

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 135 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 31; News 22

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Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.
By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months \$1.25, 6 months \$2.25, 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.

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

Justice?

"Nicky" Arnstein, central figure and "master-mind" in a \$5,000,000 bond theft at New York has been released from the federal penitentiary where he was received May 16, 1924 on a two years sentence for conspiracy. He served one year and seven months or about one month for every quarter million dollars stolen, and probably considers it a most profitable investment.

The moral that "Nicky" points to adorn this tale is how much more profitable it is to steal millions than it is to steal a few cents, or than to be guilty of the still more heinous crime of taking a drink or other infringement of the sacred commands of the prophet Volstead.

Three young men recently received at the Oregon state prison, convicted of securing a few dollars by robbing a service station and second-hand store, who resisted arrest, got respectively 15 years, 5 years and 2 years for about \$40 worth of loot—or some 22 years, a year for every two dollars.

Three other villains from Southern Oregon have recently been locked up in the state bastille, H. C. Conway, and two youths, Wm. Short and Joe Palmer. For the dastardly crime of having a still, Conway was sentenced by the just jurist to 5 years in the penitentiary, and the two youths who were accused of assisting him, were each sentenced to 3 years—a total of 11 years for a first offense!

This is an example of justice as it is, and as it works in this great and glorious erstwhile land of liberty. A \$5,000,000 theft brings a penalty of 2 years in prison. A \$40 theft a total of 22 years. A Volstead first violation a total of 11 years!

Knows No Bounds

Apparently the rapacity of automobile stage and truck line owners knows no bounds. Not content with utilizing as free rights of way the paved roads publicly built, and pounding them to pieces for private profit, with refering a measure providing an operating tax that would provide a small portion of the revenue necessary to repair the damage done by their vehicles, they now seek to avoid even a license fee to the state on the grounds that the state forfeited the right to issue licenses or control its highways when it accepted federal aid in road construction work.

In brief, these destroyers of the highways not only object to paying a reasonable fee for the use of highways not built for them, object to paying anything for their maintenance, but also in a suit filed today attacking the motor vehicle license law object to paying the license, assessed in lieu of taxation, against motor vehicles, the proceeds of which pay for the construction of the highways through retirement of bonds predicated thereon.

Should the motor truck and auto bus lines win their contention, the effect would be little less than calamitous to Oregon, as it would utterly demoralize the finances of the state and irreparably injure its credit, necessitating heavy direct taxation to pay highway bonds. But what do the truck and bus owners care—so long as they can make a few more dollars at public expense?

Such suits are the direct result of the paternalism that doles out national aid to states in a plan of cooperation whereby state rights of control and regulation are bartered for a few dollars which the state must match. We find this system entrenched throughout the land, its ramifications insidiously extending in educational work as well as reclamation, conservation, highway construction and other branches, to the destruction of state rights and the stimulation of federal bureaucracy.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

A FRIEND IN NEED
Mary telephoned to the club which she knew that Pat Hamilton used as an address for his mail whenever he was not in the city. Hamilton had left town, she learned, so she wrote him a note, telling him that she wanted very much to see him, and asking him to let her know just what to do. She would have to find another position at once, of course; she wished that she could afford to take even a week's rest before starting for work, but that was impossible, when she needed money so badly. She wanted to move, too, as soon as she could; she hated remaining in the house where she had lived with Celia, because of the unpleasant memories that haunted it.

"To think that there are so many people in the world who have so much money—much more than they need—when I want such a little bit, and haven't any," she thought, as she finished packing her belongings that had been in the room she and Celia had used for a living-room, and transferred them to the bedroom. It was hard to be plucky, to feel any interest at all in what was going to happen to her.

She had worked hard for Stanley Blake for very little pay. She had felt that she belonged in his office, that when he gave her the stock in his company which he had promised her she would have something to depend on, an investment which might mean much to her later on. She had not been merely a girl working in the office, but part of the company.

And now—now she was just a girl out of a job, with nothing to look forward to but trying to get another position.

herself to sleep.
Mrs. Blake's threats of what she would do if Mary did not leave town seemed too preposterous to be taken seriously, when she thought them over quietly the next morning. Stanley Blake's wife must have been hysterical, she told herself.

But that afternoon when she came home late, worn out after a long day's search for work, she found a caller awaiting her, an elderly woman, who was sitting in the living-room of the boarding house, near the window.
"I've come to see you because my daughter was too ill to come," she announced. "I'm Mrs. Blake's mother. Now you'll know why I'm here. She wanted to be sure that you were going to do as she insists, leave town at once."

"But I can't," Mary told her. "I haven't any money. I'm not

And she went to bed and cried

rich; I can't just pick up and leave one city for another—I haven't any money for railroad fare."
"Then you'll have to get some somewhere," the woman answered. "Certainly it can be arranged."
"But I haven't done anything," Mary persisted. "You daughter is mistaken about me. I never went out with Mr. Blake but once, when there was some work that he had to talk over with me."
"He had all day to talk it over in, didn't he?" the woman replied. "He'd been at his laboratory all day," Mary explained, wearily. "He usually was; I really saw very little of him."

"But you went out with him a great deal in the evening," the woman went on. "You were seen by people who know Stanley Blake."
"No, I didn't; I never went out with him except that once," Mary insisted.
"Well, of course if you're determined to be out of this—"
"I'm not leaving!" replied Mary. "I'm not leaving until I can get into the papers, because of the social prominence of Mrs. Blake's family. My name would be mentioned as correspondent, of course, and because she had no money with which to engage a lawyer, she'd just have to let things take their course."

She had just reached her room and was closing the door behind her when the telephone bell rang on the floor below. A moment later she heard her landlady rapping on the radiator in the hall four times. That was the signal for her! She ran downstairs and over to the telephone.
"Mary? This is Pat Hamilton," Mary felt as if a weight had fallen from her shoulders. "I've just come back to town and found your note here at the club. I'm coming to get you at once—I'll be there in about fifteen minutes."

Mary hung up the receiver and leaned against the wall, trying to pull herself together. Now that an end of her troubles was in sight she was exhausted by the strain she had gone through. How wonderful it was to know that she had someone to help her!

"But—but you can ask my landlady here and see if I've gone out nights. She'll tell you that I've always come home," Mary protested.
"No doubt! Probably my son-in-law has paid her well to say whatever he told her to say. He's much too clever not to think of that. Now, I haven't any more time to waste with you. I've told you what you'll have to do, and I'd advise you to do it at once. Otherwise things will be very unpleasant for you, I assure you."

Mary turned about and walked slowly out of the room and up the stairs.
"There's nothing they can do to me, nothing!" she told herself. But she that there was. Mrs. Blake could sue her husband for divorce and name Mary; it would get into the papers, because of the social prominence of Mrs. Blake's family. My name would be mentioned as correspondent, of course, and because she had no money with which to engage a lawyer, she'd just have to let things take their course."

At Parish junior high school the entire student body gathered in the gymnasium room at 1:30 and listened to a program under the auspices of the social science and civics department of the school. Miss Reed, teacher at the school, had general charge. The school orchestra and glee club gave several musical numbers, the club singing a number of Christmas carols. A short sketch, in which 7 girls had part, portrayed Christmas conditions in 7 different countries. A dialogue, "The Rungles' Christmas Carol," was given. A violin duet was presented. Earl Potter sang a solo.

At McKinley junior high school each grade in the school worked up its own program. The 7th and 8th grades both presented their own programs before their own students, later exchanging programs, that each grade heard both. The 8th grade worked up a play, "The Paper Angel," in which Christmas tree ornaments were represented to go on strike and refuse to decorate the tree, later mending their ways, however, through the persuasion of the paper angel. The 7th grade program depicted the real old Christmas story. The 9th grade program was a dramatization of the "Bird's Christmas Carol." There was no general assembly, but the pupils gathered at various parts

Christmas Programs Given Today in Every Public School in City

of the building and sang Christmas carols. At the close of the afternoon each room staged a party of its own, with refreshments.
At Lincoln grade school a general assembly was held, each room putting on one number of the program, which was as follows: Song, Miss Brumage's room; "Christmas Wish," Miss Dimick's room; "Christmas Lullaby," Miss Pollard's room, reading by Dexter Bole of Miss Williams' room; a harp solo by a student of Mrs. Davenport's room; Christmas tree game, Miss Curry's room; Christmas exercise, Mrs. Swink's room; Mrs. Fawcett's room; exercises, "Spirits of Christmas," Mrs. Hill's room; song by the girls' chorus, in charge of Mrs. Fawcett; "Old Aunt Nancy's Christmas," a playette by Mrs. Pfister's room.

At Yew Park school the program was in two parts. The four primary grade rooms held their program down stairs at the beginning of the afternoon, later going home and making way for the five upstairs rooms.

At Richmond school an individual program was held in each room. In the 6th grade the pupils took charge of the program and held a surprise party on their teacher.

At Highland the pupils gathered in the hall and sang Christmas songs previously learned. At Englewood the program consisted of a presentation of the modern version of Christmas for one part, and a presentation of the

Biblical account of Christmas for the other part. The 6 grades of the school met together for the program. At Garfield each room held its own program, singing Christmas carols and presenting other numbers previously prepared. A large Christmas box was filled with packages for poor children by the Garfield pupils. This morning a large automobile load of packages was sent to the headquarters of the Associated Charities for distribution about the city.

At Grant the pupils held programs in their own rooms. For the first time the practice of giving Christmas presents to one another was done by the pupils at Grant. Names were drawn and presents limited to a low price were given. Presents were also given back and forth among the pupils at other schools in the city. Rooms, particularly among the grades, were decorated with Christmas trees and other ornaments.

With the exception of Highland, where a diphtheria epidemic is threatening, parents and friends were invited to the programs.

NEW INCORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation were filed yesterday with the state corporation department: E. & G. Bumper & Manufacturing company, Portland; incorporation, Harry W. Earl, H. E. Gainer, B. O. Gainer; capital \$5000.
Northwest Dried Fruit Export association, Portland; incorporation, W. T. Jenks, Robert C. Paulus, W. H. Wood, W. G. Fisher, M. J. Newhouse; assets \$1000.
Peerless Pacific company, Portland; incorporators, W. S. Balsam, George Black, Harvey N. Black; capital \$500,000; manufacturing and sale of plumbers' supplies.

Notice of an increase in capital from \$20,000 to \$100,000 was filed by the Independence creamery, of Independence.
Notice of dissolution was filed by the Coen Lumber company.

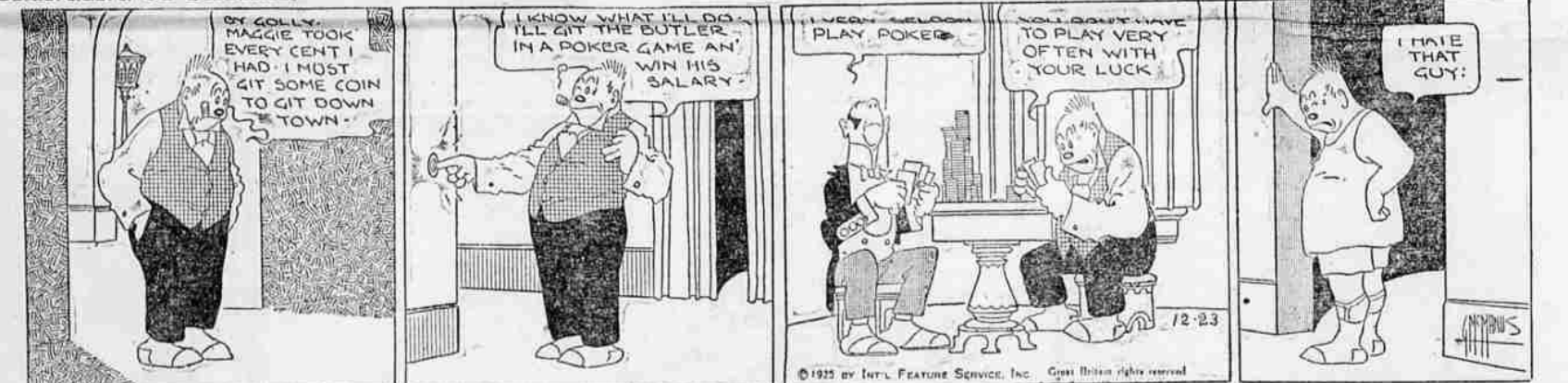
Under the Blue sky act a permit was issued to the Associated Hotel company of Portland to sell bonds in the sum of \$345,000.

DUMB DORA



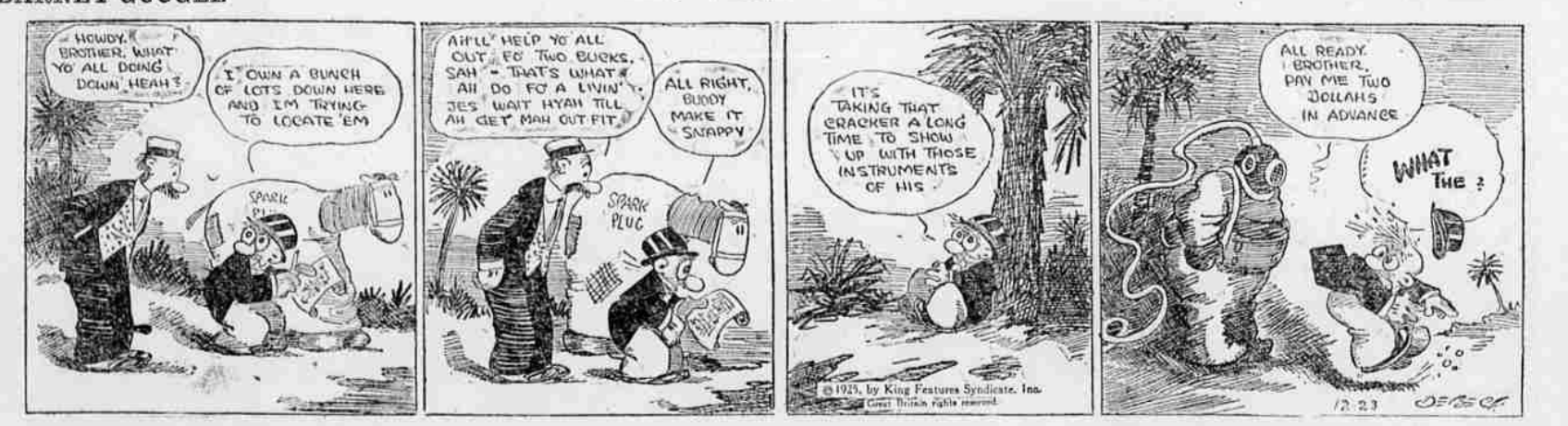
By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

ON THE AIR

THURSDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—8 to 7 p. m., dinner concert, courtesy Olds, Wortman & King company; 7:30 to 7:45 p. m., weather, price and market reports, sporting and news items; 7:45 to 8 p. m., lecture, courtesy Catholic Truth society of Oregon. Silent after 8 p. m. for long distance reception.
RGO, Oakland, Cal., 261.2—5:30 to 6:30 p. m., "Friend to Boys," George W. Ludlow; 8, "A Christmas Carol," musical drama, Carl Rhodolm and Arthur Garbert; RGO players, Wilda Wilson Church, director, Arlen trio.
RPO, San Francisco, Cal., 423.5—5:30 to 6:15 p. m., children's hour, The Brothers; 6:40 to 7, Waldemar Lind and orchestra; 7 to 7:30, Rudy Seiner's Fairmont hotel orchestra; 8 to 9, studio program; 9 to 10, studio program; 10 to 11, Jack Conkey's Cabaret.
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—7 p. m., Oratorio society presenting Handel's "Messiah"; 9, Chalkering Hall concert; 10, Examiner program.