

The Oregon Statesman

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

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Diagnosing Lumber Ills

A COMMITTEE of five men nationally known as authorities in industry and in the lumber industry in particular has filed a report of its studies on the lumber situation with Secretary of Commerce Robert P. Lamont...

It is obvious that the industry as a whole has been substantially depleted of working capital; and that the depletion is continuing. It is evident that to a substantial extent the industry's operations are being maintained not out of income but out of conversion or liquidation of capital assets at a loss.

Another fact developed in this report is the close connection between the lumber business and agriculture. Farm communities normally consume over one-third of the total lumber cut or over one-half that used in building construction.

Underground Water Supply

KNOWING that studies had been made by federal engineers on under-ground supplies of water in this portion of the Willamette valley The Statesman wrote to A. M. Piper who had charge of the work making inquiry as to the extent of this water and its availability for a municipal supply.

We pass this along for what it is worth. And believe it is worth just this: that people cannot vote intelligently on the question of a source of supply, including wells, when the best informed authority on the subject, Mr. Piper, cannot give an immediate opinion but must make further study of his field notes.

Beyond the Veil

THAT "final, surprising little remark" of Edison's on his death-bed: "It is very beautiful over there," prompts the Baker Democrat-Herald to say: "Will there ever be a biography of the man that does not contain that quotation?"

We recall however the case of a man who was drowned last summer, but after the space of some minutes was revived. He bore testimony to the effect that the period was one of delicious unconsciousness, of sweet sleep.

After all when does one "die"? And when does the soul, if there be a soul, detach itself from the corporal frame? The experience of the drowned man would indicate that death is but a sleep from which there is no awakening, once the body cells become clogged with their poisons.

When a football player leaves the field after playing a good, hard game the stands always give him a hearty cheer. Harry Levy, who has labored for ten years as president of the Associated Charities here deserves a hearty expression of praise and appreciation from the people of Salem.

Yesterdays

Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

October 29, 1906

Federal officials, taking no chances with the uprising of the Ute Indians in Wyoming, have informed state officials there that they will send an entire regiment to the Ute camp.

The St. Joseph's Catholic church yesterday was dedicated. Father Moore, the rector, was assisted by Archbishop Christie.

The gang of convicts which has been employed on the rock cracker and road work near Stayton, yesterday was returned to the penitentiary.

October 29, 1921 Salem high school's football team will clash with that of Columbia university today on Sweetland field. The tentative lineup for the red and black includes: McKennon, Welder, Purvine, Max Jones, Robertson, Post or Brown, Lynn Jones, Lillegren and Socolofsky.

Marshal Foch of France arrived in New York yesterday. He will make a tour of the country.

Application to the World War veterans' state aid commission for a gratuity of \$1,395.50 was made by one of this number \$514 are seeking cash, the remainder, loans on real estate.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Do you favor reducing the budgeted allowance for the Marion county health unit for the coming year?"

C. M. Robinson, service station proprietor: "I tell you, the health department is a pretty good thing in the county. It is good for the school children."

S. Ellis Purvine, wool and hops business: "I certainly do not. I worked about seven years on the council and that's the best piece of work it helped do. The department is operated now as low as it can do its work effectively. If cut more, it will be back where it started seven years ago."

Mrs. Monroe Gilbert, business woman: "No, absolutely not. Quoting Mr. Hoover, 'where does our civilization start if not on the feet of healthy children?'"

Mrs. James Smith, housewife: "Upon the efficiency of the clinic depends the health of too many children of Salem to warrant the cutting down of an appropriation which is none too large to care for the needs of the present."

C. C. Reeves, cabinet maker, 262 S. Church: "I think they should have as much as last year. Health is the first thing of all. I think the health department is doing good work."

Daily Thought

"Things printed can never be stopped; they are like babies baptized; they have a soul from that moment, and go on forever."—Meredith.

Nurserymen Are Asked to Report Names For List

If nurserymen are to get their names printed in the state list which will be compiled soon, they had best obtain their licenses for the coming year at once, according to a letter received by S. H. Van Trump, county fruit inspector, from Charles Cole, of the department of agriculture.

Mr. Cole states that, as many wholesalers in nursery stock are requesting this list, it will be to the advantage of the nurserymen to have their names appear there.

Dreiser Seeking Probe of Mines Labor Condition

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28 (AP)—Theodore Dreiser Tuesday carried his appeal for an investigation of labor conditions in the mines of Harlan county, Kentucky, to Senator Borah.

Radio Programs

- Thursday, October 29 8:00—Home School. 8:30—Cooking school. 9:00—The Moss Garden. 9:30—From Farm Hour. 10:00—Home School. 10:30—Market reports. 11:00—Farm Hour. 7:45—Thursdays in everyday life. KGW—693 Ks.—Portland 7:00—Devotional. 7:45—Van and Don, NBO. 8:00—Cooking school. 8:45—Beatrice Mable, NBO. 11:45—Prisoners Obliviousky. 12:00—O. M. Zimmerman. 12:15—Farm and Home Hour, NBO. 1:00—Town Crier. 1:30—Lecture re-broadcast. 2:45—Captain Booth, NBO. 4:15—World Today, NBO. 4:45—World Today, NBO. 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy, NBO. 8:25—Margaret Wolf, piano. 10:45—Buck club.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON

"ONE WAY" GLASS:

ONE SIDE IS TRANSPARENT, OTHER REFLECTS YOUR IMAGE. THIS NEWLY INVENTED GLASS IS EXPECTED TO FRUSTRATE HOLDUPS OF THEATRE BOX OFFICES.



BITS for BREAKFAST By R. J. HENDRICKS

Postage rate here in '31:

A Salem lady, phones the Bits man requesting him to decide a question as to the postage rates in Oregon in 1851. She says a member of her grandmother's family during that year received from a relative in Vermont a letter on which the postage paid was 25 cents.

That, then, was probably the regular rate at the time on letters weighing half an ounce or less. She also inquires if the postage was required to be repaid then and if stamps were used. The law requiring postage to be repaid was not passed until 1855; but postage stamps were adopted in 1847. It is probable, though, that the placing of them on letters was not absolutely obligatory in view of the fact that the charge might up to 1855 be paid by the receiver.

There were postoffices in Oregon before the international boundary question was decided—and there were federal postoffices before Oregon became a territory, too. In the early days letters were carried by private persons, who received pay or not, according to circumstances. The covered wagon trains carried many letters, of course. The Hudson's Bay company carried mail in each "express" from old Fort Vancouver to York Factory on Hudson bay, whence it was forwarded to the states, from 1825 on. Probably the highest postage cost for a letter in the old days was by Jason Lee, who paid Richardson \$150 for carrying a letter informing him of the death of his wife, from Fort Hall to the Shawnee mission in 1828. There was no charge on the letter made at the old mission, or by Dr. McLoughlin, who forwarded it from Fort Vancouver to Wallatup, or by Dr. Marcus Whitman, who sent it on from his station to Fort Hall. Few men made charges for carrying letters across the plains.

In the December session of the little 1845 provisional government legislature, W. G. T. Vault was named postmaster general of Oregon. By that act, single sheet letters carried up to 30 miles bore a charge of 15 cents; over and not exceeding 50 miles, 25 cents; over and not exceeding 100 miles, 30 cents; 200 miles and over, 50 cents. Newspapers, 4 cents. The postmaster general was to receive 10 per cent of all money received by him and paid out. The first contract let was to Hugh Burns, in the spring of 1846, who was to carry the mail once to Weston, Missouri, for 50 cents a single sheet. A semi-monthly mail was sent to each county south of the Columbia, or was supposed to be.

This service was extended to The Institute (Salem), where the mail was handled by Turner Crump, in the Thomas Cox store—the first in the state. Crump was the first postmaster here.

But the U. S. postoffice department gave Oregon a deputy postmaster in John M. Shively, and a special agent in Cornelius Gilliam, after having, in the fall of 1847, authorized mail service to this coast. Mr. Shively had been in Washington, and his work there resulted in this action—after the international boundary line question had been decided, but before Oregon was made a territory.

Following this action, a postoffice was established at Salem, Nov. 3, 1849, and on Nov. 28, 1849, J. B. M. Clane was appointed postmaster. Thus, he was the first postmaster here after Oregon was made a territory. He kept the postoffice in the Jason Lee house, still standing, at what is now 960 Broadway.

J. Turner Crump was the next U. S. postmaster for Salem, appointed Feb. 26, 1851. He was thus the first and third postmaster for the town, in each case having the office in the Cox store, diagonally opposite the present Statesman office; on the corner north of the Marion hotel. Cornelius Gilliam lived up to late in 1847 at where Dallas now stands. He had his first U. S. government postoffice, Gilliam had been dead much over a year, ac-

"The Czarina's Rubies" By SIDNEY WARWICK

CHAPTER LVI

After breakfast Jim took Bill aside and told him the news. "Splendid!" Bill cried. Then "You know, Jim, when Isham hinted last night at something startling happening today, I felt a little nervous; but he couldn't be more explicit. Rather unnecessarily mysterious and aloof, I thought—considering we're all battling on the same side. We have yet to prove that his promise materialized—but it looks as if we're going to bring off a fairly respectable coup not quite independent of him! I confess a very satisfactory feeling!" Bill added with a grin.

Definite Satisfactory for another reason, Jim felt. After all, they had only Isham's word for it that the end was near for Martell and Sant. And in any case the arrest of those two rogues did not necessarily insure Frank Severa's safety, which for Jim was the first consideration of all.

"I'll ring up Haste now with the news," Bill said. "We shall want him on the spot to hear Martin's testimony. We don't know what Isham's got up his sleeve—but I suppose we'd best tell him how things are moving on our side, suggest pooling information to avoid any clashing."

He hurried off to the telephone. When presently he returned it was to announce that Inspector Haste would come over that afternoon ready to act immediately on Martin's evidence.

Haste tells me that no one showed up last night at Monkstiller. But he's having the place watched day and night until further notice.

He and Jim walked over to Isham's cottage. There was no sign of any one stirring there. And rather oddly, since it was half past 10, the window curtains both of the front bedroom and the rooms below were still drawn. There was no response to their knock on the door. Bill hammered vigorously a second time. They could hear no sound of any movement within.

Then they remembered that Webber had been spending the night at Tayne. But it seemed odd that if Isham had gone out he should have been at pains to draw the curtains of all the windows.

They knocked a third time. Still no answer. The feeling swept over Jim that it was like a repetition of that night when he had knocked in vain at the door of Beggar's Court, to find an inexplicably deserted house and its master mysteriously vanished. He was conscious of a sudden vague uneasy premonition of something amiss behind those curtained windows.

The close of the garden gate made them turn. Webber had just jumped off his bicycle in the road. "Mr. Isham's at home, I suppose, Webber. We've knocked several times," Bill said.

Webber looked surprised. "I'm just back from Tayne, sir. But it's funny, those curtains all being drawn if the gov'nor's gone out. He spoke in a puzzled voice. 'We can soon see.'"

Webber opened the door with his latch key and went inside, strode into the big living room of the cottage. A moment later he ran out, his face startled. "There's been some funny business here," he cried hoarsely something I don't like the looks of!"

The other two ran into the house, stared across the threshold into the room with eyes as startled as Webber's. The place was in a wild state of disorder. More than one article of furniture lay overturned, one of Isham's crutches was lying smashed. The drawers of the writing table were open, with every sign of having been systematically rummaged; the contents scattered and a confused heap of papers lying on the floor.

In dumb startled amazement the three men gazed at the scene of littered disorder. What could have happened here? Has last night's raid in the room on Manorways been repeated at Isham's cottage?"

"My God! It means they've got him!" broke from Webber. He turned and ran to search the other rooms, went upstairs, Jim and Bill following. In the

Congress? That he was the first postmaster of Philadelphia? (Lacking an answer from any such student, this matter will have additional space from the writer at a later date.)



In dumb startled amazement the three men gazed at the scene of the littered disorder. What could have happened here?

bedroom the drawers had been turned out too, as if a determined search had been made for something. There was no sign of Isham.

"If only I'd been here!" cried Webber helplessly, the rough voice shaken. "They've got him—that's what it means! All along the gov'nor had an idea they might try for him one of these days like they did for Mr. Severa. If they tumbled to his game."

Certainly Martell and Sant had "tumbled to his game" last night, Jim realized—had looked aghast as this utterly unsuspected enemy nonchalantly and perhaps too confidently and prematurely showed his hand. Had they countered with a lightning-swift blow?

And had that coup Isham had promised for today miscarried? A sudden thought made Webber run across to the rifled desk; he put his hand into one of the pigeon holes. There was a little click and the panel behind fell away, disclosing what was evidently a secret place. From it Webber drew out a sealed envelope.

"The gov'nor left this in case anything happened," Webber explained, distress and helplessness mingling in the rugged face, "and small doubt it's happened! They've got him this time!"

On the envelope of the letter was written "In the event of anything befalling me, this is to be delivered without delay to Assistant Commissioner Lentora, Scotland Yard." Isham's signature followed the words.

"Webber, this letter's got to be handed in at Scotland Yard as quick as we can manage it! cried Jim. I'll drive you up to London with it straightway."

It certainly looked as if Isham had understood the resource of those dangerous enemies when he had shown his hand so openly. Then, anxiously worried though he was on Isham's behalf, a little smile broke in Jim Wynter's face. He was telling himself that, even if Isham's plans had miscarried, they had another card yet to play—though they must wait until after 6 o'clock, and that coming interview with Martin, before they played it.

Within the next twenty minutes Jim was driving to London, to Scotland Yard with Webber. On their way he was to call at the police station in the neighboring town to inform them of Isham's inexplicable disappearance.

The police inspector who motored over from Trayne in connection of Jim's information had merely been told the bare known facts, Webber, of course, as the man was able to prove, had spent the night at Trayne and professed himself unable to throw any light. Of their suspicions of Martell and Sant neither Jim nor Bill breathed a hint. Not only had they no proof, but it was important that nothing should be done that might subsequently hamper Haste.

For that reason the police inspector was not told of an odd statement Webber had made. "I know that Mr. Isham was watching in the grounds of Beggar's Court late last night," the manservant had told them. "You see the gov'nor had an idea they might try to have the stuff cleared away secret-like from that blocked underground door. And he wanted to make sure that door shouldn't be opened, not until his plans were ready—and that the police should be the first to open it."

What could be behind that mysterious door? More than ever that question intrigued them. Bill had tried to elicit information from Webber. But if Webber knew anything he was stolidly reticent.

Undoubtedly, that door must guard some secret dangerous to these men at Beggar's Court. There was proof enough of that in the fact that the way to it had been deliberately blocked by the contrived fall of that inner wall, when Jim had manifested an insistent curiosity as to what lay behind that door.

Robinson Crusoe Trio is Rescued From Cocos Isle

BALBOA, Canal Zone, Oct. 28 (AP)—Three American castaways, wearing nothing but loin cloths, were found on a beach of the lonely Pacific island of Cocos Tuesday by the United States gunboat Sacramento after they had lived a Robinson Crusoe existence for six months.

The refugees are Paul Stackwick of Huron, S. D., Gordon Brawner of Springfield, Ill., and Elmer J. Fallister of San Diego, Calif. They were shipwrecked April 15, the rescue ship reported by radio. Tonight they were on their way to Balboa aboard the Sacramento.

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