

The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Sawdust Trail

It is a new sawdust trail the dust is rising from these days. A new class of penitents is hastening to the mourners' bench. It is not the "old time religion" which is enjoying a summer camp-meeting revival. Those crowding the aisles are not singing "washed in the blood". In fact their zeal in getting well down in front is the only evidence of emotionalism. There is no sign of laboring under any "conviction of sin"; and most of the new converts wear broadcloth instead of sackcloth.

The altar of the new religion has been set up in Washington, and lawyers and lobbyists are new priests of the cult. But how the "saved" are pressing forward to kneel at the altar, to pass under the spray of holy water and receive the political benediction of the Great Medicine Man. The rich and the ex-rich are anxious for holy unction. Billy Sunday would not recognize the new crop of kneelers at the altar rail.

We call this new trek to Washington by the nation's industrialists as hitting the sawdust trail; because they are all traveling with "codes and ethics" which are the translation of the "new deal" in terms which the industrialists can understand. Here come the meat packers, fresh dipped in the blood of fair dealing. Here come the sugar refiners, pious as cemetery sextons. Here come the brick-makers, with scrolls in their hands. Here come the cotton mill executives, with ringing resolutions. Here come the cement makers, lumber manufacturers, paper mill operators, fruit canners, copper miners, flour millers, oil chiefs, coal barons, — all seeking fresh license to profit in the name of a "code of ethics."

No wonder industry did not resist the passage of the "industrial recovery bill". The industrialists now find the way open for suppression of competition, price-fixing, and writing of trade regulations which they think will restore lush profits. So instead of singing "Just as I am, without one plea", the men filling the club cars en route to Washington are singing "Happy days are here again". That is the theme song of the new revival, with its "codes of ethics."

There are solemn assurances of fair prices, of fair wages, etc.; but the cost accounting which will justify high prices and relatively low wages is a familiar device of industry. The technique has carried over from the "cost plus" contracts of war-time. Even if there are rugged individualists who will hold back, the pressure will be too strong, and they will be forced to hit the sawdust trail, with a "code of ethics", to get an "O.K., F. R." They will be on hand to "get theirs" while the getting is good.

The poor consumer is the only one for whom no place is provided at the altar. With manufacturers and railroad men and labor delegates and attorneys overflowing the mourners' benches the poor consumer, with no code of ethics, will have to sit in the draught by the rear window.

Prices are to be raised,—by debasing the dollar, by threat or actuality of scrip money, by process taxes, and finally by lifting the anti-trust laws and permitting industries to gang up under "codes of ethics". It is a new deal indeed, when price increases of 50% as in book paper which we printers are buying is sanctified under the gloss of "ethics".

High Salaries, and How!

There has been a concentrated drive against high salaries in private as well as public business. It seemed incongruous to chisel a few hundred dollars from a \$5000 state official when men in employ of corporations of a quasi-public nature were receiving up to \$200,000 a year in salary. So pressure has been exerted to get reductions of these high bracket wage scales. Congress restricted loans to insurance companies to such concerns as pay no higher salary than \$17,500. The R. F. C. required the Southern Pacific to make salary cuts of 60% before it would grant a loan of \$22,000,000. Other railroad salaries have been cut in half.

But the clever kitchen cabinetiers at Washington are under no such limitation. Besides drawing pay from the government they are cashing in on their prestige. Nor do they stop at \$17,500 when they sign salary contracts. Here is Col. Louis Howe, confidential secretary to the president. Howe is "on the air" once a week for the space of a half-hour. And for that service he draws down \$1500. This is at the rate of \$78,000 per year, a higher sum than the salary of the president. Add to this the five or ten thousand he gets from his official position, it will be seen that for Col. Howe prosperity is no longer lurking around imaginary corners.

Wage cuts may be in store for the humble postman and the men who fought to save the country in its wars, but the presidential secretariat is combining business with pleasure and drawing down sizeable sums during their day in glory. In spite of the popular demands in business as in politics, for salary cuts there are still some high salaries, and How!

Not "Red Cross" Relief

THERE has been a general misunderstanding respecting the administration of local relief, common reference being made to the organization as the "Red Cross". When the Community Service was formed two years ago, the Red Cross organization offered to have its secretary undertake the investigation work. Later the Community Service administered the relief funds and Miss Boesen, the Red Cross secretary, was in charge of this work.

The last legislature however created a state relief organization which is headed by Raymond Wilcox of Portland. Ivan White, Willamette graduate, is employed by the state committee and is responsible for the work in 26 counties of the state. The same legislative act created county relief committees, composed of the three members of the county court and four individuals named by the governor. These are for Marion county, J. N. Chambers, chairman, Harold Eakin, Harry Levy, M. G. Gunderson, Silvertown, County Judge Siegmund, Jim Smith, Roy Melson.

The Marion county committee upon its organization took over the work formerly handled by Community Service and the county. Miss Boesen continues as the executive in charge, and others were appointed for the necessary assistance. Salaries are paid from the general funds upon the order of the relief committee. The Red Cross is not connected with this organization; consequently it is a mistake to refer to relief headquarters as "the Red Cross".



Little, but Oh My!

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reunion of 1888 class at Jonassere: Salem, has his home now in Portland.

As foretold in this column on Saturday last, the 1888 East Salem school class met at Jonassere on Sunday for its annual reunion meeting in celebration of the 45th year since graduation. Under the trees at that suburban home of Mrs. W. Al Jones, a member, the gathering enjoyed a sumptuous basket dinner.

Followed a program, with Burt Brown Barker, vice president of the University of Oregon, the toastmaster. At its close, Dr. Barker was against his protest elected president for another year—only they call the office "totem pole." Instead, requiring more space for defining than is available. Mr. Barker, who spent his boyhood and early manhood in

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

SEVERAL CENTURIES ago an old herb woman in Shropshire, England, used the leaves of the digitalis plant for the cure of dropsy and other similar disorders. Her success was so great that crowds flocked to her from all parts of the country. Of course, at that time little was known about the scientific preparation of medicines, and her success depended upon for the cure of disease.

In 1785 an English physician by the name of William Withering, first announced to the skeptical profession the medical value of digitalis leaves. He had learned of the phenomenal success of the herb woman and became interested. The doctor conducted experiments, using a digitalis preparation on several of his patients with remarkable beneficial results. For several years a few physicians used the drug. Many feared the preparation and condemned it. It is not surprising that the profession refused to accept digitalis as a valuable medicine. Extracts made from the leaves of the plant varied in strength, and success in its use was far from constant. In many instances fatal results were reported from the giving of this preparation. More than one hundred years elapsed before an accurate and reliable preparation of digitalis was obtained. It remained for modern scientific research laboratories to perfect and make safe this useful medicine. Today it is accepted as one of the most valuable of drugs in the treatment of certain disorders of the heart.

The digitalis plant is now grown with this organization; consequently it is a mistake to refer to relief headquarters as "the Red Cross". The organization is thus a responsible, legally constituted body. It operates on public funds and its accounts are carefully kept and subject to official audit. The character of the committee is a guarantee to the public of the honest and efficient handling of the relief work in this county.

The nine-pound son born to Aimee McPherson Hutton turns out to be a hoax. Considering her former miraculous ocean dive such a birth had it occurred a few years ago before her marriage to Dave Hutton would have been taken by her followers as just another immaculate conception. Poor Aimee, sick in Paris, and being her grip on Los Angeles. The hoax is getting tarnished.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XXXV "Joan, don't play with me!" What was she saying, this girl he loved? "The net playing," she went on in that small, tortured voice. "I just don't want—oh, please, don't be cross with me—please don't—I can't bear it when you look at me like that." "You don't want me to forget you, and you don't want my love. Do you know what you do want Joan?" The coldness in his voice frightened her. She clasped him tighter. "Please don't stop liking me—"

Joan slipped to her knees beside the couch, buried her distorted face in the cushions. Maise had made a mess of her hair, and her dress was trimmed with gold lace and flowers, remnants from the workshop. Maise came in from the kitchen, her head a-fore. "I heard the door shut, and I went to stay for dinner? Oh, Joannie, as I was makin' biscuits!" The young man from the newspaper was in the kitchen, the picture of Joan. "To read it is a wonderful thing," she said, "news of it—that was... her only son's engagement..."

When clouds hold the stars in tether, For each loves each forever." Most of the members who sent regrets promised to make every effort to be present at the 1934 reunion. Prof. S. A. Randle, who was principal of the old East Salem school when this class graduated, being the start and nucleus of the present Salem high school, is living in Portland now, long retired from active work. He was 93 last November. The members present all signed a letter of felicitations.

29 Years Ago NICHOLAS LONGWORTH WHITE HOUSE VISITOR



From the Nation's News Files, Washington, June 28, 1904 The handsome young Congressman from Ohio is a welcome visitor at the White House. It is rumored that he is often seen in conference with a younger member of the family. Visit our completely equipped, modern mortuary. Its restful atmosphere has added a note of distinction to Rigdon Services.

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