

# Capital Journal

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"With or without offense to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."

## Spoils System Spreads

That others besides those who have daily and personal contact with state boards, commissions, departments and institutions are becoming conscious of the vicious spread of a democratic spoils system in the distribution of patronage and apprehensive as to its demoralizing effect on efficiency, is indicated by an editorial on "Spoils Politics" in the current issue of Oregon Voter.

Commenting on Governor Martin's instinctive dislikes for such practices, and complimenting him for the courage with which he has resisted the pressure of pie-counter politicians, the Voter observes:

Things are going on under the governor's nose that he does not seem to sense. State officers and state employees are told repeatedly by political emissaries that if they are wise they will do this and so on and so forth and be displaced and replaced. These emissaries carry with them the unmistakable odor of official authenticity. They are the ones who were able to forecast that certain officers would be removed and that certain individuals would be appointed. Their prophecies were fulfilled with accuracy.

What the Voter refrained from saying is that Governor Martin is unknowingly being made the tool of greedy politicians who seek to build up a machine designed to serve their own selfish ends and those of their party organization at the expense of successful administration. If they are concerned with the success of the governor in giving the state such efficiency as he is capable of directing, they are showing it in a short sighted manner when they presume upon his friendship and trust to intimidate the heads of state departments and institutions with implied threats of official retaliation unless jobs are provided for certain democrats. Numerous are the department or institutional heads holding their jobs through sufferance of the executive or some board or commission of which he is a member who have been notified that "the governor wants" this person or that "taken care of."

In truth, Governor Martin has seldom if ever imposed his authority upon subordinates in such a manner, nor has he been aware until recently that such practices were being carried on. Repeatedly during his campaign for election the governor declared his intention of conducting a non-partisan administration. Personally he has adhered strictly to this sound principle of governmental efficiency, and he should sternly rebuke anyone who violates it in his name or otherwise.

## Progress of Aviation

The progress of aviation was again emphasized this week by the successful test flight of a giant passenger airliner built by the Douglas Aircraft company at Santa Monica, the first of a fleet of 15 similar ships to be used between Los Angeles and New York.

This two motored "flying Pullman" weighs 12 tons, is 65 feet in length, all metal construction. It carries 24 paid passengers in addition to crew, with beds for 16 and has all the conveniences of a railroad Pullman, including smoking rooms. It has a flying range of 1400 miles, with a cruising speed of 215 miles an hour and is equipped with all the modern safety devices that make air travel safer than highway traffic.

A few years ago such aircraft were deemed visionary, but there is every probability that in the not too distant future they will be much larger, and perhaps as has been done in Russia, they will convey a train of gliders laden with passengers or freight. All of which emphasizes the need of huge airports for their operation.

We already have an airplane mail and passenger route spanning the Pacific to Manila, others that fly regularly to South America, while a trans-Atlantic line is being projected for early operation. So we can expect the flying transcontinental trains in the life of the present generation. Branch aerial lines from the main cities to smaller places will follow to connect with the trunk lines. It is therefore up to local communities to provide adequate airports or be left off the air map.

## The Silver Flop

Developments in the silver market must convince even the inflationists in congress that forced the silver buying program on the administration—against its wishes, for it is not a part of the new deal—of its disastrous folly. It was designed to force up the price of silver to monetize the metal, but instead has pushed Mexico and China off the silver standard, frustrated its objective and benefited only the international speculators and the seven silver mining states.

Secretary Morgenthau suspended silver buying in London, because the gold bloc countries had been braced to a point where support could be relaxed. Silver buying has been an important stabilization tool, used to supply dollars abroad and to depress their value, conversely bolstering foreign currencies and discouraging gold shipments.

Morgenthau found that he couldn't buy silver by running the price up, for the speculators beat him to the offerings to scalp a profit. The possibility loomed that the \$1.29 statutory price would be attained without the treasury having gotten much silver. Meanwhile all other countries would have melted their silver coins down and dumped the silver on the market, along with hoarded and fabricated silver, which would have exhausted the treasury's buying authorization and pricked the inflation bubble.

## CLUB ENTERTAINED AT HOLIDAY PARTY

Jefferson—The K. K. Club was entertained Thursday evening at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Terhune. An exchange of presents was a feature of the evening.

Several tables of bridge were in play. The ladies high score prize was won by Mrs. G. A. Reeber, and Kenneth Cole won the men's high score prize. At the close of the

evening a covered dish supper was served.  
Present were Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cole and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hoyt of Silverton; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reeber and daughter Civilla of Salem; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Looney, Miss Eleanor Looney, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Looney, Miss Louise Looney, Miss Marguerite Looney, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Apperly, Mrs. Marvin Hutchings, and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Terhune and children, Betty, Ruth and Bobbie.

Sublimity—Tony Lels of Donnelly, Minn., is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ferd Hartman, Sr.



## HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

**SYNOPSIS:** Anne Farnsworth, who now calls herself Nikki Nielsen, is hurrying to keep the Union Town fishermen from dumping the Farnsworth canneries, and themselves into the bargain. Anne has been cleared of her share in the canneries by Tom Farley and his gang, but she has been asked to help by John Neuman, and she loves John and will do whatever he says. The Sorli boys are led by her to the cannery, and she is caught Farley's gang bootlegging salmon, but did not persuade Lee Farnsworth of the fact.

### Chapter 33 SHOT IN THE DARK

"He couldn't convince Farnsworth, however, and when Hannula returned and told the crew, they decided it was time to take action. They told some of the fellows who've been losing money all summer and decided to go into action. They went to the cannery first, to get Farley. They were going to force him to go to the traps with them. They missed him.

"John came in about that time, but they were beyond stopping. He tried to reason with them. Seems he's trying to protect the canneries, for some reason.

"Then he sent us after you, Nikki. He said that you owned the canneries."

"That I do?" questioned Anne, bewildered.

"Yes, that's exactly what he said, and he said to tell you that he was ready to prove it."

Anne shook her head. "He's mistaken, but maybe I can pretend long enough and convincingly enough to check them before they get into trouble."

"John said you must, that if they harm anyone they'll be the ones to suffer, not the guilty ones."

The engine faltered, and Orvi went back to join George. Anne stepped outside into the wind. The rain had stopped but huge waves dashed over the bow, and sent her hurrying back to the cabin. She thought of other storms, of the one the night of Lucinda's death.

And then the waves grew less rough, the wind seemed to die away. Anne stepped out again. She saw they were coming into the cove, the flicker of many lights. They were in a maze of fishing boats, pilnetters, trawlers, and a cruiser was nosing the piling of an old wharf, the wharf that held the fish trap building.

Anne looked at the cruiser and closed her eyes in quick pain. The "Ahti." What was it doing there.

"Get into this," Orvi threw a rubber coat about her. He went back to the pilot house, and they maneuvered their way through the boats to a spot near the "Ahti."

A barge was nearby. Its surface gleaming with its catch of fish. They'd grown bold, this night of storm, with every other boat off the water during the closed hours. A cruiser was near it, nondescript, but familiar, the one which had cut across the Sorli net.

And the mob spirit was there. Voices rising in anger, then sinking to a low mutter more ominous than anger. Unthinking, unheeding, that single voiced monotone would follow the lead of the most reckless.

A searchlight from the "Ahti" flashed on, outlining the fish trap and buildings. Anne recognized them. It was on the beach near them that John had thrust her behind the thicket when he heard voices.

But what should she do? The platform of the trap wharf would make a stage. She would go there. The "Ahti" was in the way, but she could climb over that.

She started, reached the edge of the "Nikki," then paused. Someone called "Anne."

## News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Dec. 21—The President's playfulness with his associates inside the White House has not suffered from the recent pressure of budget making, criticism and unfavorable political polls.

One day, this week, was particularly heavy. His engagement list contained a dozen callers. Also a budget conference at which there was to be considerable fuming and fretting. Mr. Roosevelt found time, however, to dictate an unofficial letter to his military aide, Colonel "Paw" Watson, along these general lines:

"The President will give Colonel Watson just twenty-four hours to answer certain charges. These charges are to the effect that you, Colonel Watson, have been bragging that you bagged two turkeys with one shot at the Woodmont Gun club a few weeks ago, whereas the truth of the matter is the turkeys were blind, and you are just trying to injure the reputation of the club champion, Admiral Cary Grayson, who never shoots turkeys which are blind, but only those which are tied."

"Nikki, Nikki!" It was Miina. "Nikki," she burst into the room, "the police have arrested George and Orvi for shooting Lee Farnsworth."

"That isn't true!" Anne stared at the girl. "It is true, they've taken them to jail."

"I didn't mean that part, I mean they didn't shoot him, they couldn't have. Orvi was tending the engine and George was in the pilot house."

"But Nikki," cried Miina, "they found the gun in her boat." Anne stared at Miina in horror. That boat, bumping theirs, that thud.

It took Anne a full moment to digest what Miina had told her. There was only one thing to do. She pulled her wet берет back over her curls as she recognized it.

She would go to the police, reveal her identity, and assure the authorities that the boys had nothing to do with the shooting; that they were present only because it was believed she might do something to check the violence of the men.

"Where are you going?" Miina asked in alarm as Anne started to pulling the slicker Orvi had given her back over her shoulders.

"To the police to tell them the 'No,' Miina objected, 'Ma says you're to stay here and not let anyone know you're here.'

"I couldn't do that," Anne answered, turning off the lights. "I must go down there and clear George and Orvi at once. Maybe, Miina, you'd better stay here in case anyone wants me. Where is Lisa?"

"She and mother went down to the Neumanns. John is getting an attorney for the boys, and seems about bail, if they're allowed bail."

"Then you'd better stay with the children," Anne pretered Miina out of the door. "If Tecla comes in before I return, tell her not to worry. She hurried down the steps to the lower street, down the street to the highway, where she caught a bus for Astoria.

As the lumbering vehicle made its way over the hill, she remembered that this was the first time she had crossed that barrier since she came to Union Town.

She left the bus and went directly to the jail.

(To be continued.)

Notes—The peculiar nickname of Santa Claus was back in his work-shot and his dog Boy of the North, or Great Boy, as he often called him, was watching all the toys and dolls and trains and boats and sleds and

skates and books and everything else being packed into the great, deep, enormous sleigh.

Santa would never have dreamed of doing his final packing without the help of his dog.

Once in awhile the cog would run and find something that had almost been forgotten; and he went back and forth with packages in his mouth, too.

"Now let's see," said Santa. We have all the candies and the nuts and the oranges and the ray apples and the bright pennies and the rest of the things for the stockings, haven't we?"

"Bow-wow-wow," barked Great Boy, "everything for the stockings and in the sleigh."

"All the dolls are in now and the toy lambs and pigs and lions and elephants and dogs and bears?"

"They're all in," barked Great Boy, taking another look around the room to be sure.

"And the furniture and dolls' houses all fastened on the back of the sleigh?"

"They won't fall off," barked Great Boy.

"All the toys, games—everything packed now?"

Great Boy trotted all around Santa's workshop, through the long pantry—everything was packed.

"Well then," said Santa, "I'll just give my feet a good warming in front of the fire, and then it will be almost, ALMOST time for the final trip of all."

Monday: Passing Puddle Muddle.

his work apron.

"What's happened?" he asked. "I feel so happy."

"Your clock's fixed," shouted the elves and the witch, and they all joined hands and danced a jig.

Monday—The Iron Queen's Music

## PUFFY

The activity of ex-Senator George "Sons of the Wild Jackasses" Moses is supposed to be causing considerable apprehension in the camp of Senator Keyes. It is being interpreted as a sign that Moses will be a candidate for Keyes' seat.

Departing Frank Walker is supposed to have an understanding with Mr. Roosevelt that he will return before June, at the latest, to become Postmaster General. That is the new dead-line for Mr. Farley to get out before the national convention meets.

A Texan writes: "I have come to believe that any man would be a fool to want to be president from 1936 to 1940, with the senate against him, and the bills to be paid."

## The Fireside Pulpit

REV. E. S. HAMMOND

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, Matt. 2:1.

Had we lived in the British Isles in the year one of our era we might have attended a great religious festival under the sacred oaks conducted by the Druid priests.

Suddenly an unsuspecting man would have a knife thrust into his back, and he would fall dead. What was this? He was a sacrifice, and these ancestors of ours believed their gods were cruel, and took pleasure in such offerings. Why do we not thus worship today?

A child called Jesus was born in Bethlehem!

As a boy I used at times to hear a great beating of pans and other noises at the Indian camp near our home. This often continued all night.

Why was this noise? An Indian was sick, and the other Indians, led on by their medicine man, were making this racket to frighten away the evil spirit which had seized him.

We have often seen strips of red paper with printing upon them pasted on the lintels on Chinese homes. These are to keep out the evil spirits. In an eastern city I saw a Chinese funeral procession, and a Chinaman sat on the seat with the driver of the hearse, and he was scattering red papers all along the way. This was to retard the progress of the demon who was following the spirit of the deceased and

Answers to Questions

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for reply.

Q. What circus stayed in Washington for several months during the Civil War? M.D.H.  
A. At the time of the Civil War, Nison and Barton brought the Cremona Circus from New York to Washington. A building was erected on the southeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue at 7th street, and the circus remained there for six months.

Q. What is may? H.P.C.  
A. This is an English name for the hawthorn and its blossoms.

Q. What is the law in North Dakota relative to illegitimate children? P.C.  
A. In North Dakota, a statute enacted in 1917 provides that all children are legitimate, whether born in or out of wedlock, and that all have the same rights as to support by parents and as to inheritance.

Q. When was Dr. David Stuart, second husband of Nellie Curtis, born and where educated? P.N.  
A. He was born August 3, 1833. Dr. Stuart was graduated from William and Mary, and the Medical College of Edinburgh.

Q. What is natto? G.B.R.  
A. Natto, commonly called cheese, is a Japanese fermented food product prepared from soy beans. Although its manufacture varies, probably with the locality, it is a common practice to boil the soy beans until tender and then leave them in a warm place for 24 hours or until they have fermented.

Q. In what prison in England was the father of Charles Dickens confined? E.M.  
A. At Marshalsea in Southwark, London. It was abolished in 1849.

ACROSS  
1. Act of selling  
2. Behind a vessel  
3. Fool  
4. Beseech  
5. Old card game  
6. Render accessible  
7. Arranged in clusters  
8. Capital of Peru  
9. Chemical abbreviation for erbium  
10. Word of content  
11. Room  
12. Singing voice  
13. Fodder pit  
14. Acute prefix  
15. Local conveniences  
16. Pertaining to the tongue  
17. Transmit  
18. Go aboard a railroad train  
19. Reiterates vocal music  
20. Street  
21. Filing necessity  
22. Competitor  
23. 100

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle  
AWL RAFT ABLE  
ROE ACRE TRAY  
METAPHOR TUNE  
LIEN BISKIS  
STALID TOUCH  
HARE ESPY WHO  
OPINED ESSOIN  
WAS COON CODE  
THUMB LADES  
SHOES LEAN  
PAITS MILITATE  
AALS AGAR RIG  
TREE PENS KEG

DOWN  
1. Extend  
2. Curious of cultivation  
3. Ingredient of varnish  
4. Organ of sight  
5. A drug  
6. Petrified remains or impression of a prehistoric animal  
7. Pastured separately  
8. Sort  
9. Boring tool  
10. Lost of slots for walking  
11. Slept lightly  
12. Sings  
13. Comic opera  
14. Suitable  
15. Sings  
16. Short for a man's name

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## SANTA and the IRON QUEEN

BY SIGRID ARNE



"Who in the world sent me this gift?" she asked.

"Here is a note," said one of the elves and he handed her a pretty red envelope, the note from Santa.

"Dear Hour Witch," said the note. "I hope this will please you, Santa Claus."

"How nice of him," said the witch. "What in the world can I do for him?"

"You can take your spell off that big iron clock which is cutting all the hours in half at the toyshop," said an elf. "It is embarrassing Santa because he won't have time to finish all his toys this year."

"Why certainly," said the witch so nicely you never would know she was a witch. "I'll fly right down there now." She started off and when she arrived at the toyshop she stepped up to the iron clock and spoke to it in this manner.

"Give me the hours the sun would know.

Only run as the moon would go."

The big iron hands of the clock hesitated, stopped, swung around to the correct position and then started to tick again at a moderate rate. The stopwatch door swung open and Santa came bounding out wearing