

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Fighting President

IN two addresses delivered this week President Hoover stands out as a man of strength and conviction, a man standing as the bulwark for the American system, who faces the situation of the present with eyes clear and purpose resolute. These addresses reveal the president as more forceful and positive than any he has hitherto delivered and will stand out conspicuous as the greatest of his state papers thus far prepared.

In his Indianapolis address he reviewed the current economic situation. He was clear, he was frank. The president would not doubt admit that in the early stages of the depression he was fooled as to its extent and duration. So too were most of the ablest business leaders of the country. One reason for this was perhaps the development of new factors which prolonged depression rather than aided recovery; the drought of 1930 for example, something wholly unpredictable, which caused disaster over a large section of our country. But in his address of Monday the president gave a straightforward analysis of the situation as it exists and made a stirring defense of his course in the effort to ameliorate the pains of the business depression.

Instead of standing aside and letting matters drift as some have charged, President Hoover has been active from the very first. He has labored to maintain American standards of wages and living, to keep the wheels of industry turning, to keep the banking system of the country healthy, to meet the emergency by speeding up public works, so as to provide employment on worth-while public enterprises, to help the farmer secure as high a price as possible for his products, to reduce governmental expenses in order to hold down taxation, to expand employment agencies for helping men to get jobs. These objectives have not all of them been attained, and none of them reached as fully as might be desired. But the president has labored with unceasing diligence to divert the blow of a cyclonic depression which has swept over the whole world.

But the most significant passage in the president's address is where he puts plainly before the American people the two paths: one the tested path of self-dependence, and the other the easy but dangerous path of dependence on government. In these paragraphs the president puts the issue of the next election before the people; not only that, the issue of the whole political problem of the present day. Shall we fight through our difficulties as in the past or shall we go the way of doles, public ownership, socialism and the leveling of all classes? The president puts the issue forcefully in this language:

"If we analyze the ideas which have been put forward for handling our great national plan, they fall into two groups. The first is whether we shall go on with our American system which holds that the major purpose of a state is to protect the people and to give them equality of opportunity; that the basis of all happiness is in development of the individual, that the sum of progress only can be gauged by the progress of the individual, that we should steadily build up co-operation among the people themselves to these ends. The other idea is that we shall directly or indirectly regiment the population into a bureaucracy to serve the state, that we should use force instead of co-operation in plans and thereby direct every man as to what he may or may not do.

"These ideas present themselves in practical questions which we have to meet. Shall we abandon the philosophy and creed of our people for 150 years by turning to a creed foreign to our people? Shall we establish a dole from the federal treasury? Shall we undertake federal ownership and operation of public utilities instead of the rigorous regulation of them to prevent speculation? Shall we protect our people from the lower standards of living of foreign countries? Shall the government, except in temporary national emergencies, enter upon business processes in competition with citizens? Shall we regiment our people by an extension of the arm of bureaucracy into a multitude of affairs?

"The future welfare of our country so dear to you and to me for ourselves and our children, depends upon the answer given."

The issue thus becomes not one merely of men or parties; but the fundamental of the American system of individualism or the foreign system of socialism. Which way lies our choice?

At Marion, Ohio, the president handled deftly what had been considered a "hot poker." The jibing press sought to put him "on the spot" in the matter of the dedication of this memorial to the late President Harding. How could he dedicate the memorial without praising Harding and how could he praise Harding in view of the scandals? Hoover met the issue frankly and his speech rings with sincerity. The Harding administration was one of the most divided in our history so far as its nature and accomplishments are concerned. The Harding cabinet numbered some of the ablest men of the nation: Hughes as secretary of state; Mellon as secretary of the treasury; Hoover as secretary of commerce. It entered office at a season of great depression. Business was prostrate. The administration was disorganized as a result of the long illness of Pres. Wilson. The world was trying to get readjusted from the earthquake of war. Largely as a result of the work of this administration the United States passed from a war to a peace basis with marvelous success. The Washington conference on disarmament gave a breathing spell to a distracted world. Mellon restored our national credit and liberty bonds that had sold in the 80's went above par. Hoover stimulated that revival of domestic and foreign commerce which gave this nation nearly a decade of substantial prosperity.

Then there was the other side of the household: Fall and Daugherty. There was widespread corruption. The oil scandals were disgraceful alike to the administration and the country. Under the strain President Harding broke down and died. The country has remembered only the dark picture of the Harding period, it has forgotten the genuinely great achievements of that administration in restoring economic health to the United States and through this country to the world. Measured by the test of actual accomplishment both in domestic matters and foreign affairs, the Harding administration was one of the most constructive in the entire peace-time history of this country.

President Hoover in his Marion address paid high personal tribute to the character of Pres. Harding and described him as a man betrayed by his friends. Then in words that burned he excoriated those traitors who "betrayed not alone the friendship and trust of their staunch and loyal friend but... their country." As he proceeded to say:

"There are disloyalties and there are crimes which shock our sensibilities, which may bring suffering upon those who are touched by their immediate results. But there is no disloyalty and no crime in all the category of human weaknesses which are with the failure of probity in the conduct of public trust.

Normal Babies

G. C. DAUER, M. D.

Parents are always comparing their offspring with some friend's or relative's child. If one wishes the comparison to be made in one thing only it may prove unfair to one or the other child. If one compares a trait or accomplishment one can arrive at a better conclusion. A number of things will be mentioned as to the time the traits most commonly appear.

At birth most babies can support their weight with their hands because of the inherent grasping reflex present but the ability to independently grasp objects does not appear until four months later. By this time he can usually roll from side to his back, but cannot roll from back to stomach until six months of age. By this time he enjoys sitting up, in fact, many take pleasure in this at four months. At six months he enjoys his bath, recognizes his friends and laughs.

At nine months most babies can pat-a-cake and use one syllable words like "bye," and at one year should have a vocabulary of four to six words. They comprehend much at this age, and can follow simple commands. He should be able to hold a cup at one year; at 15 months he should begin to use a spoon; at 18 months should use a spoon without much spilling. The average baby walks alone at 15 months, although he may walk at an earlier date, even as early as eight months. At 18 months he may be trained to bowel control; bladder control comes later, usually at two years.

At four years the child should be able to dress and wash himself and to do errands outside the home. Many other accomplishments have been attained by this age, too numerous to mention here.

If anyone wishes to have a more complete list of these progressive achievements any good book on child psychology will be helpful. We have lists of these books at the Health Department and they are for distribution to anyone who wishes for one.

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

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 18, 1906
In case of John Krell vs. Marion county, heard in the circuit court of Multnomah county, the jury awarded verdict of \$1500 for the plaintiff. The case was heard by J. Krell sued for \$2000 for loss of leg as a result of injuries sustained when the wagon he was driving fell into a ditch or washout on a county road.

T. A. Lively is in the city from Seattle. His reports the Fourth Sound district more prosperous and growing faster than ever.

Only one new teacher for the Salem high school was elected when the board met last night. She is Miss Elizabeth R. Topping of Brooklyn, Mass. She takes place of Erma Clarke, resigned.

June 18, 1921
A man under arrest and who gives his name as Dave Case is thought to be slayer of "Buck" Phillips, Portland, and railroad officers made the arrest.

The Salem postoffice has an annual payroll of nearly \$80,000.

Clyde "Red" Rupert will early in July complete his three-year sentence in the Oregon prison for fleeing \$15,000 liberty bonds from the Northwestern National bank in Portland. From the state prison he goes to McNeil's Island to serve 20 years for the same offense.

Daily Thought

"If we do our best; if we do not magnify trifling troubles; if we look resolutely, I will not say at the bright side of things, but at things as they really are; if we avail ourselves of the manifold blessings which surround us, we can not but feel that life is indeed a glorious inheritance."—John Lubbock.

New Views

"Do you favor a city manager for the city of Salem?" was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Arthur H. Moore, bicycle shop operator: "We'll eventually come to the city manager plan. It has been up several times, you know."

David O'Hara, alderman: "I certainly do not favor the Portland system of commissioners. I like the council system we now have better than that. As for a

perhaps a passing thing, but the breaking down of the faith of a people in the honesty of their government and in the integrity of their institutions, the lowering of respect for the standards of honor which prevail in high places, are crimes for which punishment can never atone."

We believe the country will react favorably to these addresses of President Hoover. They show a fearlessness to face issues and to stand by principle which gratifies those who may think differently upon public questions. They show that the president feels sure of his position and that he intends to fight his ground not for his personal re-election but for what he deems to be the welfare of the American people.

HERE'S HOW

By EDSON



Tomorrow: Beauty From Castor oil.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Birds for neighbors

Mrs. Maude Forkner is a teacher in the Salem public schools. The home of the Forkners is at 2905 Nebraska avenue, where they are surrounded by forest growth that is an extension of Kay park. With her husband, Robert A. Forkner, they have constructed and arranged underneath the trees of their back yard a summer home that is unique. It gives them a life that is like camping out in the woods. They have for neighbors the robin and the squirrel. They have provided bird baths for their feathered friends—more than 50 varieties of which are guests during the year.

The Bits man asked Mrs. Forkner to tell about their interesting visitors—and she has kindly complied, with the following, printed just as written, bearing possible typographical errors: "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries earth, if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lies: Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it gladden."

How truly the poet has spoken. As I sit here in the shade of a sturdy fir I hear the sweet cherry song of the robin, the saucy chatter of the English sparrow, and the sweet refrain of the little gray vireo. Perched on a nearby wire a junco is trilling away. A beautiful flicker just came to find a juicy bug under the bark of the tree, or perhaps he'll find an ant's nest and have a real feast.

A few feet away are the bird baths—and here come the birds to bathe;—a whole family of robins; another of English sparrows; a chipping sparrow, junco, yellow warbler, chickadee, purple finch, western tanager, black and white warbler, Audubon warbler, American goldfinch, flicker, myrtle warbler, red breasted nuthatch, gray breasted nuthatch, the timid russet brown thrush giving a warning whistle as he approaches the bath, then after the bath nearly bursting his throat singing, "Why don't you come here; why don't you come here and see me?" Hark! I hear the sweet song of the Gambel sparrow. It says, "Sweetie, oh you're so sweet; oh you're so sweet to me."

The pileolated warbler, with his pretty black cap and lemon yellow suit, is a gay bather. Occasionally I see a pair of cedar waxwings with their quail-like markings, Bullock's oriole, and western evening grosbeaks at the bath. I have seen all of the above mentioned 22 varieties of birds bathing during one day; also the black-throated gray warbler, brown creeper, lutescent warbler, and song sparrow with song so

city manager, an engineer has usually been suggested and I'm not altogether favorable to such a requirement."

Dr. Henry Morris, Morris Optical company: "Yes, I think that a commission form of government with a capable city manager would be an excellent thing. It would eliminate politics and make for a much more efficient administration."

David Eyre, student: "I really do not know enough about the problem to answer that question."

Mrs. Mae Carson, secretary: "Yes—if the right person to handle the job were chosen."

DIRECTORS ELECTED
WALDO HILLS, June 17—School election at Evergreen resulted in the reelection of Mrs. Fred Knight for clerk and of E. O. Longsdorf for director. Directors holding over in this district are W. E. Batchelor and John Brunner. At Centerville John Goedknecht was reelected and Edson Comstock chosen as clerk. Directors holding over are K. O. Rue and C. R. Riches. Mr. Riches has just completed his 20th year as director.

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN

CHAPTER XLV.

Lorrimer had left early that morning for the flying field. Mrs. Lorrimer had estate matters to attend to before noon and for the afternoon had been persuaded to go to a bridge party at the Wynnes'. Jenny was in town, visiting a cousin, staying for week or so, in order to buy clothes, having left for New York that morning. While Jenny was in Manhattan, Larry would be well occupied. So at breakfast with Margaret, Lorrimer having breakfasted early and alone, Mary Lou had said she must go to town and out to see Billy. She hadn't seen him in several weeks, and a letter had just come from India which when she answered, she wished to answer from first-hand knowledge.

But she was not planning to go straight to Oakland. She had an errand in town first, upon the subject of which she was mute.

"Well?" asked Diana Hackett in the receiver.
Mary Lou's nerves steeled. She spoke her own name, told the rather indifferent listener on the other end of the wire that she was a friend of Larry Mitchell's and wished to see her as soon as possible on a matter of great importance. Could she come to the hotel now? Yes, she was nearby—at the Grand Central, in fact.

"It really is important," she said, "to you, Miss Hackett."
"Come along then," answered Diana.

"Will we be alone?"
"More or less," the other woman answered.

Mary Lou went out of the booth presently and took a taxi to the hotel. A few minutes later the door of an apartment was opened to her.

"The other girls are asleep," said Delight Harford. "We can sit here in the living room."
Delight was not fully dressed. She was wearing a negligee which had once been quite lovely but which now was soiled and torn. She had high-heeled mules on her feet and her hair, thick black hair was in early-morning, just-out-of-bed disorder. Her blue eyes were heavy with weariness and her face haggard. But her fine skin was radiant and she smiled at the younger girl with spontaneous friendliness. She liked the look of her somehow—of whom did she remind her?

"I—I feel I've gotten you up," said Mary Lou.

She looked with a sort of inner despair at the other woman. Somehow she hadn't expected her to look like this—a little unkempt, a little uncleaned for, hard, as Larry had said, and appearing even more than her age. Her only beauties were the quantity and quality of the touched-up hair and carefully tanned skin and the small, rounded figure.

They sat down in the uninteresting, rather dark sitting room. A pot of coffee stood on the table of a tray.

"I was just getting an eye-opener," explained Mary Lou's hostess, "will you join me?"
"No, thank you—"
"Clarrette?"
"No—"

Diana lighted one, poured the coffee, stirred in some cream and sat back in her big chair.

Favorable Impression
"What did you wish to see me about, Miss Thurston?" she asked.

Mary Lou leaned forward. The other woman looked at her, observing the wall cut suit, the small sable scarf, the sheer stockings, the shoes; observing, too, the great sapphire on Mary Lou's slender hand. The girl was evidently very well off. She was simply but expensively dressed and she was very pretty. Under the close-fitting, almost brimless hat the red-gold hair ribbed in small, entrancing curls. The blue eyes were serious and brilliant and the round cheeks flushed with an unnatural color, the color of nervousness and excitement, for Mary Lou had gotten out of bed that morning to view a very pale face in the mirror.

What on earth did the child want? Perhaps she wanted to go on the stage, had heard of Diana, had money, wished to buy herself a job? If that were the case, mused the older woman, she'd discourage it, money or no money. She was a fair judge of character—she had to be—and if she knew anything about girls, this small, eager, honest looking little person was too pretty and too sensitive to last long in that dog-out profession.

"Well!" she prompted.
Mary Lou took the plunge.
"Miss Harford—" she said.
"What?" Delight set down her coffee cup with a miniature crash. She was startled, curious, but not particularly annoyed.

"Now where did you learn that, I wonder?" she mused aloud. She had quite forgotten telling Larry Mitchell. Was it possible that this youngster was a relative or something? Delight rather hoped so. She liked her.

"Larry told me," said Mary Lou.
"Larry? Oh, the red-headed press-agent lad—nice kid. But why should he tell you?" asked Delight.

"It's a long story," said Mary Lou, rather desperately. "I'll have to tell you from the beginning. It's about—Travers Lorrimer."

Delight Harford looked down at the seat ring she wore.
"Travers? But Lorry is dead," she said slowly.

"Lorry? Mary Lou's heart swelled, it seemed, almost to her throat.

"No," she managed to say quietly, "no, he's not dead. Please, Miss Harford, may I tell you in my own way?"

"Yes, wait a minute. Not dead? Not dead, my God, if I had known that!" said Delight Harford. She was ashen white with shock.

Mary Lou waited, sickened. After a minute Delight said:
"Go on. What about him? I won't interrupt."

"I'll have to start with me," said Mary Lou, youthfully. She told Delight something of her background, her circumstances, the removal of her aunt and uncle to the Orient, of her necessity for finding employment. Presently she came to Lorry and the advertisement in the paper and her journey out to Westmill to the place called Westwood House, of her disappointment in learning the mistake, the omission in the advertisement, and of her encounter with Lorrimer.

"You see, he thought I was—you. He—he wouldn't let me go. And he was so ill, so distressed that his mother and doctor decided I must stay—and play a part—your part."

Delight looked at her blankly. She was past astonishment. Suddenly, with an odd murmur, she rose and left the room. Mary Lou sat quite still, waiting. Oh, he couldn't care for this woman; he couldn't! But he had, and perhaps memory and loyalty would hold...

Delight came back. She had with her a small envelope; it had been taken on that last leave of Lorrimer's. It showed them standing together in some great park or other, showed the laughing boy Mary Lou had never known, showed a small, slender girl.

Mary Lou held it in her hands. Here was proof, if proof were needed.

"You do look," said Delight Harford, very miserably, "much as I used to look... so long ago."

The Whole Story
Mary Lou laid the picture down on the table and went on.
"So I stayed," she said, "and because he thought I was you, because I brought back to him, playing your part, a new interest in life—he changed. He's well now," said Mary Lou, with a certain pride. "He's splendid!"

(To be continued tomorrow)

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Soup or Salad Meat or Fish Potatoes
Vegetables Bread and Butter or Rolls
Pie or Pudding and Drink

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