

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday
Telephone 21; News 22
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I, even I, am he that bloteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.—Isaiah 43: 45.

The Uplift Upheld

One of the uplift measures adorning our statute books, designed to purify mankind and make the world better by removing temptation by sumptuary law, is that forbidding the transportation of fight films from one state to another, for violation of which Tex Rickard and associates were last week fined \$7,000 each.

Pictures of boxing bouts can be legally shown in New York or in New Jersey, but if they are transported from one state to the other, that constitutes a high crime for which a \$10,000 penalty and a prison sentence may be imposed. The films in question had been shown before Secretary Hughes and members of the Harding cabinet in the "little green house on K street," without arousing any protest, but the fact that they had been carried across a state line constituted the crime.

The absurdity of the entire procedure was apparent to Federal Judge Joseph L. Bodine of Trenton, New Jersey, who of course had no option but to impose sentence. But he declared:

In this case, who can say how the Government was injured? The statutes were flouted, but who of the citizens of the several states were hurt? Boxing bouts can be shown in the states where these pictures were taken. Accounts of boxing matters can be and are broadcast over the radio. Newspapers and periodicals carry the information and show pictures of the contestants. Many people who regard themselves as high-minded persons look at the pictures and go to the encounters.

Still, a law has been violated and punishment must be imposed. When a number of persons in this state conspire to violate the laws of the state by taking advantage of a fine Sunday for an excursion by train or motor to the country or seashore, they flout the law. They do not expect to go to jail. True, they do not do it for the gain of money, but for the gain of health and pleasure. The Puritans thought the latter a sin. The court has no option but to impose sentence.

The "moral" laws which infringe constitutional rights of liberty are however sacred and must be preserved or the government perish. So Rickard must pay the penalty—but Fall, who violated no such sanctified statutes in accepting \$100,000 bribe for bartering away \$100,000,000 of the nation's property, escapes punishment.

A Foolish Referendum

The Portland News is sponsoring an effort to launch a referendum upon the legislative measure requiring that ten percent of the receipts of all state commissions be diverted to the general fund for state expenses. The announced inspiration of the referendum is the loss of funds by the state game commission, which will have to curb its irresponsible expenditures a tenth.

This diversion bill is an emergency measure necessitated to raise required revenue by indirect taxation. If referred, it will cause serious embarrassment to state finances for the next two years. The state must either go upon a warrant basis, or a special session of the legislature be summoned, to provide new sources of revenue.

This referendum, like others proposed on taxation, can only result in embarrassing the state and injuring it financially. It is therefore not the part of good citizenship to advocate it. Because the general public places the state's welfare above the game or other commissions, which can function if necessary on much less revenue than expected, with nobody the loser except job-holders, the referendum will defeat itself.

We do not believe that hunters and anglers, who furnish by their license fees, the game commission's revenues, are in sympathy with any such effort to cripple the state as this referendum, although the commission and its employees probably are. The general public certainly is not, and would care little if the game commission, with its perpetual bickerings over division of the spoils, was wiped out entirely.

The referendum will in all probability, force a needed reorganization of state finances. All commissions should be placed upon the budget system and receipts go into the general fund. All appropriations should be made by the legislature and their expenditure controlled by state officers. The policy of giving spending bodies control of taxation and revenues is absurd, and leads to waste.

MARCH BUSINESS BETTER, REPORT

Business for March, 1925, was slightly more active than the same month of the previous year and considerably better than January or February of this year, according to statistics of the number of instruments filed during the month, which is considered the barometer of business activity. During the month of March, just ended, 727 instruments were filed, as against 668 of the previous month, and 652 in January of the present year. In March, 1924, the number was 718. The same month in 1923 showed 798 instruments filed, showing that business was more active that year than at present.

CLOVERDALE

Cloverdale, Apr. 6.—Mrs. Frank Schampierre was hosted for the W. C. T. U. on Wednesday; on account of sickness only twelve of the members were out. The day was enjoyed by all present.

CHICKEN BUSINESS

chipment of baby chicks from Corvallis Thursday. Ted Whitehead has recently bought several more dairy cows.

Mr. and Mrs. William Farr spent Wednesday at McClay.

Friends of Dr. Mary Stapler will be glad to learn that she expects to be home some time this month. Dr. Stapler has been visiting in the east for about six months.

Jay Cooke has again taken up his work in Salem.

W. H. Wilson spent Thursday in Salem, returning home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schampierre and daughter, Katherine, left here Friday for Portland where they will visit friends for a few days.

DOUKHOBORS THREATEN ANOTHER NUDE PARADE

Nelson, B. C., April 6.—Twenty five hundred Doukhobors, a religious sect, which several times has manifested its disapproval of Canadian laws by staging "nude parades" last night cheered at the prospect of a new demonstration when a demand was made that their children be sent to school. "You have the power to seize our property for payment of fines, but if you do, all we can do is to take off our outer garments," one spokesman said. The leader declared that the school laws were contrary to the Doukhobor interpretation of the "law of God." Educated people, they said, were responsible for the death of Peter Verigin, leader, who was killed last October when a bomb exploded on a Canadian train.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Oily liquid
7. Over (poet)
8. Right worthy (ab.)
9. Prefix (Gr.)
10. Fourteenth letter of alphabet
12. Thrive (prefix)
13. To refuse to proceed
15. Deficient in hearing
16. Brief poem
18. Behold
19. A white lie
21. So
22. Seize furthly
25. Lookers

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

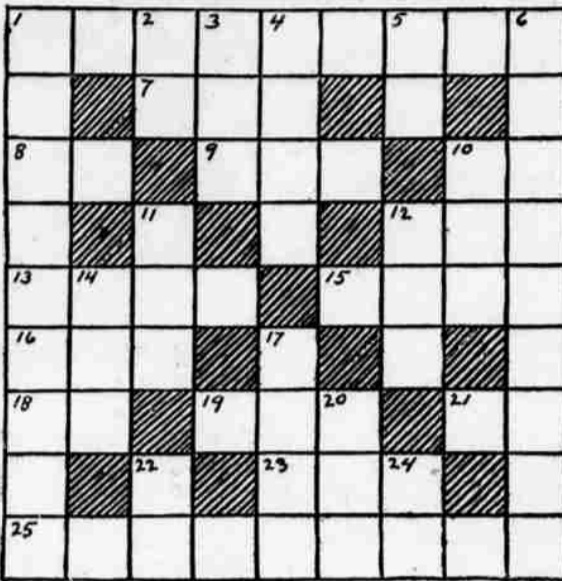
The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram. Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown 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.

VERTICAL

1. Curved lines
2. Toward
3. Color
4. African antelope
5. Established Church (ab)
6. Shows interest in
11. Beer
12. Numeral
14. Rustic
17. Blush white element
20. Exclamation
22. Sound indicating indecision
24. To have existence

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

T	E	E	B	A	R	S
O	M	A	T	T	U	T
B	Y	T	I	P	M	R
S	A	L	E	S	S	I
O	P	E	N	B	E	A
L	O	S	L	A	N	G
E	D	P	E	A	D	E
T	O	E	P	E	N	D
E	G	G	S	D	R	Y



Copyright 1924 George Matthew Adams

Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

The Light That Beckons

Lilliam looked out of the window at the cold and dreary landscape. At that moment it seemed very much like her life.

One must be particularly cheerful and anticipatory not to find the approach to the great city of the Middle West depressing. No-where else on earth are the olfactory nerves assailed with such disagreeable odors as those that emanate from the stockyards.

Coming into the city one smells the abattoirs. Always a black fog of soot and dirt drops over the place. Mile after mile of brick cottages bring one to more miles of tall apartment houses behind which one sees the belching chimneys of the city's great industrial life.

Lillie became more miserable as she neared the town. Something pressed down her spirits. She felt that fate had something terrible in store for her when she reached the great city which was being more and more shadowed by odors and dirt and clogged with smoke as the sun marked its downward path.

Beside its gigantic manufacturing interests, which loomed larger and larger her own affairs seemed as futile as they were infantile.

"The women of the house of Vail are playing in hard luck," Lillie said to herself bitterly as she went again to her mother's room. She found Mrs. Vail willing to appear awake.

She had been bathed, massaged and coiffured by her maid and was again looking very well.

"Why are you looking so dejected, my child?" she said with a smile. "Please change your frock for we shall have some hours to

stay in Chicago before our car will be ready for the journey west. We can go down to see of the big hotels to dine, and dance a little. I confess I am tired of the car—I have already told Ovid and Miss Norton of our plans. Make yourself pretty, my child; it does one good to go away from the dust and grime of travel. I always reserve one of my loveliest gowns for such occasions as this."

Lilliam had already noticed that her mother had donned for the first time a gorgeous restaurant dinner dress. After telling her how wonderful she looked in it she hastened to her own apartment determined not to let her mother know any of her forebodings.

"Tomorrow will be time enough to tell mother about Uncle Ovid and Miss Norton," she said to herself, and as for Harold Kennedy that will have to work itself out.

"As her mother was all in dull green and gold she had Marie take out a filmy black lace with a single ruby clasp on one shoulder of the round neck. When she had it on she found a ruby and diamond bracelet, and pinned at the front of her black light-tinting tulle-trimmed a flaming ruby pin.

When she made her appearance at the door of the observation car she was aware that she carried quite a sensation. She distinctly heard the intaking of Harold Kennedy's breath.

"You are the most beautiful creature my eyes ever rested on," he whispered.

Her mother's eyes widened a little even when they rested upon her with admiration and love. She had overheard Harold's comment.

"You didn't say anything about

my new gown," she remarked plaintively. "It is very lovely," he answered. "You are more than ever like a beautiful green and gold moth." "I don't want to be a moth," answered Mrs. Vail rather pettishly. "a moth is always searching for wings and probably crying, if it could see her, with pain. Now Lilliam would never make you think of a moth." "No," answered Nonnie who interrupted because she thought the conversation was becoming more than subtly personal. "Lilliam makes you think always of a moth, but not the flesh and the devil," interposed Harold with a smile. "Perhaps I might even face them if I had to," Lilliam answered throwing her arms around her mother. "Come, little moth. To night you shall not hurt your wings by even the lightest sorrow. To night you shall flutter and flame and be your loveliest and best. To night you shall dance until if you little feet are tired. You shall laugh until the quirked corners of your mouth ache. You shall see the lovelight in the eyes of all of us, your friends—a light which shall beckon you always but will not burn you."

"I never knew my dear Lillie may that you were a poet. I thought you had the hardness and polish of a diamond or perhaps the flaming beauty of those rubies but never the delicacy and sweetness of a rose." "Thank you Harold," said Lillie may dropping him a little courtesy. (Continued Tomorrow)

Capital Journal
WANT ADS
Do the Work

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

A Chance Barney Can't Afford to Miss

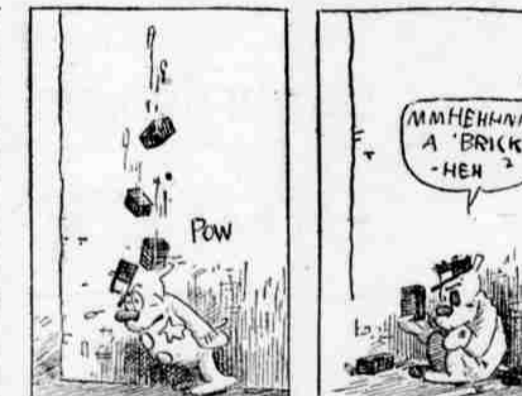
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

A Sentimental Hod Carrier

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Uses Brute Strength On a Dill Pickle.

By Bud Fisher

