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

Red Grange's Case

A few weeks ago, "Red" Grange, captain and star player of the University of Illinois, was being heroized and idolized by the press because of his prowess on the gridiron. He was universally acclaimed as the super-football player of his time. Now because he has capitalized his prowess by signing a contract to appear as a professional he is being roughly abused and scoffed at. All of which proves that there is nothing more unreasonable nor unreasoning than popularity. The fickle public takes as great a delight in toppling over its favorites of an hour as it did in pedestalizing them.

Red Grange was a poor student working his way through college as an iceman during vacation periods. Not a brilliant scholar, he has done what any practical, sane person should do, commercialize for a large profit, his one talent. That is all that education is for, to teach youth to make the most of themselves. His college football days being over, he chose the alternative of quickly cleaning up a comparative fortune which insures future power, to years of drudgery at small salary.

The first duty of everyone is to make a living. Only the idle rich can afford to remain amateurs playing with life, regardless of the wherewithal. Amateur athletics offer no field for the poor, so the poor have no alternative but to turn professional if they remain in the game. Besides the fame of the athlete is fleeting, particularly on the gridiron. Each year brings its new heroes and the old are forgotten. So Red Grange, in turning professional at the psychological moment to clean up \$20,000 a game, shows wisdom and good judgment.

Why Should We?

The Eugene Guard asks why the Capital Journal does not back its charges that the police department of Portland is graft ridden with a bill of particulars. It concludes

Every one of the four Portland daily newspapers, and sometimes all of them, have been against the city administration within the past two years, and none of them was able to bring or sustain such an accusation.

If the Capital Journal had been published in Portland, where it would do any good, it would have printed the proof long ago, but the lethargy of that community under the specific influence of the combination of churches and dives supporting Mayor Baker is such, that it would probably have had as little effect as the bills of particulars furnished by Judge Gatens during his campaign for the mayoralty.

Three of the four Portland papers have been staunch supporters of the administration. The fourth, the News, recently proved that the police reporters of all four newspapers, including its own, were drawing salaries from the police department as well as the newspapers—bribes to protect police at taxpayers expense. Long lists of dives, under police protection, have been repeatedly printed in the News also, without any effort being made to clean them up.

Portland newspapers are devoted to the pleasing principle of grabbing the coin in 100 percent fashion and are not printing anything that may mean the loss of a subscriber or advertiser. Exposing municipal graft is the farthest from their thoughts. Newspapers that have never been able to locate the Ku Klux Klan and its graft in public office, could not be expected to expose the demoralization and corruption in its machinations have precipitated in the police and other municipal departments. About such things they maintain an awed conspiracy of silence, engaging instead in such safe and sane enterprises as missionary work to uplift the homes by prayer-meetings.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

REVELATION.

When Mary looked across the grill-room of the Diplomat and caught Hamilton's eye he half rose and bowed, ostentatiously. He embarrassed her, yet pleased her at the same time. Turning to Stewart Howe again, she was surprised to see that his face had flushed angrily. She wondered if he was jealous of Hamilton.

She did not realize that Howe's keen eye saw that Hamilton had been drinking and found the man's greeting an insult rather than a courtesy.

"Know him well?" he asked. She was glad he had asked her; she wanted him to know that Hamilton was a friend of hers.

"Well—quite," she answered, her honesty making her hesitate. "He's been very kind to me."

Howe looked angrier than ever. This nice little girl, who has seemed so sweet and unassuming—she was going to turn out to be like so many others, then! He wondered had been to her, just what he meant in her life. Heaven—from the way she was blushing she might be in love with him!

She wondered why Howe's manner changed so suddenly; why, instead of being amusing and entertaining, as she had expected, he was aloof and unresponsive. Unless—her mind flew back to that earlier thought—unless he did care for her, and was jealous of Hamilton.

"Of course," she said slowly, after a moment—"of course, he's an old friend of the family." A lie, but then, in what a good cause she was telling it.

Howe smiled. "Just kind to you on that account?" he asked. "He's not a bad, bad man who tries to win the heart of the little working girl, then? I'd thought perhaps he was."

"He wouldn't know what to do with my heart if he had it," Mary told him, laughing.

"I wonder if you'd know what to do with—my mine," Howe was going to say. It was unfortunate

that at that moment Hamilton paused by their table, on his way to the door.

"It's, child," he said, thickly. "Get over our party Saturday all right? Some party? wasn't it? Certainly missed you yesterday. Say, honey, I've got to jump out of town tomorrow; see me tonight, won't you? O. K.? Sorry we couldn't make it for lunch today—guess you didn't care, though, did you, with a substitute like this nice young fellow. Well, so long—I'll call for you later."

Mary sat quite still when he had gone, her hands clasped tight in her lap. She hated Hamilton for that outburst. Stewart Howe's face was white, his mouth drawn into a straight, hard line. What could he be thinking of her?

He was fighting his own disappointment, the disappointment that swept over him the high tide. And he had been on the verge of asking her to be his wife—this girl who could be the companion of such a man. Yet as he looked at her face; that saw the misery in her face; that didn't bear out what he was thinking of her, certainly!

He wanted to ask her why she wept, and if she would, whether she didn't realize that she cheapened herself, sacrificed all that was loveliest in her, by doing so. He wanted to beg her not to go out any more with Hamilton, to marry him, to wait until he had proved that he was not merely the son of a rich man, but that he could stand on his own feet. He had told his father that he was going to make good within a year, had sworn that he would do so.

As for Mary, she was longing to tell him the truth, to tell him how hideous it was just to go to work and come home, day after day, never to have any fun. She wanted to make him realize that she had gone out with Hamilton just because she so longed to have a good time.

But both were fettered, tied down tight by fear of what the other

would think. Howe felt that he did not know her well enough to say all that was in his heart; Mary was eager to make him think well of her, to create for herself a background that would seem to be as good as his. Blindly she believed that knowing Hamilton would help to do so.

And so both were silent, letting a chance for true happiness be swept from them by their own fears.

To Stewart Howe that moment was a revelation of how much he cared for Mary. He was almost overwhelmed by her, yet all his bringing up, all the conservatism from which he could not escape because it had been bred into him, handed down by dozens of ancestors, refused to let him give way to his love.

He felt that Mary was being carried away from him by force that was stronger than he was, one that he could not control.

To Mary the moment was a revelation of love also—she realized how much she cared for Stewart as she never had before. It was that love itself that made her too shy to tell him the truth, which would have cleared up everything between them.

She pretended to finish eating her luncheon, and he played on with the food on his plate until they had sat there long enough to go. He tried to talk as if nothing had happened, discussing affairs at the office, asking her questions the answers to which did not interest him in the least.

She knew that an important change had taken place in their friendship—not the one she had hoped for when he asked her to luncheon that day, but one that would put a greater gap between them than the one that had previously been there.

What had happened to them, she wondered as they left? It seemed unbelievable that Hamilton's talking to her as he had could have made such a gap. She was angry for a moment, thinking that Stewart looked down on her because of Hamilton's familiarity. Yet that hardly seemed possible. After all, it wasn't her fault.

Sitting at her desk that afternoon, working hard to make up for

her long absence at noon, she thought of Stewart between writing letters and taking dictation for others. What had he done? Hamilton phoned her at half-past four. She had just laid Stewart's letters on his desk, and he had barely nodded, instead of turning and talking with her for a moment as he usually did. She turned to Hamilton to ease her wounded pride.

"Dine with you this evening? 'Yes I think I can,' she told him, over the 'phone."

"That's fine. I'll call for you at seven."

"Oh no, don't." Visions of her aunt cluttered little flat rose before her. "I'll meet you at the Diplomat."

Like girls the world over, she was making what she didn't want take the place of what her heart cried out for.

SUSPECT IN BOMB CASE IS SUICIDE

Chicago, Dec. 2.—(A. P.)—Herman Linneeman, 55, chairman of the Chicago Master Barbers association, has disappeared after writing letters indicating suicidal intentions because his name had been connected with the bombing ring inquiry being pushed by state attorneys.

He maintained his innocence and said he was "being unmercifully hounded." Searchers later found his hat on the Lake Michigan shore.

A few hours earlier, as the special grand jury was voting true bills charging Lena Schrock Rice and eight others with bombing conspiracies, she tried to stab herself with a table knife. A jail matron frustrated the attempt.

Ages Old



The flint arrowhead held by Mrs. James B. Shackelford, found in the Gobi desert, is believed to be 10,000 years old, fashioned before the cave-men existed. It was picked up by the Roy Chapman Andrews expedition.

FRATERNITIES CONSOLIDATED

A consolidation of the Phi Kappa Pi fraternity with the Alpha Psi Delta took place last night. Both were Willamette university organizations. The merger of the two houses came as a result of decreased enrollment at the university. It was stated by members there still remain four fraternities on the campus.

The Phi Kappa Pi members have accepted the Alpha Psi Delta pin. Officers of the combined organization will be elected at the beginning of next semester. Until that time affairs of the house will be administered by a joint committee, consisting of the presidents, vice-presidents and managers from both houses.

Members of the former Phi Kappa Pi house moved into the Alpha Psi Delta house, taking up their residence there, last night. The Alpha Psi Delta house is located on Union street.

SUPER ROAD DISTRICT IN DOUGLAS APPROVED

The state highway commission announced yesterday that it has approved the formation of the Umpqua highway improvement district. The plan revises the original boundaries proposed by the sponsors of the district so that road districts Nos. 4, 46, 21, and 22 and the north half of district No. 6 will be eliminated.

STATE RESTS IN MURPHY TRIAL

Medford, Or., Dec. 2.—The state rested at noon in the trial of O. W. Murphy, charged with manslaughter as the result of the death of his wife last spring following an alleged beating and motion of the defense for a directed verdict was denied by the court. The defense will begin this afternoon.

Winter Outside Summer

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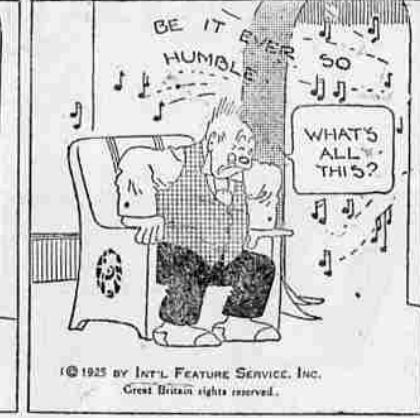
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DUMB DORA



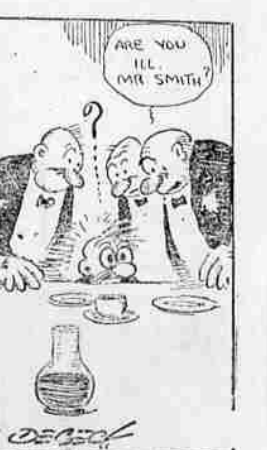
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BRINGING UP FATHER



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BARNEY GOOGLE



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By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF



547