

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## The Church of Today

THESE are dark hours for the church. In Russia the Orthodox church was disestablished, the soviet preference is atheism. In Germany the dictator seeks to graft Norse mythology on a de-mystified Christianity. Prussian clergymen who resist the nazifying of the church are put under arrest. In the United States the church hangs on, like the republican party; but it seems to have little voice in the direction of individual or social destiny, and scant comfort to those broken on the wheel of fortune.

Rev. Charles Steizle, long a Presbyterian leader, has written discouragingly of the decline of the protestant churches in relative numbers and in influence. Here are two paragraphs from his recent articles:

"The city—where the church is weak—has become dominant; the country—where the church was strong—has relatively declined. The tempo of living has changed. Old-fashioned ideas have gone out. The long-meter dogology has been supplanted by swift-moving melody. Spiritual growth has failed to keep pace with the material prosperity. Democracy has not lived up to its promise of equal opportunity for all, with the result that social, industrial and racial conflict has disturbed human relationships."

"The influence of the church upon the moral and ethical affairs of the nations is today one of its weakest points. For two thousand years it has been preaching the doctrine of universal love and brotherhood. This has been its great contribution. But during a time of war the church can apparently hate as bitterly as the leaders of the conflicting nations. It seems to have got no further in bringing the religious bodies of the world together than holding a few ecumenical conferences, the net results of which have been the passing of about the same sets of resolutions, which were buried in the records, to be revived and consulted by succeeding conferences."

In the February Harper's David Carl Colony is even more severe in his condemnation of the church as it is. "It has been a long time," he comments, "since we have had a living martyr." The outlook is dark—"unless the church becomes militant against injustice and greed it will not be long before the church in America goes the way of Russian orthodoxy."

True it is that in almost every age folk have written epitaphs for the Christian church, and still it has survived. There can be little doubt however that honest synodical committees reporting on "the narrative and state of religion" will find little to relieve the gloom of the situation for the church of today. This is only partly due to the economic depression with its political and social unrest. It is due to the difficulty of the church to rebuild its credal pattern in the light of modern knowledge. At a time when it should face a world in flux with the spiritual anchors of eternal verities. The preacher's cry: "All we need is to apply Jesus Christ" is vague and abstract. Mr. Colony lays out a more stirring program:

"The church must cease her everlasting preaching, in a plaintive voice, of the kingdom of heaven. Heaven is with us, and hell too. The privileged few have taken to themselves most of the heavenly joys. The insipid preaching must cease. There must be a break, before it is too late, with the crumbling order of selfish greed. Tacit approval of an evil economic structure must be replaced by a thundering summons to repentance, an insistent call to share the world's goods. The church must be the first to set the example. Else, now that the reckoning is at hand, the poor will soon or late proclaim the sacrifice of Jesus a hollow mockery."

Another cause for the church's impotence today is its financial worries. In more ways than one the church was tied in with the old order. For instance, the depression caught it heavily involved, loaded up with indebtedness for costly plant, or with expanded budgets for keeping up church machinery. Shrinkages have been terrific; but the church is still a costly establishment in terms of the message of its founder. Energies are expended on "meeting the budget" rather than ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of those in the parish.

The church is not and should not be an opportunist as a political party. It must have faith and courage to espouse beliefs in spite of the ephemeral attitude of its public. But it must continually renew its vitality by reversion to its sources, must fight against being frozen in institutional organization, and must meet the challenge of each age.

If the church does not serve humanity, how can it serve God?

## Flood Control

RIVERS on rampage seem to be doing more damage than formerly; or at least louder complaint is heard. The Santiam is particularly violent, especially about its mouth near Jefferson. It drains a big mountain area, and the waters after heavy rains tumble down madly to ravish the soft soils of the valley floor. Rich lands, the fruit of past centuries of river action in depositing alluvium, are gnawed into by the angry waters. There is the washing along the banks, and there is the cutting of fresh channels as the river gets out of its old banks.

Similar troubles are reported for the McKenzie, a stream with a character like the Santiam, County courts of Linn and Marion are conferring over the problem and Lane county may join. The federal government confines its efforts to stream control for purpose of navigation. But it will take some body like the state or federal government to protect the river lands from continuous damage from our flooded rivers.

Patronage is proving a big incentive to democrats to fill up their county committee. Men are filing for office of precinct committees daily, either because of personal ambition or because a friend prompts them to file. Offices such as postmasterships depend on endorsement of county committees; and the new committee will be chosen at the May primaries. So it behooves candidates for choice of office, like the Salem postoffice, to have as many friends on the committee as possible. The present stir is proof of the proverb that all things come to those who wait—if they wait long enough.

The Oga got his democratic "D's" mixed, when it referred to Henry L. Doherty as chief promoter of the Roosevelt birthday balls. It was Henry L. Doherty, not Doherty, who sponsored them. Doherty is a utility tycoon, head of Cities Service company; is a democrat; but not to be confused with E. L. Doherty, an erst-while democrat, who narrowly escaped conviction for fraud because of his loan to friend A. B. Fall about the time he got the oil lease for the Elk hills reserve.

Hal D. Patton, veteran bookstore proprietor and republican politician, is getting about again after taking the month off to rest up at his home. Hal says the doc told him he had a bad heart. It is beating warm with friendship for the hundreds of people who know him. The whole town hopes he gets down on the street again with his customary regularity.

## How Long Will He Keep It Up?



## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Winema, Oregon Pocohontas: Indian History of Modoc War by Jeff C. Riddle, her son:

(Continuing from yesterday.) "The lodge was near the outlet of the lake, and it was the favorite pastime of the children to paddle on its bosom. On one occasion when she, with others of her own age, were thus engaged, the canoe was drawn into the current, which was so swift that the stoutest hearted brave would not enter into it.

"The father saw the danger and shouted to them, but too late, and the slender craft was carried into the rushing flood which roared and plunged through the rocky chute. The father was wild with the sight, and would have plunged into the stream to save the children, but the canoe was carried so rapidly along that he caught but occasional glimpses of it as it rose like a feather on the huge waves.

"Undaunted, Nanooktook stood in the canoe and with quick eye steered right and left past the great boulders, commanding the other children to calmness, as they hurried quickly past the rocks.

"On, on they went, while the frightened father mounted his horse and hurried down the river bank, first as he speeded carefully, seeing his children as they rose upon the waves, and expecting each time would be the last.

"Away they flew, swifter than the speed of thought, almost arrow fast, until they were out of sight, and still on raced the horse.

## 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

TO OVERINDULGE in anything, no matter what that thing may be, is hard on the human system. We are only built or trained to take so much food, so much drink, so much exercise, if we overdo any of these, we must pay the penalty. Indigestion, constipation, headache and sluggishness, are some of the results of overindulgence. Their worst feature is that they are annoying, to say the least, and in some cases very painful.

The holidays are over now. We have settled down to simpler and saner living. When we sit down at table, too many of us find that such a good meal has been prepared we just cannot resist the temptation to take a second and even a third helping of that delicious meat or those excellent vegetables. Then when we are hardly able to breathe in comes a marvelous pie, just out of the oven, and it seems as though not to eat an enormous piece.

"Dig Our Graves With Our Teeth" Perhaps not at once, but within an hour, we begin to feel uncomfortable. Pains keep us from sleeping all night long, and in the morning we feel miserable.

If too much has been eaten, in all probability we will be constipated and sluggish the next morning. Several days will go by before we feel just right. But this experience has not taught us the lesson we should have learned. The next week we repeat the process and in due time we will have "dug our graves with our teeth."

The same philosophy applies to overdrinking and overexercise. Because of the latter, we are sometimes unable to move any of our aching muscles for several days.

There is a favorite saying of mine that should be kept in mind: "A person lives on one-third what he eats and the doctor lives on the other two-thirds." It is better to eat, drink and exercise in moderation than to spend your time and income in the doctor's office.

Frequent Health Examinations But do not misunderstand me. I do not advise you to disregard the doctor altogether. It is wise to go to your physician and have an examination once or twice a year and find out if you are all right. This is far better than to overindulge and have the doctor come to you.

Moderation in everything is by far the best way to bring health and long life. Of course, it is a real hardship to refrain absolutely from doing a particular thing, but a moderate amount of anything will never cause harm.

So—refrain from overindulging. You will find your life happier, your health, as well as your state of mind, will improve at least 100 per cent.

The mingled sounds of the rushing waters were joined by the voices of the frightened people.

"Still the little Nanooktook stood erect, still she piled the paddle, until the canoe reached the calm surface of the lower lake, where, with its precious freight, the child landed in safety to meet her excited father and the friends who had joined in the pursuit, who she was called for the first time Kaitchkanah, Winema, (the little woman chief).

"From this time Winema was regarded by her people as an extraordinary child, and became a pet of the old warriors of her father's tribe. It was sufficient that she was possessed of great courage and could not be intimidated by danger. The old braves delighted to tell her the stories of her people; of the battles fought; of the traditions of the race regarding the history of their origin; of Kamookmuhch (God); of Ises (the Son of God); of the first white men they had seen—and thus she grew wise before her time. Her father often took her on hunting expeditions, and sometimes to the sacred lakes in the Yainax mountains.

"He still lives (since deceased) near the place of his birth, enjoying the confidence of all who know him. He delights to tell of the little Winema going with him to hunt the grizzly, in the mountains, and of her daring in times of danger.

"A white man belonging to a company of western traveling immigrants was lost from his party,

and, in a state of destitution and starvation, was carried into the Indian village on Link river. He became the guest of the family to which Winema belonged; was detained by sickness for many weeks. Meanwhile he learned to talk with his benefactors. It was through this sick man that Winema first learned of the great cities and towns of the white men, of his civilization and wonderful achievements.

"Her heart was fired by her first lessons in the white man's history, and as time passed she became more and more interested in the history of the white people, and finally determined to know for herself of the higher life of the white man.

"Meanwhile her boy lover, Uleta, had been her constant attendant on her rambles for fruits and flowers. She endeavored to inspire him with her ambition to learn more about the new people. He was so thoroughly Indian, however, that she failed to interest him. He sought to dissuade her from her purpose, at the same time growing more in love with her; for Indians do love, notwithstanding that the great civilized world treats them as though they were animals of lower degree. Although Uleta was several years older than Winema he was about as much behind her in general knowledge as the small white boy is behind his sister five years his senior. When Winema had reached 14, she was older in understanding than any of her own race and sex of 17 or 18.

"It was not uncommon for the Link river Indians to visit the miners in and around Yreka, Cal. It was on one of these visits of Winema's father that she first met Mr. Frank Riddle. Frank was a miner, and had in his cabin a talker which had been his anchor through the stormy scenes of a miner's life. It was a picture of a fair haired girl whom he had left behind him in 'Old Kentucky.' He had carried this picture with him through all his wanderings, and it had been to him a reminder of his vows. The fair face was often before him, and a l w a y s seemed the loveliest on earth.

"When the old man, Secot, Winema's father, camped upon the creek below Frank's cabin, he little dreamed that this fact would rob him of his child. Little thought Frank Riddle that the plump, round faced little squaw would de-throne his boyhood's love, and become the empress of his heart. After the day's work was over, he, with his partner, would visit the Indian camp and 'swap stories' with the braves.

"Several days passed, and Frank began to observe that Winema manifested unusual interest in the talks. Often, too, he caught her dark eyes gazing at him through the long lashes. No words were spoken, but each seemed to know what the other was thinking. Who has not had the same experience? Curious, that language of love can be understood though never a vocal word be spoken.

When Secot broke camp and went away, Frank felt, as he termed it, 'a goneness in his heart,' but he had not thought for a moment of putting from his memory the fair haired girl. Winema carried with her the image of Frank Riddle photographed on her heart.

"It is told of Frank, by his mining partner, that he proposed to knock off work earlier than usual that day, and that he strolled out alone, with a small parcel in his hand, containing the letters of his Kentucky sweetheart; that on his return to the cabin he declared that the Modoc maiden should not make him forget his girl."

"Be careful, Mr. Riddle, you don't know what the morrow may bring you. At the Indian lodge a young girl of about 15 was humming a low tune in the Modoc

## "Take This Woman"

By ALLENE CORLISS

### SYNOPSIS

After three years in Europe, lovely Stanley Paige, young society girl, returns to New York. She phones Perry Deverest, who had been madly in love with her before she was rushed abroad following her father's death. Stanley, however, was not so sure of her heart at the time. Perry realizes, after seeing Stanley again, that he is still in love with her but steals himself against committing himself until his love is reciprocated. Stanley, on her own as long as she could remember, was never sure of what she wanted in life. Perry takes her to Nigel Stern's studio party where she meets handsome Drew Armitage, "who has a way with women." They fall in love on sight. The following day, they go driving in the country. Drew takes Stanley in his arms, saying, "You're beautiful and you're mine."

### CHAPTER SIX

Three hours later when Drew left Stanley he drove straight to his garage, left his car and walked six blocks east to Dennis St. John's apartment. He would much rather have gone to his own. He felt in no mood for Dennis—or for any other girl for that matter. He was completely in love with Stanley and now that he had left her he did not want to break the emotion which lengths that he felt were somehow still binding them together. To see Dennis, to talk to her, would do this.

But he had promised her that he would drop in at the apartment, and with Drew, oddly enough, a promise was a promise. Delightfully unscrupulous about many things, he seldom ever broke his word to a woman—when it merely involved the keeping of an appointment. Ridiculously punctilious about little things, he could be utterly disingenuous about bigger, more important issues. He had never hesitated to break a woman's heart when it no longer interested him, but it would never have occurred to him to break an appointment, even when it was distasteful to keep it.

So he rode up in a smoothly gliding elevator and rang the bell of Dennis' six-studio-apartment at exactly six-fifteen.

"Hello—all alone?" He tossed his gloves and hat onto a table, crossed the long room and bending over her, kissed her lightly on the mouth.

"She sank deeper into dull velvet pillows, put her cigarette between her lips. "I don't believe I like you to kiss me any more, Drew," she decided in her cool, slurring voice. "It's too sort of over and done with—I've never found it exactly satisfactory to kiss a person lightly after one has experimented with more ardent caresses."

Drew shrugged, smiled a little. "Just as you say, Dennis—we aim to please." He walked over to a table, picked up a bottle of Scotch and poured some liquor into a glass.

"Mind if I have a drink? It's my first today."

"Help yourself. There were cocktails but the crowd finished them. She flicked her eyes at a litter of glasses scattered about on the high mantle and the piano.

Drew mixed another drink for her, brought it over to where she still slouched against huge, ber pillows. "Well—here's looking at you!"

"They looked into each other's eyes, drank slowly. He sat down beside her on the divan.

"You're an amazingly handsome thing," Dennis told him, staring at him thoughtfully. "Quite the most alluring male I have ever gazed upon. Where did you come from—who are you, anyway, Drew?"

tongue. It is the same voice we heard near the camp of the Tennessee two years since. The morning came, but no Winema was at her father's camp. Supposing that she had gone for the horses, the father felt no alarm, until an hour later, when it was discovered that her personal effects were missing. Even then he did not suspect the truth, but thought she had only gone to some of her kindred and would return.

She had indeed gone to her cousin's house. This cousin had married a white man. Winema told of her love for the young man in the cabin. The cousin informed her husband, and he, wishing to have congenial neighbors, went to the presence of the maiden in his house, and of her attachment for him. Frank shook his head. He had fortified himself against the charms of the Indian maiden, as he thought, but consented to visit the Indian camp and 'swap stories' with the braves.

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He lifted his eyebrows at her, screwed his eyes into an amused grin. "What do you want—the story of a sad young life? You embarrass me, my dear!"

"Not you," retorted Dennis coolly. "I don't believe you could be embarrassed, Drew—you're much too self-possessed. But seriously, just who are you?"

"I'm one Drew Armitage," he drawled quietly, "thirty-two years old, white and unmarried. I graduated from Amherst in the class of twenty-two—and since then—"

"Since then I know all about it. You've broken a few hearts, therefore successful. What I don't know is before then—before Amherst—"

"Why this sudden interest in me, beloved?" Drew smiled at her but his eyes were curious.

"I've been thinking about you—since last night. I've been wondering—"

"Don't, my dear, it will never get you anywhere."

"You mean you don't intend to tell me?"

"About my past? Certainly I'll tell you. Why shouldn't I?—it's no particular secret. My father was an actor—a bit of a rotter, I imagine, but a handsome devil. My mother was a dancer—in a rash moment they married and the result was me." Drew sobered a bit. "My father was killed shortly after I was born on the scene and the next ten years were pretty bad. Eventually Claire, my mother, came back to New York, married again and had things easy for a while. I got a college education out of it and a lot of very expensive ideas—then the old guy dropped dead one day, leaving everything in a devil of a mess. That was right after I graduated. Claire had a small life insurance—but I was out in the cold cruel world with nothing but my handsome face. I had some very good friends, though—they offered me several different positions—I took a job with Johnny Crampton's firm in Chicago, then last fall he brought me on here—"

Drew paused, a slight smile playing about his mouth. "And that, my dear, is the story of my sad, young life."

"I might add, he went on, lighting a cigarette, "that Claire has married again—a filthy rich old piker who can't see me at all—and all the consolation I get from the lovely but slightly dilapidated Claire is 'go thou, and do likewise!'"

"And you are going to?" Dennis reached out and took the cigarette from between his lips and placed it between her own.

Drew flipped open his cigarette case. "I suppose so—eventually. It's the obvious thing, isn't it?"

"I expect it is for a man like you."

"Don't think much of me, do you, Dennis?" He smiled straight into her eyes, defying her to admit it.

She laughed huskily. "I think you're wonderful, Drew. I think you're grand! But haven't you any moral scruples at all?"

"Moral scruples?" Drew wrinkled his brow in puzzled thought. "I don't believe so, Dennis, what are they? They sound so terribly unattractive. Anyhow I'm quite sure I haven't any."

"But you have about everything else—everything that a woman wants in a man—well, I don't suppose you could have everything," Dennis considered him reflectively. "Picked her out yet, Drew?"

"What? Who? Oh, you mean the girl—why, no—I don't believe I have—" He returned her a glance coolly, his eyes telling her nothing. If Dennis thought she was going to draw Stanley into the discussion, she was mistaken. Drew had no intention of speaking of her—then or ever if he could prevent it.

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