

Capital Journal

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

Auto-Da-Fe

On the same day that the Episcopal church convention condemned Bishop Brown as a heretic and deposed him from the ministry because he refused to believe ancient superstitions and regarded the bible symbolically rather than literally, the dispatches also carried the news of the finding of the charred remains of a young woman in Louisiana swamps, who, it was asserted, evidently the victim of the "auto-da-fe."

The auto-da-fe is the time honored punishment for heretics, imposed by the inquisition, and hence the fundamentalists of the church overlooked a fine chance to give the heretic bishop his dues, in the almost forgotten orthodox manner the Ku Kluxers have revived in Louisiana. Webster thus defines the ceremony:

AUTO-DA-FE—The ceremony accompanying the pronouncement of judgment by the Inquisition, which was followed by execution by the secular authorities of those sentenced as guilty; hence the execution alone, especially the burning of a heretic. The auto-da-fe was usually held on a Sunday between Whitmonday and Advent, and often formed a great public solemnity attended by all classes. The patients and condemned (called in the sanbenito) were conducted in a procession of ecclesiastics led by Dominicans to church, where after a sermon on the true faith, they were formally absolved or were sentenced as guilty and delivered to the civil authorities. Auto-da-fes were held as early as the 13th century and as late as 1826, but were most frequent in the latter part of the 16th century.

Heretic bishops have been burned at the stake before, five at one time as late as 1555 in London, together with 21 clergymen and 251 laymen. It was a favorite and effective way of proclaiming the true faith with both Catholics and Protestants, who lit fires all over Europe to purge Christendom of heretics.

The revival of heresy trials suggests also the revival of the auto-da-fe as proper punishment. It is direct action in sending people to hell, who do not believe in your way, and hence should greatly delight Billy Sunday and other fundamentalists. Why not take a lesson from history, make a beginning with Bishop Brown and destroy modern heresy abomin' in the method so effective in medieval times?

A Salesman Needed

There is sad news for the boys. Bill Thompson and his barrel have pulled out of the senatorial race, taking what little prospects there were for pickings for politicians. The primary system and the corrupt practices act are given as the cause—all of which proves that as Mr. Stanfield says of the Baker episode, there is good in evil.

It is a doleful tale that Big Bill tells. The primary system requires the expenditure of money and the purity of elections law limits this expenditure. Says Mr. Thompson:

Despite the support which has been offered me, I realized that I must "sell" myself to the masses so that they would know who I am and what I have done. That meant taking a lot of money for the campaign and I was willing to finance it, for I had a rough idea of the cost. Looking over the law, however, I realized that I could not carry on the selling campaign without resorting to subterfuge and camouflage. I didn't believe it ethical to solicit my friends for money, and I didn't want to start right off the bat to violate the law, so I am out.

Mr. Thompson planned to sell himself for the senatorship as Colonel Proctor sold General Wood for the presidency. But he was right, it would have taken a lot of money. What he needed was a salesman like Proctor to sell him as he sold soap, to use the latter's words, but none materialized, not even among the super-patriots of the Portland banks, probably because they are all so poor that they pay no income taxes.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

LIFE'S NEW DEMANDS

"My dear, how delightful, meeting you here!" Caroline Phillips threw her arms around the pretty young woman who was just coming up the steps leading from the swimming pool of one of the great Atlantic liners. "Where have you been all the way over there? I haven't seen you till today!"
"In my cabin," Marie Lane replied, quietly. "She did not go on and add that she had stayed there that four days only because she wanted to avoid meeting just such old friends and acquaintances as Caroline. She did not have to, for that matter. Mrs. Phillips, who kept informed on all the latest news of the Paris divorce courts, especially when they concerned her friends, knew quite enough."
"It is true that you and Billy—oh, but you don't want to talk about it here, of course," she exclaimed, slipping her arm through Marie's. "Dine with me tonight, won't you? I'll send my maid to some other table—we have ever so many friends on board—and you and I will be by ourselves, and you can tell me all about it."
Marie hesitated a moment. She had no desire to tell Caroline Phillips or anyone else "about it." The memory of the legal proceedings, which had seemed such a painful farce to her, was still a painful one. It didn't seem possible that she and Billy weren't man and wife any longer.
And yet—there'd be a good deal of talk, and after all, Caroline was an old friend, and a woman of a good deal of experience in the ways of the world. It might be a good idea to talk with her—a little. Marie was frightened lonely; she had avoided all her friends while she stayed in Paris, had lived in a little hotel where fashionable Americans never went, and gone wandering about by herself, friendless and unhappy.
But now, when she was returning to her old world, to take up her life once more, she couldn't

afford to be sensitive. After all, other people didn't feel as she did about divorce. It was an accepted thing. Lots of the women she knew had been divorced—Caroline Phillips herself had, and then had married again, and was twice as happy with her second husband as she had been with her first one. And there were the Crandalls, and the Howitts, and the Jamisons—oh, loads of people, who had divorced to straighten out their matrimonial tangles.
"But it's my divorce I care about not theirs," Marie told herself, as she went off to dress for dinner. "It's Billy and me I'm thinking about—and that other woman, of course."
That was the hard thing about it! She and Billy had married when they were such kids—she'd been just seventeen when they ran away from school and eloped—and had been so awfully poor, even though they had a maid to take care of her all her life! He'd been working hard on his inventions, and they had all but starved so that he could have every cent for his work.
Then—success! Tons of money! They'd moved, bought a big house, had lots of people, joined two or three clubs, begun to have a wonderful time. They'd come out a great deal. It wasn't a case of their being alone together any more—Billy often went out now with other women, she with other men, sometimes.
She found it hard to be a gay butterfly when her thoughts had run in such serious channels for so long. She couldn't help trying to have pennies, even now. Billy had thought that money grew on trees. And he thought other things, too. He thought that money bought freedom, all kinds of freedom. He was like a very small boy turned loose in a candy shop. He wanted everything he saw.

One of the things he saw was Jeanette McLoon; Janey, everyone called her. Standing in front of the mirror as she dressed, Marie studied her own reflection, and then thought of Janey's looks. Marie's eyes were hazel, her hair black—lovely, soft black hair with a deep wave in it. Her features were regular, her skin lovely; she had beauty, real beauty.
But Janey—Janey was a perfect blonde, the kind of girl men turn and stare at. Pale yellow hair that curled crisply all over her head, big blue eyes, a babyish face. Not exactly pretty, somehow, yet you liked to look at her. Billy did, any way.
Billy had gone around with her so much that people began to talk. Some of the women—Caroline Phillips among them—came to Marie and told her about it—and she rejoiced proudly that of course she knew that Billy and Janey were together a great deal. Janey played a wonderful game of golf, a marvelous game of bridge, danced like a dream. She was always "the life of the party" at the country club, at dinner dances, even when she was with just one other person, she was delightfully entertaining.
And Marie, sitting back and watching her, knew what was coming, somehow. It was a shock, but not a surprise when Billy came to her and said that he was to love with Janey.
"You and I have outgrown each other, Marie," he said. "Don't you think it would be better if we broke off? You can go to Paris and get a divorce, and I—"
"Yes, I think so," Marie had answered quickly. She didn't want to hear him say that he'd go on and marry Janey, though she knew that that was what he meant to do.
And now—now the decree would soon be absolute, and he could marry Janey, and she—
"Oh, who knows?" Marie exclaimed, hopefully. "One has to go on living. I forgot just why," she quoted, and went up to the dining

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:—You must be and adjust his spear for the jousting. You can't keep a good man down. Cold print may not mention him, but so long as the capital "H" remains in the alphabet he will pop up.
"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling to it still."
Remember also, truth crushed to earth will rise again.
Faithfully yours,
HERO WORSHIPPER,
Salem, Or., Oct. 13, 1925.

While the public mind is being floundered with the Murray trial, murders, suicides and social items, I call your attention, sir, to the fact that the name of Right Honorable George A. White, adjutant general for the state of Oregon, has been absent from the pages of your journal. Can it be that the battle of the windshield has been forgotten? Must a man who has survived train wrecks, burglaries, attempted assassinations and countless other thrilling escapades, be left to live in splendid isolation, unkempt, unshowered and unshined?
You must be aware of the fact that the republican party is groping on the threshold of a campaign, with its hands outstretched, seeking for the man of the hour. You also must remember that a myriad thousands of voters signed petitions demanding that the right honorable, the adjutant general of the state of Oregon, become a candidate for governor, and that fully 9999 of the myriad voted for him after he had been literally bulldozged into the ring. Is such a man as that to be forgotten in such an hour as this?
You may form a conspiracy of silence against him; his name may nevermore appear in the public prints. But remember, that, even with Grant Dimick absent, some other Sancho Panza may be found to furnish up the general's armor in a season to face Caroline Phillips.
Tomorrow—An Old Love's Possibilities.

SWEDES WAR ON RUM

ROW ALL THEIR OWN

Gothenburg, Sweden.—Sweden's rum-running problems are rapidly decreasing, says Count Pesse, head of the coast guard service. In previous years there usually were a dozen vessels in rum row on the west coast, while now there are never more than two or three that need watching. The decrease has been proportional on the east coast.
Count Pesse points out that in 1923 the authorities confiscated 350,000 liters of illegally imported liquors, while last year the amount fell off to 90,000 liters. The indications for this year, he said, are that these figures will be cut in half.

Better Health Longer Life

GORGAS MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

By Dr. Francis B. Jennings (Bristol, Conn.) Member Gorgas Memorial Institute

In this day of specialization many people have no regular family doctor. What a loss to them! This condition exists not because of any lack of properly qualified general practitioners. It is due rather to the restless state of the public mind toward all medical problems. Health propaganda, popular articles on medical subjects, advertising quacks, have given a wide spread of superficial medical knowledge. The result is a public feeling itself capable of passing judgment on men who have spent years in preparation for their life work.

This attitude of criticism prevents many people from having a regular medical attendant and robs them of much of their faith in the medical profession. How much they are losing they do not realize. Everyone knows that one gets better service by buying ice and coal and groceries from the same tradesman year in and year out. It is just the same with medical services. No tradesman can give much thought to the individual peculiarities of his customers.

Not only by experts but by laymen. And the \$1000 of linen mill stock subscribed for by her son is a beautiful incident in the drama Mrs. Lord dreamed, now about to come true.

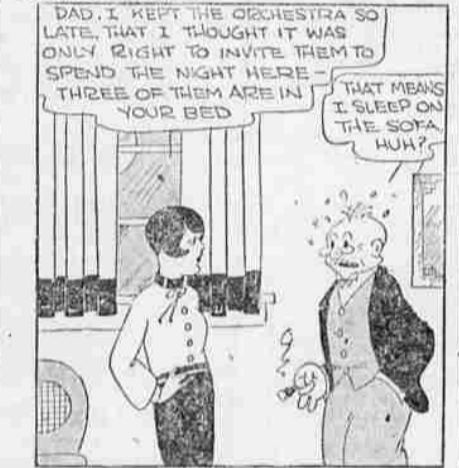
If, not for business reasons and state pride, Portlanders don't want to make up their quota to the nation over a period of years will not vitally whether the patient is going upward or downward in health.

For Her Sake

(From the Portland Journal)
Four thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Salem linen mill has been taken by Montague Lord, of the Philippines, son of a former governor of Oregon.
It is a son's testimonial to the work of his mother, Mrs. Lord, wife of the then governor, who envisioned the possibilities of flax culture in Oregon. Long before that flax for the manufacture of oil from the seed was grown extensively in the Willamette valley. But until Mrs. Lord nobody had seriously proposed flax for fiber as a western Oregon industry.
She was the pioneer in the plan. With her, it became a labor of enthusiastic devotion. It remained, a part of her life and work as long as she lived.
Twenty-five years ago she was arguing the case of flax from public platforms. She proclaimed its possibilities. She displayed sam-

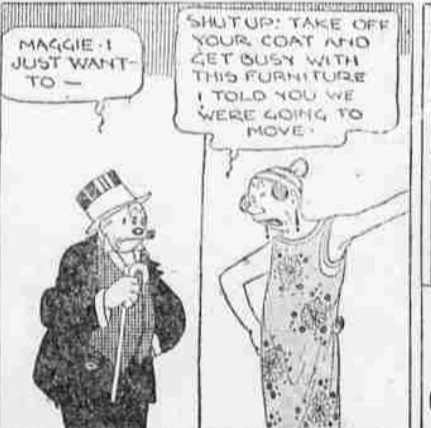
ples of fiber grown on Oregon fields. She told of the triumphs of Oregon fiber when displayed at the Philadelphia centennial exposition and in Europe.
No crusader ever fought harder for a cause. Every sacrifice she could make she made, and every effort she could give she gave.
But life was easy in Oregon then. Living didn't cost very much, and the soil was kind. The population was well contented with things as they were and saw no need to inaugurate new industries and new forms of production.
But it is different now. Living out on the land isn't so easy as it used to be. And living in the cities has reached a point where there is clamor for new industries to keep population employed.
And the invention of machines for handling flax has greatly simplified flax production. The vision that Mrs. Lord saw in now seen

DUMB DORA



By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney's Chances Aren't Worth a Cent

By Billy de Beck



MUTT AND JEFF

They're Off For Europe to Marry Jeff To An Heiress

By Bud Fisher



HOWEVER, IN TOMORROW'S PAPER: OH, BOY!!! FOR LACK OF SPACE WE CAN'T CONTINUE OUR EPISODE HERE! SEE TOMORROW'S PAPER