

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe
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Dandelion Day
TOMORROW is Father's Day and everyone is supposed to wear a dandelion. That flower is the badge of the tribe. The yellow signifies gold, which is the principal excuse that fathers have for still being alive. We believe it was the neckwear makers who proposed fathers' day to even things up with the florists who cashed in on mothers' day.

They used to say a woman couldn't pick out a necktie for her husband; but that was merely one of the fictions created by the columnists. A woman can pick out a necktie because she usually takes the advice of the haberdasher, than which there can be none better.

We do not know if the preachers have to preach on fathers' day like they do on mothers' day or not. If they do, it will tax their ingenuity; just as it cracks an editor's brain, if he has any, to think up anything appropriate to the subject. These are parlous times for fathers, whose principal mental activity is worry. A mother betrays her anxiety over her babies; but a father hugs his own worries to himself, churns along, tries to make ends meet, hopes to educate his family and live comfortably in old age.

There isn't much you can do to Father, except leave him alone. He grunts around like a bear if anyone does anything for him; he frowns on sentiment; he knows there is nothing heroic about himself. Sometimes the hinge in the pocketbook elbow gets a little weary from frequent reaching, but one thing sure it will never quit entirely so long as there is anything left to reach for, when it comes to mother and the kiddies.

Not all fathers are alike to be sure; and where the dandelion is not appropriate, perhaps the wives had better wear "forget-me-nots", though the chances are the dads wouldn't recognize them. So give the dads a hand tomorrow—a four-in-hand, we mean.

Read This and Cheer Up
A visitor in Salem this week, just returned from a tour of Europe, said our hard times were better than Europe's good times. This view is confirmed by Sir Robert Tasker, touring in America, who said in a letter home:

"This country is amazing, particularly the city of Chicago. There are achievements here which would stagger the imagination of some of our stay-at-homes. In England could enjoy this so-called depression for 12 months we could reduce our national debt to half."

The Albany Democrat-Herald played a trick on its readers the other night in its editorials on a right-hand page. Looked mighty queer, something like a square pie or a round horsehoe. How many people ever saw editorials on a right hand page, aside from the front page? Habit, tradition, trial and error, experience, we don't know why it is exactly that editorials always run on left-hand pages; perhaps it is to accommodate the advertisers. Anyway the editorials in the Democrat-Herald are good enough to hunt up no matter what page they are printed on.

"To get oneself in physical trim we're figuring on starting smoking three cigarettes at a time in the future. One kind is to take the harsh, rasping irritants out of our Adam's apple. Another kind to keep us in our well known kissable condition. And the third kind so we can light up and remain monochlamid. Between the three we ought to work ourselves up into quite a guy."—Slops, Capital Journal.

What you need is lava soap to keep your schoolgirl complexion. The best signs now are signs of rising prices. The boost in the gas price may come as something of a shock; but the oil industry has been almost wrecked by the price war. Resistance of prices to further declines and the marking up of some commodities to higher price levels always mark the end of a period of depression. Once confidence is restored that the "low point" has been reached there will turn loose a flood of money for investment and for purchases of needed goods.

Russia has adopted the plan of determining at headquarters just where the factories will be built and then erecting them. What if America had that scheme? We nearly have civil war over where a soldier's home is to be located. What would happen if the government planned to erect some plant like Ford motor works? Well, we have the examples in the army posts scattered over the congressional districts.

A faction in a Dallas church strung up its assistant pastor-bagganow, but the rope stretched and the preacher's feet touched footing. His next sermon should be preached from the text: "Behold how good it is and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Busy weeks ahead for Salem. Next week the state editorial association is to be entertained. The week following is the Fourth of July, with the American Legion putting on a big show at the fair grounds. The old town should dress up and spread itself for both occasions.

Col. Clark gets the job of defending the utility commissioner's order in the Portland street railway case. Clark is a good lawyer; he wrote the commissioner bill, so it is fitting he should go to bat for it on the first case that comes up.

The Portland Journal is extolling the cow-sow-hen-sheep path to prosperity. While there is scant profit now in milk, eggs or wool, that path is a more certain way to sound prosperity than sales, price-fixing, tariffs, and state socialism.

Another thing about beach pajamas—the old poem about the placket skirt won't fit. Remember it: "As she felt of her skirt at the back?" That shows how old we are.

Engels is setting out to "explain." The effort will meet the usual fate of "explanations."

Last week's chapter of the Hoover biography may be entitled: "Hoover among the tombs."

An American citizen was found murdered in Mexico? What does Mexico have crazy deputy sheriffs, too?

The milk war breaks out as the gas war threatens to end. Now if we could only run our cars on milk.

African Belles Start War and Kill 17 Natives
PIETERMARITZBURG, Union of South Africa, June 19—(AP)—A group of native beauties of the Anabomvya tribe who received widespread attention from the whites of the Hlongwa tribe while they were attending a wedding feast, launched a savage war which yesterday had resulted in the death of 17 natives and wounding of 17 others.

The native belles were attending a wedding feast in the tribal camp of the rival Hlongwa when, in the midst of the feasting and revelry they resented the attentions of some of the Hlongwa braves and left the party in a huff.

Teeth
C. G. DAUER, M. D.
Marion Co. Health Dept.
The teeth of man appear in two sets, the first or temporary teeth (20 in number) and the second or permanent teeth (32 in number). As a rule the eruption of the teeth takes place earlier in girls than in boys.

The first teeth, while irregular in their time of appearance, are all formed in the jaws before the child is born. This is also true of the six year molars. For this reason it is very important that the mother's diet throughout pregnancy should be adequate in those elements that go to make up the structure of the teeth. If lacking in certain minerals such as calcium and phosphorus the probability of the development of early decay in the child's teeth is very great.

MOTHER SHOULD HELP
A nursing mother should be equally careful about her diet in order to furnish her child with the essentials for building the dental structure.

The first teeth begin to erupt at six months in most children. Rickets or some other chronic illness will delay the cutting of teeth so that they appear at a later time. Occasionally one finds that delay in eruption is a family characteristic but one should not consider this factor unless certain that rickets is not present. From six months to two or two and one-half years the temporary teeth continue erupting until 30 are present.

IMPORTANT TOOTH
At about the sixth birthday, the six year molar puts in its appearance; it is a permanent tooth and its eruption is a landmark. If it is lost no tooth will develop to replace it. It is an important tooth for another reason. If properly retained, proper growth of the jaw takes place and the cutting edges of the teeth are in better alignment. From the age of six the temporary teeth begin to loosen and are replaced one by one by the permanent teeth.

No tooth temporary or permanent should be neglected, careful inspection by a dentist several times a year along with an adequate diet will assure a minimum of dental decay in later life.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write it out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion county department of health. The answers 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 20, 1906
Curtis Coleman, Willamette university ball player, has been signed by McCredie of Portland for his Beavers. He plays second.

Olive Mitchell is running high on the contest to select Goddess of Liberty for the Fourth of July celebration.

Case to open estate of Emmanuel M. Friedrich is on trial in circuit court.

A new shingle mill with daily capacity of 30,000 shingles has just been installed in the Spaulding mill.

It is rumored that should the Salem street car company succeed in increasing street car rates to eight cents, an automobile system will be established to compete with the trolley cars.

Voters of Salem yesterday completely snuffed under the 10-mill school tax levy, defeating the proposed budget 486 to 278. The board will now have to change plans to cut expenses down to \$18,000.

New Views
Yesterday inquiring reporters of The Statesman asked this question: "Do you think radio dissemination of news will eventually displace the newspaper?"
George Lansford, music store salesman: "Of course I do! You'll get the news in your home by a ticker like stockbrokers use. No, seriously, I don't because you'll always want local news from your home paper."

Edwin Thomas, advertising salesman: "Well, it's a problem but I believe the radio has reached its peak. People are demanding there be fewer advertising programs over the air. I like the English system where you pay a license fee annually for using your radio set and this goes to provide programs."

Leslie Springer, Shyne Shop owner: "The reason the radio will not supplant the newspaper is in the convenience of the paper; you read what you want when you want to. Moreover, you enjoy reading better than listening."

Shannon Hogue, debate coach: "The newspaper need not fear the radio and television for a long time to come. Newspaper reading is a habit firmly fixed among Americans."

W. H. Logan, McClintville: "No I do not think that the radio can ever take the place of newspapers."

W. L. Meeker, Industrial Accident commission: "If the present alarm felt that the radio disseminates news, it is only because it is not yet a habit."

HERE'S HOW By EDSON
THE DIVORCE-LESS DIVORCE COURT!
Sunday! No More Jammed Windows!
A DIVORCE COURT HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED IN PORTLAND, OREGON. ONE CASE HAS BEEN TRIED THERE.

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS
To her rich reward!

As the first light of the coming day appeared over Hood's misty summit on Monday morning last, the immortal spirit of Helen Giesey Griffith departed from its earthly temple and made its flight to the fields of asphodel beyond the stars, at the family home, 735 East Broadway, Portland, Oregon.

Thus ended the mundane pilgrimage of one of Oregon's fairest and most unselfishly useful native daughters, leaving her devoted family and a host of other relatives and friends to feel a loss great and abiding beyond the power of mere words to tell.

The home of Lewis C. Griffith was a notable one in the historic Waldo hills section. With the passing of Helen, youngest daughter of the family, only one member of the circle of ten, father and mother and five daughters and three sons, remain on this side of the crystal river.

Lewis Griffith came with the immigration of 1850, at the age of 21, and was the hunter of the covered wagon train of which he with his father's family was a member. In the spring of 1851 they took up a donation claim in the Waldo hills, overlooking the site of the future capital city. Susan Margaret, daughter of Dr. John Savage, of the same wagon train, and who also settled in the Waldo hills near by, became the bride of L. C. Griffith in 1855. Their pioneer home was one of the most prominent and hospitable in the section.

Sarella, their first born, became a teacher; was superintendent of the Salem public schools. Virginia, now Mrs. Warren Cook of Chetek, Wisconsin, the only surviving member of the family, grew into womanhood with many accomplishments. Dr. John Griffith was a leading Salem dentist. Jennie was a teacher and missed by only a few votes becoming superintendent of schools for Marion county. Dr. L. C. Griffith was for many years first assistant physician of the Oregon state hospital, and was a nationally known specialist in mental disorders. Martha Louise, who was married to Judge L. H. McMahon, was a woman of charm and culture. Next was Helen, born in Salem Feb. 16, 1875. Dr. Carl, a physician and leader in his profession, died in 1921.

A. W. Giesey, to whom Helen was married in September, 1899, is by right of long service, dean among fire insurance men of the northwest, and their son, Ralph G., is following his father in the same line. Donald D., the other son, is employed by a leading commercial concern in Portland.

Helen Griffith graduated from the Monmouth state normal school. She was before her marriage a popular teacher in the Salem public schools. Mr. and Mrs. Giesey were well known and well respected in the community.

John H. Farrar, postmaster: "No. Too many people want to read what they have read. And then, the newspaper is a record; the radio is not."

Olive Huston: "No, I don't believe the radio will replace the newspaper, from a news standpoint—the paper may be read in comfort and relaxation and allow the reader to figure the thing out for one's self, to be selective in kind of news, etc., while the radio may serve for a sort of mechanical mind for the non-thinking and mentally lazy class—and merely gives a hurried resume of the events of the day."

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Daily Thought
"Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live."—Mark Twain.

"MAKE BELIEVE" By FAITH BALDWIN
CHAPTER XLVI
Mary Lou shook hands with De-light gravely.
"Good-by, she said.
"Good-by!"
But Mary Lou knew it must be good-by. She hoped never to see eyes upon Delight Harford again. When Mrs. Lorrimer had been persuaded to see Lorry's side, his right of choice, his right to the truth, she, Mary Lou, would have to see any of them again, especially this woman whose place she had taken and who had now returned. She, Mary Lou, must be the usurper.

She left and stood out on the street, blinded by the spring sun-light, hailed a taxi and went to the Pennsylvania station and took a train to Oakdale. Waiting for it, in the station, she went into a lunch room and drank some milk and ate something, mechanically, with a vast emptiness of spirit which had nothing whatever to do with her body.

Woman's Intention
At Oakdale she saw Billy, forced herself to listen to new symptoms which Aunt Adelaide had inquired since last she had been there, talked to Gram, played with the little boy and got a train back to New York in the middle of the afternoon, arriving home—home—in time for dinner.

She was tired, she said, when Lorrimer, bent from the field because she was quiet. Yes, she had been in town, on various errands. Margaret watched her anxiously. After dinner when they were alone for a moment, she asked her: "Anything wrong about Long Island? Is there anything I can do?"

"No, they're all fine," Mary Lou told her. "I'm just tired, that's all."

But it wasn't like Mary Lou to be so easily, so readily, so quickly with her with construction. The strain was telling on the child. And more than ever she was determined that somehow this intruder into their now ordered lives—should be disposed of, and somehow, some day, Mrs. Lorrimer and Lorrimer brought to happiness.

Lorrimer was in excellent spirits that night. He seized Mary Lou and took her, by force, out to walk with him in the budding gardens, along the sweet-smelling borders. He was gentle with her and con- siderate.

He was gentle with her and con- siderate, but he said, after a day in the shops the air would do her good. He did not refer, in words, to what had happened the night of the Wynnes' party, but he held her arm close within his own and bent his tall head over her and was, mutely, the lover he had been, the lover he always was, with her. It was unfortunate that he should have chosen that night.

She went to bed, half ill with worry and unhappiness. No use to talk to Mrs. Lorrimer that night. She herself was in no fit state for persuasion, argument. It would have to wait a day or two. She had a week in which to accomplish her purpose, a week in which to break her heart. For hearts break gradually and often.

Too Honest
After Mary Lou had left her, Delight Harford took counsel with herself. She had, for some years, been her own best—and worst—adviser, guide, philosopher, mentor and friend. She had liked the younger girl. She had felt for her that curious mixture of tolerance, pity and impatience with which a woman of her experience regards a girl of Mary Lou's type. She thought her honest and candid, and mistakek.

For, argued Delight, if she really loves Lorry and has persuaded him to love her, what fool she is to throw all away without a battle! For much as she had come to dislike Lorrimer's unknown mother, Delight could see her point of view and was frank to admit to herself that in Mrs. Lorrimer's place she would commit just the same omission she imagined the other woman was planning.

Mary Lou had asked Delight to give her a week in which to change Mrs. Lorrimer's mind. Delight was perfectly willing. She would not approach the Lorrimer family, but she would think it wise that she have them looked up in some way, shape or form. She wanted to be very sure of her ground. She had not made any promise to Mary Lou which would preclude such a procedure.

That night, Mary Lou, in the familiar motions of the matinee and evening performances mechanically enough, deeply preoccupied with her own amazing and unexpected problem. After the Saturday night show she joined a party of other girls who were going out to Long Island with half a dozen men. Among them was an elderly person, a stock broker, whose air upon this occasion was that of the small boy who sneaks behind the barn to smoke a forbidden cigar. Delight made herself agreeable to him. And in the course of the evening, to her, rather monotonous evening, she inquired carelessly about "people called Lorrimer." She'd know the son of the family at one time, she said, many years ago.

Mr. Evanson obligingly expatiated upon the Lorrimer's, their social position, their vast amount of money, which, he explained, was soaked away in real estate—apartments mostly, with some hotel holdings, government bonds and such, and therefore probably set free from the inroads of the late stock market disaster as anybody's could be. He spoke of Margaret, whom he had once met "a beautiful woman," he said. And then added idly that he had heard the son was, unfortunately, an invalid.

"Shell-shocked, or something," said Mr. Evanson. "No one sees him, and his mother rarely goes out now. It used to be quite an event when she appeared at the opera with Lorrimer, senior. He was a remarkable man," droned Mr. Evanson.

"They live in the country, do they not?" asked Delight, with her most English accent and most bored Mayfair manner. "In Connecticut. At Westmill. I understand they have a gorgeous place there," sighed Mr. Evanson. "There as has, gits. Some people have all the luck — and they case, Miss Hackett. Two

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FATHER'S SPECIAL
for Father's Day
DRESS SHIRTS
Values Up to \$2
\$1 each
All shirts full cut, made of pre-shrunk and double pre-shrunk broadcloth state-rite collars. Ocean pearl buttons, plain and fancy patterns.
TIES to match, your choice of any tie (values to \$1.19) 79c
Fancy Sox \$1.00
Oriental Pajamas \$1.69
Excellent quality, exceptional value.
MONTGOMERY WARD & Co.
275 N. Liberty Salem, Oregon

ASSASSIN
A Drinker of Hashish!
In eleventh-century Persia, a secret order was founded by Hassan ben Sabbah, indulging in the use of the Oriental drug hashish, and, when under its influence, in the practice of secret murder. The murderous 'drinker of hashish' came to be called 'assassin' in the Arabic and French languages. The word 'assassin' comes from the English word 'assault'.
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