

Capital Journal

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

S. O. S. for Sunday

Evidently all is not going well with Billy Sunday's campaign to save Portland. In fact the metropolis greets this chance of going to heaven with the customary lethargy she receives all new opportunities. Despite the slap-back circus in slang and the daily brow-beating of the devil, the community seems as hell-bent as ever.

Distress signals are flying and S. O. S. calls multiplying. That great religious organ, the Portland Journal calls upon "the substantial business interests" to come to the rescue and "get back of Billy Sunday, do it undividedly, and do it now. A great business leader in the imperative affairs of souls is here. He deserves a united following."

"A great business leader in the imperative affairs of souls "is good, for saving souls seems a matter of business, nowadays. Yet Mr. Sunday failed to take ordinary business precautions in coming to Portland. He took a chance on having whole-hearted support, for there had been many strong protests against his coming. Less than one-eighth of the money promised had been raised (about the same proportion of the promised quota that Portland subscribed to the Salem linen mill) and as slap-bang salvation depends on dollars, every meeting has witnessed an appeal for cash.

The success or failure of a sensational, hysterical religious revival depends almost wholly upon the revivalist. If Billy Sunday with his thoroughly organized staff, cannot arouse the sinners to repentance, there must be something the matter with the arouser. But we do not think this any reflection upon Portland, on the other hand rather complimentary. It indicates that Portland ranks higher in intelligence than those benighted cities that a Sunday can turn upside down.

A Chance for Genius

A news dispatch from Stockholm, Sweden, states that instead of fouling streams, the waste from Swedish paper mills will henceforth be utilized to keep dust out of the air, for the sulphite lye, which the pulp mills of Sweden have poured away as worthless waste, is mixed with lime water, to make it less soluble in rain, and used on the roads. City authorities are buying the sulphite lye by the carloads as a dust binding material.

This opens a wonderful field for our own paper mill. If the waste now used to discolor the river and pollute the water can be used to prevent dust from flying and grass from growing on unpaved streets and roads, it will not only convert a waste into a profitable by-product, but save our fish as well as our roads. Perhaps a way may be found to sprinkle also the cinders they shower over the city and keep the soot out of the air.

A still greater possibility looms before the inventive geniuses in control of the mill—they might perfect a method of extracting the sulphur from the fumes that stifle the community with and secure another valuable by-product, or use it to increase the strength of the dust-layer—either a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

HER HUSBAND'S ULTIMATUM

The next few days Patricia was only vaguely conscious of what was going on around her. She would hear scraps of whispered consultations and then she would be moved—by wagon, by motor finally by train. There was no pain; only a sort of numbness and heaviness, broken occasionally by the sympathetic flutterings of Carol and the tender solicitude of Hewitt.

But the doctor never allowed them around her long, saying the least disturbance tended to make her nervous, and Pat couldn't help smiling as she realized how she took advantage of this chance to be alone.

A day out of Chicago she found that she was able to sit up and take an interest in the scenes they were passing through. The doctor let her sit up and eat with her while in her dressing room, and to entertain the attention he and his wife telegraphed about and had flowers awaiting her at every stop.

"I'll waive that never heard of orphans in Abbotsville," Keith insisted, "until Hewitt ordered them."

"Thought there must be a royal funeral on the train," Hewitt added laughing, "as the whole town came down to get a peep at it."

Patricia liked the way he disclaimed all honor of drawing a crowd of curious people to the station to see him and his magnificent private car. She liked many things about him; how unfortunate that she did not love him.

She thought a great deal about Andrew during that trip. She couldn't give him up, but yet she couldn't go back to things as they were. She wished that there were some way that she could send a message to him. If he only knew of her accident he would come to her. And yet she couldn't ask Hewitt to do it for her. He had done so much for her—and he believed, of course, that she and Andrew were hopelessly estranged.

She wondered a few days later as she languidly surveyed the rooftops from the sun parlor of the hospital where she had been taken if that were not true? Each day when Carol came she looked up hopefully, but there was no word from Andrew.

ON THE AIR

MONDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 481.5—7:45-9:15, M. J. lecture, courtesy Ode, Worman & Kling; 9:15-10:00, Ogilvie, nationally-known hair and scalp specialist; 9-9, concert presenting Carolyn Whitney, violinist, and Mrs. John L. Dwyer, mezzo-soprano; 9:10, concert, courtesy Hudson-Emmett orchestra and Johnny Silverator, soloist.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361-67—7 P. M., dinner concert; 8, "The Growth of Life-Saving in the U. S.," L. E. Palmer; "Physical Culture for the Family," Hugh Barrett; "Dancing," "A Moving Local World Through Effective Public Speaking," Kenneth Lloyd Williams.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.2-3:40 P. M., Waldemar Lind orchestra; 7:20-8, Rudy Selzer's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-9, U. S. 30th Infantry band; 8:10, Uda Wallace, organist; 10-11, Waldemar Lind orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 447-7—7 P. M., California Serenaders; 8, Albin trio; 9, string quartet; 10, Waxman program.

TUESDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 481.5—11-8 P. M., 10:15, courtesy Hudson-Emmett & Loan association; "Smoking Funds," by George P. Simpson; 8-9, educational hour, music by KGW concert choir; 9:15-10:15, "The Portland Orchestra," by Eugene J. Yarnall; 10:15-11, "The Portland Orchestra," by Eugene J. Yarnall; 10:15-11, "The Portland Orchestra," by Eugene J. Yarnall.

KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361-617—7 P. M., dinner concert; W. H. Allen & KGO Little Symphony orchestra; Waldemar Lind orchestra; 9:20, Radio brasses; R. C. B.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.2-8:40 P. M., Waldemar Lind orchestra; 7:20-8, Rudy Selzer's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8-9, Pearl Hazenok Whitney; 8-10, Russian music; 10-11, Jack Costley's Catholics.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 447-7—7 P. M., Polar Bear orchestra; 8, Examiner program; 9, violin recital; 10, Packard ballad hour.

the pillows, her eyes wet with tears.

Not a word of endearment from him—and Andrew wasn't a man to economize just because of a heavy cable rate. No, he was giving her orders to return. This was his ultimatum, she saw clearly enough; she could come back now to things as they were, or stay away.

"What does it say?" Carol broke in on her muddled train of thought to ask. "Can't I send an answer for you? Wait a minute and I'll get a pencil and paper and take it down. Did Andrew get my cablegram about your accident? I sent one to his hotel in London," she babbled on as unconcernedly as though her sister's house were not falling down on her head, with this emblematic keystone that would hold it up or let it crash.

"Just cable that I cannot meet him in New York," Pat instructed her, "and don't say why. I'll explain everything in a letter so that he will get it on his arrival."

"But, Patricia, what are you going to do. You don't seem very happy married to Andrew, and yet I don't believe you really want to marry Gregory Hewitt? Forgive me for intruding, but I would as like to help. Keith and I are so happy that I just cannot bear to think—"

With a wry smile Pat surveyed Carol transformed from the little sparrow of a few weeks before to a moody, alert looking girl. Keith was attentive to her nowadays. Why was it she could influence other men as much and yet not her own husband?

And as Carol left her, Pat sunk back in the pillows of her wheelchair prayerfully thanking Providence that she was physically unable to get up and go to meet Andrew. For she knew that it was an unwise thing to do—and yet she wanted so much to go.

Tomorrow—Someone to Think About.

Use of Confessional In Catholic Churches Confirmed by Pastor

A defense of the custom of the confessional in the Catholic church was made by Rev. J. R. Buck, pastor of St. Joseph's church of Salem, in his sermon Sunday morning.

Following the custom of the Catholic church, the pastor took his sermon from the gospel of the day, which was the 18th Sunday after Pentecost (Matt. IX, 1-8). The text was, "Why do you think evil in your hearts? Whether it is easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise and walk?'"

Rev. Mr. Buck said the same cry was raised today when people "doubt the institution and efficacy of the confessional." He swept aside with a few words ideas emphasizing the power of binding and loosing, as mentioned in Matt. XVI, and when he conferred this power on the apostles, as set forth in Matt. XVIII.

What Father Buck regarded as the strongest proof of all he quoted from John XX, 21-23, a passage describing how Jesus, after His resurrection, came to His apostles in His glorified body and said to them, "Peace be to you. As I shall, \$25,000.

Contrary to a large number of erroneous opinions," he said, "the confessional was the strongest lever for good the world has ever known. Confession is natural, and thousands of wrongs have been righted through its influence, for if a penitent has wronged his neighbor, all must be made right before he can be absolved from his sin. Even the idle gossip of the thoughtless is a matter to be made right."

The pastor closed his text from Second Corinthians V, 18-20, "God hath reconciled us to Himself through Christ, and gives to us the ministry of reconciliation—For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors; God, as it were, exhorting through us."

NAME KEENAN AS CHAPLAIN FOR STATE PRISON

Rev. T. V. Keenan, pastor of the new St. Vincent de Paul parish in North Salem, was today elected by the state board of control as Catholic chaplain for the boys' training school and the state penitentiary, succeeding Rev. J. R. Buck, pastor of St. Joseph's church of Salem, who resigned today.

For some years Father Keenan has been assistant at St. Paul's church. Father Keenan at once entered a protest at the board against the manner of conducting religious services at the boys' school whereby the Catholic and the Protestant chaplains conduct alternate general Sunday services at the school without segregation of Catholic and Protestant boys. His objection was that the method gave no opportunity for instructing Catholic boys in the Catholic faith.

An agreement was reached whereby the general services will be conducted as in the past, but additional time given the Catholic chaplain following his general service in which to instruct the Catholic boys at the school.

The board today further threatened the petition of labor union representatives for a readjustment of engineers' wages at the state institutions. It is probably that the board will give the superintendents authority to adjust individual cases, but not order a general revision of wages. In the meantime they are instructed to ascertain the scale of wages paid at the institutions of other states.

Rev. Mr. Keenan said, "The subject of Rev. Mr. Clarke's sermon was 'Christian Certainty.' It took his text from Luke 1-1, 'That then mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed.'"

Raising the question "Of what may the Christian be certain?" the pastor went on to cite "some of the things about which he is as indubitably certain as he is of his own existence."

"The Christian is certain that the Bible is the word of God," he said. "It is an inspired book. It is God given. Paul said, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' Peter said, 'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' What the writers of the Old and New Testaments say is from God. Whether they recite the mysteries of the past, more ancient than the creation, or those of the future, more distant than the coming of the Son of Man; whether they speak of the deep things of the heart or of the tender emotions

Duty of Christians To Herald Certainties Declares Rev. Clarke

"Certainty brings rest; uncertainty brings unrest," declared Rev. M. C. Clarke, pastor of the Free Methodist church of Salem, in his regular morning sermon yesterday. "Doubt brings anxiety; anxiety fear and fear takes away from us all happiness."

"Others may proclaim to the world their doubts," he continued. "It is for the Christian to proclaim to the world certainties. Others may go through the world burdened with anxieties and oppressed with fear; the Christian goes through the world free from all anxiety and free from all fear."

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"When the eternal spirit comes and abides in the heart the great fact of his presence with Christ, the doubts are gone, fears are departed and peace that passeth all understanding takes full possession of the soul. Blessed certainties!"

NEW INCORPORATIONS
The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday with the state incorporation department: Frank Brown & Sons, Inc., Carlton; incorporators, Frank Brown, F. A. Brown, Ronald W. Brown; capital, \$7500; agriculture and live stock.

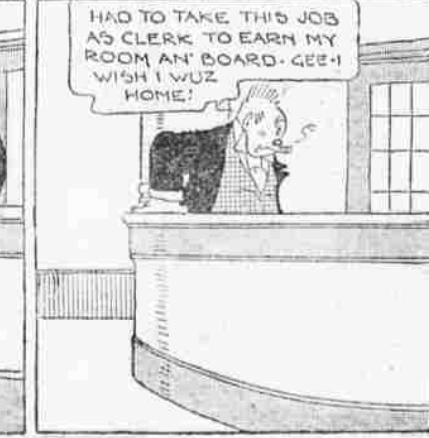
Oregon State Pharmaceutical Association Educational Fund, Corvallis; incorporators, S. A. Mathison, John P. Allen, A. Zioffe, A. W. Allen, Frank S. Ward; assets, \$2500; proceeds to be used for building up pharmaceutical school at Oregon Agricultural college.

Schopp & Higgins Auto Service Portland; incorporators, Harry W. Schopp, William Higgins, Mary Higgins; capital, \$5000.

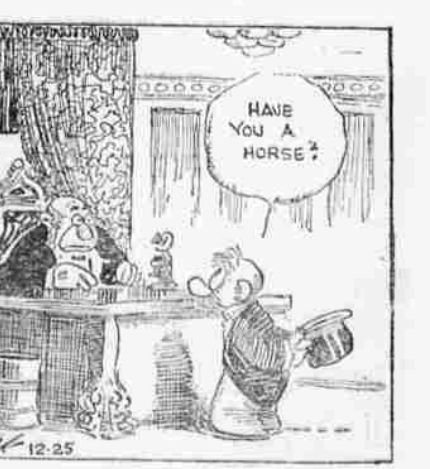
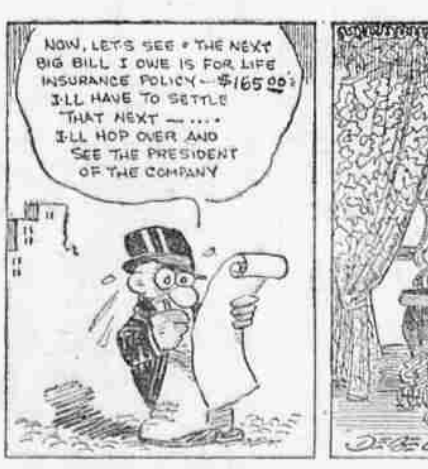
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



What Else Could Mutt Say? Answer Us That.

By Bud Fisher