The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Comments From the Country Press

THE country weeklies maintained a lively interest in the primary election, but in the case of many of them the interest seemed to be largely in the amount of advertising revenue that might accrue. Many refrained from making any comments as to the character of the candidates before the election; and do not even come forward with any editorial reviews after the election has been held. The Woodburn Independent and Mt. Angel News are not in this category however, for they do not hesitate to carry opinions as well as advertising. The Gervais Star and Hubbard Enterprise also are forthright in their utterances; but this time Doc Riley who piloted the Scherping ship into deep waters is too full for political utterances after the election is over.

The Woodburn Independent sees a house-cleaning at the court house in the defeat of John Porter for commissioner and of Allan Carson for district attorney. A decisive part of the vote, thinks the Independent "was cast in protest against things as they are".

The Independent appraises Hawley's defeat thus: "He failed to sense the new currents that had set in Oregon's political waters". It hopes "Mott will represent us better than Mr. Hawley has done"; and citing that Mott employed his wife as secretary during the legislature, expresses hope that he will not "let himself in for a political scandal as Hawley has done."

The Gervais Star thinks the voters kept their feet on the ground pretty well—"no radical change such as took place two years ago". It claims a score of 666 per cent in its support of candidates, "and it would have been 1000 per cent if Milt Scherping had been known to down state voters." The Star thinks the state treasurer is "far too big for the office he is seeking"; and that is the only fly in the ointment for that paper.

The Mount Angel News was loyal to the hop-growers ticket but it observes:

> "Candidates backed by the Hop Growers in the state representative race did not fare so well, which indicates that Marion county is still far from 'dripping wet.' Salem, in particular, was as dry as the proverbial bone on the Sahara desert in the middle of the good old summer time."

The News concludes that the election shows that the people are thinking about politics, with some inclination to "upset the old apple-cart" which it regards as a "good sign".

We wish the country weeklies would do more thinking about politics along with the people. They do not need to be so timid in expressing their judgment about issues and men.

Hoover and Garner

WE confess to dizziness and uncertainty in trying to analyze the Garner bill for universal relief. Is it a Garner-for-president relief bill, or a genuine measure for the aid of suffering humanity? President Hoover denounces it sharply. His reasoning is good. But the president himself in the past has urged congress to make vast appropriations for farm relief, for public roads and works, and for financial reconstruction. Then a few days ago there seemed to be authentic reports that the president was in agreement "in principle" with the Robinson relief proposals which were also vast.

The country at large is probably in similar state of suspense. Our political principles rebel at a money-gorge through bond issues, and at the prospect of pork for local building appropriations. But "our political principles" have been so wrenched and torn in these latter days that we can hardly tell what the correct points in the political compass are.

The way the bill was thrown together would indicate that Garner is trying to make political capital out of a grand gesture for relief. We cannot see how building postoffices in Podunks will restore national prosperity. But the president himself has set the pace with such huge relief appropriations in the past that the country finds it hard to appreciate his present choler.

Northwestern Hearing Progresses

IN the Northwestern Electric rate hearing the company's accountant testified that the ten million of watered stock was not computed in the rate base. He also testified that expenditures for political campaigns were not charged in operating expenses but directly against the stockholders' interests. In fact, so far as valuations go the state and the company are not very far apart in figures as to the valuation for rate-making purposes. Now there is argument over division of generating plant valuations between Oregon and Washington. Most of the plants are in Washington while the chief consumption is in Oregon.

If the state and the company can agree on a definite rate base, then fixing rates becomes as easy as the multiplication table up to the eight's, because that would be the method of determining fair return. Eventually these values may be determined by agreement or by official determination; perhaps the strife over rates will end then.

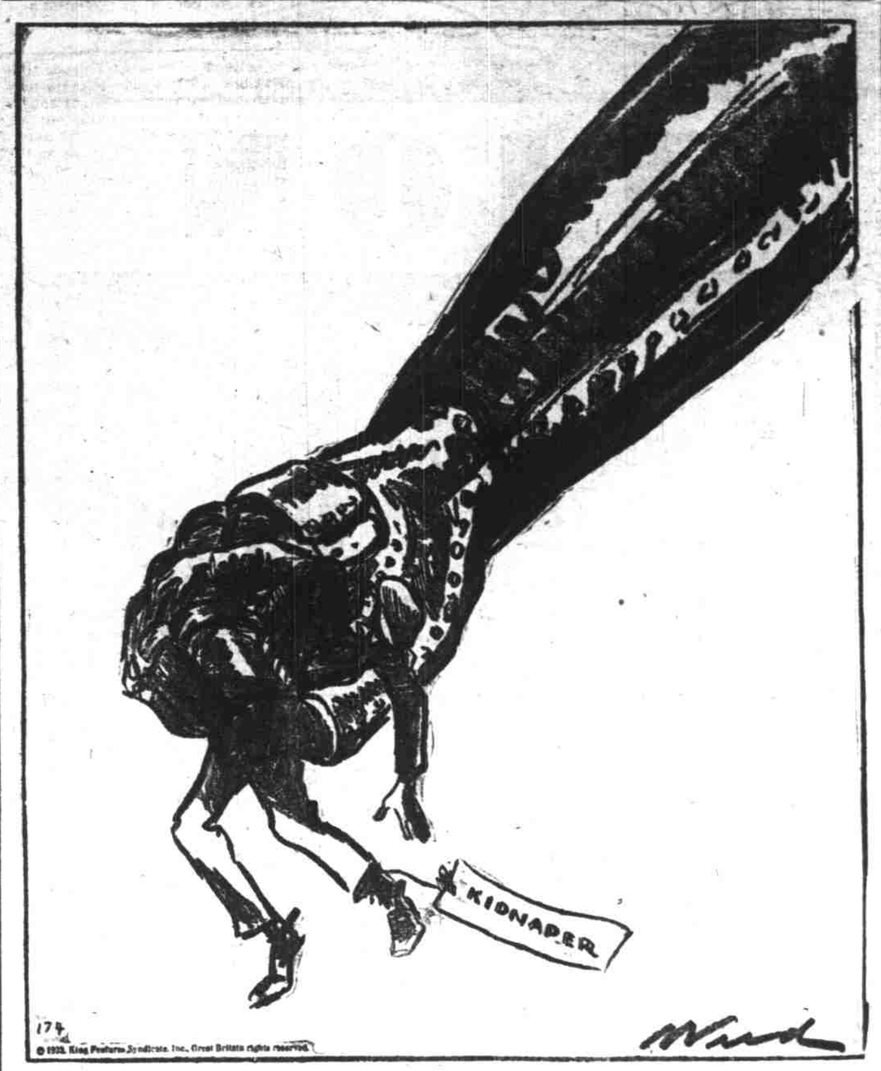
While the ten million in watered stock may not affect the rate payer we have a suspicion that it is used as a basis for flotations of debentures and stocks by the pyramided holding companies. The trouble with those securities now is the understanding that they depend not much on tangible value but chiefly on earning power.

Thrown in the Ditch

ART W. LAWRENCE, member of the state accident commission is to be cast aside, not for misdeeds in his work as an official, but at the behest of organized labor. This seems no reason at all, because the objection was voiced at the time Lawrence was appointed. Lawrence has been a hard-working member of the commission. Faced with very grave problems in view of the conditions in industry the commission has striven hard to keep its fund solvent and its service sure. Lawrence has been a valuable member in meeting these complex problems.

Politics is politics, and those who live by the swort perish by it. It is rather grim however for Lawrence who served as waterboy to the administration in the legislature, and then made good as a member of an important commission to be thrown into the ditch just because the labor unions use pressure on the governor.

Give Us An Ironclad Law!



Lay Sermon

COME AGAIN

"The watchman says:
'Morning comes, but also night;
If you wish to know more, come again'."
Isaiah 21:12

If the watchman gives the inquirer no more information than the fact that "morning comes, but also night," few will "come again" for instruction. The couplet, in truth, is but the poetical call of the watchman as he goes his rounds. Maybe it was an invitation to acquaint any one as to the state of the weather or the hour of night. Surely the plain old fellow going his rounds or standing sentry was no public library. He could by no means satisfy the thirst for knowledge of all the people whose safety he guarded.

Yet the genuine spring of knowledge never runs dry, never slakes thirst with reluctance, never frowns at recurring visits, Knowledge is crescent. It grows. And it grows not by concealment but by extension and expansion, by giving out, by sharing. Is it a college? Then you may come again when one lesson is digested. Is it a laboratory? Come again in a short while and there will be new truth revealed. Is it a library? Come again and absorb fresh information in new literature. There is no end either to the accumulation or the diffusion of knowledge. Those who are its custodians are those who universally extend the invitation to "come again."

The true spirit of inquiry leads one to return. The questing mind is not satisfied with yesterday's discoveries. It is eager for today's and tomorrow's revelations. The mind that stagnates soon "sets", grows rigid, builds up barriers of bigotry and prejudice. If you wish to know more, you have to go again to the source of knowledge and instruction.

Morning and night makes the cycle of the day. Changes from day to day are imperceptible. This city, the river, the mountains, the countryside look today quite as they looked yesterday. But a week makes a difference in a flower garden, a month makes a difference in the stream flow, a year makes a difference in a business district. A decade, a century etch changes which a span of 24 hours will not reveal. And in this birth and death of days, in this flow of time come new facts and not only new facts but new attitudes. We may not safely live in the world of yesterday, or of our youth. We must come again to school each day and learn to adjust ourselves to the changing patterns of thought and knowledge.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Do you read and enjoy poetry? If so, who is your favorite poet?"

Ila Merrill, school teacher: "Of course I do. My favorite isn't Sandburg. I'm crazy enough to really like Kipling."

Miss Helen Nye, 1327 Marion: "Yes, I do, modern poetry. I don't know that I have any particular favorite. I like to read whatever I pick up that pleases me."

A. C. Oberman, vocal instructor: "Yes, I read much of it and enjoy it. Goethe is my favorite."

Frank Bashor, baseball team manager: "Yes, very much. I like some of the simpler things, such as Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Church Yard.'"

PLAN PICNIC

LIBERTY, May 28.—The Red Hills grange home economics club will stage a program and a jitney ice cream and strawberry social Friday, June 3, at the community hall starting at 6:30 p.m.

Must Get Back to Fundamentals; That Doesn't Mean Fummididdles

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

D. H. TALMADGE

I reckon we've got to get back to fundamentals in this country, and the sooner we come to understand that fundamentals are not fummididdles the better it will be for us.

Gil Grimp says he's just about ruined his imagination trying to be contented and happy the past two years.

An average of four men of every five with whom one chins tells him that next winter is going to be a hard times terror. Which, in itself, is an indication that it will not be so bad as expected.

My first pair of long trowsers had bell bottoms, sometimes termed spring bottoms, and I've liked that style ever since. Sailors still wear 'em. When I first put on long trowsers rubber heels were unknown, and a person's heels rang on the pavement. Not unpleasant music, that made by the bell bottoms of trowsers and heels that rang on the pavement, when a fellow was young and the world just a big huckleberry.

The driver of a car about to back away from parking on Court street caused the honker of the car to honk a loud and startling honk. A man standing on the edge of the walk, his back to the car, was startled violently, so violently that he lost his poise and fell into thought. You may think it nothing worth mentioning for a man to fall into thought, but you should have heard this man. When he fell into thought language ran from his tongue with all the dash and vigor of a Poe poem recited by a machine gun.

The mighty game of politics—might and might not.

Ras Wimble, from over east, dropped in one day this week. Ras is one of the theoretically happy fraternity of earth dwellers who makes his own home—lives alone and as it pleases him to live—and is fond of describing himself as one who has chosen to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. The road by the side of which Ras lives is not much of a road and not many men, friendless or otherwise, pass that way, but the idea is a very pretty one and he is there and ready for the emergency when it shall arise. He tells me, by the way, that he is soon to move onto another place, his first change in 20 years and more. "I'see," says he, "the old house is gettin' sort o' run down, and there's a place I can get a mile nearer town for the same money, and though I dread movin' I figger the bed ought to be made this spring anyway and I might as well clean up the whole agency at one job."

A successful newspaper man says it was due solely to luck that he went into the game as a youngster. Much the same sort of luck, I reckon, that provides water for a duckling.

When a man guesses correctly as to the outcome of some contest or other and parades himself as something rather extra in the line of prophets why detract from his joy by being scornful, either of tongue or manner or both? 'Tis a simple sort of pleasure to play the good old Connecticut game of guess, and it is quite harmless.

It does seem, doesn't it, that the matter of ways and means has taken on a new meaning to many of us during the past few months? The ways are weightier, it may be said, and the means are meaner.

And the brows of many staid and sober citizens have been furrowed by unbecoming wrinkles. This will perhaps, be known as the era of economic and spiritual wriggles in the happier days that are to come, and in those days we shall, some of us at least, tell our grandchildren of it with all the enthralling gusto put by other grandparents long ago into other tales of economic dragons met and overcome.

News of the death of Robert J. Simpson brings a heart-throb with it. A man of many endearing qualities, a true gentleman, has gone away.

It has been mentioned here before, I believe, that the weekly Mickey Mouse program at the Elsinore, to which Zollie Volchok devotes himself with all the ardor of a natural theatrical talent, is somewhat different from any other program of the average week. Even the applause of the Mickey Mouse patrons is unlike the usual applause; having all the verve and vigor of a considerable number of bursting paper bags, with the added flavor of peaceful but shrill warwhoops. The audience likes what it likes, and what it doesn't like it applauds anyway, merely to show that its disposition is of a friendly nature. And it behaves itself pretty well. Typical young America, a Mickey Mouse audience. A good tonic. Fairly bubbling with energy, optimism and fearlessness, which emanates from it in waves and splashes unavoidably upon any old-timer who may be present and magically drives away his troubles. Perhaps, after the show is over, the old-timer finds his troubles waiting patiently for him on the front walk, but the interval has been pleasantly restful just the same.

The man who whistles is commonly considered to be in a cheerful mood, but such is not invariably the case. A man sometimes whistles when he is in his least cheerful moods. Like the wind,

The Court Street Dairy Store family is now enumerated as Mr. Morris, Mrs. Morris, Keith Morris and the Morris dog. A Boston terrier pup from Ernie Flake's kennels has been added to the family eating list.

Another Salem lad on the way up. Allen Bynon, I note, has been nominated for state senator from Multnomah county.

I reckon that folks who suffer from "nerves" are usually entitled to more kindly consideration than they get. Mr. Kipling tells of hot nights in India when, unable to sleep, he listened to the thumping of his heart and waited for death. The heartbeat, he told himself, was too rapid, too irregular, for a heart than was not likely to stop at any instant. Yet that was 40 and more years ago and he is still in normal health. I hear of a case in which a Salem victim of such a "heart ailment" was ultimately cured by the chance removal of a thumping refrigeration plant in the next block. The sound of this machine, transmitted through pavement, walls and floors, was thought by the nervous one to come from his own heart, and his sense of apprehension was as genuine as if it had been really warranted.

I aim to make at least 50 percent of my neighborhood calls when I have no selfish motive other than a desire to look into a friendly face and listen to a friendly voice. In this way I hope to fare through this life with only a 50 percent reputation as a nuisance.

"EMBERS of LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

Lily Lou put down the letter. She thought of Uncle Eph, brown and muscular and young, in spite of his 60 years. She had always admired Uncle Eph, though the family hadn't thought he amounted to much. She admired his independence, his doing as he liked, and not caring whether people in town thought much of him or not. It hurt to think of him gone. It made her feel that some part of her was dead, too. . . . The little girl who used to gather Mariposa lilies in the fields, her dark hair flying in the hot wind . . . who used to sit on Uncle Eph's knee in the cabin while Aunt Dolly sang gay little French songs, as she basted fried eggs with bacon grease, and cut thick slices of bread to brown later, in the fat. . . .

She wished that she could do something for Uncle Eph, wished that there were some way to tell him how sorry she was that he was gone. She didn't go to see him the last time she was in Woodlake. She should have. . . .

And then it came to her that he wouldn't have cared. He never cared whether he was remembered or not. He just went his way with his dogs and his horse, content to stop to listen to a meadow lark's song, or watch a sunset, leisurely rolling cigarettes, never in a hurry, never rushed. . . .

And if he left her everything it was for one purpose, to help her achieve her goal.

She brushed a hand across her wet eyes. Stood up. There would be no more idling with the bubchen, no more telling herself that she wasn't strong enough to work. Strong! She was strong as a horse! She'd work as she had never worked before. She'd make it up to the old man, who was asleep under the trees in Lone Mountain.

Madame Nahlman's three performances of Carmen, at the Opera Comique were to virtually close the season. To Lily Lou's overwhelming delight she was allowed to join the chorus, and understudy for Micaela. The real Micaela was a beautiful young French girl, protegee of one of the conductors. Nahlman disliked the girl exceedingly, and engaged in several wordy battles in the effort to get the part for her protegee, Lily Lou.

There was no reason, as Nahlman pointed out, why Lily Lou couldn't sing it. She knew it perfectly, her voice was more than adequate. "You've got to start sometime! Why, I myself sang the very role of Micaela when I had no real training at all. All I had was the voice, the temperament, I won! I wasn't afraid of anything. And you—you tremble when I put you in the chorus!"

"It's just the thought of it!"

"Get over the thought of it. You're ready to do Gilda or Rosina this minute, or Marguerite—Why do you suppose I took you up? To nurse you along for ten years? You've got to jump these things when they come. This won't come, because Blumenthal's hussy will sing Micaela in spite of the devil. But don't look so scared at the thought of it!"

Lily Lou gulped. She was never a match for Nahlman. She couldn't explain. Nahlman wouldn't understand. Nahlman never felt humble and frightened. She just felt sure of herself, glad of the chance to show how great she was. She didn't feel that the music was great, and the role great, and that she was just somebody hoping to interpret the role.

But some artists did. Tony Schirarilli did. He told her so. He said he didn't think you had to be sure of yourself that way. They'd often talked about it, back in New York. But you couldn't talk that way to

"If you fail me, I'm through with you! Are you a singer or aren't you?"

Nahlman, she just didn't understand. Thought you lacked nerve. . .

Did she? Lily Lou walked the floor, worrying. Suppose after all that had been done for her, after all her training, she'd be too scared to sing a note?

The first night she could have kissed the French girl, she was so glad to see her appear in the wings, ready to go on and sing the part. Nahlman didn't say a word about it, she was so wrapped up in her own performance. She was magnificent, flushed with triumph. Fat and old and blowsy as she looked in her dressing room—a little ridiculous even, in her laced-in bodice and roses in her too curly wig, there was nothing ridiculous about her performance. She was Carmen, audacious, compelling, still alluring. No wonder they acclaimed her, no wonder she was called great!

The second night Lily Lou lost her fear. She wouldn't wish the young French girl any hard luck, but if she got the chance . . . well, Nahlman wouldn't have to be ashamed of her. Her voice was better, much better, than the other girl's, and she was certainly as good looking. . . .

And the third night . . . the third night she'd have almost traded her soul for the chance, except that the bubchen was sick.

"Measles," said the bonne.

"Nonsense!" said Leontine, the second maid. "That child has no more measles than I have the stomach ache!"

"A lot you know about it!" said the bonne, "you, who know nothing of children!"

"What, I? Know nothing of children? I who bore four, and have three living, and one with the good God, and you, a single woman, stand there and tell me, me. . . ."

"Nevertheless, he has measles."

"Of a certainty, he has measles," put in Albert the butler, who had arrived to quell the disturbance, "and vinegar, good vinegar diluted—"

"Then send for the doctor!" Lily Lou cried above the din. "Let the doctor decide. What is a doctor for? Albert, you call him, and Leontine—"

"Shut up, all of you!" Madame Nahlman shouted. "Give him to me. He's all right. It's just a rash. Leontine, you stop that bellowing! Shut up . . . oh, my voice, my voice. Why do you let me shout? Lily, the least you can do is to watch me. You know my temperament. Put that child down. Get my wrap, and come, it is time—"

"I'll slip over a little later"—Lily Lou said, "after the doctor gets here. Anyway, it won't matter if I don't go. I wish Albert would hurry—"

"He's answering the door. Don't fuss so, Lily. You make me nervous, and when I am nervous on a night like this—"

"It is an old one, from the Opera Comique, an old man, Mesdames," Albert said, returning. "He says Monsieur Blumenthal sends his regards, and Mademoiselle Dejere has broken her ankle and can not go on. So if Madame Lansing—"

"Heaven be prdised. Quick, Lily—Leontine, take the child—"

Madame Nahlman was slipping into her wrap—"Come, Lily!"

Lily Lou was rooted to the spot. She looked at the wailing child, at the red-faced, indignant Leontine, the angry nursemaid.

"I hate to leave him . . . The regular understudy could—"

"If you fail me, I'm through with you! Are you a singer, or aren't you? Make up your mind — and quick—we'll both be late!"

Lily Lou bent her head, kissed the baby's soft little neck. Nahlman was right of course. It was her chance. The baby would be well cared for . . . Albert would go for the doctor. . . .

Susanne Coin put a wrap over her shoulders.

The three women went down the thickly carpeted stairs. Lily Lou heard the bubchen's whimpering cry, as the door closed behind them.

(To Be Continued)

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

From new Jason Lee book:

Jason Lee was preparing for his start to establish his mission. The date was Nov. 29, 1833, the place being Boston, at the Broomfield Street Methodist church, where a great meeting was being held.

Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, with whose company it was proposed Lee and his party were to travel to this then foreign country, was on the platform. Just before the program began relative to the "Flathead mission," the name of the enterprise—responding to the Macedonian call of the Indian messengers seeking the white man's God. The questions and answers follow:

"1. In so far as the success of the mission is concerned, what would be the most eligible place for the commencement of the enterprise among the tribes west of the mountains?

"In reply, Capt. Wyeth stated that the missionaries, when there, would be able to make the location to best advantage by actual examination; that however, for the sake of supplies, etc., it would be prudent to be in the neighborhood of some trading post; that it should not be too high up the mountains, lest they should be disturbed by the Blackfeet Indians, who sometimes made excursions over the mountains. He thought probably Kettle Falls, on the Columbia, or on the Flathead river, a position might be assumed which would be a place of resort by the Indians for the purpose of the salmon fishery, and at the same time afford the other requisite facilities.

"2. What is the moral and religious character of the Flathead and neighboring tribes?

"Answer: The religion of these tribes is Deism. At the suggestion of an Indian trader, some time since they adopted the habit of observing the Christian Sabbath. . . . Their morals are better than can be found in any other part of the world, probably, taking the whole population together. . . . They are mild, docile and honest. Their principal vice seems to be gaming.

"3. What is the comparative condition of females?

"Answer: About the same as that of the same sex in a common Dutch population. Certain parts of the duties of life are assigned to the females, and other parts to the males.

"4. What is the domestic character of these Indians?

"Answer: They maintain the relation of husband and wife with as much constancy, probably, as the whites. . . . They appear to have no agriculture, but live almost wholly upon the productions of unassisted nature.

"5. What chance in the country for agriculture?

"Answer: Although the general face of the country, so far as observed by Captain Wyeth, was not favorable to agriculture, the plains or level parts being destitude of timber, and the timbered parts being generally precipitous and rocky, still selections might be made of tracts of land located favorably as to the other objects of the mission, and, at the same time, affording opportunity for the successful cultivation of the soil."

"6. What reception would the missionaries probably meet with from the fur traders and Indians?

"Answer: The traders would likely be friendly in all cases where there would be no interference with their trade. . . . The Indians hurt no man unless violently provoked to it. . . . Any white man gaining their confidence, therefore, will be able to mould and fashion them to almost any reasonable measures and principles, of which their habits, conditions in life and intellectual capacities are susceptible.

"7. What opportunity would the missionaries have to keep up a correspondence with this country, and obtain supplies?

"Answer: A ship goes from London to the mouth of the Columbia river every year. A ship will go from Boston some time between this and next September. Occasional parties cross the mountains from and to the United States. But the most certain way of correspondence is by the express of the Hudson's Bay company, who will doubtless always forward in this manner all the letters of the missionaries."

The above quoted words were taken from the report of the meeting in Zion's Herald, Boston, of its issue of Dec. 4, 1833. Jason Lee was the principal speaker. A few days later another meeting was held in the same church, where the collection was $210 for the Flathead mission.

It was called the Flathead mission because it was being sent in response to the Macedonian call of the Indians who went to St. Louis in 1831, who were at first thought

(Continued on Page 9)