

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—James 1:5.

Petty Tyranny

Has a parent any right left in the education of his child, or is the latter as much a ward of the state in Oregon as in Soviet Russia?

This is the issue raised by the arrest of T. S. Watts, a farmer in the Salem Heights district, for the crime of permitting his 10-year-old son to be taught by his own mother, a former school teacher, along lines of a home instruction course provided by a nationally recognized correspondence school.

One of the numerous officers necessitated by the costly overhead of our extravagant school system has sworn to a complaint against the audacious farmer who dares to assert a father's inherent right and punish him therefore, or force him to leave the country for being too much interested in his offspring's welfare.

The whole procedure is an absurdity. The law was never intended to apply to such cases, only to those cases where parents neglect the child. Here we have been censuring parents for not paying more attention to their children, and when we get parents willing to sacrifice time and energy in training and educating their children, better than the schools can or do, make it a crime and jail them.

Such are the inevitable workings of busy-body bureaucracy, whose red-tape rules strangle reason in the attempt of public servants to pose as public masters, exercising a petty tyranny contrary to the ideals of freedom and destructive of inherent, natural and constitutional rights.

Just Politics

Summary removal of Ben Dorris of Eugene as game commissioner by Governor Pierce was, of course, politics. There never is anything but politics in the game commission anymore than there is in the governor's office. The executive naturally wants his own appointees to play his own kind of politics, and when they play their own, he fires first one and then the other.

The game commission has been a particularly flagrant political offender, necessitating frequent removals. It won't stay put, any more than the governor. The past few years it has been little more than a Ku Klux Klan adjunct. Wardens not subscribing to "the sacred and unending bond" were as summarily canned as the commissioners themselves. The good of the service never interferes with politics, and knowledge of wild life is a disqualification.

The governor's object now is probably reorganization, the appointment of a new master warden with tried and true Pierce followers on guard all along the line. There will be loud wailing and gnashing of teeth from "sportsmen" who have been beneficiaries of special favors, if the chief officials have to retire to conduct their private hatcheries, but that's the only difference to the public.

The game commission collects something like half a million dollars a year from hunters' and anglers' licenses and spends it as the warden desires. There is no accounting. It is one of those tax levying bodies that also does the spending, and takes good care to hunt up new expenditures to eat up increased revenues. It should be reorganized, taken out of politics, placed upon a budget basis for propagation work, letting county peace officers look after protection, and the surplus receipts used to reduce taxation.

Triumph of a Myth

Nomination of Field Marshall von Hindenburg by the monarchists for president of Germany is another instance of the triumph of fiction over fact and the survival of military myth when in conflict with history. Hindenburg was really a figurehead, a "front" or "stuffed shirt", around whom popular idolatry centered because the German people needed a war hero and he was regarded as harmless by the kaiser. His rout of the Russians offered the first occasion of the war to glorify German victory and the halo placed upon his brow has never lost its lustre. He caught the popular fancy and imagination, and still retains it.

Although Hindenburg had little to do with any of the campaigns in which he served, nothing at all to do with the Hindenburg line, and as styled by Maximilian Harden, merely a "rubber stamp" who signed orders or carried out plans made by Ludendorff, who later supplanted him in command, Hindenburg got all the glory for victory and Ludendorff the blame for defeat when it finally overwhelmed Germany. Consequently Hindenburg retained his popularity, and Ludendorff lost his, as shown by his recent defeats in running for office.

Hindenburg has had what Ludendorff has not had, luck. Whether it still clings to him as last hope of the monarchists will be demonstrated at the coming election.

Consider the Salmon

(From the Baltimore Evening Sun)

In all parts of America writing men, speakers and casual talkers delight in saying this: "Most of America's great men come from small towns." The significant part of the sentence is not the word "small," but the word "town."

The proper study of mankind is fish. Consider the salmon. He is hatched in fresh water, far from the sea. Month after month he remains in fresh water, with the verdant banks always in sight, and he doesn't grow much. If his home happens to become land-locked he never grows up and the natives call him a trout. But if anything goes well, he quits the old home town in the spring of the third year and swims down to big water. Once in the sea he develops rapidly and becomes a regular salmon.

scheme, and Nature isn't sentimental. When the spawning season approaches the salmon swim into fresh water. They are fat and beautiful. Once in fresh water they pair off and go up stream, hundreds and hundreds of miles, forcing rapids and leaving waterfalls, and when the temperature of the water drops to fifty-four degrees—never before—they dig a little nest in shallow water, deposit their eggs, cover the nest with gravel and call it a day. The ball is wound. The ship has sailed. Littlest the salmon float down stream, tail first. They do not eat; they do not swim; they merely die. Their work is done. No one gets back to the sea. Nobody knows why they die. For that matter, nobody knows why they shouldn't. They have had their share of fun; they have been to sea; posterity is provided for; what else is there to do? There isn't much man can do to justify his existence. Just filling his tummy seems rather a sordid business. He might at least kick a few stones out of the way of those

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

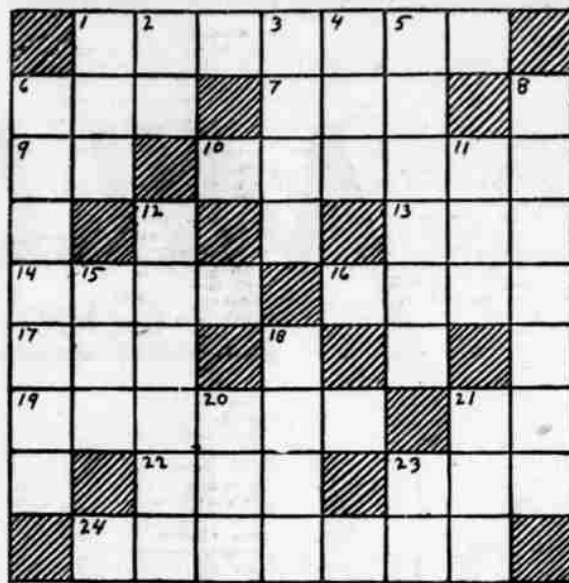
- To array
- Boy
- Sticky, black substance
- Anglo-Norman (ab.)
- Strike at
- Metal
- Complete
- Land measurement (pl.)
- Be sorry for
- Lessened the force of
- Personal pronoun
- Lair of an animal
- Turf
- With one leg each side of something

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 uninterruptedly.

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 uninterruptedly.



VERTICAL

- Human being
- Advertisement
- Male deer
- Smoked meat
- Place where weapons are kept
- Toward the side
- Topped
- Sooner than
- Models
- Knob
- One who foretells events
- Small bit
- Garden tool
- South Dakota (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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

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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

A MOTHER'S LOVE

"Of the little drama which was being enacted before your eyes you knew nothing but Harold Kennedy with clearer vision for what was going on about him congratulated me last night."

"I could not understand, Lillie, how Harold Kennedy could have known that, just before I had met him, and he had professed his congratulations, I had been listening to Ovid, who, after he told me about your mother and how he had never thought to love any other woman, had asked me to marry him."

"Of course, I accepted. Lillie, I would not disturb the friendship between your mother and Ovid for anything in the world. It is one of the most beautiful things I have ever known between a man and a woman, but it is only friendship."

"You must also know that I have always loved you more than anyone else in the world until I met him. Your mother loves Harold Kennedy. She finds in him a youthfulness that Ovid never had. Does it not look as though following the story books we shall all be happy ever after?"

"I am not so sure, Nonnie. Of course, you will be happy ever after, for knowing Uncle Ovid as I do I know you could not be other wise. Of mother I am less certain. Do you not think she could be happy if she did not marry Harold?"

"Are you sure she loves him—loves him, for instance, as you do Uncle Ovid? I am sure he does not love her."

"Why are you so sure of that, Lillie? I think he does love her."

"Nonnie, of course you under-

stood that mother is much older than he."

"What difference does that make? Do you know that your mother is a very charming woman. She is younger in spirit, despite all the troubles she has been through, than you are, my dear, who have been pampered all your life."

"That may be, Nonnie, but—"

"Yes, I know. To you 'mother' is just 'mother.' A woman is never anything else to her children. She is not quite a human being like any other woman. She is something set above and apart. She is just mother. They cannot conceive of her inspiring a passionate love. They cannot conceive of her wanting to love passionately. Be careful, Lillie; you must remember you are very young and inexperienced. You may be mistaken in both your mother and Harold Kennedy, my dear."

"I cannot see why a man like Harold should not like a woman like your mother if she did not have a cent. You forget how much he owes to Mrs. Vail. Don't let your prejudices influence you."

"Do you really know that your breakfasts are ready?" asked Ovid Marchmont. "James told me that you were out here and I came out to get you to come in to eat with me."

"I'm very glad you did, Uncle Ovid," Lillie said, turning about to face Marchmont; and holding out both hands to him. "It gives me a chance before Harold and mother can do so, to congratulate you. I think you are going to marry one of the two best women I know. She has been mother, confidant, teacher and friend to me for many years and I have never-

known her to fall in any of those capacities. If I were to search the world over I am sure that I could find no woman who could make you happier than Nonnie."

Ovid Marchmont beamed. He cupped Lillie's face in his hands and kissed her upturned mouth.

Then, with his arms lightly about both the women, he proceeded to the dining room.

"Did I hear you going through the car very early this morning, Lillie?" Marchmont asked as they sat themselves at a table.

"Yes," Nonnie said before Lillie could answer. "I think the young woman has resumed her practice of sun worshipping."

"I don't exactly know what you mean by that," remarked Marchmont. "But if it is sun Lillie wants she will find plenty of it where she is sitting."

"I wish there were going to be a more sunny homecoming for your mother, Lillie. I got a Los Angeles paper this morning and saw that it was estimated it would take \$100,000 to put your mother's oil wells in commission again after the fire."

"Of course, the ones that have been drawn in salt water will never be any good again. I haven't known very much of her business since Harold became her adviser, but I do know that she bought at least \$100,000 worth of pictures while she was in New York."

"This she told me, took about all of her available cash at the time. I am afraid she will be greatly embarrassed financially for a few months."

"That seems silly, doesn't it, Uncle Ovid, when both you and I stand ready to help her with all our resources?"

Monday—The Curse of Gold.

What's Doing?

You can find out in The Capital Journal

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Shows His Appreciation

By Billy de Beek



KRAZY KAT

The Proxy Epidemic

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

As An Umpire Sir Sidney Can't Please Everybody, It Seems

By Bud Fisher

