

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Who Told the Bell?

Portland is at last realizing that the 1925 exposition is done for—as far as financing by state taxation through legislative enactment is concerned. Portland must finance her fair by private subscription, which does not in the least appeal to the promoters who had figured on the people's paying the bills, or put the proposal up to popular vote by initiative next November when the action of the legislature will undoubtedly be ratified.

But though Portland realizes that something has happened, it does not seem to comprehend just how it happened or "who tolled the bell" and interesting versions are being offered. The Oregon Journal says that the result was due to the scawlag Multnomah delegation. The Oregonian blames the sectionalism of the country press. The News damns the politicians seeking hayseed popularity, while the Telegram hints that "by hidden channels the movement to kill the fair with up-state opposition originated in Portland."

"Who made the Up-state legislators think that Oregon doesn't need a fair?" wails the Telegram in one of its Robin laments. The answer is simple. The overburdened taxpayers who rose in spontaneous rebellion against additional taxation. It would have cost most up-state legislators their chance of re-election to favor fair taxation, and they voted accordingly. In this connection, the up-state does its own thinking.

There was no well financed propaganda, in fact no organized campaign against the exposition. There was no expensive lobby maintained, no wining and dining and entertaining to kill the bill. There were no frantic calls for help to bring influential men streaming to the capitol to apply pressure to change votes, no threats of financial and political ruin, no bull-dozing and coercion, no promise of political support and newspaper publicity as bribes to the ambitious, to augment fair opposition—but all these things were in daily evidence in behalf of the exposition in the effort to break the ranks of the "solid fourteen" senators who voted their convictions and the desires of their constituents and are honored accordingly.

Who killed Cock Robin and who tolled the bell? The Oregon taxpayer.

Destroying An Asset

Salem is famed as one of the most beautiful cities of Oregon.

The chief feature in Salem's attractiveness is the beautiful civic center, with its stately public buildings and its parked grounds, its shaded avenues, bounded on all sides by fine residences, well kept homes with spacious lawns and ornamental shrubbery.

It is now proposed to destroy the symmetry and harmony of this civic center by sandwiching in a garage and salesroom between fine residences and palatial apartment houses.

The need of restrictive zoning laws was never more apparent to protect residence property against unnecessary business invasion and to maintain the desirability and beauty of the city against those who would commercialize for private profit a community asset and in the process work injury to the city.

The property in question is in no sense a business location. There are a hundred more suitable sites for garages without invading the choicest residence sections and marring the charm of the civic center—sites better adapted to business and the utilization of which would increase adjacent property values instead of depreciate them.

The city council should, on the grounds of public policy, refuse building permits for such structures. There is said to be an old statute, formerly utilized to prevent the erection of livery stables and saloons in residence quarters as public nuisances, and the same law should be invoked against garages amidst dwellings on the civic center. If this statute proves inadequate and the owners and builders persist in defying public sentiment, a proper zoning law should be rushed through the council to safeguard our scenic assets and protect property values.

The Chinese Relief Fiasco

(From the Eugene Guard)

The official report of the Chinese relief committee which was working the American people so hard last year, has been received. It shows that \$550,000 of funds remain on hand in New York, and \$700,000 in China; because, it is explained, the people over there did not need the relief when it arrived, and it was not found possible to expend the money. Thomas W. Lamont, chairman, is a prominent financier, evidently honest, and would not allow the professional relief workers to squander the money. Now he wants to know what to do with the balance on hand.

The Chinese fiasco is a fair sample of foreign relief work and it was known that the Chinese were shipping millions of barrels of flour to England and selling it in competition with American wheat growers, while we were sending flour to China to feed her "starving" people. These famine stories for relief drives are nearly all written by press agents in New York, who get \$1,000 a month for indulging in wild flights of imagination, and then they are offered to the newspapers to be printed and palmed off on their readers as real news dispatches. Some newspapers print them.

The American relief work in foreign nations, organized by Herbert Hoover and now carried on by the American Relief Administration, has grown to one of the most gigantic grafts that ever preyed upon the American people. In Europe doctors and other relief workers are furnished costly automobiles, chauffeurs, assistants and a retinue of servants; in addition to liberal salaries; they live in the most expensive hotels 60c. Sold by Dan J. Fry. (Adv.)

and travel in private cars when not automobiling. In this country a vast army of paid workers solicit, collect and handle funds and spread the propaganda that arouses the sympathies of the charitable. Now that Europe is open to American travel and their methods are becoming known, these relief workers have transferred their propaganda to inaccessible Russia, far off, isolated little Georgia—and Armenia, of course. When it becomes advisable to quit these fields Americans may be expected to be called upon to feed starving races before unheard of in darkest Africa, or on the islands of some far-off seas.

Lamont's Chinese report is like all the rest in one respect; it tells the amount of money raised and disbursed, but gives no information about the salaries and expenses of paid workers in this country or abroad. They never do.

And in regard to the unexpended balance of this fund subscribed by the American people because of false propaganda, would it not be fitting to expend it in this country to feed and clothe the families of workmen, unemployed because there are not enough jobs to go around.

Thomas Applegate, who died suddenly last week at Yoncalla, was born at that place in 1848 and had lived there all his life. He was a son of Charles Applegate, one of the three pioneer Applegate brothers.

Take a dose of Herbine when you are bilious or constipated, or your stomach is out of order. It is a marvel of promptness in correcting these conditions. Price, 60c. Sold by Dan J. Fry. (Adv.)

Starlight

BY THE NOTED AUTHOR
Ivah McClure Gibson
The Thrilling and Dramatic Story of Virginia Fairfax's Ambition!

Virginia's Plans
Tommy Warner, manlike, feared the tears that poured down my cheeks more than he would an avalanche. He wanted to calm me, but he misunderstood.

"Don't cry Virginia! Don't! It would have been a mistake to have given you Gloria's part."

"I know it, Tommy. I couldn't have filled it. It would have been the end of my career had you given it to me."

"Gosh! I wish all the budding young picture actresses were as sensible. But what are you crying for?"

"I am afraid, Tommy. I am an awful coward."

"Perhaps Virginia. But you haven't shown it up to now. It took nerve to come out here and tackle the movies. It is the hardest game in the world for a girl like you."

"That is just it. I never would have come had I known what I do now. Why, Tommy, I don't know what I am going to do next! Ria is going away and I don't know who I can go to with my trouble. I'm so lonesome, and my tears came anew."

"Here, here, buck up! You have me, you know," reminded Tommy in alarm.

"Yes, but you aren't a girl."

"No, I am not, thank heaven! But what worries you?"

"I don't know where I will get another job. I thought this one would take two or three weeks at least."

"It will be easy for you to get a job in atmosphere. Did you call up the Service Bureau?"

"No. I didn't know that I had to do that."

"Well, do it just as soon as you get back to the apartment. And listen, Virginia, if you want anything just call on me. I am going to be awful busy and I may not have time to call and see you, but I am here. Remember that—and I will help you if you want me."

"I am going to move, Tommy, tomorrow probably, and I will give you my number as soon as I find a place."

"Why are you moving?"

"The apartment is too expensive for me alone."

"Well, maybe you are right, Virginia," Tommy replied.

"I'll get a single one somewhere," I assured him.

Tommy, with his usual understanding, did not offer to come up to the apartment and I hurried out of the car much comforted by his cheerfulness. Call me, Virgie, when you want me. And don't forget to call the service bureau immediately—Pico 1101."

As I closed the doors of the electric elevator and pushed the button for the fourth floor, I almost slumped down in a heap. I was tired, so tired. Was it worth it all I wondered?

Back in my old Virginia home I was certain to have an easy time. Grandfather, tyrannical though he was, never asked me to work so hard as I had today. There I was sure to have plenty to eat and clothes of a sort to wear. It would be a sure, safe life, even though a monotonous one—and

grandfather could not live always. Ria was not in the apartment when I arrived. I called up the service bureau and received the comforting message that they had been trying to get me, but, failing, the job had been given to some one else.

I was too tired to think of getting anything to eat and I pulled out my bed from the buffet and dropped on it without undressing.

I felt that I had been sleeping for hours when Ria came in and shook me gently. "Virgie, I know it is horrid to wake you, but you must undress yourself, and besides, I am leaving early tomorrow."

"Kitty Dalton has agreed to go with me to Santa Barbara and I am taking her and a nurse on the morning train. And do you know the little wretch insists that she didn't drink any liquor except at Herb's bungalow. Herb says she is laying a plan for a big damage suit when she gets better. But I'll spoil that some way."

I heard Ria as though in a dream as I, fumbling, undressed myself and literally fell into bed. I do not know whether Ria said more, and in the morning when I awakened she had gone.

"What will she think of me?" I reproached myself. And then I spied a note.

"Virgie dear," it read, "it isn't far to Santa Barbara and I know just how tired you were last night, so I did not wake you. Tommy called up and told me that you were finished at the studio and I knew that the kindest thing I could do for you was to let you sleep this morning. If you do not get a job right away, come to Santa Barbara and see me. Tommy seemed to think that you were discouraged. Don't try to go too fast, dear. In this business taking things slowly is better in the end. I have taken a furnished house at Santa Barbara and I will write you the street address and telephone number as soon as I arrive."

Always loving you,
"GLORIA."

Tomorrow—Virginia's First Money.

Chinese Children Are Interested In Arms Conference

Shanghai, China, Jan. 3.—Strange as it may seem, the children who live in the Chinkiang orphanage are keenly interested in the movements of the conference and of the men from the southern government who are in Washington.

Eleven dollars, saved from fasting three days, has been donated to the managing editor of the Shun Pao, a local Chinese daily, as a contribution toward the propaganda expenses of Dr. David Z. T. Yui and Dr. Monlin Tsaiang during their stay in Washington by these children.

A note accompanied the money which stated that the children were contributing their mite toward the cause of world peace and the establishment of a real democracy for the people in China.

SAP AND SALT

BY Bert Moses

About all there is to anything is doing it right.

Every town, no matter how small, has a few minnows who try to be whales.

The more a fellow tries to hide his vices, the more they seem to show.

Fact-finders fall back on the victuals when there is nothing else to kick about.

Men who dance exceedingly well do not usually make as good husbands as men who dance only "so-so."

Woman's curiosity traces straight back to Eve.

HEZ HECK SAYS:
"Grammar always gets in my way when I want to say something straight from the shoulder."

WOMEN SHARE IN HEAVY WORK WITH MEN IN RUSSIA



Because of the shortage of male help, women are employed by the authorities of Petrograd to do manual labor. In the top photograph women are shown cleaning the streets of Petrograd, following a heavy snowfall, with a mere man (on the left) bossing the job. In the circle are women porters, with sleds, waiting for the arrival of the daily train from Moscow. They haul the baggage to any part of the city. There is a shortage of horse-drawn vehicles in the once thriving capital of Russia.

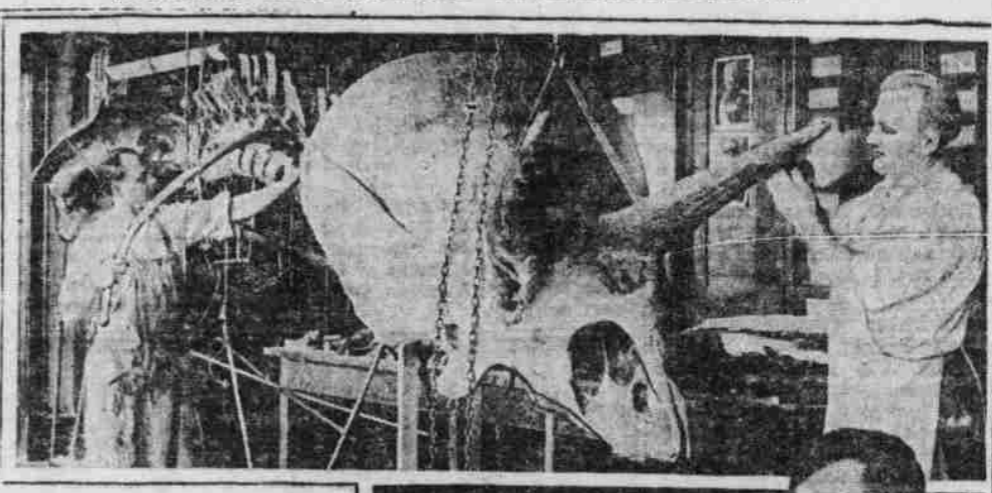
The \$65,000 Klamath Falls refunding bonds, voted at a recent special election, have been sold to a Portland bond house at 93 and accrued interest.

NEW YORK BIDS FOCH FAREWELL AS HE SAILS



Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, said farewell to the United States, after impressive ceremonies in New York at the City Hall. The Frenchman, whose visit to this country has been likened to that of Lafayette, forging a new link of friendship between the two sister republics, sailed on the French liner Paris. In his farewell message Marshal Foch expressed his gratitude for the welcome he received and his hope for an era of "peace on earth, good will toward men." The photograph shows Mayor Hylan of New York bidding the allied commander bon voyage.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A BIG MUSEUM



A museum is like a theatre. All may view the exhibits when the stage is all set, but few know what goes on behind the scenes which the "show" is being prepared for presentation. This interesting "behind the scenes" series of photographs was made at the Museum of Natural History, in New York City, probably the greatest of its kind in the world. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in keeping the relics and exhibits of prehistoric times there in a state of preservation, so that future generations, as well as the present, may view and learn. Several hundred experts are kept busy repairing and mounting relics which are constantly being gathered the world over by the Museum's expeditions. Most of the relics are priceless, and the greatest care must be taken in their handling. The top photograph shows experts assembling the bones of a horned Dinosaur Triceratops, recently acquired by the Museum. The bones are often found imbedded in earth and rock and must be carefully chiseled out. Below the skin of a dachshund is shown being fitted over a clay model. The model is cast later and mounted for the public to gaze upon.

Open Forum

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

Blue Cornered Army Work.

To the Editor:—Germany is soliciting an aid loan fund as a relief from famine and attendant war affliction. This is permissible as all nations, including our own, have had recourse to the same method of relieving distress after wars. Her women and children are needy, hungry, suffering and dying for want of this fund as our own once were when the great and noble hearted came to our aid by solicitation of our great first president, George Washington. Germany will repay the loan at 6 per cent interest at the expiration of five years.

Speeder In Again After Twenty Years

Detroit, Jan. 3.—"Speeding a horse twenty-six years ago at the terrific rate of twelve miles an hour proved the undoing of William Paige, a policeman, who was found lying under a milk wagon near his home, in a far from propitious condition as the result of violating the prohibition law. The judge decided a \$5 fine would help curb Paige's "fast" life.

Society

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Assessed valuation, 1920 \$499,287.00
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