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 "No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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**The Great Game of Politics**  
 By FRANK R. KENT  
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**The New Deal Spirit**  
 Washington, May 16  
 ONE of the things about which a great deal has been said since the beginning of this Administration is the "spirit" of the New Deal. In the press, on the air, at many banquets and in many crude articles, the pay-roll spokesmen have dwelt heavily upon it.

IT has been the favorite theme of the oratorical and literary officeholders. They love to play on that key. Up to a few months ago the stuff was sure fire with the really mushy audiences. It does not go so well now. For one thing, there has been rather an overdone of it; for another, the material aspect of things is such as to render somewhat incongruous the unctuous spirituality of the New Dealers. The fact is that, after two years, there is a conviction among close observers that the so-called New Deal spirit is a more or less ridiculous thing, and an increasing number of people are beginning to realize it.

ACTUALLY the spirit these days seems to consist in preserving an air of confidence that all is well, while the experiments upon which it rests are clearly crumbling. The true New Dealer ignores these realities and brightly smiles his way through—or tries to. Confusion and failure may stare them in the face; waste, extravagance and futility surround them. The New Deal spirit is not to see any of these things. The New Dealer wants to pretend they do not exist to take the ground that everything is lovely and only "destructive critics," full of bile and bitterness, oppressors of the poor, wicked men destitute of honor and devoid of shame—think differently.

TWO things aid the Administration in this pretense. One is the fact that, despite retarding policies and dangerous experiments, the forces of economic recovery make some headway; the other is the extraordinary extent to which the publicity and propaganda machines deluge the country with the favorable side, disregarding the facts when one of the schemes buckles up. The best illustration of this, of course, is the NRA. Its failure is practically complete and everybody knows it.

IT is without real defenders in Congress and without real public support. The whole organization, dismayed and confused, has been marking time for months. It is a hollow mockery of the great thing it was supposed to be. It has completely missed its objective, and the idea that it can be reinvigorated is not seriously entertained by any thoughtful man. It over there was a "busted balloon" and this is it. Yet the pretense is maintained that it is a successful experiment, still in robust health, instead of a poor, bedraggled thing, sicker than the well-known pup, with a Supreme Court decision pending that may easily end its life regardless of what Congress, driven by the President, may do.

But from no New Deal spokesman has the public yet heard a word such as the situation. On the contrary, the real condition is so belittled that it is difficult for the public to know what to believe. People generally know, of course, that things are not well with the NRA, but they do not know how badly bogged it really is—and they won't from the Administration.

IT isn't easy to be frank about failures. But it was one of Mr. Roosevelt's earliest and most popular 1933 promises that if these experiment did not turn out well he would be the first to inform us. He hasn't done that, but it would still be an immensely popular thing if he did. Complete candor about the NRA, for example, would redound infinitely more to his credit than continued holding on to the notion that it can yet be made to work—not recognizing that the people generally are beginning to be worse than bored with the Blue Eagle. It would be the best sort of politics for him to say frankly that this looked like a fine scheme when it started, that both labor and that it had not worked out, but that it has not worked out. To say that before either the Supreme Court kills it or Congress emasculates it would seem to be the smart thing as well as the right thing. But it is not in the New Deal spirit.

**Zena School Boys and Girls Picnic at Champoeg Park**  
 CHAMPOEG, May 16.—The Zena school, in Polk county, gathered at Champoeg Thursday, May 16, for the annual outing and picnic. The day was pleasantly spent in viewing the monument and building, interspersed with various games of outdoor sport. Gladys Gilbert, the teacher, had in the past given the children a course in early Oregon history and the pupils were able to visualize the stirring scenes that were enacted on this spot in May and July of 1845, 22 years ago. The school was accompanied by the parents of the scholars.

**Thomas Pomeroy Home Independence, May 16**  
 Thomas Pomeroy, who has been visiting relatives in Long Beach and San Francisco for the past month, returned to his home for Mother's day, Monday he and his grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Owens, left for a week's trip to Portland and Astoria.

**State employes are charged with wasting public funds using their own automobiles for state business with a 10 cents per mile allowance.**  
 Editorial comment: Every now and then some misguided individual breaks into print with the declaration or suggestion that prohibition is a failure.

**Bits for Breakfast**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who knows this girl's mother or father? First white woman to have her home on French prairie:

(Continuing from yesterday.)  
 In connection with the 1886 annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer association, when R. P. Earhart, secretary of state, was secretary of the association, several biographical sketches of prominent pioneers were inserted in the published proceedings. Among these was one of Mrs. Sarah A. Case. It read:

"Mrs. Sarah A. Case, wife of William M. Case of Marion county, was born near Mt. Holy, New Jersey, on the 17th of January, 1822, but was reared to womanhood and married in Wayne county, Indiana.

"After her marriage, in 1841, with her husband she moved to Holt county, Missouri, and lived there until 1844, when they started across the plains, for the far off land of Oregon, reaching the settlements in the Willamette valley in December of that year, after the very long journey of 209 days.

"In the spring of 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Case settled on their homestead (donation land claim) near Butterville, where she resided until her summons to pass through the portals of the silent city—on the 30th of March, 1877.

"Mrs. Sarah A. Case was the FIRST WHITE WOMAN—except Mrs. Dr. Bailey, who came to the coast as a missionary—who made a home on the beautiful plain of French prairie.

"There she lived in peace, surrounded by a large family and much beloved by all who knew her, and saw the country develop from a habitation of savage Indians and wild animals to one of farms and schools, and fertile farms and prosperous villages, and witnessed many changes in county, state and nation.

"She was in many respects an extraordinary and superior woman, and while her womanly courage never failed in the hour of trial or even danger, in her intercourse with others was kind and unselfish in the highest degree, being the gentlest of mothers, the most patient of wives, and the affectionate friend and kindest of neighbors.

"In the pioneer days of Oregon, her influence was largely felt in promoting the society in which she moved, and in the course of events in favor of civilization, education and morality.

"She was wonderfully sensitive to the beautiful in both inward and outward effects, and was easily moved to smiles and tears; a nature capable of the keenest enjoyment, and least suffering.

"She was a great reader, and in her time it was not deemed essential that women should be educated, and the doors of educational institutions were shut in her face.

"Although for many years a member of the church, to her, creed was nothing; religion, as exemplified in a daily life of good deeds, was everything, being always merciful and sympathetic in her treatment of human weakness, and ever ready for sin and folly that charity lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

There are many kinds of success in this world to be thankful for, and not the least of them is that sort of success that is summed up by George Eliot: 'Her full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being in those about her was incalculatively diffusive; for the good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully in a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.'

"Thirteen children were born to her, four of whom went over the dark dark river before her. Her living children are Mrs. S. A. Moreland and Mrs. A. E. Borthwick, Portland; John N. Case, Omaha; Mrs. I. W. Pelt, San Gabriel; Mrs. Arthur Croger, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. Anna M. Hoyt, Miss Ella N. Case, Mrs. Clifford Gibbons, Los Angeles, Cal., and George M. Case, Butte.

**Twenty Years Ago**  
 May 17, 1915  
 Madrid—Joao Chagas, president of the Portuguese cabinet, was assassinated on a train from Oporto and his body was found in Freixas, was killed by gendarmes.

**Liverpool—The Cunard line steamship Transylvania arrived safely at Greenock, Scotland, from New York after altering her course to get through the submarine zone.**

**Congressman W. C. Hawley will deliver the principal address on Memorial day in the armory.**

**Ten Years Ago**  
 May 17, 1925  
 Beginning today, the week ending May 24 is designated as Old Friends week in Oregon by a proclamation issued by Governor Walter M. Pierce.

State employes are charged with wasting public funds using their own automobiles for state business with a 10 cents per mile allowance.

Editorial comment: Every now and then some misguided individual breaks into print with the declaration or suggestion that prohibition is a failure.



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

CHAPTER XXXVIII  
 McNairy's brow was furrowed as he talked over the new development with Montgery.

"It knocks the props out from under everything," grumbled the Inspector. "But I've said all along that this was anybody's murder. Why the dickens didn't we have sense enough to see it was Merriam? Of course he was out to crook this dame—that was his idea from the first day he went to work for her."

"The other men Callen named," said Montgery, "are they known to you—police records?"

"Yes, we know 'Jerky Joe' Letterman is one of his aliases. 'Stick-up' payroll bandit, petty man—his done three stretches up the river and he's a bad hombre. Snowbird—dope fiend. Little guy, but hell-let-loose with a rod—he gets coked up when he goes out on a job. Pale blue eyes, almost no color in 'em, and he has a habit of making faces with one side of his nose, snuffing, you know."

"And the other man—Gus Heinemann?"

"We don't know him, under that name. But names mean nothing with a thief. We've known 'em with eighty aliases. We'll get both these birds, don't you worry. Callen ought to be able to help us what are now in tonight. I guess they couldn't get much out of him in Montreal because they didn't know what to ask him. Gosh, that was a break, nabbing that bird—with most of the stones on him, too. The Cold Finger Curse must have got him, eh, Montgery?" The Inspector chuckled warmly.

"Approach the end of our trail, apparently," said Montgery without enthusiasm. "One after another our excellent suspects topple over—or bob up again."

"McNairy grinned. "But that's the way you said scientific detectiveing was done, isn't it—elimination? Well, just look who we've eliminated—first the negro maid, then Duane, then Thurber—I've got to get busy and turn that guy loose, by the way—then Valcour, then Callen."

"Cupples?" interrupted Montgery. "Who eliminated him?"

McNairy laughed. "I did, Captain. I'll tell you a little secret. Cupples is my man. He works for me."

"Works for you?"

"I hated to keep it from you, Montgery, but we've got to protect 'em, you know. He's one of our stool-pigeons."

"Stool-pigeon!" exclaimed Montgery.

"Nothing else. We use a lot of them in New York, Captain. I'm sure you know how they work in Montreal, but we couldn't do business here without 'em. We get something on 'em—enough to send 'em over the river for ninety-nine years if we want to. But what's the use of having 'em do time in the Big House at the expense of the state, when they can be of real service to us here? They're in among the thieves, they join 'em in their merry little games—and they keep in solid with us by letting us know how the merry little games are going. The guy who said it takes a thief to catch a thief knew his copy-book, Captain. It's the only way, in a city big as this."

Montgery seemed politely surprised. "And he was there at Mrs. Elderbank's house to catch a thief?"

"Right again," said McNairy good-naturedly. "He was there for bait. Our boys were waiting for some of his former crooked associates to try to ring him in on a robbery. We knew Mrs. Elderbank was a marked woman—we had got wind of nice little plans to crib her jewelry. We knew it not only from what we heard from your Inspector Laval in Montreal, but from other sources here. The boys picked out the chauffeur, Cliff Spencer, for her, and they saw a chance to put Cupples in where he might do the most good. They fixed it with all the employment agencies when Mrs. Elderbank was ready to hire a butler."

"As bait," observed Montgery drily. "He was not much protection."

"The whole thing took him by surprise. He swears he didn't have a line on it, and I believe him. He told us you caught him tap-tapping over the telephone the other night—he was talking to Darden. He reported that way sometimes when he couldn't get out to talk to one of our men."

Montgery gestured deferentially. "You fooled me completely, Inspector. I took him for a thief, but I did not take him for a Police Department thief. You trust him implicitly?"

McNairy shrugged. "You'd trust me, wouldn't you, if I knew by the

drop of a hat you could send me to prison for the rest of my natural life? Sure I trust him. We never have any trouble with our stool-pigeons—except when the mobs get wise to them occasionally, and start shooting. We've made it interesting for Cupples—he helps us and we help him. The Canadian smiled reservedly. "And did Cupples have any theory as to the identity of the 'inside man' in the Elderbank case? Did he suspect Merriam?"

McNairy chewed his cigar thoughtfully. "Duane was his pick. He said so from the start, but I like you—I didn't agree with him. The dickens told us yet. But we mixed up with some of the thieves that hang around Barney O'Brien's night club, and—by the way—the Inspector snapped his fingers. 'Jerky Joe' Letterman used to hang around O'Brien's—I just happened to think of it. That doesn't prove anything, of course."

"Not enough to bring Mr. Duane as high in our esteem as Mr. Merriam," agreed Montgery. "It seems we shall have to be content with Mr. Merriam."

"Yeah. I'm going to have a nice, long quiet talk with that bird, and see if he remembers anything he hasn't told us yet. But we'll wait and talk to Jack Callen first, to-night. Right now I'd better get to work and turn Thurber loose—because that fool girl spills anything to the press, it's a scandal."

"I can see now that it would be most unsafe for your friend the stool-pigeon."

"Unsafe! I'll say it would. Cupples would get his before the papers had been on the street an hour. I'll have to send somebody to have a talk with Cupples, by the way, about Jerky Joe and Gus Heinemann. Maybe he can give us a line on them, as yet. Darden talk to him. Go along if you like, Captain. You can tell him you're wise to his arrangement with us, if you want to, but I don't think that is necessary."

"No," said Montgery. "I do not think that it is necessary."

In company with Sergeant Darden, he paid Cupples a visit at the Elderbank house late that afternoon. They had an extended interview with Cupples, but they got little information of value from him. Cupples maintained that he knew Jerky Joe only by reputation, and Heinemann not at all.

On his sidewalk in front of Two Sixty-Eight Waverley Place, Montgery encountered Marjorie Clark and a friend of hers—the recently liberated Glenn Thurber.

"They both hurried to shake his hand warmly."

"Here's the man," the girl told Glenn enthusiastically, "who really made them let you go—you put sense into their heads, didn't you, Captain Montgery?"

Montgery bowed with ceremony. "Unmerited thanks, Miss Clark, he remonstrated. "But I am grateful nevertheless. Mr. Thurber himself has done more than any other person, I think, to put sense into our heads, to set the tumbling police upon the right track."

"Where do you get that?" exclaimed Glenn. "I've been in jail. What have I done?"

"The Cold Finger Curse," said Montgery, in a tone that seemed to relish the words. "Administered by an able newspaper man, it has been a most useful curse. It has done much, and it will do more. It has

demoralized our thieves, driven their fence to disaster—paralyzed him—"

"Paralyzed?" queried Thurber quickly. "Who?"

"Ah, that is what I have to tell you—the story of another victim. I do not know as yet how much you can print of it. But shall we not go to dinner, we three, and talk it over?"

"We shall!" cried Marjorie Clark.

Jack Callen, like many of his confreres whom the police favored with their interest, had been living the refined and opulent life of a wealthy retired diamond merchant. It was known, of course, that occasionally he would buy stones—he loved them so. Not until recently, however, had he gone in for pilfered ice on so large a scale. Nor had he consciously handled the proceeds of a robbery in which murder had been involved. That he, too, had been told that his condition was extremely serious, who gathered about him in the bedroom of his Grand Central Hotel suite, was what had ruined him.

Present at his bedside for the full contentment of a crook, were Inspector McNairy, Detective Sergeant Darden, Captain Montgery, Detective Mabry, a police surgeon, an assistant district attorney and a stenographer who took down every word he said. He had been told that his condition was extremely serious, who gathered about him in the bedroom of his Grand Central Hotel suite, was what had ruined him.

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