

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published every evening except Sunday
Telephone 51; news 82
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The Swap

To swap a Kansas progressive for a Clackamas populist, may be a fair enough trade, at least it is no robbery if not a bargain, yet we rather regret that our great religious contemporary, the Salem Statesman has exchanged a Brady for a Tooze as its editorial Moses in its philandering in political wildernesses.

Editor Brady's resignation is universally mourned by the press, to whom he was a constant though oftentimes unconscious, source of joy. The Corvallis Gazette Times laments as follows:

The Salem editor has furnished us material for many columns of copy. He has enough "milk of human kindness," at least that is what he thinks it is, to supply all the editorial offices in Oregon with all they need and have enough left over to start a dairy.

Mr. Brady not only supplied the milk, but the mush, in upoddy amount, to take with it and was proud of it. It is doubtful if Senator Tooze, despite his training with Weeping Water, can stop the hogs better.

Editor Brady had heard 'the call' and his Brobdingnagian frame fairly exuded uplift, spilled service and pulsated reform. No editorial sanctum could possibly contain his vast inspiration and he overflowed on Sunday schools, sewing societies and granges. No gathering was complete without his presence, which was synonymous with his eloquence.

So the Mock Turtle weeps and the Gryphon sobs as they chant the loss of their well beloved—and not even a Tooze can assuage their melancholy.

What's the Answer?

That veteran journalist, E. W. Howe, editor of the monthly bearing his name, is stumped over what he declares "the silliest thing I have ever read" in one of the oldest and best known American periodicals, and wants to know what it all means. The writer, a woman says:

Last night in reading I came upon this quotation from Blake: "Every kindness to another is a little death in the Divine Image." How marvelous! How infinitely beautiful! These words make my whole being stand still in a wonder of delight and worship. I set down here my ardent gratitude to William Blake for having conceived anything so unworldly with beauty and insight. When they came to him I think his whole being must have been standing on tiptoe, reaching up to a higher shelf of thought than any of us shorter people could reach for ourselves. I am infinitely grateful to him for having been able to reach his high thought and to have handed it down to us distilled into these lovely words. The words infected me with a wild rapture. They made me want to run about and shout with joy. How intoxicating words may be! The loveliness of these words of Blake continues to prick me with fresh delight.

Sounds like a speech before Rotary, Kiwanis, or some other luncheon club that has recently discovered the golden rule and offers an obscuration of words for salvation of the soul through service by eating a square meal once a week. It also bears some semblance to the rambling rhapsodies of vers libre, which begin in the middle and work either way.

What does it mean? It doesn't mean anything of course, just a piece of cubist literature reflecting the convolutions of the futurist mind, an auto-intoxication of words for which there should be a Volsteadian prohibition enactment carrying severest penalties.

NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

- Butler, Samuel, The Way of all Flesh; Chamberlain, G. A., The Lantern on the Plain; Coppard, A. E., The Black Dog; Kuyamjian, (Michael Arlen), These Charming People; Heymont, W. S., The Peasants; Autumn and Winter; Shute, H. A., Puppy and Old J. Albert; Shute, H. A., The Real Diary of a Real Boy; White, S. E., The Rose Dawn; Dogue, B. N., Stammering; Its Cause and Cure; International Correspondence Schools; Graves, H. S., Forest Mensuration; Roth, Filibert, Forest Regulation; Schlich, Sir Wm., Silviculture; Starbuck, R. M., Modern Plumbing Illustrated; Geister, Edna, Let's Play; Hoffman, M. C., Games for Everybody; Brooks & Hubbard, Composition - rhetoric; O'Brien, The Best Short Stories of 1924; Collins, Joseph, Taking the Literary Pulse; Columbus, Christopher, Journal of First Voyage to America.
- E. A. Bennett, Elsie and the Child.
- J. C. Lincoln, Rugged Water.
- C. B. Nordhoff, Pearl Lagoon.
- E. B. Price, Fortune of the Indians.
- W. M. Raine, The Yukon Trail.
- Ruth Sawyer, Doctor Danny.
- Ethel Sidgwick, Le Gentleman.
- B. M. Sinclair, Rim of the World.
- Elsie Singmaster, The Hidden Road.
- W. D. Steele, Isles of the Blest.
- W. D. Steele, Land's End.
- H. M. Stuart, Sonny; a Christmas Guest.

The Skyrocket

(Reviewed by Warren Spencer.)
The story of the ugly duckling ends with its discovery that it is a swan. The story of Cinderella leaves you to imagine the effect upon the heroine of becoming a princess. But Adela Rogers St. Johns in her first novel, "The Skyrocket," has the daring to go on with a fairy tale after the great transformation scene.
Sharon Kimm's childhood is spent in squalor. From a rebellious mother she has inherited a passion for beauty and luxury which, it seems, can never be gratified. Only such a fairy godmother as lives in Hollywood these days could wave the wand which changes obscure, ignorant, tawdry little Sharon into a brilliant star.

Flavor and fragrance are delicate things. That's why a cup of tea is everything or nothing! Try Tree Tea Orange Pekoe and let one cup decide!

TREE TEA Orange Pekoe

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

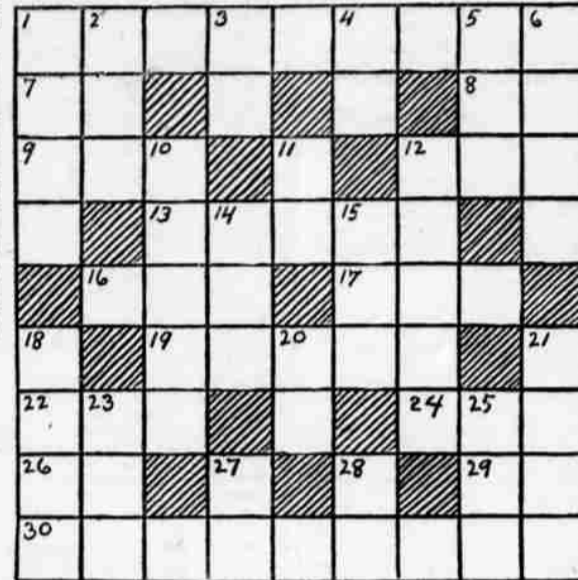
- Commencing
- Form of (L. ab.)
- That is (L. ab.)
- Toward the stern of a ship
- Quick to learn
- Shouts
- Armed conflict
- To imitate
- Absorb into something
- Write lightly
- Borr. (French)
- Man's name (ab.)
- Halfroad (ab.)
- Exiling

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

R	A	D	I	A	T	O	R
M	A	L	E	L	O	P	E
O	P	A	L	L	E	N	
W	S	A	L	A	N	D	
Q	P	A	P	S			
M	U	G	C	A	R	B	
I	O	E	N	A	P	E	
S	I	E	G	E	R	A	G
S	T	R	O	N	G	E	R



VERTICAL

- Prejudice
- Fairy
- Island (ab.)
- Number (ab.)
- Small dram
- Acquires
- Hobo
- Royal Engineers (ab.)
- Tree
- Before
- Tire out
- Pierce with weapon
- Railway (ab.)
- An iceberg
- Alabama (ab.)
- An eagle
- Double (L. prefix)
- Exclamation

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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

JUST HER MOTHER

"Please do not talk that way, Lisa," said Harold Kennedy. "It makes me think perhaps that I might be jealous. But I am only jealous, dear, because I want to say back to you something of what you have given me. I want no one not even Lilla, to interfere with that. I am going to keep on trying to overcome Lisa's prejudices. In the meantime perhaps we can raise enough money on our other holdings to start the finance company. I looked into it very carefully when I was in New York and I think it would be a very good thing if you still want to go into it."
"Of course, I want to go into it. I am willing to trust you with all or any part of me or my possession dear. You have never failed me yet in anything you have undertaken for me."
"That is no sign I am infallible, dear lady. I may make a mistake but if I do I want you to know that I would have made the same mistake for myself. Lisa, you do know that do you not?"
"Yes, of course, I know it, but that doesn't mean anything to me dear boy. I want you to understand that I believe in you and trust you and that the loss of everything I have in the world would mean nothing to me beside the loss of your regard."
"Dear, dear Lisa, was any other woman ever as sweet as you?"
There came a sound as though the man had taken her mother in his arms and kissed her.
Lilla turned her face to the wall and put her hands over her ears. It turned her sick that her mother could believe such a transparent lie.

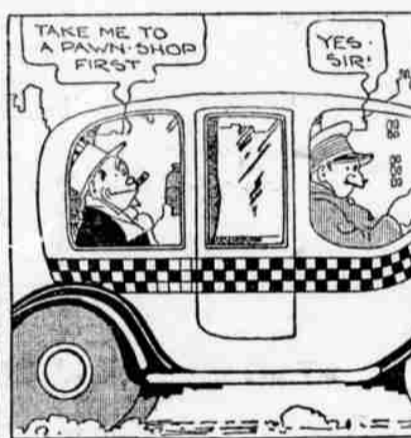
After a moment the two evidently separated but Lilla did not answer when her mother bent over her later and asked her if she were asleep.

Being the daughter of Melissa Vait, the elder woman was to Lilla just "mother." That she should be a woman of physical appeal or that she should have a passionate regard for anyone, did not enter the girl's mind, consequently all that she had overheard Harold Kennedy say to her mother could be nothing but pretension.
Early the next morning she was up and on the observation platform. It had been so long since she had seen anything of her own country that even the uninteresting landscape just outside of Cleveland was pleasing to her eyes.
"Do you think you are doing the right thing in getting up so early?" asked a voice so near her that she felt it she should turn, her lips would brush Harold Kennedy's face.
"I am used to early rising," she answered coldly. "That is one of the things we all had to do at school."
"Why do you so thoroughly dislike me, my dear?"
This time Lilla did turn, quickly catching her breath, she had never thought that Harold Kennedy would have had the "nerve" to carry war into the enemy's country.
"How do you know that I don't like you?" she parried, looking him straight in the face unsmilingly.
"How does anyone know anything about another's likes and dislikes," he observed. "There are many reasons, my dear, I know you do not like me but chiefly

I set most of your dislike down to prejudice. Even outside of that, my dear girl, there is some other reason why you do not like me. A reason, I don't quite understand. It seems to be a reason not connected with me at all. Sometimes I have thought that it was because some man had hurt you greatly and because of that you have determined never to trust any other man."
"Has some man, Lilla, betrayed your trust, and therefore have you determined to make yourself hate all other men? Is that the reason you treat me so coldly?"
"My dear girl you will come to like me some day. You'll come to understand me some day."
"I think I understand you now, my dear Harold, and while I must confess that I have been a little jealous, I am not going to be so any more. Here is my hand. Let's be friends."
A smile overspread Harold's face as he looked down into her eyes. He took the hand, held it to him and raised it to his lips, kissing the rosy palm.
Because he was bending over that tiny hand he did not see the look of triumph that flashed into Lilla's eyes.
"Tell me about Mother, Harold. Will the salt water in those wells cripple mother's finances at all? Do you think mother is much worried?"
"Of course she is. It will make a difference of many thousands of dollars a day in her income."
"I was afraid of that and I am going to offer to trade with her. I'll take her side of the field and you'll take the side she has just given me. I don't need a very large income. I don't intend to go into any kind of business. Do you think she will do that, Harold?"
The man did not reply immediately after a little silence he said: "I wonder how you will like our Hollywood. You are going to find there the handsomest if not the cleverest men in all the world."
Tomorrow—From Near and Far.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA

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



KRAZY KAT

There's Spring in the Air



MUTT AND JEFF

Do You Know What Day of the Year This Is?

By Bud Fisher

