

# Capital Journal

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

## Hoover For It

Secretary of Commerce Hoover during his visit to the Black Hills, did his best to force the president to action for relief of Mississippi flood refugees, in rehabilitation of the country and the rebuilding of destroyed levees. He declares immediate federal aid is needed, that states affected cannot carry on the work and local communities cannot meet the burden. Mr. Hoover states in his report to Mr. Coolidge:

The greatest of all measures needed is prompt and effective flood control and quick legislation for that will restore confidence and from confidence will come recovery in values and in business. The government should take over and repair the whole levee system of the flooded area whether or not the levees are under government jurisdiction. Congress should also furnish relief in helping to pay interest charges and amortization for holders of levee bonds in sections where floods have prevented a planting of crops this year. Most of the levee obligations will not fall due until about January 1.

There is only one way by which immediate federal aid for flood control and rehabilitation can be secured and that is by a special session of congress to authorize the needed expenditures. But because of the election slush funds and contests in Pennsylvania and Illinois, Mr. Coolidge has refused to call an extra session and so helped complete the economic demoralization of the south and speeded the distress of its people. The session should have been called last spring and so prevented the industrial chaos now prevailing.

## Barnum Was Right

Some 75,000 representative Americans have paid over a million dollars to see Jack Dempsey, a has been pugilist, mix in the ring tonight with a second rater, who styles himself "Jack Sharkey" because his Lithuanian name contains too many syllables for the erudite fight fans to master.

It is doubtful if any other event could gather together as vast an audience, even if those attending were paid for being there instead of plunging up exorbitant sums and submitting to all kinds of discomfort. Certainly no intellectual treat can master more than a fraction of the crowd and even genius lacks the drawing power of a commercialized pug.

This is because the prize ring offers entertainment that strikes the mental level of the mass of men, who having become too lazy to delight in physical struggle themselves, still enjoy it between others as a spectacle.

The prize ring is so thoroughly commercialized that no one is safe in risking a wager on such an event as that staged tonight when an ex-champion seeks to come back against a vigorous and youthful second rater. The fight may be on the square and it may not be. Anyway Tex Rickard has amply demonstrated, as Barnum did before him, that the public likes to be humbugged.

## Wise Action

The board of control acted wisely in refusing to undertake the new building program authorized by the legislature, though under the supreme court decision in the Salem building case, they could not have consistently done otherwise. The board obeyed the mandate of the people in the June election and cut out new construction.

While a decision on the building of a new normal school at LaGrande has been delayed, there is every prospect that it will be delayed until such time as money for construction has been assured. There is no more need for a third normal school at present than there is for a third university and if the project was again submitted to the people, would be voted down.

The tuberculosis hospital, the hospital nurses home, the office building and other structures authorized, some of them really needed, can wait until the financial affairs of the state have been readjusted and placed on a business basis. Until then, the board can only exercise the most stringent economy.



## The Planter of the Tree

By RUBY M. AYRES  
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**THE VICAR.**  
Every week-odd Sanderson and Sometimes came down to stay from Saturday to Monday, and then Philip took Sally out in a long spinnaker chair or in a car, and Sometimes ran on ahead like an outrider, returning every few minutes to see that everything was in order.

The cottage was in the heart of the Surrey hills, and nearly two miles from the nearest village. At first Sally grumbled at its isolation, "Nothing but fields and trees," she wailed. "I shall die if I can't have more life. If only a motor-bus would go by!" But when the weather improved her spirits improved, also. A great many motor-cars passed by the little cottage, and sometimes as they lay in her long chair in the small front garden, people would stop and speak to her. One day the vicar from the village rode over on his bicycle and had tea.

"A Nobby Parker, that's what he is," Mrs. Kiff declared after he had taken his departure. "Such impudence! He asked me what relation you was to Mr. Sanderson."

Sally smiled and her blue eyes sparkled with unusual interest.

"What did you say?" she asked. "I told him you was named!" Mrs. Kiff said emphatically. "I told him you was just friends, and then I as good as told him that it weren't any business of his, anyway."

Sally laughed.

"There'll be a scandal," she said and was pleased.

When Sanderson came down at the week-end she told him:

"We've had the vicar to tea. He was a nice vicar, with big shoulders and grey hair. He asked Mrs. Kiff what relation I was to you."

"He can mind his own business," Sanderson said sullenly.

"I don't expect he'll come again," Sally answered. "I think he was shocked."

But the parson did come again, several times. He was a very human parson, and he told Sally that he was a lonely man and that he lived in a big, rambling vicarage, the half of which had been shut up since his wife died, six years before.

"Did you live all alone?" Sally asked.

"Yes, I have one son, but he is abroad."

"A black sheep I expect," Sally suggested. She had a vague idea that all parsons' sons were black sheep.

The vicar laughed, but he did not look at all offended.

"Well, he's a wanderer, certainly," he admitted. "He found life too dull here, so he went abroad. I don't blame him. I dare say if I could have done as I wanted to do when I was his age I should not have been the vicar of Ash Hill now."

"It can't be much of a job," Sally agreed.

She liked the parson, he had kind eyes and a deep voice, and his name Kiff struck a name of which, as she told him, she entirely approved.

"It sounds upper-tennish," she explained.

"It's a good old Scotch name," the parson agreed.

One day Sally asked him how old he was.

"How old do you think?" he inquired with a twinkle.

She hazarded a guess.

"About sixty?"  
"No, I'm only fifty-three. My son is twenty-eight."

"What's his name?"  
"Garry!"  
"What a funny name!"  
"It was his mother's maiden name."

"Oh!"  
It was strange how interested Sally became in all these little things. Three months ago it would have bored her unthinkably to talk to such a man as Robert Nairn; it would have bored her unthinkably to take tea with him; but now she quite enjoyed his visits and looked forward to them.

In return for his little confidences she told him about herself and how she used to dance at the Faun Cafe. Her eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with excitement at the memory of those days that now seemed so far, so very far away. She described the frocks she used to wear, and the admiration she got from the men, and the suppers she used to be taken to and the flowers that were given to her.

"Have you ever been to the Faun?" she asked.

The parson shook his head.

"No, but I am sure it must be a very amusing place," he said kindly.

"It was! It was just—Heaven!" Sally breathed, and the tears ran down her cheeks. She looked away from him to the open window and the garden outside, where the trees were budding, and the daffodils were just peeping up from their bed of green leaves, and she saw instead the blue and gold upholstery of the Faun cafe, with its dozens of small tables, each one lit with a golden lamp, the many flushed, excited faces, and the gleam of the polished floor upon which her tiny feet had so often danced.

"It was just—Heaven!" she breathed again.

The parson smiled and leaned

back in his chair.

"We all have such different ideas of Heaven," he said. "Now, what do you think mine is?"

Sally wiped the tears from her eyes to answer scornfully:

"Golden stairs, I suppose, and harps and angels."

He shook his head.

"No, it's a spring morning like this—sunshine and flowers and birds, and perhaps an apple-tree in blossom like that one in your garden. There could be no finer Heaven."

Sally stared at him.

"You are funny!" she said.

But again he was not at all offended. He just laughed, and said that it was a good thing everyone had not the same opinions.

Then Sally told him about her accident.

"It was Philip's fault," she said in a hard, ugly voice. "He was drunk and he knocked me down with his car. He always is drunk after six o'clock in the evening," she added angrily.

"And who is Philip?" Mr. Nairn asked.

"Philip Sanderson. He gave me this cottage, and he pays Mrs. Kiff, and for me, too. He comes down every week-end. I expect you'll see him some day. He's very tall—like a chimney-stack, and he wears awful clothes, and he's got a hideous dog called 'Sometimes' who goes everywhere with him. You'd laugh if you saw the pair of them, I expect."

"And it was he who knocked you down?"

"Yes, that's—Sally bit back the bad word just in time. Somehow, by instinct, she never used bad words before Mr. Nairn.

"Poor man!"

She stared at him.

"It's me who's the poor one," she said offensively.

"I am more sorry for him," Mr.

Nairn insisted gently. "Think what his remorse must be."

Sally considered.

"Oh, I don't know," she said reluctantly. "He's a queer one! You never know where you are with Philip."

"He seems to have been very kind to you."

"No more than he ought to have been," she answered sharply. "I'm finished for life, and I haven't got a halfpenny. He's only done what he ought to do."

"And that is a great deal more than most of us can say," Mr. Nairn answered.

Sally lost her temper.

"Here, I don't want to be preached at!" she shrieked. "If that's what you've come for, you needn't come again!" But the next moment she was apologizing. Somehow Mr. Nairn was not a man to whom you could be rude without immediately apologizing humbly. And he took it so well, he told her that he just wanted to be friends with her, and before he went away he promised to come again quite soon.

"Garry will be home in a month or two," he said. "I shall bring him to see if I may."

Sally told him ungraciously. "It's frightful living in this place alone, with only Mrs. Kiff to talk to."

"I like Mrs. Kiff," the vicar said cheerily.

Sally relented immediately.

"So do I. She's a dear old stick," she agreed.

**Tomorrow—Bad Temper.**

**CALLED BACK EAST**

Silverton, July 21.—W. L. Cunningham (Cummy) proprietor of the "Cory" left Monday for Mansfield, Ohio, because of the serious illness of his mother. Mrs. Cunningham has pneumonia and is in a critical condition. Mr. Cunningham, Sr., is also ill with a nervous breakdown.

## Open Forum

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only, limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—I wish to protest the treatment accorded visitors at the state penitentiary. A few days ago I went to the prison with a young lady from Anniston, Ala., who has a cousin incarcerated in there and the chinless wonder who claimed to be the deputy warden, but he acted like he owned the place, point blank refused us admittance unless we could be identified.

How in—can we be identified, her being out of state visitor and right behind us people came in and were

passed right thru, without any trouble. Of course we stopped at the governor's office for a permit, but like Bulling Walter, cornbread. She is conducting her business administration running around the state mending broken bridges and gates. The young lady in the governors office got a fine start in politics, she sure knows how to pass the same old buck. I'm paying taxes in state of Oregon and maybe some of my money goes to pay that pig eye deputy warden salary, I'm not carrying any shotguns or rifles in there and when I'm going back next week I want some attention from those chair warmers.

C. J. ALVIN  
207 Hall Street, Portland.

**LEAVE FOR VISIT**

Silverton, July 21.—Mrs. Bruce Wheeler, her young son and Mrs. Fulgham left of Cascade Locks the first of the week where they



will spend several weeks visiting with Mrs. Wheeler's parents.

## TREE TEA

Orange Pekoe  
Peekoe

## TREE TEA

ORANGE PEKOE

Iced  
Cooling—refreshing

## DUMB DORA



**MIGOSH! DORA LOST THE PIN THAT I'M PAYING FIFTEEN DOLLARS EACH WEEK FOR OUT OF MY SALARY**

**LARRY, ISN'T IT GRAND? I FOUND THE PIN!**

**GREAT, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER FOR THE DETAILS**

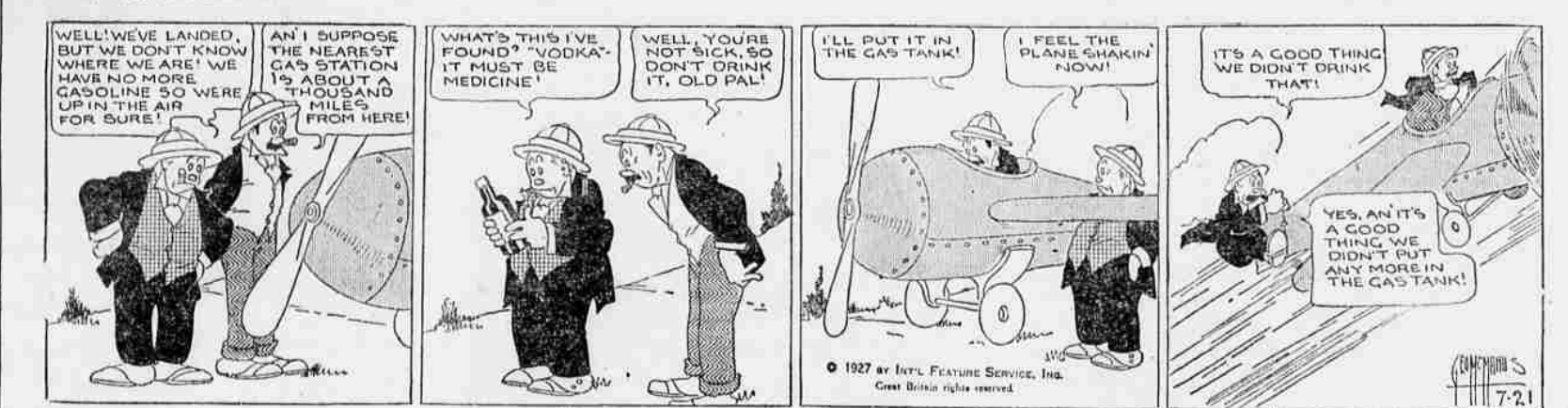
**THE NICEST MAN FOUND IT AND BROUGHT IT STRAIGHT TO ME! WASN'T HE HONEST?**

**HE SURE WAS—I HOPE YOU GIVE HIM A REWARD?**

**I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHANGE WITH ME SO I JUST LET HIM KEEP THE PIN AS A REWARD**

By Chick Young

## BRINGING UP FATHER



**WELL, WE'VE LANDED, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE! WE HAVE NO MORE GASOLINE SO WE'RE UP IN THE AIR FOR SURE!**

**AN I SUPPOSE THE NEAREST GAS STATION IS ABOUT THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE!**

**WHAT'S THIS I'VE FOUND "VODKA"—IT MUST BE MEDICINE!**

**WELL, YOU'RE NOT SICK, SO DON'T DRINK IT, OLD PAL!**

**I'LL PUT IT IN THE GAS TANK!**

**I FEEL THE PLANE SHAKIN' NOW!**

**IT'S A GOOD THING WE DIDN'T DRINK THAT!**

**YES, AN IT'S A GOOD THING WE DIDN'T PUT ANY MORE IN THE GAS TANK!**

By George McManus

## BARNEY GOOGLE



**IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE BARNEY CRAZY**

**BARNEY LOST HIS FIRST CHANCE FOR FREEDOM YESTERDAY WHEN SUSPICION PROMPTED HIM TO TURN ON THE DETECTIVE WHO HAD BEEN SENT TO INVESTIGATE THE CASE.**

**THE DETECTIVE, WHO AT FIRST HAD SIDED WITH BARNEY, LATER AGREED WITH HOMERIC WHO CHARGED THAT HIS "NEPHEW'S" MIND WAS UNBALANCED.**

**THIS AFFAIR IS GETTING SERIOUS—I THOUGHT THE MATTER WAS CLOSED WHEN THE OFFICER LEFT YESTERDAY, BUT EVIDENTLY THE CHIEF WANTS MORE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. THERE ARE FOUR ALIENISTS DOWNSTAIRS—I'VE GOT TO LET THEM SEE "ERIC" OR THEY'LL SUSPECT ME. FIRST, I AM GOING TO TRY TO GET HIM TO SIGN THOSE PAPERS.**

**I TOLD YOU BEFORE—NO! NO! NO!**

**VERY WELL THEN! WE'LL CONSIDER THE MATTER CLOSED.**

**GENTLEMEN—MY POOR NEPHEW ERIC VAN HORN**

**AHEM!**

By Billy De Beck

## MUTT AND JEFF



**JEFF, WE GOTTA HAND IT TO THE PRESIDENT FOR APPOINTING US GOOD-WILL AMBASSADORS TO RUSSIA! THE JOB IS SOFT, THE PAY IS BIG, AND WE'LL BECOME FAMOUS!**

**RIGHT, MUTT!**

**WHAT DID YOU SAY, FRIEND?**

**I SAID, HAVE YOU GOT A MATCHSKI?**

**OH, HE WANTS A MATCH! I AIN'T GOT ANY! HOW ABOUT YOU, MUTT?**

**GEE, NEITHER HAVE I!**

**WHAT? NO MATCHSKI?**

**WOT TEE?**

**THEN TAKE THATSKI!!!**

**JUST SAY—"DEAR CAL! SEND SOME MATCHES AT ONCE!" THASS ALL!**

**THAT'S PLENTY!**

**CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!**

By Bud Fisher