

Back to Northampton

CALVIN and MRS. COOLIDGE are on their way to Northampton, their day of power at an end. They go as Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, without the pomp and ceremony that of late has attended them. They go to a modest home, to a simple American manner of living. As by the light of a kerosene lamp Mr. Coolidge was inducted into the highest office in the land, in style equally unostentatious he goes back to private life at Northampton.

The Coolidges go out of public life with the friendly feeling of the American people. Without being a hale fellow well met Mr. Coolidge has been well liked and respected. His enemies are few; he leaves few animosities behind him.

Seldom have we had a president who did his job more successfully. Of quite modest personal attainments Mr. Coolidge lived within his intellectual means as truly as he did within his financial means. He suffered no inflation of the head. He proved a man of cool judgment, of careful discernment. He avoided rather than outrode trouble. No innovator, conservative to a fault, his contribution to public life was mainly of a negative character. His vetoes are his principal bids to display of statesmanship, his rigid economy his chief claim to successful administration.

The Coolidge administration was so lacking in the theatrical, and Coolidge himself so undramatic a personality, that future historians may not rate it at its true value. It was a period of post-war reconstruction; and Mr. Coolidge has guided the government through this critical period of readjustment with high skill and success. That which may prove to be the great achievement of his administration is the Kellogg treaty for the outlawry of war.

Mr. Hoover inherits a sound organization. He will not be confronted with outrageous scandals as was Coolidge when he first became president. He will find, with the exception of prohibition enforcement, a wholesome state of affairs. This will give the new president a flying start toward a successful administration. If he can supply the dynamic which Mr. Coolidge lacked and can keep a working alliance with congress and with public opinion, he can accomplish much during his term in office.

New York in 1825

THE Atlantic Monthly reprints the most interesting personal letters and diaries on occasion. This remark does not apply to the recent Lincoln "Love Letters" which the Atlantic offered to an unreceptive and skeptical public. The current issue has some charming letters from Ellen Randolph Coolidge, favorite granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, describing her wedding journey from Monticello to her new home in Boston.

In New York Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge met Marquis de La Fayette who had arrived in America on his final visit. Her description of the great New York of 1825 which had a population of about 130,000 is worth reading:

"I have seen some of the sights of the place, walked on the famous battery, . . . and driven the length of the city which is so immense in comparison with anything I ever saw, of such magnitude and such population with such an appearance of life and activity that I can scarcely recover from my surprise. The streets literally swarm, the noise is incessant, and overpowering, and I can never look out of the window without fancying there must be some extraordinary occasion for such rapid and hurried movements; such throngs of people; such ringing of bells and hurrying to and fro of men, horses, carriages, etc., etc., but it is always the same."

One day they went by the recently invented steamboat to Staten Island; again she wrote: "This evening I am going to see the ascent of an aeronaut in a balloon at Castle Garden." They finally reached Boston in the stage-coach.

What if dear Ellen could skip the century and make the trip today from Monticello to Boston via New York. She could almost repeat her language about New York, but what a transformation in aeronautics and transportation she would encounter.

Jones Deserves Credit

W. A. JONES of Salem deserves credit for having the courage to defy the legislature and obtain an injunction to restrain the secretary of state and state treasurer from paying out the \$5 per diem the legislators voted for themselves. The skids were all greased for this salary grab act, and Jones was the only one with courage and vigilance to thwart it. Now the question will go into the courts for settlement. It will be decided whether the legislature can violate the terms of the constitution its members swear to uphold and keep away from the violation.

While the house passed the resolution on February 23 the senate withheld action till Saturday afternoon apparently from fear that some action might be taken, such as actually took place. The press reports state that the warrants were ready for delivery when the injunction was served—which shows remarkable speed of the state executives in rushing a payroll through. Or were the warrants all prepared in advance so the members could race in and get their money and beat any process servers?

Legislators serve for a miserable pittance. The constitution ought to be amended to provide more adequate compensation. However, the members took their jobs knowing what the pay was; they are poor sports to raise their own wages in defiance of the constitution.

Talk about reprisals on the grange is silly. Whether Jones acted as an individual or as a grange officer doesn't matter. He did what ought to have been done, and what he was the only man in the state with gumption enough to do.

A Contemptible Fight

IT was a contemptible fight which was made on C. L. Starr in the senate Saturday night which prevented his confirmation to a post on the newly created educational board of the state. Starr was named by the governor from among the regents of normal schools, having served as regent for 15 years under three governors. Because Starr is a personal friend of the governor and his political adviser Senator Klepper led a bitter fight against him.

Starr was endorsed by senators from each of the three counties where there are normal schools; Elliott of Polk, Kiddle of Union, Dunn of Jackson county. Fortunately senators thought better after a Sunday's reflection and endorsed Mr. Starr by a vote of 25 to 3.

Governor Patterson was given a difficult job with scant time in which to do it. There will be criticism for this selection or for that; but a fuller study will show that the board is a well balanced organization. Before branding the board or its members with one label or another, it would be much better to watch it in performance of its duties. We have faith to hope that the board will rise to its responsibilities in a worthy manner.

Oregonians Occupy Strategic Positions

SENATOR McNARY becomes chairman of the senate committee on committees, the important committee which makes the assignments of new members to committee positions. His selection was made by the republican caucus. This promotion places Senator McNary in one of the most important posts in the senate organization.

This appointment helps the position of Oregon in affairs at Washington. Representative Hawley is chairman of the ways and means committee, now engaged in work on the tariff. He is also a member of the house committee on committees and chairman of the republican caucus.

With Oregonians in these posts and with an ex-Oregonian in the White House, the interests of this state ought to be well regarded during the next two years.

Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow



Editors Say:

IT'S THE SAME OLD SHIP OF THE STATE PAINTED UP. It will cost something like \$170,000 to inaugurate Herbert Hoover as president on March 4. Parades, fireworks, grandstands and aerial displays are expensive.

Yet the only ceremony that is legally required in the actual taking of the oath by the incoming president. This, by itself, would take only a minute or so and would not cost a penny.

However, we have a love of ceremony. It is impossible for us to feel that any event is really important unless it is dressed up. When a peace treaty is signed the signatures must be affixed with flourishes. When a great new building is to be built there must be fuss and feathers in connection with the cornerstone. And when a new president is sworn in the thing must be made as impressive as possible.

Perhaps this is because the race is secretly aware that it makes a great many blunders. Any event that can be made to look like a fresh start of any kind is dressed up accordingly. When we inaugurate a president it is as if we were telling ourselves: "Well, now things are going to be different. We'll begin things over again and do better than we have in the past—so we'd better have a parade, and few bands, and set off some sky rockets."—Elmer A. Falls Herald.

MARCH AND THE LION

March came in like a lamb and when March does that, the prophets say, it goes out like a lion. Not while the sunshine is soft and warm. Not while the lengthening days remind one that winter is gone and spring is here and summer is ahead. Not while green grass is starting up everywhere and the first trillium has already been found, shrubs are budding.

What if March does go out like a lion. Meanwhile we had yesterday and the day before and both of them were perfect days. We shall have others like them between now and April 1. A man from California stepped off the Cascade Limited Friday, which was the first day of March. He took a surprised look around at the sunny prospect, sniffed the warm air and then peered off his overcoat. "Why," he said, "I had thought it was winter here."

If March goes out like a lion we shall already have had these lamb-like days. If March goes out like a lion we shall know that it is only a bluff and that a few days of storm at most are all we must expect. Besides, March may not go out like a lion at all. The groundhog sign was completely wrong this year. Likely enough the March lion prophets are equally wide of exactness.—Morning Register.

A DESERVED FATE

The Burdick "home rule" bill which would have given Portland the right to dictate what its telephone rates should be, met a deserved fate yesterday when the senate, by a vote of 17 to 12, denied that the public service commission, and not the legislature should be the utility rate making body for Oregon.

The Burdick bill at best was nothing more than a gesture, and one that would have proved exceedingly futile had it been passed. Portland would have continued its present telephone rate schedule for years to come, in spite of such a legislative edict. For the telephone company would have carried the fight to the highest court in the nation—and would have stood a good chance for victory.

This newspaper believes the Oregon legislature's memorial to congress, asking a thorough fed-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Will even things up— and means committee, which is the committee of committees, and of the senate committees of agriculture and forestry.

Besides this, Senator Steiwer was a Salem district boy. The Dallas Chronicle expresses its wrath, in a double column editorial in big type, at the American preserves association, which is in other words, the maraschino trust, because it presented to the ways and means committee considering the new tariff bill a brief full of falsehoods.

A brief asking for a lower tariff on Royal Ann or Napoleon cherries, and a higher tariff on the manufacturers of cherries, like those put up in the maraschino process.

The maraschino bunch claim in their brief that we cannot grow enough Royal Ann cherries, and that we cannot grow a quality as good as they can get from Italy and Spain.

Those are surely "whoppers." The fact is that we grow a sweet cherry, too good for the maraschino monopolists; too large. They want a small, runty cherry, so that the consumers can tell soft drink stand managers that they will get further—with one cherry to the drink. They cannot make the coast Royal Ann cherries go far enough for their purpose, in number of cherries to a pint or pound or gallon.

As to the quantity, our Oregon and California and Washington Royal Ann cherry growers can furnish all the cherries that are now coming from Italy and Spain in California, and they can very soon increase their tonnage indefinitely, and would, with proper tariff and with proper tariff of living prices.

But the Bits man knows the western members on the ways and means committee are fully informed on all these points. They can spot the lies of the maraschino bunch; who are wholly selfish, and worse. The maraschino bunch get by in the present tariff law, when it was being considered; but they are not likely to put over their selfish schemes this time.

However, the paper at The Dalles is right in saying every sweet cherry grower of the Pacific coast ought to be on the job, with all the influence he can exert, in favor of honesty and justice in making up the schedules now under consideration. There are eastern members on the committee who care nothing for the western growers; they represent only the manufacturers of their districts.

MINNIE AND WINNIE
MINNIE and Winnie, slept in a shell. Sleep, little ladies! And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within, slives without; Sounds of the great sea wandered about. Sleep, little ladies! Wake not soon! Echo on echo dies to the moon. Two bright stars peeped into the shell. "What are they dreaming off? Who can tell?" Started a green linnet out of the croft; Wake, little ladies! The sun is a'leff. —Alfred Tennyson (1800-1892)

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

The Marion county prohibitionists held their convention at the W. C. T. U. hall in Salem and nominated a county ticket. Oliver Jory is chairman; S. L. Frasier, secretary; and W. E. Gardner, treasurer, of the county group.

E. Cooke Patton, accompanied by his brother, Hal, gave an interesting entertainment to the employees and students of the state mute school.

Scott Booth, manager of the Pacific Homestead, will leave for a week's trip to eastern Oregon.

L. R. Stinson left for Pendleton, where he will attend a district convention of the Knights of Pythias, of which he is grand keeper of records and seals.

Cold Epidemic is In Zena District
ZENA, March 4.—Another epidemic of severe colds and flu has appeared in Zena during the last two weeks. Families who have been afflicted were the Roy Vance family, Wanda, Roberta and Chester, Hilda and Frank Crawford, Mrs. Walter B. Hunt and daughter, Helen. A number of children have been absent from school recently. Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Holland and daughter Laverne Holland, attended an open meeting of the I. O. O. F. at Monmouth Monday night.

Passed Up!

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MADE MEN LIKE HER
By ROE FULKERSON
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READ THIS FIRST: Betty Brown finds life as a dancer attractive to her many men, most of them undesirable. Her old friends drop away, except George Harris. She is automobile with Andy Adair, the petted son of a rich family, and has an accident which ends her dancing career. George stands by her and Andy does not even come to the hospital. George gives her a position in the restaurant he owns, where she meets a surgeon, who agrees to operate and cure a limp which seems permanent. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER XII
WHEN Betty recovered from the anesthesia on her second trip to the hospital, her leg was in another and even larger plaster cast. She had learned patience in lying in one position when her leg was first hurt, but the days and nights in the hospital dragged endlessly.

On the sixth day Doctor Clark came to remove the cast. He cut through the thick plaster, and then almost tore away the cotton and the bandage in his haste to get at the incision. Turning to the nurse he said: "Look at those stitches! That's the best job of sewing I ever did! I'm going to darn my own socks! Young lady, look at that leg! I'm proud of myself."

Betty looked at the long cut on her knee in horror. It was semi-circular at least six inches long on the inside of her knee cap.

"Oh, Doctor! Will you leave a scar?" she asked, anxiously. "Sure it will, but not a bad one, just a white streak. What do you think of my sewing?"

"Oh, it is all right, I suppose. Will my limp be cured?" "Bet your life! You will be dancing in a month, and playing tennis in two of them."

"Did you know I used to dance for a living?" asked Betty. "No, but I am glad to hear it. As soon as we can we will begin to exercise this knee. I will have one of my nurses massage it for you; then you can resume your dancing practice to limber it up again. But did you ever see such recent stitches?"

"The stitches are wonderful!" laughed Betty. "But not so wonderful as the news that I can dance again if I want to." "How women do love to show their legs!" scoffed the doctor.

"I love to dance!" protested the doctor. "That's what I just said!" "But that isn't the reason I like to dance."

"Oh, well, have it your way. With skirts as short as they are now I don't see why you bother to dance."

"You are hopeless! When you get an idea you hang on to it, don't you?" "Tmhm! We need a light bandage on this now, but I sure hate to cover up such a good-looking job!"

In a couple of days Doctor Clark was back to remove the stitches. That sounded as though it was going to be a terrible performance, and Betty was surprised because she wasn't hurt. The doctor was so absorbed in admiring his work that Betty, with difficulty, induced him to tell her the condition of her leg.

"Why, it's all right of course. I knew it would be. You can go home tomorrow if you like. Come to my office three times a week for the next month. We will make and massage this knee. Then you will be all right, but use it as much as you can."

George Harris came for her the following day and took her back to Mrs. Hogan's, where she rested for a week before going back to her work as cashier at George's restaurant. The knee was stiffer than before she went to the hospital, but she could see a daily improvement.

Three times a week during the full hour in the restaurant, she went to Doctor Clark's office. For an hour the nurse barked, massaged and exercised her leg. The nurse also gave her careful instruction in walking and going up and down stairs.

She became acquainted with Doctor Clark's secretary, an efficient girl who made his engagements, kept his books, sent out his bills and generally looked after the big, careless fellow. She was a graduate nurse who had studied stenography. The nurse told Betty Doctor Clark paid her sixty dollars a week for very short hours.

Betty regretted that she had neglected the business course when she was in high school to study literature and more cultural subjects. She wondered if she could not yet take a business course and get into some work of this character. She felt George had no thought of keeping her in the restaurant, after his future wife had a knowledge of the business.

She determined to look into fitting herself for more congenial work, where he will attend a district convention of the Knights of Pythias, of which he is grand keeper of records and seals.

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would permit, and was soon back in the room with her dress on. "Let's go out on the veranda, she suggested.

"Betty, I am shocked, pained and surprised to find you dancing," began George, gravely. "You know I thoroughly disapprove of it."

"I didn't know you objected to my dancing for exercise, George. The doctor told me it was good for my knee, and I have been doing it every evening. It isn't as if I danced in public!"

"I have no objection to your dancing for exercise. But if you get at it again, privately, I fear you will want to do it on the stage."

"George, I told you I would never dance again publicly. When I said it I did not think I would ever be able to. Now that I can dance again, I promise you never to dance in public. Is that all you want?"

"I hardly think it is. I'm not afraid you won't keep your promise, but if you resume your dancing in private, it will make you unhappy because you can't dance in public. Your happiness means a lot to me, Betty."

It began to look as though he would propose again. As on the other two occasions, Betty became panic stricken.

"George, I will do anything you want me to." She spoke hurriedly. "I will never dance another step as long as I live if that is your wish. But you are wrong in thinking that practices now for the fun of dancing and the benefit of my knee, will make me want to dance in public. I never want to do that again, no matter what comes."

"You are very sweet and kind! I shall take you at your word." He patted her hand as it lay in his palm. "I'm like a bear, always growling at you. I want you to be happy. Dancing has caused you so much trouble that I am afraid of it."

"George, you once told me that if I danced I would have to pay certainly I have paid over and over and over again. I don't want to run up another debt of the same kind!"

"Very well, Betty," he smiled, rising. "You have no folk now, I am your folk. I want to be your folk always. I hope we can compromise on some of the differences in our viewpoints." He took her hand again, shook it formally, and went away.

When Betty got to the restaurant the next morning, a bill of five hundred and fifty dollars from Doctor Clark awaited her. She had less than sixty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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