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

The Auto Grounds

The city council has voted to continue in operation the municipal auto camping ground, at least for a period.

There cannot be much objection if it is kept merely as a camping ground until such time as it can be utilized as a children's playground and public park.

It is not the utilization of the property as a temporary camping ground that arouses objection, but the effort to put the city in the auto resort business by erecting permanent cottages and other buildings, which will destroy its beauty and keep the municipality, with a large investment, permanently in business in competition with private enterprise.

Buildings cannot be erected without cutting down trees and otherwise marring a natural site that only needs slight landscaping to be made a real resource in a city shamefully shy of public parks.

Our government was not designed for the promotion of business enterprises, and they should form no part of its efforts. The park was purchased by public subscription to be utilized for a then public need, an auto camp ground, until such time as the auto resort business became stabilized and private enterprise could supply the deficiency. That time is nearing, or already here, and the city should withdraw from a field it never was designed to enter.

A Futile Effort

The effort of Senator Robinson of Indiana to involve the Democrats in the oil scandal by charging that Sinclair was a heavy contributor to Al Smith's campaign fund in 1920 and was in return subsequently appointed to the state racing commission is properly termed "demagogic slander." Even if Sinclair had contributed to the Smith campaign and in return received an honorary appointment, it would have been merely in accordance with political custom and no charge of moral turpitude been involved.

Robinson's statement however proves to have been a falsehood. Sinclair did not contribute to Smith's campaign fund either in 1920 or thereafter. Moreover Smith was defeated in 1920. Sinclair had been appointed on the racing commission, because of his prominence as a stable owner, four years before the Teapot Dome deal was pulled off.

It was not Sinclair's campaign contribution that has aroused the nation, but what it involved. Having bribed a cabinet official to loot the nation's oil reserves, he put up \$160,000 after the crooked deal to pay Republican party debts to receive protection. Only a few leaders knew either of the contribution, which was carefully concealed for five years, or its purpose.

The attempt of the Oregonian to make out that the Democrats were similarly tainted, because Doheny made a contribution to the Democratic campaign in 1920, is equally misleading and false. The Democrats were not in power when Doheny sent his \$100,000 black-satchel bribe to a Republican cabinet official and received in return naval oil reserves. It was a Democrat, Senator Walsh, who despite official effort at protection, finally dug up the facts of the corruption.

The size of the campaign gift is not in itself damning, if it is open and above board and without ulterior motive. It is the purpose of the contribution that governs. If it is made in the expectation of being repaid, either by corruption or privilege, it becomes baneful.

The Republicans cannot escape moral responsibility for the corruption of the Harding administration, including the deals of the Ohio gang and the oil scandals. They were in power, the culprits were Republican office holders. The Democrats, not being in power, cannot be involved.

Too Much for the Turf

Harry Sinclair and his stables have been barred from the three race tracks of Maryland as a sign of public protest against his course as a malefactor of great wealth. It is the first effort at social ostracism, evoked because of his success in exploiting to the fullest the laws delay in efforts to avoid penalty for his crimes.

The race track has always been known as a crooked game. In late years, strenuous efforts have been made to clean house and make it straight. It goes without saying that a man who would corrupt his own government, would not hesitate to corrupt the race course to win for his stables. Therefore to insure honest races and keep the sport popular, the crooked horseman must be barred.

It is to be regretted that no such sense of public decency actuates the oil industry, which unanimously reelects Sinclair as director of the National Petroleum Institute and Stewart, his fellow conspirator, chairman of the board of the Standard oil, presumably as rewards of merit. The racing game is on a higher moral plane than the oil industry.

Golden Youth

By CLAIRE POMERO.

CHAPTER 17

There was no denying Jack Tiffany's cleverness. In the car which he "borrowed" from his host, he was enjoying the company of Jerry Haines and because he was a sympathetic listener, he learned from her that she was soon to be an heiress. Not that there was anything particularly clever in this discovery, because Jerry was keeping the news of her expected legacy anything but a secret. It was something for her to hold over the heads of the other girls in her set, have her name which was food and drink for Jerry Haines. The money itself meant nothing to her. Money was merely something which was necessary to buy things with.

No, Jack Tiffany was clever for another reason. He did not know, of course, about Jerry's bet with her friend, Bee. He did not know that Jerry had wagered she would be Mrs. Tiffany before the month was ended. And it looked now, to Jerry, as though she were going to lose that bet.

Listen to Jack Tiffany's words to her this sunny afternoon:
"I like you because you don't

possess the avid eye of the husband hunter."

Jerry started.
"What?" she gasped.

"You're such a regular little fellow," she explained. "You don't have that look of street solicitude in your eyes which most women put there. That tender look of a guardian angel that dims for one's sweet sake, and all that kind of piffle."

"Haven't I?" Jerry was deeply interested.

"No," he replied. "For years I've been meeting at parties and luncheons and dinners sweet young things who snipe at me, and then they become languidly elusive and carefully drop hints about their own virtues and generally extol praises of mine. They must think a man is an awful fool if they think he is deceived by these sudden changes from a modest violet to a flaming rose, and vice versa."

"Oh, yes?" Jerry was perplexed. "Was he telling her all this just by way of warning her?"

"Men are better proposers than women and they like to practice their art once in a while," went on the fellow. "Women seldom give them the chance nowadays. Their

methods of angling are frightfully crude."

"Are they?"

"Indeed they are," he said, warming to the subject. "Of course, we can cut out the woman who relies entirely upon her sex appeal. Women like, what's her name—the blonde?" He turned an inquiring eye upon the girl.

"Mona French?" Jerry supplied quickly.

"Yes, she's the one I mean." Tiffany was aware of Jerry's sudden change of demeanor; like a little turtle withdrawing within its shell, Tiffany knew how young girls felt about something that was hard to "get."

She might be a wee bit angry at him for a while; pique was a better word, but she'd get over it and all would work out to his advantage.

"What about her?" asked Jerry a little breathlessly.

"Oh, the woman who depends solely upon her sex appeal is merely a dangerous form of Bolshevik who ought to be locked up, like any other anarchist who is in possession of weapons over which she has no control."

Jerry liked this. It delighted her and she hoped to goodness she could remember it. How she would love to spring it on Ted!

"You sound like a womanizer," she told him with a giggle. "Gosh, I didn't know you disliked us so. You've kept it pretty well hidden up until now."

"Oh, no, Jerry," Tiffany assured her hastily. "I'm not one of those tiresome fogies who go about blasting of their abhorrence of all things feminine. You know better than that. But one thing sure," he added, with a downward glance to see how she was taking it, "I'm not the marrying kind."

Jerry started again. This was hitting pretty close to home.

"Confirmed bachelor and all that

sort of thing, eh?" she said lightly.

"Well, why not?" he wanted to know. "Marriage kills something in every man and woman who walk into it. It kills the poetry of life. Try to find any poetry in marriage if you can. For a little while, maybe, and then the lyric falters, the rhymes become out of rhythm and the literary sweep of song dwindles into dreary prose."

"I wouldn't tell you this if you weren't a pretty intel'ent girl," said Tiffany. "You are and you know it. You're not like the usual run of flappers that trail around the place, cluttering up the world."

"Thanks," she said dryly.

"And being intel'ent, how can any intel'ent man or woman expect two highly-stated, entirely individual natures to go down, balancing their lives on a precarious precipice—called sentimentality, 'give and take' I'm not deceived. The glory dies, and a bewildered, mad night of enchantment turns into a sordid dawn..."

They were silent. Jerry had something to think about, now. This was a new problem for her. Was she wise as a girl her generation is bound to be, but for that, her quick little brain was quite as full of romantic ideas as her grandmother's was. Jack Tiffany had seemed to her all that romantic and thrilling to her girlish heart. Now she found in him the unattainable and she was spurred into an intense desire to make him change his opinions.

Jack Tiffany sat beside her, quite satisfied with his day's work. When the time came he knew she would be his for the taking. The romance of it. In one fell swoop he would tell her he loved her more than his

freedom—that he must have her for his wife.

Yes, indeed, there is no denying Jack Tiffany's cleverness!

(To Be Continued.)

Girls Regard Leap Year Seriously In Washington Town

Kennewick, Wash.—Women in this small town have taken leap year propaganda seriously and as a result the newly-organized bachelors' club is faced with extinction.

Outnumbered by a good margin, the eligible young men of the city organized a club to forestall any efforts of the feminine folk to propose marriage during the year.

But the young women of the village have been so insistent since the leap year was ushered in that many of the club members have given up all hope of being able to stay away from the altar for another nine months.

During one week, the members said, they received so many telephone calls from young women who refused to reveal their identities and who asked for "blind dates" that several of the men contemplated quitting the city.

In one case, it was said, an eligible member received a proposal of marriage from a woman who stated she had a good job and also an automobile.

Drunkenness is no excuse for crime unless it is definitely proven that the accused's mind was so utterly and completely influenced by alcohol that he could not form a criminal intention, according to Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England.

PENNSYLVANIA MEMORIALS IN FRENCH FIELDS

Philadelphia (AP)—Three memorials to Pennsylvania troops in the World war will be dedicated May 29 and 30 in France at points where sons of the state most distinguished themselves in encounters of the American and allied offensives.

The monuments of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania—a drinking fountain, a large colonnade and a bridge—are to be paid for out of a \$300,000 appropriation by the legislature. They are in the course of completion on sites chosen by the Pennsylvania state battle monuments commission, which approved the designs and is supervising the erection.

One memorial, a beautiful colonnade costing \$175,000, has been built at Varennes on a hilltop which was hotly contested by the Pennsylvania forces of the American expeditionary force and the enemy in the Meuse-Argonne drive of late September, 1918. It stands as a tribute to all Pennsylvania soldiers who participated in the war.

In the memorial to the Twenty-eighth Division, "Pennsylvania's Own," the commission has given France a structure as useful as it is ornamental—a bridge connecting Fismes and Fismette across the Vesle River. It replaces a span destroyed in the fighting.

The third monument, a drinking fountain, has been erected at Nantillois in memory of the Eightieth

Division, comprised in part of Pennsylvanians.
Two other memorials, one to the Seventy-ninth Division at Montfaucon and another to the Fifty-third field artillery brigade, at Audernard, Belgium, have been held up by the national battle monuments commission, which selected the sites for national memorials. They are to be erected later elsewhere.

GARTER ON INSTEPS
London (AP)—A garter on the instep pleases debutantes this season. Tiny flowers conceal the rubber which covers the whole instep.

KC Baking Powder

for best results in your baking

Same Price for over 35 years

25 ounces for 25¢

Use less than of higher priced brands

Guaranteed Pure

TREE TEA ORANGE PEKOE

The world's highest grade package tea and it sells for so little.



By Chick Young.

DUMB DORA

HOW ABOUT A MATINEE, DORA?

THAT'S OUT—I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED ON THE FIRST AND I'LL NEED EVERY SECOND UNTIL THEN GETTING MY TROUSSEAU TOGETHER

WHEN I THINK OF ALL THESE NEW FANGLED IDEAS OF MARRIAGE TODAY I GET DIZZY—JUST THINK, SEPARATE HONEY MOONS, SEPARATE APARTMENTS, IT'S ALL TOO MUCH FOR ME

WHAT A DIFFERENCE ALL THIS IS FROM OUR MARRIAGE!

DON'T BE SIL, POP! COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE ISN'T AS SOPHISTICATED AS YOU THINK—IT RETAINS A LOT OF THE SWEET, LITTLE, QUANT, OLD FASHIONED CUSTOMS

THE BRIDES FATHER STILL PAYS FOR THE BRIDES TROUSSEAU

By George McManus.

BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW TO GET A GOOD WINK OF SLEEP—

WAKE UP, DADDY AND COME DOWN STAIRS.

NOW WHAT'S UP?

PROFESSOR BOWSTRINGS IS GOING TO GIVE A RECITAL ON HIS VIOLIN.

WOW!

I'D RATHER SLEEP UP HERE—

BARNEY GOOGLE A New Boss For Barney.

BARNEY WAS OFFERED THE MAGNIFICENT SUM OF \$100,000 TO FURTHER HIS PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN. HE ACCEPTED IT WITHOUT QUESTION, BELIEVING IT TO HAVE BEEN OFFERED IN THE SPIRIT OF THE BROTHERHOOD BY A LOYAL BROTHER GOAT!

GREAT SCOTT, BARNEY—ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT ALL THAT DOUGH—??

NOW, BOYS, DON'T GET CURIOUS—I PROMISED NOT TO TELL WHERE I GOT IT, BUT IT'S OKIMNY...

A GENT CALLED AND SAID FOR YOU TO GO TO THE WEST ENTRANCE TO THE PARK WHERE YOU ARE TO MEET THE MAN WHO CALLED ON YOU MONDAY AT MIDNIGHT AND LEFT THE BLACK BAG

WHAT THE??

HE'S GOT AN AWFUL LOT OF CRUST CALLING ME OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS— I'LL GO THIS TIME, BUT JUST BECAUSE I TOOK HIS MONEY HE NEEDN'T THINK HE CAN BOSS ME AROUND.

By Billy De Beck.

MUTT AND JEFF "Sure! Me And Paul! Ahem!!"

HOW COME YOU CAN'T LOAN ME A BUCK? YOU HAD TEN BUCKS WHEN YOU QUIT THE POKER GAME THIS A.M.

O.K. BUT I HIRED HORSE AND WENT RIDING FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE I CAME HOME; THAT CLEANED ME!

NOW LISTEN, ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU WENT HORSE BACK RIDING AT MIDNIGHT IN A RAIN STORM?

JUST A MOMENT! WHAT'S THE DIFF? THE TEA BERRIES ARE GONE!

MY HISTORY LESSON FOR TOMORROW SOUNDS QUEER!

COME WITH ME, CIGARS, AND ASK YOUR DAD ABOUT IT!

POP, WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF A MAN WHO WOULD GO OUT AT THIS HOUR IN THE MORNING WITH A RAIN FALLING, TO TAKE A HORSE BACK RIDE?

I'D SAY HE WAS CUCKOO!

WELL, PAUL REVERE DID IT!

AH, WELL!

G-H-H-H-H! THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL BE O.K.!

By Bud Fisher.