

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper, Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 136 S. Commercial Street Telephone 81, News 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 cent a week 45 cents a month \$5 a year in advance.
By mail in Marion and Polk 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.

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

A Week's Reprieve

Governor Patterson has granted a week's reprieve in the case of Ellsworth Kelley and James Willos, sentenced to be hanged today for participation in the fatal prison break of August 1925, presumably for additional study of the wisdom of commuting their sentences to life imprisonment.

The governor's action is said to have been taken upon receipt of the word that five justices of the supreme court were willing to petition, as individuals, for commutation of sentence. Inasmuch as the cases have been before them several times for decision on the legal points involved, they are of course familiar with the facts, though they have never had occasion to pass upon the guilt of the prisoners.

The justices are not alone in recommending commutation of sentence. Probably a majority of persons cognizant of the facts, hold similar views, that the gallows should be reserved for cold-blooded murderers and not utilized for men who never killed anyone and only technically guilty of murder. It was for such that life imprisonment was provided.

The governor has hitherto held that the courts had decided the case, and he would therefore let the law take its course. Yet the courts have nothing to do with executive clemency, which was devised to be utilized to rectify errors, and correct abuses. Every governor of this state, including the incumbent, has commuted sentences or pardoned convicts that the courts have regularly convicted—as part of executive duty.

To prevent the reproach of unjust, official murders by the state in future, the law governing capital punishment should be revised in the statutes.

Why Italians Bomb

Attempts to assassinate by Lomb Premier Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy repudiate the fiction of the universal popularity of the Mussolini regime, for both are more closely guarded than was ever any Russian czar, especially Mussolini.

Were the dictator really popular, there would not be penal punishments of great severity for speaking against him, nor special military tribunals set up for secret trials of critics. Suspension of free speech and free press may perpetuate the fiction of popularity, but the slightest relaxation would speedily reveal the latent hatred of the tyrant.

Anyone in Italy may anonymously denounce to the nearest Provincial Council, a personal foe or rival. This council is made up of the Prefect, as Mussolini's personal representative, one officer of the carabinieri, one of the police, a delegate from the local Fascist center and a magistrate, all of whom are Fascists. They secretly examine the record of the accused, and if in pre-Fascist days, he belonged to the Liberals, the Democrats, the Free Masons, or Socialists, he is handcuffed and sent to one of the penal islands for from one to three years.

Fascists charged with murder are usually acquitted, being protected by an ukase which provides that "violence committed in defense of Fascism is not violence, but valor." Naturally every Fascist is interested in perpetrating the regime, for he is a privileged person, as long as it lasts.

As revolt is not to be expected, because of the passivity and docility of the people, crushed and oppressed, for centuries, bombings are the natural result.

John Lucas, as special correspondent for the New York World, after an extended study of conditions in Italy, states that Mussolini has a long row to hoe in establishing Italian industry on a firm basis. The trade balance is still against Italy; the remittances from emigrants has steadily decreased, through lack of sympathy with or confidence in the Fascist regime; the once profitable tourist industry, due to exorbitant charges, has greatly diminished; wages have been reduced almost beyond the cost of living; and despite enforced economy, Italy's budget grows bigger and bigger, as more and more officials are added to supervise the people.

Moreover the Fascist chiefs, denied the right of aspiring to high office, use their power for amassing private wealth through public works, in other words, grafting.

As to the effect of it all the cultural life of Italy Mr. Lucas summarizes:

In a civic sense, Italy has been pushed back fifty years since the march on Rome. She is fast losing that sense of individual responsibility which built up the United States and the British Commonwealth. She was progressing along the road to adult nationhood; groping blindly at times, stumbling, halting at cross-roads, blundering often, but she was making headway. Fascism and its Corporative State and its political penalties have crushed all that. And it is stifling culture, too. "I want a nation of soldiers and peasants," Mussolini is fond of saying. And the peasantry is kept as bigoted and ignorant as possible. But the church has no part in his training.

Golden Youth

By CLAIRE POMEROY

CHAPTER 27.

And so, once more, Adele Haines awaited the arrival of Jack Tiffany. She waited in the darkened hall, ready to hurry out to his car when she heard the sound of a motor stopping, the slipping of the brakes. Like a lovely wraith she glided through the dimness of the night and took her place beside the man.

"I knew you would," he said softly.

"Would what?" she asked, although she knew full well what he meant.

"Knew you'd come to me," he replied.

To her own surprise she wasn't offended.

"Your assurance stamps you as being quite dreadfully juvenile," she told him with a little laugh.

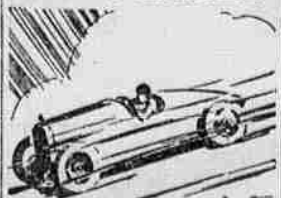
"And, of course, that makes me seem quite middle-aged and safe," he laughed aloud at this.

"Clever, you," he said. "But, you know you don't mean it. You're far younger than your delightful daughter. You always will be, too. There's a freshness about you, quite different from any other woman I've ever known. Not the shimmering, giggling, downcast-eyed freshness of sweet 15, thank heav-

en, but a clear-eyed essentially feminine kind of freshness that won't rub off."

Adele listened to this, not at all displeased. Why should she be anything but complimented? Here was the kind of thing any woman is glad to hear about herself.

"LEADS 'EM ALL"



THE NEW ZEROLENE
for your motor
A STANDARD OIL PRODUCT

"You're courageous, too," he went on after a time. "You've the courage to ignore silly rules which most women consider important enough to bow to and fear."

This was propaganda—if Adele had but known it. . . .

"I'm sure I've displayed no unusual courage," she protested. "Oh, I know, coming out with you at night might be misunderstood by more than one of my women friends. But I know it's all right and that's the important thing, don't you think?" She turned inquiringly to him.

"Certainly," he agreed stoutly. "And my husband is privileged to know all about it. If he cares to." She sighed deeply. "But he'd probably not be interested. He never is in anything—interested. I mean. Nothing but horrible chemical mixtures are important to my husband."

"I understand," returned the man. "It's that way so often."

"No, you don't understand," said Adele. "Please, I beg of you, don't get an impression that I'm being a neglected wife and that sort of awful thing. I listen to so many of them at bridge parties. Women who complain about their husbands. One gets so bored with it all nowadays."

Tiffany changed his tactics immediately.

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way at all," he said quickly. "You wouldn't be a man who would neglect a woman like you."

Adele caught herself in a sigh. She was too proud to admit that she was being neglected—what she thought was neglect. She would have liked to tell him all about it—the truth. But she couldn't. . . .

She wanted this man to believe that she was all seemed to think her to be. Mustn't let him find out she was just a sham and a

make-believe. Don't let him see the fear that stalked before her—always. The fear of oblivion with nothing to hold close when darkness enveloped one for good and all. Old age. Not even dreams to keep. They spun on through the coolness of the night. The woman drew her cloak more snugly about her and drew the fur collar closer about her throat. She loved that little gesture.

The roadway was dark now. Out of the city. Countryside. . . . They seemed so far away from everything that reminded one of everyday cares and dreams. There were few cars on the road. Only two had passed them.

"Cold!" he asked with a touch of tenderness in his voice.

"Not a bit," she replied.

"If you are, here's a nip of brandy." He produced a flask—a flat silver flask from an inner coat pocket.

"I'll not have any, thanks," she told him somewhat stiffly.

"Don't mind if I help myself, do you?" he asked.

"No."

He unscrewed the cap, which was itself a neat little cup about the size of an over-sized thimble. He poured some of the brandy into it and turned to her.

"Sure you won't have some?" he repeated. "It's French brandy and mild."

Perhaps it was because Adele felt her courage retreating by the seconds—that courage which he had just complimented her about. And it may have been because she was a little cold in her sheer frock and light wrap. At any rate, she suddenly accepted and took the tiny cup in her fingers and after a moment's hesitation, raised it to her lips and swallowed the amber liquid. It warmed her instantly

and she felt glowing and a sense of freedom and her courage returned.

The car had been brought to a stop there on that country road. It had been necessary to do this, of course, when Tiffany poured the brandy. He poured himself a drink now and they both laughed because the cup was so small.

"Hardly a taste is it?" he remarked. "Let's have another."

They did.

A car came around the bend of the road its headlights sent their beams full upon Tiffany's machine.

It was a car driven by a liveried chauffeur—a chauffeur with reddish brown hair and in the seat beside him was a dark-haired girl whose eyes were velvety-brown.

"Oh, the chauffeur and the girl beside him recognized Tiffany's car. They could discern, too, that a man and woman were in the front seat but they were not sure who the woman was. Her face was buried upon the man's shoulder and his face was turned downward toward the woman.

"Humph!" muttered Jerry Haines. "Some business appointment!"

What the chauffeur said was nobody's business.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEWEART HOME

Woodburn, Apr. 13.—J. R. Houseweart, who recently underwent an operation at the Salem General hospital has returned to his home in Woodburn much improved in health.

MRS. STILLWELL VISITS

Independence, Apr. 13.—Mrs. Dena Stillwell, formerly a resident nurse of this city, but now of Portland is visiting friends here this week.

Japan has been having a number of serious fires, 150 houses being reduced to ashes in one village and 250 in another.

TEMPLE IS GUEST AND GETS HONORS

Hubbard, Apr. 13.—Arion Temple, Pythian Sisters, were entertained by Una Temple at their hall Wednesday night, the following attending from Hubbard: Mesdames Ella Stauffer, Cora Smith, Maggie Crittenden, Wilma Leffler, Ruth Stauffer, Anna Bevens, Clara Whitney, Anna Scholl, Blanche Brown, Mary Paulsen, Sadie Scholl, Meta Friend, Edith Painter, Anna Stauffer, Coble de Lespinasse and the Misses Orva Barrett, Anita Bevens, Melva Whitney and Lenore Scholl. They were accompanied by a few of the Knights of Pythias, Julius Stauffer, A. R. Bevens, M. C. Crittenden, and A. F. de Lespinasse being the escorts.

Una Temple will have the honor of exemplifying the ladies' initiation at the coming Pythian convention April 26 at Portland, while Arion Temple will give the floor work and the two temples gave the larger part of the evening in practice for the convention.

PROGRESS IS SHOWN BY MILL CITY CHURCH

Mill City, Apr. 13.—The Church of Christ held its dedication services in the new church last Sunday, an all day program having been carried out. During the day, pledges were received amounting to \$2735.00, which will clear the new building of indebtedness and leave a nice margin to go on. The church now has a membership of about 230, and is less than 20 months old.

PROGRAM IS PLANNED

Kelzer, April 13.—The young people of the First Evangelical church

of Salem will give the program at the Kelzer community club April 20. Pictures will also be shown of the flora and fauna of Oregon and the northwest. Lunch will be served.

MRS. ASHBAUGH LEAVES
Independence, April 13.—Mrs. War-

ren Ashbaugh of South Beach, who has been spending several days at the home of Mrs. Joe McLeod on South Tenth street returned to her home Thursday.

Journal Want Ads Pay

Old Folks Say Doctor Caldwell was Right

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice, known to druggists and the public since 1892 as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

Then, the treatment of constipation, biliousness, headache, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions that result from constipation was entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a combination of senna and other mild laxative herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you and the better for the general health of all. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will last a family several months and all can use it. It is good for the baby because pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. In the proper dose given in the directions it is equally effective at all ages. Elderly people will



J. B. Caldwell, M.D.
AT AGE 93

find it especially ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles. We would be glad to have you prove at our expense now much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin" Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.—Adv.

By Chick Young.

DUMB DORA



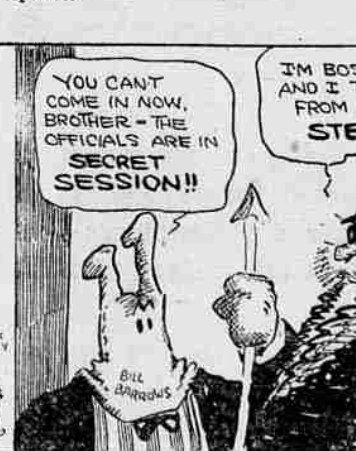
BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus.

BARNEY GOOGLE

The "Spider" Speaks.



By Billy De Beck.

MUTT AND JEFF

"Thomas Is Such An Affectionate Cow."



By Bud Fisher.