

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The God of Things as They Are Not

ONE Charles Werner of Shaniko has contributed the following which the Portland Telegram publishes on its editorial page:

"To the Editor: To our farmers and families: If you want to change your load, if you want better times, if you want to get into the money, if you want to see a change for your betterment, if you want to be free to help yourself, if you want to see new conditions, if you are tired of things as they are, Vote for Julius L. Meier."

Julius Meier is thus exalted to the role of god of things as they ought to be rather than of things as they are. And the appeal is directed specifically to farmers. But so far in his campaign we have noted nothing that would be very great significance in easing the lot of the farmers.

Just how, it may be asked will Mr. Meier "change the load" of the farmers? How will he bring them "better times" if he becomes governor? Will he make their lands produce more, or their crops bring better prices, or will he reduce the costs of their operations?

It is pertinent to inquire also how Mr. Meier stands on the income tax. He has made general statements about equalizing the burden of taxation; but does he support the income tax? That is of more vital importance to the farmers than the power trust which Meier is continually attacking.

Analyze this plea of Mr. Werner's and it will be seen how impossible of attainment from the election of any candidate for governor are the changes which he longs for. We do not chide Mr. Werner for this; but he is typical of a great many people who propose to vote for Meier—why? because they "want a change"; they want to "clean house."

Bless their souls, Oregon has been changing governors with marked frequency the past twenty years. In that period of time the state has had eight governors, an average of 2 1/2 years of service each. They have alternated rather closely between republican and democratic. If change is the secret, Oregon should o'erstep the moon from the number of changes which have occurred in the office of chief executive.

Mr. Werner says he wants a change; and it is clear that he wants "better times," a lighter load, freedom to "help himself." He voices, we believe, the sentiment of many others who are thinking of voting for Meier. But in what respect will the election of Meier end unemployment, boost the price of wheat, increase the consumption of butter, and make everybody rich? Cheap power will not do it; the average power bill will run about \$24 a year, and if the state could wave a magic wand and furnish the power for nothing it would not perceptibly better the lot of the farmer, the home owner or the working man.

Is not this the truth: people are distressed financially, their earnings have been less than other years; and they propose to vent their discontent on the governorship? Joseph cultivated this spirit of unrest, Meier is Joseph's legatee. Just what will or can Meier do to remedy a condition which is not Oregon-wide, but nation-wide and world-wide? Time and work are the cure for bad times, not electing Meier or anyone else for governor.

Some Compensations

MUCH has been made of the disadvantage the farmer has been under as compared with the city dweller. High wages in towns have been the lure that drew many from the country to the city. The fast expanding factories created by the motor industry drew millions of men to man them, many of them from the farms. Wages, too, refused to be "deflated" after the war, so the farmer, whose prices came down, felt at further handicap in his effort to obtain for his family some of the conveniences and luxuries that the factory worker or tradesman in the city seemed secure in.

But the ending of the "new era" destroyed much of this myth of the seeming prosperity of the city dweller. When the pinch of unemployment came, the wage earner was worse off than the farmer. As the St. Louis Post-Dispatch remarked recently:

"Since then the contrast between the city's golden plenty and the country's penury has faded from the picture. If the country can never know the flowing abundance of the city in its flood-tide of prosperity, neither can the country know the city's destitution when gripped by hard times. There are no bread lines in the country, no endless tramping search for a job, no prospect of a roofless day when the rent can't be paid, no resort at last to the agencies of charity."

It is something to live on a farm here in Oregon, to know there is a good roof overhead, plenty of wood in the fuel house, a cellar full of spuds and vegetables and fruit. We windeed are the evictions on the farms. While there may not be the romance that attends city life, there is not the stress and strain and fierce competition of city existence; and there is genuine comfort and security such as may be found nowhere else.

Perhaps we spend too much time thinking of our ills; and ought to take more time to "count our blessings"—o'er and o'er.

The President Is Right

THE Capital-Journal chides President Hoover because he has been urging construction of homes, saying: "It is not lack of homes that is worrying people but the lack of jobs."

The cold truth of economics is that new construction is the surest road to jobs. The reason for depression in the lumber industry, for much of the unemployment in trades is the decline in residential construction which has been running at figures far below a year ago. Studies made of depressed and prosperous times has revealed that the gain or falling off in construction work accounted for the difference.

In spite of the Capital-Journal, President Hoover is right in urging a program of home construction. It will provide jobs and start the revival of business.

Forty years ago people got out to the state fair grounds in hacks, wagons, buggies and all sorts of vehicles that were pressed into service. The fare was 25c. A good many people walked. Now most of them ride in comfortable automobiles, or take the buses at 7c or 10c for the ride.

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

God couldn't be everywhere so He made mothers. They have the hardest but the best of jobs. They are ever eager to give proper care to their babies.

Every month in the year is a difficult one for every mother. It is particularly difficult for the mother of very young children.

Today I want to talk to the new mothers. Every year a million babies are born in homes where there are no other children. It is an entirely new experience for the young mother. Naturally it is greater than that of the experienced mother.

It occurs to me I might outline some of the important things which will help to keep your baby well and happy. Suppose I give these suggestions under seven heads:

Air and Sunshine
A baby is a beautiful flower in God's garden. Treat it as such, but not quite as you would a flower. Fortunately it is less tender than a flower.

Food
During certain hours every day in the year, except in the rare time of a terrible storm, the baby should be taken out-of-doors. Fresh air, day and night, is absolutely necessary.

Water
Two-thirds of the weight of the human body is water. All the organs are carried on by organs and tissues which must be kept moist. To this end lots of water must be given to the baby.

Sleep
Don't wait until the infant suffers from thirst and cries in protest. Give boiled and cooled water at regular intervals.

Normal infant sleeps from 20 to 22 hours out of every 24. All the surroundings must be arranged with reference to comfortable and undisturbed sleep.

Cleanliness
Whether you believe in the germ theory or not, you certainly believe in cleanliness. Never forget that the body, nose, mouth, the clothing, feeding outfit and all the toys of the infant must be included in your efforts at cleanliness.

Exercise
It is more important for the baby to use the muscles than it is for the grown-up. Spread a clean sheet or quilt on the floor in a sunny room and let the baby stretch and kick and coo to its heart's content. This will develop strength and promote health.

Habits
Don't resort to "pacifiers," rubber rings and other things to chew on. Keep the infant's thumb out of the mouth. Start right as regards baby's habits.

Of course, the things I outline do not cover everything you must know about a baby's care. But these suggestions will be a help if you follow them without neglecting to take your own doctor's good advice.

Answers to Health Queries
V. A. G. W. Q.—How often should the teeth be brushed?
A.—The teeth should be brushed after each meal, as well as every night and morning.

Mildred. Q.—What do you advise for dandruff?
A.—I would advise frequent shampoos and the use of a good tonic. For particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Yesterdays
... Of Old Oregon
Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Sept. 27, 1905
The mute school has opened for regular work, with about 75 pupils enrolled.

Mrs. Louis M. White of Macleay is visiting relatives here.

A potato vine eleven feet high is reported by F. M. Olds, who is here from Portland. Olds says he has such a vine in his yard and that it is still growing. He believes it is a world's record.

C. L. Johnson of Salem has been named among the delegates appointed by the governor to the American mining congress in Texas in November.

Lydia Propp has resigned her position with Jos. Meyers and Sons and will leave shortly for Minnesota.

Drinking Party In Church Costs Severe Penalty
FAXTON, Ill., Sept. 26—(AP)—Five young men who pleaded guilty today to breaking into a church near Ludlow early Sunday and holding a drinking party were given sentences ranging from 90 days to eight months at the state penitentiary at Joliet.

The youths were arrested after a 19-year old girl told Sheriff Harry Curtis she and the quintet had been responsible for the damage done to the church. She was released. Sheriff Curtis said the church altar had been knocked over and broken.

RAPPIN' FOR ORDER



GIRL UNAFRAID

SYNOPSIS
Ardeh works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a sniping girl cousin. Neil is all right until she spies a "swell" riding a horse. Neil chides Ardeh jealously. The next day Ardeh sees a picture of Ken Gleason, the man on the horse, in the rotary-gravure section and her heart thumps. But Ardeh comes to earth with the usual bickering with Bet about stockings. Jeannette Parker calls at the store where Ardeh works and offers the latter a job in the "swell" shop she is starting. Ardeh accepts. Neil objects to Ardeh's plans and they have a row.

CHAPTER 7
Jeannette's shop was most appropriately named The Caprice. It was probably the city's smallest store—a narrow sliver of space sandwiched in between a fashionable milliner on one side and a smart fur store on the other.

The window could be dressed with but one exhibit at a time—an exaggerated fan of flame colored ostrich feathers—or an exquisite cloisonne vase. Once it was a golden-yellow Mandarin coat, flung with elegant carelessness over a teakwood chair—Jeannette had brought that back on her last trip to the Orient. And once, there was nothing in the window save a train of ivory elephants, diminishing in size as they marched solemnly along a strip of black satin.

Ardeh loved the place—loved it with perhaps more of possessive tenderness than did Jeannette. The shop proved the sensation Jeannette had desired. It was discussed over the tea tables of Pacific avenue. "Have you seen that place Jeannette Parker has opened? My dear, they say it's actually good! You must go—"

Jeannette was able to pose to her heart's content. "Really one should get more out of life than bridge and golf, don't you think?" she would ask brightly. "So many of the titled Englishwomen are going in for trade, you know..."

It lent an air of smartness which made it the vogue. They came in chattering groups to exclaim over the exquisite trinkets, crowding the small shop beyond its capacity. Fur-coated ladies smelling of expensive perfumes. Gentlemen with golf togs and Harvard accents—English accents—Southern accents.

There came one day Ken Gleason. It was late in the afternoon. Ardeh was crouching on her heels in the window marshalling the ivory elephants along the strip of satin.

The picture reached out to arrest the young man as he started in the doorway and he stopped. A slim girl in black sitting back on her heels. Lights beating down on her tawny hair turned it to a golden ball against the black satin drape behind her. She was like a black and gold and ivory tapestry come to life, thought the man.

He found a sort of tender ridicule welling up in his heart. Something sweet and absurd in the profound gravity with which she was arranging the ivory procession—lining up the smallest elephants with a slim forfinger—like a youngster playing with toys.

Jeannette's impatient voice broke in on his reverie. "Come on in, Ken! We don't permit window shopping!"

He had a flash of startled golden eyes sweeping up to meet his own through the plate glass as he obeyed, and he had a moment of excited surprise. The girl in the park! The girl who had looked at him so strangely that Sunday morning!

"Well, what do you think of my shop?" asked Jeannette, avid for praise.

He flashed an infectious grin at her. "Your window display can't be beat, Jennie!"

From the tail of his eye he could see the girl in the window color exquisitely.

Jeannette laughed. It pleased her to have Ken Gleason treat her with this camaraderie. She was three years older than Ken and she airily called him an "infant," yet she liked—and made a bid for—the handsome young fellow's approval.

"Don't tease the poor working girl, Ken! What brings you in here anyway?"

"I'm sent to drive you home. A great honor is being conferred upon you, Miss Parker! I'm having dinner with you tonight. Mother and Cecile are outside in the car. Your dad wasn't ready to leave the office, but he told me to run away and pick you up on the way."

Jeannette's restless eyes were roving over the shop as she put on her hat before the mirror. "Ardeh—better use the black fan in the case tomorrow. We've shown that flame one for two days. And put out those two enamel cigarette cases I bought today."

Ardeh! Under his breath the man tried it softly. A name which fitted her. Something medieval about it. It brought to his mind bits of his half-forgotten English course at college. Ardeh! Lovely indeed who went alone on tower tops when their knights rode off to war. Ardeh! What a golden thing she was! Where had Jeannette found her?

When Ardeh had climbed out of the window Jeannette introduced her with that hint of patronage which she always showed an "outsider."

"Mr. Gleason—Miss Carroll!" She mumbled it because she was rousing her lips at the moment. "Ardeh's my faithful Man Friday. Ken, she explained carelessly. "And, Ardeh, before you go, don't forget to make sure the cash drawer's locked. Tony's coming to wash the window and cases in the morning—perhaps you'd better get down a few minutes early. Oh, Ken—the trials of a business woman!" She turned to him in mock despair. "Well, come on; let's go—I'm exhausted and half starved!"

Strangely still seemed the little shop to the girl they left behind. She leaned on the top of a showcase and dreamed. "Your window display can't be beat." The memory called up a dimple in her cheek.

Leaning back on one elbow like that there had been an awkward grace about his tall slim figure. But it was not good looks alone which formed the charm of Ken Gleason. Neil was tall and strong too—Neil's coarse black hair—his black eyes and white teeth were good looking in their own way.

Something further, thought the dreaming girl. Perhaps it was the odd effect of brightness about Ken. How the electric light had gleamed on his smooth brushed brown hair. His eyes were startling blue in his tanned face. And when he smiled his lips had a queer whimsical twist on one side. Crisp lips—what she thought of as "hard" lips. She wouldn't like a man with "soft" lips. If Ken Gleason kissed a girl his lips would feel firm and pleasant.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A wife overlooked:
Under date of September 16, from Skamokawa, Wash., the Bits man several days ago received the following letter:

"In your recent article on the Glover families you made an omission that was, I hope, an ignorance of the facts—otherwise it was an unkind slight. In speaking of the families of Philip Glover, Jr., to quote: 'Geo. E., who married Martha Odenthal Schutt, widow of Ernest Odenthal; in reality this was his second wife.'"

"His first wife was Jessie Pearl Emmett, daughter of James Emmett of an early pioneer family, and granddaughter of Jesse Harritt, who led a wagon train across the plains in 1845. I do not know the exact date of their marriage, but it must have been in 1909. Their oldest girl, Mildred Evelyn, was born in 1901. I, Alice Camille, was born in 1904. They were divorced in 1911, and my mother died in 1912. But I should think any one who is interested in Oregon pioneers would be much more interested in my mother, whose pedigree goes back ever farther than the Glover's, than they would in the second wife, whose people are only German immigrants."

"I cannot but consider the omission a slight to my mother's memory, and I can't help but suggest that in the future you be sure you obtain ALL the facts before stating things in print. Yours truly, Alice Camille Glover, Moore's, My father lives in Drain, Oregon, at present. Mrs. Allen H. Moore, Skamokawa, Washington."

The correction is gladly noted. The data of the Bits man were secured from the "Book of Remembrances of Marion County, Oregon, Pioneers," by Sarah Hunt Steves, and her source of information was members of the Glover family. In attempting to list all the members of so numerous a family, with their wives, husbands, children and grandchildren, etc., it is but natural that there might be an unintentional omission, or a mistake in taking notes or transcribing them, or even setting the type or proof reading.

All the books of Oregon history the Bits man can find are full of greater errors, through many causes. It is true of all written history. In fact, the further one went back in history, the more errors he would find, if they were findable. The first records of history were the descriptions of the victorious kings and generals. These were largely propaganda. Ancient history is largely the hooey of super highwaymen and racketeers of high degree; successful corsairs and cutthroats, and cut purses. Like Caesar and Sir Francis Drake, for instance.

The Bits man would like to add a word about the lady, the second wife of Philip Glover, Jr., "whose people are only German immigrants," according to her niece by marriage, quoted above. The Bits man does not know the lady, or at least has no remembrance of her. But how far back will you have to go to find any family in the United States to find that its people were "only immigrants." German or of some other nationality?

Not far. Unless one excepts the Indians. One would have to go back farther there. But even their remote ancestors were immigrants, too. From Asia, most students tell us. And, if so, their remote ancestors had a comparatively high state of civilization while our own were living in caves of Europe and killing one another with clubs; or perhaps, some of them, hanging by their tails in the trees and chattering a

Witness the increasing number of men coming from California and buying land in the Willamette valley. They know what they are about. They realize full well that every additional acre in California, over and above the total of the acre already in cultivation, will, soon or late, go back to the desert. And some of them soon.

There is not enough water in California, from the winter snows of the high Sierras, the rains on the places beneath, and that lowering supply underneath the earth, all put together, to admit of any further expansion. And we, here, have millions of idle and slacker acres that will have plenty of water for at least several generations yet.

And see Mr. Amend's fig exhibit. He has given the Willamette valley a new industry. He has developed four varieties that do not freeze, and is on the way to a fifth. He is the greatest thing authority in his line. A visit at his booth will be interesting as well as inspiring.

Wedding Supper Served in Jail; Sheriff Guest
ROSEBURG, Ore., Sept. 26—(AP)—A wedding supper in jail with the sheriff's forces and prisoners as guests was the opening number on the matrimonial program of Mr. and Mrs. Norris Weatherly here this week.

Weatherly and Myrtle B. Smith were married in a justice of the peace office, while Weatherly awaited arraignment on charges of larceny. Weatherly was arrested recently in Eugene on charges of larceny in Lane and Douglas counties. He was sentenced to two years in prison in Lane county but was paroled. He was brought to Roseburg to face the same charges.

PREMIER RESIGNS
ANGORA, Sept. 25—(AP)—Inahmet Pasha, premier of Turkey since November 1, 1927, tonight handed his resignation to Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Official circles expected Ismet to be re-appointed as prime minister and charged with the duty of organizing a new cabinet.

STATESMAN
Cooking School, Armory, October 2, 3, 4

Ladies of Salem and vicinity are urged to attend the Free Cooking School which will be presented by The Oregon Statesman at the Salem Armory, corner Liberty and Ferry streets on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 2, 3, and 4. This is The Statesman's own school and the work is put on by the Ella Lehr Cooking School organization. Miss Helen Goodwin will be the demonstrator.

Miss Goodwin will prepare dishes and give to the ladies of the community the latest wrinkles in modern cookery. This school is open to the public and many Salem stores are co-operating in making the event a big success.

Statesman cooking schools have always stood out as great community features, and this one, pronounced to eclipse them all. The instruction will be from two to four o'clock each afternoon.



"Your window display can't be beat."