

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for ye shall see him as he is.
—1 John 3: 2.

Moving the Capital

Salem is the capital of Oregon, according to the constitution—but what is the constitution among office-holders? If it suits the pleasure of any state official he promptly moves the capital, as far as his department is concerned, to Portland or elsewhere. This has gone on until there are some 25 or 30 state offices maintained in Portland, for the convenience of officialdom, and the number increases annually.

It is to test the right of state officials to ignore the constitution and flout the statutes that the Capital Journal has requested the district attorney to bring mandamus proceedings to compel the state superintendent of banks to maintain his principal office in Salem as required under the banking code, the move to Portland being in violation of both the letter and spirit of the law.

If Salem is no longer the state capital the fact ought to be made public. It might, as many contend, be eventually an advantage. But as long as Salem is the capital, the community should realize the full benefits and insist upon her rights.

We maintain a Chamber of Commerce to induce new industries and payrolls to locate in Salem, yet every state office taken away from Salem means the loss of a payroll spent in the community. As long as the Chamber of Commerce fails to act, it is up to individuals to safeguard the city's rights.

The advantage to officials of maintaining office in Portland are obvious. The bright lights of a big city outlure those of the small town, and a metropolis always offers superior attractions. These job-holders are under no supervision but their own and neither officialdom nor public can keep tab upon actions.

It is high time that we found whether the officials have the right to move the capital, for unless the pilfering of state offices is halted, Salem will wake up some fine morning to find the state house stolen.

What's the Penalty?

One of the reasons why crime is on the increase in the United States, is the ease with which criminals escape punishment. If clever lawyers, legal technicalities and maudlin sentimentality do not acquit, there is the almost certain escape through executive pardon or mitigation of sentence by parole. The result is that penalties no longer penalize and the criminal takes the chances without fear of the sentence.

The custom of sentencing a convicted or guilty person to a term in the penitentiary and then paroling him, without having served a second's time has always seemed absurd for it defeats itself. If guilty, a penalty is earned. If innocent, freedom is deserved. But to pronounce a person guilty, sentence him to prison and then free him is no punishment at all—not even a slap on the wrist.

These observations are called forth by the case of a state official who betrayed his trust and when apprehended, wrote out and signed a confession admitting defalcations of public funds extending over a period of four years approximating \$5,000. So cleverly were these embezzlements concealed that only about one-fifth of them could be traced, and these were repaid. However the \$4,000 shortage remains an actuality.

After indictment, a special night session of court is unexpectedly held, unknown to the public or to the state officials whose funds were pilfered, admission of guilt made, a plea for mercy urged based upon state official's securing advances upon salary assignments, two character witnesses heard, and a two years sentence in the penitentiary and a parole handed the betrayer of public trust as punishment.

Where's the penalty? Why the secrecy?

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to this Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—Relative to my recent letter in the Open Forum, from which I received a reply from Chris J. Kowitz, city attorney, I am asking that you print the following, my reply to Mr. Kowitz: "Mr. Chris J. Kowitz, City Attorney."

Dear Sir:—Your letter of April 1, in re of my "Open Forum" article recently published in The Capital Journal was duly received by me, and in reply to your very urgent request that I further enlighten you or the public just where the property covered with junk owned and controlled by the city of Salem may be located. You further state in your letter that you would like to know what price I ask for the glasses which enabled me to locate this property above referred to.

"After carefully perusing said letter, I can conscientiously say, Mr. Kowitz, that I do not wonder that you enquire just where this particular piece of property is located that was mentioned by me in said article, for there are so many such unsightly backyards in Salem that you would be liable to get confused unless your attention is especially called to the particular property under discussion but in this instance, I might not be cut of order unless you object, to call your special attention to the fact that we have heretofore very carefully looked over this particular property as mentioned in my article, and through the same glasses, we, together, at the same time, looked over my backyard. You will remember, Mr. Kowitz, that in answer to a letter from you, I called to see you, and after spending more than an hour in your office relative to this matter, we proceeded to investigate the property heretofore mentioned in

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- One who broods
- Male
- Island (ab.)
- Direction
- Preposition
- Shiver
- Fable
- Trick
- Restricted
- Rod Cross (ab.)
- Personal pronoun
- Placed
- Mammals

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

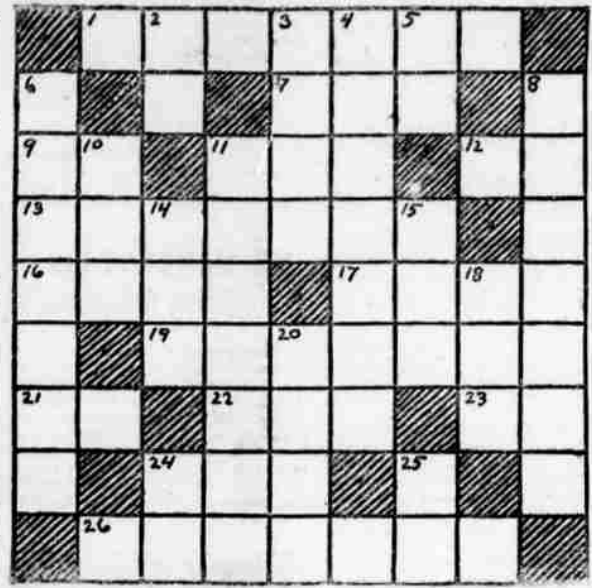
The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.
Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown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

- Egyptian Sun God
- Leave out
- Denote
- Used in forming verbs (suffix)
- Come to nothing
- Hurried up
- Frenzy
- Closet
- Everyone
- Settled course of procedure
- To ditch
- Officer on sailing vessel
- Provided that
- Foot (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

P	E	T	R	O	L	E	U	M
A	O	E	R	C	A			
R	W	D	Y	S	E	N		
A	A	X	T	R	I			
B	A	L	K	D	E	A	F	
O	D	E	Z	N	E			
L	O	F	I	B	A	S		
A	H	N	A	B	T			
S	E	A	R	C	H	E	R	S



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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

The Question of the Hour
"Mother," exclaimed Lilliam, "I see that Harold does not under-stand women as well as he thinks he does. Did you hear what he just said to me?"
"No, dear, but I hope he said something very sweet to pay you for that beautiful sentiment you have just repeated to your mother. Even he has never said anything so beautiful to me."
"That's it," spoke up Lilliam mischievously. "He is jealous. He doesn't want anyone but himself to make you happy or to wish you happiness. Mother, Harold Kennedy colored but he gallantly stood his ground."
"I told her, Lissa," he explained, "that she had shown another side of herself to me today. Until tonight I had seen only the brittle lacy of the diamond and the flaming beauty of the ruby—all the gorgeousness, but also the hardness and polish of a jewel. But tonight I look upon another Lilliam, one who has in superlative measure the delicacy and sweetness of the rose."
Lilliam made a little courtesy and then they all started for the hotel.
As the party entered the supper room of the hotel it made the usual stir, for rarely did one see three women so beautiful, wearing such exquisite jewels and furs.
"Who are they," seemed to be the popular question which was not hushed until someone had left the room and consulted the matre de hotel. "It is an enormously wealthy queen," remarked the man when he returned. "That exquisite beautiful girl is her daughter."
"Who is the little butterfly dance-

ing with the man with the 'screen' face and the lover-like air?"
"Why, that woman is the mother-er. The one with the gray hair is the daughter companion, who has been with her abroad for the last few years. They are all on their way to Hollywood, traveling like royalty."
"Could that woman by any chance be Melissa Vail?" suddenly asked a man who had been glancing through his evening paper.
"That's her name," answered the man who had obtained the information.
"Then she's certainly not as rich tonight as she was this morning. Look at these headlines. Here it is 'plastered' across the front page; yet I can't believe she has seen it. She looks so happy. This paper says that half of her oil wells have burned up. Two of the biggest in that part of the field have just been put out of business by salt water."
"Look, they are going to dance again. I don't believe she knows it yet," a pretty girl said who had been watching enviously Harold's attentions to Mrs. Vail.
"Well, my dear, she is going to know it now if she hasn't seen it in the paper," interrupted her mother. "Here comes a telegram with the bad news."
The matre dehotel followed by a messenger walked directly to the table and Mrs. Vail was handed an envelope. With agony she took it open.
In silence she read the message; then she gave it to Kennedy. "After you have read it, Harold, leave it with Ovid; he can read it to Lilliam," she said. "I think we have time for one more dance before we go to the train."
As the couple moved off, March most glanced over the message and called, "Melissa! Mrs. Vail turned. "What shall I say? What shall I say?" continued Ovid. "You don't have to say anything Ovid," said Mrs. Vail with a smile. "It sounds to me as though Smith had said it all."
Melissa Vail flung her arm around Harold's neck; they danced away.
Lilliam looked at Mr. Marchmont questioningly. "Melissa's oil derricks, 15 of them, have been destroyed by fire," said Marchmont. "Not one of yours, my dear, has been touched. It looks, however, as though your mother has lost more than \$2,000,000 in the last 24 hours."
One of the strangers at the next table looking into Mrs. Vail's face as she and Harold came back from dancing, asked: "Who was that fellow who fiddled when Homer burned?"
"Oh, she probably has so much money," remarked another one, "that a million or two is nothing between dances."
"We'll have to leave now, Lissa. If we are to catch the train," said Harold.

Hazel Green

Albert Edward, Anna and Alice Hazelbacher and Miss Burkhardt went to Canby, Sunday.
M. W. A. meets at Hattie Van Cleave's, Thursday. Please come.
Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shafer of Quincy and Mr. and Mrs. Ivas Lincoln of Wendling, Or., visited Charles Kobow, Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Thelen visited their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Wachen's, Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Clemens and Mr. and Mrs. Schneider motored to Monmouth, Sunday.
Glen Fox and sister-in-law, Mrs. Cox of Cleveland, Ohio, visited Mr. Fox's mother Sunday. Mrs. Cox came west to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Fox.

By George McManus

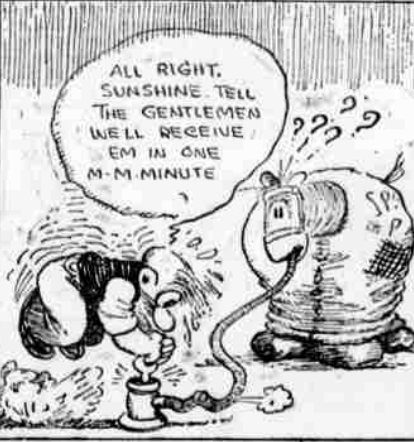
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Sparky Takes the Air in Great Shape

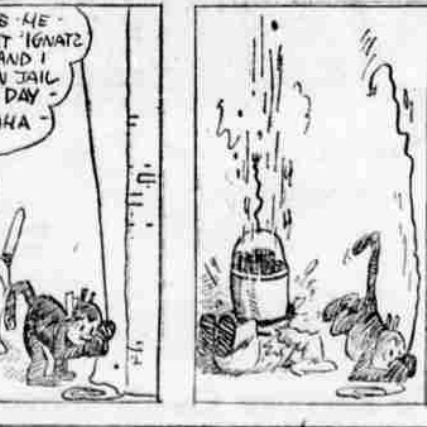
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

Revenge Is Sweet

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

That's Telling Mutt a Thing Or Two

By Bud Fisher

