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CONCERNING TIGHT WADS

Under the caption: "Tight Wad Committee," the Oregon Voter indulges in a light vein in some comments on the individual characteristics of the make up of the Ways and Means committees of the senate and house. As an example of persiflage and badinage it is as most of the Voter's comments in that line both instructive and amusing. However, some injustice is done Marion county's hard headed senator Alec LaFollette. After discussing that senator's ideas of economy it says of him that: "in fact he objects to paying any taxes at all." As a matter of fact LaFollette is one of the heaviest taxpayers in the county, and he looks upon the paying of taxes just as he does on money he spends in his private business. It is not the paying of taxes that Alec objects to, but the paying of unnecessary taxes. He wants the people to get a real equivalent for the money they pay in the shape of taxes, just as he wants value received for money he expends himself.

Anyone who will take a look at the splendid peach orchards, the well kept barns and buildings on the LaFollette farms will realize that he spends his money freely to get the best, and to produce the best. At the same time he does not waste a dollar.

When he spends a dollar he wants 100 cents in return. He has the same old fashioned ideas about public business. He wants the state to get value received for every dollar it expends especially if it expends it on his advice and with his help.

As to this trait the state would be better off if there were more legislators as careful about state expenditures as is Alec LaFollette. It is possible the other members of the senate committee on Ways and Means are as "tight wads," as LaFollette, but the picture of the committee with: "medals for stingingness adorning their chests, trophies of defunct institutions ornamenting their triumphs, scalps of assassinated salaries dangling from their belts and the blood of slaughtered appropriations dripping from their busy knives," is as Mark Twain said about the statement that he was dead: "Slightly exaggerated." It may be a correct picture of what will be at the end of the session, but at present it is premature. So far there are no scalps and no sign of blood, while the dead institutions and slaughtered appropriations are not in evidence. Instead the institutions are not only alive but clamorous; the salaries so far have not been touched and the appropriations are going to take every cent the law allows the legislature to make, even with the six per cent increase over last year. The truth of the matter is that the Ways and Means committees of the two houses are up against the real thing. They have the job of paring, cutting down and perhaps doing some assassinating on the side, that they are not hankering after. They have the job of cutting somewhere and no matter where it is the institution board, commission or even useless graft that feels the knife or gets the axe, will become vociferous in condemnation, and soul harrowing in its ululations. Whatever the committees do they will be the target for all the dead cats and rotten eggs, so to speak, of the English language. The committees are up against it and no matter what they do they will be in the condition described in the old rhyme:

You shall and you shant,
You must and you can't,
You will and you won't
You'll be damned if you do,
And be damned of you don't."

Taylor Curtis, of San Francisco, is an auctioneer, also an enthusiastic golfer. Recently he was given a bag of golf clubs to sell at auction. Taylor had heard of the stringent rules by which an amateur golfer player who assisted in laying off golf links lost his standing as an amateur by so doing, and he climbed down and turned the job of auctioning off the clubs to an assistant. "You don't catch me losing my standing as an amateur by selling a few old clubs," said Taylor. Under the rules though he may lose out because someone offered to let him sell the shiny sticks.

The author of senate bill 63 doing away with the advertising of the delinquent tax list evidently overlooked a most important feature of the matter. That is that when the delinquent list is published it gives legal constructive notice to the property owner that unless paid the property will be sold. If this notice is not published there is no means of knowing whether the property owner has received any notice whatever. Suppose after the assessment is made and before the taxes are due the property changes hands. The seller says "the taxes are paid," and they are so far as due, but owing to our tax system the taxes for the year are not the ones that are paid, although naturally the buyer would suppose that was the tax alluded to. Now the tax collector sends a postal card to the owner as he appeared on the tax roll, but he does not send a notice to the real owner, who thus has no notice actual or constructive that his property is to be sold for taxes after a certain date. Suppose after this the sheriff sells the property, would the sale be legal? The owner has had no notice of any kind, has not had his day in court, what kind of title can the sheriff's deed convey? If this proposed bill goes through it will open the doors for endless litigation, that is all. To make a legal sale, that would bind the property owner, the sheriff would have to go through the tax list, examine the records as to every piece of property to see if it had changed hands and then serve notice upon the real owner. Otherwise every sale of property for taxes where the ownership had changed, would simply be the forerunner of a law suit, and endless trouble.

Wheat may be king but the lowly spud has his royal nibs skinned a city block when it comes to prices. In Seattle the argus-eyed potato is quoted at \$60 a ton, or three cents a pound; and this by the car load. At retail the price is probably near four cents a pound. At the same rate wheat would be selling around \$2.25 a bushel, while in fact it has stopped climbing apparently, at about \$1.60. It would seem that the potato grower has much the best of it as wheat yields around 20 bushels to the acre and potatoes 200.



DOMESTICS

We've had about a thousand maids, who worked for us for wages; they cleaned the floors and window shades, and cooked, by easy stages. And ever and anon they'd quit; their time had come to marry; and Grace would wed her smiling Kit, and Jane would wed her Harry. And I felt sorry for the groom, when'er there was a wedding; when matrimony lost its bloom, he'd find some rocky sledding. Of all the thousand girls we've hired, not one was truly saving; economy would make them tired, and sometimes set them raving. It was the same with Beryl Maud, with Susan and with Sally; they'd roll things up into a wad, and throw them in the alley. They wasted succotash and steak, as good as you have tasted; they wasted pudding, pie and cake, and all that could be wasted. They wasted soap, they wasted soup, and did it all with jesting, and didn't seem to care a whoop for wailing or protesting. So when they go away to wed, I weep for those they marry, for Clarence, William, Stephen, Fred, Adolphus, James and Harry.

OPEN FORUM

"BUSINESS ECONOMY."
Editor of the Capital Journal: Do you believe in Salem? Of course you do. All right, let's boost together.

Let's boost for payments wherever needed, for more beautiful parks and better lights; let's make it the most attractive city on the coast. But this is not all we must do. If we wish to make our city attractive to home-seekers—which by the way is the only class that permanently builds a community—we must make Salem equally attractive with other cities.

Payments, parks and lawns are beautiful, but there is a much more vital issue before the average home-seeker, as well as the home-owner, and that is "What does it cost to live there?" In a speech to the council, our new mayor outlined his policy for conducting the city's business, declaring for the same business economy used in conducting any private business. Granting his sincerity, we wonder if he will really work to that end, so far as lies in his power. Let me illustrate: If by tapping a municipal main, he could cut his water bill in two this coming year—if by connecting with a municipal lighting plant he could reduce his light bill one-half and perhaps more—if by connecting with a municipal telephone from the high plane of luxury to the mere household necessity within reach of all—would he do it? Well I should say he would.

Why not the same business economy for our city? The only reason Salem is not enjoying low rates for these necessities is that we have ceased to be listed with the progressive. We're a dead number. Our booster is out of order—out of date—ON THE RUM.
From Corvallis comes the report that in five years' time the city has paid off the sum of \$75,000 of bonded indebtedness, and at the present time is \$75,000 to the good, with a 75 cent water rate to house users.

Ashland, Oregon, house users pay 75 cents for water, 75 cents for telephone, and 75 cents for electric light, electric irons, etc., with no meter. Portland, Oregon, pays 75 cents for water, and the probability of a municipal lighting plant looks up bright for the near future.

The intimidation exercised by the press of Multnomah county upon the county commissioners. Throughout the state these notices were printed only two newspapers and at small expense to the owners of property on which taxes were delinquent. In Multnomah county for fear of certain newspapers the county commissioners published them in four daily newspapers of Portland. This, of course, was unnecessary but the county commissioners for fear of the metropolitan press chose the lesser of two evils.

The country press will survive the shock. Whenever the delinquent tax list was published in a country newspaper it meant extra work for compositors, extra work for makeup men, extra work proof-reading, extra paper and ink. The pay the country newspaper got for this service was not exorbitant, nor was it grift as one of the Portland newspapers would have the people believe.

Under the new scheme the money formerly paid to the newspapers for publication will go to Uncle Sam for postal cards and to clerical help in the sheriff's office. The cost to the owner of delinquent property will be the same. It is all right to try the new scheme. Perhaps it will work. The feature of the old system which will be lost is the fact that publication of the delinquent tax list helps collect taxes. No one likes to pay taxes. Publication of the name of delinquents on a certain date each year was of great assistance in the collection of taxes because no one likes to be published as a debtor or as one unable to pay taxes. Due the county and many made the effort and did raise their tax monies in order to avoid this misfortune.

The senate has passed a law providing for five per cent interest with eight per cent as a maximum under written contract.

Let them wipe out the 10 and 12 and 15 per cent interest and penalties now attaching to certificates of delinquent taxes.

The house of representatives which passed the present law will not do this because it would hurt some of the loan sharks who are interested in buying up tax certificates and who are back of the present law passed by the house. Without public notice of delinquency, under the post card mailing system, the amount of delinquent taxes will steadily increase and those who like to fatten off the misfortunes of others will reap a continually growing harvest. Of course none of the Sixtylocks, like the prime mover in this legislation though of it or urged it upon the members of the legislature, and we presume there was no lobby of these gentlemen in the house or out of it.

University Notes

As the semi-annual period of gloom is at hand, few indolent students are to be found around the campus this week. The examinations for the first semester are scheduled for the week of January 29 to February 2 and their approach is not particularly pleasant to those desiring to be "the survival of the fittest" at the close of the week's intellectual entertainment. Plans are already being considered for the big rejuvenator of highbrow colic—the week, the annual Post-Exam Jubilee. The carefree gambols of that evening are the best antidote for tired nerves and worn out physiques that the university has ever been able to offer.

Of varied interest is the Websterian society's program for next Wednesday evening. Gustav Leining will discuss "Economic Geology as a College Subject," and Fred Teal is to relate some of his "Vacation Experiences in the Yosemite Valley." Following a

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Europe will do well to beat its swords into plowshares before it beats itself into a cocked hat.

A special boon to students who are known to be poor spellers is the adoption of 10 words by the university for

BEWARE In This Sign "100" We Shall Conquer Watch This Space

MY HUSBAND AND I Jane Phelps

A WEAPON AT HAND

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

"You really don't want to leave Clifford, Mildred. I KNOW you don't. You are hurt, chagrined, your amour propre offended. The fact has been kind to you in that they have sent Burns Mayson here just now. You must not part, Mildred. Meet your husband's neglect with the smiling nonchalance which another man's devotion gives a woman when helped by her pride. Oh, I know you are wondering why I haven't advised you to use Leonard Brooke's infatuation to advise you in this way, instead of waiting for Burns Mayson to appear. But Mr. Hammond would pay no attention to Leonard, he looks upon him as a boy. Then it MIGHT hurt Leonard—I AM SURE it would hurt YOU. But Burns Mayson is a man of the world, poised, elegant, and from your husband's point of view, dangerously fascinating—I know I am right. I have tried to think of other ways, but you will have to meet him, your husband, on his own ground to be effective."

"I guess that is quite true," I answered thoughtfully.

If Clifford should change, if he were to be different, would I still want to leave him—would I still love Leonard Brooks? To the first question I could give no answer. There was too much to consider. Edith, mother and the girls the scandal, etc. But to the second question I knew my answer would be "yes." Yet to what purpose save to make him unhappy—

"Then will you make the attempt to win Clifford in this way right now? I don't believe you really want to leave your husband if only for Edith's sake. If he should be attentive, loyal, and in his way kind, would you ever think of leaving him? I am sure you wouldn't!" she went on, answering her own question.

Mildred Disregrees.

"But he won't be."

"Try him and see."

"But I have tried him so many times."

"But not my way. My prophetic soul tells me you will win out this time."

"I have no faith, and—"

"Oh, ye of little faith!" quoted Muriel, interrupting. She seemed wonderfully acquainted with the scriptures when she thought them apropos; and woefully lacking in an understanding of them at other times.

"Well my faith may be great enough to remove mountains, but not to change Clifford," I countered, "but I am willing to try."

"That's all I ask," Muriel returned smiling.

"And if I fail?"

"Then I'm with you no matter what you do."

"Thank you, Muriel. I fear you will be put to the test," I replied, and we talked no more just then.

An Evening With Burns Mayson.

I felt then, had so felt for long, that I knew Clifford well enough to be sure that nothing I could say or do would change him. I realized that Muriel depended on rousing his jealousy. She had not taken into account that he really cared nothing for me; therefore his jealousy—even if provoked, would be of the most evanescent.

The night Burns Mayson arrived Clifford and I dined with him at a popular restaurant. Mabel Horton was there when we arrived—much to my surprise. Long afterward I learned that she was invited at Clifford's special request. I think he wanted to show me that he was still angry with me.

Fortunately I remembered Muriel's warning, and so was able to meet the situation with perfect nonchalance, to the very evident discomfiture of Mrs. Horton; and the bewilderment of my husband.

I forced myself to chatter in a personal way with Mr. Mayson, making allusion to his former visit, the good times we had, his attentions to me in Chicago, etc. Really I flirted most abominably with him. But I soothed my conscience by thinking I was doing as Muriel wished.

At first Burns appeared puzzled at my intimate manner; so different from the way I acted on his previous visit. Then he evidently made up his mind I had changed toward him, and he seconded my efforts, almost too strenuously.

(Tomorrow—A Motor Ride.)

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