

Capital Journal

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

Salem Hog Spirit

The city council has again voted to raise the tax license to drive in Salem from \$25 to \$100 a year just before fair time and then put it back again to \$25 immediately after the fair. This is done to shut out competition and give Salem taxi drivers a monopoly of fair traffic.

This action was denounced by Alderman Dancy who pointed out that the fair is a state and not a Salem fair and that if outside taxi lines desired to compete for traffic, they should have the same opportunity as local.

Mr. Dancy is right in his position. The increased license is unjustifiable and smacks of graft. If local taxi lines can not hold their own with outsiders without municipal protection, they ought to get into some other business.

It is high time that this provincial attitude of treating the state fair and other state institutions as local affairs ceased. Time was when local restaurants and hotels raised rates for fair time. This practice has pretty well gone into the discard and other discriminations, similar to this, should follow. They are signs of the hick town.

We thought we had the old Salem hog spirit killed—but official actions like this show that it survives in spots. The way for Salem to show her appreciation of the fair and her cooperation in making the fair a success, is to give everyone a square deal and make the visit here so pleasant that it will be frequently repeated.

No Chance

The Corvallis Gazette-Times prints the following:

Suggestion to the Salem Journal: Get one of the convicts to break out long enough to open the governor's safe and get the report of the special investigating committee on the state penitentiary. If the boys are too well satisfied to break out right now, get a trusty.

Easier said than done. We can understand why any yegg should break into Dal's country club, but we cannot understand why any one in should break out, especially anyone who enjoys good food and a carefree existence, who likes plenty of entertainment, who is fond of movies, baseball and prize fights, with an after dinner pipe of Merawanna during the evening's radio concert, and a concluding game of poker, a colorful existence brightened with flowers from and tete-a-tetes with sobsters as a side attraction.

Of course there may be a few intellectuals on the Murray, Kelley and Willos order remaining within the walls, willing to leave the comforts of home, but it would require a mental examination by the celebrated criminologist Gus Anderson to find out, and the governor is not likely to sanction it for the purpose of losing his report.

There is even less chance of securing a trusty to crack the governor's safe, for they can raise all the cash they need by simply passing bad checks about town and have too good a time as it is. Besides fair time is nearly here, and the "boys" look forward to it as a gala event, where they can trip the light fantastic with maidens fair, under the harvest moon.

Meanwhile Governor Pierce, like Lady Macbeth, trying to wash her hands of the damned spot, is hoping the people will forget all about it. At any rate, he is not going to refresh the public mind by printing this expose of prison scandal.

The Talking Serpent

(By Adolph Roeder in the Messenger)

Aesop, the naive philosopher of ancient Greece in one of his fables tells the story of a farmer who picks up a frozen serpent, warms it in his bosom and is bitten for his pains. As he remonstrates with the serpent, the latter talks back and tells him, crudely, that he is fond for thinking anything but ingratitude would be the result of such misplaced kindness.

No one is mystified by the story. No one believes that it ever actually took place. No one misunderstands the symbolism. Every one knows that that particular serpent signifies or typifies or symbolizes some in the world. No one asks at what date or in what place the event transpired, because everyone knows that there is neither time nor place with the spirit of ingratitude. It may be found everywhere and at all times among human beings.

Wagner in his "Ring des Nibelungen" tells of how Siegfried kills Fafnir, the great serpent dragon who guards the hoard of treasure of the Nibelungen. When Siegfried first approaches the cave, Fafnir, the giant dragon unrolls his coils from the cave, yawns and talks to Siegfried. Does any one ever stop to think that this event took place at any specific time or place? Does any one believe that Fafnir is a real, literal or historic serpent? How absurd! Everyone knows that that serpent signifies, typifies and symbolizes the spirit of greed, and that the entire story of the "Ring" concerns itself most directly with the results of the "greed of gold," which is part and parcel of the "sense-man," whom all symbolists and writers of folk-lore and other symbol-stories have ever called "the serpent," when it was greedy of things low in the scale of things, and on which they put wings when it aspired in its greed for things a bit higher in the scale. And putting wings on the serpent builds him into a dragon.

Have you ever tried this tendency of the "sense-man"—of the sense of sight, of hearing, of touch—and seen how it craves and wants everything in sight? Try it some time. Walk through a department store and note how, as you see various things your "sense-man" whispers, "My, but I would like to have one of those." That bracelet, that string of pearls, that camp-

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

The Rapids of Love's Stream

Patricia's heart sank as Gregory Hewitt asked those sharp, eager questions. "What's your brother-in-law's name? And just where is the railroad to be built?" "He's Keith Willoughby," she answered tremulously. "And the road was to be in Arizona somewhere, near some quicksilver mines in which he has a controlling interest."

Gregory's face cleared; he laughed and leaned forward to pat her hand.

"That's all right, then," he told her. "The road I mentioned to you didn't happen to be this one, which as it happens is not to be built. So don't you worry your pretty head about it any more. Now, when are you and I going to have our little party? How about dining with me this evening? You got to run away from the town that's at my heels, or I'll go mad."

Patricia hesitated. She didn't want to go to dinner with him, because she had a feeling that she was playing with fire; something in his manner, something new, yet a development of what had been there before, warned her that the hint of sentiment in his interest in her might be more than a hint if she continued to see him.

Yet she could not help feeling that he was a link with home, with the world where she had belonged for so long; not this new world in which her sister lived, where she didn't know the people and couldn't understand their laughing allusions to their own and each other's affairs. He was so interesting, so much more clever than Keith and the other men whom she had seen at Carol's. And to them she had been just Carol's sister; they had been polite and cordial,

but they hadn't been especially interested in her.

Hewitt was different. Then, too, she owed him something for his kindness in taking her blunder as he had. She did not let herself go on and think of what he might have said had the circumstances been different, the railroad the one in which Keith was interested. And there might be a chance, even yet, of doing what her husband had hoped to do, and bringing it about that Hewitt would retain Andrew's firm as his attorney. That prospect brought enthusiasm to her voice and eyes as she answered him.

"I'd love to dine with you," she told him.

"Wonderful! Could you meet me at the Blackstone at six? Then we can drive to a charming place I know of out on the lake shore in time for dinner."

She left a few moments later, happy in the thought of the little adventure. Her clothes wouldn't do—she had come into town in a tall oiled frock and hat, and for dinner she would want something softer.

But if she went clear out to Carol's and then came in on the train after she had dressed, that would be such a nuisance. By the time she met Hewitt she'd feel a wreck.

"I'll phone Carol, and then spend the afternoon 'shopping,'" she decided. "Then I won't have to explain anything." Keith would take such interest if he knew that she was dining with Hewitt, and she'd have to explain, and that would be annoying!

She telephoned, and was told by a maid that Carol was at the club. "Then just take a message; tell her that I am staying in town; dine with friends, and won't be

home till later than I had expected," answered Patricia, and hung up the receiver with a sigh of relief. She wouldn't even have to explain to Carol!

That afternoon was a delight. She spent part of it looking at some frocks that were newly arrived from Paris, and finally bought one of an intriguing new shade of purple, as dull and lusterless as black grapes. There must be a smart black hat to go with it, some of her favorite bistre-tinted gloves, nude, chiffon hose and black pumps, and when she had finished those purchases, she felt a victim to some exquisite lingerie, and bought recklessly.

A Turkish bath at the small smart establishment favored by Carol's friends, and mentioned that morning by Leobel, a nap in the delightful little dressing room assigned her, a session with the hairdresser, and another delightful one when the maid brought her half a dozen different assortments of make-up, and she experimented with all of them, finally choosing powder, lip rouge and powder for her eyelids quite unlike any she had ever used before.

"Mademoiselle is very beautiful," commented the maid who fastened her frock.

"Mademoiselle chances to be madame," corrected Patricia, with an excited little laugh. She was thrilled at the thought of dining with Gregory Hewitt, thrilled at the possible outcome. She would talk about Andrew, would convince him that her husband was a wonderful man. Husband taming again! When a small inner voice suggested that there might be other results of that dinner than gain to Andrew, she deliberately refused to listen.

Tomorrow—A Good Word for Andrew.

Huntington Beach, Cal.—Mildred Boyd won what is believed to be the first negro bathing beauty contest on the Pacific coast.

ON THE AIR

SATURDAY NIGHT

(Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10-12 P. M., Dwight Johnson's Strollers, by wire telephony from the Indian grill of the Multnomah hotel.
KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361—3-10 P. M. San Jose high school band; George T. Mathews, director; Ted Duncan, saxophonist; Olga Leeman, soprano; Frank Clark, pianist; A. Terrence Tait, contralto; Antone Tomacic, concertina soloist.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 423.3—9-35 P. M., Waldemar Lind and the States restaurant orchestra; 8-12, Jack Conkley's Cabarets.

KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 457—5:30, Los Angeles Examiner matinee program; 6, MacDaniels' nightly doings and amusement information service; 6:45, Radiatorial period, discussion of current topics; radio, invention, world news, educational programs, etc.; 7, program by the Ishbel-Boyd string quartet and Ralph Kelly, tenor, and Virginia Flohr, soprano; 8, program presented by Los Angeles Examiner; 9, an "At Home" program presented informally by KFI favorites in various items of music and expression; 10, Packard radio club, featuring V. G. Watts and his wife; Dorothy Cleveland Jack Kurtz, Ralph Vincent and the Carlson sisters; 11, KFI midnite frolic; Don Mcaney presenting stars of current and stage; William Headline (B. B.), master of ceremonies; program until 3 A. M.

SENDAY
(Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10:25 A. M., services by wire telephony from the First Presbyterian church; 7:55 P. M., service by wire telephony from the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

ELECTION IS DELAYED BY VETO THREAT

(Continued from Page One.)

Utide Alderman Patton moved that the bill be tabled until the mayor's return. Dancy seconded the motion, declaring there was no need in calling a special election to vote on one measure only, that the mayor's reported assertion that he would veto the others had damned them in the minds of the people and would result in their defeat, also that it gave the impression that the mayor lacked confidence in the council. After Patton's motion had carried, Dancy moved that all the other ballot measure ordinances be likewise tabled and it was done. These were a bill for a levy of 1 1/2 mills for bridge construction, bill for a \$20,000 bond issue for fire equipment and the special election ordinance itself.

Several routine ordinance bills were passed. They were:

Assessing the cost of improving University street from Mill to Bellevue, \$2154.59.
Assessing the cost of improving Luther street from Fir to Fairmount, \$3189.21.
Assessing the cost of improving South Church street from Lefelle to Howard, \$4986.98.

Assessing the cost of improving Church street from Hoyt to Oxford, \$6738.79.
Accepting the dedication of land from H. C. and Marie B. Wyatt for highway purposes, off Center street at about 16th street, to be called Wyatt Court.
Increasing the taxicab license fee from \$25 to \$100.
Ordinance bills given first and second readings were:

An amendment relative to the ordinance regulating the storing of inflammable materials.

Granting the Western Paper Converting company and the Southern Pacific a franchise for a spur track on Front street.

With only Alderman Dancy and Thompson voting against it, the council took from the table and granted a petition for the establishment of a gasoline filling station on South Center street near Belmont. Dancy and Thompson were against it because parking of automobiles is not allowed in that district.

A petition was received for a sewer in the alley in block 5, Eddy's addition.

Resolutions were adopted covering plans and specifications for the improvement of the alley in block 26.
Mrs. Don Macy presented a claim against the city for \$24.40 covering damages to her automobile when it ran into a street barricade at night where no warning light had been placed.

NOTI MILL OWNER KILLED
Eugene, Or., Sept. 11.—Wilbur A. Bourgeois, 41, president of the Bourgeois & Evans Lumber company at Noti, was instantly killed yesterday morning when he was caught on the main drive belt at the company's plant and dashed against a pile of lumber.
His neck was broken when he struck the lumber. A bruise on the shoulder was the only other indication of injury. Bourgeois was one of the owners of the mill and had been connected with the firm about five years.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The state of Idaho will sell at auction many farms and they can be had for 10 per cent cash and the balance divided into 40 payments due annually in successive years. The land is all choice ground relinquished by settlers during the last few years of post-war depression.

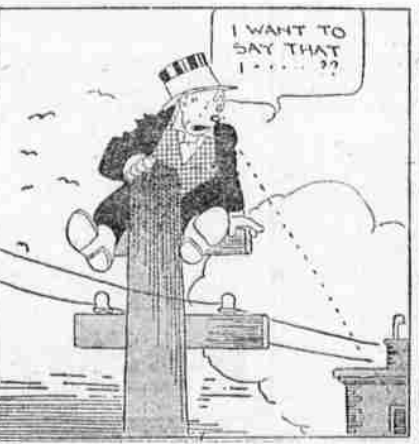
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



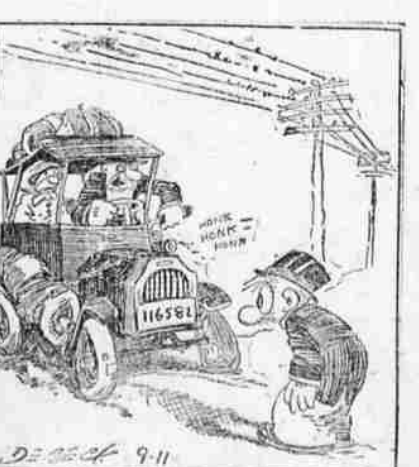
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

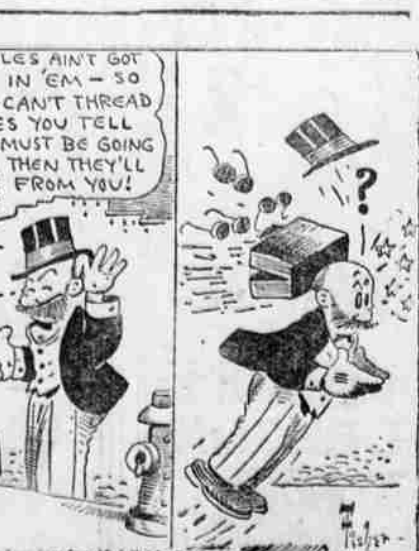
BARNEY GOOGLE



By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

And This Idea All Came Out of Jeff's Bean, Imagine!



By Bud Fisher