

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 122 South Commercial street, Telephone 3-11. Circulation and Business Office, 31; Editorial rooms, 32.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor-Publisher
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 10 cents a month, \$1.25 for three months, \$3.50 for six months, \$6.00 for a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Outside of Oregon and Polk counties, elsewhere \$4 a year.
By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.

Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago.

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Rippling Rhymes.

BY WALT MASON

HARD-BOILED WISDOM

When once again we use our heads, and calm become, and thrifty, there'll be no room for noisy lads, with theories wild and shifty. The man who owns a house and lot a garden in its season, has little use for rildad rot that seems to smudge of treason. The man who has a panoply bed, with tulips for a border, would see all spatters dead; he's strong for law and order. The clerk who has a bank account, the blacksmith or mechanic, is tired when frocks the rostrum mount and try to raise a ruck. Upheaval is the worst of fakes though in gay raze they robe her; thrift is the medicine that makes a nation mine and sober. We blow the roubles left and right while daylight hours are sunny, and then we roor around all night and say we need more money. It isn't what we earn that counts when times are most distressing; it's what we save, in small amounts, that keeps the sheriff guessing. Oh, then, no longer let us drift along with reckless spenders, but march beneath the flag of thrift, and preach its dazzling splendor.

BUSHEY WARNS LADS
CRIME CERTAIN WOE

After delivering a short but timely talk on the subject of taking other people's property, Judge W. M. Bushey released two small lads to the custody of their parents, Thursday. The boys, Eugene Harkness, 9, and Ralph Turnidge, 14, admitted having entered Fred Meyer's store at Talbot station, and taking small change amounting to about \$5, in addition to quantities of candies and various articles. Judge Bushey pointed out to the boys that crime always leads to discovery and punishment. The boys were told of circumstances leading to the apprehension of four Salem boys implicated in similar trouble, and of the shame which was certain to follow when criminals stand out. W. J. Turnidge and R. E. Harkness, fathers of the boys, thanked Judge Bushey for his consideration of the affair and promised that the lads would keep the court informed concerning their behavior during the next year. "This Talbot incident should be a warning to certain young boys who are operating in Salem, right now," said Judge Bushey, after the court session. "Very soon the juvenile offenders who are breaking into Salem stores, will realize what it means." This was in reference to reports of repeated entry of small stores in Salem, which several small boys being suspected of the offenses. The Harkness boy and young Turnidge entered the Talbot store by means of a skeleton key, admitting themselves from home on a pretext of attending Sunday school. Later, the boys visited the store at night, upon which occasion, the money was taken. Four Salem lads were brought in to juvenile court recently after systematically robbing the store of the father of one of the boys; explaining absence from home on the nights of the "raids" by claiming attendance at a community boys club.

Japanese are teaching the English language rapidly in the United States, according to the annual report submitted in San Francisco yesterday by the secretary of the Japanese Association of America.

Thomas B. Williamson was elected president of the Albany State bank at the annual election of officers Saturday.

Abe Martin

Now say when I don't shut a ear door once in a while without thinking, I never knowed what might be called a successful man that could quote poetry.

A COALITION GOVERNMENT.

IT IS now suggested that if the republicans are forced by public opinion to nominate Herbert Hoover, that the democrats may also endorse him and bring about a coalition government to handle reconstruction problems with members of both parties.

Such an outcome would be most sensible and practical. There is nothing to be gained by bitter political partisanship at a time when the co-operation of everyone is needed in the most trying hour of the nation's history.

Hoover's friends state that he is a progressive republican and would not accept the democratic nomination save on the adoption of a reactionary program by republicans and a widespread popular demand. At the same time, he has been a staunch supporter of President Wilson and the league of nations and is therefore unacceptable to the reactionaries in control of the republican party, though acceptable to the rank and file.

Hoover is not a partisan nor a politician but a constructive executive and capable administrator, with an unequalled record for making good in a big way. He has a broad vision and comprehensive grasp of national and world problems.

It certainly would be patriotism for both parties to merge temporarily and present a united front in national and international affairs, that they may be settled free from partisanship in the best way to guide the nation's destiny in the very real crisis now faced—a result that would be satisfactory to every one but the politicians.

But why should the politicians rule the destinies of the nation? Why should not the people exercise their rights and force the nomination of Hoover by both parties—the one man for whom there is a widespread popular demand.

Out of the war of 1812 emerged a sort of coalition government due to the collapse of the Federal party—an era of good feeling during which the political factions co-operated and finally divided on new lines, creating new parties to meet the new issues. History, they say, repeats itself. At any rate the people have the opportunity to relegate the politicians to their proper place in the background and select their own president and inaugurate an era of political good will to consider economic and industrial unrest.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

A COMPLEX SITUATION.

Alice had evidently seen my bag, also, though why I should call it mine I do not know. I had distinctly told my husband that I should never carry it again. Alice, ignorant of the controversy over the bag, exclaimed as she came up the steps: "Katherine, you careless girl! You must have dropped your gold bag, for I see that Bess has it!" Hearing it referred to in this manner Bess brought the bag into view, saying: "No, this is not Katherine's bag. It is one I have had a long time, but never have carried it because I thought it was much too fine except for smart occasions."

John's face was a study. Alice, glancing at him immediately sensed something queer and said: "Let me see it! It's just like the one John gave to Katherine the other day, isn't it, Katherine?"

"I am not sure," I answered coolly, "but I am glad to know that Elizabeth has had the bag for a long time because I have lost mine."

"What?" Alice exploded. "Yes," I assured her. "When did you lose it?"

"Yesterday," was my laconic reply. "We will go right down town and advertise for it. How much did you pay for it, John. How much reward do you think you should offer?"

A smile of evident amusement curled up the corners of Elizabeth Moreland's mouth. She knew that I knew that the bag she was holding was mine, but she also knew, which I did not know, that that particular bag had been hers before John had given it to me.

John was evidently in one of those positions that might be characterized as "my most embarrassing moment," and his predicament was not alleviated in any way when Karl Shepard threw his glove into the arena with:

"You need not advertise. I found Katherine's bag yesterday and will send it around to her in the morning. Yes, it is exactly like this one," he continued, taking the purse from Bess' reluctant fingers and apparently examining it very carefully.

It was a peculiar situation. I could tell from John's black look that for the first time in his life he was put in a position where he did not dare to move, and settle things in his own unaided way. I am sure he could have killed Karl Shepard where he stood, and I think at that moment began the severance of the cords of friendship that had existed between the two men up to that time, and which later were destined to be broken entirely.

idea," said Bess. "I had no intention of leaving the city."

"Oh!" said Alice. Her intonation said the rest.

Subject Is Dropped.

The subject was dropped with a thud.

"Are you at last ready to go home?" asked John, turning to me.

"But I thought Katherine was going back with me," said Alice.

"I'll go with you," said Karl to Alice.

"That Karl to jump into the breach where a pretty woman is concerned," was Bess Moreland's sharp comment.

"I trust you will not have to drive home alone, Miss Moreland," said Karl with a bow and a smile which might well rob his words of their active disapproval of Bess.

"How are you going home?" asked John quickly.

"With father," and with that she moved away with a most insolent swing of her shoulders.

"Being all set," said Alice lightly. "Let's go!"

(Monday—The Story of the Gold Medal Bag)

Salem Tax Low
In Comparison
With Neighbor

"Salem manages to pull through with the lowest tax rate," writes J. E. Wilson, formerly a member of the Capital Journal editorial staff, but now working on the Eugene Guard. In a recent issue of the Guard, the following comparative tax levy is published:

Salem	38. mills
Roseburg	38.5 mills
Pendleton	41.2 mills
The Dalles	41.3 mills
Albany	42.1 mills
Eugene	43.68 mills
Medford	43. mills
Ashland	43.2 mills
Marshfield	43.6 mills
Corvallis	52.40 mills
Astoria	73.5 mills

Astoria's heavy tax is explained by that progressive city's desire to get into line as a port city. Astoria's tax for schools is 19.4 mills, city tax is 20.2, road and port tax 15.9 and the other items are proportionally higher.

Salem's high school county levy and public school tax is 8.2 mills; state and county levy 14.3 mills; city tax 12.9. Eugene's levy is itemized as follows: Schools, 11.3 mills; state and county levy, 19.53; city levy, 13.7.

These figures should reassure the taxpayer of Salem. The Portland levy of 44.5 is perhaps the largest proportionate levy.

Modern Woodmen Initiate
Class Of Twenty-Two

The Modern Woodmen of America initiated twenty-two candidates into the mysteries of Woodcraft at Woodman hall, Salem, Thursday night. Delegates with candidates were present from Woodburn, Dallas, Fall City, Marshfield, Medford, and Dr. A. C. Schaeffer of Dallas was present. A. F. Elliott from Woodburn, with delegation; Alex Harold, from Chama. The Salem drill is in charge of Harvey Stanton, put on the military work. District Deputy George L. Cooper gave an illustrated lecture on Woodcraft, showing the secret work of the society. State Deputy Martin of Portland was present. One hundred and fifty persons were present. A banquet was given by the Salem camp at 12 o'clock. The initiation lasted until 4 o'clock.

How Cartoonist Murray Wade Sees Some of The "Big Guns" at the Special Session

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF CUFFY BEAR
By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CUFFY BEAR GOES TO MARKET.

"Mother! When is my birthday?" Cuffy asked, a few days after his father had brought home the little pig.

"Why, your birthday comes on the day the wild geese begin to fly south," Mrs. Bear said.

"The day of the first snow," she told him.

Cuffy knew that that was a long way off—not until summer had come and gone.

"And father's?" he inquired once more.

Mrs. Bear shook her head.

"Your father hasn't many birthdays," she said. "He was born on the day of the great forest fire. It may be a long time before he has another birthday. I hope so, anyway," she added, "for a great forest fire is a dreadful thing."

Now you see, having a birthday like that is a good deal like being born on the twenty-ninth of February, when you have a birthday only once in four years. Yes—it's a good deal like that, only worse. For you may have to wait years and years before another great fire comes. You understand of course, that having no clocks or calendars or anything like that, the wild animals can keep track of birthdays only by remembering things that happen.

All this made Cuffy Bear feel very sad. He had been hoping that some member of the family would have a birthday soon, and then perhaps his father would bring home another little pig for another nice feast. But now he saw that there was no chance of Cuffy's going out of doors then and that happening for a long, long time.

One Friday morning, Dallas camp, having largest number of candidates received the contest prize of one dozen Woodmen axes.

Discovery of a serious defect in the bill conferring additional powers on the commissioners of the port of Portland caused a hasty move from its recall from the hands of the governor to whom it had been sent for signature Friday night.

The bill which was sponsored by the Multnomah county delegation would have conferred upon the port of Portland all powers possessed by any other port in the state.

A bill introduced by Senator Norblad and confers upon the port of Astoria authority to issue bonds to the extent of 15 per cent of the assessed valuation of the port without a vote of the people. Under the Portland port bill this authority would have automatically accrued to that port, empowering the port to issue bonds to the extent of approximately \$50,000,000 without consulting the wishes of the people of the district.

The bill which had made its way successfully through both houses was recalled from the hands of the governor and amended so as to eliminate the power to issue bonds and levy taxes. It is planned to rush it through both houses today.

Three-year old Lubera Courtis, San Francisco was sealed to death yesterday by a pot of boiling soup which was accidentally overturned.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

thought and thought and thought. I'm almost ashamed to have to say it—he was planning to go down to Farmer Green's and get another fat tender, little pig like the one that his father had brought home.

Now, when a very young bear starts out to steal a pig there are many things to think of. In the first place, there was Farmer Green, and Farmer Green's boy Johnnie, and Farmer Green's hired man, Cuffy knew that he must be very, very careful not to meet them.

To his great relief, when he had gone down into Pleasant Valley Cuffy saw all three plowing in a field. They did not see him at all. And so he felt very brave as he went toward the farm buildings.

Farmer Green's pig-pen was in a little low building next to the cow-barn. Cuffy had no trouble in finding it. And he walked inside quite boldly and before you could have winked, almost, he had seized a little, white pig in his mouth and was loping off across the barnyard.

The pig had looked so very smart to Cuffy when he first saw and seized it. But now it seemed to be as many as twenty times bigger than Cuffy was himself. That was because the pig made the most frightful noise Cuffy had ever heard in all his life. Cuffy felt as if he had a hundred pigs in his mouth, with their hundred snouts squealing in right in his ears. Though Farmer Green was at least a mile away, Cuffy was sure he could hear. Indeed, Cuffy thought that all the world must hear that dreadful racket, dreadful racket. And he was so frightened that he let go of the little pig and ran away towards home as fast as he could jump.

That squealing rang in his ears for a long time. And if Cuffy's father had brought home a pig that night Cuffy couldn't have eaten a mouthful of it. He never wanted to see or taste of a pig again. And you may be sure he never wanted to hear one, either.

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