

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Durant's Four Points

KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL held its convention recently in Washington. A principal speaker was Will Durant, famed for his "Story of Philosophy" and other books, a journalist and lecturer who has been rather successful in translating highbrow stuff into language of commoners. In his Kiwanis address Durant outlined four basic problems: biological, economic, moral and political.

The most fundamental, he said, was the biological, due to "the threatened deterioration of our stock through the low birthrate of mediocrity." This is a problem frequently referred to in this column. Our population is dying at the top, steadily committing race suicide.

On the economic side, Durant said the American system of industry cannot continue unless the purchasing power of our people rises as fast as their power to produce, a dilemma often stated in recent years. Durant then said:

"But the natural inequality of men inevitably concentrates wealth, prevents the full spread of purchasing power, and periodically stalls the industrial machine. Our economic system like our political system, seems to demand a higher degree of equality among men than nature has provided."

Speaking of the moral problem Durant said that industrialism "has weakened the Puritan-agricultural moral code and has weakened the institutions that transmit morality." Christianity originated in an agricultural environment. It has now been thrust into an urban social order. The strain has been great. Preachers still talk in the pastoral and agricultural terminology of the New Testament in an intensely industrialized, urbanized society.

Durant's analysis of the political situation was equally penetrating. The sources of statesmanship, "the fertility of the able," are drying up. Men are selected for office because of their political skill and then required to deal with issues requiring knowledge of economics and a wide background of education and intelligence. Political machines grow out of the mob and serve to keep the able men out of power. Durant declared the presidency was no longer a one-man-job, in the sense that no single mind can cope with all the issues of the time. The complexity of our civilization "has made the presidency an outworn and outworn institution."

Durant did not stop with outlining the problems. He gave his views as to remedies. He urged segregation of defectives against reproduction, and using every means of education and device of taxation to encourage fertility among the able.

In the political field he recommended the gradual closing of public offices to the not technically trained for public administration, and advocated forming schools of government in the universities with a "United States civil academy" in Washington.

Durant's ideas are pertinent for the time. They have been criticized for putting too much faith in an aristocracy of breeding. But he has put his finger on four social sore spots.

"Four Long Months"

FRANK R. KENT, whose daily comments on politics appear alongside, offers the opinion today that all the conventional oratory has not changed many votes, and that all the campaigning between now and election will not alter the result. So he says, the time and money might be saved by taking the poll now.

Kent is one of the best students of politics in the country, the author of a book entitled "Political Behavior" which is as good a study of political techniques in a democracy as has been published. Whether one agrees with his hostility to the new deal or not, Kent's opinion on the political process itself is entitled to respect.

Yet the comment flies in the face of one of the traditions of politics, that if the election had been held in September of 1896 Bryan would have won. Maybe that was the exception to prove the rule. If so, then there have been other exceptions. A primary election a month earlier in 1930 would have seen some one other than George W. Joseph nominated for governor, probably Al Norblad. In 1934 Joe Dunne won his nomination in the closing weeks of the campaign.

In presidential years from 1896 to 1932 the election result was rather clearly foreseen with the single exception of 1916 when the result quavered for days after the poll was taken. In this year the election might as well be held within a few weeks as to wait until November, for the reason that the campaign has been under way already for several months.

The remaining four months promise to be anti-climax. No development is in sight which would change many votes. Sentiment is crystallized, and is stiffly immune from opposition oratory. There may be the customary parade of party dissidents in both directions. Conservative democrats may follow Al Smith and Jim Reed in "taking a walk." Radical republicans (alias "Lincoln" republicans, according to the Portland Journal) may follow Ickes and Norris and walk in the opposite direction. These revisions take place whenever important issues are at stake. Recall the "Silver republicans" and "Gold democrats" of 1896.

Because the issues are clear it is too bad the country must be harrowed and cross-harrowed by political campaigners for four long months. In England an election is called and put through in about that many weeks. It could be done here. But the parties persist in a prolonged effort, with a very cumbersome party organization; and other topics of social interest are supposed to stand aside until the long campaign is over and the count recorded.

State Union Party

BEING in the mood of political theorizing we will continue with a discussion of the pending state campaign. Peter Zimmerman has found four men to go with him in signing for a "Union" party for Oregon, of which William Lemke is the national candidate for president. The party is off to a poor start in this state. Zimmerman is the only familiar name in the list of sponsors. Missing are Morton Tompkins, Doctor Slaughter, Ben Osborn, Roy R. Hewitt, and others who have been active in left wing politics. The omission carries much significance.

The effort has been attempted in the state to lay groundwork for a Farmer-Labor party, and it is clear that the proponents are not going to be diverted to the new Union party. They intend to wait until 1938 and make a drive to carry the governorship. While some of them may vote for Lemke they are not going to wear the Union party label in public.

The Father Coughlin influence out here is nil because his broadcasts do not reach here. Another large bloc of votes that might be enlisted is the Townsend group. But Zimmerman is not in good favor with the Townsends because he fought the Townsend memorial in the legislature, with its sales tax endorsement. The only other group which might be attracted to Lemke is the distressed farmers who have known of the Frazier-Lemke farm bills. The number of them is small because most of them have been taken care of by the Farm Credit administration.

If Zimmerman is seizing the Union party label because he wants to run for the senate he may find it a hindrance rather than a help. He is well enough known to run as an independent. When he runs as a party man he will have to carry considerable dead timber along with him. This comment would be qualified if the Townsend group is definitely aligned behind Lemke and the Union party. That remains an un-

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT Copyright 1935, by The Baltimore Sun

Very Few Ever Change

Washington, July 1.—ONE THING for which the recent national convention furnished additional evidence, if any were needed, is that speeches do not change votes. So much of the oratory was awful that to give it any consideration at all as argument is absurd.

BUT EVEN the good speeches, even the best, even those to which I refer, though I thought and care and preparation were devoted and upon which it was believed results depended—even those were singularly ineffective. Candidate Campbell's confession that the situation has been completely unaffected by the torrent of convention oratory with which the country has been flooded since June 8 when the Republicans gathered in Cleveland and ending temporarily on Saturday night with the Roosevelt address on Franklin Field.

THAT WAS the climax of an intense week of carefully planned cumulative enthusiasm. It was delivered before probably the greatest audience any living man has faced. The setting was superb, the whole business magnificently staged and the speaker himself at the top of his form. It was altogether a tremendous occasion and everything in the way of heart and mind that could be developed in the Presidential circle went into that speech. It was the best that could be devised. It was the product of many consultations and much advice, and there was general recognition that in importance it transcended all other New Deal utterances, including the platform.

YET NEVER was there a better demonstration of the futility of campaign speeches than its reception—never more concrete proof that in politics we cling to our prejudices and are untouched either by arguments or appeals. It throws a light—not a new light, of course, but an always interesting one—upon the human character and its refusal to see things except as it wants to see them. To the friends of Mr. Roosevelt that speech seemed a superlatively fine effort. They regarded it as on a par with the Washington farewells and the Lincoln Gettysburg address. To them it appeared an irresistible appeal, the greatest political utterance of our time, one to which the people unflinchingly would respond.

SUCH VIEWS as these were voiced by the Roosevelt newspapers and echoed at the head of the Roosevelt admirers in every section. Never did their hero seem more heroic. They thrilled as they listened and read. On the other side, with complete unanimity, the anti-Deal newspapers and adherents regarded the speech as a cheap piece of demagoguery, another effort through the use of such catch phrases as "princes of privilege" and "economic royalists" to arouse class hatred, comparable to Mr. Tugwell's appeal for a "worker-farmer alliance." It was denounced as unworthy of a President of the United States, as a feeble and meaningless generalities, designed to stir up the emotional and unthinking, but utterly beneath consideration of serious people.

EVEN the newspaper men who sat in the press section and could see as well as hear the speaker and the crowd at close range, individually differed on exactly similar lines. Some, after the show was over, thought the speech was brilliant and the reception tremendous; others said it was a flop and the response from the crowd nothing like as grand as given the late William Jennings Bryan in 1908 at Madison Square Garden or even Alfred E. Smith in 1928. The same divergence of view was noticeable among the radio commentators, restrained over the air but privately expressed with candor in conversation. It all goes to prove that in politics we see and hear what we wish.

AS IT WAS with Candidate Roosevelt on Saturday night, so it will be with Candidate Landon on July 23, when he makes his acceptance speech. The New Dealers will regard that as the acceptance of a poor Kansas dumbbell, the weak tool of the "princes of privilege." The anti-New Dealers will look upon it as the declaration of a man of strong common sense and high character, destined as President to halt the New Deal excesses and extravagances, return the nation to ways of sanity and sobriety. There is no more immovable object than voter who has once taken his stand. Those who grasp this basic fact believe that, barring some great political blunder or surprise, there will not be many of them changed between now and November. In brief, were the election held now a vast amount of money, time and effort would be saved, with the result in all probability the same.

certainty until the Cleveland convention is held when the behind-the-scenes leaders conclude their deals and promulgate their program. In that case the Union party would have a following—if the following really followed to the point of deserting old party ties.

Governor Martin has appointed three new members of the state relief committee, succeeding those who recently resigned. Two of the three we know, Hugh Ball of Hood River and Mark Weatherford of Albany. It would be hard to find two better men in the state. If the governor is wise he will insist that the relief administration remain free from political pressures, and he will treat his committee with more consideration than its predecessor.

The democratic platform says they intend to promote cheap power by the yardstick method. Some of the utility companies think it is the hickory stick method.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

110 year old story 7-2-36

ing for abolition; but later accepted the pro-slavery doctrine of Prof. Thos. R. Dew of the College of William and Mary and gave himself in defense of state sovereignty.

This resulted in a complicated struggle, one angle of which was an attempt to unite Clay and Calhoun as leaders of a new party: South Carolina supporting Floyd himself for the presidency. But soon after retiring from the governor's office he suffered a stroke of paralysis (1834), and died Aug. 16, 1837.

John Buchanan Floyd, his son, became governor of Virginia, secretary of war under Buchanan, etc., etc. As late as Dec. 3, 1860, he wrote a letter to the Richmond Enquirer against secession. But he served in the Confederate army ably, becoming a major general.

The Nat Turner insurrection: Turner was an obscure slave of Southampton county, Va. He conspired with and led six desperate companions in a raid of the plantation. His followers quickly increased to 60 men. They killed 60 white people. Within 48 hours a militia force was raised and U. S. troops were called. On the first day's resistance 100 blacks were killed. The counter attack was continued until unnumbered floggings were inflicted and 53 blacks were put on trial, 21 of whom were acquitted, 12 convicted and sold out of the state, and 20, including Turner and one woman, hanged.

It stirred the south deeply, for no one knew where or when some other bold black might conspire and lead a bloody raid.

The reader must be convinced that the Oregon country owes much to John Floyd; but it has not honored his name. Floyd postoffices are found in Virginia, Texas, New Mexico, Missouri, Iowa and Arkansas, but none in Oregon—Washington, Idaho, Montana or Wyoming—that is, in territory owing much to this section's first powerful friend in the halls of congress.

Oregon has a Jackson and a Linin county, but there is no Floyd county; this writer believes, in all the old Oregon country. This is an oversight deserving to be remedied.

Stitchers to Meet KEIZER, July 1.—The Keizer sewing club will meet Thursday at the home of Mrs. M. S. Bunnell.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

BLOOD PRESSURE is a subject of universal interest. I receive many inquiries about this condition. In most instances the writer inquires about blood pressure because he has heard so much about it and fears he may be one of its victims.

It is only within recent years that physicians have become familiar with the true significance of blood pressure. Although it had been known for years to be a factor in measuring health, the real nature and importance of it was not appreciated until the "sphygmomanometer" was invented.

When you visit your doctor he wraps a rubber cuff around your arm and fills it with air. The little brass clock-like machine, the sphygmomanometer, registers the pressure. It may rise following any emotional change. This increase may be only temporary. For this reason the physician usually requests the return of the patient so that the pressure may be taken again. If the patient is apprehensive or nervous during the first visit, the pressure reading will be misleading.

Pressure Varies The normal blood pressure varies with age, sex, weight, occupation and general health. As a rule, hypertension or high blood pressure is a disturbance of middle life. Recently it has been found to exist in an increasing percentage in the younger generation. In such instances it usually can be traced to some constitutional defect.

In most cases blood pressure is elevated when there is any hardening or change in the elasticity of the blood vessels. Though this is usually encountered during middle age, it may occur at any time during life. As a rule, this hardening is brought about by the wear and tear of life, acute infections, poisoning from alcohol, lead and tobacco, and by personal carelessness, such as worry, overwork and overeating. The danger of high blood pressure is ever present in those individuals who are careless about their health habits.

Unfortunately, the blood pressure is usually overlooked, no attention is given to it unless it reaches an abnormally high level. The experts say that approximately five million persons in this country are victims of high blood pressure. It means that there is some disturbance within the system. Early medical attention will prevent disaster.

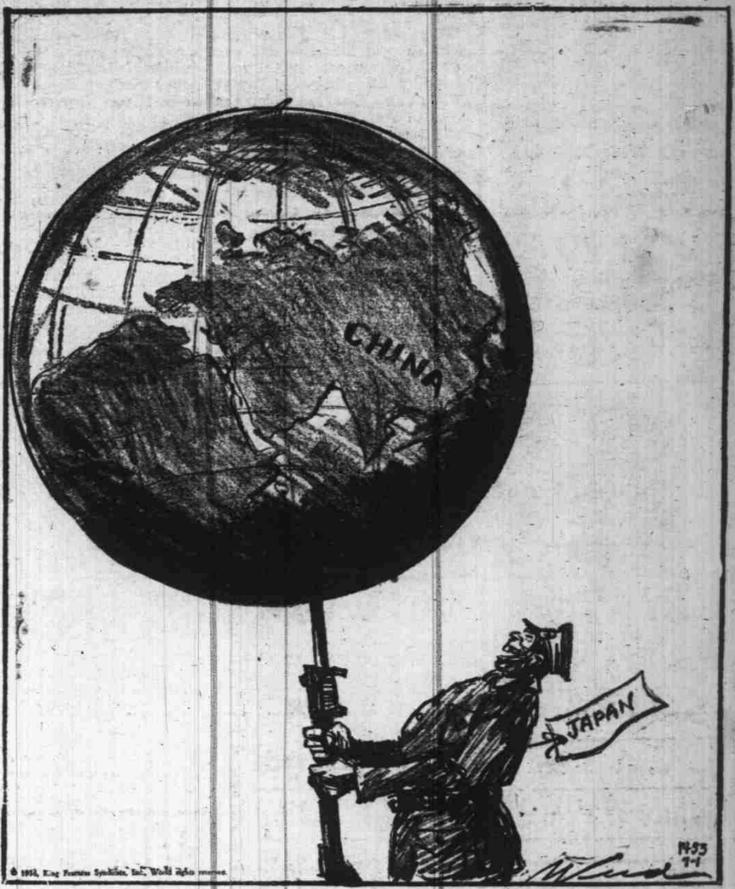
Answers to Health Queries Mrs. F. P. Q.—My father, a man of 73, is greatly troubled with swelling of the legs, which sometimes are twice their normal size. When he sits for any length of time they cramp and pain. Could this be due to kidney disorder? He is troubled with frequent kidney elimination, and has pain in the stomach and back.

A.—Careful examination, including a urinalysis, should help to fix the cause of the trouble and the treatment may be outlined accordingly. Your doctor will advise you more definitely.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelope with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.

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Eastern Apple on a Stick



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

SYNOPSIS

Left destitute when her mother dies, Lynn Bartel is forced to leave private school and go to business. She becomes a mannequin for Dunning's, an exclusive Chicago dress shop. Lynn has many friends as her training has placed her on a higher social level than her fellow-workers and her low financial status prevents her from associating with her own set. She has one friend, however, in Susanne, the stock girl, and she wished their tastes were more in common. All in all, Lynn's life was very lonely. Then one day, a letter comes from her wealthy and pampered cousin, "Doti" Merchon, inviting Lynn to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. With a light heart and an inexpensive wardrobe, Lynn goes south.

CHAPTER VII

All day the scenery changed continually, with each hour promising a balmy climate. Leaf-buds and early flowers burst into prominence against the red clay roads and hills of Mississippi. Dark green pines dotted the mountain slopes with bizarre contrast. Dark faces peered from cabin doorways with stolid indifference at the train's passing. It was no longer a novelty but somehow its thundering approach commanded their attention.

The city stations grew more strange, their occupants more torpid, their activity less strained. Everything seemed to mellow and relax in the warmth of the sunshine. Lynn was absorbed with every new detail. Cotton bales replaced the heaps of coal beside railroad tracks. Late in the day the broad yellow expanse of the Mississippi River flowed beside them, its sluggish surface denying the swift current beneath, like the face of a poker player.

Snatches of chanting melody and strumming banjos floated into the open windows. The music was along the shore. In one place a large company of negroes was assembled beside the river for baptismal services and their high-pitched shouting voices carried on the soft breeze with the repeated phrases of a spiritual. Green leaves stretched for miles, and the sky was incredibly blue.

Lynn prepared for sleep that night, knowing that the morning would find her at her destination. What awaited her there? Would this week change her entire future, as Susanne had prophesied? Or would it be only a delightful interlude, before she returned to Dunning's and Mrs. Kime's to spend the rest of her days in quiet routine? As she slipped into her mother's old home and her mother's youthful surroundings, what would happen to her? Excitement mounted within her like an uncontrollable rising of a tide ordained by superhuman forces.

At last she had arrived and the long delay of an extra hour on the train was climaxed by the delighted and smothering greetings of her relatives.

"If you'll give me your baggage checks, I'll have Sam claim your trunks," she suggested. "We'll wait in the car."

Lynn produced her one check, wondering what she would be expected to have packed more than her trunk for a week's visit, and the chauffeur ambled away leisurely toward the baggage room. His languor suggested a considerable wait, but the time passed quickly enough with Doti's ebullient chatter. Her low soft voice slurred delightfully.

"The carnival would have been a complete failure without you," she declared, adoring Lynn with her bright dark eyes. "Ever since I saw you last year, I've been dying to have you here, and this was the most perfect time for it. Too bad you couldn't have come for two weeks. The festivities really began last Thursday, but today and tomorrow are the most important days. Tonight is the pageant of Proteus and then the ball. Tomorrow is Mardi Gras Day, with the parade of Rex and the grand ball in the evening."

"When will the queen be crowned?" asked Lynn, absorbing her cousin's enthusiasm together

with the balmy brilliance of the sunshine. Both were delightfully exhilarating. It did not seem possible that she had left Chicago thirty hours before in a raging blizzard, while people here had not known what it was like to be cold.

"Tomorrow mornin' the papers will announce the names of the king and queen and their courts, just before we ride in the parade. I'm so glad Jack is to be the king the same year I'm the queen." As if her father had not provided that special arrangement for her pleasure. It was a precedent in carnival history, but the Colonel was known for his ability to establish precedents, both social and commercial. "You'll adore Jack," she added confidently. "Your fiance?"

panions, but they had none of the mellow splendor which permeated this house, none of the atmosphere which breathed in the very air of it. They mounted the thick-carpeted stairs to the wide upper hall from which door opened on all sides. Zola guided Lynn toward one of these, an affectionate hand upon her arm.

"And this is your room, darling—once your mother's. I thought you'd like that, having Marian's room," she explained gently.

Lynn's eyes filled quickly with tears of gratitude and grief; gratitude for her aunt's kind intuition, and grief that it was not her mother who had returned to this charming place after so many years of absence. It was such a beautiful room, as chaste and lovely as a young maiden, all blue and silver-white. Mists of blue-dotted net draped the wide white-cased windows which framed a vista of yellow jessamine and glossy magnolia foliage. A white cloud of silver mist canopied the wide Colonial bed and a pair of quaint dressing tables were ruffled skirts of blue taffeta, their mirrors illumined by lights having shirred blue bonnets. Tall silver candlesticks with blue tapers stood guard on the polished high-boy and on the spinet desk beside the front window. There were silver stars scattered on the pale blue walls. Deeply dark blue carpet covered the floor, onto which Lynn walked as if she were moving in a dream. At last, she was here, in her mother's room, with which she had been so familiar before she ever saw it. No detail had been changed.

"Well—not exactly," her soft voice drew Lynn to her, and she went about together ever since we crept on the nursery floor and batted each other with our rattles, so it's bound to happen before long. Our marriage is as established as the traditions of the city or the carnival," she laughed, "but I don't think it will be half as exciting."

"Jackson Thorpe is a descendant of one of the famous old families here," Zola added complacently, and Lynn marveled that life could be so orderly and circumspect for some people while others never knew from one hour to the next what lay ahead of them. Which was the happier, she wondered.

Finally Sam returned and assured Zola with bareheaded respect, the mastery of her mother's stories which had described to her so accurately every detail.

The same moss-dropped live oaks, only a little older in their incalculable age, veiled the stately white house in glamorous mystery. But the stuted white columns of the front entrance, reaching from the broad terrace to the third story balcony, gleamed in the golden morning sun and contradicted the somber impression of the bearded oaks. The big car hummed softly as it mounted the gently sloping drive, swinging between the trees and guided

to a stop beside the steps of the portico.

At the same moment Sam opened the door of the car, the wide white house door with its gleaming brass knocker, opened to reveal another grizzled-haired colored servant in black frock coat, ebony face shone and his white teeth flashed with a genial smile of welcome for the guest as he hobbled out to carry in her luggage.

(To Be Continued)

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They entered a central hall into whose vast white expanse the gleaming mahogany stair descended like a dark venturesome stream, which flowed into the rich tones of Oriental rugs and polished mahogany tables. Twice during Lynn's year at Merwin-Heath School, she had been a guest in magnificent homes of her wealthier student com-



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