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

Hoover's Crusade

One of the biggest jokes of the season is that of our trust-ridden Uncle Sam yelping and yawning vigorously at the behest of big business, through Secretary Hoover against the exactions of the British rubber monopoly in holding up the American tire and rubber manufacturers. And to cap the climax of buffoonery, the congress of the United States has ordered an official investigation of the British rubber trust, while Hoover leads a popular crusade to smite the trust by using old auto tires longer.

It is to laugh, to see all this righteous indignation against a foreign monopoly, when almost everything the American people consume is under the control of a government protected and tariff pampered American monopoly. The exactions of the steel trust, the oil trust, the packing trust, the paper trust, the aluminum trust, the electrical trust, and a hundred other monopolies do not in the least excite the resentment of the multi-millionaire secretary of commerce, or arouse the ire of congress sufficiently to provoke an investigation.

Instead of censuring the British rubber growers, the administration should be pointing with pride to them as an instance of what cooperation it preaches for the American producer can accomplish, through organization for control of products and markets. The British rubber growers, like the American trusts, limit their output to enhance prices and when the American farmer learns to do likewise, he will quit chasing the rainbow of paternalistic price fixing.

Rubber is about the only product in the supply of which British foresight, capital and industry has created a monopoly on which America is dependent, while there are scores of other products upon which Britain must pay tribute to Americans—yet steep as the exactions are, we hear of no howls from the House of Commons in behalf of the British consumer, and no British probe of American combines.

Hoover's crusade is calculated, not only to amuse the world by its futility, but to further convince it that Uncle Sam is not only the international Shylock but so avaricious that he balks at another nation's giving him in a limited way the same treatment he is giving the rest of the world in a wholesale way. In brief it will go far to stamp us the most greedy and therefore the best hated of nations.

"Gimlet-Eye" Goes

Despite the fact that he had resigned from the Marine Corps to continue in the office, Brigadier General "Gimlet-eye" Butler has been summarily removed by Mayor Kendrick as "director of public safety" for Philadelphia, which high sounding title means Volstead enforcement officer. He failed in his effort to dry-up Philadelphia simply because Philadelphia did not want to be dried-up and refused to be dried-up.

While the ousting of the gallant brigadier will be loudly trumpeted, especially by the gentleman himself, as a triumph of vice and corruption over virtue, nothing could be further from the truth, which is that Philadelphia refused to tolerate a fanaticism that attempted to padlock all of the city's leading hotels, thereby jeopardizing many millions of investment as well as inconveniencing the general public, merely to make sure no one took a drink in them.

The custom of borrowing army men to enforce Volsteadism is likely to prove fatal both to the cause and the man. Only the most consummate tact can enforce an unpopular law, and army men are unfitted by training, discipline and habit for public office in a democracy. People resent being tactlessly ordered about as mere automatons, especially in the enforcement of a summary law regulating personal customs that stamps an individual as a criminal for doing that which mankind had legally done since time began.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

NEW YORK AT LAST

Mary was too much excited when she started for New York on Saturday to feel homesick at leaving the city where she had lived all her eighteen years. She had always wanted to go to New York; now, when she was so eager to start, she seemed as if everything that had made her so unhappy had happened for some special reason, so that she would reach the point where she did make the break.

She had seen Hamilton that day, for luncheon, and he had given her her ticket and some money. "Remember, this is just a loan," he said, when she looked at the little thick roll of bills. "You'll want enough to keep you going till your first week's salary, and then some to put in the bank, so that you won't feel that you haven't anything to fall back on. I'll be in New York myself in a few weeks, and I'll look you up then."

When she arrived in New York the next day she was more grateful than ever to him, for getting her a position before she left home. He had given her the name of a hotel whose manager he knew and told her to go there and give his name. When she arrived she found that he had telegraphed and arranged for a suite of rooms which she was to occupy for a week, and in the room she found several bowls of flowers with his card tucked into one of the large roses.

There was a note for her on the dressing table in the bedroom. "Stay here longer than a week if you haven't found rooms somewhere else that you like better," Hamilton had written. "The bill is to be charged to my account; these people owe me some money, on a business deal, and have asked me to take it out in staying here—and they give me a special rate, so that your room rent and meals will come to very little. Please be very happy here."

better! She went the next day to the home of her new employer, Martin Crandall. She realized as soon as the butler took her into Mr. Crandall's library that working for him would be harder than any other position she had ever had. She could see that he would be fussy, irritable, hard to please.

He looked at her for a moment without speaking, almost suspiciously. "So you're Mary Walle, are you?" he remarked at last. "Well, do you think you can do any work?" Mary was on the verge of saying "I'll try," but something told her that he would not like that answer. Inspiration came to her.

"Yes," she answered, speaking as bluntly as she had. "I can." He nodded approvingly. "I like that," he told her. "You've got confidence in yourself, at least. Sit down here at this table and I'll show you some booklets I'm interested in."

Mary took off her hat and coat and sat down. She had expected to get to work at once, but Mr. Crandall began looking over a pile of papers, reading bits of them aloud and then commenting on them, without explaining anything to her. She waited during the next few days that she needed patience more than anything else. Mr. Crandall wasted hours in getting ready to go to work, and really did very little. He thought that he was still important in the business world, whereas as a matter of fact his sons did most of the work that he thought was done by himself. He was merely a figurehead.

He lost his temper half a dozen times a day, scolding her for things that were really his own fault. He would mistay things and then blame her because she could not find them. He wanted her to do more work than she did, but had no more work for her to do. His son came to Mary one afternoon when she was leaving, after Mr. Crandall had gone storming out of the library and up to his room on the second floor of the big old house.

"I hope you won't let Dad bother you," he said to her anxiously. "We all have to humor him, and put up with him when he's particularly trying. He's been a great man in his day, and of course he can't realize that that day is over." "Oh, I do try," Mary told him, hoping that he wouldn't see the tears that had come into her eyes because of Mr. Crandall's scolding. "Only I'm so afraid that I'm not sutting him."

"Indeed you are," Will Crandall told her, quickly. He spoke to me about you yesterday morning at breakfast; said you were one of the most capable secretaries he'd ever had. You're getting along beautifully; don't worry about that." Mary thanked him for telling her and turned again to leave the room.

"Do you live near here?" Crandall asked, walking with her toward the door.

Mary told him where she lived—she had found a room in a section of town over near the East River, where a number of old houses were being remodeled into apartments. The tenement district encroached on it, but there were many lovely old homes left and the block where

Mary lived was really charming. "May I walk over with you?" Crandall asked. "I take it for granted that you're going to walk," he added, laughing. "You look as if you liked to, and as if you got plenty of exercise."

"I do," Mary answered with a smile. "I like to walk, and it saves bus fares—two reasons for doing it." She liked Will Crandall. As they walked along he talked of his father, whom he admired tremendously, telling Mary some of the many important roles which old Mr. Crandall had played in the city's history. There were several sons who were older than Will; he had been out of college only a few years, he told Mary, and hadn't gone into business because he wanted to be an artist.

"Dad's given me one more year in which to get a foothold," he told Mary. "After that, if I can't paint even one picture that will sell, I've got to go into the business. I'm hoping for the best."

"Oh, I'm sure you're going to succeed," Mary told him enthusiastically.

Tomorrow—A New Friend.

Christ Brought Love To Displace Awe and Fear of God, Is Claim

The time of the birth of Christ, or the original Christmas day, heralded a new aspect in which God was to be regarded. It was stated by Rev. Thomas V. Keenan in his Christmas sermon at the new St. Vincent De Paul church of Salem. At that first Christmas time, Father Keenan said, the idea of love was substituted for awe and fear.

Father Keenan took for his text the passage, "And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.'" "What ever records," the speaker continued, "there were of the visitations of God to man, either



Upon the crosses that stand over the graves of 1,682 graves of unknown American soldiers in France will be chiseled "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier, known but to God." The cross at the left is for the supposedly Jewish dead and the other for the dead believed to be Christians.

In the sacred books of the Jews or in the vague traditions, all that had hitherto borne trace of His visitations were made in such a way as to strike awe and sometimes even terror and dismay into those who had witnessed them. The great but hof mankind had, before the coming of the Lord, little reliable guidance about things supernatural. "Though pagan darkness lay like

a pall of death upon the face of the world, yet, even in the worst of times there lingered at least in the imagination of mankind an impression that apart from, but very near to, the plodding life sense, there was another and a very different world, the world of spirit. Men were sore afraid when an unusual occurrence, any unvoiced sign of marvellous portent, gave ground for thinking that the world of spirit was about to make a manifestation of itself.

"And in truth, if mankind had a knowledge of the inspired books of Judges, they would have found enough in them to explain and justify this natural feeling. For, according to these books, there was a very real and mighty God who had made the world and the men who dwelt in it, and who, having made them, had not flung them from him to be ruled by chance, but who had kept them in His almighty hand and presided over the shaping of their destinies by a providence that overlooked nothing in its marvelous minuteness. And this God had made a visitation to His creatures and He had made them usually in a way that was well calculated to make men's hearts troubled and afraid.

"But there was now, in the fullness of His mercy, to be another words that could be found to herald its arrival were the words of the real angel, 'Fear not, for I have an abiding visitation of God to man, so different from those of old that the most appropriate hold I bring you glad tidings of great joy.'" Perfect love casteth out fear and this time God had come in love.

"Man had been corrupted by the blight of sin and fallen like a pall of death over the face of humanity and it had become the business of man to hide himself away from the face of God. He had been striving through all these years to raise between himself and the God who made him a mist of ignorance and a wall of sin, and which will be presented shortly.

Berlin, Germany—The story of Lenin has been made into a play which will be presented shortly.

FEDERAL DIVORCE BILL FAVORED BY JUDICIARY

Chicago, Dec. 26—(AP)—The federal divorce bill introduced in congress by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, was unanimously favored by five Cook county judges who have had experience in the divorce courts, though they suggested alterations, a symposium revealed today. The five have heard more than 75,000 divorce petitions in the last five years.

Judge Joseph Sebath expressed approval of an amendment which would require the prospective bride and bridegroom to give two weeks' notice before they obtain a marriage license.

All the judges declared that inability to perform the marriage duties and communication of a social disease should also be made a basis for a divorce in a national law.

Berlin, Germany—The story of Lenin has been made into a play which will be presented shortly.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Digs Up the Proof



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Believes In Following the Prescription



By Bud Fisher