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 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.

FULL LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

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

Teachers Enter Politics

The Oregon Teacher's association has formally entered the political arena by deciding at its state convention to sponsor an initiative state income tax bill to be placed on the ballot next November, 50 percent of the derived revenues to be used for school purposes. The diversion of 50 percent of the inheritance tax receipts to the school fund is also recommended. The teachers propose to unite forces with the grange, and other semi-political organizations to put across their program.

The taxpayers will be asked to ratify these proposals upon the theory that the extra funds realized will enable a reduction in the property tax—but sad experience shows that the extra revenues derived from increased taxation are always required by tax-eaters for increased expenditures Having reached the limit of taxation of property without confiscation, new sources of revenue are sought rather than reduction in expenditures.

Evidently there is to be no limit to the financial demands of the school machine. In 1925, some 42 percent of all the taxes paid in Oregon went for education and the school revenue is so great that it keeps educators busy in devising new frills and furbelows on which the money can be spent.

Education cost the taxpayers $17,484,194 last year, of which $15,010,433 was for schools, high and grade, an increase of $1,288,156 or 8.9 percent over the previous year. The higher educational institutions cost $2,473,761.

According to the report of the teachers tax committee, assessed valuation in Oregon has increased 250 percent in 20 years, school population has increased from 108,000 to 175,000, or 62 percent, while school costs have increased 900 percent in the same period. And the pity of it all is, that the pupils are not as well grounded in essentials as they were when school costs were only a fraction of what they are today. Evidently the more we pay for education, the less we receive.

This astonishing increase in school expenditures has been made possible because the public school is a sort of fetisch with the people and whatever has been demanded, has been generously granted without question, for everyone desired to aid the coming generation—and anyone who opposed the freak curricula has been roundly denounced as unpatriotic. Upon similar grounds, the public will be importuned to soak the business man a second time to provide more money for the school machine to spend.

The teachers association follows the best traditions of uplifters. Its initial move is to raise assessments on the many to be spent by the few, in securing increased public appropriations, so as to "establish proper machinery" in the form of a paid secretary, propaganda distributors and organizers of the campaign. Only one important item was neglected—having appropriated Governor Pierce's platform, it failed to endorse his candidacy for reelection—but that will come later, the politicians manipulating the teachers will see to that.

Wet Lands For Drys

Prominent prohibitionists are being flooded with boom propaganda from Florida entreating them to invest "where it is June all the year around" and become millionaires. It is evident that contributors to the cause of Volsteadism are being utilized as a sucker list, a premise confirmed by the following from "Pitts, Inc." booming a waterfront and under water section:

You remember W. G. Calderwood, famous Prohibition leader in Minnesota (formerly National Prohibition Vice-Chairman). You remember me, C. E. Pitts, formerly New York State Prohibition Chairman (later, National Headquarters Secretary). You remember the way both of us used to DRIVE THRU TO SUCCESS the tasks we undertook. Well—here, as associates in Indian Groves, we are prepared to use that energy for you.

If you think of investing (COME, whether you intend to invest or not), WRITE US. There is no end of money to be made here in acreage, blocks, lots, farms and water-fronts—as prices are steadily and substantially advancing. COME! SEE!! Then use your judgment. But, if unable to come, but desire a share of certain profits, WRITE US—we will be happy to serve you. Without obligation upon your part, let us show you how we can, together, make some $$$$$.

It is evident that the occupation of living in clover off other peoples' contributions is too much of a snap to give up, so the erstwhile prohi leaders continue the system under a new guise, merely promising a material reward instead of a spiritual one. And it is significant that they chose as the scene of their operations, the one state in the union where no attempt is made to enforce prohibition.

However the suckers who financed the Anti-Saloon League will get more for their money, even if they only secure a submerged lot in an everglade swamp in Florida than they got for their contributions to the dry cause.

The New America

(From the London Spectator)

To the Editor:—I have just read Mr. Norman Angell's article. I write because I like England, having been there, and wish to warn the British against the New American or Babbitt movement in the United States. I was born forty-four years ago in Virginia City, Nevada, of native American parents, so I should know the West. I have traveled a quarter of a million miles in four nations, so I should be able to make comparisons.

Mr. Angell tells of the improvements effected by the collective efforts of the Babbitts in the West. I have lived at the Statler hotels which not only do not remember the guests' names, but are far less courteous and friendly than London hotels. I have seen the old rough West he sneers at pass—the West where every man rose in street cars to give women seats, the wide, open, gambling, drinking West where there was not the one rape case a day that takes place in California today, nor the dope, the sneak-thieves, the shoplifters now flourishing in incredible numbers. The old West was rough but immensely better than the new bunch of sanctimonious hypocrites and Bible-toting grafters that have succeeded.

Beware of the new American gang spirit that is making this nation the storm-center of internecine hate. In America, today, there is vastly less politeness, courtesy and common decency than ten years ago. We are infested by pitiful asses posing in the limelight of a bunk uplift. Dozens of clubs are spreading bunk that fools nobody, not even themselves. We have clean-up weeks, shut-down weeks, dry-up weeks, love-other kinds of weeks that nobody pays any attention to except the officious busybodies that sponsor them for the cheap advertising that they bring. For instance, we have just had fire-prevention week by the fire-insurance companies. We shall next probably have the fill-your-teeth week by the dentists, etc., etc.

Never was a people so disgusted with this stuff and the meddling of an officious and puritanical government in personal habits as the American people are today. They are sick, sore and disgusted from Atlantic to Paacific. Individuality is a challenge, frank speech a crime, minority opinion an outrage to be beaten down with bludgeons under the eyes of the officers of the law in America today. Watch contemporary history in America with its Tennessee trials, its Government agents breaking in the doors of private and innocent home without warrant and in defiance of the law, arrests without charge and jailing without bail or trial, the railroading of innocent men from communities. Look out England! Watch the mob spirit, or community spirit as it is called over here.

If you want to know a real American small town read Main Street—it is an amazing photograph. Babbitt gives you the next size, from the life. England taught us hypocrisy, but you are babies to us now in that art. Don't let the old hens who go over there from here to preach Prohibition lie you out of your personal freedom.

Mr. Norman Angell is all right, but when he talks of the new or bunk America he is all wrong. If you doubt this watch our papers for riots, rapes, murders, police and governmental outrages, and beatings up of citizens. I have belonged to commercial, luncheon, advertising and other clubs. I have lived in town of one, five, ten, twenty-five, fifty, two-hundred thousand, and cities of one to six millions. I know my country and I know it has learned to hate its neighbours (I mean one citizen hates another citizen) because of religion, thought and class. I know that it is unbelievably intimidated by mob spirit, that it is incredibly hen-pecked by the repulsive old termagants who hound the politicians, that it daily become more corrupt, that the consumption of booze goes on, only now in the homes and among the young, and that the very word "liberty" uttered aloud makes people stare at you.—I am, Sir, &c.,

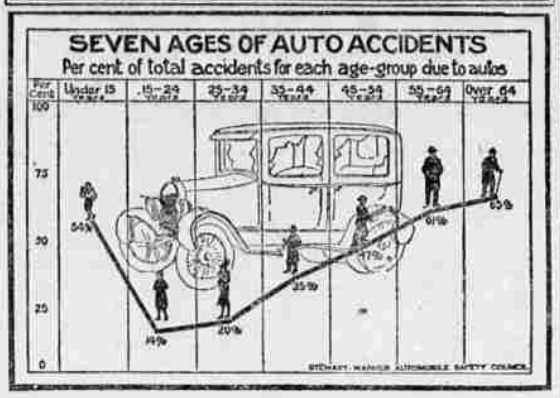
CHAS. E. WEST.

120 East Broadway, Long Beach, California.

Washington—Official farm statistics as to Manhattan island: farmers, 5; livestock, 2 mules, eight horses, 17 cows; acreage 72, mostly potatoes.

Rome—Edna Mussolini, 15 year old daughter of the premier, has a Carnegie medal. The award was made for saving the life of another girl swimmer during a storm.

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE TELLS MOTORISTS' TERRIBLE TOLL



SHAKESPEARE'S seven ages of mankind made no reference to the number who were cut off in their prime by automobiles. If he had, suggests the Stewart-Warner Safety Council, it might have run something like this parody on his famous lines:

At first the infant,
Killed by a truck while in his nurse's arms,
And then the careless schoolboy with his marbles,
Playing in the streets after his lessons
Are over. And then the lover,
Absent-minded, walking with a box of candy
Under his arm, to see his loved one,
Is struck by a taxi and hurtled to the ground.
Next comes the gay young blood
Out for his evening's entertainment, whom
Sixty miles an hour lands forty years too soon
Upon a slab in some unfriendly morgue.
And then the banker, full of worldly pride and honors,
Jay-walks across the street between two mighty deals of finance,
And wakes to find Saint Peter quizzing him.
Next, the family man, with years upon him,
Confused and jostled in the crowd,
Missteps, and dies amid thanksgiving
That his last premium was paid up.
And last, hoary age, tottering and feeble,
Perhaps with crutch, or eye too dimmed with time,
An easy victim for some selfish motorist,
Sans care, sans thought, sans skill, sans everything—but speed.

Love's Greatest Gift

By VIOLET DARE

FACING DEATH

Mary was happy again as she walked along that country road with Crandall, with his flashlight casting just enough light before them so that they could see their way, although the darkness closed in around them tightly.

"I'm afraid its going to rain," Will told her. "The air feels like it Mary,. I've let you in for a lot of discomfort—I'm awfully sorry."

"But I'm not at all uncomfortable; I don't mind this a bit," Mary assured him happily. She smiled to herself over his calling her by her first name; she liked that. She realized that he hadn't even known that he was doing it.

"Well you're the best sport of any girl I know—that's all I have to say," he announced. "Come on, let's sing."

He began to sing, in a husky, rather pleasing voice, that was not very strong, but that Mary liked better than any other voice she ever heard. He sang old songs, "Mother, Machree" and "In the Gloaming;" "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," and "My Old Kentucky Home," and progressed to "Dawning" and "I Love You."

Mary, marching valiantly along by his side, loved hearing him sing It made it much easier to walk even when the sharp stones cut through her shoes, and she turned her ankle a little when she stepped into a deep rut. She was too happy to mind such annoyances.

It did begin to rain, lightly at first, when suddenly with such violence that they took refuge under a tree. The big drops pattered on the leaves above their heads, and the damp air was sweet with the warmth of the earth.

"Are you afraid of lightning?" Will asked, as a streak of it shot across the sky.

"Well—I—I—"

Suddenly a ball of fire seemed to roll straight at them, across the road. Mary screamed and buried her face on Will's shoulder. His arms held her tight. There was a clap of thunder that seemed to strike them, though it was only noise.

Mary opened her eyes a moment later. She was trembling so that she could hardly stand; if Will's arms had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground.

"It's all right, dear—don't be frightened," he told her. "That was a scare, all right, but it's all right now. The lightning struck that tree over there—just nicely missed us. Now, brace up—that's the girl."

"Oh, I'm sorry I was so foolish, but I couldn't help it," Mary told him, pushing her hair back from her face with both hands and leaning against the trunk of the tree instead of against him. "I just didn't realize—I was frightened—"

"Of course you didn't. That was enough to scare anybody. I'm glad you came along with me instead of staying there in the car. I need your company. Looks as if the storm would let up a bit now, and then we can start on once more."

It was an hour later when they came to a garage, just after they turned into the main road. A man there took them back to Will's car, filled the tank, and told them where to strike a road that would cut off several miles.

Will drove fast, but it was long after midnight when he stopped the car in front of the house where Mary roomed.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that I made such a mess of things" he told her. "I should have had a reserve can of gas in the back of the car; usually I do. Please go out with me again, and let me prove to you that I do not know how to manage such things."

"But I had a beautiful time," Mary told him. "Truly I did. And I didn't mind walking a bit."

"Ruined your shoes, though," he remarked, glancing down at them.

He shook hands with her, when the landlady had come grumpily downstairs to open the front door. Mary did not dare meet his eyes. She had suddenly remembered that moment who nit had seemed that they were going to be struck by the bolt of lightning, and something told her that he was remembering it too. She shook hands hastily and hurried into the house.

"There was a man here asking for you," the landlady told her. "He seemed awful anxious to see you. Had a lot of flowers with him—they're in your room. Said he'd come to see you tomorrow, but if you got in before one o'clock would you call him up; he left the 'phone number on a piece of paper."

"Oh, what was his name? asked Mary.

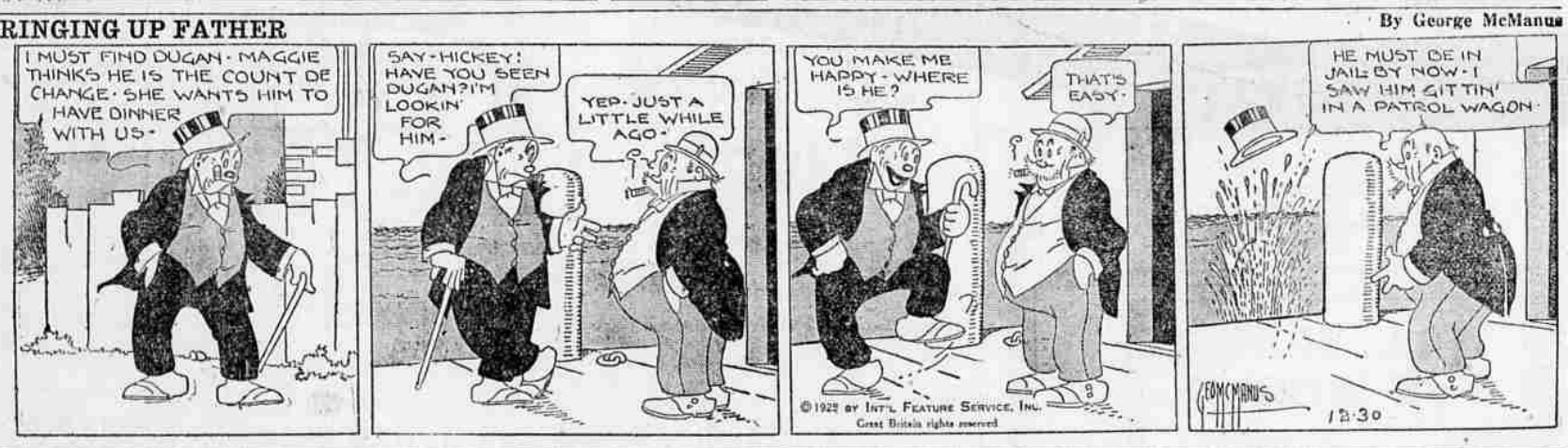
"I don't remember," the landlady answered grouchily. "How can a person think of strangers' names when they're woke up in the middle of the night to come to the door?"

She went off down the hall to her own room, and Mary ran up the stairs. It must have been Pat Hamilton, she told herself.

London, Eng.—Most of the society brides are wearing velvet gowns at their weddings and going to Italy for honeymoons.

DUMB DORA By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE Misplaced Irrigation By Billy de Beck

MUTT AND JEFF Jeff Should Have Used The Ace! By Bud Fisher