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

The Oregonian

The Portland Oregonian today celebrates its 75th birthday. During all of its three quarters of a century it has been an important factor in the life of the community and in the development of the state. It has become more than a newspaper, it is an Oregon institution.

Newspaper mortality is very high. The constant trend is toward fewer and larger papers. The Oregonian has survived the vicissitudes of seventy five years because it was fitted to survive and has given throughout the best possible public service. Despite the changes in journalistic styles, as a news gatherer it is unsurpassed in the northwest and has few superiors in the nation.

The Oregonian's long and admirable record is fully set forth in the elaborate souvenir edition issued to celebrate the occasion. But citizens of the state are not so much interested in the Oregonian of yesterday, absorbing as the subject may be, as in the Oregonian of today.

Following the death of Harvey Scott, whose editorial genius had made the Oregonian a power in the land and given it nation-wide repute, the paper passed through a change of life, similar to that which has overtaken most city journals in their old age, a transition from outspoken, fearless personal journalism to pussyfooting corporate journalism, with policies dominated by the business office, with an eye to dividends.

Metropolitan journals are impersonal, characterless affairs, great business institutions, requiring enormous capital. The pioneer owners have passed away, succeeded by hired-men whose positions depend upon the continuance of the property's progress, prosperity and profits.

One of these metropolitan newspapers is very much like the others. They have the same telegraph and cable news, and the same news pictures, the same columns of syndicated slush, the same comic strips and editorials on sane and sane trivialities that make up in quantity what they lack in quality. The main difference lies in presentation of the news, and even it is soft peddled along lines of least resistance.

There are of course, exceptions to the rule of corporate journalism, such as the New York World, the Baltimore Sun and others that still speak out on forbidden topics as become free journals but the Oregonian is not among the exceptions. If it takes a stand on a controversial issue, it is with the majority.

Under the forceful regime of Harvey Scott, the Oregonian vigorously opposed equal suffrage, direct primaries, initiative and referendum, prohibition, paternalism, religious intolerance and other issues. With its change of life, it has become an ardent advocate of all of these except religious intolerance, and on it is silent, lest it offend secret societies, the Klan and the fundamentalists.

The Oregonian's modesty has grown with its circulation. Despite its shyness it is fully convinced of its greatness. Its souvenir edition cartoon depicts the Oregonian as a magic carpet upon which Oregon is flying through the years and over the world. It takes ten columns of fine print to laudatorily depict the career of that great man, its editor, and nearly a full page to sing the praises of that other great man, its manager. But truly great men are too scarce to hide their lights under a bushel, and besides, if they don't herald their own greatness, who will? So, we have them as beacon blazes in the niches of their own temple of fame to inspire the rising generation, for

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

WHAT HE DIDN'T OFFER

In that moment, as her hand lay lightly in Hamilton's, it seemed to Mary that everything she had wanted was going to be hers—everything, that is, but the love of which she had always dreamed. She wouldn't think of that, but buried it deep in her heart. Love came, sometimes, when you didn't expect it; maybe that was what would happen in this case.

But she knew that if Stewart Hove were to come to her then, and ask her to marry him, and live on the salary he earned, she would gladly do it and let Hamilton and his millions go their way without her.

A waiter came with the entrée and Mary glanced about her as he was serving it. There were few prettier girls there than she, but there were many who were far better dressed. Studying them, Mary compared her own frock and hat with theirs, and saw that her clothes were simpler, not so bright colored. Next time she bought a dress—and then, suddenly, she remembered that if she married that Hamilton she could buy clothes whenever and wherever she wanted to, could have them specially designed for her, for that matter. What a relief not to have to haunt bargain sales, and look at things that had been pawed over by a lot of other women.

And yet, what a lot of fun she'd miss. She and Lulu really enjoyed her hunt for clothes, the contriving and managing, the joy of getting something really good for half what it might have cost them. There wouldn't be any of that, either. If she married him!

Hamilton was talking again, talking about the things they'd do, the things, he'd buy for her.

"You were made for luxury, if ever a girl was," Mary thought never to have to work. Lord what an inspiration you could be to a man if you wanted to; if you ever realized the power that lies in you. Why, you could do anything you wanted to with a man—a man like me, for instance."

Mary was overwhelmed. For him, a successful, famous man, to tell her that. She began to think of herself differently. Not just as a little stenographer any

match your blue eyes," he was saying. "You were made for luxury, if ever a girl was. Mary, you ought never to have to work. Lord what an inspiration you could be to a man if you wanted to; if you ever realized the power that lies in you. Why, you could do anything you wanted to with a man—a man like me, for instance."

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longer, but as a woman of influence, of power. Could it be true? Surely he ought to know, he who knew so many people, everywhere who had travelled so much and done so many things, and made such a success of himself.

It was flattery of a kind that was new to her, that was effective because it was so clever. She was far more delighted than if he had told her merely that she was beautiful, and that he loved her. She could not read deep enough to guess that he was saying it all too glibly, as if he said it many times before to many other girls.

"I'm really serious about this thing," he told her, breaking away from the compliments suddenly. "Probably you don't realize it, but I am. You could get away alright, couldn't you? Didn't you tell me that you lived with your aunt and uncle? Well, that's not like parents exactly."

Mary wanted to protest, her aunt and uncle had been just as good to her as any father and mother could. But he was saying something that made it impossible for her to interrupt.

"You could meet me in New York—I'll send you the money for your ticket—and you'd stay just as I suggested. You'd be the most wonderful little girl a man ever had."

Something cold rose up within Mary, something that nearly choked her. What did he mean, this man who sat there talking so calmly about so many things, but hadn't mentioned one, the most important one of all? She was afraid to think, afraid to realize what it might mean. She clenched her hands tightly in her lap, almost glad to feel the finger nails cutting into her flesh; pain like that was a relief after the kind she felt inside her.

"But I—I—" she stammered. Why didn't he go on and tell her right out what he meant!

"I can't wait till you get there," he went on, smiling at her. "In

New York I'm going to buy you some lovely things, such things as you've never had before—hats, and dresses and a fitted traveling bag—kind of fittings do you like best?"

A man who was passing the table stopped suddenly, laying one hand on Hamilton's shoulder.

"Why, Pat, how are you?" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you were in town! Why didn't you let me know?"

"Just got in myself," answered Hamilton. Mary expected him to introduce the man to her, but he didn't.

"Well, it's great that you're here come out to the house for dinner tomorrow night, can't you? Come early and we'll run over to the club and shoot some golf first. Mrs. Hamilton with you?"

Mary knew then. She turned hot with shame. So that was it, that was what he'd meant all along! Probably there wouldn't have been any trip abroad—of course there wouldn't! This was the kind of thing you read about in the newspapers sometimes, but it never happened to girls like her. Mary told herself, girls who'd been brought up right.

She clutched the edge of the table, rose, a bit unsteady, but by the time she was on her feet she had herself well under control, outwardly at least. She stood up her vanity case.

"If you'll excuse me—" she said to Hamilton. He nodded, half rose from his chair, and then turned to the other man again as she left. She walked across the restaurant in the direction of the waiting room, just as other girls she had noticed earlier had gone to repair the makeup that they wore. At the door she paused an instant. The room was near the outer door at the Alhambra. Then, almost running, she hurried to the entrance and out into the street.

There were taxis parked in the half circle of drive in front of the restaurant, and private cars.

Mary hurried past them, down to the street, hesitated for a moment. She must get away at once, as fast as she could. Hamilton might follow her. She never would see him again, never!

There was an elevated station several blocks down; she ran toward it, once she got away from the restaurant and its lights. On en—refusing to think of the thing that was in the back of her mind, that must be faced the moment that she was alone. She was hardly conscious of her own movements; only as she ran up the long flight of stairs leading to the elevated did she realize that she was hideously tired. Her knees seemed to turn to rubber and bend under her.

She was almost staggering when she reached the top at last, bought her ticket, and went out onto the long platform to wait for the train.

She had escaped from Hamilton. But she felt that she never could escape from the mud that he had thrown at her.

To think that she thought he wanted to marry her!

Tomorrow—A Heartbreaking Blow.

SCHOOL BOARD CANNOT BUILD "TEACHERAGES"

In an opinion written today to J. A. Churchill, state superintendent of schools, Attorney General Van Winkle ruled that school boards cannot legally use school funds for the construction of "teacherages" or cottages for the use of teachers. It is said the practice has been general in the state and in some instances bonds have been secured for the purpose.

A cottage was built by the Salem school board several years ago in which several teachers lived, but inasmuch as the building was built and used primarily for domestic science classes it is not believed it is affected by the opinion.

NOVEL FEATURES ON VAUDEVILLE BILL AT HEILIG

Patrons of the Heilig theatre will be given a rare treat and will incidentally have their knowledge of psychology considerably enhanced after seeing the demonstration given by J. Joseph Clifford who headlines tonight's Association Vaudeville bill. Clifford's form of entertainment is a scientific sensation wherever shown.

The outstanding laugh hit on any bill in which they have appeared is the team of Max Burkhardt and Don Rich in their comedy skit, "Have a Sample." Constant interruptions on the part of one performer while the other is endeavoring to sing or speak is not a new form of comedy with Burkhardt and Rich it has been given an entirely new and unexpected twist.

If it ever becomes popular among women to develop their athletic propensities to the same extent as Zola Bennett and her fair partner have done, then more manly will have good reason for insisting that the word "obey" be left in the marriage vow, though they may have more trouble enforcing it than the champions of Mr. Volstead are having in their respective jobs. Miss Bennett and her company present what they call "Sportology" in which the physical prowess of the two girls who box, fence, wrestle and demonstrate Jiu-jitsu, is shown to good advantage much to the chagrin of the male member of the trio who is always on the defensive as usual.

"That Versatile Boy" Homer Cog

hill contributes his share of comedy in his offering which consists of eccentric dancing and producing excellent music from a number of various instruments constructed out of the most ordinary tools and utensils.

Clyde and Marion Nelson complete a well balanced and capable show with their exhibitions of al. abalo spinning, hat twirling and other juggling feats which are accomplished with professional finish and neatness.

LEWIS SLATED FOR BUSY WEEK

Frankie Lewis, Salem fighter, is in for quite a busy time, according to his manager. Lewis is scheduled to meet George Ingersoll, Astoria fighter, in the main event in a card to be given at Silverton, December 11. On December 12, Lewis is matched at Bend. He will leave for Bend immediately after the bout with Ingersoll at Silverton.

George McCormick, Spokane welterweight fighter, passed through Salem and is anxious to get a bout with Lewis here and in Marshfield both. McCormick was returning from Marshfield, where he beat Tribby, popular Marshfield row, though they may have more trouble enforcing it than the champions of Mr. Volstead are having in their respective jobs. Miss Bennett and her company present what they call "Sportology" in which the physical prowess of the two girls who box, fence, wrestle and demonstrate Jiu-jitsu, is shown to good advantage much to the chagrin of the male member of the trio who is always on the defensive as usual.

McCormick would have knocked him out but for his weight. McCormick drew a 1600 pounds at Marshfield. The Marshfield matchmaker is making efforts to schedule the two for a card on December 23. Joe Hancney and Levi, McCormick's manager, accompanied McCormick,

any are going to stop off at Portland, where McCormick has been doing quite a bit of fighting lately. Several other matchmakers are after Lewis for raids.

Emancipated women in Turkey are subject to the same taxes as men.

Of the 657 professions listed in the United States, women are engaged in 632.

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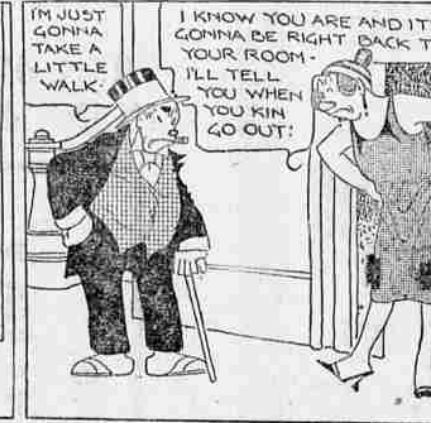
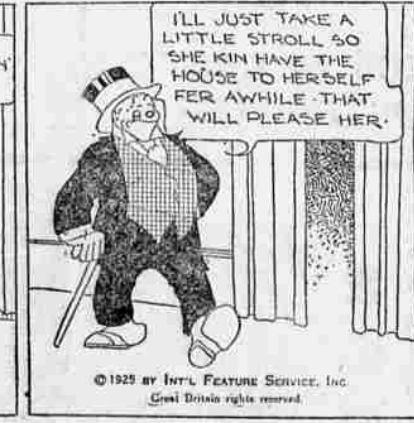
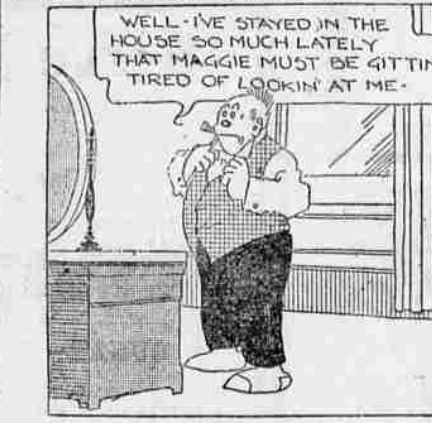
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By Chick Young

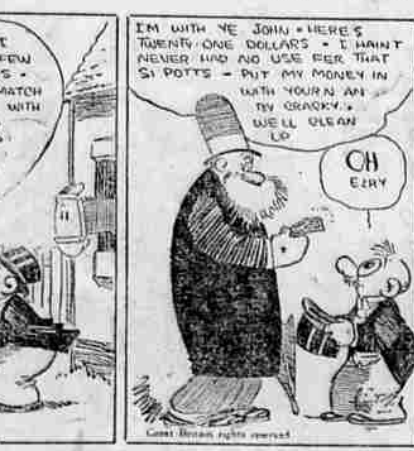
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



Who Would Have Thought It?

By Bud Fisher



HEALTH—My Gift to You

LIFE will be far sweeter if you will once and for all time rid yourself of those annoying, uncomfortable and dangerous PILES and other Rectal and Colon ailments. MY FREE 96-page Book tells of my unqualified WRITTEN GUARANTEE to cure your Piles without a hospital surgical operation, or refund your fee. Many personal letters are also contained therein proving how I have given back health and strength to thousands of others. Start the New Year Happy and Well. Send for my Book TODAY.

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