

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

A Newspaper Ku-Kluxed

As a newspaper without the courage of its convictions, prepared to support a yellow dog on any kind of a platform provided it is tagged with the party label, the Portland Oregonian, anticipating Mr. Hall's success in the primaries, declares for him and buoyantly hopes that in case of his election there will be "no proscription against any class or group or party of American citizens."

But Mr. Hall was candidate of those pledged to racial and religious persecution, sought their endorsement and welcomed their support. He declared for the program of the self styled "patriotic societies" captained by the "Exalted Cyclops" of the Ku Klux Klan, and received their vote to a man. His candidacy openly and flauntingly represented the menace of invisible government. To expect anything else than racial and religious discrimination in case of Hall's election is childish hoping against hope.

If the Republican party in Oregon has been ku-kluxed, the Oregonian is also willing to be ku-kluxed, to be "regular." It will also raise the banner of invisible government and trust to luck. Too cowardly to help purge the party of the poison that is paralyzing it, it is prepared to meekly swallow the poison itself and trustingly hope for the best.

As an epitaph to Governor Olcott, now that the time is past when a good word will do him any good in his campaign, the Oregonian adds as an after thought:

Mr. Olcott has been governor for over three years, after long service as secretary of state. None know the state's affairs better, few so well. He may be lacking in certain qualities of aggressive leadership, but his deficiencies there—if they are deficiencies—are abundantly offset by an exceptional intelligence, a sincere devotion to the public welfare, a complete understanding of the state's concerns, a decent regard for the opinions of others, an unselfish and commendable policy of getting the best available men in the public employ. He is an honest man, a poor hater, with no entangling political alliances. He is no demagogue. That is something—a good deal in these times.

From these few kind words, presumably spoken over a dead one, the real opinion of Governor Olcott entertained by the Oregonian is apparent—yet the Oregonian did not have the courage to help make Olcott's nomination a certainty to retain in office this "honest man" and defeat an adventurer and a demagogue and thereby prevent the rape of the republican party by the Ku Kluxers. Too cowardly to openly oppose the menace of the K. K. K., the Oregonian was also too craven to uphold the hands of the governor in his effort to preserve constitutional government.

With timidity and pusillanimity never before exhibited in its long history, the Oregonian ignored principle and person in its impossible effort to secure party harmony by abjectly surrendering to those who would establish an invisible government of bigotry and intolerance through the capture of the "grand old party," on sixteenth century issues.

Jefferson News

Jefferson, Or., May 23.—The Jefferson Woman's club meets this week on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Ross Thomas, with Mrs. F. M. Reed as leader, when Homer Davenport's works will be discussed and readings from "Souvenirs of Western Women" given. It will be an Oregon meeting with roll call answers consisting of Oregon wit and humor. Mrs. J. O. Van Winkle and Mrs. Cora Peabody will present the features of the meeting.

Saturday was rubbish day and the residents had placed their garbage where the cars could reach it conveniently with the result that the cleanup day here was a success.

Miss Elsie Allen returned today from her school beyond Albany. It is understood that she will teach there again next year.

Pete Cameron is here from California. He visited the high school on Friday.

The glee club opera will be given the first of June instead of earlier as at first planned. "Brown's in Town," will probably be given by the local thespians in

Gervais on May 27 and the glee club will furnish the musical numbers between the acts.

The Epworth league picnic picnic, held on the camp grounds on the Santiam, was a success with close to fifty persons present and enjoying the feast and games.

The woman's foreign missionary society held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Thomas Davis with the following persons present: Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Rom Thomas, Mrs. Charles McKee, Miss Elsie Powell, Mrs. Witherrite, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. C. M. Smith, Mrs. Will Nicholas, Mrs. Baers, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Monatine and Miss Addie Libby, the latter having charge of the program following the transaction of business. Mrs. C. M. Smith read an interesting article on the work and Miss Powell gave a recitation. The losing side in a reading contest furnished the refreshments.

Mrs. Monroe Nye is out again following quite a serious illness.

The Crabtree team of ball experts defeated the local team here on Friday by a score of 15-9.

Sunday after next will be baccalaureate Sunday for the high school.

A DRAMATIC STORY OF LOVE AND ROMANCE

LOVE'S MASQUERADE

By Idah McGlone Gibson

Glendening's Wooing.
We were together continually, and each day I became more and more infatuated, continued Glendening's story. You know, Jim, how I hate my own company and I was very much alone. I was ill, disheartened, discouraged.

She brought companionship, encouragement and hope to me. Of course, even so incorrigible a bachelor as you are, Jim, must know that the sweetest thing in the world is not in just loving a girl—for that sometimes is exquisite agony—but there is never anything but bliss in talking of love to the girl you love. I had not the slightest thought

of marrying for I still tried to keep a vestige of common sense. In a way I realized such a thing, under the circumstances, was wrong.

I just drifted, I caught my breath at the thrill of the touch of her hand—I drank into thirsty eyes her fragile beauty and—as I always have done—I drifted out to sea with never a thought of where I should land.

Long sunny afternoons, spent on the winding river with the long gray festoons of moss which hung from the cypress trees almost touching our heads and making slowly dancing shadows on the water's mirror, were ours.

Nature was weaving her spell, Jim, the old, old spell which she has been perfecting since the garden of Eden days. And I, well I did not try to resist, even though I knew it was all so impossible.

Day after day we would take a sandwich or two and start out for a mid-day picnic, because I, by doctors' orders, had to be back before the twilight shadows fell.

As usual, she did most of the talking. I did not realize that was taciturn, for I was happy and I knew that she was happy also.

One day my thoughts had gone astraying into impossible conjectures when suddenly I was brought back from my day-dreams, and realized that she had asked me a question, to which I was given the same stereotyped answer I had given to a number she had asked before: "I do not know."

It was then that she raised her eyes to mine and asked equably: "What do you know, Harry?"

Without volition—with a thought, I blurted out the thought, I had kept concealed in the secret fairland where men—and women, too—hide their unspoken desires: "I only know I love you—love you with my whole being—love you, love you, until I know nothing else!"

The next moment I felt her yielding body in my arms and then, for me the world stood still while heaven opened to my sight.

I came back to earth at the sound of her voice. She had been murmuring things with her lips close to my ear but this sentence arrested my attention. It had ended in the word: "marriage."

I felt myself suddenly grow cold. What had marriage to do with love? In all sincerity I asked myself this astonishing question. To me, up to that time, they were two wholly unrelated things.

The girl—Doris, as you know of course—began to talk about our marriage as the natural sequence of love. I was almost overcome with the sudden change in the situation.

I cannot write the truth, Jim, without saying some things a gentleman does not usually say about his wife. But I shall not elaborate on those unpleasant things further than the case requires. To paraphrase an age-old epigram: "De femina, il nisi bonum."

At that time—yes even then I tried to be a little wee bit sane. I tried to tell Doris that I loved her too much to saddle myself upon her; a man who had hardly enough money to care for himself—a man who, probably had only a short time to live.

She answered that she did not care for money. Oh, love, love, what lies have been told, and still committed in your name!

"If you live but a few months, Harry," she pleaded, "give me the sad privilege of making the rest of your life as comfortable and as happy as I can. I have a little money and we can live here for the time in which we will come to know whether it is life or death."

"Adventures and Entuslasms," Edward Verrill Lucas in something like the style of Lamb.

"Lord Byron," a study of Byron with some comparison to other English poets especially his contemporaries, by Herbert John Clifford Grierson.

"Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson who is in the fore front of American poets today.

"The Courage of the Commonplace," a little story of how a young man proved his heroism after the first seeming defeat, told by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

"The Hermit of Turkey Hollow," the story of an alibi, being an exploit of Ephraim Tutt, attorney and counsellor at law, by Arthur Train.

"Mrs. Farrell," by William Dean Howells.

For the Children.
"The Dragon's Secret," a mysterious story for girls, by Mrs. Augusta Huiell Seaman.

"Drawing Made Easy," a book of pictures and instructions to show a child just how to begin sketches of objects, prepared by Edwin G. Lutz.

"The Camp at Gravel Point," a story of school girls, by Clara Ingram Judson.

"Pepper and Salt, or Seasoning for Young Folk," a picture book of stories and comic poems with pictures by Howard Pyle.

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Jiggs Delights With the Oom-pah-pah



By Eugene K. Campbell

It is a notion with George McManus, famous cartoonist and creator of "Bringing Up Father" that an artist should be versatile in the arts. That he who works his effects with words should pick up the sculptor's chisel now and then; that the sculptor and the man who lives by brush or pencil should pour out his message in music if he can. In the snapshot reproduced here he is putting his theory into practice on the bass horn.

The picture was taken on the deck of the Homeric, the ship which is bearing him to Ireland where he proposes to buy a country estate and absorb, for a season out of every year, the joys of Irish life and scenery from beneath the security of his own roof tree. A harp perhaps would have been the ideal instrument with which to express in melody the sentiments of an artist about to gain himself a retreat in Irish hills. Lacking one, McManus borrowed a brass horn from the Homeric's band, and told the world in deep notes that he was on his way to the isle of the banshees and druids.

McManus is a better than indifferent player on several instruments; he can more than hold his own at the piano, and has filled in with fiddle music now and then when he was among friends and finished art was not expected. He surprised the bandsmen on the ship because he could play on brass at all. All artists have their special vanities. The tribe of brass players insist that one not born with the brass gift can never be educated to it.

McManus will be away until the end of July and will devote his stay in Ireland to inspecting a half dozen out of some score of country places which have been offered for his consideration.

For us, Harry, if you go I know that I shall follow.

"If you regain your health it will be very easy for you to regain your footing in the world of business."

Her words were comfort and balm to a troubled soul and a sick body. She made me feel that she was right. It's very easy to convince a man of that of which he wishes to be convinced.

And, still drifting, I was convinced—completely. The faults in her logic I did not then see—or seeing I refused to heed.

One afternoon we slipped away and were married.

(Tomorrow—The Disillusioned.)

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SAP AND SALT

BY Bert Moses
Sap and Salt in the Woods, Oakland, Oregon.

What you "say back" is what starts the fight.

The more experience you have, the less sure you are about anything.

Happiness is merely a matter of having a good time without going into debt for it.

Your mind will improve faster if you stop arguing and begin to discuss.

It is often the case that women who pretend to be shocked are really delighted.

How to get a raise is the male problem; how to keep thin, the female.

Hez Heck Says: "Women who paint and pad are guilty of false and misleadin' advertisin'."

