

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

Pity the Poor

Publication of income tax payments of Portland capitalists, though omitted by most of the Portland press and but gingerly handled by the Associated Press, ought to convince even Governor Pierce and the Portland Journal that the income tax doesn't reach the tax-dodgers, who seem as able to evade income taxation as they are other forms of taxation.

Simon Benson, long acclaimed Oregon's first as well as wealthiest citizen, pays an income tax of only \$329.13, which indicates a very modest income, not nearly as large as that enjoyed by many professional and small business men and some mechanics. Times must indeed be hard for poor multi-millionaires.

Particularly sad is the case of A. L. Mills, president of the First National bank, of Portland, the oldest and biggest bank in the Pacific northwest, president of the Oregon Life Insurance company, president of the other large financial institutions and director of many others, super-patriot and fixer of primary laws. Poor Mr. Mills must do all his hard work for nothing, or give his all to the poor, for he pays no income tax at all. How he manages to get along on his evidently meager income is one of the secrets of penury.

It is certainly a shame the way these hundred million dollar banks treat their heads. Here is poor J. C. Ainsworth, representative of one of the big pioneer estates of Portland, and president of the United States National bank, which recently purchased the Ladd & Tilton bank. His condition is not quite as pitiable as that of Mr. Mills, for he does have income sufficient to pay \$57.56 tax, probably from his inheritance, about the same as his bank clerks pay. Certainly here is a field for the uplifter, a constitutional amendment to provide poor bank presidents with incomes. They shouldn't be expected to work for nothing.

In the long list of tax-dodgers, it is a relief to see some that are not. In this class must be placed W. B. Ayer, the only prominent Portlander who favored the state income tax. Mr. Ayer is listed as paying personally \$12,578 income tax, and for his business, the Eastern and Western Lumber company, \$94,181.78. Evidently Mr. Ayer is willing to pay for his prosperity.

Age of the World

By adding up the generations of men given in Genesis, the conclusion was reached that the world was created in 4004 B. C. and all earthly events date from that year. Consequently, in the opinions of the fundamentalists, the earth is only 5929 years old. As these figures are taken literally, there is a never-ending clash with scientists, who reckon distance in "light years" and time in millions of years.

Dispatches yesterday informed us of the discovery in the miocene and oligocene areas of Nebraska, Wyoming and South Dakota of camel bones 6,000,000 years old, of fossils of three-toed horses 5,000,000 years old and of saber-toothed tigers and rhinoceroses even older. Scarcely a day but that some remains of prehistoric creatures dating back tens of millions of years, are unearthed. Of course the age of these fossils is estimated and comparative.

How can a 5929 year old world be also a 500,000,000 year old world? That is probably one of the problems the scientists of the new Bryan university will solve.

The Cow Replies To Henry Ford

(Minneapolis Tribune)
"Dear Mr. Ford: In reading the paper on Monday I was pained to note the contempt in which you seemed to hold me. I am used to being called dumb, but not inefficient. And you really hurt my feelings when you called me the most inefficient creature in the world. Are you quite sure that, on reflection, you would hold to that view?"
"After all, Mr. Ford, I don't see why Man, whom you represent, should speak of me like this. What would you do when you were little without me? Your very first cry is for milk; and it is I who always come to your aid. Can even your marvellously efficient motor car do anything for a hungry child? Yet I can, and regularly do."
"You call me inefficient, and yet in 1925 I made roughly \$230,000.00 for the Minneapolis farmer alone. You are reputed to be the richest man in the world, and yet your annual earnings are trifling beside mine. How could America possibly have got along without me?"
"What other animal, efficient, or similarly inefficient, is behaving so handsomely to man? And just what do I get in return for my services? Wages? No. Automobiles? No. Not even clothes. Food and some shelter is the sole compensation I draw. And the food is nothing to brag about, and the shelter far from wonderful."
"In conclusion, Mr. Ford, I am reminded of what another critic—also human, like yourself, but a little more generously disposed towards me—had to say on the same subject. This critic was W. D. Hoard, who once wrote as follows:
"The cow is the foster mother of the human race. From the day of the earliest Indians to this time have the thoughts of men turned to this kindly and beneficent creature as one of the chief sustaining forces of human life."
"Do you really think, Mr. Ford, that I deserve all the contempt you have heaped upon me?"
"Respectfully yours,
"THE HUMBLE COW."

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

LINDA'S EXPERT ADVICE
Linda crossed the living room and threw herself into a chair, as the sound of Andrew's footsteps died away in the corridor. She kept telling herself that she must get up and pack, but could not force herself to do it. She had not been away from Andrew since their marriage; how could she go now, with the cloud of this misunderstanding hanging over them? Perhaps if she didn't go—
She was still sitting there when Linda Boyce was announced. Linda came in slowly, looking unusually smart even for her in a new coat frock and little hat whose deep coloring set off her beauty perfectly. Her keen eyes surveyed

Patricia expertly.
"What have you been crying about?" she demanded. "Oh, don't deny it, Pat. I know the signs; they're on my own face, if anyone cared, to look closely enough."
"I've been crying because I'm going to visit my sister," Patricia answered, reluctantly. "Oh, don't laugh, I do want to see her, but I'm glad I'm going in a way. But I hate to leave Andrew." Not for worlds would she have confessed the whole truth, even to Linda.
"Well, I think it's a good idea, myself. All married people should separate once in a while. Perhaps if Dick and I had done it—oh, sometimes even now, after being married five years, I swear that

I'll walk straight out of the hotel and never, never come back. I'm so sick of my life!"
"You!" Patricia's eyes opened wide. She had known of Linda's discontent, but had not been prepared for such vehemence as this. "You, me, now, don't say, 'Why you have everything!' I haven't, and you know it. I'm like the rest of the husband tamers. When Dick and I were married, I thought it was simply wonderful that he was so ambitious, so eager to make loads of money and give me everything I wanted. I was pleased to have him proud of me; we didn't have much, and I used to hunt around in those funny little shops on Sixth Avenue, and buy dresses that were cheap, and then remodel them so that they were awfully smart. I made my own hats, and when Dick took me out to help entertain his business friends, I was perfectly happy."
"But after a while I got awfully tired of it. And about a year ago I realized that a wife can't be a man's partner as I've been Dick's. I'm as bad as a superwoman. I'm part of Dick's business, not part of his home. And I'm absolutely wretched. But it's too late to change things now. Dick has come to believe that going out a lot is necessary; he wouldn't be content now to stay home, and probably I wouldn't be either."
"Just see what we're interested in—theaters and all the things that draw crowds—the races, ball games, polo; I haven't acquired a taste for prize fights yet, but probably I'll do that, too, before long! Why, we ought to be talking about what school to send our son to next year, and whether to have our daughter's teeth straightened! But there isn't any son, or any daughter—there's just Dick and me, and when Dick's made all the money he can spend, or gets tired of making it, he's going to realize, as we do now, that life's a stupid thing for people who haven't any real

home, or any interest in each other. Oh, Pat, don't go the way I've gone!"
"I'm not going to!" exclaimed Patricia, suddenly moved to confide in her. "My going to visit my sister is just a pretext, really. Andrew and I have had things out, and I've told him that I'm going away to think this over."
She paused as the maid entered with a tray on which were a note and a jeweler's box. Patricia took them and dismissed her; probably Andrew was making a peace offering she told herself, as she opened the box.
Within was a wrist watch, an exquisite thing of platinum and diamonds, far lovelier than the one she had lost the day before. She gasped as she looked at it; Linda Boyce exclaimed over it enthusiastically.
The note was in writing strange to her; she read it at a glance, then went back over it slowly. "Please accept this in place of the one that meant so little to you, and let it mark on some future day at least a few hours that you and I may share, as we shared yesterday morning." It read. The signature scrawled beneath was Gregory Hewitt's.
Patricia flushed. "It's from Mr. Hewitt," she said, slowly.
Linda Boyce gave a low whistle. "Not that I know who he is," she commented, "but from the way you blush, I should think Andrew might better pay a little more attention to his wife."
"Oh Linda! I helped Andrew to entertain Mr. Hewitt!"
"So that was the way of it. Just a little token of appreciation; flowers and books are what I usually draw! Seems to me he must be especially grateful, to say it with diamonds!"
"I shall send it straight back to him!" Patricia declared, before she remembered that she did not know for people who haven't any real

Andrew what to do about it, when she saw him that afternoon.
"Take the goods the gods provide, my dear, and ask no questions," urged Linda. "Can I help you with your packing?"
Tomorrow—Fate's Little Joke.
PRISON MAY BE BIG ISSUE IN ELECTION
(Continued from Page One.)
Industries have been a favorite topic with him in his vocal exhortations about the state. It is his insistence that the prison expand to industries, when the physical plant will not allow for such expansion safely, that has been largely responsible for the lax discipline and numerous escapes that have featured his administration. In the opinion of qualified prison men who have been watching his experiment closely.
Disregarding warnings that discipline and close control of convicts engaged in prison industry cannot be maintained until all of the industries are confined within the walls, the governor has insisted that the industries be stressed.
Not Ready to Let Go.
This fact, together with his inability to get qualified prison executives to accept the wardenship with the handicaps he attached to the job, have been principally responsible for the large number of escapes incident to his administration. In his quiet for business executives to carry out his policies as regards the industries, the governor has forgotten that the penitentiary is a prison for the confinement of desperate men. He carefully avoids any reference to this aspect of the situation while stressing what he terms an economical administration of the penitentiary.
His work in transforming the prison, he has frequently said, is

only started and it is not within the realm of probabilities that in asking for another term as governor he will line up with any proposal to take the institution out of his hands. His open opposition to such a measure could logically be expected, opening the way for a clear-cut issue with the republican nominees in direct opposition.
With all of the publicity that has been given to the prison and the need for a strict administration of it as such, it would be desirable politics for any opponent of Pierce to line up with the advocates of a new system, and take the stump with him on that issue. Not only would such a candidate annex to himself a strongly established public sentiment, but he would rid himself of a vexing problem and a bushel of grief if elected.
The six wardens who have held sway over the prison in the past ten years are mute testimony to worry and gray hairs the institution can be to any governor, and a logical argument for the creation of a permanent prison policy.
The plan under discussion would call for a board of six non-salaried commissioners, two of whom would be replaced or re-appointed every two years, thus insuring a permanency of policy not now possible. How much it will figure in the coming election will depend, of course, upon the reaction to it of the various candidates.
Sponsors of the proposed measure plan to sound out Senator L. L. Patterson, Charles H. Hall, Sam Koser and all other potential candidates for the governorship before definitely launching their campaign for signatures to a initiative petition, and their plan of action will be shaped largely upon the re-action of these men to the scheme.

SHENANDOAH TO TOUR 11 STATES
Lakehurst, N. J., Sept. 2.—The Shenandoah was at her mooring mast today waiting to begin late in the afternoon a five-day trip covering eleven eastern and mid-west states.
The tentative schedule called for departure at 4 p. m. and arrival back at the naval air station late Sunday night or Monday morning after moving through the skies above New Jersey, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.
The Shenandoah will try to complete the flight upon which the Los Angeles embarked several months ago. One feature of the trip will be the mooring of the giant craft at a mast recently erected in Detroit for dirigibles by Henry Ford.
At a speed of 30 miles an hour the Shenandoah will fly from Lakehurst to Philadelphia, Wheeling, W. Va., Zanesville, Ohio, Dayton, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Ind., Springfield, Ill., and Scott field, Illinois.
QUEEN MOTHER OF OREGON PIONEERS DEAD
Hillsboro, Or., Sept. 2.—Mrs. Catherine Julia Adams, 97, queen mother of the Oregon Pioneers' association, died Tuesday at the home of her son, William C. Adams, near Hillsboro.
Mrs. Adams was elected queen mother of the association in June,

1920. She was the third of the association's queens.
Besides her son, Mrs. Adams leaves a daughter, Mrs. Flora Pio, 1125 East Harrison street, Portland, 20 grandchildren, 19 great grandchildren and four great great grandchildren.
WANTS TO OPEN SEASIDE BANK
J. E. Bentley, who has applied to the state banking department for a charter to organize a new bank at Seaside will be given a hearing by the state banking board this afternoon. The charter was refused by Frank C. Bramwell, state superintendent of banks, and Bentley, appealed to the board. Indications are that the charter will not be granted.
The most important of several meetings scheduled here today is a session of the state irrigation securities commission which will consider problems of the Tumalo and Lone Pine districts. The question of a further guarantee of interest for the Tumalo will come up, and what action will be taken is conjectural.
The state land board will meet during the day, and some time during the afternoon representatives of the hydro-electric movement and Homeowners Council of Portland will appear before the governor. The governor said this will not be an official meeting and that nothing requiring a decision will be discussed. A bill that was before the 1925 legislature providing for the formation of districts for hydro-electric development failed to pass.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher