

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

A Constitutional Convention

Reference to the people at the general election of 1926 of the question of calling a constitutional convention for revision of the Constitution is provided in a bill introduced by Senator Klepper today, the 66th anniversary of the Webfoot state. Should the people approve, the delegates to the convention would be elected at the general election of 1928. The measure does not fix the date, but leaves this as a matter for future consideration.

As Senator Strayer recently pointed out, a constitutional convention is needed before there can be any material economies affected in state government through consolidation, because part of the offices are provided by the constitution and part by legislative enactment and it is virtually impossible to synchronize them.

Conditions have so materially altered since the adoption of the constitution, it provides so many limitations, suitable enough for the time, but long since outgrown, and it has been patched with amendments so frequently and continuously in the effort to bring it up to date, that a complete rewriting would be of immense advantage and assist, not only in simplifying the code, and government as well, but in reducing taxation and in developing the state.

It is to be hoped the legislature provides the referendum.

More Bureaucracy

Section 15 of H. B. 391, known as the doctors trust bill, reveals the inspiration of this measure as well of most similar regulative and restrictive laws and all reforms. It reads:

It shall be the duty of all persons licensed to practice the healing art in the state of Oregon to register by the first day of August, 1925, and annually thereafter, with the secretary of the Oregon board of licensure in the healing art, and to apply for an annual license renewal fee in the sum of two dollars (\$2).

There we have it—it's the \$2 per year, which from some 5,000 to 10,000 doctors and healers, makes good picking for the bureaucrats. As usual the board created serves without pay except expenses, but employs "such assistants as may be necessary" who run the board.

The spirit of regulating the other fellow is strongly in evidence, for the new board supplants the courts and is made sole judge of the qualifications of the applicants, the various boards for special varieties of healers being abolished and control of the new board given to one branch of the healing art. While the standards of education are raised for the future, the present practitioners are not required to get an education.

Under the bill doctors and healers could not travel about, or solicit business by circulars, letters or advertisements, which is aimed to put out of business the itinerants and specialists—in short it provides another instance of government by monopolistic bureaucracy.

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:—In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post there appeared an article entitled "Government by Blackmail" in which the machinations and devious forms of blackmail adopted to bully congressmen by self-seeking minorities are explained. To say that the article in question is untrue is to admit rank ignorance, and anyone fatuous enough to doubt the authenticity of the charges that a great number of our laws, both state and federal, are literally blackmailed into our statute books have only to attend either congress at Washington or our own legislative assembly here at Salem to see for themselves what is going on open and above board in the way of audacious and arrogant blackmail.

Never before in the history of the Oregon legislature has there been such a gang of aggressive leagues, associations, unions, granaries, lodges, blocks (or blocs) assembled in the lobby of the State Capitol, and each individual enterer armed with a threat of one kind or another with which it hopes to coerce legislative members into pledging their support to some fool measure having for its purpose nothing at all of interest to the people at large and more often than not a proposal that is both silly and idiotic.

For instance: a certain person residing in the City of Salem and known as "Bath House Bill," or otherwise recognized as one Purdy, openly publishes the allegation that the members of the legislature do "not dare" to oppose a certain measure which he says he intends to submit for consideration. There you are. A very nice little blackmailer right on front door step who threatens an I'd give you no other reason appearance than to acquire by coercing something which he feels he cannot obtain by law or sound reasoning. This gentleman is a fair type of our modern political blackmailer although not so virulent as the general run.

Affecting the obnoxious effluence of the circus ringmaster, and not at all demeaning himself as one should at the head of a supposedly pious and strictly uplifting organization, a Mr. J. P. W. is to be observed around the capitol lobby day and night in close and menacing conference with unfortunate members of both houses. This flamboyant individual, in a league representative and it has been charged, and so far never denied, that this particular league controls the office of governor and all other branches directly related thereto. It would indeed be interesting to know just what manner of control this league is said to have over our foremost department of state. However, there is but one reasonable conjecture. The governor is downright afraid of the league and the league, knowing

the governor is afraid, is not at all adverse to threaten or even get down to genuine blackmail politically in order to gain its ends. These same conditions, rampant and disgusting as they are, appertain also to the legislators. It is common gossip around the State Capitol when the league proposes a measure for the assembly's consideration, that the members "do not dare" to ignore the wishes of the league or express their honest judgment with the result the league's will is obeyed and another statute is enacted over the blackmail route.

While it is undoubtedly true that the members of the legislature are at least trying to present a creditable showing, the blackmailers are setting in their dirty work to an alarming extent. The life of the public official today is replete with threats, warnings and bitter criticisms from these minority gangs, and it is small wonder that any man with a grain of common sense and a regard for self respect will consent to serve as a public officer. The contemptuous yapping of these jackass reformers is the direct cause of utter disrespect for law and the derisive saving of the ray "Aw to hell with 'em, and their laws too!"

JOHN BARRIE,
Highland Ave.

To the Editor: I notice in an editorial of the Statesman of January 21, an article headed, "What would he have done?" The Statesman is very sympathetic for those convicted and about to shed crocodile tears for those men who have committed crimes that are crimes. But let some poor man be caught with liquor on his person or sell some, then the Statesman and the anti-saloon league would be the first ones to throw him in prison. They would build him in jail, have him hauled and quartered, shot at sun rise and flogged the scriptural number of strokes; then go and glory in it and tell how the law had been vindicated and society had received its pound of flesh.

I would like to ask what Christ would have done likewise to some unfortunate who had fallen by the wayside? A SUBSCRIBER.

PROHIBITION HITS LATVIA

Riga, Latvia.—The anti-alcohol wave is sweeping over Latvia. A law has been passed which is tantamount to prohibition, and it has been set upon by the city authorities of Riga to descend upon some 50 hotels and restaurants on the grounds that they were selling liquor. The city fathers are now considering whether these places should not be made to close down for good.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

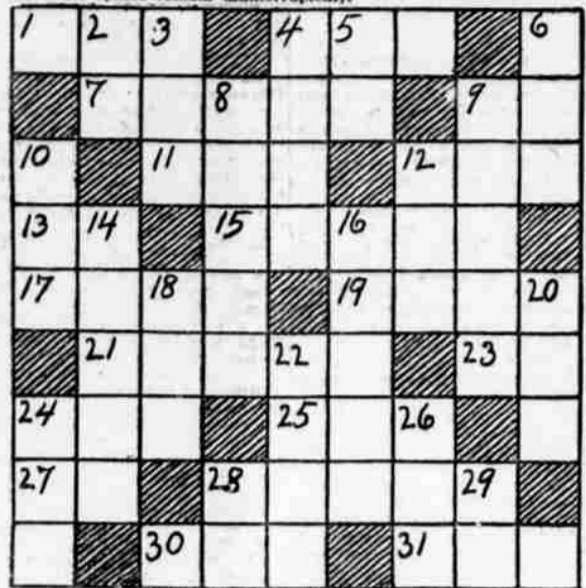
1. An edict
4. Compensation
7. Inflated rubber tubes
9. Old Norse (ab.)
11. A prickly plant head
12. Expression of impatience
13. Either
15. Reassembling a wall
17. Horseback game
19. A conception
21. Iceberg
23. Railroad (ab.)
24. An offer
25. Color
27. Amidst
28. Fog horn
30. To explode
31. At once

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

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

VERTICAL

2. Attorney (ab.)
3. Point of a pen
4. South American republic
5. Academy of Science (ab.)
6. Single
8. Unverified report
9. One who oils
10. Highest elevation
12. Hobby
14. A bird
16. Vertical part of stairway
18. Guided
20. Craft
22. A value
24. A napkin
26. Sanctum
28. Subtitle (ab.)
29. New Orleans (ab.)

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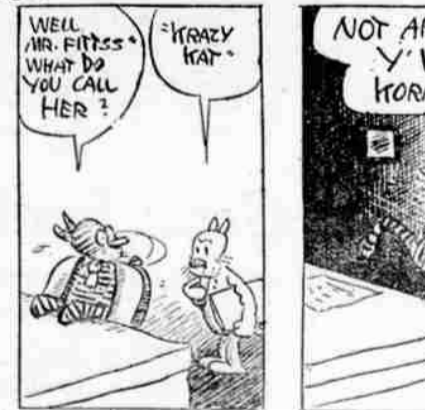
BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA (Substituting for Barney Google, during Billy DeBeck's illness)



KRAZY KAT



MUTT AND JEFF



Jeff Plunges a Bit In the Tampa Lion Tamers' Club

By Bud Fisher

A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

THE LOVE OF A MAN

Before Jim Kirby was fairly out of sight, Dick remembered that he must telegraph immediately about the marriage certificate.

Addressing the message to the Rev. Huntington at Knoxville, Tenn., he said: "Please wire me at my expense on what date in August of last year you married Kathryn Leonard and Rodney Evans at the little town of Whitley in the Great Smoky mountains. Answer immediately. Very important."

that?" was Kirby's surprised exclamation.

"Of course I do not," she said indignantly. "I'm only just telling you how it will look to other people."

"Never mind, Mrs. Evans, just tell the truth and I am sure we will find the guilty person."

Kathryn Evans turned deathly white.

"Oh, I don't want to write this. I don't want to write this story. I think it is all a mistake. Have you started it?" As she spoke Kirby felt that he had surprised her into almost acknowledging that Rod had killed Foss.

The idea came with such force he was afraid if he stayed much longer he would ask her to tell the truth, tell why she thought her husband had shot the man found dead on her doorstep.

He got the manuscript away from her, that part she had written since Dick had left that morning. The reporter then departed.

Going to Starmount's apartment he found that he had not returned. He left the manuscript he had just gotten from Kathryn with a little note saying that he was going over to the office to arrange for the publishing of the story for the coming Sunday.

Starmount came back after a fruitless search in Kathryn's studio. For a long while he had sat upon her steps and tried to reconstruct the scene. Again and again he did this but at last thinking he was too tired to form any opinion or hit upon any solution different from that which had already been worked out as far as possible, he returned to his apartment to find Jim's note and

"Surely you do not believe some pages of Kathryn's manuscript."

With a sigh of relief he sat himself down to read them hoping to find something for which he was searching.

He read:

Rod was so kind to me after my mother left on her trip and I was burning between two fires. I knew from what had happened in the last few days that I could live with no one all the time. My mother's short visit had proved that to me. Even allowing for her Victorian viewpoint my mother loved me and would do anything in the world that she could to help me but she would do it in her way, which was not mine. By this I realized even more keenly that no two people had the same way of working out their lives. I felt that the intimacies and annoyances of marriage would kill the glorious thrill of love which I felt every time I saw Rodney, and even though I knew that I loved him so passionately that my whole life would crumble at my feet if by any chance he would go out of it, I was sure that both our loves would die a lingering death, if we were constantly together.

The path of Rod's life led entirely away from mine. His friends were all of the theatre, men and women whom I cared for very little. I felt that they were play-boys and girls never seriously doing anything. Rod was always teasingly criticizing me for taking the responsibilities of life as something significant and important, and not to be laid aside for the folly and pleasure of the moment. My work never seemed to matter with him, and his work—well that belonged to him alone. Like many another man and woman that mysterious thing mortals call "the love of a man for a maid," seemed to be the only tie between us.

Tomorrow—Where Will It End!

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

By George McManus