# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher


## Dr. Garland's Cure-All

"Boys of America are beating a well trodden path to the penitentiary," declared Senator Garland in his speech to Rotary. "Liquor, narcotics, movies and autos have all combined to undermine the youth of the country," he stated, "but the main fault for present conditions is to be traced directly to the modern home which tries to shift upon the state the burden of parentage."

After this diagnosis of the disease, Dr. Garland offers his favorite prescription for saving the boys, his bill calling for bible reading in the public schools, which is a legislative effort to shift upon the state "the burden of parentage" and relieve parents of their duty, that of inculcating religion in their offspring, thus stimulating the malady, by increasing parental neglect.

Effect of Dr. Garland's celebrated cure-all of mixing religion and state as a producer of dissension and turmoil was confessed when he declared that people of other religious proclivities, who pay taxes and send their children to the schools, were objecting. He naively expressed his surprise at such ingratitude after he had thought he had bartered wine for religion.

Bible reading in school is a polyanna palative for keeping youth from going to hell through parental neglect, but it is a very virulent stimulant for producing community discord and religious strife. Hence the constitution very wisely seperates church and state for public welfare. The legislature should complete its excellent record of negation by killing the Garland bill.

## Reprisals Threatened

Legislatures of Georgia, Florida, North and South Carolina have passed resolutions of protest in opposition to enactment of legislation discriminatory against cotton-seed oil products in Oregon and other western states. A call has been issued for governors of the ten southern states to cooperate in presenting a solid front against the enactment of measures taxing oleomargarine and other cotton-seed oil products.

"If they boycott us, we might retaliate by boycotting them" suggests Governor Walker of Georgia. Some such retaliatory measures would undoubtedly follow passage of legislation in northern states designed to aid northern farmers by discriminating against southern farmers, which would interfere with the cordial relations existing between the states by forcing economical hardships on the southern states.

If the protective and discriminatory tariff idea spreads among the various states, where will it end? The south may put a reprisal tax upon our prunes, apples, cherries, canned goods, lumber, paper and other products, which would seriously cripple our markets and the entire situation create sectional animosity menacing the solidarity of the nation.

This paternalistic theory of appealing to the state to create class prosperity by destroying the prosperity of other producers, at public expense, may be good local politics but it is mighty poor economics.

## Steam Rollered

General Mitchell, as was expected, is to be punished for his temerity in criticising the army and navy aircraft policy by demotion, resignation or dismissal by President Coolidge, who has accepted the report of the navy general board acting as special board of inquiry, which maintains that the battleship is still the ruler of the sea and aircraft only a side issue.

Of course the navy board is a disinterested and impartial investigator. It acts both as judge, jury, prosecutor, inquisitor and witness, publishes what it wants and suppresses what it desires, and its edict is as absolute as Caesar's. Who ever gets in the way is promptly flattened by its steam-roller.

While Japan, Britain and France are concentrating upon aircraft, the United States continues to build $70,000,000 warships that are obsolete before completion and sunk as targets, thereby providing profits for the steel trust, and munition makers and jobs for gobs and gold braided autocrats of the navy at public expense. Let the good work go on—the lessons of the war are lost.

## 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:—After reading an article in The Journal of February 11, 1925, in regard to raising the salry of the supreme court justices I wish to say, sure, raise the salries of these poor hard working souls. Why no, these poor fellows cant possibly exist on no paltry salry of only $5250 per year. Why they could not pull off only one or two five hundred dollar dinners and boose parties on that small amount; could not take more than four or five months' vacation each year and could onley have five or six helpers to do their work for them. No, this will not do, so let all of us working stiffs get together and dig up some more of our salaries, wich are so large, ranging all the way from $250 to $700 per year, and help these poor starved creatures before it is too late and give them a chance also to lay aside a little for a rainy day, the same as we have, yeah. Now, I will take a new start and say if any man cant live on a salary of $5250 per year and lay up anything for the future, let him step out and let someone else step in that can. Let a man, an American man, step in. We can find plenty of them out among the rail splitters, miners, timbermen, carpenter, bricklayers and even among the poor green farmers and all other workers there are many among these that would do this work that these high salaried sharks do, and do it right for less salary. Now, I have gone all wrong. I started out to raise some poor cusses salary but got off of the track, yeah. But listen, did anyone ever hear of a bill going before the house to raise the wages of the working man or working woman. No, not by a damsite. Yet labor must pay all the bills, those of the butcher, the baker, the candlesticker maker and for everything that is made labor must furnish the dough and do the work too, yeah. So us working stiffs sure ought to be able, with our large salaries, to pungle up a little more dough for those poor fellows with such small salaries and help them out, yeah, as they are too awfull busy hatching up some skin game and making laws wich they themselves never obey or abide by. To get to work and earn an honest dollar or to do any good for their country. Well, I will begin to shut up as I must keep my nose on the grindstone and dont ever have much to say, and when I dont have anything to say I dont say anything but when I do I say it and dont giveadam who hears it, see. Yours very truly. From an all American working man. JOHN P. TSCHNDL

P. O. Box 485, Salem, Or.

To the Editor: If you will permit me to say so your editorial in yesterday's issue "The Nigger in the Woodpile," is only too true and pertinent. It should have been printed in box car letters or should be reprinted about once a week until the nuisance is abated. What strikes me most forcible is that ever since the war the masses seem to have lost their most valuable possession. Viz: Plain common sense and balance. However the curse of the country, the hectic chase for the Almighty Dollar ? to the exclusion of almost everything else worth while, goes merrily and irresistibly on. Oh! sucta simplicitas. A SUBSCRIBER

## TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

### HORIZONTAL

1. To be borne along
4. Touchwood
7. Preposition
8. A playing card
10. In position of adherence
11. A dam
13. A barrier
15. Naturalist
17. Anarchist
18. Lamprey
19. Body of water
21. Goddess of Mischief (G)
23. Estimated
26. Exclamation
28. Feminine pronoun
29. Academy of Science
30. An insect
31. East-Indian grass

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | T | O | P | | T | A | N | K |
| O | | N | I | G | H | T | | N |
| A | H | | N | O | R | | B | I |
| P | A | R | E | | U | N | I | T |
| | N | O | | | | O | N | |
| O | D | D | S | | A | D | D | S |
| A | S | | T | I | N | | S | O |
| T | | M | A | N | T | A | | N |
| S | C | A | R | | S | M | U | G |

### VERTICAL

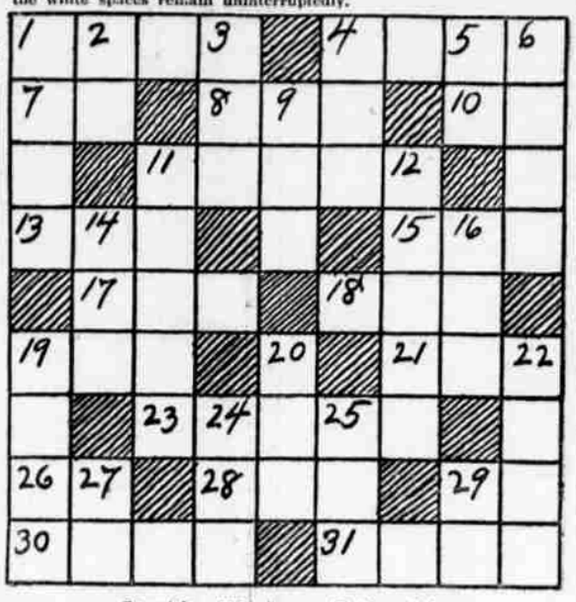
1. To invade
2. Italy
3. To take sustenance
4. To enclose
5. Nay
6. Ornamental bow
9. Eccentric rotating shaft
11. To bedaub
12. To mix
14. 119.38 square yards
16. Height
19. Ego
20. Consumed
22. Relaxation
24. A sunken fence
25. To mistake
27. Olympiad
29. Army Corps

### 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 spaces remain uninterruptedly.**



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## A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

### THE NEW WIFE

I left my studio immediately, wrote Kathlyn Leonard Evans in her manuscript, for fear that Rod would find me there after he had received my letter.

All through the hours of the trip I wondered if he would find me. It was with great curiosity that I opened the telegram the clerk handed me immediately after I had registered at the hotel in Knoxville. It read:

"Will be with you the morning after you arrive. Eternal love and happiness. ROD."

When he came we had very little to say to each other. We decided to take the train 'way up into the mountains to see if we could find the justice of the peace to marry us.

Finally, after riding a long way beyond the little mountain station on horseback into the virgin forest, we came to a little cluster of shacks.

As luck would have it, we reached the place just as the sun was dropping behind the mountain, flooding the whole world that was before our eyes with glory.

"I wonder what all those people are doing?" said Rod. "It looks to me as though everyone was having a holiday and is celebrating it by means of some peculiar ceremony."

We rode to a place under the trees and found that according to a quaint custom among the mountaineers of that region the young people were having a wholesale wedding ceremony.

"Come on!" I said excitedly. "It is a direct interposition of Providence. This is the time when all those who have plighted their troth during the year are being married by the 'preacher-man' who is making his annual visit to this part of the mountain range."

We hurriedly arranged ourselves beside the eight other couples and were married. It was done. And—

Then followed three deliriously happy weeks before we returned to civilization and the prosaic life.

I came first and opened my studio, greeted my friends, and sated their curiosity by telling them that I had been at a little mountain resort for a rest.

I took pains to ask if any of them had seen Rodney and seemed surprised when he returned two or three days later.

We resumed our old ways of living, I found it very wonderful. Rod was always my lover. The sordid affairs of life did not enter at all into our relations. We told each other our successes. I wore my prettiest clothes for him when we went to the restaurants. He sent me flowers and books and, if he sold a story, a jewel or two.

Soon after he sold his first play he gave me a diamond bracelet.

Of course, there was more or less gossip, but people are not censorious in the village. They may be curious for a while, but even curiosity becomes satisfied in time, if there are no untoward circumstances to whet it.

Rod's first play was a great success. I was lucky enough to win a commission for the frieze I had been trying for. We were both riding toward success.

Once in a while someone would ask if Rod and I were going to be married and I would answer that we were both satisfied to be just what we were, old friends.

The year passed on winged feet. All at once I realized that Rodney was not coming to see me every evening as he had been in the habit of doing. Foolishly I taxed him for it, for once or twice I had been lonely. He excused himself by saying that he was very busy putting on a play. I said no more, but, after finding that I was dining oftener alone and that even when Rod took me to dinner he often excused himself early and returned, as he said, to work, I decided it was up to me to find some way of enjoying myself in his absence.

One evening Vernon Stedman invited me to accompany him and Luetlie uptown to dinner.

I had not heard from Rodney for two days. When I received Stedman's invitation I called Rod up to tell him that I would not be at home that evening.

Before he answered I heard a woman's voice on the wire saying, "You can't go tonight."

I did not recognize the voice and thought perhaps the wire were crossed.

"Rodney, this is Kathlyn," I said.

He did not wait for me to speak further. "I'm awfully sorry, Kathlyn, that I can't come over to your studio tonight. You know it is only two weeks before the show goes on and we are rehearsing night and day."

"That's all right," I interrupted. "I just called you up to let you know that I was going to be out this evening. I didn't want you to come down here only to find me out."

"Oh"—the word struck my ears with a very dubious intonation and I smiled to myself, I remembered that what a liberty a man arrogates to himself he expects his wife to stay at home, dependent upon his pleasure.

Tomorrow—The Strange City.

Journal Want Ads Pay

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

## DUMB DORA

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

## KRAZY KAT

The Weapons Forge Ahead

By Herriman

## MUTT AND JEFF

The Little Fellow Pulls Off a Terrible Social Error.

By Bud Fisher