

Capital Journal

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

A New Uplifter

The Portland Telegram under its new management professes to have joined the ranks of the moral uplifters. Under the headlines on stories of sentences administered to petty offenders it carries the black by-line "Crime Never Pays." Above its story concerning the Parker kidnaping and playing it carried a box explaining that as the Telegram was a clean home-paper, the gawsome details of the atrocity were not carried on the first page, but could be found on inside pages. Can you beat it?

Cleansing the first page and carrying the smut inside, seems to be typical of the universal hypocrisy of the times, which drives vice under cover and puts on a front of virtue, which makes a horrible example of small offenders and lets big ones off, which passes sumptuary laws and imagines it has abolished evils inherent in the human race and parades its purity like a pecksnuff peacock.

We notice that the Telegram left off its line of "Crime Never Pays" from its account of the farcical acquittal of George Remus, ex-bootleg king, who cold-bloodedly shot and killed his wife in revenge for her betrayal. We notice also that the line was missing from the account of the trivial fines imposed upon perpetrators of a \$500,000 swindle, though utilized for absurdly heavy prison penalties imposed on first offenders for petty robberies.

If crime did not pay, we would not have organized crime rings dominating the under-life of great cities. In fact it pays so well that we have machine gun battles over the spoils. We have billions annually taken from the people by swindlers. We have the federal government collecting income taxes from fortunes piled up by law violators. The fact that justice in America is so haphazard and uncertain contributes largely to giving the lie to the Telegram's slogan.

It is the business of government to make crime unprofitable. This it does in a sporadic, uncertain fashion that really defeats its object by stimulating it, thanks to our bunglesome, cumbersome statutory procedure. The popular confusion of right and wrong created by a surplus of laws that make serious crimes out of trivial offenses and even out of ancient customs, contributes to a growing popular contempt for law, that demoralizes its observance. Add to this the mushy sentimentality that heroizes criminals and sways our juries, and we have another reason why crime is profitable and therefore on the increase.

Crime is not profitable enough in Great Britain or even in Canada to make it attractive, therefore it is not increasing as in the United States. The reason is not only because their courts are not bound by the red tape of procedure, but the laws are comparatively few, simple and enforceable.

The Man Hunt

Another man hunt is on, this time for the degenerate fiend who kidnaped and butchered a little Los Angeles girl and then sold her body to her crazed father for \$1500.

Catching a criminal of this character is like hunting a needle in a haystack. Usually they have native cunning enough to evade pursuit, at least for a considerable period, and outwit their pursuers. Some of them, like the White Chapel "Jack the Ripper" are never apprehended. In this case, however, there is a definite description of the criminal and his identity is known. It never has been in some of the great murder mysteries that remain unsolved.

To show how easy it is to elude a nation-wide man hunt, there is the case of the three D'Autremont boys, who held-up and butchered a train crew. Although their descriptions were broadcast, and sleuths were kept perpetually on the trail, it was four years before they were apprehended and even then they were able to evade the extreme penalty they so richly deserved.

Then there is the case of the "Strangler" now awaiting death in a Canadian prison for throttling a woman. Finger-prints and description identify him as the slayer of a number of women on the coast, the man who terrorized Seattle, Portland and other cities. Though not a particularly intelligent pervert, he had cunning enough to mystify police wherever he operated.

The prompt solving of the Los Angeles mystery, like many others, is due to finger prints, which alone determine identity with absolute certainty. No method has yet been devised of altering them. Not once in 10,000 years would the finger-prints of a person be duplicated.

Finger-prints were used for identification as long ago as 200 B. C. by the Chinese, who used the impression of the thumb as a signature for legal and business transactions. They were resorted to in 1858 by the English of the Indian civil service to prevent impersonation by the natives. Their general use for criminal identification dates from 1897 in India and 1901 in Britain. Since then some system has been installed in every country of the world.

MYRA

THE STORY OF ONE GIRL WHO DARED

by MABEL GREENE

CHAPTER XXXII THE LOST PURSE

Myra sat on the floor of her room with her cheek against the counterpane on her bed. Sitting there in the early morning—it had been very late when she left the "Satin Slipper" and she had been too upset to retire—she watched the shadows of the night flee before the coming of dawn, saw the light of the sun slowly filtered into the tiny curt doorway which her single window opened.

"I'm through with dancing—through with Sam Horne's kind," she decided as she rubbed her face back and forth against the coarse linen. "I'm not meant for the free and easy life of the theaters and night clubs. I'll get some other kind of a job."

But what other kind of a job? That was the question. Myra's training had not equipped her for office work, and she knew the money

earned by girls behind store counters was not enough to pay her living expenses.

"Something will turn up," she thought, yawning sleepily. "Anyhow—Gladys Strobele didn't get Frank with her clinging-vine ways. The thought gave her a queer exulting comfort. She might have lost him herself but at least Gladys would not have him!

When it was quite light, she arose wearily from the floor, drew down the window shade and slipped between the sheets.

"I'm not going to get up until dinner-time," she thought drowsily, "and maybe not then."

But she awakened in the late afternoon, greatly refreshed, by Priscilla, who announced that "a ge'men are on the wish." Myra hastily flung her kimono about her, and slipped her feet into the satin

mules which Aunt Susan had given her for her last birthday.

Bill Murray's voice greeted her over the phone. "What are you doing this evening?"

Myra laughed. "Nothing. I'm a lady of leisure again."

"Suppose I drop by about 6:30 and you can tell me about it?"

"All right—that'll be fine," said Myra heartily. She hung up the receiver and went back upstairs. She found the bath free, and took a hasty shower, emerging cool and vivacious. She made a careful toilette, wearing a simple, beaded silk frock which she knew Murray liked, and a small, black hat.

By the time he appeared she was ready and they set out together.

"Hungry?" queried Murray.

"Ravenously."

"So'n I—how about the Brevert?"

"Lovely. Croesus!"

"Nope—another job. I'm going to do laboratory work at the Bacteriological Laboratories—more money than driving a car, and right in line with my medical studies. I did a bit of it during the war, you know."

"I'm so glad," Myra told him earnestly. "I know it'll be lovely for you."

"They found a quiet table in the corner of the grill."

"I've always loved this place," Myra confided to her companion. "It has such an atmosphere—so many historic associations."

"Thick enough to cut with a knife, eh?" twinkled Murray. "Add good food to that and you have a nice combination."

After a quiet-voiced waiter had taken their order and departed kitchenward, Murray leaned back in his chair, and looked at her with eyes alight.

"What have you been up to since I saw you last?"

Myra's face clouded and she sighed. "I've been having a terrible time," she confessed. "Sam Horne

wrote me a note and sent two letters of introduction that he said I could use getting a new job."

Murray nodded. "That wasn't so bad. Horne is a big gun in the business, you know, and a word from him goes a long way with booking offices and casting directors."

"Oh—I didn't have any trouble getting a job," Myra hastened to assure him. "It was keeping it that was hard." And she told him about her experiences at Kamnieff's studio and the "Satin Slipper." Murray's face hardened as he listened, but he said nothing until she had finished her story.

"Knowing Sam Horne seems to damn you in advance," he told her then. "I guess it will be just as well if you quit mentioning him when you look for work."

Myra smiled faintly. "I made up my mind to that early this morning," she answered. "Anyhow, I think I'll cut away from the theatrical business. It's no place for me."

"I told you that long ago," Murray said quietly. "Why don't you go back to Neola before this town gets you?"

"I can't make up my mind to go home a 'Tlop,'" Myra said bravely. "Since Marie left I've been pretty homesick, but I want to stick it out and accomplish something before I quit."

She picked at her salad for a moment in pensive mood, then went on.

"I saw one of my erstwhile rivals last night at the club. She's married to someone else."

"Does that leave the man of your choice free?" Murray inquired diffidently.

"Perhaps—I don't know." She absently reached for her pocket-book to secure her handkerchief—gasped in a stunned way—and stammered—"It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

Indians' New Chief



ROGER PECKINPAUGH

New York (AP)—The American league avoided a shutout in the game of getting new managers when Roger Peckinpaugh, former star, Washington's short-stop was named to pilot the Cleveland Indians in the coming campaign.

Peckinpaugh, 34, was a member of the Cleveland Indians in 1914 and 1915. He was a member of the Washington Senators in 1916 and 1917. He was a member of the Philadelphia Athletics in 1918 and 1919. He was a member of the Boston Red Sox in 1920 and 1921. He was a member of the New York Yankees in 1922 and 1923. He was a member of the St. Louis Browns in 1924 and 1925. He was a member of the Chicago White Sox in 1926 and 1927.

GARFIELD SCHOOL PROGRAM SLATED

Parents and friends of Garfield school pupils are invited to the program which will be given at the school at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. An address of welcome will be given by Raymond Rennels. Carols will be sung throughout the program by the third, fourth, fifth and sixth grade pupils.

In addition to the musical numbers a little drill, "Christmas Wishes," will be given by the 1B pupils. Margaret Anne Bligh will give a reading and a group of 10 boys and girls will give a little play entitled "Christmas Party," and the third B boys and girls will give a drill of toys. A short play, "Christmas Shoppers," by eight boys, and carols by the sixth A and sixth B pupils will close the program.

Because of the health education tests which were given during the last 10 days at Garfield school by the American Child Health association experts, the Christmas program at Garfield is not as extensive as was first planned.

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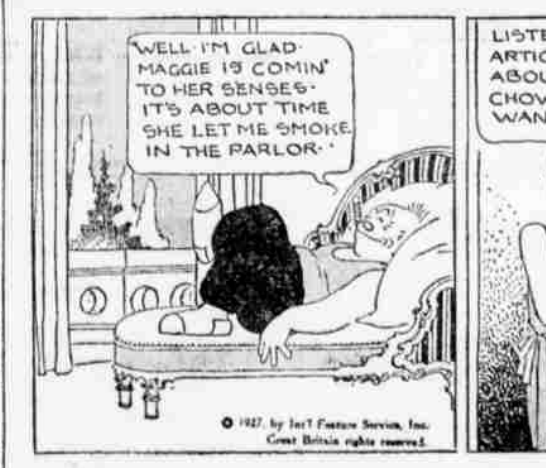
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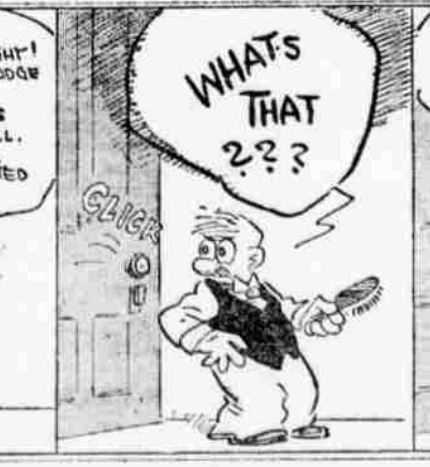


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