

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shows Us; No Fear Shall Awe."  
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## Business in Farming

If a chap wanted to set up in business some place he would try to make an estimate of what the gross volume of business he would do, cost of his stock and his operating expenses. The difference would be his profits and he would have to decide for himself whether the probable profits would be enough to keep him or sufficient to justify the venture. When a man buys a corner grocery or a gas station, he first asks, "What amount of business do you have?"

That is a sensible question, but we never heard of its being applied to farming before. A fellow seems to start in farming with no particular idea of how much he is going to make, if anything, or of how much he ought to make to keep his family. He just starts, trusting to his own willingness to work and the bounty of mother nature somehow that he may succeed. Many do; some do not.

The first thing we have read which seems to put going into farming on the same reasonable basis as any other business is the little bulletin "Dairy farm incomes required to maintain standard farm homes in Oregon," prepared by Ralph S. Besse and N. C. Jamison and put out by the extension service at the state college. The bulletin is sensible throughout. First it finds that to maintain a standard farm home in this state the cash income should be \$1508, which is in addition to the living supplied by the farm which is valued at \$650. Now that is reasonable, nothing fancy to be sure, but substantial and fair.

The next question is, how can the dairy farmer get this cash income of about \$1500. There it is all figured out. It takes an average of about twenty cows with a production of better than 300 lbs. of butterfat to yield that income. The capital investment in land, livestock and machinery is from \$15,000 to \$18,000.

With formulas like these it ought to be possible to determine why many dairy farmers do not succeed. Maybe it is lack of capital or trying to get along with too few cows or cows of poor production. Perhaps it is a poor farm so that too much feed must be bought. Perhaps the farmer himself is an indifferent worker or manager.

This bulletin charts a new course in educational publicity on agriculture. We have had many bulletins on technical questions of agronomy, horticulture and livestock including their diseases and pests. But we have never had such a plain and sensible treatment of one branch of farming as a business. Now even a chamber of commerce ought to know what is required of a successful dairy farmer. It is to be hoped that the bulletin really gets into the hands of prospective and active farmers; and that it is the forerunner of similar publications dealing with other branches of agriculture.

## Safeguarding Salem's Water Supply

THE county court protests against the action of the city attorney, upon the instruction of the council, filing objections to the granting of power permit to the Northwest Power company giving it the use of certain waters in the vicinity of Marion lake for power purposes. The city's filing on the waters was for possible future municipal water supply for the city of Salem. The county court's interest in the power side of the controversy is the belief that the development by the power company would speed the improvement of the north Santiam highway over the Cascades.

The interests involved in this power application are complicated. The granting of power permits to private concerns is presumably sufficiently safeguarded through federal and state laws. The nature lovers, the fish and game people are inclined to be hostile to the development because they regard the area as one of the state's beauty spots, not to be desecrated and destroyed by axe and steam shovel and waterways. In addition there are the questions about highways and water supplies.

We think the highway matter is not of controlling importance. If the Santiam highway has no more to endorse it than the power enterprise then it doesn't deserve the support the court seeks. If the other and more important interests are properly conserved, then of course the aid to the highway construction is valuable, but that should by no means be made a basis for rushing through the granting of this power permit. The court is wrong in trying to get the council to recede from its stand.

Salem needs to look to the hills for future water supplies. The north Santiam is the logical source of this water. It may well be that the power development would not interfere with the city's needs; but if it does, it should yield place; for the use of water for human consumption is everywhere regarded as paramount. As this city grows its water needs will grow; it will not indefinitely be satisfied with deriving its supply from the cloaca maxima which now drains the valley. Pending the time when it must go to the great Santiam watershed for water, the city authorities do well to protect the rights of the people of Salem.

## Al Smith Among the Authors

AL SMITH is going to join the ranks of the literary producers. Not to be outdone by Cal, Al has contracted to tell the story of his life through the Saturday Evening Post. Al makes a mistake in his medium. By all means he should use the talkies, if not the rad-dio. For how can we get the delicious tang of his accent, itself an autobiographical story of his origins, if not through his own spoken voice.

This means, of course, that Al doesn't plan to run for office again. When a man sits down to write the story of his life, it puts him in the retrospective mood. He lets go his grip on the present and his hope for the future. So here we have Al and Cal, still in the vigor of mature manhood, retreating from the turbulent scenes of political struggle to write autobiographical articles for popular magazines. Cal resides in half a duplex house at Northampton; Al enjoys his hardy-gurdy on an upper floor of the Biltmore.

There will be in Al's writings, we doubt not, a freshness and a vigor and a raciness which we do not find in the articles of the cautious Vermonter. His story is worth the telling, for any man who has climbed the ladder of fame so skillfully and so worthily as Al Smith, has a story of interest and value. We wait for the first installment with zesty anticipation.

Before Browning, firearms expert, died, he invented a machine gun, 37 mm bore, that will shoot a 13 in. shell at the rate of 150 shots a minute. When they read that more mothers will sing, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

Now that the April showers are past, the man of the house can have absolutely no excuse for holding back on that garden.

## A Hard Baby To Handle



## Editors Say:

**IS LINDBERGH'S POPULARITY ON THE WANE?**  
Everyone knows about the distinguished statesman of ancient times, who was kicked out because the people of Greece became tired of hearing him called the Just. That strange trait of human nature, exhibited then, exists today, which is one Reason why Republics are ungrateful. Reaction follows action, and sooner or later, the people tear down the idol which they themselves created.

There are some indications that this process is starting in the direction of Colonel Lindbergh. An editor in Texas, another one in New York, and a newspaper man in Washington—they have all dared to shy a few rocks in the direction of the Lone Eagle.

Listen to them:  
"Lindy has the big head, Lindy splashed mud on spectators, slapped a man's face, and his all exploit stories, printed under his own name, were really the work of a ghost writer."

Any fair-minded person who investigates these charges will find none of them ring true—as far as reflecting in any way upon Lindbergh is concerned.

This ghost writer charge, for example, is typical of all. The ghost writer admits Lindbergh is not only entirely capable of writing what was written, but that the stories were in fact dictated by him. In other words, the newspaper man was not a ghost writer at all but merely a stenographer. Sustain this sort of accusation, and as 99 per cent of the modern novelists dictate their tales, they could as well be accused of faking.

But, as the populace of Greece demonstrated, when the tide started to turn, logic does not figure. It is a matter of emotion. If a mob can't find anything wrong about their rejected idol, they will fight him because he is right. The tyrant is exiled because he is unjust, the statesman Aristides because he isn't.

So there you are, and there also is the most popular national hero of this generation, Colonel Lindbergh. Has the tide of public worship started to turn against him? It is too early to say definitely. But there are these minor indications that it has.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

## MARRIED WOMEN AND JOBS

Secretary of State Hal E. Hoss has served notice on the women employees of his office that those of them who contemplate matrimony will be expected to plan also to give up their places when they marry, thus making room for others who are dependent upon their own work for a livelihood. It is fair, other conditions being equal, that self-dependent women should be given the preference in employment and that those who have husbands capable of supporting them should make way. But Secretary Hoss closes his letter of notification thus:

Please do not feel that I discount the value of married women as workers, because I know that as a general rule they are exceptionally efficient.

If it is true that married women are "exceptionally efficient" then they ought to be allowed to keep their places, because efficiency of service in a public office should be the first consideration, placed above making places for persons however desirous of work. But it is altogether likely that the amiable secretary, in his desire to tell the shock of what he was telling the girls, went a little farther than he really thought. Because all of us know out of our experiences that the single or the married state is no criterion of excellence in work. Some married women are more efficient than some unmarried ones and vice versa.

Secretary Hoss is right in his general idea that preference in state employment ought to be given to self-dependent women and his policy is one that is likely to

meet with general public approval.—Eugene Register.

## A REVERSION TO FORM

The Portland baseball team already has gravitated to its normal position near the bottom of the second division, where it may confidently be expected to remain during the season. Those hardy souls who raised psalms of praise and predictions of a championship when the team won a few games in the opening weeks will be disappointed, but they ought to have known better. It is now, as always, impossible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

The Portland team has no material worth mentioning and that is the settled policy of the management not to have any. If by chance it develops a promising player, he is sold at the first opportunity. That has been the practice for years past. Just why Portland people continue to patronize baseball under such conditions is one of the mysteries. As long as they continue to do so, there will, of course, be no improvement. Their club is a farm and their team a farce and so they will remain, world without end, unless revolt is made manifest at the box office over a long period.

Bill Rodgers, manager of the Portland team, played baseball for Portland back in the days when Portland was a contender and Bill was as good as any of them. He must have to trust his tongue in his cheek when he trots his present aggregation of misfits out for their daily beating.—Roseburg News-Review.

## GOODBYE, INDIAN AGENCIES

Ray Lyman Wilbur made a good start in his work of handling the interior department when he announced that he hoped soon to do away with the office of Indian agent; not that there is anything wrong with the agents as individuals but the system has long since lost its usefulness. Years ago when the Indians were first being assigned to the various reservations, the agencies filled a need and were a reasonably efficient means of supervising the activities of the Indians. New generations have arisen, the reservations have been thrown open to white settlement, the white man's schools which predominate can be used by both races and there is no longer any need for the close supervision of the past.

Most Indians are perfectly able to look after themselves; those who are not are in the same class with white people who are incapable of the highest type of citizenship. Government paternalism will never improve the latter class. Those who are capable of better things will only reach the goal by being put on their own initiative, the rule for Indians being the same as for whites.

## IT'S A GREAT LIFE

"Tex" Guinan, notorious but sparkling with diamonds and "it" has been freed in New York city of the charge of perpetrating a public nuisance in the form of her night club, the Salon Royale. "Tex" follows up her acquittal by throwing a "coming out" party at which, we are told, the erstwhile prosecuting attorneys were among the guests of honor. Three cheers! Three rousing cheers, as "Rugles of Red Gap" was wont to say on such occasions.

Of course, one might make pointed remarks about the constitution of law enforcement in New York city, for while the wide-eyed "Tex" declared to the wide world that she had never sold, and even that she had never touched vile liquor, she admitted that she had seen it entering her night club in

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Blossom day next Sunday—

And nature is making elaborate preparations to show off at her gorgeous best.

The poet expressed the idea something like this: "The flowers are the alphabet of the angels where they write on field and forest eternal truths." They are writing them high, wide and handsome here now.

Charley Taft, when he was in Salem with Fred Hansen, defined an expert as "any d—fool 100 miles from home." Mr. Hansen, in talking to a Y. M. C. A. group, being again in Salem yesterday, had a new definition for an expert. He is a man or woman who "knows more and more about less and less."

Mr. Hansen is regional secretary of the whole Pacific coast for the Y. M. C. A., and he was here principally to sell the idea of a Y. M. C. A. endowment fund to the people of Salem. He succeeded, with the group he addressed.

Dr. M. F. Lewis terribly tempted the Bits man from the path of duty and the delights of blossom day next Sunday, by telling about a special train that is going to start at 4 a. m. on that day at Independence and run to Valsezt, at \$2.15 for the round trip, carrying a crowd of fishermen to streams where speckled and rainbow beauties 15 inches long (in fishermen's measurement) are waiting in schools to be caught. Dr. Lewis added that one is to register at Anderson's sporting goods store for the trip. Such a temptation is in the line of cruel and inhuman treatment.

Oh, yes, talking of cruel and inhuman treatment, Hon. A. Bush, the then political leader of old Oregon, was superintendent of the penitentiary, for which he received a salary of \$1000 a year.

and gave the money to found the prison library. During that time a young fellow of Salem was convicted and sent to the penitentiary. There was a well known woman with a tender heart and good impulses, living in Salem then, who took an interest in the prisoners and visited them; according to the Biblical injunction, carried them flowers and reading matter, etc. In the case of this young fellow, who had especially enlisted the sympathies of this good woman, he being only a callow youth and she being an elderly lady, it was reported to Mr. Bush that she had kissed the prisoner. "Oh, that cannot be allowed," said Mr. Bush, "for cruel and inhuman punishment is not allowed in Oregon under our constitution."

The oldest of our old timers who have the longest memories, remembering the incident, smile to this day—for none of them would agree that the good lady was endowed with the blessings of great beauty of person, though all would say that she had beauty of character to make up for whatever was her lack in pulchritude.

The Bits man is wondering if the people of Salem, or rather most of them, are fully alive to what is bound to happen when there is still water in the Willamette—with a constant line of boats and barges carrying freight up and down that stream, coming from and bound for the deep sea ports of the world. Unless something shall happen entirely outside the ken of present day thinkers, water freight rates will always be the cheapest. It costs less now to bring goods from Europe by vessel than from Spokane by rail.

Taking a far look, and perhaps not a very far one, either, the heavy commercial and manufacturing business of Salem is not going to get very far away from the

blocks and streets that are handy to the river. Do you get that, in the matter of high property values?

## Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

April 24, 1904

Oakland, Calif.—James J. Griffiths, the champion pugilist, was married late tonight to Fred Meyer of New York. The bride, who has been acquainted with Griffiths for several years, had not been known to public in any way.

The firm of Jennings and Martin, Eugene, drew the lucky number for the \$900 Rambler automobile given away in Salem by Graves, commercial traveler. Graves secured about the purchase price of the machine for the tickets he sold, but it required six months to sell them. He just purchased a new automobile, a car valued at \$2,500.

Advertisement: Driving buggy and harness complete, to be sold at a bargain if taken at once. The whole outfit for \$125.

## Big Get-Together At Chemawa This Thursday Evening

CHEMAWA, April 23. The W. A. and R. N. A. in joint session at Chemawa Community hall are sponsoring the biggest and liveliest get-together meeting of the season on Thursday evening, April 25. At this time a "500" party will be the magnet which will draw Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbors and their friends from the four quarters of Marion county.

A supper, prepared by the Royal Neighbors, some dancing by the juniors, much visiting, are among the drawing features.

Suddenly Gertz clasped her arms and drew her to him.



How far should a girl sacrifice herself to win the love of a man?

# DAPHNE

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

Author of "The Secret Studio"

In this intensely interesting serial the author has vividly described the love of two girls—step-sisters—for the same man. The gripping drama of their struggle, and the vivid description of the utterly different ways by which these girls tried to win him, make this the most thrilling romance you have read this year.

NOW RUNNING IN

The Oregon Statesman

## They Say ...

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

Robert A. Witzel, the subject of this sketch, was born in Gordon county, Georgia near the city of Calhoun. Crossed the plains with his parents in 1852 to Oregon and settled in Marion county. During the whole of his life from 1852 to 1910, when he moved to Salem, Robert Witzel lived on the farm. His father before him was a farmer and Robert also chose the occupation of his father. This occupation he followed until his retirement in 1910, when he moved to our city where he has lived a very quiet life, enjoying the comforts of the city with his wife and children. A few days ago Robert accidentally broke his hip. Owing to his advanced age, recovery was hardly to be expected. After 12 days of enduring excruciating pain the spirit left the body, on April 20, 1929.

The writer has known Robert A. Witzel quite intimately for 56 years and feels that he is in a position to portray the character of Robert Witzel, who has, during his active life, been one of Marion county's most substantial producers. Honest, industrious, frugal, and reliable. Such men as Robert A. Witzel are responsible for the sobriquet of "Honest Farmer," which was so generously applied to our early Oregon farmers. During all of our long acquaintance not one word have we ever heard against the honesty of Robert Witzel or even his reliability. As a farmer he was active, alert, industrious, and painstaking. As a neighbor he was generous, obliging, courteous and affable. As a father he was ideal, his very conduct being wrapped up in the interest and care of his children and their well-being. As a husband he was loving, kind and affectionate. The whole list of human virtues might be carefully scanned without a failing one that did not coincide with the character of Robert A. Witzel. Honesty, carefulness and simplicity attended all his thoughts and actions. He did not like the tinsel gaudy show of gaiety. The plain common everyday sense and action was more to him.

Robert Witzel never applied to any social organization for membership, although he was extremely social in his nature. He belonged to no religious organization, but was of a religious turn of mind, extremely moral and enjoyed the preaching of the gospel.

While Mr. Witzel had fixed and determined convictions yet he was decidedly tolerant, pleasant and agreeable with those from whom he differed in politics or religion. While he was not especially a temperance worker still he was temperate in all things and always found on the right side of every moral question. Trustful, truthful, and zealous for the right. Sincere and just.

May his ashes rest in peace and his life be a lasting benediction to his memory.  
W. T. RIGDON

suitcases. How peculiar. So, of course, if disturbances resulted why should anybody blame the genial and witty hostess. Give the little girl a hand! She has technique, has "Tex."

The whole proceeding was a farce from start to finish. Convicting anybody of running a night club in Ill' old Noo Yawk is just about as easy as convicting anybody of either running, or robbing, a bank. It's being done don't you know, and all that sort of rot. So that's what, and if that suits New York, why it'll probably have to be all right with us. But we are moved to inquire if it isn't getting just a bit thick to use the courts for such a publicity stunt?—Eugene Guard.