

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1881

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Modern Mood in Religion

ONCE again the adherents of the Christian faith all over the world have been celebrating the passion of Christ. Today the victory over the cross and death is celebrated. Thousands of churches will point out the open tomb as the symbol of hope and faith; and once again the evidences of immortality will be expounded.

Religion receives more reverent attention than it did some years back. Science and philosophy and crass materialism are no longer so self-confident. Science has seen its certitudes like laws of motion and immutability of chemical elements become transformed into vague mists when matter is reduced to protons and electrons, mere charges of positive and negative electricity. Those who found their satisfactions in personal wealth are equally insecure. The ancient bulwarks of bank accounts and lands and factories have weakened and failed. Many have succumbed to bleak despair and a conviction of the utter futility of life. Others, finding their customary props gone, have gripped faith, and cling to it as the sole anchor of their existence. The mystical element of religion has gained fresh acceptance; and there has come wider recognition of trans-mundane values.

It is easy in such circumstance for religion to retreat to ancient securities. The church may point out the vanities of the world, and in contrast the eternal values of the holy faith. It may revive the longing for sweet beulahland where pains cease and worries are ended and bliss forever reigns. For a generation Christianity has been seeking to bring to earth the kingdom of heaven, but now the impulse is toward transcendental interests. The mood is well illustrated in a recent pronouncement of a group of German ministers:

"We condemn the dream of an earthly kingdom of peace and righteousness and of a world of bliss for all. The party programs of various parties prove such dreams are still being dreamed. To dream of a commonwealth of peace, equality and justice and of a classless society in which hunger and misery will be abolished is to deny the limits set by God for earthly bliss and thus to deny the necessity of Christ's salvation. We believe and confess on the contrary that because of our sins there will never be an earthly state in which wages will be commensurate with human needs, in which peace will be attained and in which justice will really be justice. This perfection God has reserved for the new world which will come into being through the resurrected Lord. Until such time human life must stand under the cross which Christ suffered."

Here is a call to withdrawal from the world because of the impossibility of rectifying its ills. It reflects the profound influence of Karl Barth, German theologian whose teachings have found a following. As Paul Hutchinson says in a recent article on "The Future of Religion":

"The Barthians look at religion's environment society and pronounce it evil—to be saved. They look at the spiritual condition of man and pronounce him damned by his own pride. They find salvation for man when he sees his own wickedness, his own worthlessness, his own helplessness, and throws himself on the mercy of a God who is completely removed from this sordid and sin-diseased order."

Such a conception of religion, satisfying though it may be to the mystic, is a confession of defeat and a signal for retreat. The world is sinful; then draw close the cloak about one's self and withdraw from worldly contacts, serene in hopes of translation to a heaven beyond the skies! Surely the impact of the church in 19 centuries of history has not been so futile as such an attitude implies. The Easter lesson today ought to be one of hope not only for life beyond the grave, but for a richer and sweeter life upon this planet too.

Religion still invokes moral imperatives. It still commands sensitivity in ethics; still calls for the scourge of Jeremiah and the defense of justice which Amos makes. The church must still build its foundations on the earth while its spires point to the skies.

A Civic Male Chorus

WHEN the Eugene Gleemen visited Salem some weeks ago people were enthused. They praised the university town for its enterprise in organizing and keeping up such a fine musical organization, a group of men who not only loved to sing, but were willing to share their talents as a civic duty.

Here in Salem Prof. Hobson has had in mind a similar group for several years. He organized it several years ago and has kept it going under the name of the Civic Male chorus. It has given numerous concerts and plans to give another with the assistance of Prof. Hobson's Madrigal club tomorrow night. The group is an aggregation of fine voices, and Hobson is a very able director. So here we have an organization which can supply Salem with the same kind of musical service as the Gleemen give to Eugene.

This city is building up numerous fine musical organizations; and there is a place for all of them. The more people we have here working at music the finer cultural atmosphere we will have. The more good music we have, the better our people are. Music speaks a well-nigh universal language; and deserves to be fostered on every occasion.

Recruiting for the civilian army corps goes forward slowly in the east. Men there are little attracted in joining for a one-year hitch at a dollar a day and found. The wide open spaces have no appeal to them. It is to do a turn in the army at \$30 per month and promise of bribe killing and company of coddles the recruiting offices would be swamped with volunteers.

It will disturb the wets to know that the initiative for repeal of prohibition will have to wait till the 1934 election. Fear is often expressed that after two years of "true temperance" repeal may be soundly defeated. We do however deplore the interregnum in which we have constitutional prohibition and practical nullification. Such a condition is neither honest nor satisfactory.

Speaking of placer mining, we see that a game boss will not let the gold diggers in southern Oregon muddy the waters during the fishing season. No indeed, let the poor devils trying to dig out five or ten dollars a week in gold dust starve for six months to let the fish bite!

We note that Oregon City is afflicted with a breakfast club. With two of them, for they have a Women's breakfast club there. Just why they want to spoil a good April morning with community singing is another mystery. Think of singing "Sweet Adeline" at 7 a. m.

Linn and Benton counties are resisting the application of the Oregon Electric to abandon the spur between Gray Junction and East Corvallis. Since they don't use it they might give it to Prof. Horner for his museum of antiques.

R. F. O. demands more security before it will loan on Portland's big bore, a tunnel under the Tualatin hills. If all the money holders would get their noses together that might provide the tunnel, especially if their money was used to pay for it.

Yesterdays

... Of Old Salem

Town Talks From The Statesman of Earlier Days

April 16, 1908
Wheat is selling locally for 82 cents a bushel, oats for 36 and 40 cents, country butter at 27 1/2 cents a pound, creamery butter at 27 1/2 cents, eggs at 13 1/2 cents a dozen, 1907 hops at 4 and 4 1/2 cents, and mohair at 20 cents.

Turner residents expect an electric railroad from Salem within a short time, according to G. F. Robertson, postmaster. The Oregon Electric has just finished its survey of that route.

HELENA—Without warning, the great dam at Hauser lake, on Missouri river, north of this city, practically gave way yesterday, causing damage estimated at \$250,000. No lives were lost.

April 15, 1923
Through the efforts of the Salem chamber of commerce, an employment bureau will soon be established here by the department of labor, according to a message from Senator Charles L. McNary. The Y. M. C. A. has offered the use of an office room for the bureau.

Dillard A. Ekins Monday will become a member of the state industrial accident commission, succeeding Will T. Kirk, and L. M. Gilbert will be reinstated as superintendent of the state training school for boys, succeeding W. L. Kuser.

YAKIMA—Prosperity is returning to the country at a rapid pace, in the opinion of John Duke, state director of banking, but Mr. Duke considers the pace. If anything, too rapid. "Price for staples are going up so rapidly that soon the demand will fall off because prices cannot afford to pay the prices asked," he explained.

Infant Dislocates Shoulder Recently But Now Improving

SHELBURN, April 15.—The 15-month-old Woodford girl recently suffered a dislocation of one of her shoulders. She is improving. Ed Jones who has been in a discharging condition for some time is not materially changed.

Arthur McLain and family of Portland and Mrs. Russell and children of North Albany were home Sunday to help their father. W. H. McLain celebrate his 57th birthday.

4-H CLUB MEETS
LIBERTY, April 15.—The 4-H club met Wednesday of this week instead of the usual Tuesday dates. The cooking I club exhibited cookies which were judged by the teachers, who were also their guests and were served refreshments, made by the club members. Margaret Browning in cookies received first place and second went to Laura Anderson.

HONOR ROLL CUT
HAYESVILLE, April 15.—The honor roll at the Hayesville school is very small, owing to the epidemic of measles. Those receiving the honors are 1st grade, Irene Stupfel, and Donald Olson; 3rd grade, Alice Eger; 5th grade, Evelyn Eger, and 8th grade, Yoshimi Saito.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Mother-in-law of two governors:
When Grandma killed the lion:

Wayne A. Pettit, staff writer and Salem correspondent of the Portland Oregonian, contributed the following article that was printed in last Sunday's issue of that paper:

"Mrs. Sarah Barker Hutton, resident of Oregon since her birth in 1858, with the exception of three years spent in British Columbia, probably has a distinction not enjoyed by any other woman in the United States at the present time.

"Mrs. Hutton is the mother-in-law of two ex-governors, both of whom occupied the highest political office in this state and are now living in Portland. They are Oswald West and Ben W. Olcott.

"Mrs. Hutton was born in Salem, where in the early days she attended what was then known as the old East Salem school. She was married December 25, 1874, to Owen Dale Hutton, who also was a native of Marion county. Mr. Hutton was employed in a Salem foundry for 33 years and later served as chief engineer of the state capital building. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Hutton was performed by the Rev. F. E. Knight, for many years engaged in the ministry here. Rev. Mr. Knight also officiated at the marriage of Mrs. Hutton's daughter, Mabel, to Mr. West. Mr. Hutton died here (Salem) in 1923.

"Mrs. Hutton has always taken an active interest in civic and lodge affairs and has been a member of the Degree of Honor for more than 40 years. She also has been affiliated with the Rebekah lodge for 38 years and has been a member of the Royal Neighbors since 1899. Her membership in the Oregon Pioneer association dates back several years.

Mr. and Mrs. West were married at the Hutton home here September 23, 1897. At that time Mr. West was employed in the Ladd & Bush bank. He later was appointed clerk of the state land board and subsequently was a member of the old state railroad commission. West was one of the three original members of this commission and served in that capacity for several years. He served as governor during the period 1911-1915. Mr. West and family moved to Portland soon after he left the governor's office.

Mr. Pettit's article makes an interesting contribution to current literature and Oregon history. There are other unusual things in the sagas of the Hutton family, including the killing of a cougar or mountain lion by the great-grandmother of "Buck" (Harry) Hutton, who since 1915 has been Salem's fire chief, and for long years previous serving with the fire fighting forces of the capital city. That typical Oregon pioneer woman gave the quietest to the predatory monster with an ax, as the sequel will show.

There are some corrections and a number of additional facts regarding that interesting family, to appear further along in this series.

(Continued Tuesday.)

Lives Again Our Glorious King; Where, Death, is Now Thy Sting?

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

AGREE with them or not, as you please, conservative business men of Salem report a slight but unmistakable improvement in trade conditions during the past week.

Earl Darr Biggers, writer of fiction, who died at Pasadena, April 6, known to millions upon millions of people as the creator of Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, was 48 years old. He was by inclination a poet, yet his fame and fortune were due to police yarns. Life makes its own plans for us.

Mothers Day will be observed this year on May 14. Fine sentiment. Even admitting that the makers of greeting cards inaugurated the movement, it is still fine sentiment.

Easter! Charles Wesley speaking: "Lives again our glorious King; where, death, is now thy sting? Once he died our souls to save; where thy victory, O grave?" Leave it to either of the Wesleys to say something to the point. I rather like the Wesleys, they are so darn serious.

We have not any real reason for growing gloomy because of the pertinacity of winter in the present springtime. Suppose we were audacious—no, never mind, don't suppose it. But, anyhow, a nudist might be justified in growling.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged."

John Conger, 73, a printer in Salem for 30 years, died Wednesday. He was a chance to know a man of greater heart than many folks gave him credit for being, and he had many engaging qualities of mind. He will be missed by other old-timers in the downtown district. Peace to his ashes!

Not all the private letters from Los Angeles district are in accord with the earthquake news as printed in the newspapers. Some of them tell a much more direful story. This probably may be accounted for by varying individual circumstances and varying human nature. The news as printed in the newspapers was bad enough.

Prof. Matthews of Willamette has been selected by the high school teachers at Forest Grove to deliver the address at their commencement held May 26. Which means that the address will be not only scholarly but interesting, and the two qualities do not always go together.

Gill Tunk has left for the east with a view to "striking" something. For some reason Gill has never seemed able to strike anything in the old home town but an occasional match.

Sundae is a beautiful spectacle, but most of us are content to take it for granted. Anyhow, I have never been convinced that the early rise chap is any healthier, wealthier or wiser than the chap who snoozes until morning. Within reasonable limitations, of course. The early rise saw is one of Benjamin Franklin's numerous rules of life, of which he produced a vast number, and most of which—on the authority of Henry Watterson, who had



D. H. TALMADGE

checked on him—he disregarded personally.

Item of interest to some males: Pittsburgh stockings are again on the market at three for a nickel. Their appearance since the world was made safe for democracy.

"The good man suffers but to gain, and every virtue springs from pain." Belovite it?

I reckon there is profit, even in misery. A common misfortune strengthens brotherhood. Bill Hick says he hasn't been belittled more than once or twice since the depression started.

Swegle Day Slated For April 17 Here At Health Center

SWEGLA, April 15.—Monday, April 17, at 1 p. m. will be Swegle day at Health Center in Salem. The following are on the honor roll: upper room, Charlotte Knight, Carol Schaffer Edith Oglesby, Millicent Kauff, Evelyn Soland, Howard Whitehead and Clayton Dalko; lower room, Virginia Aldrich, Barbara Buntis, Margaret Smith, Mary and Louise Whitehead, George Rostkus, Patsy Chapman, Lorraine Meyers and Ruby West.

Sisterhood Meets At Woodburn

WOODBURN, April 15.—Chapter J. P. E. O. Sisterhood met at the home of Mrs. Wayne B. Gill Thursday evening. Miss Williams Morrison presided over the business meeting and Mary Scollard was in charge of the program. The topic of which was "Garden Talks." Eighteen members answered roll call with garden hints. Refreshments were served by the hostess, Mrs. Gill, assisted by Mrs. Pauline Bain and Mrs. Caroline Evenden. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. E. N. Hall on April 17.

HEALTH CLINIC STARTED
HAYESVILLE, April 15.—The Marion county health department will hold a clinic at the Hayesville school Monday, April 17, beginning at 10 o'clock, for children of pre-school age, grades one and five and any others whose parents wish it.

HOUSEKEEPER RESIGNS
SUBLIMITY, April 15.—Miss Marie Dittler resigned her position as housekeeper at the St. Boniface parish house. She returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dittler, who live on a farm two miles west of Sublimity.

No. 109
Synopsis of Annual Statement of the General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited, of Perth, in the County of Scotland, on the thirtieth day of December, 1932, made to the Insurance Commissioners of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL
Amount of capital stock paid up, \$550,000.00.

INCOME
Net premiums received during the year, \$1,454,210.97.
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year, \$906,717.68.
Income from securities received during the year, \$8,601.46.
Total income, \$2,369,529.11.

DISBURSEMENTS
Net losses paid during the year, including adjustment expenses, \$9,897,877.53.
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year, \$2,800,548.14.
Commissions and salaries paid during the year, \$2,800,548.14.
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year, \$287,048.90.
Amount of all other expenditures, \$1,117,577.58.
Total disbursements, \$15,296,089.78.

ASSETS
Value of real estate owned (market value), \$1,183,140.00.
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value), \$19,701,551.93.
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc., \$198,001.94.
Cash in banks and on hand, \$936,367.55.

LIABILITIES
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1932, \$9,979,979.65.
Interest and rents due and accrued, \$24,988,157.40.
Total liabilities, \$24,988,157.40.

LIABILITIES
Gross amount of losses unpaid, \$6,560,940.00.
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks, \$8,648,000.00.
Due for commission and brokerage, \$2,000,000.00.
All other liabilities, including \$9,000,000.00.
Total liabilities, except capital, \$90,000,000.00.

Capital paid up, \$550,000.00.
Surplus over all liabilities, \$9,900,000.00.
Total, \$649,900,000.00.

NET PREMIUMS RECEIVED FOR THE YEAR
Net premiums received during the year, \$1,454,210.97.
Losses incurred during the year, \$92,929.59.
Losses incurred during the year, \$92,929.59.

NAME OF COMPANY, General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited.
NAME OF UNITED STATES MANAGER, Frederick Richardson.
RESIDENT ATTORNEY FOR THE STATE OF OREGON, V. J. McElroy, Room 200, 100 N. W. 1st St., Portland, Oregon. Agent A. W. McKinnis, Room 200, 100 N. W. 1st St., Portland, Oregon.
That's Good Insurance.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith and Kimberley Farrell have been engaged for some time. Mary Faith, beautiful young orphan, gives up her position as secretary to Mark Nesbit when Kim sets their wedding date. His attitude changes brusquely when his mother objects. The latter treats Mary Faith coldly. Heartbroken, Mary Faith returns to her office and breaks the news to her co-workers. Mark, taken ill, has Mary Faith driven to his country home, daily, for two weeks. He tells her of his love for her. She halts him, saying she will never love anyone as she did Kim. While in a jewelry store with Mark, selecting a Christmas ring for his sister, Mary Faith meets Kim with a girl. Next morning, Kim calls at Mary Faith's boarding house. He assures her of his love and proposes immediate marriage. Mary Faith melts in his arms. Mary Faith tells Mark she is leaving to marry Kim. After a hasty marriage, Mary Faith and Kim drive to his aunt's house in a neighboring town. For two weeks they live their honeymoon. They return to town and find Kim's mother ill. Kim's aunt is present.

The floor was painted chocolate-brown and there was a rug in front of the dresser and another one on the side of the bed.

The door of the clothes closet stood open and within were Kim's suits, hanging in a neat row. His shoes stood on the floor beneath them.

Mary Faith walked across the room and looked at them. . . . Ten pairs of shoes, not counting a pair of golf shoes and some straw bath slippers!

A curtain rod was tacked on the inside of the closet door and his neckties dangled from it. Neckties of every color and pattern. Polka-dotted ties, striped ties, black ties to be worn with his dinner jacket, wash-silk ties for summer wear. So many of them that Mary Faith couldn't begin to count them.

"He must have a hundred, though, easily," she was thinking when he came into the room.

"Aren't you the Beau Brummel," she began and stopped. His face was like a storm cloud and he had on his hat and overcoat.

"Come on—let's get out of here," he said gruffly. "We'll drive around and see if the Maldons are at home. I could stand a little cheerful conversation for a change, couldn't you?"

Mary Faith glanced down at the five suitcases piled in the middle of the floor.

"Don't you think we ought to stay here and get settled tonight? You'll have to get up so early tomorrow morning and you look awfully tired, Kim. That long drive up from Garrettsville—"

"Well, Mother, I'm sorry to find you sick like this. He reached for her hand but she drew it away.

"I'm sorry about a few things, myself," she said bitterly. "I'm sorry that you thought you had to sneak away to get married. . . . Just think of it—my only son telegraphing me to say that he had just been married! If that wasn't an insult, nothing was ever an insult!"

She shot a glance at Aunt Ella who was standing at the foot of the bed beside Mary Faith.

"And your Aunt Ella helping you to deceive me!" She rapped the words out. "Turning her house over to you for your honeymoon without letting me know a thing about it! I'm sure I don't know what I've ever done that my own son and my own sister should treat me the way they have."

Kim's eyebrows came together in a scowl. He stood up and looked down at his mother, his hands in his pockets.

"You know why I didn't tell you I was going to marry Mary Faith, Mother," he said irritably. "Last fall we did tell you we intended to be married—and you kicked up such a row about it that this time we decided to get married first and break the news to you later—and the way you're acting now proves that we were right!"

His mother set her soup plate down on the table beside her bed before she answered him.

"Well, Kimberley, you never spoke to me like that before in your life," she said slowly and impressively. "But I'm not surprised. I knew things would be like this as soon as you brought that girl into the house. You know what they say—'My son's my son till he takes him a wife.'"

Mary Faith did not wait to hear any more. She turned and went quietly out of the room, closing the door of it behind her.

Kim's bedroom was at the end of the hall. She carried the suitcases into it and dropped down into a chair that stood beside the big black walnut bed.

It was a cold and comfortless sort of room. Between the windows stood a marble-topped dresser with a cloudy mirror hanging above it.

Everything in it was new and bright and modern, from the electric ice box in the kitchen to the plate-glass door of the shower in the bathroom.

"What a lovely apartment this is, Claire," Mary Faith said, taking off her hat and coat in the bedroom which was hung with rose du Barry draperies and smelt of expensive perfume and cheap cigarettes.

"We rented it furnished. It's not what I'd like to have, but it's an amusing little place," Claire answered. "We've bought a lot of things for it, of course."

"Amusing" described it perfectly. There was a radio in one corner of the living room and a phonograph in another. There was a small roulette wheel and a box of playing cards on a coffee table that stood in front of the blue velvet davenport.

On one of the window sills was a Chinese brass bowl filled with poker chips, and a miniature gambling game played with tiny iron race horses.

Claire set out a cold supper on the table in the dinette—chicken sandwiches, celery stuffed with Roquefort cheese, big brown ripe olives and an iced drink in amber glasses.

At first Mary Faith thought that it was cider and lifted it to her lips. Then, as the sharp odor of it struck her nostrils, she set it down. She glanced at Kim's half-empty glass and saw that he was looking at her.

"Claire, I forgot to tell you that the Little Woman is a teetotaler," he said. "She never takes a drink."

"Don't you? Honestly, Mary Faith?" Claire raised her eyebrows. "Not even a little highball, just to be sociable?—These are terribly weak, my dear."

All the time she was talking she kept one shoulder moving ever so slightly in time to the music of the phonograph; and she held a cigarette in her left hand and a fork in her right as she ate.

Her fingernails were covered with some kind of scarlet polish that made them look like bits of carved red coral and her eyes were shadowed with blue-gray makeup.

There was nothing extraordinary about her slender, blond prettiness. The remarkable thing about her was her electric quality—her crackling vitality.

She was never still a minute. When she wasn't talking or laughing she was humming under her breath. When she wasn't in the living room changing a phonograph record she was in the kitchen getting more ice or ginger ale or Roquefort cheese.

As soon as the supper things were cleared away she brought out a contract-bridge score and a deck of cards.

"Well, how about a little game for a tenth of a cent a point?" she asked them in her fresh pretty voice. "Just enough to make it zippy."

Kim shot a questioning glance at Mary Faith and she gave her head a little shake.

"Sorry, Claire," he said, "but Mary Faith is a regular Puritan. She wouldn't play cards on Sunday if her life depended on it."

Claire put the cards back into their box. "Why, aren't you funny, Mary Faith?" She stood looking at him with wide eyes. "I didn't know anybody was as old-fashioned as that any more. . . . Sandy plays cards on Sunday. He's done it right here in this flat lots of times. Haven't you, Sandy?"

She turned away from Mary Faith and walked up to his chair. "Get up, Lazy," she said to him, "and dance with me."

(To Be Continued)

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Preparing for the Big Parade



WOODBURN BONUS MARCH
WOODBURN, April 15.—The Legion has passed a resolution condemning the bonus march as a means of forcing payment.