

Capital Journal

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

—BYRON.

High Cost of Holidays

In round numbers it is estimated that the state and counties are paying public employees in the neighborhood of \$400,000 to \$500,000 a year in salaries and wages for going fishing, eating turkey or going to theaters, joy riding in automobiles or the numerous other ways that state and county employees may find for enjoying themselves at the public expense on the 11 holidays furnished for their rest, recreation or amusement, as the case may be.

A summary of state employees made a little time ago, but still as approximately correct as figures are now available shows that the state has in its employ 5375 employees in various capacities at a monthly wage of \$547,906.05. Of this number 3651 are on full time and 1724 on part time.

Not all of these employees, but a heavy percentage of them, are granted the privilege of being away from their work and enjoying themselves at play on the 11 holidays set aside for this year, including the two election days scheduled, and their pay continues on uninterrupted, and helps swell the cost of public service.

On a basis of all of them securing these holidays and their pay at the same time, and putting in at least an equal amount for the employees in the 36 counties of the state, the total amount expended would run well up to half a million dollars, and perhaps more. The average day's pay for state employees alone, considering all of them, full and part time, would run \$21,837.32, or a total of \$240,210.54 for the 11 holidays to be granted or already granted during the present year.

As stated, this amount would be decreased by the fact that not all of the employees are granted these holidays, and some are not paid. The figures as to just how many are not available. But the extra amount paid to county employees no doubt would fully offset this. Multnomah county alone has a vast army of employees at its beck and call. Even if the county employees would not bring the total up, the wilderness of employees in cities and towns who also enjoy life 11 days of the year at public expense would surely fill in the gap.

It is pointed out that the estimated deficiency of the state of \$1,000,000 or more, could be paid off in two years by the simple, expedient of still granting the 11 holidays to the employees, by simply eliminating the pay for the 11 days when the hired help are not working. This would fully take up the slack, put the state on its feet, and two more years of the same method would permit the state to erect all of the buildings it has been sorely in need of but has been precluded from building because of the avalanche of holidays on pay.

The last legislature added Lincoln's birthday to the list. Recent legislatures added Armistice day, Columbus day, labor day, primary and general election days. We already had New Years, Washington's birthday, Memorial day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Before any more are added, it would be well to provide that state employees be placed on the same basis as workmen—no pay for days not worked.

There is no reason for making election days or the birthdays of our great men holidays. The rest of us have to work election days. Why not public employees? For over a century we have honored Jefferson and Jackson without a holiday. In recent years similarly honored Roosevelt and Wilson. Cession of labor does not honor their memory. There is even less sense in observing labor day and Columbus day than in the others. All are sops by politicians to blocs of votes. Both Washington and Lincoln would be the last to favor this form of hero worship. An honest day's labor is the best possible tribute to either of them.

Ribbons and Laces

By RUBY AYRES

... XXXIX—THE LAST WEEK ...

The last week at Lorne & Dodds seemed to Linda to fly. No sooner had one day begun than it had ended; she seemed to have no time to think, no time to realize what was happening.

She saw Andrew Lincoln nearly every day, and Mrs. Johnson nearly as often.

They took her to the little shop over which the new name of "Miss" had been painted in gold, and they let her choose fresh curtains for the windows and a soft gray carpet for the floor.

She was like a child with a new toy; the business side of the venture she never considered at all.

She asked no questions as to capital or loss, or profits; she only knew that she was being treated like a queen, that the little doll-house flat upstairs was to be her own and that she was to have some new smart frocks.

Linda had much of her mother in her after all; she went down and worshipped before pretty frocks and hats and dainty surroundings almost as easily as Mrs. Goring Wells had done years ago.

She trusted Lincoln and Mrs. Johnson implicitly and so the days flew by.

Of Bill Sargent there was no sign, though she knew that he was still in the house, for she heard his step often overhead or on the stairs and Jenny sometimes spoke of him.

Once she informed Linda that she was sure he must be ill. "He's that bad tempered, I hardly know him, that I don't," she said, pausing in the doorway for a moment's gossip. "And so different to what he used to be! Always a smile and a cheery word."

"People can't always be the same," Linda said, but her heart sank. Bill, dear Bill! She wished she could see him just for a moment. She wished she could tell him of all the wonderful things that were happening to her.

The night before she was to leave Dallowa, she deliberately left

the door of her sitting room open about the time she knew he was due to come in, but he was either aware of it, and stayed out on purpose, or else he must have crept quietly upstairs when she was not listening, for she saw nothing of him.

Did he know she was leaving? She was sure he must. Jenny would certainly have told him.

Mrs. Goring Wells wrote that she was ill in bed with influenza.

"What are you doing, Linda, and why don't you come to see your mother? Some day you may know what it is to be ill and lonely as I am now, and to long for a little kindness."

"Linda thought she knew what it was already; she destroyed the letter without answering it."

In spite of everything she felt at the thought of the coming change. She rather dreaded leaving Mrs. Dallowa's, and the rooms where for a little while she had been happy with Mrs. Lovelace; she cried a great deal as she packed their few possessions.

It was like closing a chapter of life and starting on a new one which was quite unknown.

She cried when she said good-bye to Miss Giffet.

"You've been ever so kind to me," she said. "I hope I shall see you again."

The story of her new venture had of course filtered through the entire shop, and everyone knew now what influence was at work behind Linda.

"You're a little fool, that's what you are, my dear," Miss Giffet said sharply as they shook hands. "But I don't wish you any harm. For goodness sake keep your eyes open and take care of yourself."

Linda thought that was unnecessary advice; Mrs. Johnson and Andrew Lincoln were both taking care of her in the most wonderful way. She hesitated about saying good-bye to Nelly Sweet, but Nelly sought her out.

"Well, I suppose you won't want

to know me any more now," she said in her downcast fashion. "I suppose you'll run a motor soon, while I still pay a penny for a seat on a bus, eh?"

Linda looked distressed.

"I shan't be any different," she protested. "Why should I be?"

Nelly opened her eyes wide.

"What? Not with the Black Prince?" she asked.

"I'm not with him," she said impatiently. "Why does everyone say such silly things? We're only just friends."

Nelly smiled. "Oh, yes, we know that!" she answered briskly.

"We know that our dear, darling Andrew is an angel without wings, looking after a poor orphan child, and all the rest of it!" Her manner changed suddenly, and she stamped her foot.

"Oh, you make me tired!" she said impulsively. "How you can be so taken in I don't know! Ask Joan what she thinks of the Black Prince now! I know you don't think much of her, but she wouldn't touch him with a pair of kitchen tongs now, and that's the truth!"

"Because he wouldn't let her, I suppose," Linda said childishly.

She tried to go, but Nelly followed.

"Here, let's shake hands and be friends," she said with an effort. "I don't bear you any ill-feeling now you've let Bill go. I know you haven't been out with him again since I asked you not to. You're a sport!"

Linda was touched and surprised, she took the offered hand gladly.

"And I do hope you'll be happy," she said earnestly. "I do hope that Bill—"

She suddenly choked at mention of his name, and could say no more.

Nelly laughed rather grimly.

"If you've done with Bill, he's done with me," she said, unhappily. "I'm not good enough for him, now."

and perhaps he's right! Bless his old heart, anyway."

Linda was driven to ask a last question:

"Do you—do you ever see him now?"

Nelly made a grimace.

"I've seen him once in the last fortnight and that was by accident," she said with a mock sigh. "But I saw Archie Lang the other night, you remember him? He was at that dance with us. Well, he sees a lot of Bill, I think, and he told me that Bill had asked for a shift."

"A shift? You mean—he's going to leave the bank?"

Nelly nodded. "He's going to leave the town branch anyway; he hates London, you know; he's all for the country. I don't blame him; there's something forced and unnatural about London when you have to live the sort of life we do, isn't there? I always used to feel it when Bill took me down to the country for the day. It is all the difference between a greenhouse and an open field, isn't it?" She laughed rather self-consciously. "Heaven! hark at me," she peered at herself. "I ought to write a book."

"I know what you mean," Linda said slowly, and remembered how she had felt something of the same emotion which Nelly was trying to describe that Sunday when she and Bill went down to Chorley Wood.

What was the good of looking back? She asked herself impatiently. The best and wisest thing to do was to look on—on! Surely there must be something more pleasant in the future than a few hours in woods and fields walking with a man who was done with her—who wished never to see her again.

Mrs. Johnson was to call for her that evening and take her and all her possessions away from Miss Dallowa's and Linda was ready waiting in her hat and coat when she heard a step on the landing outside.

Bill! Her heart seemed to leap to her mouth and she was across the room and at the open door in a second.

It was Bill right enough, but he would have passed her without a look or a word if she had not spoken.

"Mr. Sargent... I'm leaving here today!"

He stood still. His eyes, hard and unfriendly, met hers.

"Yes, I know."

"Oh!"

There was a little silence. Linda felt as if she was choking. She wanted to burst into tears; she wanted to grip hold of him so that he could not go on up those stairs and leave her; she wanted to hold him fast. Wild, foolish things crowded to her lips, but she kept them back.

She wanted to say, "Oh, Bill, don't be angry with me." She wanted to say, "Oh, Bill, I'm not really happy a bit. I'm really lonely and frightened and miserable," but pride prevented her.

Then Bill spoke.

"Well, I won't detain you," he said formally. "I'll say good-bye. I wish you every luck." And he was gone.

USE OF LIBRARY AN AFTER THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 1)

disposition of keys to the room and agreed that the county court would not be called upon to expend any money for funds whatsoever for the library. In the original draft of this second petition no reference was made to the use of the library by circuit judges or others, but later, according to inside information, interlinations were made agreeing to

extend the use of the library to circuit judges and the general public. Under the legislative act which is authority for creation of such libraries provision is made for the use of the library only by attorneys at law and litigants and no reference is made to use of the library by either attorneys or the general public. During all of the committee's consideration of the bill no reference was made to the necessity of such libraries for circuit judges, but only the advantages which would accrue to attorneys and litigants.

The eleventh hour plea for the circuit judges seems in itself to lend an explanation to just why the attorneys are so anxious to have a law library on hand for ready reference at the expense of the litigants they have been paid to represent.

It seems to be one of those intricate points of law, which was not thought of until after the case had come to trial before the tribunal of the public and which had to be "looked up" in a hurry to save the case.

And, to carry the analogy further, even a group of attorneys claim that "thousands of dollars" would be saved the taxpayers by having this ready reference library at hand to settle moot points in a hurry, so does this late reference to circuit judges attorneys themselves "thousands of dollars" in the purchase of law books to come in handy to save the county at the expense of litigants, rather than at their own.

CLUB WILL MEET

Gervais, Feb. 13.—The regular community "500" club will meet in the Masonic hall Tuesday, February 14, with Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Ernest Natzger as hostesses.

Feather hats, so close fitting that they look like the wearer's hair, are being introduced by milliners of Paris.

HOOVER TO SPLIT OHIO REPUBLICANS

(Continued from Page 1)

84 counties in 75 of which contacts already have been formed, according to Hoover headquarters. The Willis group has the endorsement of the state central committee.

Robert A. Taft of Cincinnati, son of Chief Justice William H. Taft of the supreme court announced plans for formation of the Hoover club in Cincinnati and Hamilton county.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Herbert Hoover is out in the open as a candidate for president, pledged to "carry forward the principles of the republican party and the great objectives of President Coolidge's policies."

According to the wishes of a growing group of supporters, the commerce secretary has authorized to enter his name as a candidate in the forthcoming Ohio primaries. He thus begins his campaign fully aware that it means a fight at the outset with the forces of Senator Willis of Ohio, another announced candidate, whose friends are determined to give him his home state's delegates to the Kansas City convention.

The senator who recently accepted the challenge of Hoover's forehead-widened candidacy with the statement that it would be no "powder-puff" fight, said last that he was ready for the contest as a "perfectly confident of the result."

Hoover announced himself in a letter to Thad H. Brown, chairman of the Hoover for president committee, who conferred here Saturday with the cabinet member.

"I have received through you and others," Hoover's letter said, "requests from very many republicans

of Ohio that I permit my name to be entered in the presidential primaries of that state. I do so."

"The secretary will retain his cabinet post and he indicated that he will not be able to make a personal campaign before the primaries."

"My conviction (that I should not strive for the nomination)," he said, "and my obligations as secretary of commerce preclude me from making any personal campaign. I must rely wholly upon my friends in Ohio, to conduct it and to conduct it in a fair manner and with steadfast regard for republican success in the state and the nation. It is my special desire that expenditure of money shall be strictly limited and rigidly accounted for."

Senator Willis followed the Hoover statement with one of his own declaring he was personally in fear of the results of the contest how to develop.

"The people of Ohio know about my republicanism," he said. "I have been there all my life and all my activities have been there. I have had a part in helping every republican. My pleasure and platform are well known. When the primary is over Mr. Hoover will know then whether these self-appointed friends of his who have dragged him into this contest apparently against his own wishes have advised him correctly."

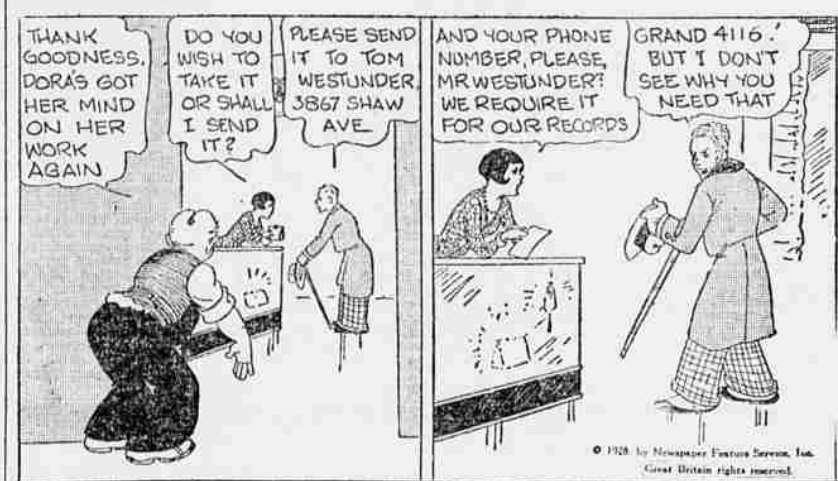
EXCHANGE IN VISITS

Amity, Feb. 13.—Miss Pearl Miller of Turner was the guest of Miss Marion Umphlette Friday evening. Miss Miller returned to her home Saturday morning and Miss Umphlette accompanied her for the week-end.

Nearly 20,000,000 skins were shipped from New Zealand to the United States and the United Kingdom last year.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



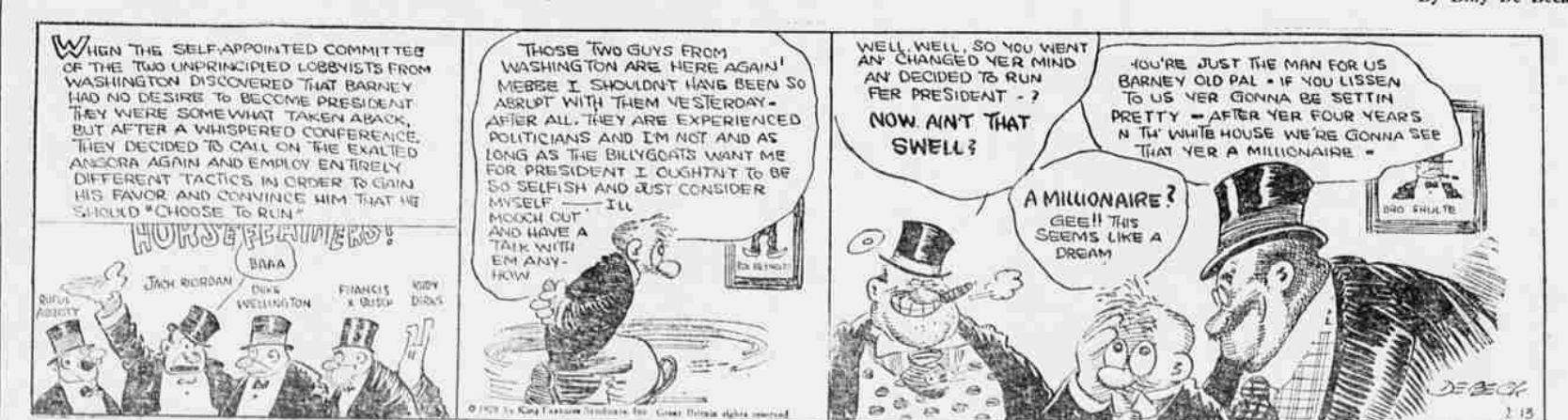
BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy De Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

It's All A Dream to Barney.



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

What's Got Into Bill Fox And Jess Lasky?

