The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Russia and America

A week ago one Sender Garlin lauded in a public address here the virtues of soviet Russia and contrasted conditions there with those prevailing in the United States of America. In Russia there is no unemployment; in this country millions are out of work. In Russia coal miners work a six-hour day; in this country they may not work at all—through lack of jobs. Garlin satirized the "Hoover plan" and eulogized the "five-year plan". By inference at least he endorsed the communist plan of state and industrial organization.

Russia has been for a decade the Great Fear of the western world. Capitalist states have shuddered at the thought of an eruption of bolshevism in other lands. Russian dumping of exports froze the blood of wheatgrowers, lumbermen and pulp makers. As time passes, however, the threat of communism is disappearing and the glamor of the five-year plan fades. Russia for the time being at least does not loom as the Great Bear about to devour the markets of the world. While Stalin still reigns his program has developed strictures and failures; and numerous alterations have been announced to encourage the people to go on now with a second "Patiletka" to begin next January.

What is the lot of the common people in Russia? For years they have had food shortages which in this country would precipitate a revolution. Hickman Price, Jr., an American farmer writing in the March Country Gentleman, describes conditions as he found them on a collective farm:

Food: evening meal,—watery soup with an occasional cabbage leaf, two thick slices of black bread slightly moldy, a portion of salted sturgeon, tea without sugar. Morning meal,—three slices of same black bread, glass of tea.

Housing: Hundred people living on the farm of 4000 acres. Two huts, meal set on long boards resting on empty packing boxes. Bunkhouse: "On both sides of the shack were four tiers of bunks, and in the middle, somewhat larger beds. In the far end was a stove used in winter. No windows or other means of ventilation except the door. Bunks made of straw, and on them were indescribably filthy blankets, as well as great piles of unwashed clothing. There was no attempt at segregation of the sexes. Men, women and children all slept together in this and the other building".

Water: Muddy well water used for drinking and cleansing. Light: candles.

Labor: All persons, male and female required to work except babies and aged. Laborers escorted to fields by number of soldiers carrying rifles. Laborers spent four months hoeing by hand some 3000 acres of corn and sunflowers, "working from five o'clock in the morning until eight at night in the devastating heat". "I remember one little tow-headed, blue-eyed girl of about eight, swinging her hoe, up and down, methodically from morning until night."

There are many reports of the breakdowns of the soviet program. Here are some items noted by Prof. Edgar S. Furniss of Yale in the January Current History:

Iron and steel: Output the first 10 months of 1931 less than half the prescribed annual total and actually below the production of 1930 and 1929.

Coal: Fell 25% short of program for 1931.

Transportation: Failed to keep pace with demands; performance below levels of 1930.

Industry as whole: Total accomplishment not much in advance of 1930 and not more than 75% of the requirements of the "plan".

Foreign trade: Adverse trade balance rose from $40,000,000 in 1930 to $105,000,000 in 1931.

Under the emotional zeal of almost religious intensity supplemented by the terrorism engendered by the O. G. P. U. (the army and secret police) the Russian people have made the five-year plan a veritable crusade. They sacrificed life's necessities that the national program of industrialization and collectivization of agriculture might be advanced. The initial program called for development of heavy industries: iron and steel, coal, power plants, transportation. Realizing that the people might snap under such prolonged strain Stalin's new objective is the development of the lighter industries ostensibly to provide more consumable goods for the people. But this will mean a slackening in exports so vital for foreign credits with which to purchase machinery and technical services.

Perhaps the Russian people are better off than they were under the czars. But there is no comparison between their living conditions and those of the American people even in this day of distress. Even our unemployed share more of food, have better housing and more of the creature comforts of life than do the Russians. And most of them realize this fact and continue loyal to domestic institutions.

The Russian revaluation was all-inclusive. Not merely were the political and economic organization overturned, but the social customs, the "mores" which were the product of centuries of residence on the .ast steppes of Russia. There was a wholesale erasure of religious practices and controls, of moral standards, of social conventions, of methods of industry and commerce. Undoubtedly some of the new ideas are wholesome, particularly where they substitute results of scientific determination for ecclesiasticism and superstition.

But to date the result in Russia does not commend itself to the remainder of the world. Maurice Hindus, as competent and impartial an authority on Russia as we know, writing in the March "American" after a recent trip through Russia, leaves the Russian experiment still—an experiment. The absence of political liberty, a blatant atheism, a levelling social order, have not yet developed a society we care to imitate. Acute though our domestic maladjustments are, their solution will come not through bolshevik revolution but through other tools, so far unfashioned, which will preserve a large measure of individual liberty and yet prevent the exploitation of the masses either of workers or of consumers.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, famed actress of yesteryear, is dead. Her roles were many and varied, and she was popular in the generation which boasted of real actors and actresses on the legitimate stage. About six years ago she toured with a company presenting a revival of Sheridan's "The Rivals", visiting this coast at that time. Her death snips another cord holding the present to the drama of the past.

Says the governor in his statement anent the highway commission: "Because of the methods employed by Commissioner Spaulding, the result, I believe, of unwise counsel . . . ." Oh, oh, now who could that be?

Bert E. Haney will not run for the senate. Which probably means that Clark will try to.

And another thing about the late highway commission,—the state got rid of one silk shirt and one stuffed one.

The bulls who have been doing some charging on the stock exchange are commencing to show lather and short wind.

Yesterdays
. . . Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

February 19, 1907

NEW YORK — "Enrolled in the city's army of lost and missing," that was the fate of 425 persons in New York, the city of mysteries, last year.

NEW YORK—Several theatres have instituted a system of free guaranteed escorts of gentlemanly manners and irreproachable habits who will accompany lone women safely to their doorsteps after the show is over.

February 19, 1922

The Christian Endeavor State convention ends here tonight in which seven denominations are represented by hundreds of delegates.

Capitol Post No. 9, American Legion, yesterday was given a free option on a plot in the new platted City View cemetery.

Word was published today that there were 37 prisoners, sentenced to terms varying from five years to life and whose crimes were such that under an Oregon statute are not eligible to parole, were received by the state penitentiary last year.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "Is Lincoln or Washington your favorite? Why?"

C. Price, student: "I don't know that I have any choice. But I guess Lincoln really had the most difficult situation to handle."

Harlan Detering, salesman: "You've got me. Guess the Washington hatchet story made a greater impression in my younger years than the Gettysburg address."

Mrs. Ralph C. Curtis, wife of Statesman sports editor: "Both of them. Each was an outstanding man in his particular time and as the one chosen to lead in the particular crisis of that time. Neither, perhaps, could have done what the other did."

Frank V. Brown, The Spa: "Washington, because we sell more cherry pies than Log Cabin bars. Isn't that a good reason?"

Martin F. Ferry, attorney: "The men are hard to compare. They are very different in background and accomplishments; their antecedents were most diverse."

Teresa Kirsch, courthouse elevator operator: "Lincoln. He was a self-made man; Washington had so many things given him. I realize both were great but Lincoln is my favorite."

Carl Gregg Doney, president of Willamette university: "I cling to Lincoln. I think he was more human and had more understanding. Too, I know more about him."

B. Earle Parker, pastor of First Methodist church: "It's a case where comparisons are not in order. Each man was supreme in his own generation. I think that Lincoln deserves more credit for rising to where he did than Washington, for he started with a greater handicap."

C. M. Lee, groceryman: "I like Washington and the celebrations about his name the best."

Mrs. A. A. Lee, home maker: "Well, right now I am thinking more about Washington, but really don't think there is a choice in my mind."

HERE'S HOW — By EDSON

Tomorrow: "Paper Films"

BITS for BREAKFAST
By R. J. HENDRICKS

Charlie, Modoc captive:

In the course of his articles under the title, "Recollections of an Indian Agent," in the September, 1907, number of the Oregon Historical society quarterly, T. W. Davenport wrote:

"If we wish to study the inherent traits of human beings, we must eliminate, as far as possible, the additions which education and social surroundings have given, and this exclusion is more complete and effective by taking children for subjects. So early and unconsciously do we absorb the customs, animus and ideas of those with whom our early years are passed that infancy is the time to begin. Possibly we should begin as a humorous educator fixed for beginning the education of children, viz., with the grandparents. Human beings are never too old to learn and should never lie in a superannuated list, but continue to press their mental faculties into use to the close of life here; still, that should not estrange us from the conviction that youth is the era of involuntary absorption, and that what we get then remains a part of us to the end. When I was seven years old, I committed to memory all the coarse print of Kirkham's Grammar and Olney's Geography, and they are within call at the age of 77, while memory often refuses to yield up the burden committed to it in more mature years.

"A fine subject for study and experimentation was a little Indian boy six or eight years of age that lived in my family during the years 1858 and 1859. He was a relic of the Rogue River Indian war of 1855 and 1856, having been wounded by a buckshot in the leg in 'the cabin fight' and found in the cabin after the Indians had abandoned it. The Indians, being hotly pursued by the white settlers, took refuge in a log cabin from which they could command any approach and hold their assailants out of rifle range. To remedy this state of things a mountain howitzer was being forwarded from the nearest fort, and the besieged Indians, guessing the cause of the apparent cessation of hostilities, awaited until dark, then they broke out, every fellow trusting to his heels, and escaped, it is said, without the loss of a man. A man by the name of Bozart claimed the boy as his prize, extracted the bullet, which had not done serious damage, named him Charlie, and signified his intention of taking him to Missouri and selling him as a slave. Charlie was a beautiful Indian boy with an admirable form and physical development, a good face and naturally shaped head, showing that he was not of the tribes addicted to the hideous custom of flattening their children's skulls while infants. My brother believed him to be a Modoc and was desirous of knowing what could be made of such a perfect specimen of the aborigine by education and rearing in a civilized community, and therefore got his release from Bozart. Being without a family, brother John took the boy to the Willamette valley and left him with mine for a season. At that time he could speak a little English, and, young as he was, showed a very firm determination to hold fast to the customs and habits of his tribe. His coal black hair was thick, matted with fir pitch and dirt, and reached well down upon his shoulders. He was lousy beyond anything known of white children, and although he knew by trial that combing his helmet of hair was entirely out of the category of practicabilities, he was so passionately proud of his long hair that he resisted all attempts to shorten it.

"When John turned the boy over to me he said to him, 'Charlie, you are to stay here with my brother for a while; he will take care of you and send you to school and you must do as he wishes you to do. Mind whatever he says and be a good boy.'

"Charlie gave his assent and school began. The first thing on the program was to clear the boy of lice, which could be done in no other way than to cut his hair close to his head. To this he said 'no' with a firmness of tone that had deterred his other teachers.

" 'Charlie, you have come to stay in my family, but while the lice are on you, you cannot have clean clothes, sleep in a clean bed, go anywhere, or be anybody. In fact, you cannot stay in the house. Do you not see that your hair must come off?'

"Still that defiant negative which had caused others to respect his so called rights.

"I took the shears and advanced toward him. A forbidding frown took possession of his face, his black eyes were fixed upon me with a most obstinate expression, and backing to the wall he held up both arms in an attitude of defense.

" 'Charlie, you put me in mind of the sheep. Of a hot day, when they would feel better with the wool off, they try to get away, but we have to catch them, hold them down and shear off the wool and I see that you have no more sense that a sheep.' At this I took hold of him without any show of indignation on my part, laid him upon the floor, sat astride of him, holding his arms down with my legs, and began shearing him.

" 'Hold your head still; you are acting again like sheep that flounce around and get pieces cut out of their hides. Whoa!'

"His hair was cut close to the skin, and his scalp found covered with a festering mass of dandruff, blood and matter, alive with lice, some of them of enormous size. An application of shaving soap and warm water cleansed it; my wife put a cap on him that she had constructed during the operation, and Charlie was helped from the floor, very different in his mood. His antagonism went with his hair seemingly. Contrary to my expectation, he showed no sign of retaliation or revenge.

" 'Cheer up, Charlie, we are going to make you over into a white boy. You can eat at the table with us and be the same as my boy.'

"I soon learned by observation that he had a great amount of pride of personal consequences. According to his infant ideas, the brave, the warrior, stood at the head of creation, and this was borne out by his head, which was high in the center of the crown, showing a phrenologist firmness and self esteem; and lower down the development indicated large combativeness, secretiveness and destructiveness. He had also good intellectual faculties, was not wanting in affection, and, while a little slow of temperament, was apt to learn. There was no use, therefore, of appealing to such an organization with the 'beauties of holiness' to influence his conduct. If the truth and a proper regard for the welfare of others could not be got into his mind as especially characteristic of the warrior, the brave, his advance in civilization must be hopeless. To make of right doing a chivalrous function consonant with his rude ideas of personal worth, was my purpose. So, an untruthful person was denounced as a coward; a rude, unkind person, as an inferior being, who did not belong to the true and the brave. A brave boy dared to do right, to shield the weak and helpless, and to put them on their feet and help them to an equal chance in life. This was the kind of tuition, and while he remained in my family it bore fruit."

(Continued tomorrow.)

"THE LOVE TRAP" By ROBERT SHANNON

CHAPTER I

THE voice of the dying woman was faint and dry like the faint rustle of an autumn leaf. All of the others except Mary, in grievous hush, had been excluded from the small bedroom at the request of Mrs. Kennedy herself.

"Mary—do you remember what I always told you about—"

"Yes, Mamma. Only you mustn't tire yourself out worrying. The doctor's orders were for you just to rest all you can, right now."

Mary Kennedy sat on the side of the bed, her two warmly vital palms clasping the thin, work-worn hand of her mother.

"You always was the dearest of the lot to me, child—" The words were but faint whisperings and the young girl had to bend her head to catch them. "I couldn't bear to die if I thought you would have to endure the same life I've had to live. Promise me you won't—"

Slowly the eyes closed and her head moved slightly to one side. For an instant Mary thought her mother had dropped asleep, as indeed she had . . . forever.

A giant hand, charged with some terrific electricity clutched and squeezed Mary Kennedy's heart until she was stiff and numb throughout her whole young body. It was the end of a humble, inconspicuous tragedy. Just for a minute, before she called the others, Mary sat there remembering with acute intensity the bitter plaint of her mother's last years. From constant repetition it had assumed the authority of a creed. Just by closing her eyes, even now, she could hear her mother repeating the passionate advice of a frustrated life—the grim legacy of the vanquished.

"Don't you ever marry yourself into poverty and drudgery, child." Her mother's voice, usually so tired, had always become charged with fierce energy when she talked thus secretly to Mary.

"Love is beautiful, but if you marry a shiftless man it will make your life a hell on earth. You'll be his slave instead of his wife—and it ain't worth it, child. Your youth and beauty will be gone before you know it. You'll be looking at life from behind a stack of dirty dishes. Don't tell me poverty is honorable—poverty is a wild animal that will claw the soul out of your body. Don't give your life to a shiftless man because he'll use you for a doormat all your days. It's just as easy to love a rich man as a poor man, and only fools and liars say different!"

Why ever since she could remember Mary Kennedy had been hearing the same thing from her mother—but now she'd never hear it again!

With her face dead white, Mary Kennedy walked into the stuffy parlor of the Brooklyn flat that was her home and told the others that death had arrived. Only then did grief openly assail her and, with the rest, she wept. Even in anguish, she was beautiful, small, round-limbed, piquant of face. Deep blue eyes and gold hair . . . smooth, fragrant skin . . .

It was the end of the home. Her whole life, within two short weeks, had released itself from the old groove. Her father had welcomed the offer of a room in the apartment of Mary's sister, Kathleen. Jack Osborne, Kathleen's husband, had pointed out that the three-year-old twins, both girls, would occupy a lot of the old man's attention and keep him from grieving. Mary's father was an outside man with a big insurance company, and such portion of his meagre salary that would go for his board and room with Jack and Kathleen would come in handy for the young couple. Kathleen, like her mother, had married poor. Jack was employed by an electrical firm and devoted his evenings to tinkering and puttering with radios. Already Kathleen's eyes—she was still young—had begun to dim. They had neither servant nor car and, burdened with the twins, her once supple body had started to take on a racky looseness. By the purchase of a davenport (on a dignified system of a deferred credit) it would have been possible to establish Mary in the radio-strewn room.

"Of course you'll always be welcome in my house, sister," Kathleen had said, "and you can keep your clothes in my closet. I know it will be kind of crowded with the children and all, but it would mean keeping the family together."

"You always was the dearest of the lot to me, child."

There was a weary goodness about Kathleen that set up a tingle in Mary's heart. Poor Kathleen! The biggest thrill she could look forward to was a Saturday night visit to a crowded movie house. Jack Osborne was kind enough to her but this crowded little house was his limit. Mary remembered him in his courting days, a slim youth with natty clothes and a Panama hat. He had taken Kathleen on Sunday trips up the Hudson and once they had gone with a crowd of young people to spend the week-end at Lake George. But it was all gone now, that expectant gayety on Kathleen's face and his. Oh, perhaps they weren't less happy than any other poor young married couple, but—

"It's awfully sweet of you to want me to live here with you, Kathleen, but I'm not going to impose on you," Mary told her sister definitely. "I'm going to get a room over on the Manhattan side closer to my job. But, of course, we'll see lots of each other."

The truth was that Mary Kennedy had no job at all. During her absence from the office throughout her mother's last illness, another stenographer had taken permanent possession of her desk. What she did have was a few nice clothes, a hundred dollars in a savings bank and now that the shock was wearing away, a lifting sensation in her heart. For the first time in her life she was on her own—she was free!

On West Eighty-sixth Street she found a tiny cubicle of a room for eight dollars a week. The future held no immediate economic terror. She was a highly competent stenographer and therefore always sure of employment in a city where stenographic competency is a miracle. No, she was not worried about a job, but she was a little worried—about life—

What she liked best to do in these first few days of her freedom was to enjoy her new sense of privacy.

There was a feeling that some strangely pleasant form of existence was about to dawn upon her. It was nice, for instance, to sit in Central Park afternoons and luxuriate in the dreams of youth. She saw great terraced hotels and apartment houses rising like cathedrals to the sky. She had long, unhurried hours filled with the subtle thrill of facing the world unafraid.

In the back part of her mind she knew this could last only a few days. For the first time in her life she was having a real vacation.

One thing that Mary learned in Central Park was to cultivate a cold, malevolent stare that was sufficiently tinged with contempt to drive off the males who sauntered hopefully past her bench. Her mood was not romantic; besides, she had an innate pride that would never permit her to be "picked up."

A more than middle-aged man, who scarcely seemed to notice her, dropped down on the bench. Mary did not deign to notice him, but a corner of her eye gathered that he wore a stylish gray felt hat and carried a cane.

He lit a long cigar and again the tail of her eye discerned more about him. Obviously, he was not trying to flirt with her—not in the usual manner, anyway. His whole preoccupation was with the cigar; his face was stern and hard, with a stony mouth. That was one attractive thing about him—it was plain that he was perfectly sure of himself in everything he did. Mary knew immediately that he was a definite man, that he was not squeamish about things. His ego radiated faintly from his person and carried with it a cool thrust of power. A man like this, she found herself speculating, would never be in doubt about anything.

Before she realized it, she was talking to him.

A policeman had strolled by swinging his club; he touched his cap respectfully and spoke to the man sitting on the bench beside Mary.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Landers."

Landers nodded to him; he did not smile but his eyes were amiable. He said to Mary:

"Well, I reckon that proves I'm respectable and it won't harm you any if we get to talking."

His eyes were gray, like flint; there was nothing of youth in his colorless face. His long body had a bony strength. Mary decided he interested her, but did not attract her.

"Why do you want to talk to me?" she asked him, unruffled.

"Mainly because you're a pretty girl, I suppose. You wanted a straightforward answer."

"How do you know I want to talk to *you*?"

He smiled, for the first time, with a touch of condescension. "Well, a lot of people think I'm worth talking to. A lot of important people, too. Sometimes my conversation is worth money. Did you think I was just a common masher?"

"No."

They gazed at each other, warily yet frankly.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

TUBERCULOSIS is all too often "the thief that comes in the night." It steals the vitality of its victim and may rush to the serious stage before the afflicted person is aware of its presence. What are really the early symptoms of the disease may be unobserved.

Dr. Copeland

We must make it known that anyone who has extreme exhaustion over a period of time and a slight cough, should consult a doctor. These symptoms may be signs of tuberculosis, and it is in the first phases that the disease may be checked. If permitted to run unheeded, it may become hopeless, or at best it may work such havoc as will take months to arrest and possibly years to repair.

There is no reason for the person told he is tubercular to despair. Recovery will come if he is willing to follow the routine prescribed. But the first thing to learn is that much of the cure rests in the patient's own hands.

One of the most treacherous forms which tuberculosis takes is called by physicians a "low grade infection." It sometimes follows influenza, or a long-drawn-out cold in a person who has been depleted in health and is continuously overtired.

With this form there is seldom a hemorrhage or other prominent symptom. The disease is likely to be unsuspected unless one has been under the care of a physician, or has learned, through the educational methods of health officials and other agencies, the significance of the symptoms. There is a low afternoon temperature, great exhaustion with little effort, and a superficial cough which the untrained person may think is an aftermath of the "flu."

This is a stubborn infection to heal. It increases gradually and steadily until it is well established, unless one is alert to the early symptoms. We can help in the cultivation of that alertness.

Sunshine is one of the most important agents to use in combating tuberculosis in its first stages. Fortunately, the germs of the disease are frail and do not thrive when exposed to sunshine. Sun baths raise the vitality of the body and help to kill the germs which have been making inroads in the lungs.

Doctors who have been making a study of lung trouble agree that the hot, dry climate of the desert is most favorable to the quick arrest of the acute stage. But for those who cannot go to the desert, long hours in the sunshine, with as much of the body as possible exposed to the sun's rays, are imperative.

These sun baths should be taken under the advice of a physician, because they must be indulged in temperately. Too much sun in the afternoon sometimes increases the temperature. The time most beneficial to the patient is from eleven to one. This is the period when the ultra violet rays of the sun are most powerful in their healing qualities.

Answers to Health Queries

A. C.—What causes my chin to break out—it gets very sore and then becomes infested? I am not constipated and have plenty of fruit and vegetables in my diet.

A.—You may be eating too much sugar and starch. For further particulars send a self addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

R. W. Z.—What will reduce the bust?

A.—It is difficult to reduce weight in any part of the body without reducing the weight in general.

M. D. Q.—I constantly keep swallowing phlegm and my nose is always clogged—what would you advise for this condition?

A.—Clear up the underlying catarrhal condition first of all. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* *

W. C.—What causes chills?

Q.—Chills may be due to a number of causes—colds, a run down condition, infection (in some instances), etc. Without knowing more about the case it would be impossible to go into detail along these lines.

Daily Thought

"One who never turned his back, but marched forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."—Browning.

Sande Will Wed Friend's Widow

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—(AP)—Earl Sande, noted jockey, and Mrs. Clarence Kummer, widow of a friend of Sande also well-known on the turf, obtained a marriage license in Long Island City Wednesday.

Sande is 33 and Mrs. Kummer 28.