

# The Oregon Statesman

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

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### Keep on Workin'

It may be said that no progress was made yesterday in the conference between city officials and C. T. Chenery, president of the Federal Water Service company, over the deal for the acquisition of the local water plant by the city of Salem. Such preliminary conferences are necessary, and though they are apparently futile of themselves they do launch negotiations which ultimately may bear fruit. Mr. Chenery is a pleasant gentleman, and manifested a desire to sell the local plant if terms of sale and means of payment could be mutually agreeable.

The stumbling blocks are fixing the price and finding the synducium. Perhaps the latter is the more formidable of the two, because in these days of eroded values it might be easy to get together on a price provided the city had actual cash money to do business with. As it is readily admitted that it would be virtually impossible to sell on the open market large blocks of municipal bonds, the alternatives are for the company to take the city's bonds in payment or else for the city to obtain the money from the Reconstruction Finance corporation.

It seems to us the latter is the better venture. The way appears clear now for final enactment of the law empowering the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to municipalities for self-liquidating projects such as a waterworks. If the city makes immediate application for a loan of \$2,000,000 it could specify that the money was to be spent insofar as might be needed, for constructing intakes and pipelines and reservoirs and for buying or building a distributing system. The corporation is empowered to loan for constructing the distributing system and since the present system is only part of the larger system it should be willing to finance the purchase of the existing plant.

Meantime the city could make a fair offer of city bonds for the local plant which the company could accept or reject. If the company rejects, then the city may proceed with endeavors to obtain money elsewhere and go ahead with whatever construction program is finally approved.

It is no time to be discouraged and give the deal up. Instead it should be pushed with vigor and aggressiveness by the council and interested individuals.

### Repeating the Farm Dose

EDITOR ALDRICH of the Pendleton East Oregonian submitted a plank for agricultural relief to Milt Miller to take back to the democratic convention. If Milt doesn't get side-tracked preening his feathers and blowing up his own vice presidential boom the plank may get to the resolutions committee. No one in the wheat country has given more thought to the subject of relief to farmers than Ed Aldrich so we are surprised that his plank contains nothing more specific than this:

"The democratic party pledges the united efforts of the legislative and executive branches of the government, so far as they may be controlled by the party, to the immediate adoption of policies that will give agriculture economic equality with industry."

That reads like the pledge of the republicans in 1928, and look what we got: the farm board and thirty cent wheat and five cent cotton. From such "relief" the farmers may well pray for deliverance from all politicians.

Gardner Cowles is not a name so well known as Charley Dawes, but it is a name that spells success in Iowa. Cowles went up to Des Moines a good many years ago and got into the publishing business with an insignificant paper. With the help of Harvey Ingham as editor he made the Register the dominating organ in the state and now he controls the papers in that city and they pretty much run the state. He will be a pretty safe man on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and not apt to take in oil stock for collateral.

Relentless search has rewarded the police officers of the northwest in tracking down the slayers of Patrolman Iverson, if those now under arrest are proven guilty of the crime. The detection of the individuals on the fragments of clues which were obtained by the state police shows a skill in ferreting which is a real tribute to the staff of the department. By diligent study and search they found the names of the individuals wanted; then it was only a matter of time till the hand of the law was laid upon them.

Some propose a third party if Roosevelt is nominated and some if he is not nominated. So the probability is that there will be none, regardless of who is nominated. It takes money to grease the wheels even of a third party; and there are mighty few business tycoons able to buy ambassadorships this season.

It is just hard to get excited over what the democrats do in Chicago, because the weather is so warm. They always stage their conventions in weather about the hottest of the season. Ah, if we could only "keep cool with Coolidge" again.

The two-thirds rule stands at Chicago and the next few days will determine whether it has saved or wrecked the party which has been wrecked before often enough on the same rock.

King Prajadhipok woke up the other morning to find his country had made him a constitutional instead of an absolute monarch. Unfortunately for typesetters the revolution didn't change the king's name. This shift must leave the king of Abyssinia the only absolute monarch still on a throne.

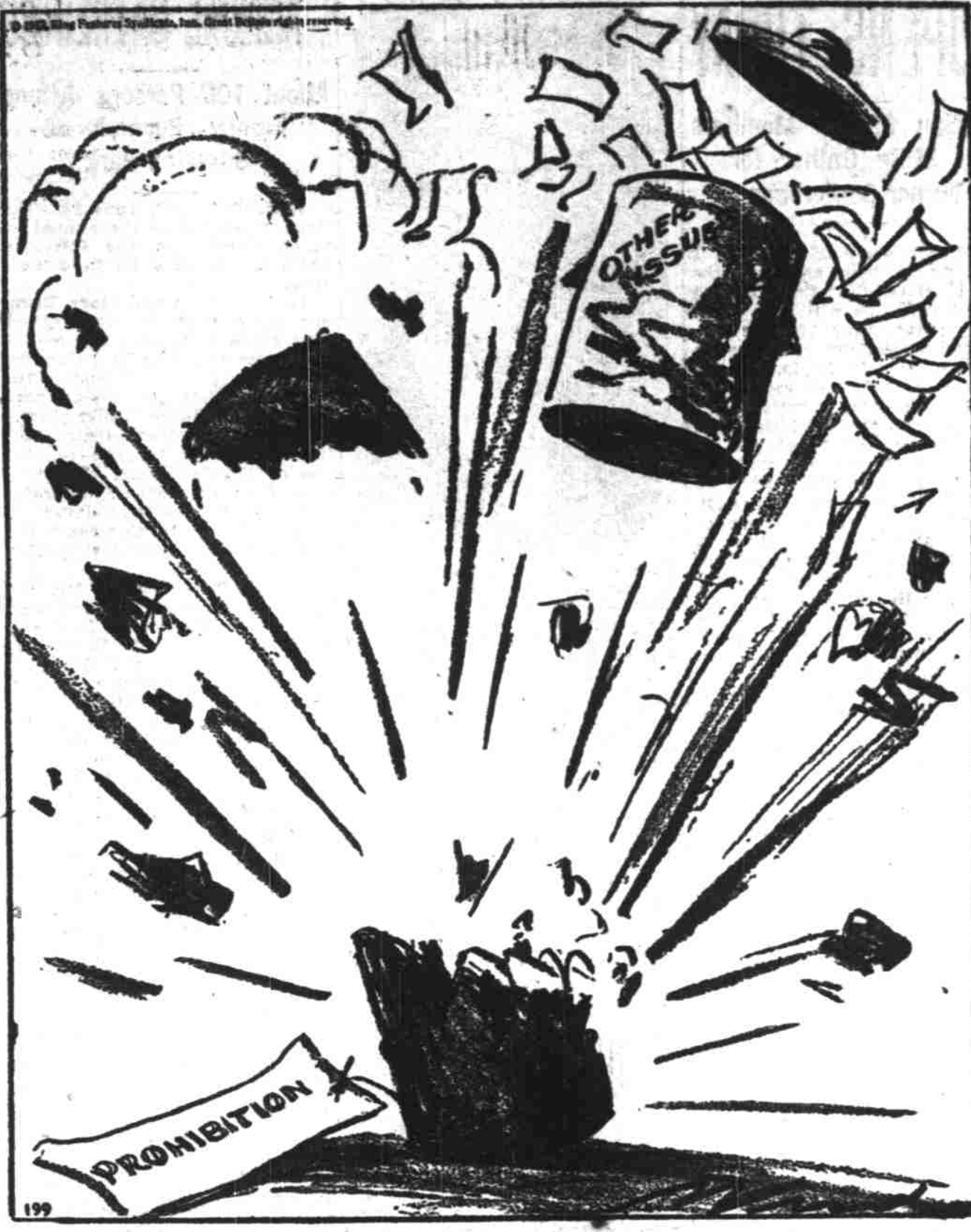
The LaGrande Observer issued a 36-page special "Confidence Edition" last week. The Observer evidently got the answer to Medford's day prayer; and got it in the usual way, by getting out and hustling for themselves.

We haven't heard any bankers kicking about the grange proposal for a state bank. Perhaps because the banking business has been such a worry for three years they would be quite willing to let some one else carry the load.

A New York stockbroker died because he fell into a tub of hot water. That's what the country feels like doing to the rest of the stockbrokers.

Hail stones, big as baseballs, killed several hundred in China. Whatever trouble there is in the world, China gets it. And Hoover isn't president there either.

### Independents' Day



### New Views

"Are you finding more earwigs this year than normally? If so what are you doing to eradicate them?" This was the question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters.

Louisa White, housewife: "Don't say earwig to me. They're driving me mad to keep them out of the basement. Seems the more I do, the more they're there. I think they are worse on hot days."

Ruby Lister, clerk: "Yes, we have them at home. I believe more this year than last. Squash them. There isn't much one can do, is there?"

Mrs. Joseph E. Albrich, home maker: "Yes, a great deal more. We haven't done anything about them."

Mrs. Harold S. Hughes, home maker: "No, not as bad."

### BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic four corners: (Continuing from yesterday.) Later, likely after the Alken & Farnham store ceased business, the lower floor had three store rooms, as it may have had before, and been rearranged. One of these, with the second floor, was occupied by the office of the Capital Journal newspaper, when it was under the ownership and management of Col. E. and A. F. Hofer, and after Col. E. Hofer bought his brother's interest—and still after Col. Hofer sold the property.

During that time the Bits man bought that part of the property, and thereafter his rivals in business (cheerfully) paid their rent to him. The Journal's business office was in the south room, and there was a common user stairway, belonging to the two owners of the south two-thirds of the property. Then the Bits man

bought the middle third, thus merging in one ownership the common stairway. Still later, he bought the stable property in the rear, giving an outlet to the alley and to Ferry street.

The brick that went into the Griswold, Holman and Statesman buildings, the writer believes, came from the yard of John Baker, on the Garden road, who owned the tract that is now the Kay addition and the Kay park. The Baker family lived in a brick house which he erected on his property. He was the father of the wife of B. F. Bonham. R. P. Bonham, head of the Immigration department, with his office at Portland, is a son; grandson of the pioneer brick man. The brick, the writer believes, for all the early buildings erected in Salem, was burned at the Baker yard—including the Moores building that stood where the U. S. bank building stands now, and numerous others, the walls of which still serve as originally constructed or later changed.

No concrete foundations were used then—so all the early Salem structures built with brick had foundations of stone. The rock came at first from near the present penitentiary annex—the old reform school property. Later it came, most of it, from across the river in Polk county, over the hill west of West Salem. Reed's opera house building, now occupied by the Miller store, etc., originally had a foundation built from this stone. When it was rebuilt, the old foundation was taken out and concrete used. In August, 1884, there was only one short piece of concrete walk in Salem; still there, in front of the building at the southwest corner of Commercial and Chemeketa, that was occupied by the original First National bank of this city—then known as the "Scotch" bank, because it was owned by the Scotch backers of the narrow-gauge railroad lines of the Willamette valley, east and west sides; that later passed to Southern Pacific ownership.

As related in the series in this column in December on Salem's early playhouses, the principal theater was first in the Griswold building, after the makeshift pioneer ones in wooden shacks, and the second one was in the two-story part of the Holman building, with its entrance off the chamber of the territorial council and the state senate—territorial upper branches being called councils.

The activity that grew up around these historic four corners began with the first store in the town that became Salem, at the northeast corner of Ferry and Commercial streets, after Thomas Cox arrived in the fall of 1847 with his stock of goods carried across the plains in a fleet of covered wagons, and packed by a band of Indian porters from the summit of the Cascades on the Barlow route; followed by the first (provisional government) postoffice in the Cox building. From that store were supplied the powder and bullets carried by the volunteers who rode, early in 1848, to the Cayuse war to punish the Indians who brought on the Whitman massacre, and to hold back the red hordes threatening all the settlements with fire and tomahawk.

The first woolen mill on the Pacific coast, starting in 1857 on "Boon's Island," checked activities further south and held the business of the little town to the north, around the site of the mission mills where it was started in 1849. But steamboats came in the early fifties, with the docks

# The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOTT

### SYNOPSIS

Despite the police guard placed in her home by Commissioner Thatcher Colt, Lola Carewe, suspected "high-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 clerk 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. Chung, 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. Eunice, the maid, is called next.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"HAVE you any suspicions of how the parrot and the dog died?" Colt asked. "I don't know a thing about it." "Have you heard any quarrels in this house?" "Even frightened as she was, the girl curled her pinched lips at this question. "I didn't hear much else," was her reply.

"Hear any tonight?" "Sure, I heard them all. I heard Mr. Rowland and Miss Lola having it hot and heavy. And also, this afternoon, I heard Mrs. Carewe and Miss Christine having it, too." "And what could they be quarreling about?" "I don't know. I heard Miss Christine say she had to have her money back. And Mrs. Carewe said it wasn't any of her business. And Miss Christine said it would have to be somebody's business. And Mrs. Carewe said she would see Lola about it. And Christine said all right—Lola lived that long. And Mrs. Carewe had hysterics."

"And when did you say this was?" "Late this afternoon. Miss Lola was out. And Mrs. Carewe had just come home from the show." "Colt looked at the girl with a long glance of appraisal. Somehow she gave the impression of not being entirely frank.

"How did Lola and her mother get on together?" he next inquired. "Oh, they quarreled and made up all the time. Just like all families. Lola said once that she could easily kill her mother—but she was awfully mad, then, and that was a long time ago. Of late they seemed a lot closer—I don't know why."

"Do you remember ever hearing Lola Carewe express any fear of any particular person?" asked Dougherty. "Did she, for instance, ever say she was afraid somebody might try to take her life?" "Eunice James wrinkled the freckled whiteness of her forehead. Her eyes brightened and she made up all the time. Just like all families. Lola said once that she could easily kill her mother—but she was awfully mad, then, and that was a long time ago. Of late they seemed a lot closer—I don't know why."

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"Lola and Miss Christine were both scared of one man—Guy Everett," Eunice disclosed.

"A hypochondriac?" "He was always down in the mouth, always tired out, she said; always holding his hand to his belt and making a face."

"And she actually told you she was afraid of him?" "Sure. She told me how she and Miss Carewe advised him about some investments. On account of taking her advice, he lost all his money. Miss Christine was always afraid he would try to get even with her and Miss Lola."

"How long ago did she discuss that with you?" "Just the other day." "Lola was a startling new angle. Lola Carewe and Christine Quires, her bosom friend, had advised Everett about his investments. Where could such a trail as that lead to? Colt might have followed this up directly, but he was too shrewd a policeman to make such a blunder. Instead he boldly switched the course of his examination.

"Do you know anything about the relations between Doctor Baldwin and Miss Carewe?" asked Dougherty suddenly. "The maid opened her eyes very wide. "Not much," she temporized. "But I did hear an awful row one night."

"Hear anything that was said?" "Well, Doctor Baldwin said plenty. He told Miss Lola his life was ruined if she told what they knew."

"You heard that?" "Oh, yes, sir—I heard it!" "Hear anything else?" "Not that I remember just now, sir!" "When was this quarrel?" "About two months ago, I guess."

A knocking was heard at the door. It was one of Flynn's men with the message that Mr. Guy Everett had arrived in company with a detective.



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"Mr. Colt," he burst out passionately, "why am I not told what has happened? Where is Miss Carewe or Miss Quires?" "Mr. Everett," said Thatcher Colt, "how long have you known Lola Carewe?"

"About three years, I suppose—she is an old friend of mine." "Where you attracted to her?" "Well, I don't know exactly what you mean by being attracted to her. I saw a bit of her. Has anything happened?"

"Where you fond of her?" "Well, I took her around a bit, yes." "There was no love affair?" "Oh, absolutely and positively not at all, under any circumstances, no! Nothing of the kind, Mr. Colt! No, sir, no, no! Nothing like that!" "Just friends."

"Nothing more?" "When did you make this engagement for tonight?" "Oh, about three weeks ago. I say, you couldn't let me have a spot, could you?"

"A five spot?" asked Flynn, who had taken an instantaneous dislike to this sleek and well-groomed performer. "A spot of Scotch! I feel absolutely frizzled at all this."

"In this country," Flynn explained heavily, "liquor is against the law." "What time did you come here tonight?" resumed Colt. "About nine o'clock."

"And what time did you leave with Miss Quires?" "About half past nine." (To Be Continued Tomorrow)

### Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem  
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days  
June 29, 1907  
Salem will be host to 800 teachers of the state at meetings to be held here the three days preceding the Fourth of July. One special train from Portland will bring in 200 educators.

As a part of the July 4 celebration here, a comical parade will be held. Three hundred boys are wanted to take part. Liberal prizes will be given for the various types of funny characters.

Among the fruit shipments from Salem yesterday it was noticed that several cities were getting supplies from Marion county. The pull of the new activities was toward the south. When the first railroad boom came, in the early seventies, all parts of the town were stimulated, but it was not long until the former active growth of the section of the original location was slowing down.

The newspaper article giving the account of the ceremonies begins: "Wednesday, October 8, 1872, at 12:30, the procession of Masons, consisting of representatives from nearly every lodge in the state, to the number of 409, formed in the following procession: "Tyler with drawn sword. "Stewards with rods. "Master Masons of all lodges, marching two by two. "Secretaries and treasurers. "Royal Arch Masons. "Music. "Grand Tyler with drawn sword. "Grand stewards with white rods."

"Grand secretary and treasurer. "Three great lights, supported by two stewards. "Grand chamberlains. "Five orders of architecture. "Grand orator. "Past deputy grand wardens. "Past grand wardens. "Chief magistrate, state and civil officers. "Representatives of the press. "Junior grand warden carrying a silver vessel of oil. "Senior grand warden carrying a vessel with wine. "Deputy grand master carrying a golden vessel with corn. "Master Multnomah lodge No. 1, carrying book of constitutions. "Grand master supported by two deacons with rods. "Grand standard bearer with aides. "Grand sword bearer with drawn sword." (Concluded tomorrow.)

Guy Everett was a tall and handsome middle-aged man, with a slightly gray mustache. Outside of the elevator boy, here was the last person known to have seen Christine Quires, the friend of the murdered Lola, and whose disappearance was already one of the grave and complicating factors in this mystery. Mr. Everett seemed to be in a pitiful mental condition. The man was shaken by intermittent tremors, his bluish lips actually seemed puffed out with fear, and his eyes rolled as if out of gear, their muscles no longer under control.

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### Daily Thought

"Man cannot be satisfied with mere success. He is concerned with the terms upon which success comes to him. And very often the terms seem more important than the success."—Charles A. Bennett.

### Parade Timely In Program of Associated Oil

"The big parade of last Saturday came in just right for us," said Ted Endicott, local manager for Associated Oil company. "It enabled us to feature our new Flying A gasoline the initial advertisement for which appeared in Saturday morning's Statesman. We used seven decorated trucks and ten passenger cars in our section of the parade. Our dealers report an early response to the advertising and an increase in gasoline sales at our stations."

"I am glad to see our company back in the newspapers as an advertiser," said Endicott.

### Grange Hall Scene Of Strawberry Fete

VICTOR POINT, June 28—A large crowd attended the strawberry dance at the Union H. H. Grange hall Saturday night. W. F. Krens was chairman of the general committee in charge, and Mrs. John Steinbergen, of the refreshment committee. Strawberries, cake and coffee were served. J. J. Krens, who celebrated his 80th birthday Thursday is vacationing at Cassida. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Millie Krens.