

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon  
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday  
Telephone 21; News 22  
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.—Matthew 7:1, 2.

## Peddling Pollution

The sale of pornographic magazines in our chaste pritanical city is reported to have reached surprisingly large proportions. They are generally conspicuous on newsstands through bizarre covers, blatantly blazing the beauty of females posing in a state of nature, but the covers are mild in comparison with the tainted contents of the periodical.

While such literature may do no harm to the degenerate it is evidently printed for these magazines certainly have a most damaging effect upon immature youth, particularly high school boys and girls, among whom they are reported to have a wide circulation, constituting probably a greater menace to their morals than the three M's of modern education, movies, motors and moonshine, which have relegated the old three R's to the scrap-heap.

There not only "order be a law" against the publication, importation, circulation and sale of such deleterious trash, but there is actually such a statute in existence, providing both fine and imprisonment. Of course the penalties for thus contributing to the delinquency of minors and degradation of age are not anywhere near as severe as those for taking a drink, but still they are strenuous enough to compel compliance, if enforced. Section 2094 of Oregon laws, reads:

If any person shall import, design, copy, draw, photograph, prepare, publish, sell, lend, give away, distribute, show or exhibit, or have in his possession with intent to sell, any obscene or indecent book, paper, writing, printing matter, picture or any publication that purports to relate or narrate the criminal exploits of any desperate or convicted felon or any publication made up in part of accounts or stories of crime or lust or deeds of bloodshed, such person shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment not more than six months or by a fine of not more than \$500 or by both fine and imprisonment.

Clearly these flyby night periodicals heralding the decadence of the times, of which we have so many in these virtuous days of Volsteadism, catering to the lewd, libidinous and lascivious, come within the ban provided by this statute and it should be enforced to end the peddling of pollution for a profit.

## A Burning Issue

At last we have what might properly be called a burning issue in the campaign for the election of a member of the school board—fire insurance. The principal qualification for the office, is evidently not education, training and experience, nor even executive ability and business capacity, but a redistribution of insurance carried on school-houses, so that agents not now favored, will get a crack at it.

So we have the "Association of Fire Insurance Agents" entering the field with a candidate pledged, not to better schools and improved scholarship, nor to a program of economy, nor to eliminating or installing fads and frills, but to the all important issue of peddling the district's fire insurance to members of the association. Says the association officially under the signature and seal of its president:

The issues seem to be quite plain. One of the candidates, Mr. Neer, stated quite emphatically to the committee which visited him that he favored having insurance written as it is at present. The other candidate, Mr. Tibbitts is in favor of a fair and equitable distribution.

No issue is raised as to the financial responsibility and reliability of the insurance companies now carrying policies—none can be raised, because they are among the best in the world, but there are not enough evidently to go around—there being more agents than insurance. It is questionable taste for the secretary of the school board to carry some of the insurance, but not unlawful and if the board prefers his companies, the public is in no way a loser.

The fire insurance agents association has shown the way. It will now be up to the plumbers association, the wood and fuel dealers association, and other organizations to place their candidates for school board in the running so as to insure to their various memberships a "fair and equitable distribution" of the contracts let or supplies purchased by the school board.

## 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:—Inasmuch as our position has been practically misrepresented by the front page article in Monday's issue of The Capital Journal, we trust that you will grant us space to give the public the facts.

The organization of insurance men is squarely back of J. C. Tibbitts and expect to stand back of him. They are not playing politics in any sense of the word. Before Mr. Tibbitts announced his candidacy, a committee of the organization was canvassing the situation for a candidate, and in the discussion it was thought that inasmuch as the women of the city usually take the greatest interest in school affairs, and because they are not represented on the school board at the present time, that it would be no more than fair that they should be represented. Therefore, quite informally one of our members was asked to call up Mrs. Anderson. No one asked her what her views were nor intimated that any promise of any kind would be asked of her if she would run. The committee and a number of others felt that she is a woman eminently qualified for the position and one who would be entirely fair to the whole district.

The name of Mrs. Elliott was also suggested and the committee, one of whom was a woman, interviewed her. They also felt that she is a woman who would be absolutely fair and fearless and have only the interest of the whole people at heart.

However, when Mr. Tibbitts made his announcement the insurance men voted to back him and not for an instant have they thought of any other candidate nor has anybody been asked by anyone authorized to do so by the insurance men of the city to make out of it.

# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

### HORIZONTAL

- Gathered together
- North (ab.)
- Doubly (prefix E)
- Impertinently witty
- Large deer
- An alcoholic liquor
- American (ab.)
- Pennsylvania (ab.)
- A division of land
- Discipline (ab.)
- Gratify
- New Brunswick (ab.)
- That is (I, ab.)
- Common flowering plants

### VERTICAL

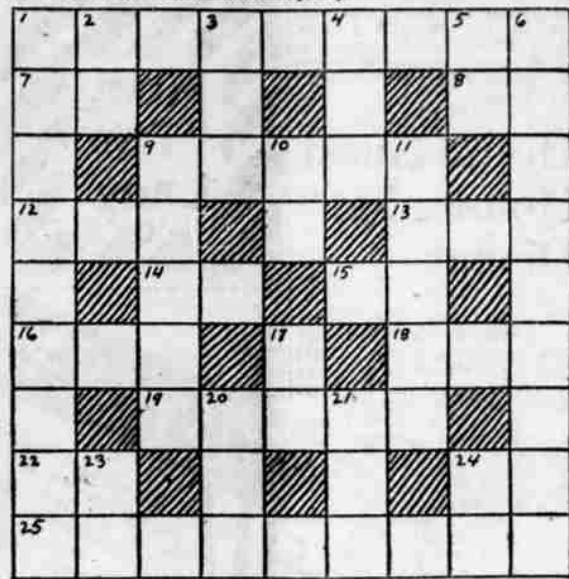
- Fusing
- South (ab.)
- Tree
- To prohibit
- Man's name
- Rejects
- To move over ice on skates
- So
- Business
- Georgia (ab.)
- Grassy plain
- Three (prefix L)
- Exit
- Contraction of I am

### SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

G	R	A	P	P	L	E	R	S
R	U	N	A	P	L	A	N	I
A	M	P	R	I	M	A		
N	P	K	H	R				
D	A	R	K	P	E	R	I	
N	E	W	W	N				
E	R	W	I	T	E	G		
S	A	Y	N	A	L	L		
S	P	R	I	G	H	T	L	I

### 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.



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# My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

### A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

Sometimes I wonder if any village in the world is as small as New York City.

If you want to avoid anyone, you are sure to run into them, if you live there. You're quite likely to live in the apartment next door to somebody who is the best friend of your long lost first cousin you haven't seen for years. Fate seems to take delight in picking two or three people out of the thousands who throng the streets and throwing them together.

The day after Jordan's party I went to a luncheon given by some of the girls who had been in my class at school, who lived in New York. I didn't really want to go; they had all known of my headlong romance with Jim, and I hated to let them suspect that he and I weren't happily married.

"You let him go off to the Philippines without you?" one of them exclaimed in amazement. "My dear, how could you? Why, I'd no more let my husband go anywhere without me—"

"Indeed you wouldn't; you wouldn't dare," one of the other girls retorted. "Nancy can be sure that no man who's ever fallen in love with her could possibly forget her."

It was catty, of course, but I couldn't help being thankful to that other girl. All these old friends of mine had so much more money than I, and took life so easily—it made me rather unhappy to see them. I felt disgusted when I thought of how Virginia and I schemed and worked to keep up appearances. When we left Pedro's, where we had had luncheon Frank's car was waiting for me.

"Oh—your car?" asked the girl who had been so unpleasant to me.

"Doing rather well to keep a car like that on a second lieutenant's salary, aren't you, Nancy? Or does it belong to a kind friend?"

"It's not mine, of course," I said, assuming my most childlike air. I wouldn't let her know that she had hurt me. "But since I'm living with my mother of course I use her things."

"Oh yes, of course." She wasn't even bright enough to see through my subterfuge. But as I drove away I could understand why some women throw aside all restraint and go out to get money, no matter what it costs them. Take me, for instance—how simple it would be for me to get a divorce from Jim and marry Frank Atwood, or perhaps Mr. Jordan. I'd have plenty of money then. And it was just such girls and women as that old school friend of mine who were likely to make me do it.

It was a raw, rainy day, and Frank's car was delightfully comfortable. I leaned back in the soft cushions, put my feet on the heater, and held my huge orange bouquet of violets and lavender sweet peas up close to my face. Luxury—what a nice thing to have. If it hadn't been for Frank, I'd have been riding in a cold, not too clean taxi, and I wouldn't have had any flowers.

"It's cruel that money can buy so much," I told myself bitterly. "I wish I'd gone to the islands with Jim."

And then I recalled that moment when I'd seen Jim and Claire Eaton alone, and took it back.

I had promised to join Virginia at tea at the newest and biggest hotel in town. She'd said she wanted me to meet a woman whom she had met several times

recently, and liked very much. "Be nice to her, Nancy," she had urged. "She's not very happy—her husband is treating her shamefully—and she wants someone sweet and sympathetic to go south with her for a few weeks, until it's warm enough for her to open her country place up here."

I could see through Virginia's little plan, of course. She thought that I might be the "sweet and sympathetic" person and get a free trip to Virginia Hot Springs or White Sulphur, where rich men congregate, and perhaps do better for myself matrimonially than if I stayed at home.

I felt rather sorry for this woman whom I hadn't met. I began to wonder if there wasn't just one happily married couple somewhere in the world. Certainly my own experience hadn't led me to think it possible. I wanted to go out like Diogenes looking for an honest man, and see if I couldn't find two people who'd gone through years of marriage together and made a success of it.

The hotel was crowded with young people who had dropped in for tea and a dance or two. They were everywhere—in the small embrasure opposite the entrance, all down the wide hall, clustered about on couches and in deep chairs, and the tea-rooms were full of them. It seemed as if there weren't any people over twenty-five in the world!

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## BRINGING UP FATHER



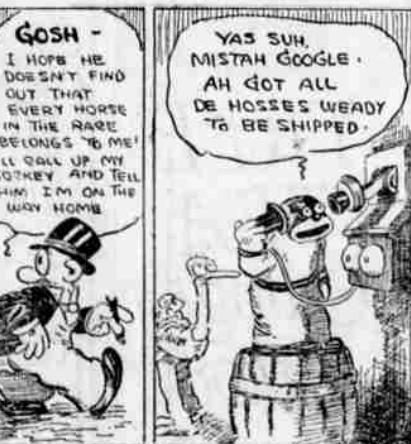
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By George McManus

## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARKY PLUG

Sparky's the Main Support

By Billy de Beck

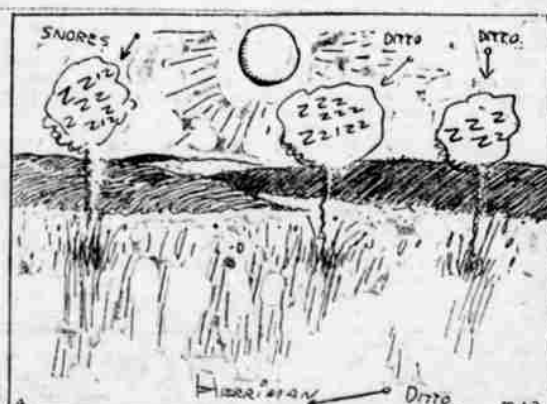
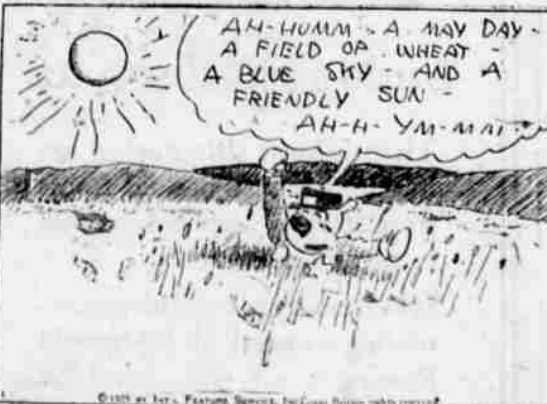


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## KRAZY KAT

In the Arms of Morpheus.

By Herriman



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## MUTT AND JEFF

They Prepare Some Stuff For Newspapers.

By Bud Fisher



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