

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Self-Liquidating Projects

A week ago The Statesman advanced the proposal that the city of Salem, in case the congress empowers the Reconstruction Finance corporation to loan funds to municipalities, endeavor to obtain loans for waterworks construction here, with the double objective of providing employment and getting the benefit of extremely low construction costs for the capital investment. The response locally was highly favorable. Meantime while several measures are before the congress which look to making such provision as part of the Hoover relief program, no action has been taken. Whether it will be before congress adjourns is yet uncertain, since there is considerable antagonism between the republican and the democratic programs of relief.

That other parts of the country will come forward with requests if the authority and funds are provided is certain. "Barron's" a national financial weekly, in its last issue outlines a number of projects which runs up a total of a billion and a half dollars. Heading its list is New York city water supply, \$272,000,000. Others listed are Colorado river aqueduct, \$220,000,000, to provide a water supply for Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland bridge, \$75,000,000 and many others. Regarding waterworks projects, the article says:

"Public water supply forms another branch of construction work that was specifically suggested by the president. Water bonds are one of the safest types of investment since they represent an essential utility supplied at relatively small per-capita cost. The demand for water in our cities is constantly growing, and a number of large-scale projects have been advanced to the point where work is either now actually under way or could be started within a short period."

If New York and Los Angeles and San Francisco are considering loans for self-liquidating projects of their own, certainly Salem is justified in doing so also. Many cities have no such projects to undertake; those that have may benefit themselves and carry out the will of the government if they can effect such loans on meritorious projects and launch them at an early date.

Moderates Need to Watch Their Company

THERE are many who might be classed as moderationists on this prohibition question. They are not fanatic dries, nor are they sloppy wets. They remember the evils of the saloon and they note failures to enforce prohibition. Many of them now are constrained to modify in some way the 18th amendment.

Listening to the radio arguments at the republican convention Wednesday night, we noted that many of those advocating repeal made their appeal on the high ground of "promoting temperance" and preserving or securing respect for law and order. These speakers—Senator Bingham, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and others—were loudly applauded by the gallery. But the occasional solo "Give us beer" belied the idealism of the speakers they were applauding.

If the moderationists elect to go in company with the wets they are apt to be swept off their feet. The irreconcilable wets do not abhor the saloon; they want it restored. They resent control as an infringement of "personal liberty". Then there are the interests only waiting a chance to reopen breweries and distilleries. They will want to exploit liquor consumption in every way possible. Given full state option, open saloons will speedily be restored in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island. The momentum of the repeal swing would probably re-establish it in Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, California and other states.

After all, it will be the independents and the middle-of-the-roads who will swing the balance on this prohibition question. This is a warning that the moderates should watch the company they keep. Mass psychology is such that a repeal of the 18th amendment might be attended by such orgies of indulgence as marked the Stewart restoration, after the Puritan interlude.

A Revival That Flopped

THE steamer Undine which attempted a revival of freighting on the Columbia river between Portland and The Dalles, has laid up for lack of business, with slim prospect of resumption of the run. According to The Dalles Chronicle which was hopeful of success, the venture was ruined by bitter competition. Truck lines, which are now unregulated as to rates, quickly started out the steamship. The trucks using the Columbia river highway have gobbled most of the freight business between Portland and the up-river points; and by meeting the steamship rates were able to hold the business.

The Chronicle sagely concludes: "We are convinced now, with the failure of the most comprehensive river navigation project of recent years, that regular steamer service on the Columbia can never prevail with conditions as they are. The day may come when barge lines may be operated successfully, possibly under government supervision as is now done on the Ohio, but first we must have a series of great dams, providing slack water to the mouth of the Snake river and generating millions of hydro-electric horsepower for the use of industry. Then there would be sufficient tonnage for all carriers."

This ought to be an eye-opener to the Portland Journal which has been drooling for years on open river transportation to Lewiston. There is not the back haul tonnage. And the truck lines can always just cut under the river rate, and so put the boats out of business. It is doubtful if barge lines would be more successful. Certainly the government wouldn't make interest on the investment required.

It is time for the country to wake up and save the railroads which have done the major carrying business of the nations. Otherwise they will go to the poorhouse and the state will have no one to put the tax burden on.

Under the direction of Prof. Cameron Marshall the Willamette university philharmonic choir and string orchestra will make a circle tour of the northwest this summer. The organizations have won high repute for the quality of their music and they will serve to carry the name of Willamette and of Salem to many points of this great empire. To launch their tour they will give a concert at the First Methodist church Monday evening, June 20th. This will give Salem people a chance to hear two very fine organizations just as they start their trip.

When you have a hot, hot day and then at night the delicious breeze sets in from the Pacific ocean, and you can go to bed, forget your worries and sleep like a baby, then it is you appreciate summer in the glorious Willamette valley.

Gaston is down for 15 years but he still has the Means.

Rain On The Roof!



Lay Sermon

PAPER BOATS
"My days are swifter than a runner;
They speed away; they see no good thing."
They follow one another like boats of papyrus."
—Job 9: 25-26.

Men find it difficult to fit themselves into the time pattern. Sometimes the Now seems big and all-inclusive; again it seems trivial and empty. Sometimes the Future seems remote; again it seems pressing and crowding in upon us. Sometimes the past seems distant and forgotten; again it enshrouds us and seems to determine our walk and thought. This shifting of attitude is due no doubt to the altering of our mental focus.

So it is when one is on top of a tall building and looks down into the street. He sees like ants crawling. But if he is in the midst of a seething crowd, there are people everywhere until the mass oppresses him with its size and its power. The man crowding in front of him may tower like a giant. Seen face to face or from an angle, the man may be the same; but the image in the mind varies with the distance in which the image is focused on the retina.

To old Job, writhing on his ash mound, the days passed by one no different from another, and all barren. Daily the sun rose to its zenith and declined to its horizon, yet Job saw and felt nothing different than the day preceding. The days, yet they were but paper boats borne swiftly down the current of the years, transient. Engrossed Job was in his own spiritual problem. Why was he afflicted with sorrow and stricken with disease? That loomed large before his eyes, so large he saw nothing else, thought of nothing else. He looked at himself in the concave mirror of his own troubles, and they were grotesquely large.

If Job had had eyes to see he might have observed that the days were not all empty of good. The glow of dawn on the desert, the diamond points of the dew as the sun glanced over the eastern hills, the cry of the bird, the soft rippling of the distant herd, fruit ripening on the trees, youth and maiden plighting troth in the shadow of the grove, a trading caravan riding in out of the dust cloud, a woman with a gay new headscarf, all these made the day full and varied. Sunrise and sunset, yes, but in between no two days were alike even for Job as he argued with his adversaries.

Are the days all "paper boats" for you? The lazy days of summer now upon us—are they idle, pure repetitions, empty and meaningless and full of trouble? They may be if like Job your thoughts are self-absorbed. Then you may need to readjust your focus; take a vacation from your home from yourself, and see if you cannot see things in new proportions in which the now will not seem so large and the weight of the day's cares not so crushing.

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked this question: "Are you pleased or dissatisfied because the senate decisively rejected the \$2,400,000 bonus bill?"

Martin Ferry, Attorney—"I don't think there was much else to do. To have paid the entire bonus now would have been to settle an obligation before it is due. Furthermore, want is not limited to veterans; starvation is starvation wherever found and must be treated equally by the federal government."

Mrs. G. N. Thompson, housewife—"Well, I hardly know how to answer that. I don't like the way the boys went after it, but on the other hand I think they ought

Still, If You Can't See Clock It Won't Give You Wrong Time

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

SOME of us, I fear, use too many adages. Adages should be used only on specified occasions. Like dyspepsia tablets.

It is possible that the persistency of chill in the air this spring has been due to the generally cool reception accorded bill collectors. And the sudden and intense heat—well, account for it as seems reasonable to you.

To M. E. H. Silverton: Perhaps you are right. It seems to me at times that the ways of life were better in the old days. But the matter is one difficult to determine definitely. The change may be in us more than in the ways of life. It may be fortunate for grandmother's reputation as a maker of wonderful doughnuts that it exists only in memory.

It appears that the Lumbago club may now safely adjourn until after state fair.

There were in 1896 but four automobiles in the United States. And every time one of them appeared in public all the horses in sight ran away. A great many people acquired a profane habit of speech during the early days of the automobile.

Some of the inquirers who are told how to reach the employment office express thanks and depart hastily in the other direction. Rather puzzling.

The individual who is annoyed because, due to falling eyesight, he can no longer read the time by the clock in the courthouse tower may derive a bit of comfort from the fact that he is no longer worried by the possibility that the clock is too fast or too slow. This is somewhat in the nature of the compensation of which Mr. Emerson has written. Yet is it strictly compensation? I do not quite know. Perhaps the individual whose eyesight has dimmed was not really annoyed by any small eccentricities manifesting today of the waters of life (although for a clock of its kind it is very dependable) but rather enjoyed them and made allowances for the vagaries of an old friend.

I have ever had a weakness for clockwork. One of the marvels of my early childhood was a village shop where dozens of clocks stood upon shelves, every clock ticking, none but the big regulator in the front window, which I fondly supposed to be the father of all other clocks in the place, indicating the correct time. A cheerful, musical place, that shop, to a child. My life trail seems, in looking backward, to have been marked by clocks—schoolroom clocks that kept time briskly at intervals and at other intervals all but drove a fellow mad because

to have all that is coming to them."

A. O. Samson, Salesman—"I'm sick of the ranks of the dissatisfied."

B. L. Hamilton, Route 4, Farmer—"I'm an ex-service man and so not exactly qualified to say. I think, though, they should have passed it and put some more money in circulation. Unless I miss my guess, there'll be trouble now. I don't want to see it come to that."

Leo N. Childs, Realtor—"I'm neutral on it. I think the boys are deserving of a help. But it looks as though the government just couldn't get the money for it."



D. H. TALMADGE

of the leisurely way in which they measured off the golden moments; the hoarse old Seth Thomases on the wall behind the store at home that always ticked and struck and gurgled so happily when I was happy and was so doleful when I was sad of heart; clocks in railway stations, in towers and in steeples, in workrooms; clocks everywhere, keeping the score of life. Few events almost none—have made my life distinctive to other than myself, but it has seemed to me an eventful life. And every event when recalled to memory is accompanied by the memory of a clock. I might explain this more clearly, but to do so is hardly worth the effort.

Salem old-timers will gather today for a picnic dinner in Marion square. It should be a pleasant gathering. A fine lot of folks, these old-timers of Salem, drinking today of the waters of life from the cup of remembrance to one another's welfare and happiness.

The story is related locally of a small boy who asked regarding a certain portrait appearing on the editorial page of the Sunday Statesman, "Daddy, is that a convict?" The question was a perfectly natural one for the child to ask. There are some mighty handsome convicts in this country.

Life would be much happier for us were we to give no heed to many matters which are not worthy of attention. Certainly, but I fear it wouldn't be very entertaining.

Eat of any good food that appeals to your appetite. The fells that beset all of us—the inner ailments to which all flesh is heir—will be attributed to what we eat, regardless of what it may be, and it may as well be something to our liking. But beware of too much. Kinney Grue said he always felt "something coming on" between the twelfth and fourteenth flapjack.

Daily Thought

"Adversity is a medicine which people are rather fond to recommend indiscriminately as a panacea for their neighbors. Like other medicines it only agrees with certain constitutions. There are nerves which it braces and nerves

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

Lola Carewe, night club habitué, receives a death threat. New Year's Eve. Previously her dog and parrot were mysteriously killed. District Attorney Marie K. Dougherty suspects Lola of being the "brains" of the jewel thief ring that has baffled the police. Although her husband, Gaylord Gifford, died practically penniless, Lola lives in luxury. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt places a guard in Lola's penthouse apartment, warning her that she must not be alone in a room at any time. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother; Chung the butler, Eunice the maid, and Vincent Rowland, an attorney, are present. In the living room, the Commissioner finds a bag belonging to Christine Quires, Lola's guest. It evidently had been used that night, yet Lola informs Colt that Christine is at the Lion's Paw, a roadhouse, where Lola was to have joined her. Colt is surprised to find Mrs. Carewe's room in strange contrast to the surrounding wealth. Lola's own boudoir is a grand contradiction of the living room's elegance. Lola refuses to reveal the identity of the young man whose photograph adorns her dresser.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"MISS LOX, please go to Miss Carewe at once. Remain with her until relieved."

Hearing this order the mother came hurriedly out of her room.

"Please don't mind my daughter," she pleaded. "All her life she has had her own way. I spoiled her, no doubt. But good at heart. Why not let me go to her instead?"

"One of my people must guard her," Colt insisted. "But you may go with Miss Lox."

Mrs. Carewe shrugged her shoulders with a foreigner's disapproving resignation. She followed Dorothy Lox to the bedroom door where the girl operative knocked, and, receiving no answer, opened the door. Mother and detective then entered the boudoir and were hidden from our view.

Colt stalked to the fireplace and struck a gong suspended from the mantel. Chung instantly responded.

"Who is Miss Carewe's physician?" he asked sharply.

"Doctor Hugh Baldwin, who occupies the seventh floor, on the second floor of this twenty-three-story building," supplied Chung, placid and grave.

"Please telephone him and if he is in ask him to come here at once. If not, let me know—we must get someone!"

Betraying no surprise, Chung turned on his flat heels and waddled from the room. But neither Dougherty nor Rowland were so self-controlled. At once both attorneys leaped from their chairs, confronting Colt and demanding to know why he had called a physician.

"Unless I have read her wrong, Lola Carewe is due for an attack of hysteria," predicted Colt.

Both the District Attorney and his elderly confidant looked relieved. "Then it was because you anticipated violence?" asked Rowland.

Colt lit a cigarette.

"I don't know what to anticipate," he confessed. "But of one thing I feel sure—I have accounted for every human being in this apartment—and no one else can get in without being discovered."

Here Colt sent me to the door to inform Lieutenant Fallon that Doctor Baldwin should be allowed to enter. When I returned, Dougherty and Rowland were lighting cigars.

"With all the safeguards that you have thrown about Lola now, Thatcher," protested the District Attorney, with a pop-eyed glance around him, "there can certainly be no more real danger—if there ever was any," he finished dourly.

Vincent Rowland nodded.

"If, after all that you have done,



Unexpectedly, the bedroom door opened and Lola Carewe appeared.

Mr. Colt," he remarked, "the life of Lola Carewe were to be taken now, right under the nose of the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney, why that would be a miracle, really, wouldn't it?"

A spiral plume of purple smoke ascended from Colt's pursed lips.

"It would look like a masterpiece of murder," he agreed. "But perhaps that is what is intended."

"I don't understand," confessed Vincent Rowland plaintively.

"No one knows how the dog and parrot died," explained Colt. "Suppose the murderer were rehearsing—with some new and subtle poison compound that leaves no trace?"

A burst of laughter came from behind the closed door of Lola's boudoir. All three women—mother, daughter, and detective—seemed inexplicably to be laughing together. Their mirth had a weird sound. What could they be laughing about?

Vincent Rowland flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Nothing's going to happen to Lola," he decided, comforting himself. "She has a very short temper, just a child. You know, my dear Colt, she has a most undeserved reputation as a high liver. Her reputation is almost operative—I mean people think of her as a kind of Tosca living in present-day Manhattan. Nothing could be more absurd. Lola seems insincere and frothy, but she is really a decent sort."

"What is your interest in her?" Colt asked.

There was a silence, broken only by the drone of an ice-making machine in Chung's spotless kitchen.

"I am interested in Lola Carewe," Vincent Rowland replied, almost defensively, "because she has sound ideas about modern art. I think she is an original spirit in decoration. Look at these rooms! Some of her effects were exhibited at the Modern Designers Gallery last spring. She is a very superior person at heart—an enigma really."

"Do you know any person who might wish her dead?" pursued Colt.

Vincent Rowland sat there, his cigar held by his teeth, while he lifted the skin of his face by pressing the tip of his forefinger upward at his temples. All the while he watched in a wall-mirror as if anxious to see what face-surgery

might accomplish for him. At Colt's question, he pushed the old skin higher and smiled like a satyr.

"There are plenty of men who have tried to lay their hands at her feet, since Gifford's sudden death. She has refused them all. I don't believe any of her disappointed males would murder. Still jealousy

"Might there not be other motives?" suggested Dougherty, studying a diamond ring on his own finger.

Vincent Rowland frowned, and lowered his fingers from their vain employment.

"Perhaps! There is one curious circumstance which, maybe, I should not tell. When I first met her—"

"Unexpectedly, the bedroom door opened and Lola Carewe appeared, wearing a peach-colored woolen bathrobe, with straight, black stripes. She was bright and smiling."

"Please don't be angry with me, Mr. Commissioner," she apologized. "That woman detective of yours is so charming—she laughed me out of my post. I realize I have behaved very badly."

"Say no more about it," dismissed Colt.

"What time is it now?" she called gaily. "How long before the deadline?"

"It is just five minutes to three o'clock," Colt informed her.

"And during those five minutes you ought to obey every request of the Police Commissioner—to the letter, Lola, to the letter," enjoined Vincent Rowland severely.

Her hand was on the knob and her cheek laid against the door.

"I will be back in just a moment," she gurgled. "I left a cigarette case in here." I saw that Colt was right; she was dangerously on the edge of hysteria. For a moment, no one spoke. There was a solemn quiet in the room, a silence almost ominous, as if we were on the eve of a serious discovery. Far down below us in the streets someone was blowing a horn; a childish sound, incongruous and ludicrously inappropriate. A shadow marched past the window blind; one of Colt's men passing in his sentinel march on the terrace.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic four corners: When the Oregon governor's office was in his own building:

In closing the series on old Douglas, the writer said: "Enough history has been made in the four city blocks cornering on Ferry and Court streets, Salem, to fill a five foot book shelf, with connected stories sufficient to crowd many more."

The territorial and state offices centered around these four corners. The senatorial fights were here. The governor's office was in the present Statesman building, and the state library, and the rooms of the supreme court. However, the full story is too long. It is being prepared, and will occupy a later series in this column," etc.

In fulfillment of that promise, this is the initial article of a series of eight or more, attempting to cover the historical facts indicated, and get them straight. But corrections, if found necessary, will be gladly received by the Bits man, from any reader.

The first semblance of American civil government in the old Oregon country, aside from that exercised by the explorers, Lewis and Clark, in 1805-6, and the Astor trading enterprise, beginning in 1811, was when Jason Lee came with his mission in 1834; excepting also the activities of Capt. Nathaniel Wyeth after he came in 1832, and returned in 1834, accompanied by the Lee party.

The Astor people in the fall of 1812 sent from Astoria William Wallace and J. O. Halsey, clerks, and 14 trappers and hunters, who which it utterly shatters."—Justin McCarthy.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 19, 1907

That the movement recently inaugurated to raise a fund for Perry's proposed north pole expedition through donations by the pupils of the public schools proved unpopular is evidenced by the small sum raised by Marion county, the total of which is \$13.77, the largest amount donated in any county in Oregon.

The city charter board met yesterday afternoon and elected Mayor George F. Rodgers chairman and City Attorney A. O. Condit secretary. Committees on revising the charter will be: Highways, finance, parks and public utilities, city officers, executive administration, legislative body, accounting, procedure, suffrage and election.

The Liberty Orchard company was incorporated yesterday at \$2,000 by H. S. Gile, W. T. Jenks and Edith Johns. The firm will lease or purchase real estate, hold and dispose of warehouses and conduct a general warehouse business.

June 19, 1928

When patrons of Salem's street railway system board the cars this morning they will pay six cents for their rides, instead of five cents as heretofore. The company has contended that it was losing money under the five cent fare schedule in both Salem and Eugene.

Thirteen votes was the margin received by Curtis Cross over R. A. Rhoten in the race for school director yesterday. The total number of votes cast was 970. Cross received 466, Rhoten 458 and H. L. Clark 51.