

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

More about Prof. 2-10-37
M. G. Lane, Oregon man, brother of James G. Blaine; need of a hell!

A question was raised in this column several weeks ago concerning a man who went in Oregon under the name of Prof. M. G. Lane, and achieved considerable prominence here in the closing years of the last century.

The question was about his real identity—that is, was he a brother of the great Maine statesman, James G. Blaine—or perhaps a half brother? Such speculations were rife then.

Sarah Hunt Steeves contributed an answer, used in the issue of Feb. 11, saying the man in question was said to have been a half brother or full brother of the Maine statesman; that the Oregon man always wore very fine Prince Albert suits of black broadcloth and it was hinted that these came from the famous brother.

Mrs. Steeves remembers that when she was a young girl she attended the Rock Point school in the Walden Hills, where the Oregon Lane (or Blaine) was a teacher; that he was a fine teacher, though his discipline was a little severe and his pupils sometimes thought he had eyes in the back of his head.

Also that he was a very tall, thin man, resembling very much the pictures of Abraham Lincoln. Miss Florella E. Phillips of Salem, old time bookkeeper for the water company, Stenloff Bros. and others, remembers Prof. Lane very well when he taught in the South Salem public school.

The building in which he taught was located about where the 1500 block is now, west of South Commercial street, a little north of (below) where the Fairmount section begins.

The building still stands, somewhat altered. It is the main part of the building, facing the S. E. South Commercial street, moved a little east and several blocks north of its original location. No other structure as old as that, which was a public school building, still stands in Salem.

Miss Phillips remembers that Prof. Lane had a son, and that his name was Melvin G., probably the same as his father's.

She thinks this son in a recent regular or special session of the Oregon legislature had a minor position, door keeper or assistant door keeper or something of the kind.

Henry C. Porter, Aumsville, pioneer resident of that section and one of the oldest living natives among the whites of Marion county, remembers Lane.

He recalls that Lane taught the public school at Turner.

Mr. Porter thinks that Lane had been a preacher, and he remembers him as a public speaker and an able one.

He recalls an occasion upon which Lane was making a public address and was interrupted by a heckler who raised the question of the existence of a hell.

"I do not claim to be an impeccable authority on this hotly disputed question," remarked Lane, "but I am sure of one thing," he added.

"I am sure that if there is not a hell, there ought to be one, and I think the authority on this hotly disputed question," remarked Lane, "but I am sure of one thing," he added.

The heckler was not prepared for so sweeping and all inclusive a statement, and the laughter of the crowd was so hearty as to bring him to decide he was through—and licked.

Lane added that he himself had been guilty of conduct that was a disgrace to his profession. The way he said it, or some hint or tradition, caused Mr. Porter to think he had been a preacher at some period of his career.

Any way, his sweeping belief in the need of not only a hell but many of them, left the inference with his hearers that he himself in his own opinion might derive benefit from the punishments provided in such a place or state.

A question has been referred to the writer concerning the historic importance of the house at State and 15th street now being torn down to make way for a modern apartment house.

The Bits man believes the one with the history is another house in the same block. But more on this later.

Of course, every one knows that James G. Blaine came within a few votes of being president of the United States, in 1855, and, in 1883, missed by a scratch against becoming the republican nominee, which had he won in that contest, would have given him the presidency. The writer (and his wife) sat in the national convention of 1883, and heard the long speech in an American political history up to the time—17 minutes for Blaine. Some that have followed have made that seem short.

Electric Line Extended

To Serve Four Families

HAZEL GREEN, March 9.—The power line is being extended north from N. P. Williamson's to serve four families. Otis Phillips, D. W. Lowery, Walter Boucher and George Hatch, Phillips and Lowery recently bought the three tracts and built homes and George Hatch, whose house burned some time ago, is planning to build soon. While the power line is being installed the 44 and 117 telephone lines are out of order.

Where "Unpacking" Is Needed!

CRIMINAL COURTS



"LUXURY MODEL" by MAY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER XXXVII

Luana got out of her old hotel over on the west side, for until the business was on a paying footing, she must economize.

At three-thirty, promptly, she presented herself in the Vaudeville suite of offices on Wall street, and shortly thereafter the contract was drawn up, signed and sealed.

Luana was to have a drawing account against profits, of one hundred dollars a week. This clause set forth that the account was to start from the date of signing. She walked out into the bright sunshine, feeling as though she owned the earth.

Followed days and weeks that were amazingly busy, but she loved every moment of them, even if often she was dog tired.

To have one's own business was a vastly different matter from working for an employer! No snubs. No snippy orders. No having to be out till all hours of the night in exotic gowns that would attract embarrassing attention.

The public as yet did not know of her venture. The opening would probably be towards the end of July.

An ample collection of gowns must be assembled before then. Luana worked with a will, in happy anticipation.

A temporary workroom had been rented over near the East river and a competent staff had been hired. Luana spent her entire days in a cubby-hole in the workroom at her drawing-board, or draping material on the dummies. It was fascinating work.

To dream beauty, and then turn it into reality with her own hands! That was her happiness, with Jimmy three thousand miles away from her.

But they would have a glad reunion. The only fly in the ointment was that, under the terms of the contract, not even Jimmy must know of her arrangement with Mr. Vandaveer.

She had written Jimmy that she had a new and promising job. But the contract was to remain a profound secret.

The days of summer that were crammed with exciting world happenings went by.

The big water front strike was on in San Francisco. Luana had a letter from her stepfather, telling her that the national guard had been summoned from Los Angeles, and that he had gone with them to patrol the strike area.

"He'll love it. He's a born fighter." Luana felt a wave of pride in the pluck of the old colonel.

Later, her pride was to turn to keen anxiety. . . . A telegram from the colonel's lawyer in San Francisco informed her that he was lying unconscious in the military hospital there. He had sustained a head injury from a brick hurled by one of the strikers. There was some fear of a skull fracture.

Mr. Vandaveer urged her to go at once. He bought a ticket for her on the fastest trans-continental plane service.

Luana arrived in America's coldest summer city on a golden morning. She drove straight to the Presidio.

constitution. Progress was good. "You really must go out and get some fresh air, my child," the kindly head nurse told Luana, "or we shall be having you on our hands as the next patient."

Luana had friends in the many-hilled city, notably Nancy and Jasper Payne. This was the young couple who had eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and who, in a double ceremony that included Luana (under her real name of Elizabeth Harmon) and Gerald Bruton, had been united in wedlock by the "marrying judge of Yuma."

Each day, Nancy had come to the hospital, and was continually on the telephone with Luana.

A new, greatly improved Nancy, entirely happy in her shiny little new flat that commanded a wonderful view of the bay. As a bride, Nancy had entirely succumbed to the hospital, and was continually on the telephone with Luana.

"Darling, my flirting days are done," smiled Nancy.

The erstwhile butterfly had turned into a model housekeeper, whose world circled round Jasper within the four walls of her modest little home that was as neat as a new pin.

Nancy's own fingers had made the gay chintz curtains that hung at the windows, the pillows that covered divan and settee. Nancy Jasper she had laughed at, and snubbed, and jollied along as a suitor!

"Flirts make the best wives," Jasper had assured Luana, with a twinkle. "But the best is the one who will be a helpmate."

"Darling, my flirting days are done," smiled Nancy.

The romance and tradition of San Francisco seeped through her blood, making her heart sing with joy. Even the gray fogs were dramatic—like something out of "Limbohouse," or a mystery story.

And she was never tired of watching the little boats ply to and fro across the blue waters, with their musical notes of warning, or listening to the surge of the ocean on the beach.

With Nancy and Jasper of the evening, she would dine in the quaintest little restaurants that were flavoured with old Italy, Germany or Spain.

Next morning, she would tell the colonel all about them, and he would come back at her with reminiscence of the Bohemian restaurants of his own young manhood. Coppa's, Sanguinetti's, Solaris's, and the Trovatore. "One had real food then in San Francisco! Those were the days!" he would tell her.

"The Monkey House" had been a great place then, with monkeys climbing and chattering over the grape arbors as men drank their steins of beer of a leisurely Sunday.

Luana told him about Chou-Chou. She had left Chou-Chou with one of the girls in the workroom who had taken a great fancy to the tiny monkey.

But she did not mention Jimmy, to whom Chou-Chou had so quaintly introduced her!

"San Francisco must have been even more fascinating when the cobble streets ran straight down to the wooden piers! When the masters and first-masters, sailed through the Golden Gate. . . . tell me about it," she would draw the colonel, who was nothing loath to satisfy her.

He told her of the gold rush, of Spanish rancheros and Franciscan priests. He had been brought up in San Francisco and, as a very young child, remembered the prairie schooners coming into the city.

heat and humidity of New York City, the cool breezes of the city on the ocean would set her up and strengthen her for the even harder work that was to come on her return.

The strike came to an end and the water front was no longer a danger zone.

Luana revelled in roaming round Chinatown with its spices of the orient, its enchanting shops where she could buy wonderful kimonos and embroidered coats and robes for her own not-so-distant opening. She loved the mystery in Chinatown and its great paper lanterns and gilded balconies and dragons, and its sly-eyed inhabitants. She loved the Chinese restaurants with their succulent dishes and queer sweetmeats.

When Nancy was busy, and her stepfather resting, she would take long rides up and down hill on the tiny cable cars. Fishermen's wharf intrigued her, and Harbor Fish Grotto. She would eat shrimps fresh out of the ocean, and revel in the tarry smells of ships and fishing, revel in the forest of masts and spars along the water front, with the gulls flying and crying, giving one such a sense of adventure, of just being about to set forth to the far corners of the globe.

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He told her of the wooden sidewalks, and the crowds of horse thieves. These were the days of hoopskirts and gay bonnets and elegance!

Of the earthquake, too, he told her, and of that April morning just after sun-up when the world crashed about his ears. But even then, there was a queer gaiety and a vivid sense of living zestfully, what with the refugee camps and the levelling of class distinctions, and the new camaraderie.

Never before had the colonel

On the Record

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

A New Epoch in Steel
It is now three years since I sat in the immaculate dining room of a Braddock steel worker—how heroic the housewife who can keep her own life in a fresh in Braddock—and heard from his lips the fascinating and a terrific story of a decade of at-tempting to organize steel. The man was com-pletely discouraged. "Steel will never be organized," he said. "Never. They will close the shops first." And it is nearly half a century since my own grandfather, the Scotchman, Ronald Grierson, coming to this country aflame with a Calvinistic passion for human justice, took to the soap boxes in Pittsburgh, ran afoul of the authorities, and went home to Scotland to die there. I wish that Scotch grandfather were alive. He would fall upon his knees and attribute the victory in a strictly secondary line to John Lewis. Only God, he would say, can accomplish miracles.

Those whose lives have never been touched by contact with men of blackened faces and greasestained overalls will hardly imagine what the agreement, so peacefully signed the other day between Myron Taylor and John L. Lewis, means to the workers of this country. The news will be read with excitement, not only in Pittsburgh and Chicago and New York, and in all the great industrial centers of the United States, but it will be read in Hungary, Serbia, Croatia and Czechoslovakia, from papers written in queer characters, by men who also remember Pittsburgh, who have also served part of their lives in steel. I have heard the story of strikes and fights, of black towns and company police, of injunctions and detectives, not only in Homestead and Braddock, but in a whitewashed peasant cottage in the village of Magyarszag in the heart of Hungary. "Sure, I spik English, too. Sure, I was in America once. In Pittsburgh, I worked in steel. I got trouble with my lungs and my brother died. I got the farm so I come home. In Pittsburgh, I was in a house with wallpaper. Not like this. We went to the movies." This town is dead. Made good money in Pittsburgh. It's all right if you mind the bosses. If you don't—His eye traveled around his two-room domain, a cottage with white walls, and garly painted beams across its ceiling, of high beds covered in bright quilts, of a colored tile stove. "This place O. K., too. I was lucky. I own my farm."

Steel workers, in the midst of the war, helped to found the Czechoslovak nation in Pittsburgh. Their enemy was the Hapsburg empire, three thousand and more miles away. Then they thought about national freedom. Their heroes were Masaryk and Benes. Some of them, though, thought of another fight for freedom, the freedom of a man to have something to say about his job. But they spoke no English, or very little. Hard to get the word. Good Wilsonian Democrats, helping America to win the war, with one urge toward freedom. Dangerous radicals, if they expressed the other urge.

A few weeks ago I said, before the League for Political Education: "The sponsoring of general and responsible trade union organization is the most conservative program which any one can adopt in this country today." That I had meant at the center of our political discussion, whether it is the issue of union organization or the issue of the Supreme Court, is the conception of property, of what constitutes private property. And that conception is changing, all over the world. The idea of the defense of property is the basis of our Constitution, and even the radicals of their day, men like Jefferson, recognize it. Not did they wish to destroy the idea of private property as a right, because that, realized, and, I think, correctly, that the widespread distribution of private property is a condition of a successful democracy. But if this is true, then one must, for the very sake of the idea of property, extend its meaning to include the only property which the majority of people in this democracy, now at the height of a machine and industrial civilization have their jobs. We must recognize that the worker has a property right in his job.

I have never felt, for instance, that the argument against the sit-down strike, on the ground of its being an offense against property rights, was altogether valid. For that argument presumes that only stockholders and management have property rights in an industry. Luana and I have been so close to each other! It was a heart-warming experience.

He even said to her one morning, a look of wistfulness in the blue eyes that used to be so sharp: "Why don't you come home, Elizabeth?" (He could never get used to the name Luana.) "Not the orange grove, but to San Francisco. I'd like to live here." "I may one day. . . . after I've made good. . . . I have to make good first, daisy. . . . I'd like to live here."

She felt touched, and choky. He really wanted her. Was lonely. Nancy's happiness made her envious, if it had been Jimmy and she, now, in that darling little apartment, looking down on the ships and the blue waters. The Angelus bells brought tears to her eyes, they were so beautiful.

Nancy's happiness made her envious, if it had been Jimmy and she, now, in that darling little apartment, looking down on the ships and the blue waters. The Angelus bells brought tears to her eyes, they were so beautiful.

She would wander along the Embarcadero, looking longingly at the ships from France, and the play for championship of commercial basketball league.

Legally, no doubt, that is still true. But I cannot see it as a moral issue. The argument against the sit-down strike, which seems to me really tenable, and important, is that it is a technique which permits a small group of workers to coerce, possibly, a majority. The removal of coercive practices from employer-employee relationship is the first constructive way to answer this argument. For if workers have an unquestionable right to organize into independent unions, if that is generally accepted in industry as fundamental, then the quid pro quo which labor owes, is to use the means of reason, persuasion and appeals to personal and group interest which trade unionism offers, rather than the coercive weapon.

Opposition to trade unionism has often centered in the accusation that the trade unions are rackets, run by racketeers, and at the expense of workers as well as employers. It has many times been true. But I think that the history of the labor struggle in all countries indicates that when the trade unions lack status, either with employers, or before the law, when they are pushed into the gutter, they tend to adopt the manners of the gutter. Proud, responsible and honest trade union leadership, unions which have extended their activities to include the cultural education of the workers, flourish in those countries where trade unions have been lifted from an outcast position and established as an integral part of industry, theoretically respected and taken for granted. If we are moving now toward such a new status, and can expect something of the same results; if the days of espionage, injunctions, private police, private detective agencies, furnishing thugs to both sides are, actually, beginning to be numbered, then every member of the public can be thankful. And patience is a reasonable counsel.

It is the matter of working relationship between capital and labor, this country has been the most anarchic in the western world. We will not establish order overnight.

Meetings Slated Today, Woodburn
WOODBURN, March 9.—The Presbyterian Ladies Aid society will meet at the church Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. L. R. Tweedie, Mrs. Marchal Hicks and Mrs. Clyde Whitman as hostesses. The program will be in charge of Mrs. J. Gillanders and Mrs. H. F. Butterfield will lead the Jervotians. All members and friends are invited. There will be election of officers.

The Woodburn Rural club will hold its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. M. B. Myers, on the Pacific highway Wednesday afternoon with her daughters, Mrs. Minnie Bissell and Mrs. Lela Hughes as assisting hostesses.

Marion county local No. 1, order of Oregon Workers Alliance, will hold a box social and program at the city hall Wednesday afternoon with her daughters, Mrs. Minnie Bissell and Mrs. Lela Hughes as assisting hostesses.

Glen Ballard Is Engaged To Preach For Liberty
OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, March 9.—Glen S. Faxon, Albany, and Margaret Schoelkopf, Corvallis, will represent Oregon State college against speakers from Willamette and Portland universities and Pacific and Linfield colleges in the state old line oratorical contest tomorrow at Pacific university at Forest Grove.

Faxon will make a plea for the liberalization of the practices and beliefs of the Christian religion in his oration, "A Spiritual Challenge." Miss Schoelkopf, second place winner in this annual contest last year, will portray the work of Jane Adams, in her oration, "America's Mother of Men." This Corvallis co-ed is also a member of the Beaver debate squad.

Ten Years Ago
March 10, 1927
Adjutant General George A. White of Salem inspected the Columbia Beach site for the annual Oregon national guard encampment, declared the location ideal.

State basketball tournament will start today, ten teams in Salem, opening game at 3 o'clock.
Lane Morley, a local business man, will open a real estate and insurance office in First National Bank building today.

Twenty Years Ago
March 10, 1917
President Wilson ordered the army of merchant ships against Germany's ruthless submarine warfare, and at the same time issued a proclamation calling an extra session of congress, April 16.
Boys in high school launch military organization, Frank Zinn, Thomas McGilchrist and Kenneth Aspinwall appointed to secure information and to confer with Gov. Withycome as to securing of rifles and equipment.
Basketball treat tonight: Capital National Bank, Ray C. Baker, captain; and Price Shoes co., Dr. F. L. Utter, captain. Will play for championship of commercial basketball league.

"Farley to take President's side" runs an Ogn headline. This classified as a dog-bites-man bit of no news.