

The Oregon Statesman 'No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe' From First Statesman, March 28, 1851 THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. CHARLES A. SPIRAGUE Editor-Manager SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Holding on for Dear Life



UTAH threw the last shovel of earth on the grave of prohibition yesterday. They have buried him deep, as deep as they did John Barleycorn 13 years ago. And Utah uncovered the last shovel of earth from the grave of John Barleycorn, and he stepped out in a glorious resurrection, apparently little changed from his Rip Van Winkle sleep.

Sunday night we heard the farm problem debated forwards and backwards. Monday night we heard the debate over liquor control. One seemed as inconclusive as the other. In fact the one thing we are convinced of is that the liquor question is far from being settled with the adoption of the Knox plan.

Some urged forcefully Monday night to make distribution general and the price low in order to kill off the boot-legal. Others warned against imposing too heavy taxation in the search for revenues or the moonshiner would continue to hold his market. Some protested that barring restaurants and hotels from serving strong liquors would insure continuance of sleazy speakasies. Others predicted costly failure for state-owned liquor stores.

The Knox plan seems worthy of a trial; but we can see now that it will be assailed from two flanks. Tradesmen who see opportunities of profit will watch for defects so they may press for the privilege of becoming liquor dispensers. Reformers who can see no middle ground will renew agitation for outright prohibition.

Development of the flax-linen industry in this valley has been the dream of years. Mrs. William P. Lord, wife of one-time governor, made this her pet hobby and labored incessantly for its consummation. R. J. Hendricks has been a consistent booster for this industry and has painted glowing pictures of what it will ultimately accomplish.

It is just like a Santa Claus now for the government to come in, build on the basis of Salem's experience, and seek to establish firmly a rounded-out industry from flax in the fields to finished linens.

Salem's Philharmonic Orchestra TOMORROW, Thursday night, Salem's Philharmonic Orchestra will appear in the first of its winter concerts. Under the baton of Jacques Gerskovitch who proved so masterful a conductor last year, some 60 musicians will present some of the finest music in the library of orchestral composition.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

True 1852 story coming down from Wm. P. Harpole, 1851 covered wagon pioneer:

(Continuing from yesterday:) "Sir, I know no principle of the laws of nations that deprives a government of the right of manifesting her cordial sympathy with all movements leading to the establishments of free principles throughout the world. I hold that it is our DUTY to manifest that we feel that sympathy by every act that is proper to the occasion and to the subject.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

ferer is pale, listless and weak. Shortly after the transfusion, and, in some cases, even before it is completed, color appears in the cheeks of the sufferer, his lips assume a natural color, and strength returns.

Answers to Health Queries Miss C. J. Q.—What do you advise for constipation? A.—You should eat simple, well-cooked food. Avoid foods unduly rich in fats and starches. Delist waste between meals. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS To help support her stepmother Patricia Warren, a skilled card player, plays bridge for fifty cents an hour at parties given by the wealthy Mrs. Scyott. Julian Haverholt, noted bridge expert, offers to make Pat his secretary and partner. His amorous advances cause Pat to decline his business offer much to her stepmother's chagrin. Pat meets Clark Tracy, the polo player and her ideal, at Mrs. Scyott's. She is heartbroken to learn he is engaged to the socially prominent Marthe March-Bill McGee, a racketeer, is interested in Pat but she loathes him. However, afraid to refuse his invitation, she accompanies him to a New Year's Eve dance. He is shot by a rival gangster. Frantic, Pat rushes home only to be put out by her stepmother who says the police are looking for Pat. Unable to find employment, Pat turns to professional bridge. One day, she is stunned when Haverholt happens to be one of her opponents. She becomes unnerved and loses heavily. Haverholt takes her home and renews his bridge business offer to her. While celebrating the partnership in Haverholt's home, Clark Tracy and another friend, Philip Gove, arrive. Clark does not recognize Pat. Haverholt introduces her as his niece. After the men go, Pat is indignant at Haverholt's pretense. He explains he introduced her as his niece to protect her reputation. Pat is tempted to leave, but Haverholt urges her to stay in the role of his niece, promising her a successful future. Pat tells of Bill McGee's threat to "shoot" her for leaving him when he was shot.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Patricia set out gayly in Haverholt's limousine on the downtown trip. She felt as unreal as a sleeper plugged in dreams. This modern Circarella, as she watched the crowds hurrying across the streets and remembered that she had escaped from the crowds. She remembered her bitter envy as she had glimpsed others whirling by. Now she was in the smart, luxurious car looking out on other girls who were envious as she had been envious, girls whose problems and thoughts had been hers a few hours earlier. That was all behind her now. And she loved it!

They passed the Hotel Beaucarme. It had seemed grand to her once. Now it seemed shabby, sections, one-rate. Patricia had a flashing vision of open windows, of the heads beyond bent over card tables. Was Wally Edge there trying to make up his losses of the afternoon? The Beaucarme was behind her.

Suddenly the girl picked up the speaking tube and directed Otto not to the rooming house but to her old neighborhood. Chidishly, superstitiously, she determined to keep a final rendezvous with the past. She pulled up the curtains. She meant not to be seen. Would Teresa be playing in the street? Patricia's heart beat faster as they turned at Washington Square. Her fingers trembled at the curtains. She saw a familiar grocery store, saw fat old Mr. Holz looking up for the night. What would he say if she suddenly opened the door and spoke to him?

They drove along Sixth Avenue to the tune of elevated cars screaming overhead. Patricia had set herself for her first sight of her old home. They took the final turn. She felt very queer, puzzled. There was a crowd in front of the building, a noisy, gesticulating crowd packed on the sidewalk and spilling into the street. She scowled. What had happened? A fire? Then she realized that the crowd's attention was focused on the basement floor;

she saw the people streaming in and out of the old apartment. Something had happened to Lillian and to Teresa and the baby! She seized the speaking tube and told Otto to stop at once. When he obeyed she countermanded the order. Even in her anxiety and excitement she knew she could not arrive at her old home in such splendor. A block farther on, she alighted and ran all the way back, pushing through the crowd on the sidewalk, demanding explanations, demanding to know what had happened. No one could tell her exactly. "A bunch of rowdies wrecked the place, I guess," hazarded one man, firmly resisting her attempts to pass him.

Patricia could see that Lillian's sign was down; the front windows were smashed to fragments. Torn curtains revealed a scene of desolation within and a policeman kicking among the ruins. A troop of cavalry charging through that room would have caused no more damage. Patricia saw it all, the broken sewing machine, the overturned dress form, the one good chair split down the middle, the other poor sticks of furniture fit now only for kindling. Just then the girl spied the janitor of the building. She fought her way toward him, caught him by the arm.

"Miss Warren?" he gasped, turning to her quickly. "You'd better take it on the lam. Bill McGee got out of the hospital today and he and his gang busted your stepmother's place wide open. I'm telling you. You better move along."

"I'd like to see Lillian," Patricia pressed all the money she owned, fifteen dollars, into his palm. He took it without question. He did not ask where she had come from, where she was living, how she was getting on. He was not interested. His only concern was that she depart at once.

Patricia left. At the corner drug store she telephoned to her rooming house. Her landlady was indignant, excited and alarmed. "You get over here right now, Miss Warren," she said. "You get over here and get this man out of my living room. He swears he won't budge till you show up."

"What man?" "He says his name is Bill McGee."

Patricia did not go to the rooming house. Instead she returned to Haverholt, determined to relieve him of any obligation to her. Everything had been changed by the disastrous trip downtown. The bargain struck with Julian Haverholt must be broken. Bill McGee was her own personal responsibility, no one's else. For Haverholt to sponsor her when she was a free agent, with all her past behind her, was one thing. From him to sponsor her when her past was no longer a past, when Bill McGee had delegated himself an active part of her present, was quite different. She said so.

"Calm down, my dear," said Haverholt, as she reached the end of her breathless, incoherent argument. "McGee isn't going to jump out at you from that fireplace." Patricia managed a shaky smile. "But you should have seen what he did to my stepmother's shop. It sounds incredible and foolish for me to sit here in this room and say that Bill McGee is dangerous. But it's true. He is dangerous."

Editorial Comment

From Other Papers RESPECTERS OF PROMISES A sady gulled public already sees many of the dramatic personae of the old liquor system re-emerging. Promised a new order, distinguished by model control putting national prohibition to shame, the public is beholden to old familiar figures stealing back onto the stage.

It is hardly a new era. It is not a tomorrow; it is yesterday. This was a widely predicted happening, hence little surprise is occasioned. It is not surprising, for instance, that the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform, led by Mrs. Charles H. Sablin, is to disband its national set-up, or that Nevada has turned back to the localities the whole problem of liquor control.

Because of the flagrancy of the betrayals, the efforts of certain opponents, the prohibitionists to maintain their pledges that the saloon would not return, are all the more conspicuous. Mrs. Robert Lovett, head of the Massachusetts division of the Women's Organization for Prohibition Reform, has led a gallant and perhaps successful contest against the taverned saloon in her state.

Fred G. Clark, commander-in-chief of the Crusaders, proponents of repeal, is promoting the formation of an organization of young men, called the Junior Crusaders, dedicated to the cause of promoting efficient liquor control systems. Col. Ira Reeves, district head of the Crusaders, also has consistently sought to effect a liaison with the

farther. Our representatives

abroad should instantly recognize the independence of every country the moment that a republic is de facto established, and then open commercial relations with such country.

"That proposition is entirely consistent with the laws of nations, and it would be a cause of offense with any one who would not give encouragement to the friends of liberal institutions wherever the struggle was pending. I hold that the American republic should do all that is consistent with the laws of nations to show its sympathy with the struggling millions for freedom in every part of the world. . . . I would be glad to recognize and welcome Gov. Kossuth here in such explicit terms as would recognize the principle that each state has a right to dispose of herself and to regulate her own domestic affairs and institutions as she pleases, without the interference of any foreign power whatever. I am prepared to assert by a resolution of this body that every state upon the face of the globe has an undeniable right to establish and regulate its own domestic institutions in its own way, without the interference of any other nation upon the face of the globe; and I hold that interference with that right would be a violation of the laws of nations, and an interference with the right of nations. Hence I assert, in my opinion, the interference of Russia in destroying the constitution of Hungary was a violation of the laws of nations. We have a right to instruct our diplomatic agents abroad to protest against any such flagrant and unjust interference with the rights of any nation. We have a right to go further, and make it a just cause of war if we choose to do so, though we are under no obligation to make every violation of the laws of nations that may take place a cause of war."

"I hold that a welcome to Gov. Kossuth, a public reception here, and a national welcome by the people of the United States, extended to him in person, are expressions of the impregnability of a great principle, would be no cause of offense to any power on the face of the earth. . . . It is objected that there is no precedent for it. I care little whether there is a precedent or not. Provided that it is consistent with our own honor, the dignity of the nation, and our own attitude before the world to perform such an act, what harm is there in performing a more act of courtesy if there be no precedent for us to follow? I care none, but rather much good may result from it. I could then see America fixed in the eyes of the world as the friend of all nations struggling for free and republican institutions."

We should act in the fear of God, doing what we feel is right, and then let foreign nations like it or not, as they may see proper. The question with us is rights, or it is consistent with our honor and our dignity—no it whether it will be consistent with the liking of Austria, Russia or any other European power. . . . Kossuth and his associates have followed in the footsteps of Washington and our revolutionary fathers."

"All Europe and America now recognize Kossuth as the representative of the liberal principle. He stands at the head of a movement which is now pending between the advocates of republican principles on the one hand and absolutism and despotism on the other. It is in that I desire to welcome him here; it is for the purpose of defining our position upon that question that I desire to show him this mark of respect and confidence."

Kossuth returned to Europe in July, 1852, going to Turin, Italy. In 1859-60 he attempted to get a new uprising of the Hungarians. In 1867, when Austria and Hungary became reconciled, he was offered a seat in the Hungarian

Weyerhaeuser Plant Viewed by Cannoy On Holiday Journey

KINGWOOD, Dec. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cannoy returned Saturday from Longview, Wash., where they had been guests since Wednesday of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis P. White. Two pleasant events honored at the White home were Thanksgiving dinner, the 36th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Cannoy which fell on Dec. 1.

CHICKEN FEED TODAY

FALLS CITY, Dec. 5.—The women of the Methodist church will hold their annual bazaar and chicken supper Wednesday afternoon and night, December 6. Supper will be served between 6 and 7 o'clock.