

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Petition Theft not a Hoax

THE Portland police keep telling the public there is nothing to report on the petition robbery the night of July 4th in Portland. Last week the detectives said there would be an announcement to make but they haven't cheeped yet, which makes one wonder if the Portland police have hold of a hot poker and are unable to let go. The pressure may be too great for them to divulge what facts they have uncovered.

This paper accepted at fact value the press reports emanating from Portland and concluded the theft of the university consolidation petitions was a hoax engineered by some of the sponsors of the initiative. But Monday afternoon we inspected the petitions in the office of the secretary of state. The vast majority of those petitions carry the notarial acknowledgments dated July 5, 6 and 7 proving the contention of Messrs. Zorn and Ramage that the petitions were not just lifted and then returned to the pile for filing. In other words the petitions were not removed by friends of the measure but by persons who were planning to wreck the initiative through larceny of the petitions.

The facts which are thus far revealed are as follows: The proponents of the initiative had on July 4th over 25,000 names on petitions, a fact which is verified by the reports from county clerks of names certified up to the night of July 2nd. Petitions with some 20,000 names were in a safe in the headquarters office in Portland and some 6,500 in a desk. That night the safe was opened and the petitions removed, those in the desk not being disturbed. The watchman on duty first claimed a hold-up and later admitted the theft was framed up. Whether some one on the inside of the group in Portland sponsoring the initiative sold out, or whether the watchman alone was bought off is one of the mysteries yet unraveled.

With the desk petitions numbering 6,500 names and others with around 2,000 names which had not yet been turned in from county clerk's offices, Messrs. Zorn and MacPherson and Ramage organized an intensive drive on July 5, 6 and 7 and secured over 20,000 names in those three days, bringing the total to about 29,000 names. These were filed and may be examined at the secretary of state's office.

It was our supposition that the stolen petitions were later used in filing, which if true would prove that the deal was simply a hoax. The fact that they were not so used rather discredits the whole hoax theory, for there remains an absence of motive, except among over-zealous partisans of the campaign against the initiative. No person would intimate that the responsible heads of the campaign against the initiative, like Judge Harris of Eugene and A. M. Smith of Portland would be parties to any such deal; but there might easily be other interested persons who would justify the theft on the theory that the end justified the means.

We go into the matter again chiefly because we have concluded after an examination of the petitions on file that the assertion of "hoax" will not stand; that the deal was either a sell-out by insiders or else the watchman was bought off; and that its purpose was definitely to kill the initiative believing it would not be possible to obtain sufficient signatures in the few days remaining. We feel too that the papers of the state, most of whom are hostile to the consolidation proposal, have been led astray as this paper was; and in that way have reflected unjustly on the group which have sponsored the initiative, particularly the Marion county taxpayers group and Dr. MacPherson whom we believe to be absolutely sincere in their purpose.

No matter what the outcome of the investigation of the petition theft may be, the initiative itself goes on the ballot. The public should examine it critically, weigh the arguments pro and con, and vote their honest judgment on what is best for higher education for Oregon not only today but for the century to come.

Leslie Scott Resigns

NO one requires two guesses as to why Leslie Scott resigned from the state highway commission. He has had frequent differences of opinion with Governor Meier as to correct administration of the department finances; and his retirement is accurately set down to opposition to the commands of the governor. We are not sure that Mr. Scott was personally resentful of the governor's interference. He does not impress us as one standing on punctilio, and insisting on independence of action. Rather we surmise that he could not agree with the governor's ideas on highway management, and preferred to step out of the picture rather than to do things which were against his seasoned judgment.

Scott went on the commission acting on the theory that it was time the taxpayer and motorist who was putting up the money had a hearing. His first moves were for department reorganization, reduction in expense and increase in efficiency. He declared his opposition to further bond issues for roads; and objected to using highway funds for doles for unemployed.

Gov. Meier however was subject to pressure from groups wanting the highway department to make work; so he got the commission to sell some bonds to provide money. Then when the commission planned on the contract method which involved use of power machinery Gov. Meier influenced them to use hand labor. Chairman Scott acceded to the demand on condition that the wage be set at \$1.50 per day of six hours which would equalize the cost when power machines are used. Labor organizations got after the governor on the \$1.50 wage, and the governor virtually commanded the commission to pay 50 cents per hour, or \$3.00 per day of six hours. This was an increase of 12½¢ per hour because the former scale had been \$3.00 per day of eight hours. Scott remained a short time and Monday insisted on the acceptance of his resignation.

How much of the cause of Gov. Meier's forcing the wage scale of 50¢ per hour was due to the threat of boycott of his big department store? The Oregon Labor Press, organ of the labor unions, waged a strenuous fight against the \$1.50 scale, concluding its leading editorial of July 1st as follows:

"While they (meaning Gov. Meier and Aaron Frank) are here, if you must patronize a big department store you should wear a black mask and put a cloth over your nose."

It uses as a heading in its issue of July 15th announcing the wage increase: "Gov. Meier and Aaron Frank yield to pressure."

In the face of this the question naturally arises before

She Forgot Her Penny "Mad Money"!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

"The Riverside," Independence: The Bits man asks the reader to help, if he can, in securing a copy of "The Riverside," dated June 13, 1879. Why?

In Bancroft's Oregon History, volume 1, page 179, are printed these words: "The next birth was that of Jason Lee's son, June 6, 1835, who died soon after, and who was the fifth child and third boy—though J. L. Parrish claims him for the first. See an article in the Riverside, a newspaper published at Independence, Oregon, June 13, 1879."

That may be rather a small item; especially as J. L. Parrish was mistaken about the son of Jason Lee being the first white boy born in the Oregon country.

But a friend of the Bits man is very much concerned about it. This friend is a distant relative of Anna Maria Pittman, married to Jason Lee at the old mission 10 miles below the site of Salem.

at the first wedding in the old Oregon country of white men and white women, July 16, 1837.

And this friend, who shall be known here as Mary Smith, recently, by the merest accident, came across some letters of Anna Maria Pittman, which has led her into a nation-wide quest for more information concerning Mrs. Lee, her life and work in Oregon, etc., with the purpose of issuing the whole of her findings in book form, for which she now has the copy nearly ready.

Miss Smith recently made a trip all the way to Oregon, and to Salem, with four objects in view. First, she had in her researches found a note to the effect that the diary of Cyrus Shepard, who came with Jason Lee in 1834, was in the Willamette university library. She has found that it was here, but only temporarily, and is now in New York city, whither she has gone, and where she expects to see it. Second, she wished to see the graves of Jason Lee, Mrs. Lee,

etc., in Lee Mission cemetery, and get photographs of them. She did this.

Third, she wished to find a copy of the Independence Riverside, of the date named. She searched here and in Portland, but did not find it. Hence the above request. Fourth, she wished to get an "interview" with a member of the Pittman family who is now in Oregon, and succeeded.

Some time ago, Miss Smith visited members of the Pittman family, her distant relatives, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and New York city. By chance one of the distant relatives, in talking over family matters, mentioned some old letters that had been found in the belongings of a deceased relative, after his death, moving them from his late residence to another home—among them, it was thought, some that had been received from Mrs. Jason Lee while she was a missionary in Oregon.

So a search was made—and a number of such letters were found. Miss Smith, being a student, an educator, and history-minded, was much interested. She went back and a further search was made. She ran across what seemed to be poetry. Getting all of it she could find at the moment, and placing it together, and then making a further search for a part of it that seemed to be missing, she was rewarded—

Rewarding having in her hand the original poem Anna Maria Pittman wrote to Jason Lee at the old mission in 1837, in answer to his proposal of marriage! More than this. She found the original poem written by Mrs. Lee to Jason Lee as he was preparing to leave for his trip across the plains in 1838, telling him that as he was pursuing his duty, he must go!

Perhaps the reader can imagine the excited feelings of Miss Smith at these discoveries.

Jason Lee had carried the charge in poetry of his wife across the plains with him, together with the poem accepting his proposal of marriage. After the death of his wife and child in the far away Oregon country, he committed these poems to a member of her family in Brooklyn.

Miss Smith, with this beginning, commenced a search for other letters. She has found many. Anna Maria Pittman was the oldest child in a family of 13 children. She wrote many letters, to her 12 brothers and sisters, and other relatives. There will be a great deal to tell, original matter, in the forthcoming new book of Miss Smith, that will piece out and explain many incidents of Oregon history—and particulars of her life that will make up a most romantic story.

While Miss Smith was in Salem, she visited the old mission site, saw the Lee house, first dwelling erected in Salem, the "parsonage," second dwelling, Wallace prairie, where the first building for the Oregon Institute (Willamette university) was erected, etc., etc. She writes that she can now, since seeing the old mission site, "visualize better than ever before the surroundings in which Mrs. Lee lived."

Miss Smith's book will contain newly discovered letters from Jason Lee. He wrote her people, after her death, explaining the circumstances. He wrote them after his second marriage, to Lucy Thompson. They were not at first reconciled to this second marriage; but the correspondence indicates that they later thought better of it, and under the circumstances, approved.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady", and her guest, Christine Quires, are mysteriously murdered in the first act of a tragedy. The police suspect Guy Everett, the last person to see Christine alive. Lola had blackmailed Everett. He, however, claims that Christine discovered a plot to kill Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt learns that a young Paris bank clerk, named Basil Rochester, loved Lola. After robbing a bank to buy her a ruby, Basil disappeared. His parents sold medical laboratory specimens. Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, became hysterical at the mention of Basil, calling her daughter a beast and saying Lola never loved him. Edward Quires, Christine's brother, left his Rochester home for New York following the receipt of a telegram the day of the murders. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Suspicion also points to Dr. Hugh Baldwin when it is disclosed that he purchased scorpions. He had stated heart failure caused the deaths. Colt, calling to question Baldwin, finds him dead—from a scorpion bite! Mrs. Baldwin reveals that she knew her husband was involved with Lola. A search of the physician's desk is made.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Colt was opening drawer after drawer without finding a shred, not a scrap, of any intimate, personal data. There remained but two drawers yet to go, when I heard Colt give a low exclamation of triumphant surprise.

"Look, Tony!" he called. "Look what we have found here!"

The Commissioner was holding up an envelope, long and white and sealed, across the face of which was written in bold black strokes: "Statement of Hugh Baldwin, M.D. To be opened only if and when he dies suddenly or mysteriously."

Colt handled that envelope with the greatest care. He realized that here in his hand might be an explanation of three tragedies.

On the other hand, it might be nothing of the kind. Often enough, fraudulent statements cleverly forged have been left near dead bodies, to make death appear self-inflicted. In such cases the very sealing of the envelope may hold a fragile and yet most valuable clue. Thus Colt treated this sealed document with almost reverential respect.

He carried it over to the window and held it up to the light. Through the rather filmy newspaper of the envelope, he could make out some of the written characters within. Then with the blade of a pocket knife, he began to work loose the lower flaps of the envelope—the parts that are sealed in secrecy—leaving the flap which the writer had pasted down untouched for further examination.

Now he drew forth from the envelope a sheet of papers, written across in bold lettering with a heavy black pencil, in a strongly characteristic hand. We sat down and read the statement together:

"I am leaving this memorandum because I fully realize that I may be put out of the way by my enemies—or that I may yet decide to end my own worthless life. In either case, I want the truth to be known. I say my enemies, but I should say Christine Quires and Lola Carewe. I do not intend to lose my life at the whim of these two vampires in human form or go out without leaving behind me the evidence that shall revenge my murder. And it is likely that if I do go suddenly and violently, it will be murder."

"The facts of my relationship with these two women are simple and direct enough. I was the physician for Mr. Gifford, the husband of Lola Carewe. Mr. Gifford was not a very ill man at the time of



"Look, Tony!" he called. "Look what we have found here!"

his marriage. He suffered from indigestion and I treated him for this with a simple remedy. But upon one occasion, I wrote a prescription and through some incalculable fragment of circumstance which deflected my attention at the time I was writing the prescription, I wrote down an ingredient which I had no intention of ordering. The combination which I had prescribed resulted therefore in a poisonous dose. The fact is that I, his trusted physician, killed Mr. Gifford."

"Of course, I did not intend to kill him. But he did die solely as a result of my carelessness. When I struck dumb with horror. I had always been an honorable practitioner. I have often heard the joke that doctors bury their mistakes. I know that honorable doctors do nothing of the kind. I went directly to the widow, whom the world now knows as Lola Carewe, and told her what I had done. She took pity on me with what seemed to me then a great compassion. She told me that she could find it in the heart to forgive and forget, but that she felt in justice to herself I should write out a statement and give it to her."

"This I did. I thought the matter was over. The door was closed on that incident and I breathed freely. In a little while, it was to me as if it had never happened. But how wrong I was! Suddenly I had to open that door in my life again. For Lola Carewe now began to take advantage of my position to hold over me a power that practically made me her slave. She made me invest my savings in her worthless schemes. And worse than that she had me do it."

"At the time her husband died, I had the moral courage to face the world and acknowledge my mistake. I could have begun life all over again—if not in my profession, then in some other work where new success did not depend upon the trust of people who would commit their safety, their very lives, to my hands. In the exaltation of my remorse I could have given up being a doctor and started life anew. But now that inspired mood had passed, I had been forgiven. I did not have the courage to defy Lola when she made these demands on me. Now my career, my profession, my work, had become dearer to me than anything

else. I am a good physician and I am proud of my record in spite of that one fatal mistake. But I have been a weak tool in this woman's hands."

"It was thus that I came to know the real mystery of Lola Carewe. I was one of the few men in New York who ever knew the truth about her. Of course I did not know all. Probably no one but Lola could claim that sinister distinction. But I knew enough to understand the amazing practices which she introduced into New York. I learned how Lola kept herself unceasingly in funds, although she was notoriously one of the most extravagant women in New York."

"Lola Carewe was a blackmailer. That was the only card she knew how to play. She would not gamble or steal, and I do not believe she had it in her heart to love any man. No other crime interested her except extortion. In that grisly and awful business she seemed to take an ungodly pleasure. From this came her money, in a second, underground river of gold. The number of men and women in New York City who have paid tribute to this blackmailing beauty would astonish the rest of the town."

"Lola introduced no fancy sleights of her own into her blackmailing schemes. She used the time-worn methods. She first led her victim into some vicious practice or pursuit, got overwhelming evidence, and then bled him for the rest of his life. It is a game probably as old as the Bible courts. There is nothing new in it. But it continues to be terribly effective."

"How, then, did I fit in to such a picture? How could I help her in her infamous conduct? The answer is simple and horrible—I provided drugs for her friends. She seduced and made them everlasting victims of cocaine, morphine, hashish, and opium. She generally began with the use of marijuana cigarettes. I provided the drugs. I was in her power—the only power that she understood or cared to use—and she blackmailed me into giving her victims the drugs they demanded. Later, she did not care whether I gave them the drugs or not—all that she wanted, then, was tribute money. If it were not forthcoming, wife or husband was betrayed, homes wrecked—it was seldom that her levy was not paid on time."

(To Be Continued)
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Mrs. Stephen Stone of Salem has set to beautiful music the two poems the finding of the originals of which is told above. In connection with the on-to-Oregon movement preparatory to the 1834 centenary celebration in 1934, and during that celebration,

AS BERLIN HAILED U. S. FLIERS



James Mattern (left) and Bennett Griffin (center) American flyers who attempted to set a new round-the-world flight record, are shown as they stepped out of their plane at Tempelhof Airport, Berlin, where they made their first stop after leaving Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. The men were well ahead of the Post-Gazette time when they left Berlin, but the unfortunate mishap which forced them down in Soviet Russia ended their dreams of a new record.

New Views

The question asked yesterday by Statesman reporters was: "What diversions do you find most helpful in keeping your mind off of present day problems?"

Lloyd Stiffler, pressman: "Wrestling matches are one good way to forget your troubles."

Rose Williams, housekeeper: "I work lots of crossword puzzles."

Joe Teed, student: "I play some golf but every time I lose a ball I'm reminded again of depression."

Illinois Society to Picnic on August 14

GERVAIS, July 19.—Date for the Illinois society annual meeting and picnic is August 14, instead of August 4 as printed Tuesday morning. The gathering will be held at Woodburn instead of Silverton. It was voted recently by the executive committee.