

Capital Journal

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The Nordic Myth

Discussion of the immigration bill, together with a number of books dealing with the subject, like "The Rising Tide of Color" has brought into common use the word "Nordic" as applied to the "superior" northern European races, and a lot of bunk is being spilled upon this subject. Before the war these races were referred to as Teutonic, although as the purest racial types are found in Scandinavia, they are as much entitled to one cognomen as another.

The characteristics of the so-called Nordic race are tall stature, blonde hair, blue eyes, and long skulls. They are supposed to have originated in the central Asian plateaus and have migrated to Europe at least 10,000 years ago. To the south of them pushed the so-called Alpine race, shorter and stockier, darker in complexion with broad skulls. Both of them found the country already populated by the Mediterranean races, short, slender and dark, with long skulls.

The present nations of Europe are mixtures of the three racial stocks, produced by innumerable invasions, conquests and absorption. The Nordic tribes, inhabiting a cold and comparatively poor environment, became hardy and vigorous nomads, forced to successive invasions by population increases, and since prehistoric days have over-run Europe spasmodically as conquerors, eventually being absorbed by the conquered races and losing their racial characteristics. Nearly all historic European civilizations, such as Greece and Rome, were the result of the racial blend following these invasions.

About the time of the Christian era, the drying up of Asia and the pressure of Mongol hordes, forced other invasions of broadheads from Europe upon the regions settled by the Nordics, driving them in turn upon the Roman empire, while the invading Slavs, who accomplished by peaceful penetration more enduring conquests than the Nordics, were themselves overrun by Mongols who settled in Russia and along the Danube and invaded nearly all Europe.

European populations are a blend of all these ethnic strains, the further north, the purer the Nordic, and the further south, the purer the original Mediterranean. The claim that the Nordic is a superior racial strain is not sustained, for only as destroyers and conquerors were they superior. They were the last to develop civilization, which was originated and developed by other races, and were in the stone age for thousands of years after the establishment of enduring civilizations.

The Nordic strain is in itself the product of many prehistoric as well as historic blends. Caesar referred to the "Alemanni" a designation that indicates the union of many races and tribes. The so-called Anglo-Saxon is a mixture of ancient Briton, Celt, and other tribes, Roman, Angles and Saxons from Jutland, Danes, Scandinavians, and Norman French. To this mixture Americans have added practically every other nation, each of which is a similarly complex blend, so there are no "pure" races and no known method of obtaining a formula for strain that denotes superiority.

In the interest of world peace and progress the wild arguments of racial superiority should be forgotten, for the purest of human racial strains is at best a mongrel mixture of many.

New Tabernacle For Evangelistic Meet To Be Built At Once

Decision to build a new tabernacle with a seating capacity of 4000 people was reached last night by those in charge of the evangelistic services now being conducted here after the question had been put to those congregated for last night's services. The vote of those in the audience was almost unanimous for the project.

Church Indebted.

The meetings have been in progress for a week, most of that time in the First Methodist church which was utterly inadequate in size. More than 3000 people have attended each of three services at the armory; more might have come had there been seating capacity. The new auditorium is the outgrowth of these crowds. At the meeting Sunday night, the audience was asked to vote on the question of the new building, and the response was emphatic enough to warrant the construction.

The building will be 125x150 feet, closed in with shiplap and covered with building paper so as to be wind-and-water proof. Backed benches will be built, comfortable and substantial. The Williamson gymnasium bleachers with a total capacity of near 1500 people will be available; some of these are now in use in the armory and they are most attractive seats. The rest of the seating will be on a level floor, with these bleachers around the outside walls.

While it will be necessary to use interior columns to support the roof, these will be so placed as to minimize the interference with sight and hearing. The building can be as well lighted as any church or other permanent building. It will be possible to provide for easier entrance and exit for better chair seats and in every way the tabernacle will be superior.

Cost Set at \$2200.

An estimate based on the big tabernacle built at Portland last year, gives the cost at not far from \$2200, this to be apart from considerable volunteer labor. There will be much material to salvage, reducing the cost by several hundred dollars.

Walter C. Winslow, chairman of the finance committee, will announce the financial plans within a day or two. It is expected that the funds will be guaranteed in advance. A. A. Stewart, chairman of the building committee, will be

in charge of the construction work.

On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Demarest gave her sermon on "The Lily," which is pronounced by many critics to be one of the most beautiful, soul-stirring pulp addresses of the age. She took the scriptural text, "Consider the lilies of the field," and with a beautiful Easter lily in her hand she emphasized the facts of its growth and its purity.

Fall Acceptance Urged

"It doesn't try to grow, it just grows," she said. She contrasted the painful efforts of so many men to make themselves Christians, to analyze and weigh all the elements of belief instead of doing as the lily does, and just accept the bounties of life. The lily does not care for its surroundings; it grows as fragrantly for the ragged beggar and his mongrel dog as it does in the palace of the king; it performs its life cycle without complaint in face of storm, of sunshine, of every change. It thrives on the broadest seasons, as humanity should thrive on mingled adversity and prosperity.

Sunday night's services were based on "The Redemption," the stirring climax of the Passover week just closed. It was partly historical, as showing the unimpeachable evidence of so many witnesses to the fact of the resurrection from the dead.

Open services will be resumed at the Oregon theater, beginning today noon and continuing each day up to and including Friday. There are no services today, this being the "rest day" for the service, but armory services will be resumed tomorrow night.

FIRE MENACE FILM IS TO BE EXHIBITED HERE

"The Red Menace" a two-reel moving picture produced by the state forester, United States forestry officials and fire associations of Portland, will be shown in the state armory in Salem as the opening feature of the program arranged for forest protection week. The film deals with a settler, who disregarding the instructions of the fire warden, set fire to his slashings. As a result the fire trapped the members of his family and campers in the vicinity.

The film later will be sent to other sections of the state, including Portland.



THE CAPTAIN AND HIS KIDS.

On Tables of Stone

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me"

By Idah McGlone Gibson

Love Flees Before Great Riches

As Ansel Hartwell spoke of Italy to me, he seemed to become the Latin incarnate, and then I remembered before he told me that his mother was Italian. Martin had said to me that although she had married an American she was never happy in this country, and finally had left her husband and gone back, but only lived a short time after doing so. That accounted for Ansel Hartwell's great dark eyes, his Irish father, as counted for Martin's red hair. It was an impressive combination, for the Irish are much like the Latin in temperament, and are quite as sophisticated in their acceptance of physical fact.

As Ansel Hartwell talked to me after that dinner, he seemed to feel more passionately than any other person I had ever known, the heat of the sunlight, the juicy softness of ripe fruit. We were eating pomegranates for dessert. He spoke of the texture of the Italian woman's hair, and he had a look almost of distress when he described the cloud that interrupted the sunlight on the long summer day which he had given up to dreams.

Finally I looked about the little restaurant, Keegan's had gone, the Italian woman was nodding sleepily over the books. "It must be late," at last, I said. "Perhaps so," he answered. "Then I must be going." "I will take you to your house. It is very probable those business conferees of your husband are still trying to starve a few more people."

His dissipated way of speaking such a horrible truth brought me back so quickly to where I was going, to the man who would greet me there. Suddenly I understood. No longer did I love Martin. In fact, he had become a horror to me.

Nevertheless I quietly arose and led the way past the smiling Italian woman who kept retreating her invitation to come again. As I reached the door I looked about the simple place, and I thought that I had spent the most delightful evening that had come to me since my marriage.

All the way home not a word was spoken by either Ansel Hartwell or myself. He seemed to have realized that I could not talk, or he too was thinking things he could not say.

As we rounded the corner, I saw the moon slowly coming down the steps of our garden, and I hastily looked out of sight. Ansel Hartwell seemed to understand, and shielding me with his tall figure, he stopped as though engaging me in conversation until the four men went clattering down the street. As they passed the corner where we were standing, I caught the words:

"Now if we just stand pat, tomorrow will see us a half million richer than we are tonight. They trailed out of earshot, as Ansel Hartwell said to me:

"If they just stand pat, it is probable that many million will have had bread to eat in the next

six months."

I walked hurriedly toward my house with jerky movement. I knew that if Martin reached our bedroom and found I was not there, I would be in for a very bad quarter of an hour of explanation. I bade Ansel Hartwell good-bye quickly. He said he would call upon Martin in his office the next morning, and I let myself in as quietly as I could.

It was with great relief that I saw a light still in the library and knew that Martin had not started upstairs. I gained my bedroom, shut the door and locked it. Shortly after Martin came up and pounded impatiently upon it when he found that it was locked.

"What's the matter? Let me in, Janet. Let me in," he cried angrily. "Please, Martin, will you sleep in the other room tonight? I am not feeling well. I want to be alone," I said.

"What's the matter with you? You did not tell me you were ill this evening."

"I am not particularly ill, Martin, but I just want to be alone."

"What is the matter, Janet? I cannot understand why a happily married woman ever should wish to be away from her husband if she can be with him. You were complaining this afternoon that you did not see me very often, and now when I am here at your door when I wish to be with you, Janet, that you want to be alone. Say, I sometimes think you are crazy. Let me in." He shook the door in his wrath.

"I'm not going to, Martin. I have told you, I want to be alone," I insisted.

"Why do you make me angry? Martin shouted. Do you not know I shall have a very hard day tomorrow? I have laid out more work for myself than ever before, but if everything goes right, my dear, it will mean not only one more pearl for your necklace, but a dozen."

I did not answer. Pearls—pearls bought with bread that should be used to fill starving mouths—bread taken from bodies that craved it to keep them, and all this had been planned and set in motion upon the Sabbath day.

Tomorrow—Pearls and the Poor.

To insure good behavior, Bate Ruth's contract with the New York Yankees provides that his salary shall be held out on him until the end of the season.

No friendship lives long that owes its rise to the fagion.

BAD BREATH

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove It

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work. People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

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All the benefits of nasty, sickening, riping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without riping, pain or any disagreeable effects. Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 15c and 50c.

Good Night Stories

Illustrated by Hans Harrison

DAVID MEETS AN INTERESTING LITTLE CREATURE

David poked his nose between the bars of the fence and gazed at the funny bundle of sharp spines at the foot of the tree.

"Well, of all things," he mused, "if that doesn't look like a porcupine!"

"Be careful, be careful," laughed a merry voice, and David turned to see a wee little elfin smiling at him.

"Oh, Squedeedee!" he shook the elfin's hand—"I'm glad you came along just then. If that isn't a porcupine what is it then?"

"Why, that's Mr. Hedgehog," replied the elfin.

"Did you speak to me?" laughed the strange animal, uncurling itself and straightening out. "What made you think I am a porcupine? My spines, I guess. Then, without waiting for David to reply, he added: "So many youngsters say that same thing when they see me."

"I guess you couldn't do without your spines, could you, Mr. Hedgehog?" laughed Squedeedee.

"You should see him get away from his spines. Some swift work I can tell you."

"He's some runner," said David. "Then, too, I suppose you let those spurs fly and stick them into people, don't you, Mr. Hedgehog?"

"Gracious, no!" granted Mr. Hedgehog. "I couldn't afford to lose them. As to running, I'm too slow. I just curl in a knot and stick these spines out and most of my enemies scoot the other way."

One day Heddy Fox spied me. I just happened to be at the top of a hill, so I curled myself up in a ball and rolled down to the foot of that hill, leekety-split, and left old Heddy Fox at the hilltop, staring at me wildly.

"Did he follow me? Well, I should say not! He turned around and ran as though he thought some one was after him, and he has never bothered me since that day. If he had any sense at all, he would have dumped me into the pond at the foot of the hill, then I would have had to stroll. But he didn't know that, so here I am."

"Do you like your home here?" asked David.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Hedgehog. "I never had such a lovely time. I get plenty to eat, my native haunts I almost always keep under cover during the day-time, just coming out evenings, but here I can do just as I please. They give me plenty of bugs to eat. You know hedgehogs live on bugs and

save more fruit by using Borden's

Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu" Rub on Good Old Musterole

Musterole Better than a mustard plaster

YOUR HEALTH

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York—Former Commissioner of Health, New York City

Be Sure You're "Fit" to Do the Work You Like

Unfortunately there are many occupations that have bad effects on the health of workers. This group of diseases we call "occupational diseases."

Occupational diseases may be classified. Some are due to the environment of the worker. Others are due to the materials used in preparation of the articles: Men who work in tunnels or other underground structures or in digging deep excavations are affected by the atmosphere they breathe while at work. The compressed-air pumps, the nitrous oxide gas, the sudden changes in temperature, all have their ill effects.

The symptoms the affected worker usually complains of are pains in the back and legs, dizziness, loss of consciousness and a constant choking feeling. In most cases these symptoms pass off after a few hours in normal surroundings.

It has been wisely stated that only those who are thin and who do not use alcoholic stimulants should work in underground places. Fat people are not able to expel the nitrogen from their lungs as readily as thin ones.

Divers can work but a short time at a great depth. They suffer from lack of pure air. The garments they wear are kept in place by means of tight bands. These affect the circulation, with resulting pains in the limbs.

In recent years it has been found that people making balloons and airplane ascensions are affected by the intensity of the rarefied air through which they pass. This affects the pulse and respiration and often is accompanied by nausea, vomiting and chills. It is indeed wonderful that advance science has made and the few ill effects resulting from aviation.

Glaziers, furnace stokers, bakers and canners are often affected by the intense heat in which they work.

Extreme cold to which storage packers are subjected has its bad effects also.

Brass workers, especially those who do the grinding and polishing, complain of tiredness, headache, vomiting and pains in the extremities. These symptoms usually disappear after a few hours' rest and a hot drink.

Every worker in any hazardous occupation should take careful inventory of his general health. He should make sure that there is no organic defect, and correct any simple ailment the doctor may find.

When you leave your work, change to fresh clothes, take a short brisk walk for a few minutes. Do not eat if you are upset, or do not feel well. Half an hour's rest, a cup of soup and thorough washing of the hands and face will refresh you and drive away all the average result of the day's work.

Do not continue any kind of work that seems to affect your health. Many a man has shortened the span of his life because he persisted in doing work he was physically unfit to do.

Answers to Health Questions.

Q—Constant Reader: Q—Which is the best cereal to eat for breakfast?
A—Both of these breakfast cereals. And I like them to eat better than anything else.

Q—What is the cause of headaches?
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food, are good.
2—Headaches come from many different causes. Constipation, auto-intoxication, high blood pressure, restraint and sometimes a general condition will cause this trouble. Find the cause and the proper treatment will suggest itself.

Anxious: Q—Please tell me whether a dislocated knee joint ever becomes normal.
A—If properly treated I see no reason why the joint should not become normal.

A Subscriber: Q—Will an egg shampoo harm the hair?
2—Will olive oil applied to the face at night grow hair on the face?
A—Egg shampoo will not harm the hair.
2—Olive oil applied to the face may cause hair to grow there.

C. D. M.: Q—I have many small bumps on my face. They are not blackheads, but come and go so that my face is never entirely free of them. What causes this condition and how can I cure it?
A—I would advise you to consult a skin specialist since your symptoms are a little too vague for a diagnosis without an examination.

J. J. H. D.: Q—What would you advise me to apply to my hair to make it stay in place? Is vasoline injurious to the hair?
A—I would advise using vasoline to keep the hair flat and in place.

A Subscriber: Q—Would you advise me whether a truss will cure a recent slight rupture?
A—A truss will afford temporary relief only. Ordinarily the condition must be operated upon to effect a cure.

(Dr. Copeland will answer for readers of The Capital Journal questions on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. Where the subject is such that it cannot be published in this column, Dr. Copeland will, when the question is proper one, write you personally if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. R. S. Copeland, in care of The Capital Journal.)

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