

Capital Journal

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

A Real Loss

The death of C. A. McLaughlin of Independence at Penang Straits, Dutch East Indies, while on a tour of the world, is not only a shock to his many friends, but a distinct loss to Oregon as well as both Polk and Marion counties, with whose interests he had been identified for upwards of 30 years as farmer, hop grower, investor and banker.

Although educated as a druggist and following that occupation for some time, Mr. McLaughlin deserted it because of the indoor confinement for the farm and was known for many years not only as a successful farmer, but as the best farmer in Oregon.

Mr. McLaughlin's career should be an inspiration to youth, for it shows what the plain and homely virtues of industry, honesty, and thrift can still accomplish on the farm when linked with vision and ability. In a quarter of a century, Mr. McLaughlin accumulated upwards of a quarter of a million dollars farming. He had the best cultivated, the best equipped and the most efficiently managed farm in the Willamette valley and made it pay the largest profits.

If as Swift declares "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." the country's debt to Mr. McLaughlin is a great one, for he not only made two blades grow in place of one, but he made them grow where none had grown before and where others had failed to make them grow—and he kept them growing.

This plain, rugged, shrewd farmer belonged to a generation that seems to be passing—a generation whose industry was not limited by union hours, whose frugality not sapped by luxury, whose energies not dissipated minding other people's business, and whose initiative was not blunted by paternalism. He made his money farming the farm instead of the farmers in an easy chair at taxpayers expense.

A genial acquaintance, a kindly neighbor, a loyal friend, an indulgent husband, a public spirited citizen, C. A. McLaughlin was one of those who could least be spared, for such as he are needed most.

A Pagan Custom

The annual senseless slaughter of the conifers is on with hill and dale denuded to commercialize a Christmas holiday. If the young firs were utilized simply to make little children happy with their glittering decorations and gifts, there might be some justification for the vandalism, but by far the greater number are used to give the streets the appearance of an evergreen forest, are in the way and a public nuisance.

The Christmas decoration of streets, of homes and even of churches, is of pagan origin and can be traced back to the Saturnalia of the Romans and the winter festivals of heathen Britons commemorating the winter solstice. The Christmas tree is of pagan German origin. There is nothing about the sacrificed conifer to connect it, even by suggestion, with Christ or Christianity, any more than there is about that emblem of the heathen Druids, the holly, to secure which many a tree is destroyed by poachers.

Many of these firs and spruce, perhaps the bulk, are cut by trespassers on other people's property and the first the owner learns about it, is when he views the wreckage of his promising young grove. Why then, when they are a pagan decoration and often stolen goods, do people encourage and foster the vandalism that despoils the country of its natural beauty and the farmers of their property?

If you must have a young evergreen, buy a live one in a pot or tub and plant it after the holidays—for the conifers are a vanishing species and by purchasing cut trees you are speeding their extinction.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS

As the days flew past Mary settled swiftly into the routine of Stanley Blake's office, a routine which she herself worked out, because he had no time for it.

He had a mail-order business in cosmetics, a flourishing one, which he was handling ably, and which grew rapidly because the goods in which he dealt were really excellent and were sold at a moderate price. Blake himself wrote the advertising, superintended the making of the preparations and frequently made them himself, kept an eye on the shipments, and tried to manage the office.

Mary soon took that last detail off his mind. She could take care as well as he could, and loved doing it. She also kept a record of shipments banked the money that came in in nearly every mail, and before long was writing some of the smaller ads.

"How I ever got along without you I don't see," he told her one day, several months after she first came to work for him. "You're as necessary to the business as I am. I'd like to give you a raise, if I didn't have to put every cent into making the business bigger."

"I'd rather have stock in the company," Mary answered, amazed at his own boldness. "That would mean ever so much more to me."

"Say, that's a good idea," he exclaimed. "A great one, I'll have to incorporate to give it to you, but I'll get it first chance I have."

Mary worked harder than ever after that. At last she had something real, was making a place for herself in the world. Her stock—when she got it—would be like an investment, bringing in returns she told Celia that that evening and they celebrated by going to the theatre in balcony seats, for which Mary paid.

"I do love the theatre," Celia sighed. "How wonderful it must be to go whenever you want to, and sit down in front, and wear evening clothes and come in an automobile! Some day I'm going to do that"

I'm going to have everything I want, eventually!"
In the face of that, Mary's own claims to happiness dwindled. But when she was alone that night in bed they grew big again. Why, she had everything now—her wonderful job, and her share in the business—when she got it, that was—and her nice little home; she had everything!

Blake was working on a new

ON THE AIR

SATURDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)

KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—6 to 7 p. m., dinner concert, courtesy Olds, Wortman & King company; 8 to 12 midnight, dance music by Licorne Kevan's Multinational hotel orchestra, by wire telephony from the Indian grill of the Multinational hotel.

KGQ, Oakland, Cal., 361.2—8 p. m., spot review, Al Santoro; 8 to 10, Oakland Y. M. C. A. concert orchestra, Edward Leslie, director; Marie Wallman, piano, Ellen Clark, pianist, "The Sign of the Times," Dr. Edgar Lohrer, Edwin Heimholz, baritone; 10 to 12, Hotel St. Francis dance program.

KFO, San Francisco, Cal., 429.3 6:30, "The Town Crier"; 6:35 to 7:10, Waldemar Lind orchestra; 8 to 12, Cabria orchestra, Jack Coakley, director; studio entertainment.

KFL, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—7 p. m., All-American quartet; 8, Examiner program; 9, Kinsner program; 10 Packard Radio club; 11 to 3 a. m., Midnight frolic.

SUNDAY (Pacific Time)
KGW, Portland, Ore., 491.5—10:25 to 12, noon, morning worship from the First Presbyterian church, Dr. Harold Leonard Bowman, pastor; 2:35 to 9 p. m., evening services from First Church of Christ, Scientist; 9 to 10 p. m., concert by the Cherokeel little symphony orchestra, presented by the Chevrolet Motor Car company.

preparation, a cold cream that made it unnecessary to use face powder also. Mary had several ideas for the way in which it should be put up and advertised, and suggested them when he came in late one afternoon his face pale and fatigued, to begin work on it.

"Say, that's great!" he exclaimed, when she had talked for a few moments. "I'll tell you what we'll do—I'll phone my wife, and we'll have dinner somewhere now—4½ nearly six—and then we'll go over all this afterward, and get it into shape. I never can do it alone tonight and the advertising copy's got to go out tomorrow if it's to reach those Western papers in time."

Mary agreed. They had dinner at the restaurant on the corner, the one she couldn't afford, but Blake paid for her dinner, saying he'd charge it up to expense.

"Heavens knows, you're worth enough more than I pay you," he told her. "I can afford to buy you a meal once in a while. I haven't forgotten that, incorporation matter, incidentally; I'll see my lawyer about it tomorrow."

They went back to the office building afterward, but it was locked. Blake had no key to the street door. There was a watchman, but they couldn't find him anywhere.

"If that isn't luck!" Blake said disgustedly. "Of course he'd be off somewhere tonight, just because we want him. Mary did not remind him that they should have remembered to look up the watchman before they went out and say that they would be back later."

"Well, you've certainly got one here," he told her appreciatively, looking about him. "That is charming work, I guess."

"We could work in my room," Mary suggested. "It's sort of a little apartment, with another girl; we could work there."

She telephoned the rooming house and told Celia that they were coming. Blake took a taxi, and then had to borrow some of the money from Mary to pay for it. He puffed

"Yes, he is," Mary answered

from the bedroom door. "I wonder what his wife's like."

"His wife?" Celia's voice sounded surprised, as if somebody had slapped her in the face. "I didn't know he had a wife." Then, after a moment: "But, then, what's a wife between friends? That man's going to have a lot of money some day."

Tomorrow—The Ways of a Man.

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've been divorced from South Dakota for over two years and ought not to care what anybody says about her, so I'll just claim that I am merely interested in keeping history straight.

I have noticed that when I meet new people and they learn that I am from South Dakota, they generally make some wise crack about the Non-Partisan league. And now comes The Capital Journal and preaches an editorial sermon about the final failure of socialistic and paternalistic schemes in "North and South Dakota." How would Oregonians like it if eastern papers classed them as irresponsible wind-jammers just because their state is contiguous to California?

Here's free information for all who need it: The Non-Partisan league never got over a good start in South Dakota.

There never have been any state-owned or controlled industries in South Dakota, nor any orders in that direction. Politically South Dakota is very much like Oregon—so strongly republican that members of other parties are considered "queer."

The Huron packing plant, recently purchased by Armour & company and now referred to by

about South Dakota. It's about an even break. Folks in South Dakota think that Oregon is merely a quiet and uninteresting neighborhood that unfortunately must be crossed in going from Washington to California. Perhaps they get their information from the same source as The Capital Journal and Oregonian.

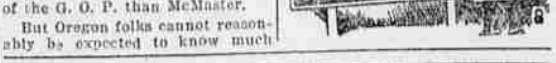
Nobody deplors the foolish dreams of socialism more than I, but I see no necessity for misrepresenting a fine state full of the best kind of people merely to support an argument.

However, The Capital Journal isn't as bad as the Oregonian. Last Sunday's issue of that paper published a picture of ex-Governor W. H. McMaster, new United States senator from South Dakota, describing him as "ex-leader of the Non-Partisan league in South Dakota." Holy smoke! If Mac should see that he would blow up! No state ever produced a more unscrupulous, rock-ribbed, stampeding, reactionary, partisan disciple of the G. O. P. than McMaster.

But Oregon folks cannot reasonably be expected to know much

A. M. CHURCH.

(Editor's Note:—The Capital Journal's editorial was based upon statements made by Armour & company by the Chicago Tribune and its staff correspondent who attended the celebrations, by the Chicago Journal of Commerce and from editorial utterances of Fargo and other Dakota newspapers.)



5000 of Your Fellow Citizens

Are Keeping Warm this Winter WITH Hillman Fuel Company's Guaranteed Coal

The public knowing who handles THAT GOOD COAL Keeps us busy delivering it CALL 1856 TODAY

You too, will be more than pleased

HILLMAN FUEL CO.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA

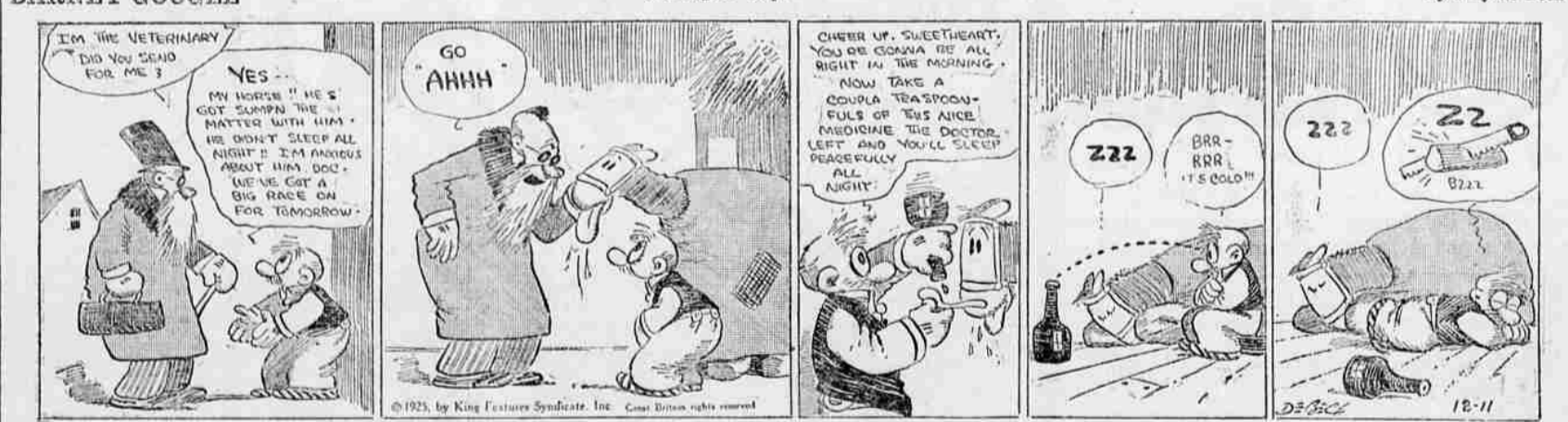


BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher