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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Long and Short Haul

THE railroads are seeking through the enactment of the Pettengill bill to secure a larger share of the freight business of the country which has been diverted to steamship lines through application of the restrictions of the fourth section of the interstate commerce act, prohibiting charging less for a longer than a shorter haul. The railroads, especially the western transcontinentals, lose much business to boats because they cannot lower their rates to terminals without correspondingly lowering all their rates to intermediate points. This legislation, culminating in the Poin-dexter amendment to the transportation act of 1920, was sponsored by Spokane and Salt Lake City jobbers, who felt terminal points were given freight rate advantages which restricted their trade territory.

Here indeed is a knotty problem in rate making. Much may be said on both sides. The interior cities once paid as much as the rate to the coast terminal plus the back haul, in spite of the fact that their freight had a haul several hundred miles less than that to tidewater terminals. Why should the Spokane jobbers pay more money for a much shorter haul than the Seattle jobbers, on freight moving from the east or midwest?

The railroads have a plausible answer. They say the rate to terminal points, Seattle and Portland, is fixed by water competition; that the interior jobbers would have to face this advantage of the coast jobbers whether the railroads made those rates or not. They further contend that if they are allowed to match those rates it will not alter the competitive situation; it will by giving the roads more business, help to hold down rates which is beneficial to the interior as well as the coast; and the increased volume of business will give more employment to railroad workers, trainmen, shopmen in interior main-line cities.

Railroad workers are uniting in support of the Pettengill bill, but the Spokane rate organization is aggressive in fighting to retain the present rule. Salem is not much interested either way because rates here are largely determined by water competition and the back haul from Portland is short. It does seem if the roads would be permitted to make terminal rates to compete with boat lines the restored volume of business would benefit more people in the interior than the present rate structure which merely diverts the business to the boat lines, still permits the coast jobbers to invade the back country, and helps keep railroad workers' names "off the boards."

Father Divine's Theocracy

WHEN preachers and priests take on sidelines from the saving of immortal souls to remaking the economic and political world they are bound to run into competition. Father Coughlin was earliest in the field. Measured by fan mail, his following rivals that of Huey Long. Now Father Divine, ebony god incarnate in the eyes of thousands, whites and blacks, in New York launches his theocracy before a "swaying, shaking, stamping" multitude. Father Divine ("the word made flesh"), held a great registration rally for his new "kingdom" and 8,000 gathered for the event. He declared:

"I shall make the laws, through aldermen and congressmen and senators, just the same as I make the laws in these peace missions of mine. I will accomplish the universe over just what I have accomplished in my personal jurisdiction. Even if I am now living in the flesh, I shall remain eternally and reign."

And when he said this the great sweating, tumultuous crowd, many of whom regard Father Divine as deity, stood up and sang:

"All hail the power of Father's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring out your royal diadems
And crown him Lord of all."

When he threatened his enemies with punishment, "Although my opponents seek to drive me away I shall be in every street," some one shouted: "Just Lord God Almighty, he is, that's all." Another speaker wheezed through his adenoids: "We know the Body of God in Father Divine."

Father Divine has been attracting a big following in Negro Harlem. He has operated "peace missions" and from some undisclosed source of income fed many of the hungry. His perverted followers of both races acknowledge him as divine with his full acquiescence, although he reluctantly disclaimed divinity in a recent appearance in court. As Father Divine now enters politics he becomes another leader to reckon with, especially in New York City where the negroes number hundreds of thousands.

So Father Divine enrolls himself along with the other political actors of these disordered times. He probably will not extend his influence much outside of New York, for this skeptical world is not alert to any divine visitation. Even the premillennarians, who have been vying their doctrines rather briskly of late will not identify Father Divine with the Second Coming they see just over the east ridge. But his gibberish is not much worse than the other quackery which is vomited over the public these days.

Mountain Air

Arthur Brisbane, nationally known editorial writer, has stated that the air, at 2500 feet elevation, is 10 times as healthful as the air at sea level, the reason being that the sun's rays do not have to force themselves through the heavier strata of dust particles that infest the lower levels. That is one reason why mountain air smells so good, so fresh, and makes you want to climb something.—Medford News.

This reads like Sunday supplement science. Since when have there been more dust particles at sea level than on the mountain top? The more frequent rains and mists about the ocean should cleanse the air of dust particles.

The truer explanation as to the difference between the "smell" of the air at sea level and at mountain height is the difference in air pressure and in humidity. Mountain air is more rarefied, less oxygen per cubic foot, you have to breathe deeper or more frequently to obtain the oxygen you need. Mountain air is generally less humid, drier. As to dust, there may be more dust in the air on mountains if they are barren and wind-swept than on the margin of the sea. Magnificent sunsets in the mountains—red and golden, and the familiar purple haze, testify often to the presence of dust in the air. Regardless of the reason, it remains true that "mountain air smells so good, so fresh," it "makes you want to climb something."

A Columbia university professor urged the teachers in the convention at Denver to "teach the balance of political power" in America. They can't do it; there are already too many minority groups crowding in for the center of the political teeter-board for the same purpose.

Reporting Oregon City's Fourth of July the Enterprise lists: "A near drowning, arrest of two reckless drivers, and a fight in which two were wounded Otherwise the holiday was quiet."

Liberty, which was just slipping through a hole in the wall, was caught by the tail and yanked back in many Fourth of July talks Thursday.

It used to be that longshoremen were to move cargoes from docks to vessels or vessels to docks. Seemingly longshoremen now consists of casting ballots on whether not to work.

"Five hurt in fights egged by liquor" says a morning after headline. Egg-nor, it must have been.

When the sawmills shut down the sawmills started up.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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Almost Incredible

Washington, July 5
THE facts about the works-relief situation ought to be generally understood. Better, perhaps, than anything else, they illustrate the almost unbelievable bewilderment, confusion, inefficiency and energy without a sense of direction which characterizes the whole administration, and of which those who appreciate it are more afraid than of the schemes themselves.

THIS plan, which involves the gigantic sum of \$4,880,000,000 and upon which we were early told the whole Administration emphasis was to be concentrated in 1935, was conceived eight months ago. It was presented to Congress along with a stirring message from Mr. Roosevelt, three months ago. It was finally passed three months ago. The belief in Congress and in the country was that as soon as the ink was dry on the Presidential signature, work would begin.

EVERYTHING was supposed to be ready. A great nation-wide scheme of public works was to be inaugurated. Three and a half million employables were to be taken from relief rolls and an immense stimulus given to industry by the governmental expenditure for material. Dirt was to fly. None of these things has happened. Moreover none seems likely to happen. So far, not a single man has actually gone to work under the new law, not a piece of public work has been started. By July 15, it is asserted, 1,200,000 workers will be employed, and that will be evidence of the success of the plan. Actually, it is pointed out, this will be reemployment by bookkeeping of existing work—relief projects—from their old classification into a new one. It is true 300,000 more men are to be taken into the CCC camps, but that isn't work, and what is being done is to transfer men already on trivial made jobs under FERA to trivial made jobs under the new organization. It is a bookkeeping proposition and, as one writer says, not even good bookkeeping.

INSTEAD of being prepared—and there were six months in which to prepare—the Administration had no real plans when the money became available. Then it made elaborate plans and formed a highly intricate organization. It has had to scrap this organization and abandon these plans. It took it over two months to divide \$4,000,000,000 by \$3,500,000 to find out that the expenditure per man could not possibly exceed an average of \$1,140. When this discovery was made the public works program went into the waste baskets, and the scheme swung back to the old discredited CWA pattern.

WITH the shift, Mr. Ickes, much the clearest-headed man in the Cabinet, takes a back seat and the flamboyant Mr. Hopkins, eloquent defender of "boon dogging," who tells his workers that "there is a fight between those who have and those who have not," emerges as the dominant head. Congress had not the remotest idea this was the direction in which the four billion was going when it voted. Congress was told it could not spend money wisely for public works and the Executive alone could make practical plans. Logically, that was perfectly sound, but, as it turns out, Mr. Roosevelt's plans were impractical and have had to be abandoned. The whole "set-up" as originally announced seemed to be a farce. Robert Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., whose appointment as head of the advisory committee was hailed as a sign that business brains were to be availed of, has resigned. It is also asserted by the well-informed friend of the President, Mr. Ernest K. Lindley, that Mr. Frank C. Walker, head of the National Emergency Council, may again return to private life.

THIS is most significant. It will be recalled that Mr. Walker was to "co-ordinate" the whole effort. Everything was to be clear through him. He had been "redrafted" into the public service by the President to insure the success of this, the greatest spending effort of all time. Now Mr. Walker is about to quit. Possibly, says Mr. Lindley, he may become Postmaster General. To the fair board met Wednesday night to make plans for the coming festival. The festival dates are September 14 and 15. There will be no barbecue staged this year.

WEST STAYTON, July 5.—The fair board met Wednesday night to make plans for the coming festival. The festival dates are September 14 and 15. There will be no barbecue staged this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kohl have gone to Waldport to spend several days with their daughter, Mrs. John Kelly.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who killed old man Warner? murder mystery of '70s; pioneer Bluebeard:

(Continuing from yesterday.) Whatever else is true about the mystery of the death of "old man Warner," there is no question concerning the tragedy just outlined at Buena Vista, 57 years and two days ago.

The uxoricide and suicide had told his wife that he had killed 14 men and three women.

He had told her "old man Warner" was one of them, and related the particulars of his taking off.

He had said he thought he saw Warner drawing money from the bank—of course, the Laid & Bush bank for Salem then had only one bank. But the sequel showed the intended victim deposited money in the bank instead of drawing it out. "Franklin" told his wife that he found only 75 cents in Warner's purse, after he had killed him.

So he followed Warner as he drove his team and wagon out of town, on the Turner road—the old Turner road, that follows Mill creek. "Franklin" was on horseback. He managed to pass the man with the team and wagon without arousing suspicion.

Then he met and killed Warner on that road, and the team took the body home in the wagon.

The place of the killing was pointed out as under a large maple tree and a bend in the road something like a mile north of the covered bridge that then crossed Mill creek below where the penitentiary annex barns are now. The present bridge there is not a covered one.

Some seven to a dozen tragedies of the pioneer days up to the beginning of 1900, have been ascribed to that locality. This column has mentioned some of them.

The killer who paraded under the name of Franklin told his wife that his real name was Tubbs. It may or may not have been. He likely changed his name after each killing. If he told the truth about his killings.

The wife was with child when she was murdered, and had gone home to her mother and told her she feared for her safety; also related to her mother what Franklin or Tubbs had told her about his Bluebeard career.

It was evident that on that fatal day, 1878, the killer had gone with the purpose of either forcing his wife to live with him or killing her; and that, finding that the mother had been told the whole story, decided that he must kill both of them.

Then, the mother making her escape, he decided that he would better kill himself.

Anyway, that happened which the reader has noted, on that day, in old Buena Vista.

It is reasonable to conclude that the tragedy there solved the mystery of the murder of old man Warner.

Why all this information did not get to the notice of Oregon residents of the time, the writer cannot explain; cannot say for certain that it did not.

But it seems evident that it did not.

Buena Vista was quite a lively town in the sixties and seventies. Business was good and people there were prosperous.

In 1855, there was a movement to build the state capital for Buena Vista, also for Ecot. They were both lively pioneer Polk

county towns. Ecot was incorporated; had a mayor, etc., etc.

McArthur's Oregon Names has this under the appropriate heading:

"Buena Vista, Polk county. The compiler is informed by E. M. Croisan of Salem that Buena Vista was named by his grandfather, Reason B. Hall, whose donation land claim formed the site of the community. Hall was born in Georgia in 1791 and settled on his land claim in 1847. He named Buena Vista about 1850, because some of his relatives participated in the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. About the time he named the community he started Hall's Ferry across the Willamette river. James A. O'Neal built a warehouse at Buena Vista, the first mercantile establishment, about 1850. Later one of Reason Hall's sons started another Hall's Ferry north of Independence. Buena Vista is Spanish for beautiful view or good view."

The information of the Bits man is that Reason B. Hall, founder of Buena Vista, grandfather of Geo. H. and E. M. Croisan, etc., was himself in the Mexican war, on the side of the United States, and fought in the battle of Buena Vista, hence his choice of the name of his town in Oregon.

Now, is there a reader of this column who can tell more about Conrad Warner or any member of his family, or about his cruel murder?

Or about the woman his killer married and murdered, or her mother?

Or about the man who boasted that he killed 14 men and three women, and surely killed one woman and tried to kill another?

It would be quite a feat to completely unravel the tale after so many years.

Mary J. Smith died at her home in Salem on Wednesday, July 3, and the funeral was held yesterday, the 5th. Several days before, when the Bits man interviewed her at her home, she seemed in good health, her memory was clear, her mind active, and her outlook apparently cheerful.

Twenty Years Ago

July 6, 1915

Snaps! Shots! That a woman loves her husband is a probability. That she is jealous of him is a certainty.

The liberty bell is on its way to Salem as we speak. It will be here Thursday, July 15, at 2 p. m.

Diaz is dead. Mexico will never have another. But she needs another like him in firmness.

Ten Years Ago

July 6, 1925

A fine reported to amount to \$10,000 has been imposed upon Polk Negro, motion picture star for failing to declare two diamond and emerald bracelets and a diamond ring when she arrived in this country last May.

A. A. Stewart, of Salem, has placed a bid of \$22,000 to construct a feeble minded school.

Chicago—Six deaths and several prostrations were attributed to the heat in Chicago today when the temperature mounted to 96 at 4 o'clock.

Hal Schumacher of the Giants held opponents to nine hits or less—no double digits—through eight straight games, all of which he won.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States senator from New York
Former Commissioner of Health,
New York City

A YOUNG MOTHER writes that her child has spells of crying during the night. When awakened the youngster complains of having had a terrifying dream.

"Is this disturbance the result of some digestive upset, or just what causes it? How can it be overcome?"

These are the questions the anxious mother asks.

Few children escape the experience of having nightmares. With his departure the drift of the whole scheme toward the old leaf-raking CWA idea will be accelerated. Deep disappointment is being voiced over the developments in various sections. The forecasts of futurity made by Democratic Senators who opposed the appropriation, seem likely to be realized. They are repeating now that the net result will be a debt piled mountain high with nothing to show for it. It is the sort of situation which, as Senator Glass once said of the whole New Deal program, years ago, "we will look back upon with the conviction we must all have been crazy to tolerate."

Plans Started for Harvest Festival at West Stayton

WEST STAYTON, July 5.—The fair board met Wednesday night to make plans for the coming festival. The festival dates are September 14 and 15. There will be no barbecue staged this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kohl have gone to Waldport to spend several days with their daughter, Mrs. John Kelly.

"I wouldn't pick it up, son—it might go off and hurt you"

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"WHOSE WIFE?" By Gladys Erskine and Ivan Firth

CHAPTER XXXIX

The attendant opened the gate, and the slender figure, with the golden-crowned head, passed through.

As she passed in front of the jury, they sat up, more alert than they had yet been in this strange trial.

The sophisticated audience leaned forward.

"Why, isn't that the little dancer that used to be with Donetta Dane at Kate Doyle's Club? Wonder what she knows about all this?"

Gerry was sworn and took the witness chair.

"What is your name?" asked the defense.

"Gerry Gordon," she answered in a clear voice that carried to every corner of the room.

"What is your business?"

"I am a dancer."

"Is that your own name, or a stage name?"

"It is my own name," she said simply.

"Have you ever been known by another name?" asked the defense.

"Yes, I have. Recently," she said. "By what name were you known?"

"Mrs. Roger Thornley," Gerry said steadily.

There was a commotion in the room, and a stifled curse. The Judge rapped for order.

"Let me understand you," said the defense. "You say that you were known as Mrs. Roger Thornley. Were you his common-law wife?"

"I was not," Gerry's blue eyes flashed.

"Will you tell the Court how it was that you were known as Mrs. Roger Thornley, please?"

Gerry turned towards the Judge, and, as she talked, every now and then, she would turn her blue gaze toward the jury.

"It happened this way, Your Honor," she said. "I was dancing in Frisco with my sister—I mean, my partner—Donetta Dane, and she married Schuyler Millbanks. I didn't know what to do, and Roger Thornley came to me and offered me \$5,000 if I would—"

"Object!" The D.A. was on his feet, gesticulating wildly. "What have the private amours of this woman to do with the case we are trying?"

"Just this," the defense answered. "Roger Thornley stated on the stand that his wife was on her way to China, and this girl says that she was using the name of Mrs. Roger Thornley on a trip to China. I will be able to prove that there is a direct connection between the real and the pseudo Mrs. Thornley and Look Vanne."

"Objection over-ruled," said the Court.

Gerry looked helplessly at her attorney, and, at his nod, went on.

"Thornley came to me and offered me this money if I would sail on board the Tenyo Maru of the Tenyo Kisen Kaisha, as his wife. I was to be paid \$2,500 when I left Frisco, and the rest when I returned to New York. There was nothing else in the agreement, excepting that I was to keep to my cabin for the first few days out. After that I could do as I pleased, always representing myself, of course, as Mrs. Thornley."

"And you made this trip, Miss Gordon, as Mrs. Thornley?"

"I did."

"Why?" she repeated blandly. "What, for you mean? For \$5,000—that's reason enough for any show girl out of a job."

Several of the jury wiped away smudges at the discomfiture of the D.A.

"So?" he sneered. "Money meant so much to you that you would take up a position as ambiguous as this?"

"And yet . . ." Suddenly he pointed his finger at her and thundered. "And yet by your own story you broke faith—you left the job you had undertaken, at Honolulu on the return trip, and dropped the name you were paid a fabulous sum to carry. Why was this?"

"Because I read in the paper clearly," she told him simply and directly, "of the murder of my friend Donetta Dane Millbanks, and I read that Roger Thornley was among the guests, and that Mr. Vanne had been arrested for that murder too—so I came on to see if I could help in any way."

"That will do," said the D.A., and turned away with a shrug, as though the witness was so abandoned as to be hopeless.

Gerry flushed, but sat quietly, with a dignity no one would have believed her capable of.

"Miss Gordon," the defense took up the questioning, "did you know Mrs. Roger Thornley?"

"Certainly I did. We all did. She used to be a show girl, too."

"Did you see her in San Francisco, when you saw Mr. Thornley?"

"No. Roger always told us that Millie was not well, and that she was not going out much. And then everything was so hectic with Donetta's marriage and all."

"When did you sail for China as Mrs. Thornley?"

"About the 20th of December."

"Were there any other duties exacted of you by Mr. Thornley for this money he paid you?"

"Only that I must be photographed in a weird bluish veil, like Millie loved to wear, just as the boat pulled out; and I was to give one interview to a society editor that I was so glad to be going to the Orient."

"Did Mr. Thornley give you any excuse for this strange request?"

"Of course. He said that he and Millie had agreed to disagree, and that if it appeared that she had left him and gone to China alone, he could get a divorce—said that was what they both wanted. Millie would stay on in Frisco and be perfectly happy, and not have the trouble of the long trip, and everything else that Millie couldn't bear the water."

"And you believed this?"

"Yes. I knew that Millie was afraid of Roger."

At a sudden movement in the room, the Judge looked up.

"Stop that man," he ordered. "No one is allowed to leave the Court."

"Miss Gordon? Is Roger Thornley in this court room at present?" asked the defense.

Gerry looked out over the tense throng.

"Yes," she said clearly. "That is Mr. Thornley. The man who just tried to leave."

There was a silence, broken by the high shrill laughter of an old negro woman.

It took some moments for the attendants to restore order, and then it was seen that the slight pretty girl had been dismissed from the witness stand.

"Mr. Cyrus K. Mantel" summoned the defense.

Everyone, as though pulled by wires worked by an invisible puppeteer, jerked upward. This was more than they had expected. The case had proven remarkable for its surprises so far, but to have the great detective Cyrus K. Mantel called to the stand as a witness for the defense, was almost too good to be true.

The dapper little figure walked forward with that strange power and dignity of his wrapped about him like a cloak.

He took the oath, and then before he sat in the witness chair, deliberately turned and bowed to the Judge. The Judge returned this courtesy

with obvious graciousness, and the defense, after the usual preliminary questions, asked:

"Did you know Mr. Lawrence Vanne before this case?"

"Only by reputation as a fine artist."

"Did Mr. Vanne retain you in his interests?"

"No."

Everyone in the room, with the exception of the defense and one red-haired newspaper scribe, looked their surprise.

"What caused you to enter this case, Mr. Mantel?"

"Not what—who," Cyrus K. smiled calmly. "My niece, Betty Potter."

Lawrence Vanne looked up from his abstraction, and a slow painful flush spread over his face. He glanced quickly at the press table, but the flaming head of Miss Potter was bent over her notes.

A twinkle came into the black eyes of the detective on the stand; then he gave his whole attention to the defense.

"Mr. Mantel? Can you tell the Court of any evidence that you have discovered that has not been introduced so far?"

"Yes," Cyrus K. pursed his lips, and then slowly removed his pince-nez and stroked one eyebrow with them. He bowed to the Judge again, and then turned fully to the jury.

"When I went to the Vanne apartment to investigate," he told them, "noted, as the police had unquestionably noticed before me, that there was no sign of a struggle either inside the bungalow, or outside on that roof. I found a piece of brick and mortar work chipped from the wall. It was chipped at such a position that it aroused my curiosity. It was broken from the wall above the reach of human hands. Also this chip had been recently broken off, and it had fallen from directly over the door from which the body had been dragged to the position in which it was discovered. I argued from this that it was very possible that the body had been swung onto the terrace after death and decapitation—particularly as there was no sign of struggle at the scene of the supposed crime. If this theory were correct, it would also explain why there was no sign, in the apartment, of the missing head."

"Then it is your opinion that the murder was not committed on the Vanne roof?"