

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 136 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 52
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Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 10 cents a week, 45 cents a month, \$5 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.

Lady Governors

Texas seem pretty well disgusted with the administration of "Ma" Ferguson as governor and impeachment proceedings loom. Of course "Ma" is governor only in name, her husband, former governor "Jim" Ferguson, impeached for corruption in office, is the real executive, so that scandal was only a matter of time. However "Ma" made no pretenses, openly ran to exonerate her husband, was elected as a rebuke to the Ku Klux Klan, and Texans should be obliged to suffer the penalty for their sentimental folly.

The governor's husband has been accused of taking money for pardons of which his wife has granted over a thousand. He has sat with the highway commission, which is charged with letting fraudulent contracts, two members of which have resigned following the state's recovery, through the attorney general of \$600,000 from one contractor. He has exhibited his old enmity toward the University of Texas by having "Ma" veto its appropriations. He is accused by Colliers Weekly with collecting money for interviews with Mrs. Ferguson and other petty corruption and a legislative investigation has become imperative.

But if "Ma" Ferguson has failed to maintain the honor and dignity of the governorship, the same charges cannot be made against Nellie Taylor Ross, governor of Wyoming, who was elected at the same time, for Governor Ross has made good, her administration is free from scandal and unusually efficient. She succeeded her husband who died in office and has devoted herself to carrying out his ideals.

Mrs. Ross initiated her administration by calling on the legislature for a county budget system to compel economy in local government. She won a fight to have the state keep control of the banking system and appointed the most efficient state examiner she could find—a member of the opposing political party. She removed and prosecuted corrupt county commissioners, members of her own party. She ousted two sheriffs for corruption in connection with prohibition enforcement, after presiding at a public hearing.

Governor Ross has forced a reassessment for tax purposes of the big oil companies adding \$6,000,000 to the taxable property of the state. She headed a delegation from the upper basin states who went to Washington to fight against a water power grab by Arizona interests and is now leading a fight to block the proposed increase in freight rates for western roads.

After all, the kind of a governor the lady makes, depends principally upon the lady.

Half a Million Shy

According to the summary prepared by the state tax commission, the state tax for 1925 will be \$115,483 in excess of that of 1924, despite the act of the legislature reducing the state levy from the bonus fund \$542,268. The total state tax will be \$7,200,830, of which \$5,162,399 represents special tax levies made mandatory by law and \$2,038,431 comes within the six percent limitation and was levied by the commission. The state deficit, between estimated receipts and authorized expenditures will be \$480,863.

This deficit is the fruit of the financing methods employed by Governor Pierce in fixing the levy for 1925 far under actual requirements in order to make good his promises of reducing taxation on real property. To cover the threatened deficiency, the legislature was forced to resort to special taxation, such as the tobacco, motor stage and truck, etc., which were held up by referendum after the governor had vetoed the measure calling for a special referendum election. The six percent limitation prevents increasing the levy to cover the resulting deficiency.

The only reason the deficit is not larger is because of the increase in state revenues from fees etc., due to the growth and expansion of the state. No effort is apparent anywhere to curtail expenditures so the state can live within its revenues, but on the contrary, expenses are increasing all along the line.

If a private business was operated along lines that the state is being operated under the Grand Lecturer, with annual expenses nearly half a million dollars above earnings, how long would it last?

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

THE WAYS OF A MAN
Mary was not a little disturbed by Celia's comments on Stanley Blake. "But then, what's a wife between friends? That man's going to have a lot of money some day."

Was Celia the kind of girl who'd go around with married men, without their wives? Evidently she was. Mary didn't like that the girls she'd been brought up with never did it. Once a man was married he belonged to his wife. Why, Celia didn't even know Mrs. Blake! Celia wasn't turning out at all the way Mary had expected her to. "Of course, I didn't really know her at all when we decided to live together," Mary reminded herself. "We were absolutely strangers, only I liked her so well, and it seemed as if we'd be so congenial."

She still liked Celia for that matter. Celia was usually bright and cheerful, she took a genuine interest in helping Mary to dress more becomingly, and do her hair more fashionably; they had a lot of fun over their housekeeping. But Celia was deceitful in little things. She'd say she had dusted the living-room while Mary did dishes, for instance, and then Mary would lift a newspaper and find the table beneath it covered with dust. She'd say she had dried the dishes, when it was her turn to clean up after dinner, and Mary would find that she had put them away wet, counting on their being dry by morning. Mary had heard her declare to Mrs. Lindsay, their landlady, that she had scrubbed the bathtub after her morning bath, when Mary knew she hadn't. And she had a nasty temper, that flared up over little things and made her say ugly things. She'd

make up beautifully afterward, of course, and Mary told herself that Celia really didn't mean to be disagreeable, but sometimes it was hard not to feel hurt.

She saw little of Stanley Blake during the next few days; one day he merely "phoned," and did not come into the office at all. Early that afternoon his wife called the office and asked for him. "He isn't in," Mary replied. "But—are you sure? I know that he expected to be at the office at two o'clock."

"He isn't here," Mary told her again, speaking as politely as she could. "Shall I ask him to call you if he does come in?" He "phoned" that he wouldn't be here today. She could not realize that a woman who is kept at home hates to feel that some other woman knows more about her husband's affairs and whereabouts than she does herself. Mrs. Blake's voice was like a sharp-edged knife when she spoke again. "I'm sure he is coming in; he told me that he would," she insisted. "Tell him that I called and want him to call me." She hung up the receiver then, and Mary went back to her desk wondering if she had made a mistake in telling Mrs. Blake that her husband had said he would not come in. It hardly seemed that he wouldn't want her to know what he was doing that day—she tried to concentrate on her work, but her thoughts kept going back to the Blake's. Mrs. Blake's voice had sounded vexed, almost angry. Blake came in the next day, and brought up the subject at once. "My wife telephoned you yesterday, she said, and you told her I'd phoned that I wouldn't be in.

Well—"he hesitated a moment, walked across the small office and back again. "Well, don't ever tell her things like that. You see, she's a woman who knows nothing about business, she doesn't realize that sometimes a man has to change his plans during the day, and—well, I can't go into the whole matter, but after this just say that you'll give me her message when I come in. Understand?"

Mary nodded, and went on with her work, resolved never to make a mistake of that kind again. Mrs. Blake called up fairly frequently in the days that followed and Mary, when she had to answer the 'phone, said as little as possible. Mrs. Blake frequently asked if Mr. Blake had come in yet, if he is expected soon, what time he had come in, and Mary found herself forced to fib about him. She hated doing it, but he had told her that it was business to do so, and when she told him what she had done, he always thanked her and said that she was a great help to him.

"You see, she just doesn't understand," he told her; once he added, in a burst of confidence, "she has some money invested in my business, quite a lot, in fact, and she feels that she ought to know every thing that goes on. She doesn't realize that I can leave everything here in the office to you, and spend my time at the laboratory, where I'm needed."

Mary wished that she could talk things over with Celia, but knew that Celia wasn't the sort of person to talk freely with. She did, on one occasion, tell about the fib she had to tell to Mrs. Blake and say that she hated doing it, and Celia had just laughed, a funny little laugh that made Mary feel uncomfortable.

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her," she said. "She must be a regular Paul Pry."

Lulu, though she thought it must be great to do as you liked and not have to live with older people and have them always fussing at you, was rather scornful about the way Mary lived. "Don't you ever have more than this for dinner?" she demanded. Mary, who had made a special effort, smiled ruefully. "Creamed chicken, beef and salad and dessert—we always have more than that at home."

"I know it," replied Mary. She was tempted to add that at home dinner was always a heavy meal, where everyone ate too much, that she herself had found that eating smaller dinners made her feel better and improved her complexion. But she realized that Lulu would think her silly. "I guess you're dieting," remarked Lulu, leaning back in the big chair and watching Mary clear away the dinner. Celia came in just then, was introduced to Lulu, and went on into the bedroom.

Tomorrow—A Mystery.

reading the oath, turned to J. N. Hart, his attorney, and asked whether he should go under oath. He then refused to be sworn. "Why should I be sworn when no one else has been?" he wanted to know. "Because you are making a lot of d-radical statements, and we want to see if you can prove them," answered State Treasurer Kay.

The upshot of the session was that the board set Thursday, Dec. 17, for a further hearing, at which all statements will be under oath, both sides to summon any witnesses they choose, and Mr. Bramwell to be on trial with his official position at stake.

some time ago was refused by Bramwell when he applied for a charter to start a new bank in Portland, but Slocum refused to talk in the presence of newspapermen and was heard in a closed session after the open conference. Bramwell, at the beginning of his statement, brushed aside as a closed incident all relations between himself and the bank prior to the bank's change in July, 1924, from the Broadway bank to the Portland National Bank, and in this he had the tacit consent of the bank representatives. He explained that he had recognized the former Broadway bank as a reserve depository.

Bramwell's defense did not so much concern Bramwell's refusal to grant a reserve charter to the Portland National as it did an episode concerning an unidentified western Oregon bank around which the question of whether Bramwell shall remain in office now centers. Bramwell did say, however, that the Portland bank had failed to meet legal requirements in the matter of supplying the state department with statements when asked to do so. He gave certain dates. On one or two of these dates the bank people claimed to have made the statements.

All matter read and statements made about the unidentified bank omitted the name, so that it did not get into the record. This bank, according to Bramwell, was on the verge of collapse. He wrote a letter to the directors in which he proposed, in lieu of a 100 per cent assessment on the stockholders, that the stock be deposited with himself in escrow and that an employ of the state department take charge of the bank for 12 months with an option of buying it during that period at a price fixed by Bramwell. This letter, the bank representatives inferred, indicated possible corruption.

"I am willing to stand up and

fight any man in defense of that letter," shouted Bramwell at J. N. Hart, attorney for Haines. "The board of directors themselves asked us to put a man in the bank. That letter was written after a conference with the president of the bank and at his request. The letter never was anything but a proposal and they didn't have to accept it if they didn't want to. They could have accepted the 100 per cent assessment. However, we subsequently agreed on another plan, and I am glad we did for I needed my man in my department. It was necessary that something be done at that bank. If you call that letter arbitrary I want to say that we would even protect the depositories. They are our first consideration. The stockholders are not entitled to any consideration until the depositories are taken care of."

Bramwell asked Hart if he knew the condition of the bank in question. "I think it is in good condition and that the examiner was in error," answered Hart.

After Four Years Bramwell said the letter had been written after long consideration and that his department had been watching the bank for four

years. To show that he had no ill feeling toward the Portland National bank, Bramwell said that when it was about to become a national bank the comptroller of the currency wrote his advice about it and he replied with a favorable letter. He said that if the bank would comply with the law in all respects and furnish a statement from the comptroller indicating good condition he would willingly grant authority to be a reserve depository for state banks.

By Chick Young

Society
(Continued from Page Five)
Gunsley, Mrs. Vatter Davis, Mrs. Aleck Munson, Mrs. W. F. Starr, Mrs. Charles Thomas, Mrs. T. Olson, Mrs. A. E. Hedine, Mrs. Walter Fisher, Mrs. Joan Davis and the hostess, Mrs. W. F. Starr.
A Christmas party will be given by members of the Salem business and professional women's club at the chamber of commerce on Wednesday evening beginning at eight o'clock.

Bramwell Charges To Be Tried Under Oath By Board Thursday

DUMB DORA

NOW, PROFESSOR, WE WANT YOU AS A DISINTERESTED THIRD PARTY TO DECIDE THE OWNERSHIP OF THIS RING—PHYLLIS AND ERNIE BOTH CLAIM IT AS THEIR OWN.
ALL RIGHT—FIRST WE'LL HAVE THEIR REASONS FOR THINKING SO.

I BOUGHT THE RING FOR DORA WHEN I BECAME ENGAGED TO HER—I PAID FOR IT OUTTA MY OWN POCKET SO IT'S MINE.

DORA GAVE IT TO ME WHEN I BECAME ENGAGED TO ERNIE, SO YOU SEE IT'S MINE.

THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY HARD TO DECIDE—YOU BOTH HAVE GOOD CLAIMS—HOWEVER, I'LL LOCK MYSELF IN A ROOM AND TRY TO COME TO AN AGREEMENT OF MUTUAL FAVOR.

GOSH, HE'S BEEN IN THEIR TWO HOURS.
THE SUSPENSE IS TERRIBLE.

NOW, CHILDREN, AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT, AND CONSIDERING BOTH SIDES, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION TO AVOID FURTHER ARGUMENT TO GIVE THE RING TO—
ME?! ME?!

DORA!
SHE AIN'T SO DUMB!
OH, YOU DEAR!

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL—THANK GOODNESS I GOT RID OF THAT RADIO. IT WUZ NO GOOD—IT GOT ON MY NERVES.

MOTHER—IT'S GETTING NEAR CHRISTMAS—WHAT SHALL WE GET DADDY?

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT FOR A WEEK.

WE MUST GET HIM SOMETHING NICE THIS CHRISTMAS.

I KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD GET FOR DADDY!

WE'LL GET HIM A RADIO.

GOOD!

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Doesn't Want History to Repeat

By Billy de Beck

TODAY 2:00 P.M. AT THE FAIR GROUNDS
BARNEY GOOGLE UNDER THE ALIASES NAMES OF "JOHN SMITH" AND HIS HORSE "SPARK PLUG KNOWN AS "BROWN-EYED NAPOLEON" VS. "SQUIRE POTTS" A TWO-YEAR OLD "HOSS RADISH"
ALL RIGHT LET'S GO!!

DO YOUR BEST JOHN! THE SQUIRE IS THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN AND WE'RE ALL GETTING ON YOU TO WIN.

I HOPE SO—LAST YEAR ABOUT THIS TIME A FELLOW BLEW INTO TOWN WITH HIS HORSE—HE TOLD US HE COULD BEAT "HOSS RADISH" AND ALL OF US OLD TIMERS BET EVERY DOLLAR WE COULD LAY OUR HANDS ON—AND WE LOST!!
WAL—WE ALL LEAF HOGS AND GOT OUR SHOT GUNS AND WHAT WE DID TO THAT GUY?
YES YES

HEY! IT'S TWO O'CLOCK—WHERE'S JOHN SMITH AND HIS HORSE!! WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BELL.

CALL 33012

12-12 DEBECK

MUTT AND JEFF

Life Is Just a Big Frolic For the Little Fellow

By Bud Fisher

JEFF, LOAN ME A DOLLAR QUICK!
SORRY, MUTT, BUT I'VE ONLY GOT SIXTY CENTS.

THEN SLIP ME THE SIXTY CENTS AND YOU'LL OWE ME THE FORTY.
NIX—NOTHING DOING.

WELL, THAT COMPLICATES MATTERS. I'VE ONLY GOT THIRTY CENTS AND I HAD HOPES OF PARTAKING OF A CHICKEN DINNER FOR THIRTY CENTS.

ON THE LEVEL? POSITIVELY! JUST DOWN HERE TWO BLOCKS!

GRAIN & CHICKEN FEED OUR SPECIAL

SAP!

ree hee!!