

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 136 S. Commercial Street, Telephone 81; News 82

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$4 a year in advance.
By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, one month 50 cents, 3 months \$1.25, 6 months \$2.25, 1 year \$4.00. Elsewhere 50 cents a month, \$5 a year in advance.

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

For the Shipping Board

The Portland Chamber of Commerce has recommended Frank Shull of Portland, manager of the Pacific Flour Export Co. as its republican candidate for the United States shipping board vacancy caused by the enforced retirement of Bert E. Haney, and Marshall N. Dana, associate editor of the Portland Journal as its democratic candidate, for consideration by President Coolidge in making the appointment, which by precedent should go to an Oregon democrat.

The selections are fine. Mr. Dana is the best qualified for a shipping board job because he knows nothing about ships, his maritime experience being confined to rescue cruises on the lifeboat Uplift, manned by the sob squad. In it, he has had some heart-breaking voyages as the maulin waves dashed high on sentimental seas. This however should not disqualify him, but make him eminently acceptable to a president afloat in goose-grease.

Mr. Shull will probably not be considered for being in the export shipping business he could not help learning something about ships and commerce, and hence becomes ineligible. In fact, if familiarity with the water barred Salem's own self-starter candidate, "Bath-House Bill" Purdy from consideration, what chance has an honest-to-God shipper on the political seas sailed by the board?

Whoever is appointed will have to wear the Coolidge collar and help destroy northwest shipping or else walk the plank for lese majesty as has been Bert Haney's fate, so it makes no difference who is the accepted and appointed one—except to the appointee himself.

In this connection, it causes some wonderment, in view of the great administrative and real executive ability that Frank Shull has demonstrated in public affairs, such as rescuing the school situation from the chaos of Klan control, that he is not brought out for higher office, say as governor or senator. His superiority to most candidates is apparent. He would command state wide respect and do much to restore public faith in public officials. It is not the shipping board that needs him, but Oregon.

A New Warden

Having made two failures in his choice of prison wardens, Governor Pierce has appointed J. W. Lillie, former sheriff of Gilliam county and present deputy warden as prison executive. Mr. Lillie is not a professional "humanitarian" nor a swivel chair warmer, but a practical disciplinarian, who does not believe in making a penitentiary a country club.

Mr. Lillie has fairly earned the opportunity to be given a chance. Such order and discipline as has existed recently at the prison has been due principally to him. Had he had his way, the tragedy of the prison break would have been averted. He deserves the support of all in his reform efforts.

Whether the new warden makes good depends largely upon the latitude given him. Divided control and political interference and a useless and meddlesome parole officer can only spell a third failure. But the public can be assured of one thing—in case of a break the warden will not flee to his residence for security or hide behind oil barrels, while prisoners shoot down guards, seize weapons and escape unpunished.

It was the prison break and the expose of official incompetency following, that forced the reluctant governor to change wardens. First, however, the old warden was given a vacation trip east at state expense as a reward of merit—which seems to have become part of the perquisites of state office nowadays.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

A HEARTBREAKING BLOW
Mary sighed with relief as she sank down in a corner of the elevated train, which was almost empty. Her one thought since she rose from the table in the restaurant where she had sat opposite Hamilton had been only to get away, as fast and as far as possible.

Now, fighting back the angry tears that came to her eyes, she tried to face the situation. She was as angry with herself as she was with him. What a fool she had been! All ready to marry a man she wasn't in love with, if he asked her, just because he had money, and was fairly attractive—a man much older than she, with whom she could have only a few interests in common.

She sat there, her face hot with shame, staring down at the tennents past which the train rushed. How could she have been such a fool, she asked herself angrily. What if her aunt and Hilda Lewis had urged her on—that shouldn't have mattered. She should have had more self-respect, more character, than even to think of marrying Hamilton, if he had asked her. And what must he have thought of her! No doubt he knew what was in her mind, and had laughed to himself about it. She could not bear to believe that he had thought her the kind of girl who would accept the invitation he had given her to go to New York with him, as he had given it. Oh, surely he had realized that she didn't understand!

It took an hour to ride home on the elevated, but to Mary it seemed hardly more than a few moments. She was trying to conquer her feeling of humiliation and shame.

Home at last! She was glad to walk down the familiar street, to come to the big old apartment, home where she has lived so long, and go in. Her aunt spoke to her sleepily from the front bedroom as she opened the door; Mary answered, and was tiptoeing down the long hall where her aunt spoke again.

"Have a good time?" she asked in a low voice.
"Oh yes!" Not for anything in the world would Mary have admitted the truth. Well, it had been a good time, good for her, because it had taught her something that she would never forget as long as she lived. It had saved her from making that terrible mistake again. She had learned her lesson, she told herself, as she undressed in the dark so that she would not wake Lulu. Once and for all she had learned it, and she wouldn't make the mistake again that she had made with Pat Hamilton.

When she had got into bed she gave in to the disappointment that swept over her, and lay there, sobbing, bitter over the thought that she wouldn't have the things she had thought for a moment she might have. Other girls had all of them—went abroad, had pretty clothes, good times, without working for them. Why couldn't she? She'd never done anything wrong, had lived the best she knew how, always—gone to Sunday school, to



church, been a good girl. And this was her reward—to go on grubbing away in a dinky office, day after day, and come home at night to just the same old meals and talks with her aunt and bed.
Oh, how she wished that Stewart Howe really cared for her, as she wanted him to!
Well, perhaps he would. Their misunderstanding would blow over, straighten itself out somehow. That was the way things did. She'd see him at the office in the morning, and something might happen then. She fell asleep at last, fairly happy.

She was a little late at the office the next morning. She had overslept and hadn't got her clothes ready the night before as she usually did, and everything had gone wrong. She hurried on, with only a glance toward Stewart Howe's desk. It was still closed.

One of the other girls strolled over to her with some papers.
"Will you make out these reports? I've got such a lot to do, and you won't be so busy this morning as usual, Mr. Howe won't be here," she said.
"Yes, I'll do them." Mary took them, and waited, hoping she'd explain.

"He's gone to Texas," the girl went on. "His father's awfully sick and he had to rush down there. Took a train last night—somebody phoned the office about it, and Bertie was on the switchboard, and listened in. I suppose if his father dies he'll inherit all the family money."

Mary was off on the wings of dreams again. She'd never thought much about Stewart's having money; he'd never referred to it, and a person wouldn't have known from the way he acted that his people were rich. After all, it was the right thing that happened to you, in this world, if you just lived the right way. It was Stewart she cared for, and always had. And she knew that he liked her. Sometimes she

had been sure that it was more than that.
Perhaps, when he came back—she smiled happily, and went to work, conscious that the eye of the office manager was upon her.
But Stewart Howe did not return at once. Word came from him in the president of the company—whose secretary told the office manager, who told somebody else, so that he would not be back for at least a month. His father had died, and it would take some time to settle the estate.
"He won't ever come back," announced the girl whose desk was next to Mary's. "Now that he's inherited all that money, he'll marry some clinging vine of a Southern girl, who's never done an honest day's work in her life"—which was hardly fair to Southern girls in general—"and we'll never see him again, unless he strolls in on his way to Europe to let the president meet his wife."

Mary didn't want to believe her, but could hardly help it. After all, why shouldn't he do just that? Why should he care for a girl like her?
She felt as if life held very little more for her, somehow. It would always be dull and disagreeable, as it was then.

"I mustn't feel this way; I must do my very best with my work, and make it amount to something to me," she told herself. "There aren't many jobs as good as this one that I could get."

She learned the truth of that statement the following week when she lost the job, and had to hunt for another one.

Tomorrow—A New Man in the Case.

Miss Sarah Jeall, a mathematician, and the only woman now connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has recently completed a book which is a complete history of the astronomical work of the survey since 1846.

HEART DISEASE PROVES FATAL TO DR. MENDELSON



Dr. Morris P. Mendelsohn

Dr. Morris P. Mendelsohn, who for the last 18 years has been a practicing optometrist in Salem, and has a large number of friends in this city, passed away at his home, 1450 Center street, at 7:45 this morning, following a sudden attack of heart disease that started Wednesday morning.

Dr. Mendelsohn was born in Germany 68 years ago, and emigrated to this country at an early age, going first to San Francisco. He was a member of the Elks, Masons and Order of Eastern Star. He is survived by his widow, Louise Mendel-

son, four sons, Louis of Fresno, Portland and Harry of San Francisco, and three daughters, all of Oakland, Mrs. Emma Friedman, Mrs. Bertha Cohn and Mrs. Sadie Sapers.
The remains are to be shipped to San Francisco this evening for burial.

NEW BOOKS AT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Churchill, Winston, Richard Carvel; Doyle, A. C., His Last Bow; Doyle, A. C., The Valley of Fear; Elliot, George, Romola; Kennedy, Margaret, The Constant Nymph; Porter, Sidney, Heart of the West; Porter, Sidney, Sixes and Sevens; Porter, Sidney, The Voice of the City; Rinehart, M. R., Sight Unseen and the Confession; Reinhart, M. R., When A Man Marries; Tarkington, Booth, Penrod; Tarkington, Booth, Penrod and Sam; Tarkington, Booth, Seventeen; MacAdam, George, The Little Church Around The Corner;

For the Children

Alcott, L. H., Jo's Boys; Alcott, L. H., Little Men; Brown, M. D., Little Miss Phoebe Gray; Boylan, C. D., The Pines of Clavia; Burgess, T. W., The Adventures of Danny Meadow Mouse; Burgess, T. W., The Adventures of Old Man Coyote; Burgess, T. W., The Adventures of Prickly Porky; Burgess, T. W., Old Granny Fox; Burgess, T. W., Old Mother West Wind; Hawthorne, Hildegrade, Makeshift Farm; Heyliger, William, Quinby and Son; Hough, Emerson, The Young Alaskans on the Trail; Inman, Henry, The Rancho on the Oxhide; Munroe, Kirk, The Flamingo Feather; Rankin, C. W., The Castaways of Peter's Patch; Seaman, A. H., The Slipper Point Mystery; Bagnall, Z. A., Siegfried and Beowulf; Schaffner, C. L., Sam Or Our Cat-Tales

CROWDED HOUSE SPEAKS PRAISE OF VAUDEVILLE

As an indication of the sustaining interest shown in the Association Vaudeville which has appeared at the Hellig theater here every Friday for the past three months, the smartly attired ushers were for the 12th successive time forced to great patrons coming a few minutes late for the first show with "Balcony seats only, please," even these being all taken before the vaudeville actually began.

Proving for the 12th successive time that those who have charge of

arranging the vaudeville are never at a loss to think of something new, last night's show was different than any heretofore shown on the circuit. Burkhardt and Rich, presenting their act, "Have a Sample," drew perhaps the most applause of the evening, making it difficult for the following acts, a more affair staged by two athletic girls, to win the favor that it might otherwise have received.

Homer Coghill, who is called "The Versatile Boy," provided entertainment with a peculiar musical contraption shaped like a fiddle with two saxophone horns attached. The term "America's Foremost Psychologist," given on the bill to J. Jos. Clifford, proved to be somewhat of a misnomer, as any psychology scholar would have expected anyway. Clifford's hypnotism stunts, however, held the audience in breathless attention.

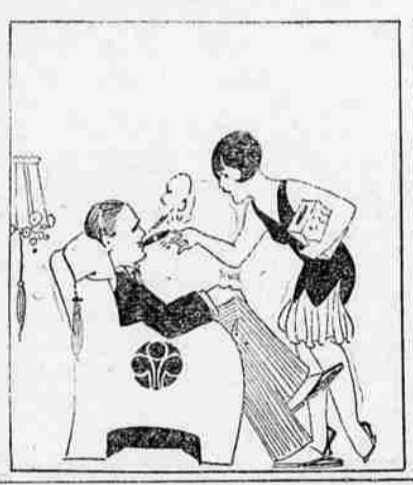
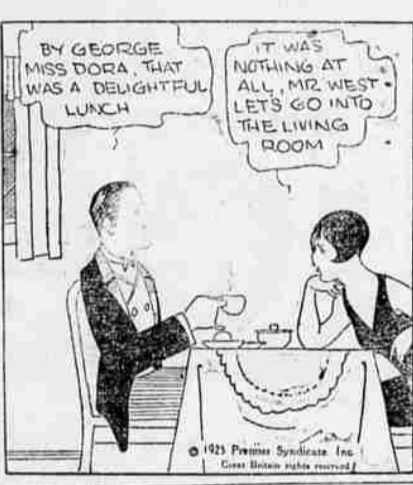
The juggling act of the two Nations, which started the program off, was one of the best of the evening, if applause from the audience is any criterion.

SALEM NOW HAS IT

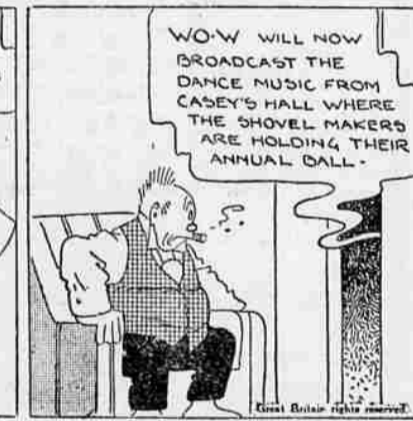


By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF

