

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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## Definitions,—and Observations

THE term capitalism is loosely used these days. There is frequent abuse of "capitalistic society" and some declare it has been tried and found wanting. Opposed to capitalism is socialism or communism. The fact is that both socialism and communism are definitely capitalistic. Capitalism, strictly speaking, means the accumulation of wealth which is used for the creation of more wealth. The machine, credit, the financial system are the implements of capitalism. Socialism and communism do not propose to abolish these tools, nor to do away with capital wealth. They propose to seize wealth now in individual proprietorship and let it be held by the state. Government, or society as a group, becomes the owner of capital rather than the individual. You would still have the capitalistic system although the individual capitalist would be wiped out.

The contrast in social theory is not between capitalism and communism, but between individualism and socialism. The strength of individualism is in spurring individual initiative and progress for self-improvement. Its evil lies in greed and the predatory instinct which flourishes within the individual. The strength of socialism is in recognizing that natural wealth should be the enjoyment of the group and that in the creation of wealth society makes a contribution which under the present system may accrue largely to a few individuals. The weakness of socialism lies in reducing men to a dead level, deadening individual aggressiveness and putting a premium on laziness.

Russian communism is definitely capitalistic. It veritably worships the machine, making the individual almost a robot in the economic order of society. That which seems to us most abhorrent in Russian communism is not so much state proprietorship, but the glorification of materialism, providing a foundation for a social order as false as that laid by the greedy individualism of our own pre-crash era.

In fact what is elemental in social reorganization is a reappraisal of values. Former generations set the priestly class or the soldier class in the top rank of social esteem. Our generation has exalted the wealthy class which fact has given a stimulus to hasty accumulation of wealth in vast amounts regardless of methods. More mature civilizations exalted the scholar and the artist and the philosopher, establishing a culture rich in values other than money.

The mechanics of a changing order must preserve the self-reliance and energy of the individual which have been the mainspring of all human progress, and yet withhold from the individual the profits of inordinate greed. How may this be accomplished? That is the question whose answer is most perplexing.

Another observation: suppose the Russian experiment does succeed. It does so in large measure by drawing on the technique of the remainder of the world where individualism has prevailed. Suppose all the world were under communistic organization. Would technical advancement take place as freely or would there be stalemated through lack of stimuli? This same question applies for example in such smaller fields as the public ownership of power plants. Now the few publicly owned plants draw heavily on the experience of privately owned plants. How swift would have been the advance in the techniques of electricity had the control been wholly in public hands?

There is a certain revolt against capitalism, particularly against its tools,—the machine and the credit system. The two are charged with much of the ailment of the present,—the machine for having turned men out of labor, the maladjustments of the credit system for the cruel deflation process by which money values have suffered erosion. Has division of labor which makes individuals dependent on so many other economic groups, been pushed too far? Some say so and urge return to a social and economic organization more decentralized, less closely integrated.

People are thinking, thinking. Many of those who in the past were beneficiaries of the individualistic system are now not so certain of its perfection. There is an attitude of willingness to re-examine social bases. First of all there is need for clear definition of terms and clear understanding of factors. Normally one would expect the world to recover and resume business as usual, tempered for some time by its late experience. But so many precedents have been broken that sharp changes may come in our form of organization. We can only watch and wait and work and hope.

Add Burgoon King to the horse hall of fame. This Kentucky-bred three-year-old won the derby at Churchill Downs and a week following won the famed Preakness Derby at Pimlico track, Maryland. So there is great rejoicing in the blue grass state.

Speaker Garner whips Pres. Hoover in a cutting statement saying the president issues too many statements. Evidently Speaker Jack wants to break into the limelight himself.

Over at Harley White's the other day Eric Butler bought enough carrot seed to supply the county with plunk checks for a year. When our turn came we told Harley he might wrap us up one seed.

Twelve years ago today: Great complaint about the high cost of living.

The campaign will keep many a country editor through a long dry summer.

Not so many friends have their "coats off" as usual this year. Aspirants for office are finding it necessary to roll on their own.

Along with campaign promises of rigid economy candidates are promising to resist vigorously any cuts in pet appropriations.

Mayor Jimmy Walker heads a "beer for taxation" parade. Most of his followers were more interested in beer for drinking.

Summer heat at St. Paul: Bet that caught a lot of folk back there with their winter flannels still on.

Brides and sweet girl graduates will bloom right after the tulips and peonies.

Good morning, how's your octane this morning?

## Lay Sermon

AT THE FOOT OF THE OAK  
"When Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, she was buried below Bethel, at the foot of the oak; so came to be named the Oak of Weeping." Genesis 35:8.

It was not Deborah, R. N. She was not a graduate nurse, and her only uniform probably was one indicating that she was in service. She was an old woman when she died, for she had journeyed with her young mistress from the house of Bethuel, accompanied Rebekah on her bridal tour to meet Isaac. She had seen Rebekah's children born, and Rebekah's grandchildren; so she must have been an old woman when death called for her.

Sad at heart was the patriarchal household of Isaac and Jacob, for they laid her tenderly away and adorned the tree which served as her monument, "the Oak of Weeping."

It is a long span of years from the days of this old nurse to the present. In few homes is there a nurse who grows old with the family and serves generation after generation of mothers and children. Still the nurse must enter in most intimate service within a home. Though her case lasts but a few days she suddenly becomes closely acquainted with aunt and brother and beaux and grand-father. She waits on the body, but she must serve the heart as well.

Your modern nurse is a most efficient person. She is trained in her profession. She has made study in the sciences which she must use. Her work is a constant strain on mind and body. She must therefore possess a certain detachment from her patients; otherwise the drain on her emotional reserves would be too exhausting. Perhaps that is why some nurses may seem rather coldly efficient. It is a "case" to be sure, but in a few days or weeks there will be another case, and after that still others whom she must be prepared to serve.

The sympathetic touch however will always go with the successful nurse. She may not become part of the family like old Deborah, or like the negro mammy of the southland. Her very efficiency of the calling is usually evidence of a sympathy with those in distress and a devotion to a type of service for which money is only partial payment.

Did you know that a nurse to become a graduate and registered nurse must take the Florence Nightingale oath? She does, and this is its text:

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to devote my nursing and my professional ability to the service of the sick, to the relief of the suffering, to the promotion of health, to the prevention of disease, and to the maintenance of the standards of my profession. I will not accept of any remuneration for my services, and I will not administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all secrets entrusted to me by my patients and all family secrets which I may come to know in the practice of my calling. I will endeavor to aid the physician in his work and to uphold the welfare of those committed to my care."  
Deborah's day is long since done. She was mourned and buried at the foot of the Oak."

Your modern nurse gets no such distinction; but her work is held universally in highest esteem.

Dr. Copeland

Any severe disturbance of the nutrition of the body, anemia and malnutrition are important factors. The exhaustion following the infective diseases of childhood, as well as the beginning of rickets, may form a background for convulsions.

Digestive disturbances, constipation, and a high temperature will often provoke the trouble. In whooping cough, where the severe paroxysms disturb the circulation of blood in the brain, convulsions are very common.

When a child has convulsions the mother is naturally very much alarmed. She sees her child suddenly become pale, the eyes are fixed and then turn in their orbits. These symptoms are followed by a convulsive movement of the whole body. The face becomes blue, especially about the mouth; the pulse is feeble.

J. H. Q.—What is the proper height and weight for a 14-year-old boy?

A.—The average height for a boy of this age is 5 feet 7 inches, the weight 130 pounds.

A. M. D. Q.—How can I reduce?

A.—Eat very sparingly of starches, sugars and fats. A gradual reduction in the amount of food consumed with the regular exercises will work wonders in most cases.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

INSTABILITY of the nervous system is characteristic of the immature brain of the infant and young child. For this reason slight causes, that would have but little effect upon the more mature brain, sometimes induce convulsive attacks in the very young. The acts of a nervous hysterical mother have much to do with the seizures.

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## Be Thankful That Mosquitoes Are Not as Big as Elephants

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

A stray item in a newspaper announced that Gilbert N. Haugen, representative in congress from the 4th Iowa district, is now serving his 17th consecutive term. He assumed the office in 1899, which, by the way, was the year in which Col. Dave Henderson of the 3rd Iowa district succeeded Czar Reed of Maine as speaker of the House.

I wonder if this isn't a record for continuous service in the national House of Representatives? Certainly no other member of the present congress has served so long continuously. It is probable that a number of folks now living in this part of Oregon have known Mr. Haugen personally. I remember the time I first saw him—in the editorial room of an Iowa weekly newspaper in 1898, venturing on his first campaign. A few smart asks, I recall, laughed at what they termed the nerve of the Northwood Norwegian in aspiring to seat in congress, and it must be confessed that he did not at the time seem to have many points in common with Daniel Webster and other political brilliants. Better for him, perhaps, that he hadn't. Just a substantial well-headed hard-working patriot and honest citizen, Mr. Haugen, and the folks in the old-home district like him first rate. Seventeen consecutive terms attest the fact with some eloquence.

Rather a snifty wind at intervals during the past week. (I don't think I should say "snifty" in the dictionary. Like it?)

You can't discourage some folks, simply can't. They keep coming. Like radishes.

All alone days with hundreds of people all about. There are such days.

I don't claim to be much of a judge of such matters, but I never see the Gable young man in a picture that I am not attacked by a spell of cogitation as to what blunk is and what it ain't—mostly what it is.

Business appears to be picking up somewhat in the publications of national circulation. But possibly collections, which do not appear, are not picking up.

Spring, where you been? Just dawdlin' along, I reckon, puttin' off your arrival till summer makes it so hot where you is at you can't wait no longer.

The voters are up to their old game—telling fibs to the candidates. Tom Teeters says this is the only kind of lying he can do without getting a pain in his conscience, and he sort of enjoys it.

I reckon the most restful conversation is that on a subject in which one feels little or no interest and of which he is almost entirely uninformed. Otherwise not much is to be said in favor of such a conversation.

Chronic fussers don't, as a rule, accomplish much, but the candidate then one of 'em has a desirable enlivening effect on some other member of the family. Give 'em credit.

I saw an imitation General Grant in a photograph the other day. Quite a satisfactory imitation—same build, same squat figure, same hunch to the broad shoulders. And then he spoke, clipping his words and juggling his accents like a N. Yavuk, and bang went the imitation.

change and so do amusements. I would say though that people to-day would not be satisfied with what would be considered luxuries 50 years ago.

Patrolman H. A. Smart, city police: "I don't think they do. Fifty years ago they lived a simpler life. Now they are going so fast they don't have time to know whether they have a good time or not."

## Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

May 15, 1922

"I have had, and now have, no intention of involving myself in a religious or political campaign. I have been dragged by the heels into the present campaign by unscrupulous political manipulators," declared George A. White, candidate for governor, yesterday in answer to a questionnaire in regard to his connections, if any, with the Klan.

W. H. Dancy, manager for the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company here, announced yesterday that construction of an additional long distance line, costing \$800,000 between Salem and Mt. Angel, had been completed.

Following a successful preliminary test yesterday, the new Capital Ice & Cold Storage company plant on Trade street is to be opened formally for business today.

The Willamette Valley English Walnut Ranch company, capitalized at \$20,000, filed articles of incorporation here yesterday. Company headquarters will be at Mt. Angel.

The council committee on health and police, last evening served notice on the Portland General Electric company to comply with the ordinance requiring the painting of all telegraph, telephone and other poles maintained in the city.

The real estate men of Salem are meeting the conditions of the new ordinance regulating the dealing in realty and requiring that they be licensed by the city recorder. Twelve have obtained licenses.

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "You think people are happier nowadays than 20 years ago when our civilization was less complex? Why or why not?"

Murray Wade, magazine editor: "There was more contentment."

Joyce Anderson, stenographer at Casson and Carson: "It is only an opinion, but I really do not know the answer to the question, and too, I did not live 20 years ago and cannot judge how happy they were but I should say it is six of one and half dozen of the other."

O. D. Goddard, state police clerk: "Oh, I would say that people are just as happy today as they were 20 years ago. Times

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## "EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

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Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic career to marry wealthy Ken Ferguson. Ken's parents had longed for a son-in-law who would marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threaten to have the marriage annulled. However, the young couple go house-keeping and are ideally happy. Then Ken loses his position and, one night, Lily Lou hears him sobbing. Next day, Ken's father calls and informs Lily Lou her marriage has been annulled. Facing Ken no longer caring for her, Lily Lou accepts a railroad ticket and \$500 from Mr. Sargent and goes to New York. She rents a furnished room and through Maxine Rochon, one of the boarders, secures a position playing the piano for a dancing teacher. Later, she and Maxine go to live with the wealthy Mrs. Paula Manchester, whose hobby is befriending young artists. Word comes that Ken is engaged to Peggy Sage and Lily Lou is depressed. Shortly after, Lily Lou is stung with the realization she is to become a mother. She is tempted to write Ken but refrains.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE  
"And I hope you won't feel there's anything personal about it," Wanda Pillsbury finished, brushing the frowny hair up from the nape of her neck, and looking absent-minded, as she always did when she asked something unreasonable of Lily Lou.

Lily Lou nodded understandingly. "No, I don't blame you, Miss Pillsbury. You're right—you've got to think of your business—"

"Exactly. I've simply got to have somebody I can depend on. It's real hard work, and I've got to have somebody that can stand it. I'd do anything for you, but I can't keep you when it interferes with bread and butter. I can't send classes home, or let them go home and tell their families that Wanda Pillsbury uses phonograph records in her class. It just won't do."

"So when Walt Dingle happened along yesterday after you passed out, and wanted the job back, why I thought it was a plain case of Providence. Besides, Walt needs the dough. So I said okay, and I knew you'd understand, and know it wasn't anything personal, Lansing. It's just as I thought right along, you're too much of an artist for this job anyway."

Lily Lou suppressed a smile. She'd heard that before. People turn you down if you are "too good" just the way they do when you aren't good enough. What was the use of talking? What had she accomplished back—the one she had fought with on and off for years. And that was that.

"Well, I'll get along," she said. "You know where to get me if you want me to substitute, or do any extra work—"

Wanda was rummaging in a huge, amber topped tapestry bag. She drew out a crumpled twenty dollar bill. "There," she said, "that'll take care of the week, but we'll call it okay because Walt is coming this afternoon. But you stay this morning, and just sort out your bills for me, will you, honey child? Put the 'please remit' ones in a pile, and just check out the new itemized ones, and if you can find my bank statement you might check that up for me, will you?"

Lily Lou promised. She sat down at the desk and went at it systematically.

Wanda slipped into a fur coat and went out, the tapestry bag over her arm. With Wanda gone the work progressed rapidly. At eleven o'clock she had finished. There was nothing more to do.

She looked around her with a dumb wonder. She wouldn't be here with the back of her hand. No use getting sentimental.

There was nothing more to do for Wanda Pillsbury. She'd got to Dwight Gwin's studio and pay him that three dollars for the doctor, and then she'd make the rounds of the employment agencies.

Her feet lagged; it was not easy to face Gwin again, but it had to be done. She tapped briskly on his door. It was partly open, and inside someone was playing softly.

"Come in!" Gwin's fingers continued to run over the keys, coaxing a queer, haunting little melody. He didn't even look up.

"It's just I, I stopped to leave you the money." "Thank you. You can leave it right there on the table." She took a last look at his big dim studio. She had always been interested in Gwin's studio. It looked, she thought, the way an old Italian palace must look. It seemed rather a shame to be going away, where she'd never see it again.

"Where do you mind if I look around a little?" she surprised herself by asking. "I've always wanted to—"

"No, indeed. Look all you like. All the things came from Italy, you know. I brought them over myself, at different times."

She looked at an immense shrine carved from wood, covered with goldleaf. "That, too! All these heavy things!"

"Oh, yes—they're shipped slow freight, you know."

"Oh?" She stood, a little awkwardly. There was no further excuse for staying, nothing more to say. "Goodbye," she said, "perhaps some day I'll come back, and study with you."

He smiled. "Oh, I'll see you sometimes."

"No, I'm going. I've left Miss Pillsbury, or rather, she left me. She has her old accompanist back."

He stopped playing. "Did you enjoy your work with her?" he asked curiously.

"Enjoy it?" She burst out in sudden vehemence. "I loathed it. Turn, turn, turn, turn, turn—I HATED it! What do I care for playing for a dancing school? It's a singer I am!"

She brushed her damp eyelashes. Copyright by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

bits calculated to relieve folks suffering from the effects of over-eating.

Not for a long time have I had such a thrill as that given me by the Tarzan picture shown at the Bijou theatre early in the past week. The story isn't believable. It presents a sort of paradox in that while it is unbelievable it is at the same time convincing. It is a bit better than something believable. I had thought myself fortunate when I had beyond enjoyment from such a story. But Tarzan as pictured and acted is gorgeous. I admit it frankly. And I think the thousands of Salem folks who saw it will agree with me. To be sure, the critics we have always to reckon with. There was a small boy whom I asked Monday what he thought of the picture, and he said somewhat wearily that he didn't like it. I ventured to protest. "Perhaps," I said, "you do not know a good picture when you see one." "TYOU can't tell me nothing about this picture," he snorted. "I seen it four times and I'm goin' to see it again if a feller who owes me a dime ain't layin' to me." So much for the critics. By their acts shall ye judge them.

The old legislative hall in Rector's building is now in a transition state, between legislation, theatrical performances, musical entertainments, and commerce. It will soon be occupied by Messrs. Schlusell Brothers, to which they will remove from the "Empire Store."

The court house is nearly completed. The plastering done by Chapman is a good job. The

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clerk's office will be removed to the new building next week. "Several other improvements of importance are in contemplation."

The '54 "hard times" boom: The Ladd & Bush Annual, recently published, had the following, copied from The Statesman of Aug. 22, 1854:

"Our town moves on in a steady march of progress, notwithstanding the 'hard times.'"

"The new state house is progressing rapidly. The roof and cornice work are completed and the siding of the building is now going on; so that the whole will be inclosed by the first of next month. The contract for plastering is let to Wiley Chapman, Esq., and that for painting to Mr. Cox. The Episcopal church going up opposite the Masonic hall, under the direction of Messrs. Ferguson and O'Donald, is to be completed in October."

"Marion House.—Mr. Ford, the owner of this house, is enlarging it by putting on an L of 50 feet and raising the whole building from two to three stories high."

"A new saloon is nearly completed on Commercial street, opposite the 'Nonpareil,' built and owned by Flamondson and McKinley."

"The sale rooms of Messrs. Davidson & Co. of the Island House, have been greatly enlarged, and handsomely fitted up. Boon's Island is flourishing."

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## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

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