

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Benjamin Franklin

Two hundred and nineteen years ago today, Benjamin Franklin, foremost of Americans and the most useful citizen of his times, was born, and we observe the anniversary annually by the inauguration of a systematic campaign to inculcate in youth the almost forgotten virtue of thrift, of which he was such a distinguished exemplar.

Printer, author, statesman, diplomat, administrator, philosopher, scientist and inventor, there was scarcely a field that did not know Franklin's all around activities, and none in which he entered that his mastery was not recognized. Humbly born, schooled in adversity, he lived to grace the courts of kings and to win the undying gratitude of his countrymen.

Franklin had the simplicity that is always characteristic of greatness. Unpretentious, democratic, lovable even in his faults, persevering, industrious, even tempered and intensely human, he had so many appealing virtues that after the creation of the Republic, he was idealized as the first Uncle Sam—a much finer type than the cadaverous bewhiskered individual the cartoonists have since created.

We carry Franklin's portrait upon our stamps because he founded the postal system in the colonies. We pay tribute to him in thrift week because of his youthful authorship, that included "Poor Richard," and his advocacy of the homely precepts of thrift as the foundation of fortune. We owe our independence to his genius as a diplomat in securing the intervention of France in the Revolutionary war and our Constitution to his wisdom as a conciliator and harmonizer in the convention.

The first paved street in America was built by Franklin. The first street lamp and public lighting system was the product of his genius. The first fire department was the one he organized. The first hospital was his creation. The first subscription library was the one he established. He founded the academy that is now the University of Pennsylvania.

Franklin revolutionized the household by inventing the first smoke consuming furnace and the first metal stove. He evolved the theory of electro-magnetism and invented the lightning-rod. His failing eyesight produced bifocal spectacles. His discovery that storms travel in opposite direction to the wind and his investigations along this line resulted in the establishment of the Weather Bureau. Countless scientific achievements and homely inventions brought him world wide recognition.

Franklin died at the ripe age of 84, having crowded into his busy life enough achievements to rank as one of the unforgettable characters of history. It has been well said:

"There is something perennial about the spirit of Benjamin Franklin. After two centuries his chapter still retains its greenness. The names of other scholars have flashed about the world, now to be forgotten in some dusty tome. Other teachers have caught the interest of the crowd, but passing left no trace of their philosophy. Other statesmen have strutted their hour upon the stage only to exit into the shadowy wings of oblivion. But across the surging tumult of the restless years, the voice of Franklin continues to speak with a sane, serene simplicity. No other American has exerted an permanent influence upon the daily lives of generations which succeeded him. About him is the flavor of the racy soil; a common touch which makes a quiet response in the great heart of humanity. Classicism may pay him tribute with the phrase, ERIPUIT CAELO PULVEREM, SCRIPTURAMQUE TYRANNIS; but mankind will remember him always as just plain Benjamin Franklin, Printer."

The Bath

The bath is an institution or a nuisance, depending, as do so many things, upon one's age and previous condition of servitude. The Continental bath is a sketchy affair, requiring little more than a quart of water, and is performed casually and without enthusiasm or consciousness of virtue.

In America the bath is divided into three classes: the upper class bath, which is a daily rite requiring an exquisite stage setting and very little toil; the middle class bath, which is a weekly ordeal requiring arduous labor and a painstaking consideration of detail; and the lower class bath, which is occasional, involuntary and inadequate, seldom affecting those regions not exposed to the public view.

It is probable that the first man's first bath was an accident. Doubtless he fell into a river. In the hinterland rivers and creeks still function as bathtubs, and when the flowers bloom in the spring, tra-la, a considerable portion of the population may be found in quiet waters making the annual reduction in weight. According to some authorities, this practice accounts for the rich alluvial deposits in the lowlands.

In very small towns a mid-week bath indicates a lodge supper or another number of the lyceum course.

Bath addicts do not boast of their practices unless the baths are cold. All persons who take cold baths between October 1 and March 1 tell the world. They may control their vanity in the matter of ancestry, income and private stock; but having climbed from a tub of cold water they are as helplessly vocal as a hen that has achieved an egg.

The average cold bath is not a matter for boasting, however. The preparation for it consists in drawing twenty gallons of cold water into a tub, testing the temperature of this with an adventurous forefinger, and then adding a little hot water. The spirit is willing, but the flesh shivereth.

would act for the defense, came yesterday when Public Defender Egan was refused admittance to see the girl. Captain of Detectives Duncan Matheson in barring the public defender from the cell declared he had received no direct notification from the girl of Egan's appointment.

Egan responded that he had been asked to handle the defense and "as public defender my one object is to act for the defendant, a minor accused of an unprecedented crime. I have been forbidden access to her cell, although informed that she desires me as counsel."

The shooting of Mrs. Ellingson had aroused San Francisco women today. Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, president of the San Francisco Federation of Women's Clubs, in a statement yesterday declared that steps would be taken immediately to prevent "the moral infection of decent young people by unscrupulous delinquents."

Solution of such problems as the Ellingson case she said, "was to stop moral infections as we stop physical ones—by segregation." Preliminary hearing for the girl has been set for next Thursday at which time it will be determined whether she is to be tried before a police or in the superior court. District Attorney Matthew Brady declared yesterday that before any procedure in the case can be taken, the girl must be brought before Superior Judge Frank Murasky of the juvenile court.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- To hit
- Hair
- Consumed
- English general (1915)
- Cloys
- Even (contraction)
- To work diligently
- Emanuel (abbr.)
- Doyle
- Either
- Dreary
- Look
- Three
- Black substance
- Rind
- Tidy
- Weapons

VERTICAL

- Those who add skillfully
- Latin
- Girl's name
- Digit
- Pondora
- Fanciest
- Extra allowance
- Did lead
- A fruit
- The hand of Galileo
- A play on words
- Trust
- Twice five
- Metals
- Of the nose

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

P	P	A	N	E	S	T
B	O	A	R	D	O	T
S	P	A	E	R	E	
T	E	E	M	S	O	P
R	O	D	E	O	H	S
I	N					R
M	A	P	U	P	P	E
L	E	A	R			O
D	U	B				Y
N	A	S	A	L	M	A
L	N	O	D	A	L	D
T	O	N				

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 uninterrupted.

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 uninterrupted.

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A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

Richard Starmont smiled to himself as he saw Rodney Evans' shoulders straighten up and his jaw become more set than usual. He felt that he would not give in again to his feelings.

The car was driven in silence to the chambers where the inquest was to be held. Each man was engrossed in his own thoughts.

As Rodney and Dick entered the hallway, Dick asked the man at the information desk in what room the inquest was to be held.

"217, third floor. Is either of you Mr. Evans?"

"Here's a note that was left for you about twenty minutes ago."

Rodney looked a little surprised and with a nod to Dick moved away and opened the envelope. As he read Dick watched him carefully. Curiosity, surprise and, finally, hope showed on his face.

"Here, Dick. Here's something that may interest you," and the hand with which he thrust the paper toward the attorney trembled.

Starmont took it with a swift, surprising look into his friend's face, and then read: "Mr. Rodney Evans:

Dear Sir: I am glad that Elton Foss is dead.

He deserved to die, damn him. There are any number of men that could tell you the same story of Elton Foss.

Any man who betrays another man's wife gets only what is coming to him when he is shot to death by the wronged husband.

Elton Foss got his and I am avenged.

A Friend."

Without saying a word, Dick took hold of Rodney's arm and took him down the deserted corridor. Here the two men stopped and looked at each other.

"What do you make of it?" Rod asked.

"I don't know. It's got me guessing."

"Do you suppose that Kathryn didn't—I would never forgive myself if—"

"Don't take it so much to heart, Rod. If this man did the shooting we will surely find it out. Come on! We're late now."

"But, Dick, I wouldn't wrong Kathryn for the world."

"Of course you wouldn't. Any man who is willing to bear the disgrace that you will probably take upon your shoulders in an hour or two could not be accused of wronging any woman."

"All the while I am in there, Dick, I shall be thinking of her. What if she should die while we are away?"

"Buck up, old man, buck up. She's not going to die." In his own mind, while he berated himself for the thought, Starmont was thinking that that probably would be the easiest way out of it for Kathryn. He knew better than his friend what was before him.

The first witness called was the policeman who had found the two persons standing beside the body. He told his story stolidly, but in a very definite manner.

There was a ripple of excitement when he came to the place where he said that in examining the body he had found the gun.

"My first thought, when I found the gun in the dead man's pocket, was that he had some enemies and that he was going around armed. The lady—"

"Miss Leonard," put in Dick.

"—Remark, I never knew that Mr. Foss was in the habit of carrying a gun. Did you, Rod? This sounded to me like a 'dull' accident. Here the two men stopped and

in a dry coat pocket it could not have had any moisture on it. "Although I was afraid that the finger prints on it had been washed off by the rain, I carefully put it in my handkerchief and handed it in at the Central Station."

"Do you know if any prints were found on it?" the coroner asked.

"No, sir, but Mr. Ziegler can answer that."

"I will call him directly."

"I found out that both Mr. Evans and Miss Leonard had known Mr. Foss intimately."

"Is Miss Leonard here?" asked the coroner.

"She is said to be too ill to come."

"Your honor," said Dick, "I have a note from the physician who says that Miss Leonard is seriously ill at the Presbyterian hospital. At this moment it is not known whether she will live or die."

"Why was I not told of this?" the attorney asked.

"You say, Starmont," said the coroner, "that Miss Leonard is seriously ill and I infer that this illness will last a long time even if she recovers? I think we may go on with the testimony."

Monday—A Strange Marriage Pact.

Seat Costs \$25,000.

San Francisco, Cal.—The highest price on record for a seat on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, \$25,000, was paid here recently by Carl W. Stever. This is said to be the highest figure for such a sale outside of the New York Stock Exchange, where a seat was sold recently for \$101,000.

HAMILTON PIANO \$145

In fine condition, beautiful oak case. Terms \$7 a month.

Geo. C. Will, 432 State Street

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

By Billy De Beck

KRAZY KAT

By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF

By Bud Fisher