

Capital Journal

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life, but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.—Prov. 13:3.

Congratulations

Adjutant-General George A. White takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has received a telegram to the effect that he has been appointed Brigadier-General of the line in the Reserve Corps. Upon receiving the wire, the General acted with the characteristic decision and disciplined promptness of military training, and without waiting to receive his commission, immediately swore himself in at midnight so as to be ready to save the country in emergency before dawn. We shall have to await the development of the films that always record such great events to ascertain whether or not he took the midnight oath by kerosene lamp, as President Coolidge did, but the chances are that it was by spotlight, with the illustrious warrior fully togged in the glorious panoply of war.

We hasten to congratulate the General again, for he has been several times appointed to the same rank, according to his own statements and long since assumed the titles, if not emoluments, of the office. We never could understand why he should be the only state adjutant-general in the nation denied the rank he assumed, unless, as he himself hints, it was the "dastardly work of scoundrels."

It is only a short while ago that the Secretary-of-War announced that the Adjutant-General's application for a brigadier-general's commission had been rejected, because of lack of experience in handling combat troops, as if that counted in politics. However the historic scene staged at Camp Lewis this summer, when the General in the presence of his assembled staff, indignantly tore the epaulets and insignia of rank off an offending physician, threw them in the stove and drummed him out of camp, evidently convinced the war department of the error of its way, for an officer who could pull this stunt is fully qualified for any rank in the reserve corps.

General White announces that his brigadier's commission holds until he is 64 years of age and that he is only 44, and the youngest of the brigadiers. But he should not despair on that account. He is not as young as Napoleon, who was a brigadier at 24, or as Leonard Wood who was a brigadier at 38, but, as his own history of the war proves, he knows more about war than Pershing and the general staff, and may become head of the army before the clock strikes the fatal 64. Who is better qualified, at least in audacity?

Out of Funds

The administration, despite its strenuous efforts to punish official malefactors and recover stolen loot, now makes the tardy discovery that the appropriation for investigating the oil-lease scandals has been exhausted and that there are no funds left. Considered with the administration's strenuous efforts to jail the guilty and fix the responsibility for crime, it must come as a fearful shock.

Of course there are ample funds provided for mobilization day, and for all government departments, funds for the bonus, and money for all sorts of contingencies, but nothing provided to press the suits to recover the oil leases or punish the bribers and grafters.

No wonder, as Mr. Davis says, the people are losing faith in government, with the record of the shameful past and the indifferent present. If the people are going to reward betrayal of public interest and barter of public domain by re-electing, as a reward of merit, the guilty parties, public morals have indeed reached their lowest ebb.

"For the People"

(From Corvallis Gazette-Times)

The Salem Statesman defends itself against the charge of radicalism by saying that someone must speak for the people, so, it dons its armor, anoints its head with oil, rolls up its eyes to heaven and quotes the famous saying of Henry George. The difficulty of the Salem paper's position is that it assumes that other papers who do not agree with it are not just as much interested in what it terms the "common people" as it is.

Our observation, extending over more years in the newspaper business than we like to think of, leads us to the confirmed conclusion that most papers which pose as the particular friend of the people, the "Coddlin's your friend" sort of papers, are the worst enemies the so-called common people have. If their professions of special friendship are sincere, which we have never been able to believe, then they take a decidedly wrong economic attitude when they profess to be able to help the average man by swatting corporations and wealth in the neck at every opportunity.

They may bring about a more general average by preventing somebody from getting rich, but instead of helping the rest of us any it merely hinders by wearing men with capital from putting it into active use or making them too cautious. Professional friends of the people have never done anything for them. They were the ruin of Greece and Rome and every civilization by enabling demagogues to get control of the government. They have been the bane of constructive progress since time began. Brutus, Mark Antony, Robespierre, Lenin, Trotsky—all attained to prominence by the professional-friend-of-the-people route. Before their time we seem to remember that there is a mentioned by Milton in Paradise Lost, who was a professional friend of the people in heaven and rebelled against the "things as they are" state which reformers are so wont to sneer at, who became the leader of the

"progressives" in his day. By merit raised. To that bad eminence."

But the Salem paper says "no longer does a newspaper direct men's thoughts, but goes along with the crowd and is rather a mirror by which the plain people can reach their own conclusions."

There is too much truth in that. It is so much easier to "drift with the crowd" than to oppose it. But, if that is all a newspaper does, there is no excuse for its existence. A newspaper that is worth a whoop ought to be better informed than the large majority of the public. That is its business. The public is busy with its own affairs. The newspaper's own affairs are to study economic and political questions so that the busy public may have the benefit of its research. The public may reject it, but the newspaper has done its duty. It has utterly failed to do its duty if it merely acts as a mirror and "drifts with the crowd."

That is the counting house point of view. That is the demagog point of view when they profess to be able to help the average man by swatting corporations and wealth in the neck at every opportunity.

Your typical politician finds out what the crowd wants and becomes its loudest champion. The crowd always wants blood. It may be the blood of Christian martyrs in the amphitheater, or it may be the blood of wealthy corporations or individuals, but it always has thumbs down for those whose success they envy. For that reason a newspaper is always safe in damning the railroads, the public service corporations of all kinds, the Standard Oil company, the sugar trust and other octopi the very existence of which has made life worth living in this country and continues to do so.

DAILY CARTOON FOR CAPITAL JOURNAL READERS



HIS—UNOFFICIALLY.

The Half-Time Wife :: By Violet Dare

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A Malicious Gossip
Suzanne was so shocked by Duncan Hale's kiss that for a moment she could not recover herself. She hated to believe that it had happened. She sank in a corner of the seat, covering her face with her hands.



"Of course you know about the affair with the chorus girl?"

with you if I dreamt that you would do such a thing." "You must forgive me—I could not help it," he answered. "You know that I adore you, that I can't give you up. After all, you've been married only a month; it takes more time than that for two people to settle down into marriage, especially when there is as much difference between their ages as there is between yours and Atwood's. You can't make me believe that you don't care for me. Come, Suzanne, be reasonable. You won't wreck his life if you leave him; he'll let you get a divorce and then you can marry me and be happy."

"If you don't stop talking that way and move, so that I can take the wheel and drive to the curb, I'll get out and walk," she told him curtly. It would never do to listen to his urging another moment; her heart was too likely to play traitor.

At the club she established herself in a corner of the living room with Mrs. Haynes, sure that that would not intrude on her there. But after a few moments she regretted that move, for Mrs. Haynes began to gossip about Geoffrey Atwood's nephew.

"Those boys must give you a good deal of trouble," she remarked, with the little laugh that never

fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time." Those professional uplifters know that and rely upon it.

failed to irritate Suzanne. "They've always been rather wild, of course, and Geoff has always spoiled them. But now—well, my son tells me that Larry goes an awful pace. Why, at the Edwards dinner dance the other evening—"

"Yes, Larry told me all about that," Suzanne interrupted, quickly. "He and I are great chums and I know all about his doings!" "Oh, yes, of course," Mrs. Haynes shrugged her shoulders. "I understand. Well, my dear, you'd better be careful—you're not much older than the boys yourself, and people gossip over nothing at all, you know. Geoff's such a fine man, he'd never suspect anything—"

"Mrs. Haynes!" "Oh, I didn't mean to infer anything. I know how pleased he is over having you take such an interest in the boys!" Suzanne had risen, but Mrs. Haynes laid a hand on her arm and forced her to sit down again. "Don't go, or I'll be dreadfully hurt. Of course, you know all about Dick's little affair with that chorus girl, too?"

Suzanne sank back into her chair. Dick and a chorus girl—she hadn't told her anything about that. She had thought he was devoting himself to the little Winton girl, who was so pretty and danced so well. To Suzanne, as to many women, all chorus girls were irretrievable and heartless sinners. She could not bear to think that one of them had Dick in her clutches.

Her first thought was that she would ask the boy about this affair. Her second held her back. She could not encroach on his life. He would tell her about it, if he wished to do so. She had no right to try to force his confidence. Mrs. Haynes was still chattering on.

"Of course, the boys come naturally by this wildness. Their mother was a flighty thing. When she married Lynn Atwood everybody predicted disaster. I've always wondered if that wasn't one reason why Geoff didn't marry her; after she and Lynn were killed in that accident, it just seemed as if he knew that he'd have to be free to accept the responsibility of his family. He was always crazy about her—oh, in a brotherly way, of course," she added hastily, warned by the expression of Suzanne's face that once again she had gone too far.

Suzanne too made an excuse that was almost meaningless, and left the room. She knew that Mrs. Haynes was watching her with the queer little smile that meant so much; she knew that within half an hour the other woman would have related the conversation to at least half a dozen people, with her own interpretation of it.

"But I don't care," she told herself sternly, as she paused near the huge couch where Geoffrey sat. He looked up, smiled, and made a place for her beside him. She settled down into it contentedly. Geoffrey was like a Rock of Gibraltar in time of trouble, she reflected. Not even Mrs. Haynes' Domestic Heroines in our Homes

spitefulness—not even Duncan's love-making—could separate them. Yet she could not help wishing that her heart went out to him as it did to Duncan Hale.

Tomorrow—Young Love.

GOOD NIGHT STORIES

David Meets a Queer Little Southerner

David didn't move when the queer-looking object fell from the branches of the tree over him, down to the grass at his feet with a heavy thump.

There was a slight struggle, then quiet. Out from under the queer-looking object crawled a great big wasp, the largest David had ever seen. When it spied David looking at it, the wasp began to cry.

"What is the trouble?" asked David, softly. "Did that old-looking bug fall on you? I'm glad you killed him."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're a friend," said Mrs. Wasp, wiping her waspy face with her front foot. "For I hate to think you'd take him away from me after the struggle we've had. I've just put him to sleep."

"To sleep?" laughed David. "Why, he's much larger than you are. What is he and why did you put him to sleep?"

"Gracious! I can tell you're not a native of Florida or you'd know all about digger wasps. That's a cicada. We lay our—uh—"

Mrs. Digger Wasp buzzed merrily. "Come along and see for yourself!" And she began dragging the cicada with her two front feet through the grass to a hole in the sandy ground.

"Here's my doorway," she announced, waving her feelers in the air. Suddenly David dived down until he was no larger than Mrs. Digger Wasp herself. "Come on in," said Mrs. Digger Wasp hospitably, "and I'll show you what they are used for." And she led David down a wee passage opening out into tiny rooms.

She led David peek into each room or cell, as she called them. In each cell lay a queer-looking cicada, just like the one she had dragged in with her.

"You see, my digger wasps lay our eggs under the middle leg of the cicada," she explained, and showed David the delicate white, elongated egg she had placed there.

Home Making Helps

Solving Some Problems for the Week-End Vacationist

Home-staying people do not think much about luggage until the short-trip season begins, then suddenly all available luggage is dragged from attic and closet. Sad to say, it seldom passes muster according to up-to-date ideas. There are certain well-defined laws concerning hand luggage today that should govern one in purchasing sizes that can be tucked under a Pullman seat, on the seat, or in the rack, are practical. Any pieces that are over-size you are strongly advised to "check" for your own comfort and that of the other passengers.

We have learned much in recent years. We realize that we do not need as much for a short trip as we used to carry in the past. For instance, the woman who starts out with a dark, well-fitting and well-made tailored suit, a good umbrella, a light traveling coat, purse, hand-bag, a toilet bag, a twelve by twenty-two suitcase of light leather or enameled duck and a light, six-by-sixteen-inch hat box of the same material can travel far and look none the worse for wear. She can carry her own luggage without serious inconvenience. Surely this is a far cry from Saratoga-trunk days and the handbox covered with wallpaper.

"How can she do it?" someone may ask. To begin with, her "undies" are of fine, thin material. Her evening gown of crepe might also fold into a large envelope, and lots of little things fold into the crown of her hat in the hatbox where their presence is never even suspected. This is the day of flimsy materials and they pack in almost no space at all.

The sweater that goes with the outing skirt folds inside the traveling coat, which may be needed for motor or outdoor use on arrival when the tailored suit is laid aside. Stain slippers and outing shoes are all that will be needed besides the trita pumps worn to travel in, so they are not hard to stow away. It is astonishing the amount of things a suitcase can be made to hold, especially when the tray is left out and when a woman is an expert packer.

In case there is a possibility that there may be undies or stockings to wash, it is a good idea to slip in a small, flat cake of white soap, which will save borrowing or purchasing what one does not like.

The outfit for the suitcase and hatbox is not serious, and they look well for two and maybe three seasons if well cared for. A canvas cover keeps the case perfectly fresh and an old flannel cover will keep it fresh when it is stowed away at home. Carelessness is responsible for bad-looking luggage more often than actual wear.

A China silk Pullman robe and folding slippers are a great comfort. The Pullman apron to hold toilet articles, which they around the waist, this long-felt need.

All these things may be made at home for half the price, and there are often pieces of silk in mother's piece-bag that will do nicely for the purpose. In fact, all the little toilet bags and cases can be made at home by the clever needlewoman.

A fitted suitcase is a luxurious-looking affair, but in reality the fittings take up more room than is necessary. The wise traveler takes her fitted tray on a trip only when her trunk is with her. For the week-end trip light, inexpensive toilet articles that take up little space and fit into the toilet-apron are advisable. It is wise to travel lightly to enjoy a week-end visit.

Rebellion Spreading
Managua, Nicaragua, Aug. 12.—Advices received here state that, unless there is intervention, the rebellion in Honduras will become general. The situation is said to be grave and the Nicaraguan government is sending additional troops to the frontier to reverse materially by preventing the rebels from using her country as a base for their allies.

at?" asked David. Mrs. Digger Wasp wiggled her feelers and laughed merrily. "I'll say we do it, I'm sure to the test," she replied. "But we generally know who our friends are and we never bother them. The fact is, I for one have never harmed anyone unless he caught me and wouldn't let me go."

"I never fight or sting except in self-defense, but I can't say the same for all digger wasps. I wouldn't sting you for the world, for I know the second I saw you that you were a friend of the meadow folks."

Chattering merrily, Mrs. Digger Wasp led David out into the sunshine once more, and by magic he was changed back into his normal size.

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HATCHERYMEN TRANSFERRED

Portland, Aug. 12.—Several important transfers in the direction of salmon hatcheries in the state are taking place this week under a recent order of Hugh C. Mitchell, director of hatcheries, according to Dr. Thomas W. Ross, a member of the state fish commission. The purpose of these transfers is to familiarize the different superintendents with the various hatcheries and the problems encountered in each. Dr. Ross said the changes were made in the belief that the efficiency of the stations would be increased.

The following superintendents are affected by the order: Lee McCann, who has been superintendent of the Alsea hatchery for several years, has been transferred to the Nehalem hatchery at the juncture of the Salmonberry and Nehalem rivers.

M. H. Bales of the Siuslaw hatchery will have charge of the Alsea station. T. R. Pollock, who has had charge of the Gold creek hatchery on the Trask river in Tillamook county, has been transferred to the Siuslaw hatchery.

Irvin French, late of the Nehalem hatchery, will be now stationed at the Wallawa hatchery near Enterprise in Wallawa county.

Dorrence Clanton of the Wallawa hatchery will be transferred to the Coquille.

George King of the Bonneville hatchery will in the future have charge of the Gold creek hatchery. Friends of a number of the superintendents, when they were notified of the transfers, protested to the fish commission against the contemplated changes. When it was explained, however, that no personal feeling existed in the office regarding the changes, the protests ceased. The changes have all been made with the idea of increasing the output of a number of the stations.

NO GLOVES FOR DAVIS IN FIGHT

Aboard the Metropolitan Special, En Route to New York, Aug. 12.—John W. Davis, democratic presidential candidate, was back in the east today to prepare for an intensive campaign which he has told leaders of his party he intends to conduct without gloves. His drive to carry his message to the country will be inaugurated with his trip to Columbus, Ohio, to address the democratic state convention on August 26. Meanwhile, Clem L. Shaver, his campaign manager, and other party chiefs will make every endeavor to complete the campaign organization which now is far behind that of the republicans.

Messages reaching Mr. Davis have confirmed his belief in the radio as a means of reaching a large unseen audience with campaign messages. National Committee Chairman Douglas of Porto Rico enabled that he had heard Mr. Davis' speech perfectly by radio and similar reports came from Maine and the Pacific coast.

INDEPENDENCE BOY FINED

Dallas, Aug. 12.—Del Harmon of Independence was given a fine of \$40 in Justice of the Peace's Baher's court in Independence Monday on a charge of larceny. The lad was 19 years of age and his previous record had been good or a graver charge would probably have been pressed against him. He entered the Mulkey grocery at Mouth a short time ago and pilfered some goods. It was alleged.

Polk Suit Dismissed

Dallas, August 12.—The suit brought by Charles Gregory, county treasurer, against R. W. Baker, Justice of the Peace of Independence, has been dismissed by attorney for motion made by attorney for Mr. Gregory. It was found that a suit of this nature could only be brought by the county and a settlement for the amount

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which had previously been tendered to the state game commission, was accepted.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY



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