

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Primitive Law of Inheritance

THE son of the founder of one of the big tobacco companies ended his life. Cause is unknown. He surely had no financial worries. He had never worked in the big plant his father built up. The cigarette business has continued immensely profitable. He was only twenty but had gotten rid of one wife and married another. Maybe he was just exhausted because he had tasted the sweets of life and nothing more seemed to be left him.

His brother has been something of a wanderer; he never worked either. Why should he, with \$25,000,000 left him? What a terrific strain the old law of inheritance is under! Originally it conveyed to the first born son the meagre possession of the decedent father. Later the patrimony was ordered divided among all the children, a change ranking as one of the solid achievements of Thomas Jefferson in Virginia. But the right of devising a few tools, a few head of horses and cattle, a few rods of land to one's children carries over into a socialized economy and enables one who has built up an industrial barony to bequeath it to his children who may never see it.

There may be justification for permitting a competent individual to amass a fortune by dint of his own thrift and intelligence. But why such great wealth which after all in this day and age is chiefly a social product should pass by inheritance intact to heirs who may be idlers and incompetents is one of the mysteries of our times. If the Reynolds boys had been left to work for themselves they would probably have made better citizens and found life intensely worth while.

A Magic Carpet

PERHAPS we noted a headline about some new airflight that was to be attempted. But it made no impression until now we observe that a pair of fliers have spanned the Atlantic in 11 hours and 24 minutes, making from Harbor Grace to Berlin in one long jump of 2950 miles. Their names are James Mattern and Bennett Griffin; and they are trying to beat the record of the round-the-world flight of Post and Gatty. Well, who were Post and Gatty? The world had quite forgotten that they broke previous records in making a circuit of the globe.

The new pair was 10 hours ahead of Post and Gatty when they reached Berlin, so they had a good chance of setting a new record which might last for another year or two perhaps until a new brace of daredevils tempt fate in a fresh competition against time. However they failed to reach Moscow on schedule so their success is now uncertain.

Across the Atlantic in less than 11 hours. That brings Europe within hand reach almost. True this was the short span, from Newfoundland to Ireland. The speed and the ease with which the flight was made arrest attention. They suggest once more the possibility of regular flights in heavier-than-air machines. They suggest too possible danger from air attack, in case of war. Remote, to be sure, because an air fleet must get back to its base as well as reach its objective. But aviation is just in its infancy; and who knows what the limit of its possibilities may be?

Across the ocean in 11 hours, 24 minutes. Mattern and Griffin truly travel on a magic carpet whose reality is quite as astonishing as the one of romantic legend.

Al Runs True to Party

AL SMITH set at ease the palpitating hearts of many democrats when he announced his fealty to his party. There was really nothing else this former candidate could do. His friends admired him for his vivid personality and forthright courage and some of them would be loyal enough to follow him on any political adventure he might set forth upon; but Smith had nothing to justify launching a separatist movement.

It will always be something of a mystery why his opposition to Roosevelt was so vehement. Roosevelt was Smith's own choice for the governorship; he has done nothing to upset the Smith policies; and has done nothing to alienate the Smith friendship. Perhaps that is why Smith distrusts him,—because he has "done nothing". With the democratic party going sloppy wet Smith could not let his personal pique at the candidate drive him from his party.

It is always easy to find faults with a party candidate and platform. But when one leaves a party he has to have some place to go; and the republican party would assuredly be no place for Al Smith. Sen. Norris and other mavericks have been the only ones able to denounce their party and still accept its appointments.

A test case in court is a splendid way of putting the controversy between Gov. Meier and Sec. Hoss in cold storage. The governor has done his best to issue quarterly receipts and to put Hoss in the hole. Hoss for his part has merely stood by the law as it is written. If the case gets into court one needs only one guess as to how it will be decided. Meanwhile the car operators better reach down in their jeans because the 15th will soon be here; and when Charlie Pray turns his boys loose on the delinquents it will be just too bad for them.

The Portland Journal started out an editorial regarding the alleged theft of initiative petitions; but instead of using it as a text to denounce the sinfulness of sin, the wickedness of war in Europe or the evils of republican tariffs, the Journal wound up the first paragraph by announcing to its readers that the news of the theft was broadcast over the new police radio.

3.2% beer may be non-intoxicating; but if it is it would be so slack in kick that the wets would not be satisfied. Just where the decimal point should be placed to fix the point of intoxication is anyone's guess; but we don't think the wets will be satisfied until it moves a point or two to the right.

It is rather intriguing to note that Franklin T. Griffith is negotiating for the governor with Sec. Hoss. Isn't Griffith one of the wicked power barons during the governor's term in the private car of Fleischacker during the 1930 campaign? Surely the power trust is not dipping into politics again after the 1930 purge.

Stolen or not stolen, enough suitcases of petitions arrived at the secretary of state's office to insure the placing of the initiative for university consolidation on the ballot this fall. The mystery remains unsolved; but the circumstances are so shadowy the state cannot help doubting the whole yarn.

The art commission of Massachusetts has singular ideas of art. It rejects a portrait of a former governor because it shows him with his hands in his pockets. Perhaps it would be more natural down east if his hands were in the other fellow's pockets.

Yesterdays

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

July 8, 1907
"World Peace" will be the rallying cry at the opening session of the 50th annual convention of the National Education Association at Los Angeles today. "How Can the Schools Aid in the Peace Movement?" will be the subject of President Nathan C. Schaffer's opening address.

The fire department was called out yesterday to extinguish flames licking at the sidewalk on Mill street east of the Southern Pacific tracks.

LAKE LABISH—The demand for a park has to some extent been met by the employes of the Salem-Portland electric line, who discovered a spring on their right-of-way near Chomawa. They deepened the spring, made steps down to it, so that it is of easy access to picnickers.

July 8, 1923
DALLAS—With the exception of but one man, the employes of the Southern Pacific shops who went out with the general strike a week ago, have all returned to work.

CHICAGO—The first week of the strike of railway shopmen ended last night with sporadic outbreaks of violence reported in widely scattered sections of the country. Troops have been called out to meet the situation in five states.

A fire patrol ranger, his wife and son were rescued from a blazing forest in eastern Tillamook county late Thursday by the crew of a Southern Pacific fire train, which arrived in time to find the three persons fighting the walls of flame which had surrounded them, according to word received here.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "Should Salem raised charity, goods and money, be used in any instances to help transient indigents?"

Rose Krafft, housekeeper: "I think home folks should be cared for first. If there is plenty, feed the transients. I guess that is all this Minto hotel does, isn't it? But as for other agencies doing it, I don't think it's such a good thing."

Miller B. Hayden, justice of the peace: "I'm a believer that charity begins at home. Deserving local people should be taken care of first, then the transients if there is anything left. If local people everywhere would do this, we wouldn't have so many transients."

Elsie Miller, housekeeper: "I would say I don't think they should. We have enough of our own to support. Of course, the transients need food, too, but local people should come first."

Daily Thought

I lay very little stress either upon asking or giving advice. Generally speaking, they who ask advice know what they wish to do, and remain firm to their intention. A man may allow himself to be enlightened on various points, even upon matters of expediency and duty; but, after all, he must determine his course of action for himself.—Wilhelm von Humboldt.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Rickreall, not La Croole:
At the Fourth of July party held at Ellendale in dedication of the new house of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lauterman, Mrs. Frank Suedor read a letter from Mrs. Molson of Montreal, who prior to writing it had for a time, with her husband, been living on the Molson farm that was once a part of the J. W. Nesmith holdings, on the Salem-Dallas state highway.

The occasion was a discussion over the proper name of the beautiful little river now generally called the Rickreall, along with the valley and the town. Following is the wording of the letter:

"I was born in the Rickreall valley and consequently all that pertains to it interests me very much.

"My father, the late James W. Nesmith, told us 'lang syne' that Rickreall was a corruption of the words 'La Croole'. His remarks carried conviction, and we Nesmiths still hold to the conviction. 'The La Croole' was called so by the French Canadian trappers belonging to the Hudson's Bay company, and in their language it meant 'native'. Why the little river was called 'La Croole' no one now can tell; it was probably the whim of a passing party of trappers, who wished to distinguish one stream from another, and as their range of names was not wide they settled on one that appealed to them.

"Some think that 'Rickreall' came into general use about 1855 but it was well established long before that, for we returned to Oregon in 1857. The river was then called Rickreall and the postoffice was officially known by that name, but was locally called 'Dixie' during the Civil war.

"About 1853 I began to think I would like to learn what I could about the name, so I drove to see the late Mrs. Josephine Boyle, and, on pointing to the stream, I asked, 'What did you call it when you first saw it?' She replied, 'The Rickreall, and nothing but the Rickreall.'

"I then drove on to see Caray Embree, an uncle of Mrs. Boyle, and when I asked him the same question he said, 'The La Croole and only the La Croole, and no one ever called it anything else.'

"Rickreall is not an Indian name. The presence of the r puts it beyond the possibility of being pronounced by them. I remember having read in the Northern Pacific railroad reports that a branch party of surveyors crossed the La Croole in 1855 not far above Holsa.

"By whatever name the Rickreall is known, we whose habitat it is love the charm and memories that cling to it. Who can recall anything more beautiful than the Rickreall valley on a spring day, from its source in the eternally green Coast Range down its course to where it joins the Willamette at the foot of the Eola hills where they terminate their slanting stride across the valley?

"We who live on the lower reaches of the Rickreall can recall with pleasure the early morning of spring and summer days that began calm and gray when long streamers of mist from the Pacific blew down the delta of the Yamhill river to be dispelled by the sun into tumbling masses of white clouds.

"The wonderful and ever recurring sea breeze added to the glories of the day, blowing across great stretches of waving green fields and drying away as the shadows lengthened, leaving the sun to set quietly on this beautiful pastoral scene.

VELINA P. MOLSON.
Some readers will recall that at one of the sessions of the Oregon

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

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 small 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 had refused to reveal beyond his first name, "Basil". Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, becomes hysterical. It is known that Lola quarreled with Guy Everett and Vincent Rowland, a lawyer, ever-inventive. Everett, 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, soaking wet, in Lola's room. The findings are similar to those in Lola's case except that Christine's neck was broken after death. Everett, Christine's last escort, claims he left her at the apartment elevator at midnight 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. It is learned that Edgar 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. Colt requests the Prefect of the Parisian 'Saret' to investigate Lola's past. Rowland discloses that Everett wanted to marry Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin.



"Lola Carewe lived the life of a wealthy woman. Right? She had no visible source of income! Right?" questioned the District Attorney.

in a night club where Lola Carewe was attending—and that every one of the victims knew Lola Carewe and had entertained her, or had been entertained by her."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
I BEGAN the evening performance," Dougherty responded with a facetious smile, "by asserting that Lola Carewe was a jewel thief. Since then I have not had five clear minutes to tell you why I think so. I am ready to do that now. And I feel certain that therein lies the secret of what has happened."

Colt was refilling his pipe. "Very well," he acceded, "you tell me why you think Lola Carewe was a robber queen!"

"Lola Carewe lived the life of a wealthy woman. Right? She had no visible source of income! Right? I start from there. At the various night-clubs in New York she has been seen, consorting with suspicious-looking characters."

Colt threw a mocking glance to the ceiling. "In all my experience in police work," he objected, "I have never been able to find out what makes a person a suspicious-looking character. Does it mean prognathous jaws? If so, look at the Board of Aldermen. Flashy clothes? Look at the Mayor. Does it mean shifty eyes and a general air of avoiding detection? If so, look at the President of the Anti-Vice Society. It is a meaningless phrase, Dougherty. You know as well as I do that some of the most respectable-looking human beings on earth appear in the police line-up every morning. What other evidence have you got?"

"But Lola has been seen hobnobbing with police characters," remonstrated Dougherty, his face flushed. "I mean handlers of hot diamonds."

"But that doesn't prove her guilty!"

"No—but she is also often seen at their hang-out," added Dougherty, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "Now I happen to know that shortly before every spectacular jewel robbery during the last year, the victim wore her gems publicly

"They may have been sheer coincidences."

"Colt's brows knitted in doubt. "But why?" he persisted. "Why go through all that elaborate hocus-pocus of the note? It seems so unreasonable, so absurdly unnecessary!"

"Thatcher," he remonstrated, "do I have to instruct you as to the silly and amazing things that criminals do? You know the history of crimes as well as I do, and better."

In this contention, Colt had to agree that District Attorney Dougherty was correct. To reconstruct any case on the theory that a criminal, however clever, is a reasonable human being, is generally a fatal error.

"Nevertheless," persisted the Commissioner, "we cannot ignore the death of the dog and the parrot, or the sending of the death-note. There are certain obvious conclusions to be drawn from those circumstances. They show malice. And a kind of folk-lore superstition. Such murders have been known to occur in Roumania."

"And what do you argue from that?" asked Dougherty, after a significant pause.

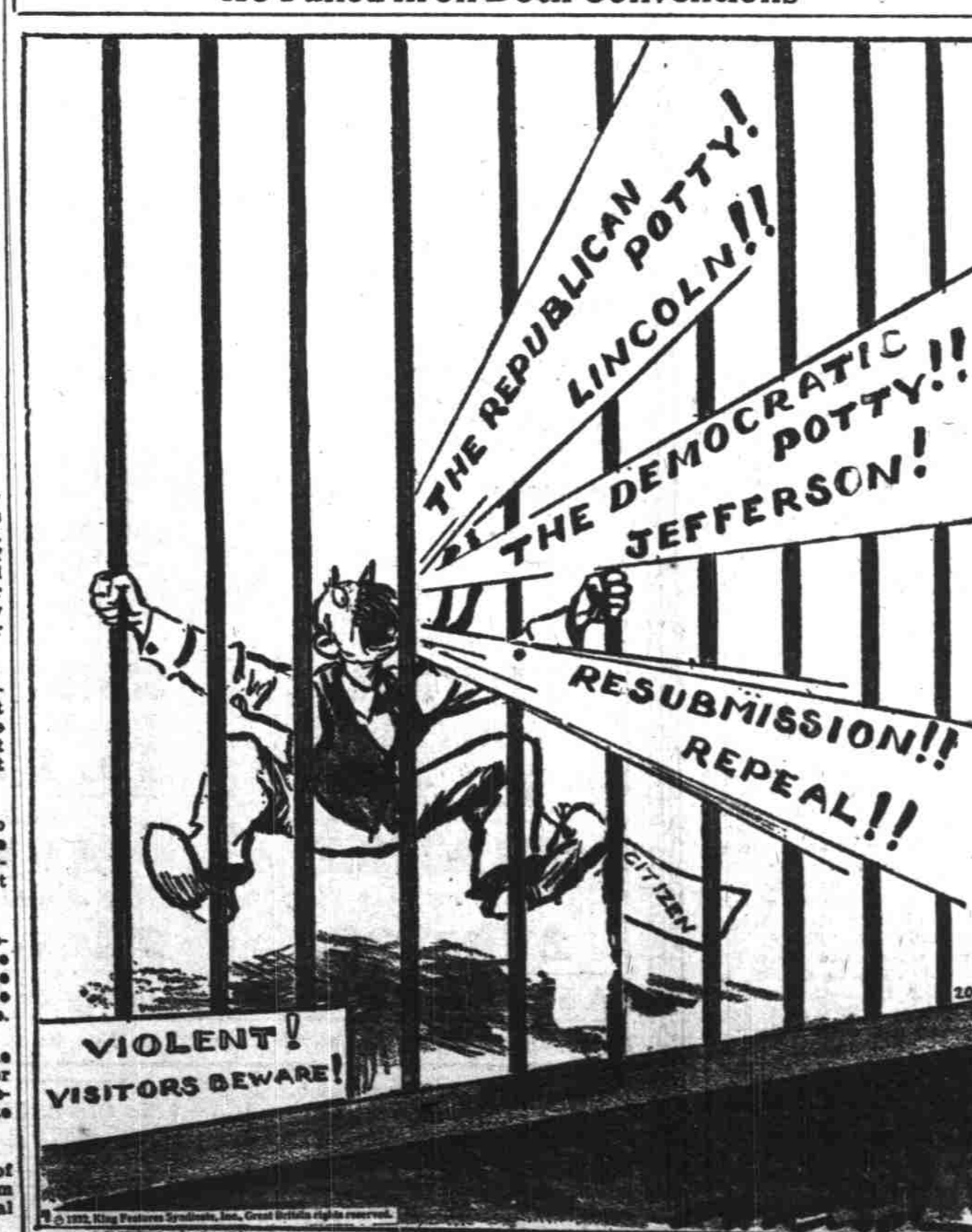
"Too early to argue. But malice is there—malice in the killing of two innocent creatures, malice in the note that boasted of those two useless killings and the threat to Lola. The killer wanted Lola to know that death was coming; wanted her to suffer anticipatory pang. Malice, sprung from revenge, is hence a probable motive. The killer is intelligent, too, having perfected such a subtle method of murder that even the sending of that note seems safe—a kind of de-facto assurance is there; the pleasure of torturing the doomed girl is greater than the risk of discovery."

"If you are right, what can we do?" grunted Dougherty in a discontented voice.

"What we are doing. Looking into Lola's life for causes of revenge. And looking into Lola's body for causes of her death—the subtle method that was used. When that is isolated, we shall ask ourselves how had access to that means of murder. That is why we need more facts."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
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He Tuned in on Both Conventions



The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

HARD TO STARBOARD

The Capital-Journal now says that we have our choice between the progressive Roosevelt and the reactionary Hoover. This is extremely interesting as the Capital-Journal has consistently taught its readers to believe that the democratic candidate is an indefinite, wavering, vacillating man, woefully lacking in the qualities of progressivism. At any rate we have never considered a dynamic progressive as characterized by any such qualities. To hear him described as a progressive is the more interesting in view of the fact that he rates as a light weight in his accomplishments as governor of New York. However, the Journal has suddenly seen the light and will now proceed to describe him as a perfect and consummate statesman.

We also wonder how John Gardner rates in the estimation of the Journal at present. In an article appearing in that paper, entitled "A Proven Flop" he was excoriated as a bigoted provincialist, whose nomination for president would spell republican victory. While he is not first on the ticket he will be Franklin's second who will show some progress and present his own insipid panacea for the nation's wounds.

need it plus much more to convince thinking people that he should be at the helm of the ship of state.

LYLE THOMAS,
West Salem, Ore.



Have Money

Keep A Line On It
WHEN you get money HOLD ON to it; for if it "slips off your hook" it is GONE. Then you will have nothing to show for your hard work. Increase your bank balance. Hold on to the money you earn.

START SAVING REGULARLY NOW
We Welcome YOUR Banking Business

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
SALEM, ORE.
Member Federal Reserve System
A Strong Bank, Thoughtfully Managed