

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper, Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 134 S. Commercial Street. Telephone 81; News 82.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class mail matter at Salem, Oregon

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier—10 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.

FULL LEASED WIRE ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

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

—BYRON.

Gold Bricked

Two years ago last winter the legislature passed a bill permitting the state superintendent of banks to establish a branch office in Portland.

Before the new law went into effect Frank C. Bramwell, bank superintendent had moved his office, bag and baggage, to Portland, not even keeping a branch office in Salem, where the law provided the main office must be conducted.

Because of Mr. Bramwell's insolent defiance of the law, the editor of the Capital Journal began legal action to compel the return to Salem of the main office, as required by statute. Mr. Bramwell thereupon opened a "branch office" in the state house, consisting of one girl to forward office mail to Portland. None but obsolete records were brought back to Salem.

The mandamus proceedings came before Circuit Judge McMahon. Mr. Bramwell filed an affidavit of prejudice and Judge Skipworth of Eugene was assigned. After customary delay, Bramwell's demurrer was overruled and last fall the case was heard and Bramwell ordered back to Salem in compliance with the law by Judge Skipworth.

Bramwell then appealed to the supreme court, but before the case could be heard, the 1927 session of the legislature met. Bramwell had a bill introduced, authorizing the removal of his main office to Portland and spent his entire time lobbying for the measure.

Despite the fact that the Salem Chamber of Commerce and other civic bodies of Salem had publicly endorsed the effort to bring the capital back to Salem by bringing Bramwell back, some members of the Marion county delegation voted for Bramwell's bill legalizing his illegal removal to Portland and none fought it.

The Marion county delegation in the legislature consisted of Senators Sam H. Brown of Gervais and Lloyd Reynolds of Salem. Brown voted but did not speak against the bill. Reynolds was absent when the bill came up. In the house were John B. Giesy, former mayor of Salem, who might have been expected to vote to keep state offices at the capital, but did not; Mark D. McCallister of Salem, Mark A. Paulson of Silverton and F. W. Settlemeier of Woodburn. All but the latter voted for Bramwell and so nullified all efforts to force his return.

To induce these Marion county representatives to betray the interests of their constituents and sanction the insidious stealing of the capital from Salem, Bramwell promised that he would come back to Salem if the proposed state office building was built—and the supreme court now says it cannot be built.

In other words Bramwell traded a promise on futurity for an actuality—he gold-bricked the Marion legislative delegation, got what he was after and left them holding the sack. He was entirely too smart for smart-alecs.

Pay of Judges

Judge John C. Kendall of Marshfield, circuit judge of the second judicial district, has resigned, giving as a reason the fact that the salary (\$4000 per year) is too small for him to live upon, so with four and a half years of his term still to serve, he quits to reenter the practice of law, convinced that "the judiciary in Oregon at the present time, does not offer a career to a young man dependent upon the salary of the office for his support."

Judge Kendall knew what the salary was before seeking election, yet he campaigned vigorously to secure it. It is not only the salary that is sought by lawyers seeking a place on the bench, but the honor and dignity of the office. And there are plenty of applicants for his vacancy, showing that the salary paid is no deterrent.

While \$4000 a year perhaps is not a sufficient salary for a circuit judge, it is more than many of the circuit judges ever earned in private practice. Moreover, most of them have so little work to do that they are not occupied half of the time. A card index would reveal their leisure. Any scheme of raising salaries should be accompanied by a redistribution of judicial districts and elimination of judges. In the old days one circuit judge did more work than three now do and one district attorney more work than half a dozen today.

It is true perhaps that the bench in Oregon "does not offer a career to a young man dependent upon the salary of the office for his support." But should it? Why should a young man seek a place that elder men of riper experience and greater knowledge are better qualified to fill? The young man is elected judge because he is a good handshaker, not because he knows law. The place for young men is at the bar.

Moreover, it is questionable if any reasonable raise in salary, such as proposed, would attract able lawyers to the bench. The able lawyer makes so much more money than paid on any bench that the salary is no inducement. It is the regular routine, reflective study and almost monastic life that appeals and induces able men to desert remunerative practice for the bench.



The Planter of the Tree

By RUBY M. AYRES
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate

BAD NEWS.

Sanderson went out of the ward and downstairs to where Sometimes was still faithfully keeping guard over his hat. He knew he had been cursed like a clumsy fool, and he cursed himself for it. Why was it that when he was with Sally he always seemed to do and say the wrong thing? he asked himself bitterly. No wonder she hated him. Well, he would take her at her word; he would not go back unless she sent for him. Perhaps then she would be sorry; perhaps then—
"Not shot!" he said aloud as he strode away down the street with the dog cowering around him. "Not shot!" She wouldn't care a damn if I never set eyes on me again."

But for a week he kept away from the hospital, although every morning he rang up to inquire how Sally was.

The news he received was never very satisfactory, and he always had the uncomfortable conviction that the message across the phone was just an ordinary formula handed out to all inquirers, but for once in his life pride stood between him and Sally.

She had said that she hated him and did not wish to see him again. Well, he would take her at her word. And then, on the eighth day, Poppy called to see him. She came quite early in the morning, which was unusual for her, because as a rule she stayed in bed until lunch-

time, unless there was some very exciting reason for getting up earlier, and he heard her excited voice arguing with Mrs. Kiff in the doorway before she was admitted. Sanderson was in his shirt-sleeves, shivering, but as instinct told him that Poppy's visit must have something to do with Sally Lingfield, he only waited to wash the lather from his chin and snatch up a dressing-gown before he went to join her in the sitting-room.

The fire had just been laid, and its sticks were crackling sulkily in the grate, and outside in the street the world looked grey and depressing. Poppy was wrapped in a pretentious coat of cheap fur, and her lips were more scarlet than usual.

"You're a nice one!" was her sarcastic greeting.

"What do you mean?" Sanderson stooped to throw a lump of coal on the fire, thereby almost entirely extinguishing it.

"What I say," she answered rudely. "I thought you were going to look after Sally and see she had all she wanted. 'Isn't it your fault she's where she is now?'"

"Well?" You haven't been near her for a week; nobody has—not even that—Josh!" She called Akers a foul word. "She might die for all any of you pigs care! It's all right when a girl's well and about, but when she's down on her luck—"

Sanderson turned round.

"You can cut that out," he said bluntly. "If you've come here to abuse me, you can clear off. If there's anything the matter with Sally—"

"Matter with Sally!" she almost screamed at him. "Everything's the matter with her! Here have they been ringing me up and writing to me from that bally hospital every day and all day, and you ask if there's anything the matter with her! A fine lot you care, don't you? What's going to become of her, I

should like to know? Who's going to keep her for the rest of her life? Not me, I tell you!"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. There's a fine lot!" Talk about your doctors and hospitals. Nice mess they've made of Sally!" She broke suddenly into hysterical tears, wringing her hands.

"Never be able to dance again, said last night! Never be able to dance again! Oh, poor kid, poor kid. And all through you. You selfish swine!" Her dark eyes blazed into Sanderson's pale face.

"If you haven't been drunk it would never have happened," she accused him furiously.

Sanderson caught her by the wrist with an ungentle hand.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he demanded hoarsely.

She tried to twist away from him, but he held her fast.

"What I say!" she shouted. Sally's done for! That's what it is! She'll never be able to dance again as long as she lives. They say that she'll be a cripple all her life.

Perhaps Poppy Sladen had the remnants of a heart hidden away somewhere beneath her cheap finery, for her face softened as she saw the pallor of Sanderson's.

For a moment he seemed to be bereft of speech; he just stared at her helplessly, his eyes dark with shock, and his hard jaw fallen, but his cruel grip of her thin wrists did not relax even when she said again, almost gently for her:

"Here, don't take it too badly. I'm only telling you what the doctors said, and most of 'em are fools—that's my experience. Go round and find out for yourself. Sally's half-crazed—swears she'll commit suicide."

With an effort Sanderson pulled himself together.

"If you're just trying to scare me!" he said roughly.

She shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Lord love your soul, what do I want to scare you for?" she demanded bluntly. "I'm sorry for you, that's all. It's your fault, Sally's where she is, and it will be your fault if she stays on her back for the rest of her life. All I want to know is who's going to keep her? Not Akers, if I know anything about men of his kind, the low, dirty—"

Sanderson cut short her stream of abuse.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "It won't help matters to call that swine names. And as for Sally—"

He stumbled a little over the name that seemed to have grown and grown more dear during the last few moments. "She'll be my care, of course."

Poppy calmed down a little. She freed her wrists from his grasp, and settled her hat.

"Well, as long as someone does the straight thing," she murmured. She sat down in a chair. "Give me a drink, there's a dear," she coaxed. "I've got to tramp my feet off all day, I tell you, it takes me all my time to keep myself in broad-and-scape, without being bothered with other people's affairs—not but what I wouldn't help Sally if I could—"

Sanderson hardly seemed to be listening; he had gone back to his room and was taking off his dressing-gown.

"Help yourself to what you want!" he said abruptly. "You know where the brandy is. Wait five minutes for me, and I'll come along with you."

Poppy rose with alacrity and helped herself to a stiff dose of brandy. She was more disturbed on Sally's account than she chose to admit; she kept thinking, with a sort of horror, that it might have been herself lying there in the bare hospital ward, without anyone of her own to care for her—not even a Josh Akers or a Philip Sanderson.

"Not that any men are worth a curse," she told herself viciously, as

"Lord love your soul, what do I want to scare you for?" she demanded bluntly. "I'm sorry for you, that's all. It's your fault, Sally's where she is, and it will be your fault if she stays on her back for the rest of her life. All I want to know is who's going to keep her? Not Akers, if I know anything about men of his kind, the low, dirty—"

Sanderson cut short her stream of abuse.

"Shut up!" he ordered. "It won't help matters to call that swine names. And as for Sally—"

He stumbled a little over the name that seemed to have grown and grown more dear during the last few moments. "She'll be my care, of course."

Poppy calmed down a little. She freed her wrists from his grasp, and settled her hat.

"Well, as long as someone does the straight thing," she murmured. She sat down in a chair. "Give me a drink, there's a dear," she coaxed. "I've got to tramp my feet off all day, I tell you, it takes me all my time to keep myself in broad-and-scape, without being bothered with other people's affairs—not but what I wouldn't help Sally if I could—"

Sanderson hardly seemed to be listening; he had gone back to his room and was taking off his dressing-gown.

"Help yourself to what you want!" he said abruptly. "You know where the brandy is. Wait five minutes for me, and I'll come along with you."

Poppy rose with alacrity and helped herself to a stiff dose of brandy. She was more disturbed on Sally's account than she chose to admit; she kept thinking, with a sort of horror, that it might have been herself lying there in the bare hospital ward, without anyone of her own to care for her—not even a Josh Akers or a Philip Sanderson.

"Not that any men are worth a curse," she told herself viciously, as

she drained the glass and mixed a second drink.

Tomorrow—Marking Time.



Better Health Longer Life

GORGAS MEMORIAL INSTITUTE

Dangerous to Permit Germs Entering Breaks in Skin.

By L. L. McCoy, M. D., Seattle, Washington, Member Gorgas Memorial Institute.

If the question were asked, "Which drug serves the greatest household need?" what would be the answer?

It is doubtful if the druggist himself could answer, yet it seems to me that iodine solution is the answer, and should have a place in every household, first aid kit, and emergency outfit.

There are other solutions that are used as substitutes for iodine, and great claim is made for their efficiency. But iodine still maintains a high position as a disinfectant, antiseptic, and a counter-irritant. To my mind there is nothing that equals it for safe, general, external use.

Everyone, including children, should know how to apply it. Children, particularly, are subject to more or less severe wounds, especially of the exposed parts. I feel confident that many infections of every degree of severity, from mere festers to fatal blood poisoning, could be prevented each year if the more general use of iodine solution could be brought about with every break in the skin.

Skin breaks, whether cuts, blisters, abrasions, punctures, etc., should be painted with a three to five per cent solution of iodine. The most trivial wound may lead to very dire consequences, through infection. I have seen lockjaw, which was fatal in 48 hours, develop from a slight break in the skin of the upper arm, resulting from a fall on the street.

Many arms, legs and fingers have been sacrificed because of neglect in caring for a pin prick, a scratch, or a puncture. President Coolidge lost his son as the result of infection originating on his foot.

We are constantly besieged by germs, and it requires only a pin prick to allow them to enter our bodies which form an excellent medium for their propagation. So beware of trivial injuries. A three per cent solution of iodine applied to breaks of the skin may save life or limb. It sterilizes the wound, and through its stimulating effect, aids in healing.

Small festers in the skin, due to invasion from without, or infection from within, should be carefully treated, particularly those occurring around the nose and lips. An extremely dangerous thing to do is to pick or squeeze a fester about the face, instead of size. Due to direct connection between the blood supply of the face, and that of the interior of the skull, any infection getting into the blood stream of the face is quickly transmitted to that of the head and produces infection there. This infection may be in the form of an infected blood clot in one of the large veins, brain abscess, or meningitis, or a combina-

tion of two, or all of these conditions.

Try a Journal Want Ad

PORTLAND SIGNS 'SKEET' BIGBEE

With the Portland Beavers slipping into the ruck which brought ruin in mid season last year, President Tom Turner is making desperate efforts to turn the tide by taking on new players. Come one, come all. Anyone who can deliver the goods.

Carlson Bigbee, famous outfielder of the Pittsburgh Pirates, has been signed and will cavort in one of the gardens, presumably center field. Ike Wolter was signed only two weeks ago and has hit the ball fairly well but not good enough to suit his bosses.

At one time Bigbee was considered an essential cog in the Pirate machine. In 1923 he batted .250 but slipped to .299 the following season and to .262 in 1924. In 1925 he batted .300 and made a creditable showing especially in the world series with Washington but a year ago was given the gate for alleged antagonism along with Max Carey and Babe Adams against Manager Clarke.

For two months he has been on the payroll of the Seattle Suds with little action. He may prove to be the needed element for the Beavers.



Horlick's Malted Milk

A Quality Product
Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and All Ages

Try a Journal Want Ad

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



SEE THIS DIAMOND BAR PIN - I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU THE DAY WE'RE MARRIED.

IT'S LOVELY! GEE, IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE ENGAGED TO A JEWELER'S SON.

HANDS UP!

WE'RE CLEANED OUT! THEY'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING BUT THE SHOW-CASES! I'M RUINED - I'M RUINED!

DON'T WORRY, LARRY. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT - I DID SOME QUICK THINKING.

SEE, I HID THE DIAMOND BAR PIN IN MY SLEEVE AND SAVED IT.

CHICK YOUNG 7-13

BRINGING UP FATHER



I JUST FOUND THIS NEWSPAPER ON THE ISLAND - IT SHOWS YOU THAT WE ARE NOT THE FIRST TO LAND ON THIS ISLAND!

WE'LL BE THE FIRST TO DIE HERE IF WE DON'T EAT SOON!

LISTEN TO THIS - THE KELLY CHOWDER PARTY WAS HELD LAST NIGHT AT OUGAN'S HALL - OVER FIVE HUNDRED WERE PRESENT WHEN THE FIGHT STARTED!

I SURE REMEMBER THAT NIGHT.

CORNEB DEEF AN CABBAGE WAS SERVED ON THE LAWN AN' SIDE ORDERS OF MASHED POTATOES - CARROTS AN' NOODLES WERE ENJOYED BY ALL - CASEY'S HOME-MADE VEGETABLE SOUP WAS ONE OF THE HITS OF THE EVENIN'.

JIGGS! I ASK YOU - IS THAT NICE?

GEORGE MCMANUS 7-13

BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney'll Keep His Word



I WILL NOT GET OUTTA HERE!!

YOU'LL SIGN THESE PAPERS GIVING ME CONTROL OF THE VAN HORN MILLIONS OR YOU'LL REGRET IT TO THE END OF YOUR DAYS.

WHAT SUCCESS HAVE YOU HAD WITH ERIC, FATHER?

I DON'T THINK YOU ARE HANDLING HIM PROPERLY, FATHER!

HE'S VERY DIFFICULT - BUT I DON'T THINK HE CAN HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER - I'M CONFIDENT WE WILL SUCCEED!!

BELIEVE ME, WHEN I AGREED TO CHANGE PLACES WITH ERIC VAN HORN, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET INTO THIS KIND OF A MESS.

THAT OLD BUZZARD MAY TAKE A NOTION TO HANG ME UP BY THE THUMB TILL I SAY, "UNCLE."

BILLY DE BECK 7-13

MUTT AND JEFF

The President Was Justified in Losing His Patience with the Little Fellow

By Bud Fisher



TALK ABOUT YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES! JEFF ASKED I AM THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS UP HERE IN THE BLACK HILLS COUNTRY AND IF WE AIN'T APPOINTED GOOD-HELP AMBASSADORS TO SOME COUNTRY VERY SOON IT WON'T BE OUR FAULT! DELICIOUS!

JEFF, YOU LOOK WORRIED! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I WAS TALKING "TURKEY" TO CAL AND HE GOT AWFULLY ANGRY WITH ME!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

WELL, I TOLD HIM IF HE'D APPOINT US AMBASSADORS I'D DELIVER HIMA STATE IN THE NEXT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION!

WHY, THAT WAS QUITE ALL RIGHT! WHAT STATE DID YOU AGREE TO DELIVER?

VERMONT!

FOOL! WHAT TH?

A BLACK HILLS NUGGET

BUD FISHER 7-13