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# The Daily Capital Journal

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**THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL**  
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

## FANATICAL NONSENSE.

An initiative petition has been filed with the secretary of state for submission to the people at the general election in 1920 of a measure placing the ban upon the cigarette.

This is a logical sequence to the success of the liquor prohibition amendment. Having once successfully interfered in the personal habits of others, the meddlesome will continue their efforts to make others conform to their own narrow ideas. If successful in prohibiting the cigarette, the cigar, the pipe and even chewing tobacco will be next, following which will come coffee and tea along with the revival of the old blue laws.

Liquor prohibition succeeded because crime, degeneracy and poverty were a direct result of the excessive use of alcohol. It populated the prisons, filled the asylums and peopled the slums. It corrupted politics and degraded the weak. The liquor traffic affected not only the individual adversely, but the entire community—hence its abolition.

Similar arguments cannot be used against tobacco—which is after all a minor vice and does not seriously affect society nor apparently the health of the adult individual. Deprived of comparatively minor vices, humanity is apt to supplant them by more injurious ones.

In the law of nature, moderation is virtue and excess crime, and the punishment fits the crime. It was because there were so many that could not be moderate in their drinking habits and the penalty inflicted for the crime of excess was so heavy on society, that the source was abolished, but the individual and not society is punished for excess in the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, candy and other food products.

The anti-cigarette bill is intended to defeat not because of the growth of the habit among women, or because of the cigarettes' universal use among the boys of the A. E. F. but because it is fanatical meddling and contrary to common sense.

## A POLITICAL GAME.

There is every indication the opposition to the peace treaty is purely for political effect and that when the aims and objects of the politicians are secured, the treaty will be adopted, with perhaps a few reasonable reservations or amendments.

Politics is being more adroitly and scientifically played for the 1920 election than ever before by Chairman Hayes, of the Republican National Committee, and his assistants. Surveys of public opinion in all sections have been made and every Senate objection carefully planned to conciliate a certain faction and unify it for support in 1920. Many trivial and foolish amendments offered are for this reason only—designed to placate and please various foreign-born whose homelands are effected.

The Germans and Austrians are naturally bitter against the treaty and its author. It is hoped to alienate the Irish because of prejudice against the British. The Italians are disgruntled over Fiume and the Balkan peoples because similar land grabs have been halted. The little Americans are being rallied under the cry of 'America for Americans' and all the diverse disgruntled elements of our heterogeneous population herded together for their votes. The work of unifying a nation is in danger of being undone.

There is of course danger that the game will be overplayed and defeat its purposes—hence the recall of Johnson to Washington. The danger point is being neared. Demagoguery has served its purpose.

## 458 Accidents Reported In State In Past Week

During the week ending September 13, inclusive, there were reported to the state industrial accident commission a total of 458 accidents.

Of the total accidents reported 427 were subject to the provisions of the

compensation act, 17 were from firms and corporations that have rejected the provisions of the act, and 14 were from public utility corporations not subject to benefits under the act. There were no fatalities during the week.

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# HUNTING A HUSBAND

By Mary Douglas

## AN ANXIOUS NIGHT

CHAPTER LXXIII  
I struggled out of a deep sleep. "Miss Sara, Miss Sara," the heavy rapping went on.

"Come in!" I called.  
Miss Simpson, little Anne's nurse, entered. "Anne has a high temperature. She keeps asking for you. We had to quiet her!"

"I'm on a negligee. As we climbed down the stairs, and went past the big empty rooms that looked ghostlike in the gray light, Miss Simpson told me the rest."

"Little Anne had not been well yesterday. She had grown feverish near midnight. Her temperature had risen rapidly."

"Mr. Turlow has wired for his own doctor."

We came to the nursery. Things seemed to be in a pitiable plight. Little Anne lay flushed and restless on her pillows. Cousin John, with hair rumpled, paced the length of the room. Cousin Madeleine sat near the little cot. Her eyes were on the fever flushed face of Anne.

Madeleine Armand alone seemed calm. She was heating water over the nursery light.

"I went over softly to the little bed. Anne opened blue eyes that were bright with fever."

"Cousin Sara," she said, "sing to Anne."

I knelt down on the floor beside her crib. I began with the nursery song she loved best.

"In winter I get up at night, and dress by yellow candle-light. When I reached the last line, her heavy lids had closed. The tossing little body lay still. With one tiny hand she held my thumb. I did not dare to move. I kept on singing softly—from one Mother Goose rhyme to another. I had scarcely come to the end when Anne lay asleep. Her thick brown lashes swept her flushed cheeks. She breathed regularly."

Cousin John brought me cushions. They propped them around me. I sat in my nest, still holding little Anne's hand. For I dared not let it go. It would waken her from her light sleep.

The minutes seemed to hang on, drag. The nursery-clock ticked monotonously. I tried to think—to forget. But my arm was stiff from its position. I felt it grow cold—and colder. All feeling at last had left it. Then I saw the sun creep over the tops of the trees. And I heard Cousin John say, "Here's the doctor!"

And—the rest was a blank.

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## Open Forum.

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To the Editor:—Who has charge of the wild and dangerous animals of the city of Salem? Is there any protection offered a mother who has babies just beginning to run about? Is she expected to keep her eyes continually on her little tots or lock her door to protect her darlings from a wild and raving dog who is fastened by a long rope or wire and who has on several occasions broken loose and bitten persons severely?

Yes, in the city of Salem, and in that district called Yew Park is a wild dog and it can be seen as it lunges against the wire that fastens it, trying to get at any person who might chance to come within its sight. There is no fence and dogs by fathers and mothers are constantly worrying about the danger to their small children, and afraid they will get away and be killed by the animal. Police have been notified and they made the report but the dog still holds the neighborhood in fear of him. One boy was recently bitten in the leg by the animal, and as long as he lives will carry a ghastly scar where he was bitten. Dr. Mott, who attended the boy, will have a bill of several dollars which the father of the boy will be obliged to settle. Most these people who live in the Yew Park district come out plainly with complaints against their neighbors or will the proper officials take this upon themselves to do their duty in protecting the children of Salem?

A NEAR NEIGHBOR.

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I was lying in my own room, when I woke up. The room was filled with floors. A letter lay on my bed cover. I tore it open.  
Tomorrow—The guilty feeling.

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