

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.—  
Jeremiah 30:22.

## A State Bird

School children of Kansas recently by overwhelming vote, designated the meadow-lark as official state bird of the sunflower commonwealth. Despite the fact that the meadow-lark is not a lark at all, but a grackle, really a black-bird, and its selection therefore a joke on the Kansas Klan, and its range not confined to Kansas, but includes most of the United States, the choice was a good one, for the meadow-lark deserves official recognition as the sweetest and cheeriest singer of all American birds. Kaw is Indian for Kansas, probably named after the crow, and if left to the voters the crow would probably have been selected, as its song is more in keeping with the noise the state makes.

And that raises the issue, why hasn't Oregon a state bird? Perhaps that is one thing the matter with us. We have birds enough of various kinds, and some pretty tough official ones at that, but how to choose? We cannot leave it to the legislature or we would get a parrot or a buzzard. Nor can we leave it to our tax-cutting and tax-eating governor, lest we get a cuckoo. If we put it up to the army and navy, our brilliant attaboy brigadier will give us a peacock. If we refer it to civilian powers, as represented by Mayor Baker, we'll get a chicken, which the old hens wouldn't stand for.

Our inferiority complexes will rise to the occasion and present for consideration the candidacy of the California jay, also a native of Oregon, as combining all those enviable characteristics of the golden state they are so enamored of. With bright color, brassy audacity, its song a raucous and strident self-assertion, and its occupation a pilfering propensity for appropriating everything in sight, a true grafter of the bird world, the California jay is a fitting emblem for those who would imitate our southern neighbor.

Those who want a bird identified with Oregon, not only by name and habitat but in characteristics, will probably rally for the Oregon thrush, often called "varied thrush," sometimes miscalled "Alaska robin," which spends the winter mingling familiarly with us in our cities and valleys, and summers in shy retirement in secluded forest dells of the mountains. Orange breast, spotted with dark spots, with a dark throat-lace, wings banded and edged with brown, the Oregon thrush is one of the most striking of birds, while its melodious single-call song blends harmoniously with surroundings.

There are other birds, peculiarly Oregonian, few however widely or familiarly known or bearing the cognomen of the state, some sweeter singers, but none more beautiful than the Oregon thrush. However the choice of an official bird, as in progressive Kansas, can best be left to the collective wisdom of the children, for are we not rapidly reaching the predicted age of which it was written—"and a little child shall lead them?"

## Making Criminals

(From The Corvallis Gazette Times.)  
The records show that over a thousand public officials have been convicted the past year or are under indictment for violation of the Volstead act. That is an appalling situation. The reformers some years ago guaranteed us that if we should adopt the primary system of the nominations, crooks could no longer be elected to office. The result has been just the contrary. Party responsibility has disappeared and officials feel that they owe little to anyone but themselves. They are their own party. Moreover, the new system has resulted in the nomination and election of less competent men, and that is all reform has accomplished. The reason is that it was a false reform based on a false promise and had back of it dishonest politicians who appealed to ignorance and prejudice and called their scheme "reform."

These public officials are under indictment for violating another reform law. We were told that if we adopted prohibition crime would be cut in two. It has—just as Mr. Pierce cut taxes in two. On the contrary, there was never a time when there was so much crime in the United States. Dispatches state that the federal penitentiaries at both Leavenworth and Atlanta are so full that they are obliged to lock men in outhouses, cellars, bath-rooms, and two in a cell.

In 1919, the year before Volsteadism was effected, the police records show 926,172 arrests for crime in this country. In 1923 the number had increased to 1,414,044, an increase of over 50 per cent.

We were especially told that drunkenness would disappear. The police records of 160 of our largest cities showed arrests for drunkenness numbering 144,560. In 1923 the number had increased to 327,790, an increase of over 120 per cent. These are the figures of Rev. Gavthrop, manager of the Anti-Saloon League of San Francisco, so they are certainly not padded.

More than 60 policemen and dry agents have been sent to jail in one town in Ohio for violation of the Volstead act. Over 200 officials have been indicted in 13 different cities. Six county officers have been convicted in Los Angeles. In Des Moines, five policemen have been convicted of bootlegging and two deputy sheriffs have been sent to prison for stealing captured liquor.

There would be passed so air tight a law as the Volstead act. We believe that the dry amendment would never have carried if the people generally had known that congress would have gone to such absurd lengths in defining, limiting, regulating it. It has made us a nation of criminals and its flagrant violation everywhere is causing a disrespect for all law. Laws to be respected must be reasonable. We have more unreasonable laws in this country than anywhere in the world.

## "Ethan Quest"

(Reviewed by Warren Spencer.)  
No man can read Harry Hervey's new novel, "Ethan Quest—His Saga," without recognizing something of himself in it. No woman can read it without comprehending, perhaps for the first time, the recurring gnawing at a man's soul to tear himself away from his settled life routine at whatever cost.

In this story the psychology of the man who refuses to stay harassed by fate—who even deserts his wife—is treated so sympathetically that, although the woman is at fault only in a pitiful lack of understanding, the reader's love and compassion are given to the hero to the end.

Hervey succeeds in this by throwing over the reader the same enchantment which holds his Ethan in thrall. For "Ethan Quest—His Saga" is a book of compelling strength and beauty, written with a command of words that often fairly startle with their gorgeous "rightness."

The story opens in the sleepy, sunny river port of Savannah where on the waterfront little Ethan first learns the mystery of ships and the ways of those who go down to the sea. The standards of southern aristocracy are his inheritance from the Warrens, his mother's family, and he is nearly grown before he is told the secret of his unknown father's vanishment. Ethan's Saga is the history of the paternal germ of roving at war in his blood with the Warren tradition.

# TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

## HORIZONTAL

- Subaltern (ab.)
- Courage
- Suffix used to denote an ad-herent
- Railway (ab.)
- Objective of an
- Editor (ab.)
- Undetached pieces of a statue used to strengthen
- Fairy
- Consisting of the greater number
- One who encompasses
- Depart
- Wickedness
- As
- Consumed
- Auxiliary verb denoting future time
- Wickedness
- As
- Consumed
- Auxiliary verb denoting future time

## 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.

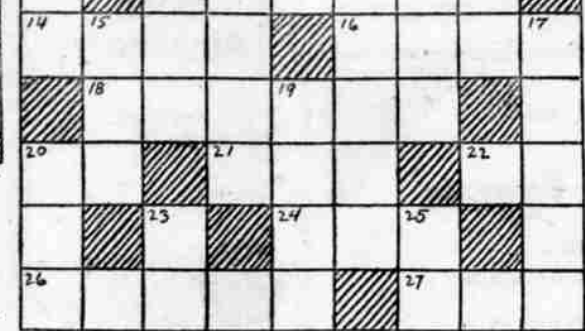
Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares confine uninterceptedly.

Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin in the white square that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterceptedly.

STANDARD  
THE DAY OS  
U A R F I T  
NEXT FILL  
DOE H X E  
EN FUN IS  
R P I N A N S  
SLANTING

## VERTICAL

- Thick, sweet liquid
- British India (ab.)
- A blood vessel
- Behold
- Bar
- Possessive of they
- An instant
- Suffix (used to form feminine nouns)
- Prefix (L.)
- Neither
- Individuality
- Prickly point found on rose bush
- Dialect (ab.)
- Gasoline (ab.)
- Exclamation
- 14th letter alphabet



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Arrives "In State"

By Billy de Beck



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What does it all mean? This column believes it means that we have gone too far; that the Volstead act is too drastic. We have fought for prohibition when it was a serious and sometimes dangerous business, but we never imag-

# My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

## THE YACHT'S OWNER APPEARS

"Funny thing, but I don't know. It's been sold, just recently—only a day or two ago, in fact. It was sold through an agent, and the name hasn't been made public yet."

"Well, he's a lucky man," I answered lightly. "Wish I knew him."

"Little did I suspect that I did know him—or how soon I was to find out that I did!"

Nick and I wandered about the yacht as if we had owned it, instead of being mere visitors. It was the last word in luxury; even the smallest appointments were perfect. I wondered how it would feel to own such a beautiful boat and go cruising in it wherever one wished, away from New York's bitter weather.

And then, as we returned to the main cabin, a door opened suddenly, one that led to the deck. In it stood my host of the previous evening, Mr. Jordan, with a pretty, overdressed girl at his side. For a moment I was thunder-struck, as was he. Then I regained my self control and stepped forward, just as he did the same.

"Mrs. Larabee," he exclaimed, "how delightful to have you for my guest again so soon."

"Your guest?"

"Yes. Or perhaps you didn't know that this is my yacht?"

I could see that the situation amused him, and determined that he would not see how ill at ease I was.

"No, I didn't," I replied, and introduced Nick, who was far more embarrassed than I. I added that Nick had helped to design the yacht, and had wanted me to see it.

"Ah yes," Jordan looked at him with narrowed eyes; I realized that

he was trying to find out just what Nick and I meant to each other. He turned at last to the girl who was still standing in the doorway and casually introduced her. She tried to conceal her embarrassment by being awfully patronizing to me, but I didn't mind.

"It's a pretty boat, isn't it," she remarked, glancing about her. "I am awfully glad to see it—I've been promised a cruise on it—"

"How delightful that will be," I murmured. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, the Mediterranean. I guess—Egypt and India and all that," she replied airily indifferent to a little matter like geography.

"Yes, I've been talking of taking a cruise on this yacht; how'd you like to come along?" Jordan asked me. Nick frowned. I could see that he didn't like Jordan and wondered how I happened to know the man.

"That would be wonderful," I answered promptly. "Is this the trip Nathalie was talking about yesterday?"

"Nathalie?" At my mention of his wife's name he flushed scarlet. "Do you mean—"

"Yes, of course; I met her at tea yesterday, with the handsomest man in town in tow." I replied; after all, if I was going to help his wife win him back, a fib or two wouldn't matter. And I knew that he was the sort of man who takes more interest in a woman if he thinks other men are attracted to her.

"Well, I—er—yes, this is the same trip," he answered slowly.

"Of course I'd love to come if she's going," I went on. "She'd be

a marvelous traveling companion. I like to sit and look at her—don't you think she's beautiful?" I asked the girl. "Mrs. Jordan, I mean."

The girl faced me angrily. "I don't know her," she answered, and her voice turned sulky. "We've never met."

"Oh, you're missed a great deal," I insisted. "That reminds me—you and I really needn't have been introduced—didn't we meet at Mr. Jordan's party last night?"

I knew that we hadn't of course. This girl was even more frankly second rate than Jordan's guests had been.

She was furious, not only with me, but with him also. "I didn't even know he had a party," she cried, and turned to him. "Why didn't you ask me? You have such wonderful parties—you said I could come to the next one."

She went storming on, though he tried frantically to stop her. Finally he took her by the arm and turned sharply toward a door leading to the deck.

"I think we'll say goodnight, Mr. Jordan," I called after him sweetly. "Your yacht is beautiful—I'm delighted with this glimpse of it."

He looked back at me disgust-edly. I knew that he was furious with me for having spoiled his evening and for having shown up his companion so plainly. I didn't care.

But as Nick and I left the ship, after having given Jordan and the girl plenty of time to get away, I wondered why I was taking so much trouble with other people's affairs. Nick and his wife, Jordan and his—really, I told myself, it might be just as well if I began to look after my own affairs a bit.

Monday—Another Tangle.

Hawley Visits Dallas  
Dallas, May 16—Congressman W. C. Hawley visited in Dallas Friday with old friends in this section of his district. It was his first visit to Dallas for a number of months.

By George McManus

## KRAZY KAT

Unpensioned Ancestors

By Herriman



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## MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff's Tiger Trap Comes In Mighty Handy.

By Bud Fisher

