

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Art and the Revolution

SOME months ago there was something of a controversy over modern fiction. Some novels of current issue were condemned because they preached overthrow of existing institutions; while some critics maintained that a novel as a form of literature should cling to standard art rather than become a political tract. Nothing was settled of course, but along came Anthony Adverse, a romantic novel with dashes of Robert Louis Stevenson, Joseph Conrad and Trakeray; and the critics forgot to look for the "thin, red line" of revolution.

At present the battlefield has shifted to painting. The destruction of the Diego Rivera mural of Lenin in the great building at Rockefeller center provoked a controversy which is not yet ended. Rivera, a Mexican communist, used the vast ceiling of the room as a signboard for his political theories. The Rockefeller's whose fortune was founded in the age of capitalism discharged Rivera although they paid him the full \$20,000 of the contract. Later the offensive mural was chiseled away. The communist-artists lamented loudly when the figure of Lenin was chipped away and represented art as dying of a bleeding heart.

Recently the conflict was renewed when Rockefeller center was used for an art exhibit. Charging the Rockefeller group with censorship of the pictures to be displayed a group headed by John Sloan refused to show in the exhibition, and have selected another place for display. The stand-pat art group denied the charge and pointed to some paintings which they claimed proved the show was not censored, and pointed to one painting of Lenin in the array of pictures and another "The Mask of Fascism" as proof of the liberal policy of the exhibit.

The strife has leaped the continent however and in Seattle oldtime members of the conservative Pilgrim Congregational church are enraged because the pastor allowed young firebrands to use the walls of one of the rooms in the church as a signboard for radical propaganda. Various panels with somewhat incendiary themes created a stir which went outside the limits of just a church fuss.

So it goes,—art grabs a banner and gets in the political parade. The probability is however that much of the product of artists who devote their talents to a thesis will have poor chance of survival. Rarely is the propagandist an artist. He is so intense, so one-sided, so devoted to his evangelism that he cannot build his work to conform with the art standards which are necessary to make the work immortal. The revolution naturally attracts impassioned souls who express their feelings in the medium most natural to them; but as a rule the book or the painting which is merely a tract is only of temporary vitality. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was such a tract; and had shown amazing powers of survival. Most such works perish with their generation.

Parked Trucks

A truck parked on a highway was the indirect cause of a shocking accident in Ohio where six were killed and 15 hurt. A passenger bus turned to the left to avoid the parked truck and crashed head-on into another truck headed in the opposite direction. A few months ago a boyhood friend of this writer's lost his life in a traffic accident in Iowa, caused when his car came suddenly upon parked trucks. About the same time, another friend, Joe Stoddard, long a publisher of papers in Washington, met a similar fate in about the same way. Now comes the Ohio crash.

Truck drivers should be ordered with every possible degree of impressiveness not to park on paved highways, particularly at night. Lighter and swifter motor cars rushing through the night have scant chance if they come suddenly on a big truck sprawled on the road. Yet night is the favorite time for truck traffic because other traffic is light then. Night cruises of state police would be efficacious in tagging truckdrivers who fail to clear the road when they want to sleep or change a tire.

Congress has appropriated \$400,000 to investigate electric power rates and make comparisons between rates charged under private and under public ownership. Such a study would be informative, if made fairly, giving due credit to private utilities for taxes paid. But we learn that Kenneth Harlan is on the job as one of the chief investigators. Harlan is the chap whose firm drew over \$100,000 in fees from the city of Portland where the electric and street car rates are just as high as they were before he did his work. The government's \$400,000 will not be adequate if Harlan gets his arms in. He will propose government valuation expeditions and rate inquiries that will keep the wolf from the door for many months. Kenneth is one home town boy who will make good in a big way.

Republicans in Multnomah county especially, have been registering as Democrats in order to help nominate Gen. Martin in the primaries. While it is undoubtedly laudable to beat Mr. Ashmore—or is it baloney?—nevertheless, it is worse than dishonorable to register in another party's primary. It is the same thing as stealing other people's franchise. It is no better than ballot stealing, for that's what it really amounts to.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

One thing the republicans may hope for this year is that the democrats will stay on their own side of the fence.

Postmaster General Farley announces the early ending of payless furloughs of postal employees and resumption of regular mail deliveries in cities. The news is timely. Postal service has been badly impaired in the last year or two. Most business establishments improved their service during the depression in order to attract and hold customers; but Farley adopted the other rule of curtailing the service although rates were raised.

The rather frenzied actions of new dealers in trying to belittle Dr. Wirt, even to the extent of smearing him with false accusations indicates the nervousness in Washington over the job Wirt did in turning over the plank and exposing wigglers to the light. We wouldn't be surprised if the episode did not mark a turning point in the way the new deal is headed. Congress may be launching anti-red inquiries within a year.

The Capital Journal suggests, "If we must have an experiment in socialism, it is well to try it out on Minnesota and see how it works." We do not even need to do that. North Dakota tried it out under Townley and it nearly wrecked the state in a few years. The sad thing is that voters often overlook all the lessons of experience.

When the Russian ambassador comes to this country he seems quite willing to live in lavish "capitalistic" style. But our representative to Russia is not expected to wear a smock and eat black bread. Russia seems to be good only for those who can't get out.

Making two blades of grass grow where one grew before has no place under AAA whose purpose is to make one blade of grass grow where two grew before.

Here He Comes!—That Great Big Man From the South!



4-3 750

Health Bits for Breakfast

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. By R. J. HENDRICKS

WITHIN THE past few years, infant care has been greatly simplified. The young mother is guided by text books, periodicals and magazines, all published to aid her in solving her many problems. Despite these many modern advantages, most young mothers confess anxiety and even fear when bathing the young infant.



Dr. Copeland

those who are still hesitant and feel incompetent to undertake this responsibility. I would suggest the following simple rules:

The Time to Bathe the Baby
Baby should be bathed every day. Arrange the time so that it will not conflict with other duties. The best time is usually in the morning, before the mid-morning feeding and preferably after the first elimination. Never bathe the child until at least an hour has elapsed since the last feeding. Some mothers prefer giving the bath at night just before bedtime.

I am often asked what the temperature of the bath should be. The water should be just a little above the temperature of the body. This is approximately 100 degrees F. I strongly recommend the use of a bath thermometer to determine accurately the temperature of the water. It is an inexpensive thing and will eliminate guessing and fear as to whether the water is too cold or too hot.

Before placing the baby in the bath, make sure the room is comfortably warm, the windows closed and that there are no drafts from open doors. Do not have the room too hot, because it may cause the baby to perspire, then get chilled and catch cold. Have the tub in a comfortable position and close to towel, soap, clothes and other necessary items. Never leave baby alone in the tub, not even for a minute. If nothing worse happens the child may become frightened or even suffer fear the day after.

Gentle Massage is Good
Another mistake the young mother may make is to allow soap to get into the baby's eyes. The child cries, kicks, and its anger terrifies the young mother. Support the baby with the left arm and use your right hand for washing purposes. Avoid soap on the face and when you wash the scalp make sure soap does not run down to the eyes.

When baby is taken from the tub, it should be placed on a dry towel and slowly but carefully dried. Make sure the entire body is dried. This will prevent chafing. Powder may be used, but avoid an excessive amount. Above all, keep powder away from baby's reach.

A good plan is to gently massage the baby before completing the drying. This is best accomplished by gently rolling the flesh with the palm of the hand. Gentle massage stimulates the circulation and hardens the skin.

Answers to Health Queries
E. B. S. Q.—What would cause the tongue to be full of cracks?
A.—This condition may be due to constipation, indigestion or to hyperacidity. Watch the diet and the elimination. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1934, K. F. S., Inc.)

AYRES CONCERT TODAY
MT. ANGEL, April 16. Harold Ayres, pupil of Prof. L. O. La Artau of the University of Oregon, who is making a concert tour in valley cities, will present a piano recital of classical and modern music in the Mt. Angel auditorium, Tuesday, April 17 at 3 p. m.

Newton C. Marshall, of Milwaukie, Wis., who is the sole survivor of a plane wreck in which five lost their lives on March 10, in the wild Bolivar-Valle department of Colombia. After wandering through the jungle for three weeks, the American was found by a tribe of Indians once famed for use of poison arrows.

"The Lone Wolf's Son" By Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS
Aboard the S.S. "Navarre," bound for New York, Michael Lanyard, reformed "Lone Wolf" and underworld celebrity, is reunited with his son whom he thought dead. The boy, "Maurice Parry," has followed in the "Lone Wolf's" footsteps, but Lanyard hopes his son's interest in Fenno Crozier, lovely daughter of the wealthy Mrs. Fay Crozier, will prove a good influence. Maurice steals Mrs. Crozier's Haburg emeralds. Lanyard retrieves them for Fay. Detective Crane warns Lanyard to watch out for the vengeance of "Jack Knife" Anderson and "English Archie," two gunmen who Lanyard exposed for cheating Maurice at cards. Shortly afterwards, the gangsters steal Mrs. Crozier's emeralds and plant them in Lanyard's cabin. Maurice saves his father by substituting imitations and secretly placing the emeralds in the purser's care for Fay. Notwithstanding Lanyard's innocence, Detective Pion is suspicious of him. Later, when one of "Jack Knife's" accomplices tries to intimidate Lanyard into stealing the emeralds and splitting fifty-fifty with the gang, Maurice appears on the scene, masked. He knocks the gangster unconscious, obtaining a string of pearls stolen from the notorious gold-digger, Tess Boyce, in the thug's pocket. Tess, in gratitude to Maurice for catching the thief, gives a dinner in honor of Lanyard. Lanyard disapproves of the society of Tess Boyce for his son, but Fenno asks him to leave Maurice to her. Discussing the Boyce robbery, Pion informs Lanyard that the prisoner swore Lanyard and Maurice planted the necklace on him. M. Isquith, Tess' companion, compliments her on her progress with Maurice and Lanyard, adding that "they will have them where they want them." Crane is suspicious of Tess' interest in Maurice. He surmises the truth about the Boyce robbery. Crane and Tess tell Maurice that Lanyard's reform was just elocution. The detective warns Lanyard to keep his son away from her. Fearing another attempt will be made to steal the emeralds, Lanyard advises Fay to ask for their protection when the boat docks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"But I supposed—of course—the same one who had robbed me, and once he was arrested, that was the end of that."
"He was in all likelihood a simple cat's-paw for the brains that planned the business. You must understand, madame, criminals of his class are seldom more than instruments doing the bidding of intelligence to clever men to show their own hands."
"You do alarm me," Fay Crozier ruefully confessed. "What do you advise?"

"Instruct M. Crozier by wireless to have some safe-deposit company meet the Navarre with an armored car to take charge of the emeralds and store them in its vaults till you wish to wear them."
"What a head!" Fay Crozier cried, beaming. "What a master criminal when the Lone Wolf reappeared on his honors!"
"Then you will—"
"I bet you my life."
"I am most happy to believe it."
With this Lanyard rose, feeling, all aglow, not only from walking and somewhat prettier than he had ever seen her, was approaching with Maurice—who, it wasn't possible to overlook, likewise wore a deeply contented expression.

"Snap there you are!" Fay Crozier snapped. "I should think you'd be ashamed to come back from exercising looking like that, and putting your poor old mother and me wrong. In my time children had some consideration for their elders."
"Young man, your father's been asking for you."
"I called on him three times in his cabin this morning. This is, I believe, the first time the steward told me he had not yet rung for his coffee."
"We've been watching them get the mail plane ready for its take-

off. Fenno put in. "It's terribly interesting."
"When do they launch it, child?"
"Sometime this afternoon. Think it will be in New York by nightfall. And this poky ship not till late tomorrow. The pilot says there's room for two passengers. I should simply adore the experience."
"Should you?" Fay asked in an absent-minded voice.
"Wouldn't you, Mother? Why not? What an adventure!"
"I much prefer to die on a dry bed with my shoes off."
"I have a message for you, my father," Maurice reported, "for as still, in that day, owing to their-

gle mislay. The Rajah of Ladore, in whose suite the game was staged, had manifestly studied under the British masters till they had no more to teach him; only in respect of bidding was his game second-rate. There the others had him at a definite disadvantage. The Boyce and Isquith were adept in the American technique, and Lanyard no less, thanks to the native card-sense which had enabled him to grasp at a glance its superiority to the methods in vogue all over Europe; while the Rajah was handicapped by acquaintance only with the bidding practice of the British, still, in that day, owing to their-

dame Boyce. She wants to know if you will lunch with her and M. Isquith and the Rajah today, and afterwards play contract. They wanted me to give them their revenge—the cards ran large for me last night, but I had to beg off for this afternoon because I'm giving Fenno luncheon."
"—Lanyard, with a lightened heart, gave his shoulders a whimsical lift—"how can I refuse?"
"My dear Lanyard!" Fay Crozier remonstrated. "After all! Of course, we mustn't judge Maurice harshly, he's so young and inexperienced; but you are a man of the world—you owe your self-respect something."
"Ah, but seriously, madame: seeing that it's the honor of family, in a sense, that my son went heavily last night—"
"And that you're an incurable card-bound, and a bid to a bridge-party to you is the same as smoke of battle to an old war-horse—all the same, I must say I don't just see you slumming!"
Lanyard on his part perceived, at the instant of that afternoon at cards, no reason to repent his readiness to substitute for Maurice. Not only was he glad to think—what, recalling the light in Fenno's eyes that morning, the shine of his son's, he could hardly be blamed for believing—that the girl was making famous progress in her campaign to "save" Maurice, but his infatuation with the game quickened to the discovery that he was pitting his skill against cardsmen worthy of his metal.

Of the four, Tess Boyce was the poorest player, although by no means to be despised, whether as partner or antagonist. Isquith, preening his patrician pose whether winning or losing, played with a cool-headed precision rarely met with outside the ranks of experts; in all the sitting Lanyard failed to see him flitting once or make a sin-

lucrant swing from auction to contract, at a stage of retarded development.
By the best of cardsmen could have made little of the hands the Rajah held. The ill run of luck that had been his the night before, today stood by him. Lanyard soon grew recaptured to the prospect of losing a rubber when the cut for partners gave him the Rajah. His own cards were nothing to crow about, even though strong enough, for all that, to enable him to hold his own and now and then score a gain. He was playing for the least stake at the table, a quarter a point. The others, making their half a dollar a point at the outset, and carrying Lanyard, when they cut him, for the extra quarter, doubled their stakes at the Rajah's suggestion when he had lost his third rubber and, again at his suggestion, toward the end of the sitting, jumped to two dollars a point. Like many on his race, a passionate gambler, he was a poor loser. At first morose, he grew sullen, and toward the end angry. Many thousands down and still holding wretched cards, he cut for the last rubber in a tension distinctly unpleasant.
"I will make you a sporting offer, madame," he said to Tess Boyce, who was Lanyard's partner, while she was dealing the first round: "a pound a point—I should say, five dollars."
"Not this baby!" Tess shook her flame-colored tresses, laughing. "I haven't got the wealth of the Indies to back me. Tell you what I will do, though." She drew the cards and signed to the others to put off picking up their hands. "I'm mad about that stone." An enameled fingernail tapped a pigeon-blood ruby on his race, a passionate gambler, he was a poor loser. At first morose, he grew sullen, and toward the end angry. Many thousands down and still holding wretched cards, he cut for the last rubber in a tension distinctly unpleasant.
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