

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday
Telephone 81; News 82
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment.—Deuteronomy 10:8.

A Hick Town

A hick town is one that permits a practice to stretch an advertising banner across Main street—a free publicity stunt denied the tax-paying merchant, and giving a jay look to the burg.

A hick town is one that sanctions the distribution of dodgers and hand-bills to strew the streets of the business sections, pester the pedestrian, scare the horses and litter the autos.

A hick town is one that turns over a section of the best city streets to that itinerant aggregation of freaks, fakirs and fol-de-rols for feeble minded, called a carnival, to bamboozle the boobs for a small hand-out for some local uplift.

A hick town is one where smart shopkeepers paint their store fronts glaring, garish discordant colors to attract morons and make the judicious grieve, to save advertising costs, and thereby effectually spoil the appearance of the street.

A hick town is one where residents are so lacking in personal and community pride that they fail to water and mow the lawn, grass goes to seed on curbs and vacant lots and unpaved streets are a sea of unkept weeds.

A hick town is one where the autos park in reverse, back side to, instead of heading in, where they turn around in the middle of the block and stand in files three deep for long stretches of time in the middle of the street.

A hick town is one where snooping sneaks and sleuths of the police force tap the pockets of tourists, smell breaths and search every auto parked for a few minutes on the street at night on suspicion, without warrant.

A hick town is—well perhaps you know such a town, or at least a town with some hick characteristics, not a thousand miles away.

Sand-Bagging Springfield

The Eugene Chamber of Commerce is engaged in the neighborly occupation of sand-bagging the little sister city of Springfield, by endeavoring to steal the railroad shops which the Southern Pacific years ago agreed with the people of Springfield to locate there upon completion of the Natron Cut-off, and for which it secured an extensive tract of land.

Eugene has a boom and the boomers have conceived the idea that it would be a great stimulus towards inflation and enable them to unload at a profit, if the prospective and promised railroad shops were switched at taxpayers expense from Springfield to Eugene—hence the proposal to vote municipal bonds for \$150,000 to purchase a 200 acre tract of land for a site and present the same to the railroad in exchange for the latter's holdings at Springfield.

Now Eugene and Springfield are only a few miles apart, and if the shops are located at Springfield, Eugene will reap all of the substantial advantages for the two cities will eventually grow together, but the boomers want the city to grow in the other direction where presumably their own holdings are. So they are seeking to induce the Southern Pacific to break faith with the people and investors of Springfield, who have for so many years patiently held the sack.

The unique feature of the proposal is that the public-spirited boomers want the municipality to put up the money to secure industry that will enhance their holdings, instead of putting it up themselves—as Salemites have done for the linen mill and as other communities do. Jimmying the city treasury and making the taxpayer the goat for the speculator sets a dangerous precedent that can only lead to disaster by exhausting financial resources required for the legitimate needs of a growing city.

But why should Eugene seek to grow at the expense of Springfield, which is really only a suburb?

My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

"LIFE MUST GO ON"

For a moment I stood staring at the telegram, too completely stunned to realize fully what it meant. Jim had died at sea! He died on his way back to me, returning so that we could straighten out our affairs. I told myself that if I had not written him that I wished to be free so that I could marry Bill Iwing he would not have asked to be transferred to another regiment, so that he could come back to the states and see me. It was my fault, then, that he was dead. I would have given anything in the world not to have asked him to let me be free. Anything, if it would have meant that he would live again.

There was nothing that I could do, no way that I could find out just what had happened. My own helplessness maddened me. I walked the floor until I was worn out, and then sat down by the living room window from which I could see the river and the bridges and stared out into the rainy night.

My own life seemed so useless, so unprofitable, that I thought of death. I tried to remember Jim's devotion to Cecilia Eaton, to tell myself that he had been glad enough to go off to the Philippines without me. He hadn't wanted me along. Then why should I torture myself with thoughts of my negligence in not going with him? That didn't make it any easier. When I thought of Jim big, good looking, happy Jim, lying dead, I cried out in horror. I couldn't believe that he was dead. I told myself. It just couldn't be!

I tried to think that what I had done really hadn't mattered. I told myself that if Jim had really cared for me, he wouldn't have let my mother come between us. But in such cases one can't mind.

reason. Morning came at last, and I got up and dragged myself into the bathroom. By lovely evening gown was written and bedrugged look long; my hair was tangled into my eyes. I looked gaunt and weary. But as I looked into the mirror I told myself that that didn't matter. I didn't think of how I looked. My thoughts were all on Jim, my Jim, whom I'd never see again.

I changed my frock, almost mechanically, more for something to do than for any other reason. I ate my breakfast, but the thought of trying to eat was repugnant. I began walking about the bare, deserted apartment again to get the keys. I had quite forgotten that that was the day when I was supposed to leave and go to a hotel. I gave the keys to him, and put on my hat and coat.

"I beg your pardon—but if some thing is the matter—if there's anything I can do—" he said.

"Nothing's the matter," I answered. My voice sounded to me as if it belonged to someone else.

The telephone rang just then, and I answered it. Nathalia's voice answered me when I said "Hello."

"Oh Nancy, I'm glad to find you in," she exclaimed. "Do have luncheon with me, won't you? I have so much to tell you. Bill's coming to New York next week; he says that he can't go any longer without seeing you!"

"I never want to see him again!" I answered, and hung up the receiver.

I told myself that it was Bill who had indirectly been the cause of Jim's death, if I hadn't thought I cared for him—if I hadn't asked Jim to let me divorce him—dozen "ifs" flashed through my mind.

Notables in the News



The Prince of Wales indicated that he is very anxious to visit the United States again on his return from South America. Although Lord Astor's bill to admit peeresses to the House of Lords failed of passage, he expressed confidence of its eventual enactment. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, author and spiritualist, declared that he looks "forward to death with serenity, even eagerness." Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover advised consumers to stock up on both hard and soft coal during the next few weeks.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES ORDERED BACK TO HANKOW

New York, June 12.—American missionaries and their families in the Hu-peh province have been ordered to return to Hankow immediately, according to a cablegram received today by the Episcopal mission headquarters.

The message read: "Situation serious. Women, children and missionaries have been ordered to this port."

About 50 American missionaries and their families were scattered about the province.

Pern's Senate Acts

Lima, Peru, June 12.—The senate today approved the Peruvian government's proposal to usually announced intention to participate in the Tacna-Arica plebiscite.

LONG LOST WITNESS IN TRIAL FOUND

(Continued from page one)

Stewart indirectly accused Reichmann of having profited from his attorneyship of the McClintock \$1,000,000 estate which was killed virtually in toto to Shepherd by young McClintock shortly before he died of typhoid fever December 4 last, a death Shepherd is accused of having caused by administering typhoid germs.

Mr. Crowe insisted Reichmann was one of the leaders of the Chicago bar and his affluence was legitimate due to his ability as an attorney.

The first mention of the proposed suit by the McClintock cousins to break the will was made when Reichmann admitted he knew such a suit was contemplated, but denied he had an interest in it.

Concluding his direct examination Reichmann testified that as counsel for Mrs. William A. Nelson McClintock after the death of her husband, whom he had served in the same capacity he had drawn up the will under which the estate was transferred to the child.

He testified that when Mrs. McClintock had wanted to name "Julie" (Mrs. Shepherd) as a co-guardian, he did not know who she was, not being acquainted with the Shepherds at that time.

Judge Olson obviously was disappointed at the brief story he was permitted to tell from the witness stand yesterday.

In his cross-examination of Judge Olson regarding his acquaintance with the McClintocks, Attorney O'Brien was sharp and barked staccato interrogations at the dignified chief justice.

"Did you ever talk with young McClintock?" shot out O'Brien.

"Well, I don't know, I may have—" started the jurist witness.

"That's enough, stop there," de-

manded the dapper little attorney. Alexander Reichman was the next witness.

Reichman formerly was attorney for William McClintock Sr., later for Mrs. McClintock and finally with Mrs. Shepherd, a co-guardian for McClintock Jr.

Much of his testimony dealt with his acquaintance with the McClintocks and Shepherds and when the state's attorney brought the examination to the time Reichman refused Shepherd employment another bitter debate was precipitated, the defense contending the state was trying to bring out "what was not said."

In the whispered argument both sides mentioned serious charges Shepherd and Reichman were said to have hurled at each other in conversation with others.

Says Shepherd later.

Reichman denied he had said he would get a slice of the McClintock estate for himself. He testified that Mrs. McClintock willed Mrs. Shepherd \$5000 but did not name Shepherd in her will.

Crowe's questioning of Reichman about a trip he made to Texas concerning property of the McClintock estate brought on another argument, whispered to Judge Lynch to prevent the jury hearing.

In it Stewart made a serious accusation against the witness.

Crowe won his point, continuing to question Reichman with an expressed purpose to disclose Shepherd's alleged motive and plot as it was built up on the ultimate slaying of the youth.

He mentioned a "conspiracy" in the whispered argument and the defense demanded to know "what conspiracy?" Crowe replied that "the conspiracy will be unfolded here."

"Well, there is another side and that opens up a wide field," replied Stewart.

Reichman testified Mrs. Shepherd was allowed \$400 a month by the probate court for expenses of the home and boy and \$75 a month for herself.

ON THE AIR

FRIDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—8:30-10:30 p. m., Sherman clay & Co. concert from du-art studio; 10:30-12, Hood Owls, including Ross City trio and other features.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3—6:15 p. m., baseball; 8:15-7, Lousa's Warfield theater; 7:15, Palace ball dance and concert orchestra; 8-11, Gene James Rose Room bowl orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—1:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6-8:15, McDaniel's nighty night; 8:45-7, radio club; 7:30, vocal pupils, Myra Belle Walters; 7:30-7:45, Oscar Teal, concert baritone; 7:45, the Bookshelf, Miss Nancy; 8-9, Grandale, Cal., chamber of commerce from Examiner studio; 9-10, old folks evening at home, arranged by Glen Rice and George Preuner; 10-11, Parkland Radio club, Way Watts and his ukulele, Carlton sisters, Dorothy Cleveland and others; 11-12 a. m., KFI midnight frolic, arranged by Don Mean.

SATURDAY NIGHT

KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—6-8 p. m., Jackie Souders' Portland ball dance orchestra; intermission solos by H. E. Voss, tenor; 10-12, Souders' McClintock ball dance orchestra.

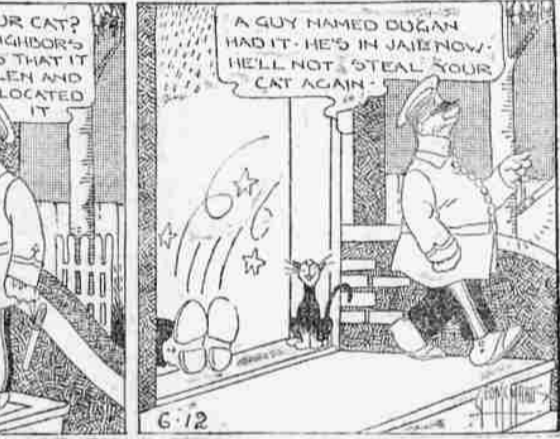
KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361.2—8 p. m., diversified popular program, varied musical entertainment.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 428.3—6:20-7:20 p. m., Johnny Buckle's Cabarets; 8-12, Art Weider's dance orchestra.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—5:30-6 p. m., Examiner's matinee program; 6-8:15, McDaniel's nighty night; 8:45-7, radio club; 7:30, vocal pupils, Myra Belle Walters; 7:30-7:45, Oscar Teal, concert baritone; 7:45, the Bookshelf, Miss Nancy; 8-9, Grandale, Cal., chamber of commerce from Examiner studio; 9-10, old folks evening at home, arranged by Glen Rice and George Preuner; 10-11, Parkland Radio club, Way Watts and his ukulele, Carlton sisters, Dorothy Cleveland and others; 11-12 a. m., KFI midnight frolic, arranged by Don Mean.

By George McManus

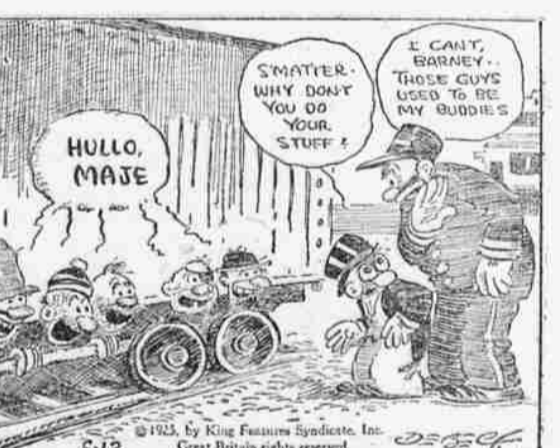
BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Business Ceases With Friendship

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

Krazy Resents Strange Caresses

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

As a Moving Picture Scenario Writer Mut Must Be a Bust

By Bud Fisher

