

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The Mills' Plan

A. L. Mills, of Portland, president of the First National bank, former speaker of the House of Representatives, and president of the Direct Primary league which gave Oregon the present primary law, sponsors a proposal to the legislature to refer to the people by resolution, a constitutional amendment for revision of the primary law providing a post-primary party convention.

Retention of the principal features of the present primary law is provided, with a proviso that a candidate to receive the nomination of his party must receive at least 40 percent of the votes cast for the nomination. If the candidates fail to secure the requisite vote in the primary, the party convention makes the nomination as well as adopts the platform upon which all candidates must stand.

These provisions are fatal, for the convention should precede the primary and the platform be adopted before the nomination. The Mills plan would only add to the confusion and chaos of Oregon primaries, for most of our candidates receive over 40 percent of the vote at the primaries and having secured the nomination, could not be bound by any convention platform.

The way to restore the convention, is to restore it, and not tinker with it. Beating about the bush in a timid half-hearted way, as proposed in the Mills plan will do little towards restoring party solidarity, responsibility or discipline.

The direct primary system has destroyed the Democratic party and demoralized the Republican party in Oregon while fostering the group and bloc conventions of malcontents. While it has increased the quantity of candidates, it has deteriorated their quality, put a premium upon irresponsible self-starters and fostered demagoguery. It has not increased the popular vote, but rather decreased it. It has abolished party responsibility and discipline, leaving nothing but the name.

We elect a legislature of 90 members, on 90 different platforms, each of them committed to his own hobby. Our state officers likewise make their own platforms. Consequently efforts at reform are abortive and taxes multiply through lack of an official program and absence of uniform party pledges and discipline.

Having tried the direct primary system and found it wanting—its net result being the election of mediocrities and demagogues, and a progressive increase in taxation, there is no reason why we should not try a modified convention system, at least utilize it in an advisory capacity. The self-starters would be free to run against the party nominees, if they desired to.

Until we do come back to the party organization, politics will drift from bad to worse, without order and system, while taxes continue to multiply.

Patton Says Mayor Plays Favorites in Committee Jobs

Incensed because of committee appointments given him by Mayor Geisy, declaring that he had been relegated to "rubber stamp" committee, Alderman Hal D. Patton last night excoriated the mayor for his selections and declared that he would not serve on a single one of the committees on which he has been named. He asked for the chairmanship of some important committee.

Mayor Geisy said today that Patton will have to be satisfied with what he has and that he will be placed on no others.

The council meeting had just voted adjournment when Patton arose. He said he hoped the mayor would revise his list of appointments.

"I have been on this council for four years," said Patton, "and I never yet have received a decent committee appointment. I have worked hard for the interests of the people of the city, to the extent that my business has lost the patronage of many people whom I have offended in the interests of the people. Really I expected some reward for this in committee assignments."

"Needless to say, I am peeved," shouted Patton. "I am sure, I am not blaming you, Mr. Mayor. I know, of course, that you have your favorites and your friends. And I am not going to resign. I am going to come up here every night and work with you, whether you work with me or not. But I refuse to serve on any committee to which I have been appointed."

"Alderman Patton," said the mayor in reply, "I want to take issue with you. I resent your accusation that I have been playing favorites. In the last year you have served on the ways and means committee and the committee on accounts and current expenses. Both are very important committees. I asked you to serve on the street committee, another very important committee, and you would not do it."

"But I think I am entitled to the chairmanship of an important committee," replied Patton. "Here I find myself made chairman of the committee on accounts and current expenses and the committee of revision of minutes, two rubber stamp committees. Also I find myself a member of the fire and water and the public parks committees but chairman of neither."

Patton said that in times past as an associate member of committee he had asked for meetings of the committees, which he declared was a discourtesy to the chairman, and he said he would not do it again.

In the committee list as heard last night Paul V. Johnson's name appears in place of the name of A. F. Marcus on each committee in which Marcus' name appears in the list announced by the mayor yesterday, due to the resignation of Marcus. The resignation of Alderman Van Patton last night will make further revisions necessary.

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:—Being one of the unemployed in this vicinity thought I would express myself on some of the causes of it.

Some complaints about outsiders being favored. This is no doubt so, but I notice a great number of well to do men working in Salem and all other towns and taking work away from the needy.

Most of these men are worth from \$25,000 to \$200,000. People should, before hiring a man, find out whether he is deserving of help or just some rich old miser hoarding his money and knocking needy men out.

A SUBSCRIBER.

To make the hands soft and beautifully white. Soak the hands three times a day in dishwater while mother rests. The treatment will not hurt mother.—Lafayette Journal.

PIERCE AND KOZER TO ADDRESS VETERANS

Governor Pierce and Sam Kozer will be speakers at the meeting of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Wednesday night. Besides this a number of musical numbers have been arranged for, new officers for the coming term will be installed and refreshments will be served.

New officials to be put in office are as follows: Carl Abrams, commander; Herald Garner, senior vice-commander; Dr. G. W. Lewis, junior vice-commander; Dr. I. J. surgeon, and Dr. E. O. Price, officer of the day.

The entertainment will include a song by Miss Jean Peary, a duet dance by the Misses Maxine Myers and Mildred Roberts, a vocal duet by the Misses Hilda and Della Amstler and a vocal duet by the Misses Ruth and Betty Bedford. The Willamette university band will play.

The meeting is to be held in the W. O. W. hall.

Better be despatched for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident security.

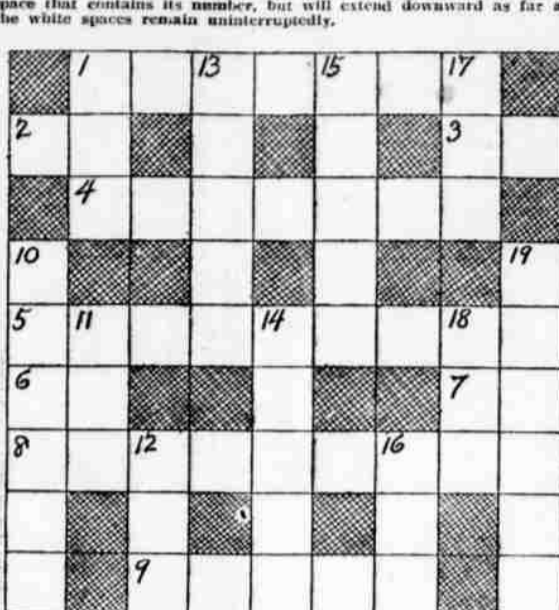
TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

VERTICAL
1. Military duty
2. Act
3. Behold
4. Allowance
5. Science of races
6. Toward
7. Whirl
8. Recalling
9. Adjusted

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.



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE



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FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel by Idah McGlone Gibson

ELTON FOSS CALLS
The door of Kathryn Leonard's studio apartment opened. A shaft of golden light cut through the darkness and rain which were flooding the street. Silhouetted against the brilliant background were two figures on the steps—a tense, erect woman and a slouching, uncertain man. "Go! I never want to see your face again," the woman uttered in a voice frenzied with anger and fear. "You can't send me out in this rain. I'm going in the house. Come with me. You've started something Kathryn, which you have got to finish." "Elton Foss, if you try to enter my home, I'll kill you." "Oh, my dear, you won't do that. Even you with your much vaunted independence wouldn't kill any man—much less me." "Try me! Enter that door and I'll shoot you." "There was a sudden blar of black figures against the light. The man almost reached the doorway dragging the woman after him. She wrenched away from his grasp. He tried to reach her again. There was an earth-rocking peal of thunder which seemed to frighten the woman. The man was just about to regain his clutch upon her arms when he crumbled and fell down the steps.

Something fell from the woman's hand, but if it had the faintest tinkle as it reached the rough pavement, that was drowned in another crash of thunder. The woman looked at the man lying prone and still. A visible shudder shook her frame. She stood unmindful of the storm as though uncertain whether to leave the man where he had fallen. At last she went slowly into her studio and left the street in darkness. As the door closed another man came out of the deeper shadows beside the doorway. He turned over the inert form lying face downward on the sidewalk and picked up an automatic which was close beside the body, muttering to himself as he dropped it in his pocket. As he turned away he found himself almost blinded by a brilliant light. Kathryn Leonard had again opened her door. With a startled cry she ran down the steps. "What are you doing here, Rodney? How long have you been here?" Instead of answering, Rodney Evans commanded: "Go into the house immediately, Kathryn, and go to bed. There will be a great hue and cry directly. Elton Foss is dead." In direct disobedience, Kathryn came down the steps. She was buffeted almost off them by the pouring rain, which was coming in great sheets as the wind rose in fury. She took hold of the man's arm and pulled him up from where he was bending over and trying to

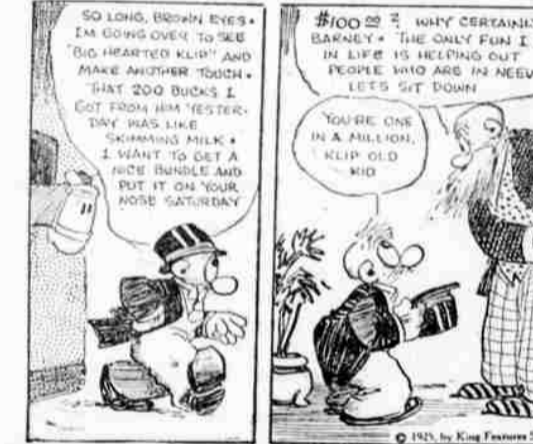
raise the inert form from the pavement. "Please, please, Rodney, you must not be found here. Even in this rain there will be someone coming along, and they must not discover you beside the body." "Go into the house, Kathryn, and get into bed and pretend to be asleep. I'll take care of myself. I have the gun." "Both of them?" she demanded quickly. "For answer, Rodney bent down quickly and felt in the man's pockets. As he did so he stumbled a little and, stooping, picked up an inert automatic. "Here it is, the other one. It must have fallen out of Foss' pocket when he fell. I'll just put it back and it will be found upon him." The pair looked at each other as though mystified and then each seemed to decide that it were better not to ask explanations of the other. "Yes, it is better that the gun is found in Elton's pocket," Kathryn repeated mechanically with a curious hollow inflection in her voice. "Now will you go in," insisted Rodney, his hand on her arm. Abruptly he removed it and straightened himself, peering through the darkness. "It is too late," he whispered. "Here comes a policeman." Before the officer could speak, Rodney Evans stepped in front of Kathryn. "I think, officer, this man is hurt. I came upon him lying here in the rain in front of Miss Leonard's door." Tomorrow—The Arrest.

BRINGING UP FATHER



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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



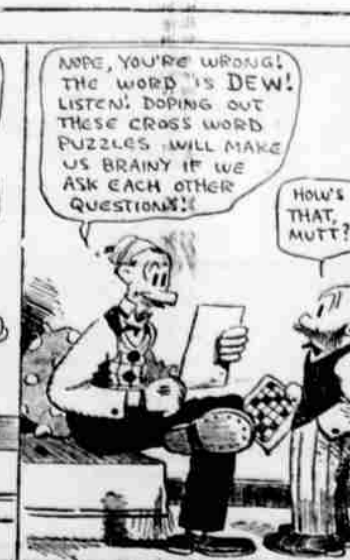
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KRAZY KAT



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MUTT AND JEFF



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They Got A Lot of Good Out of Solving Cross Word Puzzles

By Bud Fisher