

Capital Journal

An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sundays at 100 S Commercial Street, Telephone 31, News 22

GEORGE F. FURNAS, Editor and Publisher
Shelton as second-class mail matter at Salem Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 cents a week 45 cents a month \$5 a year in advance.
By mail to Martin and Post offices, one month 50 cents 3 months \$1.25 6 months \$2.25 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month; \$5 a year in advance.

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND OF THE UNITED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

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

Herbert C. Hoover

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD in The Nation

Herbert Hoover is qualified to be a political president of the United States. I say this because thirty-one years of journalistic observation of men in political life has forced me to the conclusion that certain qualities are to be found in almost everyone who reaches our highest American office. The ability to play politics, to compromise, at times to deceive oneself and the general public; the ability to wear one aspect today and another tomorrow; the ability to be bravely humane and peace-loving one day, and to send American youths to their deaths in some foreign country the next; the power to talk incessant platitudes and ardently to defend the golden rule and the commandments against all comers—and then to keep silent in the presence of national sin, and, above all, to be able to prevaricate when necessary—these are some of the attributes that carry men to final political success.

Mr. Hoover has these attributes in such marked degree that he is surely completely qualified for the presidency.

Like Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover sat in the cabinet with Fall, Denby, and Daugherty throughout the period when they sold out the oil lands. If he did not know what was happening in the naval oil reserves, Senator LaFollette did, and told the senate so more than a year before any senatorial action took place. Newspapers in Washington knew about it. Did Mr. Hoover act? He did not. Did he resign? He did not, any more than he has protested against the wrongdoing of Colonel Forbes, Jess Smith, or the other members of the Harding entourage. His friends indignantly declare, as George Soule has pointed out in the New Republic, that Mr. Hoover is not the custodian of public morals, or of those of his associates; that he is secretary of commerce, not president, and that he cannot be resigning every day when something that he dislikes happens. Yes, but Mr. Hoover has stood before the public as something more than a mere politician; multitudes have felt that in Belgium he expressed a great moral indignation; that he then did combine conscience with administrative power. They looked to him to express these same things in the political life of America when he entered it. He even said himself (June 15, 1920) that "there has come to be a demand for a better justice and a higher standard of political conduct, and it would be well for the old-line politicians to pay heed to this." And then he went into the cabinet of Harding, and allied himself not with a higher standard of political conduct, but with the lowest we have known. Even before that (March 10, 1920) he declared: "I still object as much to the reactionary group as I do to the radical group in the Democratic party." And then he was content to be a part of the two most reactionary administrations in our recent history. His fame and standing were loaned to give a cloak of respectability to men whose deeds have now found them out. He called himself once an "independent progressive" bitterly opposed to the "manufacture of officials by machine methods," and a year later took office under the president who had been manufactured solely by machine politics in an upper room of the Blackstone hotel, with whose nomination the members of the Republican party, and the convention itself, had no more to do than had the natives of the Hawaiian islands. Promptly he found that the reactionary Harding platform was "constructive and progressive. Nothing prevents the compromise planks on labor, the League etc., from being given a forward-looking interpretation." On March 4, 1921, having long been in doubt as to whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, he chose to be a Republican and entered the cabinet.

When it comes to the ability to turn a complete somersault Mr. Hoover obviously leads all candidates.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hoover has become a marvelous self advertiser and publicity expert. His speeches are endless; his department's press releases come like flakes of snow in a heavy storm, and they do not forget to mention Mr. Hoover. Situations like the Mississippi flood have played into his hands precisely as did the Belgian relief, and justly so, for he deserved the credit, and being the head and forefront of the undertaking, he naturally took the spotlight. But even in periods when he was not doing one of his magnificent pieces of relief organization, Mr. Hoover won the first page of the newspapers so often that Mr. Coolidge was known to be distinctly nettled. Some men would have resigned after such a rebuke as the president gave him, but when it comes to resigning Secretary Hoover is not interested. This is the more curious because with regard to critical publicity he is the thinnest-skinned man in Washington. Mr. Hoover is, like Woodrow Wilson, apt to be bitter and intolerant toward all who take issue with him—a trait that will be intensified if he enters the White House.

But Herbert Hoover will now make no frontal attack against heavy political entrenchments, nor batter himself against a stone wall, nor even stand up to a good public give and take. He likes best to be at his desk pulling the strings, a person of immense resources directing gigantic enterprises and getting all the credit for them; wielding enormous power like the governor of the Bank of England, who has been able to affect the destinies of a people on the other side of the globe by a single word.

Super-decisiveness, super-industriousness, super-business power—these are the qualities generally and rightly attributed to Mr. Hoover. To my mind they combine, with others, to make him a glorified engineer and a superb super-salesman to the American people. Those who wish a man of this type in the White House will need no urging to vote for Mr. Hoover. He will fulfill their highest expectations. There will be no drones in the White House or in the departments if he is president.

But those who look for something else, for an idealist who holds to his ideals at all times, for a president who will again give to America the moral leadership of the world and the friendship of the nations where we have today their contempt or fear or hatred—such as these need not turn to Mr.

TRADER HORN

By ALFRED ALOYSIUS BORN and STELDREDA LEWIS

CHAPTER XXXVI AN AMERICAN SAINTE

"Of all my memories of the river the White Lady shines the clearest. White, she was, Ma'am, right through to her heart and with no more fear than Stanley on a cannibal river. Aye, it was my sad pleasure before I left the coast to take her body from the Falls to Gaboon."

"When I heard she was dead I said, 'Another victim of that old Luanga the church.' I had to take her quietly to her last resting place. Not wishing to offend the natives. They naturally would consider such a fine woman above par as such. . . . They'd not long have been able to lower their hands off her. But her power after death could not have excelled the influence of this living woman."

THE PRESBYTERIAN FLOWER
"Aye, Churches. . . . Man, as we know, is the flower of all creation. But he's only a flower when he ceases to be animal. That's what that lady was. I'm Catholic, but I'm not so Catholic as to think were the only ones can raise a saint. I'm not grudging her to the Presbyterians. They've got fellaers like Sinclair to contend with, who's not doing 'em much credit."

"This Christianity. When you've sited it 'n' analyzed it, Ma'am, what is there left in the sifting of all the churches together. But a little bit of gold. And that's humanity, the essence of life. I've found more of that essence on the coast there than ever I noticed in London. Sundays or week-days. It doesn't take the metropolis of the known world to make a Christian. 'Twas on my rivers I found that fine lady."

"Two voyages she had with me. All eyes, she was, that first time. But the second—it seemed that all eyes were looking at what I carried. Saggars and voodoos. . . . Every mile of that river is haunted. The most sacred river in Africa. And kingfishers, Ma'am, with their bright topplings. And some of 'em jewels no bigger than a bee. But they must have their fish like the biggest and finest."

"And hadn't my Rencher heard of gold? I know humanity, Ma'am. Scotland Yard I was, and knowing London for what it was. I found as good as the best in Africa."

"How beautiful is that sunset. How beautiful a mission station would be on that hill, Mr. Horn. Aye, she went where du Chilly dare not go. Great big idols and painted skulls. . . . Giving the kids awata, she was, and smiling. . . . Putting religion aside she was a good woman."

"The surf was bad, but we got her a safe on a vessel. One more spot of holy ground, where she lies. Aye. 'No, Ma'am, there's nothing special the matter with me. Only every year I get more tired. I count the steps now, you may say. It were leading me back over some of my old tracks I'd be content to count them."

"Just a little home backing, same as Rhodes had, and de Brazza, and I'd 'a' battled through to those head waters. Got in before the French. Open up the Lake Chad road for trading purposes. Ivory and skins and copper."

"I had a top dog of the river then, Ma'am, with my two big revolvers facing them two-handed. I could have gone on and battled through. 'That's fine adventurous country 'ere Mahomet meets the cannibals. Aye. Rivers without names and countries without maps."

"BRIGANDS OF LAKE CHAD"
"When the French became a public nuisance on the west coast a lot of old-timers there went up to Nigeria to get away from them. A good many Mahomedan brigands in between. And once I found my little outfit of armed natives being watched by these fellers. They were interested in watching the French troops trying to put us off across a deep ravine. Aye, for anyone with a bit of imagination, plus rifles, it's a grand bit of country."

"'Tis somewhere up there that George T. 's son disappeared. Nina's brother. After Josef Karleis was killed—the pirate that adopted him when the father died—a good feller to him, too—he's supposed to have left the sea and gone into Mahomedan country with the brigands. A lad like George T. 's son when turned back by providence back to the lap of nature would naturally turn to away from them. A good man's profession. Aye, it depends on no man's favors."

"The Brigands of Lake Chad. 'Twould be a grand title. They used to catch the women going to Fes to the harems. The Brigands of Lake Chad. . . . I sure could have worn some good books if I'd always had the leisure I have now. 'Caravans and Camels' would be snappy. But when you're young you want to be always turning the next cover. Books don't grow when you're following the trail."

"THE AMAL"
"Aye, and behind the Cameroons there's things living we know nothing about. I could 'a' made books about many things. The Jago-Nini they say is still in the swamps and rivers. Giant diver it means. Comes out of the water and devours people."

Old men'll tell you what their grandfathers saw, but they still believe it's there. . . . I've always taken it to be the Amal's footprint. About the size of a good trying pan in circumference and three claws instead of five. There are some very big lakes behind the Cameroons. Used to be full of nice seal at one time. Manna, they call it. But the Jago-Nini wiped 'em almost out, the old natives say. Pigmy elephants there too, and crocodiles that never kill humans. The natives up there by some Big Water. And what I say is they must have come from the Nile."

"What but some great creature like the Amal could account for the broken ivory we used to come across in the so-called elephant cemeteries? Fine old green ivory that's valuable for inlaying the Snapped right across in the thickest part and left in splinters. Aye. There's places in Africa where you get visions of primeval force. And not so distant, either, as when you picture the prehistorics in Europe and America."

BREATH OF THE PAST
"I was prospecting one time in Florida at the river mouths for mastodon bones. Nothing handier for phosphates. But 'tis a thing of the dead past there. In Africa the past has hardly stopped breathing. You get fancies there if you're any sort of a man that's not homo stultus. . . . What with the talk of the natives and the sounds you hear at night. And every swamp and mound, rain cave calling you to come a bit further."

"There are times when only a river seems safe. No menace in a river. Never still and never silent. Human as a man, and that's why we trust 'em. Aye, the savage'll sting on a river when he'd be trembling on land with the fear of something touching him. Nature's idea for a street-river."

THE BUSHMEN
"That Amal. I told you I've seen a drawing of him in those Bushman caves. I chiselled one out whole, once and gave it to President Grant for a souvenir. He naturally took great curiosity in the west coast, seeing that 'he Civil war he'd been so busy over 'ad ruined an old trade there."

"Aye, the little fellers that drew those creatures, and manacled slaves and so on I told you about, were not ordinary savages. They sure were paleolithic men from the north. They were remembering things, on those walls. Professions and so on. I bought a nice ivory from them once, carved with leopards and elephants. Nice little fellers, round about four feet and a little over by a buck, until they'd had a good look at you. A living example of the survival of the fittest. Most gifted conjurers in the world. Hint for weapons. Most harmless race, but they've had to flee from the French rule same as others. They've gone into the Cameroons for safety. Even the Arabs don't

The Sins of Innocence

By CLARE POMEROY

CHAPTER 18

John Loyal mounted the stone steps of the Brandon residence, three at a time, and he rung the doorbell with total disregard for that instrument's future usefulness. The bald head of Mrs. Rider's husband appeared at the door and he peered meekly at the tall young man.

"I wish to see Miss Lida Brandon," said Loyal sternly. "Tell her Mr. Loyal is calling."

The hour was shortly after 9 and callers were rare at this hour of the night. Callers were rare at any time in this strange household.

Rider ushered the young man into the hall and on into the seldom used parlor, dark and somber with heavy red draperies and massive furniture. Loyal passed back and forth, his hands deep in his trousers pocket; a frown wrinkling his forehead.

"My child, what brings you here at this ungodly hour?" Lida stood in the doorway, her hands outstretched, her piquant face raised in mock wonder.

"I wanted to talk to you," he answered shortly, ignoring her mocking eyes. "Get your hat and coat and come out with me."

"O-o-o, masterful and everything!" she said in awed tones. "All right, I'd just as soon. Like a little fresh air anyway."

They took a taxicab and headed for Central park and neither of them had spoken more than three or four words. They agreed it was a peach of a night and 5th Ave. was know the back of the Cameroons.

TO THE LOVELIGHT
"Well, Ma'am I'll have to finish up what happened to Nina and my friend, Peru. Did I tell you that she tossed a coin for a husband? 'Tis sure a bit of refreshment to tell about Africa. I could 'a' told 'at happened to Nina in two chapters, but it wouldn't be literature. Coordinate your material, George Bussey says, till there's neither waste nor paucity of interest."

"Come from Lima that feller. The only feller I couldn't lick at school. 'Twas silver mines made him rich. I could lick Johnny Gresley, though."

"Aye, we must have our love interest in. Supposing something happened to me and I hadn't finished it? 'Twould sure be a disappointment to those who look forward to the lovelight. If I'd been in love with her myself 'twould 'a' come easier. But there was always a little Annie K. . . . at the back of my mind. Peru having Inca blood he'd naturally understand a girl like Nina. Laronsheer held me where love was concerned."

"I'm changing my opinion of you, John, dear," she said when they were seated at the rough table.

(To Be Continued)

"You've vindicated yourself considerably by bringing me here. A double night club would have left me quite calm and undisturbed. This is life." He smiled.

"Oh, I know lots of worse places than this if it's too tame here." Into the speak-easy, at intervals, drifted various m-rose individuals. Shabby, down-at-heel newspaper men, actors and writers of various classes and degrees of prosperity. Men in dinner clothes, too, and girls no older than Lida, but whose eyes told an onlooker that they knew far more of life than Lida even guessed at.

"Well, look who's here!" Lida half stood up to greet a newcomer. Rich Whelan, alone, and somewhat the worse from liquor, smiled cheerly across the room at them. He lumbered to their table and sank down, resting his face in the palms of his hands.

"Most putrid show in history," he moaned. "Backed it, too. Stayed through two acts and had 'tget drunk to stand that much."

Lida was all sympathy. "So, you've been playing angel, hey? Poor old chap—damn shame!" She patted him on the back and saw the anger in John Loyal's eyes.

"Tell you what we'll do," she said briskly. "We'll celebrate. Is your car downstairs, Rich?"

Whelan nodded. "Yes, but ain't got any chauffeur. Fired him jus' now for gettin' drunk."

"That's all right," said Lida hastily. "I can drive. Come on!" She led them out of the place, and Loyal groaned inwardly.

It was a limousine of English make and the driver's seat was as openly and obviously a place for a liveried chauffeur as anything could be.

"Get in," ordered Lida. "I'll drive this bus."

They both protested. "You can't do that, Lida," begged Loyal. "You'll be disgraced."

"Tain't safe," mumbled Whelan. Lida was already at the wheel. "All right," she cried. "You lubbers can go hang. I'm getting for a ride and that's all there is to it." And her foot on the self-starter, her hands firmly on the wheel, she meshed the gears with reassuring skill and was off.

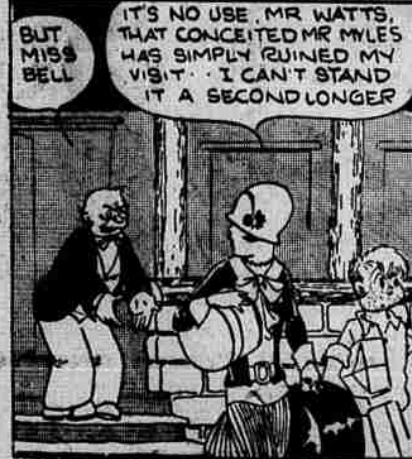
The two men stood there stupefied. "Good heavens!" cried Whelan thickly. "Jus' happened to remember—the chauffeur I fired is inside the car—sleeping."

John Loyal was worried almost to madness and he could have throttled the florid faced, sagging-lipped man beside him.

"You let her do it for? Why didn't you stop her?" With a sob that tore his throat like vitriol, he flung himself into a taxicab and started after the fleeing limousine.

By Chick Young.

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT AND JEFF



By George McManus

By Bud Fisher.