

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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Will the Hohenzollerns Return?

REPORTS make plain that the restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty is in prospect in Germany. The prospect may still be rather slim; but the signs indicate that the time is ripe for making the attempt at any rate. Kaiser Wilhelm never abdicated. He just left the country. He may be returned to power, or the crown prince may be placed on the throne at Potsdam.

The very fact that the kaiser's return is under consideration indicates the slough into which democracy in central Europe has been falling. There is indeed irony in the scene now, when we compare it with the idealism of Pres. Wilson who urged force to the uttermost that we might "make the world safe for democracy". The need of the present situation seems to be to make democracy safe for the world.

The world, the democratic world, will shudder at the thought of the restoration of the monarchy in Germany, with its trappings, its cost, its imperialistic policies. It may be however that a king would serve to focus the loyalties and to bind together the people as the republican form of government does not. Only the personal popularity of President Paul von Hindenburg has served to cement clashing interests in recent years. Even now there is open outbreak between the communists and the nazis or national socialists, followers of Adolf Hitler. A swing in either direction is a swing toward a dictatorship; and a dictatorship is more monarchical than even the Hohenzollern rule was.

Democracy indeed is on trial. Henry Hazlitt, writing in the July Scribners, under the title "Without Benefit of Congress" advances a proposal for reorganizing our government by doing away with the congress and electing 12 persons through a scheme of proportional representation, the one receiving the highest number of votes to be the president. Walter Lippman, former editor of the New York World, notes the strain to which democracy is put in the following:

"For what is most wrong with the world is that the democracy which at last is actually in power, is a creation of the immediate movement. With no authority above it, without religious, political or moral connections which control its opinions, it is without coherence and purpose. Democracy of this kind cannot last long, it must and inevitably it will, give way to some more settled social order."

There have even been hints that in this country the president should have authority to act independently of congress in case of emergency.

Our political development in late years has been steadily in the direction of "more democracy"; witness direct legislation, the recall, etc. But we must admit that the democratic often fails to function. Congress itself is an example of the deficiencies of trying to legislate by mass meeting. The science of government is still in process of evolution. The tendency is for revolution to overthrow monarchy, to set up some form of democracy which then proceeds to disintegrate until some Napoleon comes along and with a "whiff of grapeshot" ends mob rule, restores royalty and thus the cycle is completed.

There is need in this country to be on guard both against suggestions that we need a dictator and against the clamorous and radical appeals of demagogues stirring mob passions. The American experiment has on the whole succeeded well; but in this testing time we must remember that vigilance is the price of the liberty we enjoy.

Two Families

WE know of two families in this town. One consists of a husband and wife and numerous children. Last winter this family was one of the Lord's poor and got aid from charity organizations, boasting now of how they were taken care of. The able-bodied husband will not work this summer—thinks the wages offered at fruit picking too low and beneath his dignity to accept. The family expects to rely on community charity next winter.

The other family consists of a widow and some children. The husband died a year ago. The widow goes out daily to labor to sustain her family and tries each month to pay a little on the funeral expenses of her late husband. Her children pick up work wherever they can. This family asks no charity, wants none.

Capt. John Smith laid down a better law of economics than Adam Smith when he told the loafers at Jamestown—"Those who won't work, won't eat." Charity organizations will have to be hardboiled to shut off the idlers and wasters from the bounty.

Special Session Not Wanted

SEN. EDDY of Roseburg proposes a special session of the legislature to effect special dispensation for motorists who find themselves unable to buy their licenses July 1st. A very strong case may be made up in their behalf. On the other hand the state highway commission is besieged with appeals for spending money to relieve the same class of people who find it impossible to buy licenses. The commission has already borrowed a million dollars in anticipation of the receipt of this license revenue.

There are many people who will be forced to lay up their cars for lack of a new license on July 1st. But the vast majority of the car owners will dig up the money; and they can dig it up as easily July 1st as August 1st or Sept. 1st.

Our license rates are high; but they should stand until the next session of the legislature. Sen. Eddy should have advanced his theories last session if he wanted the change made. There are many practical objections to making a hurried call for a special session and drafting emergency relief legislation. The chief danger is threatening the financial program of the state highway commission.

Get in the Harness, Brother

SAYS the Capital Journal:
"How is the depression to be met and the unemployment problem solved without a huge public construction plan to provide employment? Why shouldn't there be inaugurated public improvements on a vast scale to stimulate business generally and enable it to inaugurate its own projects?"

Precisely. And why shouldn't the Capital Journal get behind the plan for speeding up waterworks construction here which will take care of our employment problem, provide the city with a first-class water system and do so with a cost which the city can stand?

Lay Sermon

HALF HEARTED RELIGION

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psalms IX:1.

That might have been true of the lyric David. It is rarely true today. This is the day of half-hearted religion. Social convention still prescribes a priest for christening and marrying and burying. Those events may be the only occasions a minister serves a family.

Worship has too much competition. Human beings divide their interests. Thoughts centered on divine things get crowded out as folk listen to prize fight broadcasts, jazz orchestras, and what in the family bus, read newspapers and magazines, attend the movies. While David's flock were peacefully grazing he had plenty of time to tune his harp, devote his thoughts to the firmament and the God whom he placed above the stars. So praise flowed from his lips—yes, from his "whole heart." He was transformed into a seraph of song.

Ascription of praise to a divine being is a root of religion. It reflects man's sense of dependence. His weakness in the presence of great forces. Praise brings sustaining power and inspiration, lifting one from the commonplace into the ethereal. Modern religion has become either an acceptance of stereotyped formula or the following of an ethics code. Neither taps the emotional nature which is the real fount of religion.

Life now is sordid and sordid. Even youth seems drab and thwarted. Few testify to any absorbing enthusiasm. The cynical attitude scoffs at enthusiasm in fact. Whole hearted—no one seems whole hearted about anything today, even about the republican party, or prohibition or athletics. Yet there must be devotion in religion, there must be the glow and the color and the warmth that came with absorbing passion. The religion that resolves itself into intellectual assent or into mere reliance on historical validity loses its heat and its light. Losing these it is on the way to extinction. David sensed the imperative of a crescent religion: the loyal adoration of the whole heart.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

West Stayton, Oregon.

Editor Statesman:
I noticed in The Statesman dated June 21, the dead line of new license plates for cars.

And I think that Chief Charlie Pray is doing all in his power to help the auto owner, but is powerless to render much aid. I think our police force is a fine body of officers, but I believe our governor is making a big mistake for not granting the people an extension of time, as it is working a real hardship on a lot of people in this part of the country, for the writer had a nice crop of strawberries, had a contract with a cannery in Salem and the contract was broken. I picked three loads, two the cannery took, and one was rejected without looking at them, only one pound box.

The writer has some berries of the Wild Mountain variety for which there is no sale. Errors and omissions will get his plates just as soon as he can. He is no law breaker.

In conclusion I would advise Mr. Meier to get his Bible and turn to the New Testament James ch. 5 and read it. For God will surely bring it to pass if there is no change of heart.

C. D. SCHELLENBERGER,
A READER.

AND WILL BE FIRST TO BE EXAMINED

Your editorial "Nobody has yet proposed that newspaper reporters and editors should be editors who ought to be examined on their sanity," is suggestive of an open season. I propose George Putnam, Claude Ingalls and Elbert Bede to do the examining.

Respectfully,
F. J. LAFKY.

New Views

Yesterday the question asked by Statesman reporters was: "What is your reaction to the news that the Hohenzollerns' return to power in Germany is imminent?"

P. J. Bibler, barber: "Is that old devil coming back? I really don't know what the effect of his return would be."

Edna Rainey, housewife: "Of course I don't like to hear it. I doubt if will amount to anything."

Robin Foley, student: "It doesn't get me all hot and bothered, because I really don't think it will happen."

H. O. Schultz, carpenter: "I don't think so. I think the people are better satisfied the way it is."

Jack Brown, hotel clerk: "I hardly know. You know, they have had a lot of friends and strong backing there all the time."

Daily Thought

"The bread of bitterness is the food on which men grow to their fullest stature; the waters of bitterness are the debatable ford through which they reach the shores of wisdom; the ashes boldly grasped and eaten without faltering are the price that must be paid for the golden fruit of knowledge."—Orin.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Despite the police guard placed in her home by Commissioner Thatcher, Lola Carrow, suspected "high-up" of a jewel thief ring, is mysteriously murdered. Dr. Hugh Everett gives heart failure as the cause of death. These present at the time, besides Colt and his aides, were Lola's mother, Mrs. Carrow; the Butler, and a witness. Rowland's attempt of Colt feels the young man whose photograph adorns Lola's dresser—and whose identity she refused to reveal beyond his first name, "Basil"—is connected with the mystery. At the mention of his name, Mrs. Carrow becomes hysterical, saying Lola was a cruel beast and never loved Basil. Christine Quires, Lola's guest, cannot be located, although the elevator boy claims she returned around midnight with her escort, Guy Everett, and Colt found the bag she carried. Colt phones Everett's apartment after 2 P. M. and learns Everett has not arrived. A chair in the form of a small wooden box is picked up under Lola's window. Chung, the butler, is questioned.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE homely yellow man began by telling nothing. With his pumpkin-like bald head gleaming with moisture, and his gold teeth shining between his parted lips, the ill-favored Chung walked to the drawing room, hands at his side, and stood deferentially waiting to be questioned. His answers were explicit, if prolix. He had not seen Miss Christine Quires return on this, the three hundred and sixty-fifth night of the latest year of the Christian calendar. He had spent the entire evening in the kitchen, shelling peas and reading a paper-bound life of a cinema actress of great popularity. He was familiar with all of the twelve rooms in the pent-house and knew of no hiding-place that Colt might have overlooked, where Christine might have remained concealed. But the Commissioner prodded on, hoping still to uncover something behind Chung's Oriental magnificence.

"What is your full name?"
"Chung Wong Duk."
"And where were you born?"
"Peking."
"Where educated?"
"Oxford."
"Indeed of what class were your people?"
"My father was an exporter of silks."
Colt looked at the butler shrewdly.

"Then what is a man from such a family doing as a butler in the United States?"
Chung inclined his head forward gracefully.

"My country is not so old-fashioned as many people imagine. In my country if a young man is unusually intelligent, like myself, he is placed in the service of the government, like myself, to travel far and wide and observe foreign ways and report the habits of other countries."

"So you are a spy."
"No, sir. A spy is a military observer. I am not in the service of the army, but I am a civilian observer."
"Then why do you work in the household of Lola Carrow?"
Chung's face was impassive, as he replied:

"To observe the manners of lower or middle-class Americans."
Colt shot a glance at Dougherty, then hastened on with his questions:

"How long have you worked for Miss Carrow?"
"Since she was married to Mr. Gifford. For Mr. Gifford I worked two years before he married Miss Carrow. Poor Mr. Gifford!"
"Why 'poor Mr. Gifford'?"
"He died."
"Then you came with his widow? Did you like working for her?"
"Sometimes."



He had spent the entire evening in the kitchen, shelling peas and reading a paper-bound life of a movie queen.

"Only sometimes? What was wrong other times?"
"Too much work. Always dinner parties, luncheon parties, late suppers—I have no time read Li Po!"
"But she was kind to you?"
"Yes."
"Have you any knowledge of any of her enemies?"
"That is not my business."
"You do not know anyone with whom she quarreled?"
"Oh, yes, I know that."
"With whom, Chung?"
"It was a very strange household, Mr. Commissioner. People suspected each other. For instance—I had charge of the parrot and dog. I fed both. I did not poison them. Yet I felt Miss Lola suspected me."
"Did she tell you so?" blurted Dougherty.

"No, sir—but her glances were like indictments. I believe Mrs. Carrow was afraid of Miss Lola. They were very friendly quarreled. I even heard Miss Lola say to her mother, 'I want to get rid of you forever. Is that a way for a daughter to speak to the parent she should honor?'"

Chung's question was entirely rhetorical. His tone was answer enough. Like a poet reciting his own verses, he hastened on:

"You ask me if I have known Miss Lola to quarrel. I say that I have known little else. She made many men desperate—that I know. I am facing the law. I must tell the truth, she help me God! I heard one man threaten her life."
"Who was that?" barked Dougherty excitedly.

"Guy Everett, the theatrical gentleman."
"When?"
"A week or so ago—in this room."
"Where were you?"
"In my kitchen."
"And you heard him say what?"
"I wish I could strike you dead."
"What was his alias?"
"No, sir—that was the only time his voice was raised high enough for me to hear."
"Then," said Thatcher Colt, "you don't know what they were quarrelling about?"
"No, sir."
"With whom else did Miss Lola quarrel?"

"That old gentleman whom you let go home?"
"Mr. Rowland?"
"She quarreled with him."
"When?"
"Here—again in this room—to-night."
"You heard it?"
"All!"
"What did they quarrel about?"
"I heard Mr. Vincent Rowland tell her that she was playing a dangerous game. That the police would get on to her. That not everyone would stand for what she was doing."
"And what was she doing?"
asked Colt tensely, as Dougherty, Fallon, and I drew nearer.

But the Chinaman only shrugged. "I wish I knew," he confessed with a gold-toothed smile. "I believe in law. I believe in order. I am telling these facts about my mistress because I believe in law and order."
"Keep all this to yourself," admonished Colt. "I will talk with you further."
He was dismissing the Chinese witness because at that moment had come a clamor at the door. The detail from Headquarters was arriving. Colt quickly dispatched Chung to his kitchen, as there marched into that exquisite apartment a group of picked experts from the New York Homicide Squad. Leading the delegation was Assistant Chief-Inspector Flynn, in command of all the detectives of the New York Police Department. Flynn was the second ranking officer of the entire force, occupying the post originally created for Edward P. Mulrooney, now Commissioner. His vitally important position is now held by Flynn's successor, John J. Sullivan, one of the ablest officers in the Department.

Assistant Chief-Inspector Flynn was one of the old guard—a graduate of that stern class of officers led by Inspector Thomas Byrnes and Superintendent George W. McCluskey, old-time police officials, now dead, who, in the days when Fulton Street was the dead-line, terrified the New York criminal world.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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Pie Crust, Perhaps, is Extreme Test of Civilization's Status

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

What is the supreme test of civilization, I dunno. Pie crust, perhaps.

Impressions that linger: Mt. Hood at sunrise, the Willamette river south from the Center street bridge, the landscape from the roof of the First National Bank building, a cud of chewing gum on a chair seat.

If you can find it convenient to do so, read the editorial "Reds, Blues and Yellows" in the Saturday Evening Post of June 18, Fine.

There are motion plays that are tiresome and there are those that are restful, regardless of good qualities. Like books. And people.

In times of stress the better human qualities shine more brightly. We should never really know some men and women did we see them only in fair weather.

We've gotten ourselves into a fine fix. Little by little we have elevated money to the godship in our affairs, and now we cannot effectively give out a few words of comfort and cheer without accompanying it with cash.

What is this book, "A Thousand and One Germs of Poultry," which a boy tells me they have in the library at his house. He means, I suppose, "Gems of Poetry."

Corvallis, June 23—D. H. T.: My attention has been called to your reference in the Statesman to Representative Haugen of our old home district, in Iowa. Perhaps you know—if not this will inform you—that he was renominated in the late primary election. You are correct; he is holder of the continuous service record for all time in the national house of representatives.—X.

Heard in passing:
"Give us time; we'll learn." (Optimist)
"Tusco, the poor old tramp." (Not the only one.)
"Morals is a kind of said dressing." (Dear me!)
"Geel I forgot to send dad a card for Father's Day." (Never mind, buddy. Write the old duffer and tell him about it.)
"Listen to the great heart of humanity beating on the highways." (In its boots, eh?)

The story is told of a certain old gentleman at the State and Commercial street intersection. The time was the noon hour of a foggy day last winter. The old gentleman wore dark glasses. Several times he ventured into the street, determined to cross, and several times hastily returned to the sidewalk. Then his arm was grasped by an observant stranger and they stepped out into the traffic. "Thanks," said the old gentleman; "what I need is leadership." "God help us," said the stranger; "it's what the whole United States needs."

Some spirits cannot be broken. Cully Flick, in an auto collision, was thrown 20 or 30 feet into a ditch, where he remained unconscious for ten minutes. Then he opened his eyes and slowly raised himself on an elbow. "Oh yeah!"

In the places where the men in charge of the state government lived in 1872. The Directory of that year shows:
Grover, L. F., governor. High between Oak and Leslie. Fleischner, Louis; state treasurer. Commercial and Ferry, with office in Holman brick. D. Fleischner, assistant, residence at Chemeketa house.
S. F. Chadwick, secretary of state, residence Capitol and Center; office, Holman brick, corner Commercial and Trade. (Should be Commercial and Ferry.)
Cann, T. H., agent board of school commissioners (like present state land board), residence Cottage between Chemeketa and Center.
C. G. Curi, supreme court clerk, residence 14th between Chemeketa and Court.

"Colored school, corner Marion and High." That sounds strange now. But up to and including 1872, the white folks of Salem were very particular about having their children in school with the offspring of colored folks—in fact, they would not allow it all. The "colored school" was what was afterward known as the "Little Central school," on the site of the present high school building. (Continued on Tuesday.)

When you store your garments away from one season to the next, advises a motherly newspaper, keep a list of them. Some of us are not going to store our garments away from one season to the next. Too much likelihood of catching cold. You store your garments away from one season to the next if you want to, but we're going to wear ours. Thanks just the same.

LIBERTY, June 25 — Among visitors in the community the past week are Mr. and Mrs. Will Gregory and family of Westport, who have been guests at the O. M. Brooks' home.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic four corners:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Bonds for deeds or contracts were common, by persons who had filled donation land claims, pending receipt of patents. That accounts for the necessity of some guarantee, where no record or living evidences can be found.

The four patents to claims that made up Salem's townsite land were granted thus: To John E. and Helen C. McClane, Dec. 18, 1850; recorded Jan. 23, 1851. To Wm. H. and Abner A. Willson, Feb. 4, 1852; recorded March 9, 1854. To Josiah L. and Elizabeth W. Parrish, Sept. 30, 1855; recorded July 28, 1873. To David and Adella J. Leslie, July 2, 1859; recorded Sept. 2, 1857. Helen C. Judson had been married to J. B. McClane, and her father, L. B. Judson, had made over his claim to them. That claim comprised the northwest 640 acres; the Parrish claim the northeast 640; the Willson claim the central, and the Leslie claim the south 640 acres.

It will thus be noted that some of the deeds were years in being made, and all the original plaintiffs, in 1850, were of land still in the name of the U. S. government—that is not patented, though claimed. So the bargain may have been struck between Willson and Smith long before the deed was made, to the Statesman building site. The Willson deed to W. H. Ector was dated April 17, 1855, but its contents, on the county records, show that it was in fulfillment of a bond dated Feb. 6, 1852. The agreement under which Willson got his right to make his claim was made about eight years before that, with the Methodist missionary society.

Smith sold the present Statesman building in 1869. The deed was dated Sept. 9 of that year. It sets forth the sale by Joseph B. Smith and Julia Smith his wife to John F. Miller and L. F. Grover of 65 feet of land by 185 feet, running to the alley, "being known as Smith's block, and including the livery stable on said lot." That describes the present Statesman property, including the W. C. T. U. corner part, excepting a half interest in the land occupied by the party wall on the south, which was acquired many years later. The livery stable was there until the present Statesman pressroom was built.

The consideration in the deed was \$18,000 and the deed bore an \$18 revenue stamp. That shows one of the "nuisance" taxes after the war, at the Rebellion. R. C. Geer was then county clerk, and C. N. Terry deputy, recording the deed—in long hand, of course. No typewriters in those days. That was a very fair price, some readers will probably conclude. By the way, the Ector building occupied 42 front feet, on a lot running 125 feet to the alley.

Thus the present Statesman building was erected some time before 1869, possibly several years before. And it was evidently erected partly that the pioneer woolen mill might have a display and sales room in the business center of the town—for, with the overland stage station where the factory is now, and the numerous river steamers landing at the foot of Trade street, the business of the state of Oregon centered around the historic four corners, the big flouring mill on the next block, the main brewery just across the street, and the town enjoying a period of brisk growth, that no doubt seemed the logical thing.

The pioneer woolen mill store was in "the Smith brick," that became "the Grover & Miller brick," and is now The Statesman building. It is interesting to note that L. F. Grover and John F. Miller, at the time they bought the Smith brick, had recently acquired the lot at the northeast corner of Commercial and Trade streets. It is possible that they intended to erect a building there, but decided that the Smith brick at \$18,000 would be a better investment.

How long the governor's office was in the present Statesman building, the writer has not ascertained. But it was likely here under the incumbency of Geo. L. Woods (serving from '66 to '70), when Grover and Miller bought the lot; together with the chambers of the supreme court and the rooms of the state library.

Thus Governor L. F. Grover, beginning his service Sept. 14, 1870, came to his own building (or rather the one in which he had an undivided half interest), when Grover and Miller bought that term, and nearly all the time of his second term that he served, for he was elected U. S. senator in 1876, by the first legislature that met in the present statehouse.

Joseph B. Smith was a brother of W. K. Smith, who became a wealthy sawmill man of Portland. W. K. Smith operated in Salem before going to Portland. He owned the site of the present Dan J. Fry home on High between Oak and Leslie streets. But he transferred it to Jos. B. Smith on April 15, '59, and Jos. B. built the original home there. Oct. 3, 1868, L. F. Grover bought it from Smith, and lived there, as Smith had done. On July 15, '76 (probably expecting to be elected senator), Grover sold the home to Rhoda A. Eder, whose husband, Geo. A. Eder, was county clerk. The Frye acquired the property in the auction, the final deed being dated May 19, 1870.

Some readers may be interested

A NEW BIFOCAL
that is very different

For years, the reading part of bifocals has occupied more of the lens than the eye required for close vision. New Ful-vue bifocals are designed to give better vision for both reading and distance. They are better optically, reducing "jump" and avoiding rainbows before your eyes. Let us demonstrate these improvements.

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