

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

"E Pluribus Unum"

"The secret organization, founded on religious prejudice or race prejudice, is a good instrument to advance the political fortunes of men who could not gain advance in an established political organization. So a great many men would be active and busy in movements founded on precisely the opposite doctrine, if they could as well find advancement in them."

Such was the observation of Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, for half a century one of the countries leading statesmen, and one of the most scholarly men that ever graced public office, as expressed in his "Autobiography of Seventy Years." Senator Hoar actively campaigned against the "Know Nothing" party when it swept Massachusetts for three consecutive elections in the '50's, and was the most prominent opponent of the A. P. A. movement in the '90's. He knew from experience the calibre of men who capitalize fanaticism for political profit—the class now leading a similar secret movement in Oregon.

Describing the Know Nothing movement, Mr. Hoar states: "This party swept Massachusetts in the autumn of 1854. It elected in that year the governor, lieutenant-governor, all officers of the state government, every member of both houses of the legislature except two, and every member of congress. Its candidate for governor was Henry J. Gardner, a very skillful political organizer. He organized with great skill the knave power and the donkey power of the commonwealth."

That is what we have organized in Oregon, with, it must be admitted, a great deal of skill, under the leadership of the Ku Klux Klan and affiliated societies, the knave power and the donkey power of the commonwealth—the unscrupulous knaves who commercialize intolerance and the donkeys whose votes they deliver in solid blocks as a result of the appeal to prejudice.

"Neither Charles Sumner nor Charles Allen ever tolerated the Know Nothing movement or made any terms with it. Its proscriptions and its secrecy were alike repugnant to their liberty loving souls," says Mr. Hoar. "Sumner was warned to keep silent but refused and openly denounced it, declaring 'You have no real principle on which you can stand.'"

A few of the prominent politicians of Massachusetts joined the Know Nothings "in whose intolerance they had no belief" as a means for destroying the old political parties and preparing the way for new parties, "doing evil that good may come" as Mr. Hoar expresses it. Among these was Henry Wilson, afterwards vice-president under Grant, who was one of those who helped wreck the Know Nothing party. "Yet," says Mr. Hoar "Wilson said, and I have no doubt with absolute sincerity, that he would give ten years of his life if he could blot out that one transaction."

"It is a remarkable fact" continues Mr. Hoar "that of the men known to join the Know Nothings, no man, unless he were exceedingly young and obscure when he did it, ever maintained or regained the public confidence afterwards, with three exceptions, who all left it after the first year, after having denounced it with all the vigor at their command and led the forces for its overthrow. The proscription and intolerant opposition to Catholicism, especially against men of foreign birth, is utterly uncongenial to the spirit of true Americanism and will never have any considerable permanent strength."

Reputation is the ultimate fate in store for those captains of the pirate ship Intolerance now ravaging the political seas sailing under the black flag of hate, for spoils and plunder, just as it was the fate of the leaders of the Know Nothings and many years later of the A. P. A.'s. A few buccanniers will capture public office to be ejected later and pilloried to the cross arms of their derelict craft by an awakened public opinion, but most of them will enjoy short shifts as they walk the plank into oblivion, together with that apple of discord, the compulsory school bill, they have hurled as a bait to lure the unthinking.

In a speech near the close of his career, which reflected his ripened wisdom and high ideals, Senator Hoar said: I have not patience or tolerance with the spirit which would excite religious strife. It is as much out of place as the witchcraft delusion of the first of Smithfield. This nation is a composite. It is made up of many streams, of the twisting and winding of money bands. The quality, hope and destiny of our land is expressed in the phrase of our fathers, "E Pluribus Unum", of many, one—of many states, one nation—of many races, one people—of many creeds, one faith—of many bended knees, one family of God."

Yes, all this religious fanaticism and racial animosity is as un-American and as much out of place in the United States as well can be, yet we have it with us again and only determined and united action to preserve the inherent rights of the parent, the religious liberty and freedom of conscience guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, will perpetuate the ideals of the founders of the republic and make their motto of "E Pluribus Unum" an actuality.

Says Twins Were Dolls When Spouse Accuses Her of Their Murder

Hammond, Ind., Oct. 18.—Accused by her middle aged husband of killing the two babies, twins, which he said were born to her last December, Mrs. Hazel McNally, 24, faced trial here today, claiming the missing twins were nothing more than cleverly constructed dummy dolls, "mothered" by her until last April to satisfy her husband's ambition to be known to the world as a father.

Both Frank McNally, the husband, and his estranged wife asserted their claims would be proved by witnesses called to testify at the trial.

Police dug until late last night in the yard of the home where the McNallys lived until last April, searching for the "bodies" they had been told might be buried there.

In support of her claim, Mrs. McNally declared, she told her husband after their marriage in April 1921, that she had undergone an operation at Green Bay, Wis., in 1919 which made it impossible for her to become a mother.

Mrs. McNally said she hinted to her as the time approached to announce the birth, engaged a nurse and then purchased two fully constructed dolls.

She said she kept the 'twins' carefully hidden from the curious eyes of neighbors until last April, when she and her husband circulated the report that they had sent the children to Chicago.

RED ARMY ADVANCES UPON VLADIVOSTOK

Vladivostok, Oct. 16.—(By Associated Press.)—In view of the defeat of the army representing the Vladivostok anti-soviet government, Admiral Stark, in command here, has commandeered all steamers to take away the last of "whites" when the Japanese evacuation is completed.

The "red" army from the Far Eastern republic of Siberia is advancing from Nikolash, which it captured recently.

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PANTOMIME—By J. H. Striebel



OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor—Having read so much about the Compulsory School Bill, I would like to say a few words in its defense.

It seems to me that the opponents of it are going very far in their statements; what about being wards of the state and not being taught religion in school? They shed crocodile tears and would impress upon us that this land is not the land of liberty, freedom of speech, press, and thought. Do they realize that eighty five per cent of us are believers in our system of schools? If it is good for that many, why not for the fifteen per cent?

State and church are separated or should be; religion should not be taught in school; there certainly is time at home and on Sundays for that purpose. No time at home, I hear some one say: Is the excuse valid? Teach them then by example. As the father of eleven children I know what I am talking about and then we have Sunday schools, church, etc. This noise, most of it is made by people born in Europe; they come here to perpetuate their foreign ideas and would love to start States of their own, where Church would rule the State.

You, old Europeans, of which I am one, came here forty three years ago from Switzerland. Why have we come didn't we expect to prosper? Isn't this county doing a lot for us? Cannot we in turn do our part? To me the public school system is a grand and beautiful system and I am willing to pay my share of the expenses; it is money well spent.

Look at Wisconsin, what chance would Berger have in Oregon to be elected for Congress, or Bob LaFollett for the U. S. Senate? Why in Wisconsin? Because these people are not Americanized.

Talk about the melting, it is needed badly in Wisconsin and more or less here. Let us uphold the system, all of us, Patriotic Americans, it is not perfect, but it is by far more so than the parochial way. Why not each church or sect run their own schools?

Let us not allow any amount of foreigners to colonize and bring their own foreign teachers with them. Demand Americans and very patriotic at that to be their teachers, and then and only then, will we have a melting pot.

Yours for public schools,
PAUL GIROD
R. S. Box 151.

To the Editor—Much news paper notoriety and commend has been lavished on the Ku Klux Klan which no doubt has increased its notoriety or popularity in what ever way one may take it. K. K. K. influence in Oregon has been much exaggerated. At the time of the May primary election there were probably not over a thousand Klans men in the state. Because Mr. Olcott got no larger vote in the primary election was not altogether due to Klan influence. Mr. Olcott has not been strictly in line with economy. He called an extra session of the legislature of which there was no need. These extra sessions of the legislature are always a big expense to the tax payer, there is no doubt but the business men and hotel men of Salem would welcome an extra session every six months if they could get it, because any session of the legislature always draws many people to the Capital who spend their money liberally. The people who have pay for these extra sessions, does not concern the people of Salem as long as they can make money out of them. Then there are always a number of legislators who have axes to grind and are always ready for extra sessions if the governor can be influenced to call them.

It is the opinion of the writer that Mr. Olcott would have lost out in the primary election if it had not been for that famous proclamation that he issued shortly before the primary election. That proclamation drew to his support nearly the full strength of the Papal

blood-cells! That is what you need when you see pimples starting at you in the mirror. Blackheaded pimples are worse! Eczema is worse yet! You can try everything under the sun—you'll find only one answer, more cell-power in your blood! The tremendous results produced by an increase in red-blood-cells is one of the A. B. C.'s of medical science. Red-cells mean clear, pure rich blood. They mean clear, radiant, lovable complexions. They mean nerve power, because all your nerves are fed by your blood. They mean freedom forever from pimples, from blackhead pest, from boils, from eczema, from skin eruptions, from rheumatism, from indigestion, from that tired, exhausted, run-down feeling. Red-blood-cells are the most important thing in the world to each of us. S. S. S. has been known since 1859, as one of the greatest blood-purifiers, blood-cleaners and systems strengtheners ever produced. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes. The larger size bottle is the more economical.

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WHAT HAPPENED When Sheila Elliston Refused Love

By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

Susanne's Triumph
Since that day on my bended knees I, Katherine Wilmington, have asked Sheila's forgiveness for that momentary treachery to her when I sat on the step in the darkened stairway and allowed the sophistries, the innuendoes, the word poison of Susanne Jones to influence me even for a moment.

Perhaps it was a good thing that I did half believe her. It made me much more lenient toward Phil's suspicion and weakness and helped later to strengthen Sheila's respect for Phil even when he doubted her.

But that night I sat there in the darkness and made no sign even though I thought that my brother's wife was going away with one of his best friends. Knowing what I did of Tony Soper, I felt that he was quite blameless in the matter because even I knew Sheila's fascination and appeal.

If I—a woman, were always wanting to solve the splendid mystery that was behind that misty veil that drooped over Sheila's eyes, how much more would it whet the curiosity of Tony Soper—a man.

It seemed that my whole world was disintegrating about me. Darkness, cold, and blinding rain was without and within my soul.

I do not think that I could have sat there in the darkness and made no sign if in some way I had not felt the light touch of Blake's spirit hand on my shoulder. It calmed me—strengthened me—it seemed to silently say: "Wait. Everything passes."

Perhaps this was auto-suggestion. Perhaps it was because I wanted Blake so much just then that I persuaded myself that he was there. Perhaps—oh, I love to think that he really was there and that he helped to bring back my ultimate faith in women and my love and regard for my brother.

The two people in front of me did not stir. I wondered at their impassiveness. Surely they would not wait there until the rain had ceased. Already that deeper darkness which comes just before dawn was making the night blacker, if possible, than before. Great gusts of wind blew sheets of water into the doorway where we were. It even reached me, and Phil and Susanne

must have been thoroughly drenched but as far as I could discern they were so engrossed in their own thoughts that they did not notice it at all.

When I review that night I know that Susanne Jones is one of those super-women that we read about. One of those women who never un-derstand themselves and yet, who, by some stroke of genius which seems born in them, almost invariably know what they want and go after it and get it without counting the cost to themselves or anyone else.

Any other woman sitting there in the darkness would have made some sign, she would have said something would have attempted in some way to dissipate the black and despairing thoughts which she must have known were seething in Phil's brain. But Susanne Jones kept perfectly silent except for an occasional little sobbing breath as though she, too, were trying to stifle a breaking heart. It was all pretense, sham. What an unspeakable unregenerate she was.

The silence stretched itself until, if it had not been for that light touch on my shoulder, I would have screamed.

It probably was only minutes, but it seemed hours when the convulsive sobbing breath came faster, and I felt that Susanne was crying.

Phil roused himself with a start from whatever dark mood he had entered. Evidently he was calling himself a brute for forgetting Susanne.

"What is it, dear? Surely you are not going to give way and cry now when it is all over, when you have proven yourself the best friend man has ever had. You have been so brave through it all, Sue. Not many women would have trusted so completely such a weak thing as I, and I did not show my gratitude and my faith in you by taking your advice."

"We will go away to the old rendezvous in France. I remember, dear. I presume that now it is so quiet and peaceful that it will help us to forget."

Phil sighed.
"Poor Kay, she will be all alone."

Along State Street

Some men are too intellectual to be intelligent.

A person who constantly loses is never accused of cheating.

The janitor, this season, will be the biggest of all coal dictators.

A strike is an indicator to show men how long they can live without work.

Keeping in the public eye is all right as long as a person does not try to blind the public.

Perhaps Constantine may arrive in Doorn in time to serve as best man at the coming social event.

Colleges throughout the country are reporting record enrollments of students, this is probably the high (brown) watermark.

According to the latest pictures of Sir Harry Lauder, he appears to be among those opposed to the return of long skirts.

The dollar in Canada has reached par. The Bank of England ought to be able to get some lessons in finance out of this tip.

A coal wagon backing up before your door gives you more distinction these days than the delivery wagon of the swellest jewelry house used to.

Even then I made no sign. It seemed to me as though I was welcome that time. It seemed to me that I never wanted to have my heart hurt and my soul harrowed by any one of those people again.

I drew back carefully a little further into the darkness. I was only waiting now until I should be in truth alone.

Sheila had gone! Tony Soper, who had struck me as being a real man, had failed! Phil, my own brother, had proved himself weak in woman's hands, and Blake, my husband, was dead! I was indeed alone.

I was taken out of my thoughts by hearing voices again.

"We must go, Sue. It will soon be light. You will not be afraid to stay here alone while I go out and look for a car will you?" asked Phil tenderly.

"Have you ever known me to be a coward?" There was a little triumph in Susanne's voice. Then she added: "Remember France."

"My brave Susanne. If you can care for me after this, I will try to make up to you for your courageous faith in me."

There was a sound of a long, clinging kiss.

Some way it made me shudder a little. Phil was my brother and Sheila was his wife. The thought of him in the embrace of another woman turned me heart-sick.

Phil stumbled out into the rain with the low-toned encouragement to Susanne, saying: "I'll be back, dear, immediately." He left me alone in the darkness—not 10 feet away from Susanne Jones.

Tomorrow—The Mystery House.



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