

Capital Journal

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Deserting an Ideal

That bland and beautiful belief in the voice of the people as the voice of God, characteristic of all uplifters and reformers, has recently sustained severe shocks. The simple and childlike faith in the unerring wisdom of the multitude has been shaken by recent events.

There were the people of Massachusetts voting overwhelmingly against providing a congressional mother to keep youth idle until the 18th birthday and here were the people of Oregon voting against an income tax law guaranteed to cinch the classes and free the masses. As a consequence our own welfare workers shy at submitting the child labor amendment to a referendum to permit legislators escape going on record and our political prophets object to letting the voters say whether or not we can be free of income tax agitation for a stated interval.

Hear the changed tunes of the siren voiced champions of the people and arch-baiters of the corporations. Let us cite a typical illustration. Here is Senator Joseph, best little fighter and bleeder for the dear peepul, of them all, declaring that "with money and propaganda you can put over anything on the people," and therefore objecting to any more referendums. Can such things be?

It's a very interesting discovery, but was made by the uplifters long ago. That is why we have the ballot crowded every election with freak proposals. Reformers found out early that propaganda and campaigning in behalf of any measure with a special appeal could be put over the voiceless and indifferent majority by a noisy minority as easily as a legislature could be coerced and intimidated by a bloc of persuasive and threatening lobbyists. But it is poor rule for reformers that works both ways.

Facts of the matter are that people are "fed up" on uplift and welfare, exasperated by the multiplicity of sumptuary laws, wearied of passing upon issues they have not time to study and elected legislators to decide, have found that politicians promises are intended only to get them to pie-counter, and political cure-alls for economic ills are fake nostrums, and would welcome any opportunity to escape referendums on all kinds of legislation for a stated period of years, for all they get out of it is taxation and regulation by bureaucracy.

As Abe Lincoln said, you can fool some of the people all the time, some of the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time—and that is the aim and object of the uplift and the paternalistic politicians parading under its banner.

Prison Probe Needed

Early in the session, charges of mismanagement, inefficiency, lack of discipline and waste of public funds were made against the state prison management, charges much graver and of greater consequence than those made against the prohibition commissioner—yet the legislature, which investigated the latter half its session, has paid no attention to the prison, although the welfare of its inmates is of far greater consequence than the welfare of boot-leggers.

If the charges are true, and they were backed up with considerable evidence, a serious situation exists. If they are not true, the warden should be publicly exonerated, and an investigation should be demanded by him for this purpose.

Before adjournment, the legislature owes it to itself and to the people to appoint a committee on prison inquiry to make a thorough investigation and report to the governor at its earliest opportunity, for it is too late now to report to the legislature at this session.

Why Pick on the Monkey?

A preacher at Norfolk, Va., yesterday tetered a monkey on his pulpit while he preached a sermon on "Man or Monkey." The dispatches state "the climax for the congregation—and the monkey—came when he was held aloft in the pulpit, a stern finger thrust toward him and the pastor challenged anybody in the church to stand up and concede common ancestry with the simian."

This exhibition of the simian in man was not original—it has been staged before in the pulpit by notoriety seeking preachers and if the poor little chained captive from the tropics could have spoken, he would probably have been the first to disclaim relationship with his tormentor. At any rate, the monkey played the more dignified part.

Why pick on the monkey? The evolutionists believe that all life on the planet was of common origin and that not only the monkey and the man had common ancestry, but every creature that roams the earth and every plant that adorns it had a common origin hundreds of millions of years ago when life was first generated in the birth of the world.

Veteran Saves Dog That Saved His Life In No-Man's Land

Chicago, Feb. 16.—When Horace Love, torn by machine gun bullets, was waiting for death in no man's land, a dog saved his life. Yesterday he saved that dog.

Love, now a student at Northwestern university, was severely wounded while fighting in the Argonne when the dog, Bolivar, then working for the German Red Cross, found him, went back to surgeons and took them to the stricken man. Later American forces captured the position and when Love returned to this country he brought Bolivar with him.

About a month ago, Love, with another student from Bolivar while exploring the desolate regions of Skokie valley. For several days they searched in vain. Meanwhile reports were brought in by motorists that a "wolf" had been seen running across the bleak land. Yesterday, Love at quest still, was stopped by a policeman because his automobile lacked a license tag. At a suburban station he explained his search.

"Why, we've a dog like that," the sergeant said. "Caught him—

it took half a dozen of us—after he had scared folks in the roads. He looks half starved; he's subjected to be shot in the morning."

"You'll have to shoot me first," Love said.

Bolivar was brought in. He was a skeleton. But he cleared the room in one bound and almost flung his master with his joyous snarl.

GEORGIA HAD FIRST MAIL BY AIRPLANE

Savannah, Ga.—Claims for Savannah as having inaugurated the aerial mail service 14 years ago have been set forth by Henry Rip, who was postmaster here at that time.

"Aerial route Number One with a Curtis plane, one of the progenitors of those now in use, picked up letters at a baseball park and carried them to a wagon less than a mile away," Mr. Rip said.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Product of insects
- Resting place
- Not (L)
- Nothing but
- So
- Brink
- Absorbing pursuit
- Old English
- Egg in Embryo
- Adjective
- Theodore Roosevelt
- Large
- Arabian Nights character
- Always
- Space
- Old measurement
- People
- Bird

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

BAN PAY O
TIRES ON
T BUR FIE
OR MURAL
POLO IDEA
BERGS RR
BID RED T
IN SIREN T
B POP NOW

VERTICAL

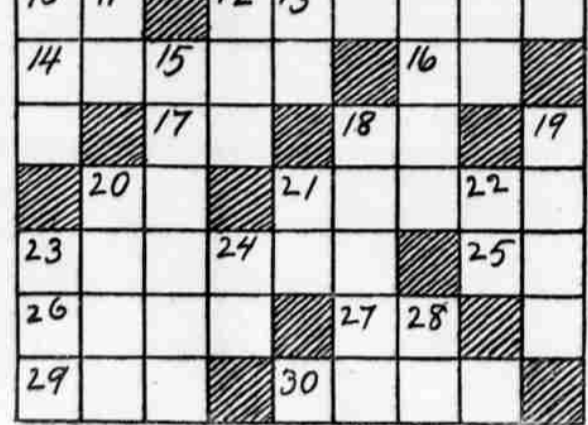
- Wagon
- Place of neglect
- Depart
- Out of Great Lakes
- Lair
- Exclamation
- Mister
- Provided that
- Always
- South Sea Island
- Zeal
- Bring to rest

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.



Copyright 1924 George Matthew Adams

- Wagon
- Place of neglect
- Depart
- Out of Great Lakes
- Lair
- Exclamation
- Mister
- Provided that
- Always
- South Sea Island
- Zeal
- Bring to rest

- Make weak
- Bachelor of Arts
- Myself

A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
(By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON)

WHERE WILL IT END?

Finally after Rod and I had discussed this over and over again, continued Kathryn Evans' manuscript, I spent one night wondering if I would dare risk the kind of marriage I saw all about me. As morning dawned I had almost decided that I would accept Rod as my husband.

All through the morning hours I was decidedly happier than I had been for months. I was doing my work with an elation that I knew was good and I said to myself that it was because I was going to marry Rodney Evans. I was hurrying along to finish a tricky shaft of light which would fall obliquely upon my model who was posing for Adonis when Rod burst in my studio.

"Did you not see the card on my door—Engaged with model. Keep out!"

"Yes but I didn't dream it meant me," he answered, looking shocked because I was employing a popular male dancer to pose for me.

"It did mean you. I meant just what it said," I told him as with a nod I dismissed the model. Then we quarreled—quarreled frantically. I accused him of being jealous of me and explained that his action in coming into my studio unannounced meant that he felt as though he owned me and it was one of the reasons why I would never marry him.

"My life, my mode of living is my own," I told him, "and I shall allow no man to regulate it for me. Rather I shall go through life without love—yes, even without you."

I knew immediately that it was a great mistake to make this admission for Rodney sprang for-

ward and took me in his arms. I tried to draw back, exclaiming, "Don't! Don't! do that, Rodney. It is cruel of you to take advantage of me. You know as well as I that when I feel your caressing arms about me I am yours. I know now when you have enough to make up with me not by reason, not by brushing out the matter and finding which is right, but by caresses making me submit to your dominant will. I know if we were married and you tried it often I should hate you, hate you as hundreds of other wives hate their husbands daily even while they submit to their kisses and caresses."

Then Rodney tried to reason with me but I knew it was against his will—that he didn't care to reason with any woman—he did not consider them worthy of masculine argument.

I knew he was quite as temperamental as I and that our only hope of any happiness at all—for I have never doubted my love for my husband—was to live most of our lives apart.

As usual we came to no conclusion and were as far apart as when we began the discussion. At last I pushed him away from me with all my strength.

"Why don't you go? I'm tired. I want to rest. I can't stand any more emotional strain. I want to be alone."

Rodney looked hurt.

"Why do you fight against me? You must know, Kathryn, that there will surely come a time when you will not want to be alone, when you will want a husband, when you will want children. You know you love me as I love you. You know at the present time I am thinking more of you than any thing else in the world as you are

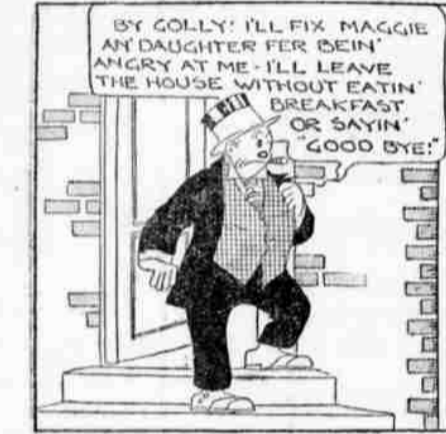
of me.
"It is foolishness for you to say that your drawing board and my typewriter are of more importance in our lives than our love."
"Why can't you take the joy that is yours today? Why can't you be satisfied with our love with our thinking of the day when your drawing board and my typewriter will put it aside as you say it will?"
"Now you think as I do that the day is lost when we are not together for some part of it. You look for my coming. You usually hate to have me leave."
"Yes, Rodney, and it is because I always want to know the thrill of your presence, because I never want to be bored with you or tired of you, that I must not marry you."
"Kathryn, if I thought you meant that I would try to tear my love for you out of my heart. I would pray to God to let me forget you. But I am sure you don't mean it, dearest."
"There was a sudden change in his expression. He seemed afraid of his emotion. He pushed me from him lightly.
"Go and get ready for dinner. I'll stay here and admire your sketch. It is quite wonderful."
I noticed, however, as I left the room, Rodney was not looking at my picture. His hands were clenched at his sides and I am sure that he was asking himself as I was asking myself, "Where will it all end?"
Tomorrow—Love and Marriage.

Humphreys Approved.
Washington, Feb. 16.—The nomination of William E. Humphreys to be a member of the federal trade commission was approved today by the senate interstate commerce committee.



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA

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



KRAZY KAT

Poor Krazy Is Misjudged

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

They Flash Some Salesmanship Class on the Golf Course at Ormond

By Bud Fisher

