

# Capital Journal

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## Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.  
Some do their Christmas shopping early and come to it hurriedly.  
This time we have had prices usually worth about ten percent of it.  
We are told that the American situation is tense. Almost past tense.  
The news that is whispered is usually three-fourths indignation and one-fourth lie.  
We will need a long season of peace in order to complete investigation of the conduct of the war.  
The newest trouble-maker is called the Sage of Bologna. No doubt he is the Bologna sausage.  
A successful restaurant man is one who has learned to mix all the scraps and make a dish with a delightful French name.  
The peak of Mount Elans fell off and even profiteers concede that the new low level will be permanent.  
The best way to get the maximum heat from coal is to open the draft and sit down and think about the bill.  
A doctor's Christmas shopping need be nothing more strenuous than a few minutes spent with a fountain pen and a pad of prescription blanks.  
Grease is free to eat her lot with Constantine, but she'll probably have to take in washing to make a living.  
Professor Steele says the best jobs are held by college graduates. Especially graduates of the electoral college.  
A few years ago it appeared that Germany would respect nothing except force; and now it appears that nobody else will.  
It is a hard matter for the gamblers to distinguish between a guilty conscience and a flat purse.  
Josephus Daniels' successor will need to bestir himself to maintain the present remarkable efficiency of the football team.  
The budget system will reduce waste. That's the reason some statesmen favor it. And that's the reason some statesmen oppose it.  
There is a move on foot to change the creed of the democratic party so that it won't interfere with a man's political beliefs.  
A Missouri man with a powerful jaw can lift 1800 pounds with his teeth. But then, some jaws can lift an entire audience to its feet.  
If this joyous Christmas season touches the heart and purse of Mr. Rockefeller, he might endow a few million gas tanks for a change.

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST  
(Copyrighted)  
The Sort of Man He Was  
This is the sort of man was he: True when it hurt him a lot to be; Tight in a corner as 'knowin' a lie would have helped him out, but he wouldn't buy.  
His freedom there in so cheap a way— He told the truth though he had to pay.  
Honest! Not in the easy sense, When he needn't worry about expense— We'll all play square when it doesn't count.  
And the sum at stake's not a large amount— But he was square when the times were bad.  
An' 'keepin' his word took all he had.  
Honor is something we all profess, But most of us cheat— some more, some less— An' the real test isn't what we do When there isn't a pinch in either shoe.  
It's whether we're true to our best or not When the right thing's certain to hurt a lot.  
That is the sort of a man was he, Straight when it hurt him a lot to be; Times when a lie would have paid him well, No matter the cost, the truth he'd tell; An' he'd rather go down to a drab defeat Than to save himself if he had to cheat.

## Of Little Faith

According to statements made by the Portland Chamber of Commerce, \$200,000,000 of Portland money has been invested in outside and foreign enterprises since January 1, 1918, and only \$500,000 in new manufacturing enterprises in Portland.  
The same situation obtains to a large extent in other Oregon cities. Millions of dollars have been sent out of Salem during this interval for investment elsewhere and a comparatively small amount invested in local enterprises.  
Distant pastures always look greenest and faraway investments look safest to the citizen of Oregon, hence we have Oregon money seeking foreign investment and must depend upon outside capital to develop Oregon. German marks, French bonds, and Canadian securities have drained the Willamette Valley of its surplus, while Uncle Sam's better securities go begging, higher class state and county bonds are sneered at and local industrial enterprises struggle vainly to enlist needed capital.  
Such conditions do not obtain in progressive states. California and Washington finance local industries—which is the principal reason that these states have forged ahead of Oregon in development and growth. Until Oregonians comprehend the necessity of fostering home industries, the state will suffer from retarded development.  
In sending money out of the country to develop foreign countries and distant cities, you are not upbuilding your own locality—you are helping retard it. In investing money abroad, you are not developing Salem and Marion county, creating payrolls and building up permanent prosperity that will enhance still further your holdings—but you are doing this for other places. You are withdrawing your capital from circulation at home where it is needed.  
Most Oregonians are pessimists when it comes to Oregon and have little faith in the state and its future. And without faith, little can be accomplished. The region that lacks faith in its own resources, is not in a position to secure outside assistance in their development and consequently industry lags.  
The cities that grow are those whose citizens have faith in their communities and the civic pride and patriotism that backs that faith with money, with foresight and energy to visualize the future and realize its opportunities.  
Had the Pilgrim Fathers whose tercentenary we celebrate today, had as little faith in themselves and in the wilderness in which they landed, as the people of Oregon today have in Oregon the development of America would have been delayed indefinitely. The Pilgrims would have refused to take a chance. Had the pioneers of Oregon as little faith in the resources of the territory as many of their descendants have in the state, there never would have been an Oregon.  
It is the faith of the people of California in California, its resources and potentialities that has made California. It is the lack of faith of the people of Oregon in Oregon, their scepticism and pessimism of its future that keeps Oregon the Jaggard among her sister states in the procession of progress.  
No state has richer resources or greater possibilities than Oregon. It only remains for the people of Oregon to show their faith in community and state to usher in an era of phenomenal development—and let us hope the coming year will see the old provincial pessimism replaced with the courage, enthusiasm and energy of optimism—for only the optimist accomplishes results worth while.

## The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers)  
Nobody wanted his short stories in his poems, his impressions. Publishers in London and in America returned "Day Dreams" and "Out of the Depths" with polite regrets. He sounded every depth of despondency and self-distrust; he soared on wings of hope again, striving to keep his gaze on the blinding source of light, only to become confused and waver and flutter and come tumbling down, frantically beating the too rarified atmosphere with unaccustomed wings.  
Nobody could tell him. He had to find out the way. He had with him what was worth saying; had not yet learned how to say it. The massed testimony of the masters lay heavily undigested within him; he was too richly fed, stuffed; the intricacies and complexities of technique worried and disheartened him; he felt too keenly, too deeply to keep a clear mind and a cool tone.  
Every sense he possessed was necessary to him in his creative work; emotion, intense personal sympathy with his characters, his theme, clogged, checked and halted inspiration, smothering simplicity and clarity.  
This was a phase. He had the usual experience. He struggled through it and onward.  
Stephanie wrote that she had graduated, but that as her aunt was ill she would remain for the present at the hospital.  
He felt that he ought to go back. And did not. He was in a dreadfully involved dilemma with his new novel, "Renunciation"—all about a woman—one of the sort he never had met—and no wonder he was in a mess! Besides that, and in spite of the gaily coloured line of rags fluttering on the clothes-line of experience, he knew very little about women. One day, when he came to realize that he knew nothing at all about them, he might begin to write about them convincingly and acceptably. But he was not yet as far along as that in his education.  
He had a desperate affair with an engaging woman of the real world—a courtesan. She took excellent care of herself, had a delightful time with Cleland, and in gratitude

# SLEEPY-TIME TALES

## THE TALE OF PADDY MUSKRAT

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

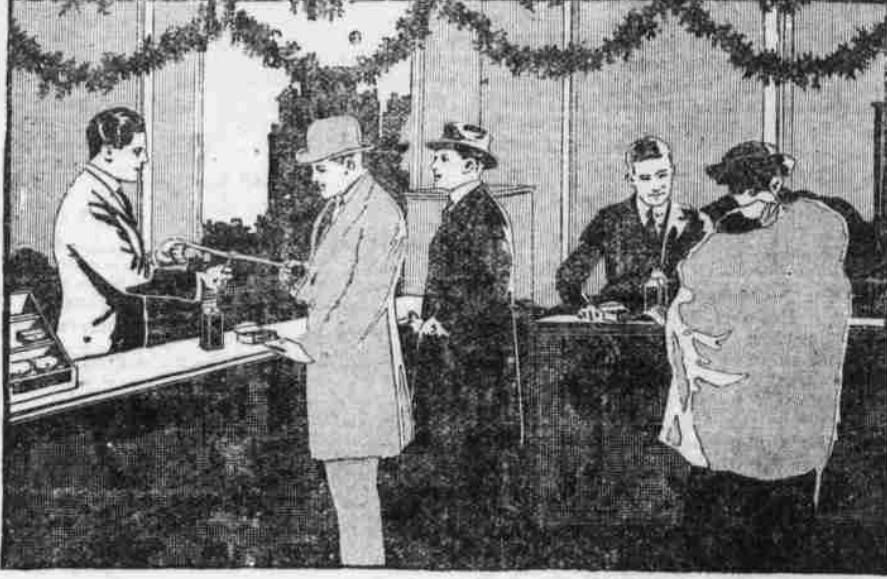
**The New Policeman**  
Now that Paddy Muskrat was a policeman, in a blue suit with brass buttons, he began to shout orders to everybody in the mill-pond. He wore a belt about his waist, and inside in he stuck a club, which was nothing more or less than a catrail. Mr. Crow told him that it looked very much like the policeman's club he had seen. And even if it wasn't very stout, so long as it looked well he ought to be satisfied with it.  
"I'm afraid it wouldn't be of much use in a fight," Paddy Muskrat observed.  
"Why? You don't expect to fight, I hope?" Mr. Crow exclaimed. "I see you don't know much about the way alone to govern the conduct of both."  
You and I once conversed on this subject, if you remember. I told you what I feared. And it has happened: Stephanie has developed along radical lines. With everything revolutionary in the world-wide feminist movement she is in sympathy. Standards that have been standards are no longer so to her. To the world's conservatism she is fiercely and youthfully hostile; equality, tolerance, liberty are the only guide-posts she pretends to recognize.  
I shall not live to see the outcome of this world-wide propaganda and revolt. I don't want to. But, in my opinion, it takes a strong character, already accustomed to liberty, to keep its balance in this dazzling flood let in by opening prison doors.  
I have left Stephanie what property I have outside of that invested and endowed to maintain my Home for Defective Children. Securities have shrunk; it is not much. It may add four thousand dollars to her present income.  
Mr. Cleland, you and Stephanie have gradually and very naturally grown apart since your absence. I don't know what you have developed into. But you were a nice boy.

**Homecoming Will Be Held at High School Thursday**  
With prominent members of the alumni as speakers and an elaborate Christmas program, Salem high school will hold its annual homecoming in the school auditorium next Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.  
Scores of the school's graduates are expected to be present at the meeting. Paul Staley, president of the student body, said this morning. Among the alumni speakers will be Dr. F. L. Utter and Victor Bradeson. Part of the entertainment will be given by undergraduates of the public speaking department.  
Thursday evening the high school basketball quintet will meet up with the alumni team which will be composed of some of the speediest tilters in the state.

**Four L Directors Approve \$3.60 As New Labor Scale**  
The Silverton, Spaulding and other mills operating in Marion county will be affected, according to reports, by a voted 10 cent per hour decrease in the wage scale of common labor.  
A vote of 15 to 9 of the directors of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen in session yesterday at Portland decided the decrease which will lower common labor from \$4.40 to \$3.60 per day. This scale however, will not necessarily be the "going wage" of the majority of mills because it has been the practice of no few mills to pay in excess of the minimum scale. The amended scale has been effective since January, 1920.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bacon and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Shank of Albany, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fox of Dallas, spent last week end in Salem visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shank.  
Salem police officers are asked to be on the look out for an automobile which, according to Albany police, was stolen in the hub city last week end.

of little use. When Tommy Fox came nosing along the edge of the pond, or one of the Great Horned Owl family hovered about the neighborhood Paddy didn't give a warning slap on the water with his tail as he should have done. He claimed that no policeman ever gave a warning in that way. And he said that his neighbors ought to give him a policeman's whistle.  
At last Paddy Muskrat abused the wrong person. Finding Fatty Coon fishing on the bank of pond one day, Paddy waved his club at him and cried:  
"Stop stealing our fish or I'll arrest you!"  
It was only natural that Fatty Coon should be angry when he was spoken to like that. He pretended to be frightened, however. And Paddy Muskrat at once grew so bold that he stepped quite close to Fatty and ordered him to "be off!"  
Fatty Coon only laughed at him, caught hold of Paddy's belt; and the policeman found himself a prisoner.  
"Now—" said Fatty Coon—"now I'm going to make you eat yourself. You can begin with your tail; and you mustn't stop eating until you have swallowed every bit of yourself—brass buttons and all!"  
Paddy Muskrat was terribly frightened.  
"Let me go!" he shouted. "Or I shall call for help. Do you want the other policemen to come? How would you like to fight fifty policemen?"  
Fatty Coon only laughed at him. "You're the only policeman in this pond," he said.  
"Is that so?" Paddy Muskrat cried. "Do you see those clubs over there?" He pointed over Paddy's shoulder.  
Fatty Coon couldn't help looking around. And there, not far behind him, he beheld—sticking up in the air—as many as a hundred policemen's clubs, exactly like the one Paddy Muskrat had in his hand. As Fatty Coon waved at the clubs they seemed to wave at him.  
All at once Fatty Coon was frightened. He let go of Paddy Muskrat's belt and made for a tree, as fast as he could run.  
Then Paddy threw away his own club and went home. He told his wife to cut the brass buttons off his blue suit, because he said he would not be a policeman any longer. He had had one bad fight, being a policeman, and he didn't care to have another.  
As for Fatty Coon, he never went near the mill-pond for almost a year.  
What he thought were policemen's clubs were only catails waving in the breeze. But Fatty Coon didn't know that.



## It will show him you were thinking of his needs

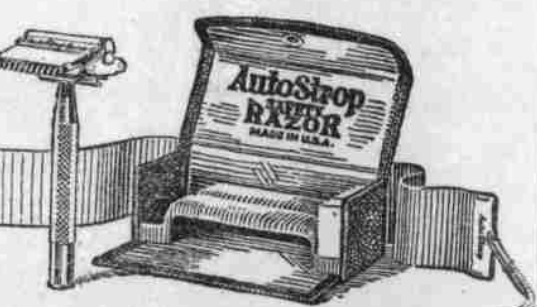
A gift that he will enjoy day after day

Of course, he may have a safety razor now, but the chances are he is not thoroughly satisfied with it. Ordinary safety razor blades grow dull quickly. That means discomfort. It also means constant blade expense.  
What more welcome Christmas present could you find for him than this razor that sharpens itself?  
Probably he has wanted an AutoStrop Razor for some time, but has neglected to buy it. Get him this Christmas what he hasn't found time to purchase for himself. Give him the razor he has wanted—

the one razor that will add to his comfort and pleasure every morning of the year.  
The AutoStrop Razor is a razor and stropping machine in one. Without removing the blade or taking the razor apart, it can be sharpened, used for shaving and cleaned.  
Every time he shaves he will appreciate the care and thought you gave to choosing the right present.  
Ask your dealer to show you the many styles of AutoStrop Razor sets—from the folding pocket kit to fitted and complete traveling sets—from the standard set at five dollars to the attractive sterling silver set at twenty-five.

## Auto-Strop Razor

razor and stropping device combined— saves constant blade expense  
On razors, strops, blades, etc., hereafter manufactured by us we shall apply the trade mark "AutoStrop" in addition to the trade mark "Value" as an additional indication that they are the genuine products of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., New York.



## TOYS at Bargain Prices

If price is any object, we will not have many Tricycles, Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Doll Buggies, Sammy Kars, Kiddie Kars, Rocking Horses, Irish Mails, Red Riders, Carts, Toy Brooms, Dressers, Tables, Kindergarten Chairs, Rockers, or Toy Talking Machines by Friday, 6 p. m.  
As an Extra Special for the next four days, we will sell  
**Genuine Kiddie Kars**  
at the following prices:  
Regular \$4.50 No. 4 Genuine Kiddie Kar now .....\$2.75  
Regular \$3.75 No. 3 Genuine Kiddie Kar now .....\$2.25  
Regular \$2.50 No. 2 Genuine Kiddie Kar now .....\$1.75  
These are strong, durable, health-producing toys and will make any youngster's heart glad.



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