

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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"What, No Beer?"

THE title of a recent movie became the byword in Salem yesterday when the news of the defeat of the beer ordinance was published in the morning Statesman. Having been faithfully assured by the evening paper that Salem could gurggle unrestrained on Friday it was something of a shock to learn that the prophecy of 11 or 12 eager to vote "aye" when the bill came up for passage had dwindled to six, an insufficient number to pass the ordinance. Vendors who had been urged to get in line so as to be ready to sell beer at the stroke of midnight found their burst of speed futile. The result is that "What, no beer?" is the catchword which causes consternation in beer circles in Salem.

The ordinance was based on the fraud that 3.2% beer is non-intoxicating. It violates the city charter as well as state and federal constitutions. Now it is alleged that vendors will proceed with sales which will invite a court test of the stuff with respect to the charter. That is proper, and the question may be decided just as well without a license as with one. The method is also fairer to the vendor who, if the business is declared unlawful, will lose no license money. So far as selling outside the city is concerned such joints can be proceeded against as nuisances the provision for state prohibition being "self-executing."

Nothing is gained in the solution of the liquor question by wets and dries calling each other names, but what occurred at the council chamber Monday night indicates the deep chasm separating the two elements of the population. That is one thing we dread in the reopening of the issue: the endless and bitter strife in communities which need harmony for the solution of their community problems.

The check which the wets received Monday night may be sobering to them. If they want to postpone repeal of state prohibition in Oregon all they need to do is to display wet fanaticism, which in our observation has been quite as partisan as that of the dries.

Progressive Socialism

THE steady march of socialism in this country continues. It went far under the Hoover administration; it is going farther under the democratic administration. The government is fast becoming proprietor through its grant of credit; and it is fast becoming employer through its grant of relief. The public on the other hand are deserting most forms of security for government bonds.

Here are the progressive steps by which the American system of "free competition" has been yielding to socialized controls:

1. Ship subsidies consisting of huge construction loans at low rates of interest, followed by generous grants under the guise of mail contracts, to cover operating losses.
2. Air mail subsidies plus maintaining elaborate and costly groundworks as aids to aviation.
3. Farm aid: loans on lands, loans on crops and chattels; loans to cooperatives; price-fixing on wheat and cotton.
4. R. F. C. loans to banks, railroads, insurance companies.
5. Government control of banking, and impending control of railroads and of farming.
6. Government as employer of labor, launching public works of various kinds on a vast scale with the purpose of providing employment.
7. Government as tax-gatherer absorbing an ever larger proportion of the incomes of the people; and as issuer of bonds absorbing an ever larger proportion of credit and of liquid capital.

There remains only a very short step to government ownership of major lines of industry. Crippled railroads are almost topping into the government's lap. When coal mines, oil wells and farms come under strict government control little additional is required to have the government merely appropriate them for ownership as well as operation. As they progressively become bankrupt the title becomes meaningless anyway. The owners have already been dispossessed, through erasure of values.

How far will the trend go? That depends. It is quite conceivable that it will go on until government credit breaks under the strain of excessive emissions of bonds; and the exhaustion of private sources of wealth to be taxed becomes complete. What will happen then? Well, people have a way of dealing with debts which become too onerous; but the method is not mentioned in polite society.

Wreck of the Akron

THE storm which wrecked the Akron was one of those unfortunate "acts of God" like the Long Beach earthquake or the Mississippi tornado. It is beyond prediction and beyond prevention. That it occurred when the dirigible was over the sea doubtless added to the loss of life; but even on land the crash might have caused just as many deaths.

The misfortune which has attended dirigibles may cause a public reaction against them as types of naval craft. It should be recalled however that other dirigibles, the giant Zeppelins, have excellent records for durability and strength to withstand storms. They have crossed the ocean many times; one has flown entirely round the world quite on schedule.

The chief criticism against the dirigibles is not the chance of disaster due to lightning or to storm, but to the rather impractical character of the craft for naval purposes. Anyone who saw the Akron on its cruise over the west coast last year will realize how shining a mark it would be in time of war. Swift swooping wasp planes or big bombers could quickly puncture its gas bag to make it dash to earth. The costs of these vessels is so great, their range of utility so limited, that further investment seems foolish at the present time.

We thought March had uncorked all the big news events that might be expected—bank holidays, earthquake, beer and tornado. Now April is starting out with its sensations: "no beer," Akron crash, giving banner heads to a sedate paper like The Statesman. At the rate big events have been happening of late we shall have to sculp all our papers with shock absorbers.

Carey is out of the famous team of Carey and Harlan, having gone back to his old position as engineer with the Washington state public service commission. Carey is a competent engineer, and his talents will now be put to good use. Oregon has had a spell of peace since Harlan got through his rate investigations in Portland.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, young and comely fiancée of Kimberley Farrell, handsome blond youth, just out of law school, leaves her position as secretary to the wealthy Mark Nesbit to marry "Kim." Mary Faith receives a note from Kim's mother inviting her to dinner. Arriving late, due to Kim's delay, Mary Faith is greeted coolly by Mrs. Farrell. Suddenly there is a crash and scream from the kitchen and Kim calls to Mary Faith. Mrs. Farrell had knocked over a pot of coffee slightly burning herself. The unpleasant attitude of Kim's mother proves to Mary Faith that she does not favor the marriage. Driving home, Mary Faith realizes a mother's feelings in giving up her only son. Before leaving, Kim bluntness asks Mary Faith to postpone the marriage. The next morning Kim arrives early. He again starts Mary Faith by telling her he called on another girl, Janet, after leaving her the night before and asks Mary Faith to return his ring.

CHAPTER VII

It was half past nine when Mary Faith walked into the office that morning.

Jean Bartlett and the other stenographers looked up at her and smiled when she opened the door. Something in Jean's smile made Mary Faith turn a quick half-frightened glance at the door of her own little room. . . . Suppose the girls were giving her an engagement shower! A shower like the one they had given Miss O'Keefe last night just before she left to be married!

"I hope they haven't—Oh, I do hope they haven't," Mary Faith prayed silently.

Just as she opened the door she saw that the thing she feared would happen had happened. Her desk was covered with white packages tied up with satin ribbon and her glass flower vase was filled with long-stemmed white roses.

She stood gazing at them in agony for a second. Then she closed the door and went into Mr. Mark Nesbit's office without stopping to knock.

He was sitting at his desk, doing nothing. His letters lay in a neat stack before him. She saw that they had not been opened. She had always opened his letters for him.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, and then: "May I speak to you a moment?"

He nodded.

"Mr. Nesbit, yesterday afternoon I told you I was going to leave you at the end of the month. . . . I'd like to stay on if it's all right with you. I've changed my plans."

He glanced up at her.

You mean that you're not going to be married in two weeks? He asked sharply. So sharply that it did not occur to her at the time that this was anything but a business-like question.

"I'm not going to be married at all," she answered quietly. "I've broken my engagement."

"I see." He got up and stood beside the desk, his hands in his pockets. "Everything here goes on just as it usually does, then. . . . Well, that's fine, Mary Faith."

He never had called her Mary Faith before.

Everything had always been perfectly business-like and matter-of-fact between them. She had done his work and he had paid her her salary. They had always been "Miss Fenton" and "Mr. Nesbit" to each other.

"Please send Miss Bartlett in," he said as Mary Faith turned to go out of his office. "I spoke to her just now about taking your position when you left. . . . I'll tell her you're staying on. . . . That will save you any embarrassment."

Mary Faith nodded slowly. Then



The second she opened the door, she saw that the thing she dreaded had happened—her desk was covered with packages.

In her own little room once more Mary Faith stood looking at the white tissue-paper packages on her desk.

One of them smelled of gardenia sachet powder. The heavy scent rose to her nostrils and made her think of the little bunch of gardenias, tied with silver ribbon, that Kim had sent to her last Easter.

Once again she could see the pale watery sunlight of Easter Sunday morning when she and Kim had walked, side by side, to church. Kim would be here, she thought, to remind her of him always. . . .

She was picking up the white packages from her desk when the door of the room flew open and Jean Bartlett came in.

"What's this Mr. Nesbit's been telling me?" she asked, shutting the door behind her. "You're not going to leave after all?"

Mary Faith shook her head, her face white and still above the bride's roses on her desk.

"Well, what on earth? What's happened?" asked Jean. "Aren't you going to be married?"

She was one of those frank, cheerful, talkative people who have no secrets. She told everything there was to tell about her. Mary Faith knew all about her love affairs, her home life, her friends, and her bank account.

And because she had no secrets of her own, Jean had no qualms about poking her nose into other people's business. But she was lovely and loyal and amusing, and she and Mary Faith had been great friends for four years.

"No, I'm not going to be married," Mary Faith told her with lips that felt stiff about her. Mary Faith felt stiff about her. Mary Faith felt stiff about her. Mary Faith felt stiff about her.

She looked down at the packages in her hands, and when she looked up again her eyes were shining under a film of tears.

"What happened? Did Handsome change his mind?" asked Jean, who knew Kim and frankly admitted he was the best-looking man she had ever seen.

Mary Faith nodded slowly. Then

briefly reviewed, and the audience is offered an opportunity to solve the crimes.

"That's My Boy," the story of a national football idol's trials and tribulations when collegiate commercialism threatens to bring him eternal disgrace, opens today at the Capitol theatre with a cast headed by Richard Cromwell and Dorothy Jordan.

"Air Hostess" lands at the Capitol theatre today for a run of three days. It's a Columbia picture featuring Evelyn Knapp, James Murray and Thelma Todd. Described as a high-soaring dramatic romance against the mile-a-minute background of commercial aviation. Matchless aerial photography is but one of its claims to fame.

"Meet my fiancée," says Ina Claire. "Not that we're engaged or anything like that!" That's the tone and the pace of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" now at the Hollywood theatre. It's audience gets much laughter from contemplating the antics of its three blonde sirens as they cavort through life from millionaire to millionaire, quarrelling among themselves, but all for one and everyone for herself when it comes to making the best profit out of any situation.

"The Crime of the Century," mystery drama done in reverse order, with the crime confessed before its actual commission, will open at the Elsinore today.

The story centers around Jean Hersholt, an alienist who walks into a police station one night and begs the detectives on duty to lock him up. He has planned a perfect crime for that evening, he explains, and if the officers won't take him into custody, he'll commit it. The policemen, impressed, accompany him to his home. And there, while they look on, not only the murder he has planned, but a second one, takes place.

A unique feature is introduced in the film. Halfway through, there is a 40-second intermission, during which the various clues are

WADE TO PUBLISH BLOSSOM EDITION

Advertising Blossom day here this year, Murray Wade will publish a special issue of his Oregon Magazine to be known as the "Chorizan Special," with endorsement of the chamber of commerce through its board of directors, which met on Monday. It is expected Blossom day will be on April 14.

The chamber directors voted to sponsor a special entertainment in cooperation with Capital post, American legion, next month to obtain funds for the Salem champion drum corps. The plan was presented to the board by J. T. Delaney, chairman of the legion's On-to-Chicago committee.

Cooperating with other chambers of commerce in the northwest, the Salem directors went on record in favor of a law by which commercial vessels would be permitted to transport army supplies in place of the army transports which now handle this tonnage. As army transports call only at New York and San Francisco, northwest ports and businessmen are virtually shut out from bidding to provide these supplies, it was pointed out.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The court house clock:
History of installation:

In giving the history of the Marion county court house in this column, taking a couple of issues, search it and the reader was promised something about how the public came by the town clock in the tower of that building.

The writer has found this a rather large order. Details of that part of the history of the court house are largely shrouded in tradition. The reader will perhaps recall that the old Marion county court records show that at the July, 1873, term a \$250 warrant was voted to A. Myers for a bell, and one of \$19 to H. Simmons for placing the bell in the cupola.

The reason that no record appears of any payment for the clock, it is inferred, is that the clock was paid for by public subscription, of which nothing appears on the old court book.

The writer gets from an old

New Views

"Do you think the United States government should continue to build and operate dirigibles?" This was the question asked by Statesman reporters yesterday.

G. T. Anderson, painter: "There are the 101, the Shenandoah and now the Akron, all costing millions of dollars, that have crashed. Does that pay? What good are they? No, I don't think the government should waste its money. It could spend the same amount on airplanes and have a real fighting air fleet."

A. L. Teller, trucker: "There has to be loss in all new developments, but it does seem that something should be done to stop such terrible life and money loss."

George D. Fraser, photo engraver: "That was a terrible tragedy. Looks like that will be the end of these big ships. I don't think they will allow any more to be built."

timer a story of the statue of liberty on the court house, his memory being that at first the scales were held in the left hand of the figure, and that former U. S. Senator J. W. Nesmith coming over from his Polk county farm near the present Rickreall, and seeing the left handed figure of justice, declared that the next time he visited the capital city he intend to bring along his Indian war gun, with which he proposed to shoot the scales from the sinister paw of the old girl, unless by that time he found it changed to the dexter one. In fact, he declared, he had in his time seen better looking females than the one holding the scales. Taking warning, the proper authorities saw to it that improvements were made in the pulchritude of the figure representing justice, and that the scales were held in her right hand.

There are also stories of how at one holiday season some of the young men about town climbed to the bell tower and hammered a tocsin on the bell that aroused all the people of the town from their past midnight slumbers, who tumbled out of their downy beds and scrambled hither and yon in all kinds of half dressed consternations, fearing something terrible had happened. The identity of the mischief makers was not divulged. But they left a mark of their devilry in the shape of a cracked bell, as they had employed some instrument that was too heavy for the use they made of it.

The crack was afterward repaired, so that no one has since noticed it in the tones and reverberations of the bell as it strikes the hours—but the writer is informed, the wound is still there, and can be plainly seen by any one who may have the curiosity to climb up and observe it.

The clock that so operates as to make the clapper of the old bell strike the hours was installed some time after the July, 1873, date mentioned above, by J. Henry Haas, old time Salem watchmaker and jeweler. Just what time, and the cost of the clock, and the names of the Sa-

lem men and firms contributing to the fund, the writer has not yet learned. He is still searching. Somewhere, there is an old newspaper file that will tell. Or someone has kept a clipping. Or perhaps the old subscription paper still exists. As will appear further along, the fund was likely one of considerable size, showing a rather generous public spirit for that day, in a town that was not large, nor most of its people over rich in this world's goods.

J. Henry Haas was a prominent figure in the Salem of pioneer days. He was for many years the principal leader of bands and orchestras. An ancient business card still in the Haas family reads: "J. Henry Haas, practical watchmaker and jeweler, Union block, Commercial street."

His advertisement in the 1873 Salem Directory reads: "J. H. Haas, dealer in watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., etc., Salem, Oregon. Solid silver ware of all descriptions. Watches, clocks and jewelry repaired and satisfaction warranted. Patton's block, State street, J. Henry Haas."

The Union block was where, or near where, the Ladd & Bush bank is now. The Patton block still stands, about as it was when the Haas establishment occupied one of its store rooms.

H. Dimond had a tonsorial emporium in Salem in the old days. That is, he was a barber—plus. With baths, and individual shaving mugs, etc., etc., according to the barber shops then common, before there were bath tubs in homes—or rather the ordinary home. No one sees such emporiums in these days. The ordinary price of a haircut in the old times was \$1, and a shave 50c, and a bath 25c and up, and perhaps a tip thrown in by the casual customer. Barbers became wealthy. One in Salem, Newton McCauley, was a money lender on the side, and a large property holder. And this was not unusual in the capital city, in Eugene and Roseburg, and other such towns and cities of the west.

Well, H. Dimond and J. Henry Haas furnished the music for all public occasions; for theaters, (Turn to Page 5)

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