

Business Ethics on Trial

COLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART is going to lose out in his fight to retain his position as chairman of the board of the Standard Oil company of Indiana. Wall Street puts its odds on Rockefeller, Jr., and Wall Street gambles without sentiment and usually without loss. Stewart has been an able executive; but his position is extremely weak largely because of his lack of frankness. First, he told Rockefeller that he had done nothing wrong and that he would resign if confidence in him was lost. He told the senate investigating committee he knew nothing about the profits in the Continental Trading company deal; later admitted he knew a lot about them and only turned over his own share of three-quarters of a million to his company after disclosures of the deal had been made. He was tried for perjury but got off on a technicality.

What has seemed strange to us in all the literature on the Continental Trading company deal, has been the lack of reference to the apparent attempt at robbery of their own companies by the four parties to the deal. Four men, Sinclair, O'Neil, Blackmer and Stewart organized this corporation, had it contract to buy oil from the Humphries interests and then resell the same oil to their own companies at a profit of 25c per barrel. Just what hook-up the Continental Trading company had with Sinclair's Teapot dome deal has never been disclosed. Quite aside from any offense against the government, this bogus corporation was piling up millions in profits for its four stockholders, the split being about three-quarters of a million apiece, and these profits were plainly at the expense of the companies of which these men were the executives. Fine example of business morality, isn't it?

Later when the deal was revealed the principals hastened to make restitution, partly in order to get the dirty bonds off their hands, partly because they knew the stolen goods didn't belong to them. O'Neil and Blackmer sent their bonds back from Europe to the Prairie Oil and Gas company and the Midwest Refining Co. Stewart turned his into the company treasury, after he had cashed a big bunch of coupons for his private account. Sinclair used part of his bonds to seduce Fall and part to pay off Will Hay's party deficit.

If we had any stock in Standard of Indiana we would vote against Stewart because of his low grade commercial ethics. A company executive who will rob his own stockholders is just a common thief. Unfortunately bribery or misuse of funds is as common in business as it is in politics. Many a purchasing agent of a corporation holds out for "commission" on his purchases. Many a company buyer diverts company business to concerns in which he has a private interest. It isn't often, though, that the heads of companies make such a sell-out as Sinclair, Stewart, Blackmer and O'Neil did.

The public is weary of the oil scandals; and we are weary, too, of the Portland Journal's partisan recitation of the whole sordid mess apparently on an "every-other-day" order. But enough has not been said of the violation of business ethics in the Continental Trading company deal. That alone, aside from his personal insincerities, should disqualify Stewart from a job with his own company.

Sun Worshipers

OLD Sol was one of the first objects of human worship. Among the Aztecs and the Incas, the Persians and the Chinese, temples for sun worship were erected, altars set up, cults contrived and sacrifices offered.

For a good many centuries now the sun has been behind the clouds so far as human adoration goes. Other gods have trapped the favor of fickle folk. But the sun is coming back to favor, only the cult is that of health and not of religion.

We propitiate the solar deity today not with veiled faces and full-clad bodies like the priests of old. We strip to the skin, wear curtailed bathing suits and disport ourselves on sandy beaches in the summer suns. In the winter when the Oregon clouds put the sun out of business for a season, we catch bottled sunshine in our electric bulbs.

What we are after are the ultra-violet rays, which directed by skilled hands are performing real miracles in restoring health. These rays, invisible to the eye, falling as they do above the violet of the spectrum, are putting cod liver oil out of business in treating rickets and such diseases. These rays seem to get into the body or re-create in the body the vitamin which this nasty oil has supplied.

Like every new thing people have gone to extremes over it, quacks have exploited it, some people have been injured by the treatment. In skilled hands ultra-violet rays are now of proven worth for many cases. The sun, or its electric substitute, is really giving people the health which superstitious worshippers in the childhood of the race, besought from the heavenly orb with prayer and fasting.

Tourists—or Settlers

ALL Oregon cities are eager for tourists. The tourist crop brings as genuine a harvest to certain lines of industry as wheat or nuts do to the agriculturist. We are persistently coached how to glad-hand the tourist, make him comfortable, make him stay with you and spend his money liberally.

But how about the tourist who turns out to be a settler, how about the fellow who moves out to make a home in this charmed land? What effort, if any, is made to smooth the path for him?

A merchant here told us the other day that he knew of three families who had left Salem to move back to the "old home town" in the middle west because they had found no hospitality in Salem. It isn't enough to make money, it isn't enough to enjoy fine scenery, human folk are human folk and they crave human fellowship. When a woman has to sit day in and day out in her house with never a neighbor or a friend to pay her a visit, naturally her thoughts turn back to the old friends and neighbors in Council Grove, Kansas, or Sedalia, Missouri, or Beaverdam, Wisconsin. She may conclude to endure blizzards and cyclones if she can be with real friends; and the family moves.

Here's a goodwill job for our zealous service clubs, church guilds, and lodges. If gladhanding the tourist is a good thing, a little more cordiality to the newcomer is even better.

Who Wants Only One Capitol?

JUST when President Cal was establishing a nice custom in moving the summer White House from state to state he gives the happy precedent a blow with the proposal that Mt. Weather, Virginia, be the site of a permanent executive mansion for the summer capitol.

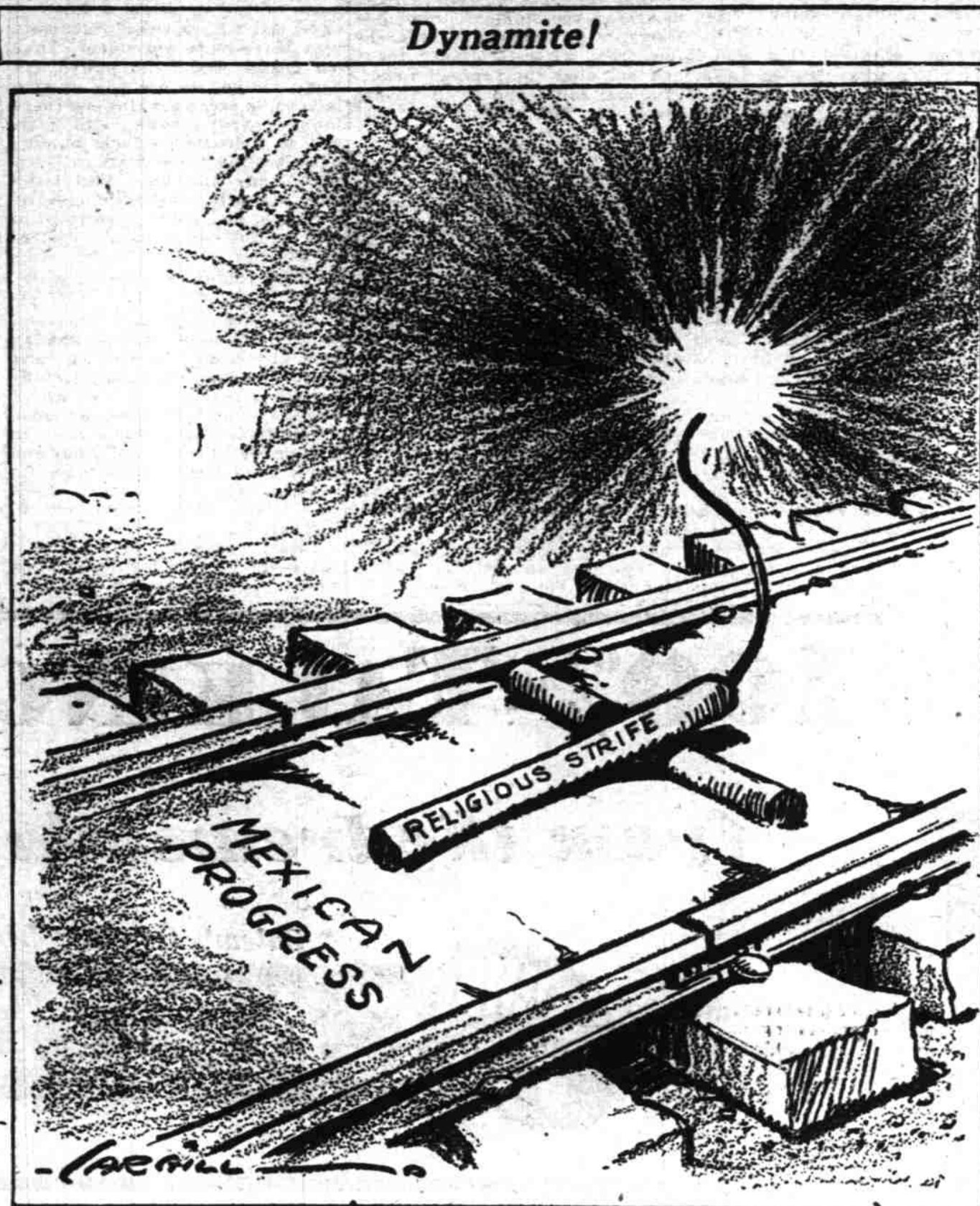
The news is greivous. Pray tell, how is fishing at Mt. Weather? And can a president obtain a buckaroo hat or be made an Indian chief in elite Virginia?

Hang it all, Oregon had ambitions. Wasn't it on the Rogue that Hoover essayed to fish? Wasn't it there that we planned to build a fence to ward off reporters when Herb wanted once more to be an Oregon angler? A summer in Oregon, his old home state, was on our program for Herbert and probably 47 other states would have been as pleased to provide accommodations.

Now practical, efficient Cal would quash our budding idea and make the summer capitol stay put. We say nay. Was fishing ever good year after year in just one stream?

Chicago's new electric chair was "thoroughly tested" before being officially used. That's our idea of a hard job; trying out electric chairs.

Pity the gondoliers of Venice! The coldest weather in 140 years has frozen fast the canals of the town.



The Way of the World

WASHINGTON
Soon we shall be officially observing the birthday anniversary of George Washington. The lesson of Washington, outstanding above all others, is the story of a man who had everything to lose and little to gain and yet courageously walked to the sacrifice. Washington was perhaps the richest man in the colonies. He had wealth and comfort, position, honor. Many of his most influential friends had little sympathy or patience with the patriot cause. The patriots were the "reds" of those days. Washington belonged to the landed aristocracy. But Washington did what some of his neighbors did not have—he had a complete developed sense of justice. And he was a man unafraid.

William DeWitt Hyde, once president of Bowden college, wrote a book much worth reading. It is called "The Five Philosophies of Life." In it are these lines: "Do you wish to know precisely where you stand in the scale of personality? Here is the test. How large a section of this world do you care for, in such a vital, responsible way that you are thinking of its welfare, forming schemes for its improvement, bending your energies toward its advancement?"

Most of us, if we are very honest with ourselves, must admit that the larger part of our interests are local, personal, of little importance save to ourselves—and of even less importance to ourselves than we think. Nobody can ever BE BIG who doesn't THINK BIG.

TO GROW

To grow we must break down horizons, face immeasurable distances, think of the universe, as nearly as we can, at full length.

KEEPING PEOPLE WAITING

Don't let it worry you or hurt your conscience to keep people waiting. If you are sure you are doing something more important than you would be if you were listening or talking to them. When we come to regard our time and our duties as having real value, we will be less wasteful of ten minutes here and ten minutes there. One can be pretty sure that half the people who knock at his office door are neither going to bring in nor take away anything of great value. And that's a highly conservative estimate.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

This is "spud" slogan issue—
And the lowly tuber is well classed in agricultural products, now, owing to prices climbing in to the cellar—

But potatoes we will always have with us, and they will form the biggest item on the bill of fare indefinitely. We have a great potato district here, with the stabilization of the industry depending only on following the rules of the "Murphy" game, which a few outstanding growers are doing, all must. (With apologies to the Marquis of Queensbury.)

The proof reader makes a neighbor call Mussolini a lictor. Not so bad, either, with the ta left out. Mussolini takes as much pomp as any old Roman did, with the lictor going ahead to enforce obsequious signs of reverence. And the fascist sign of the bundle of rods and the axe by the authority of which Mussolini takes to himself all the attributes of sovereignty, is the one that made the lictor of the ancient days a functionary to be feared.

But Mussolini has done for Italy what no other man of his

time or any other day could have accomplished. The danger to Italy is the deluge after Mussolini. Even this modern Achilles has a vulnerable heel; he is human and cannot live forever.

The Salem "Y" free employment office had last week 71 men and 21 women applying for work, and found jobs for only 31 of the men and eight of the women. But with spring work about to open up, the outlook is brighter for the unemployed.

Charles F. Simon, the turkey man down on Route 8, says announced turkey day this year is next Friday, 22nd, instead of the 28th as the Chicago paper, wrongly announced.

All right. Let's all have turkey on Washington's birthday, then celebrate everybody's birthday with turkey, as the Turkey World editor tells us to do. This will give us turkey meat every day in the year.

Mr. Simon has 400 bronze beauties, and he believes this is the greatest turkey district in the world. He is boosting for more and more turkeys here, with canneries to take care of the surplus. He believes we can make Salem the turkey industry center of the universe. Who says he is not a prophet?

On the El Monte highway near Los Angeles, a rhubarb grower has set up his retail stand to sell rhubarb juice. He sweetens it with honey and sells it by the glass, or the gallon, and is causing a stampede out his way, with the wild cherry and phosphate flavor, especially as, while the drink is free from any kick when fresh and kept on ice, it has a penchant for getting "hard" when kept over a few days in warmer temperature. Maybe this is a hunch for some of our farmers with roadside stands. We can grow rhubarb "till the cows come home" here, and ours will crush more juice to the ton than the product of any other section.

Though far be it from the Bits man advising the making of moonshine from the innocent pieplant of our grandmothers.

SNOW BURIES TOWNS
ZABREB, Jugo-Slavia, Feb. 16 (AP)—Thirty villages near here have been buried by an enormous snow fall.

High Pressure Pete



Poems that Live

THE SHEPHERD
HOW sweet is the Shepherd's
sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he
strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the
day,
And his tongue shall be filled with
praise,
For he hears the lamb's innocent
call,
And he hears the ewe's tender
reply;
He is watchful, while they are in
peace,
For they know when their Shep-
herd is nigh.
—William Blake (1757-1827)



Editors Say:

Control of the Salvation Army finally passes from the family of William Booth, the founder years ago of that great agency which has done so much in keeping men and women who are "down" from being "out." A wonderful work for the material and spiritual good of mankind has been done in the last decade or two by the Salvation Army. May it accomplish still more under its new leader—Morning Astorian.

WOMAN ATTEMPTS SUICIDE IN FURNACE

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—(AP)—Miss Helen Fredericks, 22, who told of being "ideally impressed" by the self-immolation of Miss Elfrida Knaak, attempted to commit suicide Friday by crawling into the furnace at her home in Evansville. Although badly burned, it is thought she will recover. She was taken to a hospital.

Police investigating the case tonight were attempting to determine if Miss Fredericks was a disciple of the weird philosophy professed by Miss Knaak who was fatally burned in the furnace in the basement of the village hall and police station in Lake Bluff, just a few miles to the north of Evanston.

Before her death, Miss Knaak frequently moaned that she had sought purification by fire for her sins and that she had sought to prove her love for a man by fire. After thrusting her head and shoulders through the furnace door, the pain was so intense that Miss Fredericks staggered to the upper floor of the house and sobbed she could not go through with it. Her hair, scalp, and shoulders were seared.

Three Men Killed In Terrific Blast

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 15.—(AP)—Three men were killed and five injured in an explosion late today at the army ordnance depot at Pig Point, near Portsmouth. The dead were Clyde Curling, John Duncan, and Sam Freeman, all civilian employees.



Who's Who & Timely Views

Integrity in American Public Affairs Stressed

By ARTHUR ERNEST MORGAN
President, Antioch College
(Arthur Ernest Morgan was born at Cincinnati, O., June 20, 1878. He obtained a high school education and began a private practice in engineering at St. Clair, Mich. He was employed by the government as a supervising engineer for two years and then became president of the Morgan Engineering company. Since 1915 he has been president of the Dayton-Morgan Engineering company. His services have been engaged numerous times by the government and he has constructed 75 water control projects. Since 1922 he has been president of Antioch college. He has written several books on engineering subjects. His home is in Yellow Springs, O.)

The standards of American boys and girls do not originate mysteriously or by accident, and are not created by original thinking. Experience and observation teach young people what are the actual standards of their elders, and they imitate men and women they most admire. If they see cynicism accepted by leaders in public and private life, no preaching will convince them that honesty is the best policy. Our youth is a mirror in which the older generation sees itself truly reflected.

In the recent political campaign there were many conflicting issues. But the American public had one dominant concern—integrity in public affairs. Each party was compelled to nominate its best man. The strength of each candidate was public confidence in his integrity, and the weakness of each was his proximity to sinister influences.

The people sought a leader who could be implicitly trusted. Political organizations fought for votes, but seem to have changed very few. To an unusual degree, votes for both candidates were votes of confidence in personal qualities and abilities.

Now that the campaign is over, many professional politicians are seeking rewards for their party services. Many of these men never have been and are now personal admirers of the successful candidate. They took him on compulsion and worked for him in order to maintain their political positions.

The friends of Herbert Hoover are not those politicians who opposed him as long as they dared, and then rode with him to victory. His friends are the American people who craved dependable leadership, and who compelled his acceptance by the party organization.

One large fact stands out clearly. The nomination and election of Herbert Hoover were due, not chiefly to the astuteness of professional politicians in winning him votes, but to the confidence of the American public in his integrity and capacity. Mr. Hoover owes his loyalty to the American people and not to political organizations.

ing of a new gospel. Five times he was condemned to floggings. Each time the last fell on his bare back, once, twice, three times, four, ten, eighteen, twenty-four—could he stand it longer—thirty-one—should he recant and yield—thirty-four, thirty-eight, thirty-nine—but no fortieth stripe fell.

Doubtless just when flesh was about to force the collapse of the spirit, the flogger ceased his task and the victim was spared the fortieth stripe. He could stand the 39; Paul did so five times. But the fortieth—that he was spared.

So it is in life, blows fall, burdens grow heavy, the spirit heeds the load, there is sweating and groaning as the toll of stripes mounts. Many give up early in the count; others succumb as new adversities arise. Only to him that had fortitude and courage came eventual escape and release.

The lesson of "the fortieth stripe" is the lesson of faith. We fret and worry over our crosses and our woes; but after all the "fortieth stripe" seldom falls. It has been well said "the greatest worries of life are about the things which never happen." Our fears, our troubles, our anxieties, our perplexities, these make up the count of the 39 stripes we must bear in this life. If we only learn to take the lashings of fate with endurance and with hope, then, like Paul we shall find that no spirit-crushing "fortieth stripe" will ever fall.

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