

Capital Journal

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

The Growing Revolt

The fact that members of congress have at last screwed up courage enough to denounce the Anti-Saloon League and its creation, Volsteadism, is a sign of the growing strength of opposition to this fanatical and unreasoning law that makes a crime and a felony out of what has been a custom of humanity since civilization began. Here-to-fore, such was the power and coercion of the dry organization, that public officials were too terrorized to express honest convictions—lest they incur defeat through the machinations of the organized fanatical minority.

There never was a congress, nor a legislature that voted for prohibition, in which a majority of members believed in it—or lived up to it, and few of those who were sincere prohibitionists, believe in the absurd Volstead act, that declares that anything containing over one half of one percent alcohol is intoxicating, which it is not. There is not today a newspaper preaching Volsteadism, in which a goodly portion of the staff is not personally wet.

The net result of Volsteadism has been to increase crime, fill our prisons, corrupt our officials, increase alcoholism and crime and make us a nation of law breakers and hypocrites. It is unenforceable despite the hundreds of millions it costs to attempt it, because a large proportion, if not a majority of the people do not believe in it, do not want it, and regard it as unjustifiable tyranny—and no law can be enforced unless the public want it.

As President Butler of Columbia university says

"No immoral and unreasonable public act can long stand. The same argument was made for slavery 75 years ago that is made for prohibition today. As slavery was driven out of the constitution and out of the country, so prohibition will be, and we shall develop a plan to abolish the saloon, to suppress the liquor traffic and to reduce drunkenness to a minimum which will be in accordance both with the traditions of Christianity and the principles of the American government"

Two Tyrannies

Series of articles by special correspondents of the New York World, and other newspapers depict Italy as completely cowed and ruled by terrorism under the dictator Mussolini and his organization of Fascists, a secret society of anarchists financed by big business. Through suspension of constitutional guarantees, suppression of speech, rigid censorship of the press, an army of spies and murder on suspicion, the tyrant holds all of Italy in his grip, has robbed the land of liberty, and all that makes life worthwhile for the average man.

Mussolini is described as "neither a Napoleon nor a Mohammed," but an anarchist crazed by ambition and the lust of power whose field was provided by the national collapse following the war. The three methods he has used are suppression of the press, veto on associations and the organization of mob violence to murder opponents.

But the terrorism that rules Italy differs only in degree from the terrorism that rules Russia. The tyrants of each have risen to power through assassination of liberty as well as opponents. In neither country can anyone express an honest opinion unfavorable to the ruling clique, neither has an uncensored newspaper and both have an army of spies to keep in subjection the rank and file. The ruthlessness of the Romanoffs had nothing on that of the Bolsheviks.

Both tyrannies are the result of the world war and its international demoralization and exhaustion. All great wars are followed by periods of reaction in which liberalism is eclipsed. A similar period followed the Napoleonic wars when the "holy alliance" restored royalty to tottering thrones and checked for a generation the advance of democracy.

With the restoration of tranquility and concord among nations and the return to normal, these tyrannies will pass, as all others have passed since the world began, for the people of all nations are too intelligent to submit indefinitely in this day and age to medieval despotism—no matter under what high-sounding name it is camouflaged. The greater the outrage, and tyranny must become progressively more outrageous to retain the power seized, the sooner ended.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

TROUBLE FOR MARY

Celia went out alone the evening that she received the letter which Stanley Blake had written to her. She said nothing to Mary about where she was going, and Mary asked no questions. Celia looked wretchedly unhappy. She had not yet come home when Mary went to bed at eleven o'clock and it was long after midnight when she did arrive.

Mary, pretending to be asleep, heard her get into bed, and later heard her crying, but did not dare try to comfort her. Celia was so queer that she would resent any such attempt, Mary told herself.

Mary went to the office the next morning as usual. She was half way through the day's mail when the telephone bell rang, so hard and insistently that somehow Mary was not surprised when the angry voice of a woman spoke to her over the wire.

Hello? Is this Mary Walter? Well, this is Stanley Blake's wife—your employer's wife. And I want to tell you that I've stood all I can. Last night was too much—coming here to my home and demanding to see him! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—saying that was business, when you might have known I'd know it was a lie. Now, I don't know where he is this morning, and I don't care. I'm going to divorce him, and I'm going to name you. I've got plenty of evidence. You've been seen dining with him in public time after time; he's spent a lot of time at the office when he should have been home, and I know he's spent it with you. I know that he's gone to your apartment—

"Mrs. Blake! You're mistaken—"

But Mary was given no chance to speak. Stanley Blake's wife was hurrying on.

"I've talked everything over

with my father—I don't suppose you knew that he's Hubert Graham, one of the most influential men in town! Well, he is—it's the money he gave me when I was married that put Stanley Blake in business for himself. And it's that money he's been spending on you!

"Now, for the sake of my little girl! I don't want a scandal. If you will leave town at once, and promise not to come back, I'll keep all this out of the papers. But I'm not going to have you hanging around here—"

"Mrs. Blake—won't you please let me come to see you? I can convince you that you're wrong—I've had dinner with Mr. Blake just once, when it was necessary because of business—"

"Yes, I know all about dinners like that! And you've dined with him often—I've found that out. My own brother has seen you more than once! I may not get a divorce—why should I? free him so that he can marry you? But you've got to leave town, or I'll raise such a scandal that you'll never live it down. I'll—"

Again Mary tried, but in vain, to stem that torrent of words. She was frantic! It would be dreadful to have a scandal—even though she was cleared, would people believe the truth? And she'd have to hire a lawyer—she had no money for that—her aunt and uncle could not help her—

Mrs. Blake hung up the receiver

"Mrs. Blake! You're mistaken—"

But Mary was given no chance to speak. Stanley Blake's wife was hurrying on.

"I've talked everything over

at last. Mary got up and walked the floor, sat down, only to jump up again. She felt helpless in the face of this injustice. If only Mrs. Blake could be made to see the truth, to realize that it was Celia who had gone out with her husband!

"Oh, there's got to be somebody who'll help me," she cried wretchedly. "There must be someone!"

But her aunt and uncle couldn't help her. They were too busy getting into such a mess. They'd never liked the idea of her living with Celia, instead of them. They'd probably think she was partly to blame. And they were the only people on whom she had any claim!

If only she knew someone who would go to Mrs. Blake and explain—convince her of the truth—

Perhaps Celia would do it. Mary felt almost sure, even as she thought of that possibility, that it was an absurd one. Evidently Celia had gone to the Blake's the evening before, and given Mary's name. It was hardly likely then, that she would clear things up now.

She hurried home as soon as she thought that Celia might be there. She found the living-room in disorder, Celia's clothes and small belongings gone, storage taps on the furniture that remained.

The landlady followed her upstairs. "She's gone away; went rushing off, and said you'd pay the rent," she announced. Mary turned to her blankly.

"Pay the rent? But I can't alone? I haven't any money."

"Now listen—that's an old story and don't fool me. I know all about girls like you two. I will say that I liked you better than I did her, always, and I'm sorry for you now. But you'll have to pay the rent, just the same. And look here—I'm going to hold her furniture till I get it. You pay me half—I'll hold enough of her things to pay the rent."

"Couldn't you rent this room to

someone else, and let me keep just the little room?" Mary asked. "That will be big enough for me—and I can't afford to keep both."

"Well, yes, I can do that—only you'll have to give me a week's notice on this one."

When she had gone Mary did not dare sit down and let herself think; the future was too black. She began at once to pack up all the things in the living-room that belonged to her, and moved them into the smaller, inside room that she and Celia had used as a living-room.

But when that was done there was nothing to do but face the future.

Mrs. Blake had said that she must leave town at once. Mary did not now enough about the law to know whether Mrs. Blake could insist on that or not. Of course, to avoid having a scandal she would do anything that was possible—but it wasn't possible to go away! She had no money—nothing!

And then, suddenly, she remembered Pat Hamilton. He had told once that he would do anything for her. He would know what she could do now.

She hated to turn to him. Yet he had been so nice the evening before, so friendly—and there was nobody else who could help her.

"I'll call him up," she decided.

NEWS BRIEFS

A new motorless glider for discharging heavy bombs from a battle plane has been perfected. Its purpose is to permit the pilot of a raiding bomber to release his cargo at a safe distance from the spot where the bomb is to alight.

Two stone axes, recently discovered under 25 feet of clay in Iowa and presented to the Smithsonian institute, in Washington, may prove to be among the earliest antiquities thus far found within the limits of the United States.

Tests Congressmen's Brains



BRAIN TESTER

Dr. Arthur McDonald is testing the mentality of the average Congressman. His findings he refuses at the present time to make public. By a mathematical formula known only to himself he determines the brain capacity of the head he measures.

Open Forum

Contributors to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 200 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor of Capital Journal: In your issue of Saturday, December 19th, you made an error in a news item concerning the arrest of Mr. Deebury and myself for improper licenses on automobiles. I wish to correct the statement, in as much as neither of us were guilty of the charges as mentioned in your article.

I have several cars, each of which has its own license plates for the state of Oregon, year 1925. Neither of us were guilty of the misdemeanor as set forth in the article in your paper. However we were guilty of selling used cars without removing from them the license plates of foreign states. This infraction of the state laws of Oregon has been broken many times by nearly every car dealer in the state of Oregon. However we both broke the law and consequently paid our respective fines.

However it is always best to let the public know the truth. I personally am not ashamed of the infraction I made on Oregon's laws, as there are many more people in the same position as I am. Namely there is no many laws and by-laws, we grow negligent and pass up all but some of the more important.

The point in question though is that I am not guilty of the charge as set forth in your paper and I want you to tell your readers the whole truth so that they will understand the matter as it really is. Namely, that instead of being guilty of operating a car with improper license plates I am guilty of selling an automo-

ble with another state's license on it.
Yours truly,
L. A. Scheelar.

THREE SEEKING APPOINTMENT AS CITY ATTORNEY

At least three candidates are in the field in opposition to Chris Kowitz for city attorney, and will be considered at the annual caucus meeting of the city council tonight. Those whose names are heard are Raymond Bassett, Clarence Phillips and C. A. Swope. Carl T. Pope, who has been mentioned, declared unqualifiedly that he is not a candidate.

As far as can be ascertained no other city officer will have opposition for reelection, although the election of a city health officer may be deferred until a decision reached relative to the proposed consolidation of the city and county departments. Dr. W. B. Mott is the present health officer.

Other incumbents, all of whom are expected to succeed themselves are: Frank Mintz, chief of police; Harry Hutton, fire chief; W. S. Low, street commissioner; Hugh Rogers, city engineer; Batty Cooper, sanitary inspector; Myra Shank, police matron.



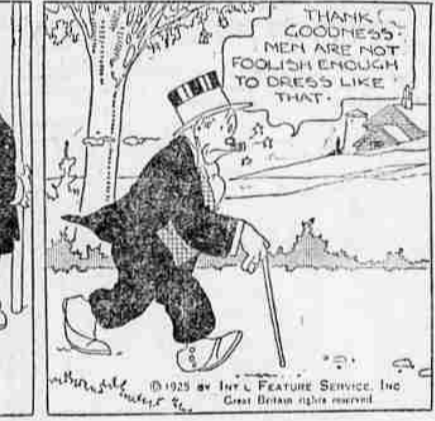
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

