

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Mother's Day

THIS is a day set aside by recent custom in honor of mothers, and called "mother's day". There is a difference between "mother's day" and mother's "day". The former is one of praise and the latter usually one of work.

Consider the contrast in the day a mother puts in now and a century ago. Then she rose before daylight, prepared the morning meal, took care of the milk, went out to feed the chickens, did up the dishes, made the beds, looked after children, did washing or ironing, prepared a big mid-day meal, put in the afternoon at more domestic labor, knitting or spinning or churning, with another big meal to prepare for evening; and then a round of duties after supper dishes were washed. To bed early or late with perhaps a few moments of leisure at the end of the day.

Mother's "day" today is very different. Still the round of home tasks, but done much more easily; with greater conveniences and mechanical devices of all kinds. Mother today has more time for fewer children; also more time for her own pleasures. She keeps busy, yes; but her activities are far less the drudgery of toting water, of kneading bread, of making soap or candles. Interests outside the home help to keep her young. In fact grandmothers of today are not the bonnet ladies of years ago; they are just starting in to enjoy life.

Today mothers young and old receive honors. Every person has a mother, living or dead; and rare is the individual who does not hold his mother in highest esteem. Though life holds many interests for a woman the bearing and rearing of children is without doubt her supreme contribution. So it comes about that the affection of her children is what the mother holds most dear to her heart.

## Legislative Positions

THERE are four candidates for the republican nomination for senator for Marion county: Douglas McKay, Otto K. Paulus, Frank Settlemier and Charles K. Spaulding. McKay is one of the most active and personable business men of Salem. He has done town chores galore for years and is now serving as mayor, which is a tough job. He ought to be as energetic and aggressive in the senate as he has been in American Legion, Kiwanis, community service, and automobile selling for many years. Marion county needs strong representation in the senate and McKay would command influence immediately.

Otto Paulus made a constructive record in the lower house. He took active part in committee work and was a frequent participant in floor debates, presenting his views effectively. He labored diligently to represent the people of the county competently and in our opinion succeeded very well as a new member. His experience in the lower house should equip him well for service in the senate; Paulus was vigilant in protecting the interests of Salem and Marion county. After the senate repassed (by a unanimous vote) the Corbett bill over the governor's veto, Paulus was one of the leaders who secured its defeat in the house. This bill, in the opinion of Gov. Meier and others would have prohibited effectually the operation of the flax plant at the state prison. Paulus has earned promotion to the senate.

We admire greatly the sturdy honesty of Frank Settlemier of Woodburn,—one of the four in the 1927 session who refused to accept the extra pay which the members voted themselves. He is a substantial taxpayer residing at Woodburn, of old pioneer stock, conservative in temper.

C. K. Spaulding has been a disappointment as senator. Spaulding is just a fish out of water,—he was so long engrossed in business affairs and then suddenly dropped into political life that he is quite out of character. He voted to re-pass the Corbett bill over the governor's veto in spite of its probable effect on flax growing and the linen industry. He voted against house bill 531, the state income tax; voted against the \$5 car license fee; dodged the vote on the critical Upton minority report on the Knox plan of liquor control. Numerous bills which he introduced were so impractical they received no consideration. For these reasons we are not endorsing him for re-election.

In the field of ten candidates for four nominations for state representative we wish to endorse three: Mrs. Hannah Martin, Ronald E. Jones and Eugene Finlay; and suggest for the fourth position either Walter Fuhrer or Ernest Werner. Mrs. Martin served the last session in the lower house and her voting record was satisfactory. She is the only woman in the list of candidates, and derives strength on that account. Ronald E. Jones has the stuff in him to make a very capable legislator, a genuinely strong influence in the house. Eugene Finlay comes from the southern part of the county with a good personal and business record. Walter Fuhrer is a young Salem lawyer connected with Hawkins and Roberts; and Ernest Werner is a substantial farmer on Howell Prairie.

## NRA Has Troubles

GENERAL JOHNSON has scrapped a bunch of codes for smaller industries, saying, "We're not going to fool with them any longer". No effort will be made to force a code on them. Growing criticism has been made against the working out of NRA, especially as it affects small business. The "crack down" process has proved an empty threat so far as big business is concerned.

Now there is a flare-up over the report of the Review board, headed by Clarence Darrow, John F. Sinclair, noted economist, quit the board, charging it with utter disregard for fair play or the basic facts. Pres. Roosevelt has been having a hard time with Sinclair and Darrow; and Gen. Johnson is said to be drafting a reply to the Darrow report. Consumers' and agricultural groups are also dissatisfied with the workings of the NRA. Like most movement of mass propaganda the initial energy runs down after awhile. Each new effort to revive interest in the codes evokes less response.

The blue eagle is losing some of his tail feathers.

There will be genuine sorrow over the plight of Missouri valley farmers whose crops are being dried up or have been blown out. Not only the farmers suffer but all other lines of industry suffer in the stricken belt, so closely are economic relations intertwined. While the curtailment may boost prices, the loss of production is so great in the affected areas that there the prices make little difference.

## "Aw! Tune in on Amos 'n' Andy!"



## "MA CINDERELLA" By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

body's got a right 'fore Gawd-a-mighty to do what he wants with his own cicker. Ain't no law can stop 'em doin' what he wants with his own; such a law would be ag'in nature an' ag'in Gawd-a-mighty. Supposin' you war a Jew an' hit war ag'in your religion to eat hawg meat; that wouldn't give you no right to make a law that a Methodist or a Baptist couldn't feed his own cawn to his own haws an' do what he wanted with his own side-meat an' haws an' sich. This hyear's a free country yet,—leastwise these hyear parts air, an' hit's agoin' to keep on bein' free, too.

"Help!" cried Diane. When Uncle Jimmie did not even smile she added gravely, "I've even heard of you, Uncle Jimmie." "You'd best not," the old mountaineer retorted, grimly. "I sure do git het up 'bout sich things, an' when I'm real hot I'm some dangerous." Diane felt that in his last statement, at least, Uncle Jimmie had spoken the literal truth. "Mebbe you're a reneuver yourself, fer all I know, the old man added. "You can't never tell." Diane laughed merrily. "Oh, come now! You know you never heard of a woman reneuverin'." "That's wimmen everthin' else these days," he retorted, grimly. "They do say hit war the wimmen what made them fool licker laws, an' if they war fools enough to make 'em, why wouldn't they be fools enough to try an' make folks keep 'em? I've even heard of all wimmen policemen, an' wimmen judges, an' sich, in the cities. I'd sure admire to see any woman try to hold court in this hyear neck of the woods, an' hit war Uncle Jimmie." His eyes twinkled as he eyed Diane's costume. "I've sure seed plenty wimmen a-wearin' breeches, an' I've seed them Lodge wimmen when they war swimmin' in the river—right with the menfolks, too. But, shucks! I know you couldn't be no reneuver," he added, gently. "not with them eyes. You're too kind an' friendly-like to go spoonin' 'round makin' trouble fer poor folks what ain't only usin' what the Lawd gave 'em to use."

"Thank you, Uncle Jimmie. I promise not to make trouble for anyone. But tell me, are there really any stills in this neighborhood?" "That sure is a purty pitcher you're a-paintin'," said Uncle Jimmie, thoughtfully. Diane laughed. "I'm asking you about stills." Gravely the old backwoodsman returned. "You got education. What do you say, now, is this hyear old earth round or flat?" "Why—why the earth is round, of course!" "Uh-huh—I 'lowed you'd say that. What makes you think she's round?" Diane offered the usual evidence. "Uh-huh, I reckon that's what the book say, an' hit sounds that's a way to hyear. You tell hit, she's flat. The earth ain't round, she's flat. She jest natchally can't be round, an' what's more I can prove by the Bible she ain't round."

"Of, of course, if you can prove it by the Bible." "Wal, I sure can. Don't hit tell in the Bible 'bout the four angels a-standin' on the four corners of the earth? Any dab-durned fool would know they couldn't do that if hit war round." With this Uncle Jimmie arose to his feet and awoke Ahab by climbing into the saddle. With a preliminary jerk or two of the rope reins, and a vigorous thump of his heels which Ahab received with melancholy indifference, he said: "Me an' the old woman would be mighty proud fer you to come an' see us, Diane. That's a heap of turn that's been a long time waitin' fer somebody to paint 'em. I know they're thar right enough—all the different greens, the dark pines, the creek, the dancin' shinin' water, the sunpatches, an' shadders—oh, hit been a-seein' 'em all this day but I ain't never before seed nobody what could write 'em down with them little brushes an' paints like you can."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Jimmie, I should love to. I just follow the trail, do I?" "Jest foller the trail, hit ain't more'n a mile from the Lodge." "When with reins and heels he had at his aroused Ahab to such interest that the mule seemed actually on the point of moving, Uncle Jimmie leaned down from the saddle for a last low-spoken word: "If I war you, honey, I wouldn't be askin' too many questions 'round these parts. Folks what don't know you like I do mightn't understand, body what asks questions. An' if Ann Haskel she's jest pisen on anybody what asks questions. An' if Ann don't take a likin' to a body hit ain't no easy to git along in this 'ere neighborhood. Giddap, Ahab. Go 'long. Body'd think you war aimin' to stay hyear a-pesterin' Diane all day!"

During the days which followed, as she worked on her picture near the Haskel place, Diane often looked with speculative interest toward the big log house. She had felt beneath the surface of Uncle Jimmie's talk strange things were hidden. What did it all mean? Why had Ann Haskel sent her boy out of her life so completely? What had become of young John Herbert the last of the Haskels? How had he lived? What sort of man had he grown up to be—if he had lived to grow up at all? What secrets were shared by Ann and her companion, Nance Jordan? Judge Shannon, who used to come into the mountain wilderness to hunt, but who came no more after the death of little John Herbert's father—where did he fit into the picture? What went on in the wild seclusion of those wooded hills so far from the thickly settled communities where representatives of the law stood on almost every corner and patrolled every road and street? A multitude of secret interests—an army of men—might easily be concealed in those lonely gulches and caves on the many hidden creeks and branches, and in the tiny obscure valleys which were to be reached only by those who knew the scarcely visible trails. She felt something mysterious and furtive lurking in the forest about her, as one in a dark room might feel a sinister presence. Wary eyes seemed to be watching her from the leafy screen of trees and bushes. And every day she glimpsed in the forest—now here, now there—the strange woman on the big bay horse.

Diane Carrol been given to indulging in nervous habits, have fled as from a plague-stricken district. But, being Diane Carrol, she went calmly about her work and, in spite of the old mountaineer's friendly warning, asked questions.

They told her that Judge Shannon, Ann Haskel was a terrible creature—fearless, suspicious, cruel. They said that she was never known to smile or laugh. They described how she handled an ax or a gun like a man, and how she related to the feudist chief, and asserted that in backwoods politics her word was final, and that no man could be elected or appointed to any office without her permission. They told her how more than one newcomer in the neighborhood, failing to win her approval, had been forced to pack hurriedly and move on to other parts.

Pappy Giles, who kept the Pine Knob store and post-office, when Diane tactfully mentioned Ann Haskel, related incidents which revealed another side of the mountain woman.

"Uncle Jimmie Cartwright 'lows you're home folks," Pappy said, as if to justify himself in talking to an outsider about forbidden things. "I've tuck notice mysef that you ain't happy as them others at the Lodge, an' they come some-times like you do fer their mail."

"Eight years ago, 'come next fall,' Pappy was down with a misery in his back, so bad he couldn't so much as stand on his feet. Ma Giles was a helpmate, but the poor old couple were in desperate straits. They were living, then, away over on the head of Lonesome, with no neighbors nearer than six miles. Things got so bad there was nothing to do but to pack up two days, and no way to go or send for help. Then, who should come riding out of the brush but Ann Haskel, and the big bay horse was carrying not one cent, but a sack of meal, a sack of white flour, and 'a heap of other fixings'—taters and sugar and tea and coffee and tobacco and liniments.

"Thar's them what thinks Ann Haskel's the devil," said Pappy, thoughtfully. "An' I reckon thar's been times when a body might have reasons fer sich thoughts, but I'm a-tellin' you, miss, thar war one time when she looked to 'Maw an' me more like an angel."

(To Be Continued)

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## There's Pleasure in Handing Out Advice and Probably Little Harm

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

I OCCASIONALLY give out advice to folks who appear in need of it. You also give out advice occasionally, I presume, to folks who appear in need of it. Everybody does it to some extent. There is a certain exhilaration in the giving of advice, and there is no more harm in it than in—well, in working a crossword puzzle. Only professional advice, which costs money, is followed by its recipient. The common or garden variety of advice is strictly a matter of sociability.

Ed Cripps says you can't tell by lookin' at a frog how far he can jump. True enough. Nor you can't tell much about a candidate for public office by lookin' at his photograph.

I reckon the person who is intelligent enough to know right from wrong is intelligent enough to attend to his own morals. If he doesn't attend to 'em they aren't attended to. The civil law has little to do with individual morals.

Ed Cripps mopes around a heap and grunts like a sick pig. You know Abrams; what he has been and done, what he will be and do. His life is an open book to you. You should draft him, even putting his services on the plane of what he can do for Salem and its environs, meaning for you and yours.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF to help make it 100 per cent, if not to him.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

single and permanent industry on the land and in the towns and cities. The industry founded on the growing and processing of flax and hemp fibers, and manufacturing them into the 100 and more articles of commerce that are now taking \$100,000,000 a year from America. He knows that all this great sum annually may be brought to Oregon, and vast profits of it, besides. This, as he knows, is our greatest "franchise crop," and he knows that it is capable of being realized upon, without the loss of a dollar in principal or interest, through the cooperation of our state and the federal government.

As secretary of state, he will be in the place of supreme power for accomplishing this great good. If for no other thing, the valley counties, if not all the rest, should give Carle Abrams an overwhelming vote.

It was Abrams more than any other man who headed off in the last session of the legislature the flax industry, needed above all else as an experiment station to point and direct the way to its development. He was ably assisted in this by Representative Otto K. Paulus.

In due time, with the nomination and election of Carle Abrams for secretary of state, every man who thinks and understands will realize the importance of that fight.

As secretary of state, Carle Abrams will be on the job all the time. He will be working every day for programs of economy, efficiency and development. He believes in Oregon. He has ambitions for the greater prosperity of all her people and for the growth of every section.

He is comparatively young, and he believes there are great things ahead for our state, through the proper development of its abundant resources. Oregon needs such a man with such a vision in the place of power; in all the places of power.

"Long association with Carle gives the writer the right to say he is a man of character and of loyal friendships. His sympathies are broad. In the office of secretary, custodian of all state property, his door will be open to all, without favoritism. No man or woman, however humble, will be denied a welcome or a hearing."

He is sound on every issue for the public good. He believes in improved, modern methods in the management of the state's custodial institutions. He knows them all; was for seven years as secretary of the state board of control familiar with their needs. He will not require a year, or four years, to be shown what it is all about.

There is certainly no man or woman in Salem or her surrounding country who, investigating the facts, can think of withholding his or her vote from Carle Abrams—if for no other reason than his fitness and enthusiasm for doing so many things, that need to be done here and now, that will make this a bigger and better city backed by an infinitely more prosperous country.

And nothing good can happen to Salem or the Salem district that will not help every section of Oregon.

Just now, however, the appeal is to our home people: Can any one of you think of a reason for risking the loss of opportunities that are sure to come to you through the nomination and election of your fellow citizen, in case your vote should prevent his success?

Answers to Health Queries  
I. P. Q.—I am troubled with dizzy spells and biliousness? What can I do to overcome the trouble. Would an enlarged spleen be apt to account for the discomfort?  
A.—Yes, the spleen would be a very likely source of the trouble. Watch your diet and elimination. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Lack of Appetite  
Of course there are cases where the child suffers from want of certain foods because of lack of appetite. He may be the victim of diphtheria or faulty habits acquired in very early life. When important foods, such as milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruits are omitted from the diet, undernourishment results. Variety in food is likely to furnish a diet rich

in the elements necessary for strong teeth, bones, muscles and tissues. Such feeding is essential to the infant and young child. Children who are undernourished fall below the weight they should have. They fail to make the necessary gains in weight, height and mental development. As a rule, they are irritable and tire easily. They are poor posture, dry skin and coarse and brittle hair. They are susceptible to the "catching" diseases, appearing to contract every ailment known to child life.

Dislike of Foods  
If your child is not gaining in weight and you are concerned about his progress, I advise you to check carefully on the daily diet. Bear in mind that every child should have a daily quart of milk. In addition, include in the diet a liberal supply of fresh fruits and vegetables. Encourage the child to eat. But never force him to eat. If appetite is poor, perhaps it is due to a lack of variety in the dishes. It may be advisable to give cod liver oil.

A child often develops a dislike for certain important foods because the parent dislikes this food and says so. If you dislike spinach, do not voice your opinion in front of the child. Children are easily influenced and imitate their elders. I cannot overstate the value, the real importance of periodic visits to the doctor. He will weigh and measure the child, advise as to diet and check all physical defects. Guard against disease; that is much better than being forced to cure disease.

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## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D. United States senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

I RECENTLY visited a large city hospital. On my tour of inspection I was taken to the children's ward and was amazed to see the number of children being treated for undernourishment. It is indeed a pathetic sight to see such youngsters, emaciated and undeveloped. At the very time of life they should be sturdy and happy, they are weak and miserable.

No doubt you will be surprised to learn that undernourishment in children is not always due to lack of funds to purchase necessary food. In most instances, probably, it can be traced to a lack of proper food, rather than a lack in the amount of food. Many children of rich parents are victims of this disorder.

Children who are permitted to choose their food according to taste and whim, rather than their need, soon suffer from the effects of undernourishment. The child who is fed on a diet deficient in certain vitamins, minerals, proteins, carbohydrates and fats, is unable to make the normal strides in growth and development.

Of course there are cases where the child suffers from want of certain foods because of lack of appetite. He may be the victim of diphtheria or faulty habits acquired in very early life. When important foods, such as milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruits are omitted from the diet, undernourishment results. Variety in food is likely to furnish a diet rich

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all — ha ha!" he said. But he hadn't. Not all.

It was, in a way, rather fine to do as Binney did. He kept his illness to himself so the folks he thought he was fooling would be pestered. But he fooled by the blinder and more selfish ones. The truly affectionate ones saw through his little game and helped him play it out. Not many families like the Binneys? I dunno. More perhaps than we think.

A pane of glass may be as readily seen through from one side as from the other. The difference is in the light and in the attitude of the one who looks.

Something, possibly the "All Quiet on the Western Front" motion play, which I saw a few days ago, has set me to thinking of war. We all much alike, I think. We all abhorate war, but we love stories of war. We are all pacifists, we who call ourselves Christians, but few of us believe the world will ever be without war. Nothing in history warrants such a belief, nor does anything in present conditions warrant such a belief. Lem Ditts said something to this effect on the postoffice corner at Grubbe Gulch one day, and Kim Ritter, the town's leading pacifist, indignantly denied it. The matter was finally settled with bare knuckles on the local field of Waterloo back of the general store.

The headlines in the average daily newspaper on the average day give no indication of a very big order of civilization. Fortunately there is a grand civilization existing which is not considered of sufficient interest to warrant headlines.

"Weep not that the world changes — did it keep a stable — (Turn to Page 13)



D. H. TALMADGE