

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

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A New Mooney Trial

OVER the protest of the district attorney Judge Ward of San Francisco has ordered Tom Mooney to be brought to trial on one of the old indictments charging him with murder, one which was never tried because he was convicted on a similar indictment. The district attorney points out that the state cannot go to trial because of lack of evidence. It is 16 years since the murders were committed during a preparedness parade in the city. One of the state's chief witnesses is dead; another seems to be rather an added wanderer. The district attorney frankly admits that "the prosecution will not be able to produce evidence that will support a verdict of guilty." That he is not able to do so does not in itself establish Mooney's innocence. Where is the murder trial which could be reenacted after 16 years and procure a conviction.

Even if Mooney should be acquitted, his status would not be changed save through an executive pardon, because he was convicted and sentenced and is now serving his term of life imprisonment.

The district attorney goes farther and says: "As the court is no doubt aware, I have repeatedly urged the governors to pardon the defendant on ground that, in the light of our present knowledge, his previous conviction is unjustified."

Mr. Brady has been in position to study the records of the case and arrive at his conclusion, and his opinion is entitled to much respect. Without expressing any personal view as to Mooney's guilt or innocence, we do feel that there is such doubt as to his guilt, and he has served so long a time in prison, that he should be granted a pardon by the governor. It is California's affair; but the case has assumed national, even international importance.

It is worthy of note that Judge Ward reproves the agitators who have sought by pressure and otherwise to influence the courts. The "Mooney defense" has been a racket of the first standing for years on this coast. "Mooney committees" have sponged on the contributions of workers for years, and made a nice living out of it. That is one more reason why Mooney should be set free.

"A Little Child"

THERE is a change of tenants at the White House, but the country is pleased to know that the voices of children at play will continue to ring out in those historic halls. As with Mr. Hoover, it is grandchildren and their playmates who will make merry in its high-ceilinged rooms and who will stand in scant awe of footmen and functionaries; grandchildren too who will romp straight to granddad's lap on occasion, no matter how weighty the problem he may be pondering in his mind. It was Peggy Hoover who used to race to call her grandfather to his meals. Now it is six-year old "Sistie" Dahl who has run of the house.

"Sistie" had a party Saturday. She was six. She has a little brother who is only two-and-a-half; and no doubt she "big sister's" him much of the time. This party "broke in" the new children's playground on the lawn, with its slides and swings, and a "jungle gun" which sounds ferocious. Grandma was not home; but mother was there; and the party ended with sandwiches and cakes which children of famous people no doubt consumed with characteristic eagerness of all children.

The White House has had its intimate personal history along with its housing of sober matters. Dolly Madison first gave it a social charm. The Lincoln children lived there, and "Tad" died there in his father's arms. Children of the first Roosevelt were much in the public eye as they grew up in the White House. Now the second Roosevelt has a brood of grandchildren who will be frequent visitors at the famous old mansion.

The home is the real center of our social life; and the home without children is incomplete. So the American people will rejoice that the official residence they have provided for their president will have during the next four years, the patter of little feet and the laughter and the crying of childish trebles.

"Soft-Drink" Regulation

IT is hard to understand the solicitude of wet newspapers over the starting up of roadhouses and beer gardens when the sale of 3.2% beer becomes legal. Are we not told on no less an authority than the congress of the United States that 3.2% beer is non-intoxicating? Then what is there to worry about, where it is sold, or how much of it is consumed? Yet we find the always wet Capital Journal and the wet-again Oregonian are greatly disturbed over what is going to happen when this healthful, non-intoxicating beverage is once more made available for thirsty throats and the long trek over the desert is at an end. The Oregonian forges a "miserable situation", particularly because sales to minors will be permitted, though why minors should be denied the health-giving properties of this mild, non-intoxicating beverage is not clear. And the Capital-Journal is worried because there will be no license fees coming in to help reduce other taxes; and blames the dries with defeating the Beckman bill which would have regulated sales and imposed licenses. Once again there is a mystery, for why should a "non-intoxicating" drink pay any license? Why should 3.2% beer be taxed when near-beer of one and a half per cent potency goes untaxed, both being "non-intoxicating"?

Dries of course insist that beer of 3.2% power is intoxicating, seeing that was the potency of the old Salem beer and Schlitz beer and heavier than Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, the inebriating qualities of which were fully admitted in the pre-Prohibition days. It is the friends of "true temperance" who have invited the dilemma, which will endure until the courts speak.

Hexing Huey

THE senators have put the hex on Huey Long. This Louisiana kingfish, who bullfroged all through the short session, has been meek as a valley lamb since the Rooseveltian era started. He has hardly opened his mouth, and that is a pain of no mean dimensions for Long. A few weeks ago the Washington keyholders were retailing gossip that Long was ambitious to become a dictator, and the word was being passed from state to state to "watch Long." He was regarded as the arch-foe of Senator Glass and the chief tripper-up of majority leader Joe Robinson.

But the senators have Huey hexed. Whenever he threatens any rough staff they can revive the Louisiana investi-

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Oregon, Mar. 23, 1933

Editor of Statesman,
Dear Sir:
The Bruah College Helpers, a ladies club of this community have gone on record as favoring disarmament.

We want to call attention to the tremendous importance of the success of the Geneva conference on disarmament.

We would like to hear through our local paper, of the proceedings of the conference.

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. K. W. HARRITT,
Rt. 1, Box 319.

MINNEAPOLIS MAYOR LOOKS UP LIQUOR CONTROL

Mayor William A. Anderson of Minneapolis has sent a letter to each member of the state senate, in which he says:

"As I am informed there is a bill pending in the senate for the repeal of dry laws of the state, we might learn something from the experience of others as to the probable results of such repeal."

"A recent issue of the Los Angeles Times presents an analysis of the results in that city, of a like repeal which became effective on December 18, 1922.

The Times compared the police records for the last 18 days of November, while the dry law was still in effect, with the last 18 days of December, which were the first 18 days after its repeal. These were the results:

Drunkness \$61 1050
Drunken driving 38 45
Traffic accidents 383 407
Injured in traffic acc. 492 495
Death in traffic acc. 9 29

For further check on the trend of crime when the dry laws are repealed I have had comparisons made from the official records in Canada (control and sale of liquor in Canada, 1922, issued by the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa). The comparison is made between the mostly dry years 1923, 1924 and 1925, and the mostly wet years 1928, 1929 and 1930, which are the last years covered in the report.

"The increase during the wet years was:
Conviction for drunkenness 32%
For violation of liquor laws 67%
For indictable offenses 52%
For non-indictable offenses 95%
And for drunken driving 85%.

"In Minneapolis during the three wet years 1914, 1915 and 1916 the average total arrests per 10,000 population were 418, and for drunkenness 205. During the years 1930, 1931 and 1932, the ratio had dropped to 271 for all causes, and to 161 for drunkenness, a decrease of a third and a quarter respectively.

"It is not my purpose to argue the wet-dry issue. But an investigation of results reaching far beyond the territory covered above indicates that a vote for repeal is a vote for an increase in crime."

We recommend to the voters of Marion county and to the citizens

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Sacajawa, bird woman
Review by Eva Emery Dyer

The following appears among the Reviews of new books in the Oregon Historic Quarterly for March, just published: (The reader desiring the right slant on the meaning of all this must peruse carefully and retain faithfully what will appear below and in this column tomorrow.)

"Sacajawa, a Guide and Interpreter of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, with an Account of the years of Toussaint Charbonneau, and of Jean Baptiste, the Expedition Papoose, by Grace Raymond Hobard, Glendale, California. The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1932, 240 pages.

"By Eva Emery Dyer

"Seven cities claimed Homer dead

Whose Homer living begged his bread."

"So it might seem with Sacajawa, the Indian girl guide and interpreter of Lewis and Clark a century and a quarter ago, from whom two states are claiming a sepulcher.

"It is known that Sacajawa and her husband Charbonneau, the Frenchman, and the baby, Baptiste of the overland trip went to Saint Louis where Clark had agreed to educate the child. Brackenridge, the traveler, says that she accompanied her husband with an expedition back up the Missouri in 1811, and Luttig, clerk to Manuel Lisa in the Mandan country, on December 20, 1812, records: "This evening the wife of Charbonneau, a Snake squaw, died of putrid fever. She was the best woman in the fort."

"Now as to his name. In writing The Conquest, years ago, I found no name in Lewis and Clark for Sacajawa's baby so called him after his French father, 'the little Toussaint' Charbonneau. Later, after the book had been published, I came across Clark's letter to Charbonneau inquiring about 'my little dancing boy, Baptiste.' Looking over Clark's papers I came across payment receipts for educating two half-breed boys, one Baptiste, the other a little older, Toussaint. But Lewis, in the journals, distinctly says the baby born at Fort Mandan was his first child. Who then, was Toussaint, Jr.?"

"Sacajawa's husband and was known to have had several wives, and Indians whose records are a matter of memory say he had two Shoshone wives. Why, then, Miss Hobard argues, may not the one who died at Fort Mandan have been that other Shoshone wife? There are several confirmations of this, viz., that the infant girl left at the woman's death was taken to Saint Louis by Luttig and with her brother Toussaint, was placed under Clark's guardianship. Miss Hobard contends that Sacajawa herself was there at Saint Louis in looking after Baptiste. It is recorded that the boys were under different teachers, Toussaint in a Catholic school and Baptiste in a Protestant. Clark himself was an Episcopalian."

(Continued tomorrow.)

New Views

"Do you look for large consumption of S. B. beer by the public? Why or why not?" asked Statesman reporters Monday.

"L. W. Brown, traveler, Seattle: "Decidedly. I've been in Milwaukee recently. It is consumed in quantities there now. They will drink far more when it is easier to get. On the road I hear lots of talk about beer. They want to get away from rotten liquor, so will drink this beer."

"W. A. Jones, farmer: "That's hard to tell. Judging from the news stories of Jim Smith walking through the plate glass door, you'd think he had some already. Ha, ha!"

"Harry Plant, armory manager: "Beer has never hurt me; I've ordered a case of the new product and want to be the first in Salem to use it. I think, however, its content should be stronger."

"Lloyd Layman, truck driver: "Do I expect to see much of it consumed? I'll say I do and smell it, too."

of Salem careful consideration of the above letter.

MARION COUNTY W. C. T. U.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

WE ARE approaching the time of year when cases of hay fever are all too common. It is a disease most prevalent during the spring and summer. It is a disagreeable ailment, yet nobody but its victims really appreciate the misery it causes.

Hay fever is often confused with asthma, a matter of fact, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the two conditions. About one-third of the afflicted persons experience asthma attacks in conjunction with their hay fever.

In some instances, the disease is brought on by a peculiar sensitivity of the individuals to the pollens of certain trees, grasses and ragweeds. Based on these causes, three types of hay fever are described. They are known as "spring," "summer" and "fall" hay fever.

Symptoms Vary
In every type there are marked itching and congestion of the eyes. The sufferer has violent spasms of sneezing, annoying and embarrassing. There is a thin, irritating discharge from the nose, which may be profuse and persistent. The symptoms vary in intensity throughout the day, but are usually worse in the morning.

One form of hay fever occurs throughout the year. This is called "perennial hay fever" it is caused by sensitivity to the skin which may be animal, to vegetable powders, house dust, foods or drugs. The symptoms of this form of hay fever are the same as are observed in the other forms.

Within recent years great progress has been made in the treatment and cure of hay fever. The specific cause of some attacks is determined by testing the patient with various pollens or other disturbing substances to which he may be exposed. There are two methods of making these tests: One is the external skin test.

gation which gives Huey's brothers and other enemies a chance to tell a tale of grimy politics almost unequalled in recent history. Huey still clowns around in hotel lobbies; but there is no immediate prospect now of his overturning the democratic apple-cart. He will have to wait till the country works off his dish of fowl soup which the investigating committee has already served.

Colleges are forced to operate on the instalment plan of a dollar down, and the rest when you get ready. Going to college is still regarded as an appropriate disposal of leisure time.

CANDY SHOP BLAZE BRINGS HEAVY LOSS

WOODBURN, March 27—The Betsy Drey confectionery store that was gutted by flames late Saturday night was covered by quite adequate insurance. The confectionery, located on North Front street, was owned jointly by Mrs. Victor Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Olson. The latter moved here about two years ago and took over the management of the store. The building was owned by Robert Knapp, who is living in California at present.

The fire, of undetermined origin was first noticed about 11:15 p.m. Very soon the entire building was a mass of flames; by the time the fire department had arrived there was no hope of saving any of the equipment or stock. The firemen prevented the fire from spreading. Marisla barber shop located immediately south of the confectionery, was damaged some by water. Broyles meat market on the north side escaped with little or no damage.

The confectionery was totally ruined, all the fixtures and stock being destroyed. There has been no estimate made of the damage. Although the origin of the blaze is not known, evidence is that the fire started toward the rear of the store, where a stove was kept going most of the time for serving meals.

So far there have been no announcements concerning rebuilding or closing up of the wreckage.

Joe Holeczek, 41, local business man, died Sunday morning in a Portland hospital, following an operation performed Saturday. Funeral services will be held Wednesday at 3 p.m. from the Z. C. B. J. hall here, with Miller and Tracy in charge.

Holeczek had been in the meat business here for several years, and during that time took an active part in community affairs. He was a member of the Z. C. B. J. lodge.

Surviving are his widow, Mary; two children, Bessie and Harry; and brothers and sisters: Walter Holeczek of Gilo, Mrs. J. B. Hallas, Mrs. Charles Means and Sylvia and John Holeczek, all of Portland.

"The Challenge of Love" By Warwick Deeping

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

A narrow path came out of the wood, a ribbon of footsteps that had blurred each other in the snow. It looked a lonely place for such a path, with the great white moor waiting for the moon.

Two figures emerged from the shadows behind the straight tree-trunks, walked some fifty paces, and then turned to look at the sunset. The man's figure stood out against black, and tall. The girl beside him was wrapped in a scarlet cloak, and her white face looked down from the oval of the upturned hood. They were beyond the long shadows thrown by the pine wood on the snow, standing very close together.

"Look at the bits of yellow light between the trunks of the trees. They are like the windows of a church on a dark night."

"The sun's going, Jess. Come along; I am not going to let you stay out after dark."

"But it's your last day here, John."

"Is that any reason why I should let you catch cold?"

"He swung her round with one arm over her shoulders, and they walked with their faces turned towards the grey east."

"I am glad it was like this, John, and not rain and a wet sky."

"It makes the memory more vivid."

They walked on in silence, Jess sunk in a reverie—the white world before her. She was striving to see the future as she desired to see it, both for herself and for the man.

"John, I want to ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Are you sure you don't regret all that happened in Navestock?"

"Quite sure."

"I don't think I was ever so miserable in my life as when you told me they had turned against you. Oh, it was mean! Every morning I wake up, and say to myself, 'It was my fault. I have spoiled his career.'"

"Say something else for a change."

"But in your heart of hearts, John—"

"The arm over her shoulders drew her closer."

"Jess, you have given me the biggest uplift I have ever had in life. I suppose I am an ambitious man. I see now that in a few years I might have been like a bear in a cage if I had stayed down yonder. The bigger the thing we set ourselves to do, the better we do it."

"You can't help being ambitious."

He looked down at her with a light in his eyes.

"Hardly."

"No, I mean—"

"I want to give you a life you can be proud of, so that other people may envy you a very little."

"John, dear lad! But envy—"

"It is one of the finest spices in life. To see your enemies look dour and savage."

"What, you feel that? I have felt it for you. Was it wrong?"

"I don't think so."

The chimneys of Moor Farm sent up a film of smoke above the tangled branches of the orchard trees. The tops of the two cypresses still caught the sunlight.

"I know you will succeed, John. I have no doubts at all."

He said very quietly and without arrogance: "Yes, I shall succeed. They came to the end of the holly hedge, and turned for a last time to look at the sunset. The level splendour beat upon their faces—the man's gaunt, confident, adventurous; the girl's, proud and full of a smiling valour."

ing for him in the rose. A manservant touched his hat, held out a hand for Wolfe's bag, and opened the carriage door.

"Dr. Wolfe, sir?"

"Yes."

The red-brick railway station had been built in one of the Wraith meadows, and as the two greys went at a fast trot along the road between the willows, Wolfe turned and looked back at Navestock town. The Lombardy poplars close by the house where old Josiah Crabbe had lived, still towered up into the blue. The town was the same red-roofed, deliberate old place with Peachy Hill and Turrell's brewery dominating the two main quarters like the strongholds of high-handed Roman nobles.

Wolfe smiled, and turned his eyes towards Moor Farm. There were the two cypresses in the distance, and the familiar outlines of Turling Moor, but the old life had broken away from there and had become a mere memory.

Before him rose the cedars of "Pardons," the oaks and beeches in the park, the red chimneys, the black yew hedges. He could see the fish-ponds flashing in the sunlight, and the Alderney cows grazing in the meadows beyond.

The carriage carried him up the drive and drew up before the house. It struck him as a dream-house that had been sleeping all these years while the seasons came and went and the leaves burgeoned—changed and fell.

He found himself walking up the oak staircase and thinking of the day when he had been called in to set young Aubrey Brandon's leg. A door opened showing him a large room full of a mellow light that made the sheen of the polished furniture and the colours in the carpet and on the walls look rich and warm. A nurse was standing by a window. A grey-haired man rose from a chair, bowed to Wolfe, and then held out a hand.

Wolfe's eyes wandered towards the bed, and he saw Ursula Brandon smiling at him. Her face looked as pale and her hair as miraculous as ever, but there were lines on her forehead, and her eyes were bright and clear.

"I am so glad you have come. This is Dr. Phipps of Warrington. You may just remember him."

"Yes, quite well."

The elder man looked pleased. Half an hour later Ursula Brandon was lying back upon her pillows with the look of one who was experiencing a feeling of intense relief. She glanced at the nurse and smiled, and the nurse smiled back at her. Dr. Phipps and Wolfe were talking in undertones in the next room.

"You think she will be all right?"

"I am practically certain of it."

"I will write—should any other symptoms arise, I am very glad to have met you here."

The country practitioner shook hands and departed, and Wolfe returned to the other room. Ursula Brandon had said something to the nurse, for she went softly out, closing the door after her.

"Do you know, I feel at once that you are an old friend."

"I'm glad."

"Some people make one feel like that. Come and sit down here, and talk."

Wolfe drew up a chair, and the light from one of the windows fell full upon him. Womanwise she was studying him, noticing every subtle detail, whether there were any lines on his broad forehead, any reticence in his eyes. He had changed very little, save that there were some grey hairs about his temples, and his clothes were well cut.

"I felt that I must have you to see me. I was getting anxious about myself. And I have always had great faith in you, in spite of the fact that you are one of the

men."

He smiled at her.

"This is the first time I have been in Navestock since—"

"Yes—twelve years! Good heaven! And Aubrey is with his regiment in India—and I—"

"I don't think you have altered much."

"No, you, that's charming of you. Nor have you—only—somehow—you look bigger."

She met his eyes and held them. "I sent for you because I know you can tell the truth. So many of these doctors—"

"Yes—"

"Do you think I shall get well? Tell me."

He answered without hesitation. "In my opinion you will, most certainly."

Something seemed to relax within her, some cord of strain. Her face became younger, smoother, more peaceful. She looked towards the windows and sighed.

"Life is good. I used not to care much whether I lived or not, but now—I have found out some of the secrets. Tell me all about yourself—and Jess."

Wolfe's eyes appeared to fill with light.

"We had our struggle, and I think it made us all the happier. Jess has a little country place now down near Guildford where the youngsters make hay and ride an old pony and pester their grandmother. Harley Street? Oh, yes, I get away when I can, or rather I should say, 'wa.' I don't think we care much for the social side of things; we're much too interested in real life. I have to work pretty hard, and I like to be with her and the children."

Ursula Brandon was regarding him intently.

"Yes, I can see it all. You are one of the rare men who marry the right woman, and continue to think her just the one woman in the world."

He met her eyes and smiled.

"I have had plenty of excuses. She has helped me more than I can tell you."

"Yes, but what a blessing that you had the strength to answer such a challenge—"

"You mean—"

She spoke very softly, almost to herself.

"The challenge of such a love. Most men fail us. So often that it is the tragic side of life for women."

"Wolfe appeared to reflect a moment."

"I don't think we were for ever pulling our happiness to pieces to see if it was the same as ever."

"Oh, you direct, happy, purposeful people!"

"Besides, life has been too full. We had to struggle, and we went up the hill together."

His eyes shone out suddenly, and she saw that life had softened him, rubbed away some of the rough and fantastical edges.

"By George, I wish you could see the youngsters. I think you would like the little beggars."

Her pale face flushed, but he was looking out of the window at the cedars, and he did not see it.

"Your wife shall bring them down here this summer. Yes, and I think you ought to come, too. If you can spare a few days, you must explore Navestock. You will find a great many changes."

"For the better?"

"I think so. You know, you started the new tradition, and even the Turrells could not kill it. Josiah Crabbe and I became quite good friends before he died."

"Someone kept the tradition alive."

He looked down at her and smiled, and her eyes flashed up to his with a sudden strange pride.

"Yes, I kept it alive. What is more, it kept me alive, also."

THE END

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Add Wonders of Washington

