

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

Roll Your Own Diploma

THE above facetious title in Charles Merz's "Great American Band Wagon" heads the penetrating chapter dealing with higher education in America. The oddities of campus ways and curriculums are displayed for our amusement, but the author gets under the surface and finds a great heart hunger of the American people for education because they see it as the royal way to the finer things they crave. This is not so well expressed in the regular work of the university as in extension and correspondence work. The schools offering correspondence work are legion and from their advertisements we learn that they will make you anything you want to be. You can learn to speak French like a native, or develop a magnetic personality, or become a great executive with a hundred thousand dollar salary. Shop girls, day laborers, and messenger boys and all others have equal chance in the democracy of correspondence schools. Only too many of these schools consist of a promoter and a few poorly paid clerical workers who mechanically check papers according to a set of prepared answers. Thousands of dollars go to such schools every year when equal benefit in most cases could be obtained by the study of a text book. The government has closed out many such schools, but hundreds still get by with a guise of respectability. To partially save the public, some of our large universities offer real courses by correspondence and by their work, along with some few of the better commercial schools, have become helpful contributors to American life.

The University of Oregon is not only offering correspondence work but brings the classroom to Salem. The extension courses now open offer rich opportunities for our people to profit by pursuing college courses offered during the evening hours at the Salem high school building.

News and Its Headlines

THERE is pointed merit in the criticism implied by a correspondent whose letter appears elsewhere on this page. That the Statesman or any other self-respecting newspaper should ever be called upon by the demands of "news" to chronicle such shameful things as the Northcott chicken farm story is, of itself, terrible. That the fact should be aggravated by distressful headlines is adding insult to injury.

Headlines, of course, are sometimes forced to carry thoughts that editors would much prefer to leave unexpressed. The decent newspaper will always strive to the limit of its mental and mechanical abilities to avoid the gruesome and the unpleasant.

There has come into journalism generally a quality that fosters the sensational for the sake of its attention value, or for what many newspaper makers choose to define as "reader demand." It cannot be said that readers as a group demand the sensational, much less the gruesome. But there is justice in the contention that many readers do want this strange spicing in their diet of news and there is a temptation always to satisfy the appetite.

The universal effort to make a newspaper attractive to all types and conditions of readers must be made to account for many things that good taste, mature consideration and mere necessity might rule against. The ideal world, from an editorial point of view, would provide perpetual sources of lively, fresh, clean, interesting news, with never the necessity for setting into cold print a word of the wickedness, the strife and the hatred of mankind. Yet our mode of being requires, it seems, that the newspaper chronicle each day the strange and varied story of our civilization; requires us to strive eagerly to pick the roses from life's garden, but to be forced by circumstances to pluck the thorny stems as well.

On To San Antonio

THE drum corps of Capitol post, American Legion, Salem, will be off for the national convention at San Antonio on Tuesday; the opening date being October 8.

Our boys bear with them 10,000 samples of fiber flax attached to pieces of linen cloth, bearing the inscription: "This cloth is made from long-fiber flax grown near Salem, Oregon, only place in the United States growing this kind of flax, suitable for fine yarns and linens. Capitol Post No. 9."

Besides this, our boys bear generous donations from various Oregon counties, such as Tillamook cheese and Clatsop salmon, to give the delegates to the great patriotic gathering an idea of the manifold resources of Oregon, the land of diversity and country of opportunity.

The flax samples, especially, ought to help bring the next Legion national convention to Oregon. A similar appeal secured the next Legion state convention for Salem.

Laconic But Meaningful

AN editorial in the Oregonian of Friday read, "Woids, woids, woids."

For a long time, Joseph Simon was the political czar of Oregon. At the Astoria convention that nominated T. T. Geer for governor, the beginnings of the end of his grip were made. The next day, an editorial in the Oregonian, of which Harvey Scott was then the editor, read, "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph."

McKinley was elected president of the United States after one of the hottest campaigns of our history, in which the gold standard was the chief issue. The day following the election, the New York Sun, then edited by Charles A. Dana, had this editorial: "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

Three laconic but meaningful and historic editorials, neither one of them needing any explanation. The epigrammatic form of expression did not die with the Spartans.

The Sunday Fair

THE Sunday fair today is a generous and wise departure from the usual thing, by the state fair board.

It is a response to the wish of thousands too busy to see the great exhibition on other days. It is all set and going and has the full assent of nearly every exhibitor and concessionaire.

There will be a full program for the day—with just one exception. All concessions exhibiting anything not in accord with the spirit of a respectful Sunday observance will be excluded.

This is in the nature of an experimental departure. If a patronage sufficient to justify the extra expense shall result, no doubt future fairs will extend over seven days instead of six.

The Hebrew Way

THERE have been felicitations in Portland and elsewhere in the past few days over the celebration of their holy days by the Jewish people, from their Christian friends. "Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good," wrote St. Paul to the early Christian church at Corinth.

In English, French, Italian, German, and Latin, the verb runs in this way, "I am, thou art, he is." But the old Hebrew people arranged their verbs the other way around: "He is, thou art, I am."

The precepts of real brotherhood are very old, but the world has in the last 2800 centuries departed far from them. There are many signs pointing to the hope that it is finally to follow them in spirit and in truth.

According to schedule, it is the biggest state fair ever. And it will repeat next year.

How I Protect The Mother Tree

By Florence Alken Banks
The autumn leaves are falling down—
Such lovely shades of gold and brown—
With every little passing breeze,
They're growing deeper 'neath the trees.
I like to heap them in a mound;
And, walking in them, hear the sound
Of gentle rustling. Sometimes I
Can hear them calling as they fly—
Borne off upon a gusty
wind,
And waving to me—left behind,
"Good-by!" And then they say to me,
"Take good care of our mother tree!"
So I have placed myself on guard
Against the birds, for they work
Destroying insects. Don't you
see
How I protect the mother tree?

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.

GRUESOME HEADLINES DESTROY GOOD CHEER

Salem, September 25.
"To the Editor of the Statesman: I picked up the Statesman in such a happy cheerful frame of mind this morning. And I had read the sickening headlines of the Northcott case before I realized what I was reading: 'Boys Used as Chicken Feed by Northcott.'"

"I am these days slowly recovering from a year of sickness and nervous prostration. I strive earnestly to think cheerful thoughts, and to help myself to recover as rapidly as possible. I like to read the Statesman. I pick out the political news, the notional news, the local news, the editorials, the society page, and I carefully avoid the gruesome articles. If I could do any good by reading them I suppose I would try to read them. But as I can do no good, and as they distress me badly I wish to avoid them.

"But in the seven words of that headline this morning I got enough of a mental picture to blot out all of my cheerfulness all of my contentment and to leave me a sick, shaken woman, too nauseated to think of food and the brightness of my day was destroyed.

"Perhaps you will think that you are not publishing the Statesman for the benefit of sick folks. But I will lose much pleasure if I have to stop reading the morning paper.

"The questions in my mind are: 1. 'Do not many other people feel as I do about this matter of distressing headlines?' 2. 'Could not the headlines be so worked as to attract the attention of those who enjoy that sort of mental food, and at the same time not be offensive to those who wish to avoid such reading?' 3. 'Could not that sort of news always be put in a certain well defined part of the page where it could be easily found or avoided?'"

Respectfully,
MRS. J. R. CARRUTHERS

Opinions of The Press

The plain fact is that the liquor business is a corrupting business. This country knows it, so does Canada and so does Great Britain with its immense breweries and whiskey interests. Bootlegger, bartender or whiskey bureaucracy—the smirch is about the same. Good sense and decency on the part of the people is of infinitely more importance than all the schemes for prohibition or control.—Everett, Wash. Herald.

A few years ago when Florida prosperity was the daily topic of every newspaper, we never believed it possible that it would be necessary to issue a nation-wide call for aid for people of that state. The unexpected happened when the state was hit by the recent hurricane with wide-spread losses. The American Red Cross has taken charge of relief work and a call for many millions of dollars has been made, to assist not only in Florida but also Porto Rico where losses were even greater. Josephine county has been called upon to raise \$400 and already a quarter of this has been subscribed. Other communities are reaching their quotas. American generosity is a wonderful thing.—Granats Pass Courier.

The elevation of Dr. T. H. Temple, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of this city, to that of superintendent of the Salem district, is a splendid recognition of merit and ability and devotion to a cause. He is an able theologian, a substantial citizen and man, and deeply devoted to the cause of Methodism. His promotion, after many years of faithful work, will mean the loss of Dr. and Mrs. Temple to the local church and to this city, a fact which occasions general regret. But the recognition extended them occasions a great deal more gratification than regret, and there is a very large circle of friends, not members of that church, who join with the congregation in extending congratulations and in wishing them God-speed in their new work and in their new home.—Medford News.

The age of consent in Cuba may be reduced from 21 to 16 years if present proposals are favored.

Out For Big Game



Nancy Ann Held "Extremely Silly"

THE propaganda lies of Hinduism lead American's to look at Nancy Ann Miller, the American girl wife of the former Maharajah of Indore through a veritable fog of romance, although American's who live in India and see the real situation, consider her merely silly.

So says Marie Corner, graduate of Willamette university, in a letter to Salem friends from the Methodist Episcopal Mission Girls' school, Meecosa Bagh, Nagpur, India, where she is teaching. Miss Corner writes interestingly of her work and of the native reactions to Miss Miller's marriage. She says:

Just now is supposed to be the rainy season, but it has been rather unusual one and we are short about 10 inches, the average rainfall for this time of year. It is still very hot—that sticky kind that gets on one's "comfort." Our garden is growing rapidly and we have had some crisp lettuce from it this week. You can't possibly know what this means, but to us, who have to depend upon the lowly potato and onion for our chief diet during the hot season and until fresh vegetables come, it means as much as one of the most expensive sundaes.

I am enclosing two notices of Nagpur university union society debates. Anyone who has a university degree is eligible to membership in the union, and I have thoroughly enjoyed the Thursday night debates. They are held in English, and I got a real thrill from studying the varied through Young Indian students, Indian politicians, and missionaries take part. Dr. Sir Har Singh Gour who opposed the resolution on the di-

voice question is the man who has been working so hard in the Indian Legislature to have the age of consent raised for girls in India. He has several daughters of his own who have gone to college at Isabella Thoburn College, and two weeks ago one of them came here to call on one of our girls who was in Isabella Thoburn and is now attending Hishop College here. This girl, Constance Gour, sails next month, with her sister, for England where she will take up medicine.

From the clippings sent me by mother, Nancy Ann Miller has gotten a lot of publicity by making her lot with the former Maharajah of Indore. Those of us who have lived here long enough to know what the actual condition of women is, and more especially when lived with a man of the Maharajah's character, think her extremely silly, to say the least. If she is looking for romance she will certainly find it in a cheap and very real form.

She was not welcomed with such open arms as some of the American papers would lead one to believe. The other wives of the establishment naturally do not have much love for Nancy Ann. The rumors which have been started in America about so many Christians turning back to Hinduism through Nancy's influence are absolutely without foundation. They are merely the propaganda lies of Hinduism. If the people at home could see one of the Hindu priests, a mass of filth who peers out of greedy, evil eyes at you, and who sits by the temples or roadsides clothed mostly in ashes and long hair matted with cow dung; and if they could get just one little glimpse of some of the filthy, green sacred rivers and

waters that so called Hindus bathe in and drink, and then imagine any sane American girl wanting to take up with such a religion and what it propagates, I am sure that any element of romance or thrill would be lacking.

I surely wish that you might make us a visit, for I am sure that you would love my family of girls. From the smallest to the oldest they are an interesting lot, and surely tax all of my resources to give them the training they get, let alone all that I feel they should have. There are 80 in the hostel. It seems to take most of my time to see that they are receiving the balanced, nourishing food necessary, keeping them clean, clothed, or at least mended, and seeing that the work of the compound goes along like a partially oiled machine at least. I do long for time to give them more individual care for their little souls' sakes, but as we are so short of missionaries, I must be content to do what I can in a general way with the occasional opportunities for individual touches.

This afternoon the school observes Arbor day. A pretty little tree has been planted in the front compound and there are to be appropriate services. I was planning to get some pictures, but it is clouding up, the first in weeks, so maybe we are going to get our much needed rain.

I should like to be in Salem for homecoming, and for just a lot of Willamette functions, but I shall be there in spirit. Just give the members of 22 my very best wishes and regards, and tell all Willamette friends that I often think of them. Two years from now I shall revel in it all. My present plan is to see the Passion Play on my way home, besides the Holy Land, Egypt, Switzerland, Italy, France, England and Scotland. This is, of course, providing I can possibly save a little to add to the travel allowance granted us for a direct return. There seem to be so many urgent demands upon the little coming our way, but just the same we are happy and try to make the most of every single opportunity which comes our way.

CLICKS

As we see it, considerable ingenuity will be requisite to make the punishment fit the crime in the Northcott case.

All that the State Fair needed in order to break all records was good weather.

Gene Tunney and Polly Laurer will be wedded in Rome. Presumably the altar will be illuminated with Roman candles.

"Pumpkins begin coming to Packing Company" says a Statesman headline. Rolling in, presumably.

The State Fair board certainly made a hit by holding over the big show for Sunday.

Something like nine in every 10 baseball fans mourn today because the Athletics failed in their gallant fight for the pennant.

Salem's American Legion drum corps is off for San Antonio Tuesday with the good wishes of everybody attending its members.

With the democrats the vital issue seems to be "Al for Ale and Ale for Al."

Just why anyone who believes in progress should oppose the county agent plan has not yet become clear.

Milt Miller is stopping high around the Imperial hotel in Portland these days. Somebody mistook him and called him "Senator."

King Victor Emmanuel is about to abdicate. Presumably he has obtained Mussolini's consent to that step.

A New Yorker at Large

By G. D. Seymour

NEW YORK.—This is the story of a girl who has been a Cinderella three times and who finds her greatest adventure still ahead of her.

Not yet past her twenties, Hope Hampton has known fame as a motion picture actress, she has starred in musical operetta, and she has become the wife of a New York millionaire.

Now she is to have her chance in grand opera as a lyric soprano this season with the Philadelphia Grand Opera company of which Leopold Stokowski is honorary musical director.

Some ten years ago Hope Hampton was a schoolgirl who had won a beauty contest in her home city and had come to New York looking for work in the movies. New York was as much of a picture-making center as Hollywood in those days. Hope got several extra parts to play and finally was cast in a leading role. She rose quickly to stardom in such pictures as "Lawful Larceny" and "The Gold Digger," and the late Marcus Loew engaged her to make personal appearances at new theaters he was opening.

It irked her that she could only make speeches to her audiences, so she determined to learn to sing for them. First she sang popular songs. Finally she essayed arias.

A stage producer cast her as prima donna of "Madame Pompadour," but she never got to New York in the production. Last



season she got another chance, as star in Sigmund Romberg's operetta, "My Princess." Philadelphia heard her sing, and the other day the chance came to sing in their opera company. It was an opportunity she had dreamed of since first she took a voice lesson. She will sing the leading role of Mimi in "La Boheme" on November 29, and the name part of Masanet's "Manon" later in the season.

Wolfhounds and a Pom
Meanwhile Hope Hampton had met and married Jules Brouloutour. In the early days of motion pictures he had a share in building up the manufacture and sale of movie camera film. Today royalties bring him an income which Broadway is told runs into seven figures a year.

They have a home on Park Avenue, at Ninetieth street—not an apartment, but a three-story mansion with a garden and a lawn. There Hope Hampton keeps her dogs. She usually has eight or ten, and they range from great Russian wolfhounds to the tiniest hairless Pomeranian in the world, a one-pound dog purchased for her in Europe by her husband.

The Brouloutours spend much time in travel, often to Egypt, Turkey or the Orient.

Queen of Premieres
Since before her marriage, Hope Hampton has been the most regular of New York's first nighters. At every notable theater opening she is a center of attention. She has been called best dressed woman in America, and a leading woman's magazine sent her abroad a few years ago solely to pose for pictures in the newest Paris fashions.

Laurels enough? Not yet. Hope Hampton wants to be a grand opera star.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

If you have any doubt—
Concerning the value of irrigation for the Willamette valley, go to the state fair today, if you have not already gone—

And examine the West Stayton section of the Marion county exhibit in the new pavilion. You will see a squash there big enough to load a wagon; big enough to make pies to feed a regiment.

You will see tomatoes that will compare with the best grown in any country, and many other samples of such excellence to astonish you.

Then look at the celery. This is produced in the Labish district under irrigation, and it is the best grown in the world, better than the famous Kalamazoo, Michigan, celery-taking prizes over the Michigan product at the national vegetable shows.

What Marion county and the rest of the Willamette valley need, above all other things, in getting their idle and slacker acres into full potential production, is more irrigation—major irrigation projects. This would bring best sugar factories, at would make this the greatest dairy country in the west; it would help the flax industry vastly, and it would aid every other industry on the land. It would give the Willamette valley a population of 10,000,000, with a half million in Salem.

If you will visit the fig display in the new pavilion at the state fair you will be convinced that another string is being added to the bow of prosperity in this land of diversity. The managers of the Willamette Fig Gardens, Inc. making this display declare that this is Oregon's future money making fruit crop! It is worthy of trial. Our state cannot have too many things to its bow in the line of money crops.

We listened in Wednesday to a radio speech by some actor man in New York. He said he was neither a republican nor democrat, but an "agnostic." His speech was much franker than any of the boasted frankness of Al. He gave his reasons or rather his reason, which was that he thought Al would find a way to have the 18th amendment and the Volstead act repealed. What we got out of it was this—he represents the viewpoint of millions of city people who have received the impression from Al that that's what he intends to do. He said he didn't care if Al couldn't speak the English language correctly and ate peas with his knife, he was thirsty and wanted to get a legitimate drink. We don't care how thirsty a man is, we should think he would rather have enough to eat.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From the Statesman Our Fathers Read

Sept. 30, 1908

H. S. Gile went to Albany last night for a short business visit.

The 54th annual conference of the M. E. church in Oregon will open in Salem this morning.

Jay J. McCormick, for the past two years chapel guard at the penitentiary, is leaving to make his home in Portland. He recently resigned the position here.

Hon. B. J. Miles, who was the first superintendent of the Oregon state reform school, is visiting in Salem and vicinity. He is superintendent of the Iowa reform school at Eldora.

Dr. W. S. Mott left last night for the Coos bay region on professional business.

Attorney John A. Carson left yesterday for Seattle from where he will sail, in company with New York man, for Valdez, Alaska on business in connection with mining litigation on which he has been working the past year.

The Rev. P. S. Knight has gone to Oregon City to attend the general association of the Congregational church.

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

WE ARE still discussing the claims made by the United States to the territory now comprising our state, and we find that the last item of claim was based upon the Treaty of Louisiana in 1803, with France, and the Treaty of Florida in 1819, with Spain.

The terms of this latter are of particular value in this discussion, and will be outlined in detail in our next sketch.

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