

Capital Journal

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

—BYRON

Legislative Economy

Despite the fact that the state faces a \$1,200,000 deficiency in biennial expenses, the members of the house overwhelmingly rejected the suggestion made by Speaker Carlin to furnish an example of economy by simple reforms such as abolishing the cumbersome engrossing and enrolling committees, substituting a legislative and proofreading committee and a system of printed bills and limiting employment of stenographers and clerks to actual needs, which would decrease the cost of the session some \$20,000.

Following this, 41 of the 60 members of the house have signed a concurrent resolution in round-robin fashion, authorizing the secretary of state to allow payment of \$5 for each legislator per day for "expenses" which will increase the cost of the session \$18,000—and this despite the fact that the constitution limits the pay of legislators to \$3 a day. The legislators sought their offices knowing that the compensation was constitutionally limited—but what is the constitution among legislators?

The joint ways and means committee is practicing economy by cutting the budget appropriation of \$115,045 for the state library to \$75,000, which means that farmers and others in distant parts of the state will be denied the privilege of circulating libraries and that the library cannot keep up to date in new books.

At the same time the committee allowed in full the budget of \$53,240 for the certificate of title division of the motor vehicle of the secretary of state, an entirely unnecessary expense forced by the last legislature, benefitting only dealers in second-hand vehicles. This money would be far better spent in furnishing good literature to isolated people.

If the legislature is in earnest in practicing economy, it will repeal this certificate of motor titles law and other laws creating superfluous activities benefitting only bureaucracy and special interests—and thereby simplify government without in any way crippling necessary activities. But is it?

"A Real Shrine"

Bertha Kalich, acknowledged the world's greatest actress, who played here last week, is sounding wherever she goes the praises of the Elsinore as the "most beautiful theater in America." The San Francisco Chronicle of January 10, contains the following:

Bertha Kalich, the great tragedienne, who like Modjeska and Nossimova, won her first fame in America in the Yiddish and foreign theaters on the Bowery and the East Side of New York, is finding in the west a real appreciation for the best the theater has to offer.

She has just come through that part of America known to Broadway as "the sticks," but in these communities of the west, provincial though they are from the New York viewpoint, she has found a theater more beautiful than any in New York and widespread taste for the fine things in dramatic art.

In the pioneer city of Salem, Or., where the covered wagon trains halted only twenty-five years ago, she found the Elsinore theater the most beautiful she has ever played in, a real shrine for the best the drama has to offer.

The Elsinore is the inspiration of its designer, builder, and owner, our modest fellow citizen George B. Guthrie, and a monument to his artistry as well as public spirit. That his efforts are appreciated by the great artists of the stage proves that he is not only making Salem famous but redeeming the west from the stigma of provincialism. With merited patronage, famous players will be attracted for the mere pleasure of playing in "a real shrine for the best the drama has to offer."

The Elsinore is destined to become the greatest cultural attraction Salem has to offer and therefore our greatest advertisement.

Building Figures

The steady growth of Salem, as well as Oregon is reflected in the record of building permits as compiled by S. W. Straus & Co. These show that all Oregon cities have enjoyed steady growth, with Salem, La Grande, Klamath Falls and Medford showing an increase in 1926 over 1925.

The boom in Klamath Falls, occasioned by railroad activity, continues, but while the year was a record one for Salem, it only represented a continuation of the steady building necessitated by the increasing population.

The best part of Salem's building does not show up in figures—it is factory construction that means new industries and enlargement of existing industries, that mean more payrolls. The construction compilation follows:

	No.	Cost	Year 1925
Astoria	304	\$18,670	\$93,020
Eugene	499	\$1,545,478	\$2,630,300
Klamath Falls	959	\$3,337,533	\$1,635,147
La Grande	249	\$23,582	\$41,957
Medford	153	\$40,835	\$39,600
Medford	499	\$31,616	\$74,692
Portland	17,512	\$2,538,875	\$5,476,335
Salem	544	\$2,934,104	\$1,734,905
Total	18,277	\$10,827,158	\$17,041,064

The Revelations of A Star's Wife

A Story of Married Life and the Movies

By VIOLET DARE

Author of "A Wife on Leave," "What a Widow Knows," etc.

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ONE OF THE SCREEN'S WORST

"Oh, I couldn't go home with Sally; my work, you know—" Carol cut me an apologetic little smile that made me yearn to be her to work with Philip. And then she paused and sprang to her feet as he came into the room.

I shouldn't have said "come into the room." He really made an entrance, just as he had done in the barnstorming days of his career on the stage. He stood for a moment in the doorway, the red velvet portiere lifted in both hands, his long-lashed eyes fixed on a point just above Carol's head, as if he were gazing out into infinity.

I wondered if I was expected to get up and salaam. Then he stalked dramatically over to her, lifted one of her hands, and kissed it reverently. He turned next to Mrs. Burnett, but she smiled and put her hands under the folds of her skirt, so he turned to me with all the hauteur of the colored doorman who used to stand outside show-ups in San Francisco.

We were introduced, and he bowed low before me; if he could have known that I was thus enabled to touch his hair in an attempt to hide his tendency toward baldness, I think he would have been less ceremonious.

After that he talked—no, we conversed. I felt as if I were in school again. He lectured to me on the subject of his "art treasures," insisting that the "art treasures" and the "most precious of the oil paintings" while Carol sat by and beamed.

Then he began on the furniture. Later I learned that most of it had been bought at auctions around New York, but that day he solemnly assured me that he had brought precisely all of it over from his "ancestral home" in England. I don't believe that the man meant to lie; I think that he was just completely absorbed in the part he was playing. He had a deep, rich voice, and he liked the sound of it. To himself he was the entitled descendant of a long line of illustrious Englishmen, showing his treasures to people who never could realize their value.

"Now this—this is a perfect staff!" he murmured impressively, picking up a tawdry little gilt chair. Feeling that I was expected to say something, I asked what period "Oh, just—just period," he answered sonorously, but vaguely. "And this is a presentation piece," indicating a huge carved chair that looked as if it might have come straight from a torture chamber.

Before we were seated again he lighted a cigarette in a burner on the Victorian and drew the heavy velvet curtains that screened the windows, shutting out all air. Returning to sit on the couch with me, he said something in a low voice to Carol, and she, murmuring something about tea, left the room. As she passed her mother she caught the pathetic little old woman by the arm, fairly holding her from her chair, not quite aware of what was happening. Mrs. Burnett was skillfully propelled out of the room. Again I wanted to shout with laughter. Obviously Philip St. Mark and I

were being left alone so that he could make an impression on me! He leaned forward and gazed at me soulfully, as if he and I had been kindred souls, met for a brief instant, and soon to be torn apart by cruel fate. His manner was that of the ham actor; I couldn't help expecting him to rise and stalk about the room, murmuring one of Romeo's speeches. His really beautiful voice murmured earnestly as he told me of his hopes for Carol, of what he was doing for her, of what a marvelous actress she was bound to be, of the depth of her character—all the virtues and talents in the world were here.

"And you are acting with her?" I asked. I had heard that Carol's word, surprisingly enough, had some weight with the company to whom she was under contract. Doubtless she could see to it that he was always sure of a good part and a good salary.

"Oh, yes—she is so beautiful, so fragile and untouched by the grim squallor of the world, that I cannot bear to let her play love scenes with anyone who does not esteem her as I do." Later, when I saw one of these love scenes and noted how neatly he had "hugged" it, so that his face showed and hers did not, I saw light on the subject.

"Yes, I play opposite her in everything now. Later we shall star together, unless we go on the stage."

That sounded well, of course; if I had not heard so many down-and-out actors who never had made good say exactly the same thing, I might have been more impressed.

Tomorrow—A Bit of Justice.

VISITS IN EUGENE

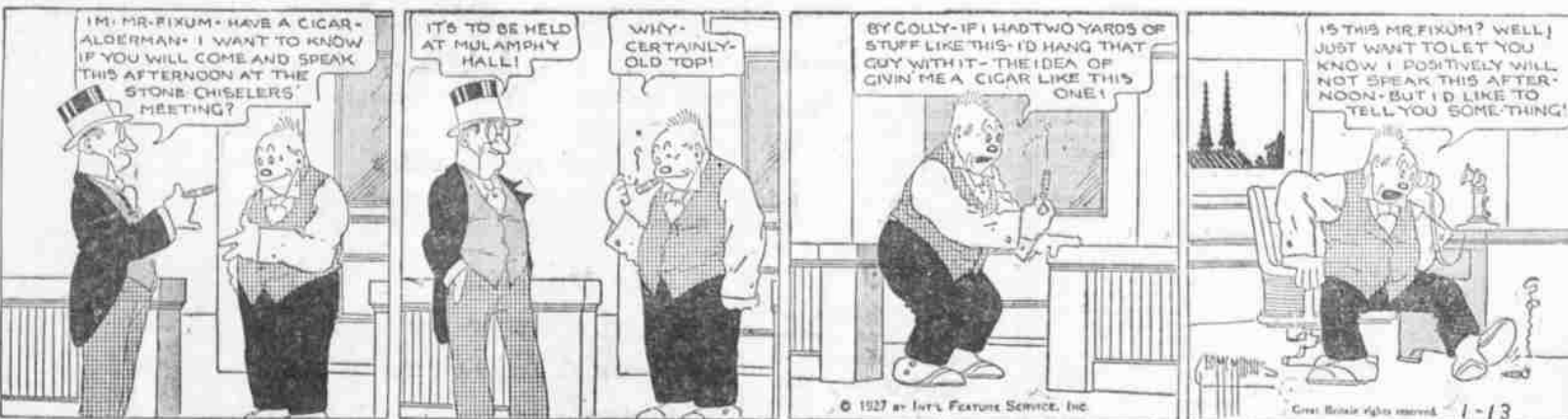
Woodburn, Jan. 13.—Miss Rose Richards visited in Eugene Wednesday and Thursday of this week at the home of her aunt Mrs. B. K. George.

DUMB DORA



By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE

A "Bare" Escape For Sparky



By Billy De Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

"Dutch" Clutts Uncorks a Scandal in the Lion Tamer's Pinchle League

By Bud Fisher

