

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL
 AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
 Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 124 South Commercial street.
 Telephone—Circulation and Business Office, 11; Editorial rooms, 42.
 GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor-Publisher
 Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By carrier 15 cents a month. By mail 30 cents a month, \$2.25 for three months, \$12.50 for six months, \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere \$4 a year.
 By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.
 Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago.
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A PLEA FOR THE DOG.

HAS the dog, faithful friend of mankind since the dawn of history, committed some awful crime against humanity that a campaign of extermination should be waged against him? Yet we find state, county and city united in a triple alliance to end his days. The price of his existence is a three-fold tax upon his owner. In Salem he is tolerated only as the prisoner of a kennel with a price upon his head.

While primeval man was still a forest dweller, the dog assisted him in the chase and helped him climb the spiral of progress toward civilization, herded his flocks, watched his crops, protected his hut, guarded his family—as he does today. What has this trusted companion of the centuries done to merit his proscription, to be made a hunted outcast from the society he loves?

No plea for the dog is complete without quoting the late Senator George Graham Vest, of Missouri:

"The one absolute, unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in the encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains.

"When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies.

"And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

During the world war, the warfare upon dogs was inaugurated by some of the valient who stayed at home and proved their valor by slaughtering the dogs—under the pretense of conserving food. Yet these home warriors were put to shame by the dogs sent to the war zone, where, in the trenches, in no-man's-land, and on the battlefield, they played a distinguished part in winning the war.

We were told by legislative log-rollers that dogs must go in the country, because a few of them kill sheep—yet for every sheep killing dog there are a hundred herding and protecting flocks. Hence a state tax and authorization for wholesale slaughter of dogs on sight by county peace officers.

We are informed by councilmanic wiseacres that the city is no place for dogs and the superintendent of streets is promoted to dog-catcher to place them in durance vile to graft the owners with the alternative of sending them to the happy hunting grounds. Yet the city dog has proved his value, not only as a companion of children and guardian of the home, but as a member of the police force as a thief-catcher. Some of them take the place of children among the frivolous—but this is a plea for real dogs—not pampered poodles.

What Salem needs is an ordinance licensing the dog—under whatever restrictions deemed essential. Muzzle the dog, if deemed necessary, safe-guard the public as needed, but make it possible for man to keep his truest friend, the dog, without practising cruelty to animals. If the council cannot rise to the occasion, the initiative should be invoked.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
 by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

HELEN'S LETTER.

Helen's letter began: "Katherine, Dear: Nearly every friend in the world has failed me, and I am rather curious to know just what you, whom I have always considered my oldest and best friend, will do when you hear from others what I have done.

"In my own heart I am sure, dear, that you will understand, even though you may not approve, if you do not—can not—understand, then I shall have to pass judgment on myself as a woman set apart from her kind; one of those women of whom one often reads but never meets; one that, somehow, I never believed in—a thoroughly bad woman.

"I shall have to say to myself that no other woman can conceive of emotions and passions so strong that they batter down all one's preconceived ideas of right and wrong. I am quite sure, Katherine, dear, that you recognized the striving interest between Robert and me when you visited me last summer. I don't know just when our love blossomed full, but, oh, dear heart! I am afraid to look into the future now, for fear I shall see the falling of that flower of hope and faith and tender passion!

"But I have burned my boats behind me and said to the world what I have so often said to myself the last few months. 'The world well lost, and all for love!'

"It wasn't a case of love at first sight with Bob and me. I think my first reaction in regard to him was that of pity for Bob is so essentially generous. He loves to be with his fellow-men and after the first baby was born I do not think that Ruth was ever to a restaurant, a public place of amusement, with the exception of occasional visits to her mother or to some particularly close friend.

Picture of Loneliness.
 "You probably do not know what picture of desolate loneliness Bob

presented for awhile among the old crowd. He was scrupulously proper in his attention to all of us, but partly I suppose because of my sympathy, and partly because we had been such good friends, he began more and more to seek my company.

"Honestly, Katherine, neither of us had the slightest idea of wronging Ruth in any particular. (I wonder if any woman does have such an idea at first?) Ruth is a fine woman and a splendid mother, but because she is all mother, when Bob had given her her children she lost all interest in him in their care.

"I do not know when I began to lose my appreciation of the difference between friendship and love. I mean, I do not know where friendship and love began. For a long time I unconsciously found myself looking for Bob's face at every gathering I attended, without quite realizing how much I had grown to depend upon his presence for my contentment.

"As it was, I think, I comprehended sooner than he where we had drifted and the very manner in which I tried to break up the intimacy brought on the abandonment I most dreaded. In keeping away from Bob I only made him feel that I was the more necessary to his comfort.

Calls on the Phone.
 "After I had kept out of his sight for three or four days—days that seemed an eternity for me—he called me on the phone and said he must see me. I was sick with longing for the sight of his dear face and I tried to placate my conscience by saying that it should be for the last time. When he came into my sitting room, however, he stood looking at me for a moment and then opened his arms and I walked straight into them. I expect that it is only given to mortals to experience such ecstasy as I knew at that moment, but once in life.

"But soon came the reaction. I broke away from Bob's clinging arms and we

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN
 By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

WHAT JOLLY DID BEST

Jolly Robin had something on his mind. For several days he had turned a certain matter over in his head. But in spite of all his thinking, he seemed unable to find any answer to the question that was troubling him. So at last he decided he would have to ask somebody to help him.

And that was why Jolly stopped Jimmy Rabbit near the garden one day.

"I want your advice," he told Jimmy Rabbit.

"Certainly!" that young gentleman replied. And he sat himself down upon his wheelbarrow and looked very earnest.

"If it's anything about gardening," he said, "I should advise you to

stand looking at each other in consternation.

"What have we done?" I asked.

"What shall we do?" he asked in return.

"Ruth must never know," I said.

"Ruth must know immediately," he answered.

"I shall go away and never see you again," I declared.

"You will stay right here, where my arms can find you, any time, and suiting the action to the word he drew me close to his again.

"But Ruth loves you! You are the father of her children!"

No Effect on Her Heart.
 "Ruth does not love me, although I am the father of her children. Ruth loves her children and is grateful to me for them. The knowledge of your love and mine may hurt her pride, but it will have no effect upon her heart. Why, my dear, should we make ourselves so perfectly miserable in all the years to come, for the sake of what the world may say in connection with its preconceived ideas of Ruth's life and mine?"

Katherine, I loved him—loved him so that I do not believe I would have been strong enough not to have taken him from Ruth at any cost. I humbled my pride and went to Ruth and told her just what I have told you. Then I knew that Bob was right, her pride was touched, but not her heart, for she said to me:

"Take him, but I want to tell you that he is not worth the taking. He certainly is not worth the keeping. I have all that life can give to make me happy—my children, upon my heart. My mind refused to picture a woman like Ruth. I stopped reading for a moment to get used to the idea.

Tomorrow—Helen's Punishment.

raise cabbages, by all means."

But Jolly Robin said he wasn't thinking of planting a garden.

"In fact, he explained, 'the trouble is, I don't know what to do. I'd like to have some regular work, you know. And since you've had a good deal of experience, having run a tooth-pulling parlor, a barber shop and a shoe store, I thought you might be able to tell me what would be a good business for me to take up.'

For a few minutes Jimmy Rabbit did not speak. But he nodded his head wisely.

"Let me see!" he said at last.

"What's the thing you do best?"

Jolly Robin replied at once that he thought he could fly better than he could do anything else. And he felt so happy, because he was sure Jimmy Rabbit was going to help him, that he began to laugh gaily. And he couldn't help singing a snatch of a new song he had heard that morning. And then he laughed again.

"You're mistaken," Jimmy Rabbit said to him. "You fly well enough, I dare say. But there are others who can beat you at flying. * * * No!" he declared, "what you can do better than anybody I know is to laugh. And if I were you I should make laughing my regular business."

That idea struck Jolly Robin as being so funny that he laughed harder than ever. And Jimmy Rabbit nodded his head again, as if to say, "I'm right and I know it!"

At last Jolly Robin stopped laughing long enough to ask Jimmy to explain how anyone could make a business of laughing. "I don't see how it could be done," said Jolly Robin.

"Why—it's simple enough!" Jimmy

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told him. "All you need to do is to find somebody who will hire you to laugh for him. There are people, you know, who find it very difficult to laugh. I should think they'd be glad to pay somebody to do their laughing for them."

"Name someone!" Jolly Robin urged him.

And Jimmy Rabbit did.

"There's old Mr. Crow!" he said.

"You know how solemn he is. It's positively painful to hear him try to laugh at a joke. I'm sure he would be delighted with this idea. And if I were you I'd see him before somebody else does."

Jolly Robin looked puzzled.

"Who would ever think of such a thing but you?" he asked.

"Nobody!" Jimmy Rabbit replied.

"But I like the scheme so well that I almost wish I hadn't mentioned it. And unless you make your bargain with old Mr. Crow at once I may decide to go into the laughing business myself. * * * May advice to you," he said, "is to hurry!"

So Jolly Robin thanked him. And then he flew away to find old Mr. Crow.

Of course, he went to the cornfield first.

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