

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Evacuation of the Picket Army

SALEM'S miniature of the Washington "bonus army" came to a peaceful though not unexciting end yesterday afternoon when the "unemployed army" which had been picketing the court house lawn evacuated on order of the county court backed with threat of force. This was not accomplished until O. H. Goss, late arrival, and principal agitator, was placed under arrest. The alleged purpose of the demonstration was to obtain a public hearing in protest against inadequate relief provision of food, clothing and shelter for unemployed men and their families. The actual purpose, so far as the leadership was concerned, was principally agitation, the fomenting of trouble among men out of work. It was part of the general agitation stirred up all over the state, to take advantage of the period of unrest. It had its start here months ago when S. E. Purvine was assaulted in the relief headquarters after he had devoted months of faithful and uncompensated service on behalf of destitute families. Fortunately in the present instance the authorities finally acted to clear the grounds of the manifest nuisance, and to suppress the disorder and nuisance at the court house steps.

One could not mingle with the people who made up the picket brigade without sympathy for them and their lot. The plight of women and children in impoverished circumstances is always touching. But their gesture was a wholly unnecessary action, because the relief work of this county has been well organized and complete. In fact the unwarranted protest and abuse of those in responsible position will react against the "cause" of those who staged the performance. From kindly sympathy public sentiment may change to a frigid attitude, which would withhold aid from those whose only answer to relief extended is to "bite the hand that feeds them". The picketing demonstration, led by recent imports with radical propensities, may serve to make the authorities more hard-boiled, not so much against those who are in distress, as against the leadership which is interested primarily in social revolution.

There is no need for the general public to get excited over the disturbance. With some 4000 families which have been helped by the relief agencies, the mustering of such a small number of malcontents is a tribute to the success of the organization in charge of the work. No family is permitted to go hungry, if they make their wants known. The \$1.50 compensation allowed is in no sense a wage, but subsistence money for which some return in the way of road work is required. Every effort is being made to get men off the relief rolls and onto the payrolls where they will be earning wages. But some are so hostile to work they just want the county to keep on feeding them.

Marion county has been tolerant even of outside radicals. We want no violence here; and have put up with a good deal to avoid violence. But the authorities and the public are not ready to be bulldozed and overrun by professional trouble-makers, stirring up discord on false assertions for objects far different from those announced in the pronouncements.

The Retreat at London

THE London economic conference, called to solve vexing international problems in order to permit the resumption of world trade, has been and still is, on the verge of failure; and the failure is in large measure attributable to the Rooseveltian policy and leadership. After summoning the leaders of the world for personal conferences in order to work out adjustments to the London meeting would be a great success. Roosevelt has retreated to an intransigent nationalism which bodes ill for the conference.

First, this country refused to discuss war debts at the conference, although this has been one of the great stumbling blocks in international economic affairs.

Second, though Secretary Hull has eloquently endorsed reciprocal tariffs and tariff reductions, our delegation negated on a proposal of a 10% cut all round, made by some of its own members.

Third, in spite of the fact that Pres. Roosevelt stated a specific object of the conference was the stabilization of currencies, the United States has resisted any move toward such stabilization, demanding that the dollar be permitted to "take its own course".

Now what is behind all this retreat of the administration? The answer is plainly INFLATION. To stabilize the dollar might mean the end of the speculative frenzy which has been going forward in anticipation of devaluation of the dollar. When it was proposed chills were felt and reported in Washington. Committed as the administration is to price hoisting, and to the use of debasing the currency in order to hoist prices, it was afraid to take a stand for sound money, stabilized currencies and resumption of normal trade on that basis.

How do we know this? Follow not the political dispatches but the reports of the speculative markets. The wild horses of inflation are getting the bit in the teeth. Wheat jumps to over a dollar a bushel, although in this commodity crop prospects justify the advance. Cotton and all other commodities have been forging ahead since the proposals for dollar stabilization were resisted by Americans at London. The virus of inflation is working. The country now feels the first stimulating effects. The grave danger is that the stimulant will produce intoxication and the country be plunged in an orgy of inflation, paper money, currency steadily growing more valueless, and eventual disaster and repudiation.

London offered the way toward healthy restoration of values; economic nationalism offers the prospects of painful and costly readjustment covered up temporarily by the drug of inflation.

Back to Standard Time

ONE by one the Washington towns which lost their heads and went daylight saving time are rescinding the orders and going back to standard time. Walla Walla, principal city in southeastern Washington, is back again on the regulation of the solar orbit. Concerning the change-back the Union of that city declares:

"It was another noble experiment which went sour—this daylight plan. The idea is good, providing it is used universally, but when one group stays on standard time and the other on daylight time, it is something else again.
"Community after community, giving the plan a trial,

"I Met That Dame SOMEWHERE Before--"



Illustration by King Edward Steigler, Inc. Copyright 1933

HEALTH BITS for BREAKFAST

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

A FRIEND of mine recently had an operation for the removal of gallstones. During his convalescence he was told that forty-two stones had been found. The patient was amazed and could not believe it possible. To convince him, the surgeon showed him the specimen jar containing the stones. Then and only then was my friend fully convinced of the truth of the story.

Gallstones may vary in number from one to fifty, or even more, in rare instances of hundreds. When many gallstones are present they are usually small, smooth and round. When few are found they are likely to be large, rough and irregular in shape. The latter cause more pain and may cause frequent attacks of gall-bladder colic.

Not all cases of gallstones are painful. The pain is caused when the stone moves, trying to leave the gall-bladder. This sets up a muscle reflex, leading to severe pain over the lower borders of the right ribs. The pain may be referred to the right shoulder and back. It is often confused with rheumatic and neuralgic pain.

Sufferers from gallstones complain of indigestion, nausea, loss of appetite and constipation. The symptoms are more marked when the stones interfere with the passage of bile. When this happens the skin of the patient becomes yellow. Normally the bile leaves the gall-bladder and enters the first part of the small intestine. A stone may enter the bile duct and prevent the passage of bile. When this happens the bile overflows and is poured into the bloodstream. This leads to "jaundice" or discoloration of the skin.

Neglect of gallstones leads to inflammation of the gall-bladder. This is known medically as "cholecystitis". "Cholelithiasis" is the technical name for gallstones.

Use of Patent Medicines
I am often asked whether gallstones can be cured by operation alone. This is the only method of getting rid of the offending substances. Do not be misled by statements concerning the value of certain patent medicines recommended for the cure of gallstones. They are not approved by the medical profession. As yet we have no medicine that will prevent gallstones, or dissolve them.

If you are a sufferer from gallstones and operation has been advised, do not delay. It is a dangerous affliction to neglect. In the hands of a competent surgeon, the operation is a simple one and need not be feared.

It will comfort you to know that millions of men and women have lived long and comfortable lives without knowing they had gallstones. It is only when they cause definite trouble that they need attention.

Answers to Health Queries
M. M. W. Q.—What causes a burning feeling in the stomach? 2: What causes a growling sound in the stomach at all times?
A.—This is probably due to acidity, caused by a faulty diet and poor elimination. 2: This is probably due to gas. Correct your diet.

M. K. Q.—What causes bad breath? 2: What do you advise for dandruff? 3: Is it bad for the health to eat too much candy?
A.—This may be due to diseased tonsils, decayed teeth, nasal catarrh, indigestion and constipation. Try to locate the cause and remove it possible. 2: Daily brushing, frequent shampooing and the use of a good tonic should prove helpful. 3: Excessive use of any food is harmful. (Copyright, 1933, K. F. S., Inc.)

abandoned it. Walla Walla stubbornly stuck about as long as any of them, but now gives in. Time will now fit that of the postoffice, the railroads and others. Twelve o'clock will mean just that and not something else.
The London conference was evidently opened with that version of the Lord's prayer which runs: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXIV
The worn front steps of the old Van Fleet house creaked under Mrs. Barstow's slight weight. The door bell jangled complacently. After a long time there came the sound of shuffling steps, the door swung open grudgingly.
An old woman with a long yellow face, and a red checked shawl tied around her head and in a little knot under her chin, stared at her through the crack.
"You can wait in the parlor," she said when she understood it was a caller for the Misses Van Fleet.
How cold it was in the long, high-ceilinged room. How damp and musty! Mrs. Barstow fingered the carved mahoganyavenport, with the faded red tapestry covering. Really very handsome. The heavy Persian rugs, soft as silk, glowing even in that darkened room, with the strong, vital colors of the East. But the stained wall paper, the mildew spots in the big engings in their heavy gold frames... didn't they ever have a fire? And such a slatternly, crazy looking old servant!

Tick tick, tick tick, tick tick, the bronze clock on the white marble mantle ticked off the seconds sadly. Doors slammed shut, there came the sound of slippers feet dragging through the hallway. Then silence again.
Once she stood up to go. It was silly to wait so long in the cold, musty room. And still, to come all the way for nothing...
Finally, the door opened, the old woman with the red shawl was back. "Miss Ervie is out," she said, "and Miss Babe is lying down."
"But I've come from San Francisco. Couldn't I see her?"
"You could come back," the old woman said, "some other time."
She stalked ahead into the hall, opened the big front door. "Good day, madam!" Lyla Barstow was being dismissed like a book agent. Bang! That was the door closing behind her.
The child of the old house had struck into her very bones. She sat twenty minutes in front of the blazing fire at the Gray's just the other side of the hill, before she began to thaw out.

"And rude... Lottie, are they always so rude?"
Plump little Mrs. Gray laughed comfortably. "Always. Poor as church mice, and much too haughty to associate with any of us. So Curtis is interested in the girl, dear, dear. What's she like? I haven't seen her in years. Rather a beauty, isn't she?"
Mrs. Barstow nodded. "Yes, strikingly so. And I'm afraid Curtis is well-served. That's why I called—she has been so mysterious about them... what sort of girl was she, Lottie?"
"Oh, quiet little thing. Not like the girls nowadays. They never let her play with the other children. Of course, I know how you feel about Curtis... still, some of the flappers are a terrible... simply terrible. Did you hear about the Hammond girl? The Leslie Hammond's Constance, you know. I had it from Carrie Pierce, you know what a gossip she is—don't let it go any further, but..."

Mrs. Barstow listened, sipping her hot tea... the Hammond girl, who had been Curtis' partner at his first condition... what was the world coming to? At least Joan was good... that was something...
Joan lay on the couch near the window with a magazine propped up before her. She couldn't read. She wanted... what did she want? She didn't know. Impossible to be lonely with Maisie bustling back and forth every few minutes, but she was lonely... as long as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

"Again!" Maisie scolded. "All that doorbell does is ring, ring, ring."
"Why don't you let it ring and not answer it?" Joan grinned, stretching a long, slender foot in its yellow Chinese slipper.
"Well, I don't know... habit I guess," and she padded to the door, still grumbling.

"Oh!" It was Curtis, looking rather young and sheepish standing there in the doorway with his cheeks red from the wind, and a long florist's box under one arm. Such a big box, with a hole cut in one end, and

long stems sticking out, like tall, rosy, of course. "Oh—I wasn't expecting to see you!"
"Can't I come in?" he asked, laughing and stepping into the hall at the same time.
"Joan kind of wanted to be quiet today," she began doubtfully, but Curtis always over-awed her, and he was already pulling off his big coat.
"There's a man for you," Maisie exclaimed when he waived aside her feeble objections and sought Joan out for himself. "One in a million, if only she gets over her queer notions... I'll just go and get dinner for three... maybe he'll stay..."
"Why, Curtis Barstow? Didn't Maisie tell you to stay away from both hands to him gladly, and her eyes, the color of the sea-green kimono, were flecked with happy light. "Curtis... I am glad you came... truly. And a box—what's in the box?"

With a little sob she went into his arms. "Curtis, don't ever let me go!"
"Open it and see." He smiled down at her gravely, not offering to help while her fingers struggled with the knots in the broad green tulle. How lovely she was, with her ruffled golden hair, and the delicate ivory skin...
"La France roses! I haven't seen them since—oh, for so long—" She buried her face in their cool, wet fragrance. "Not since... I lived in the old house, with my aunts."
"They were on some one's order. I made them give them to me. Old fashioned, aren't they? One doesn't see them often. So I lugged them up myself, to make sure of them!" He was touched by her delight in them... funny little girl, loving her flowers...
"They're like—like home," she said thickly. And the loneliness came back. Overwhelming loneliness, crushing her, frightening her. Old memories. Memories of the La France roses in the old garden across the bay. Of love and laughter, and another spring. Of promises that would never be fulfilled...
"Dear, you're crying!"
"No, I'm not!" She tried to laugh, but she couldn't. She saw it all. Clear as crystal. All the years to come. All the years of loneliness. Growing older and older, like Hogan in the shop. "Getting ahead," she said. "Getting ahead," she said. "Getting ahead," she said. "Getting ahead," she said.

One-half of what is left shall be apportioned to the counties according to their respective valuation of taxable property.
The amount to be returned to 36 counties is \$298,592.40.
What are the counties and the state going to lose to get the sum of \$93,184,817 Section 24 of the act exempts all personal property taxes for the year 1933. This amount is estimated at more than 3 million dollars of which Multnomah county pays \$1,467,015.00, and of which amount 831 persons or corporations pay \$1,109,204.00 and 20 of that number pay \$54,426.00. One and one-half millions represent what we are paying for our estimated \$18,000,000 for the year 1933. The real property tax, 2.3 mills and the bonus loan, .5 of 1 mill and the school tax, which will go off from property in 1934, 2 mills, or a total of 4.7 mills.

but this applies only in 1934. For 1933 the reduction on the real property taxes and the bonus loan is less than 1 1/2 mills, or about 1-15th of the taxes paid in the city of Salem and other cities of this county and approximately 1/4 of the taxes paid on farm properties.
The rest of our whistling cost us 2.3 on our groceries, clothing, farm utensils, water, electric light and telephone bills, etc. Who will be the savers? The owners of large stocks of goods and personal property and the utilities in stepping out from under a half million taxes and passing it on to their customers.
Real estate will be wonderfully relieved.
Maybe Mr. Fisher can explain some of the above. If so, we would like to hear it.
Respectfully submitted,
O. W. EMMONS
Attorney

The Safety Valve
Letters from Statesman Readers
In a recent issue of The Statesman under date appeared an item under the caption "Fisher Dismisses Sales Tax Policy" from which discussion the following is quoted:
"The one and only purpose of the sales tax is to relieve the burden on real property." Earl L. Fisher of the State Tax Commission told the audience at the Women's Greater Oregon association meeting at the chamber of commerce last night. "Local dependence on property taxes is headed for collapse," he declared.
Mr. Fisher states that 40 millions per year will be required for local government in the state during the next biennium and he points out the baneful condition of the tax situation as the same relates to payments. Mr. Fisher also states that the sales tax law will raise an estimated 5 millions.

On the basis of 3 millions for the last half of 1933, the sales tax law provides for the distributions as follows:
1. Administration expenses estimated at \$ 150,000.00
2. The... 1,457,918.96
3. Sinking fund for the World War Veterans State Aid Commission, replacing 5-10ths mill levy... 518,972.23
4. For the relief of the unemployed 250,000.00
Total of... \$2,406,815.18
Balance left... 503,184.81
Banneroff wrote of him: "Bush (Turn to page 8) \$3,000,000.00"

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San Francisco	15.05	Roseburg	3.15
Medford	6.00	Eugene	1.55

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