

Capital Journal

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

Good City Business

Two charter amendments looking toward increased efficiency in the operations of city government will go before the voters on the city ballot at the special election next Tuesday which should be thoroughly understood. One removes the 3-year residence requirement for appointed paid employees of the city, and the other gives the city a major lien against property for sidewalk improvements.

Outgrown provincial narrowness is probably responsible for the presence in the present charter of the clause which restricts the city council in its selection of paid employees of the police, fire, engineering, health or other departments to persons who can establish proof of their residence in the city for a period of three years directly preceding their employment. Aside from being a senseless device to discourage new people from locating in Salem the restriction raises an effective bar against allowing the city to avail itself of the best trained employees.

Of two available candidates for a particular position, one trained and expert in the work but lacking in the qualifying prerequisite of residence here, and the other fitted by no qualification other than that of domicile within the city limits, the council must under the present system employ the latter. The dividing line between ability and inability is thus arbitrarily fixed by the imaginary physical confines of the city's limits.

Residence on any of the small home tracts which surround the city on all sides, or further afield is damning evidence of the lack of those qualities which insure efficiency in the public's employ.

Likewise, is the proposal to make property directly liable for sidewalk improvements made by the city good business. Heretofore all of the council's endeavors to compel the construction and proper maintenance of sidewalks have availed naught, except to saddle the cost of such improvements upon the city at large, wherever the property owner has felt inclined to resist collection. As a minor lien the cost of sidewalk improvements could not be collected if fought, and the proposed amendment would place these liens on the same basis as street improvement liens, which constitute a preferred liability against the property so assessed.

Candlelight

By RUBY M. AYRES

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XXXVIII—"No" Again
It was only after dinner when the band was playing and most of the people were dancing that William came across the lounge and sat down beside her.
"Do you dance?" he asked.
She shook her head.
"No, I don't do anything. I've had to say no to everything at least a hundred times this evening. I think people are beginning to wonder why I have come here at all."
"You'll soon learn to do as well as the rest of us," he told her.
Minnie smiled.
"You don't mean that, or, at least, if you do, you must have forgotten how very few things I have ever been able to do, William."
His brown eyes rested on her face with their old melting look.
"There is one thing you have done which no other woman I have ever known has been able to do," he said quietly.
"And what is that?" she asked.
"Keep a man unchanging in his love for you," said William.
The hot blood rushed headlong to her face at the unexpectedness of the reply.
"You must not say those things to me," she said with stiff lips, though her heart was beating like a drum.
"Why not, if it's the truth?" he asked obstinately.
Her face quivered into a faint smile.
"When you have not seen me for eight years," she protested gently.
"Eight years, or eighty, it would make no difference," William said, and for a little while they were both silent.
"And what have you been doing all this time?" Minnie asked at last.
He shrugged his shoulders.
"Oh, chiefly loafing, I am afraid. When the war was over I made up my mind to take a long holiday."
He smiled, meeting her eyes. "Well, I am still taking it."
"I see."
"And you?" William asked. "What have you been doing? I heard that Lalaham was badly wounded and that you had both gone abroad."
"Yes, but he is much better now, ever so much better."
"I am so glad to hear it. And you did not like South Africa?"
"No," she gave a quick sigh. "I am afraid I was terribly homesick all the time. I tried to hide it, but I don't think I am very good at hiding things."
"You managed to hide one thing from me very successfully for a great many years," William said.
She did not ask what it was, but her hands made a little spasmodic movement of protest.
"I mean the answer to a question I asked you that night at the Savoy," William persisted.
She found her voice with an effort.
"I have forgotten what the question was."
He ignored the trouble in her face.
He told her ruthlessly:
"I asked if there was ever a time when you would have married me?"
She tried to laugh, but her voice was broken up and nervous.

Mrs. Yates took a cigarette from a jeweled tortoiseshell case. "Do you smoke?" she asked Minnie.
Minnie smiled and shook her head.
"I have to say 'No' once again," she said to William.
"I thought all our modern authoresses smoked," Mrs. Yates protested. She took a light from William. "How very nice and old-fashioned of you, Mrs. Lalaham."
The band struck up a fresh fox-trot, and she rose, laying her hand on William's arm.
"Shall we dance, Mr. Winter?" She carried him off, and Minnie was left alone. She felt tired now—tired with the excitement and emotions of the day, and she longed to go to her room and be quiet.
The Manchester Minx had inaugurated some hurdle races on her own account over chairs at the far end of the lounge, and had drawn half a dozen young men into the game. Their noise and laughter almost drowned the band. Minnie rose and slipped across to Laura, who was talking to Adelbert, the guide.
Minnie touched her arm.
"I'm so tired. I'm going to bed. Good-night."
Laura turned.
"Good-night, and pleasant dreams," she said in a preoccupied way.

Tomorrow—From a Fairy Story!

GARDEN CLUB WILL MEET AT WOODBURN

Woodburn, Or., June 21.—A meeting of the Woodburn Garden club has been called for tonight at 8 o'clock at the library. Rev. John T. Myers, one of Woodburn's enthusiasts, will give an informal talk on "Soils," and new members will be received into the club. Membership in this club is open to everyone who is interested in gardens of any kind or color.

Youth Who Preached To Coolidge Sunday Former Silvertonian

Silverton, June 21.—Twenty-year-old Rolf Lum, who, still unordained, preached his first sermon Sunday morning in a little rural church in Hermosa, South Dakota, with President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge among the 150 in the audience, lived in Silverton 14 years ago when his father, Reverend Lum, was pastor of the St. John's church on East Hill.
Reverend Lum was pastor here for several years and died in this city while minister of this church. Many Silverton people will remember little six-year-old Rolf with his blue eyes and blond hair.
It seems that Rolf has one more year to finish at Carlton College

in Northfield, Minn., and had gone to this little country court to enough money to put him through the senior year at college.
He had no idea that he would preach his initial sermon before the President of the United States and his wife, but went through it all calmly and serenely. He led the hymns and referred some to the order of services which were under the pulpit Bible. He gave his ten-minute sermon ably and well, with a strong, clear voice, and was listened to most attentively by both the president and his wife.
Rolf is taking a medical course, with the intention of using it in missionary work which he intends to do as his life work.

Polk County Court

An application for divorce was filed with County Clerk Black on Saturday by Clara Baldwin against Charles Arthur Baldwin, both of Polk county. The couple were married in Salem, April 20, 1923. There are two children. The complaint charges cruel and inhuman treatment.
County Clerk Black visited the Hillsboro court house on Friday, looking over their method of keeping books on road work. It is the desire of Clerk Black and the members of the court to install a system of bookkeeping which will enable them to keep the different funds so segregated that it will be possible to determine just how and where the funds are spent and also to determine the expense of operation on the various projects.

A marriage license was issued on Saturday to Collins Wayne Gaulman and Mad Ethel Sumpter, both of Monmouth. A marriage license was also issued to Edgar L. Perkins and Lucile M. Dunlop, both of Portland. Upon receipt of the license the young couple called at the home of Rev. Orval Peterson, pastor of the Christian church and were married, leaving immediately for Portland.

Marie Enns was committed to the state hospital by Judge Hawkins on Monday at the request of relatives with whom she had been living, and an attendant came over from Salem and took her in charge.

The Record for cooking a hot breakfast—2 1/2 to 5 minutes

"HOT oats and milk" is the dietetic urge of the day. It's the "balanced ration" of protein, carbohydrates and vitamins—plus the "bulk" to make laxatives less often needed—that world's authorities are advising.
Now you cook it in 2 1/2 to 5 minutes. That's faster than plain toast. No kitchen mess or bother.
Why go on, then, with less nourishing breakfasts? Today get Quick Quaker... food that stands by you through the morning.
Your grocer has Quick Quaker—also Quaker Oats as you have always known them.

Quick Quaker
Journal Want Ads Pay

Cool Refreshment

Mountain fragrance and cool delight are yours if your thermos contains

TREE TEA

ORANGE PEKOE
Iced

DUMB DORA

I'M SO EXCITED I CAN'T TALK. ROD, I CAUGHT THE BRIDES BOUQUET AT ETHEL'S WEDDING YESTERDAY

THAT MEANS I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED

HOORAY! AT LAST I GET A BREAK

IT'S ALL SET, DORA, I JUST GOT THE LICENSE

WHY, ROD, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A DOG

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BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, OLD BOY—WE'RE LEAVING FOR RUSSIA AND THIS IS FAREWELL!

COME ON BEFORE YOU WEAKEN AND WANT TO TAKE HIM ALONG!

THANK GOODNESS! WE'VE LOST IT TO THE ELEPHANT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ELEPHANT! THE MAIN THING NOW IS NOT TO GET LOST OURSELVES!

JUST A MINUTE—JIGGS! I DROPPED MY HAT!

THE OLDER YOU GET—THE LESS SENSE YOU HAVE!

SAY—HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA BE UP IN THE AIR?

I HOPE AS LONG AS THE OCEAN IS UNDER US!

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BARNEY GOOGLE

YESTERDAY BARNEY RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING LETTER WRITTEN IN CODE—

DEAR MR B—

GO TO THE LAGOON IN SUNSET PARK AT TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT—YOU WILL FIND A ROW BOAT MOORED TO A TREE—ROW OUT TO THE SMALL ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAKE WHERE I SHALL BE WAITING. V.H.

WELL, HERE'S THE TUB—ONE THING I LIKE ABOUT VAN HORN, HE DOES QUER 'THINGS' BUT HE DOES 'EM RIGHT

PHEW! THIS IS THE FIRST SCHOONER I'VE HANDED SINCE PROHIBITION—WIN COULDN'T THAT BOZO COME TO MY HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT LIKE HE USED TO! HE'S GETTING TOO SNOOTY ALL OF A SUDDEN.

PUT THAT LIGHT OUT YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT US TO BE RECOGNIZED!

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MUTT AND JEFF

JEFF AND I OUGHT TO CLEAN UP HANDSOMELY WRITING LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES! IT'S A DIGNIFIED WHITE-COLLAR JOB AND THE COMMISSIONS ARE JUICY! SOFT!

MUTT, I JUST WROTE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR TWENTY YEAR ENDOWMENT POLICY!

SWEET BLISS! SIR SIDNEY?

NO, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW!

BUT CHAUNCEY'S 93 YEARS OLD AND THE COMPANY WON'T O.K. THE POLICY! THEY NEVER INSURE PEOPLE OF THAT AGE! THE RISK IS TOO GREAT!

DON'T BE SILLY! YOU HEAR OF PEOPLE DYING IN THE SIXTIES OR SEVENTIES, BUT YOU BARELY HEAR OF ANYBODY KICKING OFF IN THE NINETIES! CHAUNCEY'S A GOOD RISK!

OUCH!

NUT!

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