable means of communication with his home government and if he reached a deadlock he had to give up or risk his government's displeasure and break his instructions. Modern communications are driving the nations of the world into a working relation of which the Kellogg peace pact is a favorable manifestation.

One of the vitally important things to be discussed by the Episcopal national convention in Washington next month is whether or not to eliminate the word "obey" and the other joke, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" from the marriage service. An exchange remarks that it is queer the things people take seriously.

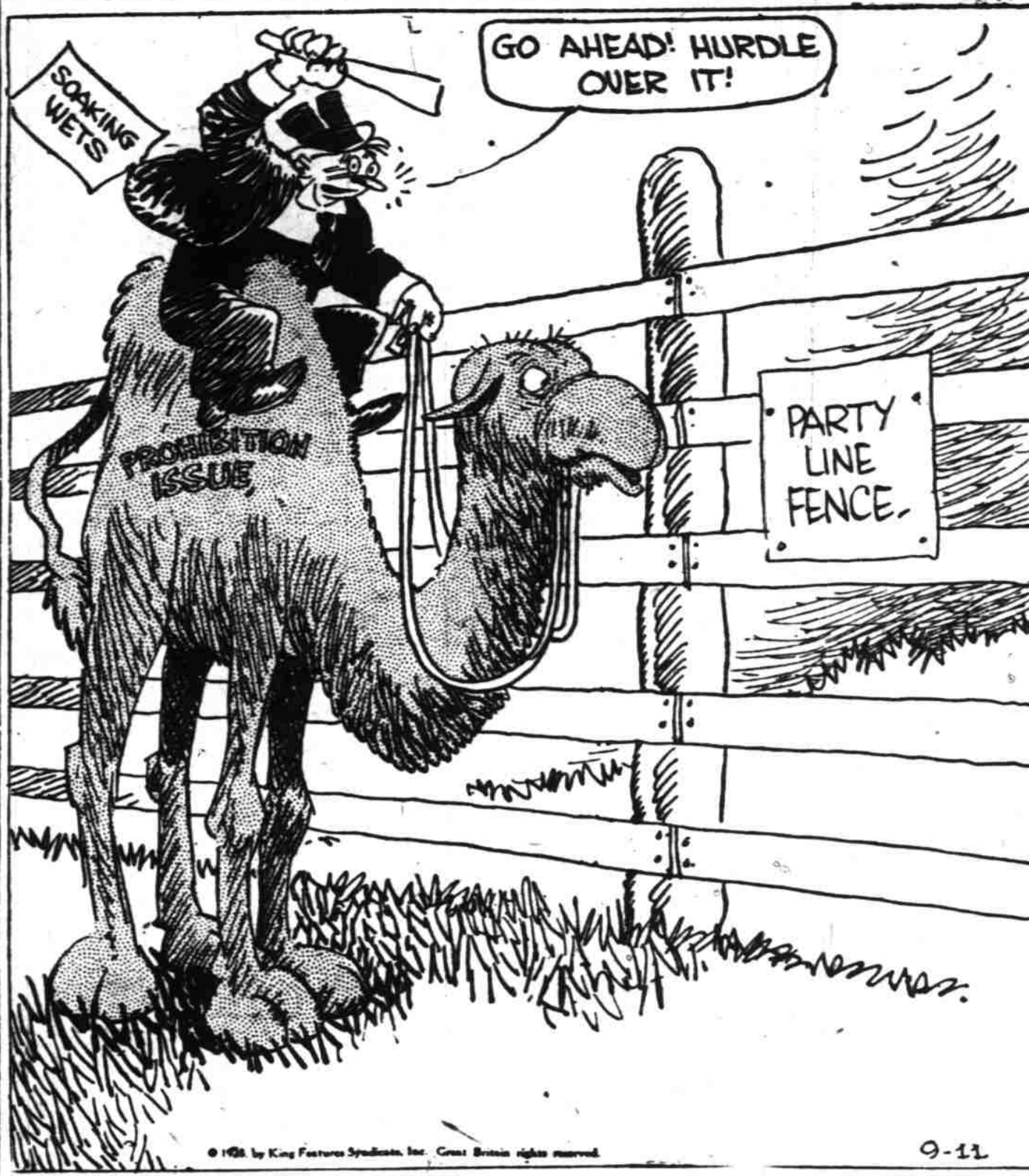
"Smith About Ready for Hot Campaign" is a headline carried by a contemporary—it is well for he will surely get it.

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. Upbuilding 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 central 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.

"Jump If You're Gonna!"



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Is business good? There is a political dispute about this.

But the hard headed men of Wall street think it is good. Here's what the "owls of Wall street," Henry Clews & Co., say in their current weekly bulletin: "It seems perfectly clear that business is proceeding satisfactorily and looks to be future with confident eyes.... Taking the situation all in all, industry and trade are doing well and face the autumn and winter in cheerful frame of mind."

The same authority, which is one of the most conservative in the country, makes a long analysis of the business situation in this country, and gives out the most cheerful and encouraging conclusions arrived at by these people or a long time.

There is no question about the bright prospects for business and rapid growth in Salem and this section, if the increased industrial activity keeps on keeping on; and this is about as certain as anything can be.

Thomas A. Edison gives in the "west number of words the reason why Hoover will be elected president: "Because he stands for the things the majority of the people are in favor of." Yes; he will be elected because he will get the most electoral votes.

Senator Curtis, republican candidate for vice president, will be the guest of honor at the powwow of the plains Indians on the Great Sioux reservation, at Rosebud.

South Dakota, on next Tuesday, Sept. 20th; celebrating the 50th anniversary of the founding of the reservation. Senator Curtis has a trace of Indian blood in his veins, started his childhood on a reservation, and knows how to mix with the Indians.

We confess to being more or less partisan, but we promise never to go to the limits now being reached by some of the leaders among the democrats in Oregon. Or West is the only one who has stood by his principles. The rest have all swallowed their crow and now pretend to like it. Here is Mill Miller, friend and admirer of Bryan and Wilson, making a speech in Portland the other day in which he said "Al Smith stands for the best things in government. If he does, then so does hell and Mr. Miller knows it."—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Editor White objects to Al's emotionalism. How he must adore Calvin.—Exchange.

The first killing frost is scheduled for a certain Tuesday in November.

The lady who yearns to be kissed as it is done on the screen shouldn't blame her escort. He might do it if she resembled the lady on the screen.

There's one nice thing about buying overalls. The clerk doesn't use a little French to make them seem more attractive.

Every traffic cop knows at least one driver who always glares at him as though he had stopped a parade.

A New Yorker at Large

By G. P. S. S. S.

NEW YORK—Counting by private yacht from country homes on Long Island Sound to offices in Wall street is the daily custom of dozens of New York's men of means. But the other morning a vessel rode down East River toward the Battery so gleaming white and so majestic with its pennants flying in the sun that it even the waterfront workers accustomed to such sights paused to gaze.

The proud craft slowed its pace, and onto the lower deck came the captain, pompous and splendid in a gold-braided uniform. He surveyed the labors of the crew as it set about beside the steam-driven tender ship a trim little motor tender. The smaller boat was drawn up alongside the yacht, the crew stepped to attention, the captain preened.

After such a display, the onlookers expected to witness the emergence of nothing short of a dozen admirals or a dowager empress. Instead, dismounted unobtrusively into the tender a slight, sensitive business suit and carrying a brief case under his arm. Stepping out at the nearest dock he hurried down a dingy side street toward lower Broadway looking for all the world like an accountant's clerk dashing to his desk from a belated Staten Island ferry.

Speed Without Profit The haste of the New Yorker is proverbial, but as often as not it is pointless. In the subway men and women spurn the vacant seats of local trains to stand uncomfortably in crowded expresses even when they are going but 25 blocks, and will gain but a minute or two by taking the faster train.

The conductor of a Fifth avenue bus is puzzled, too, by another instance of breathlessness. To help carry the five o'clock rush-hour crowd home, the bus company starts three extra vehicles from midtown points northward. The first goes to 155th street, the second to 168th, the third to 181st. The crowd elbows its way into the first two buses and the third often sets out half empty. But at 155th and 168th streets, passengers transfer to it in numbers from their destinations. If they had waited a few minutes in midtown they might have gotten home just as soon and without transferring—but they just must hurry.

Faulty Appraisal A financier who never has been distinguished for the attention he paid to his clothes walked down Park avenue one afternoon lately and paused casually beside a new apartment house a sign on which announced that several suites were vacant. Approaching the doorman, who was still new enough at his post to glory in his uniform, the financier remarked: "I see you have some apartments here."

The doorman sized up his accoster and was unimpressed. "Well," said the dignitary haughtily, "the only thing we have is 14 rooms."

Ring Lost Six Years HARRISON, Me.—Rains and freshets of six years failed to disturb a ring lost on the bank of Crooked river. The girl who lost it in 1922 has recovered the ring at the spot where it disappeared.

They Say

Salem, Sept. 12.

To the Editor of the Statesman: In nearly 30 years of experience in the woods of the northwest as a layman I have formed the opinion that forest fires are due to the following causes:

1. Lightning will set more fires than any other cause. I have observed a dozen fires started by lightning in an afternoon and fortunately for the forest service most of them are put out by the showers that follow, but some of the largest blazes are due to lightning.

2. The burning of slashings by the logging companies is the second largest cause of fires in the green timber.

3. Incineration—fires started by the cattle men to improve the grazing or individual spite work.

4. Hunters and campers cause the smallest percentage of all.

It is true that grass fires along the highways are often produced by careless smokers but in the deep woods men are careful; primary cause the average woodsman does not want the outfit burned and secondarily because he has a healthy respect for a forest fire, and is a natural lover of the trees and the beauty of the camp sites. He may leave his camp fire burning, but it is usually in a safe place surrounded by rocks or on a barren spot where the danger is slight and with our excellent patrol service only slight danger arises from the campers fire.

In the last few weeks, or I might say, the last few years the hunters and campers have been asked unwillingly to shoulder the burden as the greatest of "fire menaces" and have been deliberately ordered out of the timber by the forest service. This constitutes what I claim is one of the greatest comedies that have been thrust upon the nature loving public in the memory of the oldest citizen.

It has been said that the forestry department was influenced to do this thing by the "timber interests." Now, as a great many people know, the average lumberman hunter and camper will do anything under his power to keep these people out of the timber. Their interests are only in the destruction of timber and not at all are they interested in reforesting or in the conservation of that thing timber, while the camper and hunter will do anything in their power to prevent the destruction of the woods and to preserve our natural resources. Any one who has witnessed the total destruction of nature on the mountain side after a logging crew have passed over it will state that a "no man's land" is absolutely perfect.

An incident will illustrate the total disregard for the nature loving public by the average man in the lumber industry: A prominent timber man, a ranger and myself were discussing a beautiful waterfall of great height located in the deep timber about five miles off the forest trail. The ranger stated how much the public would appreciate the beauty of that scene if the forest service would only cut a trail over to it so that it might be seen by those who love scenery. The timber man said "That waterfall is better off right where it is." In other words, the public be damned.

A party of campers asked for a permit to build a camp fire in the Umpqua forest reserve at four o'clock September 8. They were instructed by the ranger in charge that there was absolutely no objection to their camping in the mountains until the opening of the deer season. He stated that the governor had closed the hunting season until it rained, but as far as the forest service was concerned they could stay in camp and do as they pleased under the usual regulation. A packer was secured at a price of \$130 and their outfit started into the hills. After traveling hard for about 20 miles they arrived at their proposed camp site and were met by a patrol man from the other side who stated that everybody was to be ordered out of the forests because of the fire hazard. These people were told to turn their backs and head for the river and were not even allowed to camp over night at the end of a hard day's journey. The packer has three or four other parties in the deep timber several miles further back and it would take two days each trip to carry them all out. These people were instructed to walk out 25 miles and leave their outfits in the timber for the packer to bring down later. They were not even allowed to camp on the river where they might wait for their equipment. They were apparently expected to fly to their homes hundreds of miles away and let their equipment get home the best way it could. If they were not out of the woods by noon of that day they would be subject to arrest.

Arrest for what? What kind of law are people breaking when they go into the mountains to enjoy the scenery and to get a vacation when they do so under the strict regulation of the forestry department and the protection of the rangers who patrol the woods in a very efficient manner and prevent forest fires? This is certainly evidence of great comedy on the part of officials who hold four year jobs, sit at glass top desks and give orders which bring great discomfort to hundreds of people who have planned vacations for months back and who have a considerable expense in equipment, packers fees, without mentioning the tourists from neighboring states who travel thousands of miles coming to Oregon every year to hunt and enjoy our natural resources, paying a non-residence license for the privilege only to be turned back after getting located on a camp site.

When the deer hunting season opened on August 20 the woods were dry and the fire hazard great and yet very few fires were caused by the campers. The season was just moved to September 10 in order to eliminate that feature, and has undoubtedly resulted in better hunting and an increase in the number of game. Everyone knows that hunting is very poor when the days are hot and the woods are dry and noisy, but what about these new efforts to clamp down regulations to inconvenience campers and hunters? Public opinion should be aroused to the real truth regarding the absolute lack of danger of fires from this source in the face of our adequate forest patrol to prevent such things.

Our grandfathers came to Oregon as pioneers and enjoyed the Cascade mountain scenery without the modern restriction and red tape and so have we of the present generation up until the last few years, this year in particular. But what of the next generation? When our boy asks for a permit to fish he will have to inquire where he can go to catch a fish and a natural camp grounds will all be gone; not because they have been burned off but because they have probably been cut.

LARAN A. STEEVES, M. D.

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CLICKS

What Salem ought to have is a city manager, not a czar.

Vic MacKenzie's plan for using flag souvenirs to advertise Salem when the Legion drum corps goes to San Antonio is excellent. That boy knows his flag.

Ex-governor Sweet, of Colorado, a democrat, will not support Al Smith. It seems a paradox that Sweet should be dry.

Arizona democrats apparently mean to elect G. W. P. Hunt governor again for a seventh term. That man is no governor; he's an institution.

Fall Fashion Week opened with a bang, all right.

We hazard a guess that the state's inquiry into Portland's power companies will develop the fact that conditions are "shocking."

It is amusing to hear the democrats gabble that Maine always goes republican when, only a few days ago, Al Smith's eastern friends were predicting a party victory there.

John Coolidge has a job as a railway clerk. That's a good start, anyway.

Ibn Saud, sultan of Nejd and king of Hedjaz, is miffed because he wasn't invited to sign the Kellogg peace pact. If he had told someone how to find those places maybe he would have received a bid.

The kidding season is on. Now is the time to try out your old tires and brakes on smooth, wet highway.

Portland's weather man actually predicted the rain. For once the Oregon climate agrees with him.

The New Statesman suggests that cut-over lands be turned into golf courses. There seem to be golfers enough.

Failure to register means loss of your vote.

That man who paid a fine rather than wish someone would invent a non-skid handkerchief. It would fill a real want these sniffling fall days.

Ask any boy or girl in Salem what will happen September 24. And we don't refer to the opening of the state fair, either.

A Washington Bystander

By Kirk L. Simpson

WASHINGTON—Two snow-headed veterans who gave gallant service to the flag at the threshold of manhood still hold high place in active duty under that flag in Washington, although far past their allotted three score years and ten.

As it happens, both went through the grim battle days of '61-'65 in Massachusetts regiments and both are high honors for courage. Both, also, have toiled for more than a quarter century in his chosen field of civil life.

There is one more great dome of the capitol. And both wear the flowing mustaches, whitened by the marching decades, that date them back to the brave old days and a generation all but vanished in the shadowy mists of time.

Holmes and Warren The senior of this pair of old warriors whose heads are still unwhipped by the years is Oliver Wendell Holmes, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, now in his eighty-eighth year; the junior, Francis Emroy Warren, senior senator from Wyoming, three years younger. Warren wears the blue white star of the Medal of Honor, won as an enlisted man at the siege of Port Hudson; Holmes, a youngster lieutenant just out of Harvard in '61, was thrice brevetted for gallantry and carries the scars of serious wounds received at Balls Bluff, at Antietam and at Marston Heights.

There is a fine flavor of the older days about both these Massachusetts lads who were tried and tempered in the furnace of war as their first test of manhood. Their pathways far diverged as the struggle ended. Holmes turned at once to the scholarly tastes of a lawyer, the post father whose name he bears to become a profound student of law. Warren, with the restless spirit of adventure still on him, hardly paused before the frontier and life in the rough called him to the Dakota territory and a leading political place in the making of the state of Wyoming. Not a decade

after the guns had ceased to mutter, his foot was on the ladder of political advancement; while Holmes, then and now, looked out on life by preference through his study windows.

Fighter and Scholar They show their history as they sit now with their respective colleagues in Washington. Warren, heavily crested still and with shoulders wide as a barn door, shows a face seamed with the lines etched there by the lusty, hard fought life he has led; Holmes, in the solemn black robes of his office, reveals scarcely a trace of these furrows of time, for his has been the kingdom of a trained, thoughtful old world with little of harsh contacts with life.

Yet there is about Holmes as dean of the highest court, as Warren is dean of the senate, something that sets him apart from the prosaic man of the law his life might have made him. There is an air of courtly, old world manner and charm despite his aloofness. Many years ago, he called at the post office for a misdirected book, a bulky parcel which the girl clerk promptly offered to have sent to his home.

"Madam," he said in smiling refusal as he gathered up the big book, "the French have a saying that a gentleman may carry three things on his arm: a sword, a book or a woman."

Surprise Party Given Pomeroy At Independence INDEPENDENCE, Ore., Sept. 12.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Dole Pomeroy were pleasantly surprised at their home Monday evening, when a number of their friends dropped in for a social evening. The occasion being their 15th wedding anniversary.

The evening was spent in conversation after which refreshments the guest brought with them were served.

The Pomeroy were presented with a large beautiful mirror. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Wiprud, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Grover Maltison, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Butt, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mix, Mr. and Mrs. K. I. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Hiltbrand and Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From the Statesman Our Fathers Read

September 13, 1903 Announcement has been made in this city of the marriage of Miss Georgianna Gwynne, which took place in Anaconda, Montana, September 9.

Word comes from Chemawa that arrangements have been completed for the Chemawa Indians will go to California for a match game of football with the Stanford University eleven.

Margaritta Fischer, the 16 year old favorite and her own talented company will appear at the Grand Opera House for one week beginning Monday. Miss Fischer is a Salem girl having spent most of her life here. She will probably be remembered by most Salem people as Babe Fischer.

F. J. Stafford was a passenger on yesterday morning's overland passenger train.

Miss Carrie Wyatt of Forest Grove is a guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Byrd for a Salem visit.

Dr. C. S. White returned to his home yesterday morning after attending the meeting of the Marion County Medical society held in this city Friday evening.

E. H. Kuhn of Albany, the Oregon representative of the International Correspondence schools of Scranton, Pa. arrived in Salem yesterday to remain until after the state fair.

Hon. and Mrs. Frank Davy arrived in this city from Portland last evening and will remain until the state fair.

City's Building Activity Grows With First Rain

Wet weather brought a rush of applicants for building permits to the city recorder's office, six being issued Wednesday. Whether this meant the opening of a building "boom" or hurried preparations to get in out of the rain, Recorder Mark Paulsen could not say. Permits were issued as follows:

John P. Murphy, dwelling at 2245 North Front street, \$1700; Ernest Solle, contractor.

M. D. Ellis, repairs on dwelling at 2510 Cherry avenue, \$250; B. D. Bede, dwelling at 1325 South Church street, \$3500; Anderson and Martin, contractors.

Rose W. Chamberlain, garage at 1255 Lee street, \$125; Minnie A. Evans, repairs on dwelling at 1014 Mill street, \$1,000.

Mrs. D. Leonard, repairs on dwelling at 1163 Walker street, \$200.

Father to Coach Son On Gridiron

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Father is to coach son football at Fordham. Dave Cavanaugh is out for the freshmen team. His father, Frank W. is head coach. He played end. So does the youngster.

2 Nations' Hockey Women Will Clash

GREENWICH, R. I., Sept. 12.—(AP)—There is to be an international women's polo match September 22. A team is coming from Alberta to play an American team, places on which are sought by Becky and Sally Lanier, Miss Mary Leary and Mrs. James Hewlett among others.