

Capital Journal

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

Unimpeachable Testimony

Dr. A. S. Hasbrouck, a Batavia, N. Y., dentist, leisurely touring the country with his wife in a specially constructed auto containing all modern conveniences, writes from southern California to George Graves, the well known Salem salesman, whom he visited here last autumn, as follows:

"To begin with, I don't like California. Its streams are dry, its fruits have no flavor, its flowers no odor, and the fleas are thousands. * * * Damn the state! * * * I wish I had stayed up in Oregon! I say it a thousand times a day. * * * I have more than four million bees on me and the water is rotten, and I thought all the time I was all right till I struck this devilish climate. It looks as if they had no rain here for 40 years. * * * Aside from this I suppose the state is O. K."

Here is testimony from an impartial, unprejudiced and unimpeachable source, confirming impressions every Oregonian receives who visits our parched, sun-baked and flea bitten sister state to the south, called the golden state because the principal occupation of the inhabitants is extracting gold from tourists, in which profitable industry however, premiership has recently been lost to Florida.

One can hardly blame the boomers and suckers for preferring the sandy dunes and piney woods, the moss bearded oaks of stagnant swamps and bayous, the wiregrass and scrub palmetos and stunted jungle palms of the fever-stricken everglades to the monotony and aridity of the barren hardpan hills and tick-ridden mesquite mesas, the scorpion infested cactus and sage brush deserts, and the nauseating bunk of native-son go-getters as they step on the gas about the glories of the sun-set, sun-maid, sun-kissed, sun-sweet and sun-faked state.

No wonder the tourist who knows, sighs for Oregon—the land of the picturesque, of verdure clad hills and smiling skies, of quiet restful beauty and charm all its own with a mild and pleasant climate—and a population in keeping with its colorful characteristics!

Letting George Do It

Taxpayers of Salem displayed their customary interest in public affairs last night when one taxpayer, outside of members of the school board, was present to vote upon the \$324,000 budget for the coming year.

Taxpayers meetings for the adoption of the city budget, entailing an expenditure of \$270,223 and of the county budget, totalling \$1,176,707 will be similarly well attended, demonstrating the patriotic interest of the average citizen in public affairs by letting George, in the guise of public officials, do it.

Everyone of the thousands of these indifferent taxpayers however, will yawp loud and long when it comes to punting up to pay the taxes in whose levying he did not have interest enough in to participate. The high rate of taxation will be roundly denounced by granges and other organizations after it is too late to protest, while the Grand Lecturer and other politicians will tour the country promising to cut the taxes in two the lethargic taxpayers find themselves penalized with.

Many a farmer will neglect his crops, spend money he can illly spare on gasoline, to stand on the street corners of the towns futilely railing at taxation and those who fix the levy, thus wasting much more time than would have been required to participate in budget making and thereby secure an intelligent understanding of the subject.

Taxes are high because when it comes to budget making, only those with axes to grind, show up, and those interested in economy, stay away. People are always demanding public improvements, figuring they are getting something for nothing, and then howling at the increased taxation thereby incurred. If it was not for the conscientious conservatism and economy of most of our local budget makers, taxation would be still heavier, for all the taxpayers do to keep it down.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

THE NEW HOME
The next day was Saturday, Mary's last at the old office. She was really glad to leave Craig Brothers now, with an interesting prospect of leaving her aunt's house and having a home of her very own, with Celia Stewart.
Yet she was not wholly happy; the thought of Stewart Howe kept coming up to her. She had cared so much for him—if only they had openly quarrelled it would have been so different! But to have just that misunderstanding, with nothing that she could put her hand on definitely, and say "That was what was the matter."
"Oh well, I guess that's the way with life," Mary told herself. "Too lucky that I've not work to do, and don't have to sit at home and spend all my time thinking about him. That would be terrible!"
She met Celia early in the afternoon at the rooming house where they were to live. Mary arrived with her arms full of bundles, some things she had brought from home, and some that she had bought.
"See, I've got curtains for our living-room—and look at these sweet candles—from the Five-and-Ten," she exclaimed. "We can put them on the chest of drawers that will stand between the windows, and have a bowl of flowers between them, and it will look wonderful!"
"Yes, only where will we get the flowers?" asked Celia, doubtfully.
"We'll have window boxes and grow nasturtiums in them," Mary answered gaily.
She and Celia dragged the two cot beds around in the living room so that they stood near each other, with a small stand between them. The spreads on the chest were rather bedraggled, shabby old white ones.
"Just as soon as we can afford to, we'll get some of those lovely crinkly ones with colored stripes in," declared Mary. "And we can

use a plain covered cloth on the dresser, and one on the table to match the stripes."
Celia had brought a chiffonier of her own, an oak desk, that was to go into the living room. It was rather a shock to Mary to find that, although she had four large drawers in the chiffonier, Celia expected also to have her share of the drawer space in the dresser.
"I might want to put something in them," she explained, Mary nodded, packing her own things in rather tightly, and Celia, having put her lingerie and various other things in the chiffonier, put a few stockings and a blouse, all

Says Rheumatism Left Him Forever

James H. Allen of 26 Forbes St., Rochester, N. Y., suffered for years with rheumatism. Many times this terrible disease left him helpless and unable to work.
He finally decided, after years of ceaseless study, that no one can be free from rheumatism until the accumulated impurities, commonly called uric acid deposits, were dissolved in the joints and muscles and expelled from the body.
With this idea in mind he consulted physicians, made experiments and finally compounded a prescription that quickly and completely banished every sign and symptom of rheumatism from his system.
He freely gave his discovery, which he called Allenchu, to others who took it, with what might be called marvelous success. After years of urging he decided to let sufferers everywhere know about his discovery through the newspapers.
"The blessed relief this marvelous prescription quickly gives has made for it thousands of friends," says Perry Drug store, who has been appointed agent in your city. If you live out of town ask Mr. Allen to send you full particulars.—Adv.

of which needed mending, into the dresser.
"I do love to have room for my things," she explained. "I'm frightfully fussy about having things neat."
Celia had got a job, a good one—thirty-five dollars a week, with a big chemical firm; her training with her brother was a big asset.
"You've just got to specialize nowadays," she explained to Mary, importantly. "That's the only way to get along. Being a general stenographer or secretary doesn't get you far."
Mary nodded again, saying nothing. Only a few days ago, she told herself, Celia had been in the depths of despair, saying that because she had had only her work with her brother she couldn't expect to get a good position in the business world; that she wished she had had the training and experience Mary had had!
They had their first dinner at home that night—corn beef hash—Mary bought corned beef in a can, boiled the three potatoes she bought at a grocery, and cut up part of a sweet pepper in it—salad of lettuce and pepper, peaches and cookies for dessert.
"It costs a good deal, doesn't it," sighed Celia, when Mary, who had done the marketing was going over the expenses after dinner, as she put their household supplies away.
"Yes, but then some of the things we'll be using for a long time, like the oil and vinegar for salad dressing, and the salt and pepper and sugar and all those tins of evaporated milk; I got them at a sale, for not much more than half price."
"I do like real cream in my tea and coffee," sighed Celia. "We always had it out home. Our housekeeper managed awfully well, cutting down on some things and then getting real cream and things like that."
"I'll do the best I can," Mary said, her eyes filling with hot

tears. She was dog tired, had worked hard all afternoon, and then done the marketing and got their simple little meal. If Celia was going to act like that—
Celia's arms went round her; she spoke in a remorseful voice.
"Oh my dear, I didn't mean to criticize; I think you did just wonderfully. You'll have to get used to me, Mary—I've been awfully spoiled. I don't know the first thing about housekeeping. Let's go in and hem the living-room curtains, and have a good time."
But Mary hemmed the curtains, and Celia straightened up what Mary called "the desk" and Celia called "my desk."
To Mary the new home was a delight, because she kept seeing it as it was going to be, not just as it was. Celia saw it as it was; two shabby rooms with ugly wallpaper and hideous furniture, except for the few things she had brought from home. She had a big chair, some cushions, the desk, several pictures, including a number of her family, which she hung in the living room. Mary felt that the place for them was the bedroom, but she said nothing. She told herself that she'd wait till they knew each other better.
She realized before the evening of the next day that with Celia "What's yours in mine and what's mine's toy own." That applied to everything Celia had. Mary did not resent it; she was too sweet natured for that. But it was hard to get accustomed to.
At home she and her aunt and uncle and cousin had always shared each other's belongings. They had enjoyed doing it. She reminded herself that Celia had grown up, not with other women, but with her brother, who was much older than she. She hadn't had to share her things with anybody. That explained it, Mary told herself. She and Celia would have to learn to adapt themselves to getting along together.
"It's one of the hardest things married couples have to learn," she told herself. "In a way, this is good training for marriage."
But marriage—marriage with Stewart, for instance—would be so different. It would be a pleasure, always, to give in everything to him!
Tomorrow—The New Job.
Only One Taxpayer Present To Pass On Budget Of \$324,000
(Continued from Page One)
The board, going over the list, Dr. H. H. Olinger, chairman of the board, raised the question why none of them were available from the city library, with which an arrangement has existed for some 10 or 12 years.
Arrangement Violated
Under the arrangement the school board pays the city library \$2250 annually from school funds. In return the library management gives the services of the high school librarian, whose salary is \$1500. The services of the children's librarian are also assigned for school use, with the understanding that the district is to pay about three-tenths of her salary. Members of the board declared last night that they understood, further, that the school district was entitled to use books from the city library stock, and that the quantity and variety of books granted to the district had been insufficient.
"We'll get some books, or we'll know the reason why," said Dr. Olinger. The statement was also made that the city library management has been getting the fine on city books loaned through the school library, which was objected to by the board. The matter will be further looked into.
Tuition Discussed
The question of tuition for pupils from districts near Salem, and in school grades lower than the ninth, came up for discussion by the local school board at last night's board meeting. Under the present arrangements pupils may attend the last year in Salem junior high schools if they live outside the city and have their tuition paid from county funds. Out of town pupils in the seventh and eighth grades, the two lower years of junior high school, must pay their own tuition or go to school in the outlying districts where they reside.
"If we were able to take in Liberty and Salem Heights, we would have a much better junior high school system," said Superintendent Hug last night. There are many good reasons, members of the board said last night, why all three of the junior high grades should be placed upon the same basis, so far as payment of tuition is concerned.
The question came up when Mrs. E. E. Martin, recently moved from inside the city limits out to the Salem Heights district, appeared before the board and asked to have her son, a seventh grade pupil, admitted to the McKinley junior high school. It was decided that under present regulations the child could not be permitted to attend free of charge if Mrs. Martin's actual residence was outside the city limits. She declared, however, that she has retained her residence within her voting rights in the city. Authority was voted to the superintendent and to the chairman of the board to decide her case.
The hearing plant at Parrish junior high school came up for discussion by the board. William Gabeldorf, director, having heard that the automatic heating system has not been working properly, with the result that it has been costing twice as much as it ought to.
It was decided that permission will be granted to the local elect

metal workers' union to hold classes in the mechanical drawing room of the high school two evenings a week—Tuesday and Friday. Permission had already been given to use the room every Tuesday night.
WHITE ELECTED CHERRIAN KING
Harley O. White was elected King King of the Cherrians at a meeting of that organization held last night. George Arbuckle was named Lord Governor Wood C. E. Wilson, chancellor of the rolls O. L. Fisher, keeper of the orchard; Grover Hillman, King's jester; Ralph Cooley, Duke of Lambert; Harry W. Worth, Queen Anne's consort; E. J. Kurtz, Archbishop of Richreall A. A. Gueffroy, Marquis of Marshchino, and Bert Ford, Earl of Waldo.
The new King will be crowned at the annual banquet to be held at the Marion hotel Tuesday evening, January 5, and a ladies' night was voted for unanimously. Twenty-five new members also will be initiated on that night. Plans have been made for the lighting of the Christmas tree on the court house lawn as usual, with W. M. Hamilton as chairman of the committee in charge of the lighting.

SALEM NOW HAS IT

LOOK for the TWO RED PAGES

In Your New Telephone Directory

"You'll Like To Trade With Us"

We're as Close to You as Your Phone

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

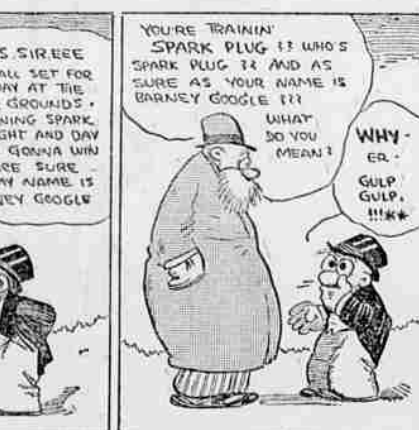
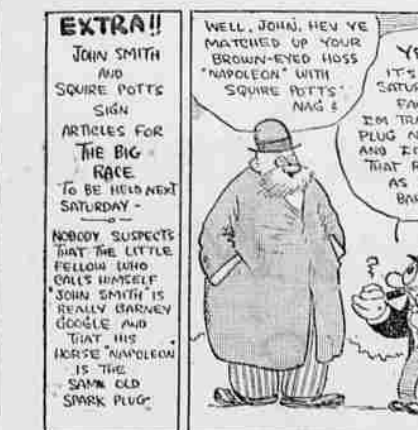


BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

Coo Coo? Barney Proves It



MUTT AND JEFF

The Lion Tamers Enter Professional Football

By Bud Fisher

