Capital Journal

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

Mutually Satisfactory

It seems hard to understand why it took six months of strike, unemployment of 158,000 miners, loss of over $158,000,000 wages, of 35,000,000 tons of coal production and a total money loss of $524,000,000 to arrive at the agreement that sent the anthracite coal miners back to work. Altho both sides claim victory, there seems little change from previous conditions and there is not even any real assurance of peace for five years.

The old wage scale that expired last August was readopted with proposals on wage changes to be optional annually after January 1, 1927. Arbitration is provided if a dispute arises over wage adjustments, but it is only optional and therefore not likely to be accepted by the miners. The dispute over "check-off" is covered in an agreement for a reciprocal program.

If there is failure to agree annually upon wage adjustments, and miners again refuse arbitration, the same situation that brought about the present strike will be repeated. There is really no way to prevent it, and we can expect that when the operators have again piled up a big surplus of coal, there will be another strike, enabling its unloading at a profit and thus keeping up the price of coal to pay a high wage scale for the workers and big dividends for the operators at the expense of the dear consumer.

There are too many coal miners for steady employment. There is more coal mined than the public consumes at high prices. But instead of the miners getting into other employment, they resort to part time work, and instead of the production being reduced a huge surplus is piled up. Then to get rid of the surplus coal and provide work for surplus miners, one of the periodic strikes is arranged and there is a mutual clean-up and readjustment.

Saving the Nation

In addition to regulating the political opinions of European visitors and barring those who happen to hold views contrary to those of the reactionary regime at Washington, like the Countess Karolyi, the United States government is now regulating their morals and barring divorcees like the ex-Countess of Cathcart, on the grounds of "moral turpitude," lest she contaminate the American people during her visit of a few weeks. There is nothing too big or too little in the way of meddling for Uncle Sam to tackle in these days of reform.

The ex-countess admitted her love affair with the Earl of Craven, which resulted in their elopement to South Africa and the granting of a divorce to the Earl of Cathcart. The Earl of Craven became reconciled to his wife and deserted his inamorata. He is now in New York. But the government which bars the woman in the case, raised no objection to the man and admitted him without question. Why bar the woman for "moral turpitude" and admit the equally or more guilty man?

To be consistent, if Uncle Sam is to bar titled divorcees under a provision intended to apply to white slavers and commercial prostitution, why not first bar American divorcees? And if an elopment and divorce constitute "moral turpitude," what is going to become of our own smart-set and movie stars, nearly all of whom have had several sets of mates? And how about our captains of industry who take vacations abroad with secret "soul mates"? And what would become of them if foreign governments reciprocated and refused admission unless they satisfied officials of their puritanical purity?

It is questionable whether any nation ever had such asinine immigration laws as the United States at present enjoys, or such a bone-headed bureaucracy as our own Dogberries to administer them, to the exasperation and annoyance of the world. And yet we have humorless papers like the Oregonian soberly defending the fool regulations and fool regulators that are "saving" America.

the Bread and Butter Wife
by Violet Dare
AUTHOR OF "The Husband Tamer," "My Matrimonial Vacation," etc.

A NEW LIFE.

There was a carnival air about Atlantic City that entranced Sally. It didn't seem possible that anyone really worked here where everyone was jovial, and well-dressed, and apparently in no particular hurry to go anywhere.

She was proud of her position at the Diplomat, most resplendent of the many resplendent hotels along the Boardwalk, and it amused her to tilt her head high in the air as she pushed her way out of the throng eddying past its doors and sauntered in.

"The work here is easy now," a girl named Babette who was showing her around commented, "but just wait until the season is on and the place gets crowded. They'll take your room away from you and put you up in the attic somewhere or in a corner of the cellar. And enjoy all the hours of leisure you have now," she went on, "because later on you'll find out a public stenographer's a machine that is supposed to work eighteen hours a day and like it."

But Sally refused to take a gloomy view of the future when the present was so pleasant.

"Do we ever get off at the same time?" she asked. "Could you show me around?"

And as Babette said "Sure" Sally tried to think only of her kindness and friendliness. But she did wish that Babette wouldn't chew gum and that she wouldn't always talk so loudly. Her clothes too were in blatant contrast to Sally's quiet, simple frocks. Sally had always copied hers after the dancer, Frededicka's, and other ultra-fashionable young women who stopped at the hotel where she worked. But Babette, apparently, followed the fashion dictates of the gaudiest store windows.

"If nothing more comes in," Babette went on, "we can go out about four this afternoon. But it's a good idea to be back here around dinner-time. Some lonesome fella's likely to come along and save you the price of dinner."

"Oh, but you wouldn't?" Sally spoke in shocked surprise.

"Why not? Wouldn't your gentleman friend like it?"

No protestations on Sally's part could convince Babette that it was entirely a matter of her own taste, that there was no "Gentleman friend" in the case. And as they paraded the Boardwalk, looking enviously at the fashion models who proudly strutted by in the latest creations, they argued heatedly on the subject.

"Why shouldn't a girl go out with a fellow if she wants to?" Babette argued in a circle, never the least bit disconcerted when Sally retorted that as far as she was concerned she wasn't interested in going out with strangers.

For awhile interest in the argument lapsed while they hung over the railing and watched the sand sculptor digging and moulding great bas-reliefs in the sand. Then there was a barker outside a sideshow whose patrons rubbed elbows with the more exclusive customers of the little lace store next door. And all along Boardwalk there were vendors who had two or three cunning puppies to sell; little, fat romping animals that made Sally long to possess one.

"Aren't they darlings!" Sally exclaimed. "Wouldn't you love to have one?"

"Why not?" asked Babette. "With your youth and looks I'd have anything I wanted."

Sally tried not to show her repugnance at such an attitude.

"Don't you ever have any fun?" Babette went on, amazement in her voice. "You say you have no boy friend and you don't want any fellas to ask you to go places. What do you want anyhow?"

"I don't know," Sally answered moodily, and then as though she were making an effort to explain "I—I don't know," she repeated.

"Oh come on, cheer up," Babette's strident tones grated on Sally but her friendliness, her eagerness to make the newcome feel at home was undeniable. "There's a lodge drill and dance down at the pier tonight. A fella at the hotel gave me two tickets and asked me to bring another girl. Here's your chance to step out and forget your troubles whatever they are."

Sally didn't exactly want to go, but it seemed discourteous to reject all Babette's offers to be friendly. So with an air of assumed gaiety and in imitation of Babette's own breezy style she called out "Right-O."

Monday—Stepping Out.

DEMURRERS IN PHEZ CASE FILED

Ten of the 80 growers who are defendants in the latest suit of the Phez company against the Salem Fruit Union and the growers, have filed demurrers to the complaint of the Phez company. The Phez company is suing to collect 10 cents a crate damage for berries it was charged were not delivered under contract.

The demurrers are based on the ground that the plaintiff has not legal capacity to sue, it alleging that if any cause of action exists it is in favor of C. M. Miall, as receiver of the Salem Fruit Union. It is further charged several causes of action are improperly joined and that the complaint does not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. Roy F. Shields of Portland, and Oscar Hayter of Dallas, have been retained to defend the cause for the growers.

Defendants demurring are Frank Gibson, A. Hilliker, G. A. Miller, John Fabry, P. Abliannalp, J. Hatespek, A. W. Mize, William Rickman, C. Jory and A. E. Aufrane.

AT THE HEILIG

MARION DAVIES in "Lights of Old Broadway"

"Lights of Old Broadway," starring Marion Davies, opened today at the Heilig theater for a three-day run.

No better picture than "Lights of Old Broadway" has been filmed for many years.

It is by far the best starring vehicle this artiste has ever been provided with, and will add greatly to her prestige as a motion picture star.

Practically every picture-goer who saw "Little Old New York" was charmed with both the picture and the work of Miss Davies, but it may well be said that "Little Old New York" cannot compare with "Lights of Old Broadway" in education or entertainment.

Miss Davies has hit upon the happy idea of giving American educational stories—pictures that tell the greateness of the nation in its pioneer days and she has always chosen eras which were rich in dramatic history and strongly inflution.

In "Lights of Old Broadway," the story centers about the installation of the city street lighting system and it does it in a way that thrills, charms and instructs. I doubt whether a better vehicle for the lovely blonde star could have been found and in fact I think Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will find a hard row to hoe when it comes to providing the star with other vehicles as entertaining and as strong.

The work of Conrad Nagel, as Miss Davies' leading man, was second only to the performance of the star. He not once missed an opportunity of showing the masterful way he can handle most any role that is given him. Throughout the entire performance he acted with ease and a natural ability that made the audience forget we live in a newer and more modern age.

THORNTON TO MEET KARASICK

The way the light heavyweight championship belt has been changing hands the past few weeks here in the northwest is like unto the methods of an Indian relay race. It has had four different owners in the past 40 days. Al Karasick took it from Ted Thye, who had taken quite a fancy to it and had worn it for some time. It fit Al alright but he let Mike Yokel get it away from him within a few days. Billy Meeske took it from the crafty Mike and will keep it some time, it seems, if some of the jui jitsu methods such as he worked on Karasick are not barred.

Most of the big boys in the 175-pound class have been hovering around hereabouts and the result is that we have had a lot of specially fine wrestling while they were eliminating contenders and deciding the championship.

There now looms a Canadian contender, one William Thornton, champion of everything north of the wet and dry line, whose job it is to dispose of "Headlock" Al Karasick, the Russian lion, and he will try his methods on Al at the Heilig theater next Tuesday night. There will be some interesting wrestling.

WEST SALEM BEARS DEFEATED BY SUMMIT

West Salem, Feb. 13.—The Summit Clubfeet basketball team defeated the West Salem Bears in a fast game on the local Y. M. C. A. floor Friday afternoon. The game was fast and furious throughout with West Salem in the lead at the first, but Summit at the last. The first quarter ended with the Bears leading 3-2, Sebern making a goal and Clark converting a foul. The half ended 5-6, Summit leading. The third quarter ended 7-8 Summit still leading. The game ended 14-9, in favor of Summit. Adams was high point man for Summit with 8 points. Clark was high man for the Bears with 4 points.

West Salem (9)		Summit (14)
Heath (3)	lf	W. Wilson
Sebern (2)	rf	(4) R. Wilson
Clark (4)	c	(8) Adams
Thomas	lg	Lippert
Killan	rg	Simmons
Gesner	s	

M. Goode referee.

Ole Blixit, timekeeper.

Next Monday the ellars will meet the Slickers on the Y floor at 4 o'clock.

Open Forum

Contributions to this Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor: If those "wise men from the East" who are so bitterly criticising Luther Burbank for what he said a few days ago about religion had been living in the time of Christ what would they have done? When Christ was inviting a bunch of ignorant fishermen to "hit the trail and follow him" would these wise men have advised fishmen to "stick this fishin'?" They would probably have backed Christ up in a corner some where and given him some wholesome advise. They would more than likely have said, now, look here, young man, you are making an awful blunder in selecting these ignorant fellows to help you in your work. What do they know about religion? Why don't you use your "coconut" a little bit and give fellows like us a job? We have had experience. We are trained and prepared to bring in the bacon." What do these poor, ignorant fishermen know about saving souls, and building up the church financially and spiritually? What did these wise men say when Billy Sunday broke out of baseball and introduced some new and novel features in the preaching game? If I am rightly informed Dwight Moody and Sam Jones, of national fame as evangelists, started into the game without any special training. It appears that many evangelists have jumped into the preaching game with little or no preparation. It would appear that it does not take any elaborate preparation to make a "popular preacher," then why this outcry against Burbank? It may be that Burbank has mistaken his calling, and it might be that some of these would-be critics have mistaken their calling. It may be that they would have made excellent cobblers."

G. F. SHERWOOD.

"The Press, watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus."—CHARLES SUMNER

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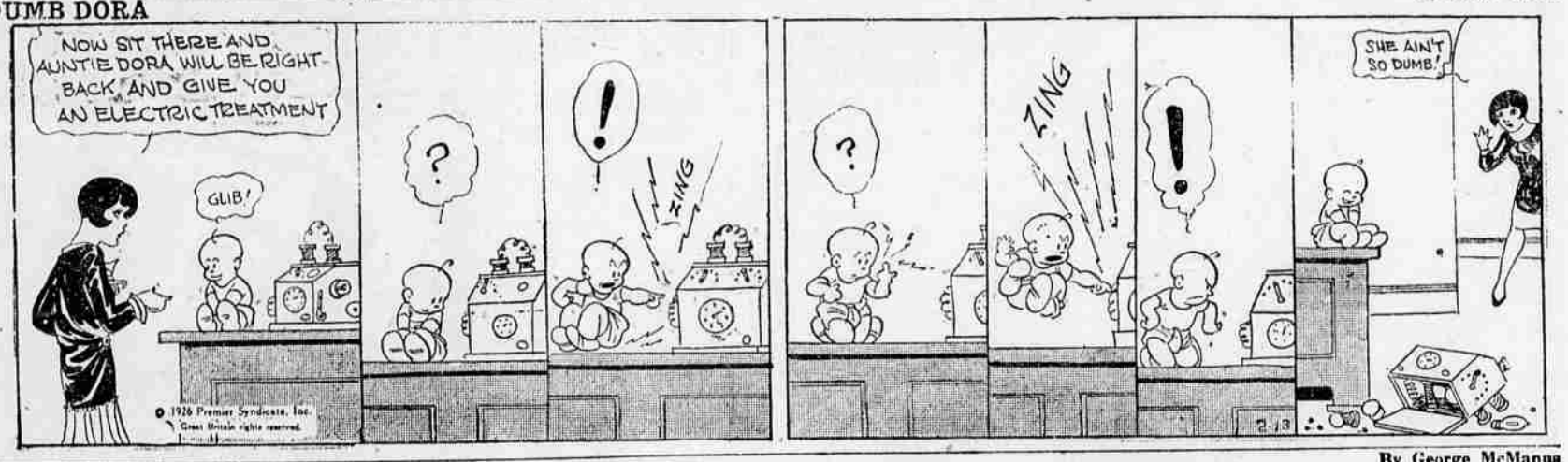
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

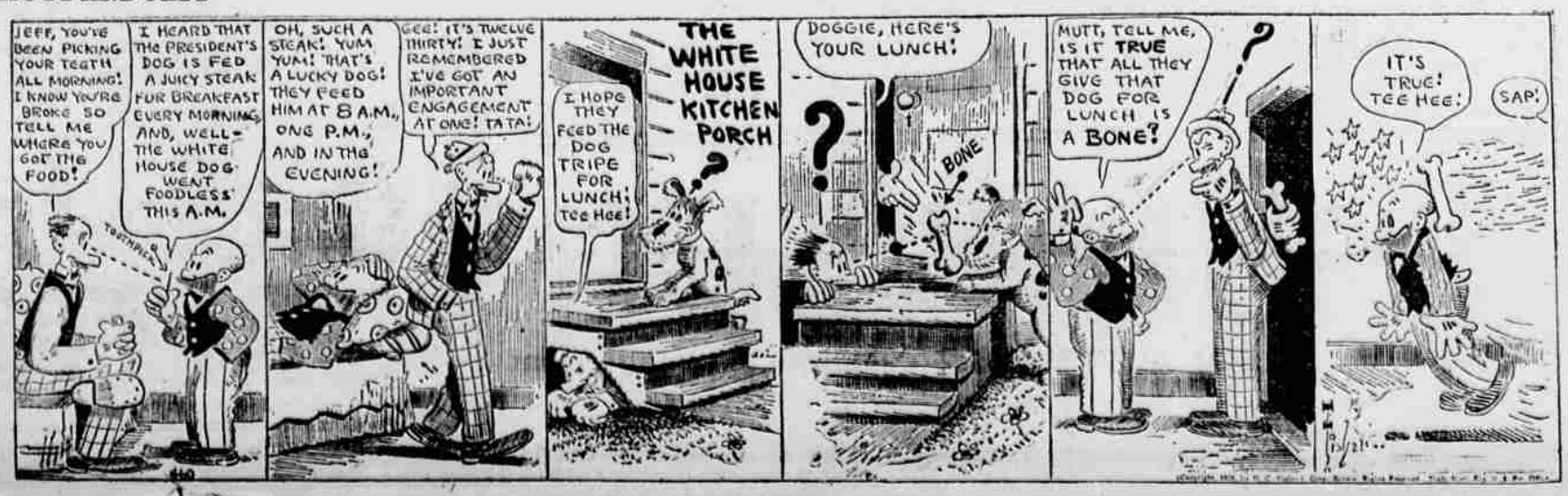
BRINGING UP FATHER

Papa Arrives.

By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

Yes, the Boys Are Still in Washington.

By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF