

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published every evening except Sunday
Telephone 81; news 82
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The Baby Uplift

This age of uplift has brought a new vocation for old maids and bachelor women through the establishment of the "children's bureau" of the department of labor of the federal government, and many thousands of taxpayers' money is spent by them in instructing the married how to raise babies and in otherwise minding other people's business—which is always the principal occupation of welfare workers.

The bureau is in charge of Miss Julia Lathrop assisted by a long list of women each bearing the prefix "Miss" who acknowledge authorship of many pamphlets printed and distributed at government expense, upon "Maternity Care and Welfare of Children," and similar subjects, containing silly equations to figure out the proper proportion of money the family should budget for food, clothing, etc., for papa, mama and the kids, as well as the menus of calories that should be provided.

The following mottoes are suggested by the Bureau for a proposed baby parade: "Give Us Pure Milk;" "Give Us Fresh Air;" "We Need Love;" "We Want Clean Homes;" "Down With Patent Medicines;" "Don't Kiss Me, You May Have Germs;" "Give Us Fathers Who Think." All of which leads the Corvallis Gazette-Times to remark:

O gosh! Bankus est pluribus nausearum! Are the old maids who run this bureau going to get new dads for these kids? And the public pays for that kind of stuff. Now they are trying to add to this bureau a maternity department that will cost the government millions of dollars and the individual states millions more.

People are getting very tired of these professional forward-looking and their profusion of propaganda proclaiming themselves saviors of the world, when all they seek is place and power. As a matter of fact nothing can hasten the disintegration of the home and parental incompetence faster than the paternalism that relieves individual responsibility, the foundation stone of the successful home, and rests it in the government.

Democratic Future

Franklin D. Roosevelt has proposed a conference of democratic leaders to formulate a policy to govern the party, ignoring personalities for principles. Only "those issues which the whole party in every section of the nation agrees upon as fundamental" are to be considered as vital in rebuilding the party from the ruins of its last two defeats.

In theory the Democrats ought to get back to Jefferson, with his ideal of the best government as that which governs least. They should repudiate paternalism, with its accompanying bureaucracy, denounce special privilege with its program of enrichment of the many at the expense of the few, advocate restoration of state, local and personal rights as guaranteed in the constitution and the overthrow of federalism. Upon such a platform the Democrats would at least stand for an ideal that would in the long run become victorious.

The demoralization of Democracy began with the leadership of Bryan, who was a paternalistic populist and not a fundamental Democrat. Expediency replaced principle in the pursuit of power and it has met deserved defeat, because it abandoned the cause which it was founded to preserve.

Party principles and platforms are however, the result of compromise of contending forces. The irreconcilable clash between western paternalists and the eastern democrats, with their bitter personalities and sectional feuds will probably result in another muddled mix-up that will insure future defeat. That is why the Democrat gets his emblem of the donkey.

Republicanism Purified

In recognizing the secession of the followers of LaFollette from the Republican party, and ousting them from party councils and demoting them in committee assignments, the Republican organization has followed the logical and consistent course and the insurgents should be the last to complain at the consequences of their own folly. The party has now been purified of its last vestige of progressivism.

At the same time, the republican organization is deeply indebted to LaFollette and his followers, for their bolt split the Coolidge opposition and demoralized the democrats and made republican success a cinch. So LaFollette is entitled to a distinguished service medal for his services in the last campaign instead of the double-cross. LaFollette has always been to much enamored of himself to accept party dictation or discipline. If he could not rule he preferred ruin and after many years of persistent effort, has accomplished it.

Scars

(From the Baltimore Evening Sun.)

Any man of medicine will tell you that scar tissue does not function, but this saying serves only to prove that scientists do not look beyond the rules.

Consider the trees. One grows straight and clean and fine, without a scar or a limb within forty feet of the ground. Its wood is useful, but contains no more element of beauty than a desert land.

Another tree meets with adversity. Something scars it. It puts on limbs that it cannot support and these die and fall, leaving empty sockets. As the years pass the tree covers these blemishes with its bark, and those who rest in its shade are not aware of them, but observe only the proud spread of limbs above; but the scars are there, and when the tree is cut the scars begin to function.

Each is a cluster of whirled curves and splashes of color, and this is the grain that makes wood beautiful. Nature does not employ straight lines to achieve her effects.

Mens are much like trees. A few grow straight and true, without a scar or blemish that needs concealing, and in a perfect world all would be like these, and their perfection, lacking contrast here, would to exalt itself, would remain tolerant. But in an imperfect world those who are unscarred are prone

to be too rigid and uncompromising.

The average man—how well Wall Whitman served us with that expression!—the average man is scarred by his follies and his weaknesses. The years may hide the record of his faults, but when he has an hour for introspection he contemplates the scars and from these learns humility. He cannot be the man he might have been, for a scar is a scar and a line that is written is written; but the blemishes that trouble his soul have been turned to account by a scheme of things that does not rot to waste.

His scars function. They are the source of his charity, his tolerance and his compassion.

MAJORITY OF ALL LUNATICS ARE MEN

Berlin, Germany—Germany, a local daily with a love for statistics, has collected a lot of figures on German population from which it derives authority for the following statement: Ten out of every 1000 men and three out of every 1000 women are idiots. On the other hand, out of 1000 men there are 19 geniuses, whereas among 1000 women there are none.

When it comes to average intelligence, the women are ahead, 595 out of 1000 being in that category, while only 350 out of 1000 men thus qualify.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Relating to gymnastics
3. That is (L. ab.)
9. October (ab.)
10. Toward
12. Term of endearment
15. Edible seed of plant
18. Accordingly
17. Lufelittle article
19. Established church (ab.)
20. North Carolina
22. A chum
23. Established (ab.)
25. Revised version of Bible (ab.)
28. Muscular organ
30. Each (ab.)
31. The day last past

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

P	A	C	I	F	I	C
G	A	S	N	I	N	O
R	Y	A	T	E	W	E
A	P	R	O	S	E	A
P	O	O	R	T	A	F
H	P	O	S	E	R	H
I	N	W	A	R	O	B
C	O	G	L	O	E	R
T	O	R	T	U	R	E

VERTICAL

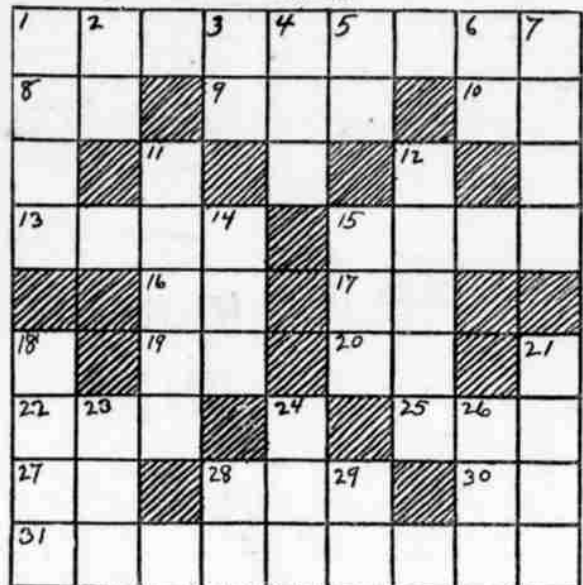
1. Enrich
2. You (poet)
3. Word negation
4. Do
5. Street (ab.)
6. Baby (ab.)
7. Maize
11. Frame for holding pictures
12. Add so
13. Huge mythical bird
15. Forbid
18. Lively
21. Remain
23. Avenue (ab.)
24. To hasten
26. Large body of water
28. Lieutenant (ab.)
29. Pair

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

A MOTHER'S LOVE

"So this is the man," Lillie May said to herself with a keen glance at the handsome young chap who clasped her hand warmly. There was open admiration in his eyes, which she returned with a look of shimmering hate.

Harold Kennedy met Lillie May's look of dislike with one of dearming admiration but there was a quizzical smile on his lips which told the girl that he understood thoroughly. That smile said to her "I am ready to compromise or to fight, but you must accept me somewhere along the line."

"Isn't she beautiful, Harold?" asked Mrs. Vail. "I told you there was not a girl in all Hollywood as lovely as my Lillie May."

Lillie May shrank a little as she heard her mother pronounce her name. Not since she had been abroad had she heard the harsh American pronunciation that separated her Lillie May into two names with the English sound of the double 'L'.

"What is the matter, darling? Is someone walking over your grave?" Lillie May smiled. It was the first time she had heard the old superstition voiced since she had left America.

"I am afraid, Lillie, it will take Miss Vail a long time to get used to English as we speak it on the western coast," Harold Kennedy said softly.

"Lillie," thought Lillie May. So her mother too had changed and softened her name.

There came to her memory the muffled voice of her father as he answered the trades that her mother had poured out upon his luckless head.

"I'm not well, Melissy. Indeed I'm not," he had pleaded. She wondered if her mother ever contrasted the "Melissy" of the old days with the "Lissa" which Harold Kennedy called her. One meant hard work, cordialness, unhappiness and poverty, the other joy and peace, beauty, wealth and love.

She looked at her mother speculatively and tried to find out just how the name Lissa affected her when spoken in the well-bred tones of the handsome young man who tucked her under his arm as though he owned her.

She was just in time to catch on Mrs. Vail's face a look of radiant happiness and pride. "You see, Lillie May, I too have changed my name. I don't know how you pronounce yours yet as I have seen it only signed to your letters. Harold says you doubtless call it 'Lillie May.' Is that right?"

"Yes, dear, my French teachers named me that and wrote it Lillie May."

"I don't blame you for adopting it Miss Vail," interposed Harold Kennedy. "It is very beautiful."

"Miss Vail—how do you get that way," Harold? You know you have always called her Lillie May to me. Did I pronounce your name right, daughter?"

Lillie May bowed her head.

"Then she is to be Lillie May to you and you are to be Harold to her in the future. You like that better, don't you, dear?"

"I will be just what you want me to be to anyone you wish, dear mother."

Mrs. Vail beamed but Harold Kennedy sensed the daughter's antagonism.

As soon as the party arrived at the upstairs room in the hotel,

Melissa Vail pulled her daughter into her own sitting room.

"The maid will show you your room and you can rest or unpack as you please. I don't want any of you to come near me until dinner time. Four hours will be too little time to feast my eyes on this darling. Oh I have wanted her so much all these years."

The moment the door was closed Melissa Vail led the girl over to a great cushioned divan.

"Sit down here and let me look at you and I want you to look at me. I want you to tell me that I have improved as much as I know you have."

"Oh Lillie May, Lillie May are you glad to be home? Do I look as you thought I would?"

The older woman seemed suddenly to have aged. Gone was the exuberance and the enthusiasm and in its place there was a tender motherliness that sat rather hollowly on the painted face and bright red bobbed hair of a little figure that was straining her daughter to her bosom.

"You have grown much younger, mother dear," said Lillie May evasively. "I would not have known you. All the lines of worry have gone from your face and all the scars of toil from your brows."

The girl picked up one of the brilliantly maneuvered hands of her mother and held it caressingly against her mouth.

As she felt the soft lips upon her hand Melissa Vail gave a satisfied sigh. "I shall never be unhappy again," she said. "All the long years that you have been away from me, dearest have been blotted out by this moment when I have you again."

"I want you to tell me all about yourself. Everything that you have done since you have been away. But first of all, I want you to tell me what you think of Harold Kennedy."

Tomorrow—Looking Backward.

Capital Journal Want Ads
Bring Results—Try Them

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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KRAZY KAT

The Fibber's Victory

By Herriman



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MUTT AND JEFF

This May Be Of Interest to a Lot of Our Friends.

By Bud Fisher



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