

Capital Journal

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

Applesauce

If there is one thing the politicians are expert at dishing, it is applesauce; if there is one thing for which the farmers seem to have an insatiable appetite, it is applesauce; consequently both should be thankful this Thanksgiving season for the abundant supply available.

When the farmer cannot sell his products, the politicians give him a little applesauce in the guise of an import tariff upon the surplus he exports, and he gratefully pays a higher tariff on everything he buys—and votes for the grand old party.

Again when the farmer is selling his wheat at less than cost of production, the politicians give him some more applesauce in the form of a McNary-Haugen or similar bill to have the government buy his crop at profitable prices—and the farmer trots to the polls quite contented. After the election, nothing more is heard of price-fixing until the next election approaches, when a fresh lot of applesauce will be available.

In Oregon, the applesauce dished out in wholesale quantities by Walter Pierce won him his election, and in gratitude the grand lecturer saved the farmers with applesauce in the shape of a market-master who markets nothing, does not even organize marketing machinery or furnish prices for marketing, but busies himself issuing propaganda for the Non-Partisan League—and the pleased farmer cheerfully totes another useless tax-eater on his over-burdened shoulders.

Seeing how well it works in Oregon, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine has prepared a similar mess of applesauce for the farmers of the nation. He has approved a bill to create within the department a division of cooperative marketing. How useful it will be can be judged by the fact that it will be purely advisory, have no authority, fix no prices and market nothing. Surely this will keep the embattled farmer firm in support of that staunch friend of the farmer, Calvin Coolidge.

As long as the farmer looks to the politician and expects to cure economic ills by legislation setting aside the inexorable law of supply and demand, just so long will the supply of apple-sauce prove inexhaustible.

Standard Hospitals And What They Mean

The American College of Surgeons is an international organization composed of a group of eminent physicians and surgeons from both North and South America, organized for the purpose of securing the very best service from the patient while in the hospital and to protect that patient against unethical practice by unskilled physicians and surgeons while practicing in any hospital.

as soon as possible. We estimate the average time of the patients in hospital can be reduced two days. The primary object of hospital standardization is to see that only those qualified to do surgery or medicine are permitted to work in standard hospitals and to insure the maximum of proper care for every patient. That these surveys are thorough and the requirements rigid is shown by the fact that only 1,564 out of 7,000 surveys in the United States during the year have met the requirements of the American College of Surgeons, and only 12 out of 28 in Oregon have measured up. This would seem to prove that these inspections and subsequent standardization of hospitals is not primarily in the hospitals interest but wholly with the purpose of securing at the hands of the hospital the best service possible for the patient and further more that the hospital may keep abreast of all the improvements in medical and surgical science. One can scarcely comprehend the very marvelous progress made during the past few years in these professions, and were it not for the fact that a great many liberal gifts and endowments made by persons who have money to bestow in the public interest, hospitalization would be very far behind present day requirements made necessary by the rapid advance of medical and surgical science.

The tremendous task of working out, setting up, and putting into effect a standard which might be reached by all hospitals was undertaken and has been put into effect within the past few years. This work has cost a great deal of money, \$200,000.00 has been expended to date and \$75,000.00 is to be used this year, but the service is entirely free to all hospitals. It goes without saying that every hospital aiming to furnish its patients the best service obtainable will strive to measure up to the requirements laid down by the college of surgeons and thus merit at least minimum standardization.

Dr. Malcolm T. McEchran who is executive secretary and associate director of the American College of Surgeons was recently invited by the governments of Australia and New Zealand to spend several months with them in the interest of their hospitals, and while on his way he met with the Northwest Hospital Association in their convention at Seattle. The Seattle P. I. quotes him saying:

"Until 1918 only eight of nine hospitals in the entire country made any pretense of providing patients with more than room, board, and nursing. Laboratory and x-ray facilities were practically unknown. Today by means of the annual Survey of the American College of Surgeons 2400 general hospitals with 35 beds and over in the United States and Canada are rated each year.

Standardized hospitals aim by means of complete diagnostic tests—unheard of until a few years ago, to eliminate unnecessary surgery, and to return the patient to health

and to return the patient to health

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

Mary was delighted with the supper club to which Pat Hamilton took her, and the Lewises. It was in a stone house in an exclusive residential section of the city; from the outside it gave no hint what it really was. A butler opened the door in response to Hamilton's ring, opened it barely enough to look out and see them. When he recognized Hamilton he at once opened it wide, deferentially.

"We received your message, Mr. Hamilton, and your table is ready," he said.

Hamilton slipped a bill into his hand.

"That one I like!" he asked. His manner was blustering, that of the

man who knows he can get whatever he wants because he can pay for it. "Remember, I won't sit anywhere else. And I've got a lovely little lady here, and the best's none too good for her."

He took Mary's arm familiarly. She blushed as the butler bowed again; it embarrassed her to have Hamilton call attention to her in that way, and instinctively she felt the bad taste of his doing so.

They went up a long shallow stairway to the second floor, which had been turned into a ballroom, with small tables placed all about the edge of the dance floor, and on a slightly raised floor a step above

Gay balloons were tied to the vases of flowers on the tables. The walls were covered with flowered velvet and the many mirrors placed along them reflected the dancers' figures.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Mary exclaimed, as the head waiter took them to their table on the front row.

"Like it? I thought you would," Hamilton drew out her chair himself, and patted her lightly on the shoulder as she sat down.

A waiter brought champagne in a bucket of ice; Mary was thrilled at that—she had never seen it done before. Hamilton insisted on toasting her, and she sipped the wine in acknowledgement, but drank nothing after that. Her aunt had told her never to drink, and she despised the Lewises' finding fault for not drinking a cocktail she was determined that she would not drink now.

Happiness was tumultuous enough for her; her cheeks were flushed pink, and her eyes were stary.

"Come on, little one, let's dance," urged Hamilton, almost lifting her from her chair.

She did not like having him touch her, did not like the way he danced, holding her uncomfortably close, barely moving from one spot on the floor. She could see now why some people objected to dancing, thought it wrong.

And yet—wasn't this what she had always wanted, to go to just such a place as this one, which was the best of its kind in the city to the nicely dressed, to have every thing done for her that money could do? She had never expected to be the guest of a man so important as Pat Hamilton was in the country's affairs.

She was just beginning to learn that the things we want in this world are likely to come to us like that, not quite as we want them.

"Say, Hamilton certainly has fallen for you," Lewis told her, when she was sitting at the table with him while Hamilton danced

with Hilda. "I bet he'd do anything for you. He's a big man, too Mary; has a lot of influence in Washington. Funny, and I started out as kids together, and now look at him and look at me. He's always got everything he wanted, just goes out after it and gets it. I wish I knew how he does it. Look at him now and look at me!"

"Why, Jim, you've done awfully well," Mary protested, trying her best to cheer him up.

"Yeah—it's all I can do to pay the rent on our apartment—seventy-five dollars a month—and support Hilda and the baby. Can't even afford a car—Hamilton has two, and a chauffeur. Oh, I'm a failure—I'll never get anywhere, unless maybe he helps me."

"He would, wouldn't he?" He seems awfully kind, and you're old friends."

"Friends—sure, but this is the first time I've seen him in five years. I ran into him on the street. I guess all his other friends were out of town, or something, or he'd never have wanted to go out with us tonight. But say, Mary, if he should happen to mention me you might put in a good word for me. Will you?"

"Of course, Jim." It flattered Mary to think that her word could have any weight with a man like Pat Hamilton. She hardly believed that it could. But when she danced with him again, Hamilton asked her if she would lunch with him the following Monday.

"It's a hard luck that I've got engagements for all tomorrow—I'm going out to Shadydale to play golf—we'll say Monday sure, won't we?" he urged.

Mary agreed, Shadydale was the most exclusive country club anywhere around. She wondered if he would ever take her there. And what would Stewart Howe say if he could see her now, in these surroundings, instead of at that grubby office?

There was a very pretty girl of about her own age who sat at the

table next to hers; glancing over at her, Mary compared herself with that other girl, whose frock was so exquisite, whose hair and hands were so well cared for. She glanced down at her own hands with sudden disgust. What chance had she beside that other girl and girl like her, who weren't really as pretty as she was, but had time and money to make themselves better looking?

"You're just sweet, youngster," Hamilton said suddenly, bending over her. It was as if he had read her thoughts. She glanced up at him flushing.

"I was looking at that girl, think of all she has," she told him frankly. "And I was wishing I had things like hers."

"You mean for dress, and all that?" he asked. "Well, who knows

—perhaps some day you will have." His tone was significant, as was the expression in his eyes. Mary looked away. What did he mean? Could it be that—that he had fallen in love with her, that he meant that some day he'd ask to marry her? Her thoughts raced madly. What would life be like as Pat Hamilton's wife? Plenty of money—money to live comfortably, to travel, to see the world. Money to do things for other people.

He laid his hand over hers. "I'm going to do a lot for you, youngster—an awful lot," he told her.

She winced under his touch. In that moment she felt that she could never marry a man she didn't love.

Monday—Aftermath.

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to This Column must be plainly written on one side of paper only limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—I fail to see why the triple-signed article in the "Open Forum" of Nov. 21st, is given free space while "Needlecraft" and "Addressing Envelopes" is charged advertising rates; as the former is but preliminary to an "Hot Air" campaign for funds. By present indications Grangers and members of other organizations will not need an introduction to the kale-gatherer; and the writer will be entirely ignored; as he was bled to the limit when the solicitor was awaiting blood under a different banner. Has "The Oregon Prohibition Referendum Corporation," as a corporation, or as an organization, or any one of its members as an individual, ever given any aid or encouragement towards the enforcement of the Volstead law as it now stands; or have they just stood back and

howled "fanatic," "lar" and "hy-po-crite," at those who tried to enforce it? It behoves all red-blooded Americans to present a solid front to those self-styled "mod-erns" who try to prove a law to be a failure, because they refuse to obey it; at least those of us who were purperized by the sudden derelicts of the saloon will not give our consent to slip back to the old regime; as this two-and-three-fourth-per-cent is but a blind and opening wedge; they want something strong enough to kill. Would suggest that the "mod-erns" exhibit the horrible sights on the screen, instead of holding them in cold storage to be exhibited to committees; and what a pity that a "Blood-Sweating" Patriot can prophesy but a few months ahead.

To the Editor:—Salem is a beautiful city, the more we see of it the better we like it. While we feel there is much room for the unfolding of the ideal in all City affairs; yet were this point reached we cannot help but feel that our daily thought and life must be the determining factor in our happiness.

I am sure I shall like my neighbors, and also that they will understand as much as the law of Christ still lives in the heart of the right.

The first man I met in A business way hadnt spoken more than a dozen words to me before I received an invitation to attend his Church where they were receiving some good spiritual messages; I daily thought and life must be the determining factor in our happiness.

C. J. CROOK.

by mothers, Mexico City has the highest infant mortality rate in the world, the biological department has concluded.

COLD?

WHY NO!
I Get My Fuel
From the
HILLMAN FUEL CO.

GASCO BRIQUETS
They Leave No Ashes
Genuine Rock Springs Coal
\$14.50 Ton
Best Utah \$15.00 Ton
N. P. Roslyn \$12.50, 2 tons
\$13.00 1 ton

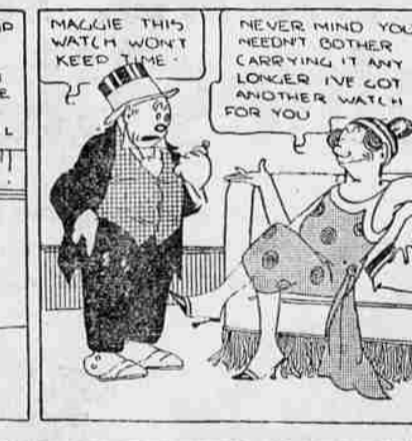
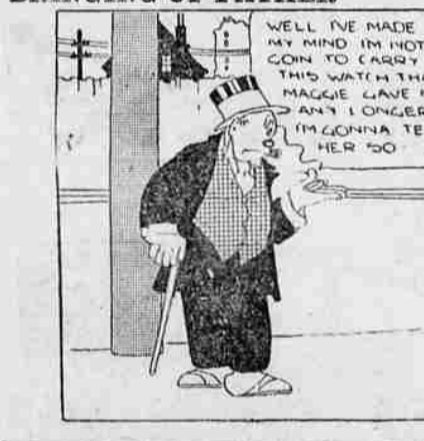
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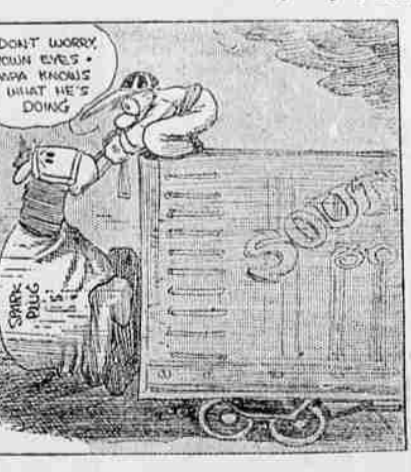
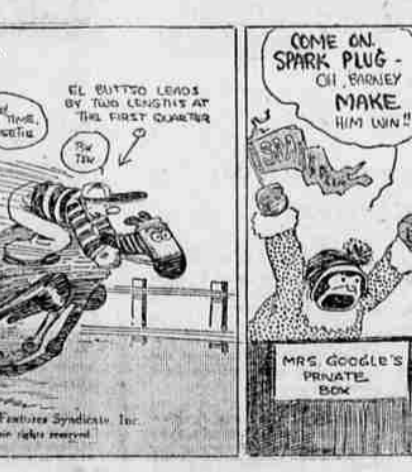
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



Jeff's In Luck. This Idea Beats Swimming Across the Atlantic

By Bud Fisher