

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."  
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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### Scourge of the Lord

In the role of "scourge of the Lord" George W. Joseph swept Oregon Friday, winning the republican nomination for governor by a decisive plurality. Fighting lone-handed, making real issues where none had been before, the fiery Portland lawyer espousing the cause of the under-fellow, crashed through entrenched opposition of party regulars, newspaper opinion and aggressive competition to give the party and the state the greatest upset it has had in many a year.

With conservative opposition divided between Norblad and Corbett Joseph captured the "progressive" side of the party, sucked up some democratic support through shifted registrations, and walked away with the coveted nomination. The contest in November promises to be keen if the die-hards refuse to support Joseph and throw their strength to Bailey, the democratic candidate.

There will be many explanations of the landslide to Joseph. Business depression, unemployment, falling prices for commodities, revelation of utility practices which provoked popular condemnation, the Portland ten-cent car fare, these worked to Joseph's favor when he capitalized them as his issue. Then he had the tremendous advertising from his disbarment trial plus the aggressive advertising and speaking campaign which he put on in the past month. Joseph attacked, attacked, attacked, on "land, sea and air." He employed modern methods: Newspapers, airships, radio, and in addition the old method of speechmaking and handshaking.

Joseph was the gladiator with the power crust as the lion he was fighting. The crowd was in a mood for a Roman holiday, and Joseph was the swordsman battling in the arena. He caught the public eye, he galvanized public support. Where others were pallid, he was aggressive. Where others labored he glowed.

The popular feeling that the public service commission was rather an impotent body when it comes to control of utilities was an influence; and the revolt of the street-car riders in Portland against the levy of a ten-cent fare worked mightily in Joseph's favor, for his single-handed victory against the utilities in their merger efforts of two years ago was well remembered.

Governor Norblad made a gallant race. Only a few indiscretions of his own and the mistakes of his Portland strategy board defeated him. Corbett suffered from having inherited wealth. With the people in their present mood you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. Then Corbett lacked the "it" in personality to win and hold the anti-Norblad strength. On the straight race between him and Norblad the latter would have proven victor by a wide margin.

The formidable showing made by Joseph in the primaries makes him, we believe, an almost certain victor in November. He will attract many democratic votes, though he will certainly lose many republican votes.

### A Club President Speaks Out

At the Rotary convention in Spokane last week the retiring president told the Rotarians they had no worthwhile program. He urged them to get into politics and to take an interest in affairs, in this way living up to their designation of a service club. The speaker was right in pointing out the lack of objective in these modern luncheon clubs. They are great consumers of oratory but scant performers of service. A few committees are active; most of the others do nothing but chores to keep the organization functioning.

Service clubs consist of good men who feel too old to go to Sunday school. They think they ought to have some high-sounding ethical ideal to talk about and to serve as a magnet to draw in new members. Perhaps some of the precepts do filter through as in a church or lodge; but for the general run the men are decent enough before they are admitted and they aren't much changed afterwards.

The service clubs do perform this function. They promote sociability. They get men along in the crusty years together where they can loosen up a bit. It is a good thing for their livers if nothing else, even if the food is sometimes hard on the digestive apparatus. We keep about a hundred per cent attendance at rotary luncheons and get a lot out of the meetings, mostly the privilege of meeting and visiting with men. Whether this is going to prove enough of a motive power to hold luncheon clubs together for a long term of years is doubtful.

### The Beginning of the Fight?

THE public won the first round in the fight for acquisition of the local water company. The charter amendment carried and the bond issue of \$1,200,000 was authorized. Now will follow the period of negotiation with the company or condemnation if the company refuses to negotiate on a reasonable basis.

Hogiam has just taken over its water plant from the same company. Its experience showed that the water company fought every inch of ground, contesting every move in the courts. The litigation is reputed to have cost \$250,000. Hogiam's bond issue was \$800,000 but the price fixed by the jury for the plant was \$510,000, so with the city's share of the litigation it still stayed within its bond issue.

We hope the water company will profit by its experience in Hogiam and will note the temper of the Salem people as reflected in the vote on the water measure. The litigation that is mere obstruction is costly to the company as well as the city. It is sincerely to be hoped that a deal may be made on the basis of a business-like negotiation. If it cannot, rather than engage in costly litigation, the city would do well to consider the wisdom of constructing its own plant.

Mrs. Lou Myers of Mehama who has some fine Leghorn hens of the heavy laying strain obtained from the state college poultry farm brought in six eggs yesterday which weighed 2 1/4 ounces. Two of the eggs weighed four ounces apiece. We held a council of war in this office to discuss the situation. Gus Hixon circulation manager decided there was a cross-breeding with the ostrich family. W. C. Connor veteran editor of the Northwest Poultry Journal was called in for consultation. He asked: "Were they laid by one hen?" The mere editor replied, "No it takes two hens to lay eggs like these."

A Florida judge has ruled that Al Capone can remain in Florida. That decision ought to satisfy Oregon. We couldn't ask for much greater distance.

### A DANGEROUS BACK SEAT DRIVER



## "WHERE'S EMILY?"

by CAROLYN WELLS

"Stone? I hope to get him, I don't know for certain yet. I think now it's case of kidnapping and I'm expecting the ransom letter any hour."

"It may be," and Pennington looked thoughtful. "I hope the police won't harp any more on the fact of the fur and the diamonds being found beside Polly."

"They will, though," Abel Collins put in. "And since that has been touched on, how do you explain it, Mr. Pennington?"

"I'd rather not pursue the subject, Mr. Collins."

"Why not?" asked Rodney.

"Look here, Pennington, if you know anything, out with it. You are going away—"

"Well, that may be a good thing for you all."

"I don't want a good thing for anybody. I want the truth."

CHAPTER XXXI

"Take my advice, Mr. Sayre, and don't try too hard to get at the truth," said Pennington.

"Now you've gone so far, go on."

"You want me to?"

"I sure do."

"There's not much to it, but you know there was a bit of a fuss over those Atlantic City pictures."

"For heaven's sake, what are those pictures? I've heard them hinted at until I'm sick of it. Tell me about them."

"No, I think not," said Pennington, after a moment's pause. "I've no right to. They were some pictures my wife and Emily Duane had taken down at Atlantic City. I'd rather not say anything about them, because I consider it Miss Duane's secret. Were it only my wife I'd willingly tell you. But Miss Duane's personal affairs are not for me to discuss, and I can't honorably say any more. I'm sure you see this."

Rodney did see it, and should Emily return he had no wish to tell her he had let Jim Pennington tell him of matters, that she had not herself confided, so he urged it no more.

"Well," he said, "you're doubtless right. Emily would of course tell me about it, as your wife told you. I can't think it's anything very dreadful, anyway, but I'll ask no more about it. When are you going?"

"I think I'll start tomorrow morning and run down to New York in my car. Then, I'll stay there a few days looking after some business matters, and perhaps motor to some nearby place where it is quiet for a time, or possibly start off to Europe by some mid-week steamer. It's queer but I can't figure ahead at all while I'm here."

"Not queer at all," said Abel Collins, kindly. "It would be queer if you could, with decisions to make about packing, and then, clearing out the house—you have to leave it empty, don't you?"

"Oh, you mean food and such things. Yes, Rosa, she's a capable piece, and Mrs. Branch, that's the chauffeur's wife, they will attend to all that. I told them to get everything out and send for Mrs. Branch to take any samples orables of any sort. Rosa has new place in Tuxedo. She'll go there tomorrow. Then all I'll have to do is to turn the key and walk off."

"Mrs. Bell hopes you'll come over to dinner with us tomorrow, before you leave," Rodney said, as they rose to go.

"If I'm delayed until afternoon, I'll do that," was the reply. "But if I can, I want to make a start in the morning, in that case I shan't see her again. Please give her my regards, she has always been a kind friend to Pauline and myself. Oh, I'm an emotional sort, you know," he brushed a hand across his eyes. "I can't help it. I think I'd rather not go over to Knollwood tomorrow and say goodbye and all that. Tell them all goodbye for me, and let me go off by myself."

Pennington's voice shook and Rodney was sorry for him, so he told him not to come over unless he wished to do so, and with a silent handshake the men parted.

Abel Collins held out a friendly hand, and as he grasped the other's shaking fingers, he whispered:

"Brace up, Jim, brace up. We'll find Emily yet."

"Oh, I hope so," said Pennington fervently, the tears welling up in his eyes; "I do hope so. Good-by."

"Halt demented," Sayre said after they were out of earshot.

"Not quite that," Abel smiled, "but in a fearfully nervous state. Indeed, it will be better for him to get away from the scenes and people about here."

And so they went back to Knollwood, to the home that was no home, to the house whose atmosphere was even more depressing than the Pennington house, for there was simply desolation, while here was a feverish excitement, a will-o'-the-wisp of elusive hope and mocking despair that kept the nerves at highest tension with nothing to relieve them.

Rodney found Everett Craven waiting for him and acceded to the lawyer's request for an interview.

"You see, Mr. Sayre," Craven said, coming straight to the point, "this Emily, this theosophist, claims that Miss Duane's estate owes him a sum of money."

"Indeed," said Sayre, "and on what does he base that claim?"

"Well, you know in her will—"

"But Miss Duane isn't dead, that I know of. Just how does her will come into this?"

"I know, but the Swami assumes that after a certain time, if Miss Duane does not return she will be considered dead, and—"

"I think that time is seven years or something like that. Tell him to wait seven years and then call again."

"But this is his idea. That he be paid a certain sum down, a smaller sum than that mentioned in the will—"

"Discount it, eh?"

"Exactly. Or, rather adjust it, and give him the smaller sum now."

"Is the excellent Hindu gentleman about?"

"Not that I know of," said Craven, a little scared at the fury in Rodney's eyes.

"Lucky for him. Now, Craven, come clean. What's it all about? You know as well as I do, this heathen Hindu is out for money and nothing else. Now has he any hold on Emily, other than the will, which of course, doesn't count, until she is proved dead?"

"Well," he says she promised him some money, verbally."

"Oh, she did? Well, that doesn't count either, until she comes back and can verify his statement. Anything else?"

"Well—"

"Craven, I know what you are hesitating about. It's those Atlantic City pictures. Now, tell me, once for all, what are they, and why are they so important?"

"I don't know Mr. Sayre. I know nothing of them except what the Swami has told me."

"All right, what has he told you?"

"That Miss Duane would far rather have some money paid to him than to have him tell about those pictures."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes."

"In so many words?"

"Practically yes."

"Now look here, Craven, think carefully, are you in with him on this? Do you get a rake-off anywhere?"

"No—no."

(To be continued)

## Lay Sermons

SOFT SOUTH WINDS  
"And when the south wind softly... they weighed anchor and sailed." Acts XXVII:13.

Softly blow the south winds, so they are favored of mankind. The soft south wind of spring is the one that whispers of love to youth strolling in evening hours. It wafts the fragrance of spring flowers on its wings. The clouds that ride with it break into showers that stir earth's seeds to life. It strokes the cheeks of ages as with a soft hand and caresses lovers at their trysting place.

When the south wind blows softly life moves forward. The north wind freezes, the east wind chills. In this northern hemisphere it is the south wind which soothes and satisfies. Sometimes the south wind blows up the sirocco or the storm, in other latitudes than our own; but here we think of the south wind with favor.

So when the ship bearing Paul proceeded to Creta port with good winter harbor, the captain ordered the ship to set sail "when the south wind blew softly." "But after no long time there beat down... a tempestuous wind" which drove the vessel before it until crew and passengers were finally thrown shipwrecked upon Melita.

"When the south wind blew softly," fair weather and safe voyaging seemed sure for them. Not in sight were the signs of a change in the weather and the bearing down of the tempestuous Euraquillo. Why heed the warnings of the strange fellow in chains? Life is full of meekness—only the "south wind." No need of religion for them. They take the easy and apparently certain course. Skies are clear, breeze seems sure, hopes are high.

It is when the south wind falls and the tempest blow, when the soft breezes change to fierce gales that men come face to face with realities, that they realize the shallowness of trusty altogether on south winds blowing softly.

Life must be ordered for all seasons and all weathers. The religion which inspires and sustains it must be a religion that steels as well as stirs, that braces as well as soothes, that inspires as well as comforts. Lacking such a faith, then when the tempestuous winds, the adversities, the strains and strains of life's gales one's soul is driven before the gale, stripped of sail or rudder.

When in your living you think the south winds are blowing softly, beware. Days bring strange and sudden reversals that only the well-grounded may withstand.

## BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An interesting window:  
In Bancroft's Oregon history, you will find on page 422, first volume, the following: "The immigration by sea for the year 1843 amounted to 14 persons. The bark, Pama, Captain Nye, from the Hawaiian Islands, brought Francis W. Pettygrove, wife and child, Philip Foster, wife and four children, Peter H. Hatch, wife and child, Nathan P. Mack. These all settled at or near Oregon City."

Pettygrove was a native of Maine. He brought a stock of goods and competed with the mission people and the Hudson's Bay company. He erected a wheat warehouse at Champego to purchase the crops of the French-Canadian settlers. Foster soon settled 16 miles up the Clackamas river, and his place became a haven for the later covered wagon pioneers after their terrible journey over the Cascades by the Mount Hood and Barlow routes. History is full of mention of the relief found at and from "Foster's." Mack was a carpenter. A leader in his line in early day Oregon history, and finally moved to Salem.

Peter H. Hatch was a prominent house mover and a leader in many pioneer efforts at Oregon City. He came to Salem and was the only house mover here for many years, up to the late 80's or early 90's. He was always called "Deacon" Hatch during his long residence here. He was born at Pearson, Maine, in 1810.

There is on display in The Specialty Shop of Miss Renska L. Swart, 214 North High street (in the Senator hotel building), some relics of the Hatch family that are attracting much attention, and are deserving of it. Item by item, they are: A picture made from leaves and flowers gathered between 1856 and 1860 on the Hatch ranch, about two miles from Oregon City.

A Paisley coat made from a Paisley shawl by Mrs. John Farrar, daughter of Mrs. Peter Hatch, and mother of John H. Farrar, postmaster of Salem. The coat was purchased from the Hudson's Bay company (during Dr. McLoughlin's time) at Oregon City, for \$600, by Peter Hatch, father of Mrs. Farrar. A shawl like this is valued today at about \$1000.

An old Bible used by Mrs. Abbie H. (John) Farrar. A pair of old spectacles used by Peter Hatch and now by Mrs. Farrar. A table made in the first saw mill (Dr. McLoughlin's mill) at Oregon City, about 1846. A picture of Mrs. Abbie Farrar's dressmaking shop. She was one of Salem's first business women. The shop was located on State street, north side, about where the Midget market now is, between Commercial and Liberty.

A plate about 500 years old brought from England and one over 150 years old, owned by Mrs. Farrar. A picture of Peter Hatch, who purchased the shawl and who was the engineer that blasted out a part of the cliff for a road at Oregon City, over which the line now passes. A picture of Mrs. Peter Hatch, mother of Mrs. Abbie Farrar, who received the Paisley shawl as a wedding gift. Mrs. Hatch was known as the "angel mother" of Salem, a wonderful woman. She wrote poems and articles for Harper's Magazine in the early days. She would have been the unanimous choice of every old Salemite in an election for sainthood.

Other articles in the window: A tray lined made from a piece of wool covered spun and woven by Beulah Walker in 1874 in Delta, Pa. She was the great great grandmother of Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer Jones, who crossed the plains and settled at La Grande, Oregon. The tray is now owned by Mrs. Pearl Link, 575 North High street, Salem.

A plate owned by Mr. H. D. Trover; over 150 years old and used by his grandmother. A plate or dish in which Mrs. Trover's grandmother Hosmer baked custard pies over 150 years ago. The Trovers have the Trover Studio at 122 North Commercial street, Salem.

A Bible given to the late Thomas Shelly of Salem when he was eight years old, by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., Nov. 12, 1863. Sir Oswald's handwriting as the donor is written on the inside of the cover. It was printed by J. Westcott, 52 Hatton Garden, London. It was published in England by the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." It is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Pearl Link. (Bart is the abbreviated form of baronet, a dignity or degree of honor next below a baron and next above a knight. The baronet is the lowest degree of honor that is hereditary.)

Mrs. Peter Hatch who came with her husband from Hawaii in 1843 was his first wife. They were married in Honolulu. The Mrs. Peter Hatch who was the saintly pioneer mother of Salem was his second wife, the first having died. The second wedding was at Oregon City, or "The Falls," as that place was then known, at which the Paisley coat was given as the chief wedding present. The Mrs. Peter Hatch known to pioneer Salemites was born in Indiana. She was educated at Galesburg, Illinois. She died in Salem in 1890.

Peter H. Hatch was in 1854 made a trustee of Pacific University and Tualatin academy, and in 1856 was chosen as a trustee of the Oregon City seminary. He was in his early life a Congregationalist, but became a Methodist in his later years, and was prominent in that church in Salem, while all the time, his wife was a Congregationalist. His sons followed their father in the house moving business, and one of them did some of the largest things in that line ever undertaken on this coast.

Perhaps the reader will conclude that there was lack of harmony in the Hatch home in Salem on account of a difference of church affiliations. There was

not. There is another notable case that is interesting. John Steven McGroarty, author of the California Mission Play, is a Catholic. In his home is a Presbyterian and a Lutheran. In the persons of his wife and her mother.

A good Catholic lady not long since told Mr. McGroarty that there must be a lot of arguments in his home on the subject of his religion—and she trusted that he was true to his faith, and stood up for his own. He replied that there were occasional differences of opinion in his home, that he calls "the little high house in the green Verdugo hills"—but that never is there a word of argument about religion.

That was the way it was in the Hatch home in Salem.

## The Safety Valve - -

Letters from Statesman Readers

Once had a mother cat and she had a granddaughter named Skeezix.

Skeezix was named when she was quite small and when she grew up her name was not suitable, but she kept it. Perhaps that accounted for her being queer. When she had kittens she would leave them, and they would cry and cry, but she did not seem to worry.

Mother cat would fuss and worry and finally she would take them and raise them. If she thought anything was going to happen to them she would hide them.

If Skeezix had tried to take her kittens back after Mother cat had loved them, and bothered with them when they were tiny, believe me, we would have tended to Skeezix.

I don't know Mrs. G. F. Schaefer or Miss Geraldine Watson, but what I have read of Mrs. Schaefer reminds me of our good old mother cat. Some say Mrs. Schaefer has not told the truth. Did you ever see a little bird tell a lie by saying, "I have broken my wing and I'm crippled, follow me." Then when you were a safe distance from her young, she would fly away.

One thing, Mrs. Schaefer did do. She gave that baby love, care and a respectable home and I am sure she would not leave it in a public place and not know who would take it or what care it would receive.

## A Problem

For You For Today

The sum of two numbers plus a lie by saying, "I have broken my wing and I'm crippled, follow me." What is the sum? (a) What are the two numbers if one exceeds the other by 1-37? Answer to Saturday's Problem 7 and 5. Explanation—subtract 30 from 75; multiply 75 by 12; subtract 535 from 900; divide 315 by 45; subtract 7 from 12. Or, 2 he values are as 5 to 2; add 5 and 2; multiply 12 by 5 and divide by 7.

## TRUTH is Stranger than FICTION

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Imperial Furniture Co., Inc. 467 Court St. Tel. 1143 WHERE QUALITY IS HIGHER THAN PRICE

## Junior Team to Open Season on Diamond Today

SILVERTON, May 17—The American Legion junior baseball team of the Silverton district will play its first official game Sunday afternoon at Stayton. The team this year promises to be better than last year and some exciting games are looked forward to.