

Capital Journal

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

The Invading Snake.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university declares that it is the duty of American voters, regardless of party, to check bigotry. Material prosperity he holds is not at stake in this campaign, but the principle of religious liberty is. He declares:

To what a pass has the nation come when millions of those who have passed through the common schools, and many of them also through institutions of higher education, are still the willing weapons of a religious hate and a malice that are as immoral as they are unchristian and anti-American. Does all this mean that somewhere in the not distant future another Gibson is preparing a world-shaking work on the decline and fall of Christianity? It is the duty of every one of us, without any regard whatever to party affiliation to stamp upon this invading snake with iron heel.

This is no time for cowards, time servers, legalistic word-splitters, or well-nows.

Yet we listen in vain for any clarion calls against intolerance from Republican campaigners. Beyond Mr. Hoover's brief statement in his acceptance speech and his rebuke of the Virginia National Committeewoman for injecting religion into the campaign, and a mild objection from Chairman Work, the Republicans have been silent, indicating, if not approval, at least a willingness to capitalize bigotry.

Republican National Committeemen continue to circulate their states on the religious issue. They are kept on the job. Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt as Assistant Attorney General of the United States continues under official sanction to appeal to sectarianism. She is unrebuked. Tons of literature containing the propaganda of fanaticism flood the mails, and the whispering campaign flourishes unabated and somebody is paying for it all. Pulpits preach the gospel of hate instead of brotherly love. Newspapers contribute approval by silence.

Behind the respectable front of Mr. Hoover and working in his behalf are massed all the organized and unorganized forces of intolerance in the land and there is no effort to "stamp upon this invading snake with an iron heel."

Should Try Again

If, after a decade's trial the change proves a failure and some other remedy for the drink evil seems wiser and better, we must count on the American people who have no obstinate pride of opinion to retrace their steps and try again. But meantime, enforce the amendment, which is the law of the land.

These are not the words of Al Smith and were not intended for political effect, but were written by William Howard Taft, now Chief Justice of the United States in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of February 5, 1919, entitled, "Enforce Prohibition. It is the law of the land." Among other things Mr. Taft said:

The manufacture of liquor will go on in cellars and back rooms in congested parts of large cities where concealment will be easy and where sympathy with the law will not be strong.

And again, speaking of popular resistance to the amendment, he prophesied that "even the supposed effectiveness of federal laws may prove helpless against such resistance. The result will be a kind of lawless local option over the country that will be very vicious."

The demoralization of all law resulting from the attempt to enforce a sumptuary law opposed to the principles of a large element of the people, predicted by Mr. Taft, has come about. Volsteadism as a remedy for the drink evil proved a failure and the time is ripe for the nation "to retrace its steps and try again." Governor Smith has proposed the remedy.

Aint It Awful!

A Salem society matron presents a new reason why Al Smith should not be elected. She says:

Do you know that at a tea given the other day the hostess declared she had met within ten feet of Governor Smith and saw him chew tobacco. Just think of electing such a man to the presidency!

Just think of it! Isn't it awful, Mabel! They've had Al drinking cocktails, smoking cigars, wearing brown derbies, talking Bowery lingo—and now worst of all—chewing tobacco! Could anything be more damnable!

Of course there are precedents in the presidency. Abe Lincoln chewed tobacco. So did Andy Johnson. So did General Grant when he wasn't smoking. Cleveland and Harding both indulged freely. Whether Roosevelt did or not, history doesn't say, but we suspect it. But Vice-Presidents Marshall and Dawes both found solace in the plug.

Somehow or other, we begin to believe this man Al Smith is a regular fellow—he has so many attributes that in these days when politics are run by parsons, women and pussy-footers, are almost atavistic. He is a survival from the good old days into the days of the goody-good. More power to him.

School Propaganda

Commenting upon the exposure of the clandestine efforts made by public utilities to influence public opinion against public ownership by invading the public schools with propaganda the Albany Democrat says:

We feel that the power companies may be given free rein in putting their arguments in the public schools. We think that it is just as important for the student to go out into life fully acquainted with the viewpoint of the private ownership advocates as with the opposite viewpoint. In fact, we think that the student should know both sides of the argument and know them well. Then he will be able to make up his mind for himself. To that end, there is need for an authentic, honest, sincere presentation of the cause of private ownership of utilities in our public schools. It is a vital economic question.

Just why the public school curriculum should be burdened with a course on ownership of utilities is beyond our comprehension. Granted that it is an economic question, it is also a political one, and should no more be discussed in elementary schools than the tariff and a score of other controversial economic issues. Such a course would only confuse immature minds.

If such a course is to be taught, it should be openly with the pros and cons set forth impartially in text books, not in propaganda.

The essence of the utilities is that under the guise of fair and impartial statements they are trying to prejudice the unformed and intellectually unripe in their own interest. All forms of propaganda should be barred from the public schools and officials who tolerate it be disciplined.

THE LOVE DEBT

By Claire Pomroy

CHAPTER 36
The good citizens of the city found much to hold their interest the following day and there was excited discussion as men met their fellow workers in office and shop that morning after they read the blazoned headlines:
"MILLIONAIRE BRUTAL MURDER VICTIM"

"Dane Tucker Strangled by Japanese Valet, Who Then Kills Self. Crime Reveals Hidden Room Where Millionaire Hoarded Priceless Treasures. Secret Room Is Scene Where Oriental Offers Human Sacrifice to Buddha."

There followed a full account of the finding of Tucker's body in that unknown room; of Ted Sharp's part in solving the mystery. Everybody talked about it and wondered. In drawing rooms on the boulevard the crime was spoken of in whispers. . . . Shop girls who had cast many a longing glance at the millionaire as he lolled back in his expensive motor car, now chattered to one another about him being "such a swell-looking fellow, too." And of course they agreed that it was too "just like a movie."

There were other headlines in the newspapers that morning, also. If they were dimmed by the black streamer that announced the leading story, they were headlines of importance, nevertheless. One in particular. Those who left off reading about the crime long enough to read the other news of the day were bound to see this one, and had they but known more about the lives of these gay pleasure-seekers on the fashionable side of town they could have read between the lines something of significance.

This one for instance:
"Bookie King Disappears."
An account of the strange disappearance of one Joe Criswell, whose quick getaway disclosed the fact that he had been the "brains" of a powerful ring of bootleggers, owning a fleet of motor trucks and offices, and who even had at their command ships that sailed the high seas to Cuba and the Bahamas. Criswell and his wife had left, leaving everything behind. Clothing, an expensive motor car and even money in the bank. Gone and not a trace of Joe and Viola Criswell.

In a much less conspicuous position in that day's newspaper a discerning eye may have seen another item. Small type; unsensational. An announcement in the society column:

"Miss Sonia Redfield left last night for New York where she will sail within a few days for an extended sojourn in Europe."

A passenger train speeding westward across rolling prairie. In a drawing room of one of the Pullman cars sits a man and a woman. They are holding hands and they are happy.

"Gee, honey, I'm glad we got away all right," said the pretty young

woman. "How long before we'll be in Canada?" She gazed anxiously at her husband.

"Won't be long now," the man replied. He took his wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly. "Love me?"

"You know I do, Joe," she replied softly. Then: "You meant what you said about going straight, didn't you honey?"

"I'll tell the world I did." He shivered slightly. "When I crashed in on that killing something came over me like a flash, and I knew I was cured. Something seemed to tell me that I'd get it the same way if I didn't look out." He shivered again and drew the girl closer to him.

"I'll never get that picture out of my mind, I guess. The way that Jap was choking the life out of Tucker. I sure didn't let any grass grow under my feet getting away from there."

Viola Criswell put her hand over her husband's mouth.

"Don't talk about it any more, Joe," she begged. "We'll forget about it. We'll forget all about the past and start over again. Just us two." They huddled together, like two frightened children, but it was the girl who was the stronger of the two. She was like a mother as she held her husband's head to her breast and stroked his drawn, white cheek. She smiled tenderly when she saw that he had fallen asleep.

Swathed in veils and wrapped in a steamer rug, Sonia Redfield reclined in a deck chair on the deck of the steamship Arianna, bound for Europe. A book lay unopened on her lap—her eyes were closed—her lips drooped wearily. Sonia was sad. . . . She had never been so sad in her life. Larry Holt's last words to her were still fresh in her memory.

She knew, unhappily, that those last words of his would remain with her longer than any others. . . . She wondered how long it would be before she could get away from the dull ache. Time dulled grief, but what effect could time have upon shame? Unless one achieved a philosophy above shame? She shook her head; she didn't think she's ever been capable of that. "I don't want you, Sonia. I wouldn't take you if you offered yourself to me—now." Larry Holt had said that to her. Her! Sonia Redfield! She chided herself for being a fool. . . . What was this youth to her? A mere boy. Why, there were thousands of them in the world. Boys, young men as handsome as Larry Holt. . . . Forget! Her reverie was interrupted.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice at her side. She opened her eyes. A tall, blue-eyed young man was looking down at her. He held her book in his hand.

"You dropped this," he said, smiling. He had flashing white teeth, Sonia observed. He had pulled off his cap and she saw that his hair was blond and inclined to curl.

"Thank you," she said listlessly as she accepted the book.

SEASON OPENS ON PHEASANTS MONDAY

The booming of guns next Monday morning at sunrise may lead some folks to believe that the calendar has been changed and that the Fourth of July is being celebrated, or that the Chinese are having another New Year, but it will merely mark the opening of the 1928 season on Chinese pheasants.

The open season on these birds extends from a half hour before sunrise Monday morning until sunset October 31. According to game laws, each hunter is allowed four birds in a day, or eight birds in a week, provided, however, but one of them is a hen. The open season for blue or sooty grouse and ruffed grouse will open at the same time that shooting of pheasants begins. Lincoln, Tillamook, Clatsop, and

Curry counties are not open to pheasant hunting this year.

Several thousand pheasants have been raised by the state game commission and these have been liberated throughout the valley. According to game wardens, the pheasant hunting this year is going to be exceptionally good.

Boy gangs are terrorizing Glasgow.

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C. D. OPPEN

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Made in Salem—Free Demonstration

By Chick Young.

DUMB DORA

Rod Tells It.



BRINGING UP FATHER



MUTT AND JEFF

Certainly Mutt Believes In Marriage.



By Bud Fisher.

VESTS MT. ANGEL.
Mt. Angel, Oct. 13—Leonard Fisher, of Ketchikan, Alaska, who is attending Columbia university, at Portland, came here Thursday to spend the week-end with his sister, Miss Eleanor Fisher, and his brother, Raymond, a student at Mt. Angel college.

Nettleton SHOES



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Bishop's

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