

Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

Drys Admit Failure

The exhaustive report covering the survey of prohibition and its enforcement by the research and education department of the Federal Council of Churches, is a frank admission that prohibition so far has been a failure, a recognition that it is opposed by business men generally, as well as popular majorities in many states, an acknowledgement of an "unfavorable and disquieting trend" since 1920 in the social consequences, and a belief that a supreme test is now faced, with the final outcome in doubt. It is a confession that unless public opinion can be called to its support, Volsteadism is doomed.

The report asserts that while conditions in the homes of the poor have improved under prohibition, which it admits may be due to higher wages and increased prosperity, drinking among young people has also increased and general respect for law decreased. Intemperance has shown "very decided and fairly consistent increase" since 1920, with an increase in deaths from alcoholism. It continues:

Crime statistics indicate a rapid increase in violations of law, chiefly of the misdemeanor class, but it is "gratuitous" to blame prohibition, and "all that can be asserted is that prohibition has thus far not prevented an increase in such offenses." Available information indicates that in settlement neighborhoods there is less drinking and family life has improved under prohibition but that the law nevertheless is widely violated and "the bootlegger is getting rich."

Much hope is expressed that the recent prohibition reorganization may work out a solution of the problem but "the favorable and encouraging trend which began several years before 1920 has been reversed since that year" and while there is "ground for hope that we are turning the corner, there is no basis for assurance."

While palliating and soft peddling the deleterious effects of prohibition, which has filled our jails and made us a nation of lawbreakers and hypocrites, the report is evidently preparatory to a change of front by the churches and a return to the abandoned pre-war advocacy of temperance, which has nothing in common with prohibition, itself a form of intemperance.

The church report is the first admission by organized supporters of the cause that prohibition is not 100 percent perfect and has not brought the millennium. It is a recognition of conditions as they exist. If presented from any other sources, it would be shouted down as emanating from emissaries of the demon rum, for it has been the custom of prohibitionists to answer criticism with abuse and vilification, but truth will out, in spite of mufflers.

A Barbaric Show

When it comes to sheer cruelty to man and beast, to wonton brutality and barbaric appeal to brutishness, no show on earth beats the Pendleton Round-up. In comparison, the banned bull-fights of Spain and Mexico are humane events and the much denounced prize-fight a mild and gentle affair.

The arena offers plenty of thrills, much as the gladiatorial shows of the Romans. A mass of frenzied wild horses plunge, bite, buck and rear, hurling riders through the air, falling and crushing them, crazed steers dash madly about the arena to be roped and hurled violently to earth with their necks broken when some hero bites the animals nose, while the banda blare, the spectators yell and pandemonium rules.

The report of yesterday's events relates:
A bucking horse toppled backward crushing beneath its weight a cowboy; a rider was smashed in the wild horse race; a colored cowboy injured in a bullhogging contest; a fancy rider thrown while doing a stunt; a couple of punchers were unhorsed in the relay race. The injured were carried out on stretchers, the maimed animals slain.

Four hours a day of these events going on at the same time like a three ring circus for four days—and yet no protest from those who consider a boxing match brutal and penalize cruelly to animals. The moral is, that if you want to be brutal to man and beast, commercialize it on a large scale, sell it at a fancy price and receive immunity.

The Jewish New Year

The Jewish people will on Friday evening, September the eighteenth, enter their houses of worship, to usher in their Rosh Hashanah, or New Year, 5686, which marks the beginning of the cycle of sacred observances that during the month of Tishri, the seventh month of the Jewish calendar. While every New Moon, in ancient times, was greeted by the sounds of the Shofar (trumpet), the seventh month or New Moon, coming after six months of work in the field, was welcomed with religious exercises as a month of rest and recreation by the agricultural inhabitants of Palestine. (Numbers 3, 19.)

The Jewish New Year is known by different names, and each expresses something of its spiritual significance. Numbers xix, 1, designates it as "The Day of Blowing the Trumpet (Shofar)." New Year occurs in the autumn, when the falling leaf and fading flower turn man's mind to serious reflection, and sounds the admonitory message: "Awake, and ponder your deeds; remember your creator, return to Him in penitence. Do not of those who reach out after shadows, and waste years seeking vain things which cannot profit or delight. Look well to your souls and consider your acts; forsake each of you his evil ways and thoughts, and return to God, that He may have mercy upon you."

Rosh Hashanah is also known as the Day of Memorial, the day of Judgment, of self-examination. Tradition tells us that on this Day the Ruler of life weighs the doings of man, and allots to each his destiny, as it were, for the

FIRE CHIEFS IN SESSION

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 18.—Six hundred delegates to the convention of the Pacific Coast Association of Fire Chiefs, including 200 experts in salvage, lubrication and machinery, are expected to converge on this city Monday, when the 22nd annual gathering of the organization is to begin. The convention is to last until Thursday.

READ WANT ADS

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

THE ELUSIVE MR. HEWITT

Patricia wandered about the dining room while her brother-in-law telephoned various clubs in an attempt to locate Gregory Hewitt. Outwardly calm, inwardly she was in a panic. Luck was with her. Keith came back to the dining room presently, thoroughly disgusted.

"Can't get a line on him at all," he grumbled. "Either nobody knows where he's staying, or he's 'sun all fixed.' Pat, are you sure you don't know where you could get in touch with him? It's important, you know. Try to think."

"I haven't the faintest idea," she told him truthfully. "His office address is the only one I know, and of course he wouldn't be there on Sunday."

Keith settled down morosely with the Sunday paper, and Carol departed for the nursery, with Patricia wandering after her.

"After the baby has his bath couldn't you and I go for a walk, dear?" she asked, as Carol settled herself in a chair where she could watch the very capable nurse bathing the heir of the family.

"Oh, I have lots of things to do after that, Patsy," protested Carol. "Things for baby, you know, and then Keith—"

"Keith's going to play golf; he said so at breakfast," Patricia reminded her. "And there's not a bit of sense in your staying around the house, Carol, when you ought to be outdoors. Besides, I'm used to taking more exercise than I get here; I can't stand it not to walk or ride or do something."

"I wish I could go with you, but

I just can't," Carol answered, adding vaguely, "There's such loads for me to do."
"But with all your servants—"
Patricia began, but was cut short. "If you'd ever managed a big house and looked after a baby, you'd realize what responsibility it is! Why, Keith would think I'd gone mad if I went out in the middle of the morning!"

"But doesn't he want you to be a companion for him? Wouldn't he like it if you arranged things so that you would be with him more during the day? Why don't you play golf with him?"
"I've told you he likes to play with the men."

"Carol, for goodness sake open your eyes! He plays with Isobel Blake all the time, and you know it! Either you're awfully lazy or you're rather less intelligent than you used to be before you were married." Patricia took advantage of the momentary absence of the nurse to remark, "I would teach Keith to like to play golf with me, if I were you."

"Keith knows what he wants to do," answered Carol with dignity. "And he plays with Isobel because she plays such a wonderful game. She was western woman's champion last year."

"And you came near being the year before you were married," Patricia retorted. "But, of course, it's your affair. Forgive me, dear; I have no right to make suggestions or find fault with you. You must do things your own way, just as I do them in mine. But you see, my husband and I are so close to each other. I know so much about his business affairs, and real-

ly am able to help him so much, that it seems strange to me for you not to be with Keith more."

"Speaking of helping a man, I do wish that you'd try to get in touch with Gregory Hewitt today, Patsy," Carol remarked after a moment. "Keith really wants to see him, you know, and since you know him so well—"

"But I don't know him well—that is, not really," protested Patricia, feeling rather guilty as she remembered Hewitt's ardent words of the night before. Evidently he felt that he knew her fairly well, at least. "And if I knew where to reach him, I'd do it, but I don't. Why doesn't Keith just go to see him at the office tomorrow?"

"He tried that yesterday, and Mr. Hewitt was too busy to see him—you know that. And then, too, it would make such a difference seeing him here at home. Things like that do make a difference, Patricia; you may not realize it, but they do."

Patricia groaned. Not realize it, when Andrew had dined it into her ears ever since their marriage! How many hundreds of times had he had her arrange dinners or luncheons or other kinds of entertainment for just that very reason. "What a relief it would be to be married to a man who never wanted to conciliate anybody!" she thought. And a little inner voice retorted, "Then why not encourage Gregory Hewitt? If he thought you cared for him he could arrange a divorce somehow for himself, and one for you—and then you could be married to him, and never have to try to make things pleasant for any man but him again! He's powerful enough not to need help!"

She shivered and turned sharply away from the window from which she had been staring out across the golf links. "I think I'll go for a walk," she said. "I wish you'd come along."

The ringing of the telephone

jangled across her words. Panic again! Hewitt had said he'd phone—if he did it now, she'd have to ask him out, so that Keith could talk business to him! Husband taming again, this time for a brother-in-law!

Tomorrow—A Siren in Action.

Free to Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of a Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as chronic Asthma or hay fever you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma or hay fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent" smokes, etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense, that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

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Send free trial of your method to:

LEGALS

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

WE, the undersigned incorporators of the Oregon Linnen Mills, Inc., hereby call a meeting of the stockholders in the capital stock of said corporation to be held at the rooms of the Salem chamber of commerce in Salem, Oregon, on the 24th day of September, 1925, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m. for the purpose of organizing said company, electing a board of directors, adopting by-laws and transacting such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

E. M. PAGE,
T. A. LIVESLEY,
T. M. HICKS.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of an execution issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Marion, on the 28th day of August, 1925, in favor of F. N. Dorsey, Harb Rogers and George Granthorst, referees, and against J. E. Shaveland as plaintiff and the following described premises to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the west line of Front street in the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, 150 feet south of the southeast corner of lot number two (2) in block number ten (10), Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon; thence southerly 110 feet to the northeast corner of lot number three (3) in block number one (1) in said Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon; thence southerly along the east bank of the Willamette river 116 feet, more or less, to a point which is 6 feet perpendicular distance north of the north line of block number one (1) Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon; thence east, parallel with the north line of said block to the place of beginning,

and being located in Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, in the sum of \$44.83, and Anna S. Shaveland as defendant and the following described premises to-wit:

Beginning at the southeast corner of lot number two (2) in block number ten (10), Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon running thence south 150 feet along the east line of Front street in the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon; thence westerly and parallel to the south line of lot number two (2) in Compton's First addition number one (1) to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, to the east bank of the Willamette river; thence northerly along the east bank of said Willamette river 150 feet, more or less, to a point; thence easterly along the south line of lots number seven and two (7 and 2) in said block number ten (10), Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, to the place of beginning, and being located in said Compton's First addition to the city of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, in the sum of \$59.57. I have levied upon and will sell at public auction on Saturday the 3rd day of October, 1925, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the west court house door in Salem, Marion county, state of Oregon all the right, title and interest which the said plaintiff, J. E. Shaveland and the defendant, Anna S. Shaveland, had on or after the 5th day of November, 1924, the date of the decree, in or to the real premises heretofore described, terms of sale, cash, unless bid in by the plaintiff.

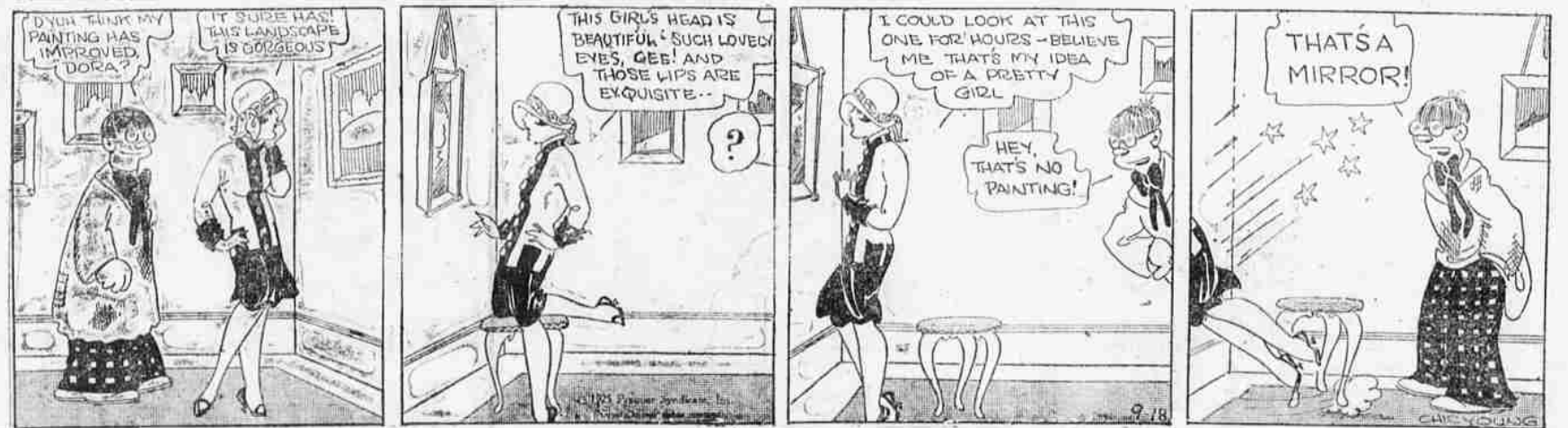
Dated at Salem, Oregon, this 4th day of September, 1925.

O. D. BOWER,
Sheriff of Marion County.

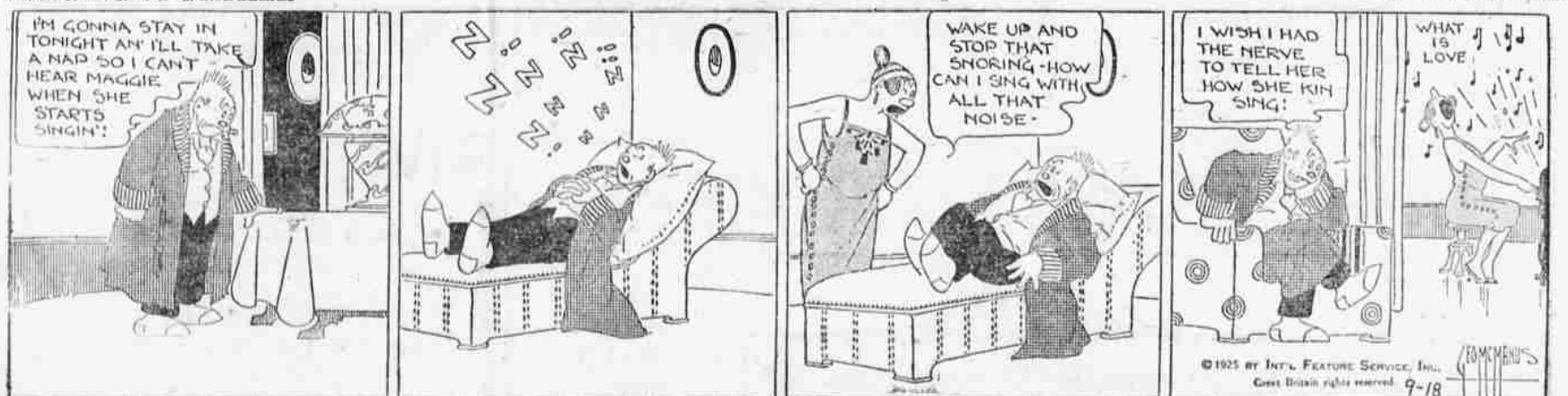
Plainfield, N. J.—August Lagren, 52, is honeymooning with Alice Lagren, 18, whom he adopted 12 years ago before his wife died. The adoption was rescinded recently.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

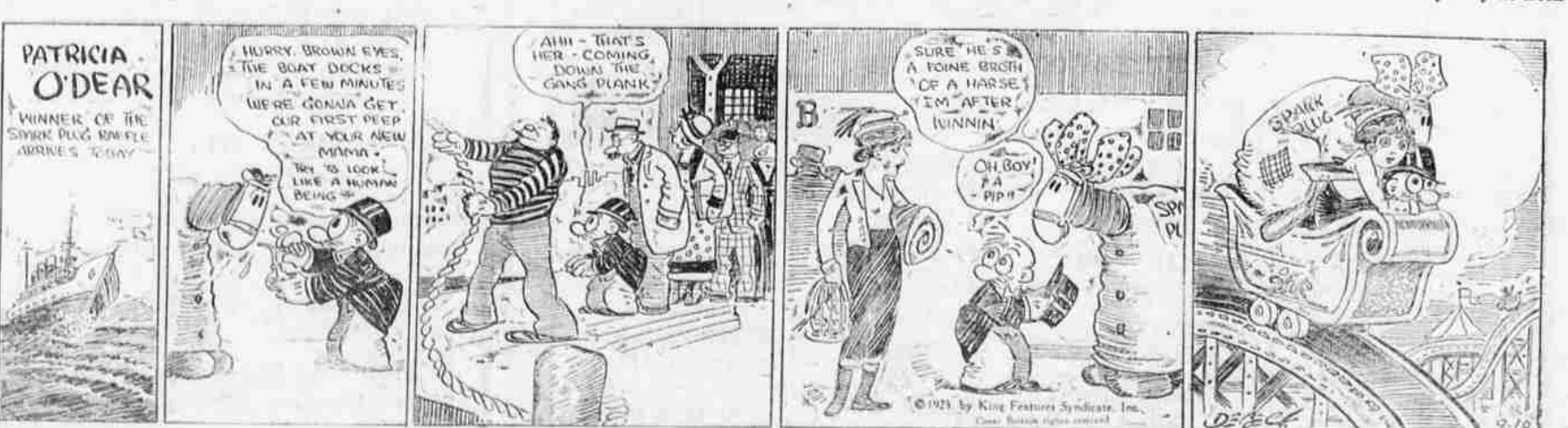


BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE



Sparky's New Mama Wins More Than a Horse

By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF



Jeff Cleans Up \$390 On His Deal in Horse Flesh.

By Bud Fisher