

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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A Liquor-Control Substitute

THE Astorian-Budget which is properly classed as a revisionist on the prohibition question, is not content with mere agitation for resubmission. It sees that the people do not want to throw open the gate for the return of the saloon in their desire to get rid of evils which have attended prohibition. So the A-B seeks to outline a plan which in its judgment will be superior to the present system of extinction of the legalized liquor traffic. In brief it puts the government in the liquor business both for manufacture and distribution. The profits would go to the government; there would be no exploitation to build up demand.

The pertinent question is, will not desire for private profits lure men into the illegal traffic as at present, and perhaps on as large a scale? Government operation proves costly; and private operators could undersell. If the government cuts its prices the profits to serve in lieu of taxes would not be as large as claimed. Then the government liquor shops would operate on limited hours and presumably would not permit consumption on the premises. So the roadhouses and speakeasies would continue to serve the thirsting public.

We reprint the summary of the A-B recommendations because they do supply an alternative for study, and because they represent an honest effort to outline a substitute method of control free from the vice of the old-fashioned saloon: "In the judgment of this paper, the best plan for any legal use of liquor as a beverage is one that eliminates individual profit from the liquor business, and such a plan must place that business in the hands of the government from the manufacture or importation through distribution to the consumer.

"Against the first objection which will be offered to such a plan—that it will put the government directly in the liquor business—there are these offsetting merits:

"It will give the government all of the profits with which to lessen the tax burden;

"It will insure the absence of any effort to develop new drinkers through sales campaigns;

"It will do more than anything else to separate the liquor business from politics.

"There is a large profit in the manufacture and sale of liquor, whether it be hard liquor or beer, even at the moderate charges made in the days of the saloon. Such profits should go to reducing the taxpayers' burden rather than to the enrichment of corporations and individuals. If the nation must have liquor, it is far better to have it controlled through absolute ownership than through regulation.

"The government in the business would only supply whatever demand exists. It would not conduct costly campaigns with sales organizations and advertising to stimulate the business by developing old thirsts and creating new ones. What can be done in this direction has been demonstrated by the big tobacco companies, but it is inconceivable that the government would engage in such campaigns.

"As long as there is individual profit in the liquor business, that long will the liquor business inject itself into politics. In the old saloon days the liquor interests were a large and sinister factor in our political affairs. In these days of prohibition, the illicit liquor interests are still a factor. Whether it is legal business or an outlaw one, those who reap rich monetary rewards will seek to control legislation and the law-enforcing agencies and will spend money liberally to that end. This is not theory. It is proven fact. Only when there is not one operating profitably in the liquor business, or rather, when the sale of liquor will not suffice, if there are to be private distilleries and breweries."

Russian Loan at Ten Per Cent

THE Moscow Daily News which is published in English for English speaking residents of the soviet republic, in its June 10th issue announces a new government loan to be floated in Russia. It is for three billion two hundred million rubles for ten year term. The loan is divided into two parts: interest-bearing and non-interest-bearing. On the former the interest rate is 10 per cent. The latter is a lottery issue, with premium winnings for the holders of the lucky numbers, a scheme of financing which Latin countries have sometimes used. Its appeal is to the gambling instinct, the same as any other lottery.

This is the third internal loan of the five-year plan in four years. A loan in soviet Russia indicates a retreat toward the financing mechanics of capitalist states. At first Russia denounced loans; and of course all interest and rents are anathema to the disciple of Karl Marx. Now the public loan must work as an encouragement to thrift; and Stalin has found that the only way capital may be accumulated for long-time investment is by the savings of millions of people which is obtained only through the reward which is labeled "interest."

Developments in Russia show that even communism is unable to abolish the fundamentals of the machinery of economics which have been elaborated through long centuries of human experience. It substitutes the state as proprietor; and for the time being is able to enthrone the followers to make sacrifices as a patriotic duty. What will occur when the religious intensity of devotion to the communistic experiment wanes? It may be that the whole nation may be so grounded in socialism that when the movement reaches maturity there will be no revulsion. Or it may be there will be a violent swing to the right, although the concessions which the commissars have made thus far do not prove that the swing has even begun.

It is too bad the United States, instead of letting France and other European countries draw down their New York balances in gold couldn't just divert the stream to Washington and credit the sums "on account." France tries to wheedle Uncle Sam out of a subsidy reduction every few months on the plea of poverty. At the same time French bankers are taking back home the huge amounts of gold they shipped over in 1926 when the French franc was going the way of the mark. France is abundantly able to pay what she borrowed to carry on her war on the lenient terms we made. Certainly she could save enough out of her military costs to make her remittance on her l. o. u.'s.

Crabbers at Waldport have formed a union. That's an organization that might spread. There are eligibles in every town to form a local. The highest nasal crabber should be elected master of the pincers and the throaty baritone crab chief shower of bait. As the rah, rah clubs are dying off there will be more room for the crab union. Unemployed white collar workers might get jobs as organizers.

The king of Siam got some advanced ideas when he visited the U. S. A. It develops he encouraged the revolt in order to get rid of relatives who were leeches on his treasury. Maybe he saw how Americans shuffled along their poor relations.

Havana has prohibited selling Sunday newspapers there. It is probably not because of any excess of religion but in order to keep the people the more ignorant.

CALIFORNIA DELEGATION



The California delegation as it arrived in Chicago, confident of victory for the candidate of their choice—John N. Garner. Left to right: Thomas M. Storke, delegate; D. Mulholland; W. A. Johnston, delegate from Los Angeles; James B. Elliott, national committeeman from Los Angeles; Mrs. George J. Knox, alternate; Mrs. Nellie Donahoe, national committeewoman from California; Henry E. Monroe, delegate; William Gibbs McAdoo, who greeted the delegates; Miss Ann Lee Guest, alternate; Greeter George D. Gaw of Chicago; Capt. Lyndon S. Black, an organizer of the Garner movement in California; Miss Sue Shafer, delegate from Santa Ana, and Joseph Steadham, delegate from Fort Worth, Texas.

MORE DEMOCRATS ARRIVE FOR CONCLAVE



Left to right: James Wallace, assistant United States district attorney from New York, and John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for president in 1924, and now a delegate-at-large from New York; Senator Thomas J. Walsh, noted Democratic leader and a delegate-at-large from Montana, as they arrived in Chicago to take a leading part in the convention.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic four corners:

(Continuing from Sunday.) When the office of the governor and the state library and chambers of the supreme court were on the second floor of the present Statesman building, in the sixties and seventies, Salem town presented a much different appearance than it does now, and living conditions were not like the present in many ways.

The hotels were called "houses" and a larger proportion of the population lived in them, and took meals at their tables. As shown by the 1873 directory, 15 people lived in the Chemeketa house (the present Marion hotel, later rebuilt and enlarged.) They were such men as James Brown, messenger of the Indian department, Henry H. Gilfray, private secretary of Governor Grover, and afterwards for a generation reading clerk and one of the chief

clerks of the U. S. senate. At that time, the chief clerk of the Indian department was C. S. Woodworth, father of Cy B. Woodworth, now of Portland.

The Chemeketa was new and the high-toned place. But the other hotels also had many regular boarders. They were the Mansion house, corner Liberty and Division, the Union house, conducted by Wesley Graves, afterward long landlord of the Chemeketa house. The writer believes the Union house was on the west side of Commercial between State and Ferry streets. Any way, it had been there, and suffered from a destructive fire. And the Tremont house, that had been named the Commercial, where the paper mill is now. The Island house, on Broadway, and the Bennett house, where the Masonic temple is now, which had in turn been the leading hotels, were by 1873 second or third class. And the Marion house of John Ford, southeast corner of Liberty and State, was a memory.

There were five colored barbers in Salem then, and Rev. Daniel Jones was the colored preacher, and the "little Central" school, as heretofore mentioned, was the public school for colored children—where the high school is now.

Salem had 11 saloons then, and three breweries, with numerous employees, including many barkeepers, besides the professional gamblers, who went with pioneer conditions. There were eight blacksmith shops, and four wagon-making establishments, besides several saddlery and harness making shops, and numerous livery stables, not counting the big overland stage barn and station.

There were several gunsmiths, cabinet makers, boot and shoe making establishments, cooper, tinmiths, chair factories, etc., not generally found in our towns now. The stage drivers and hostlers, and the overland stage stations, and livery stables were among the elite of the town. So were the employees of the river steamboats.

Oregon W. Dunbar was foreman of The Statesman office, J. M. Garrison city editor of the paper, and B. Coffey circulation manager, or, as known then, carrier. Dunbar and Garrison became still more prominent in other walks of life, and B. Coffey retained his place for many years, into the late eighties or early nineties, and he had also the Oregonian routes in Salem, during the same period. He was called "Bart" Coffey, and carried The Statesman money in one pocket and the Oregonian money in another. That is the way he kept books and rendered accounts in his two jobs.

E. L. Corner, grocer, had his store in The Statesman building in 1873; probably in one of the two store rooms south of the corner.

and coffee. Eat simple food and avoid constipation. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your queries to—

Answers to Health Queries

W. G. B. Q.—What will remove pimples?

A.—First correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Despite the police guard placed in her home by Commissioner Thatcher, Lola Carewe, suspected "higher-up" of a jewel thief ring, is mysteriously murdered. Dr. Hugh Baldwin gives heart failure as the cause of death. Those present at the time, besides Colt and his aides, were Lola's mother, Mrs. Carewe; the butler, maid, and Vincent Rowland, an attorney. 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. Carewe 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 3 a. m. and learns Everett has not arrived. A clue in the form of a small wooden box is picked up under Lola's window. Chang, the butler, reveals that Everett had threatened Lola and that Rowland, the lawyer, warned her she was playing a dangerous game and would be caught. Assistant Chief Inspector Flynn, in charge of the detective force, arrives.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It was Flynn who greeted Colt and Dougherty. In three or four sentences the Police Commissioner condensed all that had happened in the last few hours. Flynn listened with one eye closed, and with grizzled hands on the shoulders of his two companions, Inspector Lengel, a command of the six detective districts of Manhattan, and Captain Wilson from the local precinct.

"Better get right to work," grunted Flynn at the close of Colt's synopsis. The inspector turned toward the living-room door where his men were congregated.

One group of operatives had brought along three portable flood lamps which now, at Flynn's barked orders, they carried out to the terrace. One was taken to the roof. Soon the outer porches blazed with flares of white light, through which the wet snowflakes danced madly. The search around the terrace and roof was resumed with dogged determination. Meanwhile, Flynn was putting the rest of his crew to work.

Among the new arrivals I discerned several that I knew, including Doctor J. L. Multooler, the Assistant Medical Examiner. In the group were also half a dozen plainclothes men from the Borough Homicide Squad, a stenographer, and an extra camera man. It was from this assemblage that Flynn called near two of his expert operatives.

With business-like rapidity these two got to work. Fred Merkle, photographer, was taken directly to the guest-room, where he set up his camera, and soon the dainty chamber of death shined with the light-gleams of the latest model magnifying flashlight gun. Photographs of Lola Carewe were being taken from all angles, the prints later to be studied by detectives, made a part of the records, and produced by Dougherty in the court-room, if anyone ever was to be tried for the death of this unfortunate woman. The body was lifted from the bed and placed back in the position it occupied when found—Colt's eyes unfailingly picking out the rug-pattern signs he had memorized.

At the same time, Williams, the finger-print wizard from the Bu-

reau of Criminal Identification, was smearing black ink on a glass slab taken from his kit and smoothing it down with a roller. As soon as Merkle was through taking his pictures, Williams would ink the fingers and thumb of the victim and make impression records. This is an inevitable and routine precaution in all homicide cases, and often is of immeasurable consequence in the solution of crimes.

Again Colt and Flynn conferred. Here the lines of a long, thorough, and determined investigation were laid down. Rapidly Colt explained the collateral circumstances of the last few hours, the personalities involved and the need for more information concerning them. One by one, detectives were called to Flynn's side and dispatched on assignments, to delve into the past life histories of persons Colt considered important. Johnston, the red-haired first-grade detective, was sent off to learn all that could be found out about Lowell Courtleigh, the elevator boy, while his partner, Simpson, was detailed to question every other tenant in the apartment house, to learn if anyone else had seen Christine Quires. Ericksen was the man for the job; he had amazing secret contacts, while three other operatives, led by Detective Harris, were told to get every crumb and scrap of information possible about Lola Carewe and her family, including in her case, too, the immigration records.

Colt had still not finished his preliminary assignments. When all the detectives thus detailed had gone off upon their errands, Thatcher Colt summoned Detective Walker, one of the cleverest sleuths on the Homicide Squad. Into Walker's hands the Commissioner entrusted the wooden box with its cotton lining and splintered sliding lid, found in the snow.

"Walker," explained Thatcher Colt, "this box is used to contain certain kinds of medical laboratory specimens. Cover the supply house. See what you can get. Report to me personally on this."

"Okay, chief!" grinned Walker and hurried off. It was the middle of the night, but Walker would not wait; soon he would be routing laboratory supply dealers out of their warm sheets and firing questions at them.

Meanwhile, Thatcher Colt, after a whispered conference with Flynn, called aside Doctor Multooler. The Assistant Medical Examiner, famous for his clever deductions in many murder cases, was tall, ruddy-faced, with the pink bulb nose and small twinkling eyes of a stage comedian. Multooler had the soul of a poet, condemned to a life-long daily diet of post-mortems. The autopsy was here now for only a regulation preliminary examination. As soon as Thatcher Colt gave the word, Multooler would order the body of Lola Carewe sent to the Morgue at Bellevue, and there fall

to work upon it in his own gruesome quest for facts.

To Doctor Multooler, Colt briefly explained the situation, adding: "Now, doctor, I do not expect you to perform an autopsy in this penthouse. But I would like to have you make as complete an examination as possible at once. If you can get hold of anything that will throw some light on this problem, I shall be grateful to you. And doctor—can you have the autopsy performed immediately afterward?"

Doctor Multooler gave a helpless look at the ceiling.

"All right," he promised. "There goes my New Year's party—but I'll promise to have the findings on your breakfast table."

Two minutes afterward, the Assistant Medical Examiner began to remove the clothing from the body of Lola Carewe.

Meanwhile, under Colt's crisp orders, a dozen other police energies were being released. One detective was dispatched at once to the Arcton Club, there to wait for the arrival of Guy Everett, the actor, who had been the last escort of Christine Quires.

Colt continued: "It may look like we're moving too fast—before the autopsy results are known, but we dare not waste time. There have been three strange deaths in this penthouse—a dog, a parrot, and a girl. And the body in question, I want the place searched still a third time—by the whole crew—to find out if Christine Quires is hiding here."

"Just what I was about to suggest," approved Dougherty.

Colt hastened on: "Get all of Lola Carewe's private papers that are in the apartment. Samples of Lola's handwriting without fail. And samples of any others you find. Especially Christine Quires'."

That meant that when the word was given, Center Street ferrets would be let loose in the apartment. By mathematical formula they would set out to account for every cubic inch of space within the penthouse.

Meanwhile, Colt was again conferring with Flynn and Dougherty about the next move.

"Never overlook those death threats against Lola," he reminded them. "Let's get on with rounding up the household."

A moment later, Thatcher Colt was seated opposite Eunice, the maid, whose stricken eyes gazed passively up at the Commissioner. Eunice was a frightened squirrel of a girl. Shock had left her quaking in every muscle, tongue-tied and with roving eyes that suggested a trapped animal. She answered the questions put to her by Colt with nods and gulps. Her full name was Eunice Theresa James. She lived with her parents at an address in Staten Island, but since returning with Lola Carewe, she had remained in the penthouse, a permanent part of the ménage. Her duties were those of a lady's maid. She was deeply attached to her mistress. Lola Carewe had been very kind to her. She was paid thirty dollars a week, with her room and board, and received many discarded gowns and other perquisites which she made over for herself. She had not seen Christine Quires since her departure with her escort. She had not been out of the house all day, and had spent the evening in her room, sewing on a dress that Lola had given her. She declared she knew nothing whatever that might shed any light on the crime.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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ner room, with the old woolen mill store in the one next south or north of the grocery store. The corner room, where the W. C. T. U. is now, was the postoffice for those days; for many years.

John Hamilton was the postmaster in 1864-5. The next postmaster was N. T. Caton, the next L. S. Dyer of Modoc Indian war fame—and the next T. B. Riekey. Riekey was followed, in this order by H. M. Thatcher, L. S. Scott, A. B. Croasman, W. H. Odell, R. H. Dearborn, Mrs. R. H. Dearborn, A. N. Gilbert, B. F. Bonham and Edward Hirsch—the last named from 1898 to 1906.

One old Salemite tells the Bits man that he thinks T. B. Riekey, in 1875, was the first postmaster to have the office in the present Statesman building. But C. B. Woodworth of Portland writes the Bits man in reply to a letter on the subject, with all the authority of a B. Croasman, also now of Portland: "T. B. Riekey was not postmaster in that building. He was postmaster when the office was back of Squire Farrar's store farther north. Bliss D. Riekey, his son, was a clerk in the office when it was located in The Statesman building." (The Squire Farrar store was the northwest corner of Commercial and Court streets.)

Mr. Woodworth adds: "Al (Croasman) thinks that Scott had it in The Statesman building. I know that Thatcher did. All the rest were there, too, Odell, the Dearborns, Gilbert and Bonham." (This would include A. B. Croasman.) Mr. Woodworth adds:

"Al (Croasman) says he attended his first dance there, a fireman's ball—and he thought that he must wear dancing shoes or pumps as they were called, and wore a pair of woman's stockings and not having the modern fastenings they came down and while he danced they waved around, much to the amusement of the crowd. As to when it (The Statesman building) was built I have no knowledge. My father had a drug store in the corner at that time; Woodward & Hall—that was Dr. C. H. Hall, father-in-law of U. S. Judge John H. McNary. It would take a lot of

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

June 26, 1907

There were 435 more crates of loganberries shipped from here yesterday, mostly by the Brooks Fruit Growers' association. C. M. LaFollette was the heaviest shipper, with a 75-crate lot.

According to word received from Albany, a complaint has been lodged with the state railway commission, seeking erection of a depot in that city by the Southern Pacific. Plans to be presented to the commission include construction of a union depot at Albany for the two railroads now owned by the Harriman interests.

Already government officials are taking steps to guard against the coal famine which threatens the Pacific northwest this fall and winter. President Roosevelt has directed the department of commerce and labor heads in the northwest to lay in a supply of the winter fuel as quickly as possible.

June 25, 1922
Chatsauqua will open here tomorrow night, and at Dallas, to which The big tent will be erected on Willamette athletic field.

Six hundred tons of new machinery has been ordered by the Salem paper mill. A concrete-and-steel addition to house the new machinery is to be constructed on the north wing of the present building and work will begin within a few days to develop the mill creek power plant in the north part of Salem, where it is expected a maximum of 500 horsepower can be generated.

Oregon is asked to vote to allow the people of Multnomah county to tax themselves \$2,000,000 to trace the different occupants of that building."

(The drug store of C. S. Wood—Continued on page 7)

000 for the great 1925 Atlantic and Pacific Transportation and Electrical exposition, in a petition filed with the secretary of state yesterday.

New Views

"What is your favorite comic strip run daily in any newspaper? Why? What is your second choice?" These questions were asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

James Pruitt, photographer's assistant, "Popeye," The all ways something original in it. My second choice is Casper. It is more like regular life."

William Pere, high school student: "I like Popeye best; it's more comical. Mickey Mouse, second. It's about next comical."

Andy Lukas, schoolboy: "The Gumps. And Gasoline Alley."

William Hansen, clerk: "I don't read any of them regularly. Guess Mutt and Jeff and Polly and Her Pal would be my choice. But I'm no comic fan."

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