

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe." From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Liberty and the Machine Age

CURRENT literature is replete with a discovery of the fact of the machine age and a study of its effect upon society. "Mechanistic" is an adjective derived from the word machine; and a common thought among writers is to carry the sinister meaning of the adjective "mechanistic" into their picture of society in the machine age. Men are pictured as robots, brainless, mere machines to do the bidding of some master mind. Spengler sees western civilization driving to downfall through the imperialism and the mechanistic philosophy generated in modern industrialization of society. Stuart Chase, with all the racy style of the modern journalist, has written numerous magazine articles and a book all in the same vein: depicting the reaction of machine production upon individual and social psychology. As he has written in book and magazine article:

"From our brains have sprung a billion horses now running wild and almost certain sooner or later to run amuck. Where are the riders with their whirling ropes; where the light-hearted youths to mount, be thrown and rise to mount again?"

Chase makes no attempt to answer the question that he raises. He summarizes the gloomy view of men like Spengler and the optimistic view which some ghost-writing journalist has set down for Henry Ford.

A foreigner, Matthew Josephson, biographer of Zola, the French realist, writing in a recent "Outlook" expressed himself thus:

"To the Dragon of mass industry must be brought the sacrifices of our personal freedom, of independence of thought and will; individual freedoms must give way to mass needs and activities."

Critics of the age, editors, journalists in great number agree that the machine age is robbing mankind of its liberty and of its strength of character, leaving the individual but an insignificant atom in the regimented army of marching morons.

With this conclusion we most emphatically disagree. The machine has emancipated the human mind and body. Tireless kilowatts have lifted the load of labor from human backs, compressed necessary toil into six or eight hours, and given the individual not only leisure but physical and mental freshness to enjoy that leisure. Tending the machine calls for higher intelligence than the swinging of the common hand tools of the former day. One needs but think back the space of one generation and compare the lot of the workingmen of that day with the lot of the same class today. Toiling for ten and twelve hours a day in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated structures, engaging in exhausting toil with the power of human muscle, the very labor was robbing them of any individuality and of liberty of mind and body. The masses of laboring men of today work shorter hours, in factories and mines where health rules are enforced. Power carries the heavy burden. The human labor used must measure up in skill and speed, surely higher tests than the "strong-in-the-back and weak-in-the-head" standards of the past.

True there is a standardization of production; and mass advertising and organized propaganda have confined consumption along standardized lines. But we doubt if ever in human history there has been as much genuine liberty of thought since organized society began to function. Tabus have lost their grip; superstitions have been dissipated; intolerance and bigotry have steadily lost ground. People can think and write and speak most anything they want to; and there is always some vehicle for their expression.

Our mental readjustment to the scientific and machine age is not complete. We still carry a provincial outlook over into this new, glorious age. The very jazz wears us with its monotony. The instinct of revolt is easily aroused and we fain would fly away from the creations we have lately praised, from neon lights and great white ways, from chain stores and service stations, from talkies and radios and arresting headlines, fly away to the past of course with its quiet, its shiftlessness, its slow motion. Our rustic minds cannot step up to the urban tempo. So we write our indictment of the machine age and blame the machine for our own psychological deficiencies. In their maturity perhaps our children will experience similar reactions, for the stimuli are wholly relative.

We are indeed remaking society through the harnessing of the horses of power, and through fresh penetration into the secrets of nature. What is speeding up this transformation is the very liberty of thought and action which the machine and scientific age have released. Mass consumption of mass produced foods, wares and commodities by no means marks a standardization or regimentation of thinking either in the intellectual or in the commoner. We have glorified the economic processes—commerce and manufacturing, but this emphasis does not involve suppression of thought in the larger sense. To keep the great industrial machine operating giving employment and yielding production is a problem. It must be kept functioning for human welfare. The real intellectual problem is the readjustment of our mental processes and responses to the spirit and tempo of this machine age. That calls for a mind-stretch which perhaps the more mature of this generation cannot make.

Salvaging the best from past experience, with the leaven of the manifold stimulus of this day of renaissance, we may safely look forward not to gloomy night but to a more glorious morrow.

With the highway commission voting for a \$650,000 bridge across the Rogue river on the Roosevelt Highway, Oregon's "crime of a century" shrinks to a misdemeanor.

With the Irish question settled, and the Italian-Vatican question settled, and the Mexican religious controversy ended, all the "international journalists" have left to work on is Russia.

The sultan of Morocco went to Monte Carlo accompanied by none of his harem. Just like an American husband he wanted a real vacation this time.

Mr. Gann "had a good place and was very happy," says the report of Sir Esme Howard's party. That will please the country, which has been tremendously concerned about Mr. Gann's happiness.

A Milwaukee dancer turned blue in the face, being poisoned by the dye in his shoes. Perhaps he had on some of those new blue shoes and was developing a color harmony.

With the weather clearing the summer series of home-state picnics will begin.

If Eugene runs short of full beards for their pioneer days Salem has a few that pre-date the 1894 flood.

Girls may smoke cigarettes but so far they haven't tried to ape their brothers with that high school mustache.

Premier MacDonald of course will be furnished with an armed guard when he visits Chicago.

Taffy



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reverting to the sugar tariff—the prevalence of criticism of the bare living rate proposed in the Hawley bill needs explanation.

It is very largely honest criticism; but it is based on dishonest propaganda. Now, the stock and bond holders of the Wall street sugar trust are generally honest men and women. The widows and orphans of the estates holding sugar stocks and bonds would not like to have lies told to the American people by the men who control the sugar trust combines. The men themselves in control of the combines would generally gag at the telling of baldfaced lies.

But the lobbyists hired by these men in control of the Wall street trust owning the Cuban sugar plantations and lands and grinding mills, and at Atlantic coast refineries—these lobbyists must have propaganda ammunition to make their work effective. They must have a smoke screen to confuse the public mind. One of their smoke screens recently employed was put out for the purpose of giving the American people the idea that the "wicked" sugar trust in this country is the one owning the best sugar factories. They did not mention the fact that about 500,000 farmers and renters of farms in this country are on a 50 basis in the production of beet sugar; and working like the dickens to make both ends meet; to make a bare living and a meager surplus, if possible, on their hard labor—against the virtual slave labor of the dark skinned negro of Cuba, employed at what would be starvation pay in this country, for the sugar barons of Wall street.

The other day, in the lower house of congress, a democratic member spoke of the great injury Cuban sugar proposed in the Hawley bill; and then he spoke in dripping words of woe with crocodile tears of the "last straw" this thing would pile onto the backs of the American consumers.

He did not go deep enough to fathom what would be plain to a sixth grade school boy that if the poor Cubans were injured so much by having to absorb the extra 61 cents a hundred pounds duty, the American consumers would certainly not have to pay it. Or if the poor Cubans passed up the 61 cents along to the American consumers, they would not be injured at all.

He did not explain that the consumption of sugar in the United States (sucrose, or cane and beet sugar) is a little above 100 pounds per capita a year. And that over half of it is used in canning, candy making, baking in the great plants, ice cream, chewing gum, beverages, etc., etc. Leaving about 50 pounds per capita for private consumers. And that thus the private consumer would be set back about 32 cents a year, or about a half a cent a week, if the whole of the extra duty were passed on to him!

Which it would not. Could not, as long as there is the present American competition, from our cane and beet growers—which would without doubt be doubled by the new rate in the Hawley bill; and perhaps our country made self sufficient in sugar; with beet and artichoke sugar factories in the Salem district, and all over the Willamette valley. Is there a reader of this paragraph who would not ask an extra charge of a little over half a cent a week on the sugar he consumes in order to assure him, the risk of the half a cent a week would be a "million to one shot" against the possibility of going against him. Why? Because, in the very nature of things, the "poor" Cubans would

pay it. Not the "poor" Cubans, either, but the Wall street trust exploiting the poor Cubans, who will get their bare living in conditions of slavery and serfdom, whether the Wall street trust is able to exact less than 5 cents a pound as they did when they had the chance, during the World war, and would do again, "many's the time," if they had another chance, or many of them, which they might have, but for the American competition of our beet and cane growers.

The member of congress who peddled the piffle about the "last straw" was Mr. Frost of Wisconsin. He is likely personally honest; we have a right to assume that most members of congress are. But he is politically a piffler. He got his cue from the lying smoke screen of the sugar trust's lobbyists and did not take the pains to make an analysis of the sooty smoke of sophistry.

Will Rogers, super quipster, slammed Senator Smoot the other evening, saying he was planning to make all Americans eat what Mr. Frost of Wisconsin knows better than most people the ingenuousness of the slam. But this shows the trailing along of even a high minded man after the slush track of the sugar trust, marked out for the morons who are susceptible to any kind of rot that is put before them, so long as it leads them to imagine they are being injured or planned against.

If Mr. Smoot, in charge of the Hawley bill in the senate, keeps the sugar schedule as it stands, he will be doing a big thing for the American people. If he gets a higher duty on sugar, he will do still better; and he would have to boost it three or four times 64 cents a hundred pounds to strike the average increases in the other countries of the world, and in our own industries; and about seven times 64 cents to hit the pace of the British boost.

The first two flax pullers went to the fields on Friday. Two a day are going or will go, but till the whole 45 are in the hands of the growers, ready for the harvest of the 4500 acres under contract to the state.

Millions of Families Depend on Dr. Caldwell's Prescription

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as they are today. People lived normal, quiet lives, ate plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air and sunshine. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings to put into their systems. So he wrote a prescription for a laxative to be used by his patients.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe, gentle bowel stimulant as Syrup Pepsin.

Under successful management this prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. The fact that millions of bottles are used a year proves that it has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds and fevers.

Millions of families are now never without Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if you will once start using it you will also always have a bottle handy for emergencies.

If the Aurora district, and some others, flax pulling will be commenced, in early maturing fields right after July 4th. Harvesting and delivering will then proceed with an upward trend in volume, till perhaps the latter part of August for pulling the last of it, and around October first for the final deliveries.

It will be threshed as delivered, and there will be money on hand in the revolving fund to pay for the crop as fast as weighed—likely around \$350,000 for the whole crop. Perhaps a good deal more, for the crop is good.

And that is just a fair beginning of what is in prospect, for an industry the boosting of which by the Bitis man and others, only a few years ago, caused them to be considered in the classification of "nuts." Well, "who's looney now?"

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

June 23, 1904
Alumni association of Willamette University held its annual meeting yesterday afternoon and last night. Speakers for the evening banquet included: Miss Sophia Townsend, '03; Prof. T. J. Matthews, '89, sang a solo. The attendance was not large.

Willamette University board of trustees elected officers as follows: General W. H. Odell, Portland, honorary president; A. M. Smith, Portland, president; C. P. Bishop, vice-president; A. N. Moore, treasurer; trustees for three years—A. M. Smith, J. H. Albert and C. P. Bishop.

Sheriff Thomas Linville of Astoria brought a delegation of three convicts to the state prison.

Fifty head of Clyde and Hambletonia bred horses will be offered a public auction at the C. A. A. C. baseball grounds next Saturday.

SCHOOL DAYS FOREVER
HOUSTON, Tex.—(AP)—Employees of this city get a weekly reminder of their school days. A system of report cards showing merits and demerits has been instituted by the civil service commission.

Millions of Families Depend on Dr. Caldwell's Prescription



J. C. Caldwell, M.D. AT AGE 83

up Pepsin, and if you will once start using it you will also always have a bottle handy for emergencies. It is particularly pleasing to know that most of it is bought by mothers for themselves and the children, though Syrup Pepsin is just as valuable for elderly people. All drug stores have the generous bottles. A trial is sure to convince any household of the merits of this famous prescription.

Lay Sermons

Power Lost and Power Retained
"Lamenting the loss of power of the church over the people," Mr. Wickham asserted that the sacerdotal office can no longer impose or impress any but the mildest, or the intellectually indolent."
This is rather a startling indictment of the church by one who is called to head the commission on the study of crime in this country. It is true that the grip of the church upon the people has been slipping. Protestants substituted an inerrant book for an inerrant person. But textual criticism came along and exposed errors in the book. That left Protestants without the customary chart and ruler. As a result many of the old tabus have been annulled. They no longer operate as social or personal controls.

In "Middletown," a recent study of a real city with that fictitious name, the authors note the passing of many of the older religious ideas. The hell of fire and brimstone no longer terrifies the multitude as once it did; and the promise of a beatific heaven as a reward for terrestrial faithfulness does not have the appeal it once had to the residents of "Middletown," which is pictured as a cross-section of American life.
With the rank and file so unsettled in their religious beliefs it may not be surprising to find that clergymen are in such wide disagreement as to the doctrinal essentials. Prof. George H. Betts, of Northwestern university, formerly of Cornell college, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, has just written a book

"The Beliefs of 700 Ministers." The only proposition on which the 700 active ministers and the 200 theological students agreed on was that God exists. Nor was there much agreement within the denominations, except the Lutheran. In the Methodist group for instance 80 per cent of the 111 interviewed agreed only 11 out of the 56 items of belief. Of the ministerial group 63 per cent professed what might be termed conservative views; of the student group only 23 per cent.

While it is true that fears of hell and hopes of heaven have lost their potency, that does not mean that the priestly office is without power and influence. Prophetic voices still may ring clear as did those of Amos and Hosea of old whose brilliant messages have inspired to more noble living through the centuries. To threaten or command or frighten may no longer avail the priest in the handling of his flock; but the burning message of eternal truth which he may speak still appeals and still should impose self-restraint and the building of character upon youth and age.

Christianity has been noted through the centuries for what Gibbon called its "pure and austere morals." Its high ethical code does not pass out with the abandonment of certain conceptions of theology. Preaching the ten commandments and the golden rule and the ideal of Christian living still carries the force of the informed as well as the unlettered mind.

Children Revel in Nature; Farm Life Brings Them to Helpful Situation, View

EDITOR'S NOTE
• One of the most faithful correspondents for The Statesman is Mrs. W. H. Crawford, who in the following story relates an interesting situation which occurred on her farm home at Zena this week. Mrs. Crawford finds farm life intensely interesting.

ZENA, June 22.—In my humdrum, workaday life, there are many compensations and one of these is every-varying "Mother Nature" and my children's delight in solving her mysteries.
My youngest daughter, Wilma, aged eight, came tiptoeing into the house the other day, bursting with news. I was especially busy, but took time to listen to something that was of more importance than house work.

We were alone in the room, but Wilma pulled me down so she could whisper in my ear. "Mother, do you know what I have found?"
After several futile guesses, such as "A new baby calf," "baby chickens" or maybe the Canterbury bell has bloomed, she whispered:

"I've found a little nest full of dirty colored eggs with brown

speech on them. Do you suppose their are quail eggs? Come and see it, mother," and she commenced pulling my arm, trying to get me to go.

There have been few times that I haven't obeyed the kiddies' urgent summons to see something of great interest to them and I always feel guilty, so I left my unfinished work and trudged up the road to find out if possible, what kind of a nest Wilma had found.

"The nest is right by the wild pea vines on the pasture fence, and we must be careful or we'll step on the eggs." I incautiously stepped up the bank by the side of the road and from under my feet there was a mad whirling and fluttering and the mother quail flew off the nest giving a splendid example of a wounded wild bird in order to draw us away from her precious nest.

Feet Puzzling One
I had always heard that mother quail will try this feat but her actions were so realistic that for a minute I was puzzled. Upon examining the ground at my feet I finally discovered the nest which was well hidden under a layer of vines and grass. It had been hollowed out in the grass and seemed almost too small to hold the

MATTHEWS HOME IS SCENE FOR VISIT

SPRING VALLEY, June 22.—Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Matthews during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brog and their small daughter Delores of Clatskanie, Ore., and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kirkwood and family of The Dalles, Ore.

Doris Windsor spent Wednesday as the guest of her schoolmates, Olive and Ila Ann Stratton.

William Holman, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Holman, of Salem, is spending the summer vacation on the farm with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Damm.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Alderman entertained as their guests one evening last week, Mrs. Alderman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Stevenson, Miss Ruth and Shirley Mae Stevenson, of Salem Heights, and their house guest, Mrs. Gilbert Marshall of Grand Forks, North Dakota.

D. D. Wallace and Wayne Wilkinson, of West Salem, are cutting white fir wood for F. G. Melton.

Mrs. H. S. Eberly was called to Portland Wednesday by the illness of her son, Eldon, who has been confined to a Portland hospital several weeks with crushed hands, which he injured while working at a logging camp at Carson, Wash. An operation was to be performed in an effort to save amputation of the injured hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Windsor, Miss Irene Windsor, Vernon Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. John Childers, Miss Grace Childers, Mrs. Mary E. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Wilson and daughter Dorothy, Mrs. L. F. Matthews and daughter Marjorie, Miss Dorothy Kirkwood and Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Alderman attended the funeral services for J. F. Allison of Salem, who was buried at the Hopewell cemetery Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Allison was an uncle of Mrs. Childers and Mr. Windsor.

The recent rains have helped the grain crops, but were not so helpful to the hay, which is being harvested now. Much oat and vetch hay and wheat was laid down by the storm.

Ira and Pearl McKinney are suffering with an attack of red measles.

A number of the farmers are having their silos filled with alfalfa, rye and other types of green feed.

14 eggs reposing there. We did not disturb the wild mother's nest but Wilma and I will watch closely and be fortunate enough to see the tiny youngsters when they are first hatched, as they will leave the nest soon after getting out of the shell and find their living with their mother in the fields and woods.

This little incident is only one of the many which happen daily in our family and my housework suffers in consequence, but as long as our children are healthy in mind and body why should we care?



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