

The Oregon Statesman

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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The End of the Trail

WILLIAM SUNDAY, who led thousands up the sawdust trail, himself came to the end of life's trail. It was long, past the scriptural three-score-and-ten; and it was crowded with incident, with experience, with sunshine and with shadow. In his early life he was a baseball player, and a good one, playing with the Chicago Cubs; was converted; became an aggressive evangelist. His permanent home on a ranch in the beautiful Hood River valley; but he was on the go much of the time conducting his revival services, accompanied always by his wife, "Ma" Sunday.

Sunday marked the culmination of the period of the organized mass revival. He was severely condemned by many churches for his unique methods, his gymnastics, his dramatics, his emotional appeals. Others defended him saying that even if many who traveled the sawdust trail later backslid, those who remained faithful justified the methods and the cost. And there were many whose conversion stuck, who became active in religious work; and who trace their changed life to the preaching of Billy Sunday.

Few mass revivals are held any more. The younger generation do not recall them. Thirty years ago and earlier, they were the major midwinter effort of many cities. The preachers would get together and conclude their town was ripe for a revival. A committee would engage an evangelist,—Billy Sunday or Biederwolf or Gipsy Smith. A big frame structure would be built, heated with big stoves, the ground covered with sawdust, or at least the aisles; and with plank seats for the crowds. Preliminary organization work included prayer meetings over the city, organization of workers, and liberal publicity.

Leading feature of the revival was the chorus. The choirs of all churches were assembled with the evangelist's song leader as director. What Sankey was to Dwight L. Moody, Homer Rodeheaver was to the revivalists of a later day. The great power of music expressed in stirring hymns, played mightily upon the hearts of men and women, giving them the emotional stimulus for the preaching that followed.

Sunday was a great preacher. He might jump on the table or a chair; he nearly always would peel off his coat, later take off his collar and tie; but he was working and preaching all the while. His religion was the fundamentalist religion. Hell was real and so was heaven. You were saved or you were damned. All the fury of imprecation he launched against the devil and his works. All the insistence and pleading at his command he leveled at the poor sinner whom he sought to pluck like a brand from the burning.

After the sermon came the invitation, with personal workers passing through the crowd urging those who appeared moved, and who had not indicated by show of hands or otherwise that they were Christians, to "hit the sawdust trail" of repentance and conversion, or at least to sign a card. Hundreds, sometimes thousands in the course of a several weeks' campaign, would be accounted as converts, would later be welcomed into churches there either to function or to lose their zeal.

The Billy Sunday revival used all the tools of crowd psychology to attain success. Papers were induced to give columns of space. There would be high school night, and meetings for men only on Sunday afternoons, or for ladies only. Crowds would come. People who never darkened a church door thronged the overheated tabernacle and joined in the singing. The meetings would work up to a great climax on the last Sunday, which was the day for taking the collection as well as making the last harvest of souls. Sunday never worked at a salary but for a free will offering which usually ran into thousands of dollars. He was criticized for the amounts he took away from communities but he said it all went for the Lord's work.

Few have been the mass revivals since world war days. The war or something gave a jolt to organized religion. The big evangelists found their calls growing fewer. Billy Sunday, peer of them all, has been a waning force for some years. Whether his passing marks the end of an religious epoch we do not know. But he was unique, a phenomenon in Christian service. There is surely none for whom does not hope he enters into the heaven which was so real for him.

End the Deadlock

AN unfortunate tangle delayed house passage of the amended conference report yesterday afternoon and brought turmoil and frayed tempers. It is hoped a good night's rest has soothed tired nerves and moderated opinions so the house may give early dispatch of the capitol bill to the senate. Time presses, with only two days of the special session remaining. Unless there is speedy accord not only in the house but with the senate there is the chance that the session may close without any capitol bill at all.

This would mean not only delay but the probable loss of the federal grant of \$1,575,000. The federal government has been patient with Oregon; but it will not wait indefinitely while legislators debate and disagree.

The legislature dare not go home without authorizing the capitol construction. To do so would be to acknowledge that it could not function and that it had wasted some \$60,000 of taxpayers' money. Neither the governor nor the leaders of either branch can take the responsibility for wrecking the whole work of the session.

Members of the legislature must know that all the conflicting views cannot prevail; that compromises will have to be made; and that some must accept defeat. It is sincerely to be hoped that the leadership of the legislature will assert itself and enact today a capitol bill which will meet the needs of the situation.

While no pillars were painted athletic relations between Medford and Klamath Falls are strained since the ball game last Saturday when Medford failed to lose over KP with several touchdowns. In fact KP claims Medford won only with the assistance of a Medford umpire at a critical point, namely the goal line. To counter that Medford brings up the naughty work of a Klamath man after the game was over, who assaulted the offending official. Coach Bowerman of Medford dares Klamath to come over the hump and play the game again, and guarantees a 50 to 0 beating. The rest of the state hopes that the feud will not result in meetings in the court house and hill-billy guards patrolling the main streets.

Oregon newspaper workers note with regret the passing of S. Sumpter Smith, who long was manager of the Medford Mail-Tribune. He was a regular attendant on gatherings of publishers, took a keen interest in the developments of the business and in public affairs as well. He was a republican leader in southern Oregon though he did not seek office for himself. Death released him from the suffering of a long illness.

Senator Aiken of Milk (Washington) county has introduced a bill requiring school districts to furnish children under 14 with a half a pint of milk daily. Undoubtedly the bill will be amended so the district will furnish the nipples too.

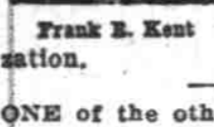
UCLA had a fine player named Key, who has been found ineligible. No wonder he was good; with that name he ought to find the holes.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT
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In Whose Pocket?
Washington, Nov. 7.

FROM the practical political angle, not in more than a generation has the republican party, full of hope as it is, been in so leaderless and confused a condition as today. In every precinct in the campaign as far back as can be remembered, there was either a republican or a republican president in the white house or a recognized practical boss in the organization.



Frank R. Kent

ONE of the other in the past always supplied a sense of direction for the party and provided an anchor or landing place for the swaying delegations from the states. Even when they lacked complete control they had the balance of convention power both as to ticket and policies. This time neither exists. There is no republican president and there is nothing remotely resembling a party boss. Hence the convention to be held in eight months is utterly unpredictable. It is still true that so far as the nominee is concerned the choice seems likely to land on Knox and Vandenberg. But no one can tell what a convention as completely uncontrolled as this will do.

IT means of course, that if the best candidate and the best platform emerge it will be by accident. It means that the blatherskites and breast beaters will have a freer field and a wider range. It means that the "hound and rabbit" politicians who want to dodge vital issues like the AAA, who are flirting with the Townsend plan leaders and howling for a "liberalization" of the party, without in the least knowing what they mean, will be noisier and more numerous.

IT means a wide open convention with no individual or group in control, and that means scant opportunity for clearheaded thinking and carefully planned action. It means a horse-trading, logrolling back-scratching convention. It is about as hard for a good candidate and a good platform to emerge from that kind of convention as it is for Congress, under the same conditions, to pass a good tariff law. Still, with luck it can happen. The confusion incident on lack of control is, however rather in the Roosevelt interests.

THE better grade Republican leaders know this but can't do anything about it. With a strong case against the New Deal leader, with most of the Republicans who bolted their party on prohibition back in line, and a chance to win very much better than any one of them hoped for last year, they are handicapped through lack of steering gear and a party chauffeur for the republican machine. The net result is apt to be a hodge-podge performance, out of which the party will go before the country neither one thing or the other, partly New Deal and partly anti-New Deal, not wholly conservative and only partly radical.

AT least, that is the way it seems now. Of course, it is possible that before next July a group leadership may develop that will mean competent convention control, ingenious course. However, that sort of control will not be achieved by the "favorite-son" racket. The "favorite-son" are far too unreliable, slippery and selfish to go along satisfactorily. There is a way by which a small group can run the show if they have the skill to play the game—a simple and, so far as the Republicans are concerned, a very old way—to wit, the corralling of the Black and Tan delegates from the south.

THERE are about 210 of these delegates—mostly colored and mostly controlled by colored leaders. Always they have been an administration convention, usually secured through the Federal patronage—largely controlled by the Republican Postmaster General. There have been times when such delegates were bought with cash. Some of them still expect money. So far as known, no one has yet corralled these delegates. Yet it is clear that the man or group who does will be in position to dominate the convention and exercise the deciding vote in every real controversy. In the past there have been several experts credited with skill in solidifying these Black and Tan delegates.

THE Hon. Bascom Slemp is one. The Hon. Frank Hitchcock another and the Hon. Walter Brown a third. All three in their day have been "good." Many a Republican President has been nominated by these Black and Tan delegates from States no Republican has carried since the Civil War. The real question about the next convention is where these delegates go when the convention gathers?

Where do they go? To whose pocket will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied? To whose cause will they be tied?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Statesman is next most popular paper at Portland public library, says this old timer; pioneer memories:

Coming to the desk of the Bits man from Lafayette Keller, 3032 S. E. 7th avenue, Portland, is a letter containing the interesting pioneer recollections that follow:

"I found your article on the old mission place below Salem quite interesting as was a reminder of old associations.

"I was born and raised on the John Keizer donation claim, which cornered with the original mission claim — lived there 35 years.

"It was John Lord Force that owned the mission farm. Jim and Carlton Force lived somewhere else.

"My children, the Stephens children and the Force children—Annie, Mary, Amy, John Manning, Libby, Ella, Abbie and Nettie—about made up the neighborhood school for many years.

"The school house was built on my grandfather, T. D. Keizer, place about half way between our house and the Force house, which latter was the grand old two and a half story mission buildings.

"Grandfather's place laid between the mission place and the Willamette.

"John Force sold 90 acres off the north end of the mission farm to Horace Holden, who in 1832 was shipwrecked, and with one other survivor, held captive two and a half years on one of the Sandwich Islands.

"They tattooed him gorgeously and artistically with a full suit of barbaric design, as I frequently saw when we went swimming in the oligarchia. And could he swim? We lived near to the river bank.

"Holden was our nearest neighbor from my earliest recollection, and stories of his captivity, slavery and a hairbreadth escape never got old.

"That name 'Wallace Prairie' is a new one on me.

"As I recall, it was the money John Force borrowed from Bull from which to build and equip the first sawmill in Salem that broke him down financially. That mill stood on the bank of South Mill creek about two blocks east of Commercial street.

"John Force had an excellent library of books in a big, light, airy room—and room was aplenty in that house.

"When he moved up to a porch

Health
By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

NOT LONG ago I explained the importance of exercise in maintaining a healthy, active body. Today I want to tell you something about posture and its relationship to health.

Maintaining good posture is really a form of exercise, because when you are in a healthy, active body, you are exercising the muscles that support the body framework. Good posture promotes better breathing, besides giving mild exercise to the various muscles of the trunk.

Good posture and good health go hand in hand. In the schools it has been shown that children who hold themselves properly progress in their studies more rapidly than those who slump in their seats or stand in stovely fashion.

Children suffering from malnutrition are likely to have poor posture. Just as soon as they are made to take the right position the appetite and digestion improve. As the child gains in health there is increased strength and this better position is more readily maintained.

Faulty Posture Signs

Among the signs of faulty posture are drooped head, round shoulders and back, flat chest, "pot-belly," knock in their ankles. In most instances these deformities can be entirely prevented by attention in early childhood to posture and the simple rules of hygiene.

One of the signs is a tendency toward round shoulders or any other postural deformity should be made to take a simple exercise for its correction. This should be practiced regularly morning and night. It consists of standing erect with hands clasped behind the neck. The body is then brought slightly forward, drawing the shoulders and elbows as close as possible together. When the feet are resumed with the hands still clasped behind the neck.

The time given to this exercise may be gradually increased as the child becomes accustomed to it. It should be continued to the point of fatigue. Of course, there are many other forms of exercise, each suited to a particular deformity.

Don't Scold Him

The child should never be scolded for his slouching or careless posture. But he should be gently corrected and taught to walk, stand and sit correctly. Early education in the establishment of good postural habits will help prevent certain constitutional disturbances.

Where habitual faulty posture is the result of rickets, poor hygiene, malnutrition or mental overstrain, it may be overcome by correction of these faulty postures. This is medically termed "orthostatic albinuria" and quickly disappears with correction of the carriage of the body.

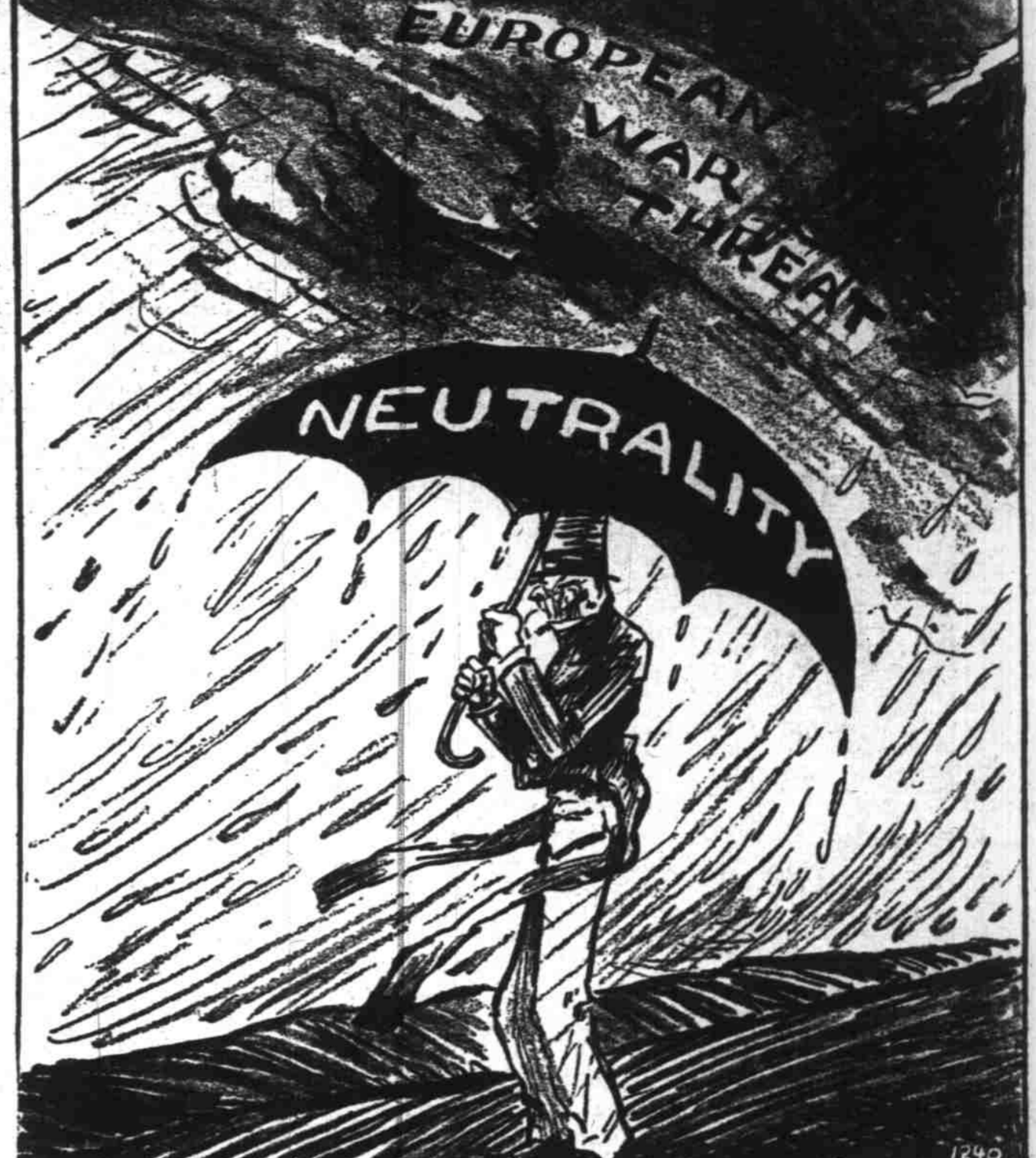
Answers to Health Queries

Q. A. W. Q.—Would it be advisable to correct protruding ears by surgical operation? I am 25 years of age.

A.—This operation is often performed. Talk with your doctor. He will advise you.

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Keep the Old Bumbershoot Up!



"LOVE DENIED"

by LOUISE LONG and ETHEL DOHERTY

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Look here, Shariene," he said more quickly, "Be reasonable. You must know that to a man of my temperament, a little flirtation is necessary! I want you to remain my wife—the head of my home—my protection against the kind of woman I don't want for a wife."

"I see," Shariene said gently. "Julie, in the background, began to breathe heavily with rising wrath. Her eyes darted first at Morton's back. He did not notice her. "I resent your coming here, Shariene. It's cheap. We should have had this out at home, decently, no melodrama. Cora would never have done this—"

Julie, unable to contain herself any longer, flung open the door to face him, like a small red fury. "Do I understand you, Mr. Kent Damerell, that you expect me to be kept in the dark, hidden, while she remains your wife? You've got another thing coming! Her voice rose to a shriek and she stamped her foot.

"Look here, Julie," he began sternly. "Shut up! I hate you! I won't make your old picture! I won't be humiliated this way! You smug through! She broke into a storm of words, rolling toward him, thrusting through her teeth, stamping her foot.

A negress in cap and apron, shaking a wet umbrella, clattered into the hallway. There were new easy stone steps, and a fore of slender eucalyptus shoots taking hold on the hillside. The pool now boasted gold fish in limpid water, and lily pads were showing red on the surface.

Half way up to the house, Stuart came running down to meet them, burrished head glinting in the sun from a swift brushing, and blue eyes sparkling welcome.

"Hello, Shariene! How good of you to come! Hello, Morton. Can I help you?"

"N. thanks, Mr. Pennington," said Morton, grinning affectionately at him. "I've got a good hold."

"When you phoned you were coming, Stuart told Shariene as they continued up the steps, I cleared out the models and gave myself a lick and a promise—but I didn't have time to make the house presentable."

"Oh, you shouldn't have bothered! I hesitated to break into your work, but I did want to bring these things to you."

Twenty Years Ago

November 8, 1915

Forty soldiers of Villa's ranks at Nogales garrison have deserted to Carranza.

The University of Oregon defeated U.S.C. with a score of 34 to 9 in Los Angeles.

London... The debate on the conduct of the war and censorship was resumed in the house of lords late today.

Ten Years Ago

November 8, 1925

The University of Washington overcame Stanford 20 to 14 in Seattle yesterday.

An orthophonic victrola is being demonstrated at the Hellig theatre.

A cut shows the new bridge spanning the Willamette river at Harrisburg which will be dedicated soon.

Lodge Will Send Gifts For Home

SILVERTON, Nov. 7.—At this week's meeting of the Pythian Sisters reports of the grand lodge, held recently in Portland were made by Grand Representative Chloe Stayner and Alternate Henrietta Lee. Mrs. Helen M. Wrightman, past grand chief, gave a report on the Oregon-Washington Pythian home. Mrs. Wrightman has served several terms on the home board.

Frank Miles President Of Young Builders For School at Hazel Green

HAZEL GREEN, Nov. 7.—The 4-H Handicraft club has completed organization. The members and officers are: President, Frank Miles; vice president, Keith Miles; secretary, Marlon Wampler; La Roy Duda, Irene Kasper and Rodney Miles. They will make a fire place for the Christmas program. Louis Wampler is leader. The ten dollars won by the carpenters' club on their poultry house at the state fair was used to buy tools. The club will meet in basement of the school house.

(To Be Continued)