

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Dodging Economy

Governor Pierce's great contribution to political science consists in the discovery that the way to cut taxes in two is to multiply them rather than to effect economies in administration. To carry out this theory, he deliberately fixed the levy for 1925 at a million dollars less than required to meet expenditures, hoping thereby to force the legislature to impose some of the additional taxes he champions, such as a tax on cigarettes and motion pictures, a gross earnings tax on utilities, a severance tax on timber, a higher insurance tax, etc., and at the same time let him pose as a tax cutter.

There are many ways in which expenses could be cut, such as consolidation of offices, elimination of commissions and reduction in bureaucracy, but these apparently interest neither the governor nor the legislature, which is busy creating new commissions calling for more bureaucracy. Simplification of government apparently concerns neither.

A saving of a million dollars a year could be effected by a merger of the higher educational institutions of the state under one management and the elimination of duplicate and overlapping courses. If the inflation was deflated and some of the frills and foibles, and the institutions managed for the interest of the state instead of competitively for their own benefit, a great drain on the taxpayers would be plugged.

Then there is the little matter of extension work, educational correspondence courses and field work. Here we have the state university, the agricultural college, the normal school and the superintendent of schools spending many thousands of dollars in trying to force education upon those long past school age. Coordination of this duplicate effort would save a great sum.

However, with a governor intent on keeping his patronage and in favor of multiplying taxes to do it, and a legislature without the definite program imposed by party solidarity and responsibility, individually bluffed by interested blocs, we cannot expect any real reform. And matters will grow worse under the direct primary until some semblance of party organization is restored, and we cease to drift without a program.

Senate Shows Courage

Courage shown by the senate in refusing both to ratify the child labor amendment to the federal constitution and to submit it to the people, in spite of the insistence of uplift blocs, is to be commended. The amendment is dead through action of other states, and placing it on the ballot would only unnecessarily encumber it.

It is to be hoped also, that the senate stands by its convictions and refuses to pass the kindergarten school bill, which will unnecessarily add to the expense of school districts. This bill is desired principally so that mothers can get rid of the care of little tots during the day time and have leisure for gadding, at public expense.

Experience has amply demonstrated that these same mothers are not sufficiently interested in the education of their little children to send them to a private kindergarten school, for many have been opened and failed for lack of patronage—or else are not sufficiently convinced of its educational value to pay the small tuition fees required. The state has enough to do in educating children old enough to go to school, let alone keeping them amused during infancy.

A New Poll Tax

A dispatch from Bath, England, states that a tax on bobbed heads is proposed to assist the municipality in balancing its budget. It is pointed out that quite an income was derived by a tax on the powdered hair of the ladies of the seventeenth century. It is suggested that the bobbing tax might be considered a "poll tax."

Here is a source of revenue Governor Pierce has strangely overlooked in his suggestions for increasing the state's revenues, for a tax on bobbed heads, or even on bobbing, would yield a tidy sum. To avoid discrimination, however, the tax should also apply to men with shik hair-cuts, and thus double the revenue.

Of course in such an emergency as Oregon now confronts, in the effort to maintain its bureaucracy, the tax might be extended to men that shave and women that paint and powder, and thus aid in restoring an era of bushy whiskers of sturdy pioneer type as well as giving women back their crowning glory.

We pass the suggestion on to the governor and predict that if he endorses it, in one of his harmony messages rapping the legislature, it will make him famous.

HALF HOLIDAY GOOD FOR COUNTY ASSERTS BOYER

In the proposed changes in closing hours for county offices the county would gain a full two hours of service from its employees rather than losing according to County Clerk Boyer.

The plan is to join with Clatsop county in its bill, stated the county clerk, which would keep the offices open from 8 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon on week days and from 8 in the morning until 1 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday's, according to Boyer.

Under the present law the offices are open every day only from 8 to 12 in the morning and from 1 to 5 in the afternoon. The offices remain closed during noon hours, under a provision of law.

The proposal is to change this so that the offices would remain open a full day every day except Saturday's, including noon hours, and to remain open on Saturday's up through the noon hour until 1 o'clock.

"While this would knock off four hours on Saturday afternoons," stated Boyer, "it would add six hours during the week days by keeping open during noon

hours, and as a net result the county would secure two hours more service from all of its employees during the course of a week than are now granted."

It is understood that Senator Nam Brown is the one member of the Marion delegation standing up against the bill. Senator La Follett as far as is known not having expressed himself, but believed to be, on general La Follett principles, against such a measure.

Senator Brown objects because he sees the names of no farmers on the petition and believes that such a measure would meet with objection from farmers who do a large share of their shopping on Saturday's.

One business man is reported as declaring himself in favor of the bill on the ground that it would encourage farmers to come in and do their trading on other afternoons than Saturday's. He states this would be sure to be the case if banks closed along with county offices.

"The trouble is," this business man is reported as saying, "farmers make a point of congregating here on Saturday and as a result my clerks are loafing a good share of the week and worked to death on Saturday afternoons. This closing plan might serve to equalize the situation by spreading the farmer trade considerably over the entire week and give up busy days all the time."

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

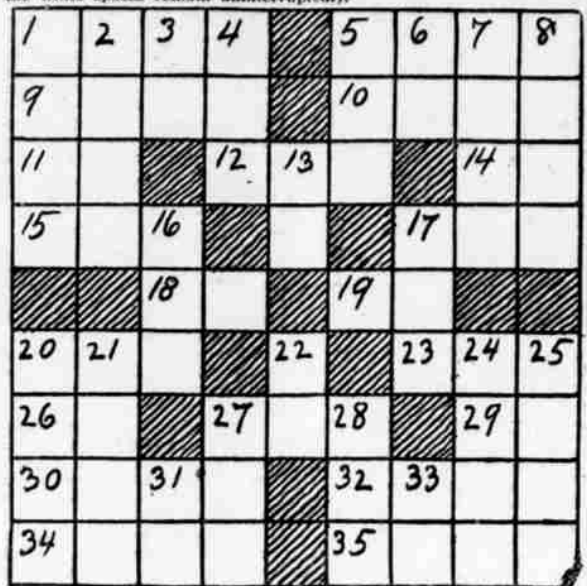
- Omit
- Organ of hearing
- Numerical
- State
- Upon
- Talk titty
- Exist
- Soaked
- Vivacity
- Near
- Leave
- Careless
- Pass of it
- Western Siberian gulf
- Juice of olives
- Italian
- Killed
- Alone
- Visible
- Vessels

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 uninterruptedly.

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 uninterruptedly.



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE



VERTICAL

- Precipitation
- Cattle
- Within
- Wooden pin
- Recede
- Man's nickname
- Gown
- Stair
- Ice
- Apause
- Hawaiian food
- Waste
- Cat
- Greek letter
- Slant
- Pens
- Possess
- Cat
- Diminutive ending
- Negation

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A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

When I came back from dressing he said, "Girl I can not allow you to ruin my life, even though I love you. Do you know I haven't written a line of the new play which I have promised by the first of the year? I sit down determined to write and your face comes always between me and my typewriter keys. I see the little golden lights in your brown eyes. I long to touch the damask of your cheek. Your scarlet lips invite me. I wonder what you are doing. I am jealous of every man that speaks to you. I am jealous even of your work. Surely you must know I want you, want you for my wife. It will break my heart if you still persist in saying that you will not marry me, but even that will be easier to bear than the torment that I am in now.

on the eyes and murmured, "Good night." I watched him stride down the street in the moonlight and then prepared for bed.

All through the long hours of the night I debated my problem. No one knew better than I my unfortunate obsession as to independence, both economic and personal. No one but myself—not even Rod—knew that I could not be happy without him. Not even he knew the absorbing passion of my love for him.

When the light of dawn began to break I arose and throwing a robe over me I went to my desk and wrote Rodney a letter. As near as I can remember it was like this:

You would probably be surprised, Rod dear, if I put at the head of this letter the endearing salutation that is always in my heart when I think of you.

You accused me last night of being cold and you have intimated that I am not in love with you. If you could look into my soul you would find that you were quite mistaken.

I am not cold and I do love you without any reservation. I love you so much, dear, that if love were all, I would give myself to you this moment, with the sure knowledge that I would keep you until death do us part.

But you and I, Rodney, know that love is not all. We know as well that while Eros asks much of his worshippers he really takes little note of whether they are the same ones who throng his altar day after day.

"One moment you ardently beckon and the next, turn to ice and send me away.

"Day after tomorrow I am going to Station's camp in the Adirondacks and before I come back I must know whether we spend our lives together or whether we part forever. I shall expect my answer soon."

"Until then, let's try to forget the matter," I beamed smilingly. "Let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—"

"All right," he interrupted. "Truly both of us acted as though it was our last night together. I danced and coqueted with Rod as I never had before. Rod told his wittiest stories and held me in his arms while dancing as though he would never let me be free again. "I am sorry it is over," I said as among the last reveries we left the cafe.

We were silent all the way home; there he kissed me lightly

Love, my lover, is a very jealous god and he brooks no divided allegiance of those who kneel at his altar. They must love Love. He cares not at all if they love each other.

Consequently the moment the

business of life and the everyday living comes between him and his worshippers, the moment his adoring slaves for any reasons become inattentive, he thrusts them into the outer darkness while others press forward to bask in love's radiant countenance.

You have heard me tell that marriage is the surest cure for love and although you did not agree in words, yet I could see from your face that you believed as I did, although you did not want to acknowledge it.

We have had many times an illustration of the awful part that marriage plays in killing love. It has not been so many months since Vernon Stedman and Lucille were married and yet already I and I both know they have found out that marriage was a mistake. They are already talking of separation and Vernon Stedman is already looking for some other woman with whom to fall into that state of mind which he calls "love."

I have seen every day among our friends the breaking of companionships which promised to make heaven upon earth.

I always have asked myself what is the reason? Why do people who seem so much in love with each other become so quickly bored when they settle down to married life?

I have decided, Rodney dear, it is because we mortals are so constituted that the only thing we are devoted to is constant change or at least constant variety.

Tomorrow—The Hour Has Come

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, who is barred from boxing almost throughout the United States, is now a gospel preacher.



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



DUMB DORA

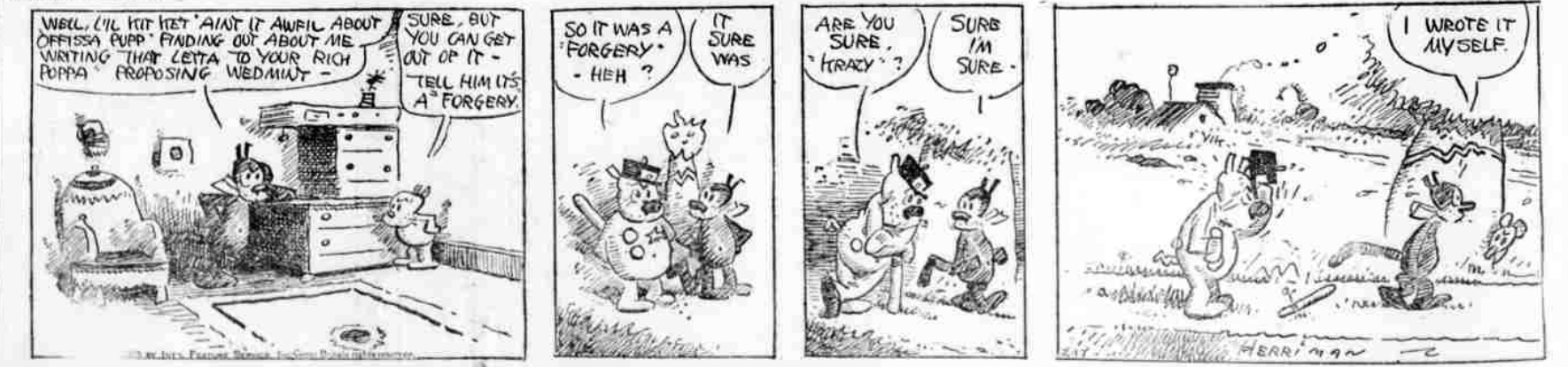
(Substituting for Barney Google, during Billy DeBeek's illness)



KRAZY KAT

The Kat Ought to Know

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

No Wonder They Call Jeff the "One Quart Kid" in Pittsburg

By Bud Fisher

