

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Abreast of the Times.

Taxpayers will be glad to note that the highest educational institutions of the state are keeping abreast of the times. It was feared for a time that the Oregon Agricultural College had distanced the University of Oregon by installing courses in the modern agricultural pursuits of cafeteria management, movie picture photography and baby nursing, but to offset this superior enterprise, the university is sending out questionnaires to find out what should be taught besides football and basketball, which will probably result in establishing brand new courses and instructors for the glory of Old Oregon.

The latest of several questionnaires is from the School of Physical Education, which is attempting to find "what types of physical activities should be taught college students studying for various professions" and the recipient is asked to state his age, profession, and whether ability to play a game is considered a "necessary part of the equipment of a successful business man."

Presumably the big idea of asking fool questions, besides opening new fields of activity to swell the university payroll, is that certain games are corollaries of certain professions, instead of a matter of individual temperament and physique, and that with each occupation should be prescribed a special course in physical exercise. For instance, if a majority of questionnaires from editors showed that most editors were fishermen, therefore a course in angling should be installed as an essential part of the course in journalism, and if squash would be the favorite of the lawyers, no legal education would be complete without a course in squash.

As there are some 35 athletic activities proposed in the questionnaire, there is the opportunity for establishing courses of instruction in all 35, and with every student forced to take the exercise prescribed for his or her future occupation, a larger faculty and a larger future looms ahead for department of physical education.

All of which proves that the modern state educational institution is fully capable of spending all the millage tax income insight, no matter how the money rolls in—and then some.

All Prisons Full

With 517 convicts in the state penitentiary and with a dozen more enroute, the record of prison population is at its highest peak. So crowded has the institution become that it is necessary to place three prisoners in some of the cells.

We can hardly believe this, for prohibition was to empty our jails, prisons and asylums—yet after 10 years of state dryness, there are more people in jail, in prison and in the asylums in Oregon than in her history. Moreover, in the old days most of the convicts were men over 40 years of age. Today 60 percent are in the early 20's.

The same condition exists throughout the United States. There is more crime today than ever, more law-breaking and more insanity. The record of arrests in all large cities is at its zenith while the record of unsolved crimes looms larger every year.

All of which shows that as an eliminator of crime, prohibition has been a failure—but as an inspiration to law breaking, it has been a phenomenal success.

All of Oregon, especially Salem, extends to Governor Pierce heartfelt sympathy in the hour of his bereavement for the loss of his wife and help-met. Though protracted illness kept Mrs. Pierce from playing her role as first lady of Oregon, her patience and fortitude in her extended suffering won her the love and admiration of the state.

GOVERNOR'S WIFE PASSES ILLNESS LONG

(Continued from page one)

one brother living. She was the youngest of nine children.

She was a devoted mother, giving her whole soul and energy to the rearing of her children, caring little for society. She was always an extremely strong woman until her first operation, in October, 1919, since which time she has suffered much. Since February 1, 1924, she has had the attention of a private nurse, demanding constant care. All through her suffering and affliction she has been kind, hopeful, cheerful and helpful to the very last; she had an indomitable will, keeping track of her household affairs even after she could no longer walk or talk aloud, insisting that the bills for the home come to her, even paying her February household accounts with her own check.

She was a member of the Methodist church, becoming converted at Walla Walla in 1888. Her circle of friends was not large, but those who knew her best prized her friendship very highly. During the seasons when her husband, Walter M. Pierce, was state senator, she was always with him from eastern Oregon and was one of the well known ladies of the state senate. She was present the night her husband was inaugurated as governor, but was never able to enter the state house afterward.

Mrs. Pierce took a deep interest in her husband's political career, although she never appeared. He was away from home much, both because of his interest in state affairs and because his farm and the cattle on the range took him. But there was the most complete harmony of interest between them. She had not been strong for some years prior to her severe illness, and Governor Pierce's solicitude for her at all times was extreme. During his campaign for the nomination two years ago he went to his home in La Grande and back to western Oregon many times just because he wished to see how she was getting along and to have a few hours with her. While the public did not know this, he took these night rides and put in many extra hours, some of them valuable for campaign work, because he could not bear to be away from her any more than was actually necessary, while she suffered as only he knew

she did. When Mr. Pierce was elected governor the newspaper reporters soon found that Mrs. Pierce's illness was very serious and questioned the governor about it. To them he confided the truth that it was a hopeless case of cancer, but he asked them to say nothing about it and to not mention her illness except when absolutely necessary. The newspaper men recognized the fine sentiment in the governor's wish and respected it. To Mrs. Pierce, the governor spoke hopefully right up to the day of her death. Long after he realized that there was no hope he would not admit it to her, but talked of the time when she would be well again and they could go out together. When he was in the hospital last summer, for an operation, he found a nurse he considered especially competent and he took her from the hospital at a greatly advanced salary, to care for Mrs. Pierce. The expense of these two years has been tremendous, but that has not counted for a moment with him. To alleviate her suffering in the highest degree, at any cost, was his object. When affairs of state crowded upon him, he would say to a friend, "Let this be nothing, if only my wife were well again."

UPSET STOMACH, GAS, INDIGESTION

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets, —Stomach Feels Fine!



TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Calm
- Aeriform elastic fluid
- Immediately
- Railway (ab.)
- Greek Goddess
- Wednesday (ab.)
- Not poetic
- Indignant
- An ex-president
- Puzzling question
- Within
- Armed conflict
- Exist
- A trick
- Over (post)
- Azany

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

A	R	C	L	I	L	A	C
N	O	N	M	A	M	A	
D	A	B	C	D	I	D	
E	N	B	A	T	D		
S	B	A	R	O	N	P	
T	D	R	Y	F	A		
A	R	T	Y	T	A	R	
R	E	A	D	P	A	I	R
M	E	T	E	R	P	L	Y

VERTICAL

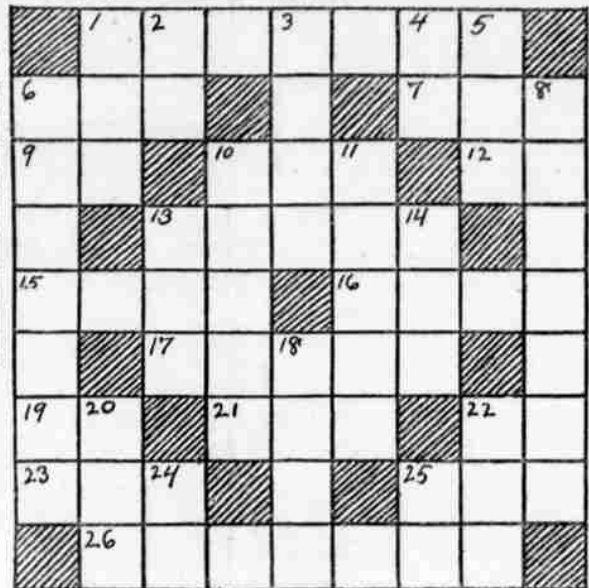
- Recompense
- So
- Denoting insertion
- A nook
- To amount
- Forebide
- Atmospheric condition
- Shall with pointed head
- An ether
- Explosive noise
- Organ of hearing
- Mineral
- Adverb
- Honey gathering insect
- Deport
- Either

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.



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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

AN EXCITING EVENING

"Come, madame, I will recite you a love poem of Paul Gertrude's that you will surely think romantic," answered the infatuated Frenchman. As they passed McLean's table Lillimay glanced up at the count. "Do you think the moon, count, is as bright tonight as it was last night. It seems to me as though it is waning."

McLean had gotten quickly and stiffly to his feet and answered as though the question had been asked him. "You are right, Miss Vail. Last night the moon was full, tonight it has begun to wane."

Antoinette Norton purposely lingered a little behind the count and Lillimay and she heard the girl with Robert McLean say a little jealous by: "Bob, I thought you did not know her well." She did not catch his reply.

For the week that Lillimay Vail stayed in Paris before she boarded a ship for the United States, it seemed as though every place she went, from the shop on the rue de la Paix in the morning to the smart restaurants at night, she met McLean and his fiancée. Lillimay found her heart beating every time she encountered them.

The last night before she was to cross to England, accompanied by the ever-present count, she entered the Cafe de Paris.

Deliberately she stopped at the table where Bob was sitting. "Bob, introduce me to your father and mother. I have always wanted to know you, Miss Eames, ever since Bob told me his fiancée was coming to Paris. You seem to be having such a good time."

"And I have wanted to know you Miss Vail. You chatted so volubly

in French to your escort that I quite envied you. I really do not know anything but boarding school French, which of course no one understands in Paris."

"You must get Mr. McLean to teach you. He speaks the language almost like a Frenchman. Indeed, even the Count LaVelle can not recite one of those lovely poems from Tol of Mr. better than he."

Bobby McLean grew scarlet and then pale when Lillimay turned to him and said: "By the way, I am sending back your copy of the poems. I should have done this before, but I forgot that I had it until Nonnie brought it to me this morning. She had found it down back of the cushions of the big divan."

"Good-bye, Bobby. We may meet again in the good old U. S. A. Every one comes to Hollywood these days. They have changed the place where good Americans go when they die from Paris to Hollywood, you know. Both places have the reputation of adding very spicy gaiety to their respective nations."

Robert McLean raised Lillimay's hand to his lips, which were burning. Her scented fingers lay against them for a moment like fragrant rose leaves in their fluttering coolness. Then they parted, those two who had played at love-making with all the zest and desire of youth and who had parted with the coldness and reserve of strangers.

All the way home Lillimay Vail was like a statue. Day after day she sat and gazed out on the track-

less water, and whether it sparkled in the sun or lashed into foam created waves under the fury of the storm, it did not seem to matter.

Not until the girl reached New York did she show the slightest interest in anything about her.

As she came upon that glorious sky line which makes every American's heart beat faster, a faint color came into her cheeks and her lips grew from rose to scarlet. "I didn't remember it was so beautiful, Nonnie," she exclaimed. "I wonder if it is so gorgeous out on the Pacific coast."

Lillimay looked in vain for her mother's face as they approached the dock.

Instead, as they descended the gangplank, a middle aged man stopped up.

"Uncle Ode, Uncle Ode. Where is my mother?"

Startled, Lillimay turned to face a little woman whose naturally red hair had been touched up with henna. Her eyebrows were only a faint line above her dark lashed deep green eyes. Her cheeks were flushed with a dull blue felt hat, pulled down over her curling bob, matched her blue stockings and white shoes.

Lillimay was too surprised to speak. She allowed herself to be hugged and kissed by the exuberant little woman who fluttered about her like a blue and white butterfly. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she looked at least ten years older than the woman who was calling her daughter and introducing her to a Mr. Harold Kennedy.

(Continued Tomorrow)



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



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DUMB DORA

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



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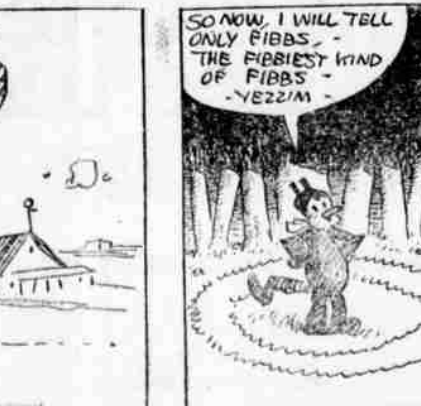
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CHIC YOUNG

By Herriman

KRAZY KAT

Krazy Is Insulted



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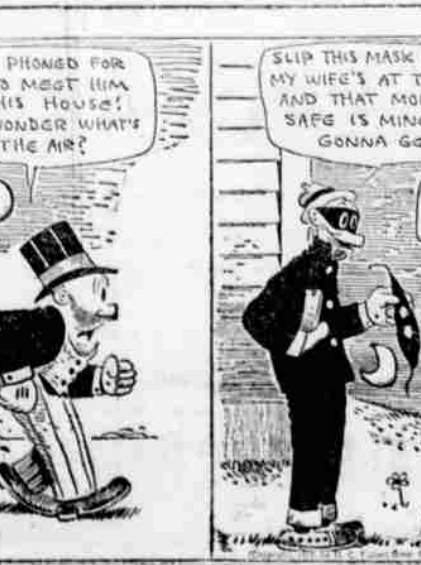
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HERRIMAN

MUTT AND JEFF

Does Mut's Wife Know Mut? We'll Say She Does.

By Bud Fisher



So pleasant, so inexpensive, so quick to settle an upset stomach, the moment "Pape's Diapensin" touches the stomach all pain and distress from indigestion or a sour, gassy stomach vanishes. Millions know its magic. All druggists recommend this harmless stomach corrector.—Adv.