

# Capital Journal

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

## Dryness Out of Wetness

How dryness comes out of wetness as well as good out of evil is succinctly set forth by Senator Robert N. Stanfield, the wet statesman who votes dry, as an aftermath of the interesting exhibition he staged on a recent Sunday afternoon when some mean minion of the law pinched him for drunkenness. His stenographer was at the time feeding him in a Baker cafe, a performance evidently not sanctioned under eastern Oregon laws of hospitality, where it is permissible to feed babies in public but not United States senators.

The stars that Stanfield saw when the Baker policeman cracked his nut with a gun, were so bright that he mistook them for a great light. Convinced of the error of his way, Stanfield has put the demon rum behind him and promised to sin no more; he has donned the white robe of parched puritanical purity and joined the front ranks of the ex-tanks enrolled among the "militant drys" of the Anti-Saloon League.

The senator who fell victim to the laws he passed to regulate the other fellow, thus describes the miracle of his desiccation:

What is it that these political enemies would like to have the people of my native state believe of me? They would like to spread the belief that I am opposed to prohibition enforcement, despite the fact that my entire voting record on that question both in the Oregon legislature and in the United States senate, gives testimony to the contrary. Very well, then, I accept the challenge and I shall henceforth not only continue to vote for prohibition enforcement but I shall militantly uphold it as actively as the most pronounced "dry." \* \* \* The best defense to the charge that a man drinks in the conviction in the minds of the people that the man so charged never drinks on any occasion. This reputation will be my answer hereafter to any repetition or attempted repetition of the Baker affair.

I am sure that the persons who involved me in the unpleasant publicity that attended the affair two weeks ago at Baker little thought that the ultimate result of their unworthy effort would be to make a militant dry out of me. That was probably the thought that was farthest removed from their minds. Nevertheless, that is exactly the result that they have accomplished. And, as I think it over, I find myself saying, "Well, I am glad of it." And so, as I said before, good has come out of evil.

In this remarkable effusion, Senator Stanfield, after crying frame-up and denying drunkenness, virtually admits the truth of the charges against him, promises to reform, to dry himself up as well as dry others up hereafter. The treatment he received seems rather crude, but to have been quite effective. Now if other wet statesmen that vote dry are cracked over the head publicly, he may have plenty of company on the mourner's bench.

In spite of Stanfield's frantic efforts to win dry support, the Anti-Saloon League has announced that it will oppose his candidacy. His announcement that he will hereafter be a militant dry has lost him the support of those opposed to prohibition without conciliating the offended drys. Playing both ends against the middle exposes his insincerity and leaves him without support worthy of the name—a fate that ought to overtake all hypocrites in public office. At any rate, there will be many dry eyes at Stanfield's political funeral, which threatened at one time to be a wake.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

**A BITTER CUP**  
Gregory Hewitt put through his plans with haste that astonished Patricia, and left even Keith reeling. What impressed her even more than the way in which he juggled his business affairs, however, was the fact that he convinced Carol that she could leave the baby at home with his corps of nurses, and go jaunting off to the Pacific coast without worrying about him.

Two weeks rushed by, weeks full of events but not of interest for Patricia, although she seemed full of zest to the others. Keith had but little time nowadays for Isabel Drake; he was busily arranging his affairs so that he could be free to go on the momentous western trip. There were luncheons at the club and at the various charming homes that made up the club colony, women's luncheons, at which the guests frankly envied Carol and Patricia. There were dinners and dances where Patricia was the center of the interest, knowing of her friendship with Gregory Hewitt, the man flocked about her although they would not have admitted it, they wanted to know what this young woman was like who could interest so influential a man as he was.

But to Patricia it was agony and sorrow. Andy had called her of his arrival, but he hadn't written. Linda Boyce had, however—a long, newsy letter, written on airplane paper, had come from her, enclosing a snapshot of Andy. It was an excellent likeness of him, standing against the rail, his cap in his hand the collar of his big, loose overcoat turned up as protection against the wind. It was also an excellent likeness of Linda Boyce, who stood on one side of him with an arm through his, and a very pretty blonde girl who stood on his other side, also with an arm through his. All three were laughing. Patricia wept bitterly over it and tore it in halves, and then had patched them together again. "This is just what I need," she told herself. "I've got to stop worrying and be sensible. Andy and I had our romance, and now it's over. He's got to have a wife who can stand the constant round of entertaining that he likes. I can't stand it. If he'd really been the man I thought he was, he'd have wanted a home and children too—I've got to remember that I married a real man, not my ideal one." But she slept with the kodak picture beneath her pillow. Some-

times she could forget the two women it showed, and when she looked at it during the night by the light of the lamp on the bedside table, could see only his beloved face.

It was only when she was with the ache at her heart. His personality was so dominating, so winning, that no woman could well think of anyone but him when he was with her.

He made no further reference to his hope of marrying her, realizing that to do so would mean her swift withdrawal from him. He was content to let that wait until he could come to her with definite plans. And Patricia, hoping that he had abandoned the idea, took what happiness she could find as the days whirled swiftly past her, and wrote carefully worded letters to Andrew telling him of Hewitt's promise to retain him as his attorney a little later, telling of Keith's plans for the western trip.

He never kept her from writing him, what she wanted to say, kept her from telling him how much she loved him, and begging him to let her join him.

But she was glad when at last the day of departure arrived, and she and Carol and Keith joined Gregory Hewitt at the railway station, and were escorted into his private car.

Patricia was delighted with her restoration, and exclaimed it eagerly while Hewitt stood in the doorway smiling.

"Like it?" she asked, as she turned to him happily.

"Oh, it's adorable. I've never seen anything half so nice in yacht or private cars or anywhere like that."

"I'm so glad. You see, I had it redecorated especially for you," he told her gravely. "I'm superstitious, you know, and I wanted to have things all new for you, to make this a year beginning, without any of the past hanging over it."

She turned away sharply, frowning the rows that filled a bowl on the dressing table.

"I get what I want always, Patricia," he added, and the door closed softly behind him.

Dinner was served in the long room at the end of the car that was living room and dining room both; afterward they played bridge and Patricia sang negro spirituals and little French songs, accompa-

ing herself on the piano. Now that they had started at last, had begun this new adventure, she had resolved to take whatever came. Andy didn't want her—she could cling to that now. She had torn up the kodak picture of him and thrown it away before she started. After all, she could stop at Reno on the way home, if she liked—and if Andrew was really willing to let her go. One must accept modern life as it came—"ill death do us part" was being crowded out of the marriage ceremony nowadays. Tomorrow—Hewitt. Looks Ahead.

## ARKANSAS RIVER COURSE CHANGED BY ENGINEERS

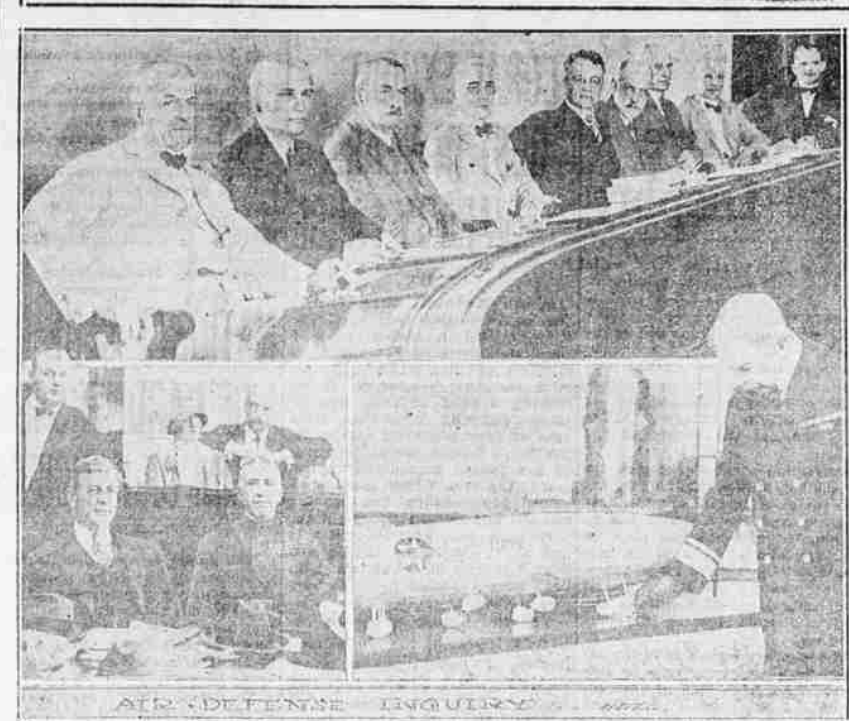
Pueblo, Colo.—Man's battle has been won against the turbulent Arkansas river which in June, 1924, overflowed its banks in an angry flood, wreaking \$20,000,000 damage on the surrounding countryside and taking a hundred lives.

The river has been turned recently from its old natural channel into a man-made passageway, lined with concrete levees, and now, according to engineers, there will be no recurrence of the devastating flood disaster.

## JAP EXPERT TO TEACH RICE EATING IN U. S.

Tokyo, Japan.—Dr. K. Sugimoto, a rice expert attached to the Tokyo nutrition laboratory, one of the three special scholars of the Rockefeller foundation, said that one of his missions abroad would be to teach the people of the United States "how to eat rice." He has been making a special study of the nutritive value of rice for the past five years and has experimented on 30 persons.

## President Seeks Air Defense Facts



While President Coolidge's board at the capital delved into the air defense of the nation, the naval inquiry to determine responsibility for the loss of the Shenandoah opened at Lakehurst, N. J. At the top is the Aircraft Board, Messrs. Parker, Bingham, Fletcher, Denison, Morrow, Durand, Harbord, Coffin and Vincent. At the left, below, is Acting Secretary of War Davis, seated next to Gen. Hines. He was the first witness. At the right is Admiral Jones, examining a model of the Shenandoah that is being used in the Lakehurst inquiry.

## Open Forum

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor: A friend of mine has sent me your paper of the 19th inst. I have read the Shating Rink news story and the Persecutions of Pierce editorial and as an citizen of Oregon, I thank you for both. Your course should be approved by all decent citizens. There is no difference between office holders and other people, only some office holders think there is. If Walter was ever sensible, office holding has certainly made a great fool, in certain ways, of him. I have been saying, for the time he has been occupied in the state's business, we have been paying at the rate of \$20,000 per year and your news story proves my statements correct.

An able, fearless, conscientious newspaper man is a wealth to a community. For your exposure of the extravagance, wastefulness and neglect of duty of the governor, all thinking men should admire you.

Yours very truly,  
L. L. SWAN.

Abney, Sept. 22

## UNEARTH THIRD WALL AROUND JERUSALEM

Jerusalem.—Part of the wall enclosing Jerusalem built by Arippa, one of the last Jewish kings, and destroyed by Titus, has been unearthed recently. About 60 yards of the wall, some four yards in thickness, have been uncovered by the Jewish exploration society.

## RAID ON MOONSHINERS BIG AFFAIR IN IRELAND

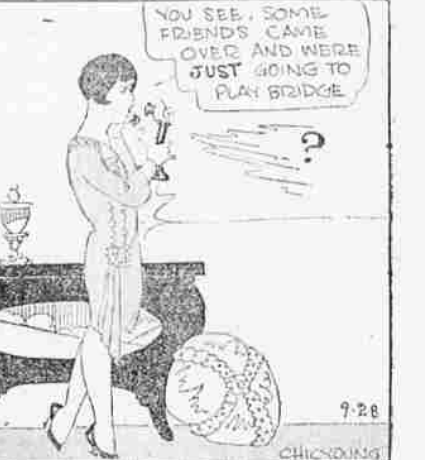
Belfast, Ireland.—Moonshiners in the south of Ulster have lost the protection, which formerly was accorded them by the border line, across which they used to tilt when hard pressed on one side or the other.

The Ulster constabulary under command of Inspector Robinson, and the Monaghan civic guards, under Chief Superintendent Murphy, recently carried out a joint raid on an 18-mile front. It was the first time the rival police forces have co-operated in such a manner. Together they carried on their activities for eight hours and thoroughly routed the stills.

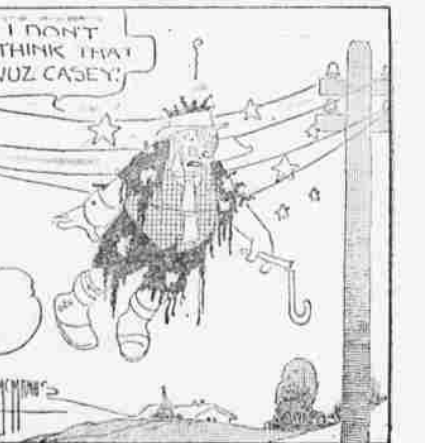
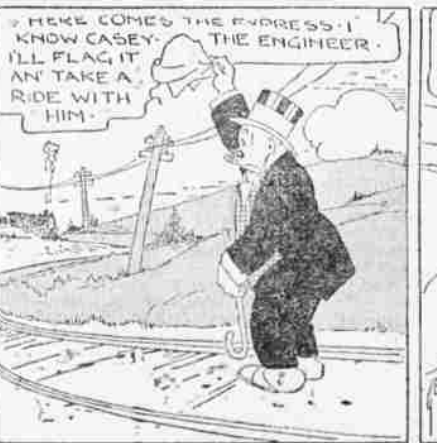
## IRISH WIRELESS PLANTS GO

Dublin, Ireland.—The two great Irish wireless stations at Clifden County Galway, and at Ballyhannon County Kerry, are being dismantled and sold in lots or broken up for scrap. Clifden, during the Irish fighting, was destroyed by the irregulars.

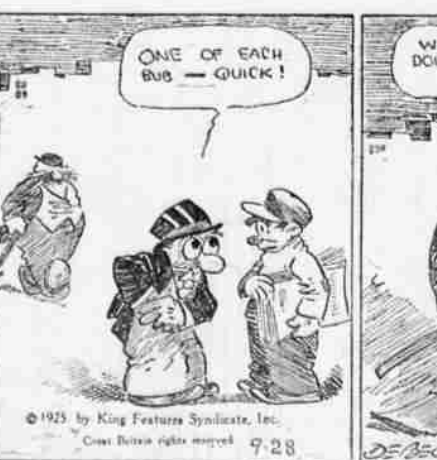
## DUMB DORA



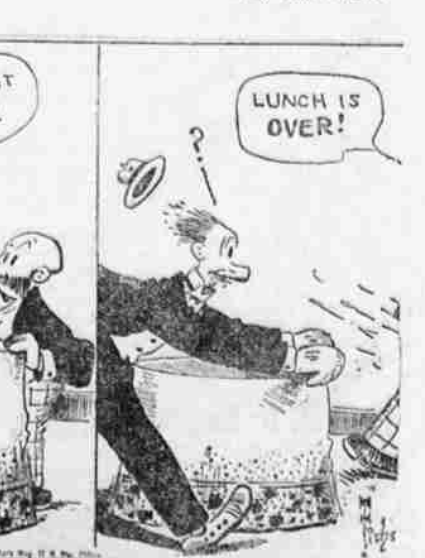
## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE



## MUTT AND JEFF



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By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Bud Fisher