

# Capital Journal

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

## Gallows a Reformer

Rev. Joseph J. Ayd, professor of sociology, Georgetown university, and one of the chaplains at the Maryland state prison, in which capacity he has had the painful duty of attending many condemned criminals on the scaffold, and had to spend many hours in the cells of men about to pay the supreme penalty for foul crimes, in an article in the Baltimore Evening Sun defends capital punishment and its reforming influence on the criminal. He declares:

The purposes for which the State imposes punishment may be reduced to four—retribution, reformation, deterrence and prevention. Prevention, does not concern the law and the courts; it concerns the general social measures which will eliminate or diminish the tendencies to crime. Retribution makes no appeal in these days of materialistic laxity and sentimentalism, though it is, say what you will, the primary purpose of civil punishment. Deterrence (involving self-defense) is, according to the best authority, the "kinship of the criminal law." The fear of being overtaken by the law's penalty is, next to morality and conscience, what keeps most people from being offenders in one way or another. I have absolutely no doubt, that capital punishment is about the most perfect of all human penal deterrents, provided that it is properly and justly imposed.

Reformation is a very important purpose, too, of penal law, and is the proper basis for shaping any and all penalties, so far as concerns the individual criminal. It may lead to death, permanent or temporary segregation from society, or to immediate discharge on probation. All modern criminal law has been modified in obedience to this purpose. No one who recognizes that death is no less than life comes from God, and that a death which is painful and ignominious may for some be the means by which, in His Providence the Creator brings the soul to himself, can possibly deny its validity.

That the prospect of death works for the moral reformation of the criminal and converts his will from bad to good has been contended by many observers. William Samuel Lilly declares "The certainty of impending execution often works a great and rapid change in the inmost being of an assassin." Schopenhauer declared:

"When condemned criminals have lost all hope, they show actual goodness and purity of disposition, true abhorrence of committing any deed in the least degree bad or unkind; they forgive their enemies and die gladly, placidly, happily; they obtain a purification through suffering."

From his own personal experiences Rev. Ayd says that "the death penalty has marvelous reformatory powers." He has seen men who had committed outrageous crimes, "go to the scaffold like heroes and die like saints," and he cites numerous instances, including some of the more notorious criminals who died "ignominious but edifying deaths."

## The Irrigation Issue

The Oregon Voter has begun the publication of propaganda from California bond dealers to the effect that the state of Oregon is under a moral obligation to purchasers of irrigation district securities because the state guaranteed interest for the first few years to give colonists time to establish themselves. It is therefore urged that the state refund this indebtedness.

As the Capital Journal has before remarked, the effort to force the state to make good losses of investors in wild-cat irrigation districts will be one of the issues of the coming campaign. An effort along the same lines failed at the last session of the legislature.

The irrigation districts owe their present plight largely to these same California bonding and banking houses which ruthlessly exploited them, and after reaping an exorbitant profit in finance and collusive construction on a cost-plus basis, whereby the district paid a dollar for 50 cents worth of work, unloaded the securities on the innocent purchaser on the pretense that the state was backing the project.

These California financiers may be morally bound to protect their customers, but the state of Oregon is not though some way must be found to settle the issue constructively. The condition of the irrigation districts is critical but each must be treated upon its merits. It is a financial problem and not a political one, and upon a satisfactory solution rests the future welfare of large areas of the state.

## Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

### A MYSTERY

"Would you mind not talking, quite so loud?" she called to them, plaintively, a few moments later. "I have a frightful headache, and I just can't stand the noise."  
"We'll go to a movie," Mary answered promptly. When they were outside Lulu turned to her disgustedly.

"Before I'd live with her!" she exclaimed. "She's an awful crank."  
But Mary had seen Cella's face, and realized that something had made her very unhappy.

When Mary returned later that evening after her cousin and she had gone to the movies, she found that Cella had not gone to bed, in spite of the fact that she had said she had a headache, but was sitting in the window seat, wearing a Chinese lounging suit.

It was remarkably beautiful and Mary exclaimed with delight over it.  
"What a gorgeous suit, Cella," she said. "It must be new, isn't it?"  
"Yes, it is; my brother sent it to me," Cella replied. She reached out one hand and drew Mary down beside her.

"I'm afraid I was snippy to you and your cousin, this evening," she said. "I'm awfully sorry, I'd work so hard all day, and felt so upset, somehow, and I had looked forward to having a good talk with you this evening, and then when I came in and saw her here, inside this just seemed to snap inside me. I'm so fond of you, Mary dear, and I do depend on you so—I really believe I'm jealous of Lulu," she added.

Mary laughed, too, whole heartedly.  
"As if there was any reason for you to be," she said. "You know how much I think of you. I felt worried about you—you looked as if you've been crying, when you came in."  
"Well, I hadn't!" snapped Cella.

"And I wish you wouldn't spy on me!" Her voice had changed almost unbelieveably. Then an instant afterward she was in tears, her head on Mary's shoulder. "Oh dear, I'm so horrid!" she exclaimed.  
"Do please forgive me, Mary—I didn't mean to act like that. I'm just worn out, that's all."  
"You must go to bed at once, then," Mary exclaimed. "Did you have any dinner?"  
"Well, I—no, I didn't, that is, not much," Cella told her, slowly.  
"I'll fix some for you—some toast and hot soup; that would be good for you, and I'm sure you'll go right to sleep when you've had it."  
And so, while Cella went to bed, Mary made soup and toast, and after she had taken a tray to Cella went back to wash the dinner dishes and put them away. She was very tired. She could not help remembering the days when she had lived at her aunt's. After all, it hadn't been very pleasant living in another person's house, but she hadn't had anything but herself on her mind. And now she had Cella!

She could not help wondering about that Chinese suit. She knew that it must have been very expensive. And Cella's brother, according to Cella, was not in the habit of making her presents, even very cheap ones.

Cella had been crazy to have one of those suits—Mary knew that well enough. She was always talking about them, and making Mary stop in front of oriental goods shops where they were shown in the windows, and once she got Mary to take her noon hour for shopping; and go with her to a department store where they were having a sale of the suits, but they were so expensive that Cella couldn't dream of getting one.  
"It's a waste of time to look at

them," Mary had told her, but Cella had just laughed.  
"I had to know exactly what I wanted," she answered. "Some day I'll have one of those suits. I always get what I want, sooner or later—usually sooner!"  
Well, now she had one. Probably she'd written her brother and asked him to give it to her. It must have cost a lot; its embroideries were done in gold thread and it was of beautifully heavy satin.  
The next day was Sunday, so Mary did not wake Cella when she herself got up at eight o'clock, and had a leisurely breakfast with the morning paper propped up in front of her. How lovely it must be, she thought, to have lots of time for breakfast every morning!  
But she couldn't linger too long over hers, even on Sunday. She must straighten up the rooms, and then, if Cella wasn't awake yet, she'd go for a walk. She glanced about, noting some papers on the floor near the desk, and went to pick them up. Without meaning to, she read a card that was among them.  
"Wear it and forgive me," was scrawled on it.  
There was no initials. The writing was familiar; she studied it a moment. It looked ever so much like Stanley Blake's writing. She turned suddenly hot at that thought, and tossed it among the papers she was gathering together to throw away. Of course it couldn't be Mr. Blake's writing!  
She finished her work, dressed and went for her walk, determined not to think of that card. Probably—oh, of course, not probably at all!—Cella's brother had written that card and sent it to her with the lounging suit. She dismissed the whole thing.  
When she came home, Cella was rummaging in her desk.  
"Lost anything?" Mary asked.  
"Yes, I—you haven't been at my desk, have you?" Cella's voice was sharp.  
"No, of course not. I picked up

the papers on the floor when I was cleaning the room this morning, that was the only time I—"  
"What papers? Did you take papers off my desk and throw them away?"  
"No, I didn't!" Mary replied haughtily. "You know that I'd never dream of doing such a thing. I did pick up some papers, scraps that were on the floor, and threw them away, that was all."  
"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to cross—was there a card anywhere among them?" Cella was still fumbling through the things on her desk and avoided Mary's eyes.  
"Yes, there was," Mary answered quietly.  
"Oh, I—I—" Cella was at a loss. "I didn't mean to read it, but I did; I couldn't help it." Mary went on, steadily. "I wear it and forgive me."  
Cella's anger broke then, like a storm. The things she said to Mary were harsh and cruel, and Mary was too young to realize that Cella was hiding a feeling of guilt beneath that hysterical rage.  
She turned and went into the bedroom, telling herself that this was the end. She couldn't go on living with Cella, after this.  
Tomorrow—Unwelcome Revelations.

### NEWS BRIEFS

The operation of turning the pulping of Jack Dempsey into more classic lines is said to have cost \$5000.  
Roy Mandery, star half-back on the football team of the University of Nebraska, is a member of the police force at Lincoln.  
The result of a horse race is published in England within two minutes after the finish, and throughout the world in ten minutes.  
Miss Fannie Rosenfeld, Canada's premiere girl athlete, recently established a new women's world record for the 100-yard dash. Her time was 11 seconds.

## God's Gifts Given to Man to Be Utilized Asserts Father Buck

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice," was the text which Father Buck of St. Joseph's Catholic church chose for his sermon yesterday morning. As the Christmas season draws near, an event which the entire civilized world commemorates, "we might consider the reason for Christ's coming to earth," he said. "Just what was the reason for His taking flesh and dwelling amongst us? To answer this understandingly, we must go back to the beginning of the human race.  
"We are taught that man was made to the image and likeness of God, and that his image is chiefly in the soul, which is a spirit which will never die and which has reason and free will. And these gifts, if we consider well, far surpass all other gifts to man, for none would part with these for all the world has to offer besides. Thus we are God-like beings.  
"But of what use is a gift if one could not use it? Of what use would all the money—the gift materialists prize so much—be to a Robinson Crusoe, stranded and alone on an island? Far more would he prize an old rusty spoon which he might use, than all the wealth of gold and silver in the world. And of what use would our reason and free will be if God did not also give us a chance to use these gifts?"  
Referring to the story of the creation, Father Buck stated that that story is that God made man in His own image and placed him in a position to use his gifts. And man, being tempted, used his God-like prerogatives to disobey Him. "We must not forget," said Father Buck, "that God owed man nothing whatsoever, but man's creation was purely an act of love. Hence God was not acting unjustly in banishing man from the Garden of Eden and condemning him to earn his own bread by the sweat of his brow, and curbing the earth upon which man was to live. He might easily have destroyed man entirely, and not been unjust nor unmerciful. He did not do so, but promised a Redeemer who would come and whom mankind should obey.  
"Now this Redeemer was Christ, the second person of the most blessed Trinity, who designed to be born in a manger, live a most lowly life, suffer all the ills of an ungrateful world, and to be crucified on the cross in order to teach man that He was indeed divine and the Redeemer.  
"But why should God take this method of redeeming man instead of redeeming him in some other way?"  
Then Father Buck pointed out the difference between an offense committed by an individual against an equal, and an offense against one who is above him. He used the example of King Jehoram, who raised his hand to strike one of God's prophets, when his arm was suddenly withered and fell helpless to his side.  
"If this respect is so common among men, how much more worthy is God," he asked. "Then he

vision and praise of Him.  
Let us then prepare in our very best manner for Christmas, by offering a pure and contrite heart to our Saviour at the anniversary of His birth, and 'Seek ye for the kingdom of God and His justice.'"  
**NEW INCORPORATIONS**  
Dekins Shingle company, Linn-ton; incorporators, W. G. Dawkins, George Medrow, C. W. Tyle; capital, \$15,000.  
No-Glare Headlight corporation, Portland; incorporators, L. D. Denny, E. B. Cary, H. J. Schul-derman; capital, \$100,000.  
Under the blue sky act a permit has been issued to the Clark Products Manufacturing company of Portland to sell stock in the sum of \$22,000, and to the Ralph Schussel company of Portland to sell notes in the sum of \$125,000.  
**SCHOOLS CLOSE DECEMBER 18**  
Mill City, Or., Dec. 14.—The Mill City schools will close December 18 for the Christmas and New Year holidays, opening again on January 4.

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