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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers CHARLES A. SPRAGUE . . . Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Eastern Advertising Representatives: Ford-Parsons-Stecher, Inc., New York, Salmon Tower Bidg., 11 W. 42nd St.; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance. Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, I Mo. 50 cents: 3 Mo. \$1.25; 8 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for I year in advance. By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.60 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

The New Water System at Grants Pass CTARTING with one of the worst water supplies in the state, Grants Pass has secured one of the best, in less Here he also broke down in Dethan a year's time, without political controversy or litigation, cember, 1913, and since then has and at a moderate cost to the consumer and taxpayer." The not been allowed to minister as a authority for that statement is John W. Cunningham of the firm of Baar and Cunningham, engineers, who had charge of the improvements at Grants Pass after the city acquired there for a considerable period of the plant. It is part of the opening paragraph of an article written by Mr. Cunningham in "Western Construction News" on the Grants Pass situation. Further excerpts are: "In the past Grants Pass has been ashamed of nothing ex-

cept its water supply. The inferiority became more apparent when the neighboring cities of Ashland and Medford improved their supplies. Grants Pass was served by a water company in private ownership. The source of supply was the Rogue river, subject to bacterial contamination, very muddy at times, and full of taste-forming algae growths. The intake was imperfectly screened, and the only treatment, chlorine sterilization." That in part paralells the Salem situation; only the wat-

er now being supplied is both pure and potable and reasonably free from the chlorine taste and odor. Here is the paragraph dealing with the determination to continue taking water from the Rogue:

Engineering studies covered all possible sources of water. Well possibilities were found doubtful, and did not justify costly experimental drilling. Gravity supplies would require extremely long pipelines, and were complicated by irrigation and mining water rights. The Rogue river offered ample water, of excellent chemical quality, but requiring filtration to give a satisfactory municipal supply. The reconstructed plant included a new filtration and pumping plant."

Once again there is the striking parallel. Wells here are uncertain source of supply; gravity supplies "would require long pipe-lines," and irrigation rights and mining deelopment are complications on the Little north fork of the Santiam. The Willamette however gives ample water of remarkable softness, and with filtration and treatment is the bridge now under construction is equal of any water from wells or streams.

The new filter and treatment plant at Grants Pass have oven entirely successful. About the time the filter plant sweep away the bridge there was finished there was a bad break in an irrigation canal p the valley. The stream rushed down the hillside washing e clay soil into the stream bed below and discoloring the ater. The murky fluid when it reached Grants Pass was run brough the filter and emerged as clear, wholesome water. Similar filtration would be required of Santiam water which ould be turbid in seasons of flood or in summer when the river. elting glacier makes the streams white.

Grants Pass also installed the new ammonia-chlorine eatment which is a marked improvement over the straight chlorine system. Mr. Cunningham writes: "Before the filter lant was put in operation Grants Pass water carried noceable chlorinous tastes and odors, due to algae, but with he new plant these have been completely eliminated."

The experience at Grants Pass is a reasonable index of what may be done in Salem by the use of the Willamette river and installation of a modern filtration plant. In the face of new structures and improvethe record at Grants Pass as is clearly outlined by Mr. Cun- have been issued during the first hingham in his article there is no necessity of spending an seven days of the week. extra million dollars or more to "go up the creek" for water which would be no better than that obtainable from the Willamette and would require practically the same treatment.

The property owners of this town should wake up and *defeat the proposed bond issue for \$2,500,000 for a water system. Any such sum is a gross extravagance. It will levy a ple of the state at large a simburden on the property of the city and would force an in- ilar tax measure. crease either in tax rates or water rates which amounts to the same thing. Unless the home owners and the property owners organize to defeat this extravagant proposal and to support a sane program of municipal ownership with a bond ssue of not over \$1,500,000 they will wake up and find a fresh new mortgage on their homes it will take years and years to dig out from under.

A Fence in the Sky

AST week a plane crashed in the Sunset highway near the summit of Snoqualmie pass and five persons who were trapped in the cabin were burned to death. The plane had been lost in the fog in crossing the mountains and had turned back toward the Yakima valley. The only place it could find to land was in the broad highway, but the results 10: "All right." ere fatal. Fog is still the threat for the aviator as it is for the mariner; but science is making progress in making the course of the airplane more sure as it flies through darkness and cloud. It is now building a "fence in the sky."

This sky fence which will line the airway for planes is radio fence. One is being established now between Pasco and Salt Lake City by the aeronautics branch of the departnent of commerce and the operators of the airmail planes.

The radio fence is described as follows: Boundaries of the skyway will be marked by radio beams, which will be broadcast by directive radio beacon stations now being erected at points along the 881-mile division of the Paeffic Northwest-Atlantic Coast air line. Aircraft will be equipped with apparatus to receive the identifying radio beam signals. .

"With the system in operation, the pilots flying on their correct course will hear a continuous series of radio 'dash' sigials. When a plane deviates to the left of the airway, its pilot hears the broadcast change to a series of 'dash-dot' signals, and if a plane veers to the right of the true course, the pilot receives a warning when the broadcast changes to a series of 'dot-dash' signals. When the installation is completed by the partment of commerce, the Pacific northwest pilots will be able to identify the position of their planes with respect to the airway at all times. The directive radio beacon service will supment the two-way plane-ground radio telephone communi-

Perhaps the time will come when air lanes will be laid out and quite definitely marked by these radio fences, all over the country—the highways of the air. It would seem that such radio beams would keep planes on their courses. While they would not prevent crashes in landing, they would prevent pilots getting off their course and crashing into mountain sides as has frequently happened.

A king isn't much better off than a fellow who holds a state elective office and has to kiss all the babies. Here is King George who had to submit to receiving Gandhi in his diaper instead conventional court dress.

. The Independence corn show had "an old-time dancing party tong the corn shocks". Any red ears? For the benefit of the prune growers of the valley a red ear means a kiss.

The referees are getting a bit more than the assal amount of oussing this fall.

The Safety

Statesman Readers

"FATHER JOE" Inclosed find a clipping from our Pendleton, Ore, paper, an-nouncing the coming of one, Rev. J. F. Mathews, or "Father Joe," an alleged ex-pricet. Was Mathews ever a priest?

Joseph (J. F.) Mathews was born in County Louth, Ireland, over 40 years ago. He was the only son a a pious Catholic but probably had no vocation at all. He was educated in St. Patrick's College, Armagh, St. Colman's College, Newry and Irish College, Paris, where he was ordained in 1908. His first mission was at Collon, County Louth, Ire-

He was sent to Tullyalian, near Drogheda, in 1911, but developed habits of drug-taking and intemperance and broke down publicly in Tullyallen church in October. 1913. He was removed from his mission but got another chance almost immediately and was sent as curate to Togher, County Louth. priest in Ireland.

Early in 1914 he entered a home for inebriates and stayed time. On leaving he continued his career of public intemperance and contracted many debts. About 1915 or 1916 he came to America and tried toget a mission from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Gunn, Bishop of Natchez; but, failing to make the grade, he left the Catholic church and joined the Presbyterian denomination.

REV. J. R. BUCK.

Y esterdays

Of Old Salem Town Talks from The States-man of Earlier Days

November 8, 1906 Boatmen are rejoicing over the heavy rains of the past two days. If the river continues to rise, river traffic from Oregon City soon can be resumed.

Railroad trains from Eugene and Albany have been delayed because flood waters of the Santiam river have rendered the old railway bridge unsafe. The new

The board of fish commission ers yesterday reported the Crown Willamette pulp and paper company of Oregon City had been found guilty by a jury of discharging sawdust and other lumber waste into the Willamette

> November 8, 1921 WASHINGTON-With orders

to shoot to kill if necessary to prevent mail robberies, 1,000 marines yesterday were ordered to duty today as guards of mail trains and trucks and at postofices in 15 cities.

Building permits representing ments to the value of \$7,000

If the city of Portland votes in favor of a special tax to put on the world's fair in 1925, it is believed Governor Chamberlain will call a special session of the legislature to submit to the pee-

New Views

"How do you like the rain?" was the question asked by Statesman reporters Saturday.

Mrs. L. O. Blewett, housewife: "It' makes more work for the housekeeper. Oregon dirt will track in the house.

W. H. Holder, laborer: "It's nicer to work in the sunshine but guess we need the rain."

Wilma Crawford, student, age

dent: "I think it is a crime." Officer Nicholson, city traffic squad: "All right; it wouldn't do

Frank Childs, Willamette stu-

Daily Thought

any good for me to do otherwise."

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man? -- Nietzche.

Straw Employed For Fertilizer

HILLSBORO - Several Wash ington county orchardists are spreading clover straw in the rows between trees this fall, says W. F. Cyrus, county agent. This material has considerable fertilising value and also supplies a large amount of organic material. Alfalfa hay that was spoiled for feeding during the rainy weather last June is also good fertiliser for the orchard or field,

paid to growers recently were generally about \$10.20 less than a gon and Idaho.

HERE'S HOW By EDSON



Tomorrow: Self-extinguishing Cigarettes.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Micah down to date:

All our well posted walnut growers know they may reasonably expect large increases annually in crops from well tended trees after the 10th year of planting, owing to the spread of the limbs, giving larger and larger bearing surface, in gegmetrical

C. W. Neble, owner of the now famous Skyline erchard, can hark will grow with the population of back only a few years to the time our country—and proportionately when he was delighted to get a faster than our population, becrop of a few sacks from his 212 cause nuts make a suitable subacres of grafted Franquette trees. After that, the increase was small for a few years. The year that orchard produced about 85 tons of walnuts. It may yield 100 tons next year, all conditions being favorable. If not next year, soon. reported to have been washed And it may take 50 years after knows the limit in time, either.

That is the largest grafted walnut orchard in Oregon in individual ownership. It is the best orchard of its kind in the Pacific northwest, if not any where in the world. Likely the latter is the true statement. It has had the most nearly 100 per cent perfect attention throughout its life, now approaching near to its 20 year. Still, Mr. Noble does not knew all there is to learn about walnut culture, though he has gathered about all the information any one has in that field, in Europe or America.

M. P. Adams is the manager of the Skyline orchard; the resident overseer; the man who has direct charge of all the operations. And he takes a great deal of pride in the accomplishments made on the land in that tract, at the top of the highest nearby hill overlooking Salem, and visible for many miles in every direction in what is one of the best sections of one of the richest and most beautiful valleys in all the world.

But Mr. Adams has long ownd a 20 acre cherry and peach orchard on the Wallace road, opposite the Franklin bulb farm, and in one of the chief suburbs of the capital city. West Salem. He has a renter on his own place.

Six years ago, Mr. Adams secured from John Herren, nurseryman, 46 year-old grafted Franquette walnut trees and planted them 54 feet apart in his 20 acre tract, taking out every third cherry or peach tree. That makes his walnut trees seven years old. He harvested a few walnuts in 1929; not enough to give much of a showing. Last year he got 18 pounds, and this year the harvest yielded 185 pounds.

He thinks that is perhaps record percentage of increase for such young trees-from 18 to 185 pounds. The reader may figure it out for himself. Mr. Adams expects to get a half ton next year. * * *

Who knows but he may live to see half a ton, or even a ton, harvested annually from each one of his trees? For he is yet only a youngster in the journey of life, which Dr. Mayo said the other day will soon be extended to an average of 70 years, instead of the 33 or so that was considered the mean span when a lot of us were in the period of our callow youth.

Whatever may happen in the nut industry the world over, this is certain to come to pass; the Willamette valley will in time have the largest and best walnut acreage in the world for a section of its size. Why

Because walnuts here attain the greatest perfection known. Our soil and elimatic conditions are the kindest. And at the present time walnut land here is cheaper than elsewhere, in any

year previous. The highest everage prices were for districts in Wisconsin and the lowest in Oregon and Idaho.

We have also the natural adgrounds that he had had all the between Bend and Lava.

We have also the natural advantages making it certain that work he could handle in the multiple water bonds case.

The Canada case goes back for commissioner,

chestnuts do well in this section.

It is not too much to predict that, in good time, the Willamette valley will look from an airplane like one vast orchard, with nut trees extending clear to the sides. Walnut trees will in the future furnish vast timber resour-

The consumption of edible nuts stitute for meat, and they will be cheaper, calories for calories, than meat, for they are the finished product, while meat is the secondary product of other materials that must be grown on the land.

pack establishments, though these are so far just getting to going strong, and will grow and increase constantly.

Our nut growing industry will in time furnish proportionately as great labor forces in our cities and towns as are now employed in our fruit and vegetable establishments, for nut products will go to market in many forms, some of them now scarcely visioned.

The young prophet of ancient Israel, Micah, spoke these words: "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." In this valley, the vine and the fig tree of that prophecy, when it shall be fulfilled, will likely be a walnut and a filbert.

And perhaps one of each will be sufficient for a member of a family in providing the necessary things of life.

Can you think of a more independent manner of living for your old age, and for that of your childuen and children's children throughout the generations?

If every man, woman and child in Salem and its suburbs were outfitted with suits, coats, and blankets from the T. B. Kay woolen mill here, this alone would provide enough business for the mill to operate approximately nine months, C. A. Page superintendent, told members of the Lions club Thursday noon About 130 miles of cloth would be required for the job, he said. During the first nine menths of this year, the mill has turned out 150,000 pounds of scoured wool, while in the entire year of 1930 the production was but 156,000 pounds. The money value of the woolens manufactured in the first nine months was \$12,500 more than in the same period last year. The mill has run at full capacity this year until the fall months.

The mill now employs 110 per sons, Mr. Page said. The manufacturing process includes 11 main operations. Because of the demands made for all varieties of woven goods, the production at the local mill is more diversified than in other coast plants, Mr. Page said in conclusion.

Canada License Case Postponed To Later Date

attorney, did not appear in municipal court Thursday to handle district known to be favorable in the city's case against H. A. Canall essential particulars. And, ada, who is charged with operat-

ASQUERADE" BY FAITH

While the newsboys shouted, "All about the big gang killing,"
Fanchon Meredith and a man named Tony planned their getaway. Tony gives Fanchon \$4,-600 and reserves passage for her under the name of "Miss Smith" on an airplane chartered by the wealthy Mr. Eames enroute to New York. A fellow-passenger, whom she had previously met on the boat coming from Hawali, recognises Fanchon. She is Evelyn Howard. Eevlyn is going to live with the wealthy Mrs. Allison Carstairs, an aunt whom she has never seen. Fanchon envies Evelyn flying to happiness, while she is trying to escape because she was Tony's girl-Tony who fied his way through life and whom she had innocently accepted on face value.

CHAPTER III At dusk they landed at the fly-ing field outside of the small town in which they were to spend the night. There was a hotel of sorts and accommodations had been arranged for them. On the ground they were all a little stiff. a little cramped. Mrs. Eames confessed to a headache. She would, she said, go early to bed as they were to start directly after dawn on the morrow. The pilot, the mechanic and the steward vanished, it semed, into thin air; they were taking the plane back, on the following day, Another plane, another pilot and mechanic would continue the trip. "I had a chance," Eames told Fanchon and Evelyn, when they had arrived at the hotel, had washed up and inspected their rooms and were dining together on the best the hotel could afford, "to charter the planes from this particular company at less than usual rates. A friend of mine," he said impertantly, "backed it . . ."

He added that he and his wife and son had wanted to make the two-stop flight rather than what he termed the regular "train and air" trip. "More unusual," he extops of the mountains on both plained complacently. He was, Fanchon learned, from Jersey. President of almost everything in the town. She had a swift mental picture of him addressing some business men's luncheon club on the future of aviation. His son, it seemed, wished to go into the commercial end of it . . . was for his sake, Mrs. Eames had added, that they were taking the pation, is it? Maybe Aunt Jen-

After dinner everyone went to their rooms. Fanchon undressed and lay down on the narrow bed and stared through the window. It was still and warm. She couldn't sleep. She was bone tired but Some day, the nut grading, she couldn't sleep. If only there conditioning and packing houses were someone to whom she could of Salem will vie with our fruit talk, of whom she might ask ad-A knock at her door, "May I

come in?" asked Evelyn Howard. Fanchon called out . . . "Please do," and Evelyn, in a silk kimona and floppy mules, her hair neatly waved with combs and the combs held in place with a net, advanced a cold-creamed face into the room. "My room's dreadfully hot; hotter than this," she complained,

'I can't sleep, I'm too excited." She sat down on the bed beside Fanchon an began to talk. She hadn't, she said, any idea of what Mrs. Carstairs' plans might be. That they would include Southampton, Newport, Park Avenue, Europe, the best shops, the most expensive clothes and marvellous good times, she hadn't a doubt. She sat, hugging her thin knees, her rather pale blue eyes illuminated with expectation. "After all these years of school teaching," she exclaimed, "it will be too wonderful. Breakfast in bed, a maid of my own! Someone to sew on straps! I've always hated

straps," she confided, Fanchon laughed. Somehow that touch made Evelyn seem more human, a little more likeable. She wasn't after all, such a bad sort. "How old are you?" Fanchon asked the other girl,

several years. City officials long have sought to cause him to move his shop out of the restricted district but have been unsuccessful because the place was established at its present location, 1412 North Capitol street, before the soning ordinance was

INDEPENDENT MEN OF W. U. ORGANIZE

An organization of the Independent Men of Willamette un versity was effected at a meet ing Tuesday evening where a constitution was adopted and temporary officers elected.

The L. M. W. U. is an organ ization of college men who do not belong to any social fraternity. The group will hold social functions occasionally and will doubtless play an important part in school politics as 25 men have already joined and more are expected to enter the group. Meetings will be held occasionally and discussions will be held. At present there are three fraernities on the campus with a total of about 100 members and

Temporary officers elected were president, Frank vice-president, Kenneth Oliver, secretary, Vernon Bushnell and treasurer, Al Downs.

pledges.

When William H. Trindle, city Grade Crossings Sought by G. N.

Growers are selling red clover seed less freely than last year, the summary of the small seed market situation shows. Prices being paid to growers recently were all essential particulars. And, ada, who is charged with operating and junk speaking generally, walnuts need ing an auto wrecking and junk shop without a license, Judge with C. M. Thomas, public utility send their roots deep and get their own moisture. These advantages make for the lowest overhead.

The judge excused the city attended to growers recently were head. The Great Northern Railway We have also the natural ad- grounds that he had had all the between Bend and Lava.



"Twenty-four. I've been teaching since I was 18 and I'm fed up with it. But that's all over now. We must see something of each other when we get to New York." Evelyn rattled on. "What are your plans?" "I haven't any. I'll go to work,

suppose," Fanchon replied dully. "What sort of work?" Evelyn vanted to know. She had already the air of tolerant curiosity displayed by the female of leisure towards the female who must earn her living.

"I don't know. I'm not trained for anything. In San Francisco I did some substitute library work and then," said Fanchon smiling, "I modelled dresses." "You could, of course, with your figure," Evelyn remarked. But . . . well, it isn't a nice occu-

nie would help you to find something. But must you work?" she asked. "Ladies must eat," Fanchon reminded her, arms behind her students and searchers after head, black curls on the pillow, knowledge, his gay eyes laughing "But I thought—your father— to dinner with me, yes? Today?

lyn, hesitantly. Yes. So did I. But after his death it was all badly bungled by a dishonest manager and lawyer. he did, for a living. He was in the

life insurance. "I see, Then . . . but you must have saved a lot to make this trip," remarked Evelyn in honest astonishment," and there wasn't any hurry about your getting East was there? I mean, boat or train would have done as well?" "A friend gave me the trip,"

flushed. garded the other girl. She didn't rids, I-I was awfully in love know her well; know her in fact scarcely at all. And she seemed a somehow a heavy load seemed rather foolish little person. Yet, in a way, sympathetic. If she confided in her . . .? If she asked for her advice, asked her to enlist the aid of the powerful Mrs. Carstairs in her behalf? Would it be wise? Could she trust her? Yet, trust her or not she had to tell someone! Her knowledge, her hard-bought wisdom, the peril of her situation was eating at her heart. She had to tell-or go mad. She

said, impulsively. "Evelyn, I'm in terrible trouble. I must tell someone. May I tell you? Will-will you keep my confidence safe?"

thought Evelyn Howard, with a not at all American in spirit or pang of envy, extraordinarily manner of living." beautiful. Not particularly drawn

to her, jumping at the usual sordid conclusions as to the form that trouble might have taken. she nevertheless leaned forward, impelled by curiosity and said, "Of course. De tell me. Perhaps I can help you."

Fanchon drew a long breath. "I'll have to go back," she said, to the beginning. You know that my life was spent on the plantation. With my father. And that when he died I came to San Francisco. You knew, now that there wasn't much money. I had to get work. Through a friendly woman at the YW where I first stayed I got this substitute library work. I met him there ..."

"Him?" asked the other girl, curiously. "Tony-Tony-his other name doesn't matter," Fanchon caught herself up, "he came in to get books. He was—very good looking. An Italian-American. I-he came often," she said after a moment, remembering Tony, leaning across the round desk polished by the elbows of so many

mind, I ask till you come!" "He took me out," Fanchon went on, "I-I didn't know what There wasn't much left. A little import business with his brother he said. I didn't know what. I saw him often, although sometimes he would be gone for weeks at a time. Then through another girl at the YW I got the job of modeling dresses in a big wholesale house. Finally, I went to a small hotel to live. Tony explained that the Y rules were too said Fanchon slowly. But she strict, I couldn't see him often enough. We used to dine together, Suddenly she turned and re- so to shows, take little motor with him" said Fanchon and lifted from her heart once she

had said it. "Poor Fanchon!" Evelyn said softly, still jumping at conclusions. But she wasn't sorry for her. Envious if anything, No romance had come into her own life as yet. And with the envy came also the smug virtue-reaction of the girl who has never

been tempted. "He wanted me to marry him," said Fanchon, "when he had made his pile". That was what he said. He wanted to give me everything, he told me. I didn't meet his people. He said I wouldn't understand them. They Her eyes pleaded, She looked, were old-fashloned. They were (To Be Continued)

SERMON

Consecration of Valour

"That Norse religion, a rude but earnest, sternly impressive CON-SECRATION OF VALOUR (so we may define it), sufficed for these old valiant Northmen. Consecration of Valour is not a BAD thing! We will take it for good, so far as it goes." Thomas Carlyle: "The Here

Kaiser Wilhelm was the last trumpeter of the religion of Valour. His was the partnership of "Ich und Gott" reminiscent of the days of Joshua and the judges when Jah-veh was the champion of conquering Israelites. Since the war Gen. Ludendorff renounced Christianity and proclaimed a revival of the old pagan faith, whose god was Odin for the Norsemen and Thor for the Teutons. Most Christian nations find no anomaly in worshipping the gentle savior, the Lamb of God, the suffering servant, the prince of peace, Emanuel, the babe in the manger;—and then joining in deadly combat as fierce as any waged by the wild followers of vengeful Odin. The mightiest hymns of the church are such hymns as "Onward Christian soldiers", "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross"; "The Son of Ged goes forth to war"; "Ein Feste Burg"; "Soldiers of Christ arise" While they may relate to spiritual conquest they are phrased in the language of battle and set to martial music.

Why is this conflict between the profession of the Christian nations and their practice? Is is because our religion is but a veneer, while our blood is Norse-Teuton blood? Can you ever root out this religious "Consecration of Valour" on the part of the descendants of the bloodthirsty Saxons and Danes and Germans and substitute for it non-resistance, turning the other cheek? Will it be hatred of gore which turns us from warfare? Or will it be fear of the loss of prof-

its, the danger of economic disaster? Nineteen centuries of Christianity have not sufficed to stop organized bloodshed. Instead it grows mechanized into

mass murder, and that chiefly by the "Christian" nations.
"Has Christianity failed?" one inquires. Another answers, "No, it has never been tried." One may persist: "Will it ever be tried?"

There has been a growing hope that it may be tried. The universal loss of the last war has driven home its futility. The mass of the people stirred by the sense of loss, of fu-tility, of injustice of warfare are bestirring themselves. They are forcing the issue for disarmament and world peace. Christianity when bolstered by Economic Necessity may yet usher in the time

"When the war drume throb no longer and the battle flags are furled. In the parliament of man, federation of the world."