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"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Defense of Liberty
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech of acceptance Saturday night was an eloquent defense of liberty, political and economic. He lashed at economic royalists who would deny human liberty. He defended his course as one to restore and preserve liberties for the people.

Yet two weeks before the stirring appeal of ex-President Hoover had been for liberty, for preservation of the great principles of human freedom which men had fought and died for.

Grant that both men are sincere in devotion to the cause of liberty, it is clear they either are divided purely because of party labels or for personal reasons, or because of differences of opinion as to method.

There may be something of each of the first two reasons; but the major difference is that of method. President Roosevelt in order to achieve the economic liberty he speaks about would center power in the national government to the point of establishing a planned economy over industry and agriculture. Mr. Hoover sees in such a centralization of power a menace to popular liberty, the inevitable chance for abuse of power by those who possess it, and a stifling of economic liberty through regimentation of individuals in a politico-economic goose-step.

Even if we should concede the Rooseveltian method of attaining his objective, it cannot be denied that the attempts at centralizing power proved foolish experimentation. The keystones of the planned economy arch were the NRA and the AAA. The former put industry into codes at which the people themselves rebelled. The NRA was a sorry mess when the supreme court graciously administered lethal sleep. The AAA rested on an unsound economy of restriction of production in a world where more goods are needed. Both NRA and AAA thus defied what has been the secret of economic progress: greater production at lower costs.

In view of Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of economic royalists it is singular that much of his legislation has played right into the hands of the speculators and large corporate interests. NRA entrenched large interests in their competitive positions. AAA paid enormous benefits to corporation farmers. The devaluation of the dollar gave huge profits to the gold speculators who had shipped out gold in the interval before Roosevelt took office. The silver purchase policy has profited the smelting and silver interests, largely in a few hands, both domestic and foreign, at the cost of the federal treasury. The recent tax bill which was designed to strike at a few corporate hoarders, actually bears most heavily on the corporation burdened with debt, or the small concern whose hope for growth lies in reinvesting its profits. The tax bill as it originally passed the house would have exempted from the corporation income tax about 140 of the largest and most prosperous corporations in the country.

The president's address was clear, vigorous and challenging. It was of a piece with his Jackson day address, entirely general in terms, a defining of purposes with which we find ourselves in considerable sympathy, but couched in phrases of unfortunate bitterness. The republican speakers were criticised for being too malignant in their convention addresses, and in some cases justly so. The president of the United States should have been somewhat more temperate in his use of language, to pitch the campaign on a higher level.

Pres. Roosevelt ignored the issue of government solvency, and of restoration of private employment. He pitched his address on the emotional level of scourging the wicked. Yet there are other and vital issues of grave import to the future of the country, the danger of crushing national debt, of so frightening private enterprise that it will not make normal ventures which would absorb the unemployed.

It is only natural for candidates to envelope themselves and their cause with a robe of self-righteousness. However this is one of the worst vices of the new dealers. Even the smug Farley poses in a sanctimonious role. The president, however, is a real master at appropriation of piety; and wound up his address with a peroration on faith, hope and charity. We very much believe that all these virtues will be sadly strained before the political campaign is over.

Bathtub Poesy

MANY an audience has been regaled with a reading of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." This famous old poem by Robert W. Service has done yeoman "service" for amateur elocutionists. Never does it fail to bring down the house.

Service, it seems, is still alive. His most famous book of poems "Songs of a Sourdough", and others of his poetic works were based on his life of eight years in the Arctic where he mushed the Alaskan trails and followed the gold-seekers down the Yukon. Now he lives in France and recently wrote a friend:

"As to the Klondike stuff, that is part of my life which I have long forgotten and have no particular wish to remember. I fear I have outgrown that sort of thing."

Just now Service is working on some new poems which he hopes to publish this fall under the title of "Bathroom Ballads." If "Dan McGrew" rhyme is combined with bathtub melody the effect surely will be explosive. Here is a sample chorus:

"Please, Mother, don't stab Father with the bread-knife;
Remember 'twas a gift when you were wed.
But if you must stab Father with the bread-knife,
Please, Mother, use another for the bread."

If that is a true sample there is no doubt Service should go back in Arctic cold storage for an indefinite spell. Alas, there will only be one "Dan McGrew." The bathtub cannot compete with Alaska for poetic inspiration.

Farm Families Increase

IN spite of adversity in agriculture during depression years the number of families on farms increased between 1930 and 1935. This was true for the nation at large and for Oregon. "Commerce" bulletin of the Portland chamber of commerce, reported the facts in the following paragraph:

"Forty-five thousand one hundred and forty-one persons who lived on a non-farm residence in 1930 were found on 23.8% of Oregon farms on January 1, 1935, according to data compiled by the Chamber's Research department from the Census of Agriculture, 1935. These figures indicate a definite movement 'back to the land.' But other figures from the same source show that the farm population of Oregon increased from 233,657 to 248,797—a gain of 15,140, from which it would appear that 20,000 people left Oregon farms between 1930 and 1935. The same period saw an increase in the number of farms from 55,153 to 64,826—a gain of 9,673. This gain occurred chiefly in Western Oregon where climate and soil combine to make small farms and intensive farming possible."

There should be an increase in farms in this state, especially in this valley where land is well adapted to small farms and specialized production. Depression undoubtedly encouraged this growth. Families displaced in the cities through stoppage of industrial production and distribution, sought refuge on the farms where subsistence at least seemed within reach. As the paragraph indicates, the movement was two-directional; but more remained and went on the farms, in the five years, which would seem to show that conditions were more tolerable on the farms than in the cities, during the years of hard times.

The Great Game of Politics
By FRANK R. KENT
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The Heights Were Reached
PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—With the convention over at last it is possible to note more clearly its outstanding features. One of these undoubtedly is the fact that the gathering was the most harmonious, unanimous and un-necessarily prolonged affair of its kind on record. Inevitably this made it uninteresting.

There was nothing to stir the blood. But the New Deal managers infinitely preferred to have it dull than to have it discordant.

There was a very small group among them which took the other view, regarded the excessive and strained harmony as not only transparently unreal but incompatible with true liberalism. The real test of a liberal, it was urged, is his willingness to hear of the other side talk. The New Deal proudly proclaims its liberalism. Yet with dissension open and wide-spread among party leaders it holds a party convention in which it exerts itself and successfully to prevent the sounding of a single note of dissent from any quarter. The contention is that it might have been more healthful if conspicuous Democrats known to be out of sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt and opposed to New Deal policies, yet anxious to stay in their party if they can, had been induced to come here and encouraged to state their views and position. There would, of course, have been a lovely fight on the floor but the Roosevelt nomination would not have stamped the party as unafraid of itself, as truly liberal. In the long run it would have been better for Mr. Roosevelt to have these Democrats do their dissenting work than later when their only recourse will be the Republican party. At least that is the way one or two men whose loyalty to Mr. Roosevelt cannot be questioned, feel about it.

A second feature was that in all the history of American politics no living man, and few dead ones, has been so superlatively praised as was Mr. Roosevelt in this convention which down to its last detail was completely under his personal direction and control. No one ever heard of a man who was so highly eulogized by so many eulogists. The string was almost incredible. Fifty-seven separate speeches painting his perfections were delivered. The English language was drained of superlatives to apply to him. It was the most stupendous grease bath ever given a human being. All wisdom and every virtue was attributed to him. It was easy to gather the impression that Mr. Roosevelt was just a little short of divine, that he was six or seven supermen rolled into one, that single-handedly he had saved civilization and that but for him this would be a dreadful and devastated land. It is, of course, customary to speak highly of candidates about to be named for the Presidency. That is the main purpose of the speeches—in fact the only one. The point, however, is that the eulogies in this case reached heights never before attained. Some of them toward the last got so fantastic that even the tired delegates laughed, for example when the eloquent Senator from West Virginia, in one breath, compared Mr. Roosevelt to the "purple dawn," and in the next described him as "a spring of ice cold water to the burning lips of thirst."

Finally there is this to be said about the convention: after nearly a solid week of vast demonstrations and literally torrents of oratory, all planned to impress the great American public listening in on the radio, it is hard to find a frank observer or a candid politician who privately believes the Roosevelt reelection chances are greater now than they were when the convention convened. There are some who believe they are not so good. A number of things contribute to this feeling. One is the clarity with which the alienation of the conservative Democrats stands out, and the practical certainty that within the next few weeks a number of other well known Democrats, wholly aside from those who signed the Smith statement, will declare themselves unable to support Mr. Roosevelt. Another is the unquestionable strength of the Third Party headed by the radical Lemke and general recognition that to whatever strength it attains by that much will Mr. Roosevelt be weakened.

Still another is that the utterly unprecedented effort to compel Governor Lehman to run again on the ticket in New York is indicative of fright. It means that the situation is not good in New York and they know it. The betting odds there, it is said, have dropped from three to one on Roosevelt before the Cleveland convention to six to five now. Probably Mr. Lehman will yield to the pressure in the end and for a time at least this will revive New Deal enthusiasm. It, however, cannot be said truthfully at the moment that their confidence is in proportion either to the eulogies heaped upon or the oration given the candidate. There is a considerable gap there.

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Hayesville Takes Two Banner at Convention

HAYESVILLE, June 29.—At the Hayesville Sunday school convention, held in the Fruitland, June 28, the Hayesville Sunday school won two of the coveted prizes. One was for best average Sunday school attendance for the year and the other, for the best attendance at the convention.

Bits for Breakfast
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Congratulations, to Dr. 6-30-36 Carter, Willamette, 1871, on his 90th birthday. Mrs. Harding is in her 99th year.

Fred Lockley in his Portland Journal column, date of June 24, had the result of a recent interview with Mrs. Franklin M. Carter, pioneer resident of Newport, Oregon.

He found she was born Olive Barker; her mother, Rebecca Montgomery, having been married to Jacob Barker, they came in the 1852 covered wagon immigration from Illinois and settled near Dallas, Oregon, where Olive was born, Jan. 4, 1854, and, her father dying when she was 3 months old, she went to live with her mother's parents, on the Luckiamute, Polk county.

Her mother married again and she and her stepfather took up a homestead near Elk City, Benton (now Lincoln) county.

When Olive was waiting them she met and was married afterward to Dr. F. M. Carter, September 20, 1876.

Their daughter, Irma, was married to Clarence Foster. Their son Kenneth, is a captain in the coast guard service, at Eureka, Cal. The Carter daughter, Laura, was married to James Trowbridge.

Dr. Carter served for many years as physician at the Siletz Indian agency, until recently, and was one of the best known men in all that section.

Tomorrow he will celebrate his 90th birthday.

He was born in Mercer county, Missouri, July 1, 1846. He is yet active and interested in current events.

His father, William Carter, was born in North Carolina. His mother's maiden name was Mary Sylvester, born in Tennessee.

William Carter was a cousin of Lieutenant General John B. Hood, making Dr. Carter a second cousin.

Hood, graduate from West Point in the class of 1853, with P. H. Sheridan, was relieved by the latter in charge of the military escort of Lieutenant Williamson of the U. S. engineers, in the Klamath country, in the summer of 1855.

Hood was then a Lieutenant. Sheridan second lieutenant, and Williamson was working under orders of Jefferson Davis, secretary of war, mapping a route for the proposed railroad line to the Pacific coast.

At the beginning of the Civil war, Hood rose in March, '62, to be a brigadier general, in October, same year, a major general, and in February, '64, lieutenant general.

Hood was a great commander on the offensive, but on the defensive, he almost lost an arm and did lose a leg from a wound in battle.

This is a small world. Fortune often has a weird way of mixing the cards of destiny.

Dr. Carter came with his father at 6 in the covered wagon immigration—the "big" immigration. Delazon Smith, afterward U. S. senator, etc., etc., was in the same train.

The Carters had four wagons when they started, 16 oxen, several cows, four horses. When they arrived in the Willamette valley they had a light wagon, a yoke of oxen, and a muley cow. Three wagons were left on the plains; Indians stole their horses; also some oxen, and other died.

Dr. Carter took up a place at what is now Collier, Lane county. Hullings Miller was a neighbor. Joaquin Miller was his son. Dr.

Blessed Barrage!
THE BONUS
A cartoon illustration showing a man in a suit and hat, looking up in surprise as a large, chaotic shower of money falls from the sky. The money consists of various banknotes and coins. The man is standing on a small patch of ground, and the background is a simple landscape with a few trees and a distant horizon.

"KING OF HEARTS" by Edna Robb Webster

SYNOPSIS
Try as she might, Lynn Bartel, young mamma, at Dunning's, could not be intimate with the girls at the shop. It was not that she acted superior, but her innate good breeding and aristocratic air placed her on a higher social level than the others. Lynn's mother had been a southern society belle, but she sacrificed wealth and position to marry John Bartel and go to Chicago. Following his death, Marion Bartel preferred to struggle along in meagre circumstances rather than return to her family. It was Mrs. Bartel's desire that Lynn have the best training and background possible, so despite financial straits, she sent her to the exclusive Merwin Heath School. Lynn had no friends for she could not invite her schoolmates to the simple room she shared with her mother at Mrs. Kime's boarding house, and Mrs. Bartel never permitted her to associate with girls she met elsewhere. Mrs. Bartel planned great things for her daughter but she died while the girl was still at school. So Lynn left school and went to work. Her wealthy and pampered cousin, "Dot" Merchon, invites Lynn to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. Lynn is very light hearted as she goes to business the next morning, intent on asking permission to go south. She models a summer frock which would have been ideal for her trip. Celia Dolan, a debutante, orders it.

CHAPTER V
Miss Fayne fluttered solicitously, as if she were very much pleased with the quick sale, but she said in a low voice to Lynn, "She won't keep it. She never does. Always has a box, sent out the papers which she decides all, and sometimes not then. I'll bet she knows she doesn't want it when she orders it. Probably goes to several shops and does the same thing, just for something to do, then, as a grand style show all her own, with little adoring-eyes for an audience. I wish that was all I had to do," contemptuously.

"Oh, no you don't!" Lynn denied, "no more than I do. No wonder she's bored and cynical and dissipated. When a woman can't get thrill out of buying a new dress, she's pretty far gone."

"Lynn," another salesgirl interrupted, "will you model that black and silver lace, next? My customer will take a forty-four, but I want to see it in, first," she winked slyly.

The day wore on, a varied succession of gowns and wraps. During one hour of midday, Lynn took her turn at parading among the little silver and ebony tables in the tea-room, in an effort to lure the luncheon patrons to the apparel shop. She posed and pirouetted, named prices and made gracious replies to tentative inquiries.

Sales were brisk all day. The department assumed a prosperous air. Mr. Lowry displayed his efficiency and was a trifle less formidable. Lynn's hopes mounted. This might be an opportune time to approach him. She hadn't much time for planning if she did leave in two weeks, and Dot would want her reply at once.

She returned from her own solitary lunch fifteen minutes earlier than was necessary. She would try to see Mr. Lowry in his office, alone. Her fingers trembled a little as she adjusted the white pique collar of her black crepe frock and smoothed her shining hair carefully, waiting to hasten that interview and dreading it at the same time.

Inquiry on the floor assured her that Mr. Lowry was in his office. She walked hurriedly toward his closed door, before she could change her mind. The light from inside glowed through its opaque ground glass with an enigmatic promise. She knocked timidly, and entered at the abrupt summons which followed.

Mr. Lowry was surprised to see Lynn. His expression of disapproval made that fact quite obvious. He did not rise from his swivel chair behind his desk, though his fawning courtesy was very familiar to regular patrons. His small, keen eyes fastened upon Lynn with critical interrogation.

"Mr. Lowry," she began hesitantly—"I was wondering if I might have a little vacation."

His thin lips parted with consternation. "A vacation?" he snapped, then laughed with a short unpleasant sound. "And who are you—to request a winter vacation, may I ask?"

"Well, you see—my cousin in New Orleans has invited me to attend the Mardi Gras, and I thought—if I might have just a week off—I've stopped anxiously, and Mr. Lowry moistened his lips as if he were enjoying her discomfort. To his type of individual, power was tyranny rather than leadership.

"You are at liberty to do as you wish," he said with surprising suddenness.

"Yes, mean—I may have a week—and come back—here?" Lynn's anxious face brightened with the triumph which her hands reached exclusive or expensive about the food there, but even forty cents was more than their pay checks warranted for a daily lunch allowance. But the atmosphere was brisk and modern, with antithetic features such as an old stone fireplace in one end of the room and a pewter-decorated dresser in the other. The waitresses wore quaint fagoted yellow uniforms and the vast room was always well filled.

The girls joined the waiting line at the bar, pushing them along with their trays, pushing them along the shining metal tracks which followed the steam tables, and pausing for selections. Endive and water cress with Roquefort cheese dressing was a favorite indulgence of Lynn's, because Mrs. Kime's budget did not permit such items on her excellent but economical menus. Susanne favored rich desserts with fantastic decorations, which may have accounted in some degree for that dissidence in their complexions which Susanne continually deplored. But they were concerned with other interests, once the selection of their food was made.

"Well, have you talked to Lowry?" asked Susanne, unrolling her napkin from its warm cotton napkin. "Yes," Lynn admitted meekly. "He won't let me go."

"I'd like to know why not?" hotly, her eyes threatening conflict. "Oh, he would let me go, all right. The important point is that he won't guarantee I may come back. So that settles it. I wrote to my cousin last night that I can't go."

"I think you're crazy, if you want to know," Susanne declared. "I'd never miss the chance of a lifetime just to hold down the job you have."

"I know it isn't important, but it's a living."

"Say, as if you couldn't make a living anywhere. Why come back here at all? Girls work in New Orleans, too. If you had a grand position of some kind—well, that would be a horse of another stable. But a swell looking-model like you could go anywhere and get work. There's plenty of other things you could do, too."

"Perhaps—if I had a chance," doubtfully.

"Oh, be a sport—do a little gambling with life, with all the odds in your favor. Staying at Dunning's never will get you anywhere, anyway."

"I know that, but it's an anchor."

"It's an anchor, all right, all right. But if you stay in one port for very long, you get your hull covered with barnacles that finally get the best of you. No more voyages, then."

(To Be Continued)

