

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Religious Statesman From India

OREGON Methodism during the week has been favored by one of its eminent sons who spoke daily at the conference just closing in Portland. He was Dr. E. Stanley Jones, bred in America but for a score of years in India, outstanding as missionary, evangelist, statesman and author.

Jones' book "The Christ of the India Road" was revolutionary in missionary treatises for it frankly conceded the merit of much that Oriental religion contained and suggested a liaison and blending between its essential elements and Christianity. Under the influence of pleasant contact with the intellectual and spiritual leaders of India, Jones' thinking cast off much of the formalism of "fundamental Methodism." He described himself as "hard-pressed to defend the ecclesiastical battlefield from Genesis to Revelation" and comes to the advanced view that a great portion of old-time religion is not worth the defending.

As Jones' viewpoint grew, his influence in India extended and his authorship attracted world attention. He has become a close friend of Gandhi and influential foreigner in Indian councils. He is that rare Methodist, a minister who twice refused a bishop's post because he thought the episcopacy would routinize his work and impede his religious thinking.

Those who know Dr. Jones characterize him as a devoutly spiritual man, flaming with zeal for the promulgation of the spirit of Christ. "A lot of dear, nervous people are running around trying to protect the gospel, as if it would fall to pieces," he told the Portland conference last week. "The only thing to do with reference to the gospel is to live it, to proclaim it. Jesus is not dead nor static. He is dynamic. He is growing. He is far ahead of us, even today."

Enough of Malcontents

AFTER a week's patience forebearance of the hangers-on who have "demanded" a list of impossibilities from the county court, the sheriff's office and the city police no longer should allow the malcontents to clutter up the courthouse lawn and steps.

These officers would not tolerate any ordinary group of citizens obstructing the walks and steps and trampling down the lawns. Nor would they consent to daily libeling of public officials from a public building. Doubly true is this when it is known that the leaders of the relief workers come from out of Salem and are radical, unfair men who have been summarily evicted from cities less good-humored than Salem.

Saturday afternoon the disturbers stormed down Commercial street to Red Cross headquarters and tried to intimidate Miss Thora Boesen and her assistant, making threats that they would camp in the hallways all night if their ill-founded demands were not met.

If no relief was being afforded needy citizens, instead of the \$150,000 spent in the last six months; if every case was not thoroughly investigated by trained, efficient and courageous workers, there would be a pretext for the demonstrations. There is none now. Nevertheless the court has listened with tolerance to the unreasonable "demands" of the "Unemployed Council" and given a logical answer to each protest.

The Unemployed Council knows it can get relief from the Red Cross. Or its members can vent their energies on the free county woodlot. It is fully possible they could do bona fide jobs during the summer season. That would involve work and no publicity, however, and from the temper of the recurrent courthouse speeches the last week we believe the real object of the disturbers is no work, more relief and larger headlines.

Political Kite Flying

THE good old summertime in the valley will bring no end of political kite flying by Oregon's gubernatorial possibilities. Rufus Holman and Charles Thomas have belled out their lungs and sent their home-made escutcheons into the air. George Neuner, federal attorney who goes off the public payroll July 1, would start the race if anyone would take him seriously. Charles Spaulding of our own city has been mentioned and that has been enough to get the Marion county senator buzzing around to see how his chances stand. Two sessions at the statehouse and the publicity around his short-termed highway commission service whetted the appetite of the lumberman.

The old-guard of Oregon republicanism which headquarters at the Imperial hotel in Portland is looking down its nose at the entire field and praying for a man: "strong, stalwart, conservative, a man of the people" who will clean out the free-party radicalism which infested the party in 1930. The hotel lobby hears the name of Senator Corbett, of Amedee Smith, of Willard Marks, of Fred Kiddle, even of youthful Earl Snell, but the standpatters pretty well agree that none of those mentioned have the spark and the fire, with a flare for the spectacular which wins votes in depressed days.

The time approaches when Governor Meier must make his decision whether or not to run and it seems increasingly unlikely that he will be a candidate. The novelty of the governorship is all gone, money for a bangup campaign does not come so easily as four years ago and Meier has made political enemies—plenty of them—within his own camp.

Holman's temperate attitude toward Meier at Pendleton and his repudiation of the Joseph platform indicates he would not be adverse to letting enemies die, making a deal for some of the Meier support along with votes of the loyal-Joseph wing of the Bull Frogs. Thomas is going to fly his kite high but he can be expected to haul it down for a favorable compromise with a likely candidate who can assure him a job for four more years.

Every move of Bert Haney in Portland the last 60 days points to his increasing interest in political office. Haney thinks he can win a majority of Oregon voters in a 1934 campaign. He would like the senatorship but counts the governorship a favorable stepping stone. Until Haney's decision is known, democrats like Ed Bailey of Eugene or H. B. Van Duzer of Portland are in the secondary limelight.

The economic conference seems fully as much at sea as Mr. Roosevelt.

Orphans of the Storm



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HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

MODERN METHODS of quarantine and isolation have saved the world from the spread of many plagues and epidemics. They were common in the days when little was known about germs and the causes of disease.

By means of quarantine and isolation serious diseases can be prevented from spreading to different parts of the community.

The word quarantine is often confused with isolation.

When we speak of "quarantine" we refer to the detention of persons who may have been exposed to the germs of a disease but have not as yet shown any signs of having the disease.

The term comes from an Italian word, "quaranta," meaning "forty." It dates back to ancient Venice, where it was customary to detain in the harbor for a period of forty days any ship having pestilence aboard.

By "isolation" is meant the separation of a person who actually has an infectious and contagious disease. He is kept from all well persons.

Inspection of Travelers

There are many different forms of quarantine, such as maritime quarantine, interstate, house and cattle quarantine. All are concerned with the prevention and spread of disease.

Nothing is more fascinating than to watch the quarantine boat and officials meet one of the great incoming transatlantic steamers. All the passengers are carefully inspected for signs of contagious diseases.

Interstate quarantine is not as rigid as maritime quarantine. But special efforts are made to prevent persons having any of the diseases I have mentioned from traveling from state to state. It is against the law for those who suffer from such diseases as scarlet fever, typhoid, measles, whooping cough, infantile paralysis, Rocky mountain spotted fever and epidemic meningitis to cross state lines. It is difficult to enforce this law, but every citizen should realize the dangers attached to interstate travel by the contagious sick. They should refrain from doing so.

The isolation of contagious diseases is best accomplished at a hospital where special wards are available. Often this is not possible and the patient may be kept at home, provided strict rules of isolation are enforced.

Answers to Health Queries

A Reader. Q.—What do you advise for hives?

A.—Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

A. M. S. Q.—What causes head noises?

A.—This is often due to nasal catarrh which has extended to the middle ear.

F. B. C. Q.—What causes bags under the eyes?

A.—This may be due to a kidney condition. Have a careful urinalysis made.

Thank You. Q.—What will keep the skin free from acne?

A.—Diet and elimination are important in the correction of this disorder. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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The reliable and enterprising Associated Press is to establish a complete market service for its patrons if the federal-sponsored service is discontinued July 1. Having tested reams of poorly written federal staff into wastebaskets, we predict the A. P. can show its predecessor service a number of tricks.

Dog race betting is about as scientific as stock operations and it has the advantage of being a home industry.

C. S. Woodworth:

Mr. Woodworth was a very progressive man, coming to Salem in 1861. Being a civil engineer, his mind leaned toward improvements, not always in engineering, but in beautifying, usefulness and accessibility.

He was a charter member of Chemeketa Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F. He was instrumental in laying out the Odd Fellows' cemetery, doing the engineering and surveying.

While a member of the city council he endeavored to get an appropriation for the purpose of beautifying Wilson avenue. Not being able to obtain the funds, he planted many trees in the avenue that are still growing.

He was also instrumental in diverting the waters of the Santiam into Mill creek, creating the water power which now supplies many industries.

But his monument is the drainage district of Lake Labish. This lake was a dismal swamp. The road that crossed it was a problem. The county was compelled to do something about it. The first thought was a bridge, and some progress was made in that direction, but Mr. Woodworth was of the opinion that it could be drained.

He was authorized to make a survey. He found that it had sufficient fall to drain it, but only just a small margin.

It was quite a task to make the survey. His son Cyrus was with him at the time and remembers that he had to take off his shoes, stockings and pants in order to keep up with the surveyors. (He probably took off only his pants, as all the children went barefooted.)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 25, 1908

Grove Cleveland, former president of United States, dies at his home near Princeton, N. J., June 24; death due to heart failure; was 71 years old last March 18.

Salem businessmen agitating for erection of modern hotel here; present hotel facilities old, inadequate; impossible to find suite of rooms with bath, desirable to state bankers' association funds.

DALLAS — Balloon ascension to signal start of three-day street fair here; ascensions on each day's program, including street sports, horse races, electrical illuminations and high wire acts.

June 25, 1923

Spelling bee for businessmen to feature chamber of commerce luncheon tomorrow; Dr. H. H. "Casey" Olinger to be pronouncer; Charles Knowland and Frank Deckebach team captains.

President Harding drives blind, shocks wheat at Hutchinson, Kas.; says country through worst of depression, predicts better day for farmer.

NEW YORK — United States acts on ship liquor question, breaks British seal on liquor aboard steamships Baltic and Berengaria; liquor within three-mile limit banned.

The Field gardens on the extension of Center street were founded by Dexter Field, Miss Helma Field, head of the concern, is a daughter. In his last years, Dexter Field was the able editor of the garden department of the Pacific Homestead, Salem. All his sons and daughters graduated from Willamette university. Ambrose Field, a son, has for long years been the head of the Portland Publishing company of Philadelphia; that is, of the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies Home Journal and Country Gentleman. He

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIII

"You've changed since you went North," Mr. Keyes went on, not unkindly. "I don't know why. Is it a girl?"

Bill didn't answer.

"Because if it is, you're taking it all wrong. If she's worth having, take her, take a chance like I did. Work for her. And if it's money she's wanting, if it's the lack of it that's making her hold out, then let her go, boy. She's not worth the thought."

"If that's all you've got to say to me," Bill burst out hotly. He couldn't bear this talk. He got up and moved toward the door.

"So it is a girl... well, think it over. And I'll thank you not to be leading my son out to help you drown your sorrows, young man."

"Rollo's old enough."

"You're a couple of young fools. Especially you, flaring up at me when I speak for your good. Go back to the oil fields, you were doing fine down there, and you and Rollo only get in each other's way in the business and get back now, trying to work again. He had never really cared about the work, it was just because it was for Joan, and now that Joan was lost to him..."

When he woke Rollo to say goodbye some four hours later, he was wearing the old suit he had worn when he came. "What's the idea?" Rollo yawned. "Look like a tramp."

Bill laughed.

"I sent young Martin back to Bakersfield," Old Man Keyes said at breakfast. After his talk with Bill he felt better. Rollo might be weak, but he couldn't be altogether a fool, his son and Kate's...

"Bet he won't stay long," Rollo grinned. "I notice he only took one suitcase."

"He'd better!" the old man snapped.

"You can't keep 'em' Bill away from the bright lights. He'll be back!"

But Bill never came back. Neither did he ever return to the oil fields. He simply disappeared.

Rollo mourned him for a while. Even the old man missed him. They kept his room as he had left it, with all his things, his well-tailored, expensive clothes, hanging up in the closet.

In the spring when Mrs. Mallory, the housekeeper, looked them over, she found they were full of moths.

He sent them to the Salvation Army.

"Rollo says Willam cleared out without a word," Ruth told Joan one day. "He started for Bakersfield after a little while he had with the old man, and he simply never arrived. Can you beat that? Left all his clothes behind, and everything. I wrote Rollo not to worry, he'd be back. Shouldn't wonder if he'd turn up here again. You know I was in love with that boy for a while..."

"I know," Joan said.

"Say, wouldn't it be funny if he came back, and we all forgot your face that night I started to introduce him. Fascinating devil. I don't know why especially, that kind of lumberjack way about him. I tell you, Johnnie, if he ever comes back..."

Joan let her talk uninterrupted. It had been a long time since Bill's name had been mentioned to her. He was no longer a part of her life. It was as if she had lost a limb, and learned to do without it.

But her sea-green eyes were misty when she answered. "I'm sorry he did that. He might have done something of himself. He'll never come back, Ruth."

"Well, for heaven's sake—how do you know?"

"I don't know—but I'm sure of it."

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!"

Maise said, when Joan told her. Somehow Joan wanted Maise to

know, Maise who knew so much already. "Thank goodness, there's over!"

But Maise didn't entirely put him out of her mind.

She loved Joan. And she believed in ghosts.

Bill was gone, and nobody knew where he was.

Ruth consoled herself with a young man from the Dutch East Indies, a young man who wore flat shoes, and a fawn-colored spats. He spoke with a thick, syrupy accent.

"He helps to pass the time," Ruth said. "It's a cinch I won't marry Rollo until the old man comes through with some cash."

"You would if you loved him," Joan said in the serious, good-little girl voice that always made Ruth laugh.

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Pain and Bad Weather Banished, This Would be a Dull Old World

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Presupposing it to be possible for anybody to wisely charm away, or even agreeably, Eddie Cantor, whose appearance in the celluloid extravaganza, "The Kid from Spain," has been the big item in Salem theatrical news of the past week, is an excellent entertainer. From Sunday to Thursday he packed the Grand theatre and night. It is not difficult to understand the reason. "The Kid from Spain" is a picture of a young man, with much light and color, a really pretty chorus and capable cast, but Cantor dominates it throughout—a small, unassuming chap, resorting to none of the tricks of the usual comedian. At any rate, he makes no apparent effort to tell the world what a devil of a fellow he is when it comes to making folks laugh. Doubtless he combines the usual tricks with his personality, but they are not so easily penetrated that they create in the auditor a feeling out of harmony with the intent of the effort. Which, I reckon, as such things go, is art.

They were called "living pictures" back in the nineties. They flared and flickered and had numerous and variegated spasms, but they lived.