

# Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon  
An Independent Newspaper, Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday at 124 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—18 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.

## Time To Wake-Up

Everyone in Salem is delighted to see new buildings commensurate to the growing importance of the city, being erected as monuments to the faith of the builders in the future of the city—but one cannot help asking where the wealthy old timers and first families are that are not participating in the growing expansion of the city? Is it possible that foreign stocks and bonds and distant securities are so much more attractive than the city of their nativity?

The city building progress of Salem is due to the enterprise and progressiveness of a few, all of them comparatively newcomers, to the Tom Livesleys, the Blighs, the George Guthries, the Hawkins and Roberts and Williamsons, men of vision and the daring to take a chance on Salem. If we had a hundred of them, instead of a score, Salem would be the best built city of the state. An equally small number, such as Miles, Kay, the Steuoloffs, Spaulding and Leadbetter, are fostering our industries, but the large percentage of even these, like our canneries, are owned by those of other cities and states.

A city cannot be built by property owners who refuse to build or to sell at a price permitting others to build and whose contributions to city upbuilding consist of merely holding and marking up prices to enjoy unearned increment, or one story shacks designed to get the most rent on the least investment. Whatever they are, they are not monuments to enterprise and progress.

If those who have the property and the money would cooperate, as they should, in the upbuilding of Salem there would be a different story to tell. As it is, unless the property owners of the old district wake up and do something to replace their obsolete structures with modern buildings, the business district will gradually shift as new enterprise grasps its opportunities elsewhere.

After all, a city depends as much, perhaps more, upon the vision of its inhabitants than upon its tributary resources. And so, we advise the old-timers to wake-up and join the procession, and do something lest they be left eventually holding the sack.

## Branch Banking

The McFadden branch banking bill, which has passed both houses of congress through an agreement with the McNary-Haugen supporters to apply closure to prevent filibuster, carries two important provisions. It permits national banks the right to establish branches in those states which accord to state banks this right and it also provides for the extension, without time limit, of the charters of Federal Reserve banks, which would otherwise expire in 1934, thus insuring the permanence of the reserve system.

The measure has been fought over for two years and was loaded down with amendments in the house designed to hamper the progress of branch banks. These the senate refused to concur in, so the banks secured the privilege of placing their branches in those states whose laws sanction branch banks.

Branch banking may be a logical development of this age of combination and consolidation, but it is questionable whether its evils do not outweigh its benefits. Carried to its conclusion, it is simply a banking trust that sooner or later absorbs all other banks and gives a monopoly of financing to one institution, creating a real money trust.

The evils of branch banking are shown in California where the Bank of Italy, with approximately some 1500 branch banks has merged with the Liberty banks, with some 2500 branches, making 4000 chain banks under a common control. These banks of course are run merely to make money. The development of the community served is of secondary interest. Their increased profits go out of the community, and they can, by denying or curtailing credit, arrest development and force a financial stringency in any locality, or from any other locality to deflate it later.

To permit any one institution to secure and retain a monopoly of banking credit and finance is against public policy and fatal to democracy. Even the control of 4000 banks in any one state is too much power to be vested in any one concern and bodes ill for the commonwealth.

## The Faint Heart

BY RUBY AYRES

"HANDS OFF!"  
All Tabbs could think of was the distance which at this time tomorrow would be dividing her from the man she loved, and it was a very pale, sad-faced Tabbs who finished packing her box that night, and went into bed.  
She shed no tears, her head had gone too deep for that, but when at length she dropped off, it was only into broken sleep, and awoke, as if in protest at some bad dream or some trouble which she could not avoid.  
Colonel Wye-Smith heard her encoiled and tried to rise from his room to see if she was all right. He carried a shaded candle in his hand, avoiding the electric light lest it should too suddenly arouse her, but apparently she was sleeping peacefully again, and he stood for some moments beside the bed, looking at her with tender eyes.  
"Very like her mother, God bless her," he thought, and he sighed as he went cautiously away again and across the landing to his own room.  
It was a very still night, and as the Colonel looked out of his window before going back to his bed, he was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness in the air. The pale screen of moon which had lighted Shayle on his way across the village some hours since had disappeared in a veil of clouds, and the world was wrapped in impenetrable blackness.  
"Bad weather for the time of year," the old man thought as he united the cord of his dressing-gown.  
"Ought to be warmer."

Ought to be getting some sun-shine."  
He had blown out the candle, when suddenly there was the sound of a heavy fall in the study below, a heavy fall which was followed by a scuffling sound and then the noise of breaking glass.  
Colonel Wye-Smith was an old man, but he had always been as brave as a lion, and his heart leaped, and the blood tingled in his veins, as in a flash the explanation came to him.  
"Murders! The brutes have dared to come again!"  
He switched on the light, caught up a loaded service revolver which never since the night of the storm had lain beside his bed, and he was out of his room and down the stairs more quickly and readily than many a younger man would have been. All attempts at subduing the noise seemed now to have deserted the thoughts of whoever was there in the study, and he wondered as if two heavy men were fighting and struggling with one another, knocking furniture over, and fiercely beholding one another.  
Colonel Wye-Smith grasped his revolver tightly and flung open the closed door, feeling along the wall for the electric switch.  
"Hands up, or I'll fire!"  
His voice rang out as it used to do thirty years ago in the Barrack Square, and at the same moment his left hand found the switch.  
He pressed it, but no light appeared; he pressed it again frantically, but all in vain.  
The cool night air blew in upon him from the open, broken win-

dow, and there somewhere at his feet in the darkness that life or death scuffle went on in ghostly silence.  
And the Colonel said again: "Hands up, I say, or I'll fire!"  
He waited a moment, then fired his revolver in the direction of the supposed scuffle.  
There was a sharp cry, a groan, and then the limp sound of someone falling.  
Colonel Wye-Smith was shouting to arouse the household now, almost beside himself with excitement and triumph.  
He had caught the burglar, whoever he was, single-handed, and without the aid of the triumpheering police.  
"Wake up, all of you! Thieves! Wake up, I say! Jim, where are you? Wake up, wake up!"  
The house was effectually aroused, running steps sounded overhead and frightened yelps.  
One appeared on the stairs, white-faced and trembling.  
"Buddy, what is it? Is anyone hurt? Where is Jim?"  
"Jim here," said a gruff voice from the darkness of the study.  
"Don't let all this light, someone in this room!"  
His voice sounded hoarse and shaken. Two of the servants brought lamps, banging back nervously. The Colonel snatched at one of the lamps.  
"What are you all afraid of? Give it to me, I say." He pushed forward, bats close at his side now, and stooped over the dark fallen object on the floor.  
"Jim was sleeping over it also, a breathless, white-faced Jim, his collar torn off, his face bleeding and one eye badly bruised."  
"He was getting at your safe, Guy," he hurried out, "I caught him tampering with the lock."  
"Aha!" The Colonel gave a little snort of satisfaction, mingled

## STAGE WHISPERS

Of more than average interest will be the program which comes to the Capitol theater today. It boasts three acts of headline caliber and screen features from the pens of Zane Grey.

Jack Wyatt, an old favorite with the Passage theater, returns to the circuit after an absence of several years with an entirely new act and a cast of Highland lads and lassies who sing, dance and play various musical instruments. Wyatt is known in theatrical circles as "the miracle man," as he is the only Scotchman who ever gave away money. At every performance he presents theater patrons with a hundred or more coins.

"The Old Book," a comedy sketch played by Van and Vernon, is another important feature of the bill. It is a whimsical story concerning a character similar to that of Frank Bacon's lovable character, "Lightnin'" Bill Jones. This sketch comes to the west for the first time since it opened and scored so heavily at the Palace theater in New York.

Oklahoma Bob Albright, the cowboy singer and humorist, returns to Portland with an interesting cycle of character songs. He will be assisted by lust Marie and Jean King.

A sharp that will rub the brows from the face of mankind is D. W. Griffith's newest picture, "Sally of the Sawdust," now being shown at the Esplanade theater.

It is all sunny laughter, merry jest, quaint drolleries tucked into an interesting story that marches along to a finish as sunny and exciting as anything that has ever been delivered to the silver screen. "Sally of the Sawdust" is being

with regret to feel that after all he was not to enjoy unshared glory. Still, Jim was his son, a chip off the old block, evidently, and therefore he felt proud of him.

"Well, we've winged him between us all right," he said, complacently. "Turn him over, let's have a look at him." For the man had fallen on his face.

But Jim hung back with curious reluctance, and Colonel Wye-Smith had moved to raise the prostrate figure when with a wild cry Shale fell on her knees beside it. "Maybe Shale! O, my God! you've killed him!" She raised frenzied eyes to her brother's face. "You fool! It's Shale!"

"O My God!" said the Colonel. His rosy face was white as he looked at his son.

"You fool!" he snapped.

Jim met his father's eyes squarely.

"Not such a fool as you think, perhaps," he said, hoarsely. "I know it was Holway all the time. But he was trying for the silver all right. I tell you I caught him red-handed, trying to open the safe."

For a moment there was a strange silence, then the Colonel knelt down beside Shale, and slipping an arm beneath his head, gently turned him over.

Bats was kneeling, rocking herself to and fro, her face hidden in her shaking hands. The noise of the revolver shot and of her father's voice had roughly wakened her from a dream of Shale's, and she could not believe she was not still dreaming.

In a moment she would wake up, in a moment she would open her eyes and find herself in bed.

Tomorrow—A Past.

Scotts Mills, Or., Feb. 21.—Miss LaVerne Rich is spending a few days visiting Miss Ruth Ellison of Eugene.

## ROYAL NEIGHBORS INITIATE ELEVEN

Scotts Mills, Or., Feb. 21.—The Royal Neighbor called a special meeting Friday evening for initiation. Eleven new members were taken.

These were Mrs. W. A. Sauerbaker, Mrs. Edna Cook, Mrs. L. J. Nicholson, Mrs. Floyd Shephard, Mrs. Effie Conch and daughter, Melvin, Mrs. Nettie Brubish, Mrs. Harry Hillis, Mrs. Guy Brown, Mrs. Anna Ferguson and Miss Barkhurst.

Forty-two members of the home lodge were present besides seven visitors from Elvaston and Mrs. Emma Talbot of North Dakota.

After initiation a chicken pie supper was served.

## HOMER LODGE WILL HAVE OPEN SESSION

Independence, Or., Feb. 21.—An open evening will be held in the K. P. Hall this evening by Homer lodge observing the sixty-fourth anniversary of Pythianism. An attractive program is being arranged by the committee in charge. The roll call will be in order and as no items have been sent to all members of the lodge, it is expected there will be letters from those unable to attend.

## BIRTHDAY PARTY IS GIVEN BY PARENTS

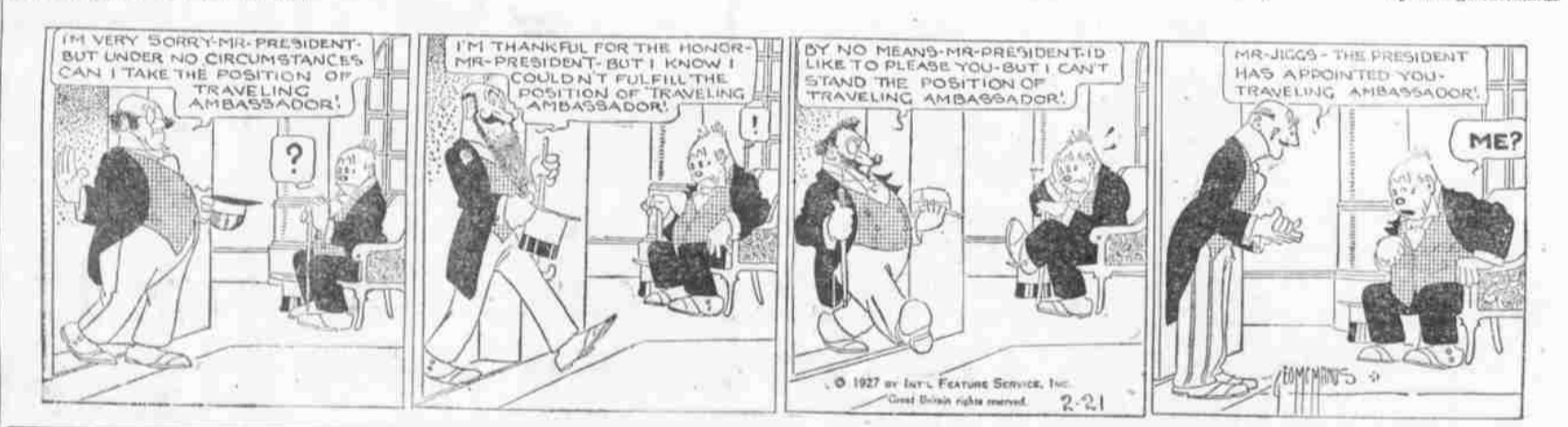
Monmouth, Or., Feb. 21.—Mrs. Clay Bush gave a party in honor of her son James' birthday Thursday evening. As most of the young men invited played on the basketball game that same evening, the party took place after the game. Games were enjoyed after which refreshments were served.

By Chick Young

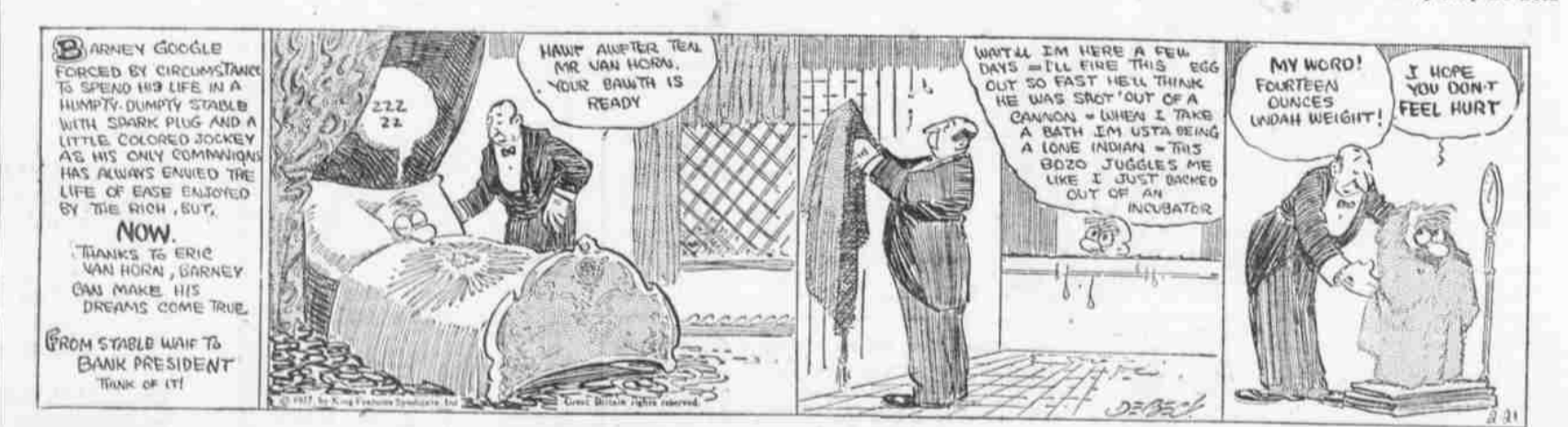
## DUMB DORA



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BARNEY GOOGLE



## MUTT AND JEFF

