

Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

Subsidizing Motor Lines

Announcement is made by an auto stage company of the installation of parlor-buffet motor coaches, incorporating an a la carte dining service, lavatory, smoking compartments, and a do zen other luxuries in the huge new 32-foot cars. Probably the next innovation will be sleeping berths, then long distance auto passenger traffic may fairly be said to have arrived.

The beauty about this auto traffic development both passenger and freight, is that it is made possible at public expense for private profit. The public, including the tax paying railroads generously furnish and maintain at great expense a free right of way and roadbed for the huge buses and trucks to hammer to pieces, then rebuild, also at public expense. This provides an advantage over the railroad lines, which must purchase their own rights of way, construct and maintain their road-beds, depots, and terminals and then pay taxes on their total investment for the support of the state—all of which is eliminated for motor traffic.

Competition, subsidized as motor traffic is, will wreck any system of carriers, has already compelled the curtailment and even practical abandonment of service on trolley lines, and branch line railroads, forced higher rates to maintain service and brought financial embarrassment to many established roads so it would seem but fair if we want to keep railroads, to subsidize them also, by making their investments tax free and constructing and maintaining rights of way and roadbeds for them, so the two transportation systems will stand on an equal basis for competition.

The other alternative, of course, is to compel the motor bus and truck lines to pay a tax sufficient to offset their highway destruction and the reconstruction they necessitate. But the motor lines resist any and all efforts to compel them to pay for privileges they secure at public cost, even resorting to the referendum to escape a slight tax levied upon volume of business.

Real Communists

The only successful civilizations built up on a communistic basis the world knows, are those of insects, such as bees, ants, wasps, etc., and it would be well for those who advocate such a form of government to study the result of carrying into effect the principles they advocate. With these creatures, the individual is nothing, the community everything. Children are community property and thus cared for. Toilers bring food, not for themselves but for others. All work is segregated, assigned and performed for the common good.

These communistic peoples of the insect world are among the most populous and most flourishing. They have held their own in the changing environment of the world and multiplied as others have diminished and lost out. Yet their socialistic philosophy has evidently restricted their progress, because it has destroyed individualism.

Ants furnish the most remarkable example of communistic enterprise. Their social sense is amazing. They play like kittens, fondle each other like love birds, grow fungi and mushroom, keep "cows" and milk them, help babies out of the cocoon cases, travel far, fight in organized armies, clean themselves, use cosmetics, and help the sick, wounded and weary.

The communistic idealism of the ant however does not prevent it from raiding neighboring ant cities, carrying off and enslaving the young to perform needful work. Slavery is an established institution in antdom.

The wasp is held by some naturalists as the most intelligent of all insects and the quickest to solve problems and surmount difficulties. They as well as ants do what reasonable people with a moral sense would do. Yet their life from a human standpoint seems a strange perversion.

Take the hive bees; the drones are stupid and eventually murdered because of their uselessness. The queen has degenerated to a mere egg laying machine. The workers kill themselves in a few weeks by overwork, which a scientist has aptly termed "suicidal syndicalism." But their natural intelligence survives.

What is true of the bee, is in a measure true of the ant and the wasp and it is evident that human nature will have to undergo a revolution if the personal sacrifice for the public good the insects prove necessary for communism ever becomes an actuality, and it is questionable whether the ends attained are worth while.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

Dancing in the Moonlight
It was a Hawaiian orchestra that was playing, and it came, not over the radio, but from a house further down the lake shore, plaintively, sweetly, yet with an insistent rhythm. It was not jazz that was being played, but native music far more seductive than anything else that Patricia had ever heard. There was a wide, clear view from the veranda, and the floor was perfect. Gregory Hewitt held her lightly but firmly; he danced as well as he did everything else. After the first moment of adaptation Patricia realized that she could yield herself completely to his guidance. His sense of rhythm was instinctive.

It was a dance that seemed part of the night, of the moonlight and the music, of the night winds that came whispering across the water and murmured through the trees. And as Hewitt held her closer, dancing now against the beat of the music, now with it, she forgot everything but the joy of dancing. As the music ceased she turned toward their table; he held her hand an instant longer, then released it, and took his place opposite her, with the soft golden light of the shaded candles playing over his handsome face.

"I've never known anyone else who danced as you do," he said quietly, after a moment. "That was an experience that I shall never forget. It will be a treasured memory."

Patricia remained silent, fearful of being carried away by her own enthusiasm. She had always turned such remarks aside with a little tactful comment, that flattered the man who made them and did not incriminate her. But she was too strongly moved now to do that; if she spoke at all, she must reveal too much of what lay in her heart, created by those few moments of pure delight.

"Little Pat, tell me that you enjoy it, too," he begged of her. She needed, her eyes on her own slim hands, that were tightly entwined in her lap.

"Tell me that you like me, that you enjoy being with me, won't you, please?" he urged.

"I do," she answered obediently. "Little Pat, if I could come to you as I'd like to, unencumbered,

unmarried, and ask you to be my wife, would you marry me?"
"How could I? I'm married to Andrew," she reminded him. It was as if someone else spoke; the witchery of the moment was so strong that she seemed to have drifted into a dream, where everything was beautiful and unreal.

"But if you weren't married to Andrew?" Hewitt persisted.

The music had begun again, sobbing paeonately of love. All across the water the moonlight lay soft and golden. Patricia looked up slowly, deep into Gregory Hewitt's eyes, that held hers for a long moment. They had changed; they were not the keen, shrewd eyes of one of the country's cleverest financiers now, but the warm, eager eyes of a man who was desperately in love.

Patricia looked away at last, tearing her glance from his with an effort.

"There are too many 'ifs' between your question and my answer," she told him, trying hard to be calm, although her heart was beating so violently that she felt as if the trembling of her hands must result directly from that. Hewitt's ardour made her suddenly uneasy; she was afraid, not of him but of the situation, which she could not control. "I wonder," she went on, refusing to meet his eager gaze again, "I wonder if it isn't getting rather late? It is so far to go, you know."

"Of course; we'll leave at once," the waiter was summoned, and Hewitt's name scrawled across the check without delay. Patricia's thoughts were so completely held in thrall by what had taken place between her and Hewitt that she walked down the veranda and through the restaurant without noticing anyone. And all during the drive home but a few words were spoken. Her mind was going back over Hewitt's words, summoning up his expression, wondering,

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY OBSERVED IN BERLIN

Berlin, Germany.—For the first time in 400 years, Corpus Christi day was celebrated recently at the German capital by a public procession. This is taken as evidence of the much more tolerant attitude of the republican regime as compared with the old monarchical. Under the monarchy, the official state religion of Prussia was Protestant, and the king was at the same time titular head of the church. Catholic processions such as are customary in Bavaria, for instance, on Corpus Christi day were forbidden.

Los Angeles.—A bed spring he was adjusting fell on Charles Miller, and when help arrived he was dead. His head was thrust thru one corner of the spring and the tail wire coils still maintained their death grip on his throat.

Madhouse His Future Home.



MRS. RUSSELL SCOTT
Russell Scott, twice saved from the gallows as he was about to step forth to death in Chicago, has now been declared insane. He goes to the asylum there to stay until death or until he regains his sanity, when he can be executed without further notice. His wife was the chief aide in his escaping the noose for the murder of a drug clerk. (Int'l Newsreel.)

OREGON PIONEER PASSES

Portland, Or., Sept. 14.—(A. P.) Edward W. Imbler, Oregon pioneer, who crossed the plains in 1852-53, and after whom the town of Imbler in the Grande Ronde valley was named, died at his home at Aderwald station Saturday, aged 83. He came to Oregon with his brother, Jesse, first settling in Lane county. Later he moved to Dufur and thence to the Grande Ronde valley, when this district was first developed. After residing there many years he moved to Corvallis and 14 years ago came to Portland. Funeral services will be held here Tuesday afternoon and the body will be sent to Summerville for interment.

Better Health Longer Life

GORGAS MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

Written Especially for The Capital Journal by Charles H. Mayo, M. D., Rochester, Minn., Member Gorgas Memorial Institute.

In the past twenty-five years more has been accomplished in medicine than in all the centuries before. Scientific medicine has done about all it can for the mass diseases, now practically gone, but which used to frighten and destroy the people by ten of thousands.

In the fourteenth century fifty million people died of the plague. There was only one way of escaping it, and that was for people to leave their homes and run away to places free from it. In the eighteenth century many millions, possibly one hundred millions, died of nothing but smallpox.

Today each man is dying his individual death, and it is up to us to see if we cannot reach him in that manner and persuade him that it is worth while, when he is still vigorous, to learn to keep his machinery from going to pieces from neglect.

In the sixteenth century, man had but twenty years of average life. It is fifty-eight today, and you wonder whether you will be able to reach the three score and ten of the Bible. We hope to be able to do that from a medical standpoint within the next twenty-five or forty years.

It is coming. We know it is coming. Our problem is advancing the age of our people by teaching men, women and children the art of keeping well. There are thousands of deaths annually, which, with reasonable precaution, could be prevented. This means that society is not availing itself of the medical knowledge already at its disposal. Of the 3,000,000 people on the nation's sick list every day, one-fourth to one-third are needlessly so.

To combat this unnecessary suffering and waste of human resources, to induce better health and longer lives, a campaign of health education such as is now being undertaken by the Gorgas Memorial Institute is of the highest value.

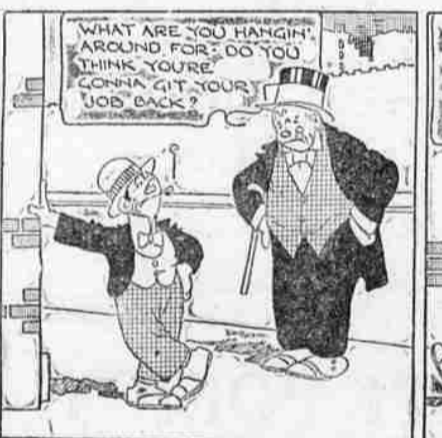
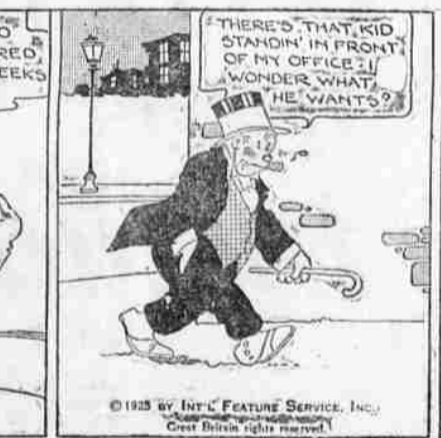
An important phase of the work is the periodic health examination or health audit, the only known way of discovering certain incipient diseases before the individual realizes anything is wrong. In the beginning, Bright's disease, apoplexy and high blood pressure are usually asymptomatic to their victims. But discovered in time by the health audit and by following the advice of the doctor you are put on the road to recovery before your vital organs are wrecked beyond repair. Take as good care of your health as you would of your automobile and yearly to locate the enemy of your health.

A second vital function, which is truly preventive medicine, is teaching the individual the ill effects of wrong habits of living, which if continued will lead to illness. Improper eating and getting insufficient exercise each day are among them.

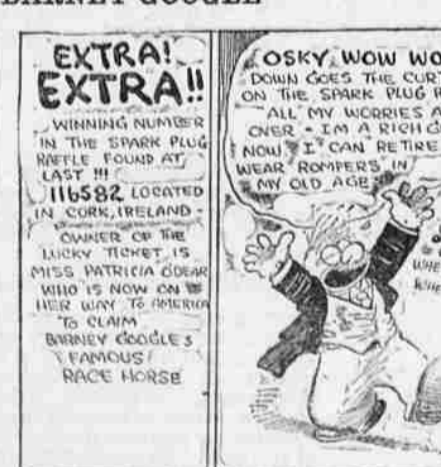
DUMB DORA



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