

# Capital Journal

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

## An Entertaining Spectacle

What would we do without elections to lend variety and color to our somewhat drab work-a-day existence? Newspapers are filled with noisy clamor and the mails burdened with partisan propaganda and from countless rostrums party hacks appeal to prejudice.

The unknown voter attains a brief and fleeting importance in this Indian summer of the year as he is solicited by those who seek to save the country by securing a place at the public pie-counter. The decadent party idols are burnished up to a brassy shine and the clan totems appealed to for victory.

Having sacrificed party solidarity on the altar of its desires for dictatorship, the Oregonian is barring mention of opposing candidates except to misrepresent and slander them and prosily and ponderously declaring that the fate of president, party and nation hinges on the election of its protegee to the senate or the black flag of panic will float over the land. And the Journal is equally vociferous in declaring that only the election of a fighting democrat to the senate will redeem the state and secure Oregon her share of public plunder. And in the meantime the proven go-getter is left to wage a single-handed fight with little press support to complete the job he undertook.

The most diverting campaign of all is that being staged by our governor who has been on the stump continuously for four years and is now flooding the mails with personal appeals. He declares "for almost half a century I have battled for the common people. I have indeed, fought the fight and kept the faith" but he forgets to add "as one that beareth the air." The voters are urged to vote for him to save "Christian civilization" which it is inferred might perish if his gum-shoed opponent is elected.

Most politicians are pussyfooters—the twilight candidates who "hover between two sets of principles and attempt to embrace, while vitiating both of them at once. Afraid to wound the feelings and reluctant to lose the tangible support of those who are going to the right or left, they sit amiably and nervously quiescent in the center of the road, wearing high-sounding phrases to mask the fact that they are merely twiddling thumbs in the long-suffering and so-called public interest."

An equally vicious development is the politician who plays the hypocrite for votes, who embraces that which he does not believe in, such as the unabashed and brazen personality wet and politically dry advocate of prohibition, and the proponent of economic fallacies for farm relief, prostituting principle for popularity.

Stripped of all of its verbiage of bunk, political campaigns are little but appeals to prejudice to secure political spoils. There is nothing left of the parties but the labels and the traditions and little left of candidates except demagoguery. The controlling idea is that it is impossible to over-estimate the ignorance of the people—and upon this doctrine partisanship enthrones itself.

## Eugene Debs

In the death of Eugene Debs, the nation has lost one of its finest characters, one who as the ardent advocate of an ideal, courageously endured persecution and imprisonment. Gentle, kindly and much beloved, he was the victim of the prejudices of his time.

Because Debs unflinchingly advocated the solidarity of the proletariat and the establishment of a new order to secure social justice, he was relentlessly pursued by beneficiaries of the existing system. Because he preached the futility and crime of war, in war time, he was incarcerated as a traitor—a victim of war hysteria.

Debs was a dreamer and sought an economic Utopia through control of government by workers. He preached the same doctrines as the Nazarene, and never flinched in a cause he deemed right. When sentenced to federal prison for obstructing the draft, he said to the jury:

"I have no dispute with the evidence presented by the government; no criticism of the counsel for the prosecution. I would not take back a word of what I believe right to save myself from the penalty. I am accused of crime, but I look the court in the face, I look the jury in the face, I look the world in the face, for in my heart no accusation of wrong festers.

"Gentlemen, I have been accused of obstructing war. I admit it, gentlemen, I abhor war. I would oppose war if I stood alone."

When released, he replied to a question as to what had been his greatest experience in prison life, he said:

"I have discovered that love is omnipotent. All the forces on earth cannot prevail against it. Hatred, war, cruelty, greed and lust must all give way before it. It will overthrow all tyrannies. It will empty all prisons. It will not only emancipate the human race eventually but to a great extent it lifts us individually above the struggle while we are in the thick of the fight for human brotherhood."

Debs rose from the ranks of the poor, with little education, to become the leader of a national railroad strike and afterwards the choice of over a million people for president, the "grand old man" of Socialism, beloved by many who were unalterable enemies of his social theories. His feeble health was broken by prison life, but he lived to see his leadership smashed and his party ruined by the inner fight resulting from the Russian revolution—the fight between the advocates of violence and the calmer tactics he advocated. To the last, however, he continued to utter protests against injustice.

## HEARTS ADRIFT

By Mildred Barbour

An Inexplicable Clapnet.  
"Patricia, Madge said the morning before the boat docked at Cherbourg, 'Just what have you in mind? You don't know for an instant fancy that you're going to remain with Stan and me, once we've arrived in France?'"  
Patricia was sitting at the front of the berth, absorbed in a bit of needlework. She looked fresh and cool and wholesome. An excellent sailor always, she had risen early, had her tub, followed by a brisk turn or two of the deck, and had breakfasted well in the salon.

garded her blackly from her rumpled pillows. A tray with a cup of coffee, scarcely touched, and toast, broken but uneaten, rested on a folding table beside her. She didn't dare look at it without a disturbing physical reaction.  
To her petulant question, Patricia lifted calm eyes.  
"Madge dear, I have told you before. We are going, you and I, to visit my good friend the Marquise de Marsel at her seaside villa. If Mr. Cartwright cares to come with me, he will be a welcome guest. When I say guest, I mean a paying guest, because Madame de Marsel

is poor since the war which widowed her. She will be happy to have us—not entirely as a means of livelihood though. You will find that we will be very welcome. The villa is a charming place. I stopped there with her just before I sailed for America. The house is delightful. And the garden! It fairly runs into the sea."  
"Don't mention 'sea' to me! I never want to hear of an ocean again. Ugh!"  
"Ah, you think so now, because you have been ill. But you'll forget that quickly."  
Madge flung a pillow petulantly onto the floor.  
"You make me tired. I wonder how, why I never met a friend of you. Pat, I'm beginning to hate you!"  
"I'm sorry," she said in a low voice. "I know, of course, that you would. And yet, all I've done, I've done because I love you and I don't want to see you pay too dearly for a momentary folly."  
"Momentary folly?" echoed Madge indignantly. "How dare you say that? My love for Stan is the only big thing in my life. It's magnificent, eternal."  
"We shall see," said Patricia gently. "Madge, darling, if you can prove to me that it is magnificent that it is lasting. I will withdraw everything I've said and done. But so often, you've gone chasing will-o'-the-wisp in the guise of love. Fortunately, you've never before allowed the chase to carry you this far. You've kept on the right side of decency. But now?"  
"Now I've tossed everything to the winds because of a wonderful love," Madge cut in. "Stan is my man, my mate, the one destined for me. We belong to each other. It was not our fault if Fate made us meet too late, after we had contracted other alliances. But fortunately, we're big enough, courageous enough, to have each other in spite of the petty standards of a foolishly conventionalized world."

## STAGE WHISPERS

The six Brown Brothers head the Pantages vaudeville bill at the Capitol tonight. The act is one of the most noted in vaudeville today. Secured by Frank Bligh, owner of the Capitol, at a heavy cost, this headline act carries a special minstrel orchestra of 14 pieces with it. Tom Brown is at his best.  
The other acts on the bill are "Four Pals," a famous quartet with plenty of pep in "Laughter and Song." Burnum in a sensational song classic entitled "Is It He, She or It?" Toy La Pearl and Lillian Gonne present "Dear Fun," a comedy riot. Billy Car-men and his mystery xylophone.  
Viola Vercler and her Capitol orchestra will also be on hand.

Red Grange, king of the football world and an actor of no mean ability, takes the screen at the Oregon theater today in "One Minute to Play," for an indefinite engagement.  
Oh, what's the use! She tossed petulantly on her pillows. "Why go over it all? I've explained everything to you often enough."  
Patricia rose and folded her embroidery.  
"What is the use, indeed?" she echoed quietly. "We understand the situation and each other very clearly, you and Mr. Cartwright and I. The fact remains that, unpleasant as my task, I hold the trump cards and I intend to keep on playing them. You and I are going to be the guests of Madame the Marquise. Mr. Cartwright may join us if he wishes. There can be no scandal in such a situation, no matter what the world suspects or hints at."  
"But just what good you think

such an utterly ridiculous situation can do!"  
"Just this: It will give you a chance to come to your senses, to decide seriously what you intend to do with the rest of your life. If, after you've had a fair trial at this new and dangerous mode of life, you find that your love for Mr. Cartwright is enduring, I have nothing more to say. But, if you regret—well, you can go back to the world to which you belong without too much mud clinging to your skirts. Never to America, of course, unless you can marry Mr. Cartwright. But there are other places which will accept you."  
"How sweet and thoughtful you are," murmured Madge sarcastically.  
Patricia made no reply to that.

She went up on deck and leaned for a long time on the rail looking at the limitless expanse of sky and sea that met along the rim of the world.  
Cartwright joined her presently. He asked grimly:  
"You intend to remain with us after we land, Miss Fleming?"  
She looked him squarely in the eye.  
"I do, Mr. Cartwright."

## HANEY SPEAKS ON CAMPAIGN ISSUES TUESDAY

Bert E. Haney, democratic candidate for United States senator and a former member of the shipping board, will outline the principles and policies upon which he is seeking election in an address at the armory next Tuesday evening, October 26.

Mr. Haney's talk, it is anticipated, will not be confined to the issues he has defined and promulgated in his statement of platform, but will also embody a reply to his partisan critics who seek his defeat solely because he is a member of the party in opposition to the national administration.

To these critics Mr. Haney's reply has been that "I will support the administration with the democrats or with the republicans or with the progressives whenever its program is in Oregon's interest; and I will oppose it with the democrats or with the republicans or with the progressives or alone whenever its program and policy is not in Oregon's interest."

Along this line Mr. Haney will discuss his controversy with President Coolidge over shipping board policies which resulted in his resignation.

## Court House Happenings

An amended complaint has been filed in circuit court in behalf of Miss Helen Brandenburg, who is bringing action against school district No. 115 of Marion county, for six months' salary, which she claims is due her. The school board took the keys to the building from her on November 3, she alleges, without cause, and would not permit her to continue teaching under her contract. She states that she was paid only two months' salary, or up until October 23, 1925. Since she had been hired to teach a full eight months' term, and since she was to receive \$108 a month during that time, Miss Brandenburg demands \$690 more from the school board. The present members of the board, A. Y. Myers, Fred M. Shafer and R. K. Crawford, are listed as defendants in the complaint.

A report has been filed in circuit court by J. C. Siegmund, referee in partitioning an estate in action brought against John J. Dwyer by Catherine Abbot, Clarence Abbot, Sarah Ferdon, James O'Neill, Emily O'Neill and Lyle Page, the last named being as guardian ad litem for John Morris and James Morris. The report declares that the property demanded and proceeds divided between the plaintiffs has been sold. The property consisted of land in the Burlington and Glen Oak additions to Salem. Four lots in the Glen Oak addition were bought by the Salem general hospital at a price of \$500 for the four.

Notice was received this morning U. G. Boyer, county clerk, from Sam Kozar, secretary of state, carrying instructions with respect

to the nomination of Louis R. Bean of Lane county, as republican candidate for public service commissioner. The nomination was made by the Oregon state central committee of the party.

An order of default and decree, quieting title to a tract that was originally part of the Gleason Senecal donation land claim, has been issued by the Marion county court. Action to quiet title was started by Lyman A. Whitney.

Iran M. Keene has been appointed guardian over Dorothy Le Velle Keene.

Virgil M. Massey has been appointed administrator of the estate of Stella P. Pokorny, deceased. Appraisers of the estate have been appointed as follows: M. J. Lindahl, John Hunt, C. C. Geer.

In a dismissal issued by County Judge Hunt, a petition by Cora S. Smith and Doyle B. Smith to be made executors of the estate of Horace W. Smith, deceased, has been refused. The two were at a previous date made executors of the estate, but through what they claim was a misunderstanding neglected to list household furniture amounting to about \$300 in value. They listed other assets of the estate, amounting to \$3,500 in real property and \$599.33 in personal property. Following the refusal of the county court to appoint them executors a second time, they have indicated that they will appeal to the circuit court.

W. W. Fox, rural school supervisor for Marion county, today visited schools at Abiqua and near by points.  
Cambridge, Mass.—The will of Mrs. James H. Woods, wife of a Harvard professor, stipulates that her diamonds shall be cast into the sea. Her body was found in the Atlantic, after she had vanished from a steamship.

## DUMB DORA



By Chick Young

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## BARNEY GOOGLE



By Billy de Beck

## MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

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