

Capital Journal

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

Primary Rule

Colonel C. C. Chapman, editor of the Oregon Voter, whom the Portland Spectator correctly styles "sapient statistician and symposiarch," declares, with a finality approaching infallibility, that the direct primary is so popular with the citizens of Oregon that any and all efforts to repeal it will be futile, so those eastern Oregon granges initiating its abandonment, might as well cease their efforts.

If the direct primary is so efficient, why not extend this method of selection to embrace all public officials? Why not let the people really rule by taking away the appointive powers from executives and administrators? Why permit a governor or a board or a mayor or a commission to appoint public servants, when the direct primary is functioning?

There is the case of the selection of a president for the University of Oregon, upon which the regents are unable to agree. "Why not choose him by direct primary?" The whole theory of the direct primary is that mass judgment is superior to party or caucus judgment—so why not let the people pick the new educator from among the self-starters for the job and get a superior article?

The direct primary does not even mean majority rule but clique and coterie rule, as nominations are made by pluralities. The votes are split between so many candidates that a quarter of the vote cast may name the candidate through appeal to ignorance and prejudice and by promises of the impossible. An organized minority is usually successful against the unorganized majority, which accounts for the success of secret societies in politics.

The worst feature of the direct primary is its destruction of responsibility. Every candidate stands on an individual irresponsible platform and lacking party support or solidarity, cannot accomplish anything. That is why bureaucracy grows in Oregon and why taxation increases—there is no responsible organization to oppose the "cohesive power of public plunder."

The Case of Kip

Kip Rhineland, decadent son of a distinguished Kniekerbocker family, now airing his marital affairs before a scandal loving public in the effort to secure a legal separation from his octoroon bride, is a shining example of what too much money does for youth. The Rhineland family, living for generations in inherited luxury, without the spur of necessity, has degenerated as the idle rich are wont to, and only a rebirth in poverty can save the coming generations. Perhaps the injection of a little negro blood may prove highly beneficial, provided the offspring take after their mother.

So far as published evidence goes, there seems to be no reason in this instance, why courts should put asunder those whom God hath joined together, merely because the young man has tired of a bargain he willingly made, after years of pursuit. Of course his aristocratic relations are highly affronted but it is a question whether the misalliance was on the groom's side or on the side of the daughter of the colored hack-driver. She evidently got the worst of the bargain. "Kip's" case is a fine argument for the retention of the inheritance tax. If there had been stiff inheritance taxes in previous generations, he probably would have amounted to something for he would at least have had to earn his own living and hence been forced to be of some use in the world. Why should great fortunes be left intact to demoralize future generations by paralyzing their energies, atrophying their abilities and sapping their vitality?

When the natural law of survival of the fit is artificially reversed for the perpetuation of the unfit, nature takes her revenge in producing our Kips, who neither toil nor spin, but dance down the great white-way to perdition.

The Subterfuge

How the board of higher curricula, which is supposed to prevent duplications in courses between the State University and the Agricultural College defeats the purpose for which it was created, is shown by its ruling in the case of the teaching of journalism which reads:

That Journalism as a major course or department be confined to the University of Oregon, but Oregon Agricultural College may offer Industrial Journalism as a service course only to the regular courses of that institution to students majoring in other subjects.

So we have two Schools of Journalism, just as we have two Schools of Commerce, two Schools of Economics, two Schools of English, two Schools of Education, two Schools of Foreign Languages, etc., etc., etc., at our two universities—and these duplicated courses are not supplementary, except in theory, but complete.

The Board of Higher Curricula was created through the efforts of the late C. N. McArthur when speaker of the House of Representatives to defeat the Grange bill providing for a common board of regents for all higher educational institutions. Its functioning, like its creation, has been merely a political subterfuge to keep the institutions separate and sanction the extravagance of duplications.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

Bob Randall was as excited as a boy over Marie's promise to marry him; he made the little dinner party a festive occasion, and Caroline sent the buffet for the last bottle of her favorite champagne in order that Marie's health and Bob's should be drunk properly. "You'll be married here, of course," she urged. "Dr. Lewis will perform the ceremony." Marie shook her head. "Dr. Lewis won't marry a divorcee," she reminded Caroline. "And, if you don't mind, I"

rather be married in the country, almost anywhere where the newspapers won't get hold of it. You see, with Billy and Jimmy getting married next week too—well—" "Of course, dear; we'll motor to the country and you shall be married there," Caroline agreed quickly. She went on planning rapidly; why wouldn't Marie and Bob spend their honeymoon at her country home; it would be beautiful there now. Marie felt as if some one was planning for burial. She looked over at Bob, at his

fine, strong face, and wondered how she could have this attitude toward marrying him. Perhaps it was because this marriage would take place over the grave of her love for Billy. Were all second marriages like this? Caroline was summoned to the telephone when they were having coffee in the drawing room after dinner; she returned to them smiling.

"That was my Dan, on the long distance," she announced happily. "He's going to be home a day sooner than he'd expected." "If only she and Bob could be as happy as Caroline and Dan were, Marie told herself. She thought of other second marriages that she knew of; Millicent Drew, for instance, and Jimmie; Jimmie's first wife had kept Jimmie's nose to the grindstone, though he had plenty of money, and Millicent had always been a flighty little thing, a dreadful flirt. Yet, after she and Jimmie were married, when she was just a debutante, she had changed completely. She went about and Jimmie, wherever he wanted to go; he had a passion for racing and Millicent had given him a beautiful race horse for his birthday after their marriage; his first wife wouldn't let him go near a race track without making his life miserable.

Yet Millicent had made him a good wife. They had three beautiful children, and a home that was Jimmie's delight. Millicent had been a good second wife!

And there was Letha Curtis, who had married under much the same circumstances as Marie would be marrying Bob. Her husband had left her for another woman, and Letha had divorced him though it broke her heart, she said—at the time. Yet she had married again and was radiantly happy.

"Oh, I do hope that will be the way it turns out with me," Marie told herself. "Surely it will, I can't waste the rest of my life be-

cause Billy doesn't want me!" But her thoughts would not desert Billy. Could he make Jimmy understand that his money was all tied up in his business; that if anything happened to it, his income would cease? She had been so insistent when he spoke of the trouble at the factory on their going abroad on their honeymoon, just as they had planned, whether the trouble was settled or not. And Billy had never had to be liberally with a woman he'd be far too likely to do just what Janny wanted him to do.

She wondered what he had done about the Lindsay affair; he hadn't mentioned it over the phone. She told herself that she could trust him to look after it. The next morning she received a note from Mrs. Lindsay, addressed to her at Caroline Phillips; evidently Billy had done as he had promised. Mrs. Lindsay apologized so profusely that it was laughable; she did hope that Marie would forgive her; she had been much troubled about other matters, and so had hardly realized what she was doing.

"I beg of you to show me that you do forgive me by coming to tea with me Monday," she wrote in conclusion. "I shall never be content until you come into my home as a friend, and not on a slumming expedition!"

Marie smiled ruefully. How differently the affair would have turned out if she had been just a lonely girl with nobody of influence to help her; there would have been no apology then, but a divorce suit in which she would have been spotted with the mud of scandal and slander.

"If—no, when—I marry Bob, I shall try to establish a fund for helping girls who haven't any friends, to help them when they're in trouble," she told herself. "I'll take a house somewhere here in the city, and make it a home for them, a little corner where they

DEATH OF QUEEN MOTHER ALEXANDRA ROBS ENGLAND OF BEST LOVED FIGURE

The death yesterday of the Dowager Queen Alexandra of England robs that nation of one who, with the possible exception of her favorite grandson, the Prince of Wales, was the most popular and beloved of the empire's royal family.

When her husband, King Edward VII died, Queen Alexandra changed from being the first lady of the Empire to the second, but in the hearts of the vast majority of the British people in all parts of the globe she still remained, despite the Court's decree of transition, their first lady.

Was Popular Idol
The mother of King George was ever the popular idol with the London crowd and to them she was always affectionately known as the Queen Mother. In every state procession she was always most popularly acclaimed. Despite her advanced age, her figure retained its radiated good breeding, refinement and great beauty.

Queen Alexandra was born in 1844 and was the eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Glücksburg, afterwards King Christian IX; the family has held possession of the throne of Denmark for the last five hundred years.

She can find help and comfort. And he will help me."

He glanced up just then, and smiled into her eyes. Marie leaned back in her chair with a sigh of contentment. It would be pleasant to go through life with a man who understood her, whose sympathy and help were always present as part of the expression of his love.

During her early childhood, Queen Alexandra's father had not ascended the throne and the family were in the most indigent circumstances, and her upbringing was as modest as that of any Danish peasant. That inculcated into her nature a simplicity which all the glories of an Edwardian reign failed to dispel.

Met Edward As Child
She met King Edward at a children's party at Buckingham Palace, both then were too young to realize what the chance meeting at the very stiff Victorian party was going to mean in their lives.

Happily for her at that time the modesty and simplicity of her bearing greatly impressed Queen Victoria at a moment in that great Lady's life when it took a mutiny of a continent or a great and devastating war to soften the Imperial hater.

But Queen Victoria unbent to the little Danish Princess and from that moment in the eyes of the Queen she was always singled out as Bertie's (the family name of King Edward) bride. It was ten years later, to be precise, 1861 that Princess Alexandra again met Edward, then the Prince of Wales.

Obviously the Prince visited Germany to see the German manoeuvres but really his object was to get better acquainted with the hand some Danish Princess, whom fate and a political necessity, had mapped out as a bride. At the outset there was mutual admiration, and that feeling developed, and to the great delight of the English the engagement was announced.

Marriage Popular One
Everybody was pleased that the

Princess had not chosen a Prussian Prince for a bride, for at that moment German princelings were among all the royal states of Europe; there was one at the moment sharing the British throne.

The announcement of the engagement had to be deferred for a time owing to the death of the Prince's father, Albert Prince Consort. That event cast a gloom over their early courtship.

Queen Victoria withdrew from all her social engagements while she mourned the loss of her husband, and after a time the social conditions of London rendered it necessary that there should be a Princess of Wales, and the ostensible head of society, and the engagement was speedily announced and the marriage plans hurried forward.

Arrangements for the reception of the young Princess were carried out in colossal style. Money was the last thing spared in securing a befitting reception. All the while in her native Denmark the poor little princess living a frugal existence very little money and very few clothes, which it was said she had to make herself, so straitened were their finances. She feared the splendour into which she was about to be thrust.

Peasants Bought Trousseau
Had it been left to resources of her family her dowry would have been nil, and her trousseau would have been scorned by the equivalent of the day to a Whitehall flagpole. However, the poor of her own country came to her rescue and among them subscribed 100,000 kroner to provide their little Cinderella Princess with a trousseau and dowry appropriate to the occasion.

When she arrived in London everybody raved about her. She was feted and honored by every phase of society. After two days rest the wedding took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10th, 1863. Within ten months their first child, the Duke of Clarence was born at an unexpected hour. The Princess just before the birth was watching the skating on Virginia Water, and the first covering for the newly-born Royal child was the red flannel petticoat of a quick witted Duchesse who realized the situation quicker than anyone else.

First Son Lost
Prince George, the present King was born two years later. Their first sorrow was the death of their first born the Duke of Clarence at the age of 28. Her next great sorrow was the death of her husband in 1910. She was visiting Gerfu and she had a strange premonition of her husband's illness. She hastened to Venice thence to Calais, and it was there that she learned the worst that her husband was on the point of death. She had barely time to reach his bed ere the King died. Had it not been for her premonition she would have been unable to bid farewell to her husband and King.

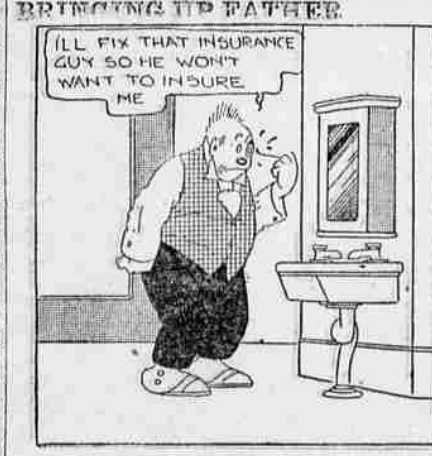
To allow for future expansion within the campus, a 20-story sky-scraper, with rapid elevator service, class rooms, living quarters, swimming pools, libraries and dining rooms, has been proposed at Yale.



DUMB DORA



By Chick Young



By George McManus



By Billy De Beck



By Bud Fisher