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## The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT  
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### The Supreme Court Next

Washington, May 14. SOMEWHAT obscurely, announcement was made the other day that the Federal Reserve Board had acquired a "public relations counsel." Public relations counsel is the phrase invented by the late Irvy Lee to take the place of publicity director and press agent. It is a handsome designation, but at bottom means the same thing—in a glorified way.

NEWS that the Federal Reserve Board had taken one on some or something of a shock to those who have regarded it as the most solid, aloof, authoritative and independent agency of the executive branch of the Government, the one farthest removed from politics, with the least need for publicity. This departure from the original conception puts the top story on the extraordinary publicity structure erected by this Administration, the extent of which amazes those who fully grasp it. There seems nothing left now save for the Supreme Court to acquire a press agent. Propaganda can no farther go.

AS a matter of fact the Federal Reserve Board was supposed by old-fashioned Democrats—such as Senator Glass, for instance—to partake somewhat of the dignity of the court. Its decisions were in the nature of judicial opinions. Its weight was exerted without ostentation or self-praise. Its actions spoke for themselves. Its members, removable only for cause and after a hearing, were from White House and Treasury influence. The idea was that the power of this board was very great, its functions most important and that its judgments should be as free as possible from pressure of any sort, unaffected by public clamor or the desire to be popular, either with the people or the President.

THE charge of those who oppose it is that the new banking bill, sponsored by Mr. Marriner Eccles, new head of the board, and backed by the Administration, will change all this. That bill, its opponents allege, will politicize the board, rob it of its judicial character, and, in effect, permit it to be controlled by the White House. But that is not the way in which the idea of a "public relations counsel" in connection with the board had not been suggested. Normally it would not occur. Even now, it is difficult to see the need of a public relations counsel. The board has no popular contact and none is necessary. Its members are not elected by the people. None, so far as known, aspires for higher office. It does not need help in getting its decisions adequately publicized. They are too important to be ignored and their interpretation is one the board has heretofore been able to do itself. It could hardly be that the public relations counsel is employed to aid in getting pending legislation through Congress, because, as Mr. John Stewart Bryan pointed out some time ago, there is a 23-year old law on the books making employment for such a purpose illegal.

RESPONSIBILITY for this departure rests, it is understood, upon Mr. Eccles himself, who feels the need of a public relations counsel. Mr. Eccles occupies today a very important position, exerts more influence upon governmental financial matters than almost anyone else, is consulted on general policies. Young, able, alert, public spirited and with a fine record as a successful banker in his home State of Utah, Mr. Eccles was one of the earliest of New Dealers. It was in February, 1933, before the Senate Finance Committee, that he outlined most of the spending policies since pursued.

AT that time he was relatively unknown and his views got little publicity. This seemed then unimportant, which shows how easy it is for both press and politicians to be mistaken. Actually he forecast the New Deal before anyone else. As a New Deal prophet he is without a peer. Credit for recommending to the President is given to Professor Tugwell, with whom he is great friends. Certainly, while his bank prospered under the old system, his views are being thing but orthodox and he generates some original ideas. A public relations counsel is one of them. But this must be said of Mr. Eccles—when he picked a public relations counsel, he picked a good one. In Mr. Elliott Thurston, of the Washington Post, he gets a man of high character, real ability, unusual experience. He has, in fact, altogether too much to be a "public relations counsel." He would make a good head of the board.

**Spray Evergreens to Prevent Blight; Vines Look Hardy**  
 ST. LOUIS, May 14.—Edward Williams and Patrick Manning have just completed spraying their trained evergreens with lime and sulphur to prevent them from getting the red blight disease. So far the vines look hardy and in excellent condition.

Edmund Marsh, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, who has been seriously ill at his home, is able to resume his studies again.

The women of this parish are sponsoring a dance to be given at the St. Louis hall Wednesday night, with special music from Salem.

The St. Louis grade ball team defeated Fairfield there Friday by 25 to 17.

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Big dance in Salem to celebrate passing of state house bill in '73: There was "a hot time in the old town" of Salem one night in the fall of 1873.

The bill had passed the legislature to build the state capitol that burned on the night of April 25. The event deserved celebrating.

The question as to how culminated in a great banquet and ball, with tickets at \$5 each, and 600 sold.

The bill providing for the construction of the state house was the fifth one introduced in the session of 1873, which met the second Monday in September, as the constitution then provided. (It was changed at the 1883 session to the second Monday in January, following each biennial election.)

The second was for the payment of mileage of members, the third for the incorporation of Roseburg, and the fourth to allow the holding of lands by aliens.

Section 1 of the state house bill directed the creation of a board of three commissioners to have charge of the erection of the building.

Section 2 gave the governor power to fill vacancies in the commission; the election being by the legislature in joint session of the two houses. A \$5000 bond and an oath of office were required for each member.

Section 4 gave very general powers and provided for monthly meetings.

Section 6 gave the board authority to make requisitions for materials made at the state prison, and for inmate labor.

The pay for commissioners was \$5 a day when actually employed. The first appropriation was \$100,000, with the state treasurer authorized to transfer \$50,000 from the "soldiers' bounty fund" to the "state house building fund."

Section 11 was an emergency clause, and the bill was approved October 10, 1872, by L. F. Grover, governor.

The 1874 Salem Directory showed: "Capitol Commissioners' Office, west side Commercial, between Ferry and Trade."

The writer believes the office was in the present Statesman building, where is now the business office of the newspaper. The commissioners' 11 k e t y occupied about half of the space indicated.

(Every regular reader of this column knows that the offices of the governor and his private secretary and the chambers of the supreme court and the room of the state library then occupied the second floor of the present Statesman building. The 1874 Directory shows that the superintendent of public instruction, S. J. L. Carter Simpson, also had his office in the same building. Simpson was the first to hold that office, by appointment of the governor. The first elected one was Dr. L. L. Rowland, who had the office from '74 to '78; no doubt in the same location until September, '76, when the state house was occupied.

Simpson was a brother of Sam Simpson, Oregon Post laureate. His term was from Jan. 30, 1873, to Sept. 14, 1874. The governor was therefore, ex-officio, state superintendent of public instruction.)

Al. Crossman, then well known Salemite, was the head of the committee for the banquet and ball. Mr. Crossman is now 63 years older than he was then, which brings him well up into the twilight, but he is still going strong. He is chief of the United States district court in Portland, and looks good for many years yet.

Every member of the legislature and of the supreme court had a free ticket.

The regular reader of this column knows the legislature then met in the Holman building, still standing, on the corner south of Statesman district court in Portland, and looks good for many years yet.

The banquet was held on the first floor of Reed's opera house, southwest corner Court and Liberty—now the Miller store building—and the dance on the second floor of that building.

It was a blaze of lights—coming from ordinary candles placed in the windows; four candles to every pane of glass. All the Salem stores and many residences were illuminated in the same manner.

Prominent people from all parts of the state were in attendance. The ladies were decked out in the latest fashions, most of the men in full dress.

It was a gorgeous affair. Col. C. A. Reed, who owned the opera house and was quite an artist, painted a picture of what, in his conception, the state house would look like when completed. It was of heroic size, such as Col. Reed specialized in, and created much favorable comment.

General Joe Lane, first governor of Oregon and former political idol of the territory and the state, came down from Roseburg to attend the ceremonies. An old timer remembered that he wore buckskin gloves and kissed the pretty girls—they were of course all pretty; our mothers and grandmothers in the bloom and buoyancy of their youth.

None in all history were ever prettier—for did not that gay Lothario, Joaquin Miller, testify recently that under the soft Oregon skies are produced the fairest of the fair among all the daughters of Eve that, with their angelic charms, have ever graced and adorned this earth?

There was a shortage of \$13 when the committee of arrangements settled up the affairs of the sumptuous banquet and grand ball, with the makings of the sounds of revelry and good cheer.

And Al. Crossman says he stood the charge, and paid it out of his own pocket, the other members of the committee being broke.

Who will do this for the feed and frolic when definite announcement shall have been made of what is to be done to provide the housing the burning of the state capitol destroyed?

## Farmers' Union News

ZENA, May 14.—Spring Valley Farmers Union No. 252 held an open meeting at the school on the regular meeting date at 8 o'clock. W. Frank Crawford, president, presided. He told of the many advantages gained by purchasing farm commodities at the Farmers' Union store at Salem and advised all members to patronize it when possible. The program included piano numbers by Miss Ruth Shepard, a talk on the purpose and aims of Oregon State college by W. L. C. Shepard, address by W. L. Reuther of the Oregon State college extension service.

Mr. Teutsch said that he did not defend the deal but wished to explain it. "We hear many things about revolutionary experiments. The purpose of the agricultural administration is to restore to the American farmer his just dues. Production is in accordance with market demand. Fifty per cent of the farms are mortgaged but we seldom hear of one being foreclosed.

In the matter of purchasing cattle, eight million were purchased in the drought section to relieve the farmer. In 1932 there was an excess of dairy cattle in Oregon, which is an important dairy state. The price of cows increased 50 per cent in February because of diseased cattle. California alone will have to replace 150,000 cattle!"

TALBOT, May 14.—Sidney Talbot, Farmers' Union met in the Talbot school house Friday night with President D. E. Blinston in the chair. J. W. Gilmour, of exchange committee, gave a splendid report.

Two visitors from the Marion local were present and asked Sidney Talbot local to join in their pool of coffee. G. W. Potts, state president, gave a talk on the inspection of the first basards at the court house and the progress being made in the Farmer's union warehouse in Salem.

An enjoyable program was given by a group of employees from the Doolittle service station in Salem. Refreshments were served.

IN HOSPITAL HERE  
 SALEM HEIGHTS, May 14.—Miss Dorothy Burger is patient at the Deaconess hospital where she underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis. She is reported as doing nicely.

## SCHULZE TO PREACH AT HUBBARD MAY 19

HUBBARD, May 14.—The town bridge club was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Garren Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Chausse assisted. Women's prizes went to Mrs. Elmer Stauffer and Mrs. Waldo Brown. Miss Stauffer and Mrs. Stauffer were high scorers for the men.

Mrs. Ellen Carl and Mrs. L. M. Scholl spent Sunday at Oregon State college attending the Mothers' day exercises.

Word has been received here of the arrival of a son, Paul, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cleaver, Jr., who are living in Centralia. This is the third child, the other two being girls. The grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cleaver of Hubbard.

Rev. W. I. Orr announced Sunday morning that he will not occupy the pulpit at the Federated church Sunday morning, May 19. Dr. D. H. Schulze, head of the religious department of Willamette university, will be the speaker.

## Twenty Years Ago

May 15, 1915

President Wilson leaves Washington on board the naval yacht Mayflower for New York to review the Atlantic fleet.

Governor Withycombe receives a telegram from the state of Missouri that Oregon cattle will be quarantined unless the embargo is lifted here on Missouri cattle.

A conference to consider problems of Western Child Labor is being called in San Francisco May 26 to 31.

## Ten Years Ago

May 15, 1925

Miss Abby Rockefeller is married to David Merriweather Milton at the home of the bride's father, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in New York City.

Fishing is good.

An English lecturer declares that Europe is still infested with international spies.

## The Slave of the Grindstone



## "The Cold Finger Curse" By Edwin Dial Torgerson

### CHAPTER XLXVI

At headquarters they found Inspector McEniry, fuming with anger. "New for you boys," the Inspector greeted them. "We've got the Jap. They found him at his lodging over on the East Side. They're bringing him in now. Great work, Montigny! I'll never kid you again about your crazy leads."

"Jazbo and whoopee!" exclaimed Sergeant Darden, who seemed strangely out of character when he was enthused. "We've checked all the steamship sailings," McEniry went on. "There were none today. There are two tonight, but there's no passenger of Schurman's description booked on either of them. The boys nabbed three or four on suspicion, anyhow. We can't trace any railroad bookings, though that's a devil of a job, anyhow, with this Jap under our thumb. We ought to get a decent lead."

The scared young Japanese, Hitsu, however, could not help them greatly—at first. He was intelligent, apparently, but not wholly intelligible. He could scarcely speak enough English to keep himself out of jail. The employment bureau manager through whom Hitsu had been traced had explained that Mr. Schurman had specifically wanted a Japanese chauffeur who could speak little English—and he wanted lots of service and very little conversation.

Hitsu had filled this requirement admirably. He managed to make it clear to the police that he had never heard of Mr. Schurmer—which was the nearest he could come to Schurman's description. Hitsu was a gentleman who had been employed by that gentleman two weeks before. He had hoped the job would be permanent, but Mr. Schurmer had been called to Europe on business unexpectedly, had given him a bonus and dismissed him. Mr. Schurmer's car was still in an East Side garage. It was to be placed in dead storage while its owner was in Europe. Hitsu thought his employer had said today.

That was all Hitsu could tell the police. He did not become genuinely useful as a witness until Inspector McEniry spread upon the desk before Hitsu a collection of photographs.

"Mugs of eight or nine mildly suspected as fences," the Inspector explained to Montigny. "None of them recognized, or even officially charged with anything. But we've had the eye on them."

Hitsu grabbed one of the pictures and jumped to his feet, his countenance opening in a wide and very sunny grin. "That's Shimmer, Miss Shimmer!" he cried delightedly. "Be sure now, you!" growled McEniry. "No guessing."

He shuffled the photographs, adding new ones and subtracting some of the old ones, spun Hitsu around on his heels and commanded him to try again.

Three successive times Hitsu erringly picked out Mr. Shimmer. "That's a break, what a break!" cried Darden.

Inspector McEniry referred to a card index record. "Jack Cullen! I knew we'd get that sly old duck one of these days. Weakly retired diamond merchant—know him. Used to be in business down in Maiden Lane. We've never placed anything on him, but there's always been a feeling about him. Listen to this, Montigny. Frequently spends his winters at Palm Beach. Maybe that's where he's gone."

"Warm, don't you think, at this season?" suggested Montigny. "Perhaps he went north instead. There is a sailing steamer morning from Montreal."

"We'll check 'em both."

The mills of the police department ground not slowly but exceedingly fast that night.

Montigny found himself with a blank evening before him.

"I think I shall look up a chemical friend," he told Sergeant Darden. "One Doctor Imma, of Hargett & Company—the manufacturers, as you remember we learned, of Fallet French Toilet Soap."

"Yeah!" replied Montigny.

But Montigny learned to his disappointment that Doctor Imma was out of the city and was not expected to return until the following night.

Montigny in the morning mail had a written report from the telephone company, to the effect that the mouthpiece which the police had found on the telephone in the bedroom of the late Mrs. Elderbank was not the mouthpiece with which that telephone had been equipped when delivered originally; and that the mouthpiece which had been found on the telephone in Glenn Thurber's apartment, likewise, was not the original part issued with that instrument.

Further than that the company did not care to go officially on record, but the manager of the branch office implied the verdict slightly in conversation with Montigny. "The mouthpiece on the Thurber telephone," said the manager, "is a new one, of comparatively recent manufacture. The other one, which you found on Mrs. Elderbank's telephone, is not new, though it should be because the instrument is new. By checking the serial numbers of the instrument with others of the same factory lot, we determined that the mouthpiece found on the phone should have belonged to an instrument assembled at least one year ago. The mouthpiece on the Thurber telephone, on the other hand, is a new one, and its serial designation corresponds with the serial number which we have on hand at this office, to furnish subscribers who ask for them."

"In other words," said Montigny eagerly, "the mouthpiece recently replaced—and one evidently issued by this office at a subscriber's request"—that seems to be the case."

"Spelled," said Montigny. He described St. Gregory's Valcour and displayed a photograph which he had appropriated from Valcour's rooms. "Will you please tell me whether anyone in the office calls having given this name, within the past few weeks, a new telephone mouthpiece?"

The manager made inquiries. He returned shortly with a young lady from the front office, one of the instrument clerks. "Miss Ethridge remembers your man," reported the manager. "She did not take his name, but she made a memorandum of his telephone number."

Miss Ethridge, who had a brittle, businesslike way about her, promptly gave the date of the incident and Valcour's telephone number. "Yes, I remember giving this man, within the past few weeks, a new telephone mouthpiece."

The manager made inquiries. He returned shortly with a young lady from the front office, one of the instrument clerks. "Miss Ethridge remembers your man," reported the manager. "She did not take his name, but she made a memorandum of his telephone number."

Montigny shortly thereafter called upon Inspector McEniry to impart this information. "The finger-prints at the scene of the crime, Inspector—I predicted that they would be explained away. Through this simple method one might have put even your finger-prints there."

McEniry listened in wry silence to the explanation. "Say, you do go around disproving things, Montigny. For a change, why don't you prove a few?"

"But yes, Inspector—elimination—proving it—cumulative disproof. Your electricity has been on the mysterious unseen force he calls current. There are ten or twelve things that might have caused the trouble. How does he go about it? His eliminates, one by one, the ten or eleven things that could not have caused the trouble—and the twelfth is the answer."

"And what's the answer in this case of ours—Valcour?"

Montigny shrugged. "We are not yet through eliminating. He has not been reconstructed."

"On the lam—not a trace of him. He and Jack Cullen. Cullen checked out of the hotel where he has been living permanently two weeks ago—left word there, too, that he was going to Europe. He must have known all about this Elderbank case, before it happened. Awful luck to lose him—but it was a real break, that put you on to this false picture buying game. We've got to nab Cullen to save our face. The dambled newspapermen are roasting the last of us." McEniry's huge hand cramped the sheet-boost he had

been scanning sourly when Montigny came in. "What do I do next, Montigny—turn Thurber loose, and give 'em all a deep belly-laugh on us?"

Montigny chuckled. "Quel dommage! It would be a shame to lose our valuable publicity man. He is our earnest ally. He advertises daily the thought that the skeleton fingers of the Cold Finger Curse are reaching out relentlessly for the culprits."

"Horse-whiskers!" growled McEniry derisively. "That's no way to catch a thief. Thieves don't read, and if they do they've got sense enough not to believe what they see in the paper."

"You forget, Inspector, that we have many thieves of education and dignity of the land's first-class District Attorney will, in the light of this new telephone evidence of yours. There's only one other thing we've got to hold Thurber on—the diary of Mrs. Elderbank just before the murder case from Thurber's phone."

"But not, probably, from Thurber. A duplicate key to Thurber's apartment hangs, even now, in the diary of the landlady's flat downstairs. Or—have you considered it, Inspector?—a call could come from Thurber's telephone, even though there was no one at all in Thurber's room."

"What do you mean?"

"Tapped wires. It is outside wiring—an old house, built before the days of telephones. The wires enter Thurber's top floor apartment just before the level of the roof. With a lineman's simple equipment the thief could be tapping. A call records itself as from Thurber's telephone. The man on the roof with his line-man's instrument appears to be talking from an ordinary phone."

McEniry stirred uncomfortably. "Yes—but we have no evidence of that. Guesswork, isn't it?"

"Surely. But it fits into my picture puzzle of the crime. Shall I reconstruct it for you?"

"Sure. Shoot."

"There is a man—perhaps two men—on the roof of the house next door to Mrs. Elderbank's. There is a confederate, an inside man, at Mrs. Elderbank's party."

"Valcour!" said the Inspector grimly. "That looks like a cinch, now."

"Let us call him, then, Valcour. He is a friend of Thurber's apartment, where he has stolen the mouthpiece of Thurber's telephone, quickly substituting a new one. He has this mouthpiece of the crime. He has in paper to prove Mr. Thurber's valuable finger-prints. There is a prearrangement that the crime is to be committed at a definite time, in the course of the Zulu dance at Mrs. Elderbank's party. No signal is needed by the man or men on the roof—when the African war drums begin to rattle, the call is to be put in summoning Mrs. Elderbank up stairs to her bedroom."

"That's the dope, all right—that's the way it was done."

"The call is put in—from the tapped wires or from Thurber's rooms. Mrs. Elderbank's colored maid, normally, would answer the telephone. As an attempt is made to throw suspicion on her, the stolen clothing, the missing suitcase—"

"By the way," interrupted McEniry, "I forgot to tell you—we've found that suit-case. A truck-walker for the Interborough subway picked it up this morning, alongside the tracks away up at one end of the Times Square station."

"In the subway?"

"Sure. They just heaved it off the platform to get rid of it. We identified the clothes as Mrs. Elderbank's, all right, but we didn't have any luck finding finger-prints on the suit-case."

"So! They do many things to incriminate innocent people. But it so happens that the maid is not at hand—she is in the basement area, way lending five dollars to her crapping friend, so that the hater Chopping, instead of the maid, answers the telephone."

(To Be Continued)