

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sway Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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Gentlemen and Ladies

SPREAD on the front page of a few mornings ago was the bald assertion of President MacCracken of Vassar college that gentlemen and ladies, as once we knew them, are now persons of the past.

The Sedgwick article is a plaintive farewell to the gentlemen of the ancient regime, who are roughly shouldered aside by the rising tide of politicians, and the now-remembered "forgotten men."

"It was, of course, highly paid, by privilege, leisure, and luxury, even in times when serfs and peasants were suffering from want and the bourgeois of towns were scrimping and saving, but it paid back pound for pound, florin for florin, ducaat for ducaat, because it held fast to the great traditions of civilization, that cause men above the savage and the barbarian."

Gentle folks of the past have been the patrons of the arts. They set the standards of taste and of style. Their manners fixed the patterns of social intercourse.

A veritable jeremiad; and one which contains real areas of truth. But we incline to the view that both Mr. Sedgwick and Pres. MacCracken err in classifying gentlemen and ladies as museum pieces.

Women in Business

THE organization of Business and Professional Women are celebrating their special week this week. Composed of women actively engaged in professional or business work, this group of 55,000 "white collar" women workers has risen rapidly in importance in the last few years.

Many women are rising to prominence in executive and managerial positions. And an uncounted number are real mainstays of offices, giving that care for detail and that housekeeper's efficiency and faithfulness which make business offices function as successfully as they do.

Contrasts

SATURDAY'S news kept up with the country's two most prominent heiresses. One, Doris Duke Cromwell and her husband interviewed the Mahatma Gandhi.

Somehow we cannot help thinking the Cromwells who are on their honeymoon have a better prospect for a happy marriage after a season of meditation with the mahatma than the Princess Barbara ever had with her polo-playing, globe-trotting pawnshop-prince.

Besides learning all the new laws the legislature has just passed the people have to learn new rules for playing contract bridge.

"I'm on the front page again, begorrah!"



What if Pronunciation Is Wrong? Clear Meaning Is More Essential

By D. H. Talmadge, Sage of Salem

Looks a heap like spring is coming. There's a promise in the breeze, though 'tis laden still with snow-chill.

There are very few gentlemen left in the world and I know there are no ladies—in the old sense. This speaks President MacCracken of Vassar in an address at the University of Chicago last Sunday.

It is presumable that Dr. MacCracken merely wished to say something sufficiently strong to get under the skins of the 200 seniors and 500 undergraduates who listened to him at the University of Chicago, and if he was successful in making them remember their manners more carefully his breath was not wasted.

It is better, I have found, to be somewhat careful in the pronunciation of words. The person with whom one is talking is, in a sense, a better authority than the dictionary.

I have known intelligent and well educated people who deliberately pronounce foreign words as the spelling of the words indicates the pronunciation to English-American eyes and ears.

Personally, I am fairly free from clutching habits at present. But I have had a terrific struggle with the crossword puzzles.

Gertrude Stein says argument is useless. There are times when it almost seems so. Bonnie had been paddled by his maternal grandmother. "Dad," said he, "you and me married into a heck of a family, didn't we?"

An argument for the "what's the use?" party appeared in the news columns a few days ago—a dispatch from Denver announcing the death of Elizabeth McCourt (Baby Doe) Tabor, second wife and widow of H. A. W. Tabor.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth.



D. H. TALMADGE

Many young folks from the surrounding country, usually in couples, are evening visitors to Salem. Nice-looking and well behaved young folks. Keenly interested in life and its affairs. They see a motion picture or two, and they stroll about the streets, hand in hand, or arm in arm, or one slightly in advance of the other like married folks.

I have received a Guild Gazette containing the program of a play given last week by the Guild Hall players at the University theatre, Eugene. The title of the play is "The Trial of Mary Dugan," a murder mystery, with whom do you think taking a leading part—his pitcher in the paper "everything? Nobody but our own Charles (Scotty) Barclay, who prior to his departure for the classic halls at Eugene was a prominent figure in Zolite Volchok's all-star Mickey Mouse-Elsinore theatre aggregation.

I feel a sense of deep sympathy for any person who is struggling to escape from the clutches of a drug habit. Or from the clutches of any other habit. A habit is usually harmless until it clutches. It is not entirely true to say that a person has a habit, not after it clutches. The truth more nearly is that the habit has the person.

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Mrs. Tabor, at one time known as the best-dressed woman in the Colorado capital, was found in rags in a shack. Frozen to death.

The appearance during the week of Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking" picture at the Grand theatre is reminiscent of a picture seen here months ago, in which the Tabor story was portrayed interestingly and with fair accuracy.

Help yourself to the moralizations, if you care for 'em. When I was a kid I enjoyed eating at Aunt Emma's more than I enjoyed eating at Aunt Mary Ann's, because Aunt Emma put the victuals on the table and said "Eat what you like and no questions asked," whereas Aunt Mary Ann loaded up your plate with her own loving hands and was grieved if you didn't eat this or that whether you liked it or not.

Nonsense. Can you say "Rubber buggy bumpers" four times in rapid succession? Haphazard notes: Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "One More Spring" at the Grand today—the "Daddy Longlegs" combination—a popular one...

Books of Franchise, Cox and Ross, Astorians, and Dorion woman's Golgotha: (Concluding from yesterday.) Father Delorme wrote plainly that he buried Marie Iowa, wife of John Toupin, in the church of St. Louis, and the French word in question meant in the ground.

There was no question as to identity. Still more than all the above, the cure of the St. Louis church had the right to bury the body in the church building. Any Catholic cure, at that time, had that right. The writer has this from Father Delorme, present cure at St. Louis, in answer to a question propounded to him in a letter.

There is still another record—in the old account book of the St. Louis church—in which, for December 1859, appears an entry in French under the heading, "casuel l'Eglise," of \$210, from Jean Toupin, in connection with the burial of his wife, Casuel l'Eglise means incidental receipts of the church.

There is something in connection with the entry indicating that the \$210 value was paid in piastres, or reckoned in that Spanish coin. The entry will have further study. That may be taken as an evidence that more than ordinary expense was incurred by the church in the burial; possibly involving the taking up and relaying of the floor.

"MONEY" By CHARLES GRANT

SYNOPSIS: Lovely, young Cathleen McCarthy tries to discourage the attentions of Seward Ingram, her employer's son, because of social barriers, but he insists on seeing her. Seward presents Cathleen with an expensive bracelet. She plans to return it, but her shiftless brother, Joe, steals the bracelet for her. For the first time in his career, Jasper Ingram's financial throne is threatened. Just as he is trying to raise several million dollars, his wife, ignorant of his plans, asks for half a million to purchase the Russian royal rubies. Ingram refuses and his wife secretly plans a loan. To add to the financier's difficulties, Arline Moran, an actress, plans to sue Ingram on a false charge for not financing her play. Homer Alspaugh, Ingram's confidential secretary, speculates with his employer's money in the hope of securing funds to meet his faithless wife's extravagance. Marian Alspaugh is having an affair with the Marquis d'Albus. On a picnic with Seward, Cathleen, unable to tell him the truth about the bracelet, says she must return it, inferring that she still has it. The young couple go on a hike and cannot find their way back to the car.

Cathleen was not used to walking. She was vigorous and energetic, but the half dozen miles she had already covered had put a strain on unaccustomed muscles. She said nothing of this, however, but pluckily kept pace with Seward. Nine times out of ten, two dirt roads, starting parallel from a third road or track, will intersect a highway cutting across the country at a moderate angle. In approaching the railway line, Cathleen and Seward had borne to the right, but in leaving it they found themselves turning again and again to the left.

"You are not tired at all," she asserted. "You are a bit, but listen, I can't leave you here. But as soon as we sight another house, you stop and rest, and I'll push on and come back for you in the car." Cathleen thought she might be tempted to do that. But the country through which their unluckily chosen road was winding seemed to show wide wild wood-crowned meadows canted upward where surely by now a concrete travelled highway should have been visible. Not much use to be taken it out any longer, he thought, and he said ruefully, "We ought to have gone back when we found we were wrong. Sappy of me—I was always a sappy. Of course we're bound to hit that highway some time. If a car would come along, we could flag it. I'll bet you're about dead, walking all this way."

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

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MAKE COAST TRIP

UNION HILL, March 16.—Mrs. Henry Scott and son, Guy, have returned from Bandon where they visited Mrs. Scott's grandmother for several days. They accompanied an uncle, Fred Stinchfield, Miss Eva Stinchfield, of Mayville, Miss Marjorie Johnston of Olex, and Mrs. Glen Ma-goe of Salem.