

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Keep the Home Fires Controlled

MOST thrifty householders have been diligent in recent weeks storing up quantities of fuel to keep their homes comfortable during the approaching winter. Going along the streets in the residential district one might see great piles of slabwood piled on parking strips, drying in the warm sunshine, to be sawed and then piled in the basement. Or mounds of sawdust, the new form of fuel, have been dumped in dooryards or on the paving. Home owners have been careful to lay in stock as much wood as their needs demand or as their facilities would permit. Many a man has been observed wheeling wood or shoveling sawdust, hurrying to get the job done before the fall rains set in.

With all this expenditure of money and energy in providing and handling fuel, we wonder how many men have made a fire inspection of their homes to see how safe they may be this winter when furnaces are eating up the fuel now so painfully hoarded. How many home-owners have taken one or two hours to make an inspection of stoves and furnaces, of fireplaces, of flues? Every one ought to. He owes it to himself and his family, and to his neighbors and to the insurance company to do so.

Here are some items to be checked over:
Are flues clean and free from soot?
What about openings into flues, are they properly protected against sparks or flames flying out?

Is there dirt or any combustible material piled near or around a stove or furnace?

Are there piles of old rags in corners of the basement, which might be subject to spontaneous combustion?

What about electric wiring or electric appliances? Are you trying to "get by" with defective wiring or imperfect appliances?

This is the Sabbath Day and it is a work of virtue to attend the sanctuary. Is it not of greater virtue today or some day soon to make this fire-inspection of your home, to check it over from basement to roof? This will not prevent all fires; but it should go a long way toward preventing those which would be the most inexcusable if they occurred—those that are the products of sheer carelessness on the part of the householder.

How Much Lumber?

WE have been watching the progress of the new state office building. Its walls and floors are of reinforced concrete. How little lumber there is used in the construction. And how few real carpenters have been required. Lumber has been used for the tool houses and for forms for retaining the poured concrete mixture. The floor forms however are of metal. Comparatively little lumber is used in erecting the building and very little will be used in the finishing. This office building shows just how little wood is consumed in putting up a high office building, and shows why it is with building activities at a high level as they have been in late years, the demand for lumber remained weak. A building of steel and brick or terra cotta like the telephone building calls for even less lumber than the state building.

Another thing we observe is how few really skilled carpenters are required on a job like the state edifice. Lumber is cut by power driven circular saws, and that is just the form lumber. The carpenters merely nail up the forms, a coarse form of carpentry. Square and level may be required occasionally, but the principal tools are a hammer and a pair of pliers to wire up the re-enforcing. An intelligent laborer can do all the carpenter work so far required, under the direction of competent foremen.

The demand for lumber continues to be chiefly for home building and for farm structures. The latter demand has been slow in reviving even when times turned good; the former has been less active this year than for some time past. There will of course always be a market for lumber, but it has been crowded out of numerous building situations through use of other materials. And the carpenter trade has suffered somewhat too, particularly in that trained skill which the true workman likes to display on his job. What chance is there for a carpenter to show his fine handiwork on a form for concrete which will be knocked down in twelve days?

A Fearful Toll

THE riot in the Colorado state prison at Canyon City, Colorado, exacted a fearful toll of human life. Seldom has such a death list been reported, especially of the prison guards. Seven guards were murdered by the rioting convicts and five of the latter left their dead bodies in the shambles, four of them dying by their own acts.

Just what the incident was which prompted the outbreak in the mess hall of the institution Friday awaits investigation by state authorities. Whether the institution was overcrowded or whether the men were cherishing a grudge against the management is unknown. But whatever the spark which touched off the explosion, the fact is that prisoners are always a desperate lot. The little thing which may have been used as an excuse for the joint revolt was probably a mere incident. The big thing is that convicts are brutally rebellious. They watch their opportunity for staging an escape. They know the odds are against them, but they feel the odds are against them anyway. Little to lose if they fail, much to gain if by chance they were successful and gained the open country. Then many of the worst criminals who are imprisoned do not think straight. Murdering a guard is of no consequence to them. The criminal instinct which brought them to incarceration stays with them in the prison and prompts them to foul deeds in hope of gaining liberty.

At Canyon City the damage from fire, from shooting and dynamiting is estimated at \$300,000. A heavy price to pay for the wild rampage of a few fierce rebels among the prisoners.

Oregon has had little trouble since the break of Willos and Kelly for liberty several years ago. But the state will do well to study its prison problem. The plant here is antiquated and overcrowded. While conditions are healthful and no undercurrent of bitterness is known to exist, it would be better for the state to look ahead and plan a new and more modern penitentiary which might do away in measure with the menace which the present crowded structure always has.

Now we are assured the Columbia bar is gone. That must be another victory for prohibition, and the last of the famous "bars" to give up their field.

Ex-secretary Fall is ill again. He gets that way always just when his case is ready for trial.

Sink or -- Sink!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

We should be ashamed—

Every one of us who has all our faculties, and whose bodies and good health, should be ashamed of ourselves for our complaining and our inferiority complex attitudes and outlooks on life, when we think of the almost uniform cheerfulness of our handicapped brothers and sisters, like those who come to Salem each year as students in the state school for the deaf and the school for the blind—

And like unnumbered thousands of others, who are physically weak and at the same time mentally and spiritually strong, facing the world with smiling faces and happy hearts, not asking any quarter from their physically better equipped contenders for the prizes of this earthly pilgrimage.

"To blind old Milton's rayless orb a light divine is given, And deaf Beethoven hears the hymns and harmonies of heaven."

(If that is the correct quotation.) The law of compensation runs through all the universe. Frank Irving, outstanding editorial writer of the Portland Journal, as many readers know, has often told eloquently of a little pathetically of the advantages of his handicap—for he lost his sight after graduating from Willamette university.

In the news dispatches of the past week there was this item, under a date line of the University of Oregon, Oct. 3: "Carl Lemke, sophomore in music and a student of piano at the University of Oregon, finds his blindness no hindrance in his attempt to work his way through college. Carl tunes pianos for the school of music and in private homes."

Carl Lemke is a Salem boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lemke, 428 North Church street. He is now 22. He lost his eyesight at 7; or rather his vision began to fail at that time, by a paralysis of the optic nerves, through diphtheria and the flu. The loss has become complete. He is taking a full course at the University of Oregon; majoring in music. He is tuner for the university, and is kept very busy; hardly time for repining, if he were so disposed, which he is not; decidedly not. During the last summer he rebuilt the piano of President Hall; restringing it. When he is not studying he is working. He is fully making his way; providing for all his expenses, asking nothing that he does not earn.

A year ago, he was surprised at being called to Portland where he was presented with a set of tuning tools, by the Portland Telegram. In some way not known to him, his lack and his need had reached the management of that newspaper, hence the gift.

He was called to Portland at another time, to visit with a friend; a fellow student. This young man, nearing graduation, had lost his sight, and with it his spirit. He was ready to give up the fight; thought it was of no use that the game was not worth the candle, the struggle too hard with his handicap; for his grudging rewards. No one had been able to cheer him; he answered appeals of his full sighted friends. "You do not know; you cannot realize," he needed the help one could give who did not know. Carl Lemke could realize; he did know; he filled the despondent fellow student with hope and instilled his low spirit with courage. And now he is bravely facing the world preparing for a life of singular usefulness.

There is another blind boy at the University of Oregon who stands second highest in the whole school in his studies. There is still another one, Glenn Walker

of Salem, who is also now a sophomore. These boys are able to help and cheer one another. Nor do they lack help from any member of the faculty. Their ambitions draw the admiration that cheers them on to make light out of their darkness.

The world's history is full of the heroisms and the outstanding accomplishments of the handicapped. The handicap is often the help that enables the working of wonders that, without it, would have been impossible. Who may say that the overcoming spirit is not the greatest thing in the world? Many a handicapped hero has been evolved from the very inspiration that was born of the handicap.

Col. E. Hofer just cannot stay away from Salem. He has a home in Portland now. But he has one in Salem also, and he gravitates back here every few days, whether he has any particular business call or not. He just likes to "stick around" in the old town that has known him and which he has known for so long.

He called on the Bits man Thursday, in order to say he has been all over this country, and that there is not a town in the United States twice the size of Salem that shows the signs of pep and progress he witnesses here on every hand; with new homes going up all the time, from modest cottages to palatial dwellings and half million dollar commercial and public buildings. He declares that he neither sees nor expects any cessation in the expansion program of Salem that has been witnessed the past five years, and the past year. He intimated that he knows some reasons for his faith that are not ready just yet for the public prints and the receptive ears of Salem.

Col. Hofer says one has to be away from Salem for a time and then return, in order to get a full perspective of the things of progress that are going on here— all over the city, and all through

its suburbs and the surrounding country, north, east, south and west. And without any dark spots of decadence and dry rot and neglect that are common to most other cities. It is the same out Hollywood way, and beyond the fair grounds, out past the eastern suburbs, around the new air port, to the south, and to the west—over the river, where another Salem (West Salem) is growing and expanding, on the same patterns as the original big sister that is so much older. Salem has no slump section, where the deadly fungus of the disease of moribund desuetude shows. Salem is a going concern.

One sees the evidences of up and coming growth and prosperity when he approaches Salem from any direction, says Col. Hofer. He feels the glad tingle and hopeful forward exuberance of it when he gets within 20 miles of Salem, in new houses and barns, better tended orchards and gardens and fields. And the thing is catching; it is a radiating spirit, that means more than any one thing in the growth of this city and this section, he says.

Col. Hofer owns more real estate and has more property interests in and around Salem than he has in Portland or elsewhere. He says whatever he holds here, he expects to see improved in value next year over this year, and so on indefinitely.

He has no patience with the "little Salemites," a few of whom still adhere to the body politics, though their number grows fortunately and beautifully less, and they cannot and will not endure in the bright light of the advances that are just around the corner and all down the coming years, as Salem assumes more and more the stature of her destined place as the real metropolis of the great and fruitful valley which it adorns and the trade of which it draws and builds up in mutual helpfulness.

Your property may be daily endangered—the hunting season is open. "No Hunting" signs are a protection and may be purchased at the Statesman office.

Editors Say:

DEFEAT OF FLEXIBLE TARIFF

The advantage of the arrangement that gives the president power to amend tariff rates in times of emergency is that the executive can give relief promptly to any industry that is confronted with an unexpected situation that nullifies its protection under the tariff law, without calling congress in special session, and without months and months of debate in legislative halls. Too often have American industries, agriculture included, suffered from the proven inadequacy of its tariff schedules, while senators and representatives have quibbled and fought and delayed action when summoned to give relief.

There is no industry so likely to be confronted with emergency situations as agriculture. Manufacturers can control their output. In times of an emergency, such as an unexpected invasion of foreign-made goods into American territory, the industrial plants can curtail production and artificially affect the market price. But agriculture cannot do this. Such being the case, the farmer needs the emergency tariff law. For the farmer never knows when over production of farm products is coming from other lands. Providence determines largely, farm production. Climate and weather bugs and plant diseases are factors over which the agriculturalist has little control. Natural causes, not artificial, govern crop production and crop markets.

There have been times during the past seven years when the president of the United States has used his authority to adjust tariff schedules to help the American farmers. There will be other times in the future in all probability. But when those other times come, the president's hands will be tied. The only way out for the agriculturalist then will be the calling of a special session of congress and months and months of debate and wrangling, with Neroes a plenty fiddling while Rome burns.

Placing adjustment of tariff rates in the hands of the president was a step nearer to the realization of a scientific tariff, whose rates are fixed from consideration of economic factors rather than political and sectional rivalries. —Albany Democrat-Herald.

CHARLES O. WILSON

The people of this community read with regret of the death of Charles O. Wilson, mayor of Springfield. As a business man and as a public official he has commanded genuine liking and respect. Though he had been mayor of our neighboring city only a short time, he had done much to establish relations on a cordial, friendly basis.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Wilson was one of a group of Salem boys that rose to prominence. Governor Patterson, Burt Brown Barker, vice-president of the University, Charles McNary, now United States senator, and our late neighbor had a boyhood acquaintance. Herbert Hoover spent a part of his boyhood in the same neighborhood.

Mr. Wilson never pretended that his was more than an interesting circumstance. Personally he made no pretensions to fame. But he had certain characteristics which seem to be common to men with that pioneer Oregon background—simplicity, honesty and common sense. He was a good citizen and he will be missed. —Eugene Guard.

Lay Sermons

THE "POWER" QUESTION

"And when they had set them in the midst, they asked, By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?" The Acts 4:17.
The high priest and his kindred were asking this question. They were asking it of Peter in those first days when the new faith of the Nazarene was springing to life after the terrible eclipse of Calvary. Well might the priests of the established order ask it. They had just put Jesus, a disturbing fellow to death. What new zealot was rousing the populace? Here were thousands of people running after the members of that Galilean band who had accompanied Jesus to Jerusalem. How do they bewitch the multitude now that their leader had been buried in a cold tomb?

Peter does not disappoint the worried priests Annas and Caiaphas. Boldly now he speaks out: "By the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth"; again: "there is none other name."

Old Annas and Caiaphas knew human nature. Perchance they were crudely educated save in the precepts of the Jewish law. They knew more than Peter and John of course, recognizing the pair as "unlearned and ignorant" men. Still Annas and Caiaphas had no college degrees and no badges of scholarship. But they knew human nature. They recognized motive forces in human contact, that they spring from personal leadership.

Power, super-power. How much we hear of power these days. We think of power in terms of kilowatts and horsepower. We think of great generators, or rushing waters harnessed into service. We think of mighty engines driving and lifting and pulling. It is the age of mechanical power and the age of the control of sources of power. Streams with sharp less reservoirs of energy to drive falls, coal, oil. We want exhaust-the machinery of the world.

Annas spoke not of that kind of power, but the power that moves the mind of men—the power of a name, the power of a personality. We live in the thralldom of personal power. Paul Hutchinson writes of how the Sherwood Eddy party this year crossed the Russian border without handicap when the leader of the party showed the guards a letter bearing the signature of Senator Borah. The power of a name. In China the name of Sun Yet Sen flames like a beacon even in remote villages.

Men of this machine-age thinking of power in terms of mechanics have scant realization of this power of personality, or of the motive force of personal religion. It is so easy to rationalize in this day of statistical tables and scientific synthesis. Why regard religion as a moving factor in this age of coldly measured mechanical accomplishment? But the mind is not a machine; its laws are psychological, not mechanical. The mind responds to the impress of

another mind and the leadership of another personality. That is the secret of the continuing power of Christ—the impress of his leadership, the stirring influence of his personality as revealed in the gospel story and in the lives of those who are his faithful followers. Religion is reckoned today as a vital moving force in human affairs, not as it is bound by fetters of conventional formulas, but as it is released to sway the hearts, to touch the feelings and control the wills of men and women.

"By what power, or by what name?" This old question of Annas and Caiaphas has been asked of holy men in all ages in recognition of the driving force of personal leadership and of personal religion. There is a force, not of steam or electricity, but of religion which still arrests the attention of even the skeptics. As "Abt Vogler" says in Browning's poem:

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name? Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands! What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same? Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?"

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 6, 1904

The flag was at half mast on the postoffice yesterday in honor of the memory of Hon. H. M. Payne, postmaster general.

The dairy barn of Jacob Schindler burned to the ground, resulting in a heavy loss which is only partly covered by insurance. The loss was about \$2,000.

Prospects were never brighter for the fall season at the Y. M. C. A., and it looks as though the 300 mark will be reached without difficulty.

Girls' Glee Club To be Formed at High School Here

Lena Belle Tartar, director of music at the Salem high school, will organize a girls' glee club of 40 voices, she said Friday. She plans practice periods twice a week after selections of the club are made. Music activity for the year at the high school looks pretty promising, she reports, with a number of last year's better students in school for another year. Miss Tartar is also planning to organize a boys' and a girls' quartet shortly. Tryouts for each of these groups will be called in a short time.

First Unitarian Church

Cottage and Chemeketa Streets

REV. M. F. FERRY, Minister

Sunday school at 10 a.m. — Devotional services 11 a.m.

Subject of the sermon:

"The Power of Enthusiasm"

When you shop in a big city

You know your Fifth Avenue perhaps. Or all your life you've been familiar with the shopping sections of Boston—you are certain just which side street to turn into for the specialty store you have in mind . . . But these days, you'll find yourself at home wherever you shop. You'll not be at a loss to get exactly what you want in St. Louis or Seattle or Syracuse.

When you buy advertised products, you can buy just as wisely and do just as well—wherever you go—as you would if you went into the store on Main street at home, where your mother and your grandmother have traded for years. For you can trust advertised products and the stores that sell them, exactly as you would believe merchants who have been your lifelong friends in the same small town.

Read the advertisements in this paper—especially if you are a stranger in town. They will guide and befriend your buying.



Universal Appeal

Clough-Huston service is decidedly flexible. It enables us to satisfactorily take charge of large and small funerals, and to meet every requirement made by varying circumstances.

No matter what may be asked of us, we try always to shape our service to meet the demand.

CLOUGH-HUSTON CO.
FUNERAL HOME
205 SOUTH CHURCH ST.
Phone 120

