

Capital Journal

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

Objecting to McCamant

Senator Hiram Johnson of California is protesting the nomination of Judge Wallace McCamant of Oregon to be circuit judge of the Ninth United States circuit court of appeals on the ground that Judge McCamant, while a delegate to the republican national convention in 1920, violated his instructions from the people of Oregon to support Johnson on the national ticket, and having betrayed his constituents is therefore not a fit person for high judicial office.

The statement appearing on the petition to have name printed on the primary ballot, read:
"I, Wallace McCamant, reside at 226 King street, Portland, Oregon, and my postoffice address is 236 King street, Portland, Oregon. I am a duly registered member of the Republican party. If I am elected to be a delegate to the Republican national convention at the primary nominating election to be held in the state of Oregon on the 21st day of May, 1926, I will accept the election and will qualify as such delegate. I desire the following to be put after my name on the official ballot: For President, an American, a Republican and a Statesman."

In the official election pamphlet, Judge McCamant, in his statement grided the bureaucracy "servants of the people" for failure to serve the people and obey their wishes, and concluded:

I have avoided committing myself to any candidate for president in order that I might be in a better position to support the candidate who wins out in the Oregon primary.

However, in the convention Judge McCamant refused to abide by the verdict of the people and deserted the cause of Hiram Johnson, despite his instructions. It is for this cause that Johnson is opposing the jurist's confirmation.

While Judge McCamant owes his bench appointment to his nomination of Calvin Coolidge for vice-president, in the convention, it is a matter of record that the idea was not original with him altho he claimed it, but with Judge John L. Rand, also a delegate, who first suggested Coolidge, and when a sore throat prevented from making the nominating speech requested McCamant to substitute.

Helping the Poor Rich

Big business and big money are in the saddle at Washington. With a president devoted to their cause and a majority of both houses servile and anxious to obey their slightest wish, with the public totally indifferent as long as prosperity lasts, anything that reaction desires will become the law of the land.

The first move of the new congress is to reduce income and surtaxes, which are paid by the well-to-do and wealthy—the second the reduction and eventual elimination of the inheritance tax on unearned fortunes. Both of these taxes were designed to keep great fortunes from being left intact and growing greater with the years and with every generation. Congress not only does nothing to prevent the issuance of tax-exempt securities as a refuge for wealth to escape taxation altogether, but is reducing the surtax penalty upon great incomes.

Acting on the ingenious Mellon theory, a theory conceived in the interest of and by one of the 86 Americans who pay taxes on incomes of more than \$1,000,000, their surtax is to be cut from 40 percent to 20 percent to get them to take their money out of tax-exempt securities and pay higher taxes on other securities. But will they, and why should they? Why should anyone pay taxes when he can legally escape them?

These 86 multimillionaires will save \$98,691,720 by the reduction in surtax, which the government will lose. To make up the loss the government will have to keep the auto, tire, camera and other nuisance taxes for the many to pay to relieve the few excessively rich. But that is the present scheme of government, the theory being that if the rich feast, some crumbs will fall for the poor.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

A BIT OF TRUTH

Mary was almost afraid to go to the door, when the bell rang so violently. She felt sure that Hilda Lewis had come back after starting out so gaily only a few moments before with Pat Hamilton to go to the theatre. And she just couldn't see Hamilton, Mary told herself, over and over; also just couldn't.

Finally she dragged herself down the hall and opened the door, slowly.

It was Jim, Hilda's husband, who stood there, a suit case in one hand, his hat in the other.

"Mary! It's great to see you again!" He dropped the heavy suitcase on the floor as he came into the narrow hall, and tossed his hat on a table. "Where's Hilda?"

"She's just gone out. She didn't expect you home tonight."

"No, I know it; I got home a day early. Say, has she gone out with Hamilton?"

The tone of his voice would have been warning enough for Mary even if his face hadn't told her that there'd be trouble if he knew where Hilda had gone. What could she say? She'd have to lie.

Mary drew a deep breath. It wouldn't occur to him that Hilda had new things to wear tonight.

"Mary, I'm sorry for my rudeness. I'm doggone tired," he told her, coming back into the hall. "For a minute I saw red, I guess. But Hilda's best clothes are all there, so—well, let's forget it!" He laughed apologetically and turned toward his kitchen. "I'm starved; let's see what there is to eat."

He and Mary got dinner together. She found some chops in the refrigerator, things for a salad, some vegetables. Evidently Hilda had expected to have dinner at home, she told herself; Hamilton must have phoned at the last minute.

Oh, if Jim could just be kept from finding out where his wife had gone!

she had such a nice husband as Jim was. He worked hard, he adored Hilda, tried his best to give her everything he could that he thought would make her happy. But because the other man had more money Hilda accepted his attentions—even his insinuating way of speaking to her!

"I must figure out some way of keeping her from walking right in here and letting him know where she's been; she'll make him so unhappy if she does that—and he's too good to be made unhappy!"—Mary's thoughts whirled as she broiled the chops and made the salad.

She hated deception, wouldn't enter into it on her own account. But it seemed to close around her. Celia and Stanley, Hilda, Hilda and Pat Hamilton—everything and everyone seemed to be conspiring to force her into deceit.

Jim ate heartily, and over his dinner told Mary about his business trip.

"It turned out better than I'd dared to hope," he told Mary. "So well that I brought Hilda something she's wanted for a long time, that I couldn't afford. She's going to be crazy over it. Come into the living room and I'll show it to you."

Mary knew what it was even before Jim opened his suit case and took out the long, narrow package. All embroidered shawls—but a smaller one than the one Hamilton had given Hilda that very evening, made of lighter weight silk, and with almost no embroidery.

Jim was pathetically pleased with it. He unfolded it and made Mary put it on and walk up and down the crowded little room.

"Isn't it pretty?" he kept asking her, over and over. "Don't you think it's a beauty, Mary? Won't Hilda be pleased with it?"

Mary told him that of course she would. But in her heart she knew that Hilda would much prefer the more beautiful shawl Hamilton had brought her. The fact that Jim had denied himself something he wanted to buy her the one he'd got

wouldn't mean anything to Hilda. "Oh, she mustn't hurt him. She must pretend that she likes this one better!" Mary told herself. And then she remembered that Hilda wouldn't dare let Jim know that Pat Hamilton had given her a shawl. She wouldn't dare let him find that out, or he'd be furious.

When dinner was over and the dishes were washed—Jim insisted on helping—Mary told him that she'd have to go. There were noises in the apartment below that told her that her aunt and uncle had come home; she could go down there now. She didn't want to; she felt that unpleasant though her own little home had become, she'd rather go back there. But she must be on hand when Hilda came home.

She got her hat and coat and went out into the hall and down to the bend in the stairs, from which she could see the front door. She sat down there, to wait till Hilda should come home.

"I was so wait of long, dreary hours. Several other tenants in the building came home, but none of them knew Mary. One woman asked if she was locked out, and Mary said that she was, and refused the other's kind invitation to come in to her apartment and wait till she could get in. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock—was Jim standing in the front window, watching for Hilda? If he was—

At last! A taxi stopped at the front door, a woman got out, and ran up the front steps. Hilda! Mary ran down the stairs to the first floor and faced her.

Then, too late, she saw that Hamilton had followed Hilda into the hall.

Nineteen teams are now playing professional football in 18 large cities in the United States—New York, Providence, Rochester, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Porterville, Cleveland, Canton, Akron, Columbus, Dayton, Chicago (two teams), Detroit, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Rock Island, Green Bay and Minneapolis.

WOODBURN SIGN HAS HARD LUCK

Woodburn, Or., Dec. 17.—There has been dirty work at the crossroads, reports Dr. Gerald B. Smith, who has discovered that the word Portland on a sign erected at the junction with the Woodburn cut-off and the Pacific highway a few miles south of here, has been nearly obliterated with paint leaving the words "Woodburn and Newberg 44 miles." The sign originally called attention to the paved route through Woodburn and Newberg to Portland, giving the entire distance.

Because the turn-off hard to see on wet and foggy nights, owing to the nature of the pavement, Dr. Smith, who has missed the short cut several times, is a hearty advocate of some kind of light to warn motorists that the junction has been reached.

The sign has caused considerable trouble in the past. Three different times it was torn down by road patrolmen who believed it to be located on the state highway right of way. A committee from the Woodburn Community club, headed by John P. Hunt, called upon the Marion county court and obtained permission to maintain the sign. After this permission became known to the state highway commission there has been no difficulty until the recent act of vandalism.

One of the features of sports of the Sesqui-centennial exposition in Philadelphia next year will be a series of football games in which the best college teams of the east, middle west, the far west and the south will meet to determine the college football championship of the United States. A gold cup will be awarded the winner.

Weil-Known Writer Who Prefers to be Unknown

Harry Leon Wilson has not had a photograph taken for years. Wilson's publishers, at their wits' end for a new likeness to use in connection with his new novel, "Cousin Jane" called in a skillful artist who, from several old snapshots—the author in a hat, a cap, bare-headed, etc.—made a composite portrait with the features of the most recent photograph, the expression of another, the top of the head of a third. For Wilson is an author who really dislikes and shuns personal publicity.

The curious result of his aloofness is that the public knows the fictitious people of Wilson books better than it knows their creator. The peculiarities of Bunker Bean, Merton, Ruggles are familiar to thousands who would not be able to tell you anything of the author except (perhaps) his name. Yet Harry Leon Wilson has been writing with success since this century was born, and serious critics do not hesitate to pronounce him foremost living humorist.

Wilson the novelist is established. Wilson the man remains almost a mystery. For many years he has lived a life of virtual retirement on the Monterey Peninsula, California, and whatever journeys he makes into the world are not pressed against. Although his reputation as a humorist was made in New York when he edited and contributed to Puck over two decades ago, and although his first novel, "The Spenders," a pronounced success, was of New York life, Mr. Wilson now never visits and seldom writes about the East. Publishers and editors who wish to get in close touch with him must make, and have made for that purpose, the long journey to the Pacific coast

shore where his home stands. For Wilson is not only foremost as a writer—he is first and foremost a writer. He wants his books to speak for him. And they do speak.

To revive his novels of the last twenty years is illuminating. They show the novelist's broad interests and sympathies. After "The Spenders" came "The Lions of the Lord"—a dramatic story of Mormonism and the early mormonish, light and the early Mormons. "The Seeker" followed in 1924—a novel of religious controversy which would cause a sensation even today, and which undoubtedly came years before its time. "The Box of Little Acre" was the first of Wilson's books of mainly humorous import; but "Bunker Bean," a satire on the inferiority complex which anticipated the Freud craze, eclipsed it in popularity.

When in the Far West Wilson discovered Red Gap, and several succeeding volumes were devoted to its local celebrities. "Merton of the Movies" a few years later became the classic among film stories. "Oh, Doctor," is a comic analysis of hypochondria and its cure, and "Professor, How Could You?" in whose scene the author returns to the Mississippi Valley of his nativity, is an "escape" story of a learned runaway which has been compared by many to Huckleberry Finn.

But just as the mantle of Mark Twain seemed gracefully descending upon the Wilson shoulders, he moved from under. He wrote "Cousin Jane!" This recent novel is a psychological study of the mind and heart of a woman from childhood to maturity; so sensitive and so delicate in its preceptiveness

WARNING SIGNAL INSTALLED SOON

Woodburn, Or., Dec. 17.—A warning bell is being placed at the crossing of the Southern Pacific main line and the extension of South Front street, according to P. G. Vickers, agent for the railroad company.

Lights to mark the crossing are wanted by Eugene Courtney, Woodburn banker, who says the railroad company does not always comply with the posted notices that boxcars shall not be placed within 100 feet of the crossing, which at this point includes the main line and a sidetrack. The place, he points out, is dangerous to pedestrians as well as automobiles on rainy or foggy nights. It is possible that the bell will be of the type that displays red danger lights.

SPECIAL MASSES FOR CHRISTMAS

Woodburn, Or., Dec. 17.—Two special masses will be sung by the choir of St. Luke's Catholic church instead of regular Christmas programs this year. Rehearsals have been under way for several weeks under the direction of J. F. Nathman, assisted by Miss Lella Nibbler, organist, and Alfred Hanuska, violinist. The first mass will be heard at midnight Christmas eve and the second at 10 o'clock Christmas morning. The "Coella" mass is being sung. Solos will be sung by Mrs. Otto Miller, Mrs. D. Abbott and Miss Alice Lembeck.

Members of the choir are: Sopranos—Matilda and Blondina Gills, Mrs. Otto Miller and Miss Alice Lembeck; alto—Mrs. Alfred Hanuska and Mrs. D. Abbott; tenors—A. J. Becker, E. Zak, F. Sowa and Mr. Blasko; basses—P. H. Fitzgerald, Peter Gills, Mr. Blasko and A. F. Hanuska.

Merry Christmas!

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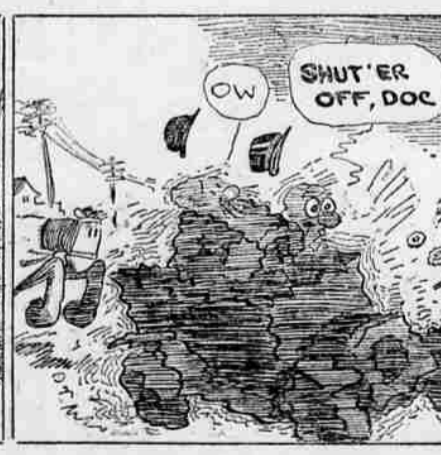
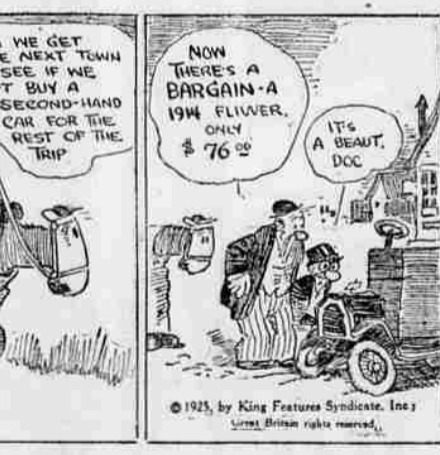
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOLE



MUTT AND JEFF



MUTT, I'VE DONE SOMETHING AND IT WORRIES ME.

JEFF, I'VE DONE SOMETHING AND IT WORRIES ME.

BUT RATHER THAN HAVE YOU LOSE YOUR 20,000 BERRIES I JUST NOW SOLD IT FOR \$310,000. HERE'S YOUR OPTION MONEY AND THE SIXTY THOUSAND PROFIT!

WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER NICE REAL ESTATE DEAL WE PUT OVER!

SAY, WHERE DO YOU GET THAT 'WE' STUFF?

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

People Talk in Box-Car Figures in Miami

By Bud Fisher