

# Capital Journal

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## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge, and joy; but to the sinners he giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.—Ecclesiastes 2:26.

## The Limit

While it is definitely declared a crime for the ordinary person to take one drink of beer containing over one-half of one percent alcohol, there is no statute defining how many drinks a prohibition enforcement officer is expected to take. Abe Weinberg who spent thousands of dollars of state funds with Governor Pierce's approval in entertaining bootleggers and bawdy house inmates apparently had no limit at all, but some dry officials do fix a limit. For instance Percy Owen, federal director of prohibition for Illinois, set out the following rule for his dry agents:

Do not become intoxicated. Do not become anywhere near intoxicated. After taking two or three drinks of high-proof liquor an agent should not take another drink until five or seven hours have elapsed.

The prohibition director for Maryland gives his agents more latitude. He declares that the number of drinks—

All depends on the man. One man might be able to stand five or even seven drinks without any intermission, while another ought not to drink at all.

Don Okle, former United States army captain and prohibition agent of California, asserts that as an undercover agent—

I found it necessary to consume on an average 50 drinks of liquor daily. In two years the number of drinks I took to obtain evidence totaled 26,500.

All of which leads us to hope that as the governor's undercover dry agent in Oregon, it will not be necessary for former state prohibition agent Cleaver to exceed this record in securing evidence. Fifty drinks a day or 18,250 a year ought to be enough for even a Pierce special agent, except perhaps on extraordinary occasions. But what's the use of a limit, as long as the taxpayers buy the drinks?

## For the Filibuster

Hell'n-Maria Dawes is on the wrong track in attempting to form the senate rules so as to render a filibuster impossible by adoption of a cloture rule. The only result would be to make possible the passage of more laws, not necessarily better laws. What the country needs is fewer not more laws and there should therefore be more, not fewer filibusters.

As it is now any senator, if he has the physical endurance to talk against time, or any group of senators similarly gifted, can in the closing hours of a session, talk a measure to death, for there is practically no limit on debate. This is a very wise procedure and has saved the country many needed dollars as well as some needless laws. The filibuster has been on the whole beneficial. Why abolish it?

Mr. Dawes places great emphasis upon the will of the majority as a sacred thing, and would give the senate majority full power to enact its purpose. But the majority of the senate is in no sense the majority of the people. The senate is not and never has been a legislative body representative of the people—or two senators representing New York's 11,000,000 people would have more say than two senators representing Nevada's 77,000 people. But they haven't. The senate was intended to be appointed by legislatures to balance the popularly elected lower house.

The framers of the Constitution realized that pure majority rule would be fatal to a federal system of government and that important legislation should be safeguarded by requiring more than a mere senate majority. The senate minority, as a rule, represents groups of states and it would be unwise to use steam-roller methods upon them. Hence the senate traditions are right in upholding rights of the minority.

## NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

A. C. Benson, "The Gipsy"; F. B. Colburn, "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill"; J. O. Curwood, "Gentleman of Courage"; "Nomads of the North"; Herbert Quick, "The Invisible Woman"; Booth Tarkington, "Seventeen"; Hugh Walpole, "Fortitude"; "The Secret City"; Bureau of Vocational Information, New York, "Training for the Professions and Allied Occupations"; C. L. Spain, "The Platoon School"; Alexander McAdie, "Wind and Weather"; Perry & Buck, "Construction of Radio Receiving Sets"; P. H. Delfandak, "Actual Business English and Correspondence"; Watson Davis, "The Story of Copper"; G. T. Plovman, "Manual of Etching"; R. D. Palma, "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas"; Lowell Thomas, "With Lawrence in Arabia"; Basil Matthews, "Wildred Grenfell, the Master Mariner"; Nathaniel Prouette-Dart, "John Singer Sargent";

For the Children: Margery Clark, "The Poppy Seed Cakes"; Bernard Marshalf, "Redout and Minuteman"; Howard Pyle, "Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood";

## NEW INCORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation were filed with the state corporation department Tuesday: Clover Creek Copper company. Baker; incorporators, Jay D. Cray, John Arthur, Blaine Hallock; capital \$1,000,000. Goose Creek Copper company. Baker; incorporators, Jay D. Cray, John Arthur, Blaine Hallock; capital \$1,000,000. Supply company, Portland; incorporators, E. E. Sabersham, J. W. Clise Jr., Leo J. Hanley; capital \$10,000. Grand-Morrison Building company, Portland; incorporators, A. W. Lambert, O. B. Robertson, T. B. Handley; capital \$25,000. Grossbacher Brothers, Portland; incorporators, Ben W. Grossbacher, A. B. Gowsenbacher.

W. A. Grossbacher; capital, \$10,000; book binding.

J. A. Mezger company, Inc. Portland; incorporators, Ralph A. Blanehard, G. L. Patterson, Helen M. Milne; capital, \$1000; fish canneries.

Supplementary articles were filed by American Securities, Inc., of Portland, changing the name to Unit Investment company.

The Gift Shop, Portland; incorporators, Paul C. Harbaugh, Bernard Schmitzer, Morris Rogoway; capital, \$5000.

Zehrfeld Products company, Inc. Portland; incorporators, Carl Zehrfeld, Georgia Mergel, Eudora Zehrfeld; capital \$10,000.

Lopez Realty company, Portland; incorporators, H. J. Ziggar, M. Huber, Chester V. Dalph; capital, \$5000.

Betro Investment company, Portland; incorporators, George F. Brice, A. H. Masater, Ernest R. McKee; capital, \$50,000.

Templar Motor company, Klammath Falls; incorporators, W. Templar, Bee A. Templar, W. H. A. Renner; capital, \$50,000.

Supplementary articles were filed by the Rescue Church of the Evangelical Association of North America of Clackamas county, state of Oregon, changing the name to the Rescue Church of the Evangelical church.

## JOHNSTON PLAYS GOOD BALL AFTER 14 YEARS

New York.—The wear and tear of 14 years of major league baseball has left its mark upon the battle-scarred frame of Jimmy Johnston, Brooklyn infielder, but he is still a youngster in playing ability. Johnston, one of the most versatile performers in Uncle Robbie's roster of pastimers, is now conditioning himself for another big league campaign at the Dodgers' camp in Clearwater, Fla. He was crippled most of last season and his absence was costly to the team, but now he is rounding into shape again.

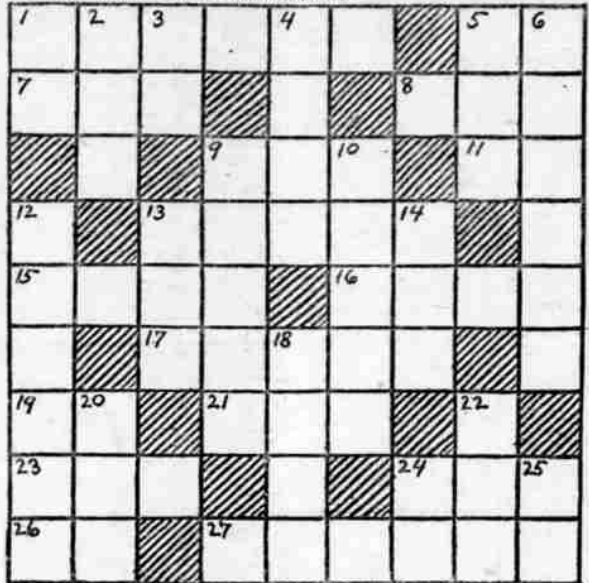
# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## HORIZONTAL

- Three-leaved plant of bean family
- Egypt (ab.)
- Used to propel a boat
- Egyptian
- Observation (ab.)
- Parent
- Not fresh
- To gorge
- Requests
- Girls with a belt
- New Hampshire (ab.)
- Recreate
- A little child
- Organ of hearing
- Street (ab.)
- Ocean product used when bathing

## 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 the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word *immigrate* begins in the square that contains its identifying number, and extends as far as one whose square contains a black space. 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 spaces remain uninterrupted.



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## SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

IMMIGRATE  
LYROBEROX  
L S O B E R P  
E V E N L E E R  
G V F F  
A M E N P E A S  
L N E V E R S  
L B A A I L  
Y E S T E R D A Y

## VERTICAL

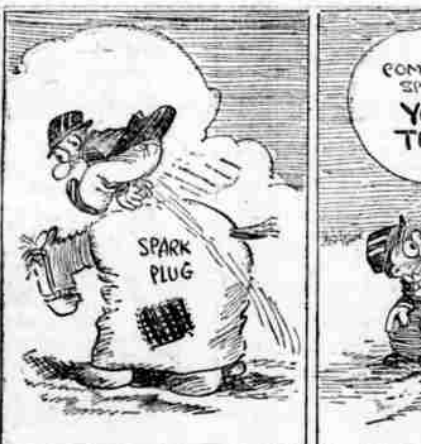
- Company (ab.)
- Loose
- Elber
- Place of Napoleon's first exile
- Tree
- Like glass
- Four-leaved animal which feeds on fish
- Used in roofing houses
- Those who act for others
- Subletter (ab.)
- Suffix (used to form feminine nouns)
- A pretense
- Fiercely
- Royal Engineers (ab.)
- Fourteenth letter alphabet
- Royal Engineers (ab.)

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



By Billy de Beel

## KRAZY KAT



By Herriman

## MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

# My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

## "I NEED YOU"

A little voice should have whispered a warning to me just then. But it didn't.

Nick told me a lot of things that evening at dinner, all about his marriage, and how he had adored his wife, but just couldn't make enough money to make her happy, and finally had persuaded her to divorce him in Paris.

"She's running around with a wild crew over there now," he said. "Sometimes I wonder what will become of her, I guess—well, he kind to me, Nancy, won't you? I've got to stop thinking about her and buckle down to work. And I need you."

Sometimes I think these three words are responsible for at least half the trouble women get into in this world. "I need you." What woman can resist a man who says that to her in just the right tone of voice?

He can make love to her everlastingly and she can smile and turn away. He can try to sweep her off her feet, and she can still smile and murmur that she'll be just a good friend to him and nothing more. But let him tell her happily that he needs her and she'll break engagements with eligible suitors, turn her back on far more interesting men, neglect her pet Pekinese and pawn the family silver in order to give him the attention he craves.

I was like the rest. I wanted to help Nick, no matter what I had to sacrifice in order to do it.

When I finally left him at my own front door, I'd promised to lunch with him the next day, and go over the Vashit as soon as he could arrange to take me. As I

slipped into my own room and undressed I was planning what I could do to help him rebuild his life.

Luckily for me Virginia was not yet home when I arrived. The next morning when she asked all about the girl friend whom I'd invented as an excuse for not dining with her and Frank Harrison I had the necessary replies all ready.

"Frank says that she lives in a most attractive house," she remarked. "By the way, dear, he wants you to go to a concert with him this evening, and I accepted for you."

I didn't want to go, of course. But then, I might as well yield to her once in a while, for the sake of peace.

Frank Harrison wanted to ask about Louise too, and I had to make up some more things about her. It amused me to think of what he'd have said if he had known that there wasn't any Louise, and that I had dined at a stuffy little Italian restaurant with a man of whom he disapproved in preference to going with him the evening before.

We arrived at the concert late. We sat in the middle box of the lower tier. I stepped out into it, to face a glare of lights, and to look over the sea of heads below me to where a man stood on the stage, singing—singing in a way that made me forget the scheming young person that was myself, and remember what I wanted to be.

The man was Roland Hayes. And he was singing "Crucifixion"—that marvellously powerful, short song that he sings without accompaniment, with all the tragedy of the ages in his manner and voice.

And he was singing "Crucifixion"—that marvellously powerful, short song that he sings without accompaniment, with all the tragedy of the ages in his manner and voice.

Frank Harrison came bustling in

from the little cloakroom behind the box to find me in tears, when the song was over.

"What's this? Why—We can't have that! What's the matter?"

I was ashamed to tell him how the song had affected me. It was an emotion that I couldn't reveal before anyone, because it was so tremendous. Never had I heard anything that affected me more than that voice did—and here was this pompous man demanding to know about it.

"I've lost my gold mesh bag," I stammered. That was true in part—I had lost it, a month before. But it wasn't gold, just an imitation, like me, I told myself bitterly.

"You have? Say, by Jinks, that's too bad. But don't feel so cut up about it. Perhaps we'll find it. Probably you dropped it in the car. Listen, child, I know where the car's parked, and I'll go down there and see if I can't find it now. Don't you worry—"

"Oh, but—don't go that! I wished he wouldn't be so kind to me! It was annoying, because it made me feel as if I ought to like him better than I did. "Please, it doesn't matter. You'll miss the rest of the concert."

"That's all right—don't care for music anyway. Now, you stay right here and I'll go look for it." He rushed away, leaving me to enjoy the wonderful negro spiritual that Hayes sang next all by himself. I couldn't help being glad of that—when I hear wonderful music I want to hear it alone, unless a marvellously sympathetic person is with me.

He didn't find it, of course. But the next morning a messenger brought me the most beautiful gold mesh bag I've ever seen, with an emerald clasp, a frightfully expensive thing.

"I can't keep it," I told Virginia, explaining to her as much as I could of what had happened.

"Certainly you can," she answered.

Tomorrow—A Cue for Cupid.