THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co. 136 South Commercial street.

Telephones—Circulation and Business Office, 81; Editorial rooms, 82.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor-Publisher

Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 40 cents a month, $1.25 for three months, $2.25 for six months, $4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere $5 a year.

By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance

Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Odds and Ends

PANTS ARE COMPULSORY

One of the explanations of the H. C. of L. in the Philippines as given by a complaining native is that the tribesmen who were formerly content to appear in a breech-cloth are now compelled to wear pants by order of Uncle Sam.

ENCOURAGES INFECTION

Dr. Eric Pritchard suggests in The Practitioner (London) that eating too much carbohydrate material makes persons susceptible to infectious diseases. This is important to mothers of young children, as it means that they should restrict the quantity of starchy and sugary foods that their offspring eat.

BIG PORT AT JAMAICA

A great project has been proposed for Jamaica Bay, on Long Island, which will make a great commercial port—second only to New York in its capacity. One thousand acres will be redeemed and 20 miles of wharfage, a capacity for more than 15,000,000 of tonnage. This new-made land will be made available for commercial purposes. The improvement will cost about $15,000,000.

FIRST OF TEN ALLEGED RADICALS CHARGED

(Continued from page one)

upon those who watched the daily progress of the trial.

Faulkner wtas ordered released by Judge John M. Wilson, following an opinion, in which the court said that testimny did not "very fully—in its judgment—connect up the defendant in a manner which would justify the court in permitting his case to go to the jury."

Evidence Reviewed.

Speaking to the arguments of state counsel, in answer to defense counsel, arguments on the motion for dismissal of the charge against Faulkner, Judge Wilson said: "If there is a presence by preconcert it must be a preconcerted effort or intention to carry out the conspiracy which led to the culmination of the crime."

The jury was recalled and told that there were circumstances which prevented continuation of the case today, and with a repetition of the usual admonitions, sent back to its quarters. It was not in formed of the court ruling affecting Faulkner. An entry of dismissal will probably be ordered by the court, it was said today, the jury not being instructed to bring in a verdict as to Faulkner. Court adjourned early because of absence of defense witnesses and because Attorney Vanderveer had been subpoenaed as a witness in a syndicalism case in another court.

Jolly Valentine Party is Enjoyed at Hawthorne Home

A crowd of young folks were entertained at a Valentine party last Saturday evening at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hawthorne, near **Chemawa.**

The evening was pleasantly spent with music and games until a late hour when a dainty luncheon was served by the hostess.

The invited guests were: Misses Jessamine Tomkins, Alice Boock, Emma Fabry, Alma Russell, Lenora Coon, Della Hilficker, Isola Smith, Ida Hilficker, Lucile Hawthorne; Messrs. Barney Hilficker, Carl Boock, William Cherwood, Sim Phillips, Bryan Conley, Hans Hoffsetter, John Fabry, Mr. Russell, Bruce White, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hawthorne and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hilficker.

Abe Martin

Nothin' upsets a little town like a ABE MARTIN HHH. , r\Wt-2n K dashin' stranger. You never know some people till you try t' talk t' 'em while they readin'.

CHEAP HOMES POSSIBLE.

THE problem of the high cost of building houses has been solved by Charles H. Ingersoll, of Union, New Jersey, of the dollar watch family, who has been constructing substantial, handsome, fireproof houses at a cost of $2,200 apiece.

The method employed is similar to that experimented with by Edison a few years ago, with poured concrete. The mold for the house costs $7000, and can be used over again for 100 houses. The plumbing, pipes for wiring, gas and heat are placed within the mold before the concrete is poured. The concrete sets in a few days, the mold is taken down and the house is complete.

It takes less than a month to build such a house. Everything about it is of concrete, including walls, floors and roof. Each house comprises five rooms, living-room, dining room, kitchen, two bed-rooms and a bath-room, and is of attractive design.

The same house built of wood cost before the war $3000, and now costs between $4000 and $5000. The structure is absolutely fire-proof and is built to last forever. Such houses mean cheaper rent and offer the poor opportunity to own their own homes.

It would be well for the newly organized Salem Homebuilders Association to investigate this system of house construction. The buildings would, of course, be uniform in appearance, but that would cheapen construction costs in permitting quantity purchases of material and would permit the building of many more structures than originally contemplated.

HUGHES ON HOOVER.

IN PRESENTING Herbert Hoover the civic forum medal for services performed during the war, Charles Evans Hughes paid tribute to the former food administrator, as the "great civilian hero of the world war."

Mr. Hughes reviewed Mr. Hoover's relief work in Belgium, declaring that "it was conducted not only without reproach but with such efficiency that it challenged the admiration of the world.

"Hoover, as administrator of relief," he said, "was at once financier, diplomat and statesman. He came into contact with the governments of the allies and with the despotisms of the central powers. He was ready, equipped, firm, fearless and adequate.

"The Americanism of Hoover is shown in every deed, in every utterance. His achievements dignified the nation and established prestige for the American name abroad which none of the failures of diplomacy can obscure. He bears a name illustrious because of his remarkable achievements, but best of it is a name untarnished, expressive not only of exceptional ability but of the simple life of a modest citizen."

No higher tribute from a higher source has been paid any living American—and is it any wonder that people, regardless of party, clamor for Hoover for president?

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

JOY AND GLOOM.

In happiness I used to go, afoot both near and far; I never knew the depths of woe, until I bought a car. Oh, many versts and parasangs behind me then I put, communing with the cheerful gangs who also went afoot. I'd walk a road, perchance a perch, then meet some jocund jay, and we would lean against the church, and gossip half the day. I took in all the fragrant morn, when I went on my feet; I'd pause to view a field of corn, and then a stack of wheat. And here and there I'd rob a tree that luscious apples bore, or chase some busy honey bee that led me to its store. But now I ride in pomp and state, on tires with non-skid tread; my eyes are glaring, fixed and straight, upon the road ahead. And if anon I glance aside upon the landscape rich, the blamed old car is sure to slide and land me in a ditch. I drive my boat along the pike, and to the wheel I cling, and never see the things I like, or hear the birdlets sing. I do not see the cloud wreaths reel across the blinking stars; I'm hanging to the steering wheel, and dodging other cars. I ought to store my choo-choo cart and join the trudging flock, and yet 'twould break my foolish heart if I were doomed to walk.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

John Spends the Night Out.

"Where is my charming relative?" asked Alice, sarcastically, as she noticed that John was not in evidence.

"I don't know."

"Didn't he tell you where he was going this morning? I should have thought he'd want to stay in the house."

"He wasn't home all last night, Alice."

At this Alice went to the telephone. I could not help remarking: "Perhaps in a case of this kind you will be justified in calling John's office."

"Give me 8724 Main."

"Oh, yes," she answered, indifferently, "I knew his silly idea of not wanting to be called at the office. Is Mr. Gordon there?" she asked through the telephone.

Then turning to me she said, after a moment's pause: "They say he hasn't been down this morning."

She hung up the receiver for a second and then called another number which I knew was her husband's office, and after a moment was talking with him.

"Have you seen John this morning?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know where he is. I just called up his office and they tell me he has not been down this morning."

"No, he isn't at the house. I'm telephoning from there."

Paddle His Own Canoe

"Katherine didn't know anything about it until I got here this morning. If she takes my advice, she'll simply let him paddle his own canoe until he comes to his senses, if he ever does!"

"Oh, I don't care about Karl Shepard. I'm not interested in him! He's no relation of mine!"

"What? You've heard from him this morning? He regained consciousness? But he's delirious now?"

I gave a little shudder. I don't know why I hated to think of Karl Shepard as delirious. Certainly he could disclose no secrets that would hurt me.

Alice hung up the receiver. Evidently her husband had suggested that she call up a Turkish bath parlor, as she called a number which I recognized as one John often called to make an appointment.

After listening a moment she said: "Yes, he's there, but the attendant says he is asleep." Then into the phone: "Will you tell him that his sister wants to speak to him?"

Turning to me again she said, with a grimace: "I don't take any stock in that 'asleep' business!"

Her intuition was correct, for I heard her say: "That you, John?" and then continue after a moment's silence, "I'm telephoning from Katherine's room. I think it is time for you to come home and explain things."

"You haven't seen a paper? Really, I don't know what most of our papers would do if it weren't for your escapades."

"Oh, you needn't swear at me!"

Won't Talk Any More

"Well, I won't talk any more to you. If you want to see me or any of my family you can come where you can find us."

"Don't think for a moment you can hide from the reporters. They have called up here at least a dozen times this morning. What you had better do is to go over to the hospital and make up with Karl Shepard. He is delirious this morning, though, but probably the sight of your face would shock him into sanity again! You've got yourself into a nice mess, and I'm going to advise Katherine to go home to her mother's for a while."

I held my breath expectantly. That would be a solution! But as she hung up the receiver with a bang Alice turned to me and said:

"John says he don't want you to go to your mother's just now. He feels that he must have you here under the circumstances, but if you take my advice you will go anyway. You were too good to him the last time he got into a scrape—much better than I should have been."

I wonder if I was too good to John? Tomorrow—I Phone Helen Gaylord

ONLY A ROOSTER.

Jasper Jay spent several days looking for the great golden bird that Jolly Robin had described. But Jasper couldn't find the wonderful creature anywhere. And he was wondering if it wasn't just a hoax after all as he had claimed. He had almost decided to give up his search when he came to meet Bennie Barn-Swallow one day. Jasper happened to mention that he was on the lookout for Jolly Robin's strange bird; and Bennie Barn-Swallow said quickly:

"DO you mean the bird of gold?"

"Do you mean the bird of gold?"

"The bird of brass, I should say!" Jasper replied, with his nose in the air. "You haven't seen him, have you?"

"Why, yes!" said Bennie. "He stays right near my house."

Of course, Jasper Jay knew that Bennie lived in a mud house, under the eaves of Farmer Green's barn. So he cried at once: "Then my search is ended! I'll come over to the barn this afternoon and fight the upstart."

The news spread quickly—the news of the fight that was going to take place at Farmer Green's barn. And as soon as he heard it, Jolly Robin went straight to the barn and asked the golden bird if he wouldn't leave Pleasant Valley at once.

But the great gorgeous creature paid no attention to Jolly Robin's request. Indeed, he seemed not to hear his words at all—though Jolly Robin thought the stranger was just pretending.

Jolly had to sing a good many songs that day to keep up his spirits. Somehow, he felt that it was all his fault that there was going to be a fight.

"I wish I hadn't told anyone about the golden bird," he said. "Maybe he would have flown away before Jasper Jay heard of his being here."

Well, Jasper invited everybody to come to the barn late in the afternoon to see him whip the golden bird and pull out his tail-feathers.

"There's going to be some fun," said Jasper Jay. "Nobody ought to miss it."

So, as the afternoon waned, the feathered folk began to gather in the orchard. Jolly Robin was there, and his wife, and old Mr. Crow, Rusty Wren, Bobbie Bobolink, Miss Kitty Catbird, and a good many others as well. There was a good deal of noise, for everyone was chattering. And Jasper Jay made almost as great a din as all his friends together. He boasted in a loud voice that he was going to give the golden bird a terrible beating. And he was so pleased with himself that some of his companions whispered to one another that it might be a good thing if the golden bird gave Jasper a sound whipping.

At last Jasper Jay called out that he was ready. And then he started for Farmer Green's barn, while the eager crew followed close behind him. They all alighted on the ridge of the barn. And like Jasper Jay, they sat there for a short time and stared at the golden bird, who shimmered like fire in the slanting rays of the setting sun.

Jolly Robin and Bennie Barn-Swallow had seen him before; so they weren't surprised. But all the others gazed at him in amazement.

Now, to Jasper Jay the golden bird looked enormous. He was perched high up on a rod which rose above the roof. And he seemed very proud and disdainful. In fact, he paid no attention at all to the curious flock that watched him.

For a little while nobody said a word. And Jasper Jay was the first to speak.

"Fiddlesticks!" he cried. "This is nothing but a barnyard fowl. He's a rooster—that's what he is!"

INJUNCTION TO RESTRAIN SHIP

(Continued from page one)

German freighters already sold by the board caused considerable speculation among attorneys. Although the vessels involved in the litigation are passenger liners, the board has sold a number of former German merchant ships.

The fundamental question involved in the sale of the ships, Mr. Stevens said, was whether they could be operated as cheaply under the American flag as are rofeign ships.

Sale Merely Subsidy

"The only way we can find that out is for the shipping board to refit the ships and operate them for a while," he said. "To sell the ships to American concerns for the amount offered would be to give an indirect subsidy of millions of dollars and if the same policy were followed with the cargo ships the subsidy would reach billions."

Mr. Stevens said sealed bids received from foreign companies for four ships for transfer to other flags reached double the highest bid by a United States concern in three cases and $500,000 more than the highest American bid on the fourth vessel. The bids were rejected by the board in conformity wit hits policy not to transfer the ships to other flags, he said.

"Ships are at a premium in the world's markets today and I think this would be the worst possible time to sell," said Mr. Stevens.

BIDS OF NEARLY $7,000,000 RECEIVED FOR SCRAPPED SHIPS

Washington, Feb. 19.—Bids amounting to $6,810,000,000 were received by the shipping board for seven former German passengers ships over twenty years old that the board had listened "as valueless." Commissioner Raymond Stevens, formerly vice chairman of the board testified today before the senate committee investigating the proposed sale of the one-German liners. Mr. Stevens explained that the board's policy was to charge off 5 per cent a year for depreciation and that the board, therefore had held that ships twenty years old or more were worthless. As a matter of fact, he said, the seven ships referred to were easily worth $10,000,000. The bids received for them were: Amphion, $512,000; Susquehanna, $600,000; Nansemond, $900,000; Aeolus, $1,048,000; Princess Matoika, $1,125,000; Antigone, $1,200,000 and Pocahontas, $1,425,000.

Run Ships Underbid.

The value of the thirty German ships offered for sale was two to three times the amount of the bids received, Mr. Stevens said, their real value being between 68 and 79 million dollars.

Although he asked that the ships be appraised by experts outside the shipping board and that he be allowed to sit with them, Mr. Stevens said he was not notified when the experts met and knew nothing of the appraisal until it appeared in the committee's record. The appraisal was made by Frank S. Martin and J. Howland Gardiner of New York, both recognized marine experts, he said, but it did not represent the "real value" of the vessels.

Mrs. Schindler of Fairmount Dairy Dies on Wednesday

Death brought to an end an active and progressive residence of 34 years in the city Wednesday evening when Mrs. Annette Schindler, 65, mother of the proprietors of the Fairmount dairy, succombed to a brief illness at her home, Myrtle and Riverside drive. The body is at the parlors of the Rigdon & Son company. The funeral arrangements have not yet been completed.

Mrs. Schindler came to this city with her husband 36 years ago from Switzerland, and with his death that followed soon after took an active part in the operation of their farm and dairy that has grown into its present state under her guidance.

Six sons and six daughters mourn her death. They are: Miss Frieda Schindler, Salem; Mrs. C. W. Prussing, San Francisco; Mrs. A. T. Cramer, Rocklyn, Wash.; Earnest and Jonathan, Salem, and Carl, of Akron

Agreement to Exchange Prisoners is Reached

Berlin, Wednesday, Feb 18—Agreement to negotiate with soviet Russia for exchange of war prisoners has been reached by the German government, according to newspapers here. Conversations to this end will be carried on through a Russian named Kott, who lived in Berlin before the revolution as a refugee.