

# The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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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

## Little, but Oh My!



## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reunion of 1888 class at Jonesmere:

As foretold in this column on Saturday last, the 1888 East Salem school class met at Jonesmere 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

Salem, has his home now in Portland.

Mrs. Thomas Holman of Salem was selected secretary-treasurer, summa cum laude with the highest praise; though John Reynolds of Portland, ordered by the "totem pole" to define the addition to the title, wandered far and afield in quip and story; too diffuse, also, for space here, if not too hallowed. Florida Catterlin-Irwin of Salem was continued as assistant secretary, and Milton L. Meyers as reading clerk.

There were present 19 members of the class, and with their wives and husbands it was a party of 48 in all. A questionnaire had been mailed to all members, answers were in hand from most of them, and Dr. Barker attempted a summary

## Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

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 a physician by the name of William Withering, first announced to the then 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 on an extensive scale. Special attention is given to the harvesting of the leaves. They are gathered only in dry and clear weather, dried at a certain temperature and carefully stored until ready for use.

Has Beneficial Action on the Heart The drug made from the leaves is commonly spoken of as "tincture of digitalis". It has an amazing and beneficial action on the heart. It retards the rapid action of a diseased heart and tired heart. Digitalis makes the heart, in its contractions, pump stronger and more efficiently. It relieves distressed breathing, shortness of breath and swelling of the ankles. These are common signs encountered in the individual suffering from heart trouble. It is especially valuable for aged individuals who show these signs of heart weakness. Under no circumstances should the drug be taken without the personal attention of a physician. It is only of value in certain cases. The physician is the one who can decide when it should be used, and how much should be taken. Severe and serious damage to the muscles of the heart may occur when the medicine is not properly prescribed.

that was rich in fact and fancy and kept the company in a state of merriment from beginning to end. "What was your greatest childhood ambition?" was one of the questions. "Who was your first beau or sweetheart?" was another; "by whom and for what school offenses were you punished?" and "was the punishment just considered in retrospect?" were two more. And so on.

There were letters from members at Seattle, Wash., Toppash, Wash., Waukegan, Ill., Klamath Falls and Dufur, Oregon, etc., and Horace A. Willis wrote from Hilo, Hawaii. From Cottage Grove, Oregon, Osalan J. Shirley wrote in part:

"I deeply regret my inability to be with the boys and girls of '88 and '89. . . In a reminiscent mood I have collected the following data: "The amateur baseball nine of East Salem was made up of Doc Baker, Hody Willis, Riley Walker, Boots Chadwick, Lige Starr, Frank Bernard, Howard Davis, Willy Zinn and myself. We played a winning game with Silverton in the middle of the season. I'll tell his decisions because so raw he was forced to resign. "Prof. Raandie did not hurt my feelings, he made Annie Alderson and I stand alone 15 minutes in the assembly room.

"I could tell a whole of a story about Ed Baker. It's a long way from a watermelon patch to the morgue,—but Ed having established a good reputation it would be just too bad to spill the beans. . . "I took Bun Parrish to a party one night. It must have been my first cruise because when the party was over I asked if I could take her home.

"From the old East school Doc Baker once made a break for liberty. Prof. Peables captured Doc in the middle of Mill creek. "Immaculate Flo Catterlin possessed a tiny mirror in school from which she shyly took a look of herself. Flo was easy on the eyes, at that.

"Clarence Crane, Ines Rotan and, I think, Mark Savage had a hand in making up the class poem. One stanza irked me beyond expression. I'll never forget it ran thuswise: "O stands for Ocean, The Shirley so bold, Who got the mitten twice, Thinks the world very cold."

"Would you please convey my kindest regards to our dear classmates and friends. . . I know when they have gone their several ways it will be the end of a perfect day."

Nineteen members of the class reported 20 children between them, 14 daughters and six sons. Eleven reported no children. One reported "only a Pokenese dog." Lena Crump reported: "No offspring to inherit my great beauty, gracious manner and charming personality." She is a granddaughter of Turner Crump, who was the first postmaster of Salem, under the provisional government, before the town was named Salem and was then called "The Institute" at the postoffice being in the Thomas Cox store. The first general store started in Salem, near east corner of Commercial and Ferry streets.

The post laureate of the '88 class is Basil H. ("Eas") Wagner of Salem. At the Sunday reunion he feelingly recited the following:

Class of Mine: "This setting here at Jonesmere, with its myriad flowers and a breath taking beauty, is like a garden of love. Its lily cups hold the glistening dew, the golden heart of Marguerite; its willow droop with Ophelia's tears; through the trees comes the whispering of the white woman—its murmuring waters tell of Elaine. In its shadows lurk the sad face of old Dante; through the grasses, as though our thoughts for our well liked classmate, Henry Paty, has crept the silvery stream of Lethe, and over life's thorns is spread the poppies' blood red glow.

To My Class Here are the ones that are loyal and sweet; Here are the ones that are true; Here are the ones that claim my heart—That's you, and you and you. Now hit the tune of pagan June, With hearts as light as a feather, And each lass and lad is wondrous glad—For isn't our class together? Hoed not the pall of the darkening fall.

June 28, 1928 Loganberry situation up in air; crop ripe, little sold; growers hold for 5 cents; packers refuse to buy, saying market precarious.

Dr. H. H. Ollinger elected school board chairman, succeeding Walter Winslow, retiring director.

SALT LAKE CITY—President Harding addressed 12,000 in Mormon tabernacle, declaring governmental expenses too high; state expense rise 161 per cent in eight years, only five states cut down, states.

# "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."  
He looked down at her, silently.  
"I won't stop liking you," he said at last. "I'm afraid I couldn't do that now. Not very easy, it's—too late. But you won't mind if I go now, will you? I have work to do, work that may keep me occupied for some time."  
"You're not coming back?"  
He freed her clinging hands. "I'll come back, Joan. He must go. . . while he could still keep his voice steady. . . He stooped and kissed her once more. "Goodbye—take care of yourself!"  
He was gone.  
Joan slipped to her knees beside the couch, buried her distorted face in the cushions. Maise had said much, gurgled, tickled, teased, trimmed with gold lace and flowers, remnants from the workshop.  
Maise came in from the kitchen, her head a-tilt. "I heard the door shut, and I'm going to stay for dinner? Oh, Joanne, as I was makin' biscuits!"  
The young man from the newspaper was in the shop selecting costumes for the Spring Fashions Edition. He wore a very shiny old blue suit, and his nose was much too big. Still, he was a man, so Ruth favored near him, chattering while he worked.  
"I know a lot of newspaper men in Los Angeles," she said. "Did you know a tall, skinny fellow named . . . let's see . . . was it Shorty Carter? . . . Something like that. He did something about baseball."  
"No, don't think so."  
She had a cousin who was a printer in Seattle, but he didn't know him either.  
"Say, who's the tall blonde over there?"  
The first sign of life from him, and that about Joan. "Well, you're wasting your time getting interested in that blond. She's not interested. That's Joan Hastings, and she's going to marry Curtis Barstow—so that's that. Period, paragraph. Anything else you want to know?"  
He laughed, and patted her hand, conventionally. "Young attorney weds shop girl, eh?"  
"I should say not—she's Madame's protégée, and she's supposed to be somebody or other."  
The young man had finished his drawings, he beamed on Ruth and went away.  
Just after closing time the telephone rang. The girls had all gone to bed, and the little dining room was empty. Curtis Barstow's engagement to Joan Hastings announced! She almost dropped the receiver! A picture? The newspaper wanted a picture? Yes, she had several pictures of Miss Hastings. . . she didn't know very much about the young lady except that she was a granddaughter of some important people, Van Fleet she thought the name was. Yes, they lived in Sausalito.

After she gave the picture she wondered if she should have spoken to Joan about it first. Joan was so nervous about it. . . let her say anything about it. . . let her wonder where they got it.  
For an engaged girl Joan looked awfully glum. . . she was worrying about what old lady Barker will say when the story comes out. . . Francis thought, noting the dark circles under Joan's eyes, and the haggard drop to her shoulders. "Wonder who the old lady is. . . wonder if Ma knows, and never told me, the old stingy!"  
Twice she was on the point of speaking about it, but with Joan so downcast, perhaps she had better not. Better not say anything at all until it came out in the paper. . . And come out it did, a beautiful society "scoop" for the young man's shoes. A three column picture of Joan, an account of Gertrude's brilliant career. . . A real nice write-up. . . Maise decided, especially the part about the Van Fleets. I had my idea they were so swell."  
All the way home she thought about it. Pictured Maise bustling with pride, ordering extra copies of the paper to put away in the Campbell-wood chest with her wedding slippers and Gerald's baby curls. . . poor Ma. . .  
But Maise, at that moment, was engaged in no such sentimental task. "Come kitty, kitty, kitty!" she had murmured, and she had slipped the evening paper under the plate, thinking it was yesterday's. "I've fed your cat, Joanne—dinner's ready!"  
Lyla Barstow glanced over the papers Curtis dropped in her lap. There was a note pinned before dinner. She read the headlines on the front page. Yawned, and turned to "Society"—not that there was ever anything interesting. . . "Curtis has managed to say his name quite naturally, to note to the article and ask, "What does this mean?" before the full significance of it reached her. The glaring headline, the picture of Joan. . . To read it in a newspaper. . . getting the news of it—that was. . . her only son's engagement. . .  
"Why didn't you tell me?" She covered her face with her hands. "Saul's son could have told. . . your mother."  
"Good heavens!" He dropped the paper. Picked it up again, jammed it in his pocket, grabbed his hat. "Curtis. . . where are you going?"  
The door slammed behind him.

Joan was trembling, trembling and very cold though the steam heat was on and the little dining room was bright and warm. Her shaking hands, holding the newspaper Curtis had brought, were damp and clammy. She wiped one, furtively, on her skirt. "I don't understand, I don't understand, Curtis. Why did they print it? When it isn't true, it isn't true."  
"That's why it hurts," he said in the dark, "because that didn't sound like his voice at all."  
Maise drew in her breath sharply. A queer, whistling sound. She wanted to get away, into the kitchen, but her legs failed her. They wouldn't carry her away. She might have been a wax woman for all the two at the table noticed her. They stood there with the crumpled paper spread over the cloth, one edge dripping in a coffee cup, their eyes averted, ashamed. Curtis' face was stony and grey. Joan's chin was quivering pitifully. "I don't know why they did it," Joan moaned. "I—don't—understand."  
Why didn't Curtis say something to comfort her? Why didn't he tell her he was glad they made a mistake. . . And suddenly she heard herself saying in a loud voice, "It isn't any disgrace is it? If I was a man I'd be proud to be engaged to her."  
Curtis turned, conscious of her for the first time. "I don't understand," he said very gravely. "I should be glad to be engaged to her. . . if it were true."  
His eyes met Joan's. She was looking at him now, seeing his suffering, reading the agonies that he would never again put into words. He wanted it to be true. . . wanted it more than anything in the world. . . poor Curtis. . . wanting that, and suddenly her face was as bright, her head went up proudly. She put out her hands to him, "I'd

be—proud too, Curtis!" She took the first step toward him, not waiting for him to come, not caring for Maise. "If you want me, can't it be true?" The old Joan again. Gertrude. Not counting costs.  
"Joan, do you mean that?"  
"Yes—yes—yes." She went into his arms, laughing and crying at the same time. . . so happy. . . so happy that she had not talked him, Curtis, who wanted her so.  
It was foggy, the heat that brought the evening papers to Sausalito was late. As Gertrude's garage Dolores waited for hers impatiently. She liked to read while she was waiting. . .  
At last! And Joan had to have to hurry, or Joe would crab again because dinner was late. She was getting sick of Joe and his yelling about food. . . sick of him. . . sick of him. . .  
While the potatoes were boiling she sat down to read the paper, scattering the printed sheets. Sales first. . . spring hats at the Emporium. . . let's see what Heller's had. . .  
The water boiled out of the saucepan. The stench of scorched potatoes filled the little cupboard house. Dolores lay face downward on her knees, her head cut out with a hairpin, clenched in her hand.  
When Gertrude came home she was on her way to the postoffice, clutching a square pink envelope to her breast. Her eyes glistened unaccountably, a strand of her dark hair escaped from her hat, giving her a wild, demonic look. Two little girls, frightened and fascinated, were expelled from school on falling. Miss Gertrude's hair was falling down, and she was talking to herself.  
"Took the man I loved away from me. . . thought you was smart. . . I'll pay you now. . . I'll pay you back. . ."  
It was addressed to Curtis Barstow, Kennedy, Hart and Barstow, Attorneys, and because it was on pink paper the office boy put it with the personal mail, though it might be business after all.  
Curtis slit the envelope with the quick, precise movement that was habitual with him. Opened the scrap of paper, read them with amazement and disgust.  
Dear Friend—  
I take this opportunity to warn you before it is too late. Joan Hastings stole my lover and broke my heart and his. She will break yours too and disgrace you like she done her own family. If you don't want a life of misery get rid of her before it is too late. She was a woman, a dishonest servant, the countess of her actions. She ran away with a sailor when she was only fifteen. Besides other things she did. The sailor was from Goat Island.  
"When! Wonder what crank wrote that!" He dropped it gingerly into the waste basket. "Dirty crook!" His face darkened. To think that Joan, white, innocent Joan, should be the victim of a filthy, anonymous letter like that. I'd like to wring his neck—or her neck—whichever wrote it!  
Sausalito! It was postmarked Sausalito, Joan's old home. So that was it. No more demands. At after all. . . a deliberate attempt to make trouble. . . He picked the pink sheets up again, read them over. Some illiterate, malicious woman, a dishonest servant, perhaps. He snuffed it into his pocket. He'd ask Joan if there was someone who might wish her ill.  
But he never thought of it again. . . He saw Joan. She forgot everything but the wonder of her, the miracle of their love, Joan, sweet, beautiful Joan to be his. . . He walked on air. He couldn't believe that he had really won her, the girl of his dreams.  
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

and good wishes, which Dr. Barker personally conveyed to him.  
Members of the class attending: Mr. and Mrs. Burt Brown Barker, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams, Mrs. Lena Crump Hughes, and Mrs. Anna Veitch Pape, all of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Moulton of Vancouver, Wash.; Mrs. Lydia Parrish Cox of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kruse of Oregon City; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Milton L. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dancy, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. (Turn to page 9)

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.  
W. T. RIGDON & SON INC. FUNERALS SINCE 1891 SALEM, OREGON