

Capital Journal

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Breathing Its Last

A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but the Ku Klux Klan can never be sweetened by any change of name, or small sweet under any name. It is no improvement to call it "improved" as has been done in new articles of incorporation just filed here, as long as its fundamental idea is the spiritualization of religious and racial prejudice and the retailing of human hate at a profit to promoters.

Presumably the incorporation of the "Improved order of Klansmen" is an attempt to preserve some of the rapidly diminishing graft now slipping away, but it will prove futile, for the Klan is so dead that it cannot be revived. It has gone the way of all similar organizations that mix religion and politics for a price. It is simply too un-American to be long tolerated in an American community.

It will be years before the corroding taint of the Klan is entirely eliminated in Oregon, but as a potent factor the Klan has destroyed itself. Whatever it has touched, it has demoralized. Even the morons who formed its rank and file have been disillusioned and refused to pungle up further for the enrichment of its wizards, titans and furies who exploited their dupes.

There is an end to all things and the end of the Ku Klux Klan is at hand. It is walking the plank to plunk in the ocean of oblivion.

Isle of Pines

Better late than never. After 20 years of delay, the Isle of Pines treaty has been ratified by the senate. It recognizes the sovereignty of Cuba over the Isle of Pines as agreed upon in the original treaty as made with Cuba, by which the United States acquired naval bases in the West Indies.

The long delay over ratification has been due to the influence of American speculators and promoters who sold millions of dollars worth of island property and stock in highly capitalized development schemes to Americans under pretense that the island belonged to the United States, and that they would profit immensely by American sovereignty.

The plea that ratification of the treaty would defraud innocent American investors has been potent enough to delay action, altho the Isle of Pines has always been Cuban property and there never a shadow of substantiation for the assertion that the United States could or would break faith with Cuba by seizing it.

"A Drunken, Hairy Visigoth Sits on the Throne"

(From the Buffalo Times)
Five hundred years after Julius Caesar and his successors had carried the Roman arms into all the known lands, a Roman runner appeared at the Roman camp in Britain, with these tidings:
"The Roman day is over. A drunken hairy Visigoth sits on the Emperor's throne."

This was the beginning of Nordic supremacy in Europe, even though the Anti-Saloon League to rebuke the Gothic leader. It is a far cry from those vifid days to the present "Miss Nancy" and "Miss Prissy" condition of affairs. Then neither Nancy or Priscilla was in a position to "punish" the naughty boys who founded the mighty empire of Charlemagne; who established Anglo-Saxon civilization; who carried along with their conquests the right of free speech in their town meetings; who wrote Magna Charta; who framed the Bill of Rights; who, in a word, created England and her "far-flung battle line"; who stood by their ancient rights in the American Revolution; and who made possible the United States of America.

From a race of world builders we are becoming a population of hahblitts. We resign our rights without a murmur. We worship any form of authority, or any pretense of authority. We love to be regimented, goose-stepped, ordered about, regulated, supervised, taxed and generally suppressed. We gape upon and fawn upon our bosses. We have a kind of maniacal delight in divesting ourselves of civic obligations and personal liberties. We are the most obedient, the most docile, and some of us the most loving people upon the face of the earth.

And the rest of mankind looks

on and calculates: World riches have afflicted us with financial gluttony. The war made us the treasure house of the nations. The worst feature of this is that we have been able to enforce our own shallow inexperience upon the unwilling but necessarily acquiescent minds of wiser peoples. Just as we corrupted the Indians, we are in a different day and fashion corrupting Europe and the East, or trying to. An instance of this is shown in the yielding of the MacDonald government to an extension of the three-mile limit—a suggestion which England had previously resisted for a thousand years. Thus as regards even the boundaries now, we have engineered encroachments on the only place where freedom is still supposed to exist on this round globe.

Nordic rule in the East the Slavic races are gathering their powers and forces, unilluminated by "Prissey" or "Nancys," for the domination of the world. The Latin races, litha, supple, subtle, keen, proud, intellectual and powerful, are watching their chance. England is stumped or decadent. It is hard to tell which. But what she is nevertheless a hope of the Nordic race, "Pottersm" in England and "Hahblittism" in America, with their moron self-satisfaction, are like a fat boy at school in the sultry afternoon of comfortable and undigested riches.

Here are the Nordic units—Germany, Scandinavia, England and America. Will the Japanese or the Slavic or the Latin runner appear, with the tidings: "The Nordic day is over, says the Wisdom of the Past. Where justice isn't honored, and freedom doesn't last, into McClintock death."

Asked About Germs.
In conversations he said he had with Shepherd. "Fatman" said: "Shepherd wanted to know whether the germs could be introduced into a person's system by hypodermic inoculation. I told him germs mixed with a person's food were likely to have more effect, because conditions in food were better for their culture."

When Shepherd was brought before him Dr. Fatman immediately identified him as the man who had made the inquiries regarding the germs and accused of causing the having taken the three tubes of bacilli. "Fatman" asserted positively in Shepherd's presence that he was the same man who had paid \$50 for the letter of inquiry sent to the school.

"You know you did," Fatman said to Shepherd.
"I never saw the gentleman before two weeks ago," said Shepherd, appealing to assistant state attorneys present.

"He's the fellow all right," Fatman reiterated.
"You're a liar," Shepherd retorted.
Attorney Robert Stoll, partner of Shepherd, was at the Shepherd home when the state's attorneys detectives arrived. He said they had been expecting "something of the kind" and would "not be surprised if charges would be placed against Shepherd."

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. An ox (Gr.)
4. Base (ab.)
8. Vigor
10. Belonging to me
12. Part of a flower
14. Small European deer
15. Preposition
16. One who rides
18. Master (ab.)
21. Name of a cake
23. One or any
24. Preposition
25. Sufficient
27. Female sheep
28. Settled (ab.)
29. French coin
31. To nose the head slowly

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

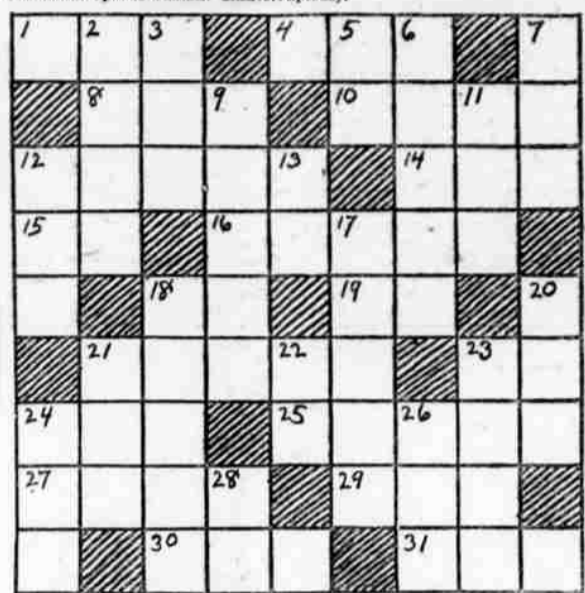
P	H	T	H	I	S	I	C
H	O	A	S	I	S	S	
T	S	T	B	A	C		
H	I	T	N	Y	A	S	A
I	N	S	L	S	L	S	L
S	E	P	O	Y	P	A	P
I	S	L	R	Y	E		
S	B	O	D	E	S	R	
S	Y	N	O	P	S	I	S

VERTICAL

2. Place where food is baked
3. To rest (verb)
5. Present tense to be
6. Hope
7. To look
9. Weed
11. Another
12. Part of a fruit
13. Light Infantry (ab.)
17. Shins
18. Horses
20. Alone
21. Not high
22. Each (ab.)

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.



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23. Low pitched voice
24. Not many
25. Writing instrument
26. As

Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

Like a Snow Maiden

"Do you know, dear," said Lillmay to her mother, "that ever since I came home I have had an odd fancy about you. You seem to have emerged from that ugly cocoon of unhappiness into a gorgeous butterfly that everyone would like to capture."

"Tonight you will be a purple and gold moth with emerald-studded wings. By the way, if you wish I will add some emerald bracelets and pins to your collection. I confess I do not care for the stones for myself."

Sometimes, somewhere, thought Melissa Vall shrewdly, Lillmay has worn gold face and emeralds and received a hurt which is not yet healed.

"Child, I want you to be happy," she said suddenly as she threw her arms about her daughter and kissed her before she sent her to her room to dress. "Everything I have in the world is yours. Every thought of my brain is connected with you. Every beat of my heart is for you."

"Mr. Kennedy," announced the maid.
Again Lillmay noticed the scarlet flood rushing over her mother's face.

"Come in Harold," the older woman said. "I have not started to dress but you can sit here and amuse yourself with—"

"Thinking of you, dear lady."

"Do you really find mother amusing, Mr. Kennedy?" asked Lillmay; before he could answer she left the room.

"Lissa, your daughter hates me," Harold said, as he took the little woman in his arms and kissed her. "I am afraid she is jealous of me."

"I can hardly believe that, Harold. Surely she wants me to be happy."

"And you are happy? I do make you happy, Lissa?"

"Happier than I ever expected to be. You make me so happy, dear, that if Lillmay is coming in to spoil our companionship, I shall be sorry that she is here, much as I love her."

"Then, sweetheart, we must not let her spoil it. I must make her love me. You know I live only to see you content."

"Oh, Harold, I love to hear you say that, but you know, I am an old woman. I never realized how old until I saw Lillmay. Isn't she beautiful? And what an air! What elegance! What repose! Without knowing it she makes me feel just what I am, nouveau riche."

"Dearest, don't you realize that you are much more human? Your daughter is very lovely in a kind of cold, statuesque way. I have been wondering ever since I saw her if any man has ever succeeded in taking that somewhat contemptuous smile off that sometimes unhappy mouth with a kiss!"

"Oh, Harold, did you notice that? Then I am right. I am afraid Lillmay has had some bitter experience. I wanted her to wear a golden gown tonight, but she said she would never wear a gold lace dress again. The tones of her voice told me much more than the words she spoke."

"She has brought me an emerald necklace and with it she has given me all her own emeralds."

"That's it, Lissa," interrupted Harold. "Somewhere she has found the end of her ivera dream. It was when she was wearing a gold

frock with emeralds. And now, just one word, my darling. Until I have made Lillmay like me a little, I had better not tell her that we love each other, and that we have been waiting only for her return to marry."

"Just as you think best, but I shall be disconsolate until you two, whom I love best on earth, love each other as I love you."

After Melissa Vall left the room Harold Kennedy sank down in a low chair in thoughtful mood, but whatever was the subject of his study he must have settled it for his satisfaction, for it was with smiles that he greeted Lillmay, Ovid Marchmont and Miss Norton as they came into Mrs. Vall's sitting room.

"Our gracious hostess is not ready yet, but I can vouch that she will be here soon," he said. "In fact, I think it has taken her longer than usual to dress. She probably wants to be her loveliest for your sake," and he bowed deferentially to the girl.

At that moment Mrs. Vall made her appearance. Both men thought they had never seen such beautiful women. The mother was like the gorgeous butterfly to which her daughter had likened her. The daughter seemed a snow-maiden.

Both men showed their appreciation characteristically. Harold Kennedy raised Melissa's hand in elaborate courtesy to his lips and murmured: "Not content, dear lady ravishing my eyes with your beauty present me with an exquisite replica of yourself. You most wonderful of women."

Ovid Marchmont looked into the upturned face of Lillmay and smiled: "It is a long way, my dear, from the broken-down hedge you used to single through to steal my avocades, to this most gorgeous suite."

Monday—When Mortals Make Mistakes.

Washington, March 13.—President Coolidge has decided to appoint a commission to study the Muscle Shoals problem.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA

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



KRAZY KAT

A Puzzling Problem

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

Mrs. Mutl Must Have a Peculiar Sense of Humor

By Bud Fisher

