

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

Wolfe stood by the window while Josiah Crabbe went to and fro like an old black panther in a cage. "The Guardians have selected me their medical officer."

"Yes, you had your foot on Navestock's back, and you must go and play this fool's game, hanging on to a child's whimsies, and setting the whole town against you. Good heaven, you ought to know what human nature is! Slapping the people in the face! Do you wonder they turn nasty? Yes, the Guardians elected you; but what is there to prevent them turning you out again? It's in their power. Jasper Turrell knows that. He's working for it. They'll get young Baggelay on his feet and old Threadgold will be the cock of the walk."

"Mr. Crabbe, I owe you nearly everything here, and I have not forgotten it. But I hold aloof here, for my pride and my sincerity. What I did for Navestock still stands. These people are in a dudgeon, because I chose to save a life that was dearer to me than anything else on earth. I will not hurry back to conciliate them. Robert Fleming has my promise that I shall return to Navestock the day after tomorrow. But I will not doek myself of a single day."

Misty tranquillity possessed the landscape when John Wolfe passed out of the Moor Farm gate and took the road to Navestock. It was about eleven in the morning, and he knew that the Navestock Guardians were to meet at the same hour.

Wolfe had not been ten minutes in Navestock before he realized that people were in no hurry to welcome him. Moreover, the town seemed to have some joke against him, manure its provincial dignity. He caught loafers nudging each other, and grinning. A boy shouted something after him, but Wolfe did not catch the words.

He was crossing the marketplace when a grey drawn by a high-stepping grey horse came rattling out of King Street. The whirling yellow wheels were the wheels of Jasper Turrell's gig, and Wolfe saw Jasper Turrell who drove it. He had beside him a sallow young man with a neat profile—Mr. Harold Baggelay, Threadgold's new partner.

Turrell caught sight of Wolfe, and prodded young Baggelay with his whipstock. The two men in the gig stared at the man on foot. Wolfe guessed what had happened from the look in Turrell's eyes. The yellow-wheeled gig was a car of triumph. Turrell was carrying his candidate victoriously through the town.

Wolfe stiffened up and went on. He carried his head a trifle higher, and ceased to look into the faces of the people whom he passed. A hundred yards down King Street he caught sight of the big black figure of Robert Fleming coming along the red-brick footway. Fleming was alone, and walked with his great chest expanded, his fine head held haughtily.

The two men met and gripped hands. "I have just come from the board meeting."

"It's all right, sir, you need not tell me the news. I have seen Turrell. That was sufficient."

His voice had a dry and grim restraint.

"I know, Wolfe, I warned you that this might happen."

"Yes; but it is simple enough to believe that good work counts. Was it the town's dignity that look offences?"

Fleming's frank eyes had a hint of generous anger. "It served as an excuse to men

The Old Order

WALTER LIPPMAN in an address at the University of California declared that a new economic, political and social order is being constructed:

"The old order of human affairs is gone, irrevocably so. In the new order, the loose, individualistic and acquisitive democracy of the nineteenth century will be replaced by a much more highly integrated, socially conscious, form of government."

This sounds very good. It comes from the foremost publicist of our day, a penetrating critic of life and morals. To him is given the task to say "Ave" to the dawning day. We can almost feel the breath of its softer air, and see the pastel tints limning the eastern sky.

But we recall a few years back there were other "Aves" to the "new economic era". The decade of the '20's was hailed as the prelude to universal and continuous prosperity. Supposedly sensible economists asserted that prosperity was in general balance, that periods of severe depression belonged to the distant past. The "new economic era" broke up in the near downfall of the economic order. The experience makes us a bit cautious in proclaiming the "new deal" as the Ultima Thule for society.

With Rooseveltian swiftness the program for the new deal is being unfolded; and its details conform to the Lippman specifications. Everything is being integrated. Banks, farming, business are being centralized with control in Washington. Granted that the program is adopted by the congress; it yet remains to be seen whether it will work. With full sympathy for its objective to establish a better social and economic order, we confess to entertaining very grave doubts as to the success of the vast experiment. In the farm matter alone we can see the creation of a great bureaucracy which soon would become so hopelessly involved in red tape that the "planned order" would collapse of its own complicated organization.

"Old orders" are so easily condemned to death and burial by glib speakers. "New days" are so readily greeted. Yet old orders die hard. The German republic is now being chloroformed that the "old order" may be restored. The "new economic era" blew up completely when the pay-day arrived. And when it comes to long distance operation of banks and farms and flour mills and packing plants out of Washington: well, we would have all the vices of socialism with none of its virtues in the way of substitution of service for the profit motive.

The country is getting new medicine all right, and not just a fresh label on the old bottle. It will be better to suspend judgment as to its curative powers however, until the patient has taken a few doses of Dr. Roosevelt's cure-all for anemic people.

Jewish Persecution

In a manner characteristic of political porch-climbers Herr Hitler, now all-highest in Germany, seeks to disprove reports of Jewish persecutions in Germany. He used race prejudice as propaganda to forward his "nazi" movement. Anti-semitism was a battle-cry of his brown-shirted leaders; and the storm troops have made life miserable for many Jews. If the persecution has not been as severe as the Polish pogroms, it has created grave fears in Jewry not only in Germany but throughout the world.

The Jewish race (it is no longer a nation) has survived twenty centuries of persecution. Its solidarity has been one of the most remarkable things in history. Scattered to the four quarters of Europe, oppressed by intolerant Christians and attacked by brutal and jealous enemies the Jews have yet survived and preserved their race strain with unusual purity. It is not probable that Germany will accomplish much to expel a race which has survived repeated expulsions from Spain, from England, from Russia. The frequent charge of disloyalty is a tissue of falsehood; for the Jews are a people without a country, and no land to be loyal to, save the one in which they are domiciled.

In this country the Jews make up a valuable and important element in our population. They are subject to some social ostracism; and sometimes by their insistence on race peculiarities they invite the same. But they are more and more accepted with that broad degree of tolerance which is a foundation principle with the American people. The Jews are active in business, and are living down a reputation for sharp dealing. They are among the foremost contributors to intellectual thought in this country today. Their philanthropy is praiseworthy. Their contribution to ethical development is conspicuous, showing a religious sensitivity which is the heritage of the race.

It is doubtful if Hitler in power will do much to injure the Jews in Germany. Before long he will be coming to them for financial support and for counsel. Instead of abusing them and persecuting them, he should make use of the talents and the powers which they possess, and divert them to the service of the state.

Oregon is to profit from the "plan-a-tree" program which is part of the new deal, because Oregon has such a large area in national forests and public lands where the tree planting is to be undertaken. While we read of this prospective boon to the state in one paper, we read in another that for lack of public funds work on irrigation projects like the Owyhee in eastern Oregon will halt soon. This illustrates the merry-go-round that government finds itself in. The pressure for economy is tremendous; stop public works, stop public expenditures, reduce taxes. But while the economy parade marches down street, the relief parade goes in the other direction: spend more money to provide jobs, plant trees, refinance the farmers, extend employment. Surely it is a Mad Hatter's world.

The board of control has an "unofficial observer". With the flight of Rufus Holman to old Mexico, Miss Austin, his secretary appeared to "represent Mr. Holman" at the board meeting. She did not take the usual Holman seat however,—next to Bill Elzing.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks from The Statesman murder case once more:

March 25, 1906
 The railroad is offering special rates to Salem people who wish to go to San Francisco next May to see the United States battle fleet, which will stop there on its round-the-world cruise.

Mary Mannering, the noted actress, will be seen at the Grand opera house soon in "Glorious Betsey", a Shubert production.

LONDON—Drury Lane theatre, one of the most famous theatres in London, was completely destroyed by fire early today. The theatre had been closed since the end of the pantomime season.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Beale and Baker murder case once more:

(Continuing from yesterday.) On that Sunday evening, January 9, 1865, at dusk, Beale and Baker, on horseback, stopped at a watering trough not far from the Delaney house.

Here they dismounted and blackened their faces so as to pose as negroes, for they knew their intended victim was ever friendly to colored people. Arriving at the Delaney house, Baker dismounted and together they went to the front gate and entering rapped on the door, inquiring the way to the home of Daniel Delaney, Jr., who lived on the adjoining farm. As the old gentleman walked around the house to better direct them, Beale maneuvered so that with Baker's gun. With the first shot, Delaney fell. By this time his dog was making a great noise, and Beale shot the animal.

Delaney staggered to his feet and recognized Beale despite his disguise and begged for his life, saying the assailants might have all his money. "Old man, dead men tell no tales," replied Beale as he fired the finishing, fatal shot.

The murderers thought Delaney was alone, but fortunately for the ends of justice there was an eye witness. A little negro boy, Jack DeWolf, 10 to 12 years old, was in the house. He was the "Black Jack" on the list of witnesses at the trial; the "nigger in the wood pile." The boy's mother, one of

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D., United States senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

BURNS, SCALDS and explosions continue to take the lives of many men, women and children. Most of these accidents could have been prevented.

It is a pathetic sight to see a fire victim. These who survive are often scarred and even disabled for life.

Never one should overlook the serious danger of carelessness in the handling of fire and hot liquids, such as water, coffee, soup, milk and gravy. Scalding by hot liquids is serious and like fire injuries, may prove fatal. Children and elderly individuals, particularly, should be protected from these dangers, because the young and aged quickly succumb to such accidents.

Children Playing With Matches
 Children should never be permitted to play with matches. The kitchen stove, with its boiling kettle and other hot utensils, is a constant source of danger to children playing in the kitchen. Frolicking and skipping and active play should be permitted only in a room free from this danger.

Too often adults are burned or scalded by reason of that dangerous practice of cleaning clothes with gasoline. Certainly no one should forget to avoid fire and matches when cleaning with gasoline.

Another common cause for fire accidents is one I wish to warn you against. This is the starting of a fire with kerosene oil. It is far safer to have dry kindling wood handy

in some way, during the shooting, the little fellow, almost scared to death, managed to get hold of the dog, that proved to be only badly wounded, and, under cover of the darkness, into the woodshed, where he lay shivering behind a pile of wood until the next morning's daylight, when he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to the house of Daniel Delaney, Jr., and breathlessly told what had happened.

The boy had bolted the front door of the house before getting into the woodshed, and when the murderers began breaking down the door he more secretly secreted himself in his hiding place. It was never known how much money the murderers got. Beale, in his bolate confession, said \$1401; the \$1400 in \$20 gold pieces and the \$1 a silver one, and that he gave \$500 of it to Baker. But he told several stories about it; one of them about hiding it and telling one of the attorneys where it was hidden; and William Delaney, a son, entered suit against the attorneys, trying to get the stolen money for the heirs. Members of the Delaney family thought the sum taken was much more than \$1400; perhaps running into several thousand dollars. But the heirs never got the benefit of any of it.

Besides what the "nigger in the woodpile" was able to tell, the murderers left a very important clue. The next day at the watering trough where the two men had halted to blacken their faces, a hat band was found that fitted exactly the new appearing stripe around the otherwise faded hat of one of the men worse when he was arrested.

It was shown at the trial that

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon, March 21, 1933

To the Editor, "Oregon Statesman" Salem, Ore. Dear friend:—

In "The Oregon Statesman," March 21, 1933, (No. 397) titled "Revolution to Prevent Beer Sales Threat" I presume that that part inclosed in quotations marks was quoted by Mrs. F. I. Johnson. (Third paragraph.)

That statement inclosed in quotations is not true. She has named the "highly paid brewery propaganda." What does she mean by that? Who is it? The statement says, "the hypnotic-hysteria superinduced." What does that mean? Is she talking about an insane asylum or is she attempting to become insulting?

Morally upright people who love the cardinal virtue of temperance, who can drink a glass of beer without being a pig, who love purity, who have little children by marriage, and who love their fellow men are neither hypnotic nor hysterical.

Since I do not know the address of this woman's national committee of which the news speaks, I am not sending them a copy of this letter. However, you can do so for me if you wish by forwarding this letter.

Yours sincerely,
 PHILIP P. PFEUFER, E. Sc.
 Route 3, Box 52-C.

Business Session Called to Discuss Davis Will Matter

TURNER, March 24—A business meeting will be held at the Turner Christian church Sunday at 1 p. m. to determine whether the church will lend its officers in the matter of the trustee and manager of the home to be built under the will of Mrs. C. A. Davis.

The business session will open with a prayer, singing and a short eulogy to the late Mrs. Davis.

basket dinner will precede the meeting.

AT PASTOR'S MEETING
 SILVERTON, March 23—Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Livingstone attended the Portland regional ministers' meeting, of which Rev. Mr. Livingstone is secretary at Forest Grove. Rev. Teddy Leavitt accompanied the Livingstones to Carlton to visit Mrs. Leavitt and their new son, born early Monday morning. DeVore Penhollow of the Leavitt party also made the trip, visiting at the McMinnville home.

innocent. I never knew it to fail. There remains no doubt that Daniel Delaney died at your hands. There is no hope for you to escape and it only remains for you to prepare for death. I advise you so to prepare, as that you confess and make some restitution to Delaney's heirs. The old man's money was sweat for and hoarded up for them. Let it be your last act to restore it."

A few days before the execution, both men made a full confession. On the morning of the execution, printed copies of it were sold for the benefit of their wives thus to be widowed. Frederick G. Schwatka, then a printer on The Statesman, afterward the famous explorer of the Arctic regions, had charge of the printing and sale of the pamphlet.

Much about the hanging was told in the issues of 1933 mentioned yesterday. The Marion Rifles, local militia company, aided in taking the condemned men from the little red county jail to the place of the scaffold. The militiamen had to "treat 'em rough" to keep the milling crowds back. Sam May, grandfather of U. S. Senator Steiwer, was captain, in charge.

Beale went to his doom rather gamely, in a way. In his speech on the scaffold, he said Baker (Beale) was alone responsible for the murder and the plan that preceded it. He read from his Bible the 37th Psalm, then threw

Don't Miss It!

The New Beatrice Burton Serial MARY FAITH

Begins Wednesday in

New Views

Statesman reporters yesterday sought answers to these two questions: "Have you seen evidence of business improvement? How are you satisfied with Roosevelt's work to date?"

Clifford Farmer, hardware merchant here in the hardware business. We will sell the best equipment to the growers this year. That business up at the statehouse is going to hurt business here. All I can say about Roosevelt is that Hoover must want to go out in the Sahara desert, dig a hole in the sand and crawl in. Of course, he was tied hand and foot."

Fred Bryson, insurance: "I believe business improvement as yet is only mental. As to Roosevelt's work—So far so good."

C. F. Curtis, painter: "Well, I think we've reached bottom all right, but it will take some time to gain momentum again; it may be two or three years before we get back. I'm pretty well pleased with Roosevelt's work so far. I ought to be; he's the first president out of all I've voted for to be elected."

Jack Minto, attorney: "I haven't seen much pickup in business yet but I believe it's coming. Hop prices going upwards will greatly help this territory. I think also that the monetary inflation provided for by congress will help."

Beale was away from home the night of the murder, and there was much circumstantial evidence pointing to the probable guilt of the accused pair, besides the incriminating hat band and the testimony of the "nigger in the woodpile." But the accused men protested their innocence, and their able attorneys put up the best fight they knew how to make. David Logan was the strong man for the defense. He was twice a candidate for congress, was a member of the constitutional convention, was a son-in-law of Dan Waldo. In his first race for congress his opponent, Lansing Stout, had a majority of only 16, and that was questioned.

Rufus Mallory, district attorney, was assisted in the prosecution by Richard Williams. Both were elected to congress, Mallory the next year and Williams 10 years later. The legal contest was thus a battle royal, but circumstantial though it was, the evidence of guilt made an unbreakable chain, in the mind both of the jury and the presiding judge.

After the verdict, Judge Boise requested Beale to stand up and asked him if there was any reason why he should not be sentenced. The answer: "I don't think that there is. I don't think I have a friend in the community. There has been false swearing against me here in this court. Everybody seems to think I ought to die and I suppose I must be hungry to satisfy them. I hope everybody here is as ready to die as I am. I expect soon to meet old man Delaney in the other world and I will say to him, 'Delaney, it was not me who killed you.' I knew the old man well in this world and always was a friend to him. I am an innocent man. Give me time, Judge Boise, and I can prove my innocence—I know I can."

Judge Boise said: "The court does not see how the jury could come to any other conclusion than it did. The accused did not attempt to show their whereabouts and the jury was warranted in their conclusion. A man who will steal will lie about it, and a man who will murder will lie about it. They always declare themselves

Dr. Copeland

Answers to Health Queries
 B. S. Q.—Is there any cure or remedy for a nervous stomach? When I become even slightly nervous I become nauseated.
 A.—Try to overcome the nervousness first of all. Also watch your diet and elimination. For full particulars send a self-addressed envelope and repeat your question. (Copyright, 1933, F. S. J.)