

Capital Journal

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

Fifty-Fifty

The action of the state university in choosing a football coach instead of a president ought to simplify the taxpayers' proposal for a merger of the state's two higher educational institutions, forming a super-university.

The two great requisites for such an amalgamation are now assured. Honors are even. The Oregon Agricultural College furnishes the president at \$10,000 a year and the University of Oregon the football coach at \$8,500 a year. Given these two requisites, the combination is as simple as that on a corner grocery safe.

Each institution will therefore furnish 50-50 of the essentials of modern higher education and thereby eliminate rivalry and jealousy and the same policy can be followed down the line. Thus the university can retain the courses allied to football, now in the curricula, such as hand-ball, hockey, bait fishing, pot-hunting, etc., while the college can monopolize cooking, sewing, baby-farming, cafeteria management and allied courses on which it turns specialists.

With two colleges to select from the football coach would have a super team, and thereby rank the New Oregon with the world's great institutions of learning, while the president's political genius would find plenty of jobs for both faculties, as well as increasing the millage bills and manipulating the legislature for appropriations in keeping with the fame of its football team.

James Carey Hayter

Polk county lost another of its finest men and most useful citizens and the ablest of its editors when James Carey Hayter of Dallas succumbed Wednesday night to injuries sustained a few hours earlier when hit by an auto driven by a reckless youth. The son of well-known pioneers and a member of a distinguished family, Mr. Carey's entire life was devoted to the upbuilding of his native city and county.

For 20 years Mr. Hayter was publisher of the Polk County Observer and one of the most progressive and aggressive of the state's editors. His ability and courage won him the respect as well as esteem of the press which honored him by electing him president of the state association.

Scarcely a move in the transformation of Dallas from a sprawling country village to an up-to-date modern city that did not owe its inspiration and accomplishment to Mr. Hayter's vision and initiative. As councilman and mayor he was principally responsible for constructing the waterworks, sewage system and other public improvements. A high school course was included in the public schools as the result of his advocacy. He was father of the public library. He was instrumental in securing the establishment of the city's largest industry, the Willamette Valley Lumber Co., and the building of the Salem, Falls City and Western railroad by the Gerlingers.

Though forced by failing health to give up his newspaper work in 1912, he had as a business man kept in close touch with public affairs and his advice and counsel were much sought. His unflinching courtesy and friendliness endeared him to all. His modesty and self-effacement were such, that only with his passing will the full efforts of the community's loss be realized.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

PAT HAMILTON AGAIN
As Mary realized that Pat Hamilton had come home with Hilda she drew back into a corner, wishing that she could sink through the floor. He strode forward and caught her by both hands.

"Mary! It's wonderful to find you here!" His voice was eager, enthusiastic. But Mary looked straight past him to Hilda, who was facing her angrily.

"Hilda—could I speak to you alone, just a minute?" she asked. "Please! It's awfully important."

"Turning me down for Hilda! All right, but after that 'minute' you've got to talk to me also alone." Hamilton announced as he released her hands.

Hilda looked far from pleased at seeing her there, but Mary took her arm and drew her to the far end of the hall.

"Jim's home," she whispered. "And he was wild when he thought you'd gone out with Mr. Hamilton."

"You told him, I suppose," remarked Hilda furiously. "Well, I don't care. If Jim thinks—"

"Oh, Hilda, he doesn't know you went with Mr. Hamilton, truly he doesn't. And he's brought you a lovely shawl. If you could just hide this one—let me take care of it for you, so that Jim wouldn't know you've got it, and then I'll bring it to you later, when he's not home—don't make him angry, Hilda. He loves you so much."

"Well, I—Hilda hesitated, looked at Hamilton, who had eyed only for Mary. Her anger faded slowly; she shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, what's the use!" she exclaimed, disgustedly. "He's crazy about you, so I might as well hang on to what I've got!"

out because she knew you, and I thought maybe she'd know where I could see you."

"Oh, you didn't think I was jealous because you went out with her did you?" Mary cried. "How could you think that? I ran away from you that night at the restaurant because—well, I hadn't known that you were married, but when I heard that man ask you about your wife, I—well, I didn't want to stay there any longer. You hadn't played fair with me. You hadn't told me you were married. I don't go out with married men, when their wives don't know anything about it."

He stared at her in surprise that changed to amusement.

"Quainter and more old-fashioned than ever, aren't you," he said at last. "Well, you're the first one of your kind I've ever met; maybe that's why I've fallen so hard for you. Now listen to me, Mary. My wife and I have nothing in common—we might as well be divorced, for all we ever see of each other. We're not even good friends. She lives out West and I spend all my time in the East. I'm crazy about you and I can do a lot for you if you'll just let me be a friend. That's all I'll ask, just that you'll let me be a friend to you. That's not much, is it?"

"But I—you said—"

"I asked you to go abroad with me, I know. I let you think I was free to marry you. But that was because I didn't realize that you're the kind of a girl you are. Mary, I promise that I'll never make that mistake again. Aren't you going to be kind to me and let me make up for that mistake?"

Mary wanted to believe him. She felt hideously alone. Everyone had gone back on her, she told herself, everyone but him. And yet— She shook her head decidedly. "I can't," she told him. "I'd like to, but I just can't."

He looked angry at first; then he smiled, and held out his hand. "All right, let's shake hands anyway. And you'll let me take you home out at this hour alone, and Hilda told me that you lived away across town from here."

Mary hesitated a moment. She was really afraid to take the long trip alone. It was after midnight. She'd have to wait hours for a car, and at the other end there'd be a walk of four blocks through deserted streets. His taxi was waiting outside.

"All right, I'll go," she said at last. She realized, as they reached the downtown section of the city, that she was frightfully hungry. She hadn't been able to eat with Jim earlier in the evening because she was so worried about Hilda. Now she felt faint with hunger.

Hamilton seemed to have a sixth sense that told him that. "Come in here with me and have supper, won't you? I'm hungry; everything's gone wrong all evening and I couldn't eat. You can put that shawl of Hilda's around you, and take off your hat and you'll look as much dressed up as anyone there. You'll be doing me a real kindness. Please, Mary."

She went. After all, it would be all right, just this once, she told herself.

They sat at a corner table that was softly lighted by candles. Mary settled back into her chair, surprised to find that she was frightfully tired; she had been so excited all day that she had not known till then how tired she was.

And then she sat up suddenly, forgetting her fatigue. At a table not far away sat Colla, with Stanley Blake.

Tomorrow—The Storm.

Among the Literati

Henry Van Dyke Admires "Cousin Jane"

Dr. Henry Van Dyke had never read a Harry Leon Wilson book until "Cousin Jane" was published. His idea of Wilson was a writer of "funny" novels that verge on burlesque and this serious piece of fiction was a surprise. Here's what he says: "Cousin Jane" is dramatic. It has a new background, the great fantastic house built by visionary wealth in a now-deserted California mining town. The character of Jane is vividly and attractively conceived. But I think the best-drawn person in the book is Seth, the outside man-of-all-work of the declining house."

Drama Within A Drama In Curwood Novel.

There is a drama within the drama of Curwood's "The Ancient Highway." While at work on this novel, Curwood was living on the actual scene, the lumber regions of northern Quebec. As each chapter was written, it was read and appraised by that great Canadian, Sir William Price, for the story is of the forests, and Sir William was a forester. He approved the narrative, little knowing that the identical fate, so narrowly escaped by the hero of the romance—death in a log jam in the river—was soon to be his own. Yet it came before the book was finished. And "The Ancient Highway" is dedicated to the memory of Sir William Price.

Dawson's Golf-Sticks Idle. Coningsby Dawson, whose new novel, "Old Youth," has disturbed the flappers with its revelation of middle-aged romance, is one of the few living authors who do not use a typewriter. Mr. Dawson does all his writing with ink and pen, and in addition to this form of dexterity he is an enthusiastic golfer. But this summer the pen proved mightier than the golf-stick. Absorbed in a coming book, Dawson accomplished the feat of writing at a window overlooking a golf-course and in four months played only nine holes of golf.

Harry Hervey Out of Jungle and On Way Home. When Harry Hervey, the author of "Ethan Quest," gets back from Indo-China next month, his friends may wonder at the yellow tinge to

his skin which he brings as a memento of his recent jungle explorations. Mr. Hervey writes from Saigon on September 30th: "I emerged from the jungle somewhat fever yellowed but with my respiratory organs still functioning. I still have spells of fever, but I hope that by the time I reach New York my complexion will have cleared sufficiently to assure you that I have not gone Asiatic. We shall leave here within ten days, going to Europe via Singapore and Suez. I shall stride into your office, or be borne in on a litter, before Christmas." Harry Hervey has been in the interior of Indo-China searching for a second ruined city built by the founders of ancient Bangkok.

NEW INCORPORATIONS

Oregon Stages, Inc., Portland; incorporators, R. W. Lemen, Earl A. Hatfield, Fritz Jacobsen; capital, \$390,000.

Southern Oregon Clinic, Medford; incorporators, Robert W. Stearns, Ralph E. Green, Ralston W. Sleeter; capital, \$25,000.

Third Spiritualist church, Portland; incorporators, Thomas C. Gazeley, David Oliver, Edward Oliver, Harold Hookham; assets, \$50.

Grosbag Specialty company, Portland; incorporators, Lionel Dobbell, Rogers MacVeach, Katherine Holbrook; capital, \$1000.

McGregor Machine & Iron Works, Portland; incorporators, J. T. McGregor, George G. Larzelson, William B. Layton; capital, \$15,000.

Flagstaff Gold Mining company, Baker; incorporators, W. S. Layman, J. A. Wiley, E. Arnett; capital, \$250,000.

A permit to operate in Oregon was issued to the Graybar Electric company, Inc., a New York corporation with a capital of \$10,000. S. O. Ward of Portland is attorney-in-fact for Oregon.

Open Forum

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 100 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—If you see fit to publish these few words, you may do so, as I write in answer to Mable Drorbaugh of the 14th inst. in which she sees great improvement in dancing in the public school auditorium and would like to inquire if not done there, where is the proper place, for surely not in a dance hall, and it is seldom a private home is large enough for that purpose, and we know that from time immemorial young people, and even older ones, have found pleasure and good exercise in the pastime. If not forbidden with opportunity in proper places to indulge one's inclination in dancing or cards, persons will do so on the sly and in improper places. So why not practice the decent, above board plan? If we want to save our young people, we must realize their needs and desires. There is no doubt but what a suitable person could be secured with or without pay to chaperone the dances at the schools. Everyone should desire the public schools should be a community center and the writer has heard this request urged. So let the doubtful ones think whether these remarks are not right and reasonable and deserve to be acted on.

MRS. HENRY L. EARL.

N. B.—In all probability there are boy parents who would enjoy being present at these dances and no other chaperone required or needed.—Mrs. H. L. E.

Tuscar. Or., Dec. 15, 1925.

Horse sense is becoming as scarce as horses

"MORAL" TESTS FOR PUPILS OF PARRISH HIGH

A series of moral standard tests in the eighth grade of Parrish junior high school was staged this week by the education department of Willamette university. A total of 243 pupils were given the tests.

The results of the tests will be compiled and used in connection with the results of questionnaire on home standards, and standard intelligence tests. "The main purpose is to determine whether there is any relation between intelligence and moral standards, or any relation between home conditions and moral standards," says Gilbert Wrenn, who had charge of the tests.

The examinations have been made in cooperation with the Parrish school authorities.

Each pupil to whom the test was given was presented with a list of questions, each question accompanied by four answers. The pupil was asked to mark the answer, which in his opinion, was the correct one to the question. One example is as follows:

"When a storekeeper gives you too much change, you should

"1. Keep it, for he would probably keep it if you gave him too much.

"2. Scold the clerk for making a mistake.

"3. Report the error to the proprietor.

"4. A group of six men have gone over the questions, determining the order of corrections of the answers. Each pupil is to be graded 1 for

marking the best answers, 2 for the second best, etc., lowness of grade indicating perfectness of answers.

Results of the tests will be compiled and announced late in January.

The conclusions reached in the tests will be sent to a national education magazine for publication, Wrenn announces.

ON THE AIR

FRIDAY NIGHT (Pacific Time)

6 to 7:45 p. m., dinner concert, courtesy Olds, Wortman & King company; 7:45 to 7:55 p. m., weather, police and market reports, sporting and news items, 8 to 9 p. m., concert, Y. M. C. A. Glee club with solos; 9 to 10:30 p. m., concert by remote control from Sherman Clay Duo Art studio; 10:30 to 12 midnight, Hot Dicks with Pantages Frolic and other features.

KGO, Hollywood, Cal., 3:01.2—4 to 5:30 p. m., Hotel St. Francis concert orchestra, Vinton Le Ferrera, conductor; 5:30 to 6, girls; half hour; 6 to 7, dinner concert, Kulechkoer trio.

KPO, San Francisco, Cal., 4:28.2—5:30 to 6 p. m., Waldemar Lind and orchestra; 8 to 11, Palace hotel dance orchestra, Gene James, director; Al Jacobs, pianist; Maurice Gmsky, tenor.

KET, Los Angeles, Cal., 4:07—7 p. m., Examiner program; 8, organ recital; 9, Ashley sisters; 10, Myra Belle Vickers program.

Each pupil is to be graded 1 for

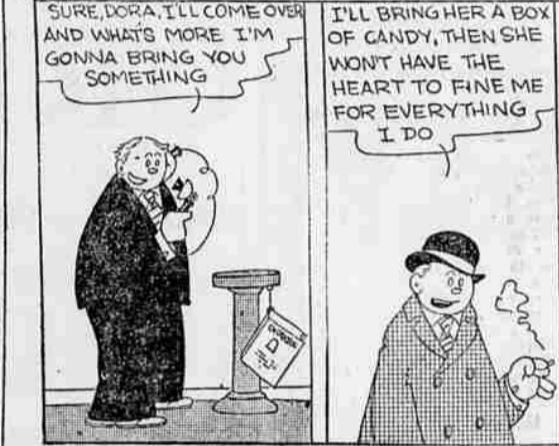
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DUMB DORA

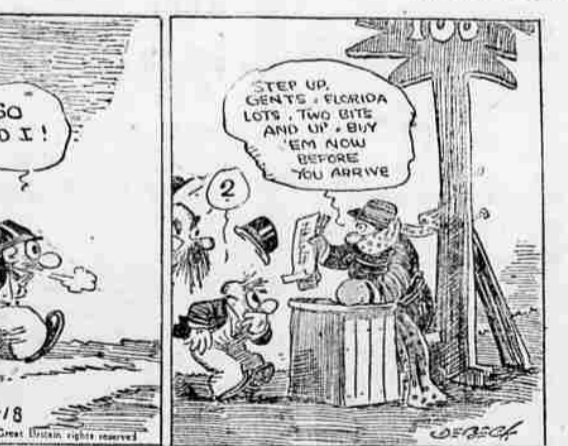


BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

They'll Have Lost of Chances Like This



MUTT AND JEFF

This Real Estate Broker's Prices Were Like Rubber—i. e., Very Elastic

By Bud Fisher

