

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon

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

Despite the Blah

Ever since the President launched his forward movement to offset the effects of the stock market panic, the boom and blah spirit of Los Angeles seems to pervade the press. There is as much applause about the prosperity scheduled for the new year as there was about the solid and substantial resources and bright future of Florida in the newspapers of that state after the collapse of that boom.

Every contemplated expenditure, either of construction, expansion or operation is being blazoned throughout the nation as evidence of business progress. Statistics are as plentiful as adding machines to prove the prosperity of the past year as an augury of the good times in store for 1930. Growth, inherent stability, and fundamental soundness are stretched ad nauseum. If prosperity depends upon psychological reaction, the mass production of propaganda to that end surely ought to effect it.

To the layman it is hard to comprehend the logic of the supposition that prosperity can be continued indefinitely merely by adding to production capacity without adding more to consumptive ability, when it is remembered that productive machinery already available is not in capacity use because the consumptive market is gorged through installment sales.

Depressions and slumps are the times when the few that have siphon off the savings of the many that have not which is one of the reasons why the former have more than they can consume or wisely invest in production, while the latter have not enough to absorb what they produce. But the solution of this problem is up to the Great Engineer and his commissions.

Meanwhile despite the glowing predictions of those who a few months ago were just as vociferously asserting that the inflated values of the stock market merely represented the actual values reflecting prosperity and also despite the fact that predictions are always wrong, Salem can look forward to slow but steady growth and gradual development of her industries established and contemplated. Salem's future, now as in the past, rests with her citizens, to all of whom we wish a Happy New Year.

Captious Criticism

"One reason why taxes are high is the political pressure brought upon Congressmen for pet projects," states the Corvallis Gazette-Times, which mentions two of these projects as follows:

One is an effort by Salem interests to get the government to help build a road across the Cascades from the state capital. Another is a measure Senator McNary has been asked to introduce to provide for a governmental expenditure of \$125,000 for a "Memorial Hall," or some such monument, to be erected at Champoe, which seems to us to be a ridiculous piece of hog.

This comes from Corvallis, a community that gets a bigger grab from Uncle Sam's pork barrel, through the O. A. C., experiment stations, agricultural appropriations, etc., and gets it annually, than any other in Oregon. Nor is there protest on spending government money on roads leading to Corvallis or the new federal memorial in the shape of a Corvallis postoffice.

There was no protest from Corvallis, but hearty approval of the effort to secure a million dollars of Uncle Sam's money for the South Santiam road because it was figured it would benefit Corvallis, yet when \$100,000 is asked for the North Santiam road to match a similar amount by Marion County, it becomes an outrage.

As to the proposed Champoe memorial, it is only one of many historical shrines that the government is spending and has spent many millions on. Is not Oregon as much entitled to recognition of its historical events and sites as Tennessee and other states?

The development of highways as well as historic memorials is settled government policy for which blanket appropriations are made, and if Oregon through her delegations, does not secure her share of money made available for such purposes, the money will be spent in other states and not saved to taxpayers.

What benefits one section of Oregon, indirectly benefits all and all such efforts should receive the backing of the entire state. With a sparsely populated state, united support back of our small congressional delegation is essential to enable accomplishment.

Sound Advice

In welcome relief to the prosperity propaganda deluging the country comes a statement from Theodore F. MacManus, printed in the New York Times as an advertisement but so true that we reprint a portion of it. Mr. MacManus, who is head of a large advertising agency, declares that "business is only going to be good next year for those who make it good" and that leaning on Washington, D. C., is like leaning on a rubber cane. He says:

Of all the great aids given to business by government, the greatest in all probability are the tariff and a sound money system. But the surest way for any business to get the greatest good even out of these two aids is to proceed as though they did not exist—as though the business did not derive a dollar's worth of benefit from them—as though its ultimate net profit depended entirely upon individual initiative and intelligent advertising.

Paternalism or bureaucratic aid is the rubber cane of business. Genuine advertising is its strong right arm.

There is nothing, Mr. MacManus claims, vitally wrong with business, but there is a good deal wrong with its management, which in many cases has been "overweighted with swollen heads and swollen fortunes," for during the era of prosperity, some one forgot "to batten down the business bobby hatch and a number of the inmates escaped and climbed to high managerial places when no one was looking." It is therefore high time to "stop taking ourselves seriously and begin to take business seriously."

Of advertising Mr. MacManus remarks:

Advertising actually has a mission. That mission has to do with people. Its object is to inspire people with confidence—as a preliminary to selling them something with which they will be pleased.

Advertising is the word and the mouth, the literature and the voice of business—and business is the one great public heroism which is left to most of us in this workaday world.

It behooves business for 1930 to look to itself—and especially to look to its advertising with a microscopic eye of critical and appraising examination.



BINGI

7 INJURED BY BLAST WHICH WRECKS HOME

(Continued from page 1)

A part of the inquiry centered on whether the package was sent through the mails. One report was that it had been left for Mrs. Brady at a neighborhood store.

The package which dealt destruction to the Hall family was done up brightly in Christmas wrapping and it exploded as the family gathered around joyously to open it. Police said an automatic detonator apparently was thrown as the wrappings were torn.

The father who was working at a cemetery several miles away, trailed his family to the various hospitals trying to learn something of their condition.

Police found small new nails scattered about the room and later an investigation said it was believed the bomb contained black powder, dynamite, nails and slugs.

London (P)—Foreign tourists visiting Great Britain in the first nine months of 1928 totaled 299,969 an increase of six per cent over the same period in 1927. The Travel Association of Great Britain said the figures exclude business visitors, seamen and passengers in transit to other countries.

An Organization Engaged in the Business of ADVERTISING

and offering a combination of Advertising Services which are profitable to our clients. To those having a business problem involving the selling of a product or service we invite the opportunity for a discussion. No obligation.

RESULTS for those we serve

Arthur L. Mason Co.

164 N. Liberty

SALEM

SUNDOWN STORIES



FIREPLACE

By Mary Graham Bonner

"As it's a most special holiday," said the Little Black Clock, "I thought we'd visit some friends who're fond of holidays that come at this time of the year."

John and Peggy went only a little distance with the Little Black Clock, but he had turned the time back quite a long while.

It was very quiet. Then they heard some crackling noises and some splutters of laughter and some chuckles.

"They're waiting for us," said the Little Black Clock.

And then the children saw some strange but very bright little creatures dressed in bright, bright colors.

"We're the Fireplace people," the little creatures said, as the Little Black Clock introduced them to the

children. "You're back of the Fireplace now, which is the reason it looks different to you."

"You see," explained the Little Black Clock, "we turned the time quite far back, and this is an old fireplace. Let us hear them talk."

So the children sat down back of the Fireplace, and they heard the Fireplace people deciding all sorts of things.

"First of all we must always be warm and cozy and friendly," said one dressed in the brightest of flame-colored costumes.

"We must all wear pretty colors so people will want to look at us and will enjoy our brightness."

"From the days when fire was first discovered until now our people have never had a hard feeling for anyone. They have always wanted to do the best they could."

"Then we must be ready to quiet down, so our embers can be used for roasting pop-corn, chestnuts and apples. We will do this for people so that they can have good times as they sit around us."

All the Fireplace people agreed that they would do all this, and John, Peggy and the Little Black Clock stayed back of the Fireplace and heard all the plans made by the Fireplace people.

"We're the Fireplace people," the little creatures said, as the Little Black Clock introduced them to the

Tomorrow—"The Fireplace Leader."

BELGIAN APPLAUDS AMERICAN'S IDEALS

Brussels (P)—Pierre Forthomme, Belgian statesman, thinks that America is much misunderstood in Europe.

"American idealism as shown by the war of secession and the world war is overlooked," he said in an address to the American club here. M. Forthomme said that such misunderstandings were responsible for most of the world's political and economic difficulties and paved for a greater mutual knowledge among the peoples.

Memphis, Tenn. (P)—There may be no significance in this what-ever, but a Memphis policeman who bears the suggestive name of Larry Fox ate 18 scrambled eggs at one sitting recently. He is a sergeant.

Silverton—Mrs. Mae Day, superintendent of the Silverton hospital has had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Christianson of Tacoma, who left for Portland Tuesday afternoon where they will visit friends before returning home.

TO YOU ALL
THE BEST YEAR ever
1930

We advise all of our friends to buy only what you need, and pay as you go, until times adjust themselves to the new conditions.

Shipley's
"PAY AS YOU GO STORE"

May you enjoy Happiness and Prosperity in the coming year



SALEM LAUNDRY CO.

"Wieder's"