

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

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Hands Across the Continent

O. M. W. SPRAGUE has resigned his post as special treasury adviser because he is out of sympathy with the Roosevelt monetary program and foresees a dangerous inflation ahead which he feels it his duty to combat.

For O. M. W. in his letter to the president hammers home the arguments against price raising by dollar devaluation which we have been emphasizing.

We quote some pertinent paragraphs from Mr. Sprague's letter:

"I am opposed to the present policy of depreciating the dollar through gold purchases in foreign markets for two reasons, I am convinced that this policy will prove ineffective in securing a speedy rise in prices. This is not because of any inability to depreciate the dollar.

"When a government announces its determination to depreciate its own currency it can certainly accomplish that result, and without the necessity of acquiring any considerable amounts of gold in other countries; since no sensible person will desire in such circumstances to acquire more of the currency.

"But mere depreciation of the currency in relation to the currencies of other countries will not bring about a general rise in prices, in the absence of widespread distrust of the currency, at a time when there is a large excess plant capacity and millions of unemployed wage earners.

"An advance in prices that has any promise of being maintained requires the development of conditions that will permit a sustained demand for more labor and more materials, with resultant increase in the production of goods and services and a higher standard of living.

"Finally, and of overshadowing importance, the present policy threatens a complete break-down of the credit of the government. The recovery program involves expenditures far in excess of current revenues.

"I believe you are faced with the alternative either of giving up the present policy or of the meeting of government expenditures with additional paper money."

These are words which the president should heed, but will not. He has ousted from the treasury all who held to the democratic platform enunciation of a "sound currency to be preserved at all hazards."

Mr. Sprague recognizes that "there is no defense from a drift into unrestrained inflation other than an aroused and organized public opinion"; and retires from the treasury with the announced intention of joining in the effort to arouse public opinion as to the dangers that impend.

Thwarting the Water Deal

It is obvious that concern for the stockholders who are themselves, and not the bondholders, prompts rejection by the New Yorkers of the proposal of the city of Salem to assume the mortgage debt against the water plant here.

The Salem plant is assuredly worth not more than \$950,000 at the present time. Of this amount some \$903,000 represents the equity of the bondholders, the remainder the equity of the stockholders.

This objection might be valid were it not for the terms of the bond issue. The indenture under which the bonds were issued, and which is perforce binding upon the bondholders, definitely outlines the plan which the city of Salem is now proposing.

What to do now? There is only one thing to do, and that is to proceed to condemn. If the trustee for the bondholders does not want to take the guarantee of payment of \$903,000, then he can take what a Marion county jury says the plant is worth.

The Cherrians are doing a fine thing in acting as sponsors for a ball in honor of the governor and members of the legislature. While the Cherrians have taken the lead and are doing the work, it should be understood that this is an all-Salem affair.

Another Repeal Celebration



Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Double Salem's population in five short years or less: (Continuing from yesterday.) Fortunes will be made in the flax and linen industries that are certain to come to the Willamette valley.

But the enduring enterprises in this field, and successful from the start, will likely be the ones organized and conducted in the atmosphere of a spirit of cooperation, with all persons concerned willing to put in their means and devote their services on a basis calculated to insure solidly before looking for considerable profits and high rewards.

With the industry thus organized and conducted, and with the natural and other advantages favoring it here, it could stand the competition offered in this country, or likely to confront it in the future, and be in condition to compete in foreign markets.

The reader who has followed this series must have been convinced that the industry up to the flax stage would thus be on an even keel with cotton fiber in terms of cost - allowing reasonable profits to the growers and the concerns performing the retting, scutching and sorting.

As to the processes above that stage, beginning with the spinning of the fibers into yarn, there might be a shade in favor of cotton goods as to cost of manufacturing, under natural conditions on an equality with those found here.

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

"MY NEIGHBOR who suffers from a skin disease called 'psoriasis' is very fond of my small son. I am concerned about my child catching the disease. Is there any danger?"

I was glad to answer this letter and advise the worried parent that there is no need for anxiety. Psoriasis is a chronic inflammation of the skin. It is not contagious, and it cannot be transmitted from one individual to another. Nor is it ill health, for strange as it may seem, the condition is frequently found in robust and otherwise perfectly healthy persons.

Confused With Eczema This baffling disease is frequently confused with eczema. Unlike eczema, psoriasis does not itch. It is dry, and is usually found on the unexposed surfaces of the body.

Avoid Unprescribed Ointments Many I warn you against the use of any ointment that has not been prescribed by a physician who has carefully examined the eruption and studied your skin.

Recent investigation tends to show that this disorder is a result of some disturbance in the digestive tract. It is possible it may be the result of some vitamin deficiency, the exact nature of which has not yet been discovered.

Low Protein Diet Beneficial A recent report states that sufferers from this skin affliction are benefited by a diet that is low in protein. These authorities claim that when the diet is exceedingly low in protein foods, the skin clears and only faint traces can be detected.

One may get from this an idea of what was meant by the "fine linen" of Bible days.

When the time comes for organizing cooperatively concerns in the Salem district to take up the growing, retting and scutching of flax, it is conceivable that some of them will in due course of time take up spinning, or even carry on further to weaving, or even still further, to the manufacturing of specialties.

Many spinning mills are found in the Belfast district, and in the central European countries, that do not attempt to go further. In that part of the world few concerns carry on from the growing and processing up to the yarn stage, and through the weaving and making of specialties.

The reason that paint to cover surfaces from water or air must have linseed oil (linseed meaning flax seed from which is French for flax) is that no other known chemical substance will perform this service.

The pursuit of the principle of a flax pulling machine that would replace the back breaking task of hand labor in this task went on for generations. Many men in many countries were engaged in it. The first one to get it was a Canadian preacher.

There is said to be now an English machine that is successful, and that can be made and sold at a much lower price than that of the Canadian machine.

But most of the flax of the world is grown in small patches and pulled and scutched by hand. The work is generally done on the farm, the same as it has been performed in all the generations of the past.

Innumerable experiments have been made in short-cuts for retting and drying flax straw, many (Continued on page 10)

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS: Young and lovely Patricia Warren employs the card skill she inherited from her father to help support her stepmother and step-sisters by playing at bridge parties given by the wealthy Mrs. Eileen Sycot. Pat receives fifty cents an hour. She declines the offer of Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, to make her his secretary and partner when, after taking her home, he tries to make love to her.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

"I don't see how you can advise that," said Patricia, hurt. "Particularly after what Phil has said about people who play cards."

"You'll never find a job otherwise," predicted the older girl. After two weeks of job hunting Patricia herself sometimes wavered.

Every morning she went out in borrowed clothes; every night she returned on borrowed carfare. She lived from day to day. Some day she would get a job, must get a job. The situation now was impossible.

Phil was a constant visitor to the apartment. He and Patricia tore at each other's nerves, were barely on speaking terms. The girl was too young to make allowances for the man; he was too intolerant to make allowances for her.

Leda played peacemaker. But sometimes Patricia, wretched at the impasse of her own affairs, wondered if her friend did not tire of the role. Two people, both jobs, Phil had lost his position as a telephone lineman months before, dependent upon the strength and generosity of another—it was not right.

Patricia knew that. But she was helpless. Then came the afternoon she dropped into the Hotel Beaucaerme. She seemed very casual as she strolled through the lobby and turned off into a pleasant chintz hung room where several dozen people were playing cards.

She paused at the desk where an attendant was seated. Her heart was beating fast. Her eyes were fixed on the attendant looked up. "Yes, please."

"Is a cent a point all right?" "Yes." At a cent a point a player of average abilities might lose ten dollars on a single hand. Patricia had exactly five dollars borrowed that morning from Leda. But she did not intend to lose. She paid the one dollar fee and watched the attendant cross the room to a table where three men sat.

To the nervous, anxious girl it was apparent that two of the men, assisted by the attendant, were arguing with the third. She guessed why. The fat, short man, his round face red now with annoyance, did not wish to risk an unknown as a partner. Eventually though he shrugged and gave up. A moment later the attendant beckoned and Patricia threaded her way past the concentrated players toward the table. She acknowledged introductions to Sam Gillis and Arthur Ray, her opponents, and to Wally Edge, her partner. The latter was still sulking.

"What system do you play?" he asked shortly. "Any system," Patricia informed him coolly. Edge looked at her with sharpened interest, unsure whether she was posing or telling the simple truth. At the end of the first rubber he was sure. His abrupt remark was almost funny. Patricia waved aside his lavish compliments and settled to the serious business of playing bridge.

She won just as she had thought she would win. She had not thought she would win thirty-five dollars. The sum seemed stupendous. In a haze of incredulous joy she heard Edge urge her to return the next day, heard herself promise. She sped from the hotel. She ran all the way to Leda's, burst in breathless, so excited she could scarcely speak. Leda and Phil were at the table.

"We waited dinner," Leda began in a tone of mild reproach. "Where have you been?" "I've been winning at bridge," cried Patricia. "Look, Leda, I'll win you, at what I've won." She displayed a handful of bills. Leda sprang from the table, nearly as excited as her friend.

Neither of the girls noticed Phil. His face was a thundercloud. In the midst of the feminine jubilation he pushed back his chair, rose. "You can take your money and get out," he shouted at Patricia. "I won't have my fiancée living with a common gambler!"

There was a moment of stunned silence. Patricia's face was white. Her hands, still full of bills, had dropped. Even Phil felt that he had gone too far. He sat down heavily. "Phil's crazy," Leda declared at length. Turning on him, she said with an undercurrent of sharpness, "Tell Patricia you're sorry."

"Oh, all right," he capitulated ungraciously. "I'm sorry, but you'll never convince me that gambling is honest." M Leda had been content to accept the grudging apology the air might have cleared. Leda wasn't. She added tartly, "You're so narrow minded, Phil, I wonder you weren't born on the Ark."

"Well," said the man on an explosive breath, "so you think Patricia's done something cute. Do you really intend to back her up in this?" "I don't need anyone's backing," Patricia interposed coldly. The stricken look had left her now. She continued steadily, "I know what I consider right and wrong. I don't interfere with your ideas, Phil. Why not allow me the same privilege?"

"Go ahead then," he said angrily. "You can go to the dogs for all I care. I'm going to find another place to live. It's evident that Phil and I cannot see things eye to eye."

Leda did not argue. It was no use. She did say, "But, honey, don't bother paying me now. You'll need more than ten dollars."

Phil roused. He said nastily, "Go on, take it all. Leda doesn't want to be paid in that kind of money."

"I suppose you think it's tainted," Patricia suggested ironically. "That's exactly what I think."

"Well, I don't," Leda assured him airily. His objection settled the matter for her. She took the money. Later at the door, when he was not watching, she attempted to return it. Patricia refused. She tried to thank Leda for all her kindness but the other brusquely refused to listen. The two girls kissed and parted. They understood each other. Both of them realized that men could be pushed just so far and no farther. Both of them knew that in the long run Leda's friend would always be accessible to her sweet heart. Phil might be domineering, arrogant and intolerant; Patricia might have a dozen times his brains and charm; but Leda, who loved them both, must, in the very nature of things, side ultimately with the man.

On a worldly capital of ten dollars, Patricia went off to hunt a room. For five dollars a week she did not find a palace. But a fifth floor hall bedroom with a narrow iron cot and peeling chest of drawers at least offered privacy. Patricia was satisfied. She had lived in worse places.

Next afternoon, promptly at three o'clock, she returned to the Hotel Beaucaerme. Wally Edge, her partner of the day before, was on the look-out for her. He greeted her effusively and then to her surprise he drew her from the card room to the lobby adjoining.

"I've got a couple of lambs in tow," he announced in surreptitious glee. "Did you see them by the door? Those birds don't know a bad lot from a good one. I've got to do it get our skins straightened out beforehand and we're in clover."

Patricia regarded the man's jubilant round face with disfavor. "I'm afraid I don't understand," she said coldly.

"Don't kid me, sister. You don't play bridge for fun any more than I do. I watched you yesterday. You were out to win."

"Certainly I was out to win fairly."

The faint emphasis on the last word, the faint disconcert of the man, Wally Edge was a card sharp of sorts. His bridge was skillful but it depended more on shrewdness than on ethics. He was careful though.

He said now, almost haughtily, "Are you inferring that I hoped to win unfairly?"

"I was inferring nothing at all," Patricia informed him smoothly. Winking her eyes a trifle, she added, "Just for a minute I was afraid I meant to propose some private understanding between us. I see now how wrong I was."

She did not intend to make an enemy of this man if it were possible to avoid it. In her situation she could not afford to make enemies. Momentarily Edge wavered. Lwardly he was furious. But after all Patricia had saved his face, left him a loophole of escape. He took it.

He said with assumed heartiness, "I should say you were wrong. I wouldn't put up with anything like that, never have. That kind of thing doesn't pay. All I meant was that we should bid more flexibly than we did yesterday, especially on third hand. I believe in opening third hand light."

"Then it's all right," said Patricia, innocently relieved.

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Nootau, Ore., Nov. 12, 1933. Editor, Oregon Statesman, Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir: Talk about a three-ringed wild animal circus, if you can show us one that has the present economic and political situation in this state beat, I'll show you a two-headed, horned owl. It's surely worth the price of a news paper to learn about all the funny

New 50¢ Size LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS FOR WOMEN

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