

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## The Restoration, 1933

**H**ISTORY has a way of repeating itself. The social order is constantly changing; yet in this continuous revolution of events circumstances often combine to present a similar face. Wars recur with almost rhythmic regularity; cycles of prosperity and depression continue to alternate. Seasons of reform are succeeded by periods of moral reaction.

The country seems at the present time to be entering a period of moral let-down, a reaction from the puritanism which accompanied the enactment of prohibitory legislation. Our eminent contemporary hails it as a reaction from "wowsersm". It is not difficult to foresee however a season of great moral decay when standards of decency and sobriety will be lowered.

The pendulum is fast swinging to the extreme of no control, in the reaction from strict prohibition. The Beckman beer bill was one of virtually no control or restraint on sale of liquors. The introduction of pari-mutuel gambling is not only local but now legalized in nearly a score of states. It is part of the reaction against legal restraint of vicious practices which weak men and women fall prey to.

If we turn back the pages of history we find a similar experience in the Stuart restoration after the Puritan Commonwealth in England. John Richard Green in his classic "Short History of the English People" accurately describes the period:

"The Restoration brought Charles to Whitehall; and in an instant the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away with its pettiness and its tyranny in the current of the nation's hate. Religion had been turned into a system of political and social oppression, and it fell with their fall. Godliness became a by-word of scorn; sobriety in dress, in speech, in manners was flouted as a mark of the detested Puritanism. . . . Duelling and raking became the marks of a fine gentleman; and grave divines winked at the follies of 'honest fellows,' who fought, gambled, swore, drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter. Life among men of fashion vibrated between frivolity and excess. . . . Vicious as the stage was, it only reflected the general vice of the time. The Comedy of the Restoration borrowed everything from the Comedy of France save the poetry, the delicacy, and good taste which veiled its grossness. Seduction, intrigue, cynicism, debauchery, found fitting expression in dialogue of a studied and deliberate foulness, which even its wit fails to redeem from disgust."

In some respects it is doubtful if the "Restoration" of beer and betting will be marked by any such moral revolt. For the decade of prohibition itself synchronized with the jazz age, and a license in sex and in the drama which was a counterpart of the time of the second Charles.

While we anticipate great increase in liquor consumption, promoted as it will be by all the agencies of modern commercial propaganda, yet the evils that loom may be mitigated in considerable degree through a bracing of such moral agencies as the church and the home, and a renewal of emphasis on private morality rather than dependence on legal fiat. With grog-shops reopening, parents should become more vigilant in discipline of their children; building into their characters that strength which after all is the surest foundation for public as for private morality.

The forces which work unremittingly for moral progress should not yield to the defeat which the political field now seems to decree; but should accept the challenge for fresh battle, even if on a different front.

## Roosevelt's Forest Projects

**T**HE nation has millions of men unemployed, and the president proposes to establish concentration camps for thousands of these men where they would be given work and receive a dollar a day in compensation. This wage is not set to establish the going wages; instead it is fixed at this low level so that men will leave the government camps just as soon as they may find jobs in private industries which would pay them more.

The work so far announced is planting trees and cleaning up forests. The program does not impress us now any better than last summer when it was first announced. There are other projects more valuable, with better prospect of early return. We could of course do like the Pharaohs of old with the surplus or slave labor of ancient Egypt, build great pyramids for no better purpose than to serve as burial chambers for dead kings. A better purpose was served in mediaeval times when labor was devoted to the erection of the great cathedrals which have stood for years, not only as places of worship, but as masterpieces of architecture.

We may plant trees now, but this would give only limited employment, the returns would be deferred for fifty or a hundred years, and the idea of a timber shortage has been well dissipated in recent years. Nature may take care of the timber problem herself.

More practical projects, it seems to us, would be undertakings like the St. Lawrence waterway, the Columbia basin irrigation project, and the improvement of the Columbia for navigation and power. From a financial standpoint these projects do not justify themselves at costs of going wages even at present low levels. But using of mass labor at a dollar a day would bring them more within range of practicality. Even if it became necessary to "write off" a large portion of the cost, it would have satisfied demands for immediate relief.

Ventures such as this would have a more dramatic quality than putting men in remote regions setting out seedling trees. And when the projects were completed the economic values would be immediately available.

The visit of Premier MacDonald to Rome last week was epochal. If Aquith or Lord Grey had made a similar journey to Berlin in the summer of 1914, with the determination to preserve peace which MacDonald showed, how different the history of the world might have been.

Mr. Matsuo says the presence of our fleet in Pacific waters "is causing misgivings among some people". Correct. It is a gesture which Japan does not approve of. We think it unnecessary to concentrate the fleet in these waters; but far wiser at least the navy will take its orders from Washington and not Tokio.

George Bernard Shaw must be getting senile. His reports on his landing at San Francisco rates merely as banality. Americans are accustomed to guffawing over such banalities; but those who have really appreciated the Slavians will find a smile in a carload of such upstage vocalizations.

Hon. Holman sends signals that he will return to Oregon if his presence is needed. No hurry. Rufus, no hurry.

"You see - that's what you get for hoardin'"



## The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, March 24.

To the Editor: The boy growers of this section have been appealing to the citizens of the state to rally to their assistance by removing all legal obstacles to the making of beer, so that the increased price of hops would bring employment and prosperity to this community. I have had a sympathetic ear for their appeal, but much of that sympathy was displaced today when I rode by a hop ranch a few miles from Salem and saw about a dozen Japs working there, but no white men. If that is the way in which unemployment is to be relieved by the advance in hop prices I cannot be very enthusiastic in the cause.

### TAXPAYER.

## New Views

"Do you favor the domestic allotment plan of farm relief proposed by the president?" Statesman reporters inquired yesterday. Answers were as follows:

H. E. Olson, hardware floor dealer: "I'm not posted enough to say; so I couldn't give you a fair answer."

Roy Nelson, bank teller: "I don't believe I can answer you."

WILMA MILLER HOME  
SHELBURN, March 25.—Wilma Miller is home with her mother at present. Wilma has been very sick with a threatened attack of appendicitis.

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

A FEW DAYS ago I told you about the great advances made in the study of kidney disease. It was pointed out that positive knowledge as to the condition of the kidneys can be determined by certain examinations. These include urinalysis, a study of the blood, special kidney function tests, and X-ray examinations.

Today, I want to tell you a little more about the kidneys. I am going to start with the fact that many of you readers are not exactly sure as to where the kidneys are located and how they function.

Perhaps few realize that life can continue in the absence of one kidney. Even half of one kidney can carry on the work of the body if proper care and attention are given.

Location of Kidneys  
As everybody knows, the kidneys are located in the back part of the abdominal cavity. Contrary to common belief, they are not placed high in the back. They are found about two inches above the crest of the hip bones, one on each side of the spine. In rare instances, babies are born with more than two kidneys, and others with only one.

These important organs are about four and one-half inches in length, two inches in width, and one and a

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A hundred years ago, 1833:  
A poem by Rev. P. S. Knight:

Nellie B. Pipes, librarian of the Oregon Historical society and editor of the Oregon Historical Quarterly, in the March number of that magazine, just issued, gives under the first line heading above the following:

"Captain Bonneville and exploring party in winter quarters on the Portneuf river. On December 25, 1833, Bonneville sets out for the Columbia river.

"Nathaniel J. Wyeth returns to Boston from his first Pacific expedition.

"Wreck of Japanese junk off Cape Flattery; three survivors brought to Fort Vancouver, and sent to England, thence to China.

"William F. Tolmie and Meredith Gairdner, physicians, arrive at Fort Vancouver. . . . Tolmie goes to Fort McLaughlin in November.

"Fort Nisqually, Hudson's Bay company post, established by Archibald McDonald.

"John Dunn, trader and interpreter, arrives at Fort Vancouver.

"John Ball grows the first crop of wheat to be raised by an American in Oregon.

"The Columbia river freezes over opposite Fort Vancouver. Wreath walks across it January 14.

"G. P. Disway's letter recounting the visit of Flathead Indians to St. Louis is printed in the Christian Advocate and Journal, March 1, 1833. This is the letter that started a 'missionary crusade' in behalf of the redmen of the West. . . . This file of the Christian Advocate is in the Oregon Historical society."

Miss Pipes adds the books and magazine articles in which may be found accounts of the historic events she gives, the centenary

celebration of which fall in the present year.

Great events all, some of them turning the course of history and deflecting the trend of empire. The three survivors of the wreck of the Japanese junk fortuitously were by that disaster brought under the teaching for a short season of Cyrus Sheppard at Fort Vancouver, where he tarried to recover his broken health, and thus made the wails carriers of the first Christian messages to their then hermit kingdom.

John Ball had been the first schoolmaster of the old Oregon country, the winter before, in structing the half-caste children of the officers of the Hudson's Bay company at Fort Vancouver.

The Disway letter was a revelation of the Macedonian call of the red men of the far west that was answered first by Jason Lee, the coming of whom, being the devoted disciple that he was, and the statesman and American patriot, besides, and in arriving at the divinely appointed time at the divinely directed place, became the instrument that started and beckoned the forces that extended the arc of the republic from the snows of the crests of the Rockies to the sands on the shores of the Pacific. Without the call and its answer, the British flag would now float over all the territory south of the 49th parallel drained by the waters seeking the tides of Balboa's ocean.

The centenary celebrations that will come in 1934 will mark more abundantly the course of events than those mentioned above as falling in the present year. They will point to the section of which Salem is the center as the place of beginnings of Christian and American civilization on this coast; the rallying point of all the movements that together worked for the destiny that made the ultimate confirmation of the fact that from the first movements of the human race, as it proved, "westward the star of empire takes its way."

Rev. P. S. Knight, old time pastor of the First Congregational Church of Salem, founder of that denomination, once editor of The Statesman, superintendent of the Oregon school for the deaf, city builder, founder of other churches from his own funds, lecturer, nature lover, philosopher, unique in many paths, was also a capable poet. If all the stray lines which he wrote were gathered under appropriate covers, they would make up an interesting and readable book. Here is a poem sent to the writer, through O. B. Woodworth, by Miss Lillian G. Applegate, Salem native and long resident, now of Portland; written by Rev. P. S. Knight at Corvallis, Oregon, in 1881:

Ruth 2:19  
"Where hast thou gleaned today?"  
Life's harvest field is broad and all are gleanings.  
Some in the evil, some the better way.  
Each passing moment hath some meaning—  
Answer, my soul: "where hast thou gleaned today?"  
What fields have thy unguarded thoughts been roaming?  
And where did thy careless footsteps stray?  
Sit thou my soul and answer in the gloaming,  
Speak for thyself, "where hast thou gleaned today?"  
Some time when life's long gleaming day is ended,  
And I have reached the ending of my way.

## "The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

Dusk was falling when Wolfe mounted Turpin in the stable-yard behind the white house at Erv's Corner. He had spent the afternoon in packing his clothes, instruments, and books, and in stripping the surgery shelves of bottles, ointment pots and phials. All these latter he stored away in the big hamper he had kept in the coach-house. He had unscrewed the brass-plate from the gate, cleaned it, and packed it away among his clothes. Such munitions of war might prove very useful in the future.

"I'll tell the carrier to call for my luggage, and these hamper."

Mrs. Looney stood at the back door, a long, sad, meagre figure, a white shawl over her shoulders.

"I can't help feeling sorry you are going, sir. It was a kind of a comfort having a doctor in the house."

Lamps were being lit as Wolfe rode Turpin down Peachy Hill. Rav draughts blew down the lanes and passages. In the market-places the rickety coaches that ran to and fro from Warrington station had just pulled up outside the porch of the "White Hart." Seen through the drizzle the lamps were blurred yellow circles. Wolfe recalled that night nearly two years ago when he had climbed down from the coach over yonder. It had been raining then, and he remembered the paddles and the hazy, wind-blown lamps.

Turning into Bridge Street he rode down towards the river. The narrow street was empty, the doors of the houses shut, the blind drawn. Turpin's hoofs made a hollow sound on the cobbles, but not a soul saw John Wolfe ride by. He reached the bridge over the Wraith, reined in there a moment, and sat looking at the black water sliding sluggishly under the diffused light thrown by the solitary lamp that burned upon the bridge. Presently he rode on and out of Navestock.

The mud of the lowland roads changed to the sharper, sandier texture of the moor. Wolfe saw a light away towards his right, a mere spark in the midst of the blackness. Something white rose up beside the road. It was the white gate leading into the Meer Farm paddock.

The spark of light came from an lantern hung in the red-brick stable where John Munday was looking to his cart-horses. He came clattering out when Turpin's hoofs rang on the rough road leading into the yard.

"Be't you, Mr. Wolfe?"  
"I'll leave Turpin with you, John. You'll be able to find room for him."

"There be his old stall waiting."  
Wolfe dismounted, and passed the old man the bridle, patting the horse's neck before he turned to go.

"A dirty night, John."  
"It be that, sir. Reckon I'd like to see a bit o' real winter soon."

Wolfe passed round the holly hedges towards the garden gate. The rain thickened and made a faint hissing sound as it fell upon the holly leaves. Level rays of light from the windows streamed out into the darkness. The great cypresses as if they were passing under them.

He found himself holding Mary Mascaill's hands in the hall where the brass lantern, hanging from a beam, spread out the light between its bars. Mary Mascaill's eyes searched his. He spoke little more than six words to her, and saw that she understood. His face, wet with the rain, was gaunt, proud, but weary.

"Come in to the fire, John. Something made me keep our tea waiting. There's a plate of buttered



"I must make a fresh start, Mother. I am not quite the beggar I was two years ago," John went on.

toast on the table. Give me your coat, lad; I'll have it dried in the kitchen."

She saw the gratitude in his eyes. "Don't let Jess know yet, Mother."

"Of course not, lad. Just you sit down and get warm."

She watched the firelight playing upon his face.

"I must make a fresh start, Mother. I am not quite the beggar I was two years ago. I have saved about a hundred and fifty pounds down there."

Mary Mascaill's hands lay restfully on her knees.

"I'm a woman of some capital, John."

He glanced at her sharply.

"No, Mother, I'd not take it, even as a loan."

She smiled tolerantly.

"There, how you fly out! You'll have it some day, unless Jess and I quarrel."

"Let it stay at that. We are young, both of us. A man must carve out his own corner. I don't want mine bought for me—by friends."

"About Jess?"

"Let the news wait a week. I can go out and pretend I am busy in Navestock. If you'll let me stay on for a fortnight—"

"Of course, John, that's a great favour to ask, surely!"

"Say, till Christmas is over. I'll tell Jess when she is a little stronger. Mother, I have got to do something. I have got to wipe this out of her heart."

Mary Mascaill got up, and kissed him.

"God bless me, John," she said, with her hands on his shoulders; "Navestock's a mere bit of a puddle. You can't swim there. You're much too big."

Letter from Ursula Brandon to John Wolfe.  
Florence, Dec. 23, 18—

Dear Mr. Wolfe:  
I have had a full account sent me of all that the little people have been doing in Navestock. Even your beloved poor did not prove themselves marvellous sentimental loyalty and gratitude. I think I dislike the English poor a little more

than I did six months ago—if that were possible.

I am writing to remind you that you are our doctor at "Pardona," that is to say, if you decide to stay in the neighbourhood. My impression is that you will shake off the dust and be gone.

Now—for our dear bourgeoisie—and the mob! Let me talk freely. Why should a man of great ability—and with some ambition—waste himself upon inferior people? It is a sort of fashion at times to stand in awed admiration before the "patient poor," and to sneer and hurl accusations of immorality and selfishness at the aristocrats. Believe me—there was never greater nonsense. I know something of horses and of men. Breed is everything. We better-bred animals know how to restrain ourselves. We learn to sneer a little, but we become too clear-eyed to be hypocrites. The English—in the mass—are barbarians. Heaven defend me from the comfortable, consequential dullness of the respectable middle classes.

Being a woman I can stand aside and look on with some amusement. With a man it is different. He has to shoulder the world. Therefore beware of inferior people. Inferiority means a mean way of looking at life, a mean way of judging motives. Little people are spiteful, pretensions, ever ready to fall into absurd little rages about nothing.

You ought to be busy with big things, big men, big ideas. You are too strong to fight with the little people in a provincial town. You hurt them, without meaning it, and then they go about, furtively, to hurt you in return. I do not believe all that the religionists say about love and self-sacrifice. They may be good for slaves—but a big man cannot live and work among little men, when he has pride and a staunch soul. It must lead to the inevitable disgust, cynicism, and a score. Big men walk often with bare feet; so the little men spread thorns.

If I seem to write as a prig and a worldly one—I write as a friend. I am glad that Jess is out of danger. She is not little. She should help you in the future. Believe me ever truly yours,  
Ursula Brandon.

(To Be Continued)

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Before that gate by angel guard defended,  
I shall be asked, "Where hast thou gleaned today?"

Beware! my soul, what kind of sheaf thou gatherest  
And where thy gleanings, watch and pray.

Least thou should stand abashed before thy Father  
When He shall ask, "where hast thou gleaned today?"

Great Judge, before whose bar none dissemble,  
Help me so glean and garner while I may.

When my last hope in thy scale shall tremble,  
I may be glad for what I gleaned today.

TEACHER FETES CLASS  
FALLS CITY, March 25.—The Willing Workers class of the Methodist Sunday school met with

their teacher, Mrs. N. C. Ferguson, in the social room of the church for their monthly class party Thursday afternoon. Stories, games and the making of Easter baskets occupied the time.

FALLS CITY P. T. A. MEETS  
FALLS CITY, March 25.—The regular monthly meeting of the Parent-Teachers association will be held in the high school auditorium Monday night.

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