

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper.

Labor: Power and Tolerance

ON the eve of a national holiday dedicated to the cause of Labor, ten unions, whose members number one-third of the membership of the American Federation of Labor, have been suspended from the federation by its president, because of their rebellion in proceeding with industrial rather than craft unionization of unorganized industries. The solidarity of labor is thus wrecked by internal cleavage which goes so deep that it will be long before it is healed. The expectation is that the militant rebels will organize under the nucleus of the committee for industrial organization and seek by aggressive tactics to displace the old federation as the authoritative voice of organized labor. It is assured of friendly support in the white house, though the president has sought to avert the breach.

Perhaps never before has labor been in a position of so much power. It has political favor. It has secured legislation designed to force employees into union organizations and to force employers to grant them recognition. It has put fear in the minds of office holders so that in some places, like Seattle, the municipal government is subordinate to the labor government.

Yet labor must remember that with power goes responsibility. Organized labor numbers only 3,500,000 roughly, a mere fraction of the number gainfully employed in this country. Its influence is far out of proportion to its numerical or voting strength. So labor by abuse of its powers may speedily bring about public reaction to its own setback.

America has always been a land of labor; a land where labor was dignified, where from humble employment a person might rise to high position. The future happiness of the country depends on keeping the social structure fluid, to avoid cleavages on class lines, to prevent such an alignment of forces as is drawn on the continent of Europe now. The wholesome tolerance which furnishes poor soil for seeds of bitterness needs to be cultivated in this country. In this virtue the pugnacious Lewis seems to be deficient. And that is a worse omen than the type of organization he espouses.

Power of Emotions

IN Paris last week 100,000 members of the Popular Front joined in a demonstration against the policies of their own member-premier, Louis Blum. The premier has led the way in obtaining a non-intervention agreement with other powers respecting Spain, and gotten them to agree not to export munitions to either side in the pending civil war. But the paraders in Paris were not satisfied with this policy. They demanded: "Planes and guns for Spain", and they meant, for the loyalist government, which is now socialist. The French radicals shook the clenched fist, the communist salute in token of their sympathy and solidarity. Workers threaten a strike.

The socialists in France assert that the fascist powers are violating their agreements, and furnishing supplies for the rebels. So they want the mask of non-intervention dropped and want the French government to assist their comrades so sorely beleaguered in Spain.

Here is an example of how wars start, not so much from economic motives as from moral sympathies. Only indirectly would the French gain from the success of the Spanish government; yet they appear ready to face general war in order to give aid to those with similar political principles. The emotional stir excites them; and it would not take much to touch off the hot tempers into open outbreak.

Masses of men are still dominated largely by their passions, or, speaking in more moderate terms, by their feelings. Sometimes they gloss their self-interest with reasoning; but generally their moving impulses spring from emotional tumult. That is why the bulwarks of peace crumble so rapidly in times of stress. And that is why public leaders must seek to control the feelings of the multitude to prevent headlong action on the drive of popular hysteria.

Rebuking the Bishop

It seems clear that the Vatican is out of sympathy not only with the radical utterance of Father Coughlin, but with the defense of the radio priest by Bishop Gallagher of Detroit. A few days ago this paper said the Vatican should speak to make clear whether the bishop spoke with his authority in urging support for Father Coughlin's political organization. The response seems to have come in the comment of La Correspondenza, "the usually well-informed Catholic news agency at Vatican City. It says plainly that the bishop received instructions "which cannot be misunderstood,—namely to moderate the ardency of an orator. . . and also renounce the forming of political parties."

This makes it clear that the church is not backing Father Coughlin in his political adventures; and the pointed nature of the comment is something of a rebuke for the talkative bishop.

Clearing Up Meaning

AN error in typesetting obscured the meaning of the reference in this column yesterday to the folly of placing the new state capitol to head Capitol street. To make the matter clear: the distance from the center of Capitol street, if extended, to the center of Waverly street is a fraction over 192 feet. Now the new capitol is about 400 feet in length. So if it were built to center on Capitol street, the east wall would stand several feet east of the center of Waverly street, and would leave only a narrow aisle of about 30 feet between it and the state office building. The mere statement of the dimensions shows how foolish such a location would be. It is far wiser to put the capitol in the approximate middle of the whole tract between Cottage street and Waverly, giving it the splendid approach of Summer street, and giving it breathing space in all the other directions.

The Salem Statesman complains that nearly everyone has decided how to vote or could very easily, that the campaign ought to be nearing the end instead of barely beginning. Our long campaigns are a hangover from the horse and buggy period when they were necessary because of the slowness of communication. We are about the only self-governing nation on earth that stages a year's battle over the election of a president. In England and France the national campaigns last about two weeks, and the results seem just as satisfactory. Or just as unsatisfactory.—Baker Democrat-Herald.

A singer has flown across the Atlantic. That must have been a triller.

Ten Years Ago

September 6, 1926 \$25,000 silver fox deal was made here by a well known Brooklyn buyer at the Ratabb Silver Fox farm.

First National bank at Sheridan guarded after eggs held up. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Scrogins, Mr. Scrogins is president of the bank.

E. L. Sadler of Portland walked from Salem to Portland in 9 hours 59 1/2 minutes in walking race.

Twenty Years Ago

September 6, 1916 William Adolph, native of Salem, died last night at his home on the River road after a complication of diseases had set in.

The administration emergency bill to raise \$265,000,000 is now ready for Wilson to sign.

Judge P. H. D'Arcy wants to serve drinks in front of his buildings on Court street and maintain the 4-hold bubbling fountains.

Interpreting the News

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The republican national committee has given out a copy of a 39-page memorandum of instructions alleged to have been sent by the official head of WPA at Washington to branch offices throughout the country. It seems safe to accept the copy as authentic for the republican national committee is practicing pains for accuracy of statement and research into facts not hitherto duplicated by any campaign committee of either party.

The original of this WPA memorandum was marked "not for release," that is, not for release to newspapers or the public. It was an "inter-office" communication. Its purpose was to instruct employees of WPA in the technique of getting information and views about WPA into the minds of the public.

There were instructions for writing news articles and getting them into papers; for posters, placards and cartoons; for writing speeches and getting opportunities to deliver them; for dramatic presentations called "playlets," for motion pictures and camera "satellites," for window-displays and lantern slides—in short for every known mechanism of publicity.

In connection with this memorandum of instructions the republican national committee made public two lists, a list of "WPA information service directors," one for each state, and a list of "state directors," federal writers projects, likewise one for each state. Here are close to a hundred publicity workers employed in two new deal institutions. It seems fair to estimate that the total number of persons employed for publicity work in all the new deal agencies in Washington and throughout the country must be upward of a thousand.

The official WPA document quoted by the republican national committee uses the phrase "information service." The republican committee uses the word "propaganda." That the harsher word is justified is suggested by a passage in the WPA instructions about speeches: "In speeches before assemblies and over the radio, it is permissible, without violating the canons of good taste, to editorialize—express opinions—much more than is possible in articles for newspapers. This seems to the republican committee's assertion that the objective is 'to let the citizen do no thinking on his own account but to pump into him what the government wants him to know and what the new deal wants him to think about new deal policies.'"

The republican committee charges that the immense and widespread organization is an "effort to bring about government by propaganda for the purpose of reflecting the new deal ticket." In effect this amounts to two charges. One is to "bring about government by propaganda." The other is to "bring about government by propaganda." The emotional stir excites them; and it would not take much to touch off the hot tempers into open outbreak.

What is the "general welfare" is a phrase which has been used in the past to justify a grasshopper plague in Kansas, a pest of the Mediterranean fruit fly in Florida, a blight on grapes in California, the failure of the maple sugar crop in Vermont, or the potato famine in Ireland. Now it is used to justify a national interest. The lawyers cannot say.

The remedy is obviously a return to the practices of a generation or so ago. A condition precedent to that is a realization everywhere that a state cannot argue or is known when it is under heavy debts and other obligations to Washington. A central government which gives will inevitably ask for a quid pro quo and the consideration is likely to be the state's or many nations which go to the crassest of staked. Immediate, tangible assistance often blinds a state to the fact that the price to be paid will include sooner or later self-respect and the loss of independence in various fields.

Levitt Saltontal in Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, discussed a similar theme when he warned women lawyers a day or two ago against the evils of centralized authority. The people of Massachusetts ought to be especially interested in the subject, as a strongly centralized administration is likely to drain the prosperous, self-reliant states for the benefit of the others. This commonwealth happens to be one of the most substantial in the country. Its very wealth and prosperity make it a tempting target for economic, social and political exploitation. A dictatorial regime at Washington can do almost as much damage to us as an outright dictatorship. —Boston Herald.

pagandists who by their selection and arrangement of facts aim to cause the public to have a view determined in advance by the government agencies? The other day, writing on this same subject, I said that some newspapers had charged that certain photographs of drought scenes in the west, given out by new deal agencies, had been "made with use of a 'propaganda' shell of a dead steer." I added that I assumed that "if the charge is not well-founded the appropriate officials will make reply or explanation." Explanation has been made to the effect that while the bones skinned on a steer was used in different photographs, all were taken within ten feet of each other, that the skull was only moved that distance and that the purpose was merely to get better backgrounds. To this, it is said in rebuttal that a photograph of a skull of a dead steer can be found at any time in almost any place in the west, in good years or bad, and that it does not necessarily reflect drought conditions.

pagandists who by their selection and arrangement of facts aim to cause the public to have a view determined in advance by the government agencies? The other day, writing on this same subject, I said that some newspapers had charged that certain photographs of drought scenes in the west, given out by new deal agencies, had been "made with use of a 'propaganda' shell of a dead steer." I added that I assumed that "if the charge is not well-founded the appropriate officials will make reply or explanation." Explanation has been made to the effect that while the bones skinned on a steer was used in different photographs, all were taken within ten feet of each other, that the skull was only moved that distance and that the purpose was merely to get better backgrounds. To this, it is said in rebuttal that a photograph of a skull of a dead steer can be found at any time in almost any place in the west, in good years or bad, and that it does not necessarily reflect drought conditions.

Bits or Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The flax and linen industry seems now on a basis pointing to big things in Oregon's future: (Continuing from yesterday:) During the World War, the flax institute of Belfast, Ireland, through English sources, made an investigation of methods in the Courtral district.

So the "mystery" was unraveled: That is, the mystery of the superiority of flax fibers from the Courtral district.

The whole mystery was in the fact that the water of the Lys river, running through the Courtral district, was warm!

This setting was performed in three to five days, instead of two to four weeks, as elsewhere (The Lys empties into the Scheldt river, which runs to the North sea.)

The whole lesson, learned after a mystery 2000 years old had been unraveled, was to have soft water, and warm it!

So the water of Mill creek, in the Oregon prison flax plant is warmed; the bacteria grow and work fast instead of slowly and the retting is done within about four days—the process of filling and retting of the flax in the tanks is done on the average in less than a week.

Retting consists of loosening

Editorial Comment From Other Papers

Negligent States

"We talk a great deal about the inalienable rights of citizens," says Denn John H. Wigmore of Northeastern Law School, "but we forget about the inalienable duties of states to take care of their own miserables." One of the most distinguished of American writers on law and famous for his monumental work on evidence Mr. Wigmore could probably cite scores and scores of instances in which states have failed to perform their duties.

The West has been perhaps the principal lawbreaker, but even Massachusetts could not go to court with clean hands. The tendency to look to Washington for a alleviation of minor as well as major troubles has been increasing rapidly in the last generation or so, and the depression and the New Deal have made the tendency a custom. Unless it is checked, we are certain to have a central government ever more powerful than at present, and a congeries of states which will be their own masters only in the phrases of a moribund constitution.

Under the articles of confederation we had so many clashes among the states that the central administration was weak and at times even contemptible. Its very existence was in danger. Now we are at the opposite pole. The federal administration has an authority and a scope of discretion which have been unknown heretofore except during war.

What is the "general welfare" is a phrase which has been used in the past to justify a grasshopper plague in Kansas, a pest of the Mediterranean fruit fly in Florida, a blight on grapes in California, the failure of the maple sugar crop in Vermont, or the potato famine in Ireland. Now it is used to justify a national interest. The lawyers cannot say.

The remedy is obviously a return to the practices of a generation or so ago. A condition precedent to that is a realization everywhere that a state cannot argue or is known when it is under heavy debts and other obligations to Washington. A central government which gives will inevitably ask for a quid pro quo and the consideration is likely to be the state's or many nations which go to the crassest of staked. Immediate, tangible assistance often blinds a state to the fact that the price to be paid will include sooner or later self-respect and the loss of independence in various fields.

Levitt Saltontal in Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, discussed a similar theme when he warned women lawyers a day or two ago against the evils of centralized authority. The people of Massachusetts ought to be especially interested in the subject, as a strongly centralized administration is likely to drain the prosperous, self-reliant states for the benefit of the others. This commonwealth happens to be one of the most substantial in the country. Its very wealth and prosperity make it a tempting target for economic, social and political exploitation. A dictatorial regime at Washington can do almost as much damage to us as an outright dictatorship. —Boston Herald.

pagandists who by their selection and arrangement of facts aim to cause the public to have a view determined in advance by the government agencies? The other day, writing on this same subject, I said that some newspapers had charged that certain photographs of drought scenes in the west, given out by new deal agencies, had been "made with use of a 'propaganda' shell of a dead steer." I added that I assumed that "if the charge is not well-founded the appropriate officials will make reply or explanation." Explanation has been made to the effect that while the bones skinned on a steer was used in different photographs, all were taken within ten feet of each other, that the skull was only moved that distance and that the purpose was merely to get better backgrounds. To this, it is said in rebuttal that a photograph of a skull of a dead steer can be found at any time in almost any place in the west, in good years or bad, and that it does not necessarily reflect drought conditions.

pagandists who by their selection and arrangement of facts aim to cause the public to have a view determined in advance by the government agencies? The other day, writing on this same subject, I said that some newspapers had charged that certain photographs of drought scenes in the west, given out by new deal agencies, had been "made with use of a 'propaganda' shell of a dead steer." I added that I assumed that "if the charge is not well-founded the appropriate officials will make reply or explanation." Explanation has been made to the effect that while the bones skinned on a steer was used in different photographs, all were taken within ten feet of each other, that the skull was only moved that distance and that the purpose was merely to get better backgrounds. To this, it is said in rebuttal that a photograph of a skull of a dead steer can be found at any time in almost any place in the west, in good years or bad, and that it does not necessarily reflect drought conditions.

the fiber, which is on the outside, from the woody core of the flax straw that is eating away the pectin which adheres the fiber to the core or shive; the same pectin that adheres the peeling of an apple to the apple.

The new flax plants at Canby, Mt. A. and Springfield of course warm the water in their retting tanks.

They will all take advantage of the latest inventions, if not from the beginning, in due course of time.

Our linens, when they are ready to market in quantities, will not need much advertising.

Fine linens have been used and advertised throughout all history, from Bible days and before Job, the first book of the Bible, was put into parchment.

Before the pyramids were reared or Ur of the Chaldees was built, linens were favored: "Solomon in all his glory" was arrayed in raiment fashioned from the yarn of flax.

The painted and perfumed darlings of Greece and Rome wore products of the loom woven from the fibers of flax.

The loom of those days was a hand affair, proven by the narrow width of the woven pieces.

It could be only the width of the reach of the hands of the operator, shooting the thread of the wool with the shuttle from one edge of the cloth to the other through the threads of the warp. The method of retting of flax, of doing the same thing render it possible to extend the width of the cloth to any desired measure; but as has been mentioned, in ancient Egypt hand weavers achieved intricacies of weave that modern invention has not yet rediscovered.

Something should be added to the reason why the flax industry must be extensive in order to be highly successful.

One of the main reasons is that each operation in the higher bracket will require a different lea of yarn.

The reader recalls that 20 years ago a weaving plant of Dr. Deime, employing 4000 people, could have been more certain of reliable supply of yarn of the fineness required for his finished products.

That would have necessitated a dozen or more plants as large as the one in the state prison.

Dr. Deime's English and German plants (two in England and one in Germany) require only one or two or a very few of the 50 or more grades.

The rest must go to other buyers. But there are customers for all the other grades.

And many of them need also help for the making of such things as cables, strong cords (ply goods), etc., etc.

So our coming flax and linen industries will be strong when they become great, and then they will be able to stand against world competition on an even keel.

Mrs. Lord was more than a flax enthusiast. She was a protagonist of beauty as well as utility and thrift—wanted our streams made attractive with flowers; helped organize floral societies.

She wanted Oregon to be glorious as well as great.

She went to Italy; studied hemp growing in that leading country for

(Continued on Tuesday)

Yellowstone Park Goal on Vacation

MONMOUTH, Sept. 5.—Monmouth residents are vacationing in distant spots both in Oregon and out of the state. Mayor and Mrs. Bowersox are home from a trip to Yellowstone park. In Idaho they visited the Crater of the Moon, where in ages past a huge mountain top erupted layering the country with lava for miles about.

The return was made via the Ontario-Baker highway to Klamath Falls and thence north over the Pacific highway.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Fishback entertained the Clapp family of ten members, all of Meriden, Idaho, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. They were returning to their home after a 3,000 mile jaunt by motor throughout the northwest, Utah and to Boulder dam.

Eilton Fishback of Monmouth, accompanied by three other young men members of the Christian Endeavor association, are touring Oregon in the interest of their organization. Conferences will be conducted by them in Astoria, and other coast highway points, Hood River, The Dalles, Klamath Falls and Redmond. They will return to Polk county to attend a conference at Falls City September 13.

The Safety Valve Letters from Statesman Readers

MEET TO INHERIT EARTH Editor The Statesman: Your editorial and reaction to your subject "A Dog's Life," came under our notice. You should worry, as you get paid for the ads run for dog food and it gives many others a chance to make an honest living. The bones

Tomorrow: His Day



"Glittering Girl" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XXVII

But her happy mood had fallen a little as she ate her breakfast. If only she need borrowed that necklace! She knew that Dad had worried about her going off like this, but she told herself it was the only course possible, in the circumstances.

Would the stout lady who had greeted "Madame Metcheva" in the lobby of the hotel be still around? That was the important question in Vernon's mind as the car finally drew up at her destination.

She must proceed carefully. Be diplomatic. Perhaps the unknown woman was of the same type as Mertina, and—scenting something wrong—might even communicate with her?

Then why had Mertina left so abruptly after encountering her here? In the light of Vernon's present knowledge, and with the incriminating passport in her pocket-book, she had little belief in the alleged telegram that had summoned Mertina back to town!

It would be her business to find out from the office clerk, tactfully, if any such telegram had been delivered to Mertina on that day and hour. . . .

As she signed the hotel register after her room had been allotted to her, she turned the leaves back to four days ago, looking down the list of arrivals on that day. . . .

"Are those people still staying in the hotel?" she asked with attempted nonchalance. But—because one of two had gone and she had no knowledge of the lady's name—the reply was unsatisfactory.

Vernon went up to her room, had a bath, got into a negligee, and then the telephone rang. . . .

It was her father. He had telephoned before, he said. He was worried about her, and thought he had better come down.

She pook-pooked that, assuring him that a couple of days at most would see her back in the family nest.

Then she dressed for dinner. With all her heart she prayed that the stout lady would be in the dining room!

Vernon got her wish. The stout woman who had greeted Mertina de Bray as "Madame Metcheva" was in the dining room of the Hot Springs hotel on the evening of her arrival.

She had a thin, elderly friend with her—a sharp-faced, rather aristocratic-looking woman with pince-nez.

Coffee was served in the lounge of the hotel after dinner. Vernon manoeuvred so that, as though accidentally, she found herself on a settee beside the plump one. The exact time she received it—

The clerk looked somewhat mystified. "Mrs. de Bray got no telegram while I was on duty—not even a letter."

Vernon smiled at him. "I wonder if you'd mind looking up the exact time the desk signed for that telegram? I want to win my little bet, you understand. Four nights ago, around half past eight—name of Mrs. de Bray."

Good-naturedly he complied with her request. He ran his finger down the hotel ledger.

"Sorry, Mrs. Tyson, but you're going to lose your bet. For no better cause than Mrs. de Bray while here. She must have been spoofing you!"

Returning to whistly ruminations, but delighted that her suspicions were being verified, Vernon went off to bed.

She slept well that night, despite the fact that she was far from home

and on her own. She was healthily tired after the long trip in the open air.

Besides, the future looked brighter now. She was on the scent of the necklace. She dreamed she was with Terry Shannon—explaining everything about the "Prince" to him—telling him everything—and Terry was kissing her—

"Now I do call this kind and nice of you, my dear," declared Fannie Fremsham—that was the stout lady's name—as she leaned back comfortably in the gorgeously appointed limousine of the Tyson's, next morning. "Till tell you that in this day and age not many young girls are as thoughtful of their elders. Don't you agree with me, Naomi?"

The thin friend—Mrs. Walters—nodded rather grudgingly. All Fannie's gossamer words, Naomi often thought.

But the countryside was lovely, the air fresh and bracing. Her bones that had been poorly upheld by the mysterious "Madame Metcheva," alias Mertina de Bray. . . .

To her relief, there were no complaints about a draught. And she was overjoyed when Mrs. Fremsham herself brought up the subject of Mertina. . . .

"Did you tell me last night that Madame Metcheva was a guest of yours down here?" she queried suddenly.

"Yes. My mother asked her. Did—did you know her well in Europe?"

"Oh—So-so. Naomi and I ran into her in the various casinos. She and that husband of hers are pretty high fliers."

"We met them in Monte Carlo several times," volunteered Mrs. Naomi Walters. "Great gamblers, both of them. Fannie, you remember—there was something shady about the sudden way they cleared out of Monte!"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," Fannie hedged. She looked dubiously at Vernon. It wouldn't do to knock the child's friends. "But I did hear the casino didn't like their system. Personally I'd nothing against Metcheva. She seemed a gentlemanly enough chap. She was nice enough, too."

"Oh, you like everybody. You're a fool!" exclaimed Naomi irritably. "Why, they're well-known adventurers, Fannie. You see him usually without her. He works alone. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I ran into him here a few nights ago! He pretended not to see me, too!"

"You saw him here? Here in this hotel?" Vernon asked quickly. It was evident that McGraw at the wheel was not missing one syllable of all this!

"Naomi Walters stared at her child. 'Walter's been accompanying his wife? You just said she was here as your mother's guest?'"

Vernon drew a deep breath and hid nothing against Metcheva. He'd nothing against her, she drew the incriminating passport from her pocket-book.

"Would you both mind looking at this?" she asked. "See those two photographs? Please tell me if you recognize them."

(To Be Continued)

ing an undercurrent of malignity even with the best environments. There's nothing more pleasing than a watching a child run and romp with his pal-dog, but there are people who put out poison for the dog, risking the child's life as well. Disciplinarians, who think the world was made for them, therefore it should run to their liking—and that alone, for! God who created all living things says "The meek shall inherit the earth."

M. M. ALLEN.