

Capital Journal

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

The Buy or Return Nuisance

In the past few months, probably everybody who paid an income tax, or has a phone, or is on one of the numerous sucker lists peddled bond-brokers, mail order houses or get rich quick promoters, has received unordered and undesired boxes of neckties, socks, or other merchandise, requesting remittance to cover cost and enclosing a stamped container for return if not desired.

This latest development of the mail order business, this "buy it or return it" nuisance has grown to such proportions that Representative Watson of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill in congress that aims to make it unlawful for any person or concern to send parcels of merchandise through the mails for the purpose of sales unless these goods have been ordered by the addressee, because of its unfairness to local merchants. The bill reads in part:

That hereafter it shall be useful for any person or concern to send unsolicited through the mails parcels of merchandise for the purpose of sale to the addressee. Postal employees shall decline to receive or forward such parcels and postmasters may require persons and concerns conducting business in this manner to establish to the satisfaction of such postmasters that parcels offered for mailing have been ordered by the addressee.

The postal service shall not aid or assist in the investigation of losses of any merchandise, by the transmission of money in payment of merchandise, or by otherwise, any persons or concerns doing business, in whole or in part, by a method or practice of sending to addressees merchandise which has not been ordered by such address or on their behalf. And the postmaster general shall adopt such regulations as may be necessary and proper to enforce this law.

The measure is in keeping with the modern tendency of passing restrictive laws aimed to reform and regulate the other fellow. It is objectionable not only because it is probably unconstitutional, and will greatly enlarge the autocratic authority of the postal bureaucrats, but because unnecessary. The simple plan of keeping or throwing away the merchandise without remitting the cost will quickly end the nuisance. The merchandise is mailed at the sender's risk and the recipient is no more bound to pay any attention to it, than he is to answer circular letters. The sender has no recourse.

Educational Progress

Even the Christmas holidays do not halt the steady progress of modern higher education. All of the northwest institutions continue to advance rapidly. The closing of the football season has been indefinitely extended and now overlaps the basketball and other important courses in which the up-to-date student majors.

The football team of the Washington State is playing and merry making at Honolulu and other places in the Hawaiian islands. The football team of the University of Washington is enroute to play in sunny Southern California. The basketball teams of both the University of Oregon and the state Agricultural College are also enjoying the balmy air of the golden state, while the O. A. C. polo team is cavorting on the desert sands of Arizona.

Of course all university students cannot go on these sight-seeing junkets—but they are the chief prizes of modern scholarship and an inspiration to all. The rest can become proficient by practicing and training as rah-rah boys and girls, yell in unison, wave gay streamers, wear absurd clothes, dance the tortuous serpentine and perfect themselves in other unwritten courses in the curricula.

Is it any wonder that the state university chooses a football coach to a president? It is merely a reflection of the spirit of uplift that permeates our educational institutions.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

STRANDED
Mary and Will Crandall sat for a moment looking down over the hills and meadows, treasuring up that view, making it into a memory that was to mean much to both of them in the years that followed. Will released the brake, and they coasted down the long hill and half-way across the valley.

Mary laughed delightedly. "I feel as if I had wings," she told Will, as they went skimming along the road. "It's marvelous."
"I know you got 'em," he answered. "I could get out of this old car and fly! But even birds get hungry; how about some dinner? As I remember it, there's a little old inn not far from here, where we can get real country food. I stayed there for a week once, and I've never enjoyed the best hotels in the country more than I did that place."

It was twilight when they arrived at the small country hotel, perched at the edge of a small ravine through which a stream gurgled on its way. Mary washed her hands and face in hot rain water, which the proprietress wife brought her in an old jug. And later they dined on a narrow porch that hung over the edge of the ravine, by the light of a big lantern hung from a pillar of the porch.

There was a red and white checkered tablecloth on the table, and the dishes were decorated with a quaint old pattern that delighted Mary. It was a real country supper—fried ham, eggs that crinkled delicately at the edges, beans, cucumbers and tomatoes from the garden behind the hotel, a huge pitcher of lead tea, and cookies and peaches for dessert.

"Oh, I could stay here forever," Mary exclaimed, happily. "I've never tasted anything so good as this food."

"You don't know the half of it," Will retorted. "If they'd known we were coming they'd have had hot raspberry pie with cream on it—that's one of the specialties of the house, and it's like nothing else in the world. They ought to call this place Journey's End, don't you think so?"

laughed to cover her confusion. "That's one of the few quotations I remember," she added, to bite her embarrassment.
"It's a good one," he answered quietly. "And after all—well—"
He got up abruptly without finishing the sentence, and began to hunt through his pockets for cigarettes. "Let's think about starting back," he went on. "If I keep you out too late it may make trouble for you with your folks."

"I haven't any," Mary told him. "I'm quite alone in the world, except for my aunt and uncle and cousin in Chicago. There isn't anyone who cares when I get in."
She felt hideously depressed, somehow, she told herself that it was because he had acted so strangely when she made that silly remark. Well, he ought to know that she hadn't meant anything about it. Probably he thought she was trying to flirt with him! She didn't blame him for wanting to rush her home and get rid of her as fast as he could, if he thought she was that kind of a girl—a girl every remark a man made to say something sentimental!

They were in the car and away again in a hurry. Mary huddled down in her corner, wishing with all her heart that she had stopped to think before she spoke. But it was so hard to do that with Will—he was so nice and friendly, and understood a person so well.

When he spoke to her again his voice was as friendly as ever, but to Mary it seemed that he spoke more coldly than he ever had before.
"You should see this country in winter," he said, nodding toward a log cabin that stood far back from the road. "It's gorgeous. Some of us came up here last year in January for a house party; had a peach of a time skating and skiing and sliding down hill. You'll have to come up next winter."
"Yes—I'll like to," Mary answered lightly. She told herself that there wasn't any chance of her coming up here on a house party. She was just a working girl; she couldn't go rushing around the way he did.

"What's the matter? Tired?" he asked, bending down to look into her face. "Never mind; we're well

on our way now. I'll put on some extra speed, and then—"
And then—the car stopped, gradually, but surely. They were at the bottom of a hill, just beginning to start up. It was impossible to go another foot.

Will did his best to make the engine take hold again, but only a faint whir rewarded him.

"Well, this is nice. Just a minute—" he jumped out and opened the hood of the car, investigating with the aid of a flashlight. "This is queer—everything's all right," he said. "But—I'll bet I know what it is. We've run out of gas!"
He ran around the back of the car and looked in the tank. Then came back to her.

"I'm a fool and I'll have to beg your pardon a thousand times," he told her. "I should have got gas at that place where we had dinner, meant to, too, before we left. But somehow, we rushed away in such a hurry that I forgot it. And now here we are, stuck at the back of beyond, no telling how far from anywhere where we can get gasoline. The only thing to do is for me to start out and walk—"

"Oh, don't leave me here alone!" Mary cried. "I'm silly, I know, but the country seems so strange—I'd be scared to death."

Yes, she accompanied his wife on a tour, and seemingly was a mild mannered youth. Then stories began to break about his pugnaciousness when he partook took freely of the flowing bowl.

At a party here Yesenin was declared to have blackened the eyes of Miss Duncan which prevented her from carrying out one of her programs. A similar incident was reported later from Paris, and the dancer was declared to have shipped him post-haste back to Russia. Miss Duncan obtained a divorce.

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Eccentric Husband of Isadora Duncan, Dancer, Kills Self In Moscow

New York, Dec. 29.—(A. P.)—Sergei Yesenin, the eccentric Russian poet, has committed suicide in Moscow. He was the divorced husband of Isadora Duncan, the classic dancer, whose emulations of terpsichore while barefooted and disabed made her famous throughout the world.

Yesenin was about 30 years old, some 10 years younger than Miss Duncan. They were married in 1922 and the wife divorced him last year. Shortly after the wedding the young bolshevik writer came to the United States with the dancer.

Miss Duncan went on a dancing tour, but was barred from appearing in several places because of the scantiness of her attire and the added fact that she was wont to wrap a red flag about her.

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showed up well for the Night Juniors. This was the first game of the season for the Juniors. Slegmund, center for the Juniors, was forced out of the game due to an injured ankle. His loss handicapped the Juniors, showing better team work with him in the game.

Tonight the Demons will play the Jason Lees in the fourth round of the tournament. The Demons are considered the favorites to win. The Hi-Y team will play the Athenians Wednesday night at 7 o'clock. Following this the Webfooters will meet the winners of tonight's game.

RUDDERLESS FREIGHTER REACHES JAP PORT

Portland, Dec. 28.—(AP)—The rudderless freighter West O'Low reached Hokkaido, Japan, Sunday, after a battle of nearly a month with the Pacific ocean. Crippled by the loss of her rudder on December 1 the vessel, after repeated attempts to other steamers to tow her, made her way to the Japanese port by steering with a jury rudder composed of two hawsers dragged from her stern. The Columbia Pacific Shipping company here was notified today by Captain Robert Wilson of the vessel's arrival at Hakodate. Repairs will be made at Hakodate.

ICE SKATING ENJOYED BY KLAMATH PEOPLE

Klamath Falls, Or., Dec. 29.—Ice skating was enjoyed by Klamath Falls people last night on ponds a short distance south of the city. The weather has not yet been cold enough to freeze over Upper Klamath lake or Lake Ewanna. For two days the thermometer has ranged between 20 and 25 above zero, with a cloudless sky.

NEW HEAD OF FIRE WORSHIPPERS JAZZ DANCER

New York, Dec. 29.—(AP)—Dastur C. Pavry, young Columbia University student, who speaks the latest American slang and knows all the latest dance steps, today is on his way home east of Suez to succeed his dying father as spiritual head of India's 1,000,000 fire worshippers.

In correct American garb, he called yesterday aboard the Majestic, carefully explaining that the religion of his ancestors is not fire worship at all, but that fire is merely the Zoroastrian symbol of absolute purity.

Although only 26, the future leader of his church is a doctor of philosophy, and is an authority on his religion. He has been studying for the past four years at Columbia to fit himself to succeed his father.

Known among his classmates as "Jai," the young Indian is described as a regular fellow who is an expert on all dance steps and a popular man on the campus. The fact that he speaks English, German, French, Italian, Persian, Greek, Sanskrit and Pali, the secret language of Buddhism, has not interfered with his mastery of American slang.

San Francisco—The all star eastern football team which lost six to nothing to the all star western team here Saturday will play a composite navy team at San Diego before disbanding.

RUMANIAN FLOODS CAUSE LOSS OF LIFE

Vienna, Austria, Dec. 29.—(A. P.)—Hundreds of lives have been lost in floods along the Rumanian frontier, easy dispatches received here from Turda. The flood waters are declared to be sweeping bodies and debris through the streets of that city.

A tragic case is told of a family of five who took refuge on the roof of their home only to be forced off by fire which broke out in the upper story. All were drowned.

LABORATORY FOR CANNERS HERE

Salem cannery, members of the National Cannery association, are keenly interested in the plans which have developed for establishment of a technical laboratory for cannerymen in San Francisco. The laboratory, while it will be operated under the direction of the National Cannery association, is being largely financed by the American Can company, which donated \$50,000 to assist in establishment of the laboratory and will donate \$25,000 a year in addition toward its operation.

The plan of the laboratory is to permit any canner on the coast who is a member of the National Cannery association to take to the laboratory any of his technical canning problems for solution. It is probable further information in regard to the proposed laboratory will develop at the big meeting of the Northwest Cannery association to be held at Seattle next week. Practically all of the Salem cannery are expected to be in attendance at this meeting.

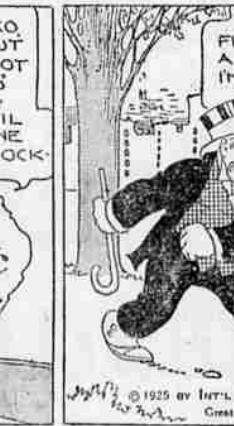
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

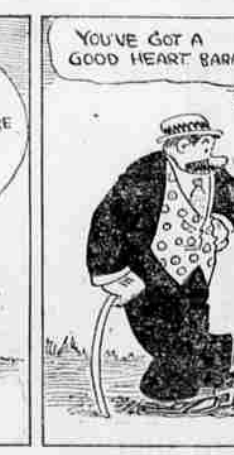
BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

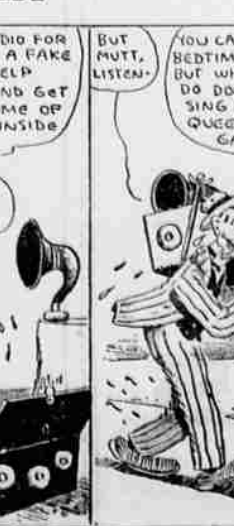
Barney's Scheme to Bag Money



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

Station J-E-F-F Announcing



By Bud Fisher