

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published every evening except Sunday
Telephone 51; news 52

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

The City Beautiful

"Do you know that Salem may become the most beautiful city in the world" chortles the optimistic Salem Statesman.

Before any such dream is realized, there will have to be a radical change in existing methods of city building and in the methods of city builders, as well. The haphazard crazy-quilt style in vogue will have to give way to a systematic program both of building and of beautification, or Salem will soon rank with the "hick" towns.

The beauty Salem possesses is largely inherited from the pioneers and early settlers whose wisdom in city planning far surpassed our own. In fact we are doing more than our share to mar our inherited beauty by building shacks, corner groceries, service stations and garages in fine residence districts and holding vacant business property at unreasonable prices.

Salem's business district has been little changed in several decades. Principal business streets, like Commercial, have only had one or two new buildings in 40 years. There hasn't been a first class business block erected in the city in 15 years. Most of the enterprise of the property owners is devoted to advancing prices to prohibitive figures and refusing to build themselves, thus checking the growth of the city or forcing its extension along other streets. As a result, Salem's business district is trying to go somewhere, and can be switched in any one of several directions by proper construction, or continue the present forced method of sprawling into the residence sections.

City zoning and uniform street and lawn beautification are essential in any effort to make or keep Salem beautiful, as well as the cooperation of all individuals. Property owners must consider something besides grabbing the unearned increment or the city will mark time instead of marching forward. They must either launch adequate building programs or permit others to do so. Unless they do, the city will grow uglier instead of fairer and lose population and prestige.

Constructive Legislation

Governor Pierce has refused to approve or veto the only piece of constructive legislation passed by the recent session, that increasing the fees on automobile busses and trucks operating on state highways, so the measure becomes a law without his signature. Constitutionality of the measure has been questioned by the attorney-general and it is probable those effected will appeal to the court and perhaps resort to referendum.

The law requires busses to pay three-fourths of a mill per passenger seat per mile, while trucks would be assessed a fee of 1 mill per ton per mile. It has been estimated that this law will return to the state treasury approximately \$400,000 during the biennium.

The only fault with the bill is that it does not place the fees anywhere near high enough to recompense for the highway destruction caused by busses and trucks, which use the state's \$60,000,000 investment in highways as a free right-of-way in competition with tax-paying railroads that are forced to construct and maintain their own rights-of-way.

The estimated receipts of \$200,000 a year will not pay one tenth of the damage trucks and busses cause on highway pavements, which is estimated at 75 per cent of the total wear and tear. They not only force expensive heavy construction, but materially shorten the life of the pavement.

A Gay Inaugural

We are informed in the dispatches that gay colors ruled at the inaugural of President Coolidge, that the setting was bright and that dash and snap were apparent through the uniforms of diplomats, although Mr. Coolidge retained his calm and took the ceremony as part of the day's work.

It is well that Washington was gay with colors, for it is not gay with Mr. Coolidge any more that Mr. Coolidge is gay with himself or any one else. It is well also that the setting was bright, for there is nothing brilliant or scintillating about the gentleman in whose honor the pageant was held. And it was well also the uniforms of diplomats and military supplied the dash and snap, for there was none elsewhere.

Mr. Coolidge is probably the most unemotional man that fate ever pitchforked into the seats of the mighty, almost painfully mechanical in his passivity. His greatest thrill seems to lie in pinching pennies and his keenest excitement a gallop on the electric hobby horse. His lack of pep is matched only by his lack of humor.

Yet President Coolidge starts off as one of our most popular presidents—that is outside of the capital, for not since the days of that other great economist, Rutherford B. Hayes, has there been his like in the White House. The contrast of his parsimony with the extravagance of congress has endeared him to the rank and file.

NEW CABINET MEMBERS AT DESKS TODAY

(Continued from page one)

at the agricultural department before members of Kansas delegation in congress and bureau chiefs of the department. Then he held an information in the secretary's office.

The oath was administered after the new secretary had conferred at length with President Coolidge. It was indicated that a new assistant secretary also would be named soon and the name of C. W. Cread, director of agricultural extension of the University of Nevada, was mentioned prominently.

Coolidge Busy Early

Washington, March 5.—(By Associated Press.)—Having pledged himself anew to the service of the nation in an inaugural ceremony of almost unprecedented simplicity, President Coolidge took up today the four-year burden placed upon his shoulders by the people with no indication that he might change his simple program of "doing the day's work."

Vice-President Dawes, inducted into that office yesterday shortly before the president's inauguration, faced his second day as presiding officer of the special session of the new senate, meanwhile, with the startling effects of his precedent breaking inaugural address still fresh in the minds of members. Some sided with him in his attack on senate rules, which permit one man to tie up legislation with a filibuster; some frankly and vigorously didn't and a few were neutral.

With the induction into office today of Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota, as secretary of state, and William J. Harding of Kansas, as secretary of agriculture, to take the place vacated by Howard M. Gore to become governor of West Virginia, the president's cabinet still lacks one member, an attorney general.

Cabinet Still Short.
The nomination of Charles B. Warren of Michigan, to fill this post left vacant with the elevation of Harlan F. Stone to the supreme court, was allowed to expire with the state-eight congress at noon yesterday, and its resumption in the special session of the senate, called chiefly to act on such matters, will be one of the principal nominations to engage its attention.

Everett Sanders of Indiana, successor to Bascom C. Sloop, as secretary to the president, was sworn in late yesterday after his term as representative from Indiana ended with the congress.

Apparently unaffiliated by the strenuous activities of inauguration day, the president was at his desk before 9 o'clock this morning and immediately plunged into routine work.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

- Paradise
- Exclamation
- Not well lighted
- Put away
- Preposition
- Indian tribe
- Topographical engineer (ab.)
- Export of China
- Visionary
- Edge
- Italy (ab.)
- Males
- Point of compass (ab.)
- Meek
- To play
- To color
- Mislay

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

B	E	L	I	S			
A	R	A	B	T	O	O	T
G	O	R	E	S	L	E	O
U	S	S	O	L	E	D	
E	B	E	I	S	S		
M	O	T	E	S	E		
N	O	R	A	L	O	N	E
D	A	N	E	B	O	N	
T	E	N	T	S	W		

VERTICAL

- To correct
- At
- Type measurement
- Consumed
- Behold
- Artillery (ab.)
- Part of a flower
- Boat propelled by steam
- Part of a chair
- Personal pronoun
- Go up
- To separate
- To appoint
- Thrice (pref.)
- To tangle
- Preposition
- South (ab.)



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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

A Letter From Mother

Lillieny Vail got some comfort and consolation just from the mere touch of this letter which her mother's hand had penned. Her torn and bruised heart could think of but one refuge and that she remembered also the sunshine in which for long months every year she had played on the old farm. The sunshine and warmth in Paris were all a deception. Under it there was always the cold and chill she was feeling now. She would go back to God's country and her mother. There she would find the sun warmer and the days more smiling than anywhere else on earth. There she would forget.

She picked up her mother's letter again and laboriously tried to make out the queer handwriting. "My dear little girl: I have just received your letter telling me you are coming home right away."

I need not tell you how glad I am. You know that, for I have written you so many letters asking you to come and make your old mother happy in your vacation times that you must know how utterly lonely I have been without you.

It has been long, my daughter, all these years while you have been over there getting your education but I was determined that you should have all the things that I wanted and never had.

I wanted you to be a great lady, Lillieny. I wanted you to be able to enjoy all the great wealth that these oil wells are spouting into your lap daily. That is why I determined to let you go without me. I did not want you to be hampered by anybody or anything, not even

your ignorant little old mother. You must know by this time that I have never wanted to be a drawback to you. Now you are educated and coming back with everything that foreign schools and governesses and companions and society could give you. I hope you will find that I, too, have improved. I have not told you, dear, but I have been studying all the while you have been gone. Six years can do a good deal even to a woman like your mother. I was thirty-four when you left. I am forty now, and you are just half my age. I wonder what you will think of me when you see me? There are those that tell me I am looking younger and sometimes when I am happy and look in the glass I believe them.

I am happy now, Lillieny, happier than I ever was before in my whole life, and you are going to make it almost too good to be true of this earth by coming home in less than a month to your loving and adoring

Mother."

From out her sore heart Lillieny at once suspected the truth. Her mother could not have written that letter unless she had fallen in love.

Her lip curled contemptuously as she repeated "fallen in love." That is what she herself had done, she had been blissfully happy. She had been told that she was beautiful, but it had all been lies—she picked up a hand glass and looked at her pain-drawn face. She was not beautiful, she was not well-loved. At this moment she wanted to go and make that other girl as unhappy as herself. She wanted to physically hurt her. She felt within her the primitive blood of the daughter of a nouveau riche

mother upon whose barren little farm oil had been found. She put down her mother's letter and picked up the other, and turned it over and over in her hand wondering who could have written her. In all her years abroad she had never before received a letter from the United States except from her mother. No one knew nor cared anything about "old Vail's little girl" who had sailed away on the great adventure.

Suddenly she became somewhat pensive. Was her mother ill? She held the closed envelope tightly. She dreaded the news she would find within. At last, taking courage, she tore it open.

"My dear Lillieny: Do you remember the times when you used to run away and pick the roses belonging to 'the man next door,' the man you used to call 'Uncle Ode?' I have never forgotten the little to-seled headed girl who thought she was stealing my flowers. I used to find you with your little hands full of them."

I am writing this to tell you that I think you had better come home as soon as possible. You have been away too long already, my dear. Your mother, in her loneliness, has become interested in a moving picture actor—not one of the big ones but a man younger than she who is trying to get on.

I am sure he is just making love to your mother because he hopes she will furnish his solution. I have not spoken to her about it. I think you should be on the ground.

Ovid Marchmont.

P. S.: Cable when you are coming."

Tomorrow—An Old Friend

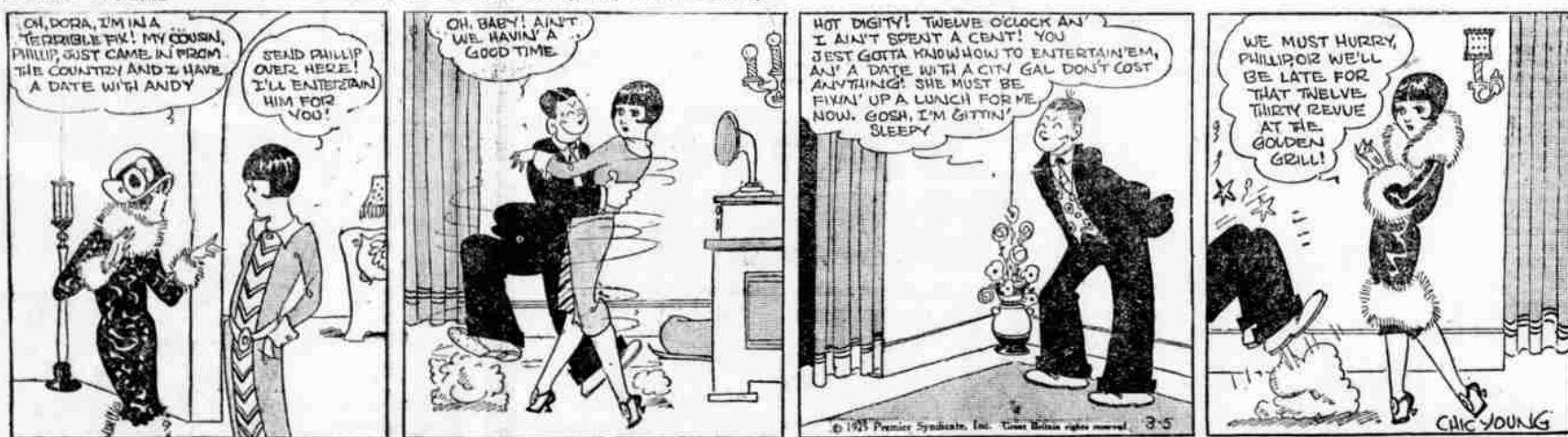


By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



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



KRAZY KAT

A Two Faced Sympathizer

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

A Bit Strong—But at That, It's Some Boast.

By Bud Fisher

