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

Spanking As a Cure

While crime waves have swept this country until federal prisons contain almost twice as many prisoners as five years ago, and all penitentiaries and jails are filled to overflowing in the United States, England shows a remarkable diminution of crime. There are more homicides in a single American city than in all of England and other crime is in about the same proportion.

Today there are only 8,000 people in English prisons, where as fifty years ago there were 20,000. The number of those in penal servitude has dwindled during the half century from 10,000 to 1,600. Practically a third of the prisons in England and Wales have been closed since 1914 and the 35 still in use have only empty cells. In the same period, the federal prison population of the United States has multiplied three fold, while states and cities cannot enlarge their prisons rapidly enough to care for the increase in prison population.

One reason, besides prohibition, why crime increases in the United States and decreases in England is because in England prisons exist for the punishment of criminals and not for their "reformation" through coddling. This, combined with the fact that justice is swift and punishment severe, regardless of station, puts a fear of the law into the hearts of criminals entirely unknown in America. There are no country clubs among British prisoners—no movies, radio concerts, baseball games, poker games or merawanna smoking, only hard work and rigid discipline.

Perhaps we should go further back than the prison and place the blame, partially at least, upon the lack of discipline in the home, the abandonment of corporal punishment, the sparing of the rod and the consequent spoiling of the child. In England, every elementary school has its birch. Every reformatory has its official whipper. Courts have the power to order spankings at home for children too young to be chastised by the state. In the United States spanking is among the lost arts.

Corporal punishment is an essential part of law enforcement and has been for decades in England. Many authorities believe that juvenile whipping and birching are largely responsible for the orderliness of the present generation of Englishmen, while lawlessness reigns in other sections of the globe. It is held that the boy culprit of today is very likely to be the second-story man and thug of tomorrow unless his youthful criminal tendencies are nipped in the bud. So the court frequently sentences youngsters to be whipped at home by parents and sends an officer around to supervise the spankings.

The paddle and the rod furnish a simple, direct and easily comprehended method of corrective punishment that has the psychological uplift bunk backed off the board. Results tell the story, and England experiences the logical results from her system in diminution of crime, while America reaps equally logical results of our pampering system by leading the civilized world in crime increase.

Spence, Propagandist

The Oregonian has discovered that state market agent C. E. Spence is utilizing his office for the promulgation of political propaganda at state expense. Says the Oregonian:

This misuse of the office of state market agent confirms the opinion expressed at the time of its creation, that it would be used for political purposes, would confer no benefit on the producer and would waste public funds. It has been used to spread political opinions at public expense—a proceeding as inexcusable as Mayor Hylan's use of the municipal radio station in New York city hall to broadcast his claim to re-election.

Well, what of it? Waan't that what the office was created for? There is no need of any such office, no useful function it could perform, except perhaps to regulate a little more the already over-regulated farmer.

For two and a half years Market Agent Spence has weekly issued his Non-Partisan League propaganda, and occasionally, as during the primary campaign, relieved himself of it orally. For this he gets \$5,000 a year and expenses.

Mr. Spence is, however, only following the example of Governor Pierce who is perpetually swinging about the circle spreading political opinions at public expense—also a sheer waste of public funds. If there was a state radio station, we can be sure it would be utilized to broadcast the governor's claims to re-election. Not having it, the executive is obliged to appear in person in as many places as possible at taxpayers' cost. If the governor, why not the market agent?

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

INTO THE FIRE

Patricia dressed very carefully in preparation for Gregory Hewitt's visit. Her hair was done, her face as well as he'll be killed for a very attractive sheep in for a bath she reflected, since one must be scrupulously on the altar of the great god Business anyway!

"I think it's perfectly atrocious," repeated Patricia, dispassionately, leaning herself on a massive and blue chair lounge. "In the first place, it's red, and you ought never to wear red. You're invariably in green or blue, but red is simply fatal for you. It takes away all your color and fades your hair."

"Not yet, so play if you want to," answered Carol, looking at her reflection in the mirror. She hadn't looked so nice in months, she told herself!

Patricia trailed slowly across the polished floor of the living room. Her frock was of grayish green, as frail and misty as sea foam. About her throat was a double strand of milky pearls, and another long strand was wound about her wrist. There were emeralds on her hands, and a large square one formed the clasp of her necklace—gifts on her wedding day from her father-in-law, who had adored her. And gifts that would have brought joy to many a woman's heart, but that meant little to Patricia, as she sat down on the piano bench and fingered them listlessly.

"Pearls for tears, emeralds for change," she murmured softly. "Oh, I wish that I wanted to change my life, that I could not live any longer as I am living. But must I change now if I don't want to? Can't I go back, even to what I didn't want?"

The spacious, exquisite room gave back a faint echo of her voice. On the piano pale yellow roses nodded their heavy heads to her, as if confirming her fears. She began to play, softly, little chords that rippled into each other, and presently became end songs. Toat's "Good bye," "The Rosary," a "Cadenza" song that was like a shadow of lost happiness.

And then, suddenly, two hands were placed on her shoulders. A thrill ran straight down her arms, brought her up standing. But the man who stood behind her would not let her turn her face to him; instead, he forced her to sit down again.

"I took your telephoning as a good omen, Little Pat," he told her huskily. "I was afraid, last night, that I'd offended you by telling you that I cared for you. I told myself that if you didn't call me today,

I'd let you go. And then—then, finally, you phoned. You can't know what that meant to me. Oh, Patricia, won't you write to your husband and explain to him? Won't you ask him to let you be free? My wife and I have meant so little to each other for such a long time that I know she won't want to keep me if I want to go. Think—we could be married with-in a year."

Doctors Required By Law to Quarantine Own Cases, Is Claim

Dr. William B. Mott, city health officer, has issued a statement in reply to Dr. H. J. Clements, who presented a communication to the city council Monday night criticizing Dr. Mott for refusing, as health officer, to take care of a smallpox case which was taken to him by Dr. Clements and Dr. S. C. Stone. The affair resolved itself into a legal question as to whose duty it was under the law to take care of the patient and provide quarters for him, the health officer or the physician to whom the case first came. This will probably be threshed out at the next meeting of the council. Dr. Mott's statement follows:

"In reply to the protest issued by Dr. Clements against the city health officer, Dr. Wm. B. Mott wishes to state for the enlightenment of Dr. Clements and the public at large that City Ordinance No. 1922 provides that every doctor is responsible for the quarantining of his cases of reportable or contagious disease.

It seemed to Patricia that her voice would never come, that something was choking her. She felt as if she were in a dream, trying to talk, but with no power to make herself heard. She wanted to shout, "I love Andrew—I love Andrew!" She could only tear Hewitt's hands from her shoulders and turn to face him, when Keith came quickly through the hall.

Whenever any laboratory or clinical diagnosis discloses that any disease is of a communicable nature, the person making such diagnosis shall immediately take such action as he may deem necessary in order to prevent the spread of such disease and shall make a report of such action to the state health officer. Such person shall, in addition to such report, be prepared to take any such further steps as may be deemed necessary by the state health officer and shall report such cases and all connected therewith, to any person or institution designated by the state health officer. Pending official action by the jurisdictional health officer, the attending physician or other person practicing the science of healing shall establish and maintain quarantine rules and regulations as prescribed by the state board of health.

"This city ordinance and state law are very clearly stated and will with every vantage knowledge should be able to understand them. Still, in spite of this fact, the smallpox case in question was sent out of the doctor's office to my office for disposal and after he was on his way I was notified by phone that there was a smallpox case on the way to my office. The city ordinance and state law were quoted to the doctor requesting that he comply with both, which he refused to do. He then called Dr. Clements who came to my office and with insulting remarks attempted to tell me that I was wrong and that the laws were wrong. He even went so far as to say that it was my duty as health officer to take care of and treat all indigent cases.

"Again, let me state for the education of Dr. Clements and of any others who do not know, that the city of Salem does not have a city physician. The duties of the city health officer are those of a law enforcement officer in matters pertaining to the health of the city. And because I requested that these two doctors do their duty both as a legal and moral obligation one of them is attempting to make a personal grievance case of it.

"I wish to state that the two doctors and not the city health officer allowed this smallpox case to run at large. The entire proceedings were taken up with the state board of health following disposal of this case. Dr. Frederick Stricker, secretary of the state board of health, stated to me that full time health officers, those who are paid for their entire time, are supposed to do all quarantining, but part time health officers, as Salem has, could not possibly take care of such minor details and have any time to practice medicine. The doctors of Salem have cooperated wonderfully well in trying to keep down epidemics by immediately quarantining and reporting cases to me. One or two have shown no interest in the welfare of the public and have refused to cooperate in keep-

ing down diseases. "The doctor who had the smallpox case is subject to prosecution for refusing to comply with the law, the other is simply meddling without any knowledge of the law. "If all doctors turned their contagious cases loose, depending on passing the buck to someone else, we would never be free from epidemics. As it is, following the passage of the city ordinance above referred to, along with the voluntary cooperation of most of the doctors, our diphtheria epidemic fell off almost to no cases reported in a very short time.

"This shall be my report to the city council and if necessary I will attempt to have Dr. Stricker present to tell in person what he has stated to me."

Tomorrow—Weary Hours

ing a lot. The picture will make a very excellent evening's entertainment for all kinds of people old or young.

FRIENDS SAY SHE IS PICTURE OF HEALTH

"I cannot give Tanlac too many thanks, for it brought me back my health and strength after everything else failed, and nearly all hope of getting well had left me," is the grateful statement of Mrs. Sarah Duckett.

"Stomach trouble and rheumatism had long gradually weakened me down for 30 years. At times I ached all over, could not walk without limping, and felt too weak to get out of my chair. Sleep was almost out of the question and I was nervous, discouraged and disappointed."

"When I began taking Tanlac I was down to 120 lbs, but I now weigh 150 and haven't an ailment in the world. This is what Tanlac did for me four years ago and since then I have never been without it in the house. I take a bottle now and then and everyone says I am the picture of health."

What Tanlac has done for others, it can also do for you. For sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

COULD YOU TELL ME HOW TO GET TO NUMBER SIX WHAT'S AVENUE PLEASE

SURE TWO BLOCKS NORTH, TURN RIGHT THEN WALK EAST TO...

NOW LETS SEE IF I GOT IT RIGHT TWO BLOCKS EAST AN' TURN LEFT

NO! NO! TURN NORTH AT THE STATUE, THEN GO UP THAT STREET TO THE POST OFFICE

TURN SOUTH AT THE STATUE? WHERE'S THE STATUE? THEN WHICH WAY DID YOU SAY FROM THERE EAST OR WEST

IT'S A NORTH AN' SOUTH STREET—TURN NORTH THEN WALK EAST—AW, GET IN MY CAR I'LL TAKE YOU THERE

IT'S SO SWEET OF YOU TO GO SO FAR OUT OF YOUR WAY JUST ON MY ACCOUNT SHE'S NOT SO DUMB!

BRINGING UP FATHER

WOW! SINCE MAGGIE HAS BEEN AWAY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANY OF THE GANG—IF I DON'T SEE SOMEBODY SOON I'LL FORGET HOW TO TALK!

STILL—IT'S NICE TO BE ALONE—IT'S A RELIEF NOT TO HEAR MAGGIE'S VOICE—SAYIN' DO THIS AN' DO THAT—AN' GIT THIS AN' GIT THAT.

PARDON—SIR—YOUR WIFE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ON THE LONG-DISTANCE PHONE—

YOU'VE NEVER BROUGHT ME ANY GOOD NEWS SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE—

YES—MAGGIE—I OID—ALL RIGHT—I WILL—I THINK SO I'LL TRY—NO! I HAVEN'T—YES—NO! I THINK SO! I'LL TRY—MAYBE I'LL ATTEND TO IT—ETC!!

BARNEY GOOGLE

YES YES SWANK PLUGS PERSONAL CHECKY HAS BEEN KIDNAPED THE LETTER SAYS IF I DON'T COME THROUGH WITH \$500 BY MIDNIGHT THE TWO OF US WILL BE SHOT—WHAT AN I GONNA DO, CHIEF?

PUT A COUPLE BRICKS IN A SATCHEL AND LEAVE IT JUST WHERE THE LETTER SAYS—I'LL DETAIL SOME OF MY MEN TO GO WITH YOU AND BRING THE CROOKS LUNERS THEY SHOW UP.

THIS IS THE SPOT, GENTLEMEN—HIDE YOURSELVES IN THE BUSHES AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED—IT AINT MORNIN' YET BUT THOSE BUSYBODIES MIGHT SHOW UP EARLY—BE CAREFUL.

WHEW! THIS IS A LONG WAIT—I'LL WATCH A LITTLE NAP AND MAKE UP WHEN I HEAR THE FIRE WORKS.

THE SATCHEL'S GONE!! WHY DIDN'T THEY WAKE ME UP WHEN THE CROOKS CAME—??

WHAT THE—?

MUTT AND JEFF

CHEERIO, OLD DEARS! YOU MUST CALL AGAIN!

THANKS, SIR SID—WE SURE WILL!

CHEERIO, OLD THING.

MUTT, DID YOU MAKE ANY BREAKS AT THE DINNER TONIGHT?

DID I? SIR SID'S SISTER ASKED ME HOW I LIKED BACON—

AND I SAID "WELL DONE." I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS SPEAKING ABOUT AN ENGLISH WRITER!

I MADE A TERRIBLE FAUX PAS MYSELF!

YOU DID! HOW? SID'S SISTER ASKED ME IF I WOULD HAVE SOME OF THE CORN AND I SAID "YES" AND PASSED MY GLASS!

I PULLED THAT BONGER, TOO!

The Boys Expected "Corn" in the Bottle—Not On the Cob

By Bud Fisher