

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson.

Five Times Enough

THE protective tariff has been removed five times since the birth of the United States, namely, in 1816, 1832, 1846, 1893 and 1913.

And in every case the country immediately suffered a terrible panic, except in 1913, when the war broke out nine months after the "competitive" tariff bill was enacted, and saved us from the panic which was even then severely commencing; with 5,000,000 laborers out of work and bread lines in all our large cities.

Of course, people are always complaining about something. When the country is suffering a panic they complain about low wages and low living standards, but as soon as the country becomes prosperous and wages mount to the present heights, then they complain about the cost of living.

And in this campaign the democratic party examined the country, picked out all the complaints, and then framed a platform that presents a cure-all appearance.

Democratic leaders dare not assume that people are complaining about high wages, therefore they try to argue that they could bring the cost of living down by reducing the tariff to what they term a "competitive" size, and thus enable people to buy living materials cheaper in foreign markets. But they hasten to assure us that at the same time they are going to do nothing which will injure the American industries and throw people out of jobs.

Such talk is utter economic nonsense. If a carload of cheap soap is bought in Europe, somebody in America is going to lose a job manufacturing a carload of American soap. The democrats know that there is no use any longer talking against protection, and that is why they put a protective plank in their platform in this campaign for the first time.

The democratic party, throughout its entire life, has fought the theory and principle of protection.

The tariff is the most important economic arm of any government, and America has developed it more fully than any other country for protection of our workers, farms and industry. Today everybody realizes that it ought to be handled with the greatest care and by the most competent experts.

22,000,000 Engineers

TODAY we have twenty-two million locomotive engineers moving at will over three million miles of public road. Prior to prohibition the railroad companies led a movement to enforce a rule of total abstinence; it was "Rule G."

All told, there may be 500,000 operatives on the 250,000 miles of railway track in America. There may be another half million on street cars and other public carriers.

But there are 22 times as many as the common carriers employ, on twelve times as much road surface, driving automobiles; 22,000,000 engineers; seven locomotives to the mile of open roads largely undefended against drunken drivers.

A few railway executives who are supporting Al Smith want prohibition limited strictly to the men they hire and fire. But millions of ordinary folk, believing themselves free to use the streets and roads without imminent peril to life and limb, want prohibition applied to every locomotive driver in the land, whether he drives a General Motors Chevrolet or the Twentieth Century or the Shasta Limited.

This problem is worrying liquor controlled Ontario, where the proportion of automobiles and of auto traffic more nearly approximates traffic conditions on this side of the line than in any other Canadian province. A man who recently drove through southern Ontario en route from Illinois to Massachusetts came across seven serious accidents in the relatively short distance through Canada—and in four of them the smell of booze left no doubt concerning the cause. Yet Mr. Raskob, managing the Al Smith campaign, and interested in increasing the number of automobiles, calls prohibition a "damnable affliction."

Ice Box, Adding Machine

SOME democratic speakers and newspapers are asserting that in 1924 the republicans nominated an ice box and this year an adding machine.

And a friend counters like this: That's all right, but do not forget to take into account the fact that the ice box has had milk, eggs, butter and other nourishing foods in it every day since—

Also, that from 1929 on, under Hoover, the adding machine will be kept busy totaling up increased wages of working people and mounting figures to represent growing domestic business and a rapid expansion of trade with foreign nations, which are now buying about 10 per cent of what American wage earners produce, against about half that volume when Mr. Hoover took over the U. S. department of commerce—that is, our workers are employed about 80 days of each year producing things sold to outside peoples; and Mr. Hoover as president would prevent any proportionate diminution.

Nine Times No

IT is inconceivable that any one who will consider the Dunne bills could vote for either of them, with the glaring errors and unjust provisions; and the danger of the mix-up they would make in the highway programs and in state finances.

The same may be said of the income tax bill with its radical clauses and its paragraph against using any of the excess receipts in helping balance the state budget; and the fact that the way it is drawn it would make a double tax on property holders with net incomes.

It goes without saying that the two proposed amendments to the constitution ought to be voted down. The hands of the legislature must be left untied in cases of grave emergency and bad mistakes—

And the four water power and fish bills ought to fail, without doubt.

Make it nine times no for the measures ballot—vote 'er straight on the odd numbers.

Getting Better

THREE years ago, Dr. Doran, now prohibition commissioner, estimated that from thirteen to fifteen million gallons of industrial alcohol were diverted to illegitimate uses each year—

Whereas last year, in his opinion, the amount was not in excess of one million gallons. The prohibition laws are working better than they did; there is constant improvement, though not as much as there should be, nor as much as there would be with more general effort for honest enforcement.

Kellygrams

A LITTLE sales girl in a department store was caught stealing. The superintendent confronted her with the evidence and asked her to sign a confession. After she had done so, he sealed the confession in an envelope and put his own name on it. "This goes into a strong box," he said, "and nobody but you and I will ever know about it—provided you do what I ask. First, I want your promise never to do it again and then I want to know just why you thought you must have more money."

She told her story. There was sickness at home, and her need for money was not because of mere craving for luxuries.

The superintendent sent her invalid sister to a hospital at the store's expense.

That was nine years ago, and the little sales girl is today not only one of the store's valuable employes but one of the most loyal.

The little envelope has long ago been burned.

The Life of the Party



NEW YORK.—TEN PERSONS DEAD FROM POISON LIQUOR.

The Diary of a New Yorker

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to the Statesman
NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—I urge visitors to glimpse New York's skyline from Brooklyn Heights—four minutes ride on the Seventh Avenue subway from Wall street, and less than twenty minutes from Times Square. Or go over Brooklyn bridge. Whatever the trouble, if any, it's worth it. Indeed, sightseers should not depart from New York without seeing Brooklyn.

The other day when I said one reviewer had remarked, not a play out of fourteen seen this season had caused any emotion in his breast, both he and I omitted "Machinal." This play of a lady's life and a death chair, told in episodic fashion, has been hailed by most of the critics who have turned a slow start into a success. Or, rather, it was the producing of Arthur Hopkins that did it.

Ruby Keeler, bride of Al Johnson, is not to be cheated out of a Ziegfeld stage career by her marriage to the black face comedian-singer after all. She has cabled from London that she will appear

in the girl glorifier's "Whoopoo," the first Ziegfeld production of the season. It opens for a tryout in Pittsburgh, October 29. (This is not an advertisement, as Pittsburgh is one town where the column does not appear.)

Opera and symphony concerts are too popular in New York. Poor music lovers stand little chance, or rather, if they can get in, their only chance is to stand. Tickets are bought up a season in advance. New York feeds a music hall-opera house combination as large as Atlantic City's new "largest convention hall in the world." Or, perhaps, it could get along with an opera house seating 10,000 and a concert hall seating 15,000.

Speaking of opera attendance, the largest single crowd probably are in Cleveland. When the Metropolitan comes there for week each season, it is possible to see 9,200 opera lovers seated for a single performance of the opera in the auditorium.

The New York Life Insurance company's monumental skyscraper on the site of the old Madison

Square Garden at Madison Square is nearly completed. On the roof of the old garden, Harry Thaw killed Stanford White, architect, who had designed the famous building—killed him on its roof garden, one of the most artistic New York ever saw. When visitors come to town, I still point out the site, but it is difficult to picture the old scene now. The new Madison Square Garden is at Fifth street and Eighth Avenue, much farther up town.

Another famous building turned over to wreckers is the old Herald plant, at Broadway and 34th street (Herald Square). Of two stories, in the Italian style, it well could have been saved. But the march of progress demands its sacrifice. When the old Herald moved out some years ago, the stores occupied the building, the famous chime clock over the south entrance, was put into storage somewhere.

New York is sacrilegious. But perhaps its skyscrapers engender a new sort of religion—an endeavor to pierce the mysteries of the sky. The skyline is oriental fantasia—a dream city of the heavens, appearing out of the mist.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Graf is German for count—

So that in English the name of the big airship is the Count Zeppelin. Graf or Count Zeppelin is the inventor of this class of air craft, or rather took the lead in that line of endeavor, beginning back before the world war.

There are two editorial paragraphs in the Yakima Republic that will interest Salemites with long memories. Following is one of them: "So they can't say we never commended one of his official acts, we will set it down here that Gov. Hartley did a nice thing when he appointed Austin Mires superior judge for Kittitas county to succeed the late John B. Davidson. Judge Mires is a fine old pioneer. In his profession and as a citizen he stood so well as long ago as 1888 that the people made him a member of the state constitutional convention, and he is now one of five living members of that historic body. At the age of 76 he claims to be as good as ever was this."

The price of their tickets for the few passengers on the Graf Zeppelin was \$2,000 each. They weren't worth it.

An Oregonian and a Salemite. In Salem and this section furnished to Washington a number of members of her supreme court and prominent men, among them Steve Chadwick and Mark Fullerton, who went from this city, and Wallace Mount, who went from Silverton.

In the death of Ada Stapleton Baumgartner, Salem loses one of her women of high character and much usefulness; born here, and coming of a pioneer family. General sorrow is felt for her untimely taking off, and the bereaved family has the sympathy of all our people.

The price of their tickets for the few passengers on the Graf Zeppelin was \$2,000 each. They weren't worth it.

Hoover's Alphabet



By MARCEL F. MARTIN

HERBERT HOOVER is essentially a leader. As head of the Food Administration from 1917 through the war, he was the leader of 29,000,000 American women who followed a rigid regime of food saving laid out by Mr. Hoover, to such a point that had the war lasted years longer, the country would not have felt the pinch of hunger as did the people of other nations.

Likewise, during his engineering career, he directed at one time nearly 200,000 workers who not only were completely satisfied with their working conditions but idolized their Chief.

Hoover lays plans and they are so clear and convincing that others are led to carry them out to the letter.

(To Be Continued)

Herbert Hoover

A Reminiscent Biography

By WILL IRWIN

(Extract from the book published by The Century Co.)



WHEN Herbert Hoover left Stanford university in MAY, 1895, he had a little less than no money at all. As a monument to his great skill with organization, he left a brilliant student body and a constitution which still functions.

When he finished a job with the United States Geological Survey, he went to Nevada City, center for California gold mining. Partly for practical experience, "but mostly," he said, "because I had to eat," he took a laborer's job in a mine. He began to pick up bits of mining lore. Out of it all came with frequency and respect the name of Louis Janin, then a power in the mining world. By 1896, Hoover had saved a little money. And he came to a decision. He would go to San Francisco and ask Louis Janin for a job.

Hoover visited Janin's office, got access to the great man and presented his application. Janin asked for references. Hoover offered Lindgren of the United States Geological Survey—a great name. "Well," said Janin in effect, "just now there's nothing definite for you to do here. But if you want to make yourself useful until I can find something that warrants a salary—all right."

Knowledge Shown

For a few weeks he served in Janin's office, typing letters, keeping the correspondence straight. One day the boss laid down before him the papers and data in a mining suit. "I want a technical report on this situation," he said. Working day and night, Hoover finished the report, typed it, laid it on Janin's desk.

"Good—very good," Janin told Hoover. "Where do you get all this practical knowledge?"

"I worked underground in that mine, pushing a car," replied Hoover.

Before the year was out Janin was paying him \$250 a month for field work. Janin appreciated already the boy's sound informed judgment; he began to perceive his executive ability, and capital.

Then came a big, unexpected chance which gave direction to Hoover's destinies for the next ten years. Western Australia had discovered gold. A boom followed—a rush. Capital for large operations was invested, and capital demanded the latest and most efficient technology. A British firm called and wrote to Janin, asking him to send on an expert engineer who could introduce California methods into their Western Australian properties. Janin called Hoover from the field and put the offer. Hoover—Janin said afterward—stood for a moment so dazzled that he could not speak. When he found his tongue, he accepted on the spot.

Work in Austria

In Australia, Hoover found him self charged with planning means of development for ten large mines of mixed ownership. He traveled three-quarters of the way around the world to join him.

Then on an inspection trip he found a group of Welsh miners developing a prospect. He accepted their invitation to inspect their workings. What he saw convinced Hoover that they had real mine. He reported to headquarters. On his recommendation the firm purchased the mine. It proved one of the best properties in the West Australian field; it paid dividends for twenty years. With increased sales Hoover was admitted to the management of the new mine, given a carte blanche to develop and equip it.

That was also the year when Lou Henry took her degree at Stanford and returned to Monterey. The last of the self-imposed barriers against their marriage had fallen. She had finished her education; he could support a wife. Yet the rough desert land of Australia was no place for a bride.

Fate's Wheel Turns

The wheel of fate took another turn, and again his circumstances changed suddenly, completely. The giant China was stirring, as though to wake at last. Among new government bureaus was a department of mines and railways. They wanted a young, progressive and able engineer. None would do except an American. The Chinese consulted an eminent

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.

GIVE FARMER A VOICE IN AGENT PLAN

Salem, Oct. 4.

To the editor of the Statesman: When, not so very long ago, the county agent subject was up for discussion, it was generally understood that the farming element of this county, who are supposed to benefit by it, settled the question by unanimous consent, or nearly so. And here are the would-be benefactors again.

If the proponents of this paternal measure are not satisfied that the farmers do not want an agent forced upon them, let them go out in the country and interview, say, 100 farmers as they come to them, making a house to house canvass and I am satisfied we shall hear no more of this agent agitation. As long as this matter is for the benefit of the farmer why not give them a voice in the matter and let them decide it? Simply let majority rule settle the question.

As matters stand it seems to be the hobby of a few proxy farmers and theorists, who live in the city and would do some benevolent act for the farmer and incidentally for themselves, besides creating an outlet for the overflow of O. A. C. products at the expense of the already overburdened taxpayer.

After all, the farmer's problem is not one of increased yield, it is a question of distribution, and cost of production, plus a reasonable profit for what he has to sell. If increased yield would solve the farmer's problem, it goes without saying that the county agent won't help the situation, because you can't produce crops on theory, it takes physical application about 18 hours a day, and whatever this system is followed prosperity is found. While in a few isolated cases an agent might be of some benefit, on the whole it would be unreasonable to expect some college graduate who is stuffed with theory and has had little or no practical experience to be an expert capable of giving advice on the many complex problems confronting diversified farming.

If a farmer new in the field can't learn from his successful neighbor surely the agent can't help him.

Should a new bug or some sort of fungus growth be invented, Fruit Inspector Van Trump can be relied upon as a capable guardian to deal with the menace. Should he fall, however, to bring about the desired relief, he could call in the professors from Corvallis by the auto load. They can reach Marion county within an hour and furnish a correct analysis of the affliction which would result.

If all the energy that now is being wasted to place an agent in this county would be used to help the farmer getting organized, as that by reason of his organization he could get what is coming to him some good might result. Once this is accomplished the balance will automatically take care of itself.

R. C. HALBERG.

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 16, 1908

Receipts of \$5,105.67 for the third quarter at the Salem post office shows a slight increase over the same period in 1902.

"In Old Kentucky" played to a full house. C. A. Conditine is manager of the traveling group that appeared in it.

The semi-annual report of County Clerk Roland shows the resources of Marion county \$123,127.45 greater than liabilities.

Harry Beard has resigned as night watchman at the Indian Training school to become instructor and band leader at the reform school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Minto have returned to Salem after spending five years in the frozen north, with Dawson City as headquarters.

Poems that Live

"TONIGHT"

MYSTERIOUS Night when our first parent knew These from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened on mad's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While sky, and leaf, and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious desire? If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life? —Joseph E. White (1875-1914)

Revivals Held Here

T. L. Gray of Kansas City, Mo., has been conducting evangelistic meetings for more than a week at the Church of Christ, Cottage and Shipping streets.

Dinner Stories

No Good

They were sitting around discussing the talking movie. How in a short space of time it had become to the fore—with dozens of improved machines on the market. Every day something changed on it—every morning some peculiar outfit brought to the studio and tried out.

"Listen," cut in the producer, "the other day I had one of my stars make a test in front of one of the new inventions—he danced, sang and spoke in it for two hours. I guess something went wrong with the machine—after two hours all it did was clean his hat for him."

THEN HE PAINTED

"Are you really a bank examiner, Mr. Tompkins?" asked the hostess. "Yes, Madam, I happen, to be." "Then I hope you will have time to examine Baby's bank. No matter how much we shake it, nothing will come out of it!"

The One-Minute Pulpit

Fooled Him

"Did you notice that insolent bus conductor looking at you as if you hadn't paid your fare?"

"Yes, and did you notice me looking at him as if I had?"

A shroud of information on the causes, operation, organization and effects of alien criminals in Chicago has been compiled, instead of a shroud of alien criminals of Chicago.—Medford Mail Tribune.