

Capital Journal

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

—BYRON.

Poverty

A correspondent, whose letter is not printed because no name is signed, asks us a series of questions of which the following are samples:

What is the cause of so much poverty this time of year, and is there no way in which it can be prevented?
Isn't there some way that the industries of this section could operate this season of the year?
Could not the government help prevent poverty?

Causes of poverty differ with the cases analyzed. In some cases it is due to illness, disease and misfortune. In others to inefficiency, laziness, extravagance and lack of thrift. Habitual seasonal poverty is primarily due to the latter, to living beyond means and taking no thought of the morrow, and its cure lies with the individual rather than society.

Unemployment is the most prolific source of poverty, in the cities and in industries, but this can also be minimized by thrift during employment periods. Crop failure is the chief cause of poverty on the farm, but this can be also lessened by diversity of crops.

There is no known way in which seasonal industries dependent upon agriculture, can be operated save during harvest periods, unless some way is devised for regulating the weather. Other industries are dependent upon economic conditions. It is the aim and ambition of most worthy employers to furnish steady employment to those dependent upon the industry, even when profits are eliminated.

We do not believe there is any way the government could prevent poverty. Even if paternalism was carried to the extent of providing every family a pension, many would have it spent in advance and call for help. So poverty is largely an individual problem, to be solved by industry and thrift. The efficient are seldom unemployed and always in demand and the world is full of opportunities for those who can grasp them.

State aid tends to destroy individual initiative and reduce humanity to the level of serfdom by eliminating incentive. The person who shoves his burdens on society to secure leisure for the pursuit of pleasure, can expect to reap as sown.

No civilization has yet succeeded in eliminating poverty and the more complex it grows, the greater the problem. Probably eventually great cities will be abandoned and many industries conducted in rural regions seasonally between farm seasons, which would make for steady employment. But as long as there is such mental inequality in mankind, there will be both poverty and riches. The best that can be done is to keep the door of opportunity open. After all, poverty and adversity are thought producers and character builders and superior to the decadence that inevitably follow prosperity and luxury.

Uncle Joe Cannon

Joseph Gurney Cannon, famed as "Uncle Joe" was the last of the czars of congress, ranking with Henry Clay, James G. Blaine, Thomas B. Reed and Champ Clark as great speakers of the house of representatives, men of force and character in sharp contrast with such party-hacks as Nicholas Longworth, the present speaker.

"Uncle Joe" was the ablest debater in the house, as powerful and convincing as he was partisan, of dauntless courage, keen wit and great resource. His training under Blaine and Reed was that of a fighter, in an atmosphere surcharged with intense partisanship. The authority of the house had become centered in a few commanding figures and he wielded his authority as arbitrarily as a czar, holding complete control over legislation, and riding rough shod over opposition.

The reaction to Cannon's autocratic policy precipitated the rebellion against "Cannonism" which became a national issue in 1910 and lost his party control of congress, through insurgents of his own party. As a result the speaker was excluded from chairmanship of the rules committee, members secured the right of recognition on the floor without first privately obtaining the speaker's permission and the party caucus was substituted for the speaker's dictatorship. With the loss of his power, Uncle Joe lost his old fire and vigor and gladly fell to the rear.

Cannon was first elected in 1872 to the forty-third congress. He served in every successive session save two. He was defeated for the fifty-first congress in 1890 when the democratic party was swept into office by a landslide of votes following passage of the McKinley tariff bill. Once again he was victim of a landslide when the late President Wilson went into office in 1912.

During his forty-six years in congress Cannon was thirty years on the appropriations committee, ten years its chairman, and eight years speaker.

No other man has ever equaled his record in congress and yet his name is attached to but a single piece of legislation. When war clouds appeared after the sinking of the battleship Maine, Cannon, chairman of the appropriations committee, following a long conference with President McKinley, introduced an emergency bill placing \$50,000,000 at the disposal of the president for national defense.

As United States prepared to enter the world war Cannon's emergency bill was used as a precedent to give President Wilson \$100,000,000 for American defense.

In spite of his bitter invective and stormy career of turmoil, Uncle Joe was beloved by his associates, friends and enemies alike. His picturesque personality and intensely human character endeared him to the people also and no statesman of his day and generation had more warm admirers.

HEARTS ADRIFT

By Mildred Barbour

ONE TURN HOMEWARD
"What are your plans?" Patterson asked Patricia. "Surely you are not going to remain here forever?"

His yacht was in the harbor, white, shining graceful, on the smooth blue sea. He was sailing that afternoon.

on the little boat. She was experiencing a keener nostalgia than any she had known since her voluntary exile at Madame de Marzel's villa. She wanted desperately to go home, to see the waterfront of New York, as the people about the Nastasia soon would see it. But she answered Patterson's

question with a shrug and said quietly:

"I have no plans. It's too late to go back now, since I have stuck it out so long. I can only wait and see what the future holds."

Despite her gallantry, Patterson sensed her wistfulness and the hopelessness that was in her heart. It touched him deeply.

"I shall be sorry to go," he said sincerely. "It's been very pleasant here. I think I've been happier than ever before in my life. Certainly, for the first time, I've lost the driving, impelling force which has made me one of life's wanderers. For once, I wanted to stay put. The Marquise's villa here, the garden, the pleasant associations—and other things—have made me realize what a home could be and what life could mean with the right—"

"—he was going to say 'woman,' but after a searching glance at Patricia's calm face, he substituted 'people,' and sighed.

"But it is we who shall miss you," Patricia said quickly. "You have been heaven-sent. I can't fancy existence here without you."

He bent toward her with an eagerness that startled her. "You really mean that?"

Her eyes opened wide before the intensity of his tone.

"Of course. As you have just said, it has been pleasant here, playing in the sunlight in the most beautiful spot in the world. For the Riviera is beautiful. And the sea here is like no other sea. And can you ever forget the languor and fragrance of the air? If I spent the rest of my life in one of our cold, dirty northern cities with slush covered streets and biting winds whistling around the corner of hideous buildings, I could still shut my eyes and summon up the warm, perfumed beauty of the Riviera."

Patricia was a little amazed at her own eloquence. She wondered what curious instinct impelled her to the necessity for conversation

with Patterson on this, his last day. She had a little panicky feeling that she must talk and talk, so that these might be no silences.

Life had lost his look of eagerness while she spoke of the beauties of the Riviera. Thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking seaward where the Nastasia swung gently at anchor, he said rather moodily:

"I agree with you entirely. But since I've seen most of the lovely places in the universe, I must enlarge on your contention and claim that my stay on the Riviera hasn't been pleasant solely because the sea is blue and the sun bright and the air filled with the scent of flowers. I have found those same things in greater or less degree, elsewhere. It's been my new friends who have held me here, and whom I shall leave reluctantly, even sadly."

Patricia nodded. She was dismayed to find herself trembling a little—for no reason that she could name.

She lifted her eyes to his strong profile etched against the soft green background of the mimosa that sheltered their chairs from the afternoon sun. She liked his high, broad forehead with the dark hair waving smoothly back over level, steady brows. She liked the straight, well-chiseled nose, the firm, pleasant mouth, the chin whose strength was relieved by a cleft. She liked his hand that long square-tipped fingers, a hand one could cling to and trust, a hand that had a comforting and protecting touch.

Something—a sense of impending loss—suddenly stabbed Patricia. She was frightened by the sensation that swept over her.

To hide what she felt must be obvious, she rose quickly.

"I must go in. I promised to help Madame de Marzel with a frock she's making. We'll see you again before you sail?"

He rose too and extended his

hand, shaking his head.

"I think not. We're turning out now to sea at five o'clock and I must go aboard very shortly. So—goodbye—this is goodbye."

She put her hand in his and smiled up at him and for all he could see she was the same quiet, poised, aloof young woman he had come to love during his sojourn at Madame de Marzel's villa.

"Goodbye," she said softly, "and good luck. It's always easier for the ones who go than for the ones who stay. You have new scenes, new experiences. We have only memories."

She left him and went, with her light, quick step to the veranda where Cartwright sat staring moodily at the sea. She stopped a moment and spoke to him and Patterson watched her, watched until the screen door closed after her.

At five o'clock, it was she who watched from her bedroom window and saw the Nastasia skimming the waves like a seagull, grow smaller and smaller in the distance—a little gleaming fleck of white on a vast, blue, rolling sea.

Monday—Disillusionment.

NEW CHARTER SOUGHT BY MILL CITY TROOP

MILL CITY, Or., Nov. 12.—The Boy Scouts had their regular meeting at the scout cabin this week with seven scouts and two officials present.

The old charter having expired, proper steps are to be taken to secure a new charter and secure official recognition from the Boy Scout council at New York. All members are to be registered officially at the Cascade council headquarters at Salem and national headquarters at New York.

All scouts are urged to be present next meeting night. If enough members are there patrols will be organized and patrol leaders appointed.

STAGE WHISPERS



ALICE TERRY in "MARE NOSTRUM"

Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno enact the leading roles in "Mare Nostrum" and give one of the most delightful and sincere performances ever seen on the screen. During their motion picture careers these two noted players have never appeared at such an advantage as in "Mare Nostrum," coming Saturday to the Elsinore theater today.

Freya Talberg, the beautiful blonde spy, as portrayed by Alice Terry, is a sensational woman and at the same time sympathetic and real. It is a complete departure from the queenly parts Miss Terry has enacted in previous pictures and the result is a sincere tribute to her as an actress.

Antonio Moreno has long availed of a Blasco Ibanez story and the handsome Spanish actor taken advantage of his opportunity. Moreno is one of the most romantic figures on the stage or screen and in this picture he demonstrated he is a finished actor.

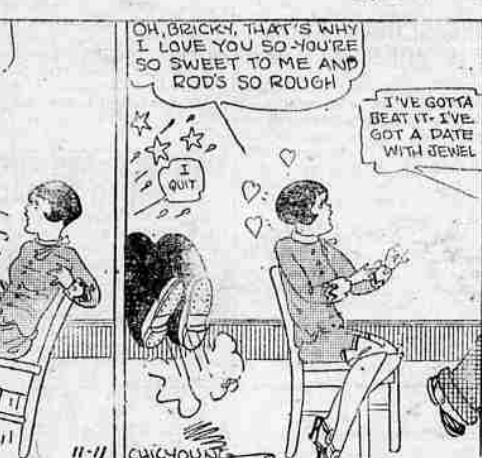
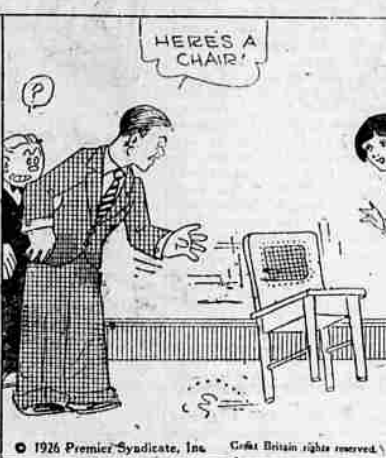
Both Miss Terry and Moreno are strong box office attractions. Miss Terry made her debut in a stellar role in Rex Ingram's production of "Hearts Are Treason." She followed this with leading parts in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Where the Pavement Ends," "The Conquering Power," "Turn to the Right," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche" and "The Arab." These were all Ingram productions. Miss Terry was also featured in the Metro-Goldwyn production of "The Great Divide" and "Confessions of a Queen."

Moreno has been featured in many outstanding pictures during the past few years. Among them are "The Spanish Dancer," "The picture, is the prototype of the

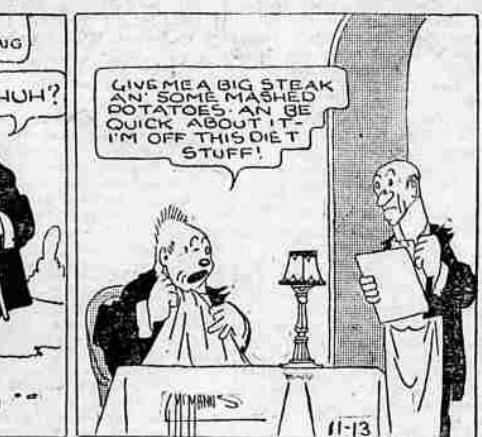
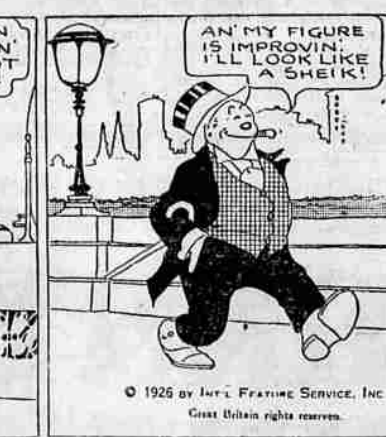
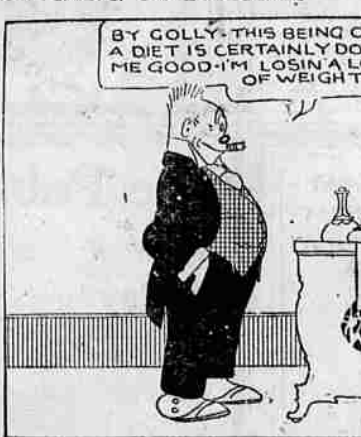
typical American youth. Having lived and been brought up in a small town where a boy is free to play, Johnny has managed to instill in his comedies the many spontaneous tricks that the average kid is usually up to. He plays just the sort of pranks any average boy would play on his teacher, at a party or on his boss. He is one of those who in his fun-making can take a joke upon himself as well.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

Wait Till Barney Sees Her Smile

By Billy de Beck



MUTT AND JEFF

Some Action Is What Jeff Must Have.

By Bud Fisher



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