The Oregon Statesman

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

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The Dries and Mr. Hoover

MRS. BOOLE, president of the W. C. T. U., showed common sense when she declared from the platform of the notional convention in Seattle that there was neither time nor money enough to launch a third party for this campaign headed by some pronounced dry. Previously the convention had expressed itself as appealing for a party based on moral idealism. The temperance union was dissatisfied because Pres. Hoover did not come out boldly for the retention of the 18th amendment.

Mrs. Boole is correct in her judgment. The old "third party" of prohibition never got anywhere. People would not forsake their bipartisan alignment to affiliate with what was clearly a minority group, no matter how fine its idealism.

The dries have three choices at this election. They may vote for Hoover who supports liquor control and continued banishment of the saloon. They may vote for Frank Roosevelt and the democrats who have gone over body and breeches to the liquor interests, have come out blatantly for repeal, and would leave to states full authority to deal with the liquor traffic. Or the dries may vote for Upshaw, the prohibition party candidate, with the knowledge they are throwing their votes away.

This paper has long been an advocate of prohibition. In spite of the claque raised by the wet press we have not yet seen any plan proposed which would promote the moral objectives of the progressive diminution of the consumption of intoxicants, better than the plan of outright prohibition. It still believes, not in retreat but in progress.

But as dries we are face to face with a very critical issue. The democratic policy is COMPLETE SURRENDER. Call the republican policy a straddle if you will, it still is not outright repeal, but a proposal for modification which by no means involves complete surrender. The republican platform which Pres. Hoover approves would still make the saloon an outlaw, and would definitely lodge in the federal government power and responsibility for safeguarding the choice of dry states to remain dry. If we are to have resubmission, surely the dries should prefer to have an amendment go to the voters which would hold at least part of the ground, rather than one which wipes away entirely the fruit of decades of labor on the part of organizations such as the W. C. T. U.

From this standpoint the candidacy of Pres. Hoover deserves support of the dries. It deserves also the support of those moderates and independents who are dissatisfied with the results of prohibition especially in urban areas, and yet who retain vivid memories of and aversion to the old brewery-distillery-saloon hierarchy which ruled the cities and states with a vicious grip for generations. Those who are interested in plenty of booze and those who are interested in the profits of the liquor business will naturally give their support to the democratic party and Frankie Roosevelt.

Where the Money Goes

THE address of Secretary of the Treasury Mills giving the figures on the dispersal of funds by the Reconstruction Finance corporation should put at rest the charges that the money has gone to aid the "big fellows". On the contrary the loans have been made where they will do the most good, where they will benefit the most people, and where the credit advance will serve as a strategic bulwark for the financial structure of America. One bank out of five has used the facilities of the R. F. C., the total number of banks and trust companies borrowing being 4190 and the sums borrowed $736,000,000. But this sum served as an aid to 15,000,000 depositors, and the stabilizing influence was beneficial to 25,000,000 other depositors.

Nor did this money go chiefly to the big city banks. On the other hand 70% of the borrowing banks were located in towns of less than 5000, and 90% in towns of less than 50,000 population. That is putting credit down close to the grass roots.

Other loans made were summarized as follows: 43 railroads, $230,000,000; 451 building and loan associations, $68,000,000; 73 insurance companies, $67,000,000; 60 mortgage loan companies, $81,000,000; 14 livestock credit corporations, $8,000,000; 8 federal land banks, $26,000,000; 5 joint stock banks, $1,500,000; and some other smaller classifications.

Whether we agree with the theory of these loans or not, we cannot deny that the operations to date have been amazingly helpful in stopping the economic disintegration which threatened the country. We were gripped with fear which now seems to be passing. The R. F. C. may make mistakes but the administration of the fund to date shows desire to spread the benefits as widely as possible for the aid of the whole people.

Pinching Down on Lotteries

THE federal government has laid a heavy hand on men prominent in fraternal orders charging them with conducting lotteries. It is alleged that some lodges used schemes of chance to raise charity funds, and in doing so violated federal laws. Among the men is Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, long a leader in the Moose lodge.

The lottery is a form of gambling, usually now rather mild, which receives a sudden impetus when times are bad. Church organizations hold quilt raffles, theatres offer prizes to holders of lucky ticket numbers, lodges sell chances on an automobile to promote attendance at an entertainment, stores hold drawings and reward the holders of lucky numbers with substantial prizes. The lottery is a device to lure people into parting with their money. As most of them are conducted the public is not victimized, receiving value in merchandise or entertainment for the money expended. The lottery ticket is merely an extra which is thrown in. It does serve as the bait; and lodge organizers as well as merchants find they have to use a lot of bait to attract custom.

All these schemes of course are in violation of the laws. The "country stores" which are put on at some theatres are illegal. But like other mild vices they are overlooked. The government however is mighty strict in enforcing its laws against lotteries, which are part of the postal laws. Newspapers may not even make reference to lotteries on pain of exclusion from the mails. As a rule the popularity of lotteries wanes as times get normal and money is more plentiful. People do not like to give something for nothing, and the lottery usually is a rather expensive form of promotion.

Just a Museum Piece (?)

Yesterdays
. . . Of Old Salem
Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days

August 20, 1907

The normal schools at Drain and Monmouth will be permitted to operate if friends of those institutions raise sufficient funds by absolute donations to defray expenses, the board of regents of the state normal schools ruled at their meeting here yesterday.

W. L. Archambeau, of the Warren Construction company, was in Salem yesterday and signed the contract with the city for the paving of Court street from Commercial to Church.

The theater season will open tonight when the Harry Askin company presents "Swell Elegant Jones" at the Grand.

August 20, 1922

GEARHART—Mr. and Mrs. Ercel Kay of Salem yesterday carried off the honors in the men's and women's championship, playing the final round of the annual Gearhart golf tournament.

WASHINGTON.—The soldiers' bonus bill yesterday became the pending legislation before the senate, following passage of the 1922 tariff act.

Following an unsuccessful attempt to hold up the Crown Drug store Friday night and later threatening to kill C. E. Albin, former mayor of Salem when the latter happened into the store, Evan Tomovitch, 25-year-old-Servian "tough" from San Francisco, was arrested by the police.

BITS for BREAKFAST
—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Causes of Whitman massacre:

In the series on the new quest for the grave of the Dorion Woman, in this column the preceding five issues, quotations were made from the book of Rev. J. A. B. Brouillet, published in 1853, long out of print, and copies of it now very rare.

That book was written to refute the charges being made against the Catholics, that their priests were the moving cause of the massacre—and especially to show the acts of Rev. Brouillet, who had been singled out by Rev. H. H. Spalding as particularly blameworthy—although he had admittedly saved the life of Spalding; admitted by Spalding himself. The whole of the contents of the book are too long for this column; but the reader may get a rather complete summary from the first chapter, which follows in full:

"True Causes of the Massacre at Waiilatpu: I prove first that remote causes of the massacre existed long before the arrival of the bishop of Walla Walla and his clergy; and next I will show what the causes, both remote and immediate, have been. (The bishop was Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, brother of Rev. F. N. Blanchet.)

"I say the remote causes of the evil existed long before the arrival of the bishop and his clergy, and I prove it by the following circumstances and statements:

"1. Mr. McKinlay, the intimate friend of Dr. Whitman, has been (had been) for four or five years in charge of Fort Walla Walla. During his stay there, being aware of the evil dispositions of the Indians toward the Doctor, he warned him very often that he was in danger, that the Indians hated him, and that he had better go away, because he was afraid they would kill him. Since he left the fort he has not ceased to advise him every year to leave Waiilatpu, telling him that if he persisted in remaining there, the Indians would certainly kill him sooner or later. (This was Archibald McKinlay, in charge next after Pierre Pambrun, and succeeded by William McBean, who had charge of the fort at the time of the massacre.)

"2. Some years ago Dr. McLoughlin, then governor of Fort Vancouver and all the establishments of the Hudson's Bay company west of the Rocky mountains, judging by some difficulties which Dr. Whitman had had with the Indians, that it was dangerous for him to stay any longer with them, wrote to him to urge him to leave his mission, at least for some time, and to come down to the Willamet, telling him that he feared the Indians would kill him, if he should persist in remaining among them under such circumstances. A copy of that latter can be seen in the journal at Fort Vancouver.

"3. Mr. R. Newell, speaker of the legislature of the territory, who lived many years with the Nez Perces, and who had an opportunity of knowing the Cayuses well, often said to Dr. Whitman during these last years, that he ought to leave Waiilatpu, because the Indians hated him and would kill him. He told me himself, speaking of Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, that he was astonished they had stood so long. 'Mr. Spalding would have been killed long ago,' said he, 'if it had not been for his wife, who was very much liked by the Indians.' (This was Dr. Robert Newell, speaker of the provisional government legislature; early pioneer at Champoeg, etc.)

"4. Dr. Bayley, also a member of the legislature of the territory, warned in like manner Dr. Whitman, as a friend, to clear away from the Cayuses, because if they did not they would kill him. (This was Wr. Wm. J. Bailey, who had been attached to the Methodist mission and who married Margaret Smith of the Lausanne party.)

"5. Messrs. J. Douglas and P. S. Ogden, both chief factors of the Hudson's Bay company at Fort Vancouver, together with the most part of Dr. Whitman's friends, had been for a long time trying every year to induce him to come down to the Willamet for his safety. (James Douglas afterward Sir James Douglas, and Peter Skeen Ogden. Mr. Ogden rescued the captives after the massacre.)

"6. Last spring (1845), Mr. Joel Palmer, the Indian agent and commissary general for the troops (provisional government troops), and one of three commissioners appointed to treat for peace with the Indians, said in my presence at Fort Walla Walla, that he and the other commissioners had found about the doctor's house many letters that proved that even in 1845 he was considered as being in danger.

"7. Ill treatment had been received at different times previously by Dr. Whitman, Mr. Spalding,

(Continued on Page 6)

Daily Health Talks
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

HOW foolish we are about glasses. I have heard hundreds of persons say "I just won't wear glasses." Foolish pride in this matter is a factor leading to unnecessary physical misery.

Dr. Copeland

We have come to associate glasses with age, but nothing can be more absurd than this idea. As a matter of fact, there are a dozen persons under twenty-five to one person past fifty requiring the constant use of glasses for distant vision.

It may be a mark of age if one must have glasses to find a number in the telephone book, but it certainly is not a mark of age for one to need glasses to see distinctly at a distance.

Think of the outlandish hats and shoes the human family wears because it is the "style"; then wonder why anybody should object to wearing a properly adjusted nose-glass or pair of spectacles."

When I gaze upon the photographs of famous men and look at persons I meet every day I often wonder where they ever got such ridiculous-looking glasses as they wear. It isn't necessary to have glasses of this type. Modern opticians and manufacturers of optical goods are all the time devising frames and lenses that actually add to the look of distinction or the real beauty of those who wear them. I have seen many a face that would be materially enhanced in its appearance and attractiveness if suitable glasses were provided.

It is absurd indeed for one to reject the benefits of modern science just because of a silly dread of wearing glasses. I am out of patience with this feeling.

I have gone out of my way to say these things because I know that the foolishness of pride has deprived many and many a person, particularly members of the fair sex, from the benefits of much needed correcting lenses. Many a human being is suffering discomfort, if not agony, because of uncorrected eye-strain.

Sit down with yourself and take an inventory of your possessions. Headache, eye pain, redness of the lids, lack of concentration, restlessness, unwillingness to work—these are some of the penalties of eye-strain. Is it worth while to permit your pride to keep you from wearing glasses when they can do away with your physical ills?

Answers to Health Queries

Q.—I am a young man 18½ years old, 5 ft. 9 inches tall; what should I weigh?

A.—You should weigh about 144 pounds. This is the average weight for one of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.

Miss H. I. Q.—How much should a girl of 13, 5 ft. 5 inches tall, weigh?

A.—She should weigh about 120 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of this age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.

"An Oaklander." Q.—What do you advise for chilblains?

A.—Send self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and repeat your question.

"A Reader." Q.—I am 16½ years old, 5 ft. 5 inches tall; what should I weigh?

A.—You should weigh about 124 pounds. This is about the average weight for one of your age and height as determined by examination of a large number of persons.

Mrs. J. S. Q.—How can I gain in weight?

A.—Eat plenty of good nourishing food, including milk, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables. Get plenty of rest and avoid worry and mental anxiety. Take cod-liver oil as a general tonic.

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New Views

The question asked yesterday about town by Statesman reporters was: "What improvements would you suggest in the movies if you were in a position to affect them?"

Bud Hanson, working man: "I don't go a great deal, so maybe I have some of the worst ones, but it seems to me the short comedies are terrible. Not even a good laugh in them. I'd try to get some better ones."

Mrs. Bud Stutesman, home maker: "I haven't been attending motion pictures very much here lately, and this is because of the type of picture which is being used so much now. I suppose therefore, that if it were possible for me to make a change it would be for a new type of picture—one that is too clever to anticipate the plot in the first act."

Zollie Volchok, high school student: "Bigger and better Mickey Mouse clubs for the youngsters."

Glenn Martin, paper carrier: "I don't like so many sex pictures. I'd like to see more westerns."

Everett Brown, cannery worker: "Less of these gangsters pictures and more of real life. Of course, it's hard to please everybody."

Robert Johnson, college freshman: "I don't know what it would be to make them better. They have the talkies. They might use more natural colors."

Daily Thought

"'All honor to him who shall win the prize,'
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears."
—Juaquin Miller.

HEART STRINGS By EDWINA L. MACDONALD

SYNOPSIS

Life to lovely Patricia Braithwait was a series of parties, trips abroad and now—Palm Beach. Her castles crumble when her Aunt Pamela informs her that Mr. Braithwait's fortune is depleted and suggests that Pat marry the wealthy, middle-aged Harvey Blaine to insure her own and her father's future, warning her that love fades. Aunt Pam's marriage with Jimmie Warren—handsome, young lawyer—was beginning to pall in spite of the ardent love they had had for each other. Stunned by her aunt's revelations, Pat is seriously considering Blaine to save the father she adores, when she meets a fascinating young camper, who only reveals his first name, Jack. Despite their instant attraction for one another, Pat discourages future meetings. Later, Pam cautions Blaine to be matter-of-fact and not sentimental in trying to win Pat, stressing the point that his one advantage is the fact that Pat is desperately hard up and worships her father, who lives for Pat alone. His financial predicament is largely due to the gradual caving in of his plantation. Pat accepts Blaine's proposal. That night, she longs for Jack and hopes he will come to see her. While dancing with Pat, Jimmie voices his disapproval of Blaine. She lifts a stricken, pleading face to his and, all at once, a new and disturbing mutual attraction grips them. After midnight, Pat makes a fruitless search of the beach for Jack. In the deep recesses of her heart, she had hoped that he would somehow rescue her from Blaine. Jimmie finds her, sobbing, and, against his better judgment, takes her in his arms and confesses his love for her. Hungry for love and protection, Pat submits to Jimmie's kisses—but even then, Jack steals into her thoughts. Jimmie insists that she break her engagement.

CHAPTER TWELVE

And throughout his struggle with himself ran the thought of Pamela. He did not feel conscience-stricken concerning her. On the contrary, he was convinced that he would do her no wrong in taking into his life the love she no longer gave him. No bitterness, no sense of personal injury touched his thought of her. Pam was as she was—a marvelously lovely woman if a man could hold her. He had not held her. It was not her fault; nor his, so far as he could see. He had been faithful, indulgent, considerate, as far as lay in his power. Her love had nevertheless come to an end. And his——

There was the confusing thing—Had his come to an end? He could not say. The years with her had brought him a high altitude of happiness such as perhaps no other woman could have given him. The memory of those years was a burning sweetness which he felt he could never lose. The moments and hours and years with Pamela were engraven on his heart, enshrined there.

• • •

By morning he had devised a scheme whereby he could relieve Pat's financial situation without humiliating her proud father or arousing his suspicions. Immediately after breakfast he sought out the old man and laid the proposition before him.

"Mr. Braithwait," he said, "I've been doing some thinking about Patricia. Pamela tells me she had a decided talent for drawing. In fact, I've seen some of her sketches and I've come to the conclusion that she could be developed into a first class commercial artist. This field doesn't require the years of study that must be devoted to achievement in portraiture or landscape painting. Don't you think it would be a fine thing to give her a year or two, or three perhaps, of study under good instructors and develop a future for her?"

"There's no doubt that she has a fine eye for form and a rather bold technique as well as delicacy," mused the old man. "Yes, undoubtedly she has talent."

"From what you told me the other evening, I realized that the financial question is troublesome, and I was thinking that I could finance her——"

Mr. Braithwait made a gesture of protest, and Warren hastened on, "The money to be a loan, of course, and paid back when she has arrived. It is by no means unusual for people with means to finance a promising young artist. Pam, as well as I, would like to be instrumental in helping a talented young girl, aside from relationship, to an independent future. We have more than we can possibly use. We have no children, and would be glad to finance Pat without obligation; but I realize that neither you nor she would consider that. However, as a loan against her future, only a bigoted pride could prompt a refusal," he smiled. "The biggest men in the country at one time or another have needed loans and oftentimes obtained them not on marketable security, but on promising prospects. What do you say?" He talked rapidly, assembling his argument to cover every point before the old man could frame a refusal.

"Why, Warren, you have given me an idea that wants thinking over. I appreciate your offer deeply. You're a fine fellow and a good friend. I feel honored to have such a man in my family."

Warren flushed. "Nonsense, Mr. Braithwait. It's been done hundreds, perhaps thousands of times by others."

"I've no doubt of it. But if you'll pardon me I'd like to weigh the matter in my mind. It's curious that this most obvious way of securing my daughter's future had never occurred to me. I suppose it's because no woman in our family was ever an earner. If our women had talents they were looked upon as accomplishments. I never thought of Patricia's talent in any other way."

"But this is a new age," put in Warren, fearing the obstacle of old fashioned ideas. "Women with talent want careers these days. Even society women of ample means often go out to make names for themselves. The old idea of a woman marrying to protect herself economically without doubt led many women into loveless marriages. Nowadays, a woman doesn't have to marry to secure her future. She goes out and does it herself, and marries or not as she chooses."

"Quite right. I assure you I am highly in favor of it. Indeed, I'd much rather see my daughter launched independently than have her marry half-heartedly. But of course I must talk all this over with Patricia——"

"Naturally. But I think she will jump at it. I heard her say when you were at our place last summer that she'd like to study art but that you'd probably not approve."

Mr. Braithwait rose. "Thank you, Warren, I'll speak with you again in the course of the day about this matter."

Warren was elated. He felt that he had hit upon the one way that would not humble the old man; and, also, though he could refuse a loan made to himself, which he knew could not be repaid, he could not refuse a loan to his daughter which she could repay and which meant a chance for her future.

He went to find Pat to prepare her for her father's conference. But the morning passed and he had no opportunity to speak with her. Once or twice he tried to get her attention by calling or whistling; but she seemed never to see or hear him.

Harvey Blaine, meanwhile, had shown Pamela a letter which read:

"Dear Mr. Blaine:

I'm sorry, but I can't marry you. I thought I should and could, but I see I can't. Perhaps Aunt Pam will explain my seeming fickleness. I'd rather not talk with you about it since I couldn't explain without wounding you. Please forgive me.

Sincerely,
Patricia Braithwait."

Pamela told the angry man that Patricia had accepted him on her advice, and rejected him without consulting her. She knew nothing more. Presently she found her husband wandering about the hotel grounds. He greeted her with forced lightness.

Mr. Braithwait, looking distrait and troubled, came down the steps and crossed to them.

"Let's have a cup of tea before the crowd gathers," Pamela suggested. They found the pavilion in order for afternoon tea, but empty except for the waiters who wandered idly about. The crowd would not begin to gather till the musicians appeared.

"Fine," cried Pamela. "We have it all to ourselves."

"Warren," said Mr. Braithwait as soon as their order had been taken, "I spoke to Patricia about the matter you mentioned, and it's all settled."

Warren smiled noncommittally, not knowing what "all settled" might mean.

Pamela looked inquiring.

Warren explained his suggestion and offer of that morning in some haste. He had had no idea of keeping the matter secret from Pamela; but it embarrassed him to have it come out in this way before he had had a chance to speak to her. Moreover, he disliked the idea that Mr. Braithwait should know the suggestion had come from him, without his wife's knowledge.

Conscious guilt gave him an awareness of guilty appearance. By way of explanation to Pamela for having left her out of these plans for her relative, he added, "The idea came to me last night after you'd retired, Pam. I'd been thinking about this abominable engagement of hers, and——"

"Engagement? What engagement?" asked Mr. Braithwait.

"Why, to Blaine."

"Is she engaged to Blaine?"

"Not now. She broke it off last night." The words were out before Warren realized the extent of their information. And he now committed the final folly of the guilty man who, in his anxiety, adds a word too much; then lies to cover the holes left by that explanation.

"I happened to run into her on the veranda last night just after she'd had a talk with Blaine and had broken her engagement."

The waiter set the tea and hot water before them, uncovered a stack of cinnamon toast, removed the lid from the sugar bowl and pushed a plate of sliced lemon toward Pamela. She poured the tea, put two lumps in Warren's cup and a slice of lemon; one lump and cream for Mr. Braithwait. Her beautiful hands were quite steady as she passed the cups. She made a little rite of preparing her own tea. Tasted it and set it down, her heart pounding in heavy sickening throbs. Jimmie had lied. Jimmie, on whose truth she would have staked her life.

For, not until this morning had Blaine been apprised of the broken engagement. It was possible that Jimmie had seen Patricia this morning and that she had told him; but, if so, why had he said he ran into her last night after she'd had a talk with Blaine breaking her engagement?

A man lies, she reflected, only when there is something to conceal. And what was there about his generosity to her relatives that called for deceit or lies?

(To Be Continued)

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The Safety Valve - -
Letters from Statesman Readers

To the editor:

We hardly see why, even though there are many bootleggers, that any person with a normal working mind and sufficient age, can think that as much intoxicating liquor is drank today as in the old saloon days, and that conditions are worse today than then. Why, even the "wets" themselves don't want the saloon back. Why don't they? Either they have been raised to a higher plane of business through prohibition or else they expect to find some way to sell more liquor through some other medium than the saloon.

The wets say that nearly every home makes its own liquor now. Suppose that were true (which we hold that it is not), the same was true in the saloon days. They made their root beer, hop beer, grape wine, raspberry-shrub (fermented) and in addition to the home brew they had on their hands the immense consumption of all the out-put of the hundreds of thousands of saloons and speakeasies. Today we have only the speakeasies or bootleggers and the so-called home brew to contend with. The brew of the average home today consists of bottled grape juice, logan juice, etc.

These people who give us the greatest concern today are the product of the old saloon days; they find it hard to give up their accustomed "drink". We find them among our "city dads", county, state and national officials, but really, they are so much improved over the old-time saloon day officials that their is no comparison. They are a good deal like the Irishman who was really a very good sort of fellow, but thought that he must act in accordance with a rough crowd he happened to be with. A friend remarked of him, "Oh, he isn't tough but he thinks he is."

We think that may be the case with the present day "wets." They are not as bad as they think they are; just want to show off a little, that's all. "Showing off" doesn't look well. The wise dad usually administers a deserved reprimand.

The wets say that the high school and college boys and girls drink more today than in the saloon days, that's queer, what became of all the immense output of the saloons that we don't have now. Fact is, that because of liquor very few boys ever got into college, but those who did were of the very best in the land. The same holds true today, the drinkers remain behind or stop drinking. Our high schools and colleges are full to overflowing with young men and women. If the saloons had remained, many of these thousands of young people would have fallen by the wayside, into the gutter, the Keeley Institute, inebriate asylum, along with the jails, penitentiaries, etc. Really, young people today hardly know what Keeley cure means, neither do they know the significance of "Delirium tremins", that terrible ghost of the wife and mother in those days. All these things go to prove the benefits of prohibition. The class of girls that drink today, were in the "Red light" district in the old days; even their condition is improved. Our business houses, banking institutions, insurance companies, and all manner of businesses have built up as a result of prohibition. Our dear women wouldn't have their electric washers, toaster stoves, etc., their velvet rugs, silk drapperies etc., if their hubbies had a saloon on every corner to drop into as in the "old days."

We have with us today, a large class of thinking young men and women, a product of prohibition days, that, in the near future will take the reins of government into their own hands and we believe will rule with a steadier hand, a bigger heart and a greater mind than any of the past.

Think twice before you vote wet.

LENA V. ROBINS.