

# Capital Journal

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

## An Old Story

In the current issue of "Plain Talk," Senator Nye, Republican, North Dakota, sees a wedge formed by a coalition of the west and south entering into a long politically dominant industrial northeast.

Declaring it is time the American people realized that campaign contributions are "given for value received," Nye warns that unless the east ceases to regard the south and west as "colonies," these sections either would separate or take over the country themselves. The former course, he says is unspeakable and unfeasible, but he points out that the west and south have the numerical strength in congress to control the government.

While the "solid south" has been an obstacle in effecting such a coalition Nye says the west-south combination now was beginning to show its head in legislative contests. He continues:

"If this favored group of states in the northeast persists, through the use of exorbitant campaign fund contributions to dominate the affairs of the nation, there is just one recourse open to the rest of the country. That is to take from this section the economic advantages which enable it to buy and hire parties and buy elections."

There is nothing particularly new about this proposal. It was made back in the 70's by the Greenbackers, in the 80's by the Farmers' Alliance and in the 90's by the Populists and Free Silverites. Bryan based his three campaigns upon it, and lost. He painted the northeast as the "enemy's country." In the present congress the farm bloc in its clamor for farm subsidy in the guise of a McNary-Haugen bill, has revived the old delusion.

The appeal to class and sectional prejudices like that to race and religious prejudice is doomed in the long run to failure for there is enough intelligence and patriotism in both parties to unite in opposition to political heresy and defeat it. All of it is the fruit of permitting the government to be perverted for privilege.

The south and west are no longer purely agricultural. They are becoming as industrial as the northeast and what affects the industry of one section affects the industry of the others. The south has become a great textile center as New England, the middle west a greater manufacturing region than the Atlantic states, and even the Pacific coast is dependent upon its rapidly expanding industries for prosperity. Their interests are more or less in common.

No national election, except that of 1916, has been won without New York and adjacent states, and this exception, due to the war, only proved the rule. New York remains, as it has always been, the keystone in the political arch. Without it, success by either party is a fluke.

## Unprofitable

The libelous attack upon Judge John L. Rand had the contrary effect from that intended, for while the chief justice of a supreme court, from the exalted nature of his office cannot participate in a political campaign, the shameful assault aroused his friends all over the state and insured his nomination by a large plurality.

The election totals showed that Judge Rand, outside of Multnomah county, which is Judge Rossman's home, received approximately 53,000 votes as against the latter's 48,000, carrying a majority of the counties, and it was only the 17,000 plurality given by Multnomah that put Judge Rossman in the lead on the ticket.

Irresponsible character assassination and mud-slinging has been resorted to many times in political campaigns, but while it may influence certain types of mind, always ready to believe evil, it is rarely successful. Usually it has a boomerang effect and is generally regarded as poor politics.

If a candidate cannot be put over on his own merits he seldom can be by slandering his opponents, for unfair tactics merely arouse the latent instinct of fair play that exists in the electorate.

# TRADER HORN

By ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN and ETHELDREDA LEWIS

## CHAPTER IX. THE MYSTERY OF THE WHITE GODDESS.

This portion of the river near the native Joch House belonged to the Black Cammas or Nkemis. The King of these people who were numerous was Remb Injogu, the elephant of the Cammas, his younger brother was Isopi, which means the Buck. Isopi was a scoundrel and sickly man, always complaining of his sufferings, whilst Remb Injogu was stout. Always in good humor and always half intoxicated. A regular King Lear. His wives and children were many. He was always laughing and passing jokes, and had no cares or worries, and was greatly loved by his people.

He was a perfect opposite to his waiting brother, Isopi, who was always attended by witch-doctors whose incantations could be heard by night and day. Calling on the various deities to ward off the evil spirits that bewitched the chief.

NINA.

The next day I was busy making firewood contracts giving orders for large carmen and buying fat-tender, dried fish, etc. I was greatly assisted by my boy who was very intelligent, honest and really loved me as I did him. I had taught him to speak and read English. As he was the son of a Cammas chief, who lived near the sea, he was the owner by birth of a salt claim which we found was being worked by his brother, a slave trader. It had always been my custom to say a prayer before going to bed in the evening, he would kneel down

also, he always slept near me. If we were in a dangerous locality he would sleep near me, he would rise on the slightest call, wake my cook and attend to me hand and foot.

We naturally discussed Isopi, who was a white woman, she was he answered, because he knew her father who always went to Princess' Island to meet the mail steamer which called about three times a year. He had come to Cape Lopez when my attendant, who was named Tenchoro, was a boy. His wife who came with him on a small steamer was white, he said, but not so white as the daughter whose name was Nina.

THE T----- FAMILY.

The trader was an Englishman and had died suddenly, leaving his store and everything to his wife. He had left three boys and one girl, Nina, who was the youngest. The oldest boy had fled away on a schooner and was nearly grown to manhood and along with him went Yousof Carriala, a Mohammedan slave and dangerous pirate. This was after his stronghold had been shelled and burned by a British gunboat. A slave-catcher was used to patrol the coast.

The dead English trader's name was T-----. The two other boys died leaving only Nina and her mother, Mrs. T-----. Shortly after the death of her husband she had married a famous witch-doctor. This witch-doctor took little Nina and her mother away? Was it Nina who was the big Isopi that never died? He said he was not certain but he had heard his father say it was little Nina. T-----'s slaves, ten in number,

came from Old Calabar and were liberated on the death of Mr. T-----. They had since the death of their owner lived on his pindri or plantation and as they all had wives and children formed quite a little colony and made quite a good living gathering mangrove bark for tanning leather in the small rivers. They were not allowed to make salt as the real owners of the country reserved the right for those who were Freeborn only.

Where was Hon. T----- buried? As all the white men who died on this part of the coast were buried on an island situated at the main entrance of the Ogowe river, I told him we would visit this spot as soon as we had finished our business at Angola as I wanted to learn the truth about Nina and her mother. He said the best people to give me all the information were the liberated slaves on the plantation. I found all he said to be correct.

WITHIN THE TEMPLE

Everything was quiet in the sacred village. My boys who had been initiated the previous day all wore a Sunday Smile. I had finished two sections of my map and was highly pleased when the Old Chief called on me. He told me that after many calls the spirits were pleased at my request to join them, he also instructed me to follow all his edicts. This of course I promised to do.

As we entered the temple which was then clouded with smoke from the Yos or bush lights, (igo from which the lights are produced) is the bark of a vine loaded with gum, commonly called incense and has been used from time immemorial in religious services, the smell produced was delightful.

There were three nests of sacred Bees hung up one hundred yards or so from the temple and also under the roof and should you be stung by one of these on entry it

was an omen which would prohibit you from further egress. After passing these, wild invocations, both weird and fantastic were very audible to me and I must say had a weird and fantastic effect on my TRADER HORN. MON. May 21.

RUBY AND CRYSTAL

On entering the temple which had an ornamentation of human skulls, and likewise two small pyramids of the same placed on each side of the doorway, I was confronted by a row of masked objects hideous to behold. I was then seated bareheaded on a small seat composed of leopard skins. There were two objects the Chief called my attention to, one was a square piece of crystal, the other was peg-top shaped and pointed at one end. He told me to place my hand on these objects, and that one represented fire (the red one) and the other water. This I did but could not help grasping the smaller one which was very heavy. I came to the conclusion it was a ruby of great value.

After this there was great vociferation from the building, supposed to come from the spirits behind. The sounds were somewhat irregular and then again there was a conglomeration of spirits of delight. Now everything in the temple began to sparkle and placing his hand on my head, which I bowed low, he announced in a loud voice, the entrance of Isaga. He then said (Danna te so) Rest in peace or Don't be disturbed.

I noticed on raising my head a little commotion from those in goggle-eyed masks who were at the right and left of where I saw the Isaga (or native God). The Chief then ordered me to stand up and approach the center mask and whilst I was doing so the mask disappeared from Isaga, likewise the raffia hangings.

There stood the God that never Dies, the most beautiful white woman I had ever seen. Her eyes were large and had a kind and affectionate look. Although I thought there was pity in them they had a magnetic effect on me. Of course I was young, she looked like Sweet Sixteen, half naked there she stood statuesque, dressed where there was any dress, in somewhat Egyptian style.

On her head she had a dressing of white hairpins made of ivory inlaid with ebony. Her hair was auburn, and was plaited in circles and pressed on to the temples. Two ringlets ornamented with gold and green tassels fell down on each side of her shoulders, whilst high up on her forehead the hair formed a diamond shaped coronet. A short leopard skin kilt ornamented with makookin and dainty fur sandals with black straps formed the rest of the dress of this Isaga. I was kept waiting for some time, her large intelligent eyes fixed on me.

"YASI ISAGA"

Now a conglomeration of pleasing sounds filled the building and this was mingled with low music from the ingombis or native harps which are small, are made like the Egyptian harp but have only seven strings. A sudden cessation of the music and muttering was followed by a voice which seemed to come from afar. The spirits were pleased and had made their decision.

Distinct command now came from Isaga who said Rangasi. The Old Chief led and I repeated after him the words Yasi Isaga, at the same time striking my left forearm with my right hand. Although the sound came from Isaga the mouth never moved, the eyes were fixed on me as before and never moved during the whole performance.

(To Be Continued)

## Book Notes

Emma-Lindsay Squier, author of "The Bride of the Sacred Well," Aztec and Mayan mythology, has sailed for Guatemala to find the "white horse" of Cortez.

The legend is that the conqueror left his sick horse in care of the Aztecs who, ignorant of horses, offered it yenson, sweets and other dainties, with the result that the horse starved to death. Pending Cortez's return they carved a likeness of the horse in white marble and invented a story that the horse, dying for grief over separation from its master, was turned to stone by a pitying God. The statue is said by Indians to lie at the bottom of a shallow lake in the Guatemalan wilderness.

Although there are no means of communication, not even roads or maps, Miss Squier, speaking various Indian languages, will travel alone and unarmed, with native guides, into a region unknown to white men. Incidentally, she is tracking down several legends known to be current among the Indians of the interior.

While searching in the police archives of Vienna for information regarding the earlier operations of the main actors in "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," Count Egon Caesar Corti came across the following naive secret police agent report, dated February 25, 1899:

"The Elector of Hesse has forty-one natural sons, all of whom he has decently provided for, but as the fall of the elector has disappointed their hopes of a brilliant career, they are endeavoring to reinstate their father. As the defeat of Prussia" (by Napoleon) "has deprived them of all chance of achieving their object by force, they have had re-

course to a secret association which is intended to extend its activities throughout the whole of Germany under the protection of the English Masonic lodge at Hanover. This league will take a suitable opportunity to reveal itself in a public conspiracy in order to attain its final object."

The Elector was the same William who sold Hessian Mercenaries to England. Regarding the number of sons mentioned in the report, Count Corti finds that Veischo, in his (schlich) der deutschen Hese declares that there were 75 illegitimate children in existence. Others put the number even higher.

## PLEASANT POINT

School closed here Friday with an entertainment and treat by Principal Todd.

Mrs. Leland Keithley of Mill City, was a guest last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Mills. She was accompanied by Mrs. D. Abels of Lyons.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Rosenbaum are planning to sell their home and move to Tennessee or live.

Mr. and Mrs. Fayett Mitchell are the parents of a boy, born Friday. He has been named William Carvin Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Mills and Mrs. Susan Giradin were recent visitors in Mill City with their daughters, Mrs. Pancoast and Mrs. Keithley.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY

Havana—Houses are so close together here that no room is left for garages. So many motorists keep their cars in the front rooms of their houses.

Omaha—Judge J. E. Raitt got a letter addressed not with a name, but with a photo of himself pasted over the words: Omaha, Neb.

## CAMERAMEN NET THRILLS CALORE

The twelve cameramen under Arthur Edson, who photographed First Nations' "The Patent Leather Kid," starring Richard Barthelmess, and which comes to the Ellens next Tuesday, following its sensational Portland hit, got some real thrills while making the battle scenes.

Lying in a pit, grinding a camera while heavy tanks rolled directly over them, was only one of the stunts the cameramen did in the battle scenes.

Others shot the battles from the tops of pine trees, sixty feet high. They climbed to their perch by means of frail ladders and stayed in the breeze while grinding. All the cameramen wore tin helmets while the battle action progressed, as the mine explosions threw rocks great distances. But even helmets are no protection from bayonets if you are grinding in a trench while retreating Germans pile into it.

Some of the biggest thrills of the "war" were received by the cameramen. The picture was made at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Wash.

## THE RIDING GENERATION

Paris—When a merry-go-round accident sent police hurrying to rescue children, they found that of 30 victims only one was a child. The rest of the riders were from 25 to 63 years old.

BRITISH AUTO TOLL  
 London—Automobiles killed 4,718 persons in Great Britain in 1922—an increase of 373 over 1920.

By Chick Young.

## DUMB DORA



## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus.

## BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Prefers A "Dead" Likeness.



By Billy De Beck.

## MUTT AND JEFF

Bett's Kid Is No Sap.



By Bud Fisher.