The Capital Journal

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Lyons Section Headquarters For Pioneers

(By the Country Editor.)

Lyons, Or., June 5.—This section of Marion county seems to be headquarters for pioneer settlers of the Santiam valley who, owing to favorable circumstances and a predilection for the pursuits of husbandry, turned their swords into the plow, after driving away the savage natives, and improved the opportunity to do something in the way of developing a farming community that turned other veterans green with envy. While diligent in the pursuits of their favorite vocation, they never failed to stop long enough to see the funny side of life. W. H. Swank, who has lived in this settlement for nearly a half century, takes delight in telling of the funny things that happened in his boyhood days.

His father, David Swank, was one of the first settlers along the Santiam river. In those days they had no roads and of course no automobiles or rapid means of transportation. In proving up on his homestead, he says, his father used to walk from the place to Salem and walk back. It was a tiresome task and required several days. Upon one occasion he had not been feeling well, the result of a severe toothache. Tired from the long walk, he sat upon a stump for a minute, a few miles from home, to rest, and nurse that painful member. While he was thus engaged Dr. Wm. Welck of Silverton, a pioneer dentist, came up the trail on a horse and stopped in front of the man "up a stump." Mr. Swank supposed it was some cruiser wanting to be directed, for everyone went to the senior Swank when he wanted to know anything about land locations or directions. "Say," said the veteran dentist, "aint you got the toothache?" "You're right, I have," was the rely. The tooth extractor laid his victim out across the big stump and with the modern implement of the times—a turn-key—extracted the tooth. From that time on the dentist and the pioneer farmer were friends.

Some funny things happened in those early days. I recall a story related some years ago by Rev. Bennett, a pioneer Baptist minister who lived at Mehama. He went in company with another man one Sunday in the winter time to hold a meeting, the town and place he did not name, as he stated they do things better there now. He went to the hall at the appointed time and there was snow covering he platform in front of the building at a depth of two inches, and the only track on it was that of a dog and he was going in the opposite direction. They went into the room and after staying there for a half hour one man came.

"We preached to him and if you ever saw a tired mortal in your life it was that man, in about a half hour. I did most of the talking," said the minister. "But the congregation grew from that time on and I presume they are having good meetings there now."

The schools in Lyons will close next Friday with the usual annual commencement exercises in the evening.

Mrs. Kora Davis ,a former teacher in the Lyons school, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Able yesterday.

Percy Hiatt motored to Albany a few days ago to get gasoline, but his efforts were of no avail.

Announcement of the intended marriage of Miss Alta Hiatt to Alexander Bodacker was made a few days ago and a shower was given the intended bride last evening at the home of her parents in Lyons.

La Grande Shows Big Census Gain

Washington, June 12.—La Grande, Or., 6913, increase 2070 or 42.7 per cent.

North Braddock, Pa., 14,928, increase 3104 or 26.3 per cent.

New Kensington, Pa., 11,987, increase 4280 or 55.5 per cent.

Abe Martin

"There's somethin' I'm crazy about an' I'm goin' t' git a dish when times git normal," said Lafe Bird t'day, as he seen some cole slaw in a restaurint. What's become o' th' one time satisfied

BLACK BECOMES WHITE.

The Portland Oregonian, which repeatedly declared that repudiation of the League of Nations by the republican party was "unthinkable," now rejoices over the repudiation. It declares, however:

This is no victory for the no-leaguers. Nor is it a victory for those who would try to make the best of the Wilson league by means of reservations. It is a compromise, prompted on the one hand by determination to repudiate the whole course of President Wilson in regard to the league, on the other hand to pursue the development of American foreign policy by making this nation a party to international co-operation in judicial settlement of disputes and formulation of a body of international law, and to frequent conference for prevention of war.

The Sacramento Bee, the personal organ of Hiram Johnson, which has all along opposed the League of Nations declares that the republican platform is a "signal victory for Johnson" and what Johnson represents and that to nominate any one who had favored the league, with reservations, or no reservations, would "border on stultification." Says the Bee:

Senator Johnson won completely his long fight against the League of Nations. The result is the culmination of his long, hard and practically single-handed fight against the league, for when the Senator started speaking against it, the country was overwhelmingly in favor of the league.

There is no compromise about the plank. It simply makes the Republican issue the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles, with or without reservations, and those partisan organs like the Oregonian, that favored the peace treaty, will eat crow and say they like it. They can call it a compromise, but the compromise consisted in bartering a principle for party harmony.

It doesn't make any difference to the dyed-in-the-shoddy partisans what the platform says or who the nominees are. They will support and praise both, regardless, for to them the voice of the party is the voice of God.

MORALITY OF THE PARTISAN.

Oregon's delegation to the republican national convention was instructed at the primary election to vote for Hiram Johnson. Immediately after election, Wallace McCamant, one of the delegates, announced that he repudiated the peoples' instructions and would vote for General Wood, despite the fact that in his statement in the official pamphlet he had declared that he refused to commit himself to any candidacy so as to be free to abide by the popular choice.

Other Oregon delegates, despite personal inclinations, announced that they would abide by popular instructions and vote for Johnson. How long the delegation must remain instructed is not stated in the statutes, but the reasonable supposition is until the candidate's cause became hopeless, or until he released them.

On the first ballot, the Oregon delegation voted 9 Johnson, 1 Wood, the one being McCamant. On the fourth ballot, however, the vote stood 5 Johnson, 5 Wood, four additional delegates having repudiated their instructions. Johnson had steadily gained on every ballot, and his cause was by no means hopeless, when the desertion occurred. He had not released the instructed delegates from his support.

In explanation of his vote, Mr. McCamant said at the convention:

"I am more confirmed than ever since coming here that Johnson is a dangerous man. Under no circumstances will I ever vote for him except this, that under my conception of my obligation as a delegate, if Johnson were nominated I would vote for him and contribute to the campaign fund."

Here we have an example of the curious moral twist of the partisan mind, and the sacredness of the convention over the people. The people of Oregon instructed for Johnson, but Mr. McCamant had no scruples about repudiating the popular dictum. He regards Johnson as too dangerous to vote for, even though the people of Oregon favor him, but if the convention favors Johnson, he regards it as his duty to vote for him and contribute to the campaign fund.

Mr. McCamant regards it as no part of his obligation as a delegate to abide by the wishes of his constituency, but declares that his obligations as a delegate bind him to support the choice of the convention, even though convinced that the choice is "a too dangerous man" and menaces the welfare of the nation. The action of the people could not bind him, but the action of the politicians controlling the convention is sacred and stills his conscience. Can you beat it?

Rippling Rhymes

PLACING THE BLAME.

Of all wild times these are the worst; our divers goats we lose; and sages with an aching thirst blame things to lack of booze. The honest toiler can't get stewed when his day's work is o'er, and so he strikes, in bitter mood, and jumps the useful chore. If he continues at his task, though angry, sad and dry, oh, what, the thirsty sages ask, will that man's wages buy? He cannot buy a crate of gin nor purchase beer or ale; then why toil on for useless tin? And what's the use of kale? He cannot seek the Gilded Hole where large glass schooners clank; he simply has to take his roll, and put it in the bank. He has to buy a house and lot, or get his children duds; for in the village there's no spot where he can purchase suds. He has to spend for useful things the toil-stained, hard-earned sum that he would gladly see take wings where reigned the Demon Rum. Then who can wonder that he spurns the job with wages fine, when he can't buy, wtih all he earns, a flagon or a stein?

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author

IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Some Modern Ideas.

"What's the matter, Miss Katherine darling?" said Hannah, as she opened my door and came in and took me up in her arms just as she used to do when I was a little girl. "You haven't quarreled with the handsome husband of yours, have you?"

"I don't know whether I have or not," I answered somewhat incoherrently.

"Well, I just saw him going out of the gate stamping down the walk with a grip in each hand and I come up here and find you sobbing your heart out. It looks as if something were the matter."

"There is something the matter, Hannah, but I don't know just what it is. When John is away from me I sit down and think about him he seems to be everything in the world that I could possibly wish for and I believe that's just the way he thinks of me when he thinks of me at all. But the moment we come together we seem mutually disappointed with each other. For instance, when John came in on the train—you know I went to meet him in my blue skirt and shirt waist and the long blue silk maternity coat—I expect I was a little dragged out.

Not a Bit of Rogue.

"I hadn't put a bit of rouge on for weeks and John was so disappointed with my looks that he didn't even offer to kiss me. I came home, got into this negligee, dressed up and he seemed to like me again, but as usual we began to talk about money. Why, do you know, Hannah, the only subjects John and I can talk on are my appearance and money, and we never agree on either. John seems to think I should be beautiful and bright and gay and happy under any circumstances. He can never conceive of a condition that should ruffle me physically or mentally. And just at present, Hannah, I am really very human. I want to be petted a little, even if I am not looking my best."

"Were you disappointed in Mr. John's appearance when he stepped [illegible]

"Well, I've seen him when he looked better. He was unshaven and his linen was soiled, but of course, Hannah, you know he had been traveling for a couple of nights."

"Yes, my dear, I know that, but you have some excuse, too, for not looking your best. I may be an old maid, Miss Katherine, but it's from choice, and one of the reasons I have never married is because of all this silly talk among men, and even among women, that if a woman wants to keep a mans love she must always be on dress parade. How many times have you seen in the newspapers that a woman should not wear curl papers at the breakfast table, and yet did you ever see it written that a man should not come in his shirt sleeves, unshaven and without a collar to his own table? I never did. Some time ago the newspapers carried a report of a prominent woman writer, who, though married, lived in a separate home from her husband to keep their love free from the common places that mar many marriages. I think her idea was good."

Trim and Puritanical.

I looked at Hannah in surprise. I hadn't dreamed that she held such ideas on the marriage question. She was so trim and puritanical, and I knew she had been my mother's friend as well as servant for at least forty years. I expected to hear from her the most mid-Victorian ideas and here she was giving me a taste of the radicalism of the most modern feminist.

"Do you really think, Hannah," I said, "that this woman has solved the problem of how to be happy though married?"

"Why, I'm sure, honey. Why do you ask me that? The only people I've ever seen at close range that were married were your own dear father and mother and they were very happy, but you know your father was such an invalid and he was so dependant on your mother that the affection between them was more that of mother and child than husband and wife. But certainly, either you are in an unfortunate circle of friends, my dear Katherine, or the modern marriage leaves much to be desired in the way of happiness."

"Well, you see, Hannah, its because women are in a state of transition. We are trying to emerge from that condition of 'belonging' that was the condition of the wife of other days, and men have not quite realized that we want to be considered something more than than a possession. I think that makes all the trouble. The reason father and mother were so happy was be cause he never did consider mother a possession."

"Don't Cry, Honey."

"Well, don't cry, honey. I believe if I were married to a man"—I looked at Hannah's gaunt form and wrinkled face and smiled to myself, for you see that I, too, had the idea that a woman must be prepossessing to hold her husband's love— "what would you do if you were married to a man who thot you must be 'dolled' up all the time?" I interrupted.

Tomorrow—Hannah's Ideas on marriage.

Dancing Every Sat. Eve
Woodburn Armory
Bungalow Orchestra
OF
Portland

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

A Blow for the Bully.

Jasper Jay had some queer ideas in his head. One of them was that a person couldn't be happy unless he was making a great deal of noise. And if there was anything that roused Jaspers wrath, it was the sight of some quiet, modest little neighbor that minded his own affairs and had little to say.

There was one such chap who made his home in the wild grapevine that grew upon the stone wall in front of

"You don't look happy!" he scoffed.

the farmhouse. His name was Mr. Chippy; and he was never known to do anybody the least bit of harm. On the contrary, he was quite helpful to Farmer Green's wife, for he went to the farmhouse almost every day and cleared the crumbs off the kitchen doorstep.

But Jasper Jay complained that Mr. Chippy was altogether too humble.

"He never says anything ,except 'Chip, chip, chip, chip,' " Jasper often remarked. "And his voice is so high and thin that anybody would think he was a little old lady, to hear him. He's too quiet to get on in the world. And as for a good time, I don't believe he ever had one in all his life."

Jasper said a good many other unpleasant things about mild Mr. Chippy. And one day when the saucy rascal had nothing better to do he flew over to the stone wall just to talk to Mr. Chippy and tell him what he thot of him.

"Hi there, red-head!" Jasper Jay shouted. "Come out here on the wall! I want to see you."

Mr. Chippy thrust his head through the leaves of the wild grapevine. And one could hardly say that he looked pleased. Like most people, he was not overjoyed by Jasper Jay's visits. But he crept on top of the stone wall and chipped a howdy-do to his caller.

"That's no way to greet anybody!" cried Jasper Jay, rudely. "If you want to make a person feel that he is welcome you ought to speak up good and loud—and slap him on the back. And you must look happy, too."

Little Chippy smiled faintly.

But Jasper Jay was not satisfied.

"You don't look happy!" he scoffed. "You appear as if you had a pain somewhere . . . Come, now, let me hear you give a hearty laugh!"

If Mr. Chippy had known that his caller was going to be so rude he would have stayed hidden in the wild grapevine. And now he wished that Jasper would go away and leave him in peace. As for laughing, he saw nothing at all to laugh at.

"You'd better do as I tell you!" Jasper Jay warned him. And he raised his crest and stamped angrily upon the stone wall. "You're all together too quiet. I want you to laugh loud."

"You going to be happy if I have to break every bone in your body," Jasper added.

Naturally, that threat did not help little Mr. Chippy to laugh. Instead, he looked quite worried. He knew that Jasper was a bully. And there was no telling what he might do to anyone so small as Mr. Chippy was. So he tried his best to please Jasper. But he was so upset that he could manage only a feeble "Chip,chip, chip, chip!"

"That'll never do," Jasper told him.

"Maybe this will, then," said Mr. Chippy, quietly. And darting at Jasper Jay, he knocked him off the stone wall before Jasper knew what was happening.

Jasper Jay was furious. He scrambled back upon the wall. But Mr. Chippy had vanished. He had dived under the cover of the grapevines and hid in a chink between the stones, where Jasper could not find him.

"I declare—" said Jasper at last—"I declare, he's got away from me!" And so Jasper went off, shaking his head. He had never supposed that mild Mr. Chippy would dare do anything so bold as to knock anybody off a stone wall.

It is plain that Jasper had never learned that one can be brave without boasting. And as he flew off across the road toward the river, Jasper thought he heard a peculiar noise from the depths of the wild prapevine.

It was only Mr. Chippy, chuckling to himself. For Jaser had made him quite happy ,after all—though not exactly in the way that the blue-coated bully had intended.

Special Federal Taxes For Year Due This Month

Owing to the fact that the special taxes for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, are due and payable during the present month, Collector of Internal Revenue Milton A. Miller has mailed out to all special taxpayers, forms upon which returns for payment of the tax must be made.

There special taxpayers include proprietors of theatres, for-hire automobiles, pleasure boats, pool and billiard tables, bowling alleys, shooting galleries, retail dealers in oleomargarine, brokers, pawn brokers, etc. Other classes of taxpayers affected are druggists, physicians, dentists and other practitioners, who must complete their re-registration under the Harrison act, not later than July 1, after which date they will be delinquent.

On or before June 15, the second installment of the income tax will be due and payable and notices for this tax were sent out some weeks ago. Persons who fail to pay the quarterly installment due on June 15 will be required within 10 days after notice and demand, to pay the entire outstanding balance on their income tax, as failure to pay one installment when due makes due and payable all remaining installments, which would ordinarily be due on September 15 and December 15

Collector Miller would greatly appreciate co-operation of taxpayers in making their returns or payments as early in June as possible.

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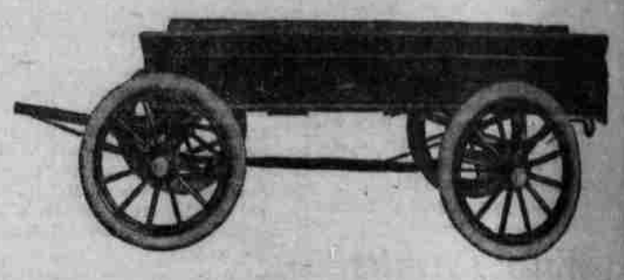

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Oakland	0	7	2

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Branch Library To Open At Highland School Wednesday

A branch of the city library will be open at the Highland school from 6 p. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday night beginning next Wednesday as a result of action taken by a committee of the Highland Parent-Teacher association, the Salem school board and the city library board. The branch will be under the supervision of Mrs. George Thompson. Some ceremony, likely in the form of a band concert, will be held at the opening next week.

The soup serving plan which was tried out at the school is now beyond the experimental stage, it is said, and is to be put on a permanent basis. More than 1500 bowls of soup have been served since March.

Silverton Guard Company Honored

In strength, point of attendance and for ex-service men in the ranks company L, of Silverton, is the banner guard company in the state, Adjutant General George A. White, who visited the company incognito several nights ago, said Thursday.

The company at Silverton is handicapped by several disconcerting features, chief among which is the fact that the armory is in poor condition and an unfit place in which to drill, the colonel said.

Coast League Scores

	R.	H.	E.
Seattle	3	9	3
Vernon	11	12	2

Geary, Brenton, Zamlock and Baldwin; Schellenback and Devormer.

Los Angeles	0	4	2
Sacramento	4	11	2

O. Crandall and Lapan; Mails and Cady.

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