

The Oregonian Statesman
Founded 1851
"No Favor Shall We; No Fear Shall We"
From First State, March 25, 1851
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
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Member of the Associated Press
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Limits of Social Burdens

THE people who prate so glibly of social security, of generous old age pensions, of abundant life for the destitute do not realize how thirsty a camel they invite within the tent flap. Perhaps they may realize it when they read the amount of the budget prepared by the state relief committee for the next biennium: \$13,125,600. These items are new to the state budget in recent years; yet they are the approximate equivalent of average state appropriations for four bienniums. For 1929-30 the total state appropriations for support of all state activities, except self-sustaining boards, was only \$16,733,287; for 1931-32 \$15,274,662; for 1933-34 \$11,283,151; and the approved budget submitted for 1935-36 was only \$10,017,952. While it is true that for the item of old age assistance the federal government will pay one-half and the counties one-quarter, yet the whole is an added burden which must be borne by the public. The state's share of the 13 million dollar social security budget will be about six million dollars. This is in addition to the special taxes now being raised by percentages of payrolls, which are on a graduated scale, increasing to a total of nine per cent.

In the face of this startling increase in expenditures there are plenty of candidates for office who advocate increases in pensions and benefits at public expense. Congressman Eklund, in a speech the other day, expressed opposition to the present requirement of conveyance of property to the government in return for pensions. The great virtue of this requirement now is to keep people off the pension rolls because they do not want to lose their property; and it encourages children to support their elders with the prospect of inheriting the property. With such a requirement cancelled the rolls would jump. Another increase looms around the corner with the threatened increase in pension rolls if the age is lowered from 70 years to 65 years.

Even for relief no diminution in the social burden is in sight. The relief committee budgets \$3,600,000 for the biennium, which is about its current rate, and has some fears as to the adequacy of this if the rolls are increased much by destitute immigrants from the drought belt.

We point out the item of cost because it is so large. It represents immediately the increasing of the state's own appropriations by fifty per cent, with positive assurance of continued increase. Part of the cost will be derived from liquor revenues. Where will the remainder come from? How will the state be able to provide the funds to provide social security on the scale now demanded?

In our opinion it will come at the cost of the standard of living of the people of the middle years. The taxes will be buried in higher prices for goods and services, which simply means a higher living cost for family groups. It is popular to urge plucking the feathers off the fat geese; but it must not be forgotten that after a few pluckings the fat geese refuse to grow more feathers.

It is right and proper for society to extend a helping hand to the destitute and the underprivileged, and to ease the way for the impoverished aged. The record of human experience shows however that when the burden is assumed by the state its volume and cost grow. Society can assume these added social burdens only as fast as its techniques improve for production and distribution of wealth. The machine has greatly increased production and this has enabled more and more non-producers to live. Fairer distribution may reduce the degree and extent of destitution. But the public must understand that piling on the load too heavily at a given time may break down either the fiscal machinery or the economic machinery which sustains public finance.

Our planning commission is busy trailing various ideas. Has it given any thought to the future of state finance in view of the increasing demands for social security?

Lorimer to Retire

THE late Cyrus H. K. Curtis was a publishing genius; and a most important element of that genius was his capacity for picking able editors: Edward Bok for Ladies Home Journal and George Horace Lorimer for Saturday Evening Post. The Post asserts on its cover that it was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728. Its real prestige however dates from 1897 when Curtis bought it and installed Lorimer as its editor. With Lorimer's skill in selection of material to appeal to the mass mind of America and the publisher's skill in exploiting national advertising whose amazing results were just discovered with the turn of the century, the Post became the magazine marvel of the age.

Lorimer "dated" himself with his early contributions to the Post, notably his "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son". He remained the Post's editor for a total span of 38 years; but those "Letters", first appearing serially in the Post, and then in book form, identified him for his whole career. Their earthy humor, redolent of the packing house where the self-made merchant presided, their accurate cartooning of America-coming-of-age, were good literary refreshment. In the same mood was Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham".

Announcement is made now that Lorimer will retire with the end of this year, to be succeeded by Wesley Winans Stout, an associate editor for the past 12 years. While the veteran Lorimer has reached an age (68) when relinquishment of editorial duties may seem timely, one wonders if with his going there will be a change in the editorial policy of the Post. For that publication has become the most trenchant critic of the new deal, fighting it with a persistency and malignancy equaled by few strictly partisan organs. The Post has asserted its political independence, and based its opposition to the national administration's program on the ground of its grave danger to American institutions. Nevertheless the vigor of its campaign has appeared somewhat out of character for a "popular" weekly whose apparent field has been for entertainment and information rather than propaganda. The bias has not seemingly impaired the Post's circulation, and the revenues of the publishing company have shown fair upturn with improved conditions; but the observer cannot help wondering if after January 1st the editorial page of the Post may not revert to rather mild wrist-slapping of visible evils. Or will the result of the election make unnecessary the Post's spirited warnings against bankruptcy, waste, and encroachment on liberty?

Russia demands of Norway the expulsion of Leon Trotsky and says failure to comply will be deemed a violation of international law. This does not seem to be a violation of international law. The right of asylum. From ancient times it has been the privilege of revolutionary refugees to find asylum in some other land. England was harbor for Mazzini, for Karl Marx. The United States was asylum for the German revolutionaries of 1948, and for Trotsky himself in later days. If the refugee becomes a malcontent in the country to which he flees then that country can expel him. So long as he does not interfere in the domestic affairs of the country where he finds refuge then he should be tolerated. It is indeed ironical for the rulers of Russia to pursue with greater ferocity than did the tsars those whom it brands as enemies to the regime, when these same communists used foreign bases to carry on their intrigues in Russia. The asylum they enjoyed they deny to those rebellious to their rule.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—At Washington one day this week, the National Press club listened to a luncheon address by Mr. Earl Browder, presidential candidate of the communist party. As the major theme of his talk, Mr. Browder chose freedom of the press. He said he was for it, and he strongly implied that America does not have it. The American press consists of privately owned newspapers and periodicals. Therefore, Mr. Browder said, the press in America is committed to what he calls the "capitalist system" as against the communist system.

At that some of the newspaper audience bristled a little, and when the question period came they gave Mr. Browder a rather uncomfortable time. They asked him whether communist Russia has freedom of the press. He said it has because, as he put it, the Russian official press says that 99 per cent of the Russian people believe. A questioner accepted Mr. Browder's statistics for the sake of argument, and then asked him whether communist Russia would tolerate the existence of any newspaper expressing the views of the one per cent minority. Mr. Browder answered sharply, "No." He added—as if this explained it—"Russian communism believes in majority rule."

At that much of the audience laughed, some a little jeeringly. They saw the corollary of Mr. Browder's principle. Complete statement would be: "Russian communism believes in majority rule—and minority silence."

That illustrates the heart of the communist conception of government (and also of the fascist conception). Minorities and individuals, have no rights which the government needs to respect. Dissent, opposition, criticism—all these are treason and must not be allowed to express themselves. Communism's repression of freedom of opinion, and the American system's permission of it, amount to a paradox which is curious and may become serious. Let us put it this way:

The American system permits freedom of opinion. Communism takes advantage of that freedom. Communism publishes newspapers in New York and elsewhere, communists make speeches which the press reports. The communist candidate for president recently made a radio speech. He makes a speech to the most important press club in the country. But if communism succeeds in America, communism will promptly and forcibly forbid freedom of expression. To put the paradox another way: The American system permits freedom of speech. As communism in America, America will need to do some thinking about that paradox.

Mr. Browder said that he and his party regard, as their chief concern, the arising of fascism in America. He said fascism is under way here. As he said, the conversation he had had with a reported (whom he did not name) on a newspaper (which he did not name). The nameless reporter had talked with an executive of a large business (likewise nameless). The reporter asked the business executive what the business executive would do if Mr. Roosevelt wins the coming election. The executive replied "we won't take it lying down." That is, he would not let the communists have all the power. Mr. Browder produced to show that fascism is arising in America.

Nevertheless there is some basis for Mr. Browder's apprehension. In countries in which communism gets a foothold, fascism arises as a kind of antidote to it. That has been the pattern in Italy, Germany and Spain. When Mr. Browder expressed fear of fascism in America, he was really expressing hope of communism. He did not expect that communism would make any form of progress here, he would not fear that fascism would arise here.

What America—that is, the part that believes in the American system—needs to apprehend are three things. They are: communism, fascism, strife between the two.

If anybody knows what is the best course to avert these three, that is the course he believes in. The American system ought to take to America: communism and fascism are equally odious. Both regard dictatorship, both get rid of parliamentary government. Both regard dissent as treason and ruthlessly stamp it down. Both deny freedom of the press, and of opinion. Both deny freedom of religion. Both deny that the individual has any rights which government must respect. Both assert that government has unlimited right of compulsion upon the individual.

The only material difference between communism and fascism is that fascism permits private ownership of property, while communism denies it. And that difference is likely to be ephemeral. A fascist dictator, like a communist one, will do whatever will help to keep himself in power. When denial of the right of private property will help, the fascist dictator will take that step. Mussolini has already made a move in that direction. If any Americans suppose that fascism is an acceptable alternative to communism, they should think carefully. For America the only tolerable way is to preserve the American system.

Mr. Browder, as candidate of the communist party, and as participant in the international program of that party, knows well the forces at work in the world. Including America. He knows them better than any leader of the familiar American parties, and of course infinitely better than any leader of the familiar American parties, and of course infinitely better than any average

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Silverton, second city 8-36-38 of Marion county, has an honorable past, prosperous present, auspicious future:

(Continuing from yesterday.) When Hearst bought the New York Journal, he took with him three of his star workers on the Examiner staff. They were Homer Davenport, Arthur Brisbane and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

He was soon paying Davenport \$25,000 a year. Brisbane is supposed to be the highest paid newspaper writer living, with earnings above \$250,000 annually, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox earned world fame.

Homer boarded with Mrs. Oline in San Francisco. She had gone from the Silverton section. But that is too long a story to repeat here.

Homer Davenport, born 1867, died at 45, in 1912. A short but great life. He was in his time the world's leading cartoonist. He was at home alike in palace and log cabin, or an Arab sheik's tent.

He drew the only picture ever made of the old and last Sultan of Turkey.

He ranged in far places; from Mesopotamia to other ends of the earth. But his mind ever came back to Silverton and the Waldo Hills. He wrote wistfully:

"Silverton will always remain the same, with no memory second. Silverton has always been to me the greatest city in the world. The strangest part of Silverton is that it never releases me a day from its hold. A day never passes that I do not hurry over its streets and see its last remaining pioneers, and in my vision replace those that have gone."

If we take the case of Silver creek as it pours like a sheet of silver over the mill dam, I have thought of it while seated in the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome, thought of it in London, Paris and Constantinople, . . . while resting in the death like silence of the Sphinx. . . . I told of it near the Euphrates; . . . among the wild tribes of the Aneghel. . . . It holds

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

ON OUR WAY—WHERE?

In your editorial "Hired to Spend," you say our national income is 60 billions. Of course you mean billions. But that 2% tax is levied on the total national income, and to give an idea of the great possibilities of the 2% tax take the automobile industry. Ford puts out one million cars in a year. It is logical to put the number of all other makes at one and one-half millions—the number of trucks, buses and tractors at one million, making three and one-half millions of \$500 transactions—conservative—that would be 17 billion 500 million dollars subject to the 2% transactions tax and we have hardly started.

As to spreading jobs. What would you do? No answer. You no doubt read J. W. Kelley's letter in last Sunday's Oregonian. He said "Industry has come back and we have hardly started."

As to the economics. The OARP would be better than to feed from seven to 10 million needy people indefinitely. As to the ethics of the OARP, the people over 60 years of age are distributed over the United States and they are the only class that can put the money in circulation. Young people would not want the job. They want a chance to find out what they can do and it would not be right for them to stop and wait for the money to come. We do not want to take the \$200 by taking it away from men of mature years with many children. It is a transactions tax and everybody pays higher prices for what they buy; but there will be too much cost to the consumer. There is another check to high prices. We can start our own plants if we are overcharged. Way back yonder when industry was going full steam ahead you never heard a man of mature years or a young man complaining they were too old.

I do not think the OARP spending plan is demolished very badly. While the bonus money was being spent the Statesman printed several reports of business picking up in the northwest. That shows that there is no argument which can be put up to prove that when the Townsends start spending we won't be on our way. Respectfully,

M. W. RULIFSON.
R. 2, Box 59, Salem.

WHO GOT IT?

To the Editor: I notice in a late issue of the Statesman that G. W. Potts, president of the Farm Union in Oregon, says the union is a non-partisan organization. Taking this to be a fact I would like to know who got the money that was raised by the unions through the public sales of livestock, fruit, vegetables and machinery, most of which was donated by union members who were led to think that the net proceeds were to be donated to the campaign fund of Peter Zimmerman.

E. R. COCHRAN,
Jefferson, Ore.

America, it is significant and somber to observe that his discussion of the present situation in America was put fundamentally in terms of communism versus fascism, rather than in terms of republicanism versus democracy. —New York Herald-Tribune Says

Pals-Now!



"GLITTERING GIRL"

by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XXII

Memories of all the little confidences that had been poured into his ear by rich matrons fitted round the Prince's mind as he strolled. He smiled happily. It wasn't difficult to remember them, in that he made a nightly practice—no matter how late he might retire—of jotting down in his private diary an account of the day's doings, including conversations with these ladies. Viewed superficially, this might seem a childish and effeminate trait in him. But there was method in his madness.

Many a disgruntled ex-husband paying the steep alimony he could ill afford might well be interested in what was now locked safely in the Prince's little note-book. He was even starting a filing system. A man must live. A smooth tongue, a knowledge of psychology, and an aristocratic background could carry one far. One didn't even have to talk—one only had to listen—sympathetically, attentively, at the same time concentrating on the confidences, so they could be duly recorded in that priceless little volume.

It was only a step further to follow up certain clues—to garner a mine of useful information about these rich women. It was a sporting hobby with the Prince. Nay, more, it was like money in the bank, steadily accumulating!

But at the moment all these things were secondary considerations as his feet bore him lightly and surely towards the Hotel Splendide. He smiled as he thought of Vernon Tyson's charm, her fresh beauty, her spirit. That there would be but one end to the affair he never for a second doubted.

The family were at home. Mrs. Tyson was recovering from a cold. She greeted him warmly. He had had the forethought to purchase six white carnations from a street-vendor at ten cents apiece, to present to her. She was quite girlish in her enthusiastic reception of them and him.

Mrs. Martina de Bray had gotten a magnificent bargain for the Tysons in a gorgeously appointed foreign limousine which a millionaire friend of hers who had gone broke wished to sell.

It was upholstered in golden suede, and was full of gilt bottles and gadgets. According to Martina, they had "got it for a song"—for one-fifth of its value. But Jake Tyson had jibbed at the price. He had not looked upon it as a bargain. But his wife had overruled him. She had ordered the Tyson crest to be painted on its doors, and had hired a smart chauffeur from a street-vendor at ten cents apiece, to present to her. She was quite girlish in her enthusiastic reception of them and him.

There were new arrivals at the desk, signing the hotel register. One of them was a stout lady in the fifties, who swung around, stared at Mrs. de Bray hard, and then came up to her, exclaiming: "My goodness! Isn't the world small! Imagine meeting you here, Madame Matchless!"

Staring at the newcomer as though she were a ghost, Mrs. de Bray had looked utterly taken aback for a moment. Then, contriving a mechanical smile, she had led her aside, without introducing Vernon to her. They had talked for a few minutes.

"That was a woman I used to know in Europe, before I married my last husband," Martina had explained later. "She's no one of the slightest importance. I shan't bother with her."



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die of the car. Mrs. Tyson had insisted on this arrangement, putting Jake outside with the chauffeur. Never in all his life had Prince Karloff exerted himself more to please. Despite herself, Vernon's bright laugh rang out many times. It would do Terry good to telephone and find she was away, she told herself over and over. Absence would make the heart grow fonder. She was sure that Terry was strongly attracted to her.

Prince Karloff expressed himself as delighted with the new limousine. He refrained from adding that he had been the go-between in the transaction, Martina and he splitting the commission of one thousand dollars between them.

Vernon rode horseback with the Prince at Hot Springs, and danced with the Prince, and strolled through the woods with the Prince, and in a sense was happy. If only her mother wouldn't try to give the affair a sentimental twist, this aristocratic cavalier would have been great fun. In default of Terry, it was still flattering to have him around her.

One was only young once, and at a couple of big dances in the fashionable hotel where they were all staying, Vernon couldn't help but see some of the partnerless girls watching her enviously.

Her mother was pleased, too; therefore the domestic atmosphere was clear—in fact, as sunny as the weather. "Has he spoken yet?" Mrs. Tyson would ask her daughter every night, her small eyes eager.

Vernon would give some enigmatic answer. She knew she ought to have lifted her little finger for the Prince to propose to her. Mrs. Tyson knew it too. She was now beginning to be more tactful, and didn't harass Vernon unduly.

Vernon got rather a shock one night when she saw Martina de Bray come out of the Prince's room. . . . I But Martina carried it off, saying that poor Ivan had a sore throat and she had taken in some special gargle and some throat lozenges to him.

Vernon forgot the incident until a remark of her mother's. "Don't let the grass grow under your feet. I'm not at all sure that Martina isn't setting her cap at the Prince, for all she declares they're nothing but old friends!"

Vernon was to wonder further about this through something else that occurred. On the fifth evening of their stay—which was to be the last, as the following night Vernon was to take part in a big charity bazaar in New York—the girl happened across the lobby of the hotel to the office to inquire for letters, and Mrs. de Bray accompanied her.

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