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Rippling Rhymes.

ROAD EXPERIENCE

The wind, from arctic coasts afar, was blowing shrewdly, fierce and keen, and I was out in my closed car, consuming costly gasoline. I glared in the wintry storm, I watched the snow drift with a smile; for I was cozy, snug and warm, and mosquitoes are all the while.

Odds and Ends

Los Angeles—Mabel Moore, acting a divorce, testified she was a kissless bride until her husband returned from the army. Then he hugged her so hard it hurt and she alleges extreme cruelty.

New York—When his cook was arrested on a disorderly charge, Almerindo Forlino hurried to court and offered \$2,000.00 for her release in time to cook Christmas dinner. The court only charged \$500.

Aihany, N. Y.—Attorney John Conway believes in forcible arguments. He broke a finger while emphasizing a point to the jury.

Chicago—When three of a kind are drawn, with three in your hand it's a rube. Mrs. John Mathiasen don't think so. Triplets were born to her and she already has three. She calls it a full house.

San Francisco—M. Kruger drove a wagon load of burning excelsior almost a mile through the streets with half the fire department in his wake. The blaze was squelched on the run.

Crew Of Steamer Wrecked On California Coast Safe

San Francisco, Dec. 24.—Dispatches received by the chamber of commerce detailing an accident to the small steamer Girlie Mahoney off Alton make no mention of the crew's fate. But it is presumed here the crew is safe.

Pa.—Girlie Mahoney, valued at \$100,000 and laden with redwood lumber is on the rocks. The boat is of 240 tons and was built at Aberdeen for Andrew Anthony of San Francisco.

Prison Sentence Of Uncle Kept Secret For 25 Years

New York, Dec. 24.—A prison sentence served 25 years ago by a man now wealthy and respected remains secret from his friends today, as the result of the action of Judge Chantfield in the federal court of Brooklyn. John P. Richardson, 17, a nephew of the man, pleaded guilty of attempting to extort \$5000 from his uncle under threat of exposing his past, and was given a suspended sentence. His uncle's name was suppressed from the court proceedings. Richardson was paroled in the custody of his mother.

It was said that not even the man's sons know of this event in their father's life.

Abe Martin



Tell Binkley has come out for prohibition with nullifyin' interpretations. The hardest thing is to find a Christmas present that looks like a prize.

CHRISTMAS.

PEACE on earth, good will to men" was the message heralded to humanity under the Star of Bethlehem long centuries ago and at Christmas we try for a few fleeting moments to love others as we love ourselves. For one day annually we really practice Christianity—the rest of the year our good will is wasted deifying the idol of self, worshipping the shrine of the golden dollar, kneeling at the altar of the great god business.

At Christmas we shower our loved ones with gifts and remember friends with messages of cheer. These are outward and visible manifestations of the Christian spirit within—a kindly sympathy for all—a glow of humanity that shines through the crust of selfishness, the spark divine in man.

At Christmas we are all brothers—no matter what our race, or creed, or class. We are human beings. Our artificial distinctions and foolish prejudices, our precedences and prejudices dissolve in a common brotherhood of man under the glow of the mystic star.

On Christmas day, no matter what the weather, old earth seems fair and beautiful and we realize what a wonderful abode has been given us to spend our days in. The sweetest music that falls upon our ears are the greetings of friends and the voices of little children. And yet the world is unchanged—the change is in ourselves—we have discarded our blinders of selfishness, we have opened our ears to the melodies of life.

The happiness we experience at this blessed Christmas time, arises not from the presents and mementos we receive, not from what others do for us, not from anything external—but from what we ourselves give, from what we do for others, from the love we feel within for all mankind. On this day of days we realize that true happiness is found only in striving for others, in literally fulfilling the precepts of the Golden Rule.

What a pity that the lessons of Christmas are forgotten as fast as learned, that they are unheeded by eyes that see not and ears that heed not, that the vision of heaven afforded is lost amid the fogs of self interest, and that with the dawn of tomorrow we return to the worship of false gods and the pursuit of phantoms leading nowhere.

O! that every day were Christmas! What a world this would be!

A PEARL BEFORE SWINE.

A YEAR ago this Christmas, America was the hope of the world, holding out to humanity the vision of peace on earth and good will to men. Oppressed peoples held out their hands to America for succor and the nation became symbolized as a new star heralding a gospel of regeneration.

Today, however, a humiliated nation must confess that it has failed in its purpose, has faltered in its performance and repudiated its promises. Its humanitarian ideals have been trampled in the dust and discarded for a selfishness as sordid and mean as its professions were noble and exalted.

Alone among the great nations of earth that united to end war, Christian America has sought to evade its responsibilities to humanity. It has dodged, quibbled and side-stepped. It has been tried and found wanting. Its splendid world-vision has been replaced with the narrowest of horizons in which only the sun of reaction blinks through a murky sky.

The blame, however, is not wholly upon the American people, but upon the small men they have sent to the senate as representatives, men who place partisanship above patriotism, and personal prejudice above humanitarianism, who view a world peace treaty merely as an opportunity to make political capital or secure political revenge and refuse to aid in bringing peace on earth to promote personal ambition.

The creation of the league of nations, to keep world peace, has been well described as the most epochal event in the history of mankind, of greater portent than anything that has happened since the star rose over the manger at Bethlehem. It's ratification would have been America's greatest contribution to humanity. To put it before the senate, however, was like throwing a pearl before swine, for its rejection is the senate's Christmas present to the nation. But the will of the people must eventually prevail, and before another Christmas America will have redeemed herself, for the senate is hearing from the people.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

WHEN PRIDE LIES PRONE. "Great heavens, can't a man leave his women folks for a minute without something like this happening?" said John, as he surveyed the group. Alice was standing straight, her eyes blazing with rage; Bess Moreland was leaning limply over the arm of a chair sobbing that she had been insulted and that she did not think she would ever live to see the day that the woman that John Gordon had married would speak to her as I had done. I was sitting calmly in my chair, looking perfectly detached from everything that was going on.

entirely to blame for the accident." "Splendid!" said Karl. "Wait a minute, John," remonstrated Miss Moreland. "Please take me home before you go to the station." "Makes No Answer." John made no answer, and as I did not know the streets very well, I was not sure whether he was taking her home or to the station until we drew up in front of the letter.

"Of course I will," he answered, "after John and I have finished our business inside. Wait for me." And he ran lightly up the steps. "You don't accomplish very much, Bess," she said, "when it comes right down to brass tacks, if you ask impossible things of a man. Everyone in this crowd, including yourself, if you would acknowledge it, understands that the more you are seen with this party today—"

"I don't think so, my dear! Every woman will fight to save her pride. She can live when love is dead, but God pity her when her pride lies prone." "Which have you lost, Mrs. Gordon?" was Bess' sweetly sarcastic question. "I do not always speak personally, Miss Moreland," but there was a little tightening around my heart, for I knew that my pride was still alive. (Tomorrow—More Night Than Day)

Advertisement for Camel Cigarettes. Text: 'CAMELS meet your fondest cigarette fancies in so many new ways—they are so unusual in flavor, so refreshing, so mellow-mild, yet so full-bodied—that you quickly realize their superior quality, and, become a Camel enthusiast!' Includes an illustration of a camel and a pack of Camel cigarettes.

Advertisement for Fisher's Rolled Oats. Text: 'Fisher's ROLLED OATS Electrically Toasted'. Includes an illustration of a man holding a bowl and a can of Fisher's Rolled Oats. Text: 'Are a Staple that Builds up and Holds up a Splendid Vigor in Men, Women and Children. Oats are what they have been for centuries, but scientifically and mechanically knowing how to produce Rolled Oats for the table has greatly developed.'

May the Christmas dawn, which carries its message of hope around the world, bring to you a full measure of joy and gladness, to continue throughout the New Year, is the wish of CHAMBERS & CHAMBERS