

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.—Acts 2: 17.

Why a Parole?

"Men betraying positions of trust in public office, who are not punished, only destroy public confidence in the enforcement of laws. If there ever was a case where justice should have been meted out, it is the case of Clarence W. Thompson, ex-cashier of the office of state treasurer, who plead guilty to the charge of larceny of the state funds" states Charles D. Porter, representative of the Fidelity & Deposit company, bondsmen for Thompson, referring to Judge Percy R. Kelly's action in paroling Thompson from the bench at time of passing sentence.

Thompson had written and signed a confession in the presence of Mr. Porter, admitting embezzling \$5,000 in state funds, of which he returned approximately \$1,000, leaving his bondsmen to make good the other \$4,000. Their only recourse is to secure judgment by civil suit against a man without funds for the amount of the shortage.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to land criminals in jail. We employ state officers, special officers, federal officers, sheriffs, police and constables to run down and apprehend violators. We pay city attorneys, district attorneys and federal attorneys to prosecute them, and municipal judges, justices of the peace, circuit and supreme court justices as well as federal judges to preside at trials and sentence the guilty.

And then after all departments have functioned, at great expense to the taxpayer, and a conviction is finally secured, along comes a judge or a board or a governor who undoes it all by a parole or a pardon and turns the guilty loose and makes the whole procedure a travesty on justice.

If the cashier of one department of the state can rob the till and escape penalty, why not those of others? If the courts refuse to punish one defaulter in accordance with the law prescribed for such an offense, why should anyone suffer penalty for a similar offense—or for any offense? Is not this use of the parole power dangerously near to abuse?

A few years ago, an employe of a local bank embezzled several thousand dollars. He was newly wed and lavished the money upon his bride. A bank examiner discovered the shortage. His brother-in-law made good the amount, and the bank agreed not to prosecute, so as to give him a chance to start anew. But the bank happened to be a national bank and Uncle Sam interfered and sent the bank clerk to McNeil's island for three years, with a brand that will not wear off.

Yet the bank clerk's crime was merely a betrayal of a private trust and not as in the Thompson case, the betrayal of a public trust. Why should the courts punish the lesser of the two offenses and palliate with a parole, the greater crime?

As the Portland Journal remarks in this case:

Why the parole? The money was taken. It was taken throughout a period of some years, which means it was deliberately taken. It was a case of high public position deliberately betrayed. Why a parole? The law fixed a penalty. But it wasn't applied. It was not applied in this case, though in thousands of other cases, perhaps with equal or more reason for leniency, it was applied. With the judges excusing criminality, what can you expect juries to do?

LEWIS-DAWSON BOUT PROMISES SPEEDY ACTION

SILVERTON BABE CENTER OF FIGHT

Frankie Lewis of Salem, who meets Charles Dawson of Eugene in the ten-round main event at the armory Friday night, is training hard for the coming bout and he promises to be in the pink by that time. He is down on the required weight now. Lewis received the decision over Dawson at Reedport in a ten-round affair and Dawson is going to try hard and get revenge. Lewis has also fought a ten-round no decision bout with Gardeau. Dawson got the decision over Gardeau in a former meeting. Gardeau will be here the night of the fight to challenge the winner of the event. His mother has been seriously ill in Portland and he has been forced out of the ring for a while but is in good shape. He is anxious to meet Dawson again, but if the Indian lad gets the best of the argument with Dawson he will be matched with Lewis. If neither Dawson or Lewis can be arranged, Matenmaker Plant has negotiations with Gardeau and Carl Miller of Eugene. Miller fought in Salem some time ago and he showed the fans that he could step in fast company.

Hood River, Or., April 8.—Circuit Judge Parker of Condon will come here Thursday to hear the case of the state of Oregon versus Mr. and Mrs. G. Wesley Derr of Seattle, charged with contempt of court in disobeying an order of Circuit Judge Wilson of The Dalles, in a decree of divorce granted in 1919 to Leo Despain from the present Mrs. Derr. The two had a daughter, at that time 3 years old, who, in accordance with stipulations, was placed in custody of the parents of the husband, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Despain of Silverton.

Mrs. Despain married a second time in Spokane and was divorced, according to the record, before marrying Mr. Derr in 1922. A month after the third marriage she and her husband sought a modification of the first divorce and the custody of Mrs. Derr's child, which however, was refused by the court.

Last August, according to papers filed in the case that will come up Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Derr persuaded the grandparents to take the little girl to Seattle, where they had settled. When they were ready to return to Silverton, she and her husband refused to allow them to take the child. It is charged. A policeman's job, it was stated, was obtained to force the old couple to leave, and later a Washington court issued an injunction against the grandparents.

BULLDOG MOTHERS TIGERS

Macon, Ga., April 8.—Three baby tigers were numbered among the brood of a Macon bulldog today. With the initiation to her family circle of three new felines, two other tigers, adopted several weeks ago were graduated into the bottle class. The three tigers, born at the winter quarters of a circus here early today were removed from the mother to prevent their being killed.

British Elvers Missing

London, April 8.—No trace has been found of the British flying officers missing since a large bombing plane fell into the sea off the coast of Kent near Birchington yesterday. Two other men who were rescued are in a hospital.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Throw about
2. Do
3. Fish
4. Tree
5. Consisting of spoken words
6. Grave
7. Sweet potato
8. Large snake
9. Kitchen utensil
10. Common meter (abbr.)
11. Member ancient race
12. Recompense
13. Shallow, coverless box
14. Hit with missiles
15. Cut down
16. Confederate General
17. City
18. Part of ship's rigging

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.

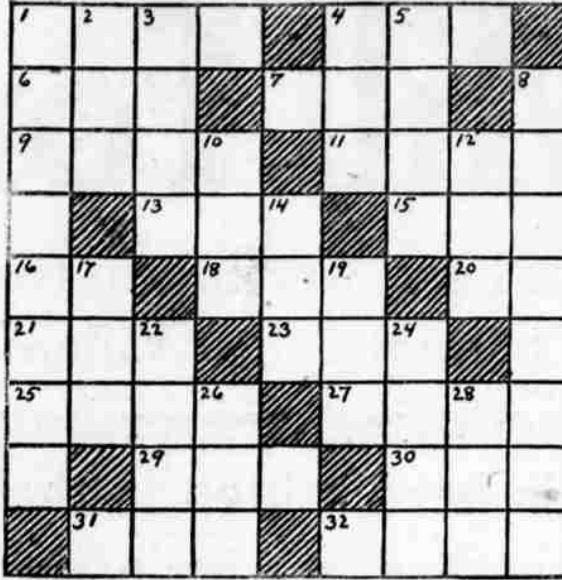
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterrupted.

VERTICAL

1. Results of thinking
2. Over (poet)
3. Sings slightly
4. Succor
5. Confine closely
6. Team driver
7. Fold over
8. Huge mythical bird
9. To plan in detail
10. Pronoun
11. Short sleep
12. Deposition
13. Short cry
14. Beyond (poet)
15. Grassy plain

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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



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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

THE LOVER RETURNS

"Come on, then," commanded Melissa Vail. "I'm sorry we have to go. That last dance was the best I've had in a long time. Nothing we had in New York could equal it, Harold."

She looked around the room as he tucked her hand in the arm of Harold Kennedy and went out of the room, apparently quite happy. Nothing was said that was related in any way to the oil wells until all the party were back in the car. Mrs. Vail started directly to her room, saying, "I didn't know I was so tired. I think I'll go to bed. I always like to get to sleep before we leave the station."

"Yes, Melissa," remonstrated Ovid Marchmont, "don't you think we had better wire Smith?" "There's really nothing to say. Ovid, the derricks are all burned up and two of the wells are ruined by salt water and, as I told you before, Smith seems to have said it all."

She started toward her room and then turned and came back. "Perhaps I really ought to say something to him," she said as an afterthought. "Poor man, he seemed very unhappy in that telegram. You may wire him, Ovid. Say that I know he has done all any man could do to save my property and that he need not worry; whatever happens I shall know he has done his best."

"Tell him to meet us at the train on Friday night and sign my name."

"Mother, do you want me to come with you?" asked Lillie as her mother turned away.

"No, dear, I think the only thing I am in need of now is sleep. Come to my room with my coffee in the morning, dear."

With a gay embracing smile which perhaps rested longer on Harold, Mrs. Vail flung the words "Pleasant dreams" over her shoulder as she opened her bedroom door.

"I think I'll smoke a little before I turn in," remarked Harold as he started for the observation platform. "I want to think and I am not at all sleepy."

"Miss Norton, if you are not too tired, help me compose that telegram to Smith," pleaded Mr. Marchmont.

"I'll come with pleasure," said Nonie, following Marchmont into the lounge.

For a moment Lillie stood in the dining room almost dazed. They had left her as nonchalantly as though she were a servant. To them she was of no importance. Even her mother had declined her company. Everyone had his or her affairs from which she was entirely shut out.

No one wanted her advice, her interest or her sympathy. She was only a looker-on.

Lillie had never felt so alone in her life, not even when she was first among strangers in Switzerland. Not even when she had read that letter from Rob in Paris, had she been so solitary.

Her mother was satisfied with the companionship of Harold Kennedy. Ovid with the faculty of the middle-aged was falling in love with Nonie. Nonie, of course, was delighted to be in love with Uncle Ovid, at least with Uncle Ovid's money.

Only Lillie was alone. As she

looked into the mirror she found her eyes filled with tears. "I wish I had stayed in Paris," she said to herself. "If I had I would probably be with Rob now. I think Rob of all the world is the only one who needs me. He would be grateful for my sympathy. I could at least give him some consolation."

As Lillie had told Marie that she need not sit up for her she found it hard to get out of her evening frock. At last becoming nervous she almost tore it off. Flinging her jewels on the shelf beside her bed, she crawled in and enveloped herself in the blankets and an atmosphere of self-pity that was merely as thick as the covers.

After fifteen minutes of tumbling and turning she found she could not sleep. Rising, she put on a warm dressing gown and propped herself on the divan across from her bed, intending to read the long night through.

All alone. Was she fated to go through the world with those she loved best, loving others better than she? Her thoughts rushed to Rob. She tried to send her soul to him.

Suddenly Lillie heard someone calling "Lillie! Lillie! where are you, dear? I want you. I am trying to find you."

"Here I am," Lillie answered. "Here I am."

In a moment she found herself looking into Rob's eyes, clasped in her lover's arms.

FORBIDDEN

By George McManus

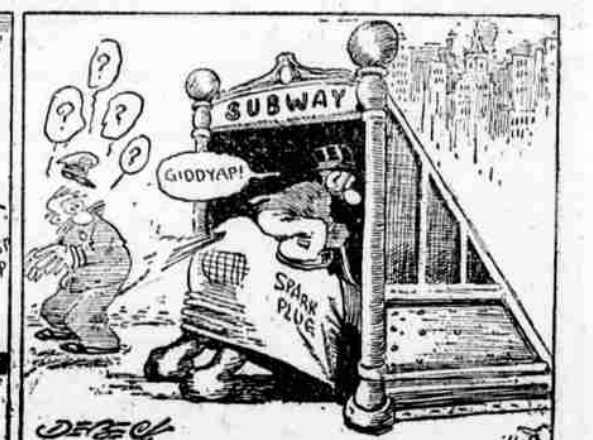
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Revenge is Sweet

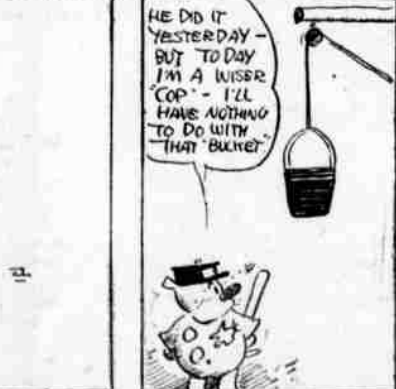
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

An Innocent Sleuth

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

Does Sir Sidney Understand Base Ball? Well, Hardly.

By Bud Fisher



BULLDOG MOTHERS TIGERS

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POLK GRAND JURY MEETS

The Polk county grand jury has been grinding away this week with District Attorney Helgers on a number of cases. It probably will report Thursday when Judge Ramsey arrives from Minneapolis.

Most of the cases under consideration are thought to be of minor importance. Court convenes April 13.