

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - - - - Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT - - - - Managing-Editor

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Survival of the Soul

IN the twilight of life Clarence Darrow remains a confirmed skeptic. Grim and saturnine he awaits death "without fear and without enthusiasm." Passion Week, culminating in Easter, the anniversary of the Resurrection, did not temper the sharpness of his word of chill negation.

"I no longer doubt, I know now that there is nothing after death—nothing to look forward to in joy or in fear."
"When I die—as I shall soon—my body will decay. My mind will decay and my intellect will be gone. My soul? There is no such thing."

So speaks the confessed materialist, denying that there is more to man than matter:

"If you're honest you can't believe there is more than that, there is no evidence under the sun of a supernatural power. The universe simply is a product of evolution, just as man is, and we can't think about what is beyond that or we'll get dizzy."

"If you don't believe me sit down and try to figure out where the end of the sky is. Fix some arbitrary limit. Keep extending it. And after you're all through you'll still have the question, 'Then what?'"

Today is Easter, when millions of people by attendance on church services will express the belief and the hope contrary to Clarence Darrow's,—immortality of the soul, faith that there is a God, and that there is more to man than the chemicals which make up his body.

Through faith alone does the human mind accept the doctrine of immortality. It is distinctly a Christian doctrine, for the Old Testament is almost completely silent on the subject of survival after death. Under the impulse of the story of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the doctrine of immortality became the very core of the Christian gospel and helped to spread far beyond the land of Palestine. Yet, in spite of the positiveness of the gospel narrative and the power of the argument of St. Paul, immortality remains the great question of one's personal philosophy. Schopenhauer said "To desire immortality is to desire the eternal perpetuation of a great mistake." But such an apothem is merely an irritant, and offers no clear light on the subject.

There are those who think of immortality as the continuance of one's influence. Though his body succumb, the fruit of his character abides. Others see in the survival of the race the only immortality which is vouchsafed to humans. The individual dies, but the race marches on. But this does not satisfy the aspirations of the individual soul whose intelligence establishes its own identity and seeks a continuance of its own individuality.

The great grounds for hope in immortality of the soul lie in the normal reactions of the individual mind to these baffling mysteries of time and space, of life and death, of force and matter. Some look upon the scene and find it blank, a meaningless performance; and they yield to despair. But the vast majority from the dawn of the race have taken an affirmative view, that the universe is not an accident, but a product of intelligence; and that as the individual possesses intelligence, self-consciousness, powers of reasoning, there should be some link between him and the supreme intelligence. Not from fear or cowardice, as Darrow has said, but rather from hopes of a fuller realization of self comes the expectation of immortality.

Though science fail to penetrate the mystery beyond the grave, though philosophic reasoning fall short in the effort to fathom the unknown, perhaps this rather instinctive anticipation of survival of the soul as evidenced in the burial of food and weapons with the savage warrior, may be as safe a guide as the question mark which is the ultimate precipitate of the laboratory or of the library.

Washington and the States

WASHINGTON is treating rather roughly some of the states which refuse to go along in the administration's relief program. Senator Long of Louisiana has had his puppet legislators decree that all federal money to come to the state shall be disbursed by the Long machine. Secretary Ickes promptly declares no money will go to Louisiana; and the country as a whole applauds because it is suspicious of Long in handling public funds. Governor Talmadge of Georgia comes in for reproach by Harry Hopkins because he vetoed some of the bills which Washington passed down to the legislature.

In these cases public opinion will probably line up with Washington. But as an abstract proposition the states are justified in holding to their own autonomy, and in refusing to act merely as rubber stamps to the transient new dealers in Washington. The hatfull of Ickes bills which came to Salem had to be revamped materially and many of them discarded.

The country has too much centralization not alone of power but of initiative in Washington. It is hard on Roosevelt and worse on the country. The fizzle of so many of the new deal experiments should open the eyes of the people to the error of accepting on blissful trust the slightest suggestions that Washington bureaucrats pass out to the country. It is not just a matter of "states rights" under the constitution, but a matter of sound public policy,—the wisdom of developing legislation which is indigenous, which springs up out of local conditions; and the unwisdom of relying on some dispensation from a political "on-high."

"Simon says thumbs up, Simon says thumbs down; Simon says wiggle waggle". The states are apt to make themselves look silly if they try to follow all the advices from Washington. As the Chicago News said editorially a little while ago:

"State leaders who take their cues from Washington must be prepared for rapid and bewildering shifts of scenery, changes in the dialogue, improvisations in the score. It is a harlequin pantomime, and at any moment those who seek to follow its erratic movements are likely to find themselves in embarrassing pose, deserted by the principals."

The stand-by phrase "like a Philadelphia lawyer," will have to be amended. The Philadelphia bar association has ousted six lawyers for sharp practice, one a state senator, another a civil service commissioner.

Now if it rains this Easter Sunday, and the old rule holds, it'll be raining till mid-June. But it always does that in this country anyway.

Easter—The Rebirth of Hope



© 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc. Good Friday night scene.

Avoiding Repetition of Mistakes Is Hard; Possible Error Limited

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

The one who climbs to what's called Fame
Doth find when Fame hath come
That Fame is but an empty name—
Regrets that he has clumb.

At any rate, there is a rumor that effect.

Were I to be a poet, I think I should prefer
The kind of verse that tinkles, rather than try to stir
The innermost and deepest emotions of the soul—
The whattnesses and whennes and whydens of the whole—
In short, I'd rather jingle and mingle as I am
Than perch quite cold and lonely and view the heights I've clumb.

What is presence of mind? Well, it is like this—a feller with his mouth open stares at a runaway horse till the animal turns a corner a mile away. Then he cries "whoa". Presence of mind is what the feller does not have.

Cheer up! business may be better than it feels.

Glen Buck, president of the Chicago advertising agency which bears his name, has written a book called "What People Want". Here is a paragraph from it:

"Will Hays, monarch of the movies, will go down in history as the poorest guesser of his age. Muddled were the years in which he and his cohorts flooded the world with filth and furore. 'We are business men and must give the people what they want' was their cry. But they didn't know what people want. They thought the mass-mind a low thing and cheap. There never was a worse guess. Patient and tolerant and slow-moving as that mass-mind is, in desperation at last it acted. And Hollywood had to scoop and clear away the filth. Not all of it is gone—but I am glad to report that cinema attendance is very much on the increase."

Useful people are always dull.—May Robson in "Vanessa".

Some kindly reader, who evidently sees in it a moral for present-day application, mails me an epigram found on a gravestone in an old English graveyard—

"Here lies me and my three daughters
Through drinking of the Cheltenham waters.
If we'd stuck to Epsom salts
We shouldn't be lying in these vaults."

The deceased were perhaps the sort of people, frequently met with even in this so-called enlightened day, who overdo their dosing. They reason that if a quart of mineral water be good a gallon must be better. I once heard a story of a man in Oregon, not a great way to the eastward from Salem, who drank so freely from a mineral spring that he almost floated himself away, with effects suggestive of a motorboat. However, he did not die as did the Cheltenham man and his three daughters. His guardian angel and the death angel engaged in a terrific battle, the attending physician favoring the latter to win, but—well, he did not die. Sometimes it turns out so. At a venture, I would say that the local apothecary, peeved by the loss of four Epsom salts customers, was responsible for the libelous Cheltenham epitaph.

A late advertisement of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum &

"The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

SYNOPSIS
During a party at her home, wealthy Mrs. Violet Elderbank is murdered and her jewels stolen. Among the guests were June and Jimmy Kirkman, her neighbors, and their tenants, St. Gregory Valcour, pseudo artist, Glenn Thurber, newspaper reporter and dignified Douglas W. Coulton, a statistical expert. Marjorie Clark, Thurber's fiancée, and Roger Duane, a specialty dancer, are also present. The crime occurred while the house was in darkness and drums were beating for Roger's Zulu dance. Violet had been summoned to a private telephone in her bedroom. Her maid, Elsie, found her chloroformed and gagged. About that time, Price Merriam, Violet's secretary and companion, who operated the lights for Roger's dance, had difficulty in turning them on after having put them out for Roger's entrance. Thurber disappeared during the performance to make a telephone call next door. Valcour had gone there to get some of his paintings for Violet. Elsie the maid claims she was busy in the kitchen when the telephone rang, but both Merriam and Cripples, the butler, state she was not there. According to Cripples the call was from the telephone office stating it had a message from Montreal for Mr. Elderbank. A check-up reveals there was no such call but that Glenn Thurber telephoned at 12:21. Thurber emphatically denies this. As he is about to let Darden into his room, Thurber discovers the key is missing. A reporter's fingerprints are found on Mrs. Elderbank's phone. Valcour claims that while he was in his studio getting the pictures, he saw Thurber come in, but did not see him go out again, nor did he hear Thurber telephoning. Roger tells the police he was putting the finishing touches to his make-up between 12:25 and 12:45 P. M., the time the murder was committed.

CHAPTER XVI

Darden asked further questions which elicited the facts that Duane had been in New York a year and a half, that he had come on a tramp steamer from Liverpool, that when he had no dancing job he worked in Lurner's comb and brush factory, around the corner. He gave the Sergeant several references. He lived two blocks away.

"All right, you can go home," said Darden. "But don't change your job or your address without letting me know. Don't try any lamming."
"Any what, sir?"
"All right, you can get away."
"Why should I try to get away?"
"There was injured innocence and a shade of mischief, too, in Roger's voice. 'I'm rather enjoying being blackguarded by the police. If you'd only arrest me, the prize windfall of a generation!' 'Zulu Dancer Held in Gem Theft Murder!' Well, as you say! Don't you agree?"

"You beat it, grieved the Sergeant. 'Or I'll put you where you won't have room for Zulu dancing.' Darden, weary and depressed, followed him into the hall and watched him depart. Then the Sergeant went upstairs, slowly and thoughtfully. In the hallway above he met Price Merriam. There was a sound of sobbing from the library.

"What's going on in there?" he inquired of Merriam.
"It's the girl, Miss Clark. She's crying. Can't you talk to her soon, Sergeant, so she may go home?"
"I'd be crying, too, if I were a friend of this bird Thurber. Tell her I'll see her in a minute or two. Something impelled Darden to go up for a final inspection of the room from which the body of Violet Elderbank had been removed. The policeman was still on guard there, silent and impassive. He nodded to Darden but did not speak.

The Sergeant was preoccupied. He roamed about the room with his head thrust out in his odd chronic attitude of listening, but he was looking as well, and very minutely. He drew out his flashlight to aid him at the canopy bed. Its four posts upheld a silken canopy of blue, studded with stars sewn in gold.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The lower Astor fort on the Willamette was at Chewee; location known: (Continuing from yesterday.) Follow excerpts from the Alexander Henry Journal for Wednesday, Jan. 25, 1814:

"At 8 a. m. we embarked. (Moaning they left the lower Willamette fort.) We heard the noise of the falls about 15 miles off—that is to say, about three miles above Pudding river. . . . At 11 we came to the portage, (presently Oregon City), where we met our Yamhill on their way back, loaded with stinking dried salmon. (They had met there a small company of Yamhill Indians when they were on the way up.)

"We proceeded down to the Clowash village, where we landed unperceived. (This was one of various tribes of the Multnomahs mentioned by Lewis and Clark.)

"We heard dreadful lamentation in that end of the house which had been occupied by the late chief. On learning of our arrival, the noise ceased, and every one came out on the bank. I desired to measure this range of houses, but the enormous piles of excrement which lay along it deterred me. I supposed it to be at least 300 feet long. The inside, near the fire, where they sit and sleep, was tolerably clean and spread with mats. I observed a trough which contained urine, it being customary to urinate in this trough during the night and to wash themselves in the morning. Urine is also used in dressing their war garments and other leather. The houses are sunk not more than one foot in the ground. (Rather large house for Indians. Lewis and Clark found such, too, on the Willamette.)

"The women appeared to me more comely and fair than any I had seen before in this quarter. The men seemed much affected with sore eyes, and like all the other tribes below the falls of the Columbia, have scabby arms, legs, rumps, and bodies, on account of their filthy manner of living, their bad food, and the incessant rain for at least six months in the year. 'In this village I observed some

very stout men, but no tall ones. The dress of the women combines that of all the other tribes. . . . I saw several robes of gray squirrel, Virginia fox, long-eared and tiger skins. (Lower courses of French for lynx.) The Yamhills, it seems, had told these Indians they intended to drive our people from the river, and we were asked if we were all coming down; but we told them not.

"We bought three dogs, some nuts, and camas, and then set off. Several canoes arrived at the village, some from below and others coming down the Clackamas river. (He said Clakemus river.)

"At 5 p. m. we put ashore for the night. A wooden canoe with two women, heavily laden with furs, deeply loaded with smelt; they offered to sell for blue beads, which may be considered as cash here. I bought a bushel for the men, who feasted on chevreuil, fat dog, dried salmon, camas, and nuts. I had embarked three deer to take to Fort George, and two for the men, so that there was no want of provisions." (Chevreuil, as said before is French for male deer.)

The reader should know that, with the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Astor, the North Westers and other early trappers and explorers, "fat dog" was a preferred meat.

Quoting further: "Jan. 27. At 12:30 a. m. we embarked, and soon met a canoe in which were Messrs. W. Wallace and D. McCall. They were on their way up the Willamette, to bring down Grand Neplangua (Nipissing), who is supposed to be skillful in curing wounds—for Mr. A. Stuart's trouble him very much. (This was William Wallace, of the Wallace party, fort near the site of Salem. Alexander Stuart of the North Westers had been badly wounded (left for dead) in an Indian fight at the cascades of the Columbia. Grand Nipissing was the Indian hunter at the lower Astor fort on the Willamette who was supposed to have skill in curing wounds.) Later on we found some natives raising their sturgeon lines; they invited us to go ashore and trade sturgeon, which

"Aren't you just sure I killed Mrs. Elderbank?"
"I'm not sure of anything now, Miss Clark," said the Sergeant coldly, "except that your friend Mr. Thurber telephoned Mrs. Elderbank to call her to her room tonight, that she was murdered there, and Mr. Thurber's fingerprints were found at the scene of the murder."
"Marjorie stamped her foot indignantly. "That isn't true," she cried. "Mr. Thurber was here in this room, with me, the whole time."
"And that certainly isn't true, Miss Clark. By his own admission he went next door to telephone, just about the time Mrs. Elderbank was murdered."
"Oh—did he?" said Marjorie a little hopelessly. "He didn't tell me."
"He didn't tell you where he was going, naturally. But he certainly did not go upstairs to Mrs. Elderbank's bedroom. That is utterly absurd, and you know it."
"But she was murdered there, when you see the evidence, Miss Clark. An automatic register at the telephone exchange has recorded the call which tricked Mrs. Elderbank into going upstairs where she was killed."
"It's impossible," cried Marjorie desperately. "Why should he want to telephone Mrs. Elderbank, when he was right here with her?"
"Why should he want to steal her jewelry, Miss Clark? Perhaps you can tell me that."
"You can't help being brainless, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, but you can help being insulting."
Darden chuckled. "Oh! Insulting me, Mr. Thurber? You are a perfect gentleman when he killed this woman?"
"Marjorie's blue eyes blazed with hatred, but she did not reply.
"Do you need money?" the Sergeant hammered.
"Less desperately than you need intelligence, I am sure."
"Were you engaged to be married to this fellow?"
"That is none of your business."
"Didn't make much money on this newspaper job of his, did he? Trying to do society on a hundred a week?"
"Ask him yourself."
"You're not very anxious to help him—by helping me—are you?"
"I am anxious to go home and I propose to go there—that, or you may like me to jail. Please yourself."
Darden's tone softened. "I have no wish to take you to jail, Miss Clark. You haven't done anything; I'm perfectly sure of that. But your friend Thurber isn't guilty you ought to be willing to do your part toward proving it."
"I'll prove it—and I'll prove you're an ignorant bungler. You're a big-headed lout, and you'll pay for your stupidity—don't forget that."
"Are you by any chance threatening me, Miss Clark?"
"I am warning you. My father has money, and he makes no bones about it. He has influence enough to ruin you by getting an eyelash—he'll clean out your whole miserable police department if he has a mind to."
"That won't be news," said Darden cheerfully. "We wouldn't be comfortable if we didn't have a shake-up every few weeks. I'm likely to be walking post over in Brooklyn next month, for all I can tell. But that won't help your boy friend Thurber if he's guilty and I can't prove it. The harder they are the harder they fall, lady. The good old public pack gets 'em up a tree. You see, the rich mustn't threaten the poor, lady. It makes the poor see red. And the poor make up the mob, which is a terrible beast to have after you."
(To Be Continued)

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