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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing Editor

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ADVERTISING Portland Representative Gordon B. Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00 Dissembers 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Interest in Technocracy

N amazing interest was suddenly developed in techno-A cracy. There was the natural curiosity of the people, who like the Athenians of old are always "anxious to see and hear some new thing." There was also the pressure of the times which drive men and women to examine each new proposal which may offer a means of escape from the tragedy which has gripped the world. Lazy thinkers quickly cast the proposition aside as the vagary of some crack-brained college professors. Cynics quickly trailed the history of its chief exponent and he was found wanting in background, even in veracity.

The real heart of the matter however is this persistent quest of thinking people for a make over of society. The times are out of joint. How then may we correct the present situation? Traditionalists merely regard this depression as another of a series that may be charted back for centuries. Its nearest counterpart was that following the collapse of John Law's "South Sea Bubble" two centuries ago. That occurred before the industrial revolution, so there were no machines to blame conditions on. These conservative folk accept recurring depressions as inevitable. They have no remedy for existing ills, believing that time will work a cure though it be by the major surgery of bankruptcy and deflation. All they look forward to is a resumption of prosperity leading up to another period of boom in ten or twenty must be enforced," declared Govyears, followed by another and equally drastic reaction. Alternating cycles in the world of business are as certain to them as recurring wars at intervals of about twenty years.

In contrast to these traditionalists who are almost fatalist in their fixed attitudes deprecatory of any change are the other group who find in prevailing distress a challenge to struction of a bridge across Pudthe intelligence of mankind. They would root out the causes ding river at Aurora, according to and seek to remedy them. They see no social gain in merely W. J. Culver, county roadmaster. getting Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall in the same insecure seat from which he is destined to fall with another crash. They are not concerned in putting the stock market back to 1929 but in providing greater stability in the field of business, wiping out the peaks and valleys and hanging to zine? What is your favorite magasome plateau of steady levels or easy grades. They are inde- asked by Statesman reporters yespendent thinkers, who try to draw from the lessons of experience but are not gripped in the theories of economic classicism. While some of those who first espoused "technocracy" may come in this class there are many others included who have not been swept off their feet by this new fancy.

One of the obvious evils of the present era of competitive individualism is the greed which attends the profit motive. A man freely admits he is in business to make a profit; and rare is the man who sets a limit to his profit, of his own volition. The very mainspring of our acquisitive society is the amassing of possessions far beyond one's power to I'm interested in a farm on the comes feudal in character, save that the overlord is often

What substitute may there be for the profit motive which would still give fair reward for extra effort and supply incentive which the profit motive now does in abundance? There is the ideal of service, or the reward of rank and social esteem; but our Nordic culture has exalted wealth,

particularly in America when a virgin continent offered fabulous resources for speedy exploitation.

Must the modifying of the "excess profit" motive come by law through limiting gains, abolishing inheritances and gifts, or by a complete social overturn as in Russia; or by the slow growth of a finer ethic which enforces better distribution of the profits of enterprise? There are signs that the business world is increasingly sensitive to the ethics of the market place. The public scorn on the abuse of trust by men of high rank, the reaction against the extortions which are sometimes exposed have accomplished something in mak- I used to know in California. You ing business assume more wholesome attitudes. After all it a Stanford man" was a higher ethic which brought a shorter work-day, which freed children from factory labor. Where regulatory laws have been enacted an enlightened ethic supplied the sanc- off. Neither does an old shoe in tions which sustained them.

It is only natural to think of rushing to legislatures to pass new laws designed to make things better. When it comes to moulding and moderating the characteristics of human nature something more than legislation is required. Prohibition fails where there is no moral support for it. If therefore we are to suppress the instinct of greed which has ruled in our culture, people must be trained in higher standards of ethics. Preachers who have vision should be the evangels of this gospel. This does not mean to supply prayer as an antidote for injustice; but that without individual regeneration it will be hard to legislate economic justice.

The thinkers who are busy reframing the structure should realize they must deal with the instincts and emotions of millions of individuals, which are altered only with difficulty.

Regulating Trucks

bevy of truck bills are in the hands of the legislature, A perhaps with more coming up. Railroads are credited with a bill to curtail motor vehicle competition. Common carriers are interested in a bill to strike at contract haulers and offset railroad demands. Other truck interests foster legislation to benefit their branch of the business even at the expense of other groups.

While these conflicting bills are confusing, and it is difficult to appraise the equity or iniquity of each, it is well for the legislature to have these group interests represented. After hearing all sides the legislature may then proceed to frame its own bill which will, it is hoped, best serve the interest of the general public.

The highway department is making a study of the provisions of each bill that has been submitted so legislators may know the comparative features of each. The Oregonian goes so far as to recommend that the highway commission write the bill. May we submit this thought, that trucking has been considering too exclusively as a highway matter? There calls for the judgment of the public service commissioner's in no uncertain voice for enactment of carefully office. The other is the element of general taxation. As it legislation on the truck and bus question. is now all that the trucks pay goes to the highway fund for

Yesterdays

. Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

ing alongside the roadside, they

say. District Attorney John H.

McNary has decided again to at-

While studying city ordinances

with a view to revision, Mayor

Rodgers, City Attorney Keyes and

decided on a new ordinance re-

moving restrictions on electric

signs, in order that the appear-

ance of business streets may be

January 29, 1926

weights and measures and ap-

voting no on more things than

"In another part of Oregon,

last fall, I was startled and sad-

dened to see the amount of drink-

ing behind closed doors. . . . I

said to myself, 'If I ever get a

good chance to hit that evil, I'll hit hard!' . . . The prohibition law

is a good law, by the eternal, it

ernor Walter Pierce at the six

o'clock club dinner at First Meth-

The state highway commission

Alma Bruns, gas company:

Well, the Good Housekeeping, of

course. I'm in the home service

department, you see. It has nice

home furnishing and housekeep-

ing articles, and on home econom-

of state's office: "My favorite is

the Country Gentleman, because

J. W. Moore, auditor, secretary

has submitted a plan to the Mar-

ion county court for the recon-

odist church last night.

improved by this illumination.

tempt to have the shop closed.

January 29, 1908 2 2 2 At least 20 measures will be submitted to the voters at the coming primary election, it is ex-

all times of the day or night ly- present town of Mayger.)

(Continuing from yesterday:) "One of them was recognized by the Americans; he had on a forpected. Among the proposed bills mer occasion been kicked from is an amendment to the constitu- the door of the fort (Fort George that had been Fort Astor), for tion, submitted by Portland sintheft, and belonged to a tribe in gle-taxpayers who would exempt from taxation dwelling houses, the interior, denominated Soosoonles; and it was to avenge his barns, sheds and other classes of disgrace that he persuaded some of his nation to join him and The peeple in the neighborhood murder the men. (\*Sho-sho-nez, of the Grand Ronde Indian reser- or inlander, thus used by Ross as a term of reproach, in "First Setvation are up in arms regarding tlers," page 117, but here refers the trouble caused by a governto the Clatskanie tribe, who had ment licensed grog shop just octa village about 60 miles up the side the reservation boundary. Columbia at Oak Point, near the Drunken Indians can be seen at

5 5 5 "The prisoners were confined led out, blindfolded, to be shot. council committeemen yesterday der to make the Indians believe that they were shot by the great gun. The dead bodies were taken down to the wharf in coffins, and exposed for some days, till their friends were allowed to carry

To refuse utterly an appropria-"The Columbia now took antion for the state department of other trip to Monterey, where we recovered our people who desertprove others aggregating \$814,ed when we were last here, and 940 were two of the things done also four of the men who had deat a session of the joint ways and serted from the Isaac Todd. The means committee last night. At former returned to their duty: this session Pete Zimmerman, the the latter we confined for a while boy senator from Yambill, out-La in irons. We found the cooper Folletted Alex La Follett, 79-year old Marion county senator, by had not been idle.

Fourth Visit to the Columbia "Having returned to the Columbia from Monterey, we quickly discharged our carge, and took on a fresh one for Norfolk sound. (Sitka.) The 16th of September (1815), having completed our wood and water, we sailed for that place. . . . On anchoring at Norfolk sound, we found four American vessels lying there. from whom we learned that the war with America was at an end. (War of 1812.) The names of the Americans were the Okean (O'Cain, W. D. Alexander commander), the Isabella, and Albatross, formerly under the Russian flag, in the sea otter fishery on California; the schooner Liddy. with a cargo from Canton for the Russians, and the brig Pedlar (Pedler), commanded by Mr. Hunt (Wilson Price Hunt), the individual who crossed the Stony

Fifth Visit to the Columbia "On the 25th of October we again entered the river Columbia, and sent the furs on shore to be repacked

ning Post, because it carries such a good line of advertising. I usually start at the back and read toward the front.

Brown, feature writer: "For general reading I believe I like the Cosmopolitan best. I like Ralph Kletzing, advertising the feature articles in the Satur-nan: "I prefer the Saturday Eve-day Evening Post."

D. H. TALMADGE

Jupiter is not the dog star; it is

not even so much as the hound

Greater love bath ne man than this, that he eats of digestion-de-

If Folks Hunted Bargains With Guns. What? Wonders Talmadge By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Salem has more than 100 miles of streets. Confirm this by addressing any house-to-house sales-

Exchange between two packcarriers on Commercial street: 'Hi, brother, you look like a man

We don't know when we're well a garbage can. Nor a pair of pants th a worn out seat.

Here and there is a person, who, having found a satisfactory place, settles down and stays in it. Influenza, also, is somewhat that

Human nature is human nature. and there's not much that can be done about it. If the drinking of water were prohibited by law it is probable that half the population would be walking washouts.

A California university professor says we are vastly more civilized than we were 50 years ago. I presume we are. Anyway, the odor has been largely removed from glue and dried codfish.

I think the life of a man or woman who neither makes nor exacts promises must be a very uninteresting one

The mail was sent on by train. -From the news story of an airplane crackup at Eugene. Good old | than this.)

What is the least satisfying of though a person's face may be recreations? Reading & risque nov

If folks hunted bargains with firearms—well, just think how ft would help the gun business!

The weather continues weepful Some of the remarks it has hear have probably hurt its feelings.

moons to bark at

tax commission should be consulted on this score. Each of these transportation services has a place in the scheme of things: the private truck, the contract operator, the common carrier truck, the motor bus, the railroad. Asare two other factors of almost equal importance. One is the signing each its place and apportioning fairly both the optransportation feature,—the equalizing of competition be- portunities and the burdens are the tasks which rest with paralysing the mental energies tween various services: railroads and classes of trucks. This the legislature. In defeating the West bill the people spoke of our people in all walks of

school districts are losing as branch lines are pulled up. The

road building. Railroads, which are being starved out by built "It did not even have a dome and looked like a pickle factory". We'll, it still seems to be a pickling works.

The East Oregonian remarks that when the state house was built "It did not even have a dome and looked like a pickle factory". We'll, it still seems to be a pickling works.

Mate Corney, prepioneer: Early days on the Columbia: The first Christian services:

ges arrived with furs from the interior. On the 10th we received our cargo on board with stores, etc., and on the 13th made sail for the Sandwich Islands. . . . . Hare we were joined by the gentlemen we left last year, who had been well treated by the natives and wanted for nothing . . . January 1st, 1816, we were close in with the village of Whymea; Mr. Bethune, Mr. McDougal, and Mr. McLennan went on shore; Peter Anderson, who had been boatswain of Tonquin and left for Owyhee, came to us, and was shipped as boatswain. (The Columbia then went to China and to the Aleutian Islands of Saint Paul and Saint George.)

"In November, nine bark can-

Sixth Visit to the Columbia "In August, 1816, we once more in the bastion, and next morning touched at the Columbia, unloaded, and refitted. We lived in tents They were placed opposite a 6- on shore, within a fence erected pounder, while a party of rifle- to keep the Indians from stealing men were in the bastion ready to our tools. On the 3rd of Septemfire through the loopholes, which ber our cook died, after four manoeuvre was made use of in or- months' illness. On the 9th, two canoes, belonging to the North West company, arrived from the interior; they had left the brigade, consisting of nine canoes and 70 men, encamped at Oak Point. about 60 miles up the river. On the 1st of October, the whole brigade of canoes arrived with furs: and, on the 5th, they again sailed, well armed, with stores for the interior under the direction of Mr. Donald McKenzie. At this time the season is wet; we therefore built sheds for the carpenters to work under; and, to the middle of November, all hands were working hard to get the

> winter set in. "November the 21st, we were much alarmed by a fire breaking out, 7 o'clock in the evening, at the fort; we lost no time in hastening to their assistance with our buckets, and in the course of half an hour got it completely under control, with the loss of only one house. Providentially it was raining very hard, as, if there had been the least wind, the whole place must inevitably have been destroyed, with all our rigging. sails, stores, etc., and we should have been left at the mercy of barbarous Indians, without the means of helping ourselves. On the breaking out of the fire, the natives all fled from the village. making a dreadful noise.

vessel ready for sea before the

"December 1st, our hull being complete, we hauled off in the stream to take our masts in, aft-(Rocky) mountains. The Pedlar ly four months. The first month was selzed by the Russians for of our stay here, the weather was selling powder to the natives of delightful, and we were all supthe Sound, but was given up be plied with excellent salmon and sturgeon, and a variety of small fish. Latterly we had much rain. thunder and lightning, heavy gales of wind from 3. W. to 8. E. The N. W. winds prevailed here in summer, and, in winter, from S. W. to S. E., with thick, rainy weather

"While here, I employed an Indian hunter, who, with my finding powder and shot, supplied the ship with ducks, goose, and swans, for one blanket. He furnished me so largely, that I made him a present of the musket, when I left the river, for which he was most grateful, and made me many presents.

"On the 6th of January, 1817 Lewis Lapham, our armorer, died truly regretted, as he was a very serviceable man. On the 10th, we crossed the bar and got safe to sea. (Here follows a description of the country and the Indians.) (Turn to Page 7)

The Safety

Letters from Statesman Readers

> Scotts Mills, Ore Jan. 25, 1933

To the Editor "Straight Thinker" writing in Jan. 21 issue of The Statesman commenting on your editorial "The Forgotten Man" admits there are a lot of distressed people but seems to think if they had a little mah-jong or some one would sit on a flag pole they would forget they were hungry. Again if they squawk they have become contaminated with a germ similar to malaria or hydrophoebia and are willing to bite anything.

If "Straight Thinker" think beyond the edges of a ker hole, I wish he or she would tell me through these columns what a man should do with a wife and four children all under dog star. It may, however, be the star to which good hound dogs go when they die; it has several years of age, A man who has bought a home and commenced to pay for it. One who attends Sunday school and church and had faith in God and the future. He still retains faith in stroying food because it was pre-pared by a friend. (Anyway, not much greater love hath no man God. How he does is beyond my comprehension. This is where you come in "Straight Thinker" for I pity you from the depth of my heart. I pity you. The vitupera-tion you have heaped on such as he will be as nothing should lighted with hope, the kitchen fire cannot be lighted without a match. those of him who are the balance wheel in the vast army of unemployed lose their faith in God. A six hour day will help. HUGH MAGER

> To the Editor: Permit me to congratulate The Statesman on its leading edi-torial this morning headed "Defeatism." It handles in a splet manner a mental disease which has been implanted by the pres

ing heroes of creps hangers in public and private capacities. individuals, and to be insisted

BITS for BREAKFAST "The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

Young Dr. John Wolfe arrives at the quaint town of little Navestock to become Dr. Montague Threadgold's assistant. Though shabby of dress, the young doctor's bearing commands respect. Dr. Threadgold is very affable but his wife, who judges from outward appearances, considers Wolfe a "raw bawk of a man" and treats him coolly, Sir George Griggs arrives with a dislocated shoulder. He is infuriated over Dr. Threadgold's clumsy treatment and turns to young Wolfe who skilfully sets the shoulder. Later. Dr. Threadgold tells his wife that Wolfe has some ability but is a little forward. Dr. Threadgold attends the prosperous patients and assigns his assistant to the poor section of town. The young physician realizes the pitiable plight of these people in the hands of a bungling doctor. He is shocked at the unsanitary conditions in the alleys and starts an investigation. Dr. Threadgold, ignorant of this, is well satisfied with his assistant, and Mrs. Threadgold now considers him a very pase-

CHAPTER NINE

It was on a March day that a message came in from Moor Farm on the northern edge of Tarling Moor, Dr. Threadgold was out, and Wolfe at work in the dispensary making up physic. The maid took Mrs. Mascall's note to Mrs. Threadgold, who exerted her jurisdiction Mrs. Sophia had a shrewd knowlunderstrapper into certain houses Two huge cypresses grew in the door, would be an act of indecent folly. garden in front of the house, their

Mrs. Threadgold decided that dusky spires visible for miles above gold-Walfe could deal with the case in the outlines of the moor. question. Mrs. Mascall was a fat, Moor Farm itself was a long, good-tempered old person, Montague could drive up to-morrow. And stone mullions, and a great, brick the Mascalls were abominably porch. A mellow and homely solid-

"Sykes, take this note to Mr. stone's throw of the wild and primi-Wolfe, and tell him to attend to it tive moor, it threw back the south- her with a frankness that did not at once." "Yes, ma'am."

And Wolfe had his orders.

for his assistant's use, and since squarely round the orchard and the ling for some decisive impression. the animal had been broken to both garden. A brick terrace ran along saddle and trap, Wolfe, who pre-ferred the saddle to the little old below it that was kept sleek and black-and-yellow-wheeled gig, rode smooth, out for Tarling Moor. It was a Welfe whistled to a boy, who was and send Dr. Threadgold over." clear, still afternoon, and Nave- carrying a bucket across the padstock lay like a toy town in the dock, and the youngster ran to hold was the faintest glimmer of amusevalley below. The Lembardy pop- the doctor's horse. A path paved ment in the man's eyes, lars beyond Josiah Crabbe's house with rough stone slabs led to the at the end of West Street looked porch. Moss and grass grew belike the stiff wooden trees from a tween the stones, and in one place child's Noah's ark. Wolfe passed the roots of one of the cypresses Beech Hill, Turrell the brewer's had lifted the flags. There were pretentious battlemented house, it flower borders under the house, full was a great white building set in of old-fashioned black velvet and sistants the midst of beautifully kept grass old gold polyanthuses, Lent lilies, and splendid trees, but the house and London pride. The date 1678 reminded Wolfe of a fat man in a was carved on a stone let into the white waistcoat. The windows of brick face of the porch. Beech Hill overlooked Navesteck Wolfe had his hand on the iron town, and Wolfe wondered whether bell-pull when the oak door swung girlish laugh and let him in. Im-Jasper Turrell realized how his open, and he found himself looking The Turrells were estentatious black hair fell over her shoulders. loping ponies and the rush of people. The brewer made a boast of Lithe, dark, and alert, she had wind. everything that belonged to Beech come sailing down the broad oak Hill, but no one would have men- stairs, hair flying, brown eyes full tioned Bung Row at his dinnertable, In all probability very few of
the local gentry remembered that
Wolfe saw the girl's face change

such a place as Bung Row existed. its expression. There was a mobil-Moor Farm was a group of redity about her that was quick and brick, red-tiled buildings set on the free as the sunlight over the moor. first ridge-spur of Tarling Moor. It "I thought Dr. Threadgoldwas a grazing farm, and its grass- Are you a doctor?" lands swept in green slopes towards "I the valley of the Wraith, A white ant."

gate opened into the home paddock ! in such matters when Dr. Montague where geese gaggled and a fat, ness. She was an intense and rather was absent. Snob though she was, brown pony nosed the grass. The passionate young person, whose house faced the south, with orchard pale face radiated an impetuous edge of the neighbourhood, and had and garden ground gathered about sincerity. She looked at Wolfe with an experienced finger for the pulse it, the byres, barns, and cattle unsophisticated displeasure, and of the local pride. To send an lodges standing towards the north, kept one hand on the edge of the

low house with casement windows, ity possessed it. Standing within a west wind from its walls and roof. and glimmered its casements in the sunlight. Helly hedges, eight feet it not?" Threadgold kept a spare horse high and a yard thick, stood The girl still seemed to be wait-

Dr. Wolfe meets the dashing Jess for the first time.

The girl had no self-conscious

"Dr. Threadgold was out. I came to see if I could be of any use." The girl's eyes looked inte Wolfe's eyes. For the moment she appeared to challenge him, and to stand waiting at the doorway of her intuition. Wolfe looked back at intend to suffer a repulse.

"It is Mrs. Mascall who is ill, is "Yes."

"I have left my horse at the gate If you prefer to wait three or four hours I can ride back to Navestock She looked at him fixedly. There

"That sounds silly." "It does, doesn't it?" She began to smile.

"You know-I felt-"Of course you did." "Dr. Threadgold's young-his

"Young fools-shall we say!" "Say fools and we will shake

hands on it. She stepped back with a frank tenants lived down by the river, into the eyes of a tall girl whose She was a moor child, bred to gall

say, what's your name?'

The quip took tham at th "Wolf! Well, I did my best!

upon in functions of government, cation to the wage earner, wiping age personally and politically but they can be made weapons out his purchasing power and a worthy and necessary mission of destruction to trade and com- crippling every branch of com- May your power therein be in-

and unreasonable extent in appli- To arouse confidence and cour-

merce when exercised to a radical merce with which he has contact, creased and multiplied.

Still Shaking His Finger

