

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Aw"

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Oregon for Hoover

THE presidential campaign draws to a close. What had threatened to be a republican rout now gives some strong indication of a republican victory. That is true of Oregon. A few weeks ago it was correctly listed in the Roosevelt column. So abrupt and sweeping has been the change of sentiment, that Hoover electors appear assured of success in this state.

It has been a strenuous campaign. Lines of strength have run directly opposite. The Roosevelt strength was at its peak in the early fall; but as Roosevelt talked he lost votes. He was forced to retreat from one position after another, until now his stand on everything has been badly muddled. Hoover on the other hand has progressed from strength to strength. Seldom or never has he seen such transformation in a man. Long rather aloof, seemingly timid of the crowd with its jostle, Hoover has emerged as a fighter. His speeches have had force and vigor. If the battle is won it will be purely a personal victory for Herbert Hoover. If it is lost he goes down a fighting hero.

Roosevelt's retreat has been conspicuous. Starting out by condemning the Hawley-Smoot tariff as a "ghastly jest", as a monstrosity, he has already assured agriculture that he would not reduce agricultural schedules and assured labor that he stands for full protection against products of cheap foreign labor. Thus he virtually gives away his own case.

On the question of relief he takes virtually the same stand as Hoover. Hoover that localities and states should take care of their cases, calling on the federal government only when their local resources are not adequate. That is exactly Hoover's stand.

On the matter of the bonus Roosevelt kept silence for months, finally admitting "it couldn't be paid"; but his tardy declaration was an index of weakness and not of courage.

On the matter of economy Roosevelt wildly proclaimed he would cut the federal budget 25%, apparently ignoring the fact that the democratic house of representatives had not only emasculated the economy bill in the last session, but his own record for economy in New York state was nothing minus. Under Gov. Roosevelt New York state expenses grew to nearly four times the expenses under Gov. Whitman, republican, in 1918.

On the matter of solving the problems of the depression, Roosevelt offers no other or better plan than the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He merely scolds and says that Hoover has brought relief to the "big business man", which the facts specifically refute. This government money has gone to farmers, has gone to banks, chiefly those in smaller cities, to insure co-operations and building and loan associations, with their millions of policy holders and shareholders. It has been administered by men of capacity and integrity. The dramatic story of the Dawes bank was told by Pres. Hoover in St. Louis, and is reprinted elsewhere in this issue. As the public heard this story from the lips of the president they must have gained a truer and faster picture of the president himself and of General Dawes who was ready to go down rather than appeal for aid, who accepted aid only when it was thrust upon him to save a serious situation, and did so primarily in the interest of the thousands of depositors and borrowers of his institution. The result is that the Dawes fortune is probably wiped out or nearly so; but the depositors have not lost, the banking situation in Chicago has cleared, and the government is being repaid the money it advanced.

On one issue and one alone does Roosevelt still stand: immediate and unqualified repeal of the 18th amendment and immediate restoration of beer in spite of the 18th amendment. What a glorious issue to campaign on for the presidency at a time when the real issue is bread not booze, jobs not beer!

In contrast with the retreats and compromises of Roosevelt Herbert Hoover has taken his ground and stood firmly upon it. He opposes the bonus. He stands for tariff protection. He opposes the debt, but grants the need of federal aid to supplement local resources. He fights to preserve and restore the economic system to the end that the unemployed will find jobs back in their normal vocations. He opposes inflation of the currency. He fights for sound money, for sound public credit. He favors reduction in government costs, reduction in burdensome armaments. He stands by his policy of economy and rebuilding and assures the public that it is already bringing results.

Herbert Hoover is seasoned. He has passed through the fires. He is in full control of himself, in full control of the various public and private agencies which must be coordinated for nation-wide service. The country should not drop him now. It needs his experience. It needs his organizing ability. It needs his great mind and his great heart. Suppose at Valley Forge the continentals had rejected George Washington. How long would the army have kept the field? Suppose in the spring of 1863 Lincoln had been deposed. Would the crisis have been won and the nation reunited? In this time of crisis, when the nation is in a state of confusion and confusion and despite error and failure is nevertheless holding fast to certain great fundamentals of government and of economics, proven after centuries of trial.

Finally The Statesman appeals to the people of Oregon to vote for Herbert Hoover because of the personal element involved. We should not do so at all if we did not believe it was the best for the country. Believing that we can supplement it with reference to the fact that Herbert Hoover grew up in Oregon, that here in fine and wholesome surroundings his character was shaped. Scores of people in Salem and in Newberg knew Hoover as a boy and young man. He left this city to gain through his own efforts fame and fortune. After gaining both he devoted himself to the public service to the great completion of his fortune. His public service has been marked by deep and sincere interest in the welfare of humanity. There have been sinister rumors and charges that in the period he was absent from America he was unscrupulous in his business dealings and vicious in his labor policies. We are satisfied that these charges are utterly baseless. No man who has had such worthy and careful training as he had in Quaker homes, no man whose entry into public life was marked by such supreme consecration to the succor of humanity, no man who has kept his personal and public career so spotless as Herbert Hoover could have so completely altered his character in the 20 years he spent in professional work in many lands.

Hoover knows Oregon and the Pacific coast. His home is here, his personal sympathies are here. Oregon and the Pacific coast with a glowing sense of pride in their most distinguished son, should give him a rousing vote of endorsement in the election next Tuesday.

Sounds Like an Afterthought

THE editorial defense of the effort to repeal the Anderson prohibition law of Oregon is one of the weakest arguments which the Salem Capital Journal has ever offered. That paper says that:

"Advocates of repeal of the Anderson bone dry act simply seek to have the statute rewritten by the legislature to permit the manufacture, possession and sale under proper restrictions of beer and wine of reasonable alcoholic contents."

If that was the purpose then why the initiative which wipes out ALL enforcement machinery? The advocates need not have spent a single cent in this expensive campaign. All that they would have needed to do was to wait till the legislature met and have it rewrite the statute, which it could do at any time, subject only to the constitution.

Or the initiative, if this was the purpose of the advocates, could merely have rewritten the statute to "permit the manufacture possession and sale under proper restrictions of beer and wine of reasonable alcoholic contents". Why did they not do this? Why did they go to the extreme and draft a bill to wipe out ALL control for hard liquors as well as "soft"?

The argument of the Capital Journal is false on its face. We ask the Capital Journal: Will you be satisfied until prohibition is repealed from both the federal and state constitution and until the sale of liquors of all kinds is again permitted?

The Patent Mouse Trap Peddler



Courtesy New York Herald-Tribune

Early Days In Oregon

Collected by H. C. Porter of Aumsville from the Oregon Farmer.

August 22, 1860

We learn from the Pioneer and Democrat, that some \$2000 worth of wool will be shipped from Olympia the present season, for the first time. We do not know why sheep cannot be raised with success in Washington Territory.

Advertisements

Union Course. This race course located two and a half miles east of Portland, has been opened by the subscriber, who has erected good stands, commodious stands and everything else necessary for thrills of speed. The rules of the Multnomah Jockey club will govern the course and all persons entering horses may depend on getting all their speed calls for. An omnibus will run from Portland to the track every Sunday from 10 o'clock a. m. till night. Fare 50 cents each way. The house on the grounds will be supplied with the best wines and liquors at 25 cents a glass. Positively no gambling allowed on the premises. J. M. Hurley, proprietor.

Law and Collection Office. George H. Williams (late chief justice), A. O. Gibbs, Williams & Gibbs, Portland, Ore., will practice in the courts of Oregon and Washington Territory. Office in Stark's block opposite Metropolis hotel.

George H. Carter, attorney & counselor at law, and Professor in Admiralty, Stark's building, Front street, Portland.

Poetry. The family is like a book—The children are the leaves, The parents are the cover, that Protective duty pays.

At first the pages of the book are blank and purely fair. But time soon writes memories. And paint pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp that binds the heart; Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves Shall scatter and be lost.

New Views

"What person in the news these days do you most admire and why?" Statesman reporters obtained the following answers to this question yesterday:

A. L. Adolphson, photographer: "Right now, it's Roosevelt because of his character and his future. He's practically elected. You know that."

Fred Edmundson, football man in a gear, Willamette: "Right now, Hoover, for several reasons. One is that I've known of him for a long time. He seems to be one of those regular gentlemen who keeps his mouth shut till he's pushed too far. And as McNabb said, when you get a Quaker riled up, look out."

Daily Thought

"Who among us can tell or measure the power of good music? Who shall say how many hearts it has soothed, how many tired brains it has rested, how many sorrows it has taken away? It is like the power conscience—mighty, immeasurable." — Theodore Thomas.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Two Octobers:

Under the heading, "Lincoln 1864—Hoover 1932" the Cumberland, Maryland, Daily News had the following article in double column form on its editorial page:

"Mid-October, 1864—Abraham Lincoln sat in the White House, his reelection very uncertain. The Civil war had been under way for three and one-half years. Gettysburg had been fought and won by the union and the outcome of the war had really been decided. But the people did not realize this fact. Financially, physically, mentally, morally—they were exhausted. Misery was everywhere and the average man's personal troubles were overshadowing the real issues of the day.

"Throughout the land democratic orators echoed the party's platform, which declared the war a complete failure, and in mid-October, 1864, the tired American still believed that such was the case. But, as election day approached, the mist rolled from the voters' eyes. They saw the man of the people whom they had criticized so harshly was winning their battle and was entitled to a square deal. The result was that Abraham Lincoln—to all appearances a loser in October—emerged from the fight an overwhelming victor. The people had seen the truth in time!

"Mid-October, 1932—Herbert Hoover sits in the White House facing an uncertain election. His problems have equalled those of Abraham Lincoln. The financial and economic cataclysm which, as the aftermath of the great war, has swept Europe, America and the rest of the world nearly resulted in general chaos. We and other nations have stood on the brink of the greatest catastrophe ever known. For more than three years the war has been waged in America. Some mistakes were made at the start, as in the Civil war, but through the leadership of a genius we are emerging from our difficulties. The Gettysburg of this war has been fought and won, but the exhausted people do not yet realize that fact.

"The democratic platform proclaims the economic war a failure and, to a large number of Americans, exhausted with his or her battles, this seems a fact. But, is it not likely that before the average voter votes he or she will awaken to face the real truth?

"A man of the people, deep in his understanding of their problems, is winning the world's greatest war for them—a war in which we were engulfed by factors beyond our control—and deserves reelection to the same extent that Lincoln deserved it in 1864. It would seem likely that America will think and will re-elect Herbert Hoover by a wide majority. This is as it should be!"

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Fifty thousand Oregon workers are threatened with unemployment from tropical oils, imported into this country, duty free. These oils are mainly manufactured into a product outside the state of Oregon, and thus escape all taxes to the state. Because the oleomargarine interests employ almost no labor in Oregon, they pay almost no taxes in Oregon, they import from the Philippine Islands, duty free, the chief ingredient of their products, "coconut oil," and place it in competition with the butterfat produced on the farms of this state. We suggest that the Oregon citizen vote 90% Yes.

In case the oleomargarine tax falls at the November election the dairymen of this state are in favor of the importation of Philippine labor to be employed on the dairy farms here. This is the only way that we can combat the untaxed substitutes of dairy products, and keep the dairying industry on a paying basis.

L. A. HULBERT, Dairyman.

We here in Oregon have been advised to follow Canada as to our liquor problem, that is by state or local control. I am receiving a monthly religious magazine published at Riverside, Cal. It states that Dominion control of the liquor problem is far from satisfactory. In the province of Ontario the revenue dropped from \$67,000,000 in three years to about \$10,000,000. This is due to competition of the bootleggers. They got too much of the business and it has been suggested by some of the government officials to take 20% off the tax as to better meet the competition. Would state control now in Oregon be any better? Why should the moonshiners want the state to have all the benefit from the business? He having voted as we it would be fair to let him have part of the profit. State control? No, I guess not! N. T. BOWERS, West Salem.

A Football "HUDDLE" By FRANCIS WALLACE

CHAPTER XXXV

That night, before Fidge dropped in for a smoke, Ted sat in his room, looked out on the disturbed lake, listened to the moaning winds. He had been like that; his life had been.

But now he was calm; Phyllis had scattered oil on his troubled soul; she was perfection. He had known that somewhere in the world there was a girl like that—was glad he had waited.

Rosalie was a good egg but she argued; gave the impression she was checking up on some of his judgments and opinions. Barby was sweet, and all that but too much trouble, too much worry.

He had found a girl who melted into his ideal—beautiful, talented, serious; nice family.

Fidge would be his brother-in-law. That would be funny.

"Well, what you laughing at?" Fidge cried, hopping on a carefully pressed doodad in a window seat.

"Just thought of something funny."

"The Thinker, I suppose. I noticed she was putting on the act for you."

"Yes?"

"Sure, she always does; leaves most of them groggy. But you handled her just right—fed her the old daffydillo right back."

"You noticed it, eh?"

"Sure. I was betting she wouldn't put the works over on you."

"You mean you had a bet with her?"

"Oh no; but she always does it and I'll give her the old berry because she didn't put it over. That's why I can't figure why I'm such a setup."

"What do you mean?"

"Here I've been watching the kid put over her stuff all the time—look behind the scenes, see—and yet I go right out and eat up the same line."

"So they all put on acts?"

"Sure—women are as full of tricks as a bridge game."

Ted blew smoke rings consecutively until they made a tunnel. He looked through it.

"Why the tricks, Fidge?"

"I don't know; the men are supposed to do the choosing—you ask who you want to go to this dance or to marry you or something like that—you think you do—just take your pick from the gals in the show windows."

"Being in the windows they dress up so much—right?"

"Right. Then while you're looking them over, the hand is quicker than the eye, bingo, you're choosed by the one you think you're choosing."

"They spot us a couple of touchdowns and then knock us off."

"Sure," Fidge continued. "They're game to it. That's why women grow up quicker maybe. Lookit Phyllis; just a kid yet; but she's been slaying them so long with her tricks that she piles into you with all the confidence in the world."

"Just to keep in practice," Ted nodded.

Whether he emerges a victor from the present contest, or whether he shall fall from the shafts of the bitter onslaught, a similar setting will be that of Herbert Hoover.

He is fighting the good fight for his country as no other man in it could wage it.

The writer believes Hoover will win, and that if such shall be the issue of the popular plebiscite, we will see something like what happened on the election of McKinley in 1896—

The immediate resumption of business, with a quick starting of factories, and unemployment wiped out so quickly as to hearten and astonish the whole nation, as it was then.

"Sure—and probably thinks she pushed you over. But you see where she's going. She's just a kid in prep school, but one of these days she'll really point for a guy and he won't have a chance."

"You're sure it's an act, Fidge?"

"Sure—you heard her work. Probably told you how wonderful you were—soft-voiced, big eyes—that was the Janet Gaynor act. She heard me talk a lot about you and looked you over and figured you would go for that. Now if I should bring Stone home—and I should somebody should drop me in the lake—she would put on the Clara Bow. Hell, she's good."

Ted laughed. She was good all right. Fidge's theory was startling—and illuminating. It gave Ted what he had long needed, a key to the manifestations of the feminine gender.

"But there's one more question, Elinor Glynn," he asked. "Barney says it's had football to rely on tricks for a basic game."

"The game ends when the whistle blows—and this love game ends when the organ blows—and that's all these babies are interested in—to win their big game."

"All right—quote you Barney right back—it isn't the play but the execution. I know I'll probably go right along, sit back of the wings and help her put up the scenery—and then get out front and watch the show."

"I'm afraid I'd walk out on the show."

"I guess maybe you would. Well, you take a tip from an old-timer and do a lot of scouting before you sign up for the big game."

Ted took the hot tip and did a lot of scouting. As winter slid into spring he applied his cynical scrutiny to new girls, to memories of old ones, to the girls in the streets; watched them before their men came, watched them after their men had gone.

Watched them go into the huddle—and come out!

Tricks. It was part of their defensive mechanism. Why blame them? Men had all the best of it. One night watching a movie siren, he thought of Barby with bitterness. It shocked him.

Always before he had excused her deficiencies, glossed over them as those of an indulgent child; even found some comfort in the bitterness.

Now Barby stood in her own coloring, without the pastel draperies with which his idealism had clothed her. Rosalie had been right; Rosalie seemed always to have been right.

Nor did he blame Barby. She was what she was; not what he had thought she was. If Barby didn't love him, if she hadn't wanted to be serious, if she wanted to think it funny, for Stone to manhandle her in pajamas—that was her affair, but Ted couldn't quite rid him-

self of the Barb of his imagination—the girl she might be—the girl he had loved.

The Barb business had to be settled and cleared one way or another. She was or she wasn't. Ted wrote her a frank letter calling for a showdown.

She answered by special delivery; and it seemed to Ted that it had been the girl in the flesh who had worn the mask—that the real Barb was the girl he had dreamed, after all.

At New Dominion, contrary to usual custom, the Prom was not the major dance of the college year, this spot being reserved for the Senior Ball, a four-day revel in the final spring when college was slipping into the past and life was just ahead. But the Prom was an important two-day affair and the seniors brought on girls from home for this as the seniors did for the ball.

Fidge was fixing up the room. He removed the Rouge Gallery and Murderer's Row; tipped the janitor to sweep and dust it thoroughly; polished everything that would stand polishing and finished up by going around the edges of the rug with a razor blade, cutting away vagrant threads.

"I'm really nuts about this little granite," he said enthusiastically. "We've got to make a good impression with the room."

The little granite was from Chicago, the latest of an honorable line of damozels over whom James Pidgein had raved.

Ted was not so enthusiastic. He had just received a wire which announced that Barb would arrive at five in the morning.

"She might have picked a better hour," he complained, "that means I've got to get up about three and have a cat out here to take me in—and probably they'll forget and I'll have to walk."

"That's the women for you," Fidge laughed.

"It's this one, anyhow."

Barb stepped off the train in the early gloom; with maid and бага. In the thrill of this first intimacy of their relations Ted forgot his discomfort, forgot everything of the past except that it had finally brought her to him. They had breakfast at the Bolivar.

"The girls wanted me to back out at the last minute," she informed him casually, "but now I'm glad I came."

Should he thank her for not running out on him? She was on his home grounds now and he must be a gentleman at all costs.

Pidge and Ted had hired a U-Drive-It for the duration of the Prom; that afternoon they called at the hotel, picked up the girls and drove about town and out to the campus. Barb was vivacious now, and friendly, and Ted took on something of the feeling of a homesteader showing his bride about the ranch for the first time.

"Now," Fidge announced, "we'll show you the room."

(To Be Continued)

Perfect Shirt Tail is a Wondrous Thing; Always Down, Never Out

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

BOTH the clock in the court house tower and the one on the United States National corner stopped last week. Probably more of Mr. Hoover's doings.

Horses should be required to wear lights, head and tail, when ambling on the highway in the dark. Ask motorcyclist Eddie Menzies of The Statesman delivery force. He knows! And how!

Cinema note: It was delightfully refreshing to have Mr. Arliss with us again. "A Successful Calamity" has not, perhaps, the dramatic strength of "The Man Who Played God," but it was entirely enjoyable.

Sh-h-h! Are the workers shown in the "return to prosperity" features of the weekly news reels wearing clothes that were in vogue seven or eight years ago, and are not now, or is somebody suffering from a distorted imagination?

Down but not out. The perfect shirt-tail.

Rumor from the short-order houses: Patrons are still eating sparingly. No change in their manners.

The Messrs. Schmidt, so I am told, have spent in the neighborhood of ten grand in fixing up the Grand theatre during the past several weeks. Puzzle: when is a depression not a depression? Answer: When it is not permitted to depress.

Editor Wilfred Hagedorn says in his Salem Journal Gazette that when a big fire "threatens to leap out of control there's something akin to panic in every breast."

That's the truth! Gosh! By the way, Wilfred, you haven't by any chance been listening to some of the current campaign speeches, have you?

George Washington had to be urged to accept the presidency of the United States. How times have changed!

When some folks get discouraged they get it bad. I heard a man say this week that about the



D. H. TALMADGE

best thing we can do with this land of the brave and home of the free is to put a string around it and give it back to the Indians.

If the campaign was to last another month there's no telling what fool things folks would be saying.

I know a dozen or more intelligent people who seem to have got the idea into their heads that all our young folks are in the "flaming youth" class, which idea is a whole lot erroneous. The truth is, there's a sort of dumps epidemic in this country at present, and dumps is powerful discouraging to reasonableness.

George Arliss is a strict vegetarian.

Petty thievery is said to be prevalent. A rather desperate situation. Some of the stolen articles are reported as not having been worth stealing. Why steal something which is not worth stealing? Some quite odd questions are popping up nowadays.

Why is it, inquires Editor Sprague? (Turn to Page 3)