

Capital Journal

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

The Coming Issue

There is every probability that the real issue in the background of the next gubernatorial campaign will be the problem raised by the financial fizzle of Oregon's irrigation projects. There is likely to be a concerted effort to force the state to go to the rescue of these projects, and avert threatening district bankruptcy by replacing the reclamation bonds with state bonds. None of the candidates are, of course, talking on this subject or committing themselves, but nevertheless this is the vital issue of the hour.

State aid in the form of a state guarantee of interest upon reclamation bonds for a term of years, has proven a mistake, for like most paternalism, it has worked to the injury of those it was intended to help. It enabled brokers and promoters to sell the bonds to the investing public at fabulous profit to themselves at the expense of the district. This was all it was intended for, as it was secured as a political trade to establish the Roosevelt highway.

As long as the state continues to advance the interest money, bankruptcy of the districts will be averted, but the state cannot go on putting up forever, particularly as the dearth of settlers prevents any material improvement. The high cost of water, due largely to the frenzied financing whereby the district got 40 cents worth of construction on the dollar, has in many instances, made it impossible to farm at a profit.

Large percentages of the district lands are delinquent which raises the cost of operation to a prohibitive figure to those who pay. The fact that those who develop are equally liable with those who fail to, destroys the incentive of the industrious, and makes the situation hopeless.

It seems impossible, with the large amount of worthless land included, with the high overhead and excessive cost, to make these unsettled and undeveloped districts a business proposition to farmers, without bankruptcy or at least a financial reorganization that will eliminate the inflation. But we can rest assured that the politicians of the regions affected, will first plan a raid on the state treasury and if possible, elect a governor favorable to their project.

Then and Now

The Corvallis Gazette Times calls attention to the fact that the state Board of Control has gone to Philadelphia to secure a superintendent for the Oregon School for the Deaf in the person of J. Lynn Stead, and is reminded of the political hullabaloo raised against Governor Olcott because under his administration the board went to Iowa to select a superintendent for the boys industrial school. Says the Gazette Times:

It made no difference that the man was a nationally known expert in the handling of boys. It made no difference that this was the most important job in the state if there is such a thing as making good boys of bad ones. The cry was raised that the governor had no right to go out of Oregon for a superintendent. We had scads of them right here at home. Especially we had one who knew all about the inner workings of a w. k. secret society and wore a Kigly sign on his radiator.

And so, a great political issue was raised out of the incident. The idea of importing an Iowan when there were hundreds of men in Oregon waiting the job! The state's greatest catch as catch can fusher went from hither to yon weeping over the terrible outrage.

Moreover, in order to supplant the nationally known experts with a local product, it was necessary for the state to break faith with the couple it had induced to leave permanent positions and to publicly establish the fact that under the present administration, a contract signed by the state of Oregon is a mere scrap of paper.

Then we also heard of the colossal extravagance of paying the heads of the institution the princely salary of \$5000 a year, when a klesgle would take the job for half the price. The sincerity of the economy plea was later demonstrated by the board's spending \$250,000 for a duplicate industrial school with a duplicate overhead, when a fifth of the sum would have modernized the old institution and enabled it to function for years to come.

It was criminal in 1922 for Olcott to go to Iowa for an expert to head a state institution, but it is highly commendable for Pierce in 1925 to go clear to Philadelphia for an institution head, whose qualifications, outside of the fact that he parts his name in the middle, are unknown.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

LOVE'S THORNY PATH
At the office Monday morning Mary looked eagerly for Stewart Howe. She wondered what he had done Saturday afternoon, when she had to stay and work. Had he gone to the country with someone else? He sent for her to take some letters at ten o'clock. As she sat down beside his desk he glanced up with a smile.
"Too bad you had to work Saturday," he said. "It was great in the country. I went out to Shady-side and played golf—went out there yesterday, too."
Shady-side—the club where Pat Hamilton had spent Sunday. She wondered if they had met.
"It must have been great," she answered, and then, wanting to let him know that her life wasn't so humdrum as she probably thought it, "I didn't get out of town at all; stayed up late Saturday night dancing, and just rested yesterday."
"Dancing? You must like it, to dance when it's so warm as it was Saturday."
"Oh, it was cool at the Diplomat," she replied, casually.
She caught his change of expression, and knew that her remarks had had the desired effect. She was glad to that; better not

have him think that she never went to any of the places he was accustomed to frequenting.
He went on with his letters then. When he was through Mary rose closing her book.
"I may be a little late with these," she told him. "I've got to take a longer lunch hour today."
"That sounds as if you had an important engagement," he remarked. "Going shopping?"
"Well, not exactly," Mary wanted to tell him that she was going to luncheon with Pat Hamilton; no doubt he'd know the name. She wanted to impress him, to make him feel that she wasn't just an ordinary girl.
"I know—you're going to luncheon with an attractive, wealthy, handsome cave man, who'll kidnap you—"
Mary blushed hotly.
"So I did guess right," he laughed. "Well, have a good time—but don't forget me."
She wondered what he'd meant by that, whether he'd just been fooling or really did want her to think of him. She was called to the telephone just then; Pat Hamilton's voice came to her over the wire.
"Hello, youngster. Say, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't get away to

lunch with you. Have dinner with me instead, that's a good girl."
She didn't like his manner of talking to her, as if he were giving orders to an inferior.
"Why?"
"Now, don't say you can't. I've got to see you—I'm going to St. Louis tomorrow. I'll meet you at the Diplomat at seven—how's that?"
She did not have time to reply before he hung up the receiver. She went back to her desk slowly, determined not to let the other girls know what had happened. They'd laugh at her, Janet especially. She had said she was going to luncheon with a man, and they'd teased her about having a heavy date. She'd told Janet who the man was, and Janet would tell Hilda, she knew. Oh, well, she could go out by herself, and they wouldn't know.
Stewart Howe paused beside her desk a little before twelve.
"Still here? I thought your Rolia Royce would have called for you by this time," he teased.
"My engagements switched to this evening," she answered, smiling up at him.
"Oh—how convenient. Perhaps you'll lunch with me then, instead. How about it? I'll buy you food at any lunch counter or cafeteria you suggest."
But it was not to a cafeteria that he took her when she met him at the street door of the office building at one o'clock; he signaled a taxi-cab, and took her—to the grill room of the Diplomat. She smiled as she stepped out of the cab; how amusing, and how surprising, that into her workday life two men had come who took her to the smartest hotel in town!
Settled at a table by the wall, she glanced over the menu and then toward the ice table where all sorts of cold delicacies were arranged.
"I'll have cold bouillon," she told Stewart, "and some chicken paprika; you can do the rest." Hamilton had told her Saturday

evening that the chicken was a famous specialty of the Diplomat chef.
Howe nodded approvingly.
"Know all the little delicacies that aren't on the menu, don't you?" he remarked. The waiter suggested a salad, and hurried away. Stewart Howe studied Mary through the smoke of his cigarette. She did not know that he was trying to fit the new impression she had given him of herself that morning with the one that he had previously had, and not exactly liking the later one.
She had seemed simple and sweet to him, the kind of girl who would make a man a perfect wife. He had hoped that when she knew him better her feelings might duplicate his. He wanted to marry her—his was as bad a case of love at first sight as a man can have. But because she was six years younger than he, and because the whole office seemed to be so much interested in their affairs, he had purposely not been so attentive as he would have been to a girl he had met outside his business life.
But now—with her knowledge of the Diplomat, of the smart dance club which she was talking about at the moment, of a risque musical revue to which she had gone the Saturday before, she seemed a different person. Perhaps he had been wrong about her. Maybe she was like many of the girls who worked in the offices of the big city, girls who liked the bustle and interest of a big office rather than the quiet of home, who spent all their salary on their clothes and on amusements, who went out every night and had no thought of anything but their own pleasure.
Mary did not seem like that kind of girl to him, but he could not help wondering about her.
And as she sat, talking gaily about her fun of Saturday evening, trying to make her life sound interesting and colorful, thinking he would be more attracted if he



Suffering from rickets, these Chicago cherubs are being treated under the rays of the big synthetic sun, quartz lights furnishing the rays that cure.

thought she was not just to stay at home.
She looked up a moment later, feeling that someone was looking steadily at her from across the grill room.
It was Pat Hamilton.
Tomorrow—Revelations.

Oiled Roads Will Be Tried Out Next Year County Court Says

The county court has decided to make experimental tests next year with oiled roads, based on recommendations of Roadmaster Culver and observations of members of the court, following inspection of results had with such roads by the state highway commission in eastern Oregon.

The court has definitely determined it will make experiments in five sections of the county. The roads where the experiments are to be made have not been exactly set aside, but they will be generally in the vicinity of Stayton, Silverton, McNary's corner and at some point both in the north end and the south end.

The plan is to oil a mile of road in each experimental stretch, or five miles in all. This will give people in every part of the county a chance to see the experiment in operation and test it out, and give road districts the advantage of the experiment if they desire to try it themselves in the future. It also will give the county a chance to try it out under varying conditions. In each case the road to be selected for oiling will be macadam that has stood for a year or two.

The cost is placed at about \$1.40 a barrel for the oil, with 140 barrels of oil being needed to the mile. The county also will be required to equip itself with some sort of spreader to do the work. The court is confident, if the same results are had here as in eastern Oregon, that the oiling will mean construction of many more miles of road in the county than could be tackled if oiling were not possible.

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