

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.—Mark 9: 41.

## Music of Morons

Jazz always impresses us as about as musical as radio static. Though not at all classical in our tastes, we feel a lure in the lilting of old ballads, a charm in the tuneful melodies of light operas and the appeal of the symphonies of grand opera, but jazz jars us all the way through, makes us want to fight or run away from the racket.

When the intellectual uplifters began putting out propaganda assuring the world that jazz was a great advance over previous forms of music and destined to be the music of the future, we felt as if we were the moss-backs of music, for we were old-fashioned enough to prefer "Schubert's Serenade" to "Red Hot Mama," "Bohemian Girl" to "Sweet Daddy," an Ethelbert Nevin to a Richard Berlin, and the magic of a Strauss waltz to a "hot-dog" syncopation.

We feel better about it now, after reading a comprehensive treatise on modern music by Daniel Gregory Mason, a foremost musical critic, who speaks with voice of authority in an article in the April American Mercury. The popularity of jazz, he assures us, and we are quite willing to believe, is due to the childish and savage stage of taste of our primitive musical public. He declares:

Jazz is the joggery of music. It is the sing-song that the school-boy mechanically before he becomes sensitive to refined cadences. It is not accurately speaking, rhythm at all, but only metre, a monotonous repetition of short stereotyped figures. For precisely this reason it is popular with listless, inattentive, easily distracted people incapable of the effort required to grasp the more complex symmetries of real music. If I am so dull that I cannot recognize a rhythm unless it kicks me in the solar plexus at every other beat my favorite music will be jazz.

Fundamentally, jazz is an insufferably mechanical one-beat time with a whack on the big drum for every down beat. It is its blank, featureless, unvaried, unrelieved, that are so pitiful. Like all primitive forms of art, it is so poverty-stricken in interest for the mind (whatever its luxury of appeal to the senses through mere masses of noise or through odd effects of muted trumpets, snarling clarinets or flutulent trombones) that it kills its victims by sheer boredom.

## The Parents Share

A correspondent in another column while agreeing in the main with Capital Journal expressions regarding farcial school systems, wants "an open season upon editors the year round, shooting them as fast as they give utterance to the fool sentiment that parents have gladly relinquished their responsibilities and are complacently watching their children being ruined by the present vicious system."

Yet this parent, confessing his own inability to cope with the present system, "resigns" his children to their fate, though not gladly, thereby confirming our assertion that the parents are at least partly to blame for conditions existing. This is another case where the children boss the parents, who helplessly and pathetically protesting, accept the bossing without applying old fashioned correctives of previous generations.

Criticism of schools is not confined however to editors and parents, but is rampant even among educators. Dean Andrew F. West of the Graduate School of Princeton University in the Princeton Alumni Weekly says:

In 1890 the United States spent \$140,000,000 on education, public and private. In 1923 it spent one thousand millions. The times have changed; but discount all you like for the reduced value of the dollar since the war and you will find that we spent four times as much as we did thirty years previously, and the country has not grown four times in population and the education is not four-fold better.

"What is needed today," continues Dean West, "is simplicity." But with a return to the simplicity of the three R's of the "Mid-Victorian" epoch, what would become of the vast army of educational experts, who have foisted frills, foibles and fads upon the taxpayer and the helpless children in their competitive absorption and waste of school money?

The school machine could not have gotten where it is today, without the active aid and assistance of the parents and while a few of the latter may feebly protest the reaction, the bulk are only too glad to pass-up their parental responsibility.

## YMCA BUILDING PLANS COMPLETED BY APRIL 22

Plans for the new Salem Y. M. C. A. building will be completed by April 22, it was definitely announced at a meeting of the board of directors this noon. It had been expected to have them ready for contractors' bids a month ago, but delay was encountered due to the sickness of Whitehouse, chief architect, who was sick with pneumonia for a month, and a few changes in the plans made by order of local Y. M. C. A. authorities. Five men have been working on the drawings since January.

Bids on the building will be called for immediately upon completion of the plans. It is estimated that all bids will be in within two weeks after plans are given out, and work will begin shortly after the successful bidder is chosen.

Excavation of the site began early in February, and can be made ready for actual building to begin within two or three days' notice. The sewer will be constructed within a few days.

There is now on hand \$26,673 in actual cash, \$29,000 of which came in from the sale of the present Y. M. C. A. building and site. The remainder of the sum is money derived from collection of pledges. The exact cost of the new building cannot be definitely ascertained until bidding is completed, but it is expected to be around \$100,000.

Y. M. C. A. authorities are anxious to get the new building completed as soon as possible, and have announced that every effort will be made to speed completion of the structure. It is stated that the building should be ready for occupancy by the first of next year.

## JILTED OFFICER SHOOTS MAIDEN

Manila, P. I., April 8.—(By Associated Press.)—Friends of Miss Audrey Burlingame, former Memphis, Tenn., girl, who was shot to death early last Sunday morning by Lieutenant J. S. Thompson, a young army officer, in an automobile near Manila, said today that Miss Burlingame had promised to marry Lieutenant Thompson if he would resign from the army. Thompson wrote out his resignation. Then, according to friends, Miss Burlingame had a change of heart and changed her mind.

Just before the shooting Miss Burlingame participated in a theatrical sponsored by the Army and Navy club. Thompson objected to her participation in the performance, but she disregarded his protest. When Miss Burlingame had known her intention not to marry Lieutenant Thompson, has not been revealed.

A letter of resignation from the army written by Thompson, now held for court martial on a charge of first degree murder, was found in his effects today under date of April 2. The lieutenant said he was resigning on account of insufficient pay. Brigadier General Charles J. Symmonds will preside at the court martial. If the proceedings result in a conviction it must be reviewed by President Coolidge.

## ZELMA WOODS WINS HONORS

Miss Zelma Woods has been awarded the scholarship honor at Perrydale high school for the 1925 senior class, and Miss Winifred Zylstra has been selected as valedictorian. Six students will graduate in the 1925 class. They are Nicholas J. Zylstra, Doris McKee, Margaretta Rompel, Irah Courtwright, Miss Woods and Miss Zylstra.

The Perrydale basketball team recently presented Nicklas Zylstra with a tennis racket. He is the only team member to graduate.

# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## 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.

**HORIZONTAL**

- Exists
- To secrete in a forest
- No.
- Game of cards
- Not warm
- Used in burning bricks
- Expressing negation (prefix)
- So
- Toward
- Go; forth
- Aw
- Presiding Elder (ab.)
- Single person or thing
- Give notice of danger
- To stupefy
- Egg of insects
- Naval officer
- Postscript (ab.)

**VERTICAL**

- To bring upon oneself
- In a short time
- Preposition
- The pick of anything
- Composition for single voice
- Measure of weight
- Telegraph Office (ab.)
- Loose
- To eat
- Goes out
- Moisture
- Needs
- Anonymous (ab.)
- Grasp
- Make use of
- Indefinite article
- Egypt (ab.)

**SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE**

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

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# Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

**THE SWEETEST STORY**

Lillie was not at all surprised to find herself in Robert McLean's arms. She only looked up into his face and said between kisses—

"How did you get here, dear? I thought you were in the south of France."

"I could not stay away from you, my darling," he answered. "I could not stay away any longer. I have not had a happy hour since I wrote you that letter. Surely you understood. You know my heart was still with you, but I was in honor bound to marry poor Gertrude."

"Yes, Rob dear, I knew it all the time—at least I knew it when I was not so heart broken that I could not think straight. Sit down beside me here and tell me all about it. I have wanted to hear it all from your own lips, lover mine. Rob, she was a lovelier girl than I, my heart kept saying I was sure that in the end you would love her; no one could help loving her."

A peculiar look came into Robert McLean's face. He seemed to be seeing something beyond the girl that was clasped in his arms. "Do you know what Jerry did for me, Lillie? She came back from Eternity itself so that I and mine might have all that she still had to give."

"Yes, Rob, I know, I know," said Lillie, "but you must not talk that way. Don't you think your troubles have turned over your brain a little? You of course knew that Jerry had given your father her money if anything happened to her. When it was found that your right to it would be legal only when you had married her—which you had done on her deathbed, it was very easy for you to

believe that dream as you lay unconscious beside her cold body."

"Lillie, Lillie, I tell you it was true. You know Jerry and I had been childhood lovers. Dear foolish Jerry kept on loving me even when I had been so long away. I felt she was almost a stranger."

"You know, dear, don't you, that there never was anyone else after I met you in the garden of the Fairlites that night? I do not think anyone was a happy as we. Fate was jealous of us."

"I had never known what Jerry had done for my parents and of course, I expected that when I told my father I loved you he would know it was only a boy's affection I had had for Jerry."

"But before I could tell him this Lillie dear, he told me what I wrote you in that damnable letter, Jerry had always looked upon herself as my future wife. She had always loved me with the white virginal love of a child. But it had become the passionate love of a woman."

"It was time we married, my father said."

"When the time came when she could help my father out of utter failure all her vast wealth was placed in his hands with the same beautiful love and trust as though she were already his daughter."

"Father told me that although she had not heard lately from me she had such faith in me she was sure I still loved her. So she had come over with them to tell me she would marry me as soon as I wished."

"Oh, Lillie darling, you shall never know my feelings when my father told me that."

"I saw the heaven which you and I had made out of all the little commonplace of our life drop in

to the nethermost hell of agony and despair.

"Lillie dear, after my father had told me I felt I could not break his heart by telling him I could not marry the girl to whom I was in honor bound.

"Then I wrote you that letter."

"Don't tell me about it, Rob," Lillie said, as she nestled closer in his arms. "I cannot bear to have you talk about it now that I have you back."

"I must, dearest; I must tell you. We must get this thing all straightened out or I shall go mad, and besides, I may not be able to come to you very soon. I have much to do before we shall be man and wife."

"O Lillie, I shall never forget that night in the restaurant when I saw your stricken eyes."

Lillie felt Rob raise her face which was cuddled on his shoulder.

He closed her eyes with kisses. "I felt I was slowly murdering you," he said softly.

For answer Lillie clasped her arms closer around his neck. "I was glad my darling," he continued, "that you sailed for home so soon. I do not think I could have borne it much longer."

"After you left, the arrangements for the marriage went so rapidly, Jerry was very sweet, Lillie. Every day I told her I was not worthy of her and every day she told me that worthy or unworthy she could not live without me."

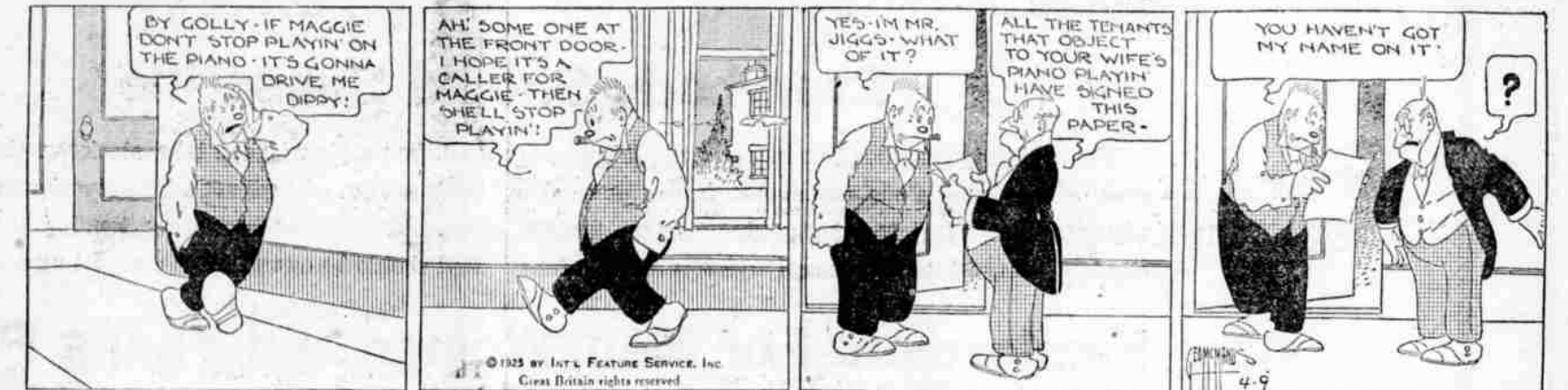
Tomorrow—Into This Air

## MANY MOVE INTO PALESTINE

Jerusalem—Official returns show that 11,921 Jews, 4573 men, 3836 women and 3442 children; entered Palestine as immigrants during the 12 months ended December last. During the same period the Jewish emigrants numbered 2927, so that the net increase of the population through immigration during the year was 9814. The corresponding increase in 1923 was 3788.

By George McManus

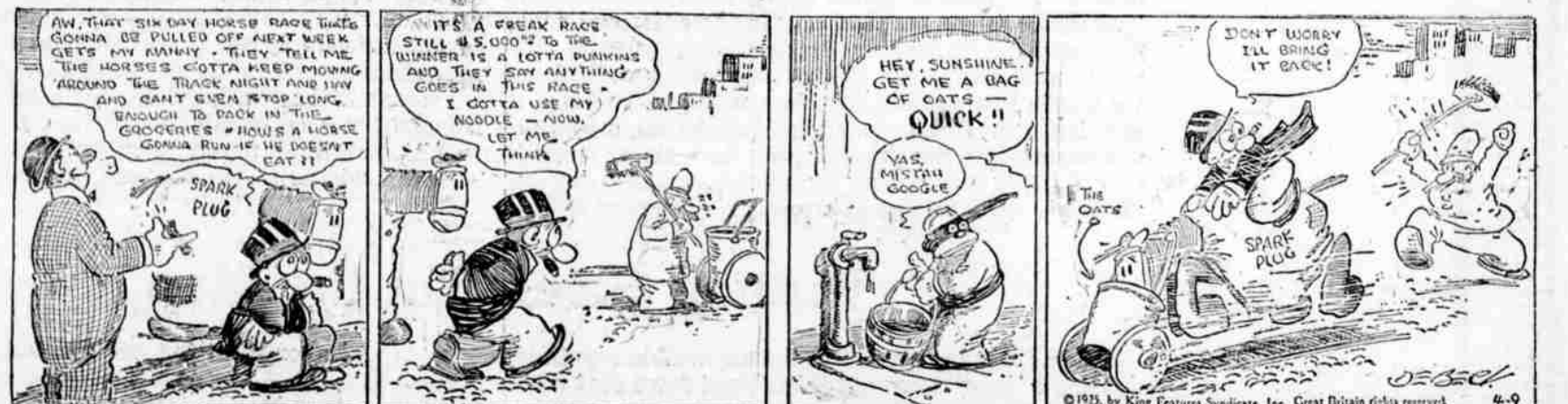
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

No Time for Meals

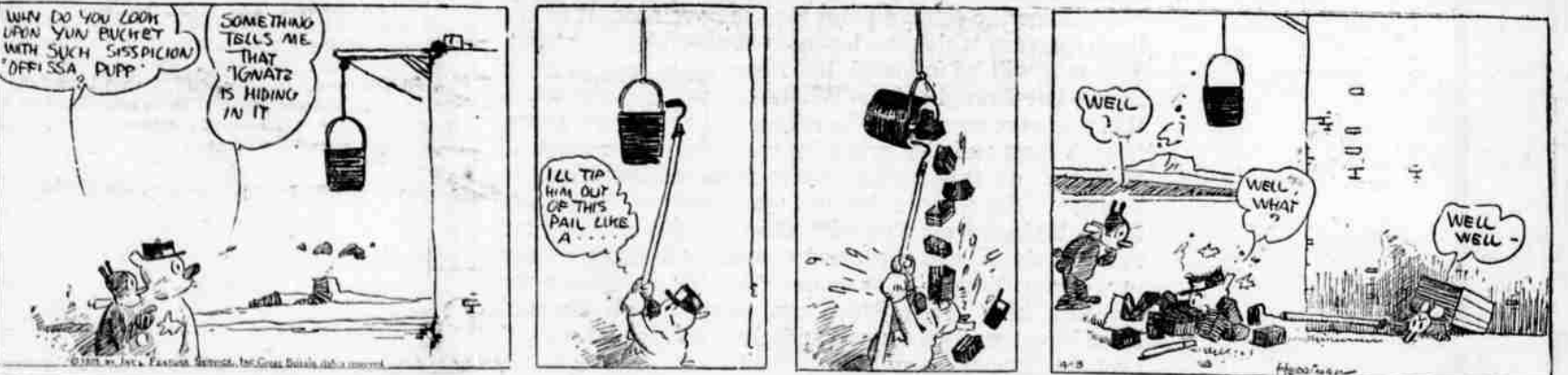
By Billy de Beck



## KRAZY KAT

A Rewarded Investigation

By Herriman



## MUTT AND JEFF

It Looks Like Clutts Was Experimenting With Mutts Coin.

By Bud Fisher

