

Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."—BYRON.

The Next Step

Passage of the city zoning and planning ordinance designed to regulate type of structures erected within certain districts is the most important move yet made to insure the building of the city beautiful through uniform construction. It will stop the erection of unsightly service stations and shack corner-groceries among expensive residences, where they depreciate property by making the neighborhood unsightly.

There remains, however, a still more important move in the announced plans of the mayor and council necessary in the building of a greater Salem, and that is the acquisition of the present water system as a preliminary step for a municipally owned water supply that may in the future be extended to secure a gravity flow of mountain water, if deemed necessary.

Generally, municipally owned and operated utilities are not a success because of politics, but the water systems form an exception to the rule. They have proven so universally profitable, that there are but few cities in the country that do not own their own water supply. The advantages are many, for the municipality can secure money for extensions at lower rate than private capital and can thus keep pace with the growth of the community.

Bonds issued for a water system differ from those issued for general indebtedness or for street improvements, inasmuch as they are income earning and not only pay back the principal, but pay a profit. Other bond issues pay no returns, except perhaps indirectly by enhancing property values and must be paid off, together with interest, by taxation, but the water bonds carry themselves.

Salem should own her water supply so as to insure needed extensions and enlargements and a greater volume of water for consumers. The preliminary step, of course, is appraisal and purchase of the present plant by the issuance of bonds. The present owners are as fair and accommodating and anxious to please as any private owners could possibly be, but Salem has grown to the point where she should not be dependent upon a corporation but own her own water system.

Eventually everyone admits that city ownership of water is bound to come—then why not now?

A Perquisite of the Privileged

President Coolidge, who is full of copy-book morality, recently repudiated a statement he had made as "White House spokesman" to assembled reporters to get out of an awkward diplomatic situation. The official stenographic report, however, proved that the president did make the statement he denied making. As a result, the president has now forbidden any reporter from taking short-hand notes of his interviews and dispensed altogether with the official reporter, so he is free to deny anything he says without written proof to the contrary.

The president however, has nothing on Governor Pierce who also oozes copy book morality. He has always been free to deny one day what he said the day before and has frequently done so. He also announces appointments and then unannounces them, as in the case of Senator Garland to the fish commission. Of course the governor's word, like the president's, is above question and supplants that of a dozen reporters. Moreover, the governor does it better than the president, he is perhaps more practiced, at any rate, more picturesque.

The reporter is the goat of the great and he fully realizes from sad experience that "half the world knows not how the other half lies." The "reporter lied" is the easiest way out of many an injudicious utterance, but most of the reporter's "lies" are "but the truth in masquerade."

One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

A HELPING HAND

Cynthia called Jim that afternoon, telling him that she could not go to live with his sister. Then she spent the next hour trying to write to him, and finally finished a letter which, although it suited her no better than the ones she had torn up and thrown into the waste basket, came as near being what she wanted as any she could write.

She tried to tell him how much she still cared for him, and how bewildered she was at his treatment of her. In previous letters she had ignored it. She told him how broken-hearted she had been when he took his mother with him, and how much she wanted to see him again.

"If you will just say the word, I'll come to you now," she wrote. "But if you don't, I'll know that you no longer want me. No doubt Lonella had written you of her suspicions of me. I have done nothing wrong. But if you prefer her opinion of me to the truth, I shall probably never give you both something to criticize me for. Your family has never been fair to me, but I wouldn't mind that if you still cared for me as you once did."

By dinner time she was sure that she had not accepted Noel Gardner's invitation for the evening. She was desperately lonely. Her one maid had the evening off, and she was quite alone in the apartment. When the bell rang, a little after nine, she answered at the door herself, hoping that it would be Cecile Malcolm. Even though she did not particularly enjoy Cecile, unwelcome company would be better than none at all.

But it was Noel Gardner who confronted her. "Sorry to trouble you, especially as you didn't want to see me this evening," he began. "But I had to come up and get something I left here."

Cynthia drew back quickly. Noel had been drinking; she realized that at once; she detected it only by the slight change in his manner.

down here while I go out to the kitchen and fix something for you. I'm a good cook you know."

"Sit down nothing! I'm going to stick my head under the cold water faucet for five minutes, and then come out and help you."

As she hurried down the hall Cynthia heard the door of the side board open once again, and then close sharply. Evidently Noel had locked the flask away with the bottle from which their contents came. She laughed softly to herself. If she could help Noel to brace up, just now when it was so necessary for him to do so, her evening wouldn't be wasted!

He joined her in the kitchen a few moments later, his hair soaking wet from the drenching he had given it.

"You're saving my life, my dear," he announced. "I'm going to be like the Chinese; if they save a man's life it belongs to them, you know. Well, mine belongs to you from now on."

"But I wouldn't know what to do with it," she protested laughing. "Oh, Cynthia dear, you would. He had dropped his flippant tone suddenly. "You could do big things with me if you cared to. Won't you give up Jim, who doesn't care for you, and take me in his place? I adore you—there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. Please, dear."

Cynthia shook her head. "Noel, I couldn't. I don't love you."

"Perhaps not, but I could teach you to. And you don't love Jim either. A girl of your spirit couldn't go on loving a man who treated her as he has treated you."

Cynthia lay awake far into the night thinking over those words. Perhaps he was right, and it would be better for everyone if she did as he begged her to do.

Tomorrow—Polite Blackmail.

Under the blue sky net a permit was issued to the Cape Film corporation of Portland to sell stock in the sum of \$25,000.

Count Shows 4727 Cars Using Highway Thru Salem Each Day

Statistics compiled by Fred Thielson for possible use in a lawsuit over the erection of a gas-line service station at the corner of north Capitol and Court streets furnish a basis for an estimate of the number of automobiles passing over the Pacific highway through Salem in any given length of time.

A man stationed on the Thielson property last Saturday and last Monday, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. of each day, counted a total of 9455 automobiles passing the intersection of the two streets. On Saturday there were 4822 and on Monday 4633. The average daily traffic would stand at 4727 1/2. The average per hour would stand at 472.75 automobiles.

Dropping the fraction for convenience, and assuming that a sufficient number of cars passed the point where the observer was stationed to add four more hours at the same average, the actual daily average would stand at 5199. This would amount to 26,393 cars in a week without even counting the extra traffic on Sunday. During a month of 30 days there would be a total of 155,970 automobiles pass the point for one lone observer to take their count.

In a year there would be 1,871,655, to say nothing of leap year, when there would be 1,902,834. The figures furnish opportunity for the statistician to speculate to his heart's content. The point where the count was made marks the place where the Pacific highway joins Court street. If the average kept up throughout the winter months, and half the cars counted were cars coming into Salem on the highway, there would be nearly a million cars a year using the highway into and through Salem.

Thielson is assumed to have been having the count made with the idea of showing that the new service station would not be a nuisance, since it could not make any appreciable difference in the number of automobiles passing along the two streets, particularly north Capitol street.

SCOTT SAVED FROM GALLOWS AGAIN ON EVE OF EXECUTION

(Continued from Page One.)

At midnight Judge David, called from his bed, agreed to call a session of the court if his bailiff and clerk could be found.

Then, with the minutes ticking away, clerk and bailiff were rushed to the county building. A little group of newspapermen, the judge, the attorneys, Scott's friends and his aged father, made up the gathering. The petition, signed by Scott's father, recited that the condemned man has become insane since his incarceration, fifteen months ago in the county jail.

Within twenty minutes from the time court had been convened, news that his life was spared, at least temporarily, with considerable surprise. He had known nothing about the last minute appeal of the court.

"I'm tickled to death," were his first words.

Then upon learning that the stay had been granted to learn if he were sane, Scott added: "I'm no more crazy than the judge who granted me a stay on that account. I am not asking for any sympathy from anyone, either. I am innocent."

Yesterday new counsel hastily summoned by Scott's friends, had hurried to Springfield where they met the governor and board of pardons and presented a plea for a reprieve, attacking some of the state's witnesses and maintaining that they had uncovered new leads which they had had time to develop. The board, however, refused further clemency and Governor Small pointed out that Scott already had had two reprieves.

On receiving this news which apparently sealed Scott's fate, Mrs. William McGraw and Mrs. Robert Forest, both of Detroit, representing Detroit club women who raised \$5000 for Scott's defense, instantly retained William Scott Stewart, criminal lawyer who recently successfully defended William Darling Shepherd, accused of the murder of Billy McClintock.

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George E. Gorman, his assistant who prosecuted the action, said: "I have not a thing to say except that they tried to fool the governor a week ago and now they are trying to make a fool out of Judge David. We will fight it to the end. This man deserves the rope, and he will get it before we are through."

One of the reasons assigned by Attorney Stewart for believing Scott insane was his refusal last night to broadcast by radio an appeal to his brother, Robert Scott, indicted with him but never apprehended, to surrender and save him from the gallows. A microphone had been placed in Scott's cell.

Almost at the same time the stay was granted, word came from Port Huron, Mich., that Robert Scott was believed to be dangerously ill there. They were inclined, however, to believe it was another hoax, concerning the whereabouts of the missing Robert.

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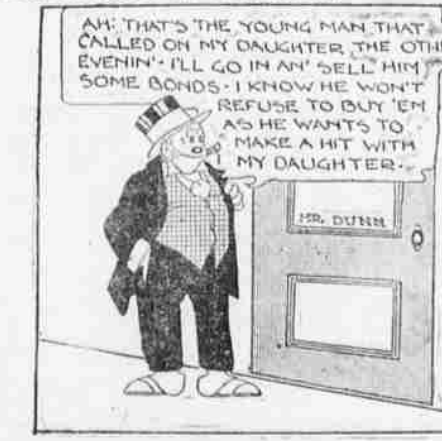
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By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

It's Appearances That Count



MUTT AND JEFF

Tourist Jeff Boasts in the Wrong Town.

