

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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War-Time Propaganda

WHEN Howard Bayard Swope testified before the war policies commission there was nothing at all naive about his testimony. This commission was created by proper authority to prepare plans for the next war which the Kellogg pact outlawed. After various witnesses offered suggestions about how to conscript labor, industry and wealth, Swope who served as a war correspondent in the world war and later as editor of the New York World, told the commission that the press should be conscripted also because censorship is always necessary if wars are to be won. Here are some pithy extracts from his testimony:

"Just as other constitutional provisions are ignored in time of war, so too must there be an abridgment of free speech, free press, free assembly and even free thought."

"If we take the muzzles off the dogs of war, we must put muzzles on the people and the press."

"The regimentation and goose-stepping of public opinion is one of the inescapable processes of war-making. Thinking along independent lines must be stopped; all thought must concern itself with winning the war on the program laid down by the nation."

"Just as raw materials, capital and men are conscripted or controlled, so must public opinion be dealt with in time of war. It must be organized and paraded under drill masters. Censorship and propaganda are agencies of domination. The press shall proclaim our virtues, sublimate our aims and accentuate our successes, and indict the vices of the enemy and minimize his achievements."

There is nothing squeamish about this. Swope is brutally frank, and bitterly true. The bureau of information in the last war functioned as a medium of propaganda for the regimenting of men's minds, the building up of home morale, the cultivation of hatreds which are the mainspring of war. Swope overlooks one factor and that is the suspicion of the public over what appears to be propaganda. People are "gun-shy" on anything they think savors of inspired publicity. Even if the press were conscripted and censored, the doubt in the public mind would be so pronounced that it would indeed be difficult to "sell" war to the people. A new generation will have to arise before war hates could be stirred up by mass propaganda.

Home-Town Propaganda

SPEAKING of propaganda there is nothing quite so conspicuous as the publicity promotion which newspapers are called on to do for their home-town enterprises. A Rose Festival, a horse show, a street fair, a bridge dedication, papers are called on to print columns of guff to the utter distortion of the news value of the project. Big towns are no different from small towns. The Portland papers have shoveled out the blah about the queen and princesses of her festival in an apparent rivalry among themselves as to which could run the most flubdubbery on the subject.

Papers like to be loyal, should be loyal, are loyal. But when a reporter gets an assignment to handle "publicity" for a strawberry festival or a county fair he has to brace his abdomen for the stomach strain he will be put to, trying to digest all the demands for "publicity" from distraught committeemen. It is due no doubt to the debauching of the public taste through extravagant statements, flamboyant claims and circus braggadocio until it takes an overdose of superlatives to arouse attention any more. Editors will have to develop more backbone and publicity chairmen more intelligence for the right handling of promotional propaganda of a community character.

Like a flock of geese heading southward 37 army planes flew over Salem yesterday morning, with a roar like a freight train passing at full speed. The echelon was the conventional V-shape and the planes were traveling at high speed. One couldn't help but meditate how little would be left of Salem if a fleet of that size started dropping bombs on our capitol, our stores and residences. Salem would soon be nothing but a shell-hole. Perhaps science, by making war so dreadful, may really succeed in abolishing it.

While the winter wheat crop is large in the country, though no larger than former years, the spring wheat yield is going to be very light; and in Canada the prospect is for only little more than half-crop. Nature is doing all that Alex Legge said the farmers ought to do: cut down production. Still the price of wheat lags in the furrows.

Clatsop plains will be the objective of thousands of Oregonians next Saturday when the national guard will give its annual combat demonstration at Camp Clatsop. Every effort is being made this year to make the exhibition a most creditable one, indicative of the high efficiency of the guard units; and the general public is cordially invited to attend.

Last year's income after receiving the usual clipping from the federal government, now falls into the steel trap of the intangibles and income tax laws of the state. A lot of folk are finding the state law has teeth that go right in to the bone. It gives quite a nip to some people who have never made the acquaintance of state taxes before.

A banker at Springfield slashed his wrists and bled to death, and one at Tappan, Wash., sent a bullet through his brain. Banking is one of the extra-hazardous industries it seems. The penitentiary and the graveyard run quite a race for the largest enrollment of ex-bankers.

Girls have turned bandits in central China. Torn by twenty years of civil war, China is an example of the collapse of a civilization. We are mistaken if we think the world is steadily growing better. It has moments of sanity followed by centuries of dullness, depravity and decay.

Fine portraits done in oil are now offered at from \$150 to \$200 each by a group of New York artists whose stomachs have been feeling the hard times. There's a chance for Oregon which has not set about to prune its costs. It has two oils to buy for former governors with \$1200 appropriated. That would be one way to reduce the deficit.

These items made the front-page of yesterday's Oregonian: "Mystery cloaks murder of girl"; "10,000 Chinese non-combatants slain"; "Submarine holds 3 men prisoners"; "Ex-boxer shot twice"; "Calves trample farmer"; "Tree kills man in bed." Quite a catalog of tragedy for a single day.

The Portland Journal protests the dismissal of H. H. Pomeroy as chief deputy fire marshal and describes him as able, aggressive, tactful, and incorruptible. Yes, but the mandate was to "clean out the state house."

Al Capone is indicted for five thousand offenses. That must be all the crimes in the law books.

Dangerous Toys

G. C. DAUER, M. D.
Marion Co. Health Dept.
Toys are given to children to amuse them. They may be elaborately made and expensive or, on the other hand, they may be simple things ordinarily found about the house. Often we make no effort to determine whether or not a toy is a safe one for a child.

One of the most dangerous types of toy is one with sharp points. Often a small child will draw a sharp point and use it to pierce the skin of his hand or foot. A child may also use a sharp toy to cut his own skin. Just the other day a child came to the clinic that had fallen while holding some sharp pointed plaything in his mouth. An ugly sore could be on the roof of the mouth.

SHARP TOYS BAD
There have been children who have fallen while holding tin horns in their mouths; often the result is big tears in the soft palate. The author once saw a child that was allowed to play with an ice pick, the child stumbled; the subsequent events will not be related.

Some children develop a habit of chewing their toys or biting on their beds. If these things are covered with paint that has a lead base, there is a possibility that the child may develop lead poisoning. This will only occur if the habit is persisted in for some time. Toys covered with enamel obviously will not cause lead poisoning.

Loose pins, buttons, and small coins should not be left in the hands of a small child. If they are merely swallowed, the danger is not so great, as any object that reaches the stomach usually passes through the entire intestinal tract without any difficulty. If an object stops above the stomach, there is some danger of swelling and consequent pressure on the windpipe. Often a baby in its effort to swallow an object inhales it into the windpipe which means serious trouble.

There are a number of other playthings that are dangerous to the safety of children. A little thought will often prevent these unnecessary accidents.

What health problems have you? If the above article has interested your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



THE INVISIBLE MIKE
—NOLANER NEED
—MCCORMACKER
—GOD-A-SPEAKER
—FROM AN
—ADDRESS—AN
—VERY POSITIVE
—MAKER—HAS BEEN
—INVENTED—

Sunday: Uncle Sam's 36 Billion Dollar Headache

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS
Where Oregon may shine:
1600 years old. One near Bala-klava is supposed to be 1800 years old. There are chestnut trees as old in Italy. One of the largest forest giants in the world is a chestnut tree.

Perhaps the best posted walnut growers, and those who have followed the industry the longest as a commercial project, are in France. But they do not have a great deal of accurate knowledge about their industry. Their trees are subject to some diseases and bothered with pests not yet known in this country, even in California, where they have a greater number than Oregon growers so far contend with.

Well, Mr. Noble has investigated them all; has had the help of the experts in the Willamette valley under the new provision made by the United States department of agriculture at the behest of our Senator Charles L. McNary, who is himself a walnut and filbert grower; a pioneer in the latter endeavor—in fact, Mr. Noble has ranged the wide world in his investigations, and has applied in practice what he has learned, and besides is making constant experiments in his own orchard.

Our nut industry, the writer believes, is destined to become one of our greatest agricultural lines, bringing in many millions annually. Such leadership as Mr. Noble gives is valuable almost beyond estimate.

In the brassica family (cabbages, turnips, rutabagas, etc.) and in most other garden and field seeds, we have franchise values, and in strawberries and the bush fruits, in mint and the other essential oil plants. Also in sweet cherry, apricot, orange, drug garden plants; flax and hemp; in gooseberries and pears and bulbs, in spinach and honey bees, etc., etc. The list is long.

We need more Clarence W. Nobles, to make our state live up to its territorial motto. They would be worth more than gold mines, for gold mines pinch out in time, while our franchise crops, possible on account of our happy combination of soil, sunshine and showers, will last forever, create new wealth annually, and increase constantly. Supporting the Skyline orchard yields 100 tons of walnuts this year, in 10 years it may bear 200 tons, and in 50 years 500 tons; and still be young and capable of an annual increase by reason of yearly spread of bearing limbs.

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday asked this question: "What do you think of the new state income and intangibles tax?"

Karl Becke, insurance: "I don't think any tax levied by the state really goes to lower real property taxes. It just increases outgo."

Rich Reiman, real estate: "I don't know. I'm too busy. It's a sound idea if it relieves property. The trouble is it costs so much to collect it there isn't much left."

Roy Wassam, manager Salem Retail Credit Bureau: "I am convinced that an income tax is the only fair means of distributing the tax burden but right now I am so confused about these reports that I'm not very enthusiastic about the scheme."

W. H. Henderson, 1134 Madison: "I'm much in favor of both, for they make toward a fair equality of the tax burden. It is the consensus of the best minds of the country, I believe, that real estate, with 80 per cent, bears twice or more as much of the tax burden as it should."

George D. Fraser, Salem Engineering company: "These taxes are too high, I believe. They seem unjust for the general business prosperity of the state."

Daily Thought

"The character and qualifications of the leader are reflected in the men he selects, develops and gathers around him. Show me the leader and I will know his men. Show me the men and I will know their leader. Therefore, to have loyal, efficient employees—be a loyal and efficient employer."—Arthur W. Niccomb.

Fifteen Fined After Raids in Chehalis Area

CHEHALIS, Wash., June 12.—(AP)—Eleven men and four women were assessed fines of \$50 to \$500 Thursday in justice courts after federal dry agents and deputy sheriffs "cleaned up" five Lewis county towns yesterday and last night in one of the biggest raids of the year in the northwest.

Eighteen prisoners were taken from truckloads of beer and moonshine were seized in the pool halls, restaurants, roadhouses and rooming houses in Morton, Kosmos, Vader, Onalaska and Centralis.

GUESTS AT KINGWOOD KINGWOOD, June 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Ben F. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark, all of whom formerly lived here were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Clark are mother and sister respectively of Mrs. Adams. The Millers and Clarks live in Portland.

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER XI
She avoided Lorraine as much as possible. But shortly before supper he danced her right out of the big room and into the indoor flower garden, which was Mrs. Wynne's special hobby. This was a sort of modernized conservatory and perfectly charming. No mid-Victorian atmosphere of gloaming palms and cluttered ferns, but an octagonal room, which in daylight caught all the sun, and at night was indirectly lighted with a synthetic sunlight, soft, golden, flattering.

The floor was of broken flags, moss grown. On one wall a wall fountain tinkled into a stone basin. Flowers were everywhere, in boxes and pots. Between the great windows, gayly painted lattice-work covered the stone walls and ivy grew upon it, rooted in great stone pots. It was all green, glistening, color, perfume and light with the silver voice of the fountain speaking through it all. There were swinging couches in cool green chintzes, ash trays, curious modern ones, and metal tables. There was even in one corner a very modern metal book case for the inclusion of which Mrs. Wynne had been teased by her friends. "Well," said Mrs. Wynne, "it's a grand spot to read in. Why not a bookcase, then?"

In this little Eden, Lorraine danced Mary Lou and sat her down without ceremony.

"You need a rest," he informed her, "and dancing with you is not so good—two turns around, or a turn and a half, and some idiot cuts in!"

"Idiot?" she asked. Risky, this light give and take. But her answer was almost mechanical.

For the Asking
He sat in the corner of the couch, leaning forward, the light clear upon his eager, ardent face, his strong hands clasped between his knees.

"No. Of course not. Very wise young man. But, after all, I shall have to look you in that glass case, dearest," said Lorraine, smiling.

"I said nothing. Her heart was greatly moved and greatly troubled.

"Can't you," he asked her, very gently, "can't you make up your mind? You—don't dislike me, I'm sure of that somehow. Sometimes, I think you care a little. Surely you must. For all my caring there must be some return. You loved me once. Is it so hard to love me again?"

She made a little indistinct murmur, but not one slender enough to be interpreted as a bid to loved him so very much. It was as if, in a sense, she had created him, bringing him back from the darkness in which he had stumbled. He was not only her lover, therefore, but her creation, as if he had been her child.

There was more in her love for him than the beautiful shal-lows of physical attraction, now warm and sunny, sparkling and stimulating, now moving slowly, darkening, over the hidden rocks. There was tenderness and high hopes and ideals and a comradeship that had grown all these weeks in which they had been together, week in which they had come to know one another, not starting, as most people do, from a basis which was composed of their supposed pre-knowledge of each other. . . . a background, as it were, of old loyalties and intimacies.

"So hard?" he asked again, as she did not speak.

Well, it would soon be over. Margaret would have decided to-night. Had, perhaps, decided by now. Whatever she decided Mary Lou must go, must lose this Eden. She couldn't go on, putting him off, evading. . . . she couldn't. She looked about her, a little wildly. The flowers came from their pots and jars of colored stone, the hyacinths she had come to hate, the tulips, the narcissuses. Plants give out color and fragrance. The voice of the fountain spoke to her, sang in her blood.

Half Truths
She turned sudden. Better a half truth, perhaps. Better . . . oh, not for him, for soon he'd know the truth and everything would seem lies when he looked back. Better for her, however, easing her heart a very little. When he knew he'd despise her, he'd think every word she had uttered a falsehood. So it didn't matter, did it, for the sake of a

small cold comfort, if she told him. . . . that she cared.

"I do care for you, Lorry," she said clearly, "and you have been dear and patient. . . . and so good to me. I care—a lot. It—oh, the whole thing was so strange, thinking you dead all this time, seeing you again an entirely different person. I—couldn't just go on where you'd left off. And now—I don't know," she said desperately. "I don't know. If—if you'd give me a little more time—a week perhaps—a month. . . . Things aren't clear between us yet," she told him. "We've kept a very certain subjects because it seemed best. There are things I haven't told you," she said, unhappily. "Could you trust me a little longer?"

He drew a deep breath. It was the first time that she had admitted anything at all. He felt that much lay beyond her admittance, much that she had not put into words. There was something that troubled her, held her back, he fancied, something deeper than her rather inadequate excuses.

Perhaps—perhaps there had been another man in all those years. Someone she had thought she cared for. Strange that he had never speculated on that possibility since she had returned to him, although God knows, it had agonized him sufficiently before her return. His heart ached a little, thinking. But how natural—in all those years, young and lovely many men must have found her beloved.

Whatever she had to tell him would make no difference. He loved her. If she loved him that was really all that mattered.

"I don't want to force you," he said slowly, "and you've already made me very happy. I'm grateful. . . . beyond words. Take all the time you want. . . . and when you are ready. I'll be waiting. I can't believe though that you would have given me this much hope unless, for my waiting, you were promising a reward. I haven't kissed you," he said abruptly, "for a very long time."

He leaned near and put his arms about her, gently.

"Ah, don't!" she said pitifully. "Do you mean that? Say you mean it, swear to me you mean it, and I will let you go."

But she said nothing. There was nothing she could say. She was quite still in his embrace.

Surrender
"Just—tonight," he urged. . . . "There's Jenny and Larry—and a dozen other youngsters, happy in love, holding each other close."

Her eyes closed. He kissed the broad white lips, kissed the curve of her cheek, where it melted rosy into the smooth, red satin of her lips, kissed, finally, with tenderness, with passion, the quivering little mouth.

Suddenly, she twisted in his arms and her hands desperately on his shoulders gave him back his kiss, abandoning herself to it, surrendering. . . . yielding. Then, with a little sob, she freed herself almost brusquely and rose to her feet and walked back into the great lighted room.

Lorraine followed her, his heart singing. As he reached her in the curved doorway, he touched her arm.

"Delight!" he asked. . . . and lower "Darling?"

"Please," said Mary Lou, in a curious, cool little voice. . . . "please—forget that, Lorry. It was—madness. I have your promise, she told him, "and—and I'll keep my word to you, when the time comes."

"But why—why?" he asked, halting her there in the doorway.

"Music," said Mary Lou, "and madness. . . . and being young. . . . and Lorry, don't make me ashamed!"

One of the Wynne boys stepped up to claim her.

"No fair telling that big brute monopoly lying," he announced for all the world to hear.

She danced away, then, moving gracefully, automatically. She was not "ashamed." Not even sorry. She. . . . she had been mad to suffer his kiss, still more insane to return it, as she had returned it, with all the ardor of her body, heart and soul. But she was glad.

"I—hell! hate me anyway," she told herself savagely. "And I wanted something to remember," she said to herself, "something of

Crash of Plane Fatal to Three; One Legislator

NEWCASTLE, Ind., June 12.—(AP)—Because he needed an automobile in his church work and did not have money with which to buy one, police said, the Rev. Gen. Peor told them Thursday, he stole one. He was arrested. Officers said the machine in which Peor had been visiting his parishioners in and about Mooreland, Ind., for three months, belonged to E. V. McGuire of Newcastle and that Peor had not changed the license plates.

Portland Girls Seek Husbands With \$600 Cash

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12.—(AP)—Two young women of Portland, Ore., both named Brown, Marian and Gerry, have written Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco and asked his aid in finding husbands. But there's a catch to it. The candidates to qualify must have \$600 each to aid family finances.

Marian is 21 and 5 feet 6 and Gerry is 23 and 5 feet 2. And they both have brown hair.

TO TOUR BEACHES KINGWOOD, June 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Bob Livingston and Miss Eva Nelson of Portland and Miss H. Porter of Salem were Wednesday evening guests of A. A. Livingston who is an uncle of Bob. The three ladies are graduate nurses and their visit here was the first lap of a vacation trip which will include Newport and other Oregon beach resorts.

Married Women Need This Idea

Every married woman realizes that Feminine Hygiene is of utmost importance to her well-being and peace of mind. She also knows that most liquid soaps are unsatisfactory and drying to the tissues. Every wise and fastidious woman will welcome Dr. Nixon's Q-Zeen—a soothing, cleansing application. In tubes with easy-to-use applicator. Free of perfume and natural state. Corrects simple vaginitis. Non-poisonous. Not greasy. No mercury. Destroys odors and does not stain. Mixes thoroughly with secretions, reaching tiny folds and crevices. You can get Q-Zeen about Feminine Hygiene if you use Dr. Nixon's Q-Zeen. . . . Guaranteed satisfactory.

115 S. Commercial St.
Perry's Drug Store.

Strikers Storm Jail in Effort To Free Miners

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, Ohio, June 12.—(AP)—Two thousand men and women stormed the Belmont county jail last night in an effort to force the release of eleven striking coal miners arrested during disorders at the new Lafferty mine of the M. A. Hanna Coal Co. Sheriff Howard Duff, forty sheriff's deputies and a group of American Legion members armed with tear gas bombs and machine guns, broke up the crowd and arrested the leader, Leo Thompson of Pittsburgh, reputed communist and leader of the national miners union.

Crooner, Violin Aide in Discard; Kicking Alleged

NEW YORK, June 12.—(AP)—Rudy Vallee, radio crooner of sentimental ballads, was sued in municipal court here for \$640 by Julius de Vorzon, violinist. The violinist said the discord between them began when he was discharged last October for breaking a key on Vallee's favorite saxophone.

De Vorzon testified to Justice John Sullivan that Vallee kicked him twice and was "frothing at the mouth and gnashing his teeth as he always does when excited."

He charged the money was due him for two weeks' pay.

AMERICANS ARE INDEBTED TO WRITERS AND POETS WHO, LIKE RILEY, WERE CLOSE TO THE COMMON PEOPLE—THEIR WORDS ARE LIKE OLD TUNES THAT SOOTHE WITH SIMPLE RHYME AND RHYTHM.

We Will Advise You at No Expense to You

W.T. RIGDON & SON MORTUARY
W.T. RIGDON, PRES
1891
LLOYD T. RIGDON
WINIFRED R. HERRICK

James Whitcomb Riley (1853-1916)

FOR MANY YEARS HE WORKED ON THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL AND CONTRIBUTED NUMEROUS DELIGHTFUL POEMS OF HOME INCIDENTS AND WIFE LIFE

THE FIRST TO BEGAN TO CONTRIBUTE VERSES TO NEWSPAPERS IN 1875 AND BECAME EDITOR OF A SMALL INDIANA NEWSPAPER, LATER JOINING THE "KOKOMO DISPATCH"

IN 1877 HE ANONYMOUSLY WROTE "CRIMINALS IN THE PENITENTIARY" WHICH WAS SPREAD BY AN AUTHENTIC POET UNTIL THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PAPER, EXPLAINED THE HOAX