

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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## Mixing Law and Politics

CHARGES have been made in the inquiry into the letting of air mail contracts that former Postmaster General Brown and his assistant destroyed correspondence relating to the awards of contracts. Even worse insinuations have been made. It is easy to make charges and the political opposition now in power would relish such morsels against the old regime. Brown was a politician of the old school. Perhaps he used the contracts as a means of rewarding friends and punishing enemies. The method was not original with him.

But what the country is coming to is higher ideals of service. Public work should be transacted in a manner that there is nothing to cover up. Undoubtedly each official has a mass of useless correspondence which may properly be destroyed when he retires from office. But there should be nothing included which would give the slightest excuse for a charge of covering things up.

The democrats have had to do a little house-cleaning of their own. National committeemen who happened to be lawyers moved into Washington, hung out their shingles, and were at once overrun with clients. Arthur Mullen, Nebraska committeeman, is credited with cleaning up \$300,000 since the new deal got under way. Robert Jackson, New Hampshire, resigned as secretary of the committee when Pres. Roosevelt made some pointed remarks about not mixing law and politics. Bruce Kremer of Montana, has resigned the treasurership of the committee, to continue his law practice. Mullen says he practices law on his merits and hangs onto his political office. This again is not new. National committeemen to their own profit have mixed law and politics,—they could do it conveniently by spending a few weeks of the year in Washington. They were not quite so raw as the democratic invaders. As West reported there was a democratic lawyer for every dollar back in Washington. Some have hinted that Roosevelt will be betrayed as was Harding. We do not believe so; but where the carcass of the public treasury is, the vultures are sure to hover round.

## Living in Texas

A judge in San Antonio, Texas, who had something to do with the tax levy, raised his eyebrows over an item to advertise San Antonio in hopes of attracting settlers. Said the learned judge:

"The purpose of the tax is detrimental to the general public welfare and calculated to create in the minds of the people living outside the city of San Antonio in another part of the world dissatisfaction with their present home and environment and to lead them into the mistaken idea that their condition would be bettered by leaving their former home and going to San Antonio. The people should not be disturbed in their mental attitude toward their homes by misleading and flaming statements that some other part of the earth is to be preferred as a residence or a place of business. I think the idea is altogether wrong and should be discouraged."

The fact that the judge resides in San Antonio explains everything. His conscience simply would not permit him to approve of a plan to induce others to settle there. And few there are who will question his opinion, at least none with memories of San Antonio climate and fleas.

But when it comes to the paradise of the Pacific, this western coast where nature is kind, then the residents here are swept with evangelistic fervor. They just can't help but urge people to leave the lands of fevers and ague, of blizzards and cyclones and come to this land of rainbow's end. And no judge would dare utter such "slander" on his home town, if he lived in Oregon.

Last winter when this valley shivered in zero weather Alaska towns reported temperatures above freezing. This winter the reverse is true. We are enjoying a California winter (sans sunshine) but Alaska reports 65 below at Fairbanks. That is quite close enough for such minimums. But we do need more snow in our mountains. If we do not get a storm soon they will have to sprinkle tapioca on the ski-course for the winter sports carnival. The only chill we have had all winter came from the beautiful snow scene pictures in the Oregon Motorist for January. It is still some weeks till the calendar says spring, so the berry buds better keep the covers on for awhile.

The attorney general rules that the government has power to confiscate the gold in the federal reserve banks. Under the ancient rule that sovereignty is unlimited this is probably true. A government may void its contracts, break its treaties, defraud its debtors. Governments and kings have done this frequently in history. This is the first time however that the United States ever resorted to such a practice.

Bids are mounting on St. Paul brewers. Last summer the ransom fee for one was \$100,000. Now the figure is doubled for a banker-brewer-democrat. Still, that is just too much money for a democrat to have and still be a friend of the common people.

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# "KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

**CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX**

It was all over. And Patricia, lying in her own bedroom, safe, secure, flung across the bed, was sobbing. She was still in evening dress, Julian's orchids, crushed and crumpled, still clung to her rhinestone shoulder strap. She had wept, she thought, forever. She thought that she would never stop.

For weeks she had controlled her self. The floodgates were loosed at last. Deeper she forced her shaking body into the pillows. She wanted to beat her head against the floor, to scream until she could not think, to do anything that would annihilate the desperation of her spirit. Her own violence wore her out but she was still sobbing quietly when Julian rapped at the bedroom door.

"It's very late, Patricia. No answer from the girl.

"Please unlock the door. Let me in. I must talk to you. You must be sensible."

"Go away, Julian. For heaven's sake go away."

"When you want me I'll be in the card room. I'll wait, if it need be, till morning but we must talk it out."

His footsteps retreated. She heard him going down the stairs. After a long time she sat up and looked dazedly about the familiar, luxurious, rose-colored room. Outside the storm, like her own despair, had reached its height. Drapes of rasy taffeta shut out the sight of it but not the sound. She could hear the wild dash of the rain against the panes, the creaking of the trees, the howling of the wind.

Julian was waiting for her in the card room. She had seen him a thousand times before, she

imagined him now, slumped in the leather arm chair, a pack of cards spread on the table before him, his forehead knotted beneath his shock of snow white hair, his gray eyes intent, his mind absorbed upon some problem of the only game he considered worth a moment's concentration. Julian waiting for her to come and talk it out. What use was further talk? There had been too much talk already. Words that got them nowhere.

Julian would never understand. He was incapable of seeing her side of it. For him the problem had been solved. He, Julian Harvorth, had saved the situation.

He had saved the shreds of her reputation. Certain doors might be shut to her, certain stories might go the rounds, certain very proper people might sniff and raise the eyebrows. The fact remained that Julian's audacity and nonchalance had scored again. He had snatched victory from defeat. By his magnetic leadership he had turned a major scandal into a front-page romance. The girl loved for married less urgent. She was not like other girls. She was herself.

"I can't," she said aloud. "I can't."

The storm raged on. The windows strained as if they might burst in, the latches groaned. Presently she slipped across the room, pulled back the drapes and peered through the streaming panes into the wildness of the night. She stood there for many minutes. Once she whispered, "Clark."

The wind whined in maniacal fury, the tree tops rioted together, somewhere a loosened gust, banged to and fro against the house. The carat of noise was maddening to insanity. That shatter. There it went again.

"Why doesn't someone fix it?" Patricia demanded in querulousness, near hysteria. Her own voice frightened her. Pressing her hands against her throbbing temples she turned from the window. Jerked at the drapes. Something caught. The pin that held her orchids. She tore the ruined flowers free, flung them to the floor. Suddenly she removed her crumpled frock, walked to the closet and selected not a nightgown but a tailored suit. She hardly knew what she was doing. Mechanically she stepped into the skirt, pulled on the frilly little blouse, the simple coat. Next she changed her stockings and her shoes. Her plan was formulating. She had borne enough; she could bear no more. Escape at any cost was the essential thing. To pit her decision against Julian's will, to face his arguments, his threats, his pleadings was impossible tonight. And she must leave tonight. At the desk where she had sat so often, she seated herself to write her parting note. How hard

it was to frame. A dozen efforts were cast aside. All at once Patricia swept the crumpled sheets together, tore them into bits, tossed them into the wastebasket.

"You coward," she said. "You utter coward."

(To be continued)

**HOME FROM SOUTH WACONDA, Jan. 18** — Mr. and Mrs. Fred Viesco, who have made an extended trip to southern California and Mexico, returned this week.

**Improving**—Benjamin S. Burk, 375 North 24th street, is reported improving slowly from an illness which has confined him to his bed for the past three weeks.

## Obituary

**Spring**  
Mrs. Ella C. Spriggs, at the residence, 725 Fairmont street, Thursday, January 18, at the age of 86 years. Survived by daughter, Mrs. Frank W. Durbin. Member of the Oregon Pioneers of 1852. Private funeral services Saturday, January 20, at 1:30 p. m. in the chapel of Risdon's mortuary, Rev. George Swift officiating; please omit flowers.

**Titus**  
Charles B. Titus, aged 82, of 2275 Laurel avenue, Tuesday, January 16. Survived by children, Herbert C. Titus of Longview, Mrs. D. B. Kleihege of Salem; sisters, Mrs. Corwin Cross of New York, and Mrs. A. B. Palmer of Cascade, Mont.; and five granddaughters. Funeral services will be held from Risdon's mortuary, Friday, January 19 at 1:30 p. m., with Rev. Humphreys officiating.

**Fukutomi**  
Florence Fukutomi, at a local hospital, January 17, at the age of 12 years. Survived by father, Charley Fukutomi; two sisters, Margaret and Betty; three brothers, Ray, Joe and Bobby Fukutomi all of Gresham. Remains were forwarded to Gresham for interment by Clough-Barrick company.

**Roque**  
Joseph Roque of 385 Bellevue street, Salem, died January 16. Born at St. Beatrice, Quebec, November 23, 1876. Survived by widow, Emma Roque; sisters, Mrs. Eva Campbell of Two Rivers, Wis., Mrs. Emily Patrow of Goodman, Wis.; brothers, Napoleon Roque of Salem, Alfred Roque of Lena, Wis., and Albert Roque of Green Bay, Wis. Rosary at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening at Salem Mortuary. Funeral services Friday morning, January 19, at 8:30 a.m. from St. Joseph's church, Interment St. Barbara's cemetery.

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## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

When Chinese paid share of state taxes:

The early pioneers of Oregon were against not only slavery, but also the harboring of negroes at all in the country that was being settled—and later comers were inclined to make hard sledding for other races with dark, yellow or brown skins.

The original constitution of the provisional government, framed at the Lee mission and adopted in the open air meeting at Champoug July 5, 1843, provided:

"Article 4. There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

That made Oregon a free soil country, as it has been in effect since the coming of Jason Lee in 1834, or soon thereafter, when Lee and Dr. John McLoughlin agreed that Indian slavery should be abolished.

In March, 1844, there was an affray at Oregon City, in which two white men and an Indian were killed—one of the white men being Geo. W. LeBreton, secretary of state for the provisional government and a man of singular usefulness—over which affair the public mind was much excited. When it was realized that a free negro was to blame, it was the general opinion that something ought to be done about it.

Something was done. When, the fourth Tuesday in June of that year, the first little legislature of nine members (called legislative committee) met at Oregon City, the opportunity of ridding the infant empire of Oregon of all black men presented itself. So a law was passed providing that in cases where slaves had been brought into Oregon (as some had been), the owners must remove them within three years from the time of their coming; that, their owners failing to remove them, they should be free. Also, that any free negro or mulatto in the country, of 15 years or older, should

have two years to get out, if a male, and three years if a female. If younger than 15, terms of exclusion should run on the attainment of that age. Penalty for not getting out, whipping, with 39 stripes, to be repeated every six months, until the colored or half colored person did get out. And the penalty to run against colored slaves upon getting their freedom within the territory.

There were whippings, but the law stood until (and presumably after) the Oregon country became a territory.

When Oregon adopted a state constitution and was admitted to the union, that instrument contained this provision:

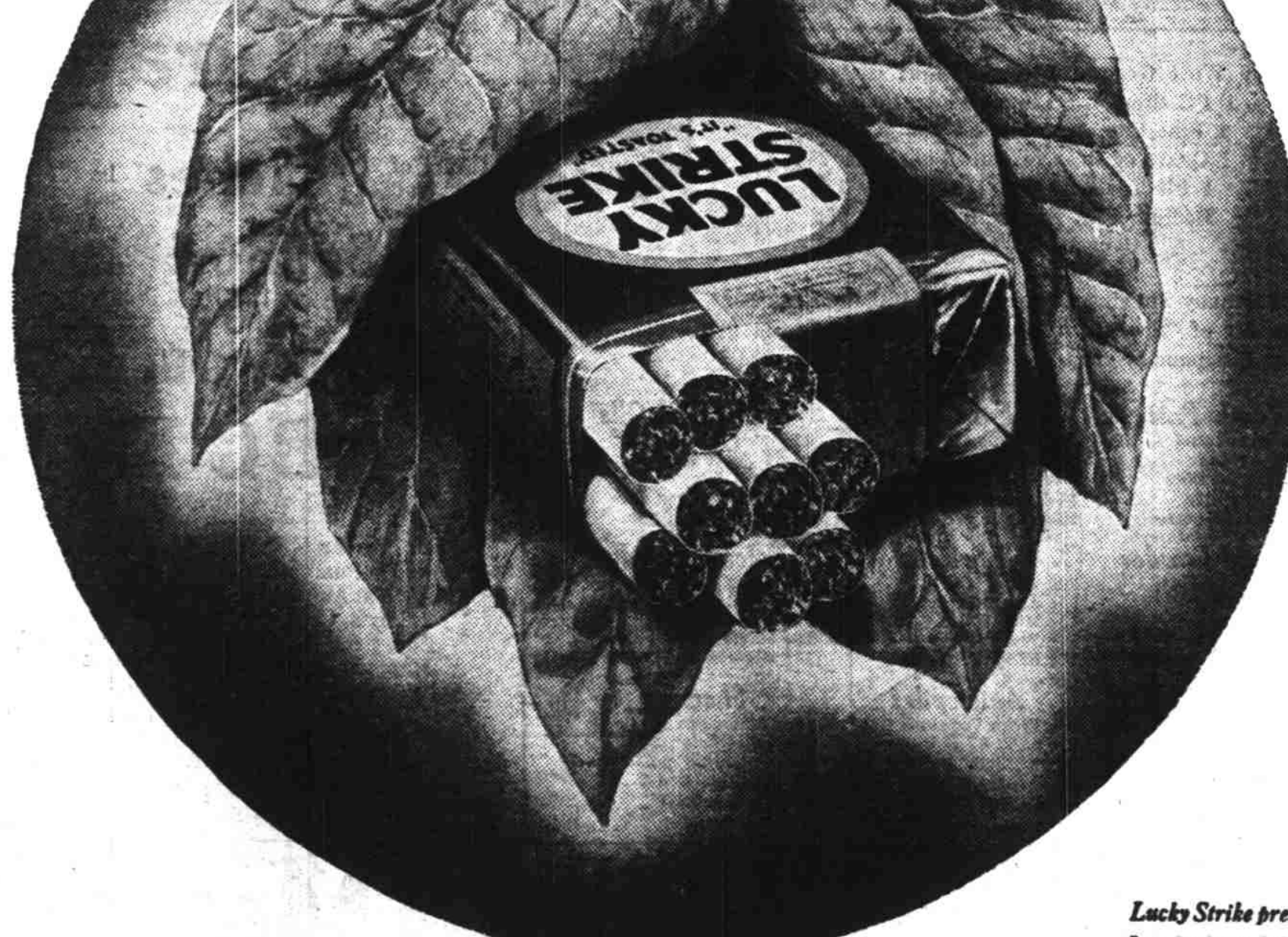
"No free negro or mulatto not residing in this state at the time of the adoption of this constitution shall come, reside or be within this state, or hold any real estate, or make any contracts or maintain any suits therein; and the legislative assembly shall provide by penal laws for the removal by public officers of all such negroes or mulattoes and for their effectual exclusion from the state, and for the punishment of persons who shall bring them into the state or employ or harbor them."

That provision was never strictly enforced, any more than the law of 1844—but it remained in the constitution until it was finally voted out at the general election of Nov. 2, 1926, the returns showing 64,954 in favor of retaining it, and 108,332 wishing to have it deleted from our fundamental laws.

But the legislature of 1862, according to the spirit of the constitution, enacted a law providing that every negro, Chinaman or Hawaiian, and mulatto, residing in Oregon should pay an annual poll tax of \$5, or failing to do so should be arrested and put to work upon the public highways at 50 cents a day until the tax, plus the expense of the arrest and collection, should be discharged.

(To be continued)

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