

Capital Journal

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Loganberry Laughs

The dear creatures are not as bad as they are painted.
And you can cut the cost of boots by raising your own.

Coal may be scarce, but there is an unusual amount of firing.
The law of supply and demand doesn't seem to affect the wages of sin.

G. O. P. politicians are showing a lively interest in the plum plan.
At times the movie cliché seems to be more an endurance test than a kiss.

When a man says there is nothing in the paper, he means he is disappointed by the lack of calamity.
Some trust heaven as a matter of faith, and some as a matter of laziness.

An old-fashioned man can't understand how men without suspenders avoid disaster.
Save your pennies and the dollars will take care of the lawyer who breaks your will.

The bitter-end feminist will never go to the length of marrying one of her own sex.
It seems strange that people who eat raw oysters should insist on having their fish cooked.

And now when a man says he can drink or let it alone, it is the first part he is lying about.
And yet water would be the most popular of all drinks if it cost five cents a glass, plus war tax.

Those who are in Who's Who can look over a celebrity and a head waiter and tell which is which.
When daughter dresses for a party, she always puts a small tomorrow what she should keep on today.

The prohibitionists have not yet deleted the "Ha, ha, ha," part of that song about the little brown fox.
A woman always yearns to kiss a baby on the back of the neck; a man yearns to press the soft spot in his head.

In the old days a distressed party rented his clothes. There were no rent houses in those days, or it would have been cheaper to buy.
There's always something to take the joy out of life. After Thanksgiving there is the turkey hash, and after Christmas there is the box of gift cigars.

Think not that I would play the judge.
Nor dictatorial be;
I would not for some ancient grudge.

Demand a cruel fee.
I'll let my neighbor go his way.
And I'll plot along on mine,
And let him have his little say.

And live to his design;
But I would set that man apart
And strew his way with stones.
Who shaking hands, believes it smart.

Almost to crush my bones.
I know it takes all sorts of men
This world to populate,
And as I meet them, now and then
But very few I hate.

I understand we cannot be
Alike in tastes and views,
Nor can we all of us agree
On politics or booze.

But I would banish from the land,
Out of the temperate zones,
The idiot who takes my hand
And tries to crush my bones.

There's some excuse for freakish dress,
For boastful men and proud;
Though they disturb me, more or less,
I can abide the loud.

Nor would I here condemn the man
Who stoops to foolish things,
For folly, under nature's plan,
Has even ruined kings.

Blind-folded Justice

Charles Ponzi, who swindled New Englanders out of millions of dollars was sentenced at Boston recently to five years imprisonment, although it was his third conviction for similar fraud.

Charles Golden, leader of a band of robbers, was sentenced at Kansas City yesterday to 25 years for robbery of a drug store where 40 cents was stolen. William Thompson and Harry Beard, his companions, for the same offense, got 20 years each.

A forty cent robbery is punished by a total of 65 years imprisonment. A robbery of millions brings a five year term, which will be commuted by good behavior to a much shorter period.

The moral seems to be that if you are going to turn thief, steal millions instead of pennies. You can live in luxury on the fat of the land, reside in palaces, entertain the great, and take no personal chances. If you go after pennies, you exist from hand to mouth and take your life in your hands.

In the first instance you are a sort of a hero and in the second instance a sinister criminal. Our criminal code needs revision. The quality and quantity of justice makes it a joke. It still bears the ear marks of medieval times when there was one code for the common people and another for the nobility, when petty larceny was punished on the scaffold and the feudal lords, possessors of the wealth of the country, escaped punishment.

Our democracy has abolished the nobility but we still pay tribute to riches, no matter how acquired. When life terms mean life imprisonment, and are provided as irrevocable penalties for the contemptible swindlers who bring wide spread suffering and distress by stealing the savings of thousands, there will be fewer get-rich-quick frauds, fewer Millers, Ponzi's, Etheridges and Morrisises. At present the great gains and light punishments provide an incentive to clever crooks.

Stolen wealth is always able to purchase able defense, delay indefinitely the light punishment and all too often escape through technicalities. The poor have no such advantage, frequently are unable to make a decent defense and find justice ruthless indeed.

To insure fair play, the state should provide both the prosecutor and the defender, so that the poor will have equal chance with the rich to insure a real equality before the law, which is one essential of democracy.

A Hero Who Ran Away

Gabrielle d'Annunzio, the mad Italian poet, who declared he would defend the independence of Fiume with his life, changed his mind and fled in an airship from the besieged city when Italy called his bluff.

The poet's final official act as dictator of Fiume was the issuance of a proclamation declaring that Italy was not worth dying for, thus stultifying himself. The picturesque bombast he has deluged the world with for the past year proves only the demagoguery of an egoist.

What Italy has finally been forced to do in order to maintain good faith as expressed in treaties, should have been done long ago. The mistake was in giving the poet so long a period of immunity to defy the world in. D'Annunzio never was anything but a grandiloquent bluff and his resistance would have collapsed whenever his own hide was endangered in the hopeless cause.

The whole Fiume incident reads like a comic opera plot and would have been impossible in any other country but impressive and imaginative Italy, whose populace was for a time sympathetically stirred by the poet's fervid patriotic appeals for the restoration of the glories of imperial Rome.

D'Annunzio's braggadocio unfortunately cost the lives of some of his deluded followers, brought suffering and distress upon the people of Fiume, entailed a heavy expenditure upon his country at a time Italy can ill afford it, and nearly brought about a renewal of the European conflagration. He should be sent to join that other valiant hero who ran away, and as punishment be forced to saw wood with Kaiser Bill.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers)

She bent her head and looked down gravely at her stender hand, which lay across his.
"That was very dear to you," she murmured. After a silence:
"Did you mean, was I ever in love with you?"

"I wish I had!"
"Did you?" She lifted her eyes to him curiously. You know, Jim, I must be honest with you. I never did love anybody.
But, if you had come home—and if you had told me that you cared for me—that way—

ing out! It's a party. We all go to the ball. But, Jim—do get a costume of some sort and come to the Caricaturists' Ball! Will you? Helen and I are going. It's the Ball of the Gods—the last costume ball of the season, and it is sure to be amusing. Will you come?"
He didn't seem to think he could, but she insisted so eagerly and promised to have an invitation at his hotel for him by nine o'clock, that he laughed and said he'd go.

"Everybody artistic will be there," she explained, delighted. "You'll meet a lot of men you know. And the pageant will be wonderful. I shall be in it. So will Helen. Then, after the pageant, we'll find each other—you and I!" She sighed: "I am too happy, Jim. I don't want to arouse the anger of the gods."

She linked her arm in his and entered the studio.
"Helen!" she called. "Jim is coming to the dance! Isn't it delightful!"
"Is it, indeed?" said Helen, opening her door a little and looking through the crack. "You'd better tell him what you're wearing, because he will never know you."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Helen and I are going as a pair of Burmese idols—just gold all over—you know!" She took the stiff attitude of the wonderful Burmese idol, and threw back her slender hands—"This sort of thing, Jim? They gold bells on our ankles and that wonderful golden filigree head dress."

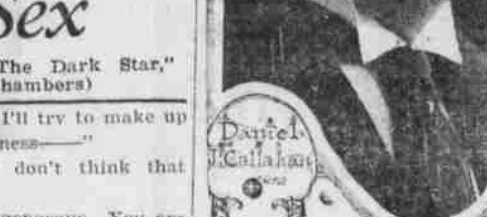
She was in wonderful spirits; she caught his arm and hand and persuaded him into a two-step, humming the air. "You dance nicely, Jim. You can have me whenever you like!"
Helen called through the door: "You're quite mad, Steve! You've scarcely time to dress."

"Oh, I must run!" she cried, turned to Cleland, audaciously, offered her lips, almost defiantly.
"We're quite safe, Jim. If we can do this so innocently," She laughed. "You adorable boy! Oh, Jim, you're mine now, and I'll never let you go away again!"

As he went out, he met Grismer, face to face. The blood leaped to his cheeks; Grismer's golden eyes opened in astonishment.
"Cleland! By-the-gods!" he said, offering his hand.
Cleland took it, looked into Grismer's handsome face:
"How are you, Grismer?" he said pleasantly. And passed on out of the front door.

High Bridge Stakes.
London, Dec. 29.—An epidemic of high play at bridge has broken out at London clubs. Where \$5 a point was regarded as high the stake is now often \$25 and \$50. It is no unusual thing for a man to lose \$5,000 or \$10,000 between 4 o'clock and dinner time.

Pope Benedict XV Honors Supreme Treasurer of K. of C.
Daniel J. Callahan, of Washington, D. C., supreme treasurer of the Knights of Columbus, is the latest American to be honored by the Order of St. Gregory the Great, was recently received at K. of C. headquarters. His honor makes fifteen papal decorations in all received by K. of C. officers and gives America the leadership of all other countries in the number of papal knights.



responsibilities; I'll try to make up from my selfishness—"
"OH, Jim! I don't think that way—"
"You are too generous. You are too loyal. You are quite the most charming woman I ever knew. Steve—the sweetest, the most adorable. I've been a fool—blind and stupid."

"You mustn't say such ridiculous things! But it is dear of you to find me attractive! It really thrills me, Jim. I'm about the happiest girl in New York, I think! Tell me, do you like Helen?"
"Yes, she's nice. Where are you dining, Steve? Could you—"
"OH, dear! Helen and I are din-



The Contest
My cousin Jasper Jay, has kindly consented to ask us some questions," Mr. Crow informed Daddy Longlegs. "And he will decide which of us makes the wiser answers."
Buster Bumblebee, who was watching and listening, said: "That's hardly fair, it seems to me."

Johnson Divorce Case Taken Under Advisement Today
After hearing evidence given over a period of two days in a well-filled circuit court room here, Judge H. H. Bell of Dallas this morning took under advisement the divorce case of Mary A. Johnson, who has asked that she be freed from her husband, Hiram A. Johnson.

Stagg May Assist Prison Chaplain
Walla Walla, Wash., Dec. 30.—When George T. Stagg passes thru the regular routine required of every convict entering the state penitentiary he may be named assistant chaplain of the institution.

Chinese Given 2 Years for Alleged Narcotic Selling
Portland, Or., Dec. 30.—Chuey Sim, a wealthy Chinese who has business interests here and in Seattle, was today sentenced to two years in McNeil's Island prison following his conviction on a charge of selling narcotics. He was given a stay of execution and his bail increased from \$1500 to \$5000.

Grand Jury to Probe Affairs
(Continued from Page One.)
was some question on the part of financial men of the merits of the city's action in agreeing to a 12 per cent exchange basis. There was even a feeling that the discount would be lower than that, but the contrary has developed.

KISMET
The Sun—"Oriental scenes of a magnificent never surpassed before the camera are presented. Skinner breaks a long fast against the films and just gorges himself and the audience with thrills in his photoplay debut. After seeing this picture one turns to the East and salutes thrice to Skinner and the director, Louis Gasnier."

TOMORROW NIGHT
At the Armory
COMPANY M ANNUAL
Military Ball
(Informal)

Special Music by seven-piece Orchestra. Lots of fun at midnight.

This will be the big dance of the season. Everybody come.

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TOMORROW 2, 7, 9 P. M.
NEW YEAR'S DAY CONTINUOUSLY
MARY MILES MINTER
IN
"EVES OF THE HEART"

After Years of Darkness—Laura, a bling girl, lived in squalid quarters in Dunn's Court. The shady characters in whose care she had been placed when a baby, in trying to be kind to her, had drawn rosy pictures of her home and surroundings. Imagine her grief and shock when her sight was restored, and she saw with her eyes instead of with her heart! But all came right in the end in this heart-gripping drama of a young girl's faith, "THE EVES OF THE HEART," in which MARY MILES MINTER, "the Sunbeam of the Screen," has made the greatest success of her remarkable career.

"SHUFFLE THE QUEENS"
A 2-Reel Christie Comedy
Keeps you jumping from one laugh into another.

THE MERRIEST MIX-UP IN COMEDY HISTORY
OREGON

Mr. Crow made no answer for a few moments. He appeared to be thinking deeply. But at last he looked up and said:
"The best time to plant corn is as early as possible."

A good many of those present exclaimed at once that that was a good answer. And a few clapped their hands.
"Was that your opinion?" Jasper Jay then asked, turning to Daddy Longlegs.

Daddy Longlegs took off his hat, mopped his narrow forehead with his red bandanna, and then slowly nodded his head three times.
"Mr. Crow's," he piped in his queer, thin, high voice.

"I'll put the next question," he announced. "And Daddy Longlegs may answer first. . . . How many kernels of corn make a meal?"
There wasn't a sound—except for Buster Bumblebee's buzzing—as Daddy Longlegs moved forward a few steps and held his hand behind his ear.

So Jasper Jay repeated the question. But Daddy Longlegs only looked at him blankly.
It was quite clear that he couldn't understand a single word that Jasper said.

Ten Years Younger Than His Years
Doesn't it make you feel good—cause you to straighten up and feel 'chesty'—when someone guesses your age at ten years or so younger than you really are? You look into your mirror, smile with satisfaction and say to yourself: "Well, he didn't make such a bad guess, at that."

The point is: You're no older than your vitality.

If a man is strong, vigorous, mentally alert, fine and fit at 50 he has a better chance of living up to 80 than a man of 30 who is weak and run-down has of living up to 60. While none of us can stay the years nor stop time, we should all make an heroic effort to successfully resist the effects of time by ever keeping our vitality at par.

When you sense a feeling of slowing down of your physical forces—when your stomach, liver, kidneys and other organs show signs of weakness—when you notice a lack of your old time "pep" and "punch"—in other words, when you feel your vitality as on the wane, you should come to the aid of your vitality.

ROSTEIN & GREENBAUM
DRY GOODS
Clothing and Shoes

We've taken our annual inventory, and thank the public for giving us the biggest year's business in our history.

We will endeavor to make 1921 a bigger year. We have gone through our stock, and have marked all our goods down to the new low price level. A lot of our goods cannot be replaced at the prices we have placed on them.

NO USE TO WAIT FOR LOWER PRICES—don't think you will see any lower this coming year. Some goods will be higher.

—Washington Guaranteed Shoes at the new low price level.
Black Cat Hosiery, at the new low prices.
Sheeting, Ginghams, Percalés, Outing Flannels, Pillow Tubing, at the new Low Prices.

Men's and Boys' All-Wool Suits and Overcoats, at the New Low Prices.

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of experience in the preparing of food products are represented in the distinctive goodness of DEL MONTE Beans with Tomato Sauce.

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