

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Palliatives and Permanents

THE congress of the United States is about to adjourn after seven months of exhausting session. Members have aged under the long strain; one fell dead on the floor of the house. Not since war times have the houses wrestled with problems as grave and momentous; and now there is lacking the war-time enthusiasm and solidarity. Instead there have been bickering and jealousy and consideration for party welfare, although on great measures both parties have united in attempts to extend succor to the country. Out of all the strain and the exhausting labor there have come some definite pieces of legislation. Most of them were advocated by Pres. Hoover. Analysis reveals however that most of these measures were temporary in character. They were admittedly "first aid" to a smitten world. They represent no permanent achievement. As soon as the depression fades these special laws will pass into the limbo.

To be sure when the storms are raging temporary structures are all that may be erected to temper the blast. It takes time for planning and building things which are to endure. The panic of 1907 brought home the danger of an inelastic currency system; but it was not until 1914 the federal reserve banks were created to remedy that difficulty. The federal reserve system has proven itself in one great war and two great depressions; and as time goes one will continue to demonstrate its value in our commercial life.

What are the great problems which the country and the congress need to be studying in order to make our economic order more stable and our social order more comfortable?

One matter which needs to stand high in the list is legislation which will permit cooperation especially among natural resource industries that will avoid waste, assure reasonable profit to the enterprise, and still not breed monopoly. It seems criminal almost to slash our great Oregon forests, one richest single resource, and do so at a loss. The same goes for copper in Montana, oil in Texas. This may call for revision of the Sherman act.

Another study that is necessary is the much abused subject of agriculture. It has been out of balance with industry ever since the war. How may it be brought into balance? Should it be by curtailing surpluses by building up export markets? If the latter then tariff revision would seem necessary to admit goods to pay for these exports. The farm board has been impotent in the face of currents it appeared scarcely to understand.

The revenue bill of the congress was designed to "soak the rich." While that may prove a scant source of additional income, it is the wrong way to solve the vexing question of wealth distribution. Instead of robbing the rich after they have "robbed" others and thus making the government a beneficiary of economic maladjustments, more intelligent effort should be directed toward avoiding the piling up of colossal wealth by better distribution among the workers and among the consumers. The formula for this is hard to write.

The most serious collapses, moral and otherwise, have been in the field of abuse of credit. The revaluation upward caused by the war threw bankers off their feet; and even the greatest of them guessed wrong on values with serious consequences to themselves and the country. But the worst abuse of credit lay in the emission of securities. The whole structure of holding company organization in public utilities is crumbling; and the capitalization based on thin air and speculative hopes is vanishing. If business will not control itself, public control will be imposed against the rapacity of investment bankers and greedy promoters.

In the field of foreign affairs the ratification of the Hoover moratorium was blighted by the action of congress in shutting the door against negotiation for readjustment of the war debts of Europe. Now the Lausanne conference with its arguery of hope is in danger because of our inflexible attitude. As a cold business proposition we might better dicker and encourage European restoration, for our loss of world business in the past two years has been far greater than the income of foreign debts which we may not be able to collect on anyway. When a bankrupt is being examined the chief creditor ought to be present. We will accomplish more by cooperation with Europe than by isolation.

It seems stupid in the face of these important questions the exploration of which should prove alluring to the statesman, that this country should go into a frenzy over whether it should have prohibition or not have it. The latter is a subject which stirs emotions however so it may be the one the masses of the people will divide over, particularly when neither of the great political parties offers anything clean-cut on the great questions above outlined. The socialist party under Norman Thomas is about the only one which bores into those questions, but its approach of course is from the bias of socialism which represents in our judgment the solution of exhaustion and not of real American achievement.

Too Great a Toll of Death

JULY FOURTH left too heavy a trail of casualties. The toll of death is reminiscent of the days when cannon crackers were sold without restraint, and tetanus laid a heavy hand on the youth of the land with each violent celebration of the independence day. The death list is reported at around 250, and while few of them are attributable to fire-crackers or explosives, nearly all are the product of lack of caution.

It was the campaign for "Safe and Sane Fourth" which toned down the noisy and dangerous celebrations of a quarter century ago. It would seem the campaign should be inaugurated again to make the day less costly in human life. Drownings, auto accidents, now far outrank fireworks as the causes of deaths. The shocking toll of 250 should serve to warn the public of the constant necessity for "Safety First", a warning which applies with redoubled force to holidays.

Ginger ale, armored cars, masked men,—what an air of mystery attends the petition robbery in Portland. It seems to have been just one of those things. Stealing the petitions would be an easy way of blocking the initiative; or a convenient way of "selling out"; or a good cover for insufficiency of names. The great mystery calls for a solution which no one anticipates will ever be discovered.

Lovers must study now how to make their letters fifty per cent longer, or maybe fifty per cent shorter, now that postage rates have gone up a cent.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

The following was read at the Fourth of July party at Ellendale where J. H. Lauterman entertained a company of friends and showed to Mrs. Lauterman the summer home he had built for their comfort.

"WHEN JOHN FIXED UP THE FARM"

The day was bright and sunny, And business going well, But John in his office, A prey to dreaming fell. He thought of woods and meadows,

With all their sylvan charms, Goodbye old town he murmured, For John fixed up the farm.

He built a roomy cabin With oak trees near the door Spring water brought into it A running stream before, And ancient apple orchards Where sang secure from harm, An orchestra of robbing hands, So John fixed up the farm.

But getting up so early, To milk by lantern light, And feed the pigs and chickens Was no unmix'd delight; A pain was in his shoulder, A cramp was in his arm, For life was full of trouble When John fixed up the farm.

He loved his growing garden And pleasant pasture lands But not his aching muscles And badly blistered hands. His loyal friends gathered round him, And viewed him with alarm, "We all," they said, should hustle, When John fixes up the farm.

Mr. Estep tends the eating With help of the young girls The pigs and geese and chickens To Mae's attention fell And John in ducks discovers A never failing charm So everybody's happy That John fixed up the farm.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

July 7, 1907
Because the overland Southern Pacific passenger train is so often late that Salem residents can't depend on it, the company has announced a new afternoon passenger service. Then local folk will not have to make numerous telephone calls to determine when the train will get here.

CHICAGO—John D. Rockefeller occupied the witness stand yesterday while Judge Landis piled him with questions regarding the financial strength and business methods of his corporation. It developed that the Standard Oil company of New Jersey had passed dividends in 1905 of approximately 40 per cent of the outstanding capitalization of \$100,000,000.

A small-sized museum exhibiting Oregon birds, animals and woods is set up on the third floor of the state capitol. The articles came from the Lewis and Clark fair of 1905.

July 7, 1922
Attempts, launched by advocates of the Nonpartisan league, to incorporate a state controlled bank plank in the platform of the Oregon Tax Reduction league at

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The 53-52 myth:
(Continuing from yesterday.)
Mr. Barry goes on to explain: "I have been particularly interested in the Champog matter on account of the problem as to why that should have appealed to the popular fancy."

"It seems to baffle the real and efficient provisional government in 1845 by the class of 'pioneers' who crossed the plains by ox wagons, as distinguished from other classes called by that term. The organization and code of laws they prepared was most efficient and a credit to our state and to the country at large which is honored by having citizens who were able to form such a government."

"It seems amazing that with that most laudable and praiseworthy accomplishment of the 'pioneers' in 1845 that popular attention should have become centered upon a petty squabble in the course of a long series of meetings. I am still trying to ferret out the 'inwardness' of the Champog squabble, but it attracted so little attention at the time that there is little found prior to Gray's publication and Newell's protest. Since that time the flood of hearsay and tradition and alleged interview reports of students has been so large that it is difficult to winnow out the grains of truth from the chaff. . . . What I have not been able to ascertain so far is who were the two leaders in the squabble, since no evidence seems to demonstrate who they were."

"Hastings and Abernethy seem to have been the strongest men of that period, and opposed at Oregon City; Hastings desiring an independent, or as one newspaper correspondent in 1841 called it a 'rival republic' (similar to Texas and Deseret (Utah)). He was the agent of McLoughlin, who is said to have favored that plan. Gray (W. H.) also is said to have favored it and Newell stated that four of the nine members of the legislative committee favored it."

"The fact that Hastings was elected the leader of the White party of emigrants in 1843 and must have had a strong following may suggest that Hastings was the leader or at least the instigator of one of the two groups at Champog, although possibly not personally present. The fact that he came to Oregon, had intense interest in his writings show and a good position, and yet suddenly left for California and took many with him, and subsequently seemed to have intense animosity toward Oregon, sending messengers to head off immigrants, personally conducting immigrants from the Oregon trail to California etc., may indicate that the Champog squabble soured him and caused his animosity toward Oregon."

The latter's state convention here yesterday met with bitter opposition and was voted down by an overwhelming majority.

Loganberry pickers are wanted, are needed, in the fields around Salem, to help keep the crop from loss. The hot weather has matured the berries with exceptional rapidity.

With his automobile fairly crushed to pieces around him when hit by one of the gasoline trains of the Southern Pacific company a hundred yards south of the state prison yesterday, a stranger calmly climbed out of the wreckage, looked at the remains, and started down the road towards town. No one learned his name.

James O'Neal was of course present, and his name is on the monument, but the spelling should

be O'Neal, and while the monument has his initials James A., other authorities say James H. William Cannon was there and his name appears on the monument, but Barry says his name was Cannon, and that Washington Irving in his "Astoria," and all the rest, had it incorrect.

Pierre Boullique, Joseph Gervais, F. X. Ladrot, Francis X. Donpierre and Francis Bernier were afterward declared by good first hand authorities to have been present and voting for organization. That makes five, which, added to the 53 now appearing, would make 58. But Gustavus Hines, whose name appears, was clearly absent. That would leave 57; if Hewitt (or Hewitt) was present and voted, and if Caleb Wilkins, about whom there has been some dispute, was also there and stood with the majority.

If the state is to maintain a permanent memorial, it should by all means be entirely truthful.

Why not collect all the names of men there, or thought to have been there, either May 2 or July 5, and say that on those dates they participated in the organization of the provisional government authorized by a GREAT MAJORITY vote, May 2, 1843? That would let in Gustavus Hines, who orated on the 4th and was there the 5th. Also, it would include a number who participated July 5 who were not known to be present May 2.

Any way, the ghost of the myth should be permanently laid.

There is no written statement, but the events seem to suggest some such possibility. Abernethy, Lee, Babcock, Hines, etc., seem to have belonged to the class or party who opposed any more elaborate organization than then existed, and which was controlled by the social center around the Methodist mission, as opposed to the newer social center around Oregon City.

"From conditions one might suppose that the older social center opposing more elaborate organization and the newer social center of Oregon City advocating a 'rival republic' were the two opposing factors, and the third party wishing to have a temporary organization by siding with the 'rival republic' crowd carried the day at Champog, and placed five of their men on the legislative committee who outvoted the four men advocating a 'rival republic,' so that the report for July 5th favoring a temporary organization met with general approval, and so resulted in the second form of organization to supplant that of February 18, 1841.

"I am at present trying to find what functioning occurred of the government organized July 5th, 1841. So far I have not been able to find anything whatever. Officers seem to have been elected and a code of laws adopted and then nothing more done until after the election the following year. Barry did write a proclamation calling for a public meeting in Champog district, but since he was only one of three (executives) and seems to have acted independently, his action would appear to have been purely personal as a public spirited citizen, unless anyone might regard it as unlawful disregard for constituted authority in calling an unauthorized meeting to supplant the regularly constituted military officers elected by the provisional government, since there was a regularly appointed major and three captains. The LaChapelle meeting might be regarded in the nature of the California vigilance committee rather than the outcome of the form of government organized at the fifth general mass meeting on July 6th.

"There is an intensely interesting psychological problem as to why such intelligent and educated citizens as those in Oregon should have permitted such silly nonsense as the popular traditions regarding the May 2, 1843, squabble to grow and develop. . . . or why any editor in the state would permit such ridiculous notions to be printed without editorial disapproval. It has been greatly detrimental to our state to have had such stuff as has been presented to congress emanating from this state, since it is apt to create the impression that Oregon is backward and provincial. . . . The psychological problem of how that petty squabble ever became so magnified is extremely difficult."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
IN the clear light that began to filter through Colt's study, he looked at each other in wonderment. Where were they going? The established fact that Guy Everett had lied, and about such an important matter, did seem significant. But Colt was not ready to discuss the case. Instead he thoughtfully consulted his watch, which he told me that Gavin had phoned; the portrait of Basil was being cabled by telephoto three thousand miles to France.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS
Following the receipt of a death threat, Lola Carewe, known as "The Night Club Lady," is mysteriously slain in her penthouse apartment at 3 a. m. New Year's Dr. Hugh Baldwin reports death due to heart failure. The only clue to the murderer is a medical laboratory specimen box outside Lola's window. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt attaches importance to the young man whose photograph is found in Lola's room, and whose identity Lola refuses to reveal beyond his first name, "Basil." At the mention of "Basil," Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, becomes hysterical. It is known that Lola quarreled with Guy Everett and Vincent Rowland, a lawyer, over investments. Eunice, the maid, confessed she was employed by Everett to report the goings on in the apartment. The mystery deepens with the finding of the body of Christine Quires, Lola's guest. Christine had been killed before Lola and her body hidden until an opportune moment arrived for the murderer to place it, looking wet, in Lola's room. The findings are similar to those in Lola's case except that Christine's neck was bruised after death. Everett, Christine's last escort, claims he left her at the apartment elevator at 11:30 p. m. of New Year's Eve, and then went for a ride on the Motor Parkway, alone, arriving home after 3 a. m. Mrs. Carewe informs Colt that Christine lived with a brother, Edgar, in Rochester, and was to receive her inheritance shortly. Lola's room is vacuum cleaned and the dust particles sent to Professor Luckner for analysis. Colt sends to the medical examiner a hypodermic syringe taken from Baldwin's bag and a strap for analysis, also a strand of Christine's hair found near Lola's window. The Commissioner orders Basil's picture photostated to M. Dupont, head of the Paris Police. It is learned that Edward Quires received a telegram New Year's Eve and left for New York. Paper and ink identical with the death threat materials are found under Eunice's mattress. Everett's Motor Parkway alibi is shattered.

"Ah, oui!" And M. Dupont spelled out the names carefully.
"Will you also see if the Roumanian police have a history of a man supposed to be her father—Jorge, for a long time a political exile in London?"
"I will do that, too, mon cher ami! Anything else?"
"Much more," chuckled Thatcher Colt and went on to explain how the portrait of a young man, first name Basil, family name unknown, was being forwarded to the Prefect by telephoto. M. Dupont gasped. Such impatient persons, these Americans!

"And what I am most earnestly hoping you will see your way clear to do," pursued Colt warmly, "is to have one of your agents call on one Marcel Grandon, 60, Avenue D'Enne—in the Etolle district, I assume—show him the telephoto portrait and try to get it identified. Perhaps your people may know him—it is barely possible the young man has a police record, Mr. Colt!"
"Angels could do no more, M. Dupont! A thousand thanks!"
"Au revoir."
"Au revoir."

As he hung up the receiver, Colt cast a rogue's grin at Dougherty. "We're getting nearer to something," he said, "with our picture of Basil!"
"Smart as a whip and all that," granted Dougherty, "but I still don't see his connection with this case."
"We'll debate that presently," promised Colt. "Meanwhile, Tony, will you please now arouse Mr. Vincent Rowland from his innocent slumbers and tell him I would like to speak to him on the telephone?"
In this announcement Dougherty displayed a lively interest. "I was much surprised, Thatcher," he revealed, "when you put a tail on Rowland. Surely you don't suspect that old chin-whisker of anything serious?"
Having relighted his pipe, Colt replied:

"I do regard the eminent Mr. Rowland with a somewhat jaundiced eye. Dougherty, truth is, I was watching him in the Mayfair dining-room last night, just before Lola sent us her note, inviting us into this singular business. He didn't wish Lola to write that note, I watched him trying to dissuade her. I don't know whether I ever told you or not, but in my youth I mastered lip-reading. I can listen to distant conversations by watching mouths. I saw him inspire her to have nothing to do with me in this matter. Perhaps he feared having his name mixed up in a police case. Quite reasonably, too. Yet when we went over, he took the credit for inviting us."

"By George!" glowered Dougherty. "That is curious!"
"Mr. Rowland is on the telephone," I announced.
"Forget me, Mr. Rowland," began Colt urbanely. "I am sorry to break into your sleep. But there are one or two points the police have to clear up. What's that? Oh, there is no doubt about it now—plain, unadulterated murder. Yes! Well, it's very kind of you to be ready to help. I want to ask you two questions. Once, when you and I were talking in Miss Carewe's living-room last night, you started to tell me something that sounded significant. You said, 'There is one curious circumstance which, maybe, I shouldn't tell—' Remember that? No, you didn't finish it—Miss Carewe interrupted us."
At the other end of the wire, Vincent Rowland was hemming nervously.

"I can't imagine what that was," he protested. "Let me think."
"I don't want to bring you downtown at this late hour," hinted Thatcher Colt. "But it is so important—"
"I remember now—perfectly!" crowed Vincent Rowland. "I don't think it amounts to anything much at all. But for whatever it is worth, here it is. I have repeatedly warned Lola against her association with an actor named Guy Everett. In the first place I don't think the fellow is altogether sane. In the second place he was foolish enough to take Lola's advice on investments, and he lost his savings—every dollar he had in the world. In the third place he wanted to marry her, and she didn't care a fig for him—not a fig! He was jealous of all her friends, including such a harmless one as myself. He blamed Christine Quires for turning Lola against him—he told me so. And he was especially jealous of Doctor Baldwin. I just thought that Guy Everett would wear watching—that's all."

"And you couldn't remember what it was you had meant to tell me," chided Colt sarcastically. "I'm a sleepy and tired old man, fretted Rowland. 'Now is there anything else, Mr. Colt?'"
There was a moment of silence, before Mr. Colt propounded the next question.
"Mr. Rowland—why did you and Lola quarrel before you left the apartment this evening?"
"Quarrel!"
The word was repeated like a squeal.
"Quarrel!" squeaked Vincent Rowland for a second time. "We quarrelled, yes. We had a few words, yes—anyone who stays around Lola Carewe very long will have words with her. She is—a high-tempered and tempestuous character, Mr. Colt. But we had no quarrel—we went out on a party together!"
"Well, what did you have words about?"
"About Guy Everett—and who else? I told her she was a fool to be advising men in their investments. She has friends in some investment company downtown and sends them customers. I told her it was a dangerous game. I believe the Federal Government is going to send her friends to Atlanta—but I am sure Lola thinks—thought her not queer. Everett was a ruined man and might try to strike back. And she told me to mind my own damned business—which I wish I had!"

"What is the name of this company to which she sends her wealthy friends for investment?"
"The Rock-Ribbed Securities Corporation."
"Thank you, Mr. Rowland. I will see you later in the day!"
"Is that so?" growled Vincent Rowland, as he hung up his receiver.
"That all sounds convincing enough," remarked Colt and Dougherty nodded sagely. He was about to continue when Colt reached for the telephone. This time it was to instruct Flynn about looking up the Rock-Ribbed Securities Corporation. This conversation finished, the chief sat back silently and lit his pipe.
I knew that the time had come to examine the evidence. But only a brief review was possible in Colt's present mood; there was too much yet to be learned.
"Get out your notebook, Tony," requested the chief, "and take down our discussion during the next five minutes."
"At last we are going to find out just where we are at!" rejoined Dougherty with an owlish stare of his blue eyes. The District Attorney set down an empty glass, ran a big hand through his red curls and cleared his enormous throat impressively.
"I am inclined to believe, Thatcher, that you are ignoring the obvious in this case—looking for subtleties that do not exist. It is all much simpler than you make out!"
Colt smiled amiably and entertained the District Attorney to state his conclusions.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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matter a thought."
Nellie Schaeffer, college student: "No, I don't. Any more than the long sleeves of years ago made a strictly moral race."
Jean Williams, student: "Well, I don't suppose you could get any young people to agree to that."

Small stones in automobile tires are being used in Berlin to lessen skidding on streets which become slippery after rainfall.

PRESIDENCY SEEKER IN JAIL

Arrested when he attempted to address a meeting of his followers in Los Angeles, William Z. Foster, 51-year-old Communist Party candidate for the Presidency of the United States, is shown as he was booked at the City Jail. Foster's arrest caused a series of sporadic, short-lived radical demonstrations.

Daily Thought

"The fact is that to do anything in the world worth doing we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."
—Sydney Smith.

"Now, if I was a Presidential Candidate—"



Illustration by [Name] for the cartoon 'Now, if I was a Presidential Candidate—'.