

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Rains in July

WEDNESDAY morning we were awakened about four o'clock by the patter of rain on the metal roof of the porch below our bedroom window. The winter rains had fallen ceaselessly without arousing us; in fact the drumming of the rain was almost lullaby. But rain in July, that is different. It is very "unusual" if you please, so why should not the beat of rain drops serve as an alarm?

In this great northwest there is the long rainy season extending from September to the first of July; and the short dry season of two months with rarely a passing shower. This year June failed to do its bit, so the July rains may be merely the belated showers of June which somehow missed the calendar.

The July rain here does little good, though it does little harm. Haying now is pretty well finished; grain harvest is barely starting. Grain, except spring-sown grain, is not helped by late rains; in fact quality is often damaged if hot weather follows a rainy spell. Gardens will rejoice in the unexpected irrigation, and lawns drink the water like a sponge. Nothing seems so good for vegetation as a generous rain.

But there are regions where summer rains come as healing balm, as heaven sent blessing. We refer not to the industrious husbandman who scans the skies hungrily for black clouds; but to the hired man. Were you ever a "hired man" on a farm say in Kansas or Missouri and woke up at three or four in the morning and heard the rain on the roof? Ah, that is indeed the grand and glorious feeling. For it means an hour longer for snoozing; it means no corn plowing that day, no hay-making, no shocking of bundled grain. Even if the farmer grumbles because of interference with his plans, the hired hand secretly rejoices at prospect of a day of lightened labor.

But his joy may be short-lived. For the farmer has always chores ahead for rainy days. There is the mustard, head high, in the cow pasture behind the grove; there are the weeds that have sprung up on the fringes of the road and in corners of the barn-lot. So the scythe must be brought out and sharpened at the grindstone which the hired man must turn as the farmer sets blade to wetted stone. Then perchance as he swings his scythe in the heavy weeds, air humid and sweaty, the sun may come out to parboil him in the heavy vapors.

Or the hired hand may be sent to trim the hedge. Wielding a long knife like a machete he hacks away the new growth on the thorny hedge, provoking weariness in strange muscles of arm and shoulder. And while the hired hand is left mowing weeds or trimming hedge, his farmer boss drives into town to foregather with other farmers and talk of crops and prices and roads.

Such are the rainy days on mid-western farms. Here also, they come so rarely in the summer season, we wonder if farmer or hired man knows just how to take them.

Short Rations for Political Campaigns

NATIONAL committees are turning to the same page of the old hymn book: "Count your shekels, count them one by one, will they last you till your journey's done". And treasurers of both parties agree they will not, from present prospects. The republicans do not have Will Hays to gumshoe around among the moneyed gentry with a gentle touch for generous gifts or "loans" of liberty bonds. The democrats do not have Al Smith's moneyed friends, Raskob and Kenney and the late Jimmy Riordan to act as good angels for their cause. In fact Raskob may be presenting his "i. o. u." to the new committee with the stamp on them, "please remit".

It looks like poor pickings this year for the horde of political sleuths who live off the party war chests every four years. There will be fewer scouts, fewer special trains, reduced headquarters expense. But there is little indication that the parties or the country will suffer from the reduced expenditure. Party committees have been notoriously extravagant; pouring money out lavishly.

A plain diet of corn meal and molasses will be a healthful change for a presidential campaign this year; and quite in keeping with the times.

Back to Gold Standard

JUST as the truculent senate was attaching a rider to the proposed home loan bill which would authorize the issuance of a billion dollars in currency the bank for international settlements at Basel issued a call for a return to the gold standard which was assented to by Great Britain, Japan and Sweden which are now on a currency basis which is at a discount with respect to gold. Montagu Norman, governor of the historic Bank of England, approved of the resolution, which set forth that gold is "the best available monetary mechanism and best suited to make possible a free flow of the world's trade".

There is no acceptable substitute for gold as a standard. Its choice was not made by writ of parliament but by the accepted custom of merchants and traders for centuries and centuries.

It is grave folly for the United States with its resources and its abundant gold supply even to consider starting to issue printing press money. If we hold our ground, as under the firm leadership of Pres. Hoover we shall, this country will remain on a gold standard and the foreign countries will return to it just as fast as their circumstances will permit.

According to "Time" it was Willie Hearst who finally picked Frankie Roosevelt. Willie had a grudge against Al Smith ever since Al kicked him for the New York governorship. Willie had picked out Garner. The anti-Roosevelt crowd had Frankie stopped after three ballots. Then Willie Hearst ordered McKaddie-do to switch from Garner to Frankie and made an easy deal for his man Garner for vice president. Thus we have William Randolph Hearst now in the grand role of kingmaker in the democratic party; with nominees for both president and vice president beholden to him for his favor.

Dead, "at the head of party or parties unknown"; so reads the verdict in the Smith Reynolds (Cameo cigarettes) case. But there was a "party" which was known, it was a "wild party", with lots of whiskey and Libby herself getting "very tight" her friends testified. Perhaps that was the "party" to which may be rightfully attributed the rash act of ending Reynolds life.

Once Too Often!



BITS FOR BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic markers, etc.:
(Continuing from yesterday.) The Bits man desires corrections and additions to matters appearing in this series, from any one who can furnish them. This is important, for they are going to history.

The attorneys for McClane in the famous North Salem claim-jumping case were all outstanding early Oregon men. Jos. J. Wilson was elected to congress in 1872; A. G. Gibbs was Oregon's war governor, 1862-6; R. F. Boise was life long circuit and supreme judge; Geo. H. Williams U. S. attorney general, etc. They all lived in Salem at the time.

R. F. Boise of Salem, son of Judge Boise, says the home of Geo. H. Williams in Salem was on the west side of Commercial street, next to the lot cornering on Division. As certain evidence that his memory is clear on this point, book 1, Marion county record of deeds, shows that Wm. H. and Chas. A. Williams sold to Geo. H. Williams on September 14, 1855 lots 1, 2 and 8 of block 13, consideration \$1. The acknowledgment was taken by Jos. G. Wilson, clerk of the supreme court of Oregon. Lots 1 and 8 are the corners of Commercial and Front respectively, and lot 2 is on Commercial next south of lot 1. In the same deed, there was included lot 6, block 3, which is the lot on High street next south of the high school.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

ECZEMA is perhaps the most common skin disease, causing more distress than any other disease of the skin. Hardly a day passes that I do not receive a letter requesting information and advice about this disease.

The mother of a child suffering from this ailment often becomes frantic in her efforts to give the child relief. The disease is indeed distressing, and sometimes persists in spite of every effort on the part of the mother. She may resort to the use of salves of every description, and often these do more harm than good.

Eczeema may occur at any age. It makes up thirty per cent of all skin diseases, most often affecting children and infants, and is much more severe and persistent when it occurs in infancy. The cause is not known. It is believed by some authorities to be associated with faulty indigestion, or the use of foods that act as irritants.

Eczeema is described as an acute or chronic inflammation of the skin, and is characterized by redness, scabs and crust formation, with marked itching and burning. The eruption is moist, in contrast to psoriasis, with which it is frequently confused. Psoriasis is a dry, silvery, gray-like inflammation of the skin, without marked itching.

Most mothers fear eczeema and believe it to be contagious. On this account children with eczeema are often subjected to unnecessary embarrassment and unhappiness. Please bear in mind that the disease is not "catching," and cannot be transmitted from one person to another.

While eczeema is seldom seen in breast-fed babies, it is of common occurrence in the infant that is weaned at an early age and has difficulty in becoming adjusted to the bottle formula.

Constipation must be corrected if it exists, and the disease is often cured as soon as disorders of the digestive organs are corrected. All centers of infection, particularly enlarged tonsils and adenoids, should be removed.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS
Lola Carewa, "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 first 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. Carewa, 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 Rowland, Lola's lawyer, discloses that Everett loved Lola and was jealous of Dr. Baldwin. 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. Multoiler, the medical examiner, contradicts Dr. Baldwin's statement that heart failure caused the death. 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 discovered a plot to murder Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge, adding that Dr. Baldwin was involved. The picture of the young man found in Lola's room is identified by the Paris Prefect of Police as that of Basil Boischer, a bank clerk, who met a dancer named Lola in Paris, robbed a bank to buy her a ruby, and then disappeared. Basil's parents sold medical laboratory specimens. The scientist employed by Colt to analyze the dust garnered from Lola's room telephones that he knows what killed Lola and Christine.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT
THE laboratory of Professor Luckner, as I recalled while Neil McMahon was driving us uptown toward Morningside Heights, was a plain room in the rear of a private apartment. Some years before, the old scientist had retired, but at Colt's persuasion had equipped himself with a private workshop which he devoted solely to research work requested by the police department. On many occasions he had been of substantial assistance to Thatcher Colt.

At the door of the apartment we were met by the professor, a mild little man with a red beard turning gray, reminding one of Bernard Shaw. This morning the scientist's eyes were twinkling behind double-lens nose spectacles, and his wild, scraggy gray hair was waving excitedly on the top of his long, thin head.

"Come right in," the savant invited, shaking hands effusively and laughing nervously. "Once more you skeptics shall see what poor, humble science can do!"

He led us to a plain room. In the center was a kitchen table, over which had been laid a covering of glistening white cardboard. Here the dust and fragments from the bags of the vacuum cleaners had been emptied. The debris had been spread on the cardboard and the whole dumped mass leveled to a fine thin layer, spread like varnish. Trained on this exhibit was a beam of light from a portable nickel-plated lamp—like the "baby spot" of the theaters—with the additional feature of a belt of mirrors concentrated around the light. Under this light, Professor Luckner had been examining the mess for hours, peering at it through an ultra-microscope.

first territorial postoffice in that house, in 1849. The second general store in Salem was in that house, kept by J. B. McClane, commencing in 1849 or 1850. He had secured gold dust in the California mines, bought a \$2500 stock of goods in San Francisco, which accordingly L. H. Judson, he "in a very few months sold for more than \$6000, cash in hand, still leaving a considerable

GERMANY'S ROYAL FASCIST



L. H. Judson succeeded to the rights of the Methodist mission in respect to the North Salem land claim, including the mission mills and the Lee house and acreage. McClane succeeded to Judson's rights, and gave bonds for deeds. But there was no absolute title until the McClane patent was recorded, January 23, 1861.

McClane engaged the land on which stood the Lee house, to the state of Oregon, for a school fund loan. The state foreclosed, in 1880. Judge R. P. Boise bought it in 1882. From the Judge Boise estate the property went to W. L. and R. P. Boise, heirs, in 1917, and in 1929, to W. H. Hogan, the present occupant. A short chain of title.

But back of the patent was the mission, from 1840, with numerous occupants. McClane had the

New Views

Yesterday Statesman reporters asked: "What do you think of the proposal of a rose-lined highway between here and Portland?"

Mrs. Jennie E. B. Jones, housewife: "It will be a fine thing for the state of Oregon, if the taxpayers are willing."

Mrs. A. Berker, guest from California: "It would be a wonderful advertising feature for Oregon, as well as a beautiful way to 'dress up' the highways."

Frank Sanfield, farmer of Wacunda area: "That's a fine idea. I would even like to see fruit trees, such as apple and cherry, planted along the highway. If we all got to hobnobbing we could enjoy ourselves as we go along with such trees along the route."

Louise Williams, housewife: "It appears a fine plan to me and should attract considerable attention. That is, if the bushes are given any care at all."

Daily Thought

"There are two ways of being happy: we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest."
—Benjamin Franklin.