

The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrow.  
—W. S. Landor.

Silly Selfishness

PITTING the power of money and the poison of ill-will against the force of friendship and a reputation for sincere service, certain bitter forces are again engaged in a pre-election program to unseat John L. Rand, chief justice of the Oregon supreme court.

How futile the effort is may be gauged by the utter failure of the first attempt. But its futility does not gainsay the tragedy of sacrificing to the contest the otherwise admirable qualifications of Loyal M. Graham. Mr. Graham is deserving of higher honors than are granted him by the anti-Rand group.

It is sad that politics must be played at such cost. It is shameful that a disgruntled individual of the George Joseph stripe has authority of law to employ the mechanics of our political system for such a self-seeking display of evil disposition.

His best friend will not deny that Judge Rand may have failed in the quite impossible task of pleasing everyone. Yet he has not been impeached by the crude, the cheap and the envious enterprises of his enemies. He must be happy to know that his friends and admirers, once sufficiently strong to overwhelm his detractors, are again armed to protect the man and his record from the malicious maneuvers of those who would satisfy their own spiteful vanities in unseating him.

That Mr. Graham should have been drawn into this petty, impractical program is regrettable. That the Portland Telegram should lend its energies to this impolitic, vitriolic attack is reprehensible. That George Joseph, whose championship of a much abused public conscience is selfish bunk and bluster, should strive again to unseat Judge Rand is just exactly what might have been expected from Mr. Joseph.

That the present attack on Judge Rand will be more fruitless than was the first seems to be a foregone conclusion. Voters of Oregon will not weigh Judge Rand in any balance made by George Joseph or those in his present alliance.

The whole program of bitterness is so silly and so apparently a bargain of spiteful selfishness that it cannot be taken seriously by intelligent voters.

Contradicted Testimony

"IT is a better world than ever it was before, and gentler, a kinder people dwell in it," says the kindly, gentle Oregonian in its courteous retort to the Statesman's recent thought anent Henry Ford's museum village.

Who's to dispute it? For, as the Oregonian adds, "one has only to read Oliver Twist if he would dissipate this notion" that the present is a sorry illustration of man's inhumanity.

In its chivalrous defense of the present the Oregonian deals in superlatives to emphasize a point in a case it cannot prove, since the question is so entirely one of relative values. The qualities of mind and heart that left us pretty traditions of post-colonial gentility and kindness are the same qualities that actuate and motivate our own generation. Where our Portland friend gets into deep water is in holding up Oliver Twist as a horrible example and ignoring the neurotic, the erotic—the "Flaming Youth"—and their counterparts of this later day.

To indulge the notion that our grandmothers were less kindly than our daughters is an ordinance even the daughters will not sign. To suggest that the era of rolled shoes (or no hose at all) is more charitable, more selfish, less cynical, less modest than the day of ruffled collars or poke bonnets is to tread on the toes of rightful personal opinion. Not even the Oregonian should assume that privilege with its statement that these are "cynical and selfish times," for it thus weakens its defense by contradicting its testimony.

Sixty-Seventh State Fair

TITTLE boys with surprised grimaces—"how on earth can pigs get so fat"; and little girls proud as little girls can be when their elders view displays of juvenile handiwork; and elders themselves, out for a week or a day of joy while they review the grand array of the fruits of labor and soil—the week of Oregon's sixty-seventh annual state fair.

All signs are right as final careful plans are made for opening the big gates Monday morning. Even a sometimes over-enthusiastic weather man threatens for once to control the elements while the colorful, funfuf parade goes on.

Here is a gathering place for the richness that is Oregon. Under the broad roofs of state fair buildings is marshalled that army of animals and soil products that testifies to the bounty of resources of a wonderful state. But quiet aside from these is the gathering of happy folk, old and young, out for a gala holiday.

The latch-string is out; the light of welcome shines. Salem extends greetings to her guests and hopes for them that that joy will be unconfined.

Ambassador of Wine

FRANCE grows afraid that her wines will not always find markets. She has with much joy assured her people and the world through her press that prohibition is a terrible failure in America and will quickly be done away with, but she is now sending M. Gaston-Gerrard, mayor of Dijon, as an official "ambassador of wine" to travel over the world and stir up anti-prohibition enthusiasm. Perhaps, instead of starting with India, he had better come to America and join the Smith forces—they need help. It will take more than an ambassador of wine to stop the growing temperance movements now under way in all sections of the world.

Religious Rivalry?

WHEN Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, one of the greatest Methodist preachers of our day, recently closed his pastorate in Detroit he was called to the campus of Detroit university to receive the LL. D. degree. It was conferred by the Jesuit chancellor of this Catholic university. In commenting on the incident an important Canadian daily said: "The incident makes good reading. When a Methodist pastor can be honored by a Catholic university, North America can't be gripped quite as sharply by religious rivalry as some people have tried to make us think."

Even Chicago's crimes have their usefulness. We are now told that the horrible example of that city has been the means of inaugurating crime commissions and preventive campaigns all over the United States and that conditions in many cities have been materially improved. Perhaps as conditions grow worse in Chicago they will grow better elsewhere.

Edward D. Campbell, farming 95,000 acres in Montana, has been appointed on a committee to help solve the farmers' problem. Some one suggests that perhaps his best contribution would be to quit farming, thereby reducing the supply and giving the rest of the farmers a chance.

Employment in Detroit is 10 per cent higher than at any previous time. Not a bad record for a presidential year.

"A pledge by Herbert Hoover is a sacred obligation, and may be accepted at full value."—Oregonian.

THE CONSTITUTION

By EDNA GARFIELD

From out the Ages past a new voice spoke;  
A new-found code for Nation newly born;  
The precedent that "might is right" was broke;  
A day-star new arose to greet the morn.

Our fathers firm believed in things that stood;  
Nor deemed nobility a thing of birth;  
Nor special privilege for any blood;  
Equality of man throughout the earth.

Immortal framers of immortal code—  
Our CONSTITUTION—mighty bulwark grand;  
It high envisioned, world-wide brotherhood;  
A rainbow of fair promise in our land.

By it has been subdued a Continent;  
Our deeds bloom, cities sing, in praise;  
And Education with our Freedom blends;  
Bespoke God-guided, wise forefathers' ways.

How vast the need for Patriots tried and true,  
To weather storms which Ship of State assails;  
To keep unsmiled our Red, White and Blue,  
Against which not any foe shall e'er prevail.

They Say --

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this Column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, Though This Need Not be Printed.

Proud of Statesman, Would Abate Weeds

To the editor of the Statesman: We are receiving your paper, the New Oregon Statesman and have remarked that Salem should be proud of a daily like it. Notice your boosting and remarked as to two things in special. That film of educational movies be shown in Portland lots and mine had only grass, not weeds, but each paper gives notice that clean-up week is coming. It then stands you in hand to see that division of the city government, for if we do it in time it gives the expense of posting notice, which I think I think is about \$1. Then we had to have lot cleaned or do it ourselves. In average times I found that the city force did it as cheap as any one, so let them do it. They took \$3 per 50' lot, but I have got a refund when went to them.

If I did not attend to it and the lots were posted we paid in our city cleaning. Now if Portland can do it why cannot Salem in the same state? They also made us spread earwig poison or pay for it being done. But I think they are not enforcing that now. With the poison there were companies that got lists of property owners, sent out cards offering to do it for so much. Would that not work as to cutting weeds also?

Most people remark when speaking of Salem: "It's a pretty city" and a very little pride and work can make it more so. It's not fair to those who do keep up their property to have lots around them overgrown with weeds and grass. They can't get them here in Los Angeles and if not burnt off by owners, there is a city force to do it, but I do not know the law here, as I own no vacant lots.  
F. A. SMITH.

Demand for Quality Urged on Growers

To the editor of the Statesman: How can the president help the farmer?

Yesterday had wonderful trip through our Willamette valley, from Portland to the berry center of the world—Woodburn.

In Woodburn I visited the Ray Brown cannery, where they were canning pears shipped in from Blaine river and Washington. Why not grow pears in Willamette valley and save cost of freight, which could be paid grower? If the president could have seen the size and shape of bushels and bushels of these pears, which these cannery workers were trying to shape up and make look appetizing, he would say "the grower needs to be on his job and raise pears that can be put up for our people, without so much labor and cost to the cannery."

Then prunes were opened for inspection. The ones grown in the Willamette valley were canned with black bitches; the ones grown in Washington were smooth and all of one color. Still, freight had to be paid on the ones coming from Washington—money that could be paid Oregon growers.

Oregon growers must spray, cultivate and fertilize if they expect a crop and a price. A cannery cannot take inferior fruit and shake it into A-1 and ask a price for it. The growers must keep themselves.  
MYRTLE MALING

A set up in Canada has just voted against the further ordination of women as preachers. Foolish! Does any more man really think he can keep women from preaching when they feel like it?—Eugene Register.

A Welcome Tenant



© 1928 by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Copy Right Reserved

A Yankee Writes From Abroad

LONDON — It seems passing strange that the two people who are at the moment occupying the European limelight should both be keenly averse to personal publicity, and especially does it seem odd since they are world-famous fighters.

Mr. Gene Tunney, who wages battles with his fists, and M. Eleutherios Venizelos, the Iron-Man who has headed more than one revolution and has just thrown his hat into the ring as premier of Greece for the fourth time, really should meet and shake hands. They would find a lot in common. Either one of them would twist the tail of a raging lion with all the nonchalance of a Beau Brummel swinging his swagger cane, but a reporter drives them to cover like frightened rabbits.

One wonders what F. T. Barnum would have said to that. Things

were not this in my heyday as a reporter. I was offered more than one bribe by politicians for publicity, and I have had a pugilistic gentleman threaten to "knock my block off" because I didn't handle his "obit" the way he liked. My old friend, Battling Nelson, used to drift into my sports department in a newspaper office and write his own stuff.

M. Venizelos "One Up" I have had the pleasure of meeting both Messieurs Tunney and Venizelos, and found them delightful personalities, but I didn't meet them as a working newspaperman. There's at least one difference between the two—despite his dislike of personal publicity, Gene will receive reporters, while Eleutherios (pardon me, gentlemen, if I seem to familiar in the use of your first names) steers as clear

of scribes as may be.

I recall one meeting with the veteran Greek statesman in London in 1922, when the late King Constantine was tottering on his creaky throne for the second time. Incidentally, His Majesty undoubtedly had Venizelos to thank for the insecurity of the royal crown. That is one case where M. Venizelos has an advantage over M. Tunney; the latter never administered the coup de grace to a ruling monarch.

I had a long conference with M. Venizelos, but it was specifically stated in advance that I was not being received as a journalist. It was just a friendly gesture on the part of this inscrutable man who has dominated Greek affairs on and off for a generation. He talked very freely with me—but not for publication.

Concerning A Monocle

An association of ideas seems to be leading me away from my subject, but perhaps a digression will be permitted in hope that there may be a tale in the offing. I was much interested in this meeting with M. Venizelos, because a short time previously I had dined with that Grand Old Man "Tay Pay" O'Connor when he entertained M. Gounares, then premier of Greece and Venizelos' political enemy, and M. Baltazzi, Greek foreign minister, who were visiting London in an effort to bolster up the Greek fortunes. They were not averse to publicity.

I sat beside the foreign minister, a fat, good-natured gentleman who discoursed entertainingly on many subjects. He wore a monocle, or tried to wear one. The peaky thing would persist in dropping out every 30 seconds, and the minister spent most of his time screwing the bit of glass back into place. I was amused by this at the time, but I could not know that a little later this monocle was to play a striking part in a great tragedy.

In the fall of that year came a revolution in Greece. Constantine fled, and several members of the government faced a firing squad. The condemned included the aristocratic appearing Gounares and his foreign minister. The story of their bravery in meeting death was a moving one, but perhaps it was natural that I should have especially noted one sentence about M. Baltazzi's monocle in the midst of the grim history of the executions.

The big man walked out to his post before the rifles, calmly smoking a cigarette. One thing alone seemed to disturb his peace of mind—he couldn't keep his monocle in his eye.

Soviet Russia has named a crop dictator. It would be fun to watch him dictating to a hill of backward potatoes.—Lansing State Journal.

Careless With Them

All his decorations, American and foreign, supplemented by the six campaign badges he is entitled to wear, would justify some 30 bits of colorful ribbon on the breast of Perahing's uniform. Of them all, except when courtly visits abroad, the little Distinguished Service medal button is the only token ever seen. Even that disappeared at the time of the funeral of the Unknown Soldier in 1921, when Perahing walked behind the casket from the Capitol to Arlington cemetery. Then he wore only the Victory medal, in which every man who served in the armed forces of the country in the World War at home or abroad is entitled.

It's no use to ask Perahing about these decorations. He would only suggest that the conversation turn to "something worth while." He leaves care of the bejeweled and intrinsically valuable stars and crosses and medals to his office staff. They are scattered about in his trunks or the office safe or elsewhere, and no

A New Yorker at Large

By G. D. Seymour

NEW YORK.—Three men came up the path to the steps. One was fat and pasty-faced, another slender, with nervously darting eyes, and the third of medium build, his shoulder sagging under the weight of an initialed valise.

The door opened to their knock. "You three men from the L. & M. corporation?" asked the blue-eyed, white-haired Irishman who answered their summons. G. D. Seymour "Come in and take a bath, and get ready for a ride this afternoon."

The men were minor executives of a New York firm. Their nerves were taut with overwork and worry. They were run down by too much food and too little exercise and sleep.

They stayed three weeks. When they went back to their desks they were thoroughly rested and recreated, and they had watched a practical experiment in reconditioning human machinery.

Machine Age Casualties Bill Brown's farm at Brownsdale, on the Hudson river above New York, is the repair shop for the highly-paid manpower of some of the city's largest firms. "Men are just as valuable as typewriters," commented an office manager who himself had benefited by a few weeks at Bill's. "We send our typewriters to a repair shop when parts wear out. Why

not our men who break down on the job?"

So Bill Brown takes men who have cracked under the strain of high-pressure tasks and puts them on a basis of simple, normal living. He makes them work and play hard, eat plain food and not too much of it, and sleep nine hours a night. Men who are overweight run off their extra pounds in heavy work under the regimen Brown prescribes, and human skeletons add weight on wholesome food and lots of rest.

Bill, their 53-year-old host, insists that he isn't running a sanitarium, but merely a place where men tensed by the pace of business life are relaxed and rebuilt.

The Stragous Life

The "vacationers" at Brownsdale rise, winter or summer, at 6:30 and work half an hour in the gymnasium. Then they take a bath, a plunge or a massage, have breakfast and look at the morning papers. In hiking clothes they walk at a stiff pace across the hills for several hours. Another bath follows, then lunch and a nap. Golf, tennis, riding and handball fill the afternoon. After dinner they loaf until bedtime at nine.

They emerge, in a week or two or three, brighter-eyed, steadier-handed, more alert. Most of them take back to their daily business routine, consciously or unconsciously, some of the discipline they have learned at Brownsdale. They guard more carefully against over-eating, which Brown blames for three-fifths of man's physical ills. They pay more attention to exercise, they learn to set aside more hours for sleep. And Brown sends the bill to their employers.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Still bigger and better—

The state fair. This will be true of the present one, as it has been of each predecessor, running back for a number of years.

Governor Withycombe used to say the Oregon state fair was the best west of Minnesota. This is still true. And it is a truth that ought to give us pride.

"The King of Kings" is coming to the Elsinore in a few days. It is the only picture of the kind ever attempted, and it is one of the greatest moving pictures ever made. All of Salem's trade district must see it.

Everybody in northern Marion and southern Clackamas counties knows E. G. Robinson. He was up to a few months ago the biggest booster of the Aurora section, where he was the high man of the commercial club, and where his office was. He was the owner of the electric light and power plants serving the towns of that district. A little while back he sold the plants which he had been instrumental in building up; it is supposed at a good profit, giving him a nice surplus of ready money or securities. Now, Mr. Robinson has been interested in the development of the flax industry of the Aurora district. Largely through his influence, flax growing has taken up there, and some very excellent crops have been grown. The north end of Marion county has good and thorough farmers. After Mr. Robinson had sold his electric light and power plants and business, he thought of the flax and

linen industries as a possible outlet for his future activities, and perhaps as lines in which he might invest some of his surplus capital. So he planned to go to the linen districts across the Atlantic and make a thorough examination of the way they do things over there. Well, Mr. Robinson's address is now 22 Madison avenue, Belfast, Ireland, and he sends to the Bismarck a copy of the Belfast Telegraph of the issue of September 1. That paper is of course full of flax and linen information.

There is a linen trade review, among other things, in the paper. There is some advice against the high retail prices of linen goods, especially those sold to tourists; running to 90 per cent profit for retailers. Mention is made of an improved trade with China, in which the Belfast manufacturers are "getting most of the business for the higher grades, beating our competitors for quality and appearance." It is added: "But in the low class of stuff other countries, making an inferior article, can sometimes cut us out." The linen damask trade is reported good, also the linen handkerchief trade, in which, it is stated "we have the upper hand."

Salem Y free employment office had last week 135 men and 25 women applying for work, and found jobs for 113 of the men and 13 of the women. But that proportion will not hold for many weeks now. Mr. Hoover hopes to completely solve the problem of unemployment. He will have "some job," though there is no other living man better qualified to tackle it with confidence of success.

No. 1 of a Series of Four Educative Talks

What is Salem's Fastest Growing Industry?

Without doubt it is the Western Paper Converting Co.

CONSIDER ITS RECORD

ENTERING a field of production unique in the West, this company did \$250,000 gross business its first year!

This remarkable record was made more striking by \$310,000 of gross business its second year. Now in the third year of production the company will reach the \$600,000 mark of business done.

Making fruit wrappers—food wrappers—paper bags—school supplies—tin foil wraps—hundreds of specialized products in large quantities and at reasonable prices... the business is growing by leaps and bounds.

To finance a new building which will double the area of the present structure on Front street, Salem, \$45,000 of common and preferred stock is yet available.

Western Paper Converting Co.

P. O. Box 367—Salem—Tel. 2358

INFORMATION REQUEST

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

Without obligation or cost, please supply me with further information regarding your plan of distributing a limited portion of Capital Stock set aside for working capital. Please send this request to the home office, Salem, attention of Henry S. Jones, financial manager.