

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 124 South Commercial street.

Subscription Rates
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail \$1.50 a month, \$1.35 for three months, \$2.25 for six months, \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties.

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

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED 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.

As Seen Through The Journal Window

(By H. E. Browne.)

A story goes that once upon a time a fish was placed in a frying pan. In its agony it gave one mighty flop and landed in the hot coals of fire.

The story of the fable is being enacted in real life today. There is a growing unrest among young men on the farm—an unrest which constitutes a distinct peril to the nation.

Stories of abnormally high wages paid for even unskilled labor in the cities have fired the farm hand with that greatest of all American curses—a desire to get rich quick.

In his imagination the farmer boy sees the money rolling in, but there his imagination stops. He never thinks of it pouring out again.

He never thinks of the high wages paid, there is quite as much pouring as rolling. Just what bright-eyed, keen-minded and energetic young men of the country should prefer the exasperating perplexities of the city to the peaceful certainties of the country is difficult for me to conceive.

From infancy they have been trained in the hard-headed school of experience, and the experience has nabbed their fathers to achieve success in an era when the hand of fate was against every farmer—when there was no adequate recompense for their labors.

True, the city newspapers are filled daily with enticingly worded advertisements calling for help, but when sifted down they are more often found to be jobs that the city man does not want.

The farmer lad is asked to come in and take the exams that remain—and they take them. It is an unfortunate condition which faces the country and one which must be met.

The greatest crown of glory of the world war was placed by Marshal Foch upon the brow of the farmer boy from the mountains of Tennessee.

The farm boy of today has an opportunity of performing for his country an even greater service than that which made Alvin Korko's name known wherever civilization exists.

Why not? Since every avenue of our city's business is open to and efficiently conducted by women; and since they are credited with well defined ideals and are capable of expressing and maintaining these ideals.

At a recent gathering of men and women after discussion the following was adopted: "Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that present conditions in our municipal affairs would be improved by the presence and influence of members selected from the women of Salem."

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Public Forum. To the Editor:—It may be of interest to readers of your paper to know there is an increasing desire among the citizens of Salem that their interests be represented in the city council by women.

Why not? Since every avenue of our city's business is open to and efficiently conducted by women; and since they are credited with well defined ideals and are capable of expressing and maintaining these ideals.

At a recent gathering of men and women after discussion the following was adopted: "Resolved, that it is the sense of this meeting that present conditions in our municipal affairs would be improved by the presence and influence of members selected from the women of Salem."

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Abemartin

THE ISSUE
These are Ruth Gaylord's children. I said to John in explanation, hoping he would say something that would show he was a little envious.

John didn't say very much until we put the children down at the gate, and then he turned to me and said marked indignantly: "Alice, what do you were very ill."

THEY WANT IT ALL.

What does it mean to Marion county to have the state capital at Salem? It means the expenditure of nine-tenths of the state tax money in the city and county.

It means a steady pay roll and an army of employes who furnish a market for the products of the county. It means a biennial session of the legislature at a cost of \$118,500, which brings people from all over the state leaving a total of nearly half a million dollars in Marion county.

An average of 384 employes at the capital building, who draw \$599,236 as salaries, with \$157,077 as office expenditures—a total of \$756,313 of state money, nearly all spent in Marion county.

A total of 765 permanent state employes in and about Salem, drawing \$914,762.40 as payroll, nearly all spent in Marion county. A total of 3682 wards of the state and state employes residing in and about Salem, costing a total of \$1,850,373.90 per year, nearly all of which is spent in Marion county.

Salem is also the headquarters from which the highway construction of Oregon is directed—with an annual payroll for state employes of \$909,000, and work completed or under contract totaling \$25,312,759.

The state fair grounds are also located in Marion county, maintained at state expense and bringing in thousands of people and thousands of dollars from all parts of Oregon.

One would naturally suppose that Marion county, reaping the benefit of state taxation, would be the last county to oppose taxation necessary to preserve the public school system—yet Marion county, which receives millions of dollars of the money of the taxpayers of Oregon, is the only county where the taxpayers have organized to fight taxation for schools located in other counties.

If the Agricultural College and State University were located in Marion county, along with the other state institutions, our frugal taxpayers league would probably be valiantly championing them in the hour of their distress—but being located elsewhere, they lack the chivalry and courtesy to recognize their needs—and place the dollar above the child when it is their dollar to be spent elsewhere and some one else's child.

It is small wonder that this selfish attitude, persisted in for years, has created contempt and contumely for Salem and Marion county among the people of Oregon—which accounts for the unenviable reputation disengaged by the capital city and the persistent talk of capital removal.

However, the taxpayers league does not represent the people of Salem or Marion county—it misrepresents them. It is a survival of the old days that have passed, the dying struggle of the old order in a vain effort to turn back the clock and stay the march of progress.

BLAMING THE SYSTEM.

In commenting upon the Marion grand jury's report upon State Treasurer Hoff's conduct of his office the Oregonian takes a slap at the direct primary, styling the selection of Hoff "the full fruits of the self-nominating system."

Yet if occasionally an incompetent official is selected under the primary system, so were incompetents selected under the old convention system. As a whole, the selections made by the people compare favorably with those formerly made by the bosses. We may get more self-seeking demagogues, but we get fewer political crooks.

This is not the first scandal that has broken about the state treasury—and all of them previously were over treasurers selected in the "good old days" by conventions. It was long the custom for the treasurer to take all the state interest money as a perquisite and many a treasurer grew wealthy at the taxpayer's expense, without a protest from the Oregonian.

The state's money was used as a private asset and deposited where it would profit the treasurer. When the legislature made its biennial inspection, there was a frantic rush of gold back to the capital and the convention selected legislators felt lucky to count the principal and forget the interest. Finally laws were passed "to prevent its happening again."

Other raids on the treasury under the "fee" system flourished when the politicians did the thinking for the people and there was a wild burst of indignation when the flat salary bill destroyed the incentive for office-seeking and "prevented its happening again."

No one supposed a law was necessary to prevent shady business transactions, such as withdrawing from the market and giving a monopoly of bond purchases to a broker, permitting him to make a rake-off, as high as 16 per cent. No one supposed a treasurer would pay out cash for bonds not issued or invest state funds at exorbitant prices in questionable securities—but as it has been done, perhaps a law will "prevent its happening again."

The grand jury blames the "system," but the system was installed by the present treasurer. However, the Oregonian makes the following sensible suggestion:

"We can think of another recommendation or two that the grand jury might have offered. One is that the present state treasurer resign. Another still may be some matters of discretion devolving on the treasurer and overlooked by the legislature—is that that official be appointed by the governor."

Rippling Rhymes IN THE OLD TIME.

When I was young a shilling was pretty hard to get; for hours a man went drilling, in pools of honest sweat, before he'd fairly earned it, and when he drew his tin, 'twas seldom that he burned it, or idly blew it in. At Christmas time he'd holler and make some kopecks fly; and he would spend a dollar the Fourth day of July. And when the three-ring circus came lumbering to town, with grafts and fakes to work us, he'd haply blow a crown. Then, having had his riot, he to his work returned, and, strictly on the quiet, he pickled all he earned. And when life's winter found him, it didn't find him broke; he'd comforts all around him and greenbacks in his poke. But now such sane endeavor, such sense, we vainly seek; the Fourth is with us ever, and Christmas once a week. The money's coming easy, with equal ease it goes; the toiler, flip and breezy, just blows, and blows, and blows. With all wise rules disgusted, he blows his wad today; cheer up! we'll soon be busted; a picnic's on the way!

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE By the Noted Author IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

THE ISSUE
These are Ruth Gaylord's children. I said to John in explanation, hoping he would say something that would show he was a little envious. "Well, they are some children I should say," he remarked as he picked up Ruth and sat her on his shoulder. Immediately the hands of both the little boys slipped into mine and we started up the quiet village street, Ruth making gurgling, happy noises as she plucked her fingers into John's hair to support herself on his shoulder.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF RUSTY WREN BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

OFF TO BLACK CREEK
As soon as they reached the orchard, Jolly Robin exclaimed, "There's the old Mr. Crow now, over there on the fence! He's come back to get your answer and take it to Long Bill Wren. I'll have to tell him you're sorry—but you're going to be too busy tomorrow to go to the party."



And she assured her husband that she would be delighted to have him go to the tailor's. "I'm glad to see that you don't let your wife manage your affairs, though I have heard differently about you, for some people say that—"

loved me. Do you feel the same about me now as you did then?" I hesitated a moment before I spoke and then I answered: "Yes, it is because I love you so much, John, that I am contemplating not living with you."

Business Houses In Residence Part Of City Opposed
Declaring that "there is no crying need of business houses in the residential districts of the city," and "that on the contrary they detract from the beauty of the city and are otherwise objectionable to nearby residents," the parent-teacher association of Lincoln school went on record at their meeting Tuesday evening to discourage the erection of additional business houses in the residence districts of Salem.

D.W. Griffith THE GREATEST QUESTION A Monumental Drama of 15-day

IT'S A TREAT To eat, with or without butter, a slice of our light, white, pure, BAKE-RITE bread.

Why Itch and Burn With Skin Diseases?

There is a Way to Get Rid of The Torturous Suffering.

You cannot boil water by applying the heat to the top of the vessel. You may possibly, after so long a time, succeed in making the water lukewarm, but it will never get hot enough to boil.

Disorders which originate in the blood can be reached only through the blood, and no amount of local treatment applied to the surface can be expected to do any real good.

The same principle applies to the attempt to get rid of skin diseases by local applications of salves, ointments, lotions, washes, etc., remedies applied to the surface of the skin, which can have no real corrective effect whatever upon the disease.

Those who rely upon local treatment such as ointments, salves, lotions, washes, etc., which are applied to the surface of the skin, will never be free from agonizing skin diseases, because they are going about the treatment just backwards.

Begin taking S. S. S., today, and write a complete history of your case to our Chief Medical Adviser, who will give you special instructions without charge.

These terrifying skin irritations, eczema, tetter, boils, pimples, etc., have their origin in a disordered condition of the blood.

Every State in the Union Supports Higher Education

In America, Education has always been recognized as the chief safeguard of our free institutions, and the principal bulwark against the forces that tend to destroy democracy.

Higher Education in Oregon Is Imperiled

These are outstanding facts in its present day of crisis: 1. The Agricultural College, State University and State Normal School have 150 per cent more students than in 1913, but less than FOUR per cent more income.

How Much Will It Cost to Protect Higher Education on May 21?

This is your Tax Dollar

Do you not want your boy and girl, or your neighbor's to have the same educational chance as the boys and girls of today? The Higher Educational Tax Act is No. 310 on the ballot.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS Established 1868 General Banking Business Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.