

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

More Rivalry

Announcement was made a week ago of the immediate construction of the first unit of a million dollar dormitory at the Oregon State college under the amortization plan authorized by the legislature last session, which allows the two higher educational institutions to construct buildings for dormitories, finance them with bonds and then repay the bonds with the revenue derived from rentals.

Not to be outdone, now comes the state university with the announcement of the immediate erection of a new dormitory at the university to cost \$300,000, to be similarly financed.

Here is an example of the rivalry that dominates both institutions. If one erects a building, the other must also. If one adds a new course, the other follows. Each is engaged in duplicating the efforts of the other, in creating two great universities within a few miles of each other in a small state that ought only to support one. Such senseless rivalry and cost duplication will continue until the two institutions are consolidated under common management and each allotted and held within its own sphere.

However this amortization plan, which is utilized by the student athletic bodies to build palatial basketball courts and stadiums, and by the institutions themselves to build huge dormitories, could also be utilized in some form to construct really necessary buildings and paid for by charges against students utilizing them. There is no reason why higher education should be scot free at taxpayers expense nor why the students themselves should not cooperate by paying their way for a small portion of what they receive. However, as long as the legislature can be worked for more appropriations, neither institution will try to finance its development on a business basis.

No Favoritism

Another effort is underway to induce the city council to provide a 5 percent differential on contracts for bridge and other public work in favor of local contractors.

Adoption of such a policy would be unfair to the taxpayers who are footing the bills and unjust to the contractors themselves. The work should be let to the lowest responsible bidder and the city secure fullest benefit from the competition engendered. No favorites should be played—otherwise competition will be stifled. A square deal means honest competition and elimination of collusive bidders.

There is no reason why local contractors should not be able to successfully compete with those from other sections, provided they are as efficiently organized. And there is no reason why the community should be penalized for their inefficiency, if they are not. There is no justice in making the taxpayer pay 5 percent more than necessary for construction work. The money must be spent and the work done in Salem anyway, and the money saved will enable the construction of additional bridges.

The invariable result of playing favorites in public work contracts is the elimination of fair competition and the formation of contractor cliques which divide up the work between them at expense of the taxpayer. A fair field and no favors is always sound public policy.

Ribbons and Laces

By RUBY AYRES

XX—JEALOUSY

"You seem to have made friends with a great many young men since you went into business," Mrs. Lovelace complained to Linda.

"Not friends," Linda protested. "I only just know them! Why, they all belong to someone else," she added with a half sigh as she thought of Andrew Lincoln. What would Joan say if she knew he had sent her those flowers? She stole a shy little glance at them across the room.

"Things were very different when I was a girl," Mrs. Lovelace said un- easily. "Why, I remember when I was engaged to your grandfather, I was never allowed to speak to him alone until we were married. My mother or father was always in the room."

"Grammie! Why, however could you be expected to get to know one another?" Mrs. Lovelace smiled reminis- cently.

"Well, I'm afraid we never did," she admitted. Linda rose to her feet.

"I'll just clear the tea-things away, and then I'll go and see Miss Dallow. If she's so queer, I'd like to get it over."

She was halfway down the stairs when she encountered Bill Sargent coming up.

"Hello!" said Linda, breezily; she looked upon Bill very much as she would have done upon an over- grown schoolboy.

"Have you only just come from business?" "No," he leaned against the ban- isters, squeezing his big figure into as small a compass as possible to allow her to pass, for the stairs were not very wide.

"Did you get the roses?" he asked, abruptly.

"Roses?" Linda repeated the word vaguely, then the warm color rushed to her face with a sense of acute disappointment.

"Oh, were they from you?" she asked blankly.

He answered bluntly: "No, I don't suppose you did." Then he gave a rough little laugh. "I'm sorry. I won't offend you again," he said almost rudely, and turning, brushed past her and went on up the stairs to his own room far above.

Linda went her way feeling rather puzzled. It was strange of him to have sent her flowers which must have been so expensive, she thought, especially as she had understood that he was Nelly's friend.

Of course, he had meant it kindly, but all the same there seemed no reason for the attention; her face was rather grave as she descended the stairs which led down to the basement, and tapped on a closed door.

It was opened almost immediately by a tall, spare woman, with the blackest hair and the highest forehead Linda had ever seen. She looked more like a caricature than a real woman, and she wore the strangest, stiffest, most old-fashioned frock it was impossible to imagine. It was high at the neck, and buttoned in a row of at least twelve buttons down to the waist, and a heavy silver choker hung with keys and scissors and all sorts of other useless-looking articles dangled by her side.

Linda looked at her with un- accountable nervousness.

"I am Miss Lovelace," she stam- mered out at last.

"Yes, I have seen you before—in the distance," was the uncomprom- ising reply, and the door was opened a shade wider. "Perhaps you will come in if you wish to speak to me. I object to the entire household knowing my business."

Linda wished she had not come, but she followed Miss Dallow into the room, and the door was shut.

It was a warm, cosy little room, with a big fire, and large easy chair drawn up before it, in which sat a big cat with round yellow eyes like an owl's, which stared at Linda all the time with a most disconcerting steadiness.

"I don't want to speak about anything particular," Linda said, feeling very young and foolish all at once. "But I thought you would like to see me, that's all."

"What a horrible woman!" she thought resentfully as she climbed the stairs again. "If I had known she was like that I wouldn't have come here, not for Mr. Stern or anyone else."

"I am sure she means to be kind, dear," Mrs. Lovelace said, when Linda burst in upon her, flushed and angry. "Perhaps you should not have gone down to see her, but, really, I know nothing about the etiquette of such things, and I thought it would be polite."

"She's an old cat!" Linda said vigorously.

Mrs. Lovelace drew her delicate brows together in protest.

"Linda, it is not a very ladylike thing to say! It sounds more like Nelly Sweet than my granddaughter."

Linda laughed.

"And what is the matter with Nelly, pray?" she asked, teasingly.

Mrs. Lovelace spread her white hands.

"Nothing, dear—oh, nothing!" she said, rather helplessly.

There followed rather a dull fort- night for Linda. Nothing particular happened to break the monotony of her business life. She neither saw nor heard anything of Andrew Lin- coln, and she felt a little sore about it.

Nelly Sweet was unsympathetic. "I told you what he was!" she said triumphantly. "Just a flirt, that's all. You won't see him again, mark my words. I daresay Joan gave him such a dressing-down that he won't dare to look at you any more."

"I never wanted him to look at me," Linda protested with dignity. But it was not quite the truth, and a dozen times a day she found herself thinking of him, and wonder- ing, wondering.

Were all men like that? Just pay- ing attention to a girl for their own amusement? She was sure there was a look of triumph in Joan As- tley's queer eyes whenever they met hers.

As a matter of fact, Linda was finding life a little disappointing in more ways than one; the ribbons and laces which she had so adored as a child began to pall a little when one lived among them every day, and Miss Gillet reduced everything to such a commonplace business at- mosphere that there seemed very little romance about earning one's own living at all.

Linda had imagined that she would never wish to leave the shop and go home, but now she found herself looking forward to 6 o'clock just as eagerly as the other girls did, and as the days grew longer and brighter she thought of the country and the green fields with longing.

Nelly Sweet was voluble one Monday morning of the Sunday she had spent down at Chorley Wood.

"Bluebells, my dear, till you couldn't think," so she told Linda. "And grass, and the darlinest little lark in the sky; oh, it was heaven!"

"Did you go alone?" Linda asked enviously; she had spent her Sun- day trying to amuse Mrs. Lovelace, who had got a bad chill, and had been forced to stay in bed.

"Did I go alone?" Nelly echoed with scorn. "Not much! Bill took me."

"Oh!" Linda had hardly seen Bill since that day or the stairs when he had asked her about the roses. Once he had passed her at the gate with a hurried good evening; once he had taken a letter to the post for her when it was raining; but his first attempts at friendliness had vanished; he treated Linda now as he would have done the most casual acquaintance.

She was vexed, without knowing why.

"It doesn't really matter, of course!" she told herself. "And yet, it would have been nice to have him for a friend."

"Are you engaged to Bill?" she asked Nelly, as she had asked her once before on the night of the dance.

Nelly shook her bobbed head so vigorously that for a moment she looked like a yellow mop.

"No! No luck! she said senten- tiously. "But I don't mind admit- ting that I'd have him if he asked me."

"Why don't you make him ask you then?" Linda inquired, with the ignorance of a girl who has never cared for anyone seriously.

"Make him!" Nelly opened her eyes wide. "Goodness, I can't see anyone making Bill do anything he didn't choose to do," she said in amazement.

Linda looked scornful.

"Pooh! He's only a big boy," she said, with a little spiteful feeling in her heart as she thought of Bill's casual good-bay to her on the stairs that morning.

Nelly looked amused.

"Is he? That's all you know," she said calmly. "Why, if he chose, Bill could make me, or you, or any other girl knuckle under to him in a brace of shakes."

"I should like to see him try with me," Linda said loftily.

"I'll tell him," she promised calmly.

Monday—Pale.

MARION COMMUNITY PROGRAM IS ENJOYED

Marion, Jan. 21.—The Community club met at the W. O. W. hall a program arranged by Mrs. Hubert Dane, consisting of musical selections from the Turner Glee club with Mrs. Pearce as leader; the Turner orchestra with Mrs. Clod- felter of Jefferson as leader and the Marion orchestra with Mrs. Ayers as leader, and an address by Prof. John Watson of Turner, were en- joyed by a large crowd.

Mrs. Elick of Seattle is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. West- ern Houghton. Mrs. Elick will go to California soon.

Mrs. Hupp, mother of C. W. Hupp died Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomas. Mrs. Thomas is a grand daughter of Mrs. Hupp. The funeral was held from the Thomas residence Satur- day at 10 o'clock. Interment was made at Damascus, near Portland.

Mrs. Hubert Dane who was quite ill last week was taken to the hos- pital at Salem Monday evening.

Lee Smith went to Philomath Fri- day to visit his mother, Mrs. J. D. Smith, who is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Webb.

BURIAL GROUP MEETS

Woodburn, Jan. 21.—There will be a meeting of the Belle Pass Cem- etery association Monday at the of- fice of E. N. Hall. The meeting is scheduled for 7:30 o'clock and im- portant changes in the by-laws of the association will be made.

REPAIR TRACKAGE

Independence, Jan. 21.—Lewis Griffith of the Spaulding Logging company office of Salem was in the city this week looking after Mr. Spaulding's interests at the sand and gravel plant of this city. They are making extensive repairs to the trackage on the waterfront, which has been made necessary by the high flood stage of water during the early winter.

Few of Us Have Enough--

Money comes slowly. It represents sustained effort. Not many of us have enough. Spending money in one direction often means skimping in another, nearly al- ways it means choosing between one or several ways to spend.

To most of us, therefore, spending is a serious busi- ness, it is not only desirable but necessary that we get full value. When we spend we want something worth more to us than the same amount spent in other ways would bring.

That is the reason we ourselves buy and burn only quality and tested coals and briquets. It is also one of the reasons for the steadily increasing number of those who buy from us.

HILLMAN FUEL CO.'S FUELS ARE BEST TO BUY— BECAUSE THEY ARE BEST TO BURN

Hillman Fuel Company

Salem's "Heat Merchants"

By Chick Young

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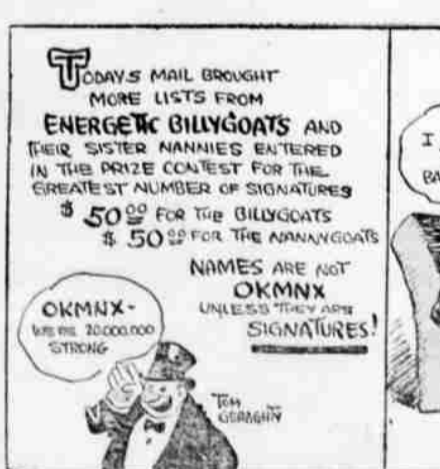


BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE

No Getting Away From Goats



MUTT AND JEFF

Well, You Know How Mothers Are.



By George McManus

By Billy De Beck

By Bud Fisher