

The Oregon Statesman
No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Aw
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The American System
THIS man Hitler is a unique phenomenon; and the passion for the German people show for him a strange psychological reaction. He was first a propagandist for "national socialism," drawing on the ideas of Gottfried Feder who was ousted as a party leader late last year. Feder urged the cutting up of the great landed estates, clipping the paws of big business. When Hitler came into power he forgot the platform he had stood on, made no land partition, fell into the hands of the west German industrialists.

More Lavender Water
THE Medford Mail-Tribune which has sprinkled lavender water over all the heresies of the new deal rushes out with the atomizer again after the unanimous decision of the supreme court invalidating NRA. What administration enthusiasts may regard as a major disaster, this editorial polyantha hopefully says may be "a blessing in disguise."

Memorial Day
FOLK are wending their way this morning to ancestral burying grounds. There they will place flowers, the rich token of life, on the graves of their loved ones. Begun as a patriotic exercise in honor of the heroic dead of the civil war, it has become a universal rite in tribute to all who have been gathered into the bosom of Earth, the common mother.

A "Capital" Trade
A Salem citizen, after reading an editorial on the state capital location in this paper, came in with a proposal which is one of the best we have heard. Retain the state capital in its present location. For future expansion acquire the campus of Willamette university, agreeing to set up the buildings of the university on a new campus, say the Bush pasture. This would give the state ample additional space immediately contiguous to its present grounds. It would give the university a new plant, close in, harmoniously planned with ample room for its expansion.

Portland Pastor to Deliver Talk on Memorial Day
SILVERTON, May 29. — Rev. Albert J. Towe, pastor of the Portsmouth Lutheran church at Portland, will be the speaker at the Memorial Day services at Silvertown at 10 o'clock at the armory. Rev. W. O. Livingstone will give the invocation and benediction; C. J. Towe will give "In Flanders Field" and the answer will be by Frank Powell; a vocal solo, Max Scriber; selection by the auxiliary trio; selections by the high school band under the direction of Calvin Storey. Ray Davenport, Legion commander, will be in charge.

The Great Game of Politics
By FRANK R. KENT
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Still A Mystery
Washington, May 29
NOW that the bonus veto has been delivered and sustained, but the bonus threat still hovers in other forms, it would be interesting if some adequate or even plausible explanation could be given for the attitude and words of the more important members of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, close to him personally and politically. These seem not to have received quite the attention they deserved.

THERE were, for example, a series of curious incidents preceding the announcement that the president would deliver his veto in person. Looking back now, it is hard to reconcile any of them with reason. There seems a lack of candor somewhere. First there was the White House conference between Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Harrison. After that conference Senator Harrison presented a compromise bonus proposal which he said he felt the President would not disapprove. It is very unlike Senator Harrison to say a thing like that without authorization.

SECOND, there was the totally unexpected statement by Mr. Jesse Jones, of the RFC, to the effect that the country was strong enough to stand payment of the \$2,000,000,000 bonus. This was followed by words from Mr. Mariner Beach, head of the Federal Reserve Board, widely construed (perhaps erroneously, though there was no denial) as meaning that he did not regard the printing of \$2,000,000,000 of greenbacks as inflation. A few days later, returning from a Sunday with the President, Vice-President Garner was reported as indicating to Democratic Senators that it would not damage Mr. Roosevelt to have his veto overridden. This report was printed in many papers and not denied.

IT cannot be explained on the ground that he was going to do, because everybody knew that. It cannot be explained on the ground that their personal convictions were so strongly pro-bonus or pro-inflation that they had to speak. That is ridiculous. Except for the Eccles less inflationary and less impulsive men could not be found in public life. It cannot be explained on the ground that they were really acting for the president, because that involves a degree of duplicity which no one attributes to him, and the suspicion of which he completely dissipated by the character of the message.

Port of Training School Graduated From Eighth Grade
WOODBURN, May 29. — Graduation exercises for the eighth grade graduates of the boys' training school were held at the school Friday night with Mrs. Ethel Daley, principal; Mrs. Wilma Orr, assistant; and Mrs. John Myers, musical director, in charge of the program.

STUDENTS GET RIDE
INDEPENDENCE, May 29. — The Junior and senior classes went to Riverdale park Tuesday, May 28 for their annual get-together. The most enjoyable feature of the day was a speed boat ride for each student. Principal Paul E. Robinson taking his speed boat along.

Bits for Breakfast
By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Chloe A. Willson diary goes to Willamette:
(Continuing from yesterday:)
The next entry of the diary that refers to the school reads:
"Aug. 13th, 1844. Oregon Institute, Tuesday morning.
"Commence a school with five scholars. I feel the weight of responsibility which rests upon me in giving character to this infant institution. O my Father, thou seest my insufficiency; be thou my strength, my wisdom, my all in all. Let all my works in thee be wrought, let all be wrought in God. Thou seest the desire of my heart for the prosperity of this institution, but without thy blessing it can never prosper. Thy blessing rest upon it, O my Father."

June 15, 1845, she wrote in her diary:
"We have been favored with a visit from Dr. Whitman, missionary among the Indians in the upper country.
"His school is increasing in numbers and interest. We number 32 pupils. O my Heavenly Father, give me wisdom, patience, prudence, zeal, fortitude and every qualification thou seest I need."

Twenty Years Ago
May 30, 1915
The observance of Memorial day is filled with reference to Civil war heroes as the United States had not yet entered the World war.
Tip in the movie column: Sit down in front if you want detail; go in back for artistic effect.
Editorial note: Of all absurdities, the idea of beauty in connection with Chicago's ugly, noisy, dirty "Loop" seems the most preposterous.

Boys of Training School Graduated From Eighth Grade
WOODBURN, May 29. — Graduation exercises for the eighth grade graduates of the boys' training school were held at the school Friday night with Mrs. Ethel Daley, principal; Mrs. Wilma Orr, assistant; and Mrs. John Myers, musical director, in charge of the program.

Twenty Years Ago
May 30, 1925
A Gold Star mother delegation and a party of New York state war veterans will join the French in observance of Memorial Day. Old Glory and the French Tricolor will be placed on all American graves in France.

Twenty Years Ago
May 30, 1935
A severe electrical storm last night brought damage totaling \$4000 from a bolt of lightning striking the Trade street distributing station of the P.E.P. company.

We Salute You Today, Tomorrow, and Always!



OUR SOLDIERS OF ALL WARS

"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

SYNOPSIS
Lawrence Vane, noted portrait painter, is held as a material witness in connection with the murder of his bride of three months following the discovery of a headless nude body upon the terrace of his penthouse apartment. Three weeks before that happened, two of his friends—Wilbur Renton and Roger Thornley—were discussing their love affairs and Vane's recent marriage to Isabel Mackenzie who was well known to both. Renton's interest in Isabel had caused a break between him and Betty Potter, a pretty young newspaper-woman, who lives in the apartment beneath the Lawrence Vane's. Thornley says that he and his wife, Millie, a former show-girl, are leaving for Seattle soon. Renton calls on Betty to plead his case anew, now that Isabel had married. She tells him that she cannot marry and reluctantly admits that she had been in love with Vane. Renton bitterly denounces Isabel, exclaiming that he'd like to choke her to death. Betty is horrified by his words. . . . Early the next morning, Wilbur Renton, denies that he had anything to do about notifying the police concerning the Vane murder, and is worried privately because he had called on Betty Potter so close to the scene of that homicide. Inspector Ingles visits Betty and is questioning her about Lawrence Vane.



CHAPTER VII
"Let us sit down a moment, Betty, and talk," said Ingles quietly. "The best thing would be if you will get back to your home. Surely you know by now that you can trust me completely.
"Absolutely. There is no one I trust more.
"Thank you. Then let's get to the truth of certain things, in this terrible thing, if we can. A woman's wits, my dear, have aided many a time, where the slower moving mind of the trained policeman has failed." He leaned over and gently patted her hand where it lay upon her knee. "And when it's such a woman, and such wit, the combination's hard to beat.
She smiled at him tremulously, then turned toward him with determination, and said: "What is it you want to know?
"Did you ever see any woman Lawrence Vane?" asked Ingles gently.
"Very well. I've known him for a number of years, and we've been close friends." Unconsciously her voice had dropped and softened.
The Inspector looked at her closely. It was an odd mood to see upon the mad-cap, laughing Betty. It gave him an idea. He persisted: "Was he in love with you, Betty?" She raised her head quickly over her shoulder and looked at him with frankness:
"Of course. That was the trouble. It was I who cared the most, always."
The Inspector's big hand closed over hers for a moment. Then he went on:
"Then how do you feel about it now, Betty? Would you help him or not?"
"Of help him in any way I could," she cried earnestly. "But after all, I don't want to intrude on his sorrow, and there's nothing I can do for him over there alone in his house."
The Inspector stared at her. "What do you mean?" he asked.
"Haven't you read the papers?" "No, I haven't yet. Stuck out for just a moment before you arrived about the . . . murder, and I hadn't the heart to read all about it yet. I just got the call from the paper, that I was to cover the Vane murder case, and that's all I know." She looked at him with suddenly blanched face and widened eyes. "What else is there, Mr. Ingles?" "Lawrence Vane is being held as a material witness in connection with the murder of his wife," he told her. "He spent the night in the Tomb. . . . Oh, but that's not possible," she cried. "They're crazy! Whoever did such a thing? Why Lawrence Vane could never hurt anyone at all—not even an enemy, and he loves Isabel—he worships her. . . ." Her voice broke.
"Is it possible, my dear child, and true. For I was the one who arrested him," Ingles' agony showed plainly in his eyes as he told her this.
She drew away from him sharply. "Then why do you come to me if she's dead?" "Why? Why? You're no better than the Tomb." "You're my friend, too?" "Wait a minute, Betty," he soothed her. "I don't blame you for feeling like that at first. But wait a minute. I had to do it. I was on duty and I could save him from third degree methods at the start. . . . God knows what I can do later!" "Still, I don't see why you should come to me under the circum-

(To Be Continued)
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