

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Butler Right

In his annual report to the trustees of Columbia university, President Nicholas Murray Butler declared that if democracy was to maintain and justify itself, it must displace its "paste-board heroes and its papier-mache leaders of opinion" for leaders of "tried and tested courage, of sound and well-grounded knowledge and of that far-seeing vision by which alone a people may be kept from perishing."

By paste-board heroes, Dr. Butler evidently refers to those whose heroic qualities are manufactured out of mediocrity by clever propaganda and persistent publicity. The papier-mache leaders are those lacking vision and convictions and the courage to express them and whose opinions veer with the wind of public opinion or the pressure of groups and factions.

There never was a time in the history of the republic when we had more cowardice, hypocrisy, and inferiority in congress—and what is true of congress, is true of officialdom generally. Real leadership is conspicuous by its absence and demagoguery is dominant. There are no commanding figures on the horizon—we are in an era of little men.

Dr. Butler also pays his respects to the new fad of self determination for children in the matter of selection of studies and management of schools, the "present day mocking appeal to an infant" as representing the abdication of education. He continues:

To starve youth by depriving it of intellectual and moral nourishment and to cripple it by depriving it of the discipline of experience, are among the newest and most popular forms of cruelty that have been devised to make education impossible.

The results are apparent on every hand. Much of the spoken English of both teachers and taught would assuredly frighten even the venerable Bede, who was accustomed to simplest beginnings. The ability to read has well disappeared if the reading be serious, instructive or ennobling; the ability to write, so far as it exists at all, degrades to manifest itself in forms of exceptional crudeness and vulgarity; the ability to perform the simplest of mathematical operations is, to all intents and purposes confined to teachers of mathematics or to specialists in that subject.

Schools exist nowadays to relieve the parents of the care and training of their offspring and to make life enjoyable for the student. Discipline has flown with hard work. Superficiality has replaced thoroughness and the effect is apparent on the national life. With the loss of the ability to read, write and figure has gone the ability to think, for which the neglected fundamentals were only preparatory.

Yet we are spending untold millions on our schools where constant clamor is for more, as branch after branch of the vocations are added, that have nothing to do with education. In spite of which illiteracy is increasing, and far worse, schools do not educate.

A Modest Editor

Newspapers all over the country are in receipt of marked copies of the Louisville, Kentucky, Post, conveying the important information that James B. Brown, president of the publishing company and principal owner, has promoted himself to the position of editor and publisher of both the Louisville Herald and the Post, its evening issue.

Mr. Brown prints a two column cut of himself on the first page and in a two column headed story describes himself as the "states foremost citizen", with the interesting information that "he is in many ways the outstanding citizen of Kentucky of this generation."

Besides such modesty as this even the shrinking violet would blush. While many newspapermen have a secret admiration of their own ability, few have the nerve to print self-laudatory estimates in their own papers. They have to print so much puff and bunk about others that self-respecting editors bar mention of themselves in their own columns.

In justice to the profession, it should be stated however, that the new editor of the Herald and Post who is so enamored of himself, is not a newspaperman but a banker, and therefore knows no better. To him, a newspaper is just a commercial enterprise like a peanut stand, run to make money and incidentally to influence public opinion in the way bankers think it should go.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only 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: Will you allow me a small space in your open forum. I have been very interested in the letters that have appeared in your paper.

All those some of them are rather disgusting. It makes a person wonder if some of them are trying to start a matrimonial column.

But I think for my part if I was looking for a life partner I would have slim pickings in Salem from what I have seen on the street.

I suppose it is every one to their notion that is what the old woman said when she listed her cow, but I believe I would as soon kiss the cow as some of the salacious specimens that are on the streets.

But of course it would not do for every one to have the same choice, for all the men would want my wife for I am sure I would not want any one else.

And as for the boobed hare I can't say that I approve of it either, but I don't think it is any worse than the little bunch of hares that some of the men were on their lip. I don't think that improves their looks any.

I never could see that it was of any benefit in any way unless it was for a grainer for their coffee. Of course I don't think that that any of us are perfect and I am sure I am not. But of course we all of us will see the others fall more than our own. And I am sure glad to say that they are a few of the men that cost their souls above the tobacco fume or the one that drinks the moon.

And now don't think I am a preacher for I am not, but some of the preachers are not above the tobacco worm either and I think that the preachers are to blame for a great part of the condition of the country at present.

Speaking of the modern girl or

man of today I don't know what you call one of the modern class but I don't think it necessary for a girl to wear bobbed hair and calamine to be of the modern class.

If it is I will take the old fashion one for me.

Some of the people say it is women's rights has caused the condition of today. But I say no, I am in favor of women's rights.

And now a word to the men and I will close.

Don't expect your wife or the women you expect to be your wife to be any better than you.

And don't go any where or do any thing you would not want her to.

And if you think half to be like worms eat tobacco and snuff pills or coffee makes and by high priced booze—then give your wife as much money as you spend for that and I don't think she would often be short of spending money.

Are you of this kind or do you say the tobacco has got to come if the coffee don't.

I assure you enjoy reading these letters they are the first thing I look for when I get the paper.

A READER.

CLIPPED AT RANDOM
Running ships without sail is all right, but the real need is a way to run them without a deficit.—New York Evening Telegram.

Our foreign policy seems to be that we won't belong to anything but are perfectly willing to buy in.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

We gladly give publicity to the rumor that the Free State has offered to give way on the boundary question if Ulster will only keep Mr. DeValera.—Punch.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

VERTICAL

- Unit
- Bugle call
- Charm
- Bar
- Water animal
- Insect
- Flower



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

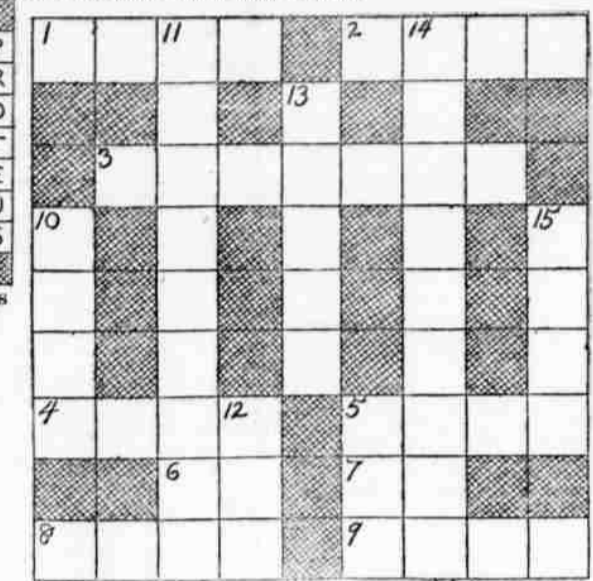
- Want
- Curate
- Summary
- Caterpillar
- Comply
- Toward
- Compass Point
- Act
- Fish

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.

Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares continue uninterruptedly.

Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterruptedly.



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The flower of the family

A Thrilling Love Story by IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

MORE THAN MONEY

"Come on, children," said Henry Fisher, as he returned to the table. "It is time that old people like me were in bed. Gordon, you and I will escort this young lady home and then you and I will come back to your old rooms at my house. Marta impulsively grasped Mr. Fisher's hand and there was a break in Gordon's voice even while he said, 'I will come for the night, sir, but I think I had better keep my own apartment.'"

"What's that, what's that?" began Gordon's uncle impulsively. "Do you mean to tell me that you will not come home, the place where you belong? Have you become so engrossed in—"

A soft hand was laid on his arm. "Dear Mr. Fisher, please, please let's not talk about it until we get out of the dining room. I am afraid that the people about us will think that you are scolding Gordon because of me."

It was astonishing to see the change in Henry Fisher's face. He instantly became tender, considerate. He patted the little hand so flowerlike lying on his arm.

"Scolding Gordon because of you child? Don't you know that I never would have become reconciled to him if it were not for you. Come on, Gordon. If Marta thinks you can still be trusted to go without blinders and a snaffle, I expect I'll have to stand for it."

Nothing except a murmured "Thank you" in Marta's ear from Gordon was said until the trio was back in the car.

Both young people were at high tension, however, and they were so engrossed in their own thoughts that they knew nothing of what Henry Fisher was talking. The plans that he was making for his nephew's future fell upon deaf ears.

Finally noticing that Gordon was not paying any attention to him, he remarked: "Why don't you say something? You? Does it mean nothing to you that I intend to give you outright, half of all I have as soon as the proper arrangements can be made?"

Gordon brought quickly from his most disturbing thoughts, answered: "Don't think me ungrateful, Uncle Henry, when I tell you that I have enough money already. It means everything to me to think we are friends again. But I think we will both be happier if you leave me to block out my own career. Of course, I shall always ask for your advice and suggestion, but dear Uncle Henry, I may not always follow it and hope to make you understand tomorrow that there are things one may want more than money."

For once Henry Fisher was surprised out of his indignation. For once he had nothing to say. He kept silent until Marta's home was reached.

When they arrived Gordon led a girl up the steps and while they were waiting for the door to be opened he said: "Marta, you will let me come early tomorrow to hear my fate."

"Yes, I want you to come early tomorrow, not only to hear your fate but mine. I expect they will decide in a very little while, now, and I am beginning to be afraid."

Gordon saw that Marta's breath was coming fast as though something was choking her. She was trembling so she could hardly stand. He put his arms about her.

For a moment she clung to him so trustfully as a child, for a moment she raised her trembling lips confidingly to his.

He stifled the temptation to tighten the clasp of his encircling

arms as he returned that rose-leafed childish kiss.

"Don't be afraid, Marta. It will all come out right. The good God could not be otherwise than good to you, and we who are blindly foolish and even sin-stained will come in for a vicarious forgiveness."

"Gordon, tonight I shall know if Dad and Mother begin again or if they separate. Oh, I don't want them to separate. I could not bear it, Gordon. I love them so dearly and yet I have put all our family happiness on what they will say to each other. Gordon, I almost wish I had waited—the door opened noiselessly."

Abruptly the girl slipped from the light clasp of Gordon's arms. "Good night," she murmured.

"Good night, dear, very dear Marta," whispered Gordon.

As he turned to go down the steps he heard her ask: "Is either Mr. or Mrs. Halston still up, Mason?"

He could not resist stopping a moment to hear the answer. "I think they are both up, Miss Marta," the man answered. "I heard them talking in Mr. Halston's room as I just now came down to the door."

Gordon smiled. It seemed to him that that moment happiness, not only for Marta and him but for all whom Marta loved.

He was silent, however, when he reached the car and he only bowed his head when his uncle said, "I tell you, Gordon, that little girl has a way with her."

Tomorrow—An Unending Love.

Train Hits Auto: 4 Dead
Delphos, Ohio, Jan. 2.—Four men were killed at a grade crossing here last night when their automobile was struck by a train. Three identified are: Cleve Harpster, 39; "Spider" Jenkins, 39; Henry Fuerst, 27.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Pete Sarmiento of New York had a shade over Eddie Shea of Chicago in a 10-round bout.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Makes Sure of the "Eass"

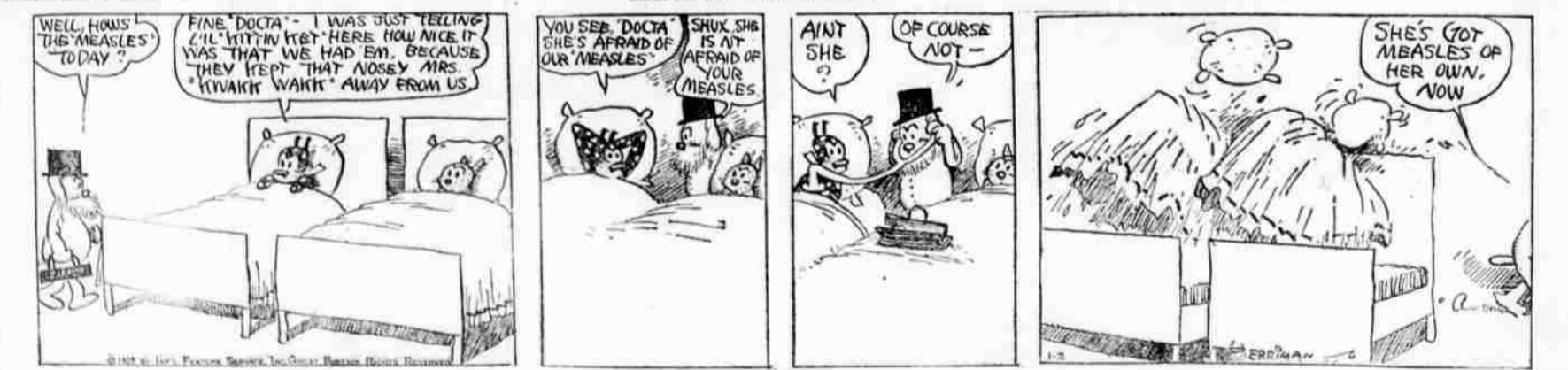
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

Mrs. Kwakk Wakk Entertains

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

This Will Be of Interest to Other Radio Fans

By Bud Fisher

