

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 126 S. Commercial Street Telephone 51; News 23

OBORNE PUTNAM Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 cents 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

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND OF THE UNITED PRESS

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 local news published herein.

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

Hoover Now Dry

A partisan press that for five years has indulged in rhapsodies over the platitudinous piffle of Calvin Coolidge as the culmination of political wisdom will of course acclaim any speech made by Herbert Hoover as gospel from on high. As the myth of the strong, wise, silent man was built up for Coolidge, so is the myth of the engineering idealist and spiritual visionary being manufactured for the stodgy, practical realist, who sat in the cabinet with Fall and Daugherty and received his nomination by grace of Bill Vare, Andy Mellon and the bought and paid for southern delegates.

This partisan prejudice for the purpose of maintaining party regularity is one of the curious phenomena of presidential campaigns. Nothing else seems to count and principle is thrown overboard for party expediency. It is symptomatic of the hypocrisy of our own times, when men will over night reverse themselves on their favorite issues for the party label. While it emphasizes the insincerity and moral bankruptcy of politicians, it presents a highly amusing panorama to the observer.

Mr. Hoover's acceptance speech consists largely of generalities, with a few specific declarations. He claims credit for everything under the sun for the Republicans. On farm relief, food control, national waterways, he has only a program of investigation and research to offer together with a continuation of Coolidge policies. He declares against government interference in business but is silent on the power issue as typified by the Muscle Shoals and Boulder dam projects.

There is one subject on which Mr. Hoover is specific, and that is prohibition, although he says less about it than any other topic. As it promises to be the main issue of the campaign, his remarks on it are repeated in full:

I recently stated my position upon the 18th Amendment which I again repeat:

I do not favor the repeal of the 18th Amendment. I stand for the efficient enforcement of the laws enacted thereunder. Whoever is chosen president has under his oath the solemn duty to pursue this course.

Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively.

Common sense compels us to realize that grave abuses have occurred—abuses which must be remedied. An organized searching investigation of fact and causes can alone determine the wise method of correcting them. Crime and disobedience of law cannot be permitted to break down the Constitution and laws of the United States.

Modification of the enforcement laws which would permit that which the Constitution forbids is nullification. This the American people will not countenance. Change in the Constitution can and must be brought about only by the straightforward methods provided in the Constitution itself. There are those who do not believe in the purposes of several provisions of the Constitution. No one denies their right to seek to amend it. They are not subject to criticism for asserting that right. But the Republican party does deny the right to anyone to seek to destroy the purposes of the Constitution by legislation.

Whoever is elected president takes an oath not only to faithfully execute the office of the president, but that oath provides still further that he will, to the best of his ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. I should be untrue to these great traditions, untrue to my oath of office, were I to declare otherwise.

Mr. Hoover holds that modification of the Volstead act is nullification of the 18th Amendment. This is the position of the extreme dries and is illogical and unreasonable. The Volstead enforcement act could be repealed altogether and the 18th Amendment left intact. Enforcement, as of the 15th Amendment, could be left to the states. There is nothing in the 18th Amendment that forces the national government to assume police duties or to define the percentage of alcohol that makes for intoxication as one-half of one percent.

Until Mr. Hoover became a candidate, he was never known as a dry. In June 1918, as food administrator, he protested the suggestion of the dries that the food administration be used to prevent the manufacture of 2.75 percent beer, saying:

If the American people want prohibition, it should prohibit by legislation and not force the Food Administration to take responsibility for an orgy of drunkenness. It is mighty difficult to get drunk on 2.75 percent beer.

Though Mr. Hoover did not then consider 2.75 percent beer intoxicating, he evidently does now, for he regards any effort to legalize over one-half percent as provided by the Volstead act as nullification. So we have the bootlegger and the orgy of drunkenness predicted by Mr. Hoover.

Contrast Mr. Hoover's position with that of Governor Smith as defined in his message to the New York legislature in June 1924:

I maintain that the present hypocritical attitude toward the whole question of prohibition would be greatly relieved by having Congress fix a maximum alcoholic content, based upon science and sound reasoning, thereafter leaving every state to enact any statute it pleases with regard to the regulation of the traffic in light wines and beer within that alcoholic content, so that the state which desires strict prohibition may have it, and the state that desires light wines and beer within the alcoholic content prescribed by Congress may also have what it desires.

Governor Smith in his letter to the Democratic convention at Houston, reiterated his position as follows:

Common honesty compels us to admit that corruption of law enforcement officials, bootlegging and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout this country.

I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held, and still hold, was and ought to be a defunct institution in this country, by application of the democratic principles of local self-government and states' rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law and eradication of the existing evils.

In his acceptance speech he will probably further elucidate his position.

Were it not for the ingrained partisanship of politicians, the election would resolve itself into a national referendum on Volsteadism—and that is what it should be. However the wets among the Republican politicians, and the dries among the Democratic politicians are rationalizing themselves into party regularity. So far as they are concerned the election will not be a referendum, merely an appeal to party prejudice. If, however, the people vote as they drink, will be no doubt of the outcome.

THE LOVE DEBT

By Claire Pomeroy

CHAPTER II

June at last! The wedding of Larry Holt and Fannie Brower created no stir of excitement nor even interest except in the small circle where Larry and Fannie were acquainted. But these two young people, pledging their love for one another in the rocky path they had chosen to travel together were not concerned about the opinions of outsiders.

Their honeymoon was soon over and they settled down in the tiny bungalow Larry's father had given them for a wedding gift. Larry took up his work as law clerk in the offices of Cheever, Winslow and Platt, under the paternal wing of old Judge Cheever who had known and liked the boy since the first time he had seen him some ten years before when he had paid a visit at the Holt household.

Fannie adored her little home, but with certain reservations. She dreamed of the day when her husband would be rich and successful. She loved luxury, did Fannie, though in the meager home of her parents there had been small opportunity to know the taste of that which her soul craved and which she determined she would one day experience to the full.

One lazy afternoon in late June, Fannie carried her mending out to the cool veranda of the little house and in a wicker chair made bright with the flowered upholstery she had applied with deft and practiced hands, she rocked back and forth contentedly, her mind nowhere in particular. She was surprised when a long, rakish car of expensive make pulled up to a stop in front of the bungalow. There were two occupants in the car. Fannie noticed first, the man in the driver's seat. He was, she judged, about 40 and there was something so arresting in his appearance that her attention was still centered upon him when the other man leaped from the car, making his way up the little flagged walk that led to the front steps.

"Is this where Larry Holt lives?" A tall young man, his face bronzed from the sun, a reddish brown mustache which Fannie decided had not long been a part of the youth's makeup matching the reddish brown of his bare head. He stood, hat in hand, at the bottom step and smiled up at the girl.

"Why, yes," Fannie replied somewhat nervously. "Is he at home, by any chance?" The young man asked, and then, without waiting for a reply he went on: "I'm Ted Shaw, and you, if I'm not mistaken, are Mrs. Holt." His smile lingered.

Fannie felt a little thrill of pleasurable excitement. She was glad she had put on the pale green dimity frock that became her so well. She fancied she saw a look of admiration in the youth's eyes and this brought the color to her cheeks.

"Oh, how do you do," she said quickly. "Larry's spoken of you so often. I—yes, I am Mrs. Holt," she finished, remembering his round-about question.

"Then you are the Fannie I've heard so much about," the young man told her, his eyes twinkling. Fannie decided she liked him. His good looks, his beautifully tailored clothes and his infectious smile were all in his favor. For a fleeting second she glanced at the man who waited in the car, and at the same instant he looked up at her, their eyes meeting. She tore her gaze away—startled.

In that instant, as she sat there, she could hear her heart ticking off its beats and it seemed as though a shadow had crept between her and the familiar scene about her. Young Shaw stood there, his face turned toward her expectant, waiting.

"Oh—oh, yes, Mr. Shaw," she finally managed to reply. "I'm sorry Larry isn't home. But," she added, "he ought to be here soon. Won't you come up and wait?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Holt," was the youth's rejoinder. "I won't impose upon your hospitality just now, some other time perhaps." His voice lowered a shade. "You see, I'm just back from the Continent and my friend Tucker was good enough to meet my train and on my way up I looked in at Larry's office but he'd already gone. They told me his home address and here I am." The smile came and went as he talked. Now, backing away, he added: "Tell that husband of yours to phone me at the Berkeley Club tomorrow, will you please, Mrs. Holt? Thank you, Goodbye."

The car made a low purring sound; the noise of the releasing brakes, and in another second they were gone.

Fannie sat in her wicker chair, unable to move. A sense of devastating weariness settled over her and it seemed to her as though she had been caught in a remarkable chain of events and she felt as though she should move she would be dropped stolidly down to where she belonged. Larry found her there when he came home a few minutes later.

"Where have you been, Larry?" she said almost sharply. She arose and led the way into the house.

Larry's only response to her question was to take her in his arms and kiss her—hungrily—and the consciousness of his love immediately jarred the girl from the curious lethargy that had overwhelmed her. The love these two young people had for each other was a thing to wonder at. Like a budding flower, it bloomed and grew as days went on and Fannie knew she belonged to her husband, utterly. But now, attempting to push his laughing face away from hers, she tried to twist out of his arms, but her lips were hungry for kisses, and suddenly she yielded. She kissed him with passion and let him strain her to his heart.

"Please, honey," she pleaded, finally. "I've something to tell you."

"Yes, ma'am," Larry said, exploring the white nape of her neck. "A gentleman was here to see you," she told him primly. "Your boy friend, Mr. Shaw."

"Ted!" ejaculated Larry, genuinely surprised. "So he's home."

"And there was another man with him—a Mr. Tucker," Fannie went on.

Larry's face changed at the mention of Tucker's name.

"Tucker, eh?" he said darkening. "Meet him?"

Fannie shook her head. "No, he didn't come in," she said. "Who is this Tucker, Larry?"

Larry bit his lip and looked down at the rug.

"Dane Tucker's what is commonly known as a gasser—a rake. Rich as the devil and even cleverer," he said slowly.

Fannie listened eagerly. "Married?" she asked.

"Lord no," said Larry with a shrug. "He couldn't be faithful to one woman. They're his hobby—women."

Fannie had heard enough. "Larry," her voice was low and there was a frown on the white

forehead. "Larry," she said again. "I—oh—oh, you going to be awfully good friends with Mr. Shaw now that he's back? He—he wants you to phone him at the Berkeley Club tomorrow, and I was wondering if—"

She fumbled with her husband's tie, her lips pursed. "If what, honey?"

Fannie plunged.

Larry's expression was one of relief. He even sighed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Is that what you were getting at? Why, sure, of course, certainly. Yes indeed, Mrs. Holt, I'll drag the lion home with me tomorrow if you're so set on having him."

Larry raised provocative lips and Fannie knew just what to do with them.

That night Fannie had a strange dream. Its vividness left her troubled and bewildered when she awoke with a start in the early hours of the morning. There had been a scene that was imprinted upon her brain; a picture of herself seated at a dinner table—a table of dark polished wood lighted by tall candles in heavy silver holders. She even remembered her gown of artfully draped silver cloth and there were jewels at her ears and throat. But the memory of the man who sat opposite her was what brought the

look of wonder to her eyes: made her clench her hands before her lips, almost in fear, and caused her to experience an almost voluptuous sense of longing. The man she had seen in her dream was the same man who had waited so serenely before her house the day before. The man into whose eyes she had gazed that swift, fleeting second. The man—Dane Tucker!

(To be continued)

Manila.—(UP)—Bringing cigars to the Philippines is a real "costs to Newcastle" act. The total value of imported cigars for 1927 was \$85.50, and for 1928 it was \$16.50.

Don't take our word for it without asking every Willys Knight owner in your community.

"Let Your Next Car be a Willys Knight"

OKLAHOMA PAPERS DECLARE FOR HOOVER

Oklahoma City, Aug. 13. (AP)—E. K. Gaylord, publisher of The Daily Oklahoman and the Oklahoma City Times, two of the largest democratic newspapers in the state, announced today that the papers would support Herbert Hoover, the republican presidential nominee.

The publisher said the newspapers "will not join the republican party, but neither are they going to join a liquor movement."

Hoover would "waste no useless efforts on prohibition modification," if elected, Gaylord said. He said Gov. Alfred E. Smith, the democratic candidate, would "concentrate his efforts on the modification of the Volstead act," and added that the Oklahoman and Times "will not assist in building up a purely liquor party nor undertake a campaign to overthrow the 18th amendment."

The Tulsa Tribune, another of the larger democratic newspapers of Oklahoma, declared for Hoover almost immediately after his nomination.

FULL DRESS ALL DAY

Paris.—(AP)—Fernand Boulsson, presiding officer of the chamber of deputies, is a stickler for tradition. He wears full dress from the time the chamber meets in the morning until it adjourns at night.



As sunshine ripens fruit to perfection

Controlled Roasting gives Hills Bros Coffee the flavor of flavors. This patented, continuous process of roasting a few pounds at a time, roasts every particle evenly and brings out the utmost in flavor and aroma. No other coffee can taste like Hills Bros, because none is roasted the same way.

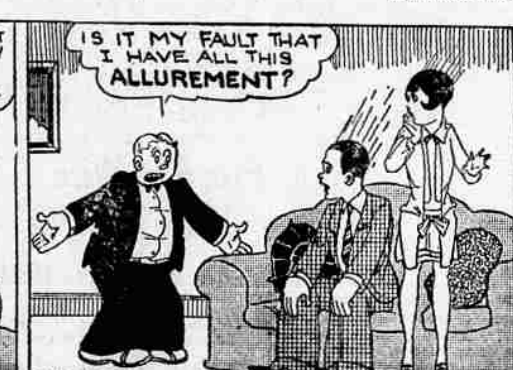
HILLS BROS COFFEE



By Chick Young.

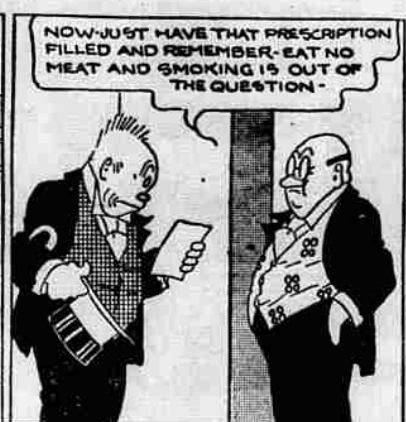
DUMB DORA

"It" Must Be In His Wallet



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus.



MUTT AND JEFF

Augustus Mutt Gets Quite A Surprise. How About You?

By Bud Fisher.

