

Capital Journal

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

—BYRON.

Being a Hero

Not many can be heroes, but if a hero has to be bored as Charles A. Lindbergh is being bored, who wants to be a hero? Here is where the law of compensation comes in to equalize things for the dub; if he cannot stand in the spot-light of glory, he doesn't have to be the double-headed calf in circus parades for the adulation of the mob.

Of course there are men who glory in this sort of glorification, such as politicians, who fairly wallow in it, but it makes the judicious greive if the people with their love of spectacles do delight in it. One can imagine its depressing effect on a man officially described in the Missouri national guard report at Washington, made months ago, as "intelligent, industrious, energetic, dependable, purposeful, alert, serious, stable, frank and modest."

Surely it is the irony of fate that a fine, simple, modest young man, so unassuming and lacking in egotism that he never uses the capital I, should be so beslobbered with adulation, so decorated with heraldic baubles, so ostentatiously exhibited, so sought after by kings and commons! His present task is much harder than flying over the Atlantic. Who wouldn't prefer the air to the rabble?

Lindbergh's modesty and charm captured the hearts of his European entertainers as his flight had captured the imagination of the world. Let us hope that the flattery, flummery and cajolery showered upon him along with honors do not turn his head and bring about his downfall, for the fickle public takes as keen delight in kicking its erstwhile idols as it does in worshipping them. At any rate, he has a most difficult role to play—that of a popular hero of peace, for "the idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of tomorrow."

Kipling's "If" expresses the hopes of many for this unpolished youth, with

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And what is more—you'll be a man, my son!

Why It Is Needed

The income tax is needed principally to give increased funds and salary raises to the bureaucracy.

It is needed to build an unneeded third normal school. It is needed to build an unnecessary second tuberculosis hospital.

It is needed to double the expenditures of the national guard, authorized by the legislature and approved by the governor.

It is needed to pay the increased salaries of the secretary of state and state treasurer from \$4500 to \$5400 per year and the salary of the attorney general from \$4000 to \$5000.

It is needed to pay the increases in salary for governor's private secretary, the deputy secretary of state, the deputy state treasurer and the state tax commissioner each from \$3000 to \$3600—all of which except the first are in effect.

It is needed to pay the \$6000 a year salary for the new job of director of budget and to pay the \$4000 a year for the new job of prison superintendent, both created at the governor's request.

It is needed to pay the increase of \$600 in salary authorized by the board of control for the state printer, of the boost in pay from \$3600 to \$4200 for the state engineer and for the \$300 increase in the salary of the superintendent of the girls' school.

It is needed to pay the numerous bureau chiefs and clerks whose work overlap and who could be abolished with gain to the taxpayer.

It is needed most of all, however, to prevent economy being exercised in state affairs and to perpetuate the reign of the bureaucrat.

But when Governor Patterson says that if the income tax is not passed, property taxes must go higher, he is talking through his hat—for the six percent limitation prevents it.

Candlelight

By RUDY M. AYRES

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THE EXPLOSION.

Minnie did not answer. She was thinking that whatever happened in the future she would always be proud that her two men went. Her two men? How could she call William hers? And yet he was hers; he had always been hers.

"I know he can never be anything to me really, she told herself. 'But in my heart I can always pretend that he is.'"

There was no disloyalty to Peter in her mind—the two men were quite separate and distinct in her thoughts and in her life, and she was loyal to them both. Laura broke the silence again.

"Do you ever hear from that nice Mr. Winter?"

Minnie kept her eyes on the gray ash of William's letter.

"I've heard once since the war," she said. Then she rose to her feet with a sense of relief as the door opened and Laura's brother Lionel came in. His face brightened when he saw Minnie.

"I was thinking about you a moment ago," he said as they shook hands.

If he had spoken the truth he would have said that there were very few moments when he was not thinking of her, although as yet he had not realized what his sister's sharp eyes had discerned, months before that he loved Peter's wife.

He kept his eyes on her all the time he drank his tea—there was something about her that always rested him and gave him a sense of peace.

He never criticized her, or even discussed her; he could probably not have told what was the color of her eyes or of her hair, but she was there in his life, the one star in his firmament that could never be displaced from his high position.

Later in the evening he saw her home, fighting for a place for her on an overcrowded bus, perfectly happy just to be with her.

He left her at the gate of the little Chiswick house and Minnie went in to find Isobel almost in hysterics, both the children crying and a telegram from the War Office to say that Peter had been badly wounded.

So William's letter was never answered, and for three months Peter's life hung in the balance. He had a bullet in his right lung and a bad dose of gas, and whereas a man with a less fine constitution than his would have died, Peter struggled valiantly through and came back to the little house in Chiswick a gaunt and very sick man but on the sure road to recovery. Minnie and Peter's mother between them nursed him with unflinching devotion, but he was a bad patient, restless and unhappy at his

enforced idleness. It worried him because with the declaration of peace everyone prophesied a boom in trade and he was not able to be there to get in on the tide. He grew irritable and morose, and there were days when Minnie felt that she was at the end of her patience. Like many another gallant man, the war ruined Peter Lelehan, changing his sweet good nature to bitterness and intolerance, until to his wife he sometimes seemed almost a stranger.

He was often unkind to her, and always inconsiderate and exacting. Jealous whenever she left him even for an afternoon, and yet when she was with him he hardly spoke to her save to grumble.

"I'd leave him if I were you," Isobel often told Minnie. "Selfish great thing that he is! Why should you wear yourself to a shadow for him?"

Minnie flushed indignantly. "He was hurt fighting for us," she protested in quick defense of her husband. "Nothing I can ever do for him would be half enough to make up."

Isobel shrugged her shoulders. "Well, if you want to be a martyr," she said with a sneer, "there is nobody to stop you."

She had taken rooms quite close to Minnie, not because she bore her sister any great affection, but because she found her useful to borrow money from, and useful to leave the children with when she herself wished to be free of them. She privately considered Minnie a fool.

"With the money she makes she could have a wonderful time," was the thought always in her mind. "I only wish I'd got her opportunities I'd see the world and enjoy myself."

"I wish you'd tell your sister not to come here so often," Peter grumbled to his wife one day as the door had closed on Isobel. "I don't like

Campaign To Put City Bond Proposals Before People Opens Tomorrow

The fight pro and con on the various bond issues and amendments to the constitution of the city of Salem has reached the civic clubs in earnest with one club, the Richmond community, going on record as being opposed to all proposed changes except that providing for a \$40,000 incinerator.

Tuesday, the main topic of discussion at Kiwanis club will be the necessity for a complete reconstruction of the bridge system in the city. Mayor T. A. Livezey will address the group, dealing with the terms of the proposed bond issue and explaining how it will be used.

An address, "Shall Salem Be Held for Lack of Bridges," will be given by a prominent bridge engineer with subsidiary remarks by other experts on construction.

In regard to the action taken by the 60 members of Richmond Community club who were present at their meeting this week, city officials believe that only one contention was offered and that the men most closely connected with the propagation of the proposed improvements were not asked to present their views. Avowed opponents of the present city administration expressed their opinion that

her and I know she only comes for what she can get out of you. If we hadn't got a shilling in the world she'd stop coming here fast enough!" Minnie did not answer—this was one of Peter's favorite subjects of complaint, and experience had

taught her the futility of attempting to argue or reason with him.

But this happened to be one of Peter's bad days, so after waiting vainly for his wife to speak he turned on her angrily.

The plans for bridges and drainage were only mere skeletons and that the council as a group did not know what it would do with the money after it came in.

One important clause was overlooked in the discussion before the Richmond club, according to Fred A. Williams, city attorney. Unless the present bond issues pass at the June 23 election, improvements will be at a standstill in the Richmond district for at least two years and it will be extremely doubtful if the city can ever obtain a more advantageous interest rate than the 4½ per cent available this year.

Both Williams and Councilman Dancy expressed the opinion that it would be highly impracticable to present complete plans for repairs and replacement of more than 60 bridges when the work is planned to extend over a period of at least two years. For that purpose the bonds will be raised as necessary in each specific instance.

The expressions to be heard at the Kiwanis luncheon Tuesday are only an opening of the fight to be made by the present administration for the improvements, which if failing to come soon will hold the city back seriously.

Peter laughed savagely. "That hurts you, does it? You don't like to hear me sneer at you. Very well, I'll say no more, but if ever I catch the fellow anywhere near you again, or find him writing to you, I'll—"

Minnie fled from the room. She was overwrought and tired. She locked her bedroom door and fell down beside the bed, her face buried in the quilt.

"It's the war, the cruel war," she told herself, sobbingly. "It's not Peter who speaks to me like that—Peter would never say such horrible things."

But although she had not been in the wrong, she went to Peter later in the evening and made a timid little overture of peace.

"Peter, don't be cross and unkind any more, dear."

Peter raised his brooding eyes from a book he was pretending to read.

"Cross and unkind!" he repeated violently. "I like your way of putting me in the wrong just because I choose to object to another man being too friendly with you. If you think you can throw dust in my eyes in that way you won't succeed."

He caught her roughly by the wrist, peering up into her face. "What have you been crying for?" he demanded. "Haven't you heard from him lately, or—"

Minnie tore herself free. "You must be mad!" she panted. "You must be mad to insult me so. I'll never speak to you again unless you apologize."

She locked her door against him that night for the first time since their marriage, and though later she heard his fingers on the handle, and then his heavy step passing the door to the spare room, she did not move.

But it took her a long while to fall asleep, and even then she woke almost immediately with a fiercely beating heart and a sense of disaster.

Peter! She flew out of bed and along the passage to his room.

The door was ajar, and when with a shaking hand she put on the light she saw Peter lying on the bed only partially undressed, as white as death, while the pillow beneath his head was ominously stained with blood.

"Peter, dear Peter!" she wailed. Peter's pallid lips moved. "I tried to call—" he began thickly. Then the terrible hemorrhage came again, almost choking him.

Tomorrow—Peter Repents.

DUMB DORA

THE BIG MEET IS TOMORROW AND DORA IS FIRED FROM THE TRACK TEAM

MRS. TANK, WON'T YOU GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE?

NO! AND IF YOU ASK ME AGAIN I'LL BEAT YOU UP

MRS. PARKINS, WON'T YOU HAVE PITY ON ME AND REINSTATE ME ON THE TEAM SO I CAN BE IN THE BIG MEET?

NOT A CHANCE! YOU'RE BEHIND IN YOUR STUDIES—ONLY MR. SNEFF, OUR PRESIDENT, COULD DO IT FOR YOU

PLEASE, MR. SNEFF, PLEASE

IT WOULD BE AGAINST ALL OUR RULES—I CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU!

BRINGING UP FATHER

THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS, JIGGS, TO GO HUNTING! I HOPE WE SEE SOME LIONS!

YES, BOY—BEFORE THEY SEE US—YOU WAIT HERE, "USELESS!"

WE OUGHT TO GO SOME TIGERS IN THE WILDERNESS!

ONE WILL BE ENOUGH!

WHAT'S THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE LIONS, AN' TIGERS!

BE BRAVE—AN' SHOOT—SHOOT STRAIGHT!

IT'S "USELESS!"

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney Should Travel Incog

A WEEK IN THE COUNTRY AT VAN HORN'S THOUSAND-ACRE FARM HAS CONVINCED BARNEY HE WAS NOT MEANT FOR THAT KIND OF A LIFE AND HE HAS DECIDED TO RETURN TO THE TOWN HOUSE.

"MR. VAN HORN" JUST LEFT IN THE MOTOR—HE'LL BE HOME ABOUT DINNER TIME!

I'LL HAVE EVERY-THING SHIPSHAPE WHEN HE GETS HERE—I HOPE HE'LL BE IN A GOOD MOOD—IT HAS BEEN SO PEACEFUL WHILE HE'S BEEN AWAY

HEAVENS!! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MASTER—IS HE—ER—?

NO! NOSTHIN' LIKE THAT. HE TOLD ME TO DRIVE THROUGH A VERY ROUGH NEIGHBORHOOD ON THE WAY HOME, AND A GANG OF ROBBERS PULLED HIM OUT OF THE CAR AND BEAT HIM UP FOR NO REASON—THEY MUST HAVE MISTAKEN HIM FOR SOMEONE ELSE—THEY CALLED HIM 'GOOGLE' OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

MUTT AND JEFF

Speaking About Strawberries—!

MUTT, THIS IS MY UNCLE ANTHONY FROM ILLINOIS! UNK, THIS IS MUTT!

TICKLED TO DEATH TO MEETCHA, MUTT!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO, KID!

JEFF TELLS ME YOU CAME HERE TO STEP OUT A BIT!

YOU'RE DARN TOOTING MY STRAWBERRY CROP WAS A WOE AND I'M FILTHY WITH JACK!

TELL MC, ANTHONY, DO YOU FOLKS OUT THERE SPREAD FERTILIZER OVER YOUR STRAWBERRIES?

NOPE!

264

By Chick Young

By George McManus

By Billy De Beck

By Bud Fisher