

A great deal of the joy of the life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic. —William Matthews.

The Hope of Dreamers

THE abolition of poverty has been the hope of dreamers throughout the ages. It was in the mind of Plato when he set forth the plan of his "Republic," which he believed might be worked as the perfect form of government. It was the soul of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia." It was the main thought of Cabot and Saint-Simon and Fourier of the early French school of social and socialistic philosophers, and of Robertus and Karl Marx and Ferdinand, Lassalle and others of the German school.

Indeed, from the Essenes in their communistic villages of ancient Israel to the modern settlements in America where property is held in common, as in the Amana society in Iowa, this dream has been dreamed.

Now, Mrs. Raymond Robins, who has undertaken the task of directing the campaign activities among the industrial women of the United States, gives as her reason for accepting this responsibility the statement that "never before has a practical statesman set out to prove how, to a very large measure, that idealistic state can be attained."

Referring to Herbert Hoover as the "practical statesman" who has undertaken the task of "providing a job for every man and woman who needs it."

Mrs. Robins has been in the thick of the fight for better laboring conditions in this country for years. She was president of the National Woman's Trade Union league for fifteen years, president of the International Congress of Working Women for six years, and served on the committee on education of the American Federation of Labor.

"The increasing use of machinery takes sweat from the backs of men, but it also takes jobs from them; it is throwing men out of work by the thousands," says Mrs. Robins, and she argues that this makes a tremendous problem, but she asserts that, fortunately for the nation, we have available the services of "the greatest economic mind of the age." She declares that Herbert Hoover is "the one man who has the vision, the experience and the ability to handle the situation," and provide a job for every man and woman who needs it.

One woman in every five in this country works, says Mrs. Robins. People as a whole do not realize the extent to which women are employed in factories today, she says. She declares that these factory women must vote for Hoover to prevent their standards of living being lowered to European levels.

The two principal women who will help Mrs. Robins in her campaigning among women industrial workers are a boot and shoe worker and a glove worker by trade.

The people of Salem have heard Mrs. Robins in some of the hot campaigns of the past; and they have also heard her distinguished husband a number of times. He is one of the ablest platform orators in this country.

From the Inside

THE New York World, one of the most conspicuous supporters of Smith, condemns his stand on immigration; calls it "a nunivus proposal, which can do nothing but awaken antagonisms and jealousies without any compensating national benefit." The World says:

"The plan which seems to be Governor Smith's, is to base the quotas on the 1910 or 1920 census. The effect of this would be to decrease the quotas of Germany, the Irish Free State, and Great Britain, and to increase the quotas of Italy, Poland, Greece, and Russia.

"No quota system can, of course, be ideally satisfactory to everybody. The very effort of restriction, which is now a settled national policy, involves disappointment and dissatisfaction. But the present law is in operation, and there is no sense in reopening the question and starting a debate all over again as to what percentage of Irishmen, Germans, Poles, and Italians should be admitted each year."

Mr. Hoover in his acceptance speech favored an amendment to remove the provision that causes the separation of families, which Smith offered in his acceptance speech as one of his reasons for demanding a change in the quota.

While Mr. Hoover holds that the quota basis now in effect carries out the essential principles of the law.

The difference is as wide as the poles; and the immigration question is becoming one of the hottest of the issues before the voters in November, as it ought to be. The prosperity of the United States, demanding as a prerequisite a job for every man and woman with a will to work, is as much bound up in this as is the protective tariff as enunciated in the republican platform.

The present quota gives us around 4,000,000 immigrants a year, or something like 1,000,000 new laborers, not counting those who slip in over the Canadian and Mexican lines and the "indirect immigration," or the births in the United States.

And the total of new workers coming in and coming on now is as large as we can in safety digest. No one not totally and hopelessly tarred with the Tammany stick can deny this.

It Is Too Low

THE current Salem chamber of commerce weekly bulletin, under the heading, "Why Salem Population Is 27,000," says:

"All estimates of population of cities are made on the 1920 census, and then the increase in water users, telephones, school enrollment, electricity users and postal receipts. The average increase since 1920 of the five named is 63 per cent. An estimate of 27,000 population is an increase of only 52 per cent over the 1920 census."

That is all right. Salem's present population in what is termed her metropolitan district is more than 27,000.

That is, including all her suburbs, such as West Salem and the built up sections to the north, east and south, not now within the corporate limits.

But the census takers of 1930 will not be allowed to enumerate any one not within the city limits or fixed there by actual ties, like those of a student away at school, or a drummer, etc., etc. If Salem wants to show up in the 1930 census with around 30,000 population, and to make sure of it, she will have to move in this direction—by getting the built up suburbs into the city limits.

Just before the 1910 census was taken, when George F. Rodgers was mayor, the penitentiary and asylum were voted into the city limits, by a majority of the residents of those sections and of the ballots cast by the residents of the city at the special election held for the purpose. (There were, of course, not many votes cast in the outside districts. There would be more, many more now. Manifestly, the inmates of the two institutions did not vote, nor a large proportion of the employees; the latter mostly having their actual legal residence elsewhere.)

But all inmates were counted in Salem's population, in both the 1910 census and that of 1920. They had a right to be, under the census rules. (Even a man in a city jail has his residence there, though he remain only a night.)

Salem is a city of 30,000 population now, counting the residents of her built up suburbs.

A youthful Milwaukee inventor who was working for a salary of \$30 a week invented a gas burner which not only burns 100 per cent of the gas but which cannot be extinguished when a pot boils over. Now he receives a salary of \$15,000 a year and owns one-fourth of the stock in a \$300,000 corporation that has been formed to manufacture the burners. Opportunity still "knocks unbidden once at every gate."

Is This Our Gene?



A Yankee Roams Abroad

By DE WITT MACKENZIE

LONDON—English society claims few more fascinating or dashing members than the Maharani of Cooch Behar, who is known as India's most beautiful princess. She has taken a hunting-box at Melton-Mowbray, where the Prince of Wales rides, and is riding to hounds this season. There's modern India for you!

If one were seeking an up-to-date heroine for an Indian novel, she could be found in this little, bobbed-haired enchantress, who has defied all the rules of the Orient for the repression of women. The maharani is the widow of the late Maharajah of Cooch Behar, who died young, and is the mother of the small heir to the throne. She is daughter of that famous potentate, the Gaekwar of Baroda. America will remember her brother, the late Prince Jai Singh, who blazed a fiery trail across the firmament of Harvard a few years ago by means of a Monte Cristo income and an inclination to spend it.

Modern Maid
The princess provided her romantic land with one love story it won't forget soon. She gave her affections to the youthful Maharajah of Cooch Behar, who ruled a rich state in Bengal, where the

mean-eating tigers come from. The prince was known as about the greatest sport India boasted, and the dignified gaekwar didn't approve of the match.

The gaekwar told his pretty, black-eyed goddess that she could tear this particular rose from her heart. There was some weeping, but the black eyes flashed a warning which the princely pap didn't see. He put his foot down. The princess also put one of her own dainty feet down, and then she put the other down before it. She kept on putting them down in this progressive manner until she ran into the arms of her handsome shiek. In other words, she eloped. The gaekwar naturally was ruffled, and a coolness sprang up between him and his daughter. It was some three years before they "made it up."

This reconciliation took place during a conference of 40 of India's greatest princes, among whom the gaekwar was one of the most powerful. Prince Jai Singh also was in Delhi, for no greater reason than that he wished to amuse himself. I saw much of him, because he liked to talk about America and the good old days. He was fed up with his life in India; the United States had spoiled him for the Orient.

Princely Whims

The prince, like his sister, was independent—so much so that he gave the gaekwar some worry. I myself prevented a "scene" at a leading hotel, when the prince suddenly decided he would show his American-bred spirit of democracy by calling a tonga to ride through the principal streets of the capital to a store he wished to visit. A tonga is a straw-littered two-wheeled cart, something like an Irish jaunting car, used by the lower classes. It is drawn by an emaciated horse, driven by an evilly dirty native.

The porch of the hotel was filled with princes, and I protested to Jai Singh against the scheme. When he was obdurate, I put down my foot, a la gaekwar.

"Don't forget you are the son of the gaekwar," I said. "Princes don't ride in tongas. If you do this it will make you ridiculous and will hurt your father. I won't permit you to get into that cart, but I will get a motor car." I borrowed a car from an Indian friend and accompanied the prince to a pottery store, where he bought, with scarcely a glance, about half the stock for his "museum" in Baroda.

M. E. church will convene in Salem next Tuesday. Over 200 people are expected to be in attendance.

The season's work of the Y. M. C. A. will open this afternoon.

The Willamette university faculty met last night and organized for the ensuing year's work. Prof. W. P. Drew was chosen secretary.

Freeman Eldredge of Fairfield is a Salem visitor.

Salem wood dealers report that Salem residents are faced with a wood shortage for the winter and several dealers are ordering considerable quantities of coal.

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A Washington Bystander

By Kirk L. Simpson

WASHINGTON—There is no more lonely or aloof spot in Washington in these days of hectic pre-election political speculation than the majestic capitol building itself; the very hub of the nation's political life.

With its vast bulk grandly from the garden hillsides of its setting at the eastern end of the mile or so of Pennsylvania avenue, which is the gamut of public life in Washington, the great building is all but deserted by its Kirk L. Simpson usual up-to-date political population. It is given over to the care takers and the slow trickle of late summer tourist traffic wandering about the echoing corridors to harken as tired voiced official guides recite for the millionth time the story of its evolution.

Not a baker's dozen of senators or representatives is to be found in the two offices buildings which house their personal quarters. Hardly a handful of the permanent employees of congress of any rank remains on the job.

The political lords of all the pomp and circumstance are off mending fences at home or taking their share in the national campaign. Their henchmen of the congressional payroll are away vacationing or doing their political bit for the man or the party to whom they owe their jobs.

Set Amidst Beauty
Never is the scenic setting of this structure, which is the political heart of America, more beautiful than in this season of the year. Down the sweeping hillside the old lawns, smooth, close cropped green velvet under gold-en sunlight, mighty shade trees, each a perfect specimen of its species and all for years constantly under the watchful eyes of skilled tree-dentists who have plugged every burrowing inroad of decay with life-saving cement, cluster in picturesque irregularity among the bordering clumps of many hued shrubbery.

On the wide, empty reaches of the terrace, where all a long bright day will not see a hundred people pass, the stone boxes that greet each season with its own special blossoms and coloring are against the neutral tint of the stone work. The noise of the city below comes up to this place of peace and quiet as a vague, far-off hum of life, all but lost in the rustle and sigh of the wind among the old trees, trees that tomorrow will be flaming themselves in a lot of red and yellow and orange under the first touch of nipping frost.

Quadrennial Quiet
Only at four year intervals does this brief time of restful quiet brood over the capitol. It is almost invariably coincident with the summer recess of congress in preparation for presidential elections. Then only does the grinding of the cumbersome government legislative mill stop utterly; then only is it that the continuing committees, busy with a score of problems, stand and pause while their members get about their own or their parties' political business out in the country where the votes are.

Among the government departments in the city down below there is always the steady day by day business of government in progress. Cabinet officers and high officials may come and go on summer official jaunts or vacation outings; but the daily grind keeps up for hundreds of petty chiefs and the tens of thousands of government clerks. There are never enough of those away at one time to make their absence noticeable in the rush hours of the day.

A New Yorker at Large

By G. D. Seymour

NEW YORK—Every town, however large or small, possesses some vacant lot which attains distinction as the center of itinerant events. It is the circus grounds, the baseball field, the fair grounds, the visiting evangelist's tabernacle.

In New York such passing shows come to anchor for years on the plot between upper Broadway and the Hudson river at 168th street. The New York club of the American League had its baseball diamond there in pre-Ruthian days when it was called not the Yankees but the Highlanders.

The name came from the elevation of the site. When Billy Sunday waged his last New York campaign his tabernacle stood on the plot, and many a circus and carnival preferred it to the indoor arena of Madison Square Garden.

Now the New York Medical Center owns the property, and has already reared \$20,000,000 worth of buildings in a project which is ultimately to contain a dozen units and a \$40,000,000 plant.

But another vacant lot has been found. It is just north of the Yankee Stadium in the Bronx, and carnivals, boy baseball teams and wild west shows keep in tumult all summer, what was until lately a grassy open space between two buildings.

Ineffective Wit
A professional man of this city, retired with a competence, visited England this summer and determined to gratify an old longing for a suit of clothes tailored in Bond street, London. He entered at random one of the oldest and most conservative shops. While he was being measured he requested that the hip pocket of his trousers be made particularly ample. The tailor answered that the suits he fashioned contained no hip pockets, but the customer persisted.

"I have a ranch in the west," he explained when he was able to make no progress otherwise, "and need a place to carry my pistols." "Pistols!" asked the tailor, with a startled look.

"Certainly," said the professional man. "Out there my neighbor and I exchange greetings each morning with pistol shots."

"But, sir, that must be a hazardous practice."

"Oh, no. A slight flesh wound now and then, but never anything serious."

The tailor dropped his poised and his tape line and exclaimed: "Why that's the most amazing thing I ever heard of!"

The gentleman departed chuckling at his strategy. When he returned his suit was completed. It had no hip pockets.

The Servant Problem
Variation 6,337 of the Servant Joke concerns the housewife whose negro maid fell ill on the day of a dinner party and despatched to the rescue of her hostess a girl of less experience.

"Can you serve?" asked the hostess. "Oh, yes," the girl assured her, and she listened attentively while her mistress explained the arrangements for the dinner.

The guests arrived and dinner was announced. The party entered the dining room to find the maid seated in the master's chair at the head of the table, the roast before her and the carving knife clutched in her right hand.



G. D. Seymour

LOEB, LEOPOLD NOT TO GO FREE

Denials Made as to Likelihood of Obtaining Pardons for Slayers

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—(AP)—

An assertion by Hinton G. Claybaugh, chairman of the state board of pardons and paroles, that Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, slayers of Bobby Frank, could apply for parole in seven more years, due to an error in the papers committing them to life imprisonment for life, today met with general denials that there was any possibility of the "hell slayers" obtaining their freedom. Claybaugh asserted that the commitment papers of Loeb and Leopold, sentenced to life for murder and 99 years for kidnapping, did not provide for consecutive sentences and as a result the sentences ran concurrently, with the life sentence taking precedence. He declared that the slayers whom he described as "pampered pets of Joliet," serving a life sentence would be eligible to apply for a parole in 20 years and that time off for good behavior would reduce that to a little more than eleven years imprisonment. They have already served four years.

William A. Rittenhouse, first assistant to Robert E. Crowe, the state's attorney, who prosecuted the slayers, declared that "if Mr. Claybaugh and his board does its duty there is no way to get those boys out until death," releasing them," adding that both judges and prosecutor had gone on record when the boys were sentenced against ever giving them their freedom.

Clarence Darrow, noted criminal lawyer, whose defense of the youths generally was accredited with saving them from the gallows, characterized Mr. Claybaugh's assertions as "a lot of bunk," and "the brain child of somebody suffering from a brainstorm." He declared that the slayers could not apply for parole until they had served 20 years, and that they could not obtain their freedom then if anyone objected.

Judge John R. Caverly who presided at the trial said he had never discussed the case since passing sentence and never intended to do so.

WORLD'S LARGEST AIRPLANE PLANNED

DESSAU, Germany, Sept. 26.—

(AP)—German aviation interests are continuing their quest for new air records following upon completion of the huge Zeppelin dirigible that is to attempt a flight to America. The Junkers works announced today that it is constructing a super airplane with cabins in the wings capable of accommodating fifty passengers.

The company is also completing a new type of sport and stunt machine which it is hoped will break the world's speed record.

The Leviathan plane, known as J-38 is so large that it cannot be built in any of the shops here and construction is, therefore proceeding in the open air. The machine has a span of 147.5 feet and a length of 75.5 feet. It will be powered with four motors of 500 horsepower each.

No. 4 of a Series of 4 Educational Talks

Outside People Are Watching This Company

Sale of stock in the Western Paper Converting Co. has not been confined to Salem.

Men throughout the state who know about the wonderful field of operation for this plant have been quick to see its future and to invest in such a plant.

A typical telegram received last week by Henry Jones, fiscal agent for the company, is from C. L. Burton of Portland, and reads:

"Understand your company to pay dividend soon. If so reserve me one hundred shares of stock."

Western Paper Converting Co. is not a promotion property but a rapidly growing, highly successful manufacturing plant. Its gross business in three years has risen from \$225,000 to \$600,000 annually.

Its capital stock authorized is \$300,000 with \$145,000 sold. Its present operations call for a new building and for a limited time \$45,000 stock is available for public sale.

Western Paper Converting Co.
P. O. Box 367—Salem—Tel. 2358

INFORMATION REQUEST

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.

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From the Statesman Orr - Athens Road

Sept. 27, 1903

A list of 23 new books have been added to the Odd Fellows library by the association.

Mrs. F. W. Osborn of Eugene visiting at the home of E. F.

Osborn, 17 Court street.

Julius Wolf, Silverton hop buyer, was transacting business here yesterday.

The Oregon conference of the

Attendance Total at Schools Grows	1927	1928
Englewood	280	308
Garfield	208	290
Grant	302	266
Highland	271	267
Lincoln	140	166
McKinley	226	224
Park	233	240
Richmond	212	229
Washington	256	191
Parrish Junior	794	326
Leslie Junior	405	361
Senior High	942	957
Total	4264	4266