

Capital Journal

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

Flax Is Flax

Typical of the value of the weekly propaganda issued by State Market Agent C. E. Spence to the farmer, is the bright idea put forth to flax-growers under date of October 29, as follows:

NEW FLAX HARVESTING MACHINE

The Campbell ranch in Montana is working out a system that might be well worth while for flax growers of the Willamette Valley to investigate, that of harvesting flax from the windrow by a combined harvester-thresher that it is claimed will cut the cost from 15 to 6 cents per bushel.

Flax is flax to Mr. Spence—it all looks alike to him and he does not know that there are two entirely different varieties—the one grown in Oregon for fibre and the one grown in Montana for seed (linseed) and that the use of the combined harvester-thresher on Oregon flax would completely destroy its market value.

For the market master's benefit, it can be said that seed flax is grown very largely as a breaking crop on the prairies. It is sprawling and many branched, and usually harvested with a header. From the seed, linseed oil is pressed and the broken straw is used for upholstery tow and paper stock. Fibre flax has much smaller seed, grown on a single stalk, and the straw fibre is utilized for the manufacture of linen.

Isn't it fine for the taxpayers to pungle up \$3,000 a year and expenses for such valuable advice as that put out weekly by the erudite Mr. Spence, who presents weekly solutions for the cure of the farmer's economic ills with the same painstaking study and intelligence that he shows in advising Oregon flax growers?

What's In a Name?

Says that interesting and brilliantly conducted journal of the metropolis, the Portland Spectator:

The Capital Journal moves that the name of the state capital be changed from Salem to Chemeteka. That's a capital idea, and The Spectator will second the motion, if the Capital Journal will tell us how Chemeteka should be pronounced.

The esteemed Spectator errs. The Capital Journal suggested that the name of Salem be changed to that of the ancient village that for centuries occupied the site, Chemeketa, not Chemeteka, because there are 27 Salems in as many states and the name has no special historical associations and is not in any sense original or distinctive of Oregon.

What's in a name? Advertising. The fact that Oregon papers cannot get the name Chemeketa straight or even pronounce it correctly, shows the potential possibilities of the publicity to be secured by adopting it. When the Oregon papers pass around funny and facetious paragraphs about Chemeketa, as they are doing, and crack jokes about it being necessary to sneeze and wheeze to pronounce the word, one can imagine the millions of dollars worth of free publicity that would be assured in the nation at large when the joke-smiths get busy. Such comment was worth millions to Henry Ford and would be equally advantageous to Salem.

The Capital Journal stresses the commercial advantages to be secured by a change of name simply because every city in the land, including our own, is raising and spending money to secure publicity, but the sentimental and practical advantages of a change of name from Salem to Chemeketa are equally obvious.

A Good Suggestion

Referring to the Pendleton Round-up and similar rodeos cultivating an appeal to barbarism through unnecessary cruelty to animals, the state Parent-Teachers association at its annual convention, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved: That we, in convention assembled, do herewith express our disapproval of these performances, and we protest to those cities and towns in our state which sponsor them, against any recurrence. We further desire to express to their managers our belief that these occasions could be made much more interesting and attractive through the elaboration of the pageantry features, which would give in wonderful colorful detail the picturesque development of the Oregon Country from its earliest pioneer days.

Cruelty to animals as practiced at the Round-up is due to the commercialization of the rodeo by professionals whose range experience is confined to public performances and movie pictures. It was unknown in the development of the west, just as the buckaroo strut, bulldogging swagger and ten gallon hat. The annual rodeo brought together the herds for the branding of mavericks and was followed by a saturnalia of gambling, drinking, sports and horse-racing.

Cruelty repels as many as it attracts and the Round-up will be a better patronized show if it adopts the suggestion of the Parents-Teachers circles.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

NEW TRIALS
Marie found Herbert Lindsay alone in the library, he summoned the butler to bring tea as soon as she came in, and although she had had her tea while Madeline had supper, urged her to have some with him.
They were talking about Madeline when Mrs. Lindsay came in. She wore an elaborate afternoon gown of velvet trimmed with ermine, and even more jewels than she had had on when she interviewed Marie that morning.
She came in temptuously, paused when she saw that Marie was having tea with her husband, then sauntered across the room, her eyebrows lifted unpleasantly.
"I don't know that tea was being served here or I'd have had mine with you," she remarked.
"Miss Lane, I understand that you've been teaching my daughter to sew. Will you be good enough to tell me just why?"
"Why, I—I—" stammered Marie.

too much surprised to be self-possessed. "She had taken a cushion from the seat in the elevator, and didn't tell the truth about it when she was questioned. She said she would take it again, for her dog, and I suggested that we make one."
"Now, you might as well understand one thing, Miss Lane," Mrs. Lindsay sat down on the wide couch opposite Marie and lighted a cigarette. "I realize that Madeline sometimes—exaggerates, what we say; she is imaginative, and very temperamental; she is like me in disposition. But she does not lie. And I won't have her accused of not telling the truth. If you are going to remain in my employ as her nursemaid I must insist that you use common sense, always."
"Another thing, I won't have her doing sewing and other menial things. She'll ruin her hands. They'll be all pin pricks and the shape of her fingers will be ruined."
"She doesn't have to do such

things for herself, never will, and I don't intend to have her learn them. That is all; you may go now, but be more careful in the future."
Marie rose, her cheeks flushed with resentment, but before she could even turn toward the door Herbert Lindsay spoke.
"Just a moment, please, Miss Lane," he said, rising. "You said that Madeline made that cushion for her dog. She did not make it for me, as she said she did."
"No, she—she didn't," Marie replied, wishing that she had not mentioned the cushion.
"I feel that Madeline's tendency to exaggerate—must be curbed," he went on, and his eyes begged Marie to understand the situation, and to realize that he did not agree with his wife about their young daughter. "It is likely to make difficulties for her when she is older. If you can help us in overcoming this tendency of hers to be untruthful both Mrs. Lindsay and I will appreciate it."
Marie saw the storm clouds were gathering, from the expression of Katherine Lindsay's face. She hardly knew what to say.
"I'm very sorry about letting Madeline sew, Mrs. Lindsay," she said, quietly. "I shan't do it again, of course. And—"
She had intended to reply to Herbert Lindsay's remark, but his wife gave her no opportunity to do so.
"Very well; just be careful in the future," Mrs. Lindsay answered and turning her back began to discuss their engagements for the evening with her husband.
Marie left the room with a murmured "Good evening," to which only Herbert Lindsay replied, and walked through the hall, to her hotel. She meant to spend her first free day in finding a room in cheaper quarters.
She had written a note to Caroline Phillips and Ellen Jamison the evening before, telling them that she was going to look for a position and wanted to give them

ON THE AIR

SATURDAY NIGHT

(Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—12:30-1:30 p. m. concert, courtesy Pacific States Electric company; 9-12, dance music by Herman Kenia's Multinomial hotel orchestra by wire telephony from the Indian grille of the Multinomial hotel.
KGO, Oakland, Cal., 361—8:19 p. m., Halloween program Arion trio; Alice Andrine, soprano; Hilliard Collins, flute; Ruth Hunt, pianist; G. Franklin Roberts, baritone; Ricketty-Racketty radio minstrels; 10-12, dance music, Hotel St. Francis.
KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 432.3—8:30-7:30 p. m., Waldemar Lind orchestra; 8-12, California orchestra.
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—7 p. m., Hollywood entertainers; 8, Examiner program; 9, Label-Boyd quartet; 10, Packard Radio club; 11-3 a. m., midnite frolic.
SUNDAY
(Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10:15 a. m., services of the Church of Our Father (Unitarian), by wire telephony; 7:25 p. m., services of the First Presbyterian church by wire telephony

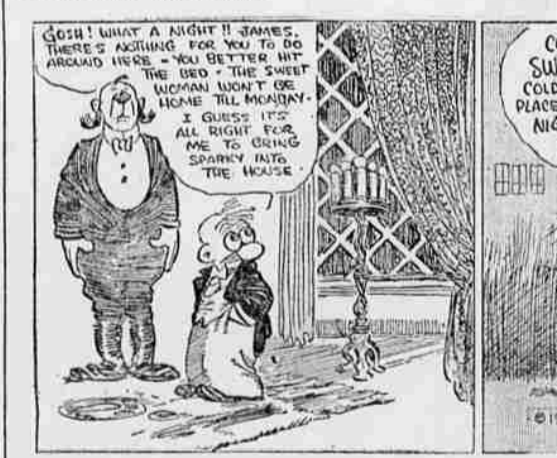
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



My Line o' Talk

Everett Earle Stanard

INDIAN SUMMER

Sip the nectar, busy bee,
Revel in it, little bummer,
Here's the time for song and glee,
Indian Summer!

Humming bird, do all your tricks,
Southward swiftly went the swallows,
Better get in your best ticks,
And then follow.

Crickets, chirrup loud and shrill,
Skies will soon be getting glum-mer,
And the time comes when you will
Be much dumber.

Katy, tell us what you did,
Katy, it is now or never,
You the snows right soon will bid
Hush forever.

Hoppers in the grass, play on,
Go it, flier, fiddler, drummer;
Here we have in Washington,
Indian Summer!

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MUTT AND JEFF



aprint for the house where the solons were sitting. He entered, and immediately moved that the rules be suspended so that he could introduce a bill. The surprised law-makers, thinking that there must be a reason for immediate action, voted for the bill against duelling as it almost less time than it takes to tell of it, the law was in operation. It applied to the whole of the west district then controlled by the Provisional Government of Oregon.

Historic Adventure

Roos Cox? The adventures of Roos Cox on the North Pacific coast make the best of reading. By reason of the glowing accounts he had heard of the Columbia river district, and the ease with which fortunes could be accumulated there, this young New Yorker in October, 1811, took employment as clerk with John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur company, and was sent on board the ship, Beaver, to Fort Astoria. He was on the ocean six months and six weeks, arriving at the fort on the Columbia, May tenth, 1812.
Cox remained in the Columbia river district for six years. He was up and down the river more than eighteen times, and did not leave the Pacific coast until April, 1817. When, by reason of the war of 1812, the Astor project ended in failure, Cox allied himself with the Northwesters. While he worked for that company and for Astor he was associated with such historic characters as McKenzie, McDougal, Kaminah, Pilet, Seton, Ross, Crooks, Franchere, Clarke, McLellan, Wilson, Price Hunt and the Stuarts.
Lost
At one time Cox was lost in the wilds of the Okanogan country for two weeks. He managed to subsist on wild cherries until he worked his way out of the unknown region, into a place where there was an Indian encampment.
It was when Cox was on his way up the river with a party of tr-

pers that he became separated from his companions. After a dinner on shore, Cox wandered off a short distance, sat down on a sunny bank and fell asleep. The shades of evening were falling when he awoke, and his fellows not having been able to find him, gave him up for dead, and went on up the river. Probably they thought that some wild beast had devoured him.
For days and days the unfortunate trapper wandered in the uncharted depths of the present state of Washington. He met with a series of astounding adventures, and his escapes from wolves, bears and rattle-snakes were little short of marvelous. But at the end of the fourteen days, Cox was found and rescued by friendly Indians, and by them taken to the company's fort on the Okanogan.

Author of Book

Cox was one of three clerks in the service of Astor to write a Journal. Cox's book, first published in 1812, is entitled "The Columbia River," or "A Six Year's Residence on the Banks of the Columbia River." It is valuable historically because of the picture which it gives of Fort Astoria, and the accounts given of the interior of the old Oregon country, beginning with the summer of 1812.
Publishers of certain editions of the book state:
"Those who love to read of battle, murder and sudden death, will in Cox's description of the dangers and privations to which the life of an Indian trader is subject find much to gratify their taste; while to such as are fond of nature, in its rudest and most savage forms, he trusts his sketches of the wild and wandering tribes of western America may not be found uninteresting."
New York—A rifle disguised as a walking stick has been seized by the police in their drive against crime.

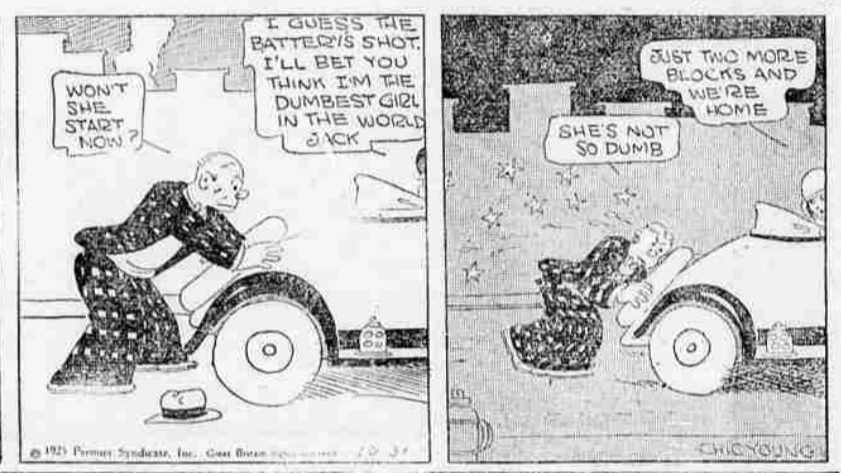
BEARCAT LETTERMEN TO FORM ORGANIZATION

Announcement was made this morning of a permanent organization to be formed of all former lettermen of Willamette university. Jay Rathbun, Willamette coach, now has the names of nearly 200 letter men who have graduated from the university here, he stated today.
The idea was first proposed at the time of the alumni game with the 1895 team this fall. Members of the old team fell in with the idea, discussing it at the banquet held at the Marion hotel that night. Since then Rathbun has been busy getting names and addresses of old W. men.

Tree Tea ORANGE PEKOE

"Say it together"
Only when you "say it together"—Tree Tea Orange Pekoe—will you get the utmost in orange pekoe enjoyment. And, equally enjoyable, you will pay less!

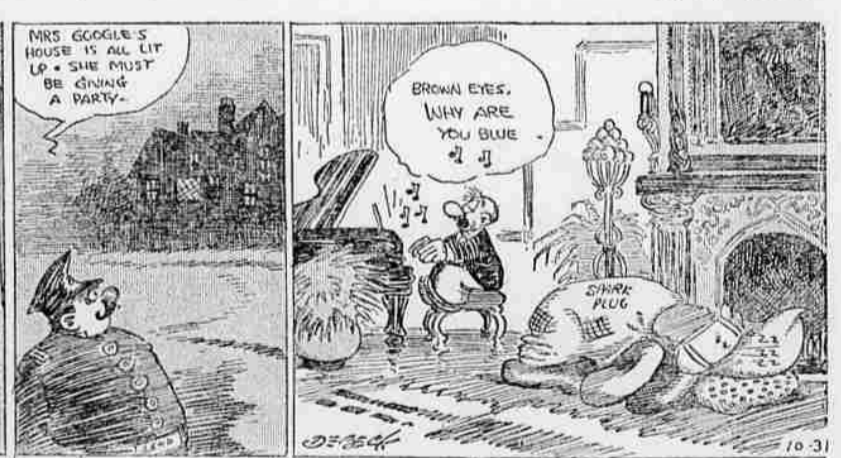
By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER



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MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher