

## Capital Journal

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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## Seen Through Journal Window

(By the Country Editor.)

Placing my ear closely and carefully to the ground I imagine I can hear the faint rumbling of the anti-tobacco forces marching onward toward the seat of legislation. Good enough! But it's mighty risky for legislators to march in where women fear to tread.

After you've shot your rocket don't play with the stick. Start something new. Even an anti-face cream, anti-leg-displays, skirts, anti-bare-backs and bras, or an anti-chewing gum crusade might come out a whole lot better than many schemes to reform the world by statutes made and provided.

More man is more man. And when backed up against the wall in desperation he will let out a few whoops of wholesome truths. Of course we've got to have corrective legislation, but three feet of holdback strap taken on emergency from the nearest hill of the family buggy and applied at the nerve center of your youthful conscience, did more to make me one hundred percent American than all the statutes in all the books of the law since the days of Moses, or the Medes and Persians. And now that I've opened the way I'd like to offer a few remarks on the subject of "anti-." Some people seem to think they have a divine call to keep everlastingly at this supposed reform game. Mighty few of them know when to begin and not one in a thousand have sense enough to quit just at the right time. A good many reformers are like politer pups—they won't get sense enough to work with until they're beyond the age at which a bird dog or any other breed ought to have become full of sense and bones. Some of these little things are enough to give a real legislator the feeling that it's about as sensible to hunt wild birds with a hound pup as to go on a crusade with a reformer who wants to make the legislature one big bible class with himself as teacher and substitute.

I think anti-tobacco is perfectly right, but what is the use of stopping there when there are so many other anti's that need to be taken into consideration? And why anti-tobacco and not anti-everything that is needless and disgusting?

## Band Concerts To Begin Next Month

The first of the 18 band concerts to be played this summer by the Salem band will be played about the middle of June, according to Oscar Steelhammer, director of the organization. Friday, tireless practice has been made by the band each Monday night for about two months, and the best concert season ever staged in Salem is anticipated this summer.

The concerts will be held two a week, at the band stand in Wilson park. The band is composed of 31 members, several of them new talent that promises to show good during the concert season this year. Mr. Steelhammer, who has directed the band and concerts for three years, has arranged concert numbers ranging from jazz bango to classics and solos.

## Abe Marlin



What's become of the old time devoted wife that alius had father's copper an' slippers ready? The Moon did not go 't work this mornin' cause he didn't want 't let his car muddy.

## Give The Kids A Treat

-says Bobby

No other corn flakes

quite so good as

POST

TOASTIES



## CLIMATE AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

Precipitation all over the coast has been considerably less than normal for the past several years, with the present season the driest of them all, indicating that we are passing through one of the periodic cycles of dry years that more or less regularly occur all over the globe. Some assert that the volcanic disturbances in Alaska have diverted the Japanese current further out to sea, thus accounting for the decreased precipitation—but there is, as far as known, no scientific verification for the fact.

Climatic changes are conjectured as due to varying amounts of heat received from the sun and sun-spots are supposed to influence the radiation. The earth's climate seems to pulsate in great and smaller cycles, though the scarcity of data places even this theory in the realm of speculation. Based on data secured during the past few centuries, when some attention began to be paid to climate, the smaller, or "Bruckner" cycles are 36 years in duration between extreme dry periods.

Geology confirms the great cycles of changes, which prevailed during the glacial periods and the intervening intervals and there is enough evidence to prove that great climatic changes have occurred during the pre-historic and historic periods, which have had a profound influence in the development of humanity.

For some centuries before the opening of the Christian era, the climate of Europe was much colder and moister than it is today, and the climate of Asia and Africa also moister and more temperate. Caesar describes the climate of France as cold and swampy and Gibbon points out that the climate of Central Europe has greatly changed, winters the most severe, while reindeer, which cannot live now south of the Baltic inhabited the forests of Germany and Poland.

In the time of the Ptolemies, inhabitable and cultivatable Egypt extended far into what is now desert and Alexandria enjoyed a temperate climate. Alexander in his march to India crossed a well watered and populated region, where there is now only desert waste. Josephus, A. D. 75, describes Palestine as "moist enough for agriculture, with abundance of trees, not watered by many rivers, but by ample rainfall and very full of people." Its population was 2,000,000. The arid wastes of central Asia are covered with ruins of forgotten cities—lack of water has transformed once fertile fields to deserts.

The change of climate and drying up of Asia during the early centuries of the Christian era forced the people to seek other homes, where life could be sustained. At the same time the moderation of the climate of Europe made it inhabitable and the great waves of migration from the east, that deluged Europe, began, forcing the native populations to move on in turn to the west, submerging the Roman world with barbaric hordes and destroying civilization.

During the middle ages, there was another shift of climate and Asia grew moister and offered more chance for a livelihood and the migrations ceased and the people of Europe, invaders and natives, settled down to form the nations of today. During the past few centuries the climate is gradually changing back to aridity.

The climate is not only a cause of famine, migration, war and destruction, but the source of progress and civilization as well as retrogression and decay. All civilizations originated in what, at the time, was a temperate climate, and when the climate became tropical, the civilizations deteriorated. Even the temperament and character of the people are the results of climate and racial distinctions are largely the product of environment—which is modified by climate.

A prolonged era of drouth, producing famine, creates unrest and dissatisfaction, culminating in political revolutions, financial panics, migration and war—so that perhaps there has been no single element more important in the history of the world and the development of mankind than the climate. It is at once the source of prosperity and plenty or of hardships and penury, of the birth and destruction of nations and the rise and fall of peoples.

Clatsop county probably returned a larger majority in proportion to her total vote for the educational measures than any other county. We are pained to note that Marion county voted true to old time form on the higher educational tax measure, returning a large majority against it.—Astoria Budget.

Linn and Marion counties were virtually the only ones in the state to return majorities against the higher educational millage tax. This was to be expected, but in justice it must be said that their majorities this year against progressive measures were smaller than usual.—Eugene Guard.

In connection with the above, it may be noted that while Marion county returned a majority of 651 against the higher educational tax measure, Salem returned a majority of 737 for the bill.

## Rippling Rhymes

THE ONLY WAY.

I'm wearing my old raiment, the duds of bygone years, and so I make no payment to clothing profiteers. I've pawned my old tin Lizzie, that burned up costly gas, and now on foot I'm busy—you've doubtless seen me pass. In spite of advertising that profiteers receive, the prices keep on rising, and make the victims grieve. In spite of threats of trouble that in the prints appear, the sharpers try to double the profits of last year. If we depend on statesmen to make the robbers bleed, or on official skatesmen, ours is a broken reed. We'll see the robbers flying, defeated, o'er the plain, if we will cut out buying the needless things and vain. So long as we are spending like drunken men and daft, there cannot be an ending to carnivals of graft. The graft's beyond all pardon, it's worse than a disease; but I have got a garden that's full of beans and peas. I'm buying dark brown liver, instead of sirloins fine; and so I shed no river of tears from eyes of mine.

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author  
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

**LOVE and MARRIED FOOLS**—John is in charge. I could see that Alice recognized the handwriting of the poem I handed her. She read it through carefully and the only comment she made as she handed it back was, "I did not know Karl Shepard was capable of doing this."

"Did you never think of Karl as a poet?" I asked.  
"Oh, yes, I am not surprised at that," she answered. "I can conceive of him writing a poem, but I can not conceive of him sending it to you. It wasn't sporty, Katherine. Where is he now?" she asked abruptly.

"I do not know," I answered. "He just sent it to me in a letter, with nothing else, not another word."  
"That is more subtle, really, than I thought he was."

"But, Alice, you have always liked him. In fact, you rather intimated that I would be happier with him than with John. You brought me his flowers and in many ways gave me to understand his love for me was not altogether wrong."

"That was when you thought you were much in love with John and he was a good sport. I think any man's nature is as much improved by falling in love with a good woman as it is degenerated by falling in love with a bad one. I didn't ever expect him to write such nonsense to you. Even I, who always expects a man to do the wrong thing if he does anything at all, did not believe Karl Shepard could be quite so foolish as this."

**Spilled the Poem**  
"Give me back my poem," I said. "You have spoiled it."  
Alice handed it back to me and then suddenly stopped and blazed my cheek blushing. "I must go now," she

said, "and pack my things." It was not until she had gone that I realized that this was probably just exactly what she had intended to do—spoil my lovely poem for me.  
Oh, I wish I could be as level-headed as Alice. I wonder if the years will bring this to me.

Once more I read over John's letter. I could see he had already taken over the entire business and I decided it would be very foolish to fuss with him about it any more.  
I picked up my bank book and found I had about \$5,000 in the bank. This, with my little home in this quiet town and the \$150 a month income, would make me comfortable as far as spending money was concerned. John had allowed me always most generous charge accounts at all the stores.

**Writes John a Letter**  
From Charles' letter I could see he wished to turn the whole affair over to John and was only keeping on because I was so insistent. On the impulse I wrote John a letter.



## SLEEPY-TIME TALES

## THE TALE OF TIMOTHY TURTLE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

KIND TIMOTHY TURTLE

All day long Timothy Turtle stayed on the Beaver dam. And when the Beavers returned in the evening, to resume their work, they found Timothy still clinging to the box elder stick.

To Timothy Turtle's deep disgust

the plump workers gathered round him and laughed. He could never bear to hear people laugh—laughing was so silly, he always said. And

now Brownie Beaver laughed louder than all the rest.

"Look!" Brownie cried, pointing straight at Timothy Turtle. "Isn't he kind? He has stopped up that big hole for us all day \* \* \* And now—"

Brownie added, turning to Timothy Turtle—"now if you'll kindly stop working for us and move aside we'll fill that hole that's right under you, with mud!"

Timothy Turtle never felt more ashamed in all his long life. There he had been working all day long, helping the Beaver family by plugging a hole in their dam with his flat body—and he had never guessed what he was doing!

He let go of the stick and sank hastily in the pond, where the water was deepest, to bury himself in the soft bottom. And there he stayed, and waited for the rest of the week, until his visit was done. If he stuck his head out of the water now and then for a breath of air, he was careful to let no one see him.

He did not even bid the Beaver family good-bye at the end of his visit, but left in the middle of the day, when everybody was sound asleep.

Granddaddy Beaver said it was no more than one could expect of a person so rude as Timothy Turtle.

"He was just like that in my grandfather's time," the old gentleman explained.

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And all the rest of the villagers remarked that Timothy Turtle was old enough to have better manners. Certainly, they said, the youngest Beaver child knew better than to treat people in such a rude fashion. Brownie Beaver's mother especially announced that she had never in all her life met a gentleman who had treated her so disrespectfully as old Mr. Turtle. And she grew red and pale by turns as she recalled how he had seized her by the tail and held her fast for a whole day.

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