

An enlightened mind is not hoodwinked; it is not shut up in a gloomy prison till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of intelligence.—Longfellow.

Pie

UNQUESTIONABLY the pie is an American institution. Nowhere else do we find the true pie. England, to be sure, concocts a horrendous monstrosity which it encases between armorplate crusts and calls "meat pie." The British also attempt what Americans might admit are imitation "open-faced pies" but they are yecept "tarts" and are, in truth, no pies at all.

Elsewhere the pie, which is a household word in America, does not exist. There is every reason for believing that pie is as much a part of the foundations of American liberty as is the Declaration of Independence. Without pie we might never have attained our freedom. So closely is the pie interwoven with American institutions that there actually is a wide section of our land known as the "pie belt." In that favored area they actually eat pie for breakfast.

Pie plays a most important part in the lives of Americans. The messenger boy and the "newsie" are reported to subsist on cocoon pie and milk. The daily laborer invariably tops off his lunch with a huge wedge of pie. The hustling business man takes a moment from his seething hours of high speed competition to invade the daily lunch for pie and coffee. In every section the pie is found flourishing in all its toothsome charm. From infancy to the grave Americans absorb countless pies. The pie is at once a delicacy, a luxury, a delight and a staple food. Who would make so bold as to say that, without the pie, America would have attained her proud position in the forefront of nations? Who would deny that upon pie, as much as anything else, depends the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. As for the Statesman it lifts its voice in acclaim for the pie; long may it wave!

This Is Remarkable

THE showing for the state flax industry is remarkable; good almost beyond credence; certainly beyond expectations.

Indications are that it will be able to finance itself for the enlarged program now authorized. That is, it may, from the sales of its products, be able to provide the money to pay for the next crop, which may run to double the cost of the 1928 crop—it may run above \$300,000 for the 4500 acres of flax.

That is not all. Additional machinery and equipment and warehouse and other buildings will be required. These will run in cost to scores of thousands of dollars. And still the industry may finance itself; and if it does, be ready to keep on increasing the flax acreage "on its own," up to the 10,000 acres which is the high mark aimed at.

Then the whole institution will be on a self supporting basis from its industries; forever. Especially if the purchase of a new and suitable 1500 acre site can be arranged for.

Not this only, but the prospect is that the institution will be able to pay a small wage for every worker, thus laying the sure foundations of the highest grade reformatory service, for which industries of the proper kind are the prerequisite.

It has been expected, even by the managers and those close to the plans for expansion, that it would take \$200,000 to \$400,000 more in appropriations to arrive at the status that now seems possible of consummation from the operations of the prison industries alone. That is what the writer is glad to call remarkable.

State Liquor Control?

WHATEVER appearance of futility Al Smith's suggestion of state control of the liquor problem through "home" rule or a system of state dispensaries may have, it would seem equally futile to raise too much of a tirade against it without a reasonable trial.

Fortunately for a long-suffering populace, that trial has been granted and the state dispensary plan has been found sadly, woefully, tragically wanting. South Carolina tried the plan and South Carolina proved it a flat and dismal failure. But the proof was not available until that state had suffered through 14 years of astonishing tribulations.

Writing in last week's Saturday Evening Post, Remsen Crawford reviews the South Carolina trial of the state dispensary system and reports:

"Fourteen years later, after a long and faithful trial of the dispensary act—an embodiment of state control of the liquor traffic unique in temperance jurisdiction—these worthy Carolina people voted it out of existence, with no effort to conceal their shame for the record of graft, riot, bloodshed and all manner of lawlessness which followed in its trail. In the school of experience they had learned their lesson. They know now the difference between state control of liquor and liquor control of stat. They know the dead line between home rule and home ruin."

SAYS the Hubbard Enterprise: "If every civic club in Salem and every commercial club or like body in Marion county would concentrate and devise means of action to procure irrigation for this wonderful Willamette valley, they would accomplish the best and most wonderful project in their career. Untold wealth in this land of ours is only waiting our call. It seems at times our civic clubs pass too lightly on affairs of this kind and make much of trivial things. This will be the chief consideration for the Marion County Federated Community clubs this year, as will also the great necessity for a competent county agent. Both these issues are sound, logical and essential to Marion county."

Words well said; promises of a wise course of action. If the advice of the Hubbard paper were taken literally and followed persistently, success would follow. Results would be reached marking the beginning of more substantial growth than could be brought about in any other way in this valley.

For major irrigation projects may be had for the asking; the persistent asking. And we can get a competent county agent if we will work to that end. We should hammer away till we get these things accomplished.

NOT so long ago there lived in Salem a young man of exceptional qualifications. In the vernacular "he had everything." He was endowed with good looks, charm, personality and tact. He had the rare gift for making and holding friends. Men and women liked him. He had birth and breeding. He did not suffer from "halitosis" or any other of those mysterious things one reads of in the discreet advertisements. Yet he seemed unable to make a go of it; he could NOT succeed. He tried his hand at many things and, after a promising start, inevitably slowed down and was passed by other men not nearly so well qualified. His case was puzzling. One day a friend asked a business man what the matter was. "Well," mused the latter, "that young fellow was always stopping to tie his shoe." And that was the real secret of failure. He failed to "carry on." He allowed himself to be turned aside by trivial, inconsequential things. He was always stopping to tie his shoe.

Kellygrams BY FRED KELLY

A SURPRISING amount of our regular consumption of goods might be dispensed with. Men could dress as simply as army doughboys and still be both comfortable and happy. Women would look just as pretty if their garments were always as plain and inexpensive as those of a trained nurse. But the human tendency is ever to add complications to existence instead of to simplify it. Just recently I heard a woman say that she couldn't go to the country for the summer but must remain in her hot city apartment because she couldn't risk losing the laundress who now washes her little daughter's dainty white dresses.

Evading The Storm Area



Herbert Hoover
A Reminiscent Biography
By WILL IRWIN
(Extract from the book published by The Century Co.)



NO sooner was the British military party reduced to quiescence by Herbert Hoover's diplomatic tilt with Lloyd George than a trivial incident set off a new explosion. Rotterdam, in neutral Holland, was the crossroads for food shipments. One day in 1915 three or four of the American agents passed through the Rotterdam office. Likely these young men sympathized with the Allies and they expressed their feelings in vigorous and colorful terms. A young man with German sympathies wrote down this conversation. He involved other agents of the commission in a visionary "plot." All this he transmitted to the German Intelligence Department. They issued an order of arrest against certain leading members of the commission who were then in Belgium.

Hugh Gibson, in the absence of Minister Whitlock, our charge d'affaires in Brussels, telegraphed hastily news to Hoover. Crossing the North Sea, Hoover plunged into negotiations. The Quartermaster General of the old German army had almost supreme powers. General Zollner held that post; his representative was Major von Kessler. Late in November Hoover and W. B. Poland conferred with von Kessler. The session turned into a frank "show down." The tale of that Rotterdam conversation had grown with the telling; the German Intelligence Department believed that our men had "tipped off" to the allies the plans for the September offensive. Hoover managed to disabuse the charges to a bias of fact. A promise to keep out of Belgium all men accused of unneutral speech, it tightening of the machinery here and there and that crisis was past.

Hoover watched the vital statistics. During the first year they flashed a warning signal. Tuberculosis among the children was on the rise. He established a special medical commission to investigate. In northern France the question of the native harvest was more complicated than in Belgium. Here all the able-bodied peasants had joined the colors before the invaders came. The Germans put reserve troops to work in the field and claimed part of the crop. The British saw by 1916 that their blockade was bringing results; the Germans envisaged for the first time the possibility of starvation. Both looked over the estimates of this harvest of northern France. The Allies proposed to cut down the food import to a dangerous point. The Germans, on their part, demanded a large part of the crop.

Go To Berlin
Hoover and Vernon Kellogg traveled up to Berlin. The Germans, they found, were holding a conference of their lords of empire. The extreme jingo party, headed by von Reventlow, had come into power. This was the first sign of the new policy which, six months

later, brought on an unlimited submarine campaign, declaration of war by the United States, the downfall. . . . That morning the Berlin newspapers had published a story loaded with dynamite. Great Britain, it said inaccurately, was insisting that the whole crop of Belgium, Serbia, Poland and Northern France should go to the inhabitants of those countries — not a grain to the German army which had helped to cultivate it. Soldiers and civilians alike demanded not only that the Government stand firm on the French crop, but that if the Allies did not yield, the commission must get out of Belgium. That night the conference would confirm its decision and adjourn. Only a few hours to save ten million people; only these two Americans to do it!

Nazarene Church Reports Events For This Week
The week's announcement from L. D. Smith, pastor of the Salem Church of the Nazarene, follows: The young people have been holding a revival for some time at the Spring Valley church at Zena. Miss Thea Sampson, president, in charge. These meetings will continue the coming week each night at 7:45 o'clock. There will be full gospel preaching and happy singing, with special numbers each night.
W. B. Hardy will be in charge of the mid-week prayer services Wednesday night at 7:30 o'clock.

The Way of the World
By GROVE PATTERSON

PEOPLE
A great many more people are worth knowing than we suspect. People that we may at first think are tiresome and whom we would like to avoid may become, on further acquaintance, a source of pleasant interest and even of instruction and inspiration. In one of Pascal's writings we read:

"When I converse with a profound mind, or if at any time being alone I have good thoughts, I do not at once arrive at satisfactions, as when being thirsty I drink water, or go to the fire, being cold; no! but I am at first apprised of my vicinity to a new and excellent region of life. By persisting to read or think, this region gives further sign of itself, and it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals, and showed the approaching traveler the inland mountains, with the tranquil, eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance."

Time
Perhaps the most satisfying experience in all life and nature is the change that time brings. Suppose things today were going to be the same a year or ten years from today? Suppose there were no such things as change and the smothering, softening effects of time. Suppose time did nothing to one's mind and emotions, what a tragic world this would be. The same Pascal, quoted above, says also:

"Time heals all griefs and disensions, because one changes—one is no longer the same person. Neither the offender nor the offended are any longer themselves. It is as if one had angered a people and should revisit it after two generations. They are still French, but not the same Frenchmen."

Which Race?
There are many profound opinions about the races of mankind. There are educated people who think quite definitely that one race is a great deal better than another. Or if they are not dealing in races they think the men and women of one particular nation or group of nations is smarter than all others. There is a great deal of talk, but the evidence so frequently kicks over the argument that it is best not to be too sure. One of the greatest of modern philosophers is Henri Bergson. He is called a Frenchman. His father was a Polish Jew who emigrated to England. There is doubt whether Napoleon was more French or more Italian. Some of the great thinkers of the world trace their ancestry through a mixture of nationalities and races.

The One-Minute Palpit
Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. —Isaiah, ix, 1-2

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

It is stabilized—
Our flax industry, with infinitely greater things ahead.

The two Salem flax mills are now taking all the fiber turned out at the state flax plant. The output will soon be trebled, and even at that our mills may be speeded up sufficiently to take all the supply.

There is a possibility, too, that the local mills may continue to expand to the extent of taking all the output on the larger production of next year—likely double the amount that will be produced after tripling of the present volume.

And even beyond that, there are possibilities that these mills may go, along with the growth of the state flax plant's production, up to the taking of flax from 10-000 acres. But that would contemplate a lot of fiber—a possibility of 10,000,000 pounds of fiber annually, and running in value up to \$2,500,000, with the planting of all our acreage to the J. W. S. pedigreed seed flax.

Any way, there are specialty mills that would come to Salem, if the primary spinning of the yarn could be provided for, up to that point. That might mean \$10,000,000 or more annual industry, based on the production of 10,000 acres of our land. It would depend partly upon the specialty mills. Some of them that would come might turn out products that would render the 28 cent a pound fiber worth in the market as much as \$2 a pound—the finest linen handkerchiefs, for instance. Even more, for laces and tapestries.

As the Bits man has said many times before, there is no other staple crop that means so much in final marketable value of its product as fiber flax. The \$100,000,000 annual industry that is coming in good time will not require the use as for rotation crops of more than 200,000 acres of our land. Perhaps not much.

The Diary of a New Yorker

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to the Statesman
NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Edward N. (Daddy) Browning, who married Peaches Browning, and married by occupied the first page of the tabloids for a long time, has returned to the conservative papers' columns. He not only urges, but agrees to pay all costs to convert Central Park reservoir into a super-swimming pool for children. It no longer is used as a reservoir.

Says Daddy: "I will spend one million dollars to convert this old, useless body of water into a modern swimming pool and skating rink. I will turn it over to the city free of cost. And I don't want my name connected with it henceforth."
Browning is in the real estate business. He has an office on upper Broadway—to which he invites reporters when he has a plan under way.

In one room he has a floor covered with letters, protected by plate glass, and the ceiling and the walls are covered with epistles from the lonely, all to Daddy Browning—some addressed merely "Daddy Browning, New York."

Daddy no longer adopts girls, but he announces he has 400,000 gifts purchased already for distribution to very small boys and girls in New York this Christmas.

I have a friend who lived in the same hotel as Daddy Browning. The hotel is a quiet family place, and Browning sedately went to his office every morning in a beautiful chauffeur-driven limousine.

At the barbershop, he was known for his \$5 tips to manicures—or was it \$10.
I hope this doesn't start another wave of letters toward Daddy. He can't possibly read all his mail—and doesn't.

Vaudeville acts are looking around New York for other work. They are beginning to fear the talking movie vaudeville acts will substitute for human tars.

Press agents, too, are beginning to feel the effects of the talkies. In order to keep his talking vaudeville programs secret until release, performers are prohibited, by one concern at least, from having individual press agents.

If Mae West is convicted on the charge of presenting an obscene play, and is sent to prison (the extreme penalty is three years) she will damage a successful play of hers, in which she is the star. In fact, it's doubtful whether the play would be a play without her.

For the third time within a few weeks a well-known woman has jumped or fallen from an apartment hotel window. Such things run in cycles, metropolitan editors will tell one.

Announcement by the tabloid Daily News that its straw vote poll showed Al Smith would carry New York state by approximately 200,000 and New York City by 500,000 gave the republicans no little concern. At that, there are Hoover name plates in New York City.

CLICKS
Typewriter Chatter, More or Less Frivolous, of Men, Women and Even . . .

One Salem man says he intended to take the memory course but forgot.

MacDonald soared away to join those others whose fate forecast will remain locked in the boom of the ocean. Another tragedy; pathetic, futile.

If the voters will let the auto license fee alone until after election the legislature may be depended upon to find a sane solution of Oregon's problem.

Borah says Al Smith is "two faced." His declarations for and against unlimited immigration already had given most of us that impression.

British courts have decided to let Gilda Gray do her stuff. Those Britons know their vegetables.

Rumor has it that Milt Miller has laid in his winter's supply of toothpicks. Milt certainly a thrifty.

Walter Chrysler is building a 68-story building. When it's finished he probably will build an automobile to climb it.

The Statesman agrees with Arthur Brisbane that the world is beautiful but points out that the real estate dealers have pre-empted most of the choice corners.

An Englishman has invented an auto top that can be turned back by operating a crank with one hand. There are a lot of things a driver can do with that unoccupied hand.

The Klamath News laments that "many leading citizens are leading the installment collectors by only three jumps."

Let us hope that some dog bites that Portland man who says he has no use for dogs.

A Salem man says he feels sorry for anyone so lacking in imagination as to spell all words the same way all his life.

In a good newspaper the place for expression of policy and opinion is the editorial columns and not in "colored" news articles.

With the "bearcats" and "cougars" and "huskies" and "bears" and "wildcats" and "webfeet" and "beavers" and similar teams with animal names playing football, one is moved to wonder what has become of the college elevens.

To that Easterner who says the world contains nothing more of interest we recommend a course under the guidance of one of Salem's red-headed widows.

Hoover's Alphabet
By MABEL F. MARTIN



LABOR:
HOOPER never had a strike. For years he was in charge of vast industrial operations involving thousands of men. He never forgot the human element. His first consideration was to provide for the men adequate wages, decent living conditions, sanitary habitations. Before Hoover ever wielded the powers of an executive, he had earned his living as farm boy, as office boy, and as miner. He sounded a drill, showed one, and pushed a hand car for eight hours a day or night. Hoover knows the hardships of labor, and the far greater hardships of unemployment.

It was at Hoover's suggestion that the president in 1921 appointed a conference of labor leaders, economists, and business men to attack the problem of unemployment. When the conference began, there were millions of idle men. In three months industry was picking up and men were finding employment. Hoover understands the laboring man's problems from the inside. (To be continued)

Scholarship Cup Awarded Kappa Gamma Rho Frat

At the chapel hour Friday at Willamette University, the interfraternity scholarship cup was awarded to the Kappa Gamma Rho fraternity for having highest average standing for the second semester of the past school year. The standings of the three fraternities were close, the margin between the highest and lowest being only 1.03 per cent. The grade average of Kappa Gamma Rho was 85.89; Sigma Tau was 85.44, and Alpha Psi Delta was 84.80. The Kappa Gamma Rho has won the cup in the last two awards. Willis Hathaway, chairman of the Freshman Glee advisory committee, announced that the type contest will be a loyalty song. In the competition three years ago the song was a loyalty march, but the committee has placed no further restriction on the type for this year's Glee.

Dinner Stories

Fair Question
A lecturer on art spoke before a group of men in an industrial city, urging upon them the duty of trying to put more beauty into their surroundings. At the close of the talk, a leading citizen came up to have a few words with the lecturer.

"I enjoyed your remarks," he said, "though I didn't agree with you. The fact is that we have no time here for beauty. The prosperity of this town is due to hard-boiled, practical men."

"Yes," retorted the lecturer, smiling, "you yourself are seeking beauty, according to your lights. You may not have found it, but I know you are aiming at what you think makes for greater attractiveness."

"No, you're wrong," insisted the hard-boiled man. "I'm not interested in beauty."
"Then," said the lecturer, "if you don't mind my being so personal, will you please tell me why you have dyed your whiskers?"

LISTENERS' VOTE TO COUNT HEAVILY

Radio fans who listen in on the Atwater Kent Oregon radio audition contest for men Sunday night from 5:15 to 6:15 and for women from 9:30 to 10:30 Monday night, both auditions being broadcast over KGW at Portland, have been requested to send in their votes for first and second choice for both men and women's voices to the KGW studio immediately after the contests. It is important that those interested avail themselves of the privilege of voting, as the radio audience's vote will count 50 per cent, and the vote of the judges selected for the two contests will count but 40 per cent.

Singers will be announced by the number they have drawn, and voters will mention the contestant by the number under which they sang.

James W. Jenks, Jr., and Miss Eleanor Moore, Salem district auditions winners, will compete at the Portland try-outs. Winners of the Oregon contest will go to San Francisco and enter in which eight districts are entered. The Pacific Coast and Western states contest early in November. The contestants who win at the San Francisco audition will be sent to New York to compete with representative singers from all districts in the nation.

The Mex may be less educated than we when it comes to gridiron strapping, but the southern public is still supreme in the conception of potent prune juice.