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

Member of the Associated Press The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publica-tion of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in

Portland Representative Gordon B Bell, Security Building, Portland, Ore. Eastern Advertising Representatives Bryant, Griffith & Brunson, Inc., Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Atlanta

Entered at the Postoffic: at Salem, Cregon, 's Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Mail Subscription Rates, in Advance, Within Oregon: Dally and Sunday, I Mo. 50 cents; 2 Mo. \$1.25; 6 Mo. \$2.25; 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents per Mo., or \$5.00 for 1 year in advance. Per Copy ents. News Stands 5 cents.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance.

Gentlemen and Ladies

CPREAD 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. Such a provocative declaration should have stirred up replies but so engrossed are people in the Johnson-Long-Coughlin carnival of castigation, in preparing their spending lists for the Townsend dollar-shower, in observing the devolution of the new deal and the legislative wrestling matches that the MacCracken statement passed almost unnoticed. It is significant that a fuller development of the same thesis appears in the current Atlantic monthly, where a paper appears, "What a Gentleman Was" by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, New England essayist and historian. It is taken from his forthcoming book, "The Guild of Gentlemen"

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". The author sees culture erased and standards lowered as the "trained, disciplined, cultivated few" are displaced in security and in influence by the multitude, "unexpectant heirs, intoxicated by a sudden opulence of leisure", whose tastes reach only to "the professional baseball game, the prize fight, the films of Hollywood." Staunch defender of the guild of gentlemen is Mr. Sedgwick, whose language sounds strange in these days vocal with "redistribution of wealth":

"It was, of course, highly paid, by privilege, leisure, and luxury, even in times when serfs and peasants were suffering from want and the burgesses of towns were scrimping and saving, but it paid back pound for pound, florin for florin, ducat for ducat, because it held fast to the great traditions of civilization. because it cultivated and cherished tastes, feelings, standards, that raise 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. "The old order regarded courtliness as a fine art," an art, alas, often trampled rudely in the crowded life of today. Mediocrity or worse But there's one sign we may scoffs at "manners", betrays wretched taste in habits of living, in design, in social relations. With bitter irony Mr. Sedgwick ridicules the prevailing humanitarianism:

This solicitude for the human belly and the human back is idolatry. And the church, or rather, I should say, the Protestant churches share in it; their ministers cross themselves, and drop into papistical genuflexions, when they pass the altar of humanitarianism, they chant hymns to the proletariat, they bustle about inquiring if the dear people in the East End-where wage earners spend their wages on beer, and their wives bring forth new objects of human solicitude as fast as slow-working nature will allow-find their dear bodies comfortable, and their dear babies on the way to becoming as free, as enlightened, as forward-looking as their parents. The centre of human gravity has shifted. The old spiritual values contemplation, meditation, the commandments of self-control and self-improvement-are cast aside. the humanities, with their exaltation of the cardinal virtues. Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence and Justice thrown overboard; and if this be so .- and it is so .- if the humanities are neglected for scientific specialization, religion neglected for gratification of the humanitarian herd instinct, the Guild of Gentlemen metaphorically hurrled 'a la lanterne', who then will maintain the sacred cult of beauty, who uphold the nobler values of life?"

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. History shows that the free masonry of cultivated folk has remarkable powers of survival. This up- time as he explains his meaning surge of vulgarism has occurred many times in human history. But as the turbulence subsided there always emerged. folk who cherished high standards of conduct, who cultivated tastes and manners which serve as patterns for the masses. The old gentleman is always dying; his death rate is higher in seasons of feverish equalitarianism. But new gentlemen and ladies are being born. There is an immortality in good taste, in chivalry, in high aspiration, proven through long centuries of human experience, which affords abundant faith in the revival of that Guild of Gentlemen once more to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form.

Women in Business

THE organization of Business and Professional Women are celebrating their special week this week. Composed of a word incorrectly, and the word 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. Besides giving or pronounce it as he or she pronew social contacts and new horizons for women in the industrial world, the organization is a real agency for self-expression, for cooperative effort, and for entrenching women in ciation of the word. The tempthe place they have rightfully earned by their contributions tation to do so is great, but reto modern business life.

Many women are rising to prominence in executive and managerial positions. And an uncounted number are real what all words in the Englishmainstays of offices, giving that care for detail and that housekeeper's efficiency and faithfulness which make business offices function as successfully as they do. So the busi- shot of retribution if you lay yourness world, which is still chiefly a man-bossed domain, ought self open to it. to doff its chapeau this week to those capable and dependable women who do so much of the work that is done in business these days.

Contrasts

CATURDAY'S news kept up with the country's two most prominent heiresses. One, Doris Duke Cromwell and her husband interviewed the Mahatma Gandhi. The other Princess Mdivani (Barbara Hutton) announced she was tossing over via Reno her Georgian prince. The contrast was indeed pronounced. Mrs. Cromwell spoke with great reverence of ally pronunciations from a favor-Gandhi whom she linked with a Christ or a Confucius. The princess merely confessed that she had grown tired of Alec though she said they were still fast friends. To her the marriage appears to have been merely one of convenience; and when her whim or mood changed then she would just reach out and get a divorce.

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- petent workman in correct rai- news columns a few days ago-a 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. And our guess is that more people will get the letter of the new bridge rules than will study the new legislative enactments. And woe be to the player who breaks one of them!

"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

swear by. that we ma The robins in the alley-ways

Are a-warbling fit to bust.

"There are very few gentlemen left in the world and I know there are no ladies-in the old sense." Thus spake President MacCracken of Vassar in an address at the Univesity of Chicago last Sunday. A somewhat startling statement to come from the head of the oldest women's college in America. Perhaps it is partially true. But it takes in too much territory. Here and there, as it may be at Vassar, gentlemen are few and there are no ladies in the old sense, but in this country and in the world there are thousands of communities of which the governing socfal bodies are as truly ladies and gentlemen as were the men and women and boys and girls of former days. Dr. MacCracken may think he knows whereof he speaks, but I shall insist that he s mistaken, at least until such more clearly.

It is presumable that Dr. Mac-Cracken merely wished to say something sufficiently strong to get under the skins of the 286 seniors and 500 undergraduates successful in making them re-

somewhat careful in the pronun- the girls are restlessly impatient ciation of words. The person with at displays of men's clothing. But whom one is talking is, in a sense, the house-furnishings windows a better authority than the dic- hold 'em both. No significance tionary. If he or she pronounces in this, I s'pose. Just happens so. is one which you have chanced to look up, it is advisable for you to either avoid using the word given last week by the Guild Hall nounces it. Do not, I pray you, be a sap and show off your familiarity with the dictionary pronunstrain yourself. What with the French and German and Spanish and Italian and goodness knows American language, everybody slips at one time or another, and all-star Mickey Mouse-Elsinore you are likely to come in for a

dicates the pronunciation to English-American eyes and ears.

But-O well, do as you please.

The talkies have, I think, im roved the general quality of the English-American heard in the streets. We accept enthusiasticite actor which we scorn to take from the dictionary.

And, anyway, pronunciation of words is not so important as clear meaning. The clearest of meaning sometimes comes across in pretty errible language.

A competent workman in clownish clothes doubtless does better work than does an incomment, but the costume puts him dispatch from Denver announcing

keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree

and truth.

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. Frequently they pause to discuss the display who listened to him at the Uni- in a window. They remain longer versity of Chicago, and if he was at the windows of house furnishing establishments than elsemember their manners more care- where. The girls are partial to fully his breath was not wasted. women's wear and jewelry displays, but the boys gently urge It is better, I have found, to be them away from these places, and

D. H. TALMADGE

I have received a Guild Gazette containing the program of a play players at the University theatre. Eugene. "The Trial of Mary Dugan", a murder mystery, with whom do you think taking a leading part-his pitcher in the paper 'n' everything? Nobody but our own Charles (Scotty) Barclay, who prior to his departure for the classic halls at Eugene was a prominent figure in Zollie Volchok's theatre aggregation.

I feel a sense of deep sympathy for any person who is struggling I have known intelligent and to escape from the clutches of a well educated people who delib- drug habit. Or from the clutches erately pronounce foreign words of any other habit. A habit is usas the spelling of the words in- ually 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 per-

> 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 useless. There are times when it almost seems so. Bennie 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 the death of Eliz (Baby Doe) Tabor, second wife at the home of her mother, Mrs. the church. If you mean a tomb -Oliver Wendell Holmes I. his lavish expenditure of money. been attending school.

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

The appearance during the week of Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking" picture at the Grand theatre is re mindful of a picture seen here months ago, in which the Tabor story was portrayed interestingly and with fair accuracy, Robinson doing the Tabor role. But the final scene of the drama was yet to

Help yourself to the moralizations, if you care for 'em.

When I was a kid I enjoyed eating at Aunt Emma's more than 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 greived if you didn't eat this or that whether you liked it or not.

Nobody, not even a hungry boy. likes everything.

I am a spineless gump, I reckon, but I've endured some pretty painful attacks of the roaring gulps because of eating something or other I didn't like rather than offend a well-meaning hostess. Of course. I do not mind giving such offense to some hostesses, but a hostess like Aunt Mary Ann, who wept is too much for me.

Nonsense, Can you say "Rub ber 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 . . . In the screen ballyhoo preceding the Books of Franchere, Cox showing of the Warner girl show, and Ross, Astorians, told "Gold Diggers of 1935", the world is informed that in the beauty contest for places in the spectacle from cities "all the way from Sa-Florida". The Salem entry was Beatrice Coleman . . . For some hume meant in the ground, reason the picture-makers are be coming Salem-conscious, During the past year several references to the town have been noted in the text of the films. The publicity will do us no harm . . . "Clive of India" (Ronald Colman and Loretta Young) is a good-yes, a great-picture, but historical films, more especially those having to do with periods and places in which we are not greatly intion. A short run in Salem . . . ing the week-"Enchanted April" -delightful . . . Will Rogers is dated for the Grand in "Life begins at 40" March 20 . . . Bill Robinson's tap-dancing, seen in 'The Little Colonel" picture, is still under discussion here. Opinions differ, as always, but the majority is standing pat on the contention that he is the greatest of all the tappers. By the way, Bill is 58 years old . . . A change of usherette uniforms at the Grand.

Flashy . . . Fred McMurray, playing opposite to Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily", a late showing, is also under discussion. Is "better" than Clark Gable, or is he not? . . . No two opinions as to Miss Colbert . . . Robert Clive, who gave India to England, acted entirely on his hunchesalthough he did not call them hunches. When he acted on reason he failed to accomplish anything. Good idea . . . Or is it? Might not work out in all cases.

at difference in hunches. MRS. COTY VISITS UNION HILL, March 16 .- Mrs. "MORE MONEY" By

Carthy tries to discourage the attentions of Seward Ingram, her employer's son, because of social barriers, but he insists on seeing Seward presents Cathleen with an expensive bracelet. She plans to return it, but her shiftless brother. Joe, steals the bracelet and pawns it for \$300. For the first time in his career, Jasper Ingram's financial throne is threatened. Just as he is trying to raise several mil-lion dollars, his wife, ignorant of the crisis, asks for half a million to purchase the Russian royal rubies. Ingram refuses and his wife the financier's difficulties, Arline Martin, 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 Marques d'Alhues. 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. CHAPTER XXII

Cathleen was not used to walk-

ing. She was vigorous and energetic, but the half dozen miles they 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 reasonable distance apart. Their meanderings, though are never quite to be counted on. In approach-ing 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. The boy was worried and angry with himself. He talked all the more gayly and lightly because of this, until a bend from which he had hoped much as they approached it showed wide wild wood-crowned meadows canted upward where surely by now a concrete travelled highway should have been visible. Not much use to brazen it out any longer, he thought, and he said rue-fully, "We ought to have gone back when we found we were wrong. Sappy of me-I always was a sap. Of course we're bound to hit that highway some time. If a car would

you're about dead, walking all this way."
"I'm not tired a bit," she asserted. "You are, you must be. 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."

come along, we could flag it. I'll bet

Cathleen thought she might b tempted to do that. But the country through which their unluckily chosen road was winding seemed quite unsettled. They passed an occasional deserted house, but no in-

and packed full. It was nearly dark when at last they saw the lights of cars on the

highway. A few cars disregarded his signals, but the last slowed down and took them in. Seward leaned out of the window and peered along the side of the road. He had pulled well off it and parked on a convenient strip of grass, making the turn before he

and Cathleen got out. The lights of

the car in which they were now riding should eatch his tail-light, and he looked for it confidently. But they sped on and on and still he did not sight the hoped-for red gleam. On, till his motorist's sense of distance told him that they must have come farther than he and Cathleen had walked. Either the car had been stolen or-more like-

ly-they were on the wrong high-There was nothing to be done now

Lovely, young Cathleen Mc- thought. We ought to have passed and mother understand.

The state of to town tonight!"

"I don't know this part of the country very well myself," said the dower, "but I'll see what I can do."

Cathleen was shivering already at He stopped at the next garage the thought of the reception and asked the way to the nearest knew was in store for her. railway station. It was not on the highway, but they were given a seby someone called Al from under-

neath a car. "Not the second right-the third, secretly plans a loan. To add to first left, go on past a big kennel, the financier's difficulties. Arline two more lefts and there you are.

plained the garage-man.

They reached the familiar oblong block at last, faintly lit, beside a double track. Seward got out of the car and helped Cathleen, very stiff to her feet, and they both thanked their Samaritan warmly; the end of their difficulties seemed in sight. "You'd do as much for me. Glad to help you out," he said fraternal-

ly, and drove away.

They went inside. The ticket window was closed. But Seward had seen a shadowy figure loafing in the door of the baggage-room, and went around there.

"When's the next train to New

York?" he asked. The station agent looked around Train to New York, hey? There ain't but one more train tonight, and that goes to Springfield."

Seward put all that he felt into a brief explosion of profanity, "That - garage-man down the road told us there was one for town

at eight something!" "He prob'ly didn't mean to mis-lead you," the agent said mildly. 'That train don't run on Sunday that's all. You can go to Springfield, and get a train there for New

"When is the Springfield train

"She pulls in at nine forty-seven." Springfield was four hours from ered in magenta plush, represented ew York! Add an hour from to her all the luxury in the world. Grand Central to Cathleen's home-It was hopeless. He had to go back and tell her so, hear the startled catch in her breath as she repeated "-no use?" after him.

"We can drag around, traveling all night, and I'd land you home the wall into the room, straddling

not as early as that, in the sort of

but there's only one thing we can do starving, aren't you?" get put up for the night in the rillage here, I suppose there's a vil-age, I saw a light or two—and go food we left in the car! by the eight-sixteen tomorrow!'
"Oh," said Cathleen blankly.

was going in the wrong direction care to go out with me again ever, we don't get the tourist trade like after the dumb way I've acted. I we would if we were on the highfeel terribly-"

His face and voice showed his distress, a boy's chagrin at having believe it would pay us to sell out of taking care of a girl. Cathleen put her own dismay aside to comfort him.

"I've had a wonderful time, Seward. I've loved it, and there stairs first, maybe. I have a nice wasn't a single thing that went double front roomwrong that was your fault. We're just out of luck. The worst is, I can't telephone home, we haven't a aren't married." phone! Usually we send messages to the grocery store, but you see, it's Sunday-

"We'll telegraph them, then. Here, you be writing out what you want to say, while I call up Grangefields and tell them not to expect me tonight.

"Oh, what'll I say?" Cathleen wondered, confronted by the telegraph blank. "You have to put it into ten words. . . .

but throw himself on the mercy of their obliging driver. "Look here, sir, I've balled things worse than I knew, would never make her father (To Be Continued) knew, would never make her father (Continued)

She had left home in a car with a you-is there a railway station any- rich young man, a stranger to them, where along here, do you know? and now she was going to be out Pretty much out of your way, may- with him all night. To stay out all be, but we've simply got to get back night was, to the McCarthy's, fatally compromising, just as fifty years

Through the half-shut door of the telephone booth, she could hear ries of turns to be made, corrected Seward carelessly describing their situation to his mother. "I'm fearfully sorry—mislaid my car in a darn silly way. Tell you about it tomorrow.... I don't think it's permanently lost, I know about where Sure, there's a train to town at eight I left it, and the farmers out here

> tonight. Will you call her, Mother, and tell her I can't make it? Tell her I'm going to cry myself to sleep. All right, I will. Goodnight, Mother

-goo'bye-"

If they only had a 'phone! How could she write a telegram that would make them understand?

Mentally she wrote: "Mother and father, don't judge me. It is an accident; I could not help it; I can not get home tonight; he is looking after me as well as he can. I shall have a room to myself. I am your daughter-"
But she could not say that. It

would sound silly, stupid, unfair to Seward. What she had to say, she could say better after she reached "Accidentally delayed unable

to get home tonight. Every-thing all right Love Cathleen.'

Arm in arm, the boy and the girl walked down the dark road away from the station. By now it was fully night. When they reached the house Sew-

ard knocked at the door and told the boy who opened it that they wanted rooms and dinner. Cathleen, when they were alone, sank thankfully into the nearest An hour to Springfield. And chair, This stationary focker, cov-

She wondered how she should ever get up again, as her over-driven frame relaxed in the exquisite comfort of rest.

with the milk-unless that Spring- on a sheet of zinc. There was a field train is a daily-except-Sunday center table bearing an oil lamp joke too, I didn't think to ask that! converted to modern uses by the Maybe we could scare up a car simple means of dangling an elecaround here and drive in-but tric light bulb inside its china we've been coming farther from shade. An upright piano, the lid town all the time. We couldn't closed over its keyboard, stood in a make it before midnight, probably corner.

"Any port in a storm," said Sewbus we could get around here. ard hopefully. "Especially if they "I'm fearfully sorry, Cathleen, can give us some decent food. I'm

"I've thought of nothing else for an hour," she said, "but all the good A woman appeared, small and "Oh," said Cathleen blankly.
"You can tell your people it's all pect to have people s'late in the my fault. I don't imagine you'll year's this. Being off the main road,

way. I often say to him, 'There's no money in farming these days, I in his simple, obvious duty and run a tourists' rest over to Greenville Center where the new concrete road is going through'-I'll see to getting you folks supper right away, but you'd like to go up-

"We want two single rooms, please," Seward explained.

"Oh, you ain't?" she looked at them sharply, was satisfied by what she saw-you can't take boarders long without learning something of character-reading - and resumed, "Well, I have single rooms, too. I can give the young lady one on the second floor, next to the bathroom, and I can let you have one on the third floor. We don't have so many single rooms-these days people mostly rather double up and save

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

of Dorion woman's Golgotha: 5 5 5

(Concluding from yesterday:) were girls from 14 states and Father Delorme wrote plainly that ne buried Marie Iowa, wife of lem. Oregon, to Palm Beach. John Toupin, in the church of St. Louis, and the French word in-4 4 4

> Father Delorme was the priest of the church, the cure. He was well known pioneer. He filed and claim. He was one of the men who platted the town of St Louis, partly on his own land.

There were two witnesses, and both of them were well known; each was granted a donation land claim by the United States govyears before, to the marriage of A glimpse of Ann Harding dur- John Toupin and Marie lowa, There was no question as to iden-

> 4 4 4 Still more than all the above the cure of the St. Louis church had the right to bury the body in te church building. Any Catholic cure, at that time, had that right. The writer has this from Fath-

er Kraus, present cure at St. Louis, answering a question propounded to him in a letter. woman was buried, the cure at the record book. That is, in fact, and nothing but the truth." St. Louis might have allowed any unthinkable. one to be buried in the church, anywhere in the church excepting under the altar." Father Kraus in the old account book of the deserving a great deal of honor in was asked to say if that state- St. Louis church-in which, for

"Your question: 'When the cure at St. Louis might have al- the church. lowed any one to be buried in the home of her mother Mrs. grave in the ground below the coin. The entry will have fur have returned from the home of her mother Mrs.

"'Is it allowed to inter bodies within the church edifice?'

"'No. Except in the case of Bishops, Abbots, the Pope, royal personages and Cardinals. And even in such cases the body must be placed at least three feet from the altar, i. e., the tomb or catafalque must stand three feet from the altar.

faithful in the crypt of a church? the western border of what was (A crypt is a chapel under the known as Big Prairie, This floor of the church.)

"The answer: If the crypt is seven miles west of north, was not used for divine worship, i. e., not erected by the assistance of saying mass, affirmative; if it is missionary funds, but by the Caused for saying mass, negative.' nadian settlers." The inference is

"The above quoted law, I be- that the church which Mr. Rees lieve, will convince even those erected in 1845 was the first one who dispute that the Dorion womterested, are likely to be of little ernment. One of them, Joseph an was buried dans l'Eglise, since in present Oregon was a log interest to the general popula- Dellard, had been a witness, nine this only means below the floor of building, erected in 1836, but i the church."

5 5 5

translation that dans l'Eglise Marie Iowa had been inhumed the one at St. Paul. But, if he is meant that her body had been de- mistaken, he will be glad to have posited in the ground. Thus there can be no reason- tion. able doubt of her burial in the

church, according to the record. There is still another record-

ground in the St. Louis Catholic

ment was true, or not true. His December, 1850, appears an entry ment of the Oregon country, answer was in the words that fol- in French under the heading, whose services had far reaching 'casuel l'Eglise," of \$210, from effect upon the destiny of this Jean Toupin, in connection with the burial of his wife. Casuel l'E-Dorion woman was buried, the glise means incidental receipts of There is something in connec-

the church, anywhere in the tion with the entry indicating that church excepting under the al- the \$210 value was paid in plas-

the decision of the Canon Law: | ling of the floor.

There is a tradition that the present one is the third Catholic church built at St. Louis. The writer thinks it is the second. The tradition is that the first one was built of logs.

Willard H. Rees, who came with the 1844 covered wagon immigration, and who was prominent in early day affairs, delivered the annual address at the 1879 reunion of the Oregon Pioneer association. This is a paragraph of that address:

"I purchased from a Canadian Frenchman in 1845 the farm in French Prairie on which I have since lived. At that time, I had the contract of building the St. "'Is it allowed to bury the Louis Catholic church, situated on church, unlike St. Paul's, located

The first Catholic church built stood a considerable distance west of the present St. Paul church. There was a second church build-The reader has seen by the ing at St. Paul, and the present one is the third. The writer means in the church, and he has thinks the idea of a first log noted that the statement that church at St. Louis comes from confirmation of it, for publica-

The main object in giving so much attention and space to the There could have been no rea- matter under discussion is to get letter stated: "When the Dorion son for making a false entry in at "the truth, the whole truth,

Men and women who read and understand history agree that the Dorion woman was a character connection with the early developwhole coast, and consequently of our nation and the entire world.

MAKE COAST TRIP

UNION HILL, March 16 .-tar.' Affirmative if you mean a tres, or reckoned in that Spanish Mrs. Henry Scott and son, Guy. where they visited Mrs. Scott's That may be taken as an evi- grandmother for several days. In fact, there's nothing that and widow of H. A. W. Tabor, the Maud Hurt. Mrs. Coty's children, or catafalque erected on the floor dence that more than ordinary They accompanied an uncle, Fred man who in the '80s caused pretty Lois and Nanette, have been mak- of the church in which the body expense was incurred by the Stinchfield, Miss Eva Stinchfield. much the entire country to turn nig their home with their grand- is deposited, negative. For your church in the burial; possibly in- of Mayville, Miss Marjorie Johnastonished eyes upon Denver by mother this winter and Lois has further information I refer you to volving the taking up and relay- ston of Olex, and Mrs. Glen Magee of Salam