

**The Oregon Statesman**

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

From First Statesman, March 28, 1861

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**Railway Sanitation**

By G. C. DAUER, M.D.  
 Marion County Health Dept.

Just recently a mother who expected to travel by train with her child asked if one could depend on getting good milk and water on the train for her child. Thinking perhaps other parents might be interested in this question, the information given here is repeated.

Milk that is used or sold on any railway train is always of a very good grade. The United States Public Health Service is responsible for the sanitary regulations of interstate traffic and the regulation with respect to milk states only grade A pasteurized can be used. If raw is available, it must be certified raw milk which is the best grade of milk available anywhere. All milk must also come from tuberculin tested cows.

**Test Train Water**

Water supplies on trains also comes under the scrutiny of the United States Public Health Service inspectors. Tests are made for purity twice each year of wells or other sources of supply. Only water that has passed the test for purity can be used. This makes the water available for passengers, just as safe to drink as that of any up to date city.

The food that is served on trains is also of good quality. From the standpoint of good business, railway companies can only serve the best of foods.

**Other Regulation**

There are other sanitary regulations that concern interstate traffic. For instance railway coaches must be kept clean, bed clothing such as sheets must always be laundered before being used by another passenger, and lavatories must be kept clean and sanitary.

The railroads through the United States government supervision do everything possible to safeguard the health of passengers, so one need not hesitate to travel for long or short distances with small children.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write for free and confidential advice to Dr. G. C. Dauer, M.D., 215 S. Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

**HERE'S HOW** By **EDSON**

**SAPPHIRES MADE TO ORDER**

"PERFECT SAPPHIRES, ONE CARAT, TWO CARATS, THREE CARATS, FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA, CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS"

"Demand for gemstones has never been so high as today. Gemstones are being used for jewelry in ever increasing quantities. Demand for gemstones has never been so high as today. Gemstones are being used for jewelry in ever increasing quantities." (Caption: Demand for gemstones has never been so high as today. Gemstones are being used for jewelry in ever increasing quantities.)

Tomorrow's Sweet Potato Glue on Stamps

**BITS for BREAKFAST**

By R. J. HENDRICKS

**Catholic history:**

On July 3, 1834, only 11 days before Jason Lee stepped over the ridge of the Rocky mountains in the South Pass, and before they knew he was coming, the French settlers of the Willamette valley wrote to J. N. Provencher, bishop of Jolupolis in the Red River settlement (now North Dakota), asking that religious teachers be sent to them.

The arrival of the Methodist missionaries made the Catholic settlers still more anxious to have among them teachers of their own faith, and on Feb. 23, 1835, they addressed a second appeal to Bishop Provencher, to which he replied by enclosing to Dr. John McLoughlin a letter of advice and consolation, in which he expressed regret that no priests could be spared from the Red River settlement, and promised to obtain help from Europe or Canada as soon as possible.

The following year (1836) the officers of the Hudson's Bay company in London were asked passage for two priests to the Oregon country by the company's annual express from Montreal, with the object of establishing a Catholic mission in the Willamette valley. The answer was that the company would grant the request on one condition, namely, that the mission should be established in the Columbia valley, the reason given being that "the sovereignty of the British north of the Columbia was unquestioned, while the right to the country south of the Columbia was still under dispute."

No objection being made to this requirement, the archbishop of Quebec appointed Rev. F. N. Blanchet of the Montreal district to have charge of the Oregon district, with the title of vicar-general (meaning with wide authority) and for his assistant gave him the Rev. Modeste Demers of the district of Jolupolis.

They left Montreal in May, 1838, with the company's express, which also had a number of other travelers under its protection. All went well until the Little Dalles on the Columbia was reached. While the party was descending these rapids one of the boats was wrecked and nearly half the company was drowned.

Those drowned were: Mr. Wallace an Irish, English tourist; Mr. Banks, a pilot; and his wife, the latter a daughter of Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay company; Mrs. Williams, two little girls named Tremblay, and five others.

At Fort Colville during a stay of four days the priests baptised 19 persons, mass was said, and the natives were deeply impressed by the sacred rites. At Fort Okanagan, the reverend fathers met

**"MAKE BELIEVE"** By **FAITH BALDWIN**

**CHAPTER XXXVIII**

She was efficient, executive, not it seemed, at all perturbed. Or if she were, she did not show it.

She drew Mary Lou close to her, kissed the cold, small mouth. "Try to sleep," she repeated.

But at her touch Mary Lou's tears came again, fell on the other woman's face, and then, as the girl bowed her head on her hands.

"I liked her," he said slowly. "She's pretty hard, of course. She has had bad times, one can see that. But somehow I feel she's a good sort. If she had a legitimate claim, however, I can't imagine her not pressing it. By all practical standards she'd be a fool not to. And she's far from being a fool. Your position—" he pondered and stopped, a little red.

"You mean money?" Mrs. Lorrimer laughed. "I see. Yes, that is just what I thought too. Well, I'll go to the first night of the revue and see her for myself, Larry. It's all a dreadful sort of middle, yet I suppose it is better than uncertainty as to whether she was dead or alive," she added, "at least we have something concrete to face. Even if we find, as I believe and hope, that she is not Travers' wife, there are still complications."

"Such as?" inquired Larry.

"Travers himself. If there was no marriage—and if there were not, why does he insist upon it?—there must at least have been some understanding, some relationship. I know my son. He would never repudiate a promise or an obligation," she said, her great eyes gravely fixed on Larry's, and her delicate, nobly featured face quivering a little.

"I can imagine what she was like ten years or more ago," Larry told her. "Very like in some ways. Mary Lou, in others, not at all. Mrs. Lorrimer, please don't think me officious or impertinent, but it's Mary Lou that Travers cares for now. Not this—strange woman. What's going to happen to her when he finds out? He can't... just transfer his affections; can he? I mean this memory he loved took on flesh and blood... become Mary Lou... and when he learns—"

"He stopped again," Mrs. Lorrimer tried to smile.

"I know," she murmured. "That's what I am afraid of. When he learns the truth. Oh, we were forced into this whole affair by circumstances, by the coincidence of a resemblance. We went into it recklessly, meeting each other as it arose and not looking ahead. I'm frightened," she told Larry, as she had told Dr. Matthews.

"I wish to heaven I'd never found her," Larry said sincerely, "or that I had the nerve to keep quiet about it!"

"No, better this way," she reassured him. "At least one mystery will be cleared up for us. This other situation couldn't have gone on indefinitely. Travers hasn't pressed any claim he believed he had on... Mary Lou. He offered her, some time ago, an annulment of the alleged marriage if she found she couldn't come to care for him. Well, that indefinite position couldn't go on forever, of course. Eventually he would have to know the truth and we would be no nearer to

knowing the real facts than we were. Don't worry, Larry. You did the right thing. Somehow it will all clear up," she said.

"I hope so—for all our sakes. But forgive me, Mrs. Lorrimer: it is not so much of Travers I'm thinking, nor of you even, as of Mary Lou!"

"I'm thinking of her, too," said Mrs. Lorrimer, and her brown eyes were misty.

On the opening night of the revue Jenny Wynne, prompted by Larry, though unconscious of his underlying motive, gave a small informal and entirely jolly party at her house for the avowed purpose of announcing their engagement. What the manager of the revue thought of the absence of his press agent—who had been quite satisfactory so far—Larry neither knew or cared. He'd sold another sketch. Jenny loved him. His friends were more important to him than a temporary job, and there were other jobs. Besides, the columnist on the Daily Screen had promised to hunt lobby and backstage and pick up any items of press agent interest he could find for Larry and pass them on to the genial young man of the Fourth Estate.

Lorrimer had rather demurred at the party. So far he hadn't had to go where there were "crowds" of people.

"But there won't be crowds," Mary Lou assured him, concealing her nervousness beneath a mask of bright gaiety, "and we do owe it to Larry and Jenny. After all, we are responsible," she rattled on.

"I wish," Lorrimer told her, suddenly giving in "that we were as good at matchmaking for ourselves as for others. After all, matchmaking begins at home!"

He smiled to see her flush, touched her hand fleetingly and heard her draw a sharp breath unaware that it was sheer pain.

"Let's go," he said, thinking that, after all, this girl of his was young and gay-hearted and needed youth and gaiety about her. "I'm pretty much of a stick," he told her, "and terribly selfish, keeping you all to myself."

"You are not!" she said impulsively, hotly, and he was more than content.

(To be continued)

**Pres. Frank and Pres. Gifford**

**COMES** now Glenn Frank, president of the university of Wisconsin, and alleges:

"If the books were closed now, we should go down in history as a people strangled by its own success. The famine from which we suffer is a famine of leadership. A strange galaxy seems to have fallen upon leadership throughout the western world. In the decade before the market crash we Americans were victimized by leaders who failed to lead."

Which proves if we are short of leaders we are not destitute of phrase-makers. Pres. Frank is one of those who has been captain of the guard among American leaders for many years. As editor, lecturer, college president, syndicate writer, Frank has earned his bread and butter by making "leadership" his profession. We know of none who has said more things on more subjects in more theoretical manner than the eminent Doctor Frank. He is a professional writer and speaker and like most of the breed words and phrases are his stock in trade. The world has no famine of "leaders" of his type who are quick with quack remedies all done up in pretty adjectives.

Russia has a leader in Stalin, Italy in Mussolini, yet we very much prefer to remain American without such leadership. Even the democrats would prefer Pres. Hoover to either of these.

This rant about "leadership" is chiefly cant. Economic forces do not yield to heroic phrases. Where is the young broker representing Morgan who played the part of Horatio at the bridge in November, 1929, and offered to buy vast quantities of U. S. Steel at 150 and by this display of "leadership" saved the day? Well, he is now president of the stock exchange, and apparently isn't interested in buying Steel at 90. Where even is John D. Rockefeller who emerged from obscurity and said he and his son were buying stocks, twenty months ago, and who is presumed to have made the offer to buy a million shares of Standard of New Jersey at \$0? If he got them it was too bad for John because the stock has been skating around 30-35 lately. Leadership? The only thing a leader can do when a hurricane breaks is bend his back to the storm and trust he will not be swept away.

We were greatly impressed with the remarks made recently by Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, who is one of the great "leaders" of industrial America. Speaking before the annual luncheon of the Associated Press, Mr. Gifford summarized his views in three simple propositions:

"1. That the path of progress is an evolution from our present situation.

"2. That the democratic method followed in America not only provides a more effective though less spectacular leadership than any other, but also far more ability for attainment amongst the public generally; and

"3. That the democracy provides a far higher economic, social and spiritual objective than any other form of society."

The significant thing in this, coming from the head of the greatest corporation in the United States, perhaps in the world, is he not only expresses an opinion contrary to the Glenn Frank theory of "leadership famine" but defends the very principle of the democratic method: that the solution of pressing problems will not come from messiahs but from the slow distillate of the combined thought of all the active, energetic members of society. President Gifford has his right opinion, in our judgment.

**Yesterdays**

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 11, 1906

The Marion county bar association devoted most of its session to tribute to the late Judge R. F. Bonham. Judges William Galloway and George H. Burnett presided over the meeting.

After an hour's warty discussion the city council, in called session, failed to take definite action on the South Commercial street improvement project.

The government snag boat Mathloma is tied up at the wharf at this point. The upper river soon will be in fair condition for steamboat traffic, Captain Tyler of the Mathloma says.

June 11, 1921

Friends of Dr. M. C. Findley are urging him to run for school board, thus throwing into the race three men for the two school positions. Dr. H. H. Olinger, incumbent, has consented to run again and petitions have been filed for L. J. Simeral.

Charles A. Park of Salem, president of the state board of horticulture, was elected president of the western plant quarantine board at the annual meeting held at Victoria, B. C.

Move is on to have her medal given Keith Draper by the national Boy Scout office. Draper saved life of William Ewins, 1044 Marion, when Ewins was drowning in the North Mill creek.

**New Views**

"What single improvement would you most like to see made in Salem?" was the question inquiring Statesman reporters asked local residents yesterday.

Jay B. Hewitt, S. P. office: "An improvement for Salem—I think I would like to see the lumber mill started again as well as anything I can think of."

Merril D. Ohlberg, insurance: "I think a new sewer system and a sanitary means of disposal of sewage would be the best improvement from a standpoint of indicating civic interest as well as insuring sanitary condition for Salem."

Mrs. John Blakely, Gray Belle: "Salem needs more young blood. It has suffered from people who were contented to leave things as they were and to criticize people who wanted to make improvements."

Miss Beatrice Walton, secretary to Governor Meier: "Merely, I can't answer that. It takes all my time to take care of my own affairs."

Mrs. Paul Allen, bookkeeper: "I wish that the doorways of unoccupied buildings could be kept clean. The eddies of dirt and debris give a very bad impression to strangers. This is only a little thing I know but it would be a great improvement in the appearance of Salem's business district."

Murray Wade, artist: "We need a civic auditorium, built between the Liberty street bridge and the Commercial street bridge. It should have two floors of parking ramps, a large auditorium and an art museum and art school on the top floor."

M. E. Milburn, manager Byrne's drug store: "It seems to me more cooperation among the business men would help business conditions generally. But we haven't anything to complain about."

Earle Carkin, student: "A new water system."

**Daily Thought**

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou art earnest, thou wilt give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to Nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happily. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."—Marcus Aurelius.

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SECOND FLOOR, OREGON BUILDING—SALEM

**City Swindled**

**In Big Amount**

**Detroit Claim**

DETROIT, June 10—(AP)—A young \$130 a month city clerical worker with a penchant for impersonating high officials and a taste for custom built automobiles and yachts was in jail last night while the police investigated what they said was the greatest swindle in Detroit's history.

The prisoner is Alex F. Lewis, until last April a clerk in the department of public welfare. He is accused of defrauding the city of \$207,000 by a system of faked grocery orders cashed at the city hall by a non-existent firm of which he was proprietor.

**Thirteen Small Banks Close up**

CHICAGO, June 10—(AP)—Thirteen Chicago neighborhood banks closed Tuesday, bringing the total in two days to 19.

Leaders in the Chicago Clearing House association held a series of conferences to discuss the situation, but finally agreed informally there was nothing they could do.

**ASTRONOMER DIES**

BRISTOL, Eng., June 10. (AP)—William Frederick Denning, 82, noted British astronomer and writer on astronomical subjects, died here last night.