

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## As It Seems to Others

Although the Ku Klux Klan participation in Oregon politics aroused national comment, both the Portland Oregonian and the Portland Journal have not yet discovered that any such event occurred. Neither paper has expressed its attitude towards the Klan and the shameful conspiracy of silence that obtained throughout the campaign continues.

There is no way of ascertaining whether these newspapers are really secret sympathizers with invisible government by masked mobs, as their attitude indicates, or are merely too cowardly to take a stand in support of constituted authority. The fact is apparent, however, that they lack the courage of their convictions.

During the campaign the Oregonian nervily asked the candidates to go on record by defining their attitude, but refused and still refuses to define its own position on the same subject, all of which shows the difference between the fearless Oregonian that Harvey Scott made famous and the fearsome Oregonian of today.

The Ku Klux Klan has captured the republican party in Multnomah county, gown, cap and bogey, and the "Exalted Cyclops" is its new political boss. Efforts are underway to capture the state republican organization and to organize the legislature, yet there is not a peep of protest from these "fearless organs" of public opinion. If the republican party of Oregon is entirely kukluxed and thereby destroyed, the responsibility will rest on the cowardice of the Oregonian.

Defeated in its effort to name the republican gubernatorial candidate, the Ku Klux Klan is now flirting with the democrats, who are attempting to evade or straddle the issue, instead of capitalizing the republican party's sad predicament and vigorously opposing invisible government. If the democratic party is also kukluxed, the responsibility will rest largely on the cowardice of the Portland Journal.

Commenting on the Oregon primaries, the Literary Digest which is unable to find a quotation from either the Oregonian or Journal, says:

"The closeness of the Oregon vote in the republican primary contest for the governorship, which Governor Olcott narrowly won over State Senator Hall, focuses attention for the first time in months on the Ku Klux Klan and its entry into politics. For Senator Hall was openly backed by the hooded organization and a 'Federation of Patriotic Societies.' In Texas, too, the Klan is reported to be active in politics. Senator Culberson, one of the veterans of the Senate, who has declared against the 'K. K. K.' as a menace to civil law and organized society, is opposed by Congressman Henry, who indorses and praises the secret body, while Judge Napier, of Wichita Falls, who promises to drive the Ku Klux Klan from Texas, is out after the governorship.

"While no active political campaigns are reported from other States we learn that a recent search of the office of the Grand Goblin of California, at Los Angeles, after one man had been killed and two shot in frustrating a Ku Klux raid, brought to light two automobile loads of documentary evidence of the Klan's connection with the raid; the home of the Mayor of Columbus, Ga., was bombed and the City Manager assaulted, altho the Klan declares that it is innocent in this instance.

"Among picturesque bits in the dispatches, we read that in Tulsa, Okla., a band of seven men, who said they were members of the Klan, forced a young man to marry a widow; near Hartford, Conn., there was held a ceremony in which some 1,500 white-robed members are said to have participated, and in New Albany, Ind., masked Klansmen donated \$25 toward a new church.

"Other recent and diversified activities in different sections of the country are reported from Kansas, where Governor Allen is investigating the charge that members of the National Guard are also members of the Klan; in Kansas City, Kans., where the Klan visited a hospital and left \$402 with the superintendent; in Sacramento, where a secret ceremony was reported in full by the Sacramento Bee; and in a New Jersey village, where forty members of the Klan conducted their own services, much to the surprise of the widow, over the grave of a member.

"It is only in Texas and Oregon, however, writes Mark Sullivan, political correspondent of the New York Evening Post, that the Ku Klux Klan will be 'a major political issue' in the State elections. The recent Oregon primary campaign was 'the bitterest and closest political campaign in Oregon's history,' according to a Portland dispatch to the New York World, yet, this paper points out editorially, 'Oregon has no negro problem.' The anti-alien and religious questions, however, served the Klan's purposes, observes the Buffalo Express. In fact, the Portland, (Ore.) Telegram charges that 'a religious dust-storm obscured the real issues.'

"The closeness of the vote ought to be a warning," agrees the New York Evening World. "If the Ku Klux Klan insists on entering politics, good citizens must show it the way out," declares the Detroit Free Press, for, as the Brooklyn Eagle views it, "if the movement were to become permanent, it would be the greatest sort of peril to the nation." "There is no excuse for the Klan," asserts the Fresno Republican, "for our Governmental structure places the responsibility for enforcement of law and the maintenance of order on certain authorized persons." "Good government cannot be achieved by privately organized force," agrees the Milwaukee Journal, and the Los Angeles Times reminds us that "a mob is a mob; it doesn't matter what secret pins or regalia it wears."

In fact, this is the tenor of all editorials which we have seen regarding the Ku Klux Klan, which the Sacramento Bee calls "infamous" and "un-American." "In a vicious and degrading campaign, Oregon has made a lamentable exhibition of itself," thinks the New York World. But hope for the future is held out by the Buffalo Commercial, which says:

"These so-called patriotic societies arouse public sentiment, and at times appear to sweep all before them. But there is nothing in the movement that is based upon right principles, hence it cannot permanently enter the political field."

## LOVE'S MASQUERADE

By Idah McGlone Gibson

But for all that, I was glad to see him and, literally breathless, hung upon the first words that he should say."

**The Rendezvous**  
"When Harry Glendening abruptly opened the door of my office I gave a little cry of surprise and pity," Margaret's story continued. "Why, you have hurt yourself," I exclaimed.

"I invite me in and I will tell you all about it," he suggested with a grin.

"For answer I drew the only big chair in the room toward the window nearest the door and with the aid of a cane he hobbled over to it. I noticed that he had slashed his shoe until his foot was almost bare except for his heavy sock.

"As he seated himself I noticed that his tie was ugly, his trousers too short, his hair was somewhat tousled from lolling about the train. He had come directly to my office from the station.

"His smile was intact, however, and he smiled perfectly happy to be with me—perfectly content with me, himself and everything connected with life.

"Instead of explaining how he had hurt his foot, he said whimsically, 'Now that I am here what are you going to do with me?' and I answered in the same vein. "What do you want me to do?"

"Well, I thought maybe you might take me home with you—' and then he stopped and asked suddenly, 'You have a home, have you not?'

"I nodded. "I knew you were the kind of a woman who would have a home," he decided boyishly. "Take me there and feed me and then let me lie on your sofa with this confounded foot stretched out and talk to me."

"It all sounded as unpremeditated as when the children say, 'Come on, let's go and play in your yard.'

"I called my maid, hurriedly. Told her I was bringing someone to luncheon. Fortunately I remembered cold chicken and the makings of a salad in the icebox.

"Harry hobbled down to the little electric car—and we were off—literally off to my apartment, but psychologically, I was off to that land of romance and dreams, which I at least, lived in for nearly two years—I found it a land where the sun always shined, where the flowers of fancy are always in bloom, where the balmy breezes of joy wave the branches of the tree of happiness to and fro.

"Oh, Doctor George, you are pitying me and blaming Harry. I feel sure you are. Please, please do not do that for certainly we should not hate anyone, should we, who has made life happy for us."

"I have never known a man who talked so little. All that afternoon I just babbled on, telling him things that I had never before even told to myself.

"As the time grew near for him to go to the train, he mentioned that he had to leave a little earlier. Two—LOVES—FRIDAY in order to make a call on some relatives for he had to have some excuse for his stop-over.

"At the time I remember I thought that observation somewhat enigmatic but I agreed to drive him to where he wanted to make his call and then to the train.

"There was on nothing about Harry, George, that I have never found in any other man or woman. He never seemed to make excuses or explanations and yet his very manner gave you to understand that the excuse and explanation that you made for him to yourself was the right one.

"When he had settled the part of the program which was to take him back to his train, it seemed that as far as he was concerned, that responsibility was over. He started me talking on an entirely new subject as though we had just begun our visit instead that we were ending it. It was then that I learned that Harry Glendening had no more conception of time than the wind that blows there and there. He left it to those who watched and waited for him to keep the face of the clock before their eyes.

"I was really on pins and needles as the time grew near when I felt we should be starting and at last I suggested it."

"Tomorrow—A Fast Ripening Friendship.

"I, too, am intensely interested in what Margaret Earle said," remarked Davis, "for you two men must know that at the present moment I am carrying in my pocket the letter that Harry Glendening's wife, Doris, wrote me about Harry and the experiences which lead her to apply for a divorce. Her side of this triangle is decidedly different."

"The sooner I finish Margaret's story, the sooner we will hear it," said Dr. Milton, and he continued.

"We drove up to the apartment and Harry's scheme was carried out to the letter. A dainty luncheon was eaten in my sunny breakfast room and then he hobbled with his hand on my shoulder instead of his cane to the long wide couch on the glass enclosed porch, and we talked—at least I talked all through the long glorious afternoon.

"Just from his smile as he listened I learned that Harry worshipped nature and beauty almost as devotedly as I. He was as simple in his tastes as a child. He had no so-called highbrow notions. Psychology and metaphysics bored him to death. Only people and their every day life interested him. He was old fashioned enough to prefer Kipling to Theodore Dreiser. He loved poetry. He had a wonderful sense of humor and although he was not quick at repartee, he never failed to flatter me with immediate recognition and appreciation of any point I made epigram or story.

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BY Bert Moses  
Sap and Salt in this bottle, Oakland, Oregon

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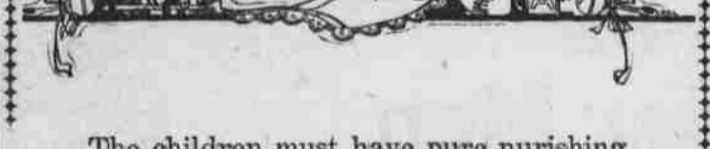
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