

# Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

## A Change of Front

When Senator Borah introduced his resolution requesting the president to call an economic conference to pass upon European affairs, it was an admission that the leader of the irreconcilables had surrendered and abandoned the policy of American isolation. It was a vindication of the policy of Woodrow Wilson, of American participation in world affairs and in the settlement of the reconstruction problems of Europe.

When President Harding requested the senate to defeat the Borah resolution because it would embarrass the executive and tie his hands in dealing with foreign issues, and as a legislative infringement upon the constitutional rights of the executive branch, charged with the conduct of foreign relations, he also vindicated the position of Woodrow Wilson in his clash with the senate over the peace treaty.

The president's request and Senator Lodge's plea for its observance, are in direct conflict with the position that both Senators Lodge and Harding and other senate leaders took when Mr. Wilson was president. They now demand that the republican president be left alone in the management of foreign affairs and that the senate confine itself to approval or disapproval of the treaties negotiated by the executive branch. With a democratic president they declared that the senate should conduct foreign affairs and Lodge's "round-robin" on the peace treaty was an ultimatum to that effect, a declaration that the treaty would be rejected unless framed by the senate.

Senator Borah in his speech of capitulation for the erstwhile isolationists, justified his course by the same arguments that President Wilson made in behalf of the treaty of Versailles three years ago, when he claimed that America was vitally concerned in any settlement of the economic affairs of the world and could not escape the consequences. Mr. Borah declared:

"I look upon the question of dealing with the economic problems as distinctly at this time as an American question, not exclusively so but inclusively so. It has reached the point where we are as deeply concerned and ultimately to be quite as much affected by the situation as any European power. \* \* \* If we are to believe the reports which come to us from every quarter, not only in Europe, but in the United States, the economic problems have now reached the point where they are of practical concern to the people of the United States. It is now an American problem. We are suffering and suffering greatly."

The issue no longer is whether or not America will participate in the settlement of world controversies, for this participation is urged by those who until recently opposed it bitterly, but whether the senate will conduct foreign relations as it has attempted to do, or whether, as traditional, the president should initiate foreign policies.

All of which shows the insincerity and hypocrisy of those who opposed the treaty of peace and the league of nations and betrayed the peace of the world to secure partisan advantage.

## Along State Street

The man who talks most usually knows the least.

When a woman finds time to rest, she sits down and does fancy work.

Old friends and old shoes are the most comfortable things in the world.

Very few people are able to improve their time by tinkering with their watches.

Every time a woman makes a call she has some new piece of gossip to turn loose.

An optimist is a person who smiles when the alarm clock goes off at 6 in the morning.

A woman can powder her shiny nose, but a man has to let his shiny trousers go ahead and shine.

Many of our neighbors have to pay so much for luxuries that they have nothing left for the necessities.

Thirteen is unlucky to the Romeo who has been engaged to 12 different girls and is landed by the next.

## McCormick Block Sold 12 Times Since Patent Issued In Early Days

When the Jason Lee missionaries decided that the land on Mission Bottom was not exactly the right place to build a city, they authorized William H. Willson to enter on 615 acres of land, now the center of Salem, with the understanding that as soon as title was secured, he should lay out a city and sell lots to the early settlers for a small commission.

In November of 1884 Willson made formal entry of the 615 acres extending from Mission street on the south to a short distance beyond Division street on the north. When the patent was issued by Abraham Lincoln in 1862, the north half of the tract was patented to Chloe A. Willson and the south half to William H. Willson, following the custom of those days where a section of land was entered by man and wife.

The block on which the McCormick building, hereafter to be known as the Steeves-Moore building, is located is known on the official city plat as block No. 33, extending from Court to State and Commercial and to Liberty street. On December 10, 1865, this block, along with other property was sold by William H. Willson to Thomas Powell for \$1000. Two years later Powell sold the lot on which the south half of the Steeves-Moore building is located for \$200. In 1863 the lot on which the building now occupied by Worth & Gray now stands, was sold for \$2000.

Having purchased the entire block and other property for \$1000, Thomas Powell sold the corner lot in 1867 to Martin Bray for \$200. Bray held the lot until 1864 when he sold it to George A. Edes for \$200, and three weeks afterwards

Edes sold the lot to John L. Starley for \$450. Starley held the lot three years and then on May 13, 1867, sold it for \$1500 to George W. Gray. Business lots in Salem had advanced 300 per cent in value in the three years.

Gray held the lot about a year and a half and on December 1, 1868, sold the corner to Lucinda Reed for \$3500. During the year a building was erected on the lot and on December 2, 1869, it was sold to the Opera Building company for \$30,000.

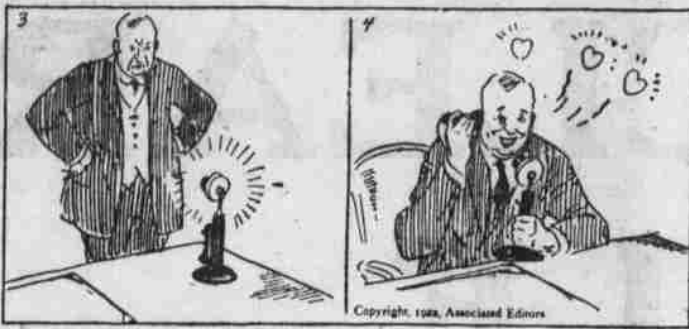
In 1871, the Opera Building company sold the property to John H. Moore, George H. Jones and Stephen Coffin for a consideration of \$30,000. The building was then known as the Reed opera house and was the center of all social activities in the early '70s.

Stephen Coffin sold his one-third interest to Cyrus A. Reed in 1876 for \$12,800. In 1880, William Reid secured an interest and in 1883, Cyrus A. Reed and Leo Willis became the principal owners of the building that occupied all the corner lot of the block and the north half of the lot adjoining to the south.

M. L. Chamberlain purchased an interest in the building in 1884 and a short time later sold it to E. P. McCormack. C. A. Reed also in 1892 sold his interest to Mr. McCormack and in the same year Leo Willis and Eugene Willis sold out to Mr. McCormack.

## PANTOMIME—By J. H. Striebel

### The Tired Business Man



## The Regeneration of Malcolm Starmount

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

### The Shopping Tour

"Katie O'Toole," repeated Starmount more mystified than ever, "who is she?" Almost involuntarily Starmount's arms had gone about Mary and he was holding her to him closely. His confidence and faith in her had come back with a rush. Again she was the one feminine creature in all the world that he trusted.

"Yes, my lord, Katie is my very best friend. If I had not known you, she was going to get me into Marchmont's next spring—if I had been alive," she added in a lower voice.

"You see Katie has worked at Marchmont's ever since she was 14 and she is 20 now. Quite a little older than me. She was first an errand girl but now she is a model. She has always modeled for Miss Courteney. I recognized her from Katie's description the moment I saw her at your shore house. I even knew the dress she had on when she got ready to go home. Katie had helped sell it to her two or three days before.

"Katie has also seen you and told me about when you came in with Miss Courteney to see the clothes and write the checks."

Starmount flushed and looked uncomfortable but Mary did not. Evidently she thought that this was life among the wealthy and fashionable set. She was only rehearsing a few facts which did not enter into her consciousness or soul at all.

"Miss Jeffries helped me to pick out my dresses. They are very simple and I think you will like them, my Lord."

"You should have seen Katie's face when she came in with one of them on and saw me in the grand place buying clothes."

"I gave her the high sign and she never let on that she knew me until Madame had left the room and then—we talked."

"She had heard all about me and she was awfully pleased over my good fortune and some day my Lord Katie is going to be a great dress maker and if I am a great—anything—I'll buy my clothes of her."

"She cried when I told her about mother and almost spoiled one of the dresses. It is spotted a little but I told her that I wouldn't mind because it looked better to me than the finest embroidery in the world. She laughed too when I told her that Eddie's feet were on straight. She had read all about you and me in the papers. Everything that Miss Courteney had said about us—" Here Mary's face flushed the faintest pink and it was with surprise that Starmount realized that it was the first time since he had known her that she had ever thought or dreamed of anything wrong in regard to herself.

Again he felt his fingers curl as though he wished them about the throat of Nalda Courteney. Again he said to himself that he would murder anyone that ever made this child really ashamed.

"My Lord," she whispered and she lifted her face to his, "I asked Katie to come over here this evening. You don't mind do you? We only had a few minutes between times when Madame was out of the room and I could not talk to Katie as I wanted to."

"She knows a lot you ought to know. Why if you rich people only realized what we little ones who wait upon you and work for you, know about you, you would not be half so snobby to us."

"Is anyone ever snobby to you Mary? Just show him to me and we'll fix him. Of course I know you know more about me than I know about myself, more than I would ever dare to tell myself in my most confidential moments."

"I do not know anything about you, my Lord, that is not splendid, and some day when I am a great singer—"

"What do you mean, a great singer?"

"Why you told me I was going to have my voice cultivated and mother always loved to hear me sing. Wouldn't it be just grand, my Lord, if they found I really had a voice and then I could sing and earn a lot

of money and pay you back all that you have paid out for me."

"Please—Please Mary child. Do not talk to me about paying back. Let me do this for you without any thought of anything in return. I want you to be just my little girl. I'm almost old enough to be your father, you know."

"Oh no you are not, my Lord. You're just 10 years older than I, and I am never going to think of you as a father. I haven't such a nice memory of my dad that I want to think of you as one. I always wished that mother had married Pat McLeahy."

"Up until I knew you he was the best man I had ever known."

"And Mary he is a better man than I am now."

"And is Miss O'Toole coming to dinner, Miss Devlin?" he asked formally. "If so I must hurry and dress."

Mary giggled. "Oh I didn't dare ask her to dinner. She'll probably get a plate of cakes and some 'syrup at Child's."

"Well, possibly even with that she may be able to find room for some desert and coffee with us."

"Oh, you'd scare her to death, my Lord. And besides I want to talk to her alone. If she comes before we finish dinner I shall go to her in the library."

"So that's what you went out for this morning, Mary?"

"Why of course," she answered simply. "That is one of the reasons I came into town. You did not think for one moment that I would have gone out just to buy clothes did you? Why I have been just longing to get eyes on you all day."

Starmount did not dare to tell this child-woman that for 12 hours he had doubted her loyalty and devotion.

Tomorrow—A Dinner Guest.

## COOS BAY LODGE PLANS BUILDING

The Odd Fellows Building corporation of North Bend, capitalized at \$50,000 filed articles of incorporation with the state corporation department here Thursday. The incorporators are T. J. Hartman, L. H. Hurst and William Vaughan.

Other corporations filing articles Thursday were: Fashion Garage, Portland; \$8000; Frank Dalton, L. F. Hamerlynck and A. E. Wheelock. Smoke Shop, Pendleton; \$15,000; C. F. Bloom, Chas. Town and Jennie Bloom. Alder Park Holding company, Portland; \$25,000; Della Pichette, Stella Gray and J. B. P. Fouts.

Pere Investment company, Portland; \$5000; Conrad P. Olsen, James R. Bain and Edward G. Forester.

Hoyt Lumber Manufacturing company, Eugene; \$10,000; Laurel M. Hoyt, Wm. T. Hoyt and A. F. Sander.

Certificates of increase in capitalization were filed by the Deep River Logging company, Portland; \$30,000 to \$50,000, and Everding & Farrell, Portland; \$50,000 to \$200,000.

## WEEKLY FRUIT SHIPS THRU CANAL PLANNED

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29.—The newly organized Motor Transport Service corporation will send a representative to the Atlantic coast at once to arrange for the purchase of 12 steel ships to be used in the transportation of California fruit and vegetables to the Atlantic seaboard. It was voted yesterday at the organization meeting of the concern.

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## The Pride of Palomar

BY PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Kindred of the Dust," "Cappy Ricks", Etc.  
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"My father wrote me that old Brother Flavio, after a terrible battle with his own conscience and at the risk of being hove out of the valley by his indignant superior, Father Dominic, was practicing 'Hall, The Conquering Hero Comes!' against the day of his home-coming. I wrote father to tell Brother Flavio to cut that out and substitute 'In the Good Old Summertime if he wanted to make a hit with me. Awfully good old humks, Brother Flavio. He knows I like those old chimes, and when I'm home, he most certainly bangs them so the melody will carry clear up to the Palomar."

The captain was gazing with increasing amazement upon his former first sergeant. After eighteen months, he had discovered a man he had not known heretofore.

"And after the 'Angelus'—what?" he demanded.

"Parrel's smug little smile of complacency had broadened.

"Well, sir, when Brother Flavio pegs out, I'll get up and run down to the Mission, where Father Dominic, Father Andreas, Brother Flavio, Brother Anthony, and Brother Benedict will all extend a welcome and muss me up, and we'll all talk at once and get nowhere with the conversation for the first five minutes. Brother Anthony is just a little bit—ah—nutty, but harmless. He'll want to know how many men I've killed, and I'll tell him two hundred and nineteen. He has a leaning toward odd numbers, as tending more toward exactitude. Right away, he'll go into the chapel and pray for their souls, and while he's at this pious exercise, Father Dominic will dig up a bottle of old wine that's too good for a nut like Brother Anthony, and we'll sit on a bench in the mission garden in the shade of the largest bougainvillea in the world and tuck away the wine. Between tucks, Father Dominic will inquire casually into the state of my soul, and the information thus elicited will scandalize the old saint. The only way I can square myself is to go into the chapel with them and give thanks for my escape from the Bolsheviks."

"By that time, it will be a quarter of seven and dark, so Father Dominic will crank up a prehistoric little automobile my father gave him in order that he might spread himself over San Marcos County on Sundays and say two masses. I have a notion that the task of keeping that old car in running order has upset Brother Anthony's mental balance. He used to be a blacksmith's helper in El Toro in his youth, and therefore is supposed to be a mechanic in his old age."

"Then the old padre drives you home, eh?" the captain suggested.

"He does. Provisionally, it is now the cool of the evening. The San Gregorio is warm enough, for all practical purposes, even on a day in April, and, knowing this, I am grateful to myself for timing my arrival after the heat of the day. Father Dominic is grateful also. The old man wears thin sandals, and on hot days he suffers continuous martyrdom from the heat of that little motor. He is always begging Satan to fly away with that hot-foot accelerator."

"Well, arrived home, I greet my father alone in the patio. Father Dominic, meanwhile, sits outside in his flivver and permits the motor to roar, just to let my father know

he's there, although not for money he butt in on us at that moment.

"Well, my father will not be able to hear a word I say until Padre Dominic shuts off his motor; so my father will yell at him and ask him what the devil he's doing out there and to come in, and be quick about it, or he'll throw his share of the dinner to the hogs. We always dine at seven; so we'll be in time for dinner. But before we go in to dinner, my dad will ring the bell in the compound, and the help will report. Amid loud cries of wonder and delight, I shall be welcomed by a mess of mixed breeds of assorted sexes, and old Pablo, the majordomo, will be ordered to pass out some wine to celebrate my arrival. It's against the law to give wine to an Indian, but then, as my father always remarks on such occasions: 'To hell with the law! They're my Indians, and there are damned few of them left.'

"Padre Dominic, my father, and I will, in all probability, get just a little bit jingled at dinner. After dinner, we'll sit on the porch flanking the patio and smoke cigars, and I'll smell the lemon verbena and heliotrope and other old-fashioned flowers modern gardeners have forgotten how to grow. About midnight, Father Dominic's brain will have cleared, and he will be fit to be treated with his accursed automobile; so he will snort home in the moonlight, and my father will then carefully lock the patio gate with a nine-inch key. Not that anybody ever steals anything in our country, except a cow once in a while—and cows never range in our patio—but just because we're hell-benders for conforming to custom. When I was a boy, Pablo Artales, our majordomo, always slept athwart that gate, like an old watch-dog. I give you my word I've climbed that patio wall a hundred time and dropped down on Pablo's stomach without waking him. And, for a quarter of a century, to my personal knowledge, that patio gate has supported itself on a hinge and a half. Oh, we're a wonderful institution, we Farrells!"

"What did you say this Pablo was?"

"He used to be a majordomo. That is, he was the foreman of the ranch when we needed a foreman. We haven't needed Pablo for a long time, but it doesn't cost much to keep him on the pay-roll, except when his relatives come to visit him and stay a couple of weeks."

"And your father feeds them?"

Continued Tomorrow

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