

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

Barring a Senator

The "sovereign" state of Haiti has refused to permit United States Senator King of Utah to set his foot in the country—perhaps on the ground that he is a dangerous radical, a red and a bolshevik. Yet the state department, which is solicitous about the rights of American citizens in Mexico and Nicaragua, and flouts the sovereignty of those nations when American citizens are concerned, hastens to recognize the sovereignty of Haiti as far as United States senators are concerned, and cannot even protest his exclusion.

If Mr. King was an oil or banana King, instead of a United States senator exercising his senatorial rights, there would probably be immediate protest, with the threat of warships and marines, for Secretary of State Kellogg does not hesitate to challenge the sovereignty of nations interfering with their interests. A senator evidently is not entitled to the protection accorded oil and banana companies.

The independence and the sovereignty of Haiti, however are myths. Haiti has the same independence and sovereignty that the Diaz regime has in Nicaragua—that of United States marines acting under orders from Washington. The order banning Senator King probably has its inspiration in the department of state, as Haiti is really ruled by American "advisers" installed and kept in office by American bayonets to protect American interests, and President Borno is only a puppet, like Diaz. If Borno does not follow instructions, he will lose his job.

Mr. Kellogg is probably striving to form a precedent whereby Nicaragua can exclude Senator Borah, who like Senator King wants to ascertain the truth first-hand. As long as such methods are followed, doubt and suspicion concerning American tactics in the Caribbean countries will grow. There must be something wrong when such tactics are followed to prevent facts from becoming known.

"Nervous Nellie" Kellogg, who rattles around in the shoes of Hughes, possesses a genius for blunders that are jeopardizing the foreign relations of the country and making the nation a laughing stock in the eyes of the world.

No Income Tax—No Buildings

Governor Patterson's intention, announced in the administration organ, of withholding action on the building program passed by the legislature and approved by the governor, as a lever to force the ratification of the income tax law by the people, with the threat that if it is not approved, there will be no construction because of lack of funds due to the failure of the titling bill in the senate, shows that the executive is again following in the footsteps of Governor Pierce, who lopped a million off the property tax to force income and titling taxes.

Governor Pierce was inspired by the desire to lower property taxes, while Governor Patterson is animated ostensibly by the desire to make a record for economy and live within income, in other words give a business administration. Although the people have three times rejected an income tax and Mr. Pierce was defeated principally because of his championship of it, Mr. Patterson personally has always favored it, though he soft-pedaled it during the campaign. In effect, the governor serves notice on the people that they must approve the income tax, or there will be no normal school building, no new tuberculosis hospital and no nurses' home at the asylum. The two former institutions were voted by the people and the people must now vote the money to build them. As neither are necessary, there seems no good reason why either should be built.

We venture the prediction that if the income tax is defeated, the state will survive and be in better shape financially than ever, especially with a professed economist like Mr. Patterson, at the helm. Before the next legislative session, he will probably devise a plan for consolidation and merging of departments to simplify government that will effect a real saving in costs, and accomplish for Oregon what Lowden did for Illinois. The business problem is not to secure more revenues to spend, but to live within present revenues by reducing costs.



Broken Off

By RUBY M. AYRES

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ROLF LEARNS THE TRUTH
Rolf turned away without answering. He felt very far from happy.

As he took his coat from a servant in the hall, he hesitated, and looked back at the big, brilliantly-lighted room behind him. He could not forget the sound of her pitiful sobbing, or the look in her eyes. He had never liked her so well as now, when she had sent him away. Only that afternoon he had chafed against his father's, never dreaming that they were so soon to be broken and now—he was conscious of a sense of loss, conscious of a queer, rudderless feeling as he walked away down the road; she had said that she did not love him, and he had believed her, and yet now he was away from her, and out in the dark silence of the night, he kept remembering the shy happiness of her eyes and the warm, passionate response of her lips to his touch.

She had loved him at first, he could swear to it; then when had she changed, and why? Was there some other reason? Had anyone been making mischief? Who had told her or suggested that there was another girl whom he loved?

better? Or had that been mere guesswork on her part? He felt unhappy. At the end of the road he stopped and looked back. He wished now that he had questioned her more closely; wished he had won something more definite from her. Presently he found himself retracing his steps. There was a strong desire in his heart to see Diana again that night. Tomorrow would be too late. If she had so successfully thrown a barrier between them during the last few hours, he might find her unapproachable tomorrow. The door of old Grantham's big house was standing wide open when Rolf reached it, but a manservant was about to close and fasten it. Rolf went forward. "I've forgotten something. Where is Miss Grantham?" The man looked faintly surprised. "I believe she is in the smoking-room with Mr. Grantham, sir." He hesitated. "Shall I—"

Rolf cut him short. "Thanks, no; I know my way." He left his hat and crossed the hall. The door of the smoking-room was half closed, and he could hear old Grantham's voice gruffly concerned, and then it seemed almost angry. Rolf hesitated. Had Diana told him? He was conscious of his quickening heartbeats. Perhaps already he was too late. Then came the sound of suppressed sobbing. Diana! Rolf impulsively raised his hand to push the door open, then stopped as he heard her broken voice. "If I didn't love him I wouldn't have minded, or if he had loved me! But to know he's only the money he wants, when I love him— I couldn't bear it, daddy—so I've broken it off. I'm not going to marry him, after all." So that was the truth! So that was the truth! Rolf's handsome face was crimson with shame and deep feeling as he stood there. His hand with outstretched to the closed door, his eyes hot.

Player Piano For Sale \$700 model almost new, now priced \$215. \$19 down, \$19 a month. Geo. C. Will Music House, 422 State St., Salem. Established 45 years.

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He thought of her now and of the excuse he had given her, and he thought of Diana. He was unworthy of both of them; he felt ashamed bitterly ashamed, that either of them should care for him. He wished with all his heart and soul that he had gone back to the Grantham's house and yet, on the other hand, he was glad to know that Diana had not turned him down for any woman's whim, or from mere fickleness. But it put out of the question all hope of including her to change her mind and marry him. That idea had been in his heart when he went back to the house, but now it had gone. Because she loved him he could not persuade her because he knew that she had loved him, so now occupied an entirely different position in his thoughts. Bansted left the Grantham's house earlier in the evening, and as he felt wide awake, and that he must have someone in whom to confide, Rolf went to the hotel where his friend was staying.

He found Bansted in a dressing-room with a pipe and an open book. "Never expected to see you," he said in surprise, when Rolf was shown up to his room. "Anything wrong?" Rolf laughed. "I'm not sure. I'll leave you to judge." "Sit down and help yourself." Bansted pushed a decanter and glass across the table.

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



10,000 People Attend Open House Dedicating Modern Bank Quarters

Completing the largest group of Salem residents ever gathered at one place on a single evening, a crowd conservatively estimated at well over 10,000 people passed through the first National bank building at its grand opening Saturday evening. During the first two hours 8000 people were counted passing through the new bank's quarters. After that no attempt was made to keep track of the number, but the crowds continued to fill the place completely and line the street outside for the next 40 minutes, or until after 10 o'clock. From then on the people began to come in smaller numbers, although a few were just arriving as late as midnight. On the assumption, however, that there were half as many visitors during the two hours and a half after 9:30 as there were during the two hours before 9:30, there were 12,000 visitors at the bank during the evening, or nearly half the total population of Salem. This is considered a conservative estimate. A total of 9,500 people were counted going up the elevators to the 11th floor during the main rush period, and a sufficient number went up after that to bring the total well above 10,000. Some went into the new bank quarters and did not go through the rest of the building, although nearly everyone visited the entire plant from the roof above the 11th story, down to the basement. It was in the basement that each visitor took one of the two elevators, and was shot up to the top floor. From there he went up the stairs to the roof. The evening was clear, and each visitor was able to look east past the Klatskop theater, the new Capitol building and theater, the state capitol grounds and Willamette university south past the recently enlarged electric light plant toward the new junior high school in that rapidly growing district, west toward the lights of West Salem as they cast their reflections on the surface of the Willamette river, and north toward the new suburban section there, with its new Hollywood theater and its two new linen mills, the whole scene representing the most rapidly growing city in Oregon. Every room in the building was lighted, representing a brilliant spectacle for the street, and capped by a glare of red light cast upon the building from the top. Practically every room had its decorations of flowers. A few of the rooms were vacant, giving evidence that new business firms will not be handicapped by lack of available quarters for a short time at least. It was in the bank quarters, however, that the largest quantities of flowers had been showered. There were bouquets from banking firms in Portland, and from apparently every business house in Salem, as well as from numerous individuals. A large bouquet had been sent from Mr. and Mrs. Don Fry, who are now on their way around the world. The bouquet was placed in the directors' room in front, where Mr. Fry will sit as head of the bank.

"What do you think of old Grantham?" Rolf asked irrelevantly. Bansted laughed. "I could put up with a much worse man for the sake of the prize they have offered you." "You mean the money?" "Tomorrow—Bansted has a plan."

STAGE WHISPERS

One could wish that Hollywood moving picture directors all go to France and study how to make masterpieces such as "Michael Strogoff" the French-made film that will begin showing at Elch's Capitol theater Tuesday for four days. This marvelous version of Jules Verne's stirring story was shown here for a pre-view Thursday night. Representatives of the press and the many public school teachers who viewed the film and have written in calling it an unusual production. Many of the scenes are in color. There is about the whole thing a reality, a realism that is the peculiar secret of these French producers. Yet here the French are again setting up a standard that American directors may well strive to reach. The film story of "Michael Strogoff" opens in the old Russian court about 1356 when the Tartars were threatening the eastern territory of the czar. A Russian officer has joined the Tartars to wreck his vengeance on the grand duke, in command of Siberian forces. The czar calls upon his bravest courier to warn the grand duke of the traitor, and this thrilling film depicts his adventures. His torture at the hands of the Tartars, and his final and all but useless arrival at the grand duke's headquarters as the tide of battle threatens to wipe out the Siberian army.

SLAYER OF DALTON GANG DIES AT 69

Coffeyville, Kan., March 21.—(AP)—John Joseph Kloehr, 69, expert marksman, who gained fame when he killed three members of the Dalton gang of bank robbers here in 1932, died here yesterday. Kloehr was brought to Kansas from Germany by his parents more than 50 years ago. He soon became known as an expert marksman and when the Dalton gang raided the two banks here in October, 1932, Kloehr joined a posse and exchanged shots with the bandits as they ran for their horses. He killed Bob and Grat Dalton and Bill Broadwell, leader of the gang, which had terrorized the west. He received rewards from express companies, the Chicago Bankers' association and other protective organizations.

Kimball Piano Bargain Upright in good condition \$125—\$5 down, \$5 a month. Geo. C. Will Music House, 422 State St., Salem. Established 45 years.

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy De Beck

By Bud Fisher