

# Capital Journal

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

## Two Governors

As was to be expected Governor Pierce has declared that he is opposed to the Capital Journal's suggestion for a merger of the state university and agricultural college under a common board of regents with President Kerr in charge of the program of consolidation as head of the super-university. The executive states that within ten years the state will have grown up to the two institutions of higher learning.

The governor's attitude is consistent, for despite his promise to cut taxation in half, he has presented no constructive program of reduction and effected no economies of administration. His efforts have been devoted to securing new sources of taxation to provide more money for tax-eaters to spend and more jobs for politicians. When it was possible to secure two state institutions to do the work of one, he has championed it, as in the case of the needless new boys training school.

In marked contrast to the attitude of Oregon's governor, is that of Governor Hartley of Washington, as depicted in his message to the legislature of last week. Washington, like Oregon, is cursed with two rival competing higher educational institutions in constant antagonism. Mr. Hartley declares:

More and more pronounced becomes the tendency to regard the higher educational institutions as above and beyond state control. The time is coming, if not already here, when there must be a showdown as to whether these institutions hold their right and title to existence from the state or whether the state exists through sufferance of the institutions of higher learning. \* \* \* Such performances must be stopped or educational and economic disaster will ensue. They will never be stopped until all of the higher educational institutions are brought under the control of one governing and directing body, clothed with ample authority to lay down courses of action, both as to finances and curricula, and given power to compel compliance therewith.

Therefore, I recommend that the boards of regents of the State University and the State College and the boards of trustees of the three State Normal Schools be abolished and all their vested powers and duties be transferred to a non-salaried lay board of educational administration of nine members, appointed by the governor. \* \* \* that the present fixed tax levies for these institutions be abolished; that no general fund appropriations be made at this session for operations, except the customary items for the State College to secure federal funds and to carry on experimental work.

Has any one of the numerous candidates for governor of Oregon the courage and stamina to publicly advocate a similar reform in our own educational system, the installation of common-sense business methods, the substitution of a common control in place of divided control which always makes for inefficiency, duplication and extravagance? Has the direct primary left us any leaders that lead instead of following along lines of least resistance for most votes? If we have, where are they?

## Tootin' their Whistles

Not to be outdone in enterprise by the Portland Journal which pursued Santa Claus into Arctic wilds, the Oregonian has added to the nuisance of needless noises of the metropolis, a whistle. When it toots thrice, it is time to take a drink, but once is a signal to tune in for a little static to be followed by a wuxtra, for something has happened to somebody somewhere.

Thus the Oregonian keeps fearlessly abreast of the times by tooting its whistle. Perhaps if its progressiveness continues, a shrill blast will yet herald the discovery of the Ku Klux Klan, or of fundamentalism, or of police graft in Portland or other news the public has been unable to learn about in its columns.

It is now up to the Telegram to join the procession of journalistic progress by installing a siren to announce its various editions and thus contribute its share of clamor to the babble of bedlam.

## SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

**"YOU DARLING"**  
Marie dressed very carefully for dinner on the evening when she was to see Bob Randall for the first time since his trip out of town. She was the more careful because in her heart she did not want to face him again. She was afraid of what she might do, afraid that she might tell him that she would marry him—and yet afraid that she might not.

wondering about Billy—she had time even when she was working for the Lindsaya. But if she was filling her life with other people, as during her marriage to Billy she had filled it with him her days would be far happier.

And to mean something to other people—after all, that was what she must do.  
Then too, there would be Bob. She would not deny to herself that life with Bob as her husband would be happy, happier than it could be with anyone else but Billy. Only Billy didn't want to get married again, and if anything happened that he didn't actually do it—

That half question was answered just as she slipped into the green-gold evening frock that she was to wear—a gift from Caroline when the telephone rang. She went to the extension on the table beside

Urged on by Caroline Phillips she was trying hard to be "reasonable," and realize that if she married Randall she would have a life that was outlined definitely, while, if she went on as she had since returning from Paris and getting her divorce, she would just be drifting.

Caroline sat watching while her maid brushed Marie's hair and arranged it.

"You're prettier than you used to be; there's more character in your face," she told Marie, "you could really count for something in the world, if you'd forget to be upset about Billy."

"Yes, I know—but Caroline, Billy—" Marie hesitated, stopped; could she tell Caroline that Billy wanted to get out of marrying Janney? Caroline did not wait for her to finish the sentence.

you're trying to live Billy's life as well as your own," she declared curtly. "It isn't fair to him. You helped during his years of poverty but you can't help him now. He's got to go his own way—and so has Janney, and so have you. Now, if you marry Bob Randall and as his wife enter into the charitable work that you can do, you'll have to sit wondering about Billy. And you'll mean something to other people, instead of only to yourself."

Those were the arguments that persuaded Marie. No time to sit

### 1000 BEER MUGS 50 COFFEE CUPS HURLED IN RIOT

Chemnitz, Saxony, Germany, Nov. 20.—(A.P.)—A thousand beer mugs, five hundred coffee cups and six hundred tables and chairs were used as arguments with smashing effect, in a discussion of the topic, "Lenin or Hitler," staged by local fascists last evening. (Hitler is the Bavarian fascist leader.)  
When the beer mug battle was over, sixty of the participants required bandages and one was so severely hurt that he died.  
When the police reached the hall many of the communists jumped through the broken windows into the garden. The ringleaders when arrested were found to be armed with clubs.

her bed.  
"Yes!" she waited a moment, then Billy's voice came to her over the phone.  
"Marie, I'm afraid I may have disturbed you last night by something I said," he told her. "I had a few drinks on the way home from the factory, and—well, don't take what I said about not wanting to marry Janney too seriously. She's a great youngster, and I've just been trying to persuade her to move our wedding up a few days. She says it can't be done, of course but I'm still hoping that she'll do away with all the frills at the church and let me take her to a justice of the peace instead. So, you see—"  
Marie felt as if her heart had turned to ice in her breast. Why had he hurt her this way, she demanded of herself. She sank down weakly on the bed, her face so pale that Caroline Phillips came running to her side.  
"What is it, dear? Are you ill? Celeste—" to her maid, "run for some water and the smelling salts—that are on my dressing table."  
"No, I'm all right," Marie protested. After all, Billy wouldn't want her to misunderstand, or to worry. He'd just been thoughtful, that was all.  
She insisted on going downstairs a moment later; she was half-way down the wide, curving flight when Bob Randall came up the other one that led from the lower hall to the drawing room. He ran up the last few steps impulsively, and caught both her hands in his.  
"Marie," he exclaimed, "how good it is to see you! Tell me dear—tell me, you're not going to keep me waiting any longer, are you? You're going to marry me, and soon, aren't you?"  
A wistful little smile curved her mouth; her great eyes were sad.  
"I can't ever love you as I did Billy," she told him, slowly.  
"It still care a good deal for him?"  
"You care for him as he used to

## Passengers Die Asleep in Telescoped Train



PENNSYLVANIA TRAIN WRECK. (AP)

Two sleeping cars on the Washington Express were telescoped when the Western Express from St. Louis, also of the Pennsylvania system, and en route to New York crashed into the former at Monmouth Junction, N. J., in a heavy fog. Many of the passengers were killed in their berths.

not leap at once—why hesitate any longer?  
"Not tomorrow," she told him, as he took her in his arms, "but next week."  
"You darling!" he exclaimed, his lips seeking hers.  
Tomorrow—"Off With The Old Love."

### BROADACRES

Mrs. Woodward, wife of the American Consul in Nova Scotia was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wood.  
Mrs. M. A. Overland has returned from Albany after a visit of several weeks with relatives.

A fine piano has been placed in Broadacres school. This was made possible by the Social club of last year turning over to the fund money realized from various entertainments and also through the efforts of the Parent-Teacher recently organized here.  
Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Rinehart have returned home after a visit of several weeks with their daughter at Dec.  
Mrs. Mary Fulkerson of Salem county school superintendent, visited Broadacres school Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bass and son and daughter and Miss Vera Wood have returned from St. Helena where they were guests for several days of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Starkey.

Miss Esther Loezy is again in charge of Brown Broad store after a vacation of several weeks.

At the last meeting of the P. T. A. it was decided to have a basket social at the school house early in December.

Mrs. Florence Weiber was elected president and Miss Helen Kowach secretary-treasurer of the P. T. A. recently organized. The former is principal of the school and the latter teaches the primary grades.

## COUNTY BUDGET BEING DRAFTED

With figures of expenditures virtually completed for the year for submission to the county court by County Clerk Boyer, it is expected by next week various county activities will start work next week on their budgets for the coming year.

Under the law the court is to have the budget passed on in December and also to hold a budget-committee meeting, the budget-committee consisting of the court and three citizens selected by the court.  
The date for the budget meeting has not been set, the law requiring that the budget be published twice before the hearing, the last publication to be not less than 10 days before the hearing by the budget committee.

# Coal

Unloading  
**N. P. ROSLYN**  
Bituminous Coal  
1 Ton \$13.00  
2 Tons or More

## \$12.50

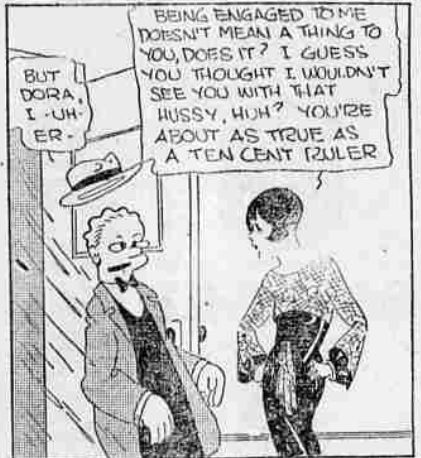
Phone your order to make sure of this low price, right now, to

### Hillman Fuel COMPANY

Telephone 1855

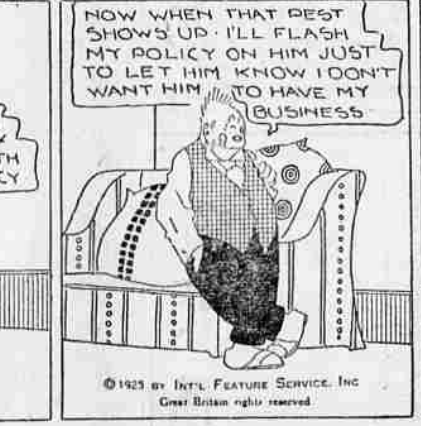
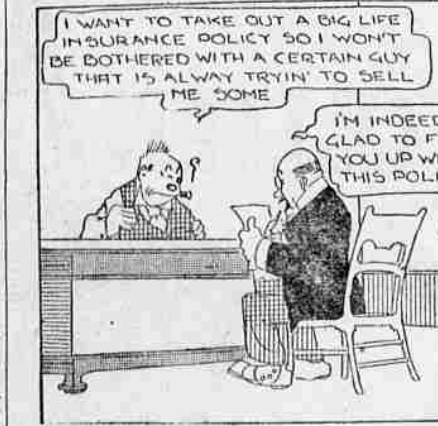
By Chick Young

### DUMB DORA



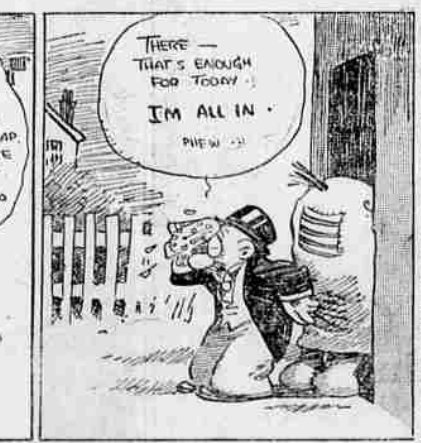
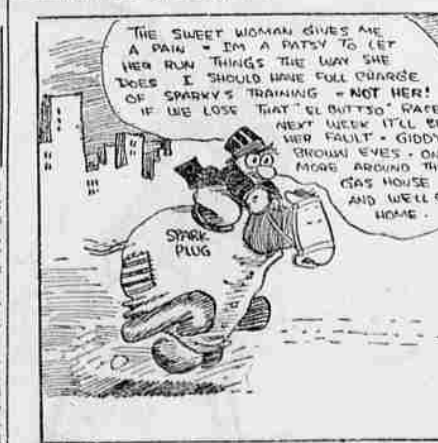
By George McManus

### BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

### BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

### MUTT AND JEFF



By Dan Cupid

### As Dan Cupid Mutt Pulls a Terrible Boner

ONE O'CLOCK, M-M!

MY SECRETARY MUST HAVE DROPPED DEAD!

SIR SIDNEY, I'LL WAGER MY LAST POUND ON THESE!

SECRETARY!! BAH!!! I'M GOING HOME!

BONG BONG!!

BAH JOVE, MUTT OLD DEAR, I MUST CALL: I HAVE FOUR ACES!