

Capital Journal

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

A New Messiah

The press dispatches recently conveyed the information that Theosophists under the leadership of Anne Besant, were leaving on a pilgrimage to India "to await the second coming of Christ." This assertion is according to Theosophists, an error, but the facts are all the more interesting. Theosophists hold that at periods of the world history humanity becomes spiritually and morally bankrupt and that at such periods a world-teacher appears, a direct messenger from the Super-Being known to our civilization as Christ, to lead, teach and re-inspire. This Messiah has appeared in various forms in ages past. He comes, in their words:

From the Cosmic Government, or Spiritual Hierarchy of the World, founding the previous religions of antiquity—Gautama Buddha, Sri Krishna, Orpheus, Zoroaster, Hermes, Vyasa, etc. Always at critical periods, when civilization has outworn its last message, and instinctively looking forward to the next Coming of the Teacher, which condition is unquestionably prevalent in world today.

The peculiar philosophy or religion of Theosophy holds that many lives are necessary in the progressive development or evolution of the soul through reincarnations until perfection, and oneness with the Infinite. Some of these matured souls turn back and help instruct the on-coming humanity and from time to time the Great Teacher comes out among men to assign their next lesson—and indications are declared ripe for this event at present, as—

Humanity is tottering toward the open fire, and must be touched by the Great Hand of the Guardian. Unutterable selfishness, financial chaos, even frightfully devastating wars, with their all-consuming gases, flames, etc., are imminent.

Such a Great Teacher "a pupil of the Masters of Wisdom" Theosophists believe, is 29 year old Krishnamurti, avowed pupil of the "White Lodge of Adepts," "supermen" residing in the inaccessible regions of the Himalayas and identical with the "Wise Men of the East" who 2000 years ago came forth to welcome Jesus. Mrs. Besant has announced that he is to become the vehicle of the Great World Teacher and that an era of peace and love among men will immediately follow. She claims, and her assertions are verified by the international order of the "Star in the East" including representatives of all churches and men and women of note that—

The "transfiguration" of Krishnamurti, which has taken place—or will within a few days, is a Divine manifestation, similar to that experienced by Jesus, at the time when the spirit of the Christ descended upon Him. The reoccurrence of this advent, will usher in a new dispensation for mankind and found a new race, based upon practical realization of the long-sought universal brotherhood, substituting unselfish co-operation for the present greed and competition.

Krishnamurti is now at Adyar, India, where spiritual leaders of all countries are in conference. He recently visited this country, making many friends. Humble in manner, human, and showing intense compassion for all suffering, this striking young man appeals most of all because of his life of absolute purity, and no thought of personal gain. Bearing the new message of Christ to the world, it is said that he will soon come again to America for public appearance, his ministry to be without charge and without price.

Their Inherent Privilege

A high court in Kansas has sustained an injunction secured against the Ku Klux Klan forbidding Klan parades in regalia and use of a county fair grounds for a Klan celebration.

The decision is typical of Kansas, where they try to regulate everything and everybody by law in a futile effort to standardize humanity according to the ideas of the majority (or minority as it may be) in control.

The Ku Klux Klan is founded on intolerance, and its chief occupation is capitalizing prejudice and selling hate for the profit of its organizers. It would not only forbid parades and gatherings, but deny citizenship to all not native born, white, protestant and gentle. But because the Klan is intolerant, is no reason why it should be the victim of a similar intolerance on the part of the rest of society.

Under the constitution, every citizen has the inherent and inalienable right to make a fool of himself, if he so desires, and does not therein interfere with the rights of others. Those that receive pleasure out of paying \$10 for a \$1 nightie, and parading in it, in erecting blazing crosses and strutting in childish pomp through silly ceremonies, ought to have that privilege, as other secret societies do, especially as they pay so roundly for it. It is only when the Klan interferes with others, with race, nativity, religion and customs and tries to regulate the universe that it comes under the ban of the law.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

A MYSTERY
When Pat Hamilton said good night to Mary he hesitated a moment on the doorstep.
"Mary did not mean what you said earlier this evening?" he asked.
"I mean—about not seeing me again?"
"Yes, I did mean it," she answered.
"Even though you and your wife have practically separated, I can't go out with you, knowing that you're married."
"Don't you think you're unnecessary prudish?" he asked.
"Perhaps—there doesn't seem to be anyone else in the world who thinks as I do about such things," she answered.
"That I can't help it, I'd be wretched all the time I was with you, because I'd feel that I was doing wrong. So this is goodbye."
"Not for long, I hope," he told her and shaking hands once more, went slowly down the steps to his car.
Mary went upstairs very softly, hoping that Celia, if she was at home, would not notice. But Celia called to her as she opened the door of their living-room.
"Why didn't you speak to me this evening?" Celia demanded, turning around in her chair at the desk. "I tried my best to make you."
"Well, —I thought you might not want me to, as you were with Mr. Hinke," answered Mary, embarrassed.
"And why not? He came here to see you about some work and when you weren't in he asked if I would go somewhere and have supper

with him, before he went back to that suburb where he lives."
Mary winced as Celia glibly told her lie. She wanted to tell Celia that she knew it was a lie, that she had answered the telephone earlier in the day when Stanley Blake called and thought he was talking to Celia instead of to Mary. But she kept silent, as she went in to the bedroom to take off her wraps.
"Nice looking man you were with," Celia went on. "Who is he? His face looked familiar."
Mary hesitated, then answered slowly, "His name is Hamilton, Pat Hamilton."
"Oh, so that's who he is—Pat Hamilton. That's why his face looked familiar. I've seen it in the newspapers, often. He's all mixed up in politics, isn't he? Introduce me to him, won't you?"
"I don't expect to see him again," Mary replied. "He doesn't live here."
"No, but he comes here often. I know that," Celia exclaimed. "A man of his importance lives wherever he happens to want to, as a rule. He's awfully rich. I know that. Don't be a hum snort. Arrange to have me meet him, won't you? Unless you want to keep him all to yourself, of course!"
Mary said nothing. She had no intention of telling Celia why she did not expect to see Pat Hamilton again.
Celia insisted on talking about him long after they had gone to bed. How well did Mary know him? How did she know him long? Was he as nice as he looked? Was he aw-

fully fond of Mary? Did he really have loads of money?
Mary answered briefly, and finally, when Celia's questions became too prying and personal, refused to talk any more.
"He's not such an awfully good friend of mine, Celia," she protested. "Let's not ask any more about him."
"Oh, all right. But don't forget—I want to meet him, the very first time you can arrange it."
"I've told you I'm not going to see him again," Mary answered, but Celia only laughed at that.
Mary hated to face Stanley Blake at the office the next day; she was glad when he telephoned that he would not be in until afternoon. When he did arrive he seemed much concerned with something more important than his work. He tried several times to get his own house on the telephone unsuccessfully and spend a good deal of time on a letter, which he wrote over and over, tearing the discarded sheets into tiny pieces before he threw them into the waste basket.
When Mary had to question him about things connected with the business, he said to ask her twice what she had said. It was easy to see that he was too much worried about other affairs to think about the office.
At last he finished his letter, stamped and addressed the envelope, and stuck it into his pocket.
"I may not be in for a few days," he told Mary. "I'm thinking of taking a little trip, with my wife." Mary wondered, as she slammed the door behind him, how that "little trip" would affect Celia. Celia would dine at home with her, now; would go to the movies with her, instead of to the theatre with Stanley Blake. Mary had no doubt that on the various occasions when Celia had come in late in the evening, saying that she had gone to the theatre with "a friend" that "friend" had been Blake.
She felt as if someone had thrown mud at her. She wished that she could pack up her few belongings

and go somewhere to live, somewhere where Celia would never see her.
When they were dining that evening, she and Celia, in their little living-room, someone rapped at the door.
"Oh, don't you want to see what it is?" asked Celia. "I'm so tired, Mary; I've had a wretched day."
Mary rose and went to the door. She was sorry, as soon as she saw what the landlady held in her hand. If only Celia had gone and taken it for it was a special delivery letter for Celia—the letter that Stanley Blake had spent most of the afternoon writing in the office.
Mary could not help recognizing it. The landlady held it so that the writing stared her in the face.
She took it and handed it to Celia, who glanced at it casually and ripped it open. Mary went into the bedroom although she had not yet finished her dinner. She did not want to see Celia reading it.
Celia was finishing her dinner when Mary returned to the room. Her face was very red, as if she was furiously angry, and her mouth was set in a straight line. But she said nothing about the letter.
Tomorrow—Trouble for Mary.

Tokyo, Japan.—It is reported from Nemuro, Hokkaido, that bears are increasing so rapidly in Yutorop, the largest island in the Kurile group, that the inhabitants are seriously considering appealing to the Japanese government for aid. It is variously estimated that there are now between 3000 and 10,000 bears on the island.
Hundreds of horses and cattle are killed and eaten by the bears yearly, it is said, and unless something is done to exterminate the brute, it is feared stock farming on the island will have to be discontinued. A bounty of 15 yen is at present given for each bear killed.

DUMB DORA
OH DEAR I HAVEN'T FINED A SOUL TODAY AND I NEED \$18 TO COMPLETE MY \$100 CHRISTMAS FUND FOR THE POOR KIDDIES
GOSH WHERE COMES DORA BELIEVE ME I'LL SEE THAT I DON'T DO ANYTHING SHE CAN FINE ME FOR
HELLO, RODNEY! SHOPPING?
YEP CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
RODNEY!
HEY, NIX YOU CAN'T FINE ME FOR THAT!
NO-BUT YOU'RE FINED \$3 FOR NOT TIPPING YOUR HAT!
SHE AIN'T SO DUMB!
CHICK YOUNG

BRINGING UP FATHER
SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU STUPID? YOU SEEM DUMBER THAN EVER.
I'M IN LOVE.
YOU LOOK IT—
AH IT'S WONDERFUL MR JIGGS WERE YOU EVER IN LOVE?
YES BUT SHE MARRIED.
WHO?
ME!
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BARNEY GOOGLE
WELL SPARKY HERE WE ARE—DOWN IN FLORIDA THE LAND OF SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY, SOFT SPEECH AND HOT BISCUITS.
FIRST OF ALL I GOTTA SECUT AROUND AND FIND SOME WOOD TO BUILD A FIRE—THIS EARLY MORNING AIR GIVES ME THE SHAKES
ON GULLY THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE FLORIDA—HERE WE ARE MILLS AWAY FROM EVERYBODY AND I'LL BE BURNED IF SOME THOUGHTFUL PERSON HASN'T LEFT A LOTA SWEET KIDDLING STICK AROUND JUST TO KEEP TRAVELERS FROM GETTIN' CHILLY
HEY!
YOU SCAMP!! I'VE JUST SPENT SIX WEEKS STAKIN' OUT THESE LOTS AN YOU HADDA COME ALONG **!!!
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MUTT AND JEFF
MUTT, FLORIDA HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME AND I'M GONNA RECIPROATE AND GO INTO BUSINESS DOWN HERE! WITH MY \$80,000 I'LL CLEAN UP BIG!
I AM; I JUST TOOK A YEAR'S LEASE ON A PLOT OF GROUND SIX FEET SQUARE AT AN ANNUAL RENTAL OF \$72,000 CASH IN ADVANCE!
YOU FOOL!
MY ADVICE IS TO PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY!
GONNA SELL ORANGEADE AT FIVE THE GLASS! FOLKS HAVE TO QUENCH THEIR THIRST!
JUST A MINUTE!
YOUR RENT COSTS YOU \$200 A DAY! THAT'S OVER EIGHT BUCKS AN HOUR FIGURING ON A 24 HOUR DAY! AM I RIGHT?
YES!
AND FIGURING A PROFIT OF ONE CENT A GLASS IT MEANS YOU GOTTA SELL 800 GLASSES OF BEVERAGE EVERY HOUR TO MAKE YOUR RENT! IN PLAIN WORDS, YOU GOTTA SELL A GLASS EVERY 4 SECONDS TO BREAK EVEN!
NOT SO GOOD!
IF I KNEW THE PEOPLE DOWN HERE WERE REAL HUNGRY I'D OPEN UP A HOT-DOG STAND INSTEAD!
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Christmas Subjects Treated By Pastors In Sunday Sermons

Christmas subjects were used by both Norman K. Tully, pastor of the Salem Presbyterian church and Charles Ward, pastor of the First Congregational church of Salem, for their respective Sunday morning sermons, showing that each was a little more deadly than the last. "Bad" was the last war, future wars will be worse," he said.
Christianity Failed
"Men can hardly be blamed for saying that Christianity has failed. Where prayers were said the loudest, where our religion apparently was at its strongest, there we find the very cradle of the great war. All the nations in the war were so-called Christian nations except two—Japan and Turkey, both of whom were drawn into the conflict.
"As Christians we may justly be reproved for not softening their hearts and preventing the war.
"The real failure, the real reason why the war was not prevented, was that statesmen of the world did not apply the principles of Christianity in their dealings with one another."
Laws Ineffective
Science, education, laws of commerce will not effect the prevention of war, Dr. Tully said. "The last war was prepared and cooked and served in our institution of learning." Laws, he insisted, have been tried again and again as a war preventative, with no effect. Instead of commerce resulting in war elimination "it worked the other way."
The speaker touched on the sub-

ject of international treaties, the league of nations and disarmament.
Rev. Mr. Ward, speaking before his congregation, briefly sketched the significance of Christmas and then said, "Men still stare with the same indifference at Christ, as He was stared at when He first came into the world."
"No other day," said Rev. Ward, "is so widely celebrated as Christmas. Its observance is confined to no one man or race."
Significance Minimized
"The Roman little knew the significance of the event that had happened in his midst at Bethlehem. The Jew, dreaming of a better day when the Messiah should reign and the yoke of foreign oppression would no longer be worn, little dreamed that the day had dawned. If Roman and Jew had stood side by side that first Christmas morning gazing down at Christ child in the manger their appreciation would have been little better than that of the ox in his stall as with loving eyes he stared at the little intruder in his feeding place.
"Men still live their lives as if He had never been born.
"Well might Lew Wallace say of Jesus, 'a man whom the world could not do without. Other men have been indispensable to particular people of periods, but His indispensability was to the whole race and for all time.'
"So significant was His coming that we date events in history from the day of His arrival, as if history were only 1925 years old!"
"Neither is the celebration of Christmas confined to those who claim to be His followers. The people who scoff at the idea of a God, the wastrel and the wanton, the crass and the careless, look forward to Christmas season and enter into its joy with gusto, apparently unmindful of their inconsistent attitude. But why should anyone who is a Christian use our calendar or celebrate Christmas? Yet we should not deny to these any joy the season brings."
Center of Christmas
"Let us remember that Christ is the center of Christmas joy. May He have a place and a part in this anniversary celebration. May we not fill our lives so full of work and worry and pleasure that there will be no room for Christ. Let Him be the guest in our homes, the counselor in our business, our daily companion in life.
"Then this year will be filled with the Christmas spirit. For the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of love. It was God 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son.' And loving and giving have gone hand in hand down the centuries. Back of the gifts of the day should be the love of the giver.
"Gifts of us haven't much to give but love, but love is all there is in life worth the giving and there should be an abundance of love to go around.
"Gifts of things are but transitory expressions of affection. They may be lost in the mail, eaten, worn out, broken or lost, but love abides after. His material expression has vanished, for love is of God.
"Will you give to the world this Christmas season a little more love than you have ever given before? If you will it will be a happy Christmas for you."
Bonn, Germany.—After eleven years' imprisonment in Russia, during which he had several successful attempts to escape, Paul Cons, the sculper, finally has reached Bonn. During the Russian campaign of the German army in August, 1914, Cons was wounded and taken prisoner. When he recovered he declares he was assigned to a Russian working squad and put at hard labor.
His repeated attempts to escape were frustrated until this year, when Cons and three companions succeeded in crossing the border.

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy de Beck

By Bud Fisher