

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 134 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82
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Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.
By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months \$1.25, 6 months \$2.25, 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.

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

A Pilgrim Holiday

The first Thanksgiving day observed in America was in 1621 when Governor Bradford of the Plymouth colony of Pilgrims set aside a day for thanksgiving for the preservation of the colonists and for their harvest. Since then it has been an annual observance, a harvest holiday appointed by the president and governors of the various states, observed the last Thursday of November.

The Mayflower with 41 male passengers, exclusive of servants, about 160 males and females in all had landed at Plymouth, Mass., in December, 1620. They were members of a separatist congregation known as Brownists, which for religious freedom, had removed from Scrooby village, England to Holland in 1608. They could not reconcile themselves to a country alien in manners and speech and determined to emigrate to America. Crossing from Delft Haven, they sailed to Southampton, England, were joined by others and embarked in the Mayflower, September 6, 1620.

During the first year the colonists had many hardships to face. Fully half of them were dead from privation and starvation when the second ship-load of Pilgrims numbering about 30 arrived in the fall of 1621. In 1623, 60 other colonists came over. Following them, during the reign of Charles I, a great wave of Puritan migration built up the colony on Massachusetts Bay.

Although the Pilgrims were classed as a Puritan sect, they were not directly affiliated with the main body that followed them, called Independents, who had little toleration for any tenets but their own, were fanatical and bigotted. Compared with the latter, the Pilgrims were liberal and tolerant, though extremely pious and God-fearing.

Uplifting the Homes

Under Mayor Baker's beneficent regime, Portland had been purified, we had the word of the preachers during the recent municipal campaign for that. Then Billy Sunday arrived and saved most of the residents from their sins. Doc Price has followed with hypnotic healing to rescue the remnant. Yet things seem to be in a bad way in the metropolis, the crime wave continues and youth jazes joyously to demotion.

Somebody is responsible. There being no saloons to blame, and the dives having been padlocked, the public dance halls sanctified, and the police purged, the Ministerial Association has picked the parents as the goats and launched a crusade to uplift them. Mass-meetings are being held all over town, while every pulpit resounds with sermons to restore religion in the home.

We are glad to note that among the leaders in this home missionary work is the Oregonian. For a time during the Billy Sunday revivals we feared for the Oregonian. Billy consigned its editors to hell, but the castigation proved salutary, for the Oregonian turned from its evil ways, got on the mourners' bench and put Billy back on the front page. Now Doc Price has probably hypnotized it, for its editor preaches at the auditorium prayer meetings, and its cartoonist turns stern moralist.

The extent of the Oregonian's conversion was displayed on the first page of yesterday's issue. A very touching and inspiring cartoon depicts the ship of "American Youth" stranded on a rock in the sea off the bluff of "Religious Faith," on which stands a darkened light-house labeled "Unselfish Love" against a cottage "American Home." In the breakers of "pleasure madness" are a herd of swine, branded "idleness," "vulgarity," "crime," "jazz," etc., enjoying themselves. The picture bears the caption "When the Light Goes Out," though what it means nobody knows.

However, the Oregonian's light hasn't gone out, for just above and alongside the picture, with the hogs of "immorality," "selfishness" and "sex-filth" next reading matter, are the full and minute details of "new sensations" in the unspeakable Rhineland case, telling how letters too full of sex filth to be published were read in court, and how the negro bride "bared the color of her skin to the jurors, by removing some of her clothing," etc., for several columns.

So the pulchritudinous Oregonian conducts its welfare crusade for restoring holiness to the homes by splattering salacious scandal over its front page to save youth from moral degradation by familiarizing them with the depravity of the degenerate, while it toots its whistle in prayer for the reform of parents!

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

ANOTHER GIRL'S WEDDING
"Think of it—ten million dollars! Say! I'd like to go to that girl's wedding, wouldn't you?"
Mary White didn't answer; she stared at the newspaper in her hand, at the pictures on the front page of that other girl, heiress to ten million, who was getting married that day. The elevated train went rattling across the city, through the heat that made Mary's dark blue linen dress look messy, though it had been washed and ironed just the day before.
That the other girl, having a beautiful wedding, going through the Canadian Rockies and on to Hawaii on her honeymoon—and she, Mary White, getting up at six o'clock, and riding an hour on the elevated train, so that she could get to work at Craig Brothers on time! Ten million dollars—when ten thousand would be a fortune to her.
"Oh, well, it's Saturday—half a day off," Janet Lewis, who was sitting with her, shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "Not so bad, even if we aren't illuminated. Say, did you see what it says there,

that she jostled her uncomfortably. A woman's sharp elbow dug into her side, a man stepped heavily on her foot, leaving her white shoe smudged with black. And she had stayed up the night before to wash out some things and to clean her shoes! She tried so hard to look nice in the office, to be well groomed—and things like this were always happening!
"Oh, well—nobody can have everything, and I've got more than most!" Mary told herself; she was happy again by the time she reached her locker, and when she took her place at her desk and began dusting it and cleaning her typewriter with a long-handled brush she was ready to sing with joy.
Stewart Howe asked her only one week before how she'd like to go out into the country with him some afternoon. They could have lunch in town, and then take a train, for about half an hour's ride, and get to a place he knew of that was just pure country. It might have been a thousand miles from the city. They'd take a walk, and have dinner at a little inn, and then ride back to town just at sunset on the huge interurban car, on the front seat, that was like riding in your own automobile.
She looked across the office to Stewart Howe's desk. His dark hair, broad shoulders—she looked at the story book here, certainly, life was by far the best looking man in the office. The girls liked to speculate about him, to exchange the bits of information they had heard about him, when he first came. They all knew now, two months after his arrival, that he was the son of a wealthy Texas dealer, had graduated from one of the big colleges, traveled a while before going to work.
They had envied Mary when he asked to have her take his decision, had joked her about the night when some of them worked late and Stewart had asked her to have dinner with him in the little tea room downstairs.
"Probably he's just grateful to

you for helping him out when he was many mistakes," Janet had said to her rather cattily. "You've saved him more than once, and everybody knows it."
Mary hadn't answered; she knew that Janet was jealous. Stewart was so much nicer than any of the boys she and Janet and Mary's cousin Lulu knew. She hadn't told Janet about those plans for some Saturday afternoon.
Today, looking over at him, she wondered if this would be the Saturday. It was a gorgeous day. She looked at herself in the little mirror she kept in a drawer of her desk. She had washed her hair the night before; it was beautifully soft and golden. Her little blue linen dress that she had made herself depended the blue of her eyes. She smiled back at her reflection in the mirror, and then returned to her work again.
After all, what did it matter that other girls had more money, and beautiful homes, and didn't have to work for a living? It was fun to work, fun just to be alive, fun to—
"Miss Walte!" The voice of Mrs. Eaton, the office manager, cut through her dreams. "This is Miss Butler's afternoon to stay at the office and mind the switchboard, but she's been taken ill and gone home. So you'll have to stay today instead of next week."
"Oh, but I—"
"To stay in the office, all alone, that gorgeous day, just because the Craig brothers, the heads of the company would stay and work—it was too unfair!"
Mrs. Eaton walked away. Not ten minutes later Stewart Howe stopped at her desk.
"How about going off to the country this afternoon?" he asked softly, so that not even the girl at the next desk could hear him. "I've borrowed a car from a friend of mine, and—"
"Oh, I can't!" Mary's blue eyes were misty with tears as she looked up at him. "I've got to stay and

mind the switchboard."
"Why, say, can't you get out of that? Just don't stay."
"If I did that, I might lose my job," she answered, hopelessly. Of course he couldn't realize that it was impossible to get out of doing what you were told to do. He was living on what he earned, and all that—but he knew that his father's fortune was behind him. Losing his job wouldn't mean much to him! And if she lost hers—Mary turned cold as the thought.
"Oh, well, some other time, maybe," he answered after a moment and turning sharply on his heel, walked away.
Mary tried to comfort herself by thinking that his voice sounded disappointed. But it was cold comfort, as she sat in the big empty office all afternoon, answering the few calls, and typing form letters between times.
Tomorrow—An Adventure in Living.

Cooking Not Lost Art Here, Interest In School Reveals

teacher of the first cooking school to be held in Salem.
An additional feature of the three-day school has been the pie, cake and mayonnaise dressing contest. Hundreds of cakes and pies, and jars of mayonnaise were brought to the armory this morning by some of the best cooks in Salem and the surrounding districts. Judges are deciding the prize winners this afternoon and at the close of the class period, about 4 o'clock, the names of the fortunate ones who will receive the Hotpoint electric range, the Eureka vacuum cleaner and other prizes will be announced and the cakes and pies and dressings entered will be sold for the benefit of the Associated Charities.
This afternoon Miss Lowen is roasting the turkey which was pre-

pared and stuffed at yesterday's class session; she is making cranberry jelly, plum pudding and pumpkin pie. Because of the proximity of Thanksgiving much of the time of the school has been devoted to "turkey day" dishes. According to the deep interest shown in the classes some of the "best yet" Thanksgiving dinners will be served in Salem homes tomorrow.
Cooks who have seen years of service have learned many new things in watching Miss Lowen. To the inexperienced her classes have been a revelation. So many new ideas to make for speed in the kitchen and the easier handling of food—little things like a cover for the rolling pin, a canvas covering for the pastry board, adding of a little acid such as lemon juice to the water used to make a "mappy pastry," putting all seasoning on the inside of fowl before roasting, getting the tendons out of a turkey drumstick, new ideas in serving salads—these are only a few of the things that were incidentals in the class period yesterday.
Miss Lowen demonstrated to the class yesterday the easiest and best way to bake an angel food cake. She placed the cake in the oven of the Hotpoint range on the platform in the armory where it was baked while she made pastry for the pie which she is baking this afternoon, made the dressing and stuffed the turkey, filled an angel food ring with a fruit salad, made mayonnaise and a Monte Carlo salad and prepared ham for broiling. Her remarkable deftness and clearness of her explanations made the lessons most valuable and interesting. At the close of the lesson the food was exhibited and the cake which was baked during the class period was broken into tiny bits and served to the women present.
The list of prize winners in the contests will be published in tomorrow's Capital Journal.

CHINESE TROOPS MUTINY, REPORT
Peking, Nov. 25.—(A.P.)—A serious revolt has occurred among the supporters of the Manchurian warlord, Maahai Chang Tso-lin, who are fighting each other at Lwan-chow and Chiansingto, in eastern Chihli, along the Peking-Mukden railway. The claims of the various parties, however, are conflicting.
Some quarters assert that General Luo Sung-lien, Manchurian general, has captured Mukden, the capital, and imprisoned Chang, while others assert that Chang's loyal troops have broken the railway at Chinwangtao so under an advance by Kuo Sung-lien against Mukden.
-Diching-ling, the chief governor of Chihli, is preparing to declare himself independent of Mukden and also is reported to have drafted a telegram urging Chang to retire. It is considered certain that the Mukden party are collapsed, at least temporarily, thus strengthening the hands of Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general."

AGGIES RESUME WORKOUTS
Corvallis, Or., Nov. 25.—(A.P.)—Coach Schuster called his Oregon Aggie football squad together last night for the first time since the Idaho game, and gave it a light workout in preparation for heavy training for the Southern California game at Los Angeles, December 5. Practice consisted mainly of running back a half dozen kickoffs and was important only in revealing that the formid-

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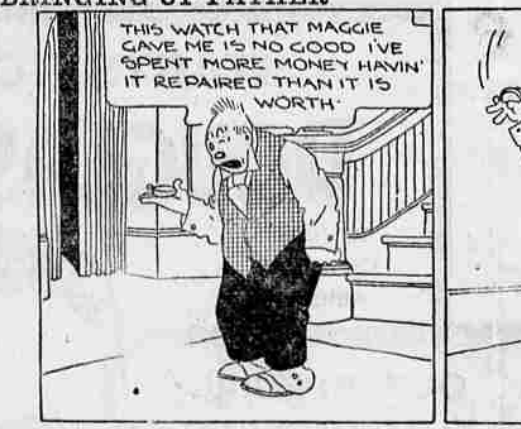
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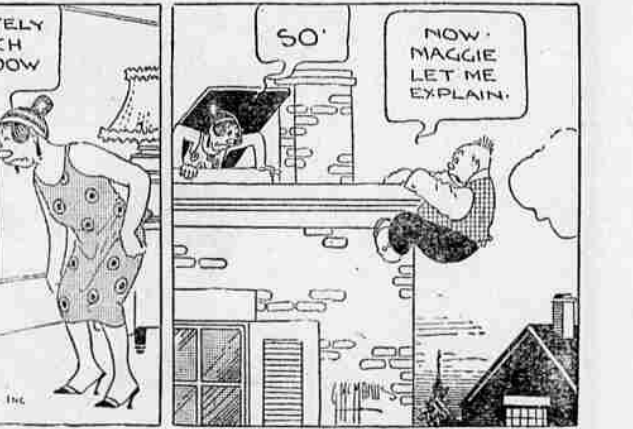
MUTT AND JEFF



A Bird's Eye View For Barney



THE HEIRESS KNOWS LESS THAN NOTHING ABOUT GOLF



about the maid of honor at that wedding having to get out of the party because she said everybody knew the groom was marrying for money? "Say, that'd be nice, wouldn't it?"
"No, I didn't see that," Mary looked further down the page, and read without much interest about how young Lawrence Howard, the bridegroom in the big wedding that was to take place that afternoon, had said either he or the maid of honor would have to go, because of the girl's remark.
"That wouldn't be very pleasant for the bride, I mean," she said slowly. "How would it feel, even if you had all the money, to know that people thought the man you loved was marrying you because of it and not because of yourself?"
"Well, going to get off here!" laughed Janet, taking her by the arm as the train slowed to a stop. "Or aren't you going to bother to go to work today?"
Down the long flight of stairs, through the streets that were crowded with other people hurrying to work, into the elevator, where so many people were herded