

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

All Very Sad

It is very much to be doubted if Governor Pierce is at all concerned over the proposed removal of his appointive power of the members of the fish and game commission, any more than he was over the removal of the Port of Portland from his jurisdiction. He deliberately provoked the latter, has brought on the former by completely ignoring the fishing industry in Fish board appointments, and in his message urging that he be relieved of the game commission.

Most of the Pierce appointees have proven lemons, and brought no end of worry and trouble to their sponsor. If the appointive power is taken away from the governor, he is relieved of just that much grief and at the same time can pose as a martyr to a wicked legislature in his perennial campaign among the people, and hence revive his waning popularity. That is probably the explanation of his course.

Just how the tears, formerly shed over the sad fate of white-faced calves, will flow over legislative cussedness is shown by the comments of his personal organ, the Salem Statesman in its account of the passage of the fish bill, from which the following is clipped:

Fourteen senators yesterday afternoon refused to obey the edict that Governor Pierce must be shorn of his patronage and he left the last two years of his administration a lonely, forlorn man, politically. Fourteen senators said they would not be parties to this act, so unwise politically, so suicidal to the political fortunes of those who pursued the governor so relentlessly.

It is all very, very sad, but even if the "relentless" solons pursue their damnable course, the "lonely and forlorn" governor will still have the appointment of some ninety and nine other commissions that have not strayed out of the gubernatorial fold, and one-third the say in the other two, not to mention the many new boards the legislature is now creating for his patronage.

The Armory Raid

Despite the fact that the state of Oregon is hard-up and taxation higher than ever, bills are pending in the legislature for a whole flock of new armories designed to swell our military establishment as part of preparation for war after fighting and winning the "war to end war."

Armories are desired mainly, however, as make-shift municipal auditoriums for local use, built and maintained at state expense. In Salem we use the armory principally to stage boxing bouts and public dances, to hear political wind-jammers, hold expositions and entertainments in. It saves us the expense of building a properly constructed auditorium. Its military use is secondary. This is the inspiration of the armory raid on the taxpayers by the various communities.

An armory, usually an unattractive, gloomy building, closed during the day, is a luxury and should await the long promised era of prosperity we are assured is on the way. Whether or not they are of any military advantage is problematical. During the war it was found as necessary to instruct and train the national guard as the drafted men.

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.

To the Editor:—I was very much interested in the bills introduced in our legislature to remove some of the gross inequality of our present system of licensing automobiles. Our license fees are heavier than those of most states, because the licensing is not only authority to operate the automobile but is also in lieu of the tax that would be levied upon it as a species of personal property. It is this exemption from ordinary tax that constitutes the chief, the glaring unfairness of the present law. The automobile is an article that must have special protection. It is a great temptation to thieves. It is easily injured. Parts are easily appropriated. There is no reason why it should be taxed on any more favorable basis than other forms of property, and there are abundant reasons why it should be fully taxed. It taxed in the ordinary manner the tax would of course be laid upon, and in proportion to its value. Looked at from a taxing point of view, it is as absurd to base the tax solely upon weight as it would be to lay a tax upon people in proportion to weight, or to lay a tax on houses solely in proportion to number of rooms, or number of windows. All just taxes must take account of value. Let us see how the present law works between rich and poor.

Suppose a fine new car, costing say \$400. If this went on the tax roll in the same manner as ordinary personal property, and was placed in any of our Oregon towns, the owner could not hope to get off with a tax less than a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Indeed, he would even now have to pay tax upon it at that rate if he leaves it unlicensed. If it weighs say 2200 pounds he can pay a license fee of \$40, and have exemption from the ordinary tax. So I can say, and say without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not an automobile of ordinary weight in this state worth \$1200, that pays one cent towards the support of government that protects it. The exemption it gets offsets its license fee.

Now take the case of some old second-hand automobile, not yet incapable of service, worth say two or three hundred dollars but of like weight. It has to pay the same fee, about \$40, twice what it ought to pay, that the rich man, the showy man, the proud dame, may have exemption from the tax they ought to pay. The situation is little less than scandalous.

Bills were introduced, that seemingly, while not doing full justice, tended somewhat to the correction of this distasteful favoritism of the rich. And then we heard that some way the attorney general had decided that

it was unconstitutional to correct this inequality. Certainly it is not unconstitutional to have a reasonable license fee for automobiles, and if nothing else can be done to let all go on the tax roll and each pay its just proportion to the support of the government. This inequality, this favoritism of the rich, shocks all our sense of right and justice.

REG 1845.

We are proud of our Willamette University. They are getting in swell company. We see that it is going to play the University of Washington, Oregon and maybe California next fall in football. Some class. Why shouldn't Phil Hayes be matched against Red Willard, or better still let Bill Hunt on Pancho Villa the champion fly weight. It is just as reasonable.

It might be that we can tick California if they send up their best co-ed (glades) team. After several years of disaster Willamette still comes back for more. If they would ever win it would be the talk of the campus for years to come.

Why not be satisfied with winning a few games in our own class. We are hardly doing this as yet. How about little Pacific or Puget Sound or Whitman. The small colleges think that they are going to do the Center College Harvard stunt some day. Its all the style is get in big company nowadays. The hired girl among the mistresses in dress. The school girl thinks she is a future Mary Pickford.

Willamette has a name for scholarship. Why not keep it. Willamette can never be a top notcher. It has not the material or the coaching. Why try to do the big schools. The little athletes they do have only are for a few pampered athletes instead of the mass of students. Lets get busy.

WILLAMETTE ALUMNUS AND GRADUATE

To the Editor:—I wish to congratulate the Homer Davenport memorial committee, the citizens of Silverton and all those who so generously contributed to the erecting of the monument in memory of Oregon's and Silverton's beloved son Homer Davenport. It speaks well for the citizens of this commonwealth to offer this monument as a tribute of love and respect for this great man and rightly does he deserve such as he in his extensive travels was always proud to say: "I am from Silverton Oregon." Therefore on the day set aside for the unveiling of this monument let all who can, and especially the citizens of Marion Co., attend and pay respect to Silverton's illustrious son.

A. J. EGAN.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Notable period of time
2. Mould
3. Mistle
4. A pen
5. Italy (ab.)
6. Limb
7. Railroad (ab.)
8. A depressed spot
9. Altitude (ab.)
10. Word of negation
11. Pertaining to slang
12. Opposite of down
13. Fish spaw
14. One or any
15. A clique
16. To cook
17. Frozen vapor
18. Very young fish

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

DR	SUPINE
RIB	PUREE
ALE	MET
MEDIUM	B
ADN	EMA
S	VULCAN
SLIDE	EKE
FLEETS	SR

VERTICAL

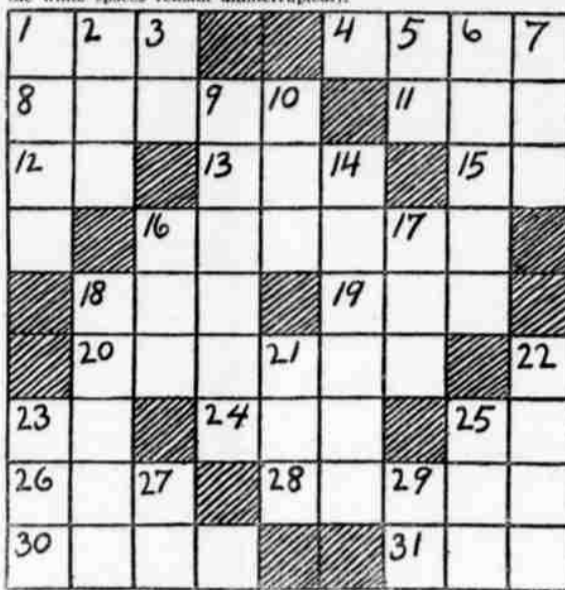
1. Let forth
2. False hair
3. Anglo-Norman (ab.)
4. Uncle Sam (ab.)
5. Wander
6. God of War
7. Possessor savage temper
8. A ring measure
9. A trache
10. Collective whole
11. To place
12. Tremulous
13. Head
14. Sturdy
15. United States ship (ab.)
16. Refrain
17. Telegraph office (ab.)
18. Odd Fellow (ab.)

HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.

Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares continue uninterrupted.

Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterrupted.



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A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Dick Starmount's eyes narrowed as he heard his friend Rodney Evans' terror-stricken tones. A thought crept into his brain. Was he mistaken in Rod's character? Was it true that there are some things that men never tell when they get into tight places? Was Rod really guilty of the crime of which he was accused?

He could understand, he told himself, that a man who loved a woman as greatly as Rod had loved Kathlyn, might come upon conditions and circumstances that would make murder justifiable in his eyes.

He put the thought away from him as unworthy.

"Rod," he said, "Kathlyn has not got the certificate of her marriage to you."

Evans looked at him almost uncomprehendingly. "What are you saying, Dick?" he asked. Starmount repeated the information.

"You are mistaken. She did not understand. I saw the preacher or give the certificate to her. I told her at the time, laughingly, to keep it carefully; that some time she might need it."

"She tells me that she immediately tore it up."

"My God!"

"Don't go to pieces, Rod. Think carefully. Do you remember the preacher's name?"

"No—let's see"—and he flung both hands up over his eyes. "It was something—yes it was—Huntington. Oh, what made Kathlyn do it?"

"Never mind Kathlyn now. You say the man's name was Huntington. Do you know where he lived?"

"Yes, he lived in Knoxville, Tenn."

member the street."

"I never heard his street mentioned. You see he was way up in the Great Smoky mountains at least 50 miles from Knoxville and he went through the ceremony in a very perfunctory manner. Oh, you must find him; you must find him, Dick."

"We'll find him all right if he's on earth. I'll send a wire to the Reverend Huntington, Knoxville, Tenn., tonight and if we do not hear from him tomorrow I'll send someone down there."

"But that will be too late. Dick—I am sure that will be too late. You had better let me make that deposition."

"If you do I'll wash my hands of both you and Kathlyn."

With a groan Rodney Evans sank down on his pallet.

Starmount looked at him a moment and then went out the door in silence.

"It looks as though we have a good lead toward Vernon Stedman, Dick," said Jim Kirby, as he joined the lawyer in front of the jail.

Starmount was not much interested. His interview with Rod had left him greatly disturbed, but from long habit as a lawyer he managed to call up a little enthusiasm and asked "Who told you about it?"

"Big Tony. He seems to think that Stedman might have fired the shot."

"But, Jim, there is one chamber fired in that automatic they found in Foss' pocket."

"Yes, I know that, but that might not have necessarily held the bullet that killed him."

"Big Tony says that Stedman knows something he won't tell. He put a scare into him, he said, and although Stedman was very

much frightened he still kept to his first story. All that he would say was that he did pass that garage between 12 and 1 on the night of the murder. Said he was trying to find a taxi to take him uptown in the rain.

"He acknowledges that he was very angry at Foss and had probably threatened to kill him and Tony finally surprised him into a profane exclamation of gladness over Foss' death."

"The one thing, however, that he still refuses to give is the woman's name upon whom he was calling that night."

"It's a rum go, Dick," Kirby said after a pause.

Starmount gave the reporter a searching glance. What he saw there compelled him to ask the question. "You're not weakening Jim, upon your theory about Kathlyn being guilty, are you?"

Kirby hesitated a moment. "To tell the truth I don't know what to think. It is the general opinion among the men who are following the case, Dick, and those to whom I talked while you were with Rod, that Kathlyn's fingerprints will not be found on that gun."

"What do you mean? What gives them that elated Jim?" asked Starmount in quick surprise.

Tomorrow—Woman the Sacrifice.

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DUMB DORA

(Substituting for Barney Google, during Billy DeBeck's illness)



KRAZY KAT

Who Says Love Isn't Blind.

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Thinks Real Estate Is Sold Like Muslin

By Bud Fisher

