

# Capital Journal

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## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.—Hebrews 13:6

## The Three M's Score

The three M's of modern education, movies, motors and moonshine, which have relegated the old three R's to the scrap pile, scored heavily last week-end when one of Salem high-school secret societies, receiving its inspiration from movies, its transportation from motors and its exaltation from moonshine, forcibly broke into the seaside cottage of a Salemite, made themselves at home for several days, utilizing utensils and appropriating supplies and according to the owner, leaving the place more or less of a wreck.

Now the public knows one of the main objects of secret societies in high-schools. It is to hold decorative celebrations characteristic of the Volsteadian age, in imitation of their elders, in other people's homes. On several other occasions we have learned that hazing was a principal secret society diversion—both extremely intellectual and cultural pastimes, proving "absolutely" the wisdom of turning over our schools to the pupils to manage.

On many occasions the Capital Journal has called public attention to the vicious and evil influence of the illegal secret societies in high-school, which demoralize student life. Comprising an organized fifth of the student body, they completely dominate student affairs and monopolize social activities, eliminating the unorganized four-fifths from consideration. They breed snobs, prigs and cad.

Secret societies are bad enough in universities where they are rigidly regulated and the members are mature enough to have some poise and judgment—but altogether out of place in high-schools. Their very existence is banned by law, but under one pretense or another their toleration is continued in Salem. In permitting their operation, the school board is violating the statute, which reads:

Sections 5075-6—Secret societies of every kind and character, including fraternities and sororities, so-called, which may now or hereafter exist among the pupils of any of the public schools of this state, including high schools, either local or county, are hereby declared unlawful. It is hereby made the duty of each school board within the state to examine, from time to time, into the condition of all schools under its charge and to suppress all secret societies therein, and for this purpose such boards are hereby authorized to suspend or expel from school, in their discretion, all pupils who engage in the organization or maintenance of such societies.

The blame for permitting secret societies to exist in defiance of the law, rests squarely upon the school board. The blame for permitting students to join such illegal fraternities is shared by parents, who should insist, for the welfare of their offspring, upon their keeping out, or if in, getting out.

It is not particularly this boyish scrape in which youth so cleverly imitated the practices at reunions and conventions of well-known adult secret societies, that concerns us, it is the continued toleration of organizations in public schools specifically banned by law.

What is the answer? Probably as usual, the buck will be passed to the students.

## Another Exception

The Corvallis Gazette-Times takes exception to the comments of the Capital Journal relative to the failure of Corvallis or of the Oregon Agricultural college to assist in the establishment of the proposed linen mill, as follows:

As to Corvallis having done nothing to finance the Salem mill, that is where the Journal's hearing is good. Corvallis is financing a \$300,000 hotel, four new churches, a cannery, a Memorial building, an Elks' Temple, a golf course and the usual other minor things that come up these numerous days. For that reason it has its hands full and just a little bit more than full. Were it not for these other operations started before Salem went after its linen mill, no doubt there would be some capital available here to help out, for every citizen in Corvallis realizes that a linen mill in Salem will be a fine thing for Benton county and the Willamette valley. Therein we differ from the Journal which can see no good in any enterprise not located in Salem.

Is that so? The fact that Salem is putting up for more institutions than Corvallis is, did not prevent Salem from going to the aid of Corvallis' new community hotel by furnishing the manager and financing the operating company, although it could not directly benefit Salem in any way, except that what helps any section of the valley, helps all, whereas the linen mill would directly benefit Benton county farmers by providing a market for a profitable crop.

## MILES DROPS DEAD WHILE SEEING CIRCUS

(Continued from page one)

be honored with the rank of lieutenant general. From a clerical position in a Boston business house, he entered the army at the age of 22; participated in more than 30 of the most arduous engagements of the Civil War; was four times at the point of death from wounds, and emerged from the great struggle the possessor of many enviable citations for bravery and distinguished service. Continuing in the army, he fought and pursued Indians on the great plains for more than 20 years; led the army of occupation in Porto Rico during the Spanish-American war, and although long retired from the United States entered the world war, he was ready and eager to participate once again in the service to which his life had been devoted.

Volunteered in 1917

It was the saddest disappointment of a long and adventurous career when, despite his best efforts, General Miles was not recalled to active service in 1917. He had been retired in 1903 upon reaching the age limit, but when the United States entered the European war, he asked to be sent to Siberia with the American troops. It was decided, however, that an exception could not be made in his case, hence his last military service was in 1916, when he provided over the medal of honor which reviewed the list of officers and men who had been honored by the nation with that decoration. His last service in the Civil war was to pursue Lee's forces and give up the fight and move out.

their surrender at Appomattox, winning Grant's highest praise. He was then given command of eastern Maryland and Virginia and at Porters Neck was given the custody of Jefferson Davis after the plot which resulted in the assassination of Lincoln. Several unpleasant duties resulted from this task, which brought sharp criticism at the time from southern statesmen who charged him with having used unduly harsh measures to safeguard the prisoner, among which was the shackling of Mr. Davis. General Miles married Miss Mary Hoyt Sherman, niece of the famous Civil War leader, in 1868, while serving with western troops. Two children, a son and a daughter, were born to them. The son, Colonel Sherman Miles, established an enviable record in the world war, and was later sent to Constantinople as an observer for the United States when the Turkish army defeated the Greeks in 1922 and reentered Europe. The daughter, Cecile Sherman Miles, married Colonel Samuel Heber, U. S. A.

## USELESS TO DIVORCE A WIFE IN GERMANY

Berlin.—Housing facilities are still so scarce in Berlin that the question of living quarters not infrequently has a deterrent effect on contemplated divorce actions. Once a couple is divorced each party normally would seek another place to live, but lack of suitable dwellings often compels them to divide up their apartment and continue to reside under the same roof. But such procedure seldom has resulted successfully. There is usually so much friction that one of the parties eventually gives up the fight and moves out.

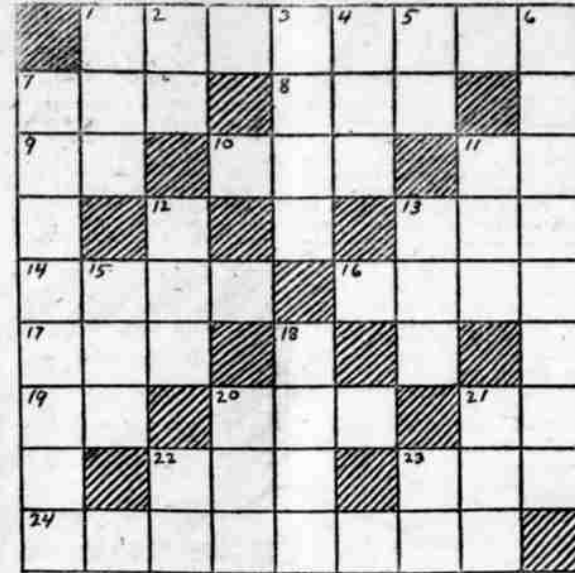
# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## HORIZONTAL

1. A flag considered as an emblem
7. Definitive article
8. Eagle
9. Personal pronoun
10. Period from dawn till dark
11. Old Saxon (ab.)
12. Appropriate
14. Immediately succeeding
15. To supply abundantly
17. Female deer
19. 14th letter alphabet
20. Recreation
21. East
22. To secure with a pin
23. Answer (ab.)
24. Sleeping

## 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

1. Personal pronoun
2. Typographical Engineer (ab.)
3. Closely related
4. Lacking moisture
5. Anonymous (ab.)
6. Without dust
7. Makes a loud rumbling noise
11. Greasy liquid
12. Chopping implement
15. Insolent period of time
18. Search for
20. Finland (ab.)
21. Suffix used to form present participle
22. Pennsylvania (ab.)
23. Anglo-Norman (ab.)

## SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

S Q U E A M I S H  
 Q S O A S A  
 U N N A Y R R  
 A S K X B E D  
 D E X G O I  
 R A Y A W O N  
 O N O C T R E  
 N A N O B S  
 S O L E N O I D S

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# MY MATRIMONIAL VACATION

by Violet Dare

## A LITTLE GAME OF LOVE

"Yes—that's my wife," he said, "or rather, she used to be."  
She had seen him too. And I had my second inspiration of that day. I knew that he was still in love with her—and she might still be in love with him. And it's possible to make a woman jealous, if she still cares for a man.  
I smiled up at Nick in my sweetest fashion.  
"Don't be a fool, Nicky," I murmured. "You'd have thought I was saying 'I love you!' at least. 'You are for her, don't you? Well, he's awfully nice to me, and let's find out if she still cares for you.'"  
"By little plan for making Nick's wife—his former wife, rather—jealous worked perfectly.  
I could watch her across the restaurant, out of the corner of my eye. Nick played up to me beautifully especially after he saw that she could hardly eat for watching us. He smiled down at me, and when I looked over toward a door and told him I felt a draft, he summoned a waiter and had the door closed, as fiercely as if I'd been a royal princess.  
I had a beautiful time. Sometimes I wish I'd been an actress. It must be such fun to throw your self into a new role. I almost convinced myself that I was crazy about Nick—and it wasn't hard at all. He's awfully attractive, and so nice and sincere.  
"Lord, Nancy, if I'd known you could be like this, I'd have—well, I've cared enough for you as it is," he said. "I wish I dared hope you meant any of the nice things you're saying!"  
I didn't answer, but performed one of my prettiest tricks—took two cigarettes, put the tips of both

of them in my mouth, and leaned forward to light them at one of the candles that burned in a beautiful old brass candelabra on our table.  
Then I took one of them, kissed it lightly, and handed it to him. I don't care about smoking, but it's worth bothering with a cigarette just to do that.  
Nick's wife just stared at me. Her hands lay on the table, clenched tight. Her cheeks were flaming.  
She turned pertly to the man and said something, then rose and came over to our table.  
"Hello, Nick," she said, assuming a nonchalance which I was sure she didn't feel. "How are you?"  
He leaped to his feet so eagerly that I was afraid he'd give our little game away. But when he spoke his voice was a marvel of polite disinterestedness.  
"This is great, seeing you here tonight!" he exclaimed. "And then he went on, as if he'd found something very precious and wanted to share the wonderful privilege—I want you to meet Miss Larrabee—Nancy dear—"  
She shook hands with me as if she'd have liked to strangle me. I saw her glance at my wedding ring. I'd never told Nick that I was married—I'd said that I just wore the wedding ring for luck. I could see that she set me down as a widow, and feared me twice as much for that reason.  
As if a widow had anything on the young girl of today!  
She went away a moment later, after trying to be just barely polite to us and showing how angry she was as plainly as if she'd thrown dishes at us.

"Well, our question's answered," I told him. "She's still in love with you."  
"Do you honestly think so?" he asked, rather doubtfully.  
"I know it! If she weren't, she wouldn't care with whom you went out or how nice you were to her." I told him. "Now, let's plan to see her again soon. If you could just get some of her friends to talk to her about us that would be wonderful."  
"That will be easy enough," he answered. "We'll have tea at the Plaza, and run into any number of them there. Now, here's what I'd planned for this evening. You remember that yacht I told you about, the Vashli, that I helped to design? Well, how'd you like to go over to the drydock and see her?"  
"Oh, of course I do—I'd love it!" I answered, turning on the enthusiasm as if it had been water running from a hydrant.  
As a matter of fact, I didn't care anything at all about going over a yacht that belonged to some body else. Other people's luxury has never appealed to me; unless there's some chance of my enjoying it, I don't care anything about it.  
But that yacht was part of Nick's work, and I knew better than to let him know that it meant nothing to me. And of course after you get into the habit of playing a game you can't get out of it, whether you enjoy it or not. I'd spent my whole life trying to do whatever would please other people, men especially.  
The yacht really was beautiful. Being enthusiastic about it was not hard at all. And Nick was so proud of it! He kept pointing out details that I'd never have noticed, things that didn't seem at all important to me, and when I'd speak of something that I liked especially he was like a young father whose baby you're admiring, pleased as Punch.  
"Who owns the boat, Nick?" I asked, as we sauntered through the main cabin.  
Tomorrow—The Yacht's Owner Appears.

By George McManus

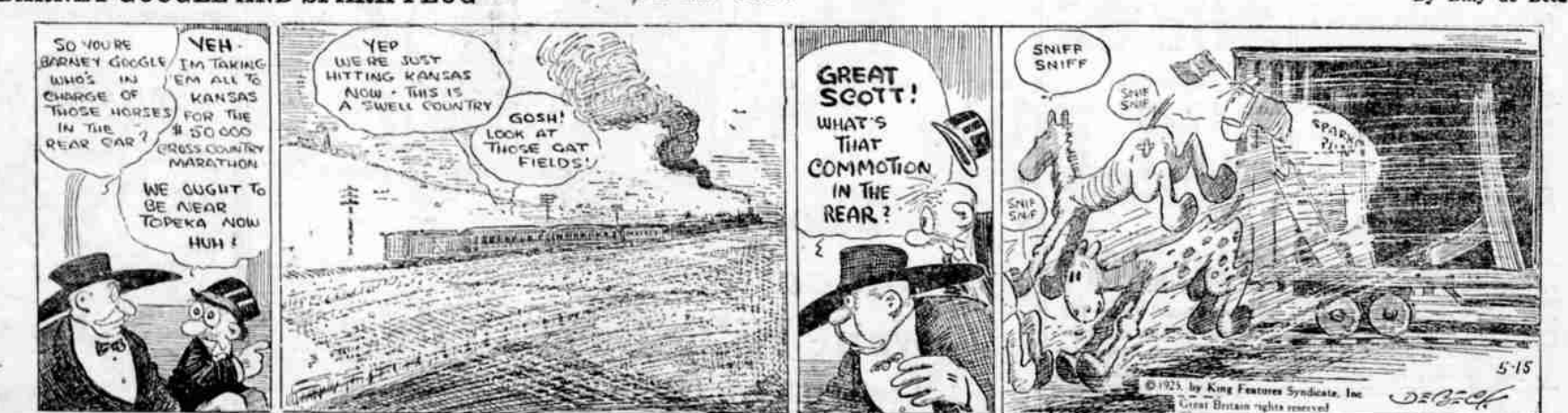
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Who Said "Outs"?

By Billy de Beck



## KRAZY KAT

Delayed Sympathy

By Herriman



## MUTT AND JEFF

The Little Fellow Makes a Zebra To Order.

By Bud Fisher

