

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

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Kipping Rhymes.

TIME OF TRIAL

I set down this plaintive ditty in a time that tries my soul; for in our afflicted city water's scarce and there's no coal. And the river that supplies us is a mockery that's vain, and cloudless sky denies us anything that looks like rain. Life's so dismal I could chuck it, with a last despairing yell, for I have to take a bucket and pack water from a well. From the coal mines all theaethers have departed, as I write and we cannot fire our boilers; and there's no electric light. And I have to use a candle that is made of rancid grease, and the adjectives I handle would astonish the police. And the streetcars have been stalled, and the town has doused its glims, and a fellow is enabled to try out his rusty limbs. Through the darkened streets I stumble spraining foot and bruising knee, and I grouch around and grumble when I bump against a tree. I have many woes and bothers, but through all this thought and sorrow, it's the kind of stuff our fathers had to stand for all their lives. When in bed, beneath its tester, I am glad things are so planned that I'm not my own ancestor, with a candle in my hand.

Odds and Ends

Chicago—Flat dwellers, rejoice! Alex Zurchov, flat owner was fined \$200 for not providing sufficient heat for tenants.

New York—When the board of education included in its budget an appropriation of \$68,650 for maintenance of a cat, Mayor Hylan and other city officials demanded explanation of its feline duties.

Yuma, Ariz.—Special Agent Kelly of the Southern Pacific railroad found a bomb on the track near and pierced by a rifle bullet it revealed very good whiskey.

Los Angeles—Sundrie Sunbeam Girl, talented Holstein, previously mother of two sets of twins, yesterday presented the world with triplets in her efforts to relieve the milk situation.

New York—Bishop Charles Sumner Haines and John Avery are to be the only male members of a cast including 1200 society girls who are to be on a benefit banquet for the Girls Friendly society.

Springfield, Ill.—A broken teacup cost Blane Houson his wife. Blane bounced the container off his better-half's head and the court held this to be sufficient grounds for divorce.

Detroit, Mich.—Judge Todd had many new friends today. He ruled Henry VanCourt's objection to supporting his mother-in-law was insufficient grounds for divorce for his wife, Alice VanCourt.

Trains Again Running On Mill City Branch, Report

Traffic has again been assumed on the Mill City branch of the Southern Pacific railroad, according to advices received by the public service commission, Monday, from J. P. O'Brien, general manager of the road. A complaint was filed with the commission a week on the part of 150 employees of the Hammond Lumber company at Mill City to the effect that they had been unable to reach their place of employment because of failure of the road to maintain transportation during the storm.

Oren Dillard, 19-year-old Ashland boy, owes his life to Mrs. E. E. Russell, a nurse at a sanitarium, who offered her blood when it became apparent that transfusion of blood was all that could save the boy's life.

Abe Martin



Most of the fellows you see now have left their hats on when they get a hair cut. Ohio has seen-sawed so much on the wet and dry question that Pisky Kerr's uncle in Cincinnati is emphatic.

DISGRACING JOURNALISM.

THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER, one of the leading newspapers of the coast, recently accepted an advertisement containing a reprint of an editorial written in "The Business Chronicle", by Edwin Selwin, immediately after the Centralia massacre which denounced the bolshevist conspiracy to overturn the American government and destroy American institutions. In this editorial there was a paragraph that read:

"Real Americans must rise as one man in the righteous wrath of outraged patriotism. First invoke such legal machinery as we have; and if that is not sufficient, then hastily construct something fool proof. We must smash every un-American and anti-American organization in the land. We must put to death the leaders in thion for all the agents and abettors ago and revolun on. We must imprison for life all the agents and abettors of native birth. We must deport the aliens."

Selwin states under oath that the copy was read by the president and publisher of the "P-I." and approved for publication. It was also printed in the Tacoma Ledger and Seattle Star. It was published in two editions of the Post-Intelligencer, when the printers halted their work and notified the management that the ad must be killed at once, and assurances given that no editorial or advertisement inimical to the aims of organized labor should thence-forth appear. The Post-Intelligencer made a repudiation and weak apology and printed on the first page, complying with the union's demands, resolutions adopted exorciating and insulting the management of the paper.

Selwin's language may have been strong and intemperate for it was called forth by the massacre of service men by bolshevists—but the Post-Intelligencer's abject capitulation of its right to print what it adjudged proper, its surrender to terrorism, is a sinister event. For the first time a large newspaper has been bridled, and its managers have shown the white feather and permitted employes to censor its columns. If other papers had no more back-bone, liberty of the press would be destroyed and soviet terrorism rule the land.

In refreshing contrast to the yellow streak of the Post-Intelligencer was the action of the Capital Journal in a similar situation. In July, 1918, the former publisher sharply criticised organized labor for the conduct of unions in the shipyards in impeding the ship-building program. The local typographical union attempted to force a retraction and dictate the paper's policy by terrorism, and when the publisher refused to be coerced, called a strike and all the printers walked out, forcing a temporary suspension of publication.

The strike was promptly repudiated by the International Typographical Union as a violation of contract, and the printers ordered back to work. The local union was ordered to erase from its records the strike order and to delete records for the International Typographical Union realizes that it is no part of the union's function to dictate policy but it is an integral policy to keep agreements.

The Capital Journal upheld the best traditions of the press and kept its policies unfettered. The Post-Intelligencer confessed its lack of moral courage and by its shameful surrender disgraced American journalism.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

HEADQUARTERS for General Leonard Wood's campaign for the presidency have been opened in Portland and the work of organizing Leonard Wood clubs is actively under way, over a dozen having already been formed to further his candidacy. It is the intention to have a Wood club in every county under the leadership of aggressive republicans.

The same organized effort is being made in other states, particularly those which have presidential primaries. No stone is to be left unturned to secure delegates for Wood, and an active propogandea is under way to manufacture popularity for the military martinet of the steel strike—for when a candidate lacks popularity, it must be manufactured.

It costs money to open headquarters and maintain organizations and popularity factories. Something more substantial than the desire of hungry politicians for a seat at the pie counter is necessary to "grease" the wheels of the band-wagon. Where is the money coming from?

The Wood campaign is evidently being organized on "practical lines" proved efficient by the late Mark Hanna and more recently in direct primary states by Newberry of Michigan. If such is the case, it will attract the politicians as sugar the bees. And Poindexter may point with pride and Johnson may view with alarm, but Wood will get the delegates.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

JOHN EXPECTS SYMPATHY.

Charlie's wife was signed DeWitt Cameron, attorney, and read: "If possible have Mrs. John Gordon take train for this city today."

I had hardly finished reading when I was called to the telephone and Alice's voice came to me in worried accents.

"Oh, Kate, why didn't you come home with us?"

"What has happened, Alice?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question she said, excitedly:

"You must come home immediately. John has gotten himself into the awfullest scrape I am so angry at him I should like to horse-whip him. Mother is upstairs in hysterics. Has been going from one fit to another ever since she saw the morning paper. Tom is raving around like a bear with a sore head. Karl Shepard has just phoned me that he has bailed him out and he will be home in a few moments!"

"Who is bailed out and who will be home?" I asked in consternation.

"Why, John, of course," she answered. "Didn't I tell you that he spent most of the night in jail?"

I almost dropped the receiver. I had

not gathered from John's telegram that things could be as bad as this.

"How did he get into jail?" I asked.

"Well, when he got home night before last, John was very angry because you had not returned. I tried to tell him it was extremely selfish of him as well as extremely futile and silly, to try to make your plans for you under the circumstances. I didn't say very much, for Bess was there and for once she kept her mouth shut. But at last she said rather plaintively: 'I am tired, John, and if you and Alice are going to quarrel all the rest of the night won't you have the man take me home?' Of course he said he would go with her and they started. Of course I do not know what was said, but just before they left I asked John to have dinner with me. He came just night, and I think I told him a few truths, but it made him angry and I guess I didn't do any good, either for you or for anyone else."

"Right after dinner he said he had an engagement and left. Tom told me I was a fool for trying to interfere with any one's married life. I concluded I was when this morning about four o'clock Tom was called to the phone by a reporter."

"The man asked Tom if he knew that Mr. Gordon had run into a car

containing a young man and girl just before midnight. The boy is badly hurt and they think the girl will die," said the reporter. "Well, what of it, what of it?" I heard Tom say over the phone. And then his profanity was so vigorous that I scuffed the pillow into my ears."

"What, what? I don't hear you!" I said. "What girl will die?"

"The girl that was with the college boy."

"Was John alone?" I asked.

"No, and he made the great mistake of trying to get away unnoticed because Bess was with him."

"For a moment all my sympathy froze."

"That's the reason he was arrested," Alice's voice went on.

"What was the reason he was arrested?"

"Why, he didn't want the whole town to know that Bess was out with him at twelve o'clock and he tried to get away, but was overhauled by the motorcycle police, who arrested him and he was sent to jail to await the outcome of the girl's condition."

I hung up the receiver. I made up my mind that I must make the next train, and although the bell rang furiously in a few moments I did not go to the phone, but sent Charles to tell Alice that if I talked with her any longer I should not be able to make the train.

"What do you mean, making a train?" said Charlie as he returned from the phone. I handed him my telegram from John and he read it through slowly, and then looked at me in silence, while I added the explanation that Alice had just given me.

When I had finished, he said: "I had that woman sized up right from the first, but I didn't think that your husband would be such an ass as he has shown himself. What in the world do you want to go over there and mix up in it for? You certainly are not should consider this my home from now on."

For one wild moment I considered Charlie's advice. It seemed to me that my entire beautiful edifice built of dreams of love and joy had been razed to the ground. I was frightened at the almost uncontrollable rage which shook me from head to foot.

Why should John make me sympathize with him? He certainly had not been very sympathetic with me in my innocent trouble!

Santa Barbara, Cal., Dec. 16.—Murder of Leon Greager, Frederick, Maryland, merchant, was admitted by Clarence Wallace, alias Daley, in a death bed confession according to the Rev. Alfred James Hughes, Methodist minister, today.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

Advertisement for California featuring an illustration of a man and woman in a landscape, and text: 'Join Your Friends this Winter in California'. Includes details about resorts and the United States Railroad Administration logo.

Advertisement for an electrical product featuring an illustration of a woman in a kitchen and text: 'Give An Electrical Present That's the Idea!'. Includes images of various kitchen appliances.