# The Oregon States man

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - Managing Editor

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Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office. 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. 50 cents; 3 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 3 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

## . All in the Day's Work

THERE being no town pump any more, and no excavations in progress where men may lean over the railing and exchange opinions as to how the job should be done, the vendors of miscellany are sure of an audience whenever they set up stand. So it is as one saunters down the street he sees occasional clusters of men about a doorway, and when he draws near he is sure to find some spellbinder selling gadgets. It may be some stain remover, or a new kind of soap. Fountain pens may be the offering. New kinds of safety razors generally go well. Then there is the fellow who twists heavy wire into panlifters the while he keeps up a constant flow of talk, talk, talk.

One was working to sell a razor sharpener the other day, when we overheard one who had turned away lamenting that the same chap had been around not so long ago with a medicine to sell, "while I can't do nothin' but make a living by hard work". Indeed it is disheartening to see with what seeming ease these garrulous gadgeteers wiggle the shekels out of gawking men. It looks easy, in troth, but we fancy the barker is weary when he hunts his pillow at nightfall; and laments the fate that drives him from doorway to doorway, ready, what it will accomplish, what's his name said." barker is weary when he hunts his pillow at nightfall; and selling wares often of little worth, and all for, expenses de- etc., etc. ducted, a rather meagre sum.

So every cobbler to his last, the laborer to his shovel, the windy salesman to his doorway, and the banker to his sheaf of discounts,—each sure that the other fellow has the easier job.

### A Policeman With Intelligence

MEN. GLASSFORD, head of the police force of Washington, D. C. is one policemen with something between his ears. He has had as hard an assignment as any officer in the country in handling the bonus army; and has done the job skillfully. As a result so far there have been no clashes wath authorities, the men have been treated decently, and yet they have not been coddled. The arm of genuine authority was at all times upheld.

be in favor of the government loaning out five billion dollars to till then; didn't care much for the farmers and letting them have girls anyway. But that night I

When the food supplies were exhausted, Glassford went a chance at low interest." down in his own pocket to buy bread and meat for them. When there was dissension in the ranks and a radical speaker was about to be assaulted, Glassford shouldered his way to me Garner would afford an opthrough the crowd and secured for him an audience.

It appears that the army is breaking up and that most of them will return to their homes, taking advantage of the money advanced by the government for transportation. The if it is what I think it is -it seems country will breathe a little easier to have the men in their to me it would do as much for the I honestly thought it didn't mean home communities where they will fare much better than individual as anything. For inon the muddy flats of Anacostia. If the army does finally disband without rioting or outbreak, a great deal of the ere- if they could be financed. That dit should go to Glassford for the intelligent manner in which he has controlled the situation in Washington.

## An Untenable Position

CIPEAKER GARNER'S position on relief legislation is wholly untenable. Only his stubbornness and political hatred of Pres. Hoover and his desire to make political capital out of his proposals miscalled "relief" prevent the congress from agreeing on practical legislation which Pres. Hoover will accept. The crux of Garner's contention is that the government should make individual loans scattered over the country. Pres. Hoover has clearly pointed out the folly and disaster and impracticability of such a course. Such loans would quickly be dissipated, would affect no permanent relief, and would result in vast losses to the govern-

The country will support Pres. Hoover in this; and it is this knowledge which gives the president strength to defy the speaker of the house and boldly promise a veto for the measure as at present drawn.

The Portland Oregonian has made a great discovery, and that is that neither Meier nor Hoss is to blame for the failure to issue quarterly motor licenses. The villain is the LAW! This is a great and comforting revelation, since the Law can't defend itself; also it controls no advertising and has few friends. So, come on boys, let's wallop the Law, which is the only thing standing in the way of our doing just what we durn please. The Portland Journal hasn't even made that discovery yet. In fact it hasn't, editorially at least, heard anything about motor licenses this long summer. But it may wake up soon and call for a straw ballot.

Portland is having fresh distress over a telephone franchise. The council which gingerly kept the franchise on ice until after recall election, has drawn it out and passed it four to one, But the professional agitators denounce it and demand that it be referred to the people. Doubtless a referendum will be invoked and the franchise may be defeated at the polls, not so much because it is bad as because of popular fear and suspicion. It is easy to stir up the people so they will vote against anything, and when politicians are out to get votes the agitation is sure to start.

Cherry growers of Washington and Oregon have fared much better than a year ago when the crop was practically ruined by rains. Wasco's crop last year was almost a total loss. This year the growers of that county are barreling and storing a large portion of their crop, so the returns will not be known for months. The shippers of fresh fruit have has a pretty fair season. LaGrande reports shipping will run this year to 50 carloads against 16 last year and 32 in 1920. Cherries sort of balance up on the poor strawberry deal

The big thing is now on. From this time forth the state will have a deluge of oratory and statistics respecting the consolidation of the university and state college. Eugene is filling up her war chest and Corvallis, judging from reports is putting on war paint. This promises to be worse than an old-fashioned wet and dry cam-

Sen. Borah has been bellowing for inflation. Printing press money has always proven the cownfall of any financial system. Sound money is the base of all economic stability. Going on a big drunk merely brings on the splitting headache.

Frankie Rossevelt has a scheme to end the depression. Have the unemployed go out and plant a tree. Great idea. But our idleness out here is because there were too many trees planted in the depression some 200 years ago.

The Oregon Voter says that Frankie Roosevelt reminds it of This ought to be description enough for Oregon voters.

The squabble over license plates has become a real "tag" game. I got your tag, says the gov.; no, you're it, says Hoss. After next Pri-day the one who is "nit" is the fellow with last year's tags.

#### Political Opinion Like Pajamas; Yesterdays Divided and Noted for Flopping . . . Of Old Salem

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem .

Town Talks from The States-man of Barlier Days COLITICAL opinion is the pajamas of current conversa-tion—divided and floppy. Salem earned the title of "The Cherry City" yesterday and the

July 10, 1907

scores of visitors from various

13,200 large cans were put up.

July 10, 1922

A paving crew is now at work

Violence at the hands of strik-

ing railway shopmen reached the

Pacific coast yesterday. At Rose-

ville, Calif., a fruit express em-ploye was shot and at Sacramen-

to, a Southern Pacific water tank

The broadcasting station of the

Salem Electric company, in the

Masonie building, is nearing com-

pletion, and it is attracting atten-

tion all up and down the coast.

Hundreds of inquiries are coming

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters

asked this question about town:

'How do you view the Garner-

Hoover controversy over methods

R. A. Harris, insurance: "I'm

for the Garner view, as a matter

I don't see why we should not give

A. C. Bohrnstedt, real estate:

"I'm for the Hoover idea. It seems

portunity for individuals who are

not good credit risks to unload on

the government. If they would

put the home loan bill through-

sance, here in Salem I know eight

or ten persons who would build

in turn would put others to work.

L. R. Schoettler, builders' credit

manager: "I'm inclined to favor

Daily Thought

"We live in deeds, not years; in

thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on

Garner's stand on the matter."

The individual needs work."

by the company.

on the paving of North Summer

poration here yesterday.

was generally agreed,

"For the Lord thy God bringsections of the state and neighboreth thee into a good land, a land ing states were of the opinion that of brooks, of water, of fountains the Capital City was entitled to and depths out of valleys and that appellation. The Salem hills." Moses, I think, must have Cherry Fair and Flower Festi- looked upon a land very similar val" was a complete success, it to the Willamette country.

A writer of heavyweight edit-With an almost limitless marorials tells us that seeming trifles ket for Willamette valley fruit sometimes effect mighty changes. products on the prairies, prospects True, Amos Appls was probably are that the Salem canning plant the best political argufier in the will run without intermission un- neighborhood where he lived. But til the final closing of the season he couldn't talk without spitting in November. Saturday was the now and then. Always spat becompany's record-breaking day, tween his teeth. Then one day another argufler, who couldn't hold when 664 cases of canned fruit, his temper, knocked out Amos's front teeth. Amos never amounted to much as an argufier after The Oregon Consolidated Gold that. He got some artificial teeth, Mines company of Ashland, Jackbut they didn't help a great deal, son county, filed articles of incorbecause every time he tried to spit between 'em they blew out.

It was the end of a perfect day -perfectly hot. I sat on a bench in Willson park, looking into the street from Market street north. limpid waters of the Waite foun-The city is laying 11,000 square tain pool and wondering how it yards of six-inch concrete to con- would seem to be a fish, with nect Salem with the state high- everything going on swimmingly in one's affairs, when Cal Lippit came along and sat down beside

> feel," says Cal, "somehow "I ort of sad." "You've been seeing the wrong

picture or eating the wrong victuals or figuring out a cure for was dynamited by six men. The tank was one of the largest owned the depression or something," most every night to visit with Jim says I, "and you're old enough to Budwin. Jim almost never went know better.

those things. It's just that when speaking, and Mrs. Tolliver was my memory visions of a joy that when there was any, and when could not last—something that there wasn't she led it anyway. seemed to weep the dying day's Ret usually began his visits with decay, or something like that, as Jim by saying it seemed to him

been reading poetry." gazing pensively at the dome of

bush in full and fragrant bloom beside of it, and there was a girl in a white dress. I'd walked home with her from a church sociable. I kind of liked to walk home with her from places; just liked her, that's all; and she acted sort of to banks and similar large bodies; ped to figure it out. And that asked her.

'Well?" says I. "She said," says Cal, "she didn't wish to be kissed." fib, probably," says L

"Well, what next?" "I didn't care whether she wished to be kissed or not," says Cal, "and I told her so. I couldn't imagine what made me ask her. a darn thing in my young life. She looked at me for a minute or two, then reached up and broke a spray of lilacs from the bush. She kissed it and tossed it to me, laughing. And that was 55 years ago this lilac time." He sighed. We lived together, man and wife for more than 40 years. The children grew up and went away. And then, one day, she too went away-in a white dress-with a bunch of lilacs on her bosom-

We should count time by heartthrobs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the ne-blest, acts the best."—Balley.

If Mr. Hoover Has His Way



D. H. TALMADGE

and that's all. You understand why the smell of lilacs-" "Yes, I understand," says 1

'You needn't go on." We didn't talk much after that for perhaps a half-hour; just sat, which, after all, is the only really restful way of visiting when the company is congenial. Folks, as a rule, talk too much.

Ret Tolliver, back in the bottomlands, went across the lots alto Tolliver's. Mrs. Budwin was a "No," says Cal, "it ain't any of ailent woman, comparatively I was coming up here I got a not. Mrs. Tolliver was a woman whiff of lilacs, and it wakened in who always led the conversation he had something to say to Jim, "Oh," says I, "that's it-you've but he couldn't think right then what it was, and then they'd sit "There was," says Cal dream- happily for an hour, Ret trying ily, rubbing his bald spot and to remember what it was he wanted to say to Jim and Jim waiting the state house, "a little white to hear what it was. Right restful gate back yonder with a lilac company they were to each other, Ret and Jim.

Salem has seen Greta Garbo in 'As You Desire Me," her final Hollywood picture-perhaps. The feature was well patronized at the Elsinore theatre the first of principle. We farm out billions as if she liked me. I never stop- three days of the week. A strange picture, the story of a woman night I asked her if she'd mind without a soul, her past a blank, direct to the individual. Why, I'd much if I kissed her. I'd never in a cabaret; of a nobleman whose cabaret the missing wife; of her removal to the nobleman's home despite the efforts of a libertine, who desired to keep her for himself; of her acceptance as his wife by the nobleman; of her struggle to convince herself that the nobleman really loved her instead of the woman who had been his wife, which woman she may or may not have been. A difficult role to portray. Metaphysics. Deep. Baffling. However, the pieture ends happily with the woman and the nobleman in each other's arms, although in the original Italian drama, I am told, the woman gives up the problem and returns to the cabaret. A marvelous performance by Miss Garbo.

> Some of the old fellows who are on the road merely grunt when questioned. Others talk. One, who was drinking at the fountain on Liberty street the other day, said, "This life on the road ain't so good, but it's better than life in a christian commun-(Continued on page 7)

### her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning. An bour later, the body of Lola's guest, Christine Quires, is found in Lola's room. Christine had been killed first and her body hidden. Dr. Hugh Bald-win attributes both deaths due to heart failure. Guy Everett, Chris-tine's New Year's Eve escort, claims he brought her home at 12:15 and then went riding, alone, on the Motor Parkway. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, denies seeing Christine return. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt discounts District Attorney Dougherty's theory that Lola was killed by a jewel thief ring she headed and that Christine met the same fate for knowing too much. Vincent Row-

SYNOPSIS

ure caused the deaths. CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE HERE was no indication of

history of old heart-trouble? In either girl?" "None whatever. The girls' hearts were sound as a dollar."
"But Doctor Baldwin told us Lola

had suffered from a weak heart." "Something wreng there, Mr. Colt. I know damn well that her But what did that make clear? heart could not have suddenly gone "Could she have been choke haywire and caused the condition I found. The heart muscle constrictions in both girls were simply unbelievable."

"Have you no theory at all as to what caused the constriction of the heart muscles ?" asked Colt.

"I admit it would look like some foreign cause -- poison -- something external that had just got into the system either the minute before you found her, or sometime afterward," them again - even shaved their torney Dougherty. heads-there was no trace of polmic needle. And that's been ana- bles this one!" lyzed down here. It was absolutely innocent—the solution of adrenalin he added: was absolutely harmless!"

Colt cleared his throat unhapthe pace you've been going. But for one, was ravenous.

Quires. Will you look again?" "Mr. Commissioner!"

-I know this is murder!" "What makes you say that?"

"That belt you found!" "Belt?"

the buckle on it!"

leather of that strap a number of thur interrupted us with an anmicroscopic pieces of human skin. nouncement:



"Mr. Colt," he declared, "I have come here, hounded by my conscience to make a confession."

There is no doubt that the strap was around the threat of Christine and he would like to see Mr. Colt

The Murder of the Night Club Lady
By ANTHONY ABBOT

So-this explained the diabolical markings on the dead girl's throat! "Could she have been choked death?" asked Thatcher Colt. "Absolutely not!" declared Doc-

ter Multooler, emphatically.
"You will try again?" begged "At once, Mr. Colt."

"Thank you," said Thatcher Colt tragic. Guy Everett could not have

autopsist as he hung up. There was a baffled glint in eyes of Thatcher Colt as he turned declared the Assistant Medical Ex- from the telephone and repeated But now his collar was askew and aminer stoutly. "But I went all over what he had heard to District At- his white tie was missing. His face

"How was the thing dene?" he eyes were gleaming restlessly. A son, and furthermore there was no demanded aloud, as he sat back and dark slouch hat was crunched in skin puncture anywhere except, on filled his pipe. "There are no really his right hand as he strode theat-Lola Carewe's arm, the tiny hole new methods in crime. But I can't rically across the library and stood made by Doctor Baldwin's hypoder- remember a single case that resem- before the Police Commissioner in

Then, with a philosophical sigh,

"However, we have only started." science, to make a confe Further comment was need up by.
entrance of the black Arthur pushentrance of the bla Further comment was held up by "Now, Doctor Multooler," he said, ing a breakfast table on wheels. The "please don't take what I am going sight and smell of that meal sud-told you a lie last night and my to say as a criticism. And I am sorry dealy made me realize that we had conscience will not let me rest!" to ask you to work any more, after been working all night and that I,

this much I know - unless I am In silence we began to eat. There ward a chair, "Sit down and tell it making the biggest blunder of my was creamed chicken on toast, hot straight!" life, there has to be a puncture rolls and marmalade, and the exsomewhere on the body of Christine quisite coffee which Colt's butler grinds and boils with such loving ar-The voice of Doctor J. L. Mul- like an incense in my memory. Af- cerity struggling through an habittooler rang with injury and re- ter his third cup of that priceless ual instinct to dramatize every "You know you can count on me!" the chicken, Dougherty leaned back, telling you is the truth, so help he cried earnestly. "Of course I'll beaming brightly. When at last he me God. It is true that I didn't go look again. Maybe I'll find some- spoke, his conversation had nothing on the Motor Parkway last nightthing this time. And I'm all the more to do with the crime. In stead, I spent all those hours in a speakwilling, Mr. Colt, because — even Dougherty began to talk of his easy trying to drink myself into a though I have failed to find anything shooting lodge in the Adirondacks calmer state." of the ways of wild game in fog and sunshine, and the joys of living the hermit's life, which Dougherty, eyes and then as quickly disapwho had been married three times peared. "Strap, I mean-the strap with and had eleven children, could "What did they find?" urged kind, enthusing over the fishing Avenue. Colt, his voice charged with eager- near the shores of Cape Cod, where "Mr. Colt, they found on the vein the talk rolled on, until Ar- proceed.

"There is a gentleman downstairs right away, and he says it's about a murder case of a girl named Miss Christine, and he says he has something to confess. And he says his name is Guy Everett."

For a full moment, none of spoks. Then Colt reached for his pipe and murmured: "You may send up Mr. Guy Ev

erett immediately. The appearance of the actor was

dressed the part of mental anguish "Happy New Year," caroled the more appropriately. He was still in the evening clothes which he had worn when he squired Christine Quires to their New Year party. was lined and haggard and his

a posture of resolute despair. "Mr. Colt," he declared, "I have come here, hounded by my con-

"Get it off your soul, man," encouraged Dougherty, shoving for-

Abruptly Guy Everett sat down on the edge of the chair, "I don't know how much tistry; the smell of that coffee is guessed," he blurted, fear and sin-

beverage, and a voracious attack on breath he drew, "but what I am

"What speakeasy?" asked Colt A blankness came into the actor's

"It was the North Star, on West hymn with gusto. Colt responded in Fifty-eighth Street, near Sixth I made a note of this, as Thathe has his summer home. In this cher Colt motioned for Everett te

(To Be Continued)
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# BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS-The "sorry immigrant:"

At the home dedication surprise party at Ellendale on July 4, R. P. Boise of Salem, by request, told the true "sorry immigrant" story that was current in the early days of Oregon. It will lose a good deal in cold print, and in its imperfect telling, and the reader will kindly make allowances in what follows.

One of the first grist mills in Oregon came about in this way: a mill site, locating it where El- must have credit. He argued that James H. O'Neal had come to lendale creek comes into the his family must be gotten through Oregon in or about 1834. In '37 Rickreall, just above the bridge he was with the expedition bring- that spans the latter stream, being the California cattle. In '39 he was converted in a revival led dale home of R. P. Boise. by Rev. David Leslie at the old mission. He presided at the famous "wolf meeting" of '43, was They found some granite on the on the committee of 12 calling land claim of Leander Holmes of the Champoog meeting of May 2, Holmes' Gap—the man whose and on the legislative committee proxy, secured by Jesse Appleof nine that reported the constitution and laws July 5, '43, and giving him a seat in the Chicago was there chosen judge (justice) of the Yamhill district. 5 5 5

His place was across the river history. from the old mission, and, the writer believes, he had a ferry there, near where the Wheatland ferry is now-though not very site, and soon there was a grist near, for the Willamette changed mill going; though the stones get back to them as quickly as its course there with the '61-2 gave a good deal of grit in the possible.

mission, moved to the Sait creek mith and Henry Owen bought the the "swamp angel," on acount of district, north of the Rickreall, in '44. They were ere long out of flour, and some of them came to about where the Polk county end of the Willamette bridge at Salem is now, and yelled and yelled for the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and mule pack trains from the mission will be and the mission of swamp angel," on account of the "swamp angel," on account of the mission of them reputed to be as dry as Sahara. But that is another story. James W. Nesmith was known by his familiars as Jim—afterward U. S. senator, the mission of the mission of them reputed to be as dry as Sahara. But that is another story. James W. Nesmith was known by his familiars as Jim—afterward U. S. senator, the mission of the mission of them reputed to be as dry as Sahara. But that is another story. James W. Nesmith was known by his familiary as Jim—afterward U. S. senator, the mission of the mi the mission mill people to come across with their leaky ferry beat and take them over. They gave it up, and attempted to build a ferry, but had hard luck with it.

Then the members of the Apple of the fell of the regret (Continued on page 9) Then the members of the Apple- In the fall of '51 a raggedy

gate party all went through another siege of yelling-and finally made themselves heard, and were ferried over, their wagon loaded with flour at the mission mill, ferried back, and finally reached home, after a trip of several days.

So they and their few neighbors wanted a grist mill in their neighborhood very much. Jesse Applegate was a surveyor. They had heard that O'Neal had worked in a grist milt. Jesse surveyed

But they had no mill stones. gate, was sent to Horace Greeley, convention of 1860, that resulted in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln and turned the course of

early day flour, Better ones were The Applegate families, spending the winter of '43 at the old society at Portland, J. W. Nesing the winter of '43 at the old society at Portland, J. W. Nesin years afterward also known as the "swamp angel," on acount of

and bedraggied man drove up with an ox team and wagon to the grist mill. On inquiry he found that the man in charge was Owen; Nesmith, the other partner, being store keeper, bookkeeper, etc. The raggedy man asked if Owen had flour, and if he could buy some. He was assured that there was plenty, and it was for sale. \* \* \*

"How much?" The customer said he wanted 1000 pounds. That sounded like a good order. 'But," said Owen, "it is \$20 a hundred pounds, and I suppose you have the \$200 to pay for it." He replied that he had just come in from off the plains, had lost everything he had possessed, and the winter, and he would pay when he could, "But you can youd and near the present Ellen- mortgage your team," insisted Owen. He could not, he said, for he had borrowed the team and wagon from "old Dock Richardson, on the Long Tom", to come and get the flour. It was a long argument, but finally the flour was loaded into the wagon, and the man drove off.

\* \* \* No one here in that day would have thought of allowing him to go without eating, and of course the immigrant was invited to stop at the house and get his dinner. They hewed the mill stones and But he refused, saying his family hauled them with ox teams to the would be starving, but for the bounty of neighbors, and he must

(Continued on page 9)

