

Capital Journal

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

An Old Problem

Portland's council of churches is "girding to attract youth." It is to launch a campaign for "clean fun" to bid against jazz. It has been found that six of 82 dance halls in the metropolis average a weekly attendance of 9150, that the juvenile court has 2200 cases annually and that juvenile crime is on the increase along with crime of all kinds.

In the days of old, before the new dispensation of Volsteadism that was to save humanity, the demon rum was blamed for all the crime in the calendar, also for the sins of parents in neglecting offspring. There can be no such excuse nowadays, yet the council places the blame upon the home and parental neglect. The remedy is said to be "godliness enthroned in the hearts of the parents," which reduces the ministerial task to the simple one of enthroning it, to atone for its neglect in having failed in the past.

Youth will have its fling, especially in these days of the revolt of youth against conventionalism. It is already too late to try to restore the popularity of such "clean fun" as "Ring Around the Roses" and "Drop the Handkerchief" and even the once favorite "Post Office" cannot compete in this day and generation with jazz. The remedy it would seem would be to reform and regulate the dance instead of asking its abolition.

Whether the fault lies with the churches or with the homes, most children of today seem to be cheerful little pagans. Yet they are not necessarily hell-bent. Indeed, it has been the usual thing in every age to picture the rising generation as doomed to damnation. The Puritans had not been long in New England, when despite their godliness, traits similar to those now complained of were discovered in the youth of the 17th century. That celebrated divine, Cotton Mather paid the following tribute to the boys and girls of his day:

"Children and servants are not kept in due subjection. This is a sin which brings great judgment. . . . How dreadfully have the young people of Boston perished under the judgments of God! Ah, my young folks, there are first fruits paid unto the Lord Jesus Christ among you. From hence it comes to pass, that the consuming wrath of God is every day upon you. New England has been like a tottering house, the very foundation of it has been shaking; but the house thus oversteering by the whirlwinds of the wrath of God, hath been like Job's house: It falls upon the young men and they are dead. . . . And there are other heinous breeches, such as (immodest apparel, Prov. 7:10, laying out of hair, borders, naked necks, and arms, or which is more abominable naked breasts, and mixed dancings, light behavior and expressions, sinful company-keeping with light and vain persons, unlawful gaming, an abundance of idleness, which brought railing judgment upon Sodam and much more upon Jerusalem, and doth sorely threaten New England, unless effectual remedies be thoroughly and timely applied."

Sounds just like Billy Sunday—and yet it is 250 years since it was written. Which shows that the world doesn't progress very rapidly after all.

France in Syria

If Americans had scant sympathy for France in Morocco, there is even less for France in Syria. In nearby Morocco France is doing a colonizing, civilizing and development work that cannot help advance a country that has stood still for over one thousand years, which may extenuate her aggressive imperialism, but there is no such excuse for her actions in far-away Syria where she has played the same role against a weak people that Germany sought to play in France.

France repudiated her pledge by sending a French army to Damascus within four months of the formation of the first Syrian government and destroyed it, as the national congress had affirmed independence and denounced French aggressions. A poll taken by the Crane-King Commission for the Peace Conference had shown an almost unanimous desire for self-government with a special protest registered by 60 per cent of the population against a French mandate.

In spite of this the French went into Syria and have been fighting ever since to remain there. Their first governor-general, Gourand had to fight his way into the capital, Damascus in 1920 and fined the city 10,000,000 francs. Since then, developments have been as follows:

A native uprising followed in March, 1921. Natives appealed to the League of Nations in August, 1921. There was rioting in Damascus in April, 1922, with martial law proclaimed. The next month there was another appeal to the League. War broke out again in August, 1922, with another appeal to the League of Nations in November. France was obliged to send heavy reinforcements in April 1923. A boycott of French elections by Syrians in the following September; another outbreak of war in April 1924; riots in Damascus in April 1925; another war begun in August 1925, with French planes bombing villages; martial law for fifteen years proclaimed by the French last month, followed by a "parade of corpses" through Damascus, dead Arabs strapped to camels, followed by a new uprising, a cordon drawn around the rebellious city, guns turned loose and Damascus partially destroyed, which has caused an investigation of French barbarity by the League of Nations.

For six years the Syrians have battled heroically for independence and the removal of the French yoke, with reprisal measures growing continually more oppressive. French casualties total over 7000, with Arab losses far heavier. And the worst of these broken pledges is that France cannot materially gain thereby, but has succeeded in arousing the Mohammedan world against the Christian. The financial crisis the collapsing franc faces seem just retribution for French imperialism.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

A RASH PROMISE
Marie found Mrs. Lindsay stretched out on a chaise longue, with a coverlet of rose colored silk embroidered with strands of ostrich feathers in deeper rose tossed over her. Her negligee was of lace and delicate ribbons. Marie realized even in the dim light that filtered through the rose tinted curtains, that her employer was deftly made up; Mrs. Lindsay's eyelids were delicately darkened, her face powdered but not rouged, and her lips

were. And I thought perhaps I'd see him instead of calling in our family physician. But I'd like to know something about him first. Did Caroline Phillips have him as her physician?"
Marie smiled, at Mrs. Lindsay's presumption in calling by her first name a woman whom she barely knew, and also at the scheme which was being so badly put into practice.
"I don't know," she answered, quite truthfully; Caroline and Bob were old friends, but she did not know that Caroline ever consulted him professionally.
"You've known him for some time, haven't you?" Mrs. Lindsay went on. "He treated you last night as if you were an old friend."

"No, I haven't known him very long," Marie replied.
"But—he took you home last night, when you left here?"
"Yes," he said, Marie answered, wondering what Mrs. Lindsay would say if she knew that "home" meant Bob's own home.
"Well—that's quite unusual, of course, having a man like him take such an interest in a woman in your position. To be frank with you, Miss Lane, I'd like to know just how well you do know him. I've been considering putting Madeleine completely in your charge, sending you abroad with her, as soon as she is well, and before that, sending you to our country place with her until she recovers. But I can't do this if you're not the kind of girl who goes about with men quite out of her class."

Marie flushed angrily. She longed to put Mrs. Lindsay in her place just once, to tell her that she herself was far superior socially even though she was but a governess, to her employer. But that would not be playing the game.
"I've chosen to become a working girl; I can't give up just because something unpleasant has occurred," she told herself.
"I met Dr. Randall through Mrs. Ly, "I want to ask a favor, a big

one, of you. I realize that things are sometimes made unpleasant for you here, and I know that plans which have been made recently, for sending you and Madeleine out of town for a while, and then to Europe, may mean that you will want to find another position. But—may I ask that you will stay with us, if you can possibly arrange it? I'll be glad to raise your salary, and to do everything in my power to make things pleasant for you. I feel that Madeleine needs you so, that without you—"

Grand Jury Refuses To Hold Watson For Aurora Bank Holdup

The Marion county grand jury, reporting Sunday afternoon, failed to indict Clyde "Whitey" Watson who was under investigation on a charge of assault and robbery while armed with a dangerous weapon, it being alleged that he was one of the men who robbed the bank of Aurora about three years ago. Failure of witnesses in the preliminary hearing several weeks ago to identify Watson is said to have had considerable influence with the grand jury.
The jury returned an indictment against Walter Bingham, one of the men alleged to have attacked Henry Stauffer, a Donald farmer, several months ago, presumably with intent to rob him. The grand jury, which has not yet completed its work, did not report on Wenberg, Bingham's companion. One of the assaults was shot by Stauffer, and shortly afterwards Bingham went to a hospital in Portland for treatment for a gunshot wound, resulting in his arrest.
Three other indictments were returned by the grand jury. They were:
J. Frank Jensen, accused of stealing an automobile belonging to Jesse Pikan. Bail was fixed by Judge Kelly at \$500.
James Hagen, larceny in a dwelling, accused of taking jewelry from the home of George Zeek. Bail was fixed at \$1000.
Lawrence M. Betts, obtaining goods by false pretenses, accused of passing a bad check in the Johnson clothing store here in return for a suit of clothes. Bail was fixed at \$1000.
Not true bills were returned in favor of Arthur Wheeler, accused of assault with a dangerous weapon.
Earl Myers, accused of committing an act tending to contribute to the delinquency of a minor.
The grand jury will report on further cases this week.
If it wasn't for the fact that a fool and his money are soon parted, there wouldn't be so many financiers.

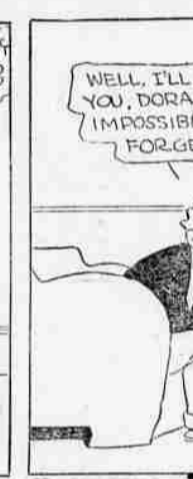
OPEN FORUM

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—After putting on my my glasses and taking the second look at a certain letter in the Open Forum of Saturday's paper, I find that the writer is trying to take a shot at me, even verging on the vulgar in his attempt to do so, and misrepresenting his accusations and remarks till only now and then a word hits home. Evidently he is like that same old-timer, thinks he will be heard for his much speaking. At first, I thought I would just ignore it, but before going to bed, I had made up my mind that he wouldn't "get away with it" so easy as that. From Math 24:25 to 25:44 there is nothing, in a few words or taken as a whole, to dissuade me from the point at issue. I've a simple mind (like a child) and when God says "Thou shalt not kill," I believe He means it for me and not just the cant believe it to mean anything like this. "Mrs. Winger, you shall not kill, but if she does, Yoder, all you've gotta do is kill her and we'll take her out and bury her and have done with her and her anarchy."
I wanted to laugh! Anarchy! So that's the kind of a bird you are, anyone that differs from you or your pet law is an anarchist. Rich! Some things been said before about people that opposed abominations that slavery for instance and speaking of laws—hold up your hands now in horror—its coming anarchy! I think there are some of the most unreasonable, one-sided and biggest fool laws here of any place I ever heard of. But I'm not here, and I don't have to stay (its a wonder you didn't tell me that, but as I all ready know you don't need to now) and as long as I do stay I am to abide by those laws, even if it goes against the grain some times, all except one. You can slack off laws, one on top of the other to reach to the moon, and you'll never make me hold up my hand and swear away a man's life. If that's anarchy, make the most of it.
I've no respect whatever for anyone who attends or believes in a lynching party whether it happens in Kans or elsewhere. As for the wretched of the hatchet, there was a mighty fine lady, I feel just like emulating her example some times.
Speaking of people I want to tell you of a conversation I had once with a citizen of Oregon. One that has been a citizen a good many more years than I have, and this was his verdict: "Take people that have come here from other states, and as a rule they are pretty nice sort of people, but you take native Oregonian and nine out of ten of them haven't a bit of principle."
Now, I'm not that narrow and I believe there are good people everywhere, and I also believe that the very ones that up hold this law are the ones you want to look out for—they won't do to tie.
Search Holy Scriptures from Gen. 1:1 to Rev 22:21 and you'll not find, instead of what it says, anything to make you think it means: "I was just a kiddin' ya about when I said 'Thou shalt not kill.'" Of course I meant it all right for some of ya, but the rest of you can group yourselves together and kill a man now, and then if you don't want 1.5m around,"
Eliza Winger.
Oct. 25, 1925.

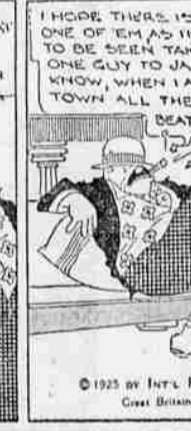
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

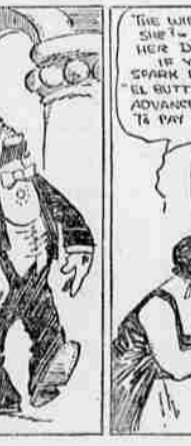
BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Turns Economical



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

