

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Heresies Hold Sway

ALL the political and economic heresies that the world has dreamed of, with few exceptions, have been bundled together in a farm relief bill. The passage of such legislation would seem to prove that the country had lost not only its money but its reason. A whole drug store of panaceas is bodily moved over to the white house and Pres. Roosevelt is given full liberty to use any or all of the medicines to get the nation's pulse to beating.

Even free coinage of silver, discredited for nearly 40 years, is dragged from its moss-covered tomb, and its skeleton is made to stand erect. Billy Bryan, who must have turned over in his grave when 3.2% beer came back, will surely now sit up and recite the famous "cross of gold" speech.

A gallant band fighting to preserve the good name of the American dollar, fighting to preserve the moral integrity of the American nation, and to preserve the honor of this country's promise on its bond, has gone down to defeat. The proposal to debase the coinage by as much as 50% was approved by the senate; and there is no doubt the house will concur in the enactment.

This pot-pouri of legislation, which embraces revolutionary ideas for restoring prosperity to agriculture, inflationary proposals which threaten the soundness of the American dollar, is another "noble experiment" only on a scale far more vast than prohibition.

It is mere spitting against the wind to protest the passage of such an omnibus bill, and the vesting of such great powers over the lives and fortunes of the people in the hands of one man. Yet earnestly as we pray for the restoration of good times in this country, we cannot endorse any such legislation either in its scope or in its content. We are not worried over its revolutionary nature; but over its threat of disaster to the American people.

Abolishing the Federal Employment Service
THE new deal calls for abolition of the federal employment service. Miss Perkins, the new secretary of labor, condemns the service as "too unsatisfactory to warrant its continuance". She was the greatest critic of the administration of her predecessor, Mr. Doak, so it is not surprising that she would want to reorganize the department from top to bottom. It is however rather startling for her to abolish the whole service on the basis of her statement:

"That the direct operation of public employment offices is best done by state and local governments."
"That the function of the federal government is to assist state and local governments to develop and maintain and expand adequate employment services with high standards and common procedures and to weld them together into an effective and nationwide system."

While running the employment exchanges may be strictly a local function, so slow have communities been in providing adequate offices to handle the work that we fear if the federal government withdraws its support the offices will close. Here in Salem the employment office was supported largely by federal funds. They were cut off a short time ago; but the manager has continued temporarily in expectation of renewal of the federal grant of \$110 a month. He cannot continue indefinitely on the \$50 a month supplied by the city and county; and these branches cannot increase their budget allowances for this cause during the year.

The Salem employment office performs a highly useful service for the men out of work and for those requiring labor. To close it would be a great calamity. It seems strange that when the government is increasing its appropriations for doles, it should at the same time cancel its small grant for the employment service which does a great deal to make the dole unnecessary.

A lot of people will never be satisfied with mere beer, not because of its low alcoholic content, but because of its pablic character. There are class lines in liquors as well as ladies' dresses. The spelling of one word tells the story: "likker", "liquor", and "liqueur". To those outside the hopvine aristocracy beer is very common; they call it "slop". Wine has long been the gentlemen's drink; and champagne of course stands at the top of the social register. Herein lies one reason why the vets will not be satisfied with mere beer.

We favor moonlight saving. While this is not a night-owl town there are many people who use the streets during the hours from 12:30 to daylight. And there is need of illumination for their safety and convenience in traversing the streets. The need for lights would be particularly great on foggy nights when the street light is about the only means of keeping one's bearings. On nights when the moon is shining there is scant need for artificial illumination. Let's stick with moonlight during the economy days.

Mrs. Walter Pierce says she is not resigning as member of the state board of higher education although she is serving as her husband's secretary in Washington. How about holding two jobs and drawing money from both federal and state governments? The state board job pays \$10 per diem and expenses. Willard Marks resigned as senator to take a federal appointment although the state position was a per diem job and the other a fee remuneration.

The old ban and egg controversy will be revived with inflation. If prices go up will general purchasing power be increased; or should purchasing power first be increased by giving employment, with the result that prices will increase? We have a feeling they will need to go up together.

If some one would provide the money at no obligation to the city to pay it back this would be a fine time for Salem to construct a sewage disposal plant. Treasurer Holman criticized Portland for polluting the Willamette. Salem makes its contribution too; and sooner or later we will have to stop the practice.

As the mock trial of Tom Mooney started in San Francisco his sympathizers were so noisy in their shouting at the judge that the judge postponed the trial till the last of May. Apparently the crowd wasn't willing to let the rump trial proceed to its inevitable acquittal of Mooney.

Johnny Kelly is back in Washington for the Oregonian and his writing hits the old stride right off. Most of the Washington reporters seem to have been hypnotized by the Rooseveltian smile; but the way Kelly starts out, he has no film over his own eyes.

Prof. Irving Fisher had something to say favorable to inflation. Wasn't Fisher one of the prophets of continued boom times back in the fall of '29?

The Oregonian says the anglerworm never knows it has a cure in the world until a robin comes along. What about a boy with a broken-handled spade and an empty tin can?

The democrats who were so jubilant over going off the gold standard now are urging the world to climb back on it.

"MARY FAITH" By BEATRICE BURTON

SYNOPSIS

Mary Faith, comely young orphan, is secretary to Mark Nesbit, wealthy business man. She gives up her position to marry Kimberley Farrell, childless young lawyer. Mary Faith believes that loving a man hard enough will make everything come out all right in the end. It was this confidence that enabled her to marry Kim after he had once broken their engagement. She realizes he has an eye for every girl, but hopes that married life will sober him and make him successful in his profession. Instead, Kim is annoyed at Mary Faith's "Princess" and his hasty friends, Claire and Jack Maldon, find her a dull companion. Learning that she is to become a mother, Mary Faith, for the first time, visits Kim's office. Kim is furious when Mary Faith finds him flirting with his blond secretary. That night he informs his mother and Mary Faith that he is leaving. Mary Faith, heartbroken at this turn of affairs, decides not to tell Kim of her coming motherhood. She and Mrs. Farrell decide to struggle to keep the home for the coming baby. Mary Faith obtains a position as typist. She refuses to accede to Kim's request for a divorce and asks him to wait six months before carrying out his desire.

CHAPTER XXVII

It snowed all day on Tuesday, the last of December. The ground was covered with a blanket several inches thick, and there were powder-puffs of feathery snow on the electric light globes that hung on either side of the entrance to the apartment house.

All day Mary Faith had felt tired and drowsy. All day, in obedience to some blind law of nature, she had taken little naps, sitting in her chair beside the dining-room table, as if she were preparing herself for some great ordeal.

"Well, everything is in order now for the baby," Mrs. Farrell said to her late that afternoon when the street lamps were beginning to flash their light into the perky winter dusk. "Even the little bed's all made up, isn't it?"

"A year ago today Kim and I were down in Garrettsville," Mary Faith murmured. "I remember we took a walk in the afternoon and there were a lot of little kids coasting down the hill near Aunt Ella's house. I didn't dream then that I'd be having a little baby of my own so soon."

She stopped, and a look of amazement and pain swept across her face. Hanging on to the edge of the table she pulled herself to her feet. She was halfway to the door of the room when another pain ran over her body like a sheet of flame.

She heard Mrs. Farrell's voice behind her, "Where are you going, Mary Faith?"

She tried to answer her but she couldn't make a sound. She knew where she was going. She was going to the telephone to call up Kim and tell him that he must come to her just as soon as he could.

Then she saw the marks on the wall of the hallway where the telephone box had been. The black twisted wires still stuck out from the plaster, like the roots of burnt trees. She had forgotten that the telephone had been taken away.

"You're in pain, Mary Faith, aren't you?" she heard Mrs. Farrell's voice above the sound in her ears that was like a great flood of waters rushing past her. "I'll run in next door and call Dr. Thatcher—Oh, my dear Lord!"

Darkness closed over Mary Faith. She knew vaguely that someone lifted her to a bed presently. And later on she heard a voice, hoarse with agony, shrieking for Kim—and

never knew that it was her own voice. She only knew that the woman who was calling was in terrible agony. Then a sweetish, sickening smell was in her nostrils and she knew nothing more.

A light was shining in her eyes when she opened them. At first she thought she was looking straight into the sun, and then she saw that it was her own little yellow-shaded bed lamp. She was in her own room, in her own bed. She could feel the pillow, soft and cool, against her cheek. She ached all over and she was too tired to move or speak. She closed her eyes again.

"Then all at once, someone was bending over her. A man's deep voice was saying, 'Are you awake, Mrs. Farrell?'"

She looked up. Dr. Thatcher was bending over her and beside him stood Kim's mother. She was holding a small white bundle in her arms, and as Mary Faith tried to lift herself from her pillows, Mrs. Farrell laid it down beside her.

Turning her head, Mary Faith looked at the baby. Here was her love for Kim in the flesh—the little soft body, tender as flower petals and warm as life itself. One hand was curled up tight against the little face, like a tiny pink seashell.

"Well, there's your son, Mrs. Farrell—born just as the bells were ringing in the New Year. What do you think of him?" Dr. Thatcher asked in his brisk hearty way. He backed away from the bed, and beyond him in the shadowy doorway Mary Faith saw Kim.

Kim!... He came toward her and there was a white stony look on his face. He stood beside the bed and suddenly she saw tears spring into his eyes.

"Don't, Kim," she held her hand out to him. "Don't, dearest. . . Everything's all right."

He knelt down beside her, burying his face in the pillows close to hers. So close that she could smell the faint dry scent of his blond hair. "Your hair—it always smells like birch bark," she murmured weakly and foolishly, and began to cry because she was so happy.

By the middle of February Mary Faith was on her feet again—and not only on her feet but on the very tips of her toes, more eager for life and work and happiness than she had ever been before.

The days were all too short now although she got up at six o'clock every morning when the baby stirred in his little bed and began to shout for his bottle in a voice that to her was the most beautiful sound that was ever heard.

"Listen to our son and his little hunger-songs," she would say to Kim as she slipped out of bed and hurried into the kitchen to warm the first little six-ounce bottle of the day. "He's going to be a grand opera singer some day, and don't I know it!"

"Or a radio announcer, at least," Kim would answer drowsily and goodnaturedly. He was so proud of the baby as Mary Faith was. Sometimes when she came back from the kitchen she would find him bending over the little bed, touching the baby's cheeks with one of his big fingers and talking to him in a gruff man-to-man way.

"Shut up or I'll bust you one on the beeper—hear me?" he would say. "You make as much noise as a fire whistle. Cut it out!"

Every night Kim came home between five and six so that he could see Mary Faith bathe the boy and tuck him into the warm blankets of his bed.

On Easter Saturday he brought home a chocolate rabbit for him, to the enormous amusement of Mary

Faith and the horror of Mrs. Farrell. And he bundled him up and took him for an airing on the seat of his car.

"Our life is just the way I always pictured it," Mary Faith said to him that night as they sat in the living room waiting for the Maldons to come over and play bridge with them. "Long before we were married I used to dream of the time when we'd have a home and a baby and friends to come in to spend the evening with us once in a while—and now it's all come true."

"You'd better rap on wood," Mrs. Farrell spoke up from her chair beside the window. "I always think it's tempting Providence to tell yourself how lucky you are."

Mary Faith laughed. "You're worse than a rainy day. Mother Farrell," she said cheerfully. "Kim and I have had all our luck."

She got up and sat on the arm of his chair, rumpling up his hair and twisting it somehow so that he looked utterly unlike himself for a second.

"Haven't we had all our bad luck and all our bad times?" she asked him, her arms around him. "Haven't we come out on the sunny side, and aren't we most—terribly—frantically happy?" She kissed him between each word and he looked as if he liked it.

They were as much in love with each other these days as they had been during the first year of their engagement, when Kim had wanted no one but her.

He wanted no one but her now. Sometimes the Maldons called up and said that they were coming over to play a few hands of bridge and he would sit there and look gloomy when Mary Faith announced the news to him.

"Why don't they stay at home once in a while?" he would ask. "Gosh, I never saw such a pair as those two birds!—In all the time I stayed at their house I never knew them to spend a quiet evening. They were always calling somebody up to come over and make 'hoopla' with them or getting dressed to go to somebody's house for the evening or to go to some place and dance and have dinner."

It was Claire's fault—Jack's pretty quiet and steady. She drags him around after her like a kid with a Teddy bear."

The Maldons never made much "hoopla" when they came to the flat to spend the evening. For one thing the baby was asleep and they had to keep quiet. And for another Mrs. Farrell always sat in the room and looked over the evening paper while the other four played cards, frowning at them every now and then.

"I don't care very much for that Maldon girl," she told Mary Faith the morning after one of the Maldons' visits. "She gives me the jitters, the way she's always wriggling her shoulders and singing under her breath. . . And I wonder if she thinks her face looks pretty, all painted up like a signboard!—No, I don't like her."

About a week later Claire popped in one afternoon on her way home from downtown. "Popped in" was the only way to describe the way she came running into the flat with her bracelets jingling and the white-tipped tails of her silver fox scarf swaying.

"I can't stay two minutes," she said breathlessly. "I just wanted to bring the baby in a little present. It's a cup and I have his name engraved on it. There's been enough argument about naming him so his Aunt Claire just settled it by having 'Kim' put on the cup."

(To Be Continued)

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BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer liquor fights:
Beale and Baker sentence:

In his contribution in this column on Tuesday, C. B. Woodworth said: "Memory recalls—perhaps not correctly—that the sentencing of Beale and Baker for the murder of Delaney took place in this opera house. It was planned to create a panic by announcing in some way that the opera house was unsafe, and while the panic was on to permit the prisoners to escape. The panic part worked; the woman—fainted, which added to the trouble, but the prisoners did not get away; were sentenced and hanged."

The writer inquired: "Can any reader explain why the sentencing of Beale and Baker (if so it was) was in that building?" (Meaning the Griswold opera house, which was in the Griswold block, still standing at the southwest corner of Commercial and State streets, and now called the Murphy block, and that being the first well arranged theatre in Salem.)

Several persons have responded to the inquiry. One long time resident suggests that the tradition is not founded on fact; that the sentence was pronounced in the

old court house. But the recollection of R. P. Boise of Salem is that the memory of Mr. Woodworth serves him reliably. Hon. R. P. Boise, the able and longest in service on supreme and circuit court benches of Oregon pioneer jurists, tried the Beale and Baker case, being at the time circuit judge of the district made up of several counties of which Marion was one. He was the father of R. Boise, who added Junior to his

name while the pioneer judge lived. Mr. Boise was a small boy in 1865, but his memory from hearsay runs like this:

The verdict was rendered March 25, 1865. The execution was on the following May 17th. The particulars, many of them, have been told in this column. Some more are yet to follow, at some future date.

The trial had been started on Monday; the jury's verdict was reached on the following Saturday. The opening was in the old court house, attended by great crowds, and so continuing throughout. It had been white-

WARNER BROS. ELGINORE

TODAY AND SATURDAY
TWO FEATURES

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HE RUINED REPUTATIONS FOR A WAGE
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TELEGRAPH

TRAIL

The Call Board

By OLIVE M. DOAK

ELGINORE
Today—Kay Francis and George Brent in "Key Hole" and Joya Wayne in "Telegraph Trail."

THE GRAND
Today—William Collier, Jr., and Sally Blane in "Phantom Express."

THE HOLLYWOOD
Today—Ken Maynard in "Come on Tarzan" and "Payment Deferred."

outive O. P. West announced last night. The public exhibition will again be held on Sweetland field under the floodlights. This year's program of events will be a surprise both to the scouts and to the audience, according to West. Scouts will be advised to be prepared to exhibit all of their various activities.

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Persons attending the Y. M. C. A. lobby program tonight at 8 o'clock will again be given an opportunity to enjoy one of Dr. David Bennett Hill's illustrated lectures. This week's program is being arranged by the junior division of the board of directors. Gus Moore will preside. Dr. Hill's program will include a moving picture comedy, health service and out-door pictures.

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