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Society

(Continued from Page Three.)

Will Entertain Past Matrons Club
Mrs. Al H. Stoiner and Mrs. Jennie Darby will entertain with luncheon on Friday for members of the Past Matrons' club of the Order of Eastern Star.

Mrs. McIntyre to Visit in San Diego
Mrs. C. T. McIntyre left today for San Diego where she will spend a month with her son, Dr. R. P. McIntyre, who is stationed at the United States naval hospital at that place. She will visit in San Francisco on her return home.

Portland Ball Club Is Incorporated

The Portland Baseball club, capitalized at \$150,000 filed articles of incorporation with the state corporation department here Monday. The incorporators are W. H. Klepper, James R. Brewster and Milton R. Klepper.

Other corporations filing articles were:

Eastern Oregon Dairy Products company, Boardman, Morrow county; \$1000; R. Wamer, B. L. Dillahaugh, C. D. Albright, A. E. Broyles and P. M. Smith.

Metal Products Manufacturing company, Portland; \$100,000; W. W. Luctus, Earl G. Cash and G. A. Curtis.

Multifield Oil company, Portland; \$5000; Simon E. Krohn, C. Lester Eaton and Frank G. McNeill.

Milwaukee Community club, Milwaukee; \$3000; M. A. Lehman, Roy N. McIntyre, B. S. Wakefield and others.

Oregon College of Naturopathic Physicians and Graduate school of Physio-Therapy with headquarters at Portland. The incorporators are Dr. Edward A. Perkins, D. B. Ackley and Dr. B. A. Bedynak.

Certificates of increase in capital stock were filed as follows:

Trench Rules For Buddies

Paris, Oct. 27.—Having elected what they considered was the handsomest man in France, French women are now busy framing rules which such a man should observe in married life, as follows:

Never dare to give orders to a wife, even for her own good.

Never commit the crime of being a bore.

Never resemble a preacher or schoolmaster.

Avoid assassinating the wife with good advice or wise examples taken from his own family.

Offer everything before she has asked for the slightest thing.

Above all, learn to forgive the wife when the husband is mistaken and to approve of her when the husband is right.

In all malarial countries the popular remedy is Herbine. People find it a good medicine for purifying the system and warding off the disease. Price, 50c. Sold by Daniel J. Fry. (adv)

"999"

Barney Oldfield Tires Are Here

30x3 \$8.99
30x3 1/2 \$9.99

Oldfield has knocked the stuffing out of Ford-Size Tire prices.

Get yours now at CLARK'S TIRE HOUSE

519 N. Commercial St. Salem, Ore.

ital Journal
JOURNAL WANT ATR PAV

Anachronism

Intolerance of the Puritans in the early days of the colonies seems a far cry from the 20th century, yet there are those among us in the "enlightened era" who seek to establish a similar tyranny today. Movements are underway to curb and restrict the liberty of the individual, regulate his conscience and make him good by statute in a manner that recalls the old attempts of the "saints."

The "Lord's Day Alliance" has launched a campaign national in its scope in support of bills pending in congress to restore the "Blus Law Sunday" in its Pristine puritan purity, and the Rev. Noah Cooper of Tennessee who leads the crusade and claims to represent nineteen church conferences, declares:—

Too long have the people of the earth clung to the fleshpots, and their doom is as certain as that of Tyre and Sodom. Europe is the Sodom and America the Gomorrah, and only the immediate return to the Puritanical religious precepts of the with-burning days can save the earth from destruction. * * * Murdering the Sabbath is worse than murdering men, and the man who does not observe Sunday is stabbing God and digging the grave of the nation. God calls our nation as He called Israel to be a light to all the world, to carry His salvation to the ends of the earth. If we fail to save the Sabbath (Sunday), we lose all. If our nation fails to honor it and teach it to all people, soon our boasted treasures and liberties will be torn away like Solomon's temple. And in the Babylon of ruin our enslaved posterity will weep over the folly of their God-defying, Sabbath-breaking forefathers. Oh, we beg you to help us turn back! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

How the Puritans "saved the Sabbath" is revealed by the dusty old records of the colonies. Here are a few of the blue law provisions of that day:

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and fro from meeting.
No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.
No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

Our 20th century blue law crusaders would make it unlawful for any kind of work or pleasure on Sunday; forbid the operation of trains or carrying of mails, the publication of newspapers, the use of the auto, ban theatres, movies and concerts, close all resorts of every nature except religious, and prohibit every kind of business. Bills to enact such legislation have already been introduced in congress.

The recent unearthing of an historic letter written by the Rev. Cotton Mather also throws a light on the "religious precepts of the witch-burning days" to which we are so eloquently urged to return. It reads as follows:

September Ye 15, 1682.
To Ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson: There is now at sea a ship called the "Welcome," which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them.

The general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott of the brig "Porpoise" to waylay the said "Welcome" slyly, as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive the said Penn, and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbados, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for His minister and people.

Master Huscott feels hopeful, and I will set down the news when the ship comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ,
Cotton Mather.

Had William Penn, "the chief scamp," and his crew of Quakers landed at Boston, they would have been banished, and in case of return, would have lost first one ear and then the other. The law enacted in 1636 provided that Quakers were to be imprisoned, have their tongues bored through with a hot iron; and "stripped to the middle, tied to a cart's axle, flogged from one town to another with a two handed implement, armed with lashes, made of twisted and knotted cord or cat-gut."

Such were the ideals of that golden era of fanaticism whose recrudescence is now sought to save the earth from destruction by hell-fire through restoration of the Puritan theocracy with its special brand of hell, by those still enveloped in the fogs of medieval bigotry.

Starlight

BY THE NOTED AUTHOR
Idah McKeene Gibson
The Thrilling and Dramatic Story of Virginia Fairfax's Ambition!

Virginia Meets a Man.
It must have been a very disheveled and travel-stained little girl that passed the length of the car, bumping her big suitcase against every one as she passed.
"Here, don't try to carry that heavy grip, child. Call the porter," said a voice in which impatience and thoughtfulness were blended.
I looked at the speaker. To my young eyes he seemed old enough to be my father, but I learned afterward that he was not. At sixteen forty-something.
With that the man touched a button and gave the order.
"Take this young lady's suitcase to the dressing room."
I thanked him and followed the darky down the aisle.
As I passed the berth in which the mother sat, that blessed baby

held out its arms and cooed to me.
"He thinks you are his little sister," smiled the woman graciously.
I stopped for a moment, long enough to touch the baby's hand and with a promise of coming back soon I made my way to the dressing room.
"What a beautiful world it is," I thought as I dismissed the smiling porter at the door and proceeded to make a toilet as well as I could on the rushing train.
I braided my hair demurely and wound it for the first time around my head. It had been hanging in two great plaits as I passed from my berth to the dressing room. As I looked at myself in the glass in great approval I could not help thinking of what Mammy Lal would say if she could see her "chit" in grown up array. I had a feeling, though, that my dress-

ing was too long for a grown-up young lady. I remembered they were very short in the fashion books, and even Naomi insisted that real stylish girls wore their dresses much shorter than ours, but grandfather insisted that mine should come below my shoe tops.
"The women of my family must have some modesty if all the others in the world are shameless," he thundered at sight of one of my shortened skirts.
Aunt Virginia had thoughtfully given me a leather bag for my money and told me, as she tucked it about my waist, that I must never take it off. Now I carefully removed a couple of bills to my pocketbook and with a face that shone for want of powder and from plentiful use of soap, I made my way to the dining car, devoutly hoping that no one would realize this was my first long trip.
I was going to the other end of the diner, where I saw the woman who had the darling baby, when the waiter pulled out a chair at a table for two. I was too self-conscious and diffident not to take the first seat offered and, having seated myself, I lifted my face and found I was looking straight into the eyes of the man who had called a porter for me in the sleeper.
"You look well this morning, child," he said, smiling reassuringly.
"Are you traveling alone?"
The thought of my braided hair banded about my head gave me courage to say with what I hoped was great dignity, "I am sixteen." But I have an uncomfortable feeling that I had not succeeded in impressing the man, for great bunches of the queerest little wrinkles came about his eyes and made them almost shut. I could only see between the lids a sparkle that looked like our brook down in the valley lot when we children said it was laughing in the spring because winter was over.
"So you are a real person, all grown up and everything," he chaffed kindly. "I hope you will excuse me, but you know nowadays both little and big girls wear their dress skirts the same length and it is very hard to guess at the age of a woman any more."
"I thought you were about twelve when you tried to carry that big grip through the car this morning, but now I can readily see you are sixteen and very old for your age."
"You are just like grandfather,"

SAP AND SALT

BY Bert Moses
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A poor workman puts the blame on his tools.

"Loud" clothes on a homely woman make her appear homelier still.

The wishes of the poor turn to money; of the rich, to titles.

By confessing small vices, people think they can conceal large ones.

What human beings will do when unexpected circumstances arise no human being can say.

Honest men may go into politics, but mighty few honest men come out.

HEZ HECK SAYS:
"The looking glass does more work and shows less wear than anything else I know of."



As were too long for a grown-up young lady. I remembered they were very short in the fashion books, and even Naomi insisted that real stylish girls wore their dresses much shorter than ours, but grandfather insisted that mine should come below my shoe tops.

"You haven't. Grandfather is sixty-five years old. I mean you were like him because he is always talking about my age and Aunt Virginia's age and the minister's wife's age. He seems to think that that is all that counts in women. At least he always refers to it when he speaks of any of us. We're never just the right age, you know. We're either too young or too old. Aunt Virginia is always too old not to know better. I'm too young to know anything, and the minister's wife is just at the uncertain age where a woman may be expected to make a fool of herself.

"You see I have never known any grown-up men well, except grandfather, and when you began at once to talk of my age I thought you men were all alike."

I said petulantly.
The man grew red and then laughed. "Well, I knew I was getting on toward thirty-five and thirty-five must look old by sixteen, but I had not realized that I had reached the grandfather class."

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"Portland 1925"



THE GOAT

NATIONAL UNITY I STRESSED

Harding Preaches Gospel of Understanding and Good Will in Atlanta Speech

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 27.—A gospel of understanding and good will, not only binding north and south in closer union, but bringing all the nations of the world into co-operation and enduring amity, was preached by President Harding today in an address here, outlining some of his conceptions of the coming armament conference.

Speaking at the statue of Henry W. Grady, southern apostle of national reunion, the president declared America would enter the conference so imbued with the desire for international friendship that the blame must rest elsewhere should the negotiations for reduction of armament result in failure.

Praises Roosevelt.
"I believe it wholly consistent," the president said, "to preach peace and its triumphs in that convincing sincerity which an unselfish nation commands, and yet make sure about our proper defense."

With his praise of Grady, the president coupled a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, of whose Georgia lineage he declared the whole south should be proud. The address follows in part:

"To come to Georgia is to come to the heart of the south. To come to Georgia on this, of all days of the year—the birthday of Roosevelt—is to realize that the heart of the south throbs for all the nation."

"So it is good, in greeting you men and women of Georgia to recall the career of that outstanding American who in his life, as in his lineage taught us how much we are prospered and exalted because of being united. And coming thus to you is particularly a satisfaction to speak from the shadow of the shaft which you have reared to the memory of one who taught a re-united nation its duties, its obligations, its possibilities. For, I recall the thrill with which I read, as a young man, the address of Henry W. Grady to the New England club; that most famous oration, I think, of its generation; that inspiring call to a nation to awaken to itself, to understand that yesterday was dead, its tomorrow pregnant with magnificent opportunity."

Early Unionists Recalled.
"The other day there came into my hands a volume of the letters of a group of eminent Georgians of the Civil war and reconstruction period. In the mails they represented the correspondence of Alexander H. Stephens, Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs and Governor Joe Brown. Especially was I interested in the extensive correspondence between these southern leaders and prominent men of the north, which was carried on at that period. It was nothing less than astonishing to note how little bitterness, of resentment, of hatred

and recalcitrance was manifested on either side. They were all back in the harness, working for the restoration of their state, their people, their preserved country.

"We would rather have one immigrant from the north than fifty from Europe," wrote one, a few years after Appomattox; and he urged his northern friend to make the northern people understand how welcome they would be. Not even the unconstructive hatred of old Thad Stevens could maintain an effective front against such appeals as that. The north did come to you with olive branch instead of sword; and you went to the north and west and became full partners in making that new empire which together we carved out of the trans-Missouri wilderness; and now truly, there can be described no section division of this land.

Pleads for Peace.
"It has seemed to me, many times in the period since the world war ended, that the world at large might well let us show it the marvel which was wrought through a reunited and restored America."

"I believe that every family which has lost a member in the struggle to save mankind from absolutism, every citizen-soldier, who has given years and sufferings to that cause; every gold star mother or maimed veteran, will agree that peace is preferable to war and that to train a world in

ways of peace is better than to prepare it for war. I would urge you misconstrue. I believe in its triumphs in that sincerity which an unselfish nation commands and yet make about our proper defense.

"Manifestly, mankind is poised to try that experiment, trying it, nations shall fail, be no fault of the United States. Our own experience taught us that we may have a like decision will be reached a world reasoning amid the victims which follow in the of a tragedy supreme."

Sport's Editor Dead.
New York, Oct. 26.—W. "Bat" Masterson, former editor in the southwest and in years a sporting editor of Morning Telegraph, died of disease while at work at his today. He was 66 years old.

A clear colorless liquid will heal wounds, cuts, sores, rashes is the latest and best of medical science, for Liquid Borozone, it is a vel in flesh healing remedy. Price, 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold Daniel J. Fry.

Capital Journal Bargain price \$3.00 per year by mail.
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Tabloid Sermons

For Busy People by Parson Abiel Haile

"For the low made nothing perfect, but the bringing of a hope did."—Hebrews 7-19.

Paul in his message to the Hebrews summed up his views as they bearing on Jesus Christ, and in his declaration opened a new avenue for thought in these days. No law yet ever made for perfection, in its letter; his spirit of a good law is its real value and would be well for all of us to consider the matter deeply. At the time, we have many who lament the debuchery and drunkenness noted in some places, and lay the blame on the law. The prohibition amendment of course "made nothing perfect, and no one contends that it did. We have laws against murder, arson, the and a host of other crimes and offenses—yet the offenders continue to make the laws necessary for the protection of civilization. The enforcement of these laws bring hope of the time when the laws be needless insofar as application is concerned. And so with prohibitory amendment. It brings the better hope of an eternal general sobriety. The whole idea of the remark of Paul can be applied to all our affairs. It isn't the law so much as the observance of it. All the laws ever written into statutes and ordinances do amount to a row of pins if defied by people, and nullified by the to whom enforcement are entrusted. In school, or in the shop, or less rules and regulations appear for guidance. It may be the against cigarette smoking, imposed as a condition of a lower insurance rate. If the boss himself considers himself exempt and continues to puff either quietly or openly, the rank and file will do the same. Discovery comes, and premiums increase, leaving less money available for salary increases. The illustration shows the purpose of law spirit. The end to be sought by all of us is on adherence right principles which in turn inspire a harmony with the laws. is a spiritual rule, too.

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