

# Capital Journal

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

## No Intervention

Appeal of Abd-el-Krim, Rifian leader, to nations of the world for intervention to halt the war of conquest waged by France and Spain in Morocco, will strike a responsive chord in many Americans who believe in freedom for the citizens of other lands if not in their own. The sympathy of the world is always for the underdog and the Rifis are fighting hopeless odds.

The appeal for intervention will be futile, however, as both France and Spain would regard interference by outsiders in the internal affairs of a province as an affront, even though the Rifis have always maintained freedom in their isolated desert strongholds—principally because their barren country was not worth the taking.

In addition, none of the powers hands are clean, not even those of Uncle Sam, when it comes to treatment of weaker peoples. If France and Spain have no business in Morocco and Algeria, Britain has none in Egypt, Italy in Lybia or America in the Philippines. A country that puts a military regime in control of Hayti, San Domingo, Honduras and Central America in order to protect foreign loans by bankers is in no position to intervene in North Africa. America would regard French protest of her occupation of the Philippines just as France would regard American protest in Morocco.

It is the old, old story of the progress of civilization. Spain and France, especially France, are colonizing, civilizing and developing a region and a people that have stood still for twenty centuries, since the decay of Roman power. The Rifis are fanatical Mohammedans, descendants of the Berbers, the aboriginal white race of North Africa and Europe, crossed with Arabs and a strain of negro. They are cave-dwellers and famed as bandits, raiding the desert caravans and coast cities and retreating to their inaccessible mountain fastnesses.

Abd-el-Krim has a European education and military training. Many of the tribesmen he has rallied to his standard, served in France in the world war. He has conceived the grandiose scheme of founding a native empire and driving the Europeans out of Africa, figuring that the incapacity of Spain and the bankruptcy of France would prevent effective resistance.

## Stream Pollution

In its campaign against stream pollution, the state game commission has called the attention of Willamette valley cities to the Oregon law against dumping sewage in rivers. The protest reads in part:

A private or municipal corporation that dumps filth into a flowing stream transfers corruption to people lower down. It is like a man who dumps his dirt over the back fence into the yard of his neighbor. The practice is wrong both legally and morally.

It is the duty of a manufacturing plant to take care of its waste products. A sawmill is always summoned into court for dumping sawdust in a river. Why is a pulp or woollen mill allowed to wash its acids, dyes and other waste into public waters? It is the duty of the officers of a municipal corporation to take some steps toward relieving our rivers from their load of filth.

Cities along the Willamette are the worst offenders. Eugene, Corvallis and Albany all dump their sewage for Salem to drink and Salem in turn dumps her's to poison the water for Oregon City and other cities lower down. Some of our factories color and pollute the stream also, but the cities themselves are the worst offenders. Indeed it is questionable whether it is safe to bathe in the lower river, let alone drink from it.

All of this is needless and can be avoided by the construction of septic tanks. Cities like Ashland and Medford, Bend and Pendleton have solved the problem and it is time that Willamette valley cities were compelled to act.

The game commission is on the right track in trying to remedy the big evils rather than waste its time on trivialities. Stream pollution not only exterminates fish but endangers public health. If the cities refuse to act, the game and health commissions should compel them to.

## Why the Seizure?

We presume, in pursuance of his solemn duty, City Attorney Chris Kowitz, single-handed, raided American Legion headquarters Monday during the reception to visiting legionnaire drum corps, seized six bottles of what he declares real beer, and sped away with the evidence which he deposited with the chief of police, where it still reposes. No arrests were made, no complaints filed, and nothing has been done.

How does the city attorney know that these six unopened bottles contain the "real stuff" as he declared? Is it possible that he sampled them, or others like them, in pursuit of duty, of course? If not, as no complaints had been filed with him, how did he know that they contained forbidden brew? And not knowing, what right had he to make the seizure? What law authorizes seizure without a warrant on suspicion, even by a city attorney?

If the city attorney, knew what he was doing, and was certain that he was fearlessly enforcing the law, why did he not place those responsible under arrest for law violation? Why did he not at the time arrest those in charge of the headquarters, as well as the officials of the Legion. Of what possible use is the evidence, if there is to be no prosecution? Why did he make the seizure and publicly insult the Legion members by branding them as law-breakers?

If the city attorney acted sincerely, but is in doubt as to what these bottles contain, why does he not have their contents analyzed, as he does in other instances, where other bottles have been seized? Are Legion members any different from others that they should receive immunity from one sworn to enforce the law?

City Attorney Kowitz owes it to himself as well as to the Legionnaires, whom he has aspersed to clear up the mystery, prosecute if prosecution is due or apologize and resign if there is no ground for prosecution or seizure.

### THE "ROUND-UPS"

We talk of the strides we've made in "civilization." We prate, long and loud, of our "great cultured nation." We boast with much pride of our wide "learning" and "knowledge."

We shower honors on "sporty" chaps from some "college." We preach and we write about "the uplifting of man." We pretend to be seeking the "salvation" plan; But we are not far removed from the wild savage state When those barbaric "round-ups" we can tolerate.

We babble—we sing how the world grows "better each day." Then loudly applaud inhuman acts "round-ups" play; Most cruel in their nature and disposed to give pain To helpless dumb brutes—and all for commercial gain! This commercialized brutality provides great "thrills," And disgusting scenes of "bull-dogging," aside from shame, Should stamp the actors unworthy of human name.

Such fierce and wicked "sports" mark but the primeval man; "Civilization" would put them under the ban; But note our "cultured" (?) gentry, who flock with stirring glee To these degrading "round-ups"—awful sights to see! Cowboys displaying brute-force in efforts to subdue Bigger brutes than they are—"refined" (?) folks love to view! Rough, wild, riotous "fun"—every savage instinct loud; Crael "stunts" by heartless men to amuse a crowd!

And the "Queen of the Round-Ups!" What high honors to bear! Rejoicing o'er wild revels with devery and darral! Her sense of fine feeling must be quite blunted, indeed, And the coarse, primal instinct of cave-woman lead, It would surely seem—and we wish to be fair and just— If only a crown she covets, as all "Queens" must, Crowned with womanly modesty, some realm she might rule Without losing her glory by playing the fool!

'Tis really sad when our "amusements" clamor for gore— When sights of bleeding hides moves us not to deplore; When the howling cry of a poor beast in its pain Excites no pity and we can watch it thus slain. When we crave and indulge in these past-times that degrade, Something's wrong in our texture—we're only half made; Or our system of culture—alleged "education" Is based on false reasoning and a farce in our nation.

All "Round-Ups" are blots on our fair and beautiful State. For their trend is to lower—never elevate. When only braven and not brain we extol to the skies; Only violence and fury is out for a "prize." We may well be called just a "wild and woolly" lot— Bad as aborigines, who don't care a jot. And see our State officials—those good, wise (?) public men, Endorse these savage "shows" by their presence now and then! (Written by Lillie M. Martin, 1219 E. Taylor St., Portland, Or.)

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

### FATE TAKES A HAND

It was an ideal day for riding, and as the four of them started out on the sure-footed ponies, Patricia noted with pleasure that luncheon packs had been strapped on the saddles.

"What a glorious day for a picnic," she remarked, noting as usual how thoughtful Hewitt was and how well his plans always coincided with her wishes. "Why can't men always carry on their business in this lazy, pleasant way?"

Hewitt laughed at the suggestion as Keith launched seriously into a lecture to Patricia on the importance of business.

Keith and Carol, real children of the city and strange to out-of-door activities, shambled along slowly and seemed to be clinging for dear life to the saddles, but Patricia, glad of her many cameras in the park in New York, rode easily, and noted that Hewitt was perfectly poised in his saddle.

"I feel quite like a part of a Bill Hart picture," Patricia chuckled; "but there doesn't seem to be any villain around for me to be saved from."

"And you look like the Rue de la Paix, or at least a riding scene in the Folies," Hewitt observed gallantly. "These old plains would have to brush up on the New York fashions if you were to stay long, and I would have to send for a copy of the what the well-dressed man will wear when serving hard-boiled eggs on the desert to a lady fashion plate."

Their conversation, keyed to no sense, rambling on and on with never a note of seriousness, for which Patricia was grateful. Why couldn't friendships always be like that, Patricia mused, weary of trying to

"Stop, stop," she begged of him. "It's there, my right foot. Oh, I can't stand it, the pain—"

She sank back into his arms, her face pallid and drawn. "Must be a break," Hewitt told the others in curt anxiety as they came up. "or a bad sprain, anyway. Ride over there toward the road Carol as fast as you can. It's about time for the men to be coming back with the wagon of supplies. Tell them to wait. Keith and I will carry Pat there."

Pat was only vaguely conscious of what was happening to her. Occasionally she regained consciousness, now only to find herself being carried along toward some unknown destination. Then she felt the strong, steady hands loosen under her and a bumpy jerky wagon take their place, but always she was conscious of a stern, anxious voice cautioning the driver to hurry, but to make the journey as smooth as possible. Later there was a strange house—a sort of cabin—and new voices. "She was thrown from her horse," she heard in explanation, and then no more until the firm hands of a doctor seemed to reach down and straighten the tangled mass of bones in her foot.

And though she dimly heard the soothing voice of Hewitt trying to comfort her, she realized then that it was not his she wanted to hear.

Monday—Her Husband's Ultimatum

LONG ILLNESS FATAL TO SILVERTON WOMAN

Silverton, Or., Oct. 3.—(Special.)—Mrs. L. A. Johnson died Thursday morning at about 6 o'clock at the Silverton hospital. For a number of years Mrs. Johnson has been far from well. She underwent an operation a month ago from which she never fully recovered. She was 46 years of age at the time of her death. Funeral services will be held from Trinity church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock with the Rev. George C. Honriker officiating.

Two years ago the Johnson family moved from Hultt, where they lived a number of years, to Silverton. Besides her husband, Mrs. Johnson leaves five children, the oldest of whom is 19 years and the youngest 12 years. The children are John, Anna, Louisa, Gmitavo and Elizabeth.

San Francisco, Cal.—The Japanese cruiser Tama, which brought the body of Edgar A. Bancroft, American ambassador who died in Japan, to San Francisco last month, departed for home.

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Average daily net paid circulation for the month of September, 1925. Total distribution for same period approximated 7,500.

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or 12.8 percent over September, 1924, in audited and proven paid circulation. This is the first time the paid circulation has exceeded the 7,000 mark, proving the Capital Journal making greater progress and

Growing Faster Than at any period in history because it prints all the news and delivers the goods. Some like it, some don't, but all read it.

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By Chick Young

### DUMB DORA



By George McManua

### BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

### BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Qualifies As Night Watchman



By Bud Fisher

### MUTT AND JEFF

Scout Jeff of the Pirates Looks Over the Senators.

