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OBITUARY

Reatha Hubbard Hughes, wife of Charles E. Low who died February 5 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hughes, was born in Bristol, Vermont, October 15, 1858.

In 1912 she came to Oregon with her parents and for two years lived in Portland where she attended Jefferson high school.

Six years ago the family came to Salem and she entered Salem high school graduating in June, 1916.

For some time she was employed at the state house where she was a conscientious worker.

In August last she was married to Charles E. Low and her short married life was one of complete happiness. Her love and devotion to her husband is beautiful to remember.

Impressive funeral services conducted by Dr. R. N. Ayson were held Saturday, February 7, at the Rigdon chapel which was filled with school-mates and friends.

The floral tributes were many and were very beautiful and attested to the love all felt for her.

The bearers were Roy Keene, Whitney Gill, Daryl Proctor, Bryan Goodenough, Herman Vlesko and Cecil Eusoken. She was tenderly laid to rest in City View cemetery.

She leaves besides her husband and parents, two brothers, Harold, of Portland, and Merrill, of San Francisco, both of whom were here to attend the funeral.

Hazel Green

Hazel Green, Feb. 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Neal Wolfe and daughter, Irene, Mrs. Bert Wolfe and infant daughter, arrived from their homes near Shaw Sunday a week.

Mrs. Hammer, who has been visiting her son here, suffered a paralytic stroke recently and is confined to her bed.

Franklin Weinert from Lebanon spent a part of the week with his parents here.

Ralph People of Philomath came over Friday to spend the week end with friends.

Mr. Stevenson has been plowing some heavier land with the tractor for Pete Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaskill are both ill. A Valentine post office was an interesting feature at school Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones entertained the 8th graders Saturday evening, with a Valentine party.

Funeral for C. W. Beckett is Held Monday Afternoon

Following funeral services at the chapel of Rigdon and son company at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, Clyde Wallace Beckett, 59, former Polk county commissioner and assessor and well known farmer of that community, was laid to rest at the City View cemetery.

Mr. Beckett succumbed Saturday to an attack of pneumonia at his home in this city, 440 Superior street.

Mr. Beckett was born on the old Beckett homestead on the Wallace road in Polk county in 1861, and spent the greater part of his life there. He has lived at his home here for four months. From 1892 to 1896 Mr. Beckett served as county assessor in Polk county and was elected county commissioner for one term.

He is survived by Mrs. Beckett, one daughter, Gaynelle Leno Beckett, and three sons, Russell and Earl, Salem, and Carl of Brighton, Ore.

New South Wales produced 2000 ounces of platinum during the last five years.

Abe Malin



Folks that say Feb-u-ary have had this grand openin'. We've got a joke on Mc Pash. He's got 'n' flin an' there's no whisky in town.

THE BARRAGE OF SLANDER.

A CONGRESSMAN was recently quoted in the press as declaring that no one in any way connected with the war or its management should be seriously considered for the presidency and that the people had no use for such. The remark was directed against Hoover, but is applicable to all who helped win the war.

The ingratitude of democracies is proverbial. France has already discarded Clemenceau, her savior. Italy has retired Orlando, who transformed Italian defeat into triumph. Every English by-election goes against Lloyd-George who retrieved British disaster. President Wilson, who captained a united people to victory, has broken in health under the incessant assaults made upon him.

However, this ingratitude is not the ingratitude of the people—but of politicians seeking selfish ends and partisan advantage. The people of France did not defeat Clemenceau for the presidency, but the professional politicians of the Chamber of Deputies, who feared "the Tiger" because they could not control him. Orlando's fall was also due to a coalition of disgruntled politicians seeking power, not to popular protest. Lloyd-George himself the ablest politician of them all, has proved more than a match for political opponents. The people of the United States have not repudiated Wilson and the League of Nations, the repudiation comes from politicians seeking to discredit him.

Is repudiation and slander to be the reward of those to whom the nation turned in the hour of danger and whose patriotic efforts averted disaster and won the war? Only so far as it suits the politicians who rule us, who seek to secure control of the government and name the next executive—preferably a party hack. Until the election is over, no man instrumental in winning the war will get a square deal from the stay-at-home politicians—because they cannot control him and his popularity makes him a dangerous opponent. They have as little use for Pershing and the A. E. F. heroes as for Hoover and those who gave their energies and ability in organizing victory.

There is a well organized barrage of slander and vilification directed both against those who captained the forces in battle and those who organized the national forces behind the line. Baseless charges are hurled indiscriminately, character assassination has become a favorite pastime—all to befuddle the people and accomplish a political purpose.

Congress has conducted over 200 investigations of war conduct, wasting valuable time and millions of dollars in an effort to discredit victory—for political ends. Meanwhile it has failed to function as a constructive body and done nothing to solve the problems of reconstruction. Small wonder the people are disgusted with politics and politicians.

PANIC PREVENTATIVE.

ROGER W. BABSON, financial expert and business statistician, declares that profits in this country are at their maximum and that the days of profiteering are approaching an end, and that while there will be no fall in prices, for a while, because orders are still unfilled, that the tide will turn before long and a decline be on. He declares there is nothing to worry over, but that everyone should start to save money, to prevent hard times.

The advice is sound, whether there is a slump or not. We have been living in an era of wild extravagance that cannot continue and that is detrimental to the individual as well as public welfare. The money now squandered in valueless trinkets and in needless purchases should be put into banks where it will be loaned to industry—now short of capital.

A slump of some kind is heralded as bound to come eventually, for America has been supplying the world with goods—and the world is beginning to supply itself. The drop in foreign exchange, due to inflation of the currency, will act to curtail and restrict American exports. Europe has a big debt to pay and of course chooses to pay it in depreciated currency—and foreign exchange acts like a tariff wall in restricting their imports. However American enterprise will develop new markets to offset the lack of the old.

There is no insurance against the future like a savings account—no better preventative of hard times. Money saved turns surplus labor into capital, which in turn creates wider opportunities for labor, and a dollar saved today may be worth twice what a dollar will be worth in the future when the cost of living has declined to normal basis.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

THE BANKER.

The banker stands and waves his hands, each day I see him beckon; "To bring your rocks to my strong box", he says, "is wise, I reckon. Oh, salt them down, the goat and crown, the kopeck and the shilling; and then, I guess, in days of stress your wad will make a killing." We hear him cry as we go by, we hear the helpful banker; but sound advice cuts little ice when for fool things we hanker. The coin we earn we wish to burn, as other gents are doing; and so we hear the banker seer with pshawing and beshrewing. We need new boats and leather coats and silks that gleam and glitter, two-dollar socks and oil well stocks dispensed by cheap flam-flimmer. The rainy day seems far away, the money grows on bushes, and so we chase to every place where all the spendthrift push is. The banker stands and cries, "My lands! Are people all gone nutty? The road you tread looks smooth ahead, but soon it's rough and rutty. Bring in your scads, oh, locoed lads, bring in the dime and nickle; the sanest guy beneath the sky is he whose coin's in pickle."

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

AN UNCOMFORTABLE DAY health. Isn't it almost time for her to stop babying herself? Indeed I knew my cheeks were crimson, and I felt my pulse leaping and my temperature suddenly rising. "Well, ask Oscar to serve us, now that we are here." "I told Oscar that he might go for the day. The cook has gone, too. Henriette is serving me and I couldn't ask her to add to her duties for any one else." For a moment John looked displeased, and then he began to grow angry, and almost shouted to me. "Sit down, Katherine. I'll see if in a house that costs me about \$12,000 a year I can not spare up enough food to satisfy the appetites of a hungry man and a sick woman." I had almost fallen into an arm chair placed just a little way from the table, as I felt that I could not stand longer. John, disregarding his mother's exclamation: "John, I don't think you have been into the kitchen of this house since it was built. Even I haven't been out there more than once or twice." "Well, things would have been run better and bills not so high if you had," he retorted, suddenly making his way to the door, where he blindly stumbled, against Henriette, who was coming in with a dessert for Madame Gordon. Gives Her Ten Dollars. John apologized gruffly, hastily pat

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JOLLY ROBIN By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

ONE OR TWO BLUNDERS Jolly Robin's cousin, the Hermit, seemed much disappointed because Jolly did not weep after hearing the beautiful, sad song. But no matter how mournful a song might be, Jolly Robin could no more have shed tears over it than a fish could have. Naturally, a fish never weeps; because it would be a silly thing to do. Surrounded by water as he is, a fish



"Do what?" his cousin inquired unasily.

could never see his own tears. And so all the weeping he might do would be merely wasted. Not wanting to hurt his cousin's feelings, Jolly Robin said that he would try to weep after he went home. And that made the Hermit feel happier once more. "Perhaps you'd like to see our eggs?" he suggested. And since Jolly Robin said he would be delighted to look at them, if the Hermit's wife had no objection, his cousin led him further into the swamp. And there, in a nest of moss and leaves, lined with pine needles, the Hermit proudly pointed to three greenish blue eggs, somewhat smaller than those in Jolly's own nest in Farmer Green's orchard. Jolly Robin stared at the nest in amazement. And pretty soon the Hermit grew quite uncomfortable.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You seem surprised." "I certainly am!" Jolly Robin cried. "How do you dare do it?" "Do what?" his cousin inquired unasily. "Why, you and your wife have built your nest on the ground!" "Well, why shouldn't we?" the Hermit asked. And he looked the least bit angry.

"But everybody knows that the best place for a nest is in a tree," Jolly Robin told him. His cousin shook his head at that. He had just taken a step forward when he had his foot caught in a hole. He fell into it and thrust it into Henriette's hand. "I wonder if you've sense enough, Henriette," he said, "to find me something a hungry man can eat and fix up a little milk toast or some other sick folks' food for Mrs. Gordon?" "Of course I can do it," Henriette assured him. "If you'll just take Mrs. Gordon up to her room and help her to make herself comfortable I will have you something to eat down here in ten minutes, and I'll make some toast and an omelette for Mrs. Gordon while you are eating."

At this John unceremoniously picked me up and carried me upstairs. As we went through the door he exclaimed: "Ood, Katherine, but you're light! I didn't realize you had lost so much weight!" The only answer made to this exclamation was a snort from Mme. Gordon as she rose and prepared to leave the room after us. "Look a-here, Katherine. You've got to eat something more than a piece of toast," said John as he deposited me on the davenport and I closed my eyes wearily. "I haven't been noticing lately what food the nurse has been giving you, but now that she is gone I will take your diet into my own hands. Tomorrow morning I want you to eat a beefsteak, creamed potatoes, and I'll let you off the wheat cakes if you promise to eat a generous portion of oatmeal. Can't have an invalid on my hands for the rest of my life!"

Now Sister's Sure of It. Elizabeth Moreland's speech, and now I was sure of it. I had been so happy at the end. Everyone but Elizabeth had seemed so glad to see me, and now it was all spoiled! I had come home to find John giving to a servant \$10 for the slightest service, while his wife had to borrow from his sister. Wearily I made up my mind that I would never get well if John took care of me in his high-handed fashion, and yet I did not know how to breach the subject of going away for a time. "I'll ask Alice what to do," I said to myself. (Tomorrow—Henriette's Proposal.)

It's a matter of taste," he said. "Our family have always preferred to build their nests on the ground. And as for me, I shall continue to follow their example. \* \* \* It suits me very well," he added. Jolly Robin couldn't help laughing. The sight struck him as being such an odd one. "It's a wonder—" he remarked—"it's a wonder your wife doesn't bury her eggs in the sand beside the creek, like old Mrs. Turtle."

"I'd thank you," said the Hermit, stiffly, "not to say such things about my wife." And though he spoke politely enough, his manner was quite cold. It was clear that he felt terribly insulted.

Jolly Robin saw that he had blundered. And wishing to change the subject, he said hastily: "Won't you sing another song?" So the Hermit cleared his throat and began to sing again. Although this song was not so sad as the first one, Jolly Robin did not like it half so well. The chorus, especially, he considered quite offensive. And it is not surprising, perhaps, that it displeased him, for this is the way it went: "Any old vest May do for the rest: But I like a spotted one best!"

If it hadn't been for that song, Jolly Robin would not have remembered that he had intended to speak to his cousin about his spotted waistcoat. Jolly had been so interested in the nest on the ground that the matter of the waistcoat had slipped out of his mind. But now he suddenly recalled the reason why he had come to see the Hermit. And he disliked his cousin's spotted finery more than ever.

Thereupon, he resolved that he would speak about it, too.

LIVESLEY Livesley, Or., Feb. 15.—School opened Monday after having been closed two weeks due to the flu epidemic. Frances Bressler is home from the hospital after being operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and family have moved to the Halls Ferry district. W. V. Johnson while driving his car up State street was run into by Epley's delivery auto. Mrs. Johnson was slightly bruised about the face and head which has confined her to her bed for a week.

The three pupils of the Livesley school who took the 8th grade state examination are Arthur Ristley, Judson Bressler and Ora Gerber.

Mrs. S. Davenport of Salem was a caller at the W. V. Johnson home. Also Mrs. W. Young and daughter, Vivian.

Henry B. Hall of Menmouth was a visitor at the Elken home Sunday. The Newman family have moved from this district to east Salem.

A standard sewing club has been organized by the girls of the school. The elected officers are Mildred Henningsen, president; Bessie Rogers, vice-president; Edna Orsborn, secretary.

Mr. Purvine, who has been seriously ill with the flu, is on the mend. An entertainment in the form of a box social is being planned by the school. On account of the recent closing of the school the date will be announced later.

INCORPORATIONS The Newberg Sand and Gravel company was organized here Saturday with Paul B. Wallace, Roy H. Mills and Jos. H. Albert as the incorporators of the corporation which is capitalized at \$20,000. Articles of incorporation were also filed with the corporation department by the Pacific Commercial and Industrial Engineering corporation of Portland, capitalized at \$50,000. C. C. Campbell, R. G. Guerin and D. L. Bair are the incorporators. Resolutions of dissolution were filed by the Ontario Land and Townsite company of Ontario, Malheur county.

PRESIDENT TO DENY SHIPPING BOARD CHARGE

(Continued from Page One.)

ton service vessels, the Leviathan, Mount Vernon, Agammannon and Nansemond; the Hamburg service ships, the George Washington, Martha Washington, Von Steuben and America; the Mediterranean service vessels, the Antigone, Susquehanna, President Grant and Artemis and the Baltic service ships, the Matawaska and Powhatan.

One bid for one of the Black sea fleet was received. It was \$700,000 for the Black Arrow and was made by the Oriental Navigation company with the understanding that the vessel would be retained in the Black sea service.

Commissioner Scott stated that the board insist upon assurances that vessels would remain permanently in the services planned by the board, but he admitted that the board could not put permanent restrictions upon the use of the craft.

P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, offered a conditional bid of \$1,040,000 for nine vessels for service to the United Kingdom and northern European ports.

Big Bids Offered The vessels covered by the bid were the Leviathan, George Washington, America, President Grant, Nansemond, Pocahontas, Princess Matoika and Callao. The offer was conditional upon an agreement by the shipping board not to enter into competition with these vessels in this service.

Moore and McCormack offered \$4,500,000 for five vessels for the South American service and the Munson Steamship company a conditional bid, approximating \$3,880,250 for the same vessels; the Martha Washington, Aeolus, Huron, Princess Matoika and the Pocahontas.

George W. Goethals, American Ship and Commerce Corporation offered \$10,000,000 for six vessels for the Hamburg and Bremen service, the bid being quickly raised to \$10,400,000 by President Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine. The vessels are the George Washington, Martha Washington, America, President Grant and Callao.

Bidding is Spirited. Sharp bidding on these six vessels followed between General Goethals and Mr. Franklin, the offers going up in \$100,000 and \$200,000 jumps. Mr. Franklin's bid reached \$11,600,000.

Commissioner Scott announced the top offers received by the board in the proposals offered a week ago, all of which were rejected.

Among the offers were: for the Leviathan, \$4,000,000; for the Mount Vernon, \$250,000; for the Nansemond, \$900,000; for the George Washington, \$3,050,000; Martha Washington, \$2,180,000; Von Steuben, \$737,620; America \$2,300,000; President Grant, \$2,250,000; Susquehanna, \$900,000; Antigone, \$1,200,000 and Artemis, \$1,000,000.

Skid-jumping has been evolved into a summer pastime by an American who has constructed an inclined platform, which is maintained in a slippery condition by a bath of soap and lard. Zest is added to the slide by a jump of twenty-five feet over an open gap in the incline.

RELIEVED HIS BACKACHE "It gives me great pleasure to recommend Foley Kidney Pills as in any case they relieved me of a severe backache that had bothered me for several months. A few bottles fixed me up in good shape."—E. G. Wolf, 72 S. Jackson St., Green Bay, Wis.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS Give quick and permanent relief from kidney or bladder troubles that have not reached a chronic or bad stage. They stop bladder irregularities, strengthen the kidneys and tone up the liver. When the kidneys are properly functioning, they filter and control from the blood the impurities that cause aches and pains and in the end may lead to serious illness. If you have any cause to suspect that your kidneys need help, you will make no mistake in taking Foley Kidney Pills.

SOLD BY J. C. Perry.



Worn Out In Mind and Body

Your child is quick to observe disturbances in your mental attitude or physical condition. And when he asks: "What's the matter, Daddy?" stamped upon you reflects intensely upon him because of his profound solicitude. He at once drops his playthings and rushes to your side, but his happy smile has disappeared and his buoyant spirits are gone—replaced by a countenance of worry and a bearing of hopelessness.

LYKO The Great General Tonic will banish that "fired feeling" and dispel that worn-out look. It will renew your strength and vigor, overcome the ravishing effects of overwork and worry, revive your spirits and increase your hold on life. Being a refreshing appetizer, a valuable aid to digestion and a worthy promoter of the general health, because of its positive retarding and reconstructive value, its use is especially desirable in cases of subnormal conditions. If you suffer from nervous exhaustion, muscular or mental fatigue, or deficiency of vital force due to general weakness of wasting illness, you'll find "LYKO" particularly beneficial. It tones up the entire system and keeps you feeling fit. Ask your druggist for a bottle today.

LYKO TONIC Sole Manufacturers LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY Kansas City, Mo.

Don't Experiment With Catarrh; It Often Leads To Dread Consumption You Will Never Be Cured by Local Treatment with Sprays

Catarrh is a condition of the blood and can not be cured by local applications of sprays and douches; this has been proved by the thousands who have vainly resorted to this method of treatment.

Catarrh should not be neglected or experimented with. The wrong treatment is valuable time lost, during which the disease is getting a firmer hold upon its victim, and making it more difficult for even the proper treatment to accomplish results.

Though catarrh makes its first appearance in the nostrils, throat and air passages, the disease becomes more and more aggravated and finally reaches down into the lungs, and everyone recognizes the alarming conditions that result when the lungs are affected. hTu yarbunhaae s.e.ishrdie affected. Thus catarrh may be the forerunner of that most dreaded and hopeless of all diseases, consumption. No local treatment affords permanent relief. Experience has taught that S. S. S. is the one remedy which attacks the disease at its source; the blood, and produces satisfactory results in even the worst cases. Catarrh sufferers are urged to give S. S. S. a thorough trial. It is sold by all druggists. You are invited to write to the Medical Department for expert advice as to how to treat your own case. Address: Swift Specific Co., 254 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga. (Adv.)

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