

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Rippling Rhymes.

BY WALT MASON

ONE KIND OF THIEF

I earn six hundred bones a year, and have some fourteen aunts to feed; and now that everything is dear, it takes some figuring indeed, I'm thrifty, in the higher sense, although I play in evil luck; my income covers my expense, no man can say I owe a huck. My neighbor earns three thousand wheels while for six hundred wheels I grind; and doubtless, in his pride, he feels that I'm the selling plaster kid. And creditors to his shade are wearing paths, the long year through; collectors linger in the road to touch him for some bill that's due. My aunts are always wanting things; they yearn for things no spinner needs, for furberles and diamond rings, canary birds and widow's weeds. They say, "Your credit at the store is right side up, and three feet wide; why must we always walk the floor and weep for things that are denied?" I answer, feeling slightly bored, "It is no use to scream and pout; the silly things we can't afford are just the things we'll do without." Herein behold the soul of thrift: To pass up what we can't afford, the new fur coat, the motor swift, the trotting with a gilded horse.

Open Forum

Editor Capital Journal: I note what you have to say about growers selling their loganberries to a fruit processing firm in Washington.

Now, that would be all very nice for our Salem fruit packers if the farmers would refuse to take a higher market price for their loganberries than they would offer.

Last year it was the entrance of outside buyers into the local field that forced the market up from 2 1/2 cents to 3 1/2 cents a pound. The competition canner at Eugene returned 13 1/2 cents a pound to growers for their loganberries. Now this question forces us, if the Eugene canner could market the berries in that district at such a splendid price, why could not our own fruit firms do as much for the Marion county loganberry growers?

There is a reason. They wanted to make just as much out of the marketing business as they could. They were apparently not very much concerned about the profits or welfare of the farmer. Then, why should the farmer sacrifice the increased profits should outside firms make such profits available?

No sir. The best friends the local loganberry growers have are these outside firms who come into this field and compel our canneries, juice and jelly plants to pay the market price for our fruit or the berries will go elsewhere. That is business.

The Washington firms of which you write is equipping one of the largest canneries in the state at Albany. It is to be run on strictly cooperative lines and will prove to be as great a factor in developing the central Willamette valley as it has been in developing the Payallup valley in Washington.

All this talk about patronizing home industry is all right, but it has its limitations.

Three hundred Guernsey heifers will be brought to this state direct from the Island of Guernsey, off the coast of England, this spring, according to Ira T. Whitney, Lane county agricultural agent.

Abe Mailin



The old reliable People's Bank of Salem has been in the first time in a half century as a fifteen cent bread factory wants the room. The folks of out there an' go barefooted this winter.

GET THEM ON THE LIST.

UPON the showing made in the census enumeration depends Salem's relative standing among the cities of the country for the next ten years. Upon the population as established by the census, the city will be rated. It is therefore a matter of civic duty as well as civic pride, for everyone to constitute himself or herself a committee of one to see that all are listed and to report to the office of the census bureau at the postoffice names of persons so far omitted.

There is an intense effort under way on the part of Astoria to be rated as second city of Oregon and we may rest assured that everyone in that progressive seaport will be listed at least once. Astoria is desirous of ranking for the next ten years as leading Salem and other Oregon cities, realizing the advantage and the advertising thereby secured.

Salem must not be found asleep at the switch in this emergency. There is no question but that we have the population. It is merely a problem of getting it down in black and white, and this can be assured by the loyal cooperation of every Salemite.

The Salem Cherrians will canvass the city Monday to secure the names of those missed by the census enumerators. They ask the aid of every citizen.

Ask everyone whether they have been enumerated. If not, see that they are on the list.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

A BILL is pending in the legislature for the "stabilizing" of the state constitution, by a constitutional amendment to be submitted to the people at the next general election, whereby a majority of the registered voters will be required to pass an amendment.

Under the present registration law, when registrations are permanent, and voters remain registered long after removal, the registration list is unduly padded and the ballots cast never even approximate the registered list. Upon any measure, it would be practically impossible to secure a majority of the registered vote.

Minnesota has such a law, and so have other states, in which constitutional changes have been practically impossible. The result would be a rigid constitution, practically impossible of alteration to meet changed conditions.

There is considerable merit in the claim that constitutional changes are made altogether too easily under the present system whereby an organized minority can put over fundamental changes in organic law against an unorganized majority, but the proposed change gives every man who stays at home a vote against a change of any kind.

The constitution can be safeguarded if deemed necessary in better fashion by requiring a two-thirds majority of votes cast for the measure. Only those vote on the ballot measures who have studied the subject at issue, and a two thirds vote would fairly indicate overwhelming public sentiment.

The history of Oregon, however, does not show that the people have abused this privilege and proves that they have as a rule exercised good judgment in passing upon such measures. Constitutional changes should, however, be made more difficult than statute alteration.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

JOHN'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENT

When we reached the club, much to my surprise, I found Bea Moreland sitting on the piazza, surrounded, as usual, with nearly all the men who were not on the golf course.

"I can't see," said Karl, "what a man sees in that woman! To me she is the typical 'rag and bone and hank of hate'."

"Wasn't she supposed to have vanished until the gossip of her escapade with John had blown over?"

Alice looked perturbed, and as soon as she could get me alone said, "Katherine, Elizabeth has something on her mind. I can tell it by the look in her eye. She has evidently determined that she will not be coerced into anything. And I want to tell you, for you would find it out sooner or later, that she exerts a peculiar influence over John. I think it is only physical magnetism, but no matter how angry he gets with her—and I have often seen him angrier than he was the other day, when we were going to the hospital—she is able, when she next sees him, to patch up all differences."

"I am telling you this to put you on your guard. I had made up my mind not to say it to you, when I saw you took matters in hand to squash this scandal, for I thought you had not only killed any malign stories that might float about, but you had better keep away from your property. I am sure, now, however, that she means to fight, and you may be sure that she will leave no stone unturned to succeed in her mischief-making."

Her Eyes Open Wide. Alice paused for an instant. Her eyes opened widely and then she asked, "Didn't you tell me that John had an important business engagement and couldn't bring you out here this afternoon?"

"That's what he said," I answered, somewhat amazed at her question. I was looking at her and did not realize why she had asked.

However, I followed her eyes to the entrance to the grounds and saw John driving my limousine through the gates, as Alice quickly drew me behind a pillar, as he came up the steps, his eyes roving over the group standing on the porch as if in search of someone.

"Why do you do that, Alice? Probably John has finished his business sooner than he expected and has telephoned to the house and found out I was out with you. He would jump to the conclusion that we came out here."

Goes to Bea Moreland. But even as I spoke I found it was no: I for whom John was looking. His eyes having found Bea Moreland, he

THE SORT OF MAN I WANTED--

Quite recently it was my pleasure to spend several very interesting days in your beautiful City of Salem. But first, let me introduce myself, A. Swain Mitchell is my name, of Salem, Oregon.

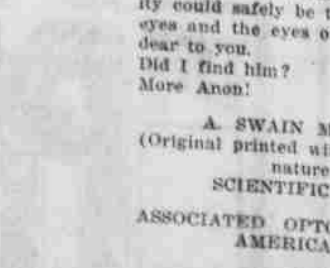
I occupy the position at the head of the Scientific Department of the Associated Optometrists of America, Inc.

And the object of my visit? I was looking for an Optometrist of the highest type to represent the Associated Optometrists of America, Inc. in your city.

Like Diogenes, I went gunning for my man with a lantern. But MY lantern was a complete knowledge of what such a man should be.

I wanted a man of high character; a man who in accuracy and reliability could safely be trusted with your eyes and the eyes of those near and dear to you. Did I find him? More Anon!

A. SWAIN MITCHELL (Original printed with fac-simile signature) SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT ASSOCIATED OPTOMETRISTS OF AMERICA, INC.



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF CUFFY BEAR

Cuffy Climbs Blue Mountain. Cuffy Bear had never been very far up Blue Mountain beyond the place where his father's house nestled among the evergreens. You know, the summer before he had been a very small little bear indeed, and the higher one goes up Blue Mountain the harder the climbing becomes. But now Cuffy was growing very fast; and he was able to scramble up places he could never have even crept a year ago. Each day now Cuffy climbed a



little nearer the top of Blue Mountain. And at last the day came when he reached the very top. It was so high that the trees did not grow there. He found nothing but rocks everywhere, with just a little earth to fill the cracks.

Cuffy thought it great fun to clamber about all by himself and look down at the hills and valleys that stretched away in all directions. In the locker room and suggested that if you were willing he'd like to play with us."

"We'll be delighted," said Alice. And with her head held high she started to pass John and Elizabeth as though she did not see them.

"Steady—steady," said Karl. "You mustn't do that, Alice, for Katherine's sake."

Some way, the tone in which Karl pronounced my name warmed my heart and took away from it some of the sting with which it was smarting.

Quick to Understand. Alice is always quick to understand and so she graciously moved past John with a gay nod, saying: "What have you come so soon for, Mr. Business Man? Katherine and I did not expect you for at least two hours, and we have promised Karl and Eddie a foursome."

John was not so quick as his sister, and as Karl said, "he almost spilled the beans."

"Why, what do you mean, 'come so soon'?" Alice? "I didn't—"

"Well, just because you came so early," Alice interrupted, gaily. "I am going to give you the pleasant task of talking to Bea until we get through our game," and she marched us off the piazza so quickly that John had no time to voice his astonishment.

I was a little behind Alice and I caught the words from Bea: "Hush, John, don't you see that Alice is talking in the gallery? You don't want another scandal, do you?" (Tomorrow—A Talk With Karl Sheppard.)

Mill City Legion Team Defeats Scio Quintet

Mill City, Ore., Jan. 15.—The American Legion basketball team defeated Scio in a fast game here Saturday night by a score of 17 to 11. Although the local team was greatly out-weighted by Scio they showed that speed and team-work was a greater advantage.

deed, he hated to leave the delightful spot. But he noticed that the sun was getting low in the west and he knew that he must hurry home. So Cuffy started down the mountainside. He did not pick out the easiest way to go. Oh, no! He chose the very steepest places to slide down. And as he went slipping down the steepest cliff of all he came upon something that gave him a great surprise. For he saw, built right in the crack of a ledge, a big bird's nest made of sticks. It was the biggest bird's nest Cuffy had ever seen; and in it were two great white eggs. They were the greatest white eggs Cuffy had ever seen, too.

How lucky! At least that was what Cuffy thought then. For he was very fond of birds' eggs, and his climb had made him even hungrier than usual. He stopped then and there and with one rap of the paw he broke one of the eggs and began to eat it.

Cuffy was enjoying his lunch very much. He had almost finished the first egg and was just about to turn to the other when he heard a deafening scream.

Cuffy looked all around. He thought that perhaps there was a pig up there on the mountain. But no! He couldn't see a thing. Then came that cry again. This time it was louder. And it seemed to come from right over Cuffy's head. He looked up then. And there was an enormous bird dropping right down on top of him! It seemed to Cuffy that its wings stretched as wide as the branches of the great pine tree in his father's front-yard. He never even dreamed that there could be as big a bird in the whole world. And during that one instant that Cuffy's little beady bright eyes were turned upward he saw that the great bird had a wicked, hooked beak and claws that were as sharp as his own, and ever so much longer.

One look was enough for Cuffy. He turned and tumbled down the steep cliff, head over heels, with the eagle following him.

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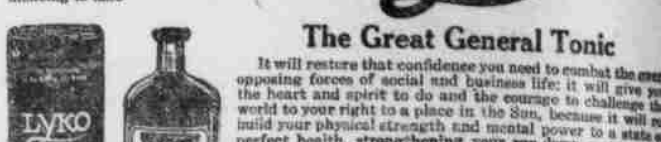
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