

Capital Journal

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Scott's History of Oregon

A complete history of Oregon has been compiled from the writings of the late Harvey Scott, for nearly half a century editor of the Portland Oregonian, by Leslie Scott, his son, in six handy volumes, which should be in the library of every citizen of the state.

Harvey Scott was not only one of the great editors of his time, but the best informed man in Oregon. His knowledge of the northwest and of the state, in which played so vital a part in its development, most profound. He not only helped make history, but had a personal acquaintance with all of the characters who shaped the destinies of the northwest empire.

From Mr. Scott's numerous writings, covering every phase of the state's progress from the arrival of trappers and traders to the recent past, his son has carefully, skillfully and sympathetically compiled an authentic and comprehensive history, so well indexed that reference can be had to any subject at sight. The volumes not only convey accurate information of Oregon, but throw interesting sidelights upon the personality of the pioneers and politicians of the day.

Everything Harvey Scott wrote was worthwhile. His vigorous and pungent style made all his writings a delight to read, and no one can peruse this history without realizing what a great loss Oregon journalism sustained in his passing. Leslie Scott in preserving for a new generation the best traditions of the old, as set forth by the most skillful of analysts and commentators, with a revealing glimpse of his father's picturesque personality, has rendered a real public service.

Ebert

From humble addler to first president of the German republic replacing the Hohenzollerns, epitomizes the career of Frederick Ebert who passed away today and offers new proof that the door of opportunity to ambitious youth of ability is open even in effete monarchies.

Ebert was born of poor parents in Heidelberg and apprenticed to learn the saddlers trade. Becoming prominent in trades-union work, he espoused the cause of the Social Democrats and became an editor of a party organ. Elected to the Reichstag, he assumed party leadership and on the collapse of the monarchy, was elected president of the new republic.

As president Ebert showed a skill and firmness in the troubled times of post-war chaos that insured the perpetuation of the republic and won the admiration of his enemies. The simple dignity with which Frau Ebert filled her position as first lady of Germany disarmed the sharpest critics. Ebert succeeded where probably no one else could.

President Ebert forgot party lines whenever it was necessary to check radicalism, either in his own party or in other parties, placing patriotism above partisanship, intent only preservation of the republic. He won the confidence of foreign envoys and was mainly instrumental in bringing about the acceptance of the Dawes plan to bring calm to Germany and settle the stormy reparations issue.

Ebert was a hard-headed, tactful leader who made a gallant fight for his country under the most heart-breaking conditions and by his wisdom brought order out of chaos. His death, four months before the presidential election produces more confusion in a muddled situation.

Tries Poison Thrice After Chloroforming Deformed Daughter

Denver, Colo., Feb. 28.—Love for his daughter, who during her life of 32 years had never "grown up" coupled with a desire not to "leave her a burden on the community" led Dr. H. E. Blazer of Englewood, a suburb, to put his daughter Hazel into eternal sleep by administering chloroform last Tuesday, an investigation revealed last night.

After the spirit had risen from the cramped, deformed body of Miss Blazer—known for miles around as "Hazel, the little child woman," Dr. Blazer swallowed a poison concoction which he had designed would make him in death, as in life, Hazel's constant companion. However, the quick ministrations of a physician counteracted the poison and at midnight last Tuesday it was believed Dr. Blazer would recover. Hours later, when other members of the family were asleep, he slashed his throat with a razor. Once again medical skill intervened and staved off death. But the thoughts of the doctor were with his dead daughter and despite constant vigil kept over him, he schemed another suicidal attempt. Once more poison and this time physicians may have arrived too late.

Early today it was said at his Englewood home that he had only a "fighting chance" to live. A friendly community was eager by watching the dual edged fight—the physician's desire for patient and the patient's desire for death. But there was another group, perhaps not friendly but equally vigilant—the officers of the law. The county attorney had prepared a formal charge of murder against Dr. Blazer and was waiting for the word that he would recover to serve it.

NEW SYSTEM AUTO LIGHTING FOR OREGON

(Continued from Page One)
requirements. The cost of the lenses ranges from 20 cents a pair to \$2 or \$4, depending on the taste of the individual. To determine what lenses shall be used in Oregon manufacturers will be required to submit to the secretary of state their particular lenses, with descriptions and instructions as to how they are to be applied. The secretary of state will submit them to the United States bureau of standards for test. In the report of the bureau of standards shows they comply with the eight-point test law the secretary of state will issue to the manufacturer a certificate approving the sale of his equipment in Oregon.

78 WEEKS OF COAST PLAYING

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 28.—A season of 78 weeks with each club averaging in 200 games is revealed in the Pacific coast baseball league playing schedule, released today from the office of Harry A. Williams, president of the circuit. The season opens April 7 with Oakland at Sacramento, Seattle at San Francisco, Portland at Los Angeles and Vernon at Salt Lake and Long Beach. The last named clubs have been given permission to play the first week of the season at Long Beach should the weather prove unfavorable in Salt Lake City. The season will close October 30 with Portland at Seattle, Salt Lake at Sacramento, Oakland at San Francisco and Vernon at Los Angeles. The act makes it unlawful to possess or sell cars not equipped with the lawful device.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL 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.

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

B	I	B	A	B	E		
R	U	L	E	N	A	V	E
I	R	O	N	Y	T	E	X
O	R	T	E	N	O	R	
T	C	E	I	N	D		
M	O	R	S	E	B	E	
M	E	N	O	C	E	A	N
U	S	E	R	E	R	S	
A	S	E	A	A	N		

VERTICAL

- You (poet)
- Head covering
- Personality of Ancient Greece
- A mere taste
- Ireland
- To bind to secrecy
- Horses shelter
- Firmly placed
- Quires of paper
- Beasts of burden
- Wear out
- Conspiracy
- Snake-like fish
- To place

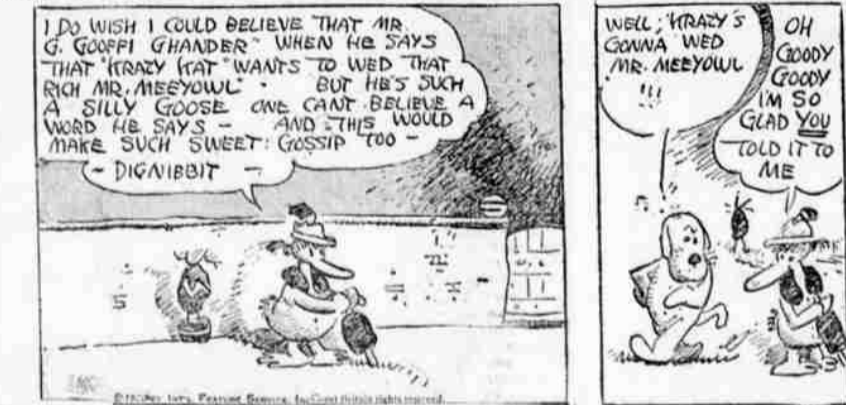
BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA



KRAZY KAT



MUTT AND JEFF



A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

The Wrath From Above
At the moment when Foss fell onto the pavement there was the most terrific flash of lightning followed instantly by a crash of thunder which seemed to shake the earth.

My surprise and terror at Elton's fall and the shock of the thunder caused my nerve to contract in such a way that the automatic I was holding fell from my hand.

For a moment I wondered if I should go down the steps to the man lying there and then I decided that the rain would bring him to and he probably would leave me in peace at least for the rest of the night.

I had gotten into the house and closed the door before I was really conscious that I had dropped the revolver. I opened the door to get it and in the shaft of light I saw my husband, Rodney Evans, bending over the inert form of Elton Foss.

Immediately I remembered in the reverberations of that thunder I had heard the crack of a revolver.

My husband looked up quickly in the light. I ran down the steps and tried to pull him away. "Go into the house," he commanded. "You must not be found here. Elton Foss is dead. I have the gun."

"Both of them?" I asked, knowing that the gun which had dropped from my fingers had not killed Elton Foss.

My husband looked surprised, but after his first glance at me he turned about and fumbled a bit on the sidewalk and said: "Yes here it is. I'll put it back in my pocket. It must have fallen out."

That accounts for my husband's fingerprints on that gun. At the time, of course, I am ashamed to say that I thought him guilty of the murder.

The police came up at this moment. The rest of the story has been recounted in the newspapers except my possession of the gun which I knew had not been fired. My husband had dropped it into the pocket of his overcoat and while the officer was telephoning from my studio he found the chance to drop it behind the cushion of my divan.

After going to the station with the detectives and the police Rodney came back to me and as terror-stricken as we both were, the gates of Paradise opened to us, for there came the knowledge of each of us, that however shaden the other might be, because of our great love we would always stand together.

"Stop, Jim, I don't want to hear any more. The rest of Kathy's story may be all right for the papers, but do you realize that we are wasting valuable time? We must find that other woman. Where had we better begin?"

"Why, the easiest way is to call Stedman and find out the name of the girl he took away from Foss."

"Is she the woman he's been trying to protect?"

"Probably not. Don't you remember the woman wrote to Foss the day he was murdered and told him that Stedman had cast her off?"

"Let's phone him and ask him anyway."

The telephone operator at the apartment house said: "Mr. Stedman left word that he was not to be disturbed by anyone until tomorrow morning," and broke the connection.

Instead of leaving the telephone Stedman called another number. "Is this Dr. Johnson?"

"Oh, hello, doctor. This is Dick Starmount talking. I called you up to ask if you could, off-hand, name

me a dozen of the young women who have tuberculosis among your patients around the village."

There was a moment's hesitation. Jim Kirby knew that Dick was listening intently and he heard: "You have just named the woman who killed Elton Foss. Give me her address. Thank you, Goodbye."

"Who is it, Dick? Who is it? Give me her name."

Handing Jim his hand and grabbing his own, Dick Starmount made for the door, almost shouting as he went: "Why, it's Peggy Blackton. Why I didn't think of her I do not know. I heard her voice as we were putting Kathy into the ambulance, but when I tried to find the owner of the voice she was gone. I've had her hat for days."

"Peggy Blackton—she was the toast of the town. You don't mean to say you've got one of those maniac actions she always wore? Where did you find it?"

"Mandy found it under the steps in front of Kathy's studio. Let's pick up Skelton on the way. We ought as well have one of the detectives with us, for we are on the right track now."

Hastily assembling Skelton and two other police officers, the men drove to Peggy Blackton's flat just off McDougal St. On the way Starmount told the new developments to Skelton.

As they walked up the rickety stairs they heard a terrific coughing, and entering, found a girl propped on the pillows of her bed while from her mouth the red stream of life was flowing.

Before anyone could speak Skelton brutally said: "Are you Peggy Blackton?"

"Am," she answered.

"Then I have come to arrest you for the murder of Elton Foss."

"But I didn't kill him. Why should I kill the only man I ever loved? I didn't kill Elton Foss but about an hour ago killed the person who killed him."

Monday—Murder Will Out

Subscribe for the Journal

By George McManus

By Herriman

By Bud Fisher