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

Dry Bureau Charges

General Lincoln E. Andrews, is to retire as prohibition commissioner, giving up a hopeless job. With him retires Roy A. Haynes, acting prohibition commissioner. They will be succeeded by Seymour Loman formerly lieutenant governor of New York and Dr. James M. Doran, chief chemist of the prohibition bureau.

The appointment of a politician to succeed Andrews indicates the return of the bureau to politics. The dismissal of Haynes represents the triumph of Secretary Mellon over Wayne B. Wheeler and the Anti-Saloon League. And this raises the question why Haynes was appointed acting commissioner April 1 to be fired May 20.

Mr. Haynes it will be remembered was the first prohibition commissioner, serving from 1921 to 1925. His regime fairly reeked with corruption and graft and was steeped in scandal, which he concealed by Polyanna statements and rainbow promises. But he satisfied the Anti-Saloon League which ran his office and dictated his appointments.

It was not until the appointment of General Andrews that there was any businesslike effort to enforce the law and that the office provided anything but pickings for politicians and League proteges. General Andrews reorganized the service, dismissed the crooks and went after the big violators, where Haynes had concentrated on the hip-pocket boys. Andrews told the discouraging truth and the impossibility of enforcement under existing conditions, where Haynes always presented rose colored illusions. That is why the League opposed Andrews and favored Haynes.

Loss of prestige with President Coolidge in his clash with Mellon is not the only fly in Mr. Wheeler's ointment, for the Rev. Clarence True Wilson, head of the Methodist bureau of temperance and morals, and the Rev. Dinwiddie, head of another temperance body are both after his scalp and seeking to lead the League.

"Down With Principle"

In an editorial with above caption, the Portland Oregonian comments on ex-Governor Pierce's opposition to Governor Patterson's income tax as follows:

A brief dispatch from Baker, Or., discloses that former Governor Pierce has come out against the income tax. We had always associated—over-confidently, it now appears—Pierce and Principle with particular reference to the income tax. The proposed income tax clearly would establish the principle of the income tax. In detail it would not, it is true, conform to the Pierce idea as to what an income tax law should provide in detail. The twin, we now perceive, are not Pierce and Principle, but Pierce and Particular.

How about the Oregonian's own course on the income tax? It opposed the income tax as long as it was advocated by a democratic governor, but when it is advocated by a republican governor, it faces about and supports it. A democratic income tax is a very bad thing for the state, but a republican income tax is a very fine thing. What principle, except partisanship is there in that?

Is the former governor, who favored his own brand of income tax, and opposes the Patterson income tax, any more inconsistent than Governor Patterson who was elected as opposed to income tax and then fathered one, or the Oregonian which has always opposed income taxation and no flops in its favor?

Politics is the only principle involved.

"The City Beautiful"

Returning home from a visit to Salem, I. D. Bowen, editor of the Baker Democrat editorializes his impressions of Salem as follows under the caption "Salem, City Beautiful":

It is with especial pleasure that the writer, who has just returned home from a visit to the capital of Oregon, notes the wonderful growth of Salem, which can appropriately be styled "the City Beautiful of Oregon." We doubt if any city in the state has made more progress in building construction and home improvements. Its population has increased several thousand in the past few years and Salem now claims a population of 25,000 or more. Homes of the prettiest types of architecture have been built ranging in cost from \$4,000 to \$10,000 and business structures of vast outlay of money have been built and others are under construction. A bank building eleven stories in height has just been finished and is occupied. A beautiful theater structure, one of the finest in the west, has been thrown open to the public and many other buildings indicate the growth of business. A linen mill has just been completed and with its many canning plants, a paper and pulp mill and other factories with large payrolls show the substantial backing to rapid growth of the city. Certainly, Salem is a city of fine homes and its tidy and well kept premises indicate the civic pride of its people in no unmeasured way.

Candlelight

By RUBY M. AYRES

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NEW MOON'S WISH

Mrs. Atherton died very suddenly from her heart failure, and Peter was in the stiff, unfriendly dining-room (where William Winter had sat years before and listened to Minnie's bad elocution) listening in his return to Mr. Atherton's bitter railing against Fate and wondering why Minnie was absent for so long, when suddenly he heard her running steps outside, and then suddenly the door burst open, and she came in, white-faced and wild-eyed, her hands outstretched before her. "Mother...mother..." she could hardly speak and Peter instinctively sprang up and went to her, taking those outstretched hands in his kind clasp and holding them fast. "Mother...mother... dead." Minnie gasped and began to sob; dry, tearless sobs; clinging fast to Peter, as if he alone could protect her from the shock she had just received. "Dead!" her father echoed the world in a sort of snarl, more as if he were angry with the Fate that had served him this second blow than from any deeper feeling. He passed Minnie as if he had not

seen her and went out of the room and upstairs, leaving the door wide open behind him. Peter put a arm round Minnie and drew her to him. He attempted no consolation; he just let her alone till the worst anguish had passed, and she began to speak in little broken sentences. "I saw her die...I was there alone with her...she seemed quite well...she asked me if you were staying to supper...then it happened!" She clung to Peter, shaking her head to foot. She had never seen death before and she felt as if every sensitive nerve in her body had been torn and set throbbing and quivering beneath the touch of some cold, mysterious hand. "I saw her die!" she said again, brokenly. "She was smiling at me...and then...it was as if someone pulled a shutter down over her face, wiping out her life. Oh, mother!" Then Peter put his other arm round her, too, holding her slender body close to him, as if to protect her even against her own grief, and he said huskily:

"It's all right, dear, I'm here! You can hold on to me. And Minnie did hold on to him, with the feeling that he was the one sane thing in a world that had gone suddenly mad and which was trying to destroy her. And two days later, when the blinds were all drawn up again, and Aunt Louise had finally quarrelled with her brother-in-law because he would not allow her to touch anything that had belonged to his wife, and had taken herself off without a word of farewell to anyone, Peter Laleham asked Minnie to marry him. They were in the drawing-room and Minnie was standing at the window, looking out of the drive, where the wheel-marks of the horse that had taken her mother away were still deeply marked in the gravel, and the rain was falling softly, patting against the window pane every now and then with little pattering sounds, as big Peter Laleham put his hands on her shoulders, and turning her gently around to him, said: "I want to marry you, Minnie. I want you to be my wife more than I want anything on earth. Will you have me?"

Minnie's heart seemed to miss a beat, and a name leapt to her lips in a frightened sort of way: "William!" But she knew that it was useless thinking of him; he had not even answered the letter she had written telling him of her mother's death. So she searched about in her troubled mind for another excuse. "I couldn't leave father. He's only got me." Peter did not like Mr. Atherton, in fact he most heartily disliked him, but he hid his feelings manfully, as he answered: "You won't have to leave him. He can live with us." Tears swam into Minnie's eyes.

Some Garden Hints

BY ELLA MUMFORD

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

With no green house, no night fire, no adequate water system, no anything I wish I had, I still can raise a chrysanthemum as large as a man's hat—a small man, of course. All I need is a tomato can punctured at the bottom with a few nail holes, some sand, some rich dirt and a sprout about three inches long taken from a robust plant in April or May, when the year is cold and backward as it is now, but in March if it is a forward spring.

The dirt, which at the start should not be too rich, must be packed and pressed as tightly as possible around the sprout, using your thumbs, if they are good stout ones, or a rock if necessary, and the dirt kept wet. I know moist sounds better, but wet sounds wester, which is what the dirt should be, and the plant kept in the shade for a week. A bench or table out of doors is the place to grow them during the first months, and some tall sticks planted conveniently will be a good frame work on which to cast a piece of canvas, flour sack or table cloth to produce shade during the hot days of August. But there should always be a building to which you

may carry them in case the summer nephys get to blowing too boisterously. They drink up a lot of water, and if you find them wilting, no matter if the thermometer is one hundred and you have heard you "mustn't," just soak them good if you want to save them. As they grow, or if they grow, give them a larger can (about a three pound coffee can) removing the plant and dirt together to the new receptacle. Take off all the buds as they appear except two. One is all you need, of course, but something might happen to one, and thus leave you empty handed after all your labor.

When the plants are pretty well grown you may set can and all in the ground, where they will not dry out so fast, and then, when they bloom you may carry them into the house or on the porch where they will be free from the winter winds and rain and where they will beautify the home until Christmas day. When the bloom is over, cut off the bush, and plant the root outside, under a deep covering of earth, which will save the choicest plant, and when it comes forth in the spring it will not look pale and sickly as do those wintered in the house.

Peter's handsome face flushed. "I'd do anything in the world for you," he said, and meant it. But Minnie would not give her answer then. At the back of her mind was a vague belief that some miracle might still happen in regard to William; that by some miracle the wish she had wished with

every new moon for years might yet come true. But the days dragged by and nothing happened! And no answer came to her letter, and Mr. Atherton's examination for bankruptcy came and went and left him with hardly a shilling to his name, a soiled and broken man. The house and furniture were put up for sale and Minnie was at her wits end to know what to do. An appeal to her sister failed. Isabel, in an expensive frock and new furs, shrugged her shoulders. "How on earth can we help you? We've hardly enough to exist on ourselves."

Minnie looked at the new furs, and rose, fastening the collar of her own worn coat. "I'm sorry I troubled you," she faltered.

An appeal to Ronald in California met with no success. "My dear girl, I'm broke to the wide, always am, always have been, always shall be," he wrote. "If I'd got any money to pay his fare, I'd have the Gov'nor out here, but I haven't a red cent," and he went on at length to describe what a good time he was having and how many friends he had made. "It seems to me if you want a good time, England's the place to get out of now," he wrote, "I've had the time of my life since I landed here—"

Minnie read no more. She put the letter away and went up to her room, where she sat for a long time in the dark, with her eyes shut, and her hands clasped hard together in her lap, while she went back, slowly and deliberately, over her long disconnected friendship with William; asking herself honestly if he had ever one given her cause to think that he liked her even a little bit more than most girls, and she knew that he had not! For years he had never even kissed her; and since their school

days he had not spoken or written a single word that could have been misconstrued into anything beyond its face value. And at last, when the battle was fought and won, Minnie went down stairs and wrote to Peter Laleham to tell him that she would like to marry him if he still wanted her. And Peter begged half a day off from the stockbroker's office where he was employed and came down as fast as the train and his own long legs could bring him. But when he saw Minnie he was choked by a sudden emotion and could not speak, so he just took her into his arms and held her fast against his throbbing heart, till presently he managed to stammer out: "I love you...I will be good to you." And Minnie said: "I will be good to you, too, Peter." And so they became engaged. Monday—William Comes.

DIAMOND CLAIMS WORTHLESS
Johannesburg, South Africa.—Reports from the new diamond fields of Grasfontein are that, although they contain rich patches, the claims of many prospectors are worthless.

Manila, P. I.—Replying to questions as to whether he had brought any wives with him on his visit to Manila, Sultan Sa Maslu, Moro dignitary of Lanao, said:

Nagoya, Japan.—A lighthouse in the shape of a huge Buddha, 73 feet tall, has been erected here. A 100,000 candlepower light replaces the customary jewel in the forehead.

Amherst, Mass.—One of the best warblers of that famous college song, "Lord Jeffrey Amherst," is welcome to the White House when he can call. John Coolidge received honorable mention in the annual interclass sing.

STRIKING STUDENTS TO BE PENALIZED

Newberg, Ore., May 21.—(P)—Before striking high school students can get back in their classes each must write a paper on "Why I Desire To Be Reinstated." This order was issued by C. E. Rothwell, principal, when more than 100 of the underclassmen stayed away from school yesterday in protest against suspension of seniors for missing classes Thursday morning during observance of "kid day." The papers must be signed by students and parents.

The striking students must voluntarily agree to make up the time lost, to sign a personal request for reinstatement, agree to accept failing grades in the subjects of which classes were missed Friday, and also to assist in determining the leaders of the revolt. In addition, parents will be asked to sign applications for reinstatement of the students.

Students are in a turmoil over the terms of the faculty. Many are willing to make up the time lost and agree to reasonable demands of the faculty, but the majority are of the opinion that the faculty is altogether too drastic in its demands.

BIRD IS TALK OF TOWN

Philadelphia, Pa.—A Chinese merchant here is the proud possessor of a parrot famous locally for its garrulousness. No one but the owner can understand Polly's chatter, however, for she speaks Chinese.

"Shooting" Falls Banned

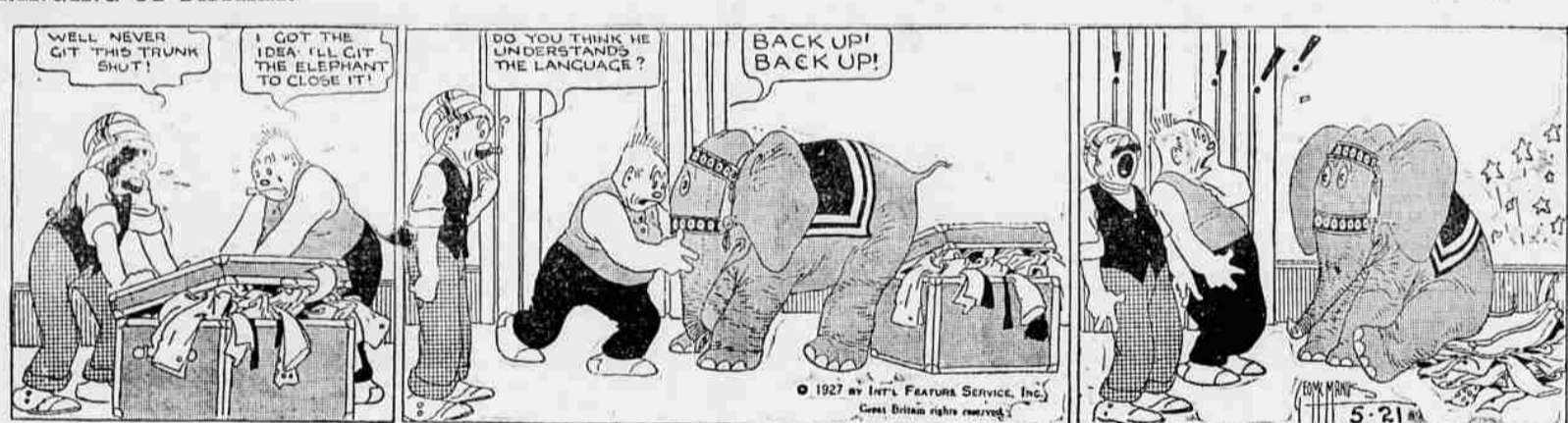
Niagara Falls.—City officials here now refuse permits for the old time favorite stunt of "shooting" the falls in a barrel.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Billy De Beck

MUTT AND JEFF

The Little Fellow Didn't Believe In Partiality in this Matter



By Bud Fisher