

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Razzing the Police

A dead serving girl and a gentleman hoaxer represent the net bag of the police in the celebrated Lindbergh case. Towards the solution of the mystery they appear to have advanced not a step. The body of the infant was found by accident; and it begins to appear that the apprehension of the culprits may have to come the same way. The New Jersey police have come in for severe criticism since shortly after they took charge of the case.

However it is quite easy to indulge in long or short distance criticism. The case itself was one offering few opportunities for solution. It must be recalled that at the insistence of Lindbergh the efforts were directed largely toward recovery of the child with immunity to the kidnappers. Consequently the police energies were not concentrated as perhaps they might have been, on running down the criminals. Time passed giving further advantage to those who were guilty.

Crimes are never perfect crimes. Always there are clues which if picked up may be unraveled. But there are hundreds of crimes in this country which are never solved. We do not have the efficient police systems of some of the countries. Here authority is broken up badly. Few states have real, professionalized detective organizations. The New Jersey police, it is said, is primarily a traffic control organization.

It is regrettable indeed that the poor serving maid should be frightened to the point of self-destruction. Yet her own answers were not frank and honest. Finding she had not attended a movie as she claimed on the night of the kidnapping, it was only natural for the detectives to press their questioning more vigorously. Suppose the police should come upon one with guilty knowledge. Unless they quizzed the person closely, pressed every point, they would never get the truth and the guilt would go undetected. No one wants to injure the innocent; but the fury which once broke on the unknown kidnaper with threats of dire punishment should he be apprehended now pours out upon the police because they appear to have pressed too hard a servant girl whose own contradictions led to the inquiries.

The public has been too impatient, too quick to criticize and condemn; all because of its disappointment over the failure to recover the child alive and to punish the kidnappers.

Postponing Chaos

THIS is to be a momentous week in Europe. The Hoover moratorium is about to expire. Once more Germany and central Europe are clinging to the brink of the precipice and crying for the world to save them. While it grows wearisome to have French Gaston and English John Bull to call out to Uncle Sam to pay for the rescue party, and we are beginning to think Europe has some responsibility in helping herself, it is unfortunate that in the Lausanne conference called to adjust these world burdens the United States will not be represented.

A constructive adjustment at Lausanne will give central Europe a fresh lease on life. Otherwise economic bankruptcy of many nations may follow. The announcement that the premiers of England and France have reached some accord in advance of the conference is reassuring. But if the accord is merely temporizing then the benefits may be short-lived.

The eye of the world will turn this week to the peaceful city in Switzerland, the seat of so many conferences. It is doubtful if in any of the past has been attended with the possibilities for weal or woe of this one. It is "eternal hope" which prompts us to the belief that good will come and chaos once more be postponed.

Saving the Trees

THE Bend Bulletin calls attention to the passage of the McNary bill in the senate by the terms of which, if finally the measure becomes law, it will be possible to trade private owners of timber out of strips along the border of our scenic highways for equivalent timber in forest reserves. This is something which was dear to the heart of the late Gov. Patterson, and the highway board at that time, of which Editor Sawyer was a member, was diligent in trying to save this timber. And agitation began even before that time.

Already some of our fine highways pass through areas denuded of their timber. Bald hills with stark stumps and blanched trunks of trees make what once was a verdant forest a desert. It takes decades to reforest these lands, most of which have no other value of note. So if we can save bits of beauty along our roadsides we will leave a heritage for coming generations of far greater value than any structures likely to be fashioned out of the trees which are cut down. Our stands of fir and pine and spruce and hemlock include majestic specimens of tree growth. As California is preserving the noble redwoods, so Oregon and the forest service should save these forest borders along our great highways.

Today's Action on the Bonus Bill

THE house of representatives today will pass the Patman bonus bill. Of the 200 or more who will vote for it, we venture that not over 50 honestly think the bill should become law, or that the government should attempt to pay the last half of the bonus now. Yet fear of defeat at the polls drives these congressmen to enact a measure which in their hearts they disapprove of. This treachery to conviction is one of the saddest spectacles in public life today.

If congress is to be dragged into granting bonuses by a show of force, what is to prevent other armies of unemployed investing the national capital and obtaining vast grants from the public treasury. Spectacles such as the country will witness today make one pause to wonder if popular government is a success and if the American system of government will long endure. It certainly cannot exist on a basis of a bankrupt treasury.

The Budget Is Balanced!



New Views

The new views questions asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: What do you think of the proposal to supplement staff of Willamette University law school with local attorneys? Or should full time instructors be employed?

Dr. S. F. Scott, chiropractor: "If they are paid jobs I think the Salem men should be allowed to have that money. We have some good attorneys here."

Leon W. DuRoi, barber: "I think it would be best to use local attorneys in view of the present situation."

Tinkham Gilbert, assistant state superintendent of banks: "Well, I'm not very well informed on the subject. I think there should be one man at least who devotes his major time to it. It should be his main job to keep the thing going."

Walter Fahrer, Willamette law graduate: "I am quite in favor of it and always have been."

Charles Hinkins, mortgage and investment operator: "I think it would be a good thing. We have

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The old mill pond:

O. B. Woodworth, 1005 Guardian building, Portland, old time Salem boy and young man, long in banking in the metropolis, and still active in investment lines, sends the following:

"Many years ago mill ponds were in style. Nearly every city had one and tried to have the best, but the Salem pond WAS the best. In fact it had two. The largest and best was on Trade street just east of the water company office. There is a remnant of it left. It was a true mill pond. Originally it was quite large, extended north forming a

lot of good attorneys here who could help instruct those young fellows up there, and save a lot of expense."

Mrs. Hazel Hixson, home maker: "I rather imagine we have some efficient lawyers here in Salem who could certainly do very fine work in teaching."

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

"NERVE fatigue" is a term used to describe a run down condition of the nervous system. It is often incorrectly used by the layman to describe a condition of simple nervousness, which in this case may or may not be a symptom of nerve fatigue.

The body performs its daily work by reason of energy derived chiefly from carbohydrates or starches in the diet. This energy material is stored in the muscles and liver in the form of a substance called glycogen, which is released for active work by nerve impulses sent to the muscles and liver. Work can be accomplished only by the "burning up" of glycogen. Labor too long continued will make excessive demands upon the nerve impulses, and nerve exhaustion will result.

Fortunately, ordinary nerve fatigue can be relieved by short periods of rest, but complete nerve exhaustion requires several months or longer for recovery. Indeed, the human body can survive much longer without food than it can without rest or sleep.

Nerve fatigue can develop into a serious condition, the mechanism of the body becoming seriously disturbed. Indigestion, inflammation of the large intestine, constipation, insomnia and constitutional disease often are caused by pro-

longed nerve fatigue. The sufferer from this condition also is usually in a state of fear. He worries, is anxious and cannot carry on with his daily work.

Nerve fatigue is often overlooked and neglected. Persistent tired feeling, headache, restlessness and dull and vague pains are attributed to excessive work, but too often nothing is done about them.

These signs should be given immediate attention. A visit should be made to the physician, so that by thorough examination he can discover the physical status of the body. Special tests are used to determine the presence or absence of nerve fatigue. After this examination, if necessary, certain treatments are given.

Rest is often the only treatment necessary to restore health, and is best prescribed in the form of a vacation. A vacation is a health investment, and it is often more economical to take a vacation than be forced to prolonged rest because of physical exhaustion.

In good health we live longest and enjoy ourselves most, and this desirable state can exist only when we give the body the necessary care and rest. But sure to get six to eight hours of sleep every day and that your diet is simple but nutritious. It should contain an abundance of fresh vegetables, fruits, milk, cream, butter and eggs. Whenever possible get out of doors and relax in the sun.

If you are worried, do not feel up to par, are easily irritated or apprehensive and tired, I beg of you not to disregard these signs. The best thing is to consult with your physician.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss Margaret R. Q.—What causes a pain in the lower right side?

A.—This may be due to formation of gas, indigestion or constipation. It would be wise to have an examination by your doctor.

George A. Q.—What causes itching of the body and what do you advise?

A.—This may be due to constipation or some intestinal disturbance. Try to locate the cause and remove it if possible. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

Mrs. L. E. S. Q.—What causes

my heart to beat fast, especially when I retire at night?

A.—This may be due to nervousness. It would be wise to have your heart examined and follow your doctor's advice.

D. C. P. Q.—At what age does one stop growing?

A.—Most people grow until they are 21.

J. M. N. S. Q.—What do you advise for poor circulation?

A.—Try to build up the general health and your circulation will improve.

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

At 11:30 on New Year's Eve, Police Commissioner Thatcher arrives at the exclusive Mayfair club in response to a mysterious summons from District Attorney Gifford. The latter informs Colt he believes he knows the "higher-up" responsible for the numerous jewel robberies perpetrated recently which baffles the police.

CHAPTER TWO

"CAN you disclose his name?" Dougherty lowered his voice to a husky whisper as he divulged: "It's a she!" "A woman!" "And what?"

The District Attorney, half glancing rolling eloquently upward toward the glittering chandeliers. Thatcher Colt's face lightened with a hunter's startled interest. Had Dougherty really turned up something? The District Attorney now pointed discreetly with his thumb across the empty dance floor. We saw a party of men and women clustered in front of the only vacant table visible in that part of the Crystal Room. Barring the newcomers' way stood a waiter, his hands star-fished in apology. Through all the talk and laughter, one could hear him repeating, "I am very sorry, Senator—this table is positively reserved. You will have to sit farther back!"

The District Attorney folded his hands over his vest buttons and checked.

"They'll take a back seat, all right!" he predicted. "They'll have to."

Even as he spoke, the leader of the party surrendered with a shrug, and with a rueful smile led his guests to the rear.

"Nobody in New York can have that table tonight, except a very certain lady."

As he leaned toward Thatcher Colt, the District Attorney added impressively:

"That reservation is being held for the woman I'm telling you about. What's more, there are tables for her in half a dozen other night clubs as well. She pays for all those reservations, whether she uses them or not—I was sure she had a ring-side seat, wherever her fancy takes her. Money seems to mean nothing to her. The 'Night Club Lady,' she is called by the Broadway columnists—and sometimes 'The Mystery of Mayfair.'"

Colt's expression remained stolid. "The 'Night Club Lady'?" he repeated. "Do you mean Lola Carewe?"

"So you know of her too?" "Who doesn't, Dougherty? The widow of Gaylord Gifford, the cotton millionaire."

"But nowadays she calls herself again by her maiden name, Lola Carewe. Mystery why she does that, too. In fact, my dear Thatcher, she is the most mysterious woman in New York today."

Colt seemed suddenly reminded of something.

"Old Gifford died a year after that sensational marriage, didn't he? And when his will was read, there was hardly enough money left to pay the undertaker. Did you want to talk with me about Lola Carewe?"

Dougherty turned his head on one side with a triumphant smile. "Have you ever seen her?" he countered.

"I think not," replied Colt thoughtfully. "But in a general way I am familiar with her career. She was a cinema performer—was she not?"

"Ten years ago. She first made a hit in a French motion picture about Pompeii."

"And then went to Hollywood?" "Where she was a success. The public idolized her. Along came old

Gifford and married her. The story now is that she is thinking of going back into pictures."

Here the District Attorney extended one red and hairy forefinger and tapped on the back of Thatcher Colt's hand, as if he were telegraphing, as he added in a low and accusing tone:

"Gifford died a pauper. Yet Lola Carewe continues to live in luxury. The manager told me she will be here any minute now. I just want you to take a good look at her. Then I'll tell you something."

At this moment, a group from a neighboring table descended on us in a gust of salutations. They were acquaintances of Dougherty who wanted to be presented to the Police Commissioner. Politely Colt surrendered to a barrage of questions.

Two slender fire-haired Hollywood sisters in blue gowns at once demanded to know the inside facts about the latest gang war. Colt had to assure them there was no honor among thieves; he was always being asked about that by romantic girls. Next they wanted to know whether women were any account as detectives. Presently Colt was cornered by a Jewish dowager, to whom he had to explain how finger-print identification differed from the Bertillon system. The dowager was supposed to be the mother of the two red-headed girls in blue, but she was merely an actress hired by the film company to play the part; she lived with the girls and attended them.

Nevertheless, she was a dignified family background which greatly impressed the young stars' public. No one noticed me, the fate of all secretaries of important men. I glanced around me curiously. At every table I recognized faces—the shoguns of Hollywood and Broadway. In this indiscriminate assemblage, some were famous and others merely notorious, the good and the bad and the in-betweens of the land of make-believe.

With shrill partings our uninvited visitors hurried off, as the music resumed, and Colt, Dougherty and I faced each other again.

"And so," resumed my chief, as if there had been no interruption, "the mystery about the former Mrs. Gaylord Gifford is the source of her interest."

Colt Gifford did leave her about half a million in life insurance. "But look what the creature spends!" cried Dougherty, his gaze almost apoplectic.

"Do you mean to say," demanded Colt in a low tone, "that you have a real reason to believe the widow of Gaylord Gifford is mixed up in a jewelry store?"

"I do!" avouched Dougherty with a positive shake of his head.

"The facts?" "We have not investigated in vain," returned Dougherty oracularly. "To establish a definite relation between such a woman and the underworld is not easy, and yet

"I think your mysterious night club lady is just arriving," interrupted Colt.

To the table that had been so valorously reserved, two prancing waiters now led the night club lady and an elderly escort. In my first glimpse of Lola Carewe, I thought she was the most dangerous beauty I had ever seen. I still think so.

Perhaps I am an overly impressionable male; that is what my wife says whenever she hears me mention Lola Carewe's "dangerous beauty." Once at a dinner in our apartment I dared refer to "the smoke tangles of her hair," adding something about a "tamarisk shade." Betty soon enough persuaded our guests—and me—that my poetry was sheer nonsense.

Nevertheless, dark Lola's appearance in Mayfair that New Year's Eve was startling and brilliant. She was wearing an ermine cloak—the four hundredth

that night in Mayfair, where ermine is an evening uniform, but Lola's was an exceptionally handsome one—and under that a gown of white satin. Colt said she carried her head like a peacock.

Behind the night club lady ambled a little old man with dainty ears and a white goatee. He was Vincent Rowland, the sharp-eyed railroad attorney who loved to play Croesus to modern young masters.

With a blandiloquence, famous alike in court-rooms and studios, the little old millionaire bowed gravely to several persons and soon was seated opposite Lola Carewe.

"Isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed Dougherty.

"She looks like a woman who has had bad news," murmured Thatcher Colt.

The waiters were serving us food. I found it hard to keep my eyes from Lola Carewe. What were the dark secrets in that queenly head?

"Her own collection of jewels is fabulous," Dougherty confessed. "East Indian things—like the emeralds stolen from the eyes of idols in Lord Dunsany's plays."

I was listening with only one ear. My attention was drawn back irresistibly to that other table. Now I surprised a curious little drama. I saw their waiter bow low and walk off with a supper order pressed against his shirt-front. At once Vincent Rowland and Lola Carewe began—or perhaps resumed—a spirited discussion. Their heads were close together, and both kept glancing in our direction. Suddenly Lola Carewe drew from her evening purse a golden pencil and wrote something on the back of a menu card. As she folded the paper, Vincent Rowland spoke to her earnestly, but she shook her head, her eyes summoned a waiter, and with a whispered direction, she gave him the note.

Colt, too, had observed what was passing. While Dougherty continued to crane on jewel thieves, the chief and I watched to see where the messenger carried that note.

He hurried directly to our table. In front of the Police Commissioner was laid a silver salver on which reposed the folded menu card.

"Pardon me," muttered Thatcher Colt, and picked up the note. Dougherty calmly attacked his soup. He did not realize from whom that billet came.

Colt's strong, tanned face was expressionless as he read the message through. But as he put the paper down, he momentarily closed his eloquent eyes, his only visible sign when deeply aroused.

Across the table he shoved the note.

"Will you read that and take charge of it, Tony?"

Hastily, I scanned the lines, scrawled in a large bold hand: "Dear Mr. Thatcher Colt:

"I must talk with you at once. You can save a human life. Will you do it? I am in my right senses; I never drink and am not neurotic. I want to talk with you on police business. Will you join Mr. Rowland and myself at our table? Or will you meet us outside if you prefer. Mr. Colt, please!"

"Lola Carewe."

Dougherty had finished his soup. "What's all that?" he queried, fumbling for a mislaid napkin.

Colt did not smile as he explained.

"Miss Lola Carewe is desperately anxious to give the police some information. Join us, Dougherty!"

For once, the District Attorney was jolted into utter silence. Blank-faced, he followed through the throng. The dance floor was still a swirling mass of jewels, perfume, and joy as we three made our way around the oval to the table of the night club lady.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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to the highest degree is the ceremony of conferring the sacrament of holy baptism by complete immersion. Aside from the impurities of the water, it was an ideal place for this purpose and was used very extensively.

"It is to be regretted that this form of baptism has passed as it was very impressive, very reverent and partaken of with devout earnestness. A true faith is impressed on the mind and body at the same time is lasting. Very often baptisms took place in winter. There is every precedent for this kind of baptism according to the first chapter of St. John. It is to be hoped that some day this ancient custom will come back and be used extensively."

"There was a small mill pond in North Salem, merely the widening of the mill race that was fordable. It was useful and a necessity. It was close to Lincoln Wade's store near the old woolen mills. All is now a memory."

To his old friends, Mr. Woodworth is known as "Cy," and it is not necessary to assure any of them that the above information is reliable. But it might not be easy to convince youngsters of the present day, and new comers about the remnant that he says is left of the ancient mill pond that was east of Liberty between State street and South Mill creek. It is more a memory now than a remnant.

There used to be a creek running south on what is now Liberty street, and in times of high water it was a raging stream, and at some points it was crossed with bridges of high sidewalks. The depression ran to the court house grounds. Those grounds were filled up. In the administration of County Judge Hubbard some \$7000 was expended in filling up the court house grounds. That was about 40 years ago.

In the flood of '81 steamboats ran on High street nearly to the courthouse. The railroad stage station up to the early seventies stood where the arm-

ory stands now. What Mr. Woodworth tells of the manure pile of the stage barn makes a true picture.

The Salem directory of 1872 has listed: "M. Rhawi, plumber; boards at Chemeketa," and the advertisement of the business on page 48 reads: "Anderson & Rhawi, plumbers and gas fitters. Pumps, hose and connections, lead water pipes and steam pipe; plumbers' goods, gas fittings and fixtures always on hand. Bath tubs, copper boilers, marble slabs, steam and water gauges, guage cocks, steam whistles, etc., etc. Plumbing, gas and steam fitting in all branches, guaranteed. Commercial street, Salem." (The streets were not then numbered, of course.) "Anderson, Geo., (Anderson & Rhawi) boards Chemeketa house," and "Anderson & Rhawi, plumbers, Commercial between Ferry and State," is found in the population part of the directory.

The mill pond in North Salem was a part of the race, the water of which ran the mission mills from 1840 on, and the woolen mills, first on the Pacific coast, on the same site from 1857.

(Continued on Page 9)

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 14, 1907

The state board building commissioners yesterday decided to purchase the Coleman tract as a site for the new institution for the Feeble Minded. The tract covers 538 acres.

The Willamette university board of trustees yesterday chose the following administrative officers for the coming year: John H. Coleman, president of the university; William B. Kirk, dean of the faculty; and Sam Brown, dean of the college of agriculture; R. A. Heritage, dean of the

college of music; Henry D. Kimball, dean of the college of theology.

The largest number of applicants for admission to the Oregon bar faced the ordeal of examination yesterday. There were 54 candidates and in the number were one lady and a Chinese-American.

June 14, 1928

Two "pied pipers" from Walla Walla, Wash., have arrived here with the proposal to rid the city of rats and mice for the sum of \$2000. They would use poison baits, instead of the pipe, they say.

Winner of the essay contest among pupils of Salem's junior high schools on the purposes of the "cleanup-paintup" campaign was Louisa Horn, of Grant school, who received an award valued at \$5.

The city council last night discussed the purchase of Oaks park. The property is valued at about \$24,500.

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