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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
—BYRON.

The Democrats

Selection of Houston, Texas, was probably a good political move by the Democrats, a deserved recognition of the south's loyal support of the party, designed to offset any dissatisfaction that might be caused by selection of northern standard bearers.

The Jackson day banquet was a success as a harmony affair and advice galore was showered upon it by prospective candidates and party leaders. However, if the creeping paralysis of politics that affect candidates rules the convention and expediency takes the place of principle, as it has in recent conventions, the Democrats will deserve defeat.

Governor Smith of New York, the leading candidate, in his letter, read at the banquet said:

Indecisive declarations of political faith get the party nowhere. We have had sufficient experience along that line in the past, and as a lesson from that experience, I offer these suggestions herein contained to the leaders and to the rank and file of the party as in the interest of the country and of the party of Jefferson and Jackson.

Governor Ritchie of Maryland, also a prospective candidate, who is the foremost advocate in the country of a restoration of state rights by curbing the powers of the federal bureaucracy, advocated settlement of the prohibition question by self-determination and home rule as opposed to increased centralization of authority in the federal government—which was never designed to assume police functions. He said:

"Once the absorbing question was whether federal powers were to be supreme within the federal sphere or whether the states could nullify them," said Ritchie. "Now," he added, "the question is whether state power shall be supreme in the state sphere or whether the federal government shall nullify them."

The Maryland governor paid high tribute to Governor Smith, declaring the masses "sense that here is an authentic voice, not only of the Democratic party, but of the democracy of the nation, too."

Senator Reed of Missouri, who has been endorsed as a presidential candidate in his own state and who has been the dominant figure in the senate the past session, had as the crux of his prepared message a warning that the party would fail if it disregarded the principles of natural justice and if it subordinated great fundamentals to questions of expediency or "exhaust our energies in disputes about problems upon which our party associates are far from agreement." This indicates a spirit of compromise in Candidate Reed entirely unknown to Senator Reed, who has never hesitated to exhaust his energies in disputes over issues the vast majority of the party opposed.

Governor George of Georgia, endorsed in his own state for the presidency, a prohibitionist and a Ku Kluxer, declared that the supreme need of the hour was a man like Jackson "to turn the government back to the hands of the people, to support the constitution in all its provisions, to uphold and enforce the laws constitutionally enacted" though Jackson was neither bigot nor fanatic.

Evan Woodlen of Indiana, an avowed candidate for the nomination warned against giving the "democratic donkey a dose of bigotry," such as both parties suffered from Kluxized Indiana.

They keynote speech by Claude Bowers, historian of the Jefferson-Jackson periods, also soft-pedaled prohibition, concluding:

Where is the issue? With monopoly encouraged, with corruption rampant and unafraid, with big business in the saddle, booted and spurred, and the farmer in the ditch; and with the tariff picking the pockets of the millions to the tune of billions under the protection of the police, if the party of Jackson can find no issue it is time to go into a court of moral and intellectual bankruptcy and apply for a receiver.

Governor Moody of Texas declared prohibition as immutable as the ten commandments, while John W. Davis, who was nominee on a platform of platitudes said that prohibition views should not be the test of a candidate.

It begins to look as if the Democratic leaders were planning, for the sake of party harmony, of uniting a dry south and a wet east, another evasion or straddle of the prohibition issue. Even Governor Smith the most outstanding opponent of prohibition in his recent message to the legislature stressed the sanctity of law enforcement. Jim Reed, after fighting prohibition since its adoption, asserts that it is not a leading issue. So we may have the usual compromise—a wet candidate to get the wet vote and a dry platform to hold the dry vote. Only Ritchie seems to have the courage of his convictions as a candidate.

That College Censorship

That censorship is the order of the day at the Oregon Agricultural college, or as it now styles itself, the Oregon State college, has been again proven by the ban press dispatches state placed on college radio broadcasting. Wednesday night a discussion of American intervention in Nicaragua scheduled for presentation over the radio K. O. A. C. by officials of Irving Grange was excluded by Professor W. L. Kaddlerly of the college.

Professor Kaddlerly, according to Grange officials, arbitrarily barred the discussion when he had inquired of its nature and was informed that it was critical of the administration policy in Nicaragua.

Officials of Irving Grange are reported indignant over their treatment and planning protesting resolutions asking other Granges to cooperate against such censorship.

What good will it do? The college may be a state institution but discussion of controversial issues is barred unless in sympathy with the views of its autocratic ruler. Pears of praise for the powers that be are permissible and Granges must learn to confine themselves to sane and safe topics that will not cause pupils to think.

Ribbons and Laces

By RUBY AYRES

XIII—JEALOUS JOAN
"You've done it!" was Nelly's first remark. "My hat, you've done it with Joan. She'll never forgive you for this, you're in her black books for ever and ever amen Lord what earth made you do it?"
Linda looked bewildered. "Do it? Do what?" she asked. "I haven't done anything," Nelly explained. "You've put Joan's nose out of joint, that's what you've done. She brought him here after all, and she's

fifteen years old than you are. I should think. How you've got the nerve, I don't know!"
Linda flushed up to her eyes. "The nerve!" she faltered. "But—but he asked me to dance with him. He said he would rather dance with me than with anyone else here."

"Pooh! Do you suppose you're the only one he says that kind of thing to? Don't you flatter yourself, my dear. He's an old hand at the game, and you're a young one. Well, I've told you, and now it's your lookout." She turned away, but Linda caught her arm.

"Oh, don't go! I'd no idea I was doing anything wrong; but he is so kind—"

"Kind!" Nelly laughed ironically. "Oh, well, I've heard him called a lot of things, but never that before," she said. "Ask Bill, if you want a true character of the Black Prince. Bill hates him as the devil hates holy water. Here he comes."

Bill joined them at that moment; he glanced at Linda and quickly away again. "It's time we went, isn't it?" he asked Nelly. "It's raining cats and dogs. I'll see if I can get a taxi."

"A taxi! Lord, how extravagant we are tonight," Nelly mocked him, but her eyes sparkled; she loved riding in taxicabs. "Bill's not mean, that's one thing," she said when he had left them again. "Bill would give you the shirt off his back if you wanted it."

Linda made no reply, she looked pale and downcast, and in sudden remorse Nelly demanded:

"Here, what's the matter now? You look about as cheerful as a wet week."

"You've spoiled my evening, that's what's the matter," Linda said indignantly. "How did I know I wasn't supposed to dance with their coats?"

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Black Prince? Why didn't you tell me?"
"Lord, am I to look after you all the time for fear you do the wrong thing?" Nelly demanded truculently. "There! Don't look so sick about it." She lowered her voice. "As a matter of fact I'm rather glad you've knocked some of the stuffing out of Joan. Though she digs with me, I know she's a cat, and it won't do her any harm. Look out, here comes Prince Charming."

Lincoln came swiftly across the room to them.

"Have you been hiding from me, Miss Lovelace?" he asked in mock reproach. "I've been looking for you everywhere. It's raining like the dickens, but my car's here—if you'll let me give you a lift, I shall be only too delighted."

Linda promptly refused.

"I came with Miss Sweet; we shall go back together."

"But there's room for us all," he answered quickly. "Room for Sargent, too, if he will come. You'll never get a taxi at this time of night and it's raining so hard, too."

Nelly smiled and dimpled. "I'm sure it's very kind of you," she said to Linda's intense surprise. "But Bill has gone to find a taxi—oh, here he is."

Bill returned at that moment; he looked rather cross.

"Not a cab to be had, and coming down in sheets," he grumbled. "You girls had better wait while I go further down the road and see if I can pick one up somewhere else."

"I've just offered you all a lift in my car," Lincoln struck in pleasantly. "There's tons of room—and I shall be delighted."

"Oh, it's awfully good of you!" Nelly gushed. "I've got white shoes on, and they'll be ruined if we have to walk. Come on, Linda; we'll get

up in Lincoln's car. He's a real gentleman."

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She dragged Linda off without waiting for further protest.

"My dear, he's got the duck of a car," she confided to her when they were out of hearing. "A gray one and all upholstered in gray!" She giggled. "My, won't Joan be wild! Bet you she thought she was to be the only honored one."

The car proved to be all that Nelly had promised, and Linda gave a little sigh of content as she sank back into its luxury.

Bill had obstinately refused to join them.

"I'd rather walk. I like air after the stuffiness of that room," he declared bluntly. "Bye-bye, Nelly; see you tomorrow."

Nelly blew him a kiss as she scrambled in beside Joan Astley.

"Bye-bye, old thing and thanks ever so much for coming."

Linda sat beside Lincoln on the opposite seat; for the first time since her father's tragic death she felt a faint tinge of regret as she remembered the time when she was driving with her mother in just such a car as this, instead of having to work for her living. Then she pulled herself sharply together; it was wrong to be dissatisfied; she had much to be thankful for; she looked shyly at the Black Prince, and found his eyes upon her.

"Tired?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Oh, no! thank you."

Joan Astley laughed with a cynical note.

"Tired! Have you been dancing so energetically then, Miss Lovelace?"

Her eyes beneath their darkened lashes were spiteful, and a little shiver went through Linda.

Nelly was right, she knew, and she had made an enemy of Joan.

"I'm not used to it, that's all," she answered gently. "I've never been

to a dance like that before."

"But you'll go to tons now," Nelly declared. She laughed. "Archie was furious with you for throwing him over," she broke out impulsively. "He's not used to such treatment, you know."

Linda flushed crimson; she had forgotten all about Archie. She was annoyed because there was an amused look in the eyes of the man beside her.

She raised her head a dignified inch.

"Next time I shall take my own partner," she said.

They all laughed.

"I suppose he will be a duke at least," Joan sneered.

Linda took her literally.

"I'm afraid I don't know any dukes," she said.

"Oh, there's plenty of time," Joan declared, and Nelly laughed.

"Well, this is where I get out," she said in her cheery way. "Are you getting out with me, Joan, or are you going on?"

Joan looked quickly at the Black Prince.

"It's such a wet night," he said, in his quiet voice. "Too wet to go on anywhere else, I am afraid. Some other time we must all foregather and have a little dinner together."

The car stopped at the curbstone, outside the unpretentious house in the Fulham Road, and the chauffeur came to the door.

Lincoln got out and stood in the pouring rain, bareheaded, giving his hand first to Nelly, then to Joan.

Linda heard their good-nights.

"Nice weather for young ducks," Nelly said as she scuttled across the path and out of the wet.

But what Joan said was inaudible, though she stood for some seconds talking to the Black Prince, regardless of the rain on her frock and filmy evening coat.

Then Linda heard him say: "Well, it's au revoir then—"

And the next moment he and she were driving away alone through the night.

Tomorrow—In the Big Car.

MEXICO CITY COLD
Mexico City, Jan. 13 (AP)—Abnor-

mal weather has brought death and suffering here. Nine persons have been found dead on the streets in the last two days. Their deaths were attributed to exposure. The thermometer dropped to 25 degrees, which is seldom registered in Mexico City.

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