

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon

An Independent Newspaper, Published every evening except Sunday

Telephone 81; news 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Why Hays?

Sometime since Will H. Hays, then post-master general of the United States, was appointed "arbiter" or "dictator" or "czar" of the movie picture industry—whatever the proper title may be, at a salary of \$150,000 a year. His vaguely defined duties presumably were to purify the industry and rescue it from the odium incurred by the Taylor murder and dope ring expose, the fatal Arbuckle pajama party and other evidences of degeneracy permeating the too prosperous profession. One of Mr. Hays' first acts was to bar the Arbuckle films. His latest act is to "pardon" Fatty and restore his films to exhibition. In the interim he has been writing long winded missives to editors felicitating himself upon his success as a purifier.

As a matter of fact, Hays merely bowed to outraged public opinion when the ban was placed upon Arbuckle and in restoring Arbuckle to the films he has endeavored to favorably impress people to again commercialize the big boob and reimburse producers who financed his trial. But while Hays' edict may be final and authoritative with the movie actors, it will not affect the public in the least. Arbuckle offended decency and has not and will not be forgiven. If he or his producers had any sense of the proprieties, they would not attempt to exploit him again. His sun has set as a popular film actor.

Mr. Hays' action in this matter shows that he has no more conception of what the public demands of those it delights to honor, than those crass commercialists who employ him. His appointment in the first place was public admission that producers by their greed in presenting offensive pictures were destroying the industry, as much as the actors by their scandalous orgies, and Mr. Hays was popularly supposed to supply the deficiency in good taste the producers lacked as well as reform the private life of the celluloid stars.

In view of his failure to do both, the question is raised, why Hays? Why pay \$150,000 a year to anyone who senses public opinion so poorly? He was evidently really employed because of his political pull, to head off efforts to censor productions, and the purification part was a gallery play for popularity. The public doesn't need any "czar" to tell it what actors to see—it is simply able to determine that issue for itself. Again, why Hays?

Our New Boss

According to editor E. A. Koen of the Dallas Observer, Tom Neuhausen of Portland, who during the land fraud prosecutions was chief of the federal land agents under W. J. Burns and afterwards prominent in the affairs of the Bull Moose party, is the man who really runs Oregon, makes and unmakes officials, and is the real political boss of the state.

Editor Koen ought to know, for during the recent gubernatorial campaign he was chief publicist and propagandist for the "Federation of Patriotic Societies," and this outfit, along with other secret society combinations, claims to have been responsible for the success of the yellow ticket. Mr. Neuhausen is presumably one of the chiefs of the federation. Neuhausen, says Mr. Koen, is also responsible for electing McNary and Stanfield senators, as well as for electing Pierce governor, which will be news to those of us who do the voting. He is described by his Boswell as a professional politician who accepts consultations, and charges for his advice, whose ear is always to the ground, who has no convictions, and advocates whatever seems popular, but who advises politicians to "stay bought, for even Tammany has respect for the man who stays bought."

Small wonder that Oregon politics are in a demoralized condition when they are commercialized for the money in them by those who have no convictions, yet working through secret organizations, boss the state, and whose chief claim to virtue seems to be that they do not sell out to both sides at the same time.

Along State Street

Many a "joy ride" ends at a telephone pole.

Our idea of a foolish man is one who argues with a woman.

He who can make his "I's" behave is an exceptional ego-tist.

A baby grand costs more than a grand baby, but doesn't last so long.

Some people appear to have cash to pay for everything except their debts.

A boy can learn more in one classroom than a hundred can in a poolroom.

People are more often judged by the money they have than by the money they want.

There is truly no difference between being driven to drink and going to Canada by automobile.

By trying to keep up appearances some people often find it necessary to keep up disappearance later on.

It is funny how a man who is too smart to hunt gas with a lighted match will go right out and step on it.

GRAND JURORS TO PROBE BOMB PLOT

Columbus, Ga., Dec. 28.—The Muscogee county grand jury has convened today to investigate an alleged bomb plot unearthed yesterday which caused the police to place guards around the homes of the five city commissioners, an apartment house and a large factory.

The police was said to be ready to present to the grand jury full details of the so-called plot which they claimed had been formulated to bring about wholesale destruction in this city.

The police say there are 12 men involved in the alleged plot, which included members of the Columbus police department, malcontents, criminals and one or two persons from Alabama cities across the river from here.

ATLANTIC STORM TAKES TWO LIVES

Plymouth, Eng., Dec. 28.—(By Associated Press)—Two fatalities at sea, directly attributable to the terrific storms encountered on the Atlantic during the past week, were reported by vessels reaching this port today.

William Helmes, traveling with his wife and five children on the German steamer Haimon, which arrived from Baltimore, was killed during the voyage when he was thrown to the deck, sustaining a fractured skull. He was buried at sea.

The second mate of the steamer Neotfield, bound from Newfoundland to Bremerhaven was washed overboard and several members of the crew seriously injured while the vessel was laboring in the terrific seas. The Neotfield put in at this port before proceeding to Bremerhaven.

PANTOMIME—By J. H. Striebel

A Chip Off the Old Block



The Regeneration of Malcolm Starmount

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Katie O'Toole
"Are you going back to the camp directly, Mal?" asked Parker rather searchingly.

"Why should I? I haven't tuberculosis. Eddie Devlin is getting along surprisingly. He is practically living on dours and bearing the pain like a little major, all the while insisting upon telling you when he sees you that his feet are on straight. You really should go up and see him, Ted."

"And how is Mary, Mal?"
"Mary is down here for a day or two. You'll be surprised when you see her. I haven't seen her myself yet as she only got in on the afternoon train yesterday and went out early this morning with Miss Jeffries shopping."

"So you see I have really nothing to take me up to the camp."
"Are you sure, Mal? One of the boys at the club the other night said that you had taken another tangle on your hands. A Mrs. Van Eisen and her daughter. From what he said I gathered that the lady had been making herself rather conspicuous and boasting over whatever attention you have been paying her."

"Nothing doing, Ted. Mrs. Van Eisen is all right, but she just won't do, that's all. To tell the truth, I would like to get this mess cleared up some way pretty soon as I am thinking of taking a trip around the world. Want to come with me?"

Ted Parker looked at his friend somewhat solicitously as he wondered what had changed him since he had seen him last. Then he was full of enthusiasm and his whole plan of living clustered around the devils and their future. Now he had evidently tired of the whole business.

Starmount confirmed this opinion by asking: "What are you going to do tonight, Ted?"

"I have really nothing on but I thought perhaps we might drop into the opening of the Winter Garden."

"Oh, does the Winter Garden open tonight? I'll get a couple of seats. Do we know of any girls? We might take a couple of them over to the Little Club for something to eat. I have to feel that Courtney has put the skids under me as far as a good time goes."

"But, Mal, what about Mary? Don't you think she would like to go somewhere tonight? I suspect she has never been inside of a first-class theatre in her life."

"Plenty of time for that and besides I do not think she is well enough to go out tonight. To tell you the truth, Ted, I am rather fed up on being pure and good."

"All right, Mal," acquiesced Parker after a moment's hesitation. "I'm

off now to have your suit postponed if possible."

After Parker had left, Starmount entered his car and drove out into the country for the mere sake of tearing off the miles in a way that would stop him from thinking, but all the while one thought was going round and round his head.

"I cannot understand what she meant by saying she wanted to talk to me if she only wanted to buy some clothes," he kept saying over and over to himself.

He arrived home in time to dress for dinner. Found a note from Ted saying a box had been ordered at the Winter Garden and one of the girls had promised to bring to a supper afterward the new French dancer who had been advertised as the "coming Broadway knockout."

"You will be the observed of all observers," wrote Ted, "at the Little Club and I suspect that is just what you want."

Some way the whole zest had gone out of it, thought Starmount as he passed through the library on his way to his room. All at once in a dark corner he saw Mary curled up on one of the great divans.

She looked particularly fragile and small. Her long black lashes curled against her white cheeks and Starmount involuntarily stepped nearer as he thought he discerned the traces of tears on her sad little face.

As he stood looking down upon her she opened her eyes and a new light came into their somber depths. Out went her thin little blue-veined hands and she gave a little indescribable cry of welcome.

As he touched her fingers he found them cold as ice. "Mary, you have been crying," he accused. All his annoyance had vanished as he looked at her.

"Yes, my lord," she answered meekly. "You see I thought you were not coming back tonight and it seemed so long until tomorrow."

sombody. It's my mother tongue." "There must be another reason," the captain bantered him. "Sure there isn't a girl somewhere along the right of way and you are fearful, if you take the night train, that the porter may fail to waken you in time to wave to her as you go by her station?" Farrel shook his head. "There's another reason, but that isn't it. Captain, haven't you been visualizing every little detail of your home-coming?" "You forgot, Farrel, that I'm a regular army man, and we poor devils get accustomed to being uprooted. I've learned not to build castles in Spain, and I never believe I'm going to get a leave until the old man hands me the order. Even then, I'm always fearful of an order recalling it."

"You're missing a lot of happiness, sir. Why, I really believe I've had more fun out of the anticipation of my home coming than I may get out of the realization. I've planned every detail for months, and, if anything slips, I'm liable to sit right down and bawl like a kid."

"Let's listen to your plan of operations, Farrel," the captain suggested. "I'll never have one myself, in all probability, but I'm child enough to want to listen to yours."

"Well, in the first place, I haven't communicated with my father since landing here. He doesn't know I'm back in California, and I do not want him to know until I drop in on him."

"And your mother, Farrel?" "Died when I was a little chap. No brothers or sisters. Well if I had written him or wired him when I first arrived, he would have had a week of the most damnable suspense, because, owing to the uncertainty of the exact date of our demobilization, I could not have informed him of the exact time of my arrival home. Consequently, he'd have had old Carolina, our cock, dying up nightly fearful quantities of the sort of grub I was raised on. And that would be wasteful. Arvo, he'd sit under the catalpa tree outside the western wall of the hacienda and never take his eyes off the highway from El Toro or the trail from Sespe. And every night after the sun had set and I'd failed to show up, he'd go to bed heavy-hearted. Suspense is hard on an old man, sir."

"On young men, too. Go on."

"Well, I'll drop off the train tomorrow afternoon about four o'clock at a lonely little flag station called Sespe. After the train leaves Sespe it runs southwest for almost twenty miles to the coast, and turns south to El Toro. Nearly everybody enters the San Gregorio from El Toro but, via the short cut trail from Sespe, I can hike it home in three hours and arrive absolutely unannounced and unheralded."

"Now, as I pop up over the mile-high ridge back of Sespe, I'll be looking down on the San Gregorio while the last of the sunlight still lingers there. You see, sir, I'm only looking at an old picture I've always loved. Tucked away down in the heart of the valley, there is an old ruin of a mission—the Mission de la Madre Dolorosa—the Mother of Sorrows. The light will be shining on its dirty white walls and reddened roof, and I'll sit me down in the shade of a manzanita bush and wait, because that's my valley and I know what's coming."

"Exactly at six o'clock, I shall see a figure come out upon the roof of the mission and stand in front of the old gallow-frames on which hang eight chimes that were carried in on mules from the City of Mexico when Junipero Serra planted the cross of Catholicism at San Diego, in 1769. That distant figure will be Brother Flavio, of the Franciscan Order, and the old boy is going to ramp up and down in front of those chimes with a hammer and give me a concert. He'll bang out 'Adeste Fideles' and 'Gloria in Excelsis.' That's a cinch, because he's a creature of habit. Occasionally he plays 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Ave Maria!'"

Farrel paused, a faint smile of amusement fringing his handsome mouth. He rolled and lighted a cigarette and continued:

(To Be Continued.)

Phoenix, Ariz.—Arizona university football team won from Utah Aggies 7 to 6.

YEAR END SALE

Of All

Women's Ready-to-Wear
Children's Coats
And All Furs

at

Big Price Reductions

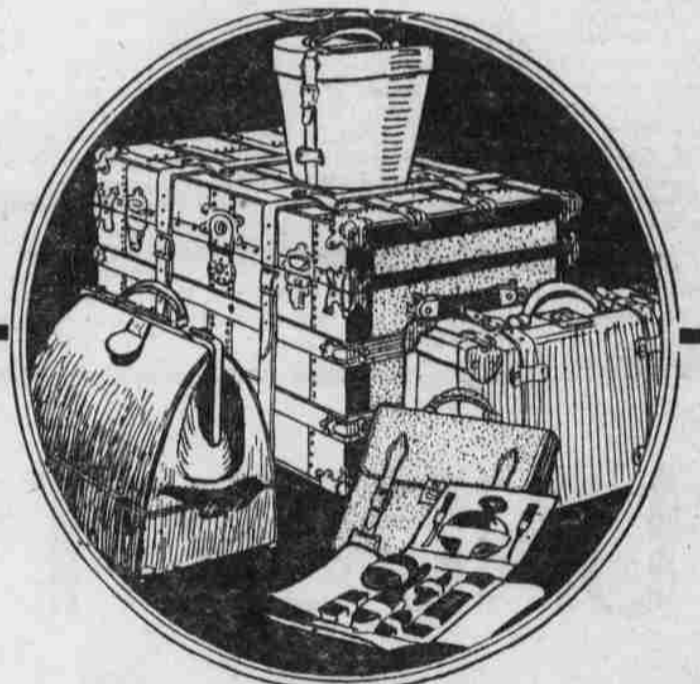
Continues

Every Garment in the House Reduced



Salem Store
466 State Street

Portland Silk Shop
383 Alder Street



AT COST AND LESS

For many good pieces in

THIS SALE

Genuine Leather Handbags

- \$10.00 Black Leather, 14-inch, No. 172 \$4.90
 - \$ 6-00 Black Leather, cloth lined, 16-inch, No. 100 \$4.95
 - \$10.00 Black Leather, leather lined, 16-inch, No. 33 \$7.40
 - \$12.00 Black Leather, cloth lined, 16-inch, No. 302 \$8.70
 - \$16.00 Black Leather, leather lined, 18-inch, No. 125 \$9.80
- Numerous other black bags at prices to correspond.

ANOTHER HAND BAG SACRIFICE

- \$10.00 Tan Leather, leather lined, 16-inch, No. 20 \$7.90
- \$15.00 Tan Leather, leather lined, 18-inch, No. 271 \$12.25
- \$18.00 Tan Leather, leather lined, 18-inch, No. 277 \$13.75

SOME MORE REAL BARGAINS

- \$ 8.25 Chocolate Leather, Karatol lining, 18-inch, No. 861, \$5.70
- \$14.00 Shark grain Leather, leather lining, 16-inch, No. 135 \$10.50
- \$16.00 Shark Grain Leather, leather lining, 18-inch, No. 208 \$12.20

ALSO INCLUDED IN THIS SALE, IS A FULL LINE OF BOSTON BAGS, BRIEF CASES, LEATHER ENVELOPES AND CATALOGUE CASES

See my windows, examine and compare the goods. This is a real Hand Bag Clean Up, which spells economy for those who travel.

MAX O. BUREN, FURNITURE

179 N. Commercial St.

Salem, Ore.

The Pride of Palomar

BY PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Kindred of the Dust," "Cappy Ricks," Etc. (Copyrighted 1921 by Peter B. Kyne, all rights reserved)

"About ten thousand—one to every ten acres. If I could develop water for irrigation in the San Gregorio valley, I could raise alfalfa and hot-feed a couple of thousand more."

"What is the ranch worth?"
"About eight per acre is the average price of good cattle-range nowadays. With plenty of water for irrigation, the valley-land would be worth five hundred dollars an acre. It's as rich as cream, and will grow anything—with water."

"Well, I hope your dad takes a back seat and gives you a free hand, Farrel. I think you'll make good with half a chance."

"I feel that way also," Farrel replied seriously.

"Are you going south tonight?"
"Oh, no. Indeed not! I don't want to go home in the dark, sir! The captain was puzzled. "Because I love my California, and I haven't seen her for two years," Farrel replied, to the other's unspoken query. "It's

been so foggy since we landed in San Francisco I've had a hard job making my way round the Presidio. But if I take the eight-o'clock train tomorrow morning, I'll run out of the fog-belt in forty-five minutes and be in the sunshine for the remainder of the journey. Yes, by Jupiter—and for the remainder of my life!"

"MARY CATCHES EVERY-THING"

How often mothers worry needlessly when an epidemic of contagious cough is in the neighborhood or serious throat ills threaten! Even if your child contracts illness easily BINZ Bronchi-Lyptus, given in time will protect against contagion. Never be without it!

"NIP IT IN THE BUD WITH BINZ PRODUCTS"

TRY YOUR DRUGGIST FIRST