

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Party Planks on Prohibition

THE Portland Journal, the Oregon paper regularly winning the gold medal for walking the tight rope without falling on either side of controversial issues, denounces the republican liquor plank as a straddle. The Journal by inference, then sustains and supports the democratic plank which is for straight repeal, but makes no provision whatever for any substitute method of control. The Journal knows, as every one in the country knows, that the adoption of the democratic recommendation of straight repeal would mean the immediate restoration of the open saloon in the states like New York, Wisconsin and Montana which have no liquor laws now and where public sentiment favors easy sales of intoxicants.

There is a profound difference between the republican and the democratic planks. For years the wets have been saying that they abhorred the saloon, but were interested in "temperance". Very well, the republican plank definitely forbids the return of the saloon. The wets have asked for local option as to whether liquor is prohibited or not. Very well, the republican platform would grant local option to such states, provided such sales of liquor were not made in saloons, which in effect would tolerate some dispensary system as prevails in Sweden or Canada. And most decisively it runs counter to the democratic platform in demanding a definite substitute method of liquor control where the democratic plank imposes no restraint and merely invokes a pious expression of hope which the claque of gallery gave the instant lie to.

One of the speakers in the democratic convention referred to the Christian Century as the leading non-sectarian religious journal of the country. This magazine has been an uncompromising supporter of prohibition, yet is clear-visioned enough to see the evils which have attended it and realistic enough to analyze the political cross currents which accompany the present agitation. In an editorial written between the two party conventions the Christian Century observes:

"Our opinion of the republican plank on liquor is that it should be gratefully received and approved by every reasonable dry. Likewise by every reasonable wet. This is not said facetiously or ironically. The longer the republican plank is studied the more will it commend itself as fair to both sides, constitutional in method, and patriotic in purpose. It formulates a plan for the resubmission of the liquor question in terms which preserve a just formula under which the issue is to be submitted, leaving untouched the merits or substance of the issue itself. Though the republican proposal is for resubmission, its essence is that it proposes to control the formula of resubmission. . . .

"Enlightened dries have for some time been coming to the position that public policy now demands that the question be taken back to the people for a fresh mandate. If this mandate goes against federal prohibition, it goes without saying that prohibitionists will abide by the law. If it goes in favor of prohibition the task of enforcement will be greatly simplified. . . . Moreover the wording of the republican plank does not commit the party or any member of it to endorse its provisions for the question is a grave moral question, which transcends party lines. The democratic party openly favors repeal, and thus becomes the political tool of the wets. And Frank Roosevelt, erstwhile dry, announces he is for the platform 100%. In addition the democratic platform contains a plank for short circuiting prohibition by permitting light wines and beer to be sold, which is an open avenue to nullification.

The democratic platform would turn the country back to state option which means restoration of booze with only a modicum of control. The republican platform holds the high ground that prohibition is a national as well as a local question, that if there is to be modification it must be on terms which PREVENT the return of the open saloon in the areas where legalized liquor distribution is demanded, and at the same time PROTECT the areas which prefer prohibition. Such a platform when analyzed is not a straddle. It presents the issue of Retention or Modification; whereas the Democratic platform endorses REPEAL.

Dries should be under no doubt as to which of the two platforms they should support.

And a Little Pig Shall Lead Them

A new barometer of business has appeared. The old standards have been weekly bank clearings, car loadings, kilowatt hours, bond prices, pig iron production. For weeks business prophets have been scanning these statistics to see if they could not find some basis for hope. The while these crystal gazers were straining their eyes in well-nigh fruitless effort, a new index of returning prosperity has arisen out of the west.

It is the hog. The humble hog, from of old known as the mortgage-lifter of the Iowa farm. The hog is coming back. Where he has been we do not know; where he is going we do not know; but he seems to be on the way. The price of hogs has undergone a mysterious strengthening in recent weeks. The price did get down to around 3c a pound, which is painfully low. But now with a chorus of approving grunts from hog-growers, the price has gone up to 5½c, even 6c Monday at Portland.

In this part of the country we do not quite appreciate the significance of the boost in the hog price. But the great mid-western corn belt is chiefly a hog-economy. Corn is not sold so much as it is fed to swine and marketed as meat. Hogs were for years the staple profit-makers for the mid-western farmer. This year when things looked the blackest with prices ranging from 2½ to 3c a pound, the hog with characteristic perversity, runs away from the prognosticators of the department of agriculture and suddenly becomes a profitable servant once more.

Who knows, but out of the welter of agriculture's distress, a little pig shall lead them?

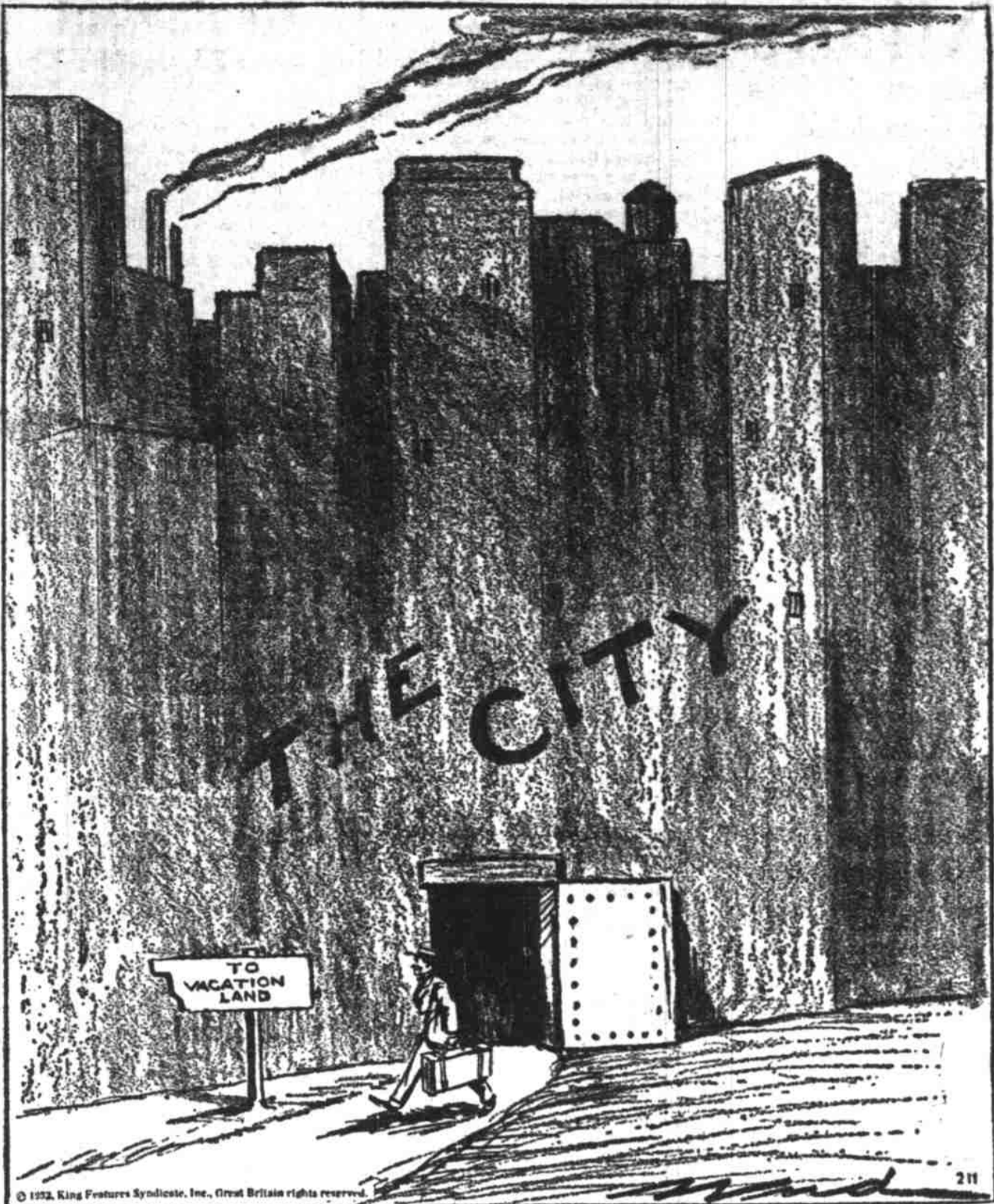
From the way the petitions rolled in from Douglas county on the school merger bill it would appear that memories there go back a year at least.

The Yakima Republic thinks about initiative petitions that there aren't enough burglars. Either that, or too many petition racketeers.

Now the chiselers are after a short-time license for fishing. But us, we'll take one for fifteen minutes.

Frankie Roosevelt is sailing the seas in a yawl called the Myth. That name applies to the political seas as well as the salt seas.

Two Weeks' Parole



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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic markers, etc.:

(Continuing from yesterday.) The writer is attempting to find, among many other things, where Joseph G. Wilson and family lived, in Salem, before they went to reside in their new brick house which Wilson erected where the Bligh block including the Warner Bros. Capitol theatre is now, southeast corner of High and State streets.

Mr. Smith bought that site, lots 7 and 8, block 7, some time before December, 1861. That meant 165 by 165 feet, opposite the Marion county court house block. What, the reader may ask, was the price paid? The deed shows a consideration of \$200. It was executed by Chloe Aurelia Willson December 6, 1861, in the city and county of Hartford, Connecticut.

She had been Chloë A. Clark, of the Lausanne party of missionaries, arriving in 1849. Dr. W. H. Willson had come in 1837. He was sent to the Nisqually mission, near the present Tacoma, Wash., and she was also detailed there that post. They were married there. When the Salem townsite of the Methodist mission was divided into four 640 acre claims, the northwest mile square went to L. H. Judson and wife and was transferred to J. B. McClane and wife and patent issued to them. Mrs. McClane had been Helen C. Judson, daughter of the claimants, and had married McClane. The northeast mile square went to J. L. Parrish and Leslie, the southern 640 to David Leslie and wife, and the central mile square to Dr. W. H. Willson and wife.

In April, 1856, Dr. Willson died. Chloe Aurelia Willson-Clark had come with the Lausanne party to be teacher of white children. She opened the Oregon Institute August 13, 1844, with five students, and was the first teacher of the institution, which became Willamette university.

The brick house built on the Bligh block site by Joseph G. Willson was the home of his

family, and afterward was a hotel, under several different names. Jos. Meyers bought it for \$10,000. He sold it to Thos. G. Bligh for \$30,000. Its value now with improvements, must be not far from a quarter of a million.

Jos. A. Baker, Salem's longest time resident, who will be 92 on the 23rd of this month, remembers that the Wilson brick house was standing in the '61-2 flood, so it must have been erected in '60 or '61, for that flood was at its height the last days of 1861, and Mr. Baker remembers that the water came up around that house, and it was necessary to brace it, to keep the walls from being undermined. So there was likely a bargain or bond previous to the execution of the deed in Connecticut.

Mr. Baker is not clear on the place or places of residence of the J. G. Wilson family prior to that. He has a faint recollection that they lived where the main manufacturing plant of the paper mill now stands; or near the southwest corner of Trade and Commercial streets. He remembers that he himself roomed for a time in the North side building, northeast corner of Front and Trade, about where the Fry warehouse is now.

The deed records show that Jos. G. Willson and J. W. Nesmith bought the last named property, Dr. W. H. Willson and wife deeded to them, Nov. 5, 1853, that corner, 24 feet on Trade by 60 feet on Front. The consideration was \$190. So the historic Nesmith building, first Salem home of The Statesman newspaper, territorial printing office, meeting place of the lower house of the territorial legislature of the session of '53-4, must have been the partnership property of Nesmith and Willson. It was afterwards the sole property of Willson, for Nesmith deeded to him his interest, part of it Nov. 29, 1857, and the rest Sept. 27, 1860; the last date near the time he (Nesmith) was, with Col. E. D. Baker, elected to the United States senate.

It is probable that Jos. G. Willson and family had several different homes in Salem before they went to their new brick house. For a consideration of \$1300, Nov. 25, 1853, J. W. Nesmith and Joseph G. Willson bought from W. H. and Chloe A. Willson lot of block 4, northeast corner High and Chemeketa, and lot 6 of block 29, next to the northeast corner of Commercial and Marion; and lot 8 of block 10, the last block next to the river, and the north side of Center street, corner Washington and State, and lot 4 of block 63, the northwest corner of State and Front; and nearly all of block 85, surrounded by Court, Chemeketa, Summer and Capitol.

Joseph G. Willson kept buying lots at the foot of Center street, until he owned all of the half block fronting on the river, on the north side. In one transaction he bought the lot at the northeast corner of Center and High (in the high school block) together with one of the lots at the foot of Center street. This was Nov. 3, 1860.

July 2, 1856, he bought from Chloe A. Willson ("widow") lot 6 of block 78, northeast corner of Court and Marion, for \$100. G. N. Terry took the deed, for \$100. G. N. Terry is the Breyman Boise property, opposite the postoffice, on which there is now a filling station.

Joseph G. Willson at one time, beginning Sept. 27, 1860, owned a half interest in the ground on which stands the Senator hotel, High and Court.

Aug. 16, 1860, he bought from Chloe A. Willson a tract of about three acres near the river—probably the ground on which the paper converting plant stands now.



JAMES FARLEY

James A. Farley, known to thousands as "Big Jim," is not the newcomer to politics as is popularly supposed outside his home State of New York. In fact, the man who is credited with "putting Roosevelt over" at the recent convention has been playing the game since he was twelve. Farley was born in Grassy Point, Rockland County, N. Y., in 1888, and at an age when he should have been counting his marbles he was fascinated by the oratory, extolling the full dinner pail, that was a feature of the McKinley-Bryan campaign. So intrigued was he by politics that he was made a town committeeman in the Democratic Party, long before he made his first mark on a ballot. Farley's first elective office was that of Town Clerk of Stony Point, N. Y., from 1912 to 1915. Then in rapid succession he became Supervisor and Assemblyman, in the meantime climbing to eminence in the councils of the State Democratic Party, of which he was named chairman in 1930. His "ringcraft" in the recent campaign for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, which astounded many old warhorses of innumerable conventions, may have been a product of his experience as chairman of the State Bering Commission for politics resembles boxing inasmuch as the main object is to get one's opponent where one wants him and then to hit hard and often. "Big Jim's" methods are those of the "Regular Fellow," the good mixer. Big, jovial, diplomatic and astute, he is a past master in guiding a wavering inclination just in the direction in which he wants it to go. This faculty led the Roosevelt line in order during many a trying session at the recent convention.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady," is mysteriously murdered in her penthouse apartment at three o'clock New Year's morning. An hour later, the body of Lola's guest, Christine Quires, is found in Lola's room. Christine had been killed and her body hidden. Dr. Hugh Baldwin attributes both deaths due to heart failure. Guy Everett, Christine'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, declines 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 Rowland, Lola's lawyer, discloses that Everett led Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin. The Commissioner telephoned a picture of a young man, named Basil, found on Lola's dresser, to the Paris French of Police requesting that he identify it and investigate Lola's past. The police are on the trail of Christine's brother, Edgar, who left his Rochester home for New York after receiving a telegram New Year's Eve. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Dr. Maltzoff, the medical examiner, contradicts Dr. Baldwin's statement that heart failure caused the deaths. A strap picked up in Lola's room presents mute evidence of having caused the bruise on Christine's neck—after death. Everett confesses he lied about riding on the Motor Parkway. He states Christine told him she had found out a plot to murder Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge, adding that Dr. Baldwin was involved.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

AND Eunice James?

"Just a little German girl from Staten Island. I think she is in love with Guy Everett." "Quite likely," said Colt. "Now what have you got about Lola?" Flynn pulled a sheaf of papers from a side pocket. "Plenty," he answered, "but what does it mean? By working here, and telegraphing Hollywood, we have interviewed three of her former leading men, one producer, a costume designer, and a scenario writer who was in love with her. Also a dozen wealthy men she was friendly with here in New York. None of them will say very much. If I were to make a guess, I would say that Lola had something on them all."

"And you would be right!" smiled Colt. "What about her arrival in this country?" "Got that, too. Of course the records were all locked up, but those Department of Justice boys can get pretty nearly anything they want. Lola came to this country alone about twelve years ago—here are the records!" Colt studied the transcript of the State Department records with absorbed interest. Then he tucked them in his pocket.

"And about Christine?" he wanted to know. "Her brother and his wife are leading citizens of Rochester. Their reputation is first rate. They did leave on the train for New York—but so far they haven't reached here."

"Unless they arrived before the crisis," murmured Colt. "There's always that," asserted Flynn, closing one eye. "As for Vincent Rowland, he went home, went to bed, and from all accounts is at this minute sound asleep." "Sensible man!" sighed Colt. "What report did you get on Doctor Baldwin?"

"The worst of all," revealed Inspector Flynn heavily. "He spent the rest of his night at his office. Hasn't gone home yet. The bell-boys at their apartment house say he and his wife quarrel frequently—over money and Lola Carewe. People in the next apartment say the same thing. They say the wife is a good woman and all that—but fat and jealous. And that's bad!" Colt nodded his entire countenance, as he lit his pipe and shuffled.



"Macy sends on the report about Lola Carewe's hybrid past," continued Colt.

fed the typed reports into a drawer. "What about the bottle and the writing paper that you found under the mattress?" he asked. Flynn shrugged his shoulders. "No finger-prints on any of it," he growled. "Looks to me like we're dealing with a professional."

"Or with a smart amateur," amended Colt, as he turned to another pile of papers beside him. "Here are the cables from Scotland Yard."

"Macy sends on the report about Lola Carewe's hybrid past," continued Colt, reading hastily. "Started life as a London working girl. Once arrested for a fight with another girl in the millinery shop in Soho where she was employed. Then disappeared. Reappeared along the Riviera as a dancing girl. Waited of her own invention called 'The Scorpion'."

Colt looked over at me and chuckled. My chief loves the whimsical, the odd and the extravagant in all the affairs of life. He could not hide his pleasure in this picturesque detail. Quickly he shuffled through the other reports lying there—the official statements of the department chemists and the Assistant Medical Examiner, and a message from Fallon, left in charge of the penthouse, stating that all was quiet. Colt was about to pass on, when a telephone rang. The operator warned us that we would presently receive a call from M. Dupont in Paris.

"Thank God—the old boy works fast," erupted Colt aloud. "You are banking on Lola Carewe's past as the key to the whole thing?"

"I am, Tony—it seems logical to me that, one way or another, the more we learn of Lola, the nearer we come to the killer of herself and Christine."

"And this Basil?" Again the telephone rang. The connection was complete; M. Dupont was ready to speak with M. Colt. The great French police detective came directly to the point. He had taken the portrait, conveyed to him by the telephotographic service, and shown it to Grenon, the photographer, in the Avenue d'Yvrea. After some search, the picture was identified—and here the under-oceanic voice of M. Dupont became tense with excitement. "It is Basil Boucher, no other name!—Basil Boucher, and no other name!—when I heard that name I was tremendously excited. For I remembered the name—a cause célèbre—here in Paris."

"I'm all attention, M. le Prefect!"

"Ah, well! Basil Boucher was an honest young bank clerk of very respectable parents. Then one day he met a dancer. Her name was Lola—I know no other. In my city she had left behind her a sordid trail of ruined men. Basil Boucher loved her. He promised her a ruby if she would love him. To get the money—he robbed the bank. We came to arrest him—he had disappeared. Voilà!"

"My dear confrère, may I request another great favor from your kindness?" "It is with pleasure that I cooperate."

"May I have by telephoto all the pictures of Basil Boucher and his family that you can find?" "Avec plaisir."

"Especially the carte d'identité pictures in your office." "It shall be as you wish, M. Colt!"

"A moment or two more, please—" "A thousand, if you wish them!" "What business did the Boucher family have?"

"The son, Basil, was a bank employee, a teller, do you say? The father had a little shop, where he sold specimens to medical laboratories. A malodorous business, M. Colt!"

"Vraiment! Further, did you get word from Roumania?" "Of a certainty, yes! They have no record of a M. Jorga. But they say it is a good old Roumanian name!"

"Thanks!" "Colt sat back with a smile. "I knew it," he muttered. "I was sure of it!"

But he refused to explain what he meant, and a moment later the telephone rang again. Professor Luckner was calling. "Good morning, Herr Commissioner!" rumbled the old biologist—as usual, I was making notes on an extension phone. "Good morning, Herr Professor!" "Herr Commissioner, the superiority of machines over night-sticks has again been demonstrated. You have made possible another triumph of the greatest of the detective weapons—the vacuum cleaner!"

"What does that mean?" prodded Colt, as the good-humored old professor paused for effect. "I know what killed the young ladies—but I won't tell you. You will have to come and see for yourself."

"We'll be right up!" snapped Colt, and named the receiver back on the hook. (To Be Continued) Copyright 1931, by Colville-Friede, Inc. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

RECENTLY I wrote about eczema and told of the frequent occurrence of this annoying condition in children. Today I want to tell you about asthma in young children and its relationship to eczema.

Asthma commonly develops in children who have had eczema in infancy, and some authorities believe that most children who have eczema will at some future time develop an asthmatic complaint.

The cause of eczema has never been definitely determined. It is believed that many cases in childhood are due to certain foods taken by the infant or the mother. It has been found that in some way these same foods may be the cause of asthma.

Asthma is believed to be caused by a sensitivity to certain proteins in the food, in the air, or in the clothing or furnishings of the home. The disease is most commonly caused by foods or inhaled dusts, such as animal dandruff, feather dust, plant dust and pollen.

Skin tests are used to determine what substance causes the asthma. Injections of various substances are made under the skin or by scratching the skin and the reaction determines whether the individual is susceptible to the substance injected. Such tests are made with foods included in the daily diet, also samples of dust and other substances found in the house.

If the offending substance is a food, it should be taken from the diet. If it is dust from certain household furnishings, they should be discarded, if it is dust from pollen, treatment may be given in the form of special vaccines, which should be injected at periodic intervals until the sensitivity is overcome.

In all cases of asthma, a complete physical examination by a physician is necessary before successful treatment and relief can be expected. All abnormalities should be corrected wherever possible. The diet and manner of living must be carefully investigated. If the child is undernourished, attention should be given to building up his resistance. Cod liver oil should be given twice a day and the diet should contain a simple but nourishing food.

I am often asked whether a change of climate is of any benefit. While change to a different climate may be beneficial, it does not help in cases of asthma, and in addition it is expensive and may subject the child to many unnecessary risks. There are many medicines that give relief during acute attacks, but they should only be administered under the personal supervision of a physician.

Answers to Health Queries

M. I. M. Q.—What do you advise for scars from burns?

Mrs. D. R. Q.—What do you advise for ringworm on the head?

A.—Consult a skin specialist so that he can determine how deeply the scars go and what is best to do about this.

A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and request your question.

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New Views

What is your favorite spot in Oregon and why? This was the question asked yesterday by The Statesman reporters.

Rena Allison, student: "I'm fond of all the beaches, though I believe I like Neakowia the best. I think Takt is an ideal place, especially if one likes boating."

Mark White, clerk: "Oceanside for me."

Daily Thought

"I find letters from God in the street, and every one is signed by God's name. And I leave them where they are, for I know that where 'e'r I go, Others will punctually come for ever and over."—Whitman.