

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper, Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 126 N. Commercial Street, Telephone 31, News 22.
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second-class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 cents a week, 46 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.
By mail in Oregon and Post 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.

SOLE LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also news published herein.

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

The Preachers' Protest

Last week the Portland Ministerial association adopted resolutions condemning the "commercialization" of the Christmas celebration, declaring:

We call upon all Christian people to disregard the insistent call of commercial interests to give presents to every one in the family and friendly circle and to observe the day in the spirit of reverent worship.

In other words, the preachers evidently want us to wear long, solemn, sour faces, go to church, and to take the joy out of life for the kiddies, imitating the example of our Puritan ancestors, who forbade the joyous observance of Christmas as a pagan celebration.

Of course, the observance of Christmas had a heathen origin. For thousands of years the primitive peoples all over the world, celebrated the observance of the winter solstice and the turn of the life living sun in his journey away from earth back to bring warmth and life. Wherever the sun cult flourished, and at one time it was universal, seasonal celebrations were held and the early Christian church adopted them along with other pagan observances when it became a political power, some hundreds of years after the birth of Christ.

Christmas was the Saturnalia of the Romans and later of the sun-god Mithra as well as the winter festival of northern Europe. These ancient observances furnish also our Christmas decorations, the mistletoe and the holly being appropriated from the Druids, while the Yule log and Yule gifts came from both the Saturnalia and the Druids. The Christmas tree came from the Baltic along with St. Nicholas or Santa Claus. Even the Christmas feast is a pagan survival.

If we quit the kindly presentation of gifts, as the preachers desire, and cut out the old pagan observances, what will be left of Christmas? Of course Christmas is commercialized, everything is in this commercial age, including many of the churches. But the giving of presents to symbolize our love and good-will for fellow men is commercialization in a good cause.

Let us hope the congregations of the Portland pastors take them at their word and avoid offense by cutting out all Christmas gifts to them, but the rest of us prefer to continue to interpret the spirit of Christmas, as Dickens describes in "A Christmas Carol":

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come around—apart from the vacation due to the sacred name and which, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they were really fellow-passengers to the grave and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good; and I say—God bless it.

The Longview Bridge

Portland has lost her fight in the senate against the proposed bridge across the Columbia river to connect Ranier and Longview, and deserves to lose, for her opposition was purely selfish and inspired by the desire to force every autoist to see Portland first, as the senate realized.

Portland's protest against the bridge was based upon alleged fear of obstruction to navigation, but as the construction will be under supervision and under plans dictated by chiefs of the federal bureau of navigation, of roads and the board of engineers, there is assurance that the height and length of the channel span will be such as not to impede navigation.

Other objections were that the bridge should be owned by the public, be toll free and under control of highway commissions of the two states. But construction as a private enterprise will save increased taxation and only those who benefit by its use will pay tolls—not the entire public. The state of Washington has already consented to the proposed bridge and the Oregon highway commission recommended a bridge at this site.

The great growth of auto and truck traffic is testified to by the increasing congestion of highways and bridges. The more of both we have, the more this congestion will be relieved. There is no good reason why the people of the lower Columbia section, the tourist traffic of coastal region of both states should be forced to make a 100 mile detour, as at present, to cross the Columbia. The new bridge will eliminate this and with the completion of the Roosevelt highway, not lack for patronage. In addition it will aid materially in development of sparsely settled regions by increasing their accessibility.

The Revelations of A Star's Wife

A Story of Married Life and the Movies

By VIOLET DAHE

Author of "A Wife on Leave," "What a Widow Knows," etc.

Copyright, 1923, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

"YOU MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN US."

Lorraine Tavis arrived at the Remise-Vous shortly after we did, and a few moments later, when I was dancing with Hugh, and she with Bruce Kildare, she announced so that we were near each other when the music stopped. "Please come with me after this dance," she said, slipping her hand into mine. "I need you!" So I did. She and Kildare and I made our way from the crowd and out to a secluded corner.

I was so surprised to find Tom Seward waiting for us; he was tramping up and down in the little corner, an unlighted cigar between his teeth.

I wondered why. If there was to be a scene, he hadn't chosen a more private place than the section. Lorraine snatched my thoughts as she stepped closer to me.

"I told you at dinner that I wanted to see you this evening, but I didn't know that it would be quite so serious," she said, ignoring her husband and Kildare. "I just wanted to ask your advice, but now it's too late."

"She's afraid that if we have it out in a more private place I'll forget myself and shoot Kildare," Tom Seward blurted in bluntness. "That's a ridiculous idea. For a sane man, in the first place, and in the second, I know that I have no excuse for wanting to do such a thing. But Lorraine seems to have taken the plot of some of her own pictures seriously, and was afraid to go home."

Yes, I knew that this seemed queer to you—but you must remember that motion-picture people

aren't like ordinary folk; they do things more impulsively, their lives are less restricted than most people's are, and settling an important matter in public is an everyday occurrence to them. So staging this little affair at a popular after-theatre resort, was nothing unusual.

"Now, let's have this thing out," Seward went on. "You've admitted that you're in love with each other, haven't you?"

Lorraine merely nodded; Bruce Kildare squared his shoulders and said, "Yes, we have; we've been in love for the last year."

"But we tried not to be," protested Lorraine, twisting her hands together so that her bracelets clinked faintly to me. "Well, I have been. As soon as we fell in love with each other—that is, as soon as we knew that we had—Bruce asked you to release him from his contract, but you refused. We had to keep on playing love scenes; all our pictures had them in. But Bruce never kissed me except when he had to, and every time he took me in his arms—in every single one of those moments, that were so sacred to him and me—the director was saying 'Hold her tighter—kiss her again'—and lots of people were looking on—you, often enough were there, too, and the whole world saw it on the screen."

"I felt suddenly ashamed. Think of it—you girls who are in love—you and I shared with them the tenderest moments of their lives. It seemed to me that I never wanted to see another love scene on the screen."

"Yes, that's true, I know," Seward was staring down over the city now. I wondered if he realized that it was the people in that city, and in the other cities and little

towns of the country, who had taken Lorraine away from him. They had found romance in the love-making of his wife and Bruce Kildare, and had demanded more and more of it, that had made these two a money-making team, turning them into a veritable goose that would keep on laying the golden egg for years. As a result of that, he himself had refused to separate them.

"We've got to end the thing, then," he went on, turning back to her suddenly. "I can't have it—I won't let this thing go on. You must decide whether you will give Bruce up and forget all about him, or whether you will leave me and go with him. I'll release you both from your contracts, and you can get a divorce from me and marry him. Or you can stay with me, and Bruce can go. If you will give him up, I'll star him. Which is it to be?"

Lorraine stared at him blankly. She had never had to make up her mind unaided before; her mother had done it for her for years and then Tom had done it after their marriage. She turned to Bruce Kildare, who was leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets. She turned from him to Kildare, and her arms went out to him instinctively.

"I love you, Bruce," she said, and her voice appealed to him to help her.

Kildare straightened up for an instant and took a step forward; then he leaned back against the wall again.

"I don't believe you'd better choose me, Lorraine," he said quietly. "First thing we know we'd have to try to be happy together. I couldn't give you even a decent car. I'd have to scout around for a contract—so would you—and even a successful one we'd have to question what sort of deal we could make right now, with more pictures on the market than can possibly be used."

Notice to Advertisers

Copy for display advertising must be received by 5 o'clock of day previous to insertion.

Otherwise inclusion cannot be guaranteed.

Advertising received after this hour is at the risk of the advertiser.

Advertisers are asked to cooperate by sending in copy early, or phone 81 and thus insure satisfactory ads.

CAPITAL JOURNAL

I hated him for that. I believed that he was just trying to get out of the situation. But then I saw him turn his head away from them and blink back the tears, and I knew that he, like Tom Seward, was trying to consider Lorraine's happiness first, and that he didn't believe she'd be happy with him, without much money.

She turned to Seward, then, and began to sob; she'd had a little glimpse of happiness for a short time, but the thought that Kildare could even pause to consider having her come to him, instead of taking her in his arms at once, had ruined everything for her.

Of course, it was a complete misunderstanding; being the only one

of them who was on the outside of the whole affair, I could see that. Kildare thought he'd be doing Lorraine an injustice if he deprived her of Seward's wealth, and she thought that he didn't care enough for her to make the sacrifice he'd have to in order to take her. As for Seward, his triumph was so enormous; I knew as well as he did that Lorraine was no more his wife than I was. But he smiled a little as he turned away from us, with his arm around her. She leaned heavily against him, as they walked away, but Seward's air was one of victory. I think he felt that he had taken a long step toward really winning her.

Tomorrow—One Chance for Happiness.

OLD NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

(Continued from Page 3)

concern. It has been occupying the entire west half of the fourth floor of the Masonic Temple, along with the White Publishing company, which also will move its quarters to the bank building. The investment company was organized here four years ago. It started business as an installment bond house, and when organized had a capital of \$2000, with one \$1000 bond sold. Now it has a paid up capital of \$20,000, has assets of over \$210,000, and has sold nearly \$2,000,000 worth of installment bonds. Plans to continue its installment bond business in the new location and also carry a general line of municipal and industrial bonds as well.

Officers of the company are Elmo S. White, president; Roy S. Melson and vice presidents Roy W. Potter and Chas. Elery, secretary-treasurer. It is planned to add a number of substantial Salem business men on the board and their names will be announced later. The building they will occupy

was constructed by Fred Erickson and a man named Luper.

Turner, Dec. 11.—The Turner high basketball team went to Mill City last night and played their first regular game of the season. The score stood 35 to 15 in Turner's favor. The Mill City team made a good try but were beaten from the beginning.

Turner's lineup was: C. Martin, guard; H. Bones, left guard; K. and

Lewis, center; H. Briggs, forward; W. Pearson, forward.

Turner will play their next game with Dayton at the Turner gymnasium next Friday.

Mr. Angel, Or., Dec. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ullman of Corvallis spent Sunday with Mr. Ullman's mother, Mrs. Mary Yeager. Before her marriage to Mr. Ullman several weeks ago Mrs. Ullman was Miss Ruth Walker of Independence and Salem.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS

In order to facilitate and expedite orders we have installed one more telephone in our office.

Our New Telephone Number Is

27

Our Old Telephone Number

1855

So if one phone is busy please ask for the other number

A Suggestion

With snow and cold weather here protect yourself against fuel shortage by ordering your coal or briquets immediately. Thus avoiding delay when you have to have it.

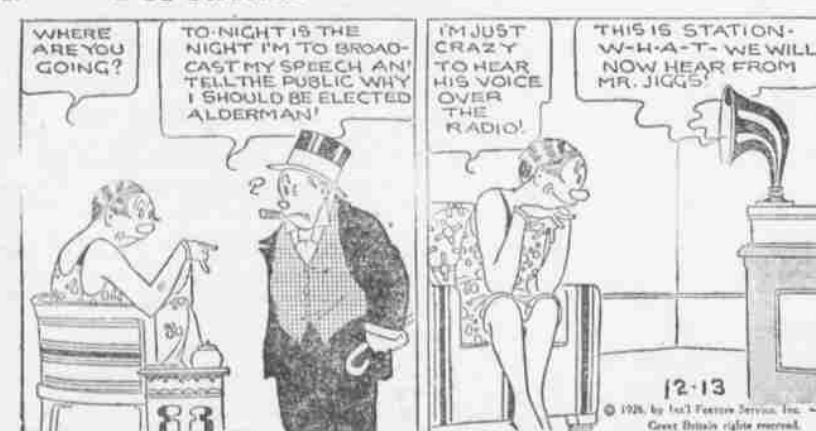
Hillman Fuel Co.

Heat Merchants

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

Anyhow, Barney'll Arrive First

By Billy de Beck



MUTTS AND THE TRIP

That's Tossing a Gob of Shame at a Guy

By End Fisher

