

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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The Iron Heel in Germany

FASCISM is on the march. Clattering sword and clanking muskets sound the doom of democratic government. Russia has long been under dictatorship of the proletariat. Italy has been under fascist rule. Now Germany swings toward fascism and Prussia is put under the iron heel of military authority. Von Papen is but the tool of the militarists and Junkers who moved into authority on the dismissal of Brüning by President von Hindenburg.

The future of the Reich of the German republic hangs in the balance. It would not take much of a push to restore the Hohenzollern dynasty. The chief support of the republic has been from the centrist party and units of the socialist groups. The left wing has been communist, the right wing has been controlled by the Hitlerites or "nazis". For months the swing has been toward the right, toward fascism, toward dictatorship. The recent violence and outbreaks in which a hundred lives were lost were clashes between the communists and the nazis. Police authority seemed too weak to suppress the rioting, or else was held back by orders from above.

Now Von Papen, present chancellor, has established military rule in Berlin and Prussia, the largest state of the Reich, and Brandenburg. Under this authority he has swept the socialists out of offices and places of authority. After this purge he plans to restore civil rule. The action is the action of the dictator, the despot, such as is justified only in grave emergency. It seems however in our modern states that emergencies have a habit of arising, until fascism is digging in deep not only in state control, but in the minds of citizens in many lands.

In looking over the political scene friends of democracy have reason to be discouraged. In fact they need to be on their guard even in this country against the insidious propaganda for one-man rule.

No Need to Change Highway System

THE difficulties which Gov. Meier has had with a highway board are used as an excuse to agitate for some way of making the board more autonomous. One paper brings forward the idea that the executive should not be able to remove a member at will.

The present type of organization is all right, in spite of the mess that has been made. There was need for breaking down the aristocratic autonomy of the board and getting it down on mashed potatoes rations instead of feeding on artichokes and frog legs. Gov. Meier accomplished this though it took a lot of blasting to do it, and though he finally fired Sen. Spaulding who was assigned to the job of cleaning house. The state should not forget what Gov. Meier has accomplished toward getting a larger chunk of the road dollar on roads. In this he deserves high praise; because the highway commission was long a sacred ox in Oregon public affairs, seemingly responsible to no one, deriving its income not from direct taxation but from special fees which increased bounteously year after year. Gov. Meier deflated this hierarchy, finally got road building out of the Portland Arlington club and down on the street. Give him credit for that.

At present highway affairs are somewhat up in the air; but they are not going into a complete tailspin. It was painful to lose Leslie Scott; but Ed Aldrich is still on the board, and he is a man of good judgment. The governor will have no trouble getting some one to fill Scott's place; though it will be hard to get one who will put in as much time as Scott has. The state has to go on, though men one after another drop out of office. Soon a new man will take Scott's seat; the governor will decide whether to run the board himself or to keep hands off; and the road work will go forward substantially along the lines laid out in the Scott program.

Civil Service With a Springback

SALEM is now getting its first dose of civil service; or rather the firemen are; because the ones who led the fight for civil service are the ones who are getting the springback which snaps them in the face. Olson and Lewis were leaders in the battle for adoption of the system under which the men were to have assured tenure. Now that layoffs have been necessary Olson has a hard fight to get back on the payroll and now Lewis asks reopening of the Olson case, since he is now on the outside looking in himself.

Civil service is a great thing, until it hurts. Both firemen and citizens will probably do a lot of cussing of civil service before it has long been in operation. Now it is proposed to extend the idea to include police. Wouldn't it be better to test out civil service on the firemen and see how it finally works out?

Petition Shovers

REGARDLESS of the outcome of the Brownell case in Portland public sentiment in the state should be sufficiently aroused to throw more restrictions about the launching and promotion of initiative and referendum measures. The history of the last 25 years is full of instances of graft and skulduggery in the direct legislative operations, until it has grown almost into a business or into a "racket".

The state grange has hitherto fought steps to safeguard the legitimate uses of the initiative and referendum; but it ought to take the lead in fighting the corruption which has grown up around the working of this machinery.

Indiscriminate circulation of petitions by hirelings should be prohibited, and petitions should go to the secretary of state after checking.

Here's a chance for a fine, big damage suit, just as big as the one Walter Winslow had against the state officials for drafting him to fight fire in Douglas county. Our evening contemporary in referring to Walter Winslow ("Okay Walter") columnist of the late and unlamented New York Graphic ("Porno-Graphic") makes a slip and writes "Walter Winslow". Nonetheless our own Walter could throw as swift a line of chatter over NBC network as Broadway's Walter.

Chile has suspended army chaplains from duty and may abolish the rank. Here is one possibility of economy our own statesmen have quite overlooked.

Oregon's state board of higher education is a group of excellent individuals entirely surrounded by fog.

Ride 'em Farmer!



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A booster of Oregon and her colorful history:

Roy Henning is not an Oregonian at all; yet, but some day, perhaps soon. He is a Minnesotan, headquarters Minneapolis; lately with Winter Garden Farms, Inc., which has its Minneapolis office at 712 National building.

But Mr. Henning is one of the most persistent boosters of Oregon who travels the country—and he gets over a good deal of it. He travels for dairy machinery and appliance manufacturing concerns. Also, he writes from wherever he happens to be, and his letters are published in the Milwaukee Wisconsin Journal, the big newspaper of that city, and in widely circulated magazines devoted to dairying, farming, etc.

But Mr. Henning is one of the best W. C. Conner, editor and manager of the Northwest Poultry Journal and Pacific Homestead, published from the plant of The Statesman. He writes Mr. Conner that he expects to live in Oregon eventually. In a letter received a few days ago by Mr. Conner from Mr. Henning the following was enclosed:

"We are going to slip you a little Tennessee to Oregon history today that owing to the modest nature of the Filppen family you have probably not read in Oregon history as yet.

"We ran across Tom Filppen, a one time county agent over in the Coos Bay precincts, over at Eugene, Oregon, one day last winter, and after he had shown us the big fruit packing plant there he finally consented to sit down in one of the McCully 'closing up' books and tell us a little of the family history.

"Tom's grandfather, James A. Filppen, was born about 40 miles from Memphis, Tennessee, March 17th (St. Patrick's day in the mornin'), 1825, which, figuring on the basis of the average human being's time on this old earth of ours, was quite some time ago.

"And at the age of 20 years (the age that the average town bred boy of today makes a loud and raspy squawk at being asked to hike two blocks to get the family dinner steak), he and Ben Cornelius, aged 22, in 1845 started overland for Oregon with a flock of horses and a bunch of cattle for Jesse Applegate, who led the first wagon train over the trail in 1843. (Applegate would get a kick out of seeing the present settlers along the trail tearing down 'poison ivy'—fag smoking women—signs and junking them.)

"These two boys not only started for Oregon with a good bunch of stock, but what really counts is that they got through with very small loss, only to have the wolves kill most of the horses on the trail.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

DURING the summer months when the sun is hot and there is great humidity, persons are frequently overcome by heat. In a large city the ambulance physicians daily treat many cases of sunstroke.

Disturbance in the heat regulation machinery of the body is the cause of sunstroke. It is most common in elderly people, but may occur in anyone excessively exposed to sun and heat. The afflicted person becomes pale, has difficulty of vision, feels weak and nauseated and collapses. The skin becomes clammy and wet and the pulse rapid and weak. Breathing is more rapid and the pupils of the eyes become dilated.

After recovery from the attack, the victim of heat stroke is sensitive to high temperature and must be careful to guard against exposure. There is a more severe form of sunstroke which may prove fatal. In this form the individual quickly becomes unconscious and the skin, instead of being clammy, is dry and hot, while the temperature of the body is unusually high. Muscular twitchings and rolling of the head may cause the condition to be mistaken for epilepsy.

Sunstroke requires the attention of a physician. Until he arrives, keep the patient in a cool room. His clothing should be opened, and he should be encouraged to drink water. If the body temperature is high, he should be placed in water kept cool by means of ice until the temperature of the body falls to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. While he is in the tub, massage the skin vigorously. This will stimulate the circulation and cool the overheated blood.

Such an attack may prove to be serious and prevention is far easier to accomplish than a cure. During hot weather, as a preventive, bathe often and rest as much as possible. Elderly persons and children should be warned against exposure to extreme heat and the direct rays of the sun. Strenuous work should be avoided on hot days.

If you have a headache after being in the sun, stop your work, lie down in a cool place, loosen your clothing, and apply cool water to your face and hands. Do not resume work until headache and other disturbances have disappeared.

Summer time demands care for those at the extremes of life. Vacations should be started with gradual exposure to the sun. To rush to the tennis courts or anywhere else in the open is a mistake. Even the beach is dangerous if its joys are overused the first day or two. Cold drinks in excess and overeating are unwise in hot weather. Temperance in all things should be the rule.

Answers to Health Queries

"Yours Truly." Q.—Do you advise an operation for rupture?

A.—This is the only definite cure, but whether to be operated or not depends on the age, personal health and state of the hernia.

Mrs. A. L. T. Q.—What do you advise for liver spots?

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

T. A. Q.—How can I gain weight?

A.—You should eat plenty of good nourishing food, including milk, eggs, cereals, fresh fruits and vegetables. Sleep as many hours as possible, practice deep breathing. Sufficient rest is also essential. Take cod liver oil as a general tonic and builder.

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The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carewe, "The Night Club Lady", and her guest, Christine Quirens, are mysteriously murdered in the former's apartment. Scorpions were the instruments of death. 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 Boncher, loved Lola. After robbing a bank to buy her a ruby, Basil disappeared. His parents, a medical homeopath, Mrs. Carewe, and Lola's mother, became hysterical at the mention of Basil, calling her daughter a beast and saying Lola never loved him. Edgar Quirens, 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. Detectives report Baldwin met a man who gave him a box. In Baldwin's desk the Commissioner finds a statement in which the doctor explains he accidentally poisoned Guy-lord Gifford Lola's husband. Lola's knowledge of this placed Baldwin in her power. She forced him to supply narcotics which she used to victimize her friends and later blackmailed them. Then she ordered him to murder a scorpion to commit a murder. Baldwin learned that Vincent Rowland, the lawyer, was behind Lola's blackmailing and realized his knowledge of their activities marked the doctor for death. Lola warned Baldwin that if he should summon him hurriedly to treat a sick person, he should look for a bite on the arm and insert his hypodermic needle into the puncture. When the call came, Baldwin was summoned to find Lola the victim. In self defense he obliterated all trace of the bite as Lola had suggested. Realizing he would be exposed, Baldwin secured another scorpion and committed suicide.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"I WONDER" he mused aloud, "if Multooler found where Christine received the death sting?"

"I ought to be here any minute now. By the way, chief—shall I get Vincent Rowland for you?"

Thatcher Colt flashed me a baffling glance of his great dark eyes. I could not understand why Baldwin's accusations against Rowland had failed greatly to excite the chief. Very calmly, he emptied the dottle from his pipe into an old-fashioned druggist's mortar that served as an ash-tray on Baldwin's desk.

"Fortunately," he replied, "we have had Rowland shadowed. His movements from the time he left the pent-house until this moment are unquestionably a matter of police observation. It is possible to conceive that Rowland struck at Lola. But how could he have killed Christine?"

And, after a moment's pause, Colt added:

"If Vincent Rowland is guilty of these murders—and it is perfectly possible that he is—then he is using some device, or some confederate that we have not as yet discovered."

Further discussion was cut short by the arrival of Doctor Multooler. The round face of the Assistant Medical Examiner was pale and peaked, and the rims of his bright blue eyes were like scarlet hoops.

All night he had labored in his gruesome work upon the bodies of Lola and Christine. Now, without rest, he must get to work upon the third victim.

With a tart glance at the prostrate figure of his dead confrère, Doctor Multooler knelt beside him

and made a hasty examination. "Bitten by the same bug—and right in the neck," was the Medical Examiner's terse comment. "No doubt of the symptoms by this time. I could spot them from here to Welfare Island. And no doubt of my certificate—plain case of suicide. But I guess you better ship him down to Bellevue and let me do a complete job."

"Exactly!" concurred Thatcher Colt. "Meanwhile, I have done as much as possible here. Tony, notify Flynn to send for the body. Meanwhile, I want to ask a few questions of that young lady outside."

While the Commissioner was engaged in earnest conversation with Doctor Baldwin's secretary, I reached Flynn, who remained in the pent-house. Flynn then informed me that for the first time there were stirrings of life in the apartment. Mrs. Carewe was awake, and sitting up to eat her breakfast in bed. The food had been cooked in a nearby restaurant and brought in by one of the detectives. Eunice the maid was still asleep. Chung was busy cleaning up. The butler was wearing a blue robe this morning, even more magnificent than the one he had displayed the night before. Dorothy Lox was still with Mrs. Carewe, but was about to be relieved by a successor arriving from Headquarters.

All of this I dutifully reported to Thatcher Colt. His dark eyes were clouded with thought; they seemed more melancholy than ever. But when I told him about Dorothy Lox, I saw his eyes flash with new interest.

"I must talk with her," he said. "I was afraid she would be gone. Let's go right upstairs. We have that luncheon date with Dougherty, but I must see our girl detective first."

Flynn, one eye closed, but the other twinkling with lightning, received us in the living-room, the doors of which were all guarded with patrolmen in uniform. In low tones, Colt told Flynn of Baldwin's letter. The old policeman crossed himself.

"Now," concluded Colt, "I would like to have a talk with Miss Lox. Presently the stout and motherly spinster detective who has figured in so many of our sensational cases came out of the bedroom of old Mrs. Carewe. After her long vigil she looked peaked and drawn. But she greeted Colt crisply and cheerfully.

"Very little to report, Mr. Colt, except that old Mrs. Carewe spent a very restless night. She talked in her sleep."

"Say something important?"

"I made a stenographic record of all that she said. Would you like to have me read it to you?"

"By all means."

From the pocket of her jacket the girl drew out a memorandum book, about half the size of a stenographer's ordinary notebook. From this she began to read one of the strangest records to which I have overlistened, repeating over and over:

"That beast! That dirty beast! Ah, yes! I know who it is. Basil! Basil! Basil! Be careful, Basil!"

Here Dorothy paused to explain that these same words were repeated, for hours at a time. Then came a lull when the old woman sank into a slumber so profound that she said nothing at all.

"But about six o'clock this morning," Dorothy hastened on, "she began to talk again. She seemed half awake and half asleep. This is what she said:

"I am going to tell on Mr. Rowland. What do I care if he tries to harm me. No one can harm me. Rowland thinks I don't know. I'll tell Mr. Colt—I'll tell him about Rowland—I am not afraid!"

Here Dorothy Lox paused. "Anything else?" prodded Colt. "That was all," answered Dorothy. "I think," said Colt, "I had better talk to Mrs. Carewe."

But why would he not send directly for Vincent Rowland?

The hunched look still glimmered in the old woman's eyes. We stood by her bed, and she looked up at us through the wisps of her gray

hair, as she chewed pitifully upon a crusty remnant of browned toast. Her breakfast tray was across her blanketed old shanks.

"Good morning, Mr. Colt," she greeted. "Have you found out who did it?"

The Commissioner shook his head, as he drew up a chair by the side of her bed.

"I'm afraid I'll need your help to do that," he countered.

The old woman darted at him a gleam of undisguised suspicion.

"How can I help you, I don't feel as if I will be able to get out of this bed again—but I'll have to do that, for the funeral, I don't believe I'll ever live through that."

She began to cry.

"Mrs. Carewe," began Colt hastily—even after years of police work he has never been able to endure passively the tears of a woman—"I shall have to put to you again what I asked you so solemnly last night—do you know of any person who would have a good reason for wishing your daughter dead?"

The old woman dried her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and then shook her head vigorously.

"No one, Mr. Colt. Everybody liked Lola."

She shot a glance at Thatcher Colt as if to gauge the effect of her reply.

"You did not know of any person with whom she had quarreled violently?"

Again that vigorous shake of the head and an equally vigorous denial. "We went over all that last night," she added querulously. "I'm not up to much this morning, Mr. Colt."

But the Commissioner was not to be put off.

"Do you remember two little boxes that your daughter had in her possession during the last few weeks?"

"Boxes? What kind of boxes?"

"A little larger, I should say, than a pack of cards. Much thicker than a pack. Probably of unpainted wood. Ever see anything like that?"

"No. I don't remember anything like that. What would she keep in them?"

"Something alive!"

"Alive?" squeaked the old woman. "What do you mean—something alive?"

"A creature whose sting is instant death."

The Commissioner and the mother stared at each other in painful silence.

"Why would Lola want anything like that?" asked the old woman at last.

"I was hoping you could tell me that."

The mother's withered lips shaped themselves into a thick downward arc.

"She had a dog and a parrot—but what kind of creature would she have in the box?"

"A scorpion," replied Thatcher Colt quietly.

Mrs. Carewe sat up very straight in her bed.

The scorpion was the name of the dance that Lola made famous," she declared, a note of wonder in her voice.

"I know that, too," responded Thatcher Colt.

"Was it the scorpion that bit her, Mr. Colt?"

"Yes, sir."

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

JUDGE CHARGES WASTE

To the Editor:

Corporation Commissioner Mott and his attorney, Barney Goldstein, have both been quoted in the press as charging me with having caused indictments to be found in this county in the Empire cases, when, as they both allege, Mr. Mott wanted the indictments in Multnomah county.

When the alleged frauds were exposed, I instructed the grand jury to make an investigation as to the facts and I did not instruct the grand jury to indict any person.

Barney Goldstein took charge of the grand jury with Mr. Carson assisting. Mr. Goldstein was selected by Mr. Mott to represent his office. Mr. Mott was a witness before the grand jury. Neither Mr. Mott, Mr. Goldstein, or Mr. Carson objected to the grand jury finding indictments in this county. None even suggested that indictments should not be found. On the contrary, Mr. Goldstein and Mr. Mott both appeared for the purpose of securing indictments in this county, and urged the grand jury to indict all the defendants. Neither Multnomah nor any other county was mentioned, and Mr. Goldstein drew the grand jury to return them to this court, all with Mr. Mott's approval and cooperation. Had Mr. Mott or Mr. Goldstein requested that the grand jury continue the matter so that indictments could be found in Multnomah or any other coun-

ty, or made representations to me, no indictment would have been found. In other words, if Mr. Mott and Mr. Goldstein have been correctly reported in their statements, they have deliberately misrepresented the matter to the public.

An investigation of the activities of Mr. Goldstein in the trial of these cases, and an examination of his expense accounts, convinces me that he has acted without cause more than doubled the necessary expense paid by the county. His bills are a shocking example of a waste of public funds.

In addition to the wanton waste of the county funds by Mr. Goldstein in the Empire case, I find that Mr. Mott has directed that Goldstein be paid out of the corporation funds all of his liberal expense account and \$9,000 for his personal services. This amount has been paid Goldstein for handling cases in one year, and amounts to about \$100.00 a day and expenses. I know many lawyers, some in my judgment more competent than Goldstein, who would have tried these cases for half the amount paid Goldstein. The cases could well have been handled by Mr. Carson with a saving to the state and county of many thousands of dollars. Mr. Carson's ability is certainly equal to Goldstein's, and he certainly would not have so needlessly expended public funds.

L. H. McMAHAN.

Eugene, Ore., July 15, 1932.

Editor of Statesman:

In the recent hoax or mystery, which turned out as most every one thought from the beginning. Merely a brazen publicity stunt to gain sympathy for the shuffling bill.

Now who are the losers? Who will gain by all this? No sane person believes the poor tax-payers will be benefited. Why all this

propaganda? Since the great robbery of July 4 has been shown up in all its rottenness, and the O. S. C. alumni and sympathizers have no reason to their spectacular crash to the call. They are now claiming that a sell out of the petition was about to be made. Treason more and more. Honest people hold your noses!

They worked the first racket for all their time in it and now when shown up they make another claim. Why believe any of this propaganda?

Turn the light on and make an example of some of these wreckers of institutions and despoilers of character.

There is a master politician behind this bill and he has almost run to his cover. Spare no one he rich or poor for he is a menace to common decency. I have had one in O. S. C. and two at the university, but would not wreck either institution to enlarge the other. Yours for justice, A. Taxpayer.

MRS. A. R. HARRIS.

New Views

"Do you think Greta Garbo will stay permanently in Sweden, or is her retirement in Sweden a paper talk? That was the question Statesman reporters asked Friday."

Ralph Burns, student: "I have no way of knowing whether she is going to stay, but I hope she isn't. It doesn't seem quite natural for one to go away and leave the pay she must have been getting."

Alice Murphy, student: "You know as much about it as I do. I doubt it, though."

Daily Thought

"If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it!" —Margaret Fuller.