Capital Journal

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

Beggars On Wheels

Discussing the pest of the flivver hobo, Miss Emma Du Bouille, executive of the public welfare bureau of Portland, states that these auto tramps are "living under conditions which deteriorate their morals, deprive them of community responsibility, cause the neglect of children, furnish a health menace and tend to create a class of professional wandering mendicants" of subnormal intelligence.

The recommendation is made that the chain of free auto camps, organized in the name of community promotion, be discontinued as they are largely responsible for encouraging the flivver hobo, whose only worry is gasoline and who lives off the country he traverses, with an occasional spell of work. Official agencies are asked to cooperate in discouraging these beggars on wheels, with the suggestion that their cars be disposed of.

The country is reaping the reward of the uplift, of establishing and maintaining free auto camps, of installing welfare work in orchard and farm, both forms of paternalism calculated to destroy incentive for industry and encourage idleness. Why work when others will provide? Why take care of offspring, when others are on hand to make things comfortable to educate, to amuse and even to doctor the family?

The break-beam tourist was never pampered like the auto hobo has been, so of course the blind-baggage and the truss-rods have been deserted for the flivver. Free accommodations are awaiting at the community grounds, welfare workers are busy volunteering aid and assistance, a few minutes pan-handling will buy gasoline, a raid on the farms and orchards supply food and fruit, while if necessary, stores and residences can be looted for clothes and supplies.

Many of the flivver hoboes, particularly those with families, consist of that sub-normal element, frequently classified as poor white trash, not by any means vicious, merely incompetent, a class that always has to be assisted, but under the uplift, which especially protects the unfit, is increasing phenominally in numbers because of violation of the natural law of survival of the fittest. The cheap fifth hand auto has replaced the old covered wagon as a means of gratifying wanderlust.

More Applesauce

The expected supply of political applesauce for the farmer in the form of farm relief bills is already making its appearance. Senator Shipstead, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota has drafted a substitute for the McNary-Haugen bill, which provides for a government commission to arbitrarily fix prices for farm products to insure the farmer a profit in production, just as the Interstate Commerce Commission fixes rates for railroads.

In defense of his measure, Mr. Shipstead says:

"I am opposed to price-fixing as a governmental principle but the Administration has seen fit to protect the price of manufactured products by the tariff. Big combines, like steel manufacturers, are allowed to set their own prices. The prices of electricity, telephones, street car rates and railroad rates—all are fixed by governmental authorities. If this system is to be discontinued entirely then I would not ask price fixing for the farmer. But as long as it continues I say the farm should have the same advantage as the manufacturers. He can't fix his own prices.

Under the Shipstead bill, a federal farm commission is created to buy farm products when there is a surplus and thus maintain a steady market. What will become of the accumulated surplus, which would probably have to be dumped, is not vouchsafed.

The big combines limit production and regulate competition to prevent surplus and slump in prices. The railroad companies, whose prices are fixed on cost of production plus a reasonable profit, are selling service, not commodities. If the farmer would organize to regulate production and control marketing, he could fix his own prices for a profit, but so long as he ignores the economic law of supply and demand and insists on producing more than can be profitably marketed, government fixing of prices would only bankrupt the state by increasing the surplus.

A political farmer-laborer has to do something, however, to justify the name and Shipstead's bill is not much different from other dishes of applesauce presented by other professional friends of the farmer.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

AFTERMATH

It was nearly after three o'clock when Mary reached home after Pat Hamilton's party. She stole into the apartment quietly, slipped out of her clothes, and into bed with her cousin Lulu, with only the hall light to see by.

She was radiantly happy. Hamilton had declared before they said goodnight that he knew her well enough to call her by her first name and asked for her phone number, and said he would call her the next morning.

Her aunt, when she told about the party next day, was frankly skeptical about Hamilton's intentions.

"That man means no good to a girl like you," she insisted, as Mary made fresh coffee for herself and Lulu at eleven o'clock. "He's too old or one thing. Hilda Lewis ought to be ashamed of herself, taking you traipsing around with a man old enough to be your father."

"Oh, he isn't," Mary protested.

"Probably married, too," her aunt went on. "If he's not he ought to be, a man his age. Still, perhaps—" she looked at Mary thoughtfully. "There's no fool like an old fool."

Mary knew what was in her mind—the thought that Pat Hamilton might be a possible husband. She turned away angrily. She had thought that herself, of course—but that was different.

She hadn't told her aunt all the things he had said, of course what would she think of her?

He telephoned her late that afternoon, when she had given up expecting him to and had gone for a walk with Lulu.

"He called from the Shadyside Club," her aunt told her; it was plain to see that she was impressed She looked at Mary differently than she always had, with something very much like respect in her eyes. "You might call him there, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know—" Mary hesitated. Hilda Lewis, who had come down "to talk over last night," as she said, interrupted.

"Sure; call him up. Men like to have you make a fuss over them." Mary went slowly to the phone, urged on by her aunt and Hilda. "I won't know what to say," she told them, as she looked through the directory for the number.

"He'll know," Hilda told her, laughing. "Trust him! He knew what to say last night all right, didn't he?"

Mary blushed, and her aunt cut in hastily. "What did he say? Anything that wasn't—wasn't all right?"

Hilda was angry. "Well, I should say not," she declared. "I guess Pat Hamilton's a perfect gentleman! The fact is he was crazy about Mary. He told me she was the sweetest thing he'd ever seen. First thing we know, he'll be taking her away from us cheap skates! Mary Hamilton—sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

"Oh, Hilda!" Mary exclaimed "Don't be so silly." But a hope fluttered up in her heart. She didn't want to marry him, of course—a man so much older than she was. Still—perhaps—

She got the Shadyside Club after some delay; the long distance operator told her snippily that it was a local call, and the local operator insisted that she had never heard of the exchange. The club at last—she asked for Mr. Patrick Hamilton in a voice that trembled in spite of her efforts to keep it steady.

"He's not here," the switchboard operator at the other end replied. "He came in a while ago, but I think he left. Want me to page him?"

"Why, I—yes"

She knew that her aunt and Hilda Lewis were listening to what she said, wondering what was being said at the other end of the line. She felt suddenly important; for the first time in her life she amounted to something, instead of being just a girl whom people didn't consider very much o nher own account.

She waited for some time, the telephone receiver in her hand. At last Hamilton's voice came to her; it sounded as if he felt annoyed at being called to the phone.

"Hello! Hello! This is Pat Hamilton," he said.

"Oh—I—this is Mary Waite," she answered.

"Who?"

She repeated her name, and added, falteringly, "The girl you met last night—with Jim Lewis and his wife."

"Oh, yes, little Mary. I called you earlier; did you get the message?"

The change in his voice flattered Mary; she was pleased that he should feel so differently as soon as he knew that she was the person who called him,

"Was there anything you specially wanted to tell me?" he asked. Mary admitted that there was. n't. "Oh—just called to say hello? Well, that was sweet of you. Haven't forgotten abou our luncheon engagement tomorrow, have you?"

He talked for a few moments more. Mary hung up the receiver at last, and joined her aunt and Hilda, a little smile curving her pretty lips. She tried to another the feeling of uneasiness that kept troubling her.

Hilda was jubilant.

"What did I tell you? Wasn't he glad that you called him?" she demanded, pausing in her description of a frock she had seen the night before at the teatre. "Let me ride in your Rolls Royce once in a while when you're Mrs. Hamilton, will you, Mary?"

Mary took refuge in the room she shared with Lulu. Hilda's teasing annoyed her.

Lulu, who was sitting on the bed mending a run in a white silk stocking, looked up as she came in.

"I'm going out with Joe and a friend of his, the fellow who went with us last night," she said. "That girl he had along was a perfect dud. Want to go with us tonight? Joe's friend has a 'flivver, a roadster."

"No, I guess not; I'm pretty tired from being up so late last night," Mary answered. She hoped Lulu would not suspect the truth, that after being Pat Hamilton's guest at two of the smartest restaurants in the city she did not find the prospect of joining Joe and his friend particularly attractive.

"Oh, well—go on and get your beauty sleep," Lulu retorted goodnaturedly. "I'm going to keep going while I have the chance. Time enough to stay home and put cold cream on my face when I'm fifty!"

She put on her stocking, powdered her face, which had too much powder on it already, put on her hat and departed. Mary was glad to be alone. Her thoughts were happy ones. She did not mind the crying of the Lewis baby upstairs, or the shouts of the children in the apartment next door.

Would Pat Hamilton ask her to marry him? And if he did, what would she say?

Tomorrow—Love's Throny Path.

Giving and Taking Offense Is Subject Of Sermon of Denny

The question of giving and taking offense was discussed by Rev. M. Denny in his sermon at the Bethany Reformed church of Salem Sunday morning. The essense of his sermon consisted of a warning "that we do not give offense to others, especially to the children, and do not take offense or stumble at the demands that Jesus makes of his followers."

The sermon was given in German. Rev. Mr. Denny took his text from Luke 7:23.

"The occasion for the utterance of these words," he said, referring to the text, "took place when John the Baptist sent two of his disciples to inquire if He, Jesus, was the one that was promised, or should they expect another. Jesus' answer was not directly yes or no. He commanded them to tell John what they saw and heard while being with Him and pointed to the well known passage, Isaiah 35, 5 6.

"It was then that he asserted that someone was in grave danger of taking offense at Him. But who was it? Was it John in prison or his desciples? On that question various opinions are expressed.

"From this and other passages we learn of the great importance Jesus laid on not giving or taking offense. He himself was careful not to become a stumbling block to others, even in the civic matter of paying tax, when he told Peter to go angling for a piece of money with which to satisfy the tax collector's claim.

"But most solemnly does he warn of giving offense to little children, to lead them to evil. (Math. 18, 6.) Paul stresses the same danger toward beginners and weak brethren even in the matter of eats and drink, as the customs of gentle Christians would therein differ widely from those of Jewish converts.

"The offense for many, to this day, is Christ's teaching. Teaching that He was the son of God, that He and the father were one. That man must be born again. That our love to Him must be above all the love relations in the most sacred human ties. That we love others as ourselves and even love and pray for our enemies.

"Then again, the claim that his perfect life and his shameful death on the cross is the only propitiation for our sins is sometimes taken offense at, as is the sweeping away of all efforts of hope for our self righteousness, to which man so readily falls.

"Paul says that the word of the cross of Christ is to the Jews (the self righteous) a stumbling block, and to the Greeks(the wise and educated) foolishness, but unto us who are saved, the power of God."

DECEMBER BILLS AT HEILIG GOOD

Ramon Novarro plays the title role in the "Midshipman," which closes at the Heilig theatre this evening. The play deals with a girl spirited to sea. The United States Destroyer sweeps into action and what follows comes thick and fast. You will see all of this and love thrills in the midshipman. Carey Wilson wrote "The Midshipman"; Christy Cabanne directed; F. McGrew Willis scenarized, and Oliver Marsh photographed. It is one of Novarro's best productions.

Other attractions coming during the week. Tomorrow, Wednesday and Thursday will bring Conrad Nagel in "Sun-up." Friday Association Vaudeville.

Coming attractions at the Heilig include Lon Chaney in "The Yower of Lies"; December 9 Moroni Olsen Players in "The Ship"; December 16. DeMolay play, "Pair of Sixes"; Jackie Coogan in "Old Clothes."

Stage lovers will be more than happy that the inimitable Kolb and Dill, America's best loved comedy team is scheduled for Salem on December 30. Kolb and Dill need no introduction to the theatergoers of America, having traveled all over the United States several times during their long stage experience. Many other excellent bills are also arranged to be shown in the near future, according to the announcement made by Archie Holt, resident manager of the Heilig theater.

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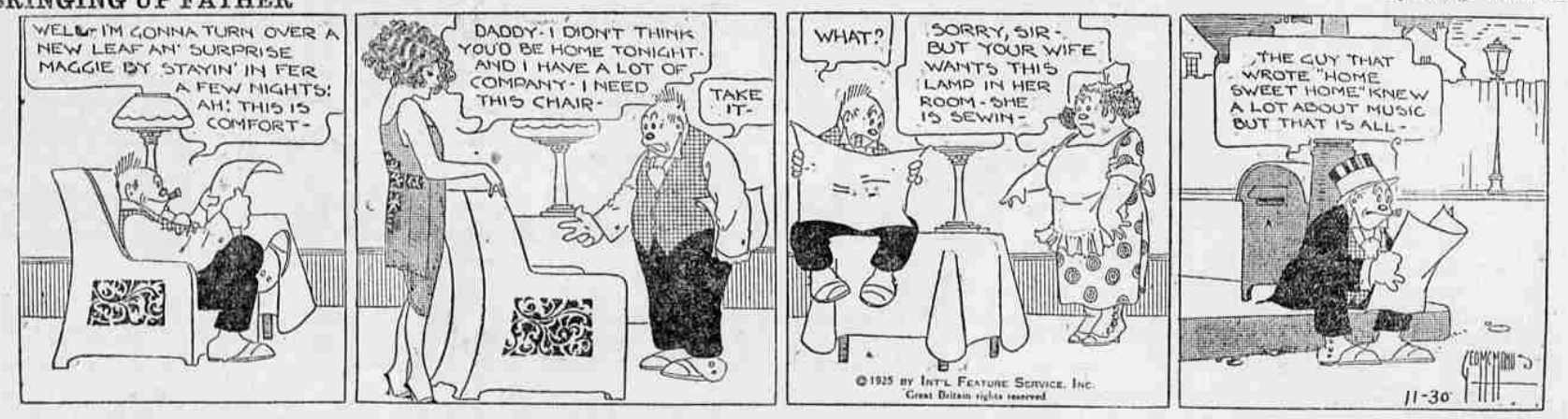
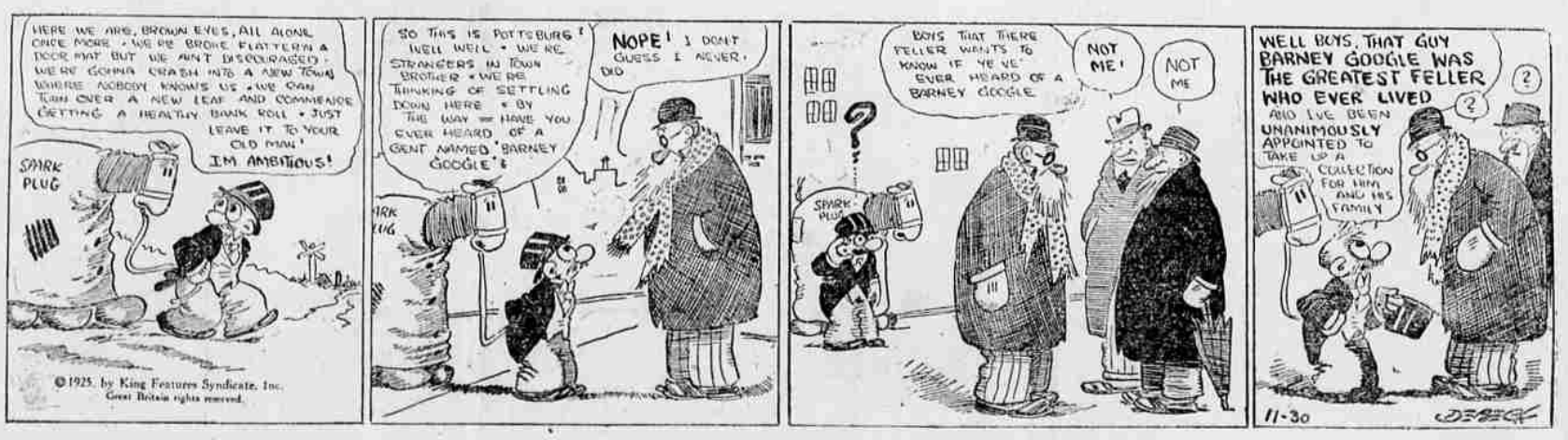


BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Will at Least "Collect" His Thoughts

By Billy de Beck



MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Feeds the Little Mummy on the Leviathan

By Bud Fisher