

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co. 114 South Commercial street.

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor-Publisher
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 60 cents a month, \$1.50 for three months, \$2.50 for six months, \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere \$5 a year.

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

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Oregon Observations

Astoria—Within 90 days a company will begin drilling for oil in Clatsop county, according to F. H. Kiff, an oil expert of Oklahoma.

Medford—Schools of Central Point are serving hot soup to pupils at noon as a means of warding off influenza.

Marshfield—E. H. Johnson, justice of the peace, was a defendant in the city police court Friday to answer a charge of riding a bicycle at night without a light. The justice pleaded guilty and was fined \$5 by Recorder Butler.

Pendleton—Alleging that while he was under an anesthetic one of his fingers was amputated without his consent, Victor McCormick has brought suit for \$5000 damages against Dr. L. V. Temple, a local physician.

Astoria—A Rhodee, aged 24, employed as a planer feeder at the plant of the Clatsop Lumber company, Friday had his left arm amputated just below the shoulder.

Ribbons—H. C. Reeves has been appointed local agent for the Oregon Electric Railway in Albany to succeed J. E. Farmer, who recently died in Portland. Reeves has been chief clerk for the railroad for a considerable time.

Selo—Selo voters \$40,000 to build an electric plant on Thomas creek, in Jordan, to supply the town of Selo and the farmers along the proposed line who are to patronize the new project. The vote for the bonds was 110 for and nine against the proposed development, which shows that the people are practically a unit in making a step in advance.

Stayton—Mayor Murphy has issued a proclamation closing indefinitely all public places within the town of Stayton including churches and schools. This action was taken upon the recommendation of the board of health. The influenza had already secured a firm grip upon many residents of the town and surrounding country although few fatalities have occurred considering the large number of cases involved.

Stayton—Stayton seems to be getting on the map more and more. The latest report is that a modern three story fire proof hotel is in prospect. The plans will be developed according to reports within the next twelve months if not before that time. It is reported that the building will cost about \$30,000.

Woods—Plans were completed here today for the first annual convention of the Associated General Contractors of the Pacific Northwest, which will open Tuesday and three days. It was said that about 150 contractors had announced their intentions of attending, and that Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia will be represented. Nat. McPherson of Portland is president of the association.

Portland—Attendance at the annual auto show held here last week was 28,648, according to a statement made public by the management today. This is the largest attendance on record for an Oregon auto show.

Portland—The body of Leon Welles, who had been missing since last Friday, was taken from the Willamette river here last night. Welles, who was 26 years old, was last seen on board a barge dredge where he was employed. Officers who investigated the case said the circumstances pointed to accidental drowning.

Abe Martin



Have you ever noticed how pleasant two competitors can be when they meet socially? I'll take it if you'll meet me Saturday night for your money, said my brother, the Mopps, as he priced a planer today.

A REMEDY FOR NEWS PRINT FAMINE.

In A signed editorial appearing in all of the Hearst papers, W. R. Hearst, the largest user of news print paper in the world advises congress to immediately enact a law restricting, during the period of paper shortage, the size of newspapers admitted to the mails to 24 pages daily and 72 pages on Sunday, as a means of reducing the consumption of news print and preventing the further suspension of newspapers.

"It is not just and fair to the country papers," says Mr. Hearst, "to have certain metropolitan dailies reckless in the use of print paper, and it is not even fair to those metropolitan dailies who are conservative in the use of print paper and anxious not to impose unnecessary difficulties on smaller papers to have no restrictions upon these 'Coal Oil Johnnies' of journalism who are burning up paper without reason and, for that matter, without result.

"It would be no hardship at all upon metropolitan newspapers to confine them to twenty-four pages on week-days and seventy-two pages on Sunday—giving them, as is right, three times as many pages for the Sunday PERIODICAL as they are allowed for their daily NEWSPAPER.

"This would undoubtedly reduce the consumption of print paper considerably and relieve the stress on smaller papers, throughout the country.

"But if it did not sufficiently relieve the situation, then Congress could proceed later further to limit the number of pages.

"When we hear of papers suspending all over the country, and when there is possibly a railroad strike coming on and the transportation of everything, including excess paper, will be difficult, there is no reason why Congress should not take the situation boldly in hand and proceed very fairly, but very firmly, to SOLVE IT."

Among the most notorious wasters of paper are the Portland Oregonian and Portland Telegram, which despite the requests of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and of Congress, have refused to make the slightest effort to conserve news print. The Oregonian a week ago, printed 146 pages, and yesterday 98 paper in 5 days for the same amount of news than the Portland paper, while the Telegram boasts of having wasted 14 pages more journal, which is making an honest effort to conserve news print.

These "Coal Oil Johnnies" of journalism are taking advantage of the fact that they can get all the paper they want under their old contracts at prices one quarter of what the small papers have to pay, to deliberately put as many of the latter out of business as possible by increasing their consumption and cutting subscription rates in the territory of the country press.

A daily paper of 24 pages is large enough for anyone. A Sunday paper of 72 pages is bigger than necessary, but if this size is large enough for the greatest city papers, it is large enough for Portland, and as Mr. Hearst says, if these restrictions do not save enough paper, more stringent ones can follow.

WILSON WINS OUT.

PRESIDENT WILSON has won his point and forced a new settlement of the Adriatic problem. The "discredited sick man of the White House" proved vigorous enough to upset by the stroke of a pen the plans of European diplomats to return to the policy of imperialism.

Commenting on President Wilson's Adriatic stand, the Westminster Gazette says that Wilson had prevailed "because he has again taken the sound moral position he has occupied since the beginning of the peace conference." The newspaper saw a "bad blunder" in the allied attempt to "coerce the Jugo-Slavs"

The strength of Wilson, both before Europe and the senate, has been his sound moral position and the weakness of his opposition has been that it rested upon expediency and partisanship, instead of upon a moral basis.

There is not the slightest doubt but that the president is again on the job. His dismissal of Lansing, his Fiume note, his ignoring of partisanship in appointments, are conclusive evidence that his mental vigor is unimpaired, even though he may not have fully recovered physically. Singularly abandoned in his great effort to bring about sane and constructive relations between nations, almost single-handedly he has renewed the protracted struggle.

Mr. Wilson would be a sorry figure if he receded from the position he took at Paris, taken after much thought and consideration. His will continues staunch and immovable for the right as he sees it—which is the only way to be. His firm stand for the vital questions of principle at stake will be the test of his greatness to the future. More vigor to him!

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON CARED.

My neighbor, J. Whangdoodle Brown, came up to me and cried, "The Spanish flu has struck the town, and two or three have died! I know I'll have the blamed disease, such ills don't pass me by; I feel the symptoms in my knees, and also in my eye." The sweat was streaming from his brow, his face was drawn and pale; "Why worry," said I, "you are now exceeding strong and hale. Just think of pleasant, cheerful things, forget the microbe gang; just talk of cabbages and kings, and let the flu go hang. Don't cross your bridges, friend of mine, until they're at your feet; and so for you the sun will shine, and life be fair and sweet." He did not take my sane advice, designed to keep him well, and now they've placed him on the ice, and rung the passing bell. Sage council seems a whiskered wheeze, the gift of dreary bores, to those who go to meet disease, and lead it to their doors. And worry over passing ills invites the doc and nurse, invites the druggist with his pills, the sexton and the hearse.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idaho McGlone Gibson

JOHN'S TREMOR
As I started down the stairs I heard my telephone ringing but I was so sure that it was John that I did not turn back.
Bobby took us to the train, and for once we escaped the reporters. They were so busy probably trailing John that they lost sight of my end of the story.
I had a bad scare, however, just before the train pulled out. A messenger boy came through the car and, thrusting his head into our drawing room asked:
"Is Mrs. Gordon here?"
"I am Mrs. Gordon," I said in a choking voice.
He thrust a special delivery letter and a great flower box into my hands. It was all a tremor. Was it possible that John had returned and, for the first time since we were married, had sent his flowers as a peace offering?
Even before I opened the box I had torn open the letter. It read:
"You have been in to dinner, I hope that you have not forgotten some money from Robert Fayard to do this thing. I do not see where else you could get it. As a like bill, she said I would lend it to you. I am leaving New York tonight, and unless you are str.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF JIMMY RABBIT BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

TROUBLESOME MR. MINK.

Jimmy Rabbit arrived home somewhat out of breath. But he was still happy, for he thought that he had shaken off that troublesome Mr. Mink. And he had no idea that Mr. Mink knew where he lived.
Now, it happened that old Mr. Crow's story about Jimmy's new tail had reached Mr. Mink's



"Give me my tail! I want my tail!"

ears. And as soon as he heard it he had inquired where Jimmy Rabbit lived.
Mr. Crow had told him. And he took another look at Mr. Mink.
"I notice you've lost your tail," he said.

"Yes!" Mr. Mink answered. "Farmer Green threw an axe at me once. And it cut off my tail, as you see. I left that neighborhood then; and never cared to return to it. But if this young Rabbit boy has found my tail, I shall certainly claim it at once." So off he went. And Mr. Crow nodded his head wisely. It was just as he had said! There was trouble ahead for Jimmy Rabbit—or, you might say, there was trouble behind for him; for it was that handsome red tail, you remember, that was the cause of it all.

Well, Jimmy Rabbit was trying to decide what he would do that evening, when all at once somebody else decided it for him. For all at once a slim, red

pure white flowers, with just that one card. I was not able to conjecture. I was not with John on the fatal night. It seemed to me that Karl should have sent flowers to Bess Moreland with the word "forgive." Evidently he regretted the quarrel as little as did John. I almost felt I had nothing to be angry about with Karl, but I should have been very angry had I for one moment thought he was talking my part. I could not see where I entered into the discussion at all, and from John's own account of the conversation his attack seemed almost unprovoked. I failed to see why John should take so seriously a remark that possibly might have been made in a joking manner about himself and Bess.

Shortly before this something must have been said which made John believe that Karl was trying to insult him and Bess.
Exquisite Taste Shown.
I held the flowers up to Bob and Helen, who stood under my window. "They're wonderful!" said Helen. "I did not realize that John had such exquisite taste!"

I let them think the flowers were John's gift, but the contrast between the two messages that I had received was dramatic to say the least—one a threat of separation in the holdest terms and the other a plea for forgiveness for a wrong which seemed to me had not been committed.
It hardly seemed possible to me that any woman's husband could be so ungenerous and implacably tyrannical as John had shown himself to be. When his mode of action was placed beside the very charming attention and imploring message from the other man, who was scarcely more than an acquaintance to me, I wondered if Oscar Wilde had not really plumbed the heart of man when he said:

"For all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard:
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword."
(Tomorrow—Good Times Ahead.)

gentleman rushed at Jimmy, crying, "Give me my tail! I want my tail!"
It was Mr. Mink! And Jimmy Rabbit ran off as fast as he could go.
"This is my tail!" he called over his shoulder. "I found it. And I'm not going to give it up to anybody."
But Mr. Mink hurried after Jimmy. To be sure, Jimmy left him far behind. But Mr. Mink kept following. It was very annoying, for Jimmy knew that sooner or later that troublesome gentleman would be on his heels again.

There was no use of Jimmy's crawling into any hole, for he was four times as big as Mr. Mink; and, of course, anywhere he went, Mr. Mink could easily follow.
Jimmy Rabbit didn't know what to do. Mr. Mink had terribly sharp teeth. And he was very angry. But Jimmy was not angry at all. He didn't want to fight.

While he was trying to think of some way out of his trouble, something suddenly pulled him backward. Looking around, he saw Mr. Mink with his cruel teeth fastened in that beautiful red tail.
"Let go of me!" Jimmy Rabbit cried.
But Mr. Mink didn't say a word. In order to speak, he would have had to drop that precious tail. And he had no idea of doing that. Besides, there was nothing he wanted to say. There was no use of his calling, "Stop, thief!" when he had already stopped him, you know.

Jimmy Rabbit pulled with all his might. And Mr. Mink dug his four feet into the ground and pulled with all of his.
And then, the first thing Jimmy knew, he fell forward, head over heels. He was up in a jiffy, and off like a flash, running like the wind.
But this time Mr. Mink did not follow.

When at last Jimmy sat down to rest he discovered what it was that Mr. Mink had stopped chasing him. His beautiful, new, red tail was gone! The bit of string had broken under all that pulling. And now Jimmy Rabbit had no tail except his own.
"Where's your fine, bushy tail?" Mr. Crow asked Jimmy the next morning.
"O! I discovered who the owner of it was," Jimmy said. "He came for his property; and I let him have it."

But Mr. Crow was a wise old chap.
"Did you give him the string, too?" he inquired.

BRILLIANT MINISTER VICTIM OF INFLUENZA

Rev Dudley B. Ashford, Noted Preacher and Lecturer, Well Known on Three Continents, Was Ordered to Give up Work



Rev. Dudley B. Ashford, Noted Preacher, Lecturer and Missionary

Reverend Dudley B. Ashford is an extraordinary man. Although still on the sunny side of forty, he has crowded more service to humanity into a few years than most men accomplish in a life time.

Soon after his graduation from Harley college, London, England, he was ordained minister at the famous New Court Congregational church, London. A short time thereafter he was selected to present the cause of Congo reform and African missions before the people of Norway, and toured that land with such success that he was greeted by enormous crowds at every meeting.

In 1908, under the auspices of the Colonial Missionary society, he was sent to New Zealand, and for three years labored as a missionary among the Maoris, where his experiences were novel and thrilling.

In 1916 he returned to England and served for three years at Wood Street Congregational church, Cardiff, South Wales, the biggest Congregational church in the British empire. It was while here that he fell one of the early victims of the great 1918 flu epidemic, an attack from which he had not fully recovered when he accepted a call to the Queen's Road Congregational church, St. John's, Newfoundland, where his forceful preaching soon attracted record congregations.

The strain of this work upon his undermined constitution proved too severe and he suffered a nervous breakdown, from which now, however, he has completely recovered. Moved by a desire to serve his fellow men he has recently written a letter that tells how he was restored to health and strength.

Moved by Gratitude

This letter, addressed to The Tanlac Co., Atlanta, Ga., is an eloquent expression of gratitude and is as follows:
"Gentlemen: Your medicine, known as 'Tanlac,' has been such an inestimable blessing to me, that I feel constrained to write and tell you. In October, 1918, while a minister of the Wood Street Congregational church, Cardiff, South Wales, I had a severe attack of the Spanish influenza, from the effects of which I never fully recovered. I lost twenty eight pounds in weight and was unable to recover my usual energy.

"Then, in February, 1919, I became the minister of the Queen's Road Congregational church at St. John's, Newfoundland. My ministry was attended with great success, but the strain proved too great for me and I had a serious breakdown. My nerves seemed to go all to pieces and my digestion became so deranged that I could eat scarcely anything. My heart gave me a lot of trouble; it was an effort to walk upstairs and at night

I used to lie awake in continual dread lest my heart should stop beating altogether.

"Then, as a result of exposure one winter's night in a small boat, while in the execution of duties, I was seized with violent pains in the right shoulder and arm, which nearly drove me to distraction. I consulted doctors and specialists and underwent massage and electrical treatment, without getting much relief. I was ordered to give up all preaching and public work for at least three months, and I began to fear that my health was permanently affected.

"He Had Been Skeptical
"I had always been rather skeptical of the testimonials concerning the merits of any medicine, but one day I read the statement of a man whose symptoms seemed to be identical with my own, and his praise of Tanlac rang so true I decided to give it a trial myself. I bought a bottle and its effect was almost immediate. My nervous condition began to disappear and I began to get sleep at night. My appetite so increased that I could scarcely satisfy it, and I found myself putting on weight rapidly. By the time I had taken the fourth bottle, the pains in my arm and shoulder disappeared and I am feeling better today than for a long time past.

"I feel that I should be guilty of base ingratitude if I did not write and tell you what a boon Tanlac has been to me, and I give you this unsolicited testimonial to use as you may think best, in the hope that others may find in your wonderful medicine the means to restored health and strength."

Tanlac is sold in Salem by Tyler's Drug Store, in Hubbard by Hubbard Drug Co., in Mt. Angel by Ben Oesch, in Gervais by John Kelly, in Turner by H. P. Cornelius, in Woodburn by Lyman H. Shorey, in Silverton by Geo. A. Steelhammer, in Gates by Mrs. J. P. McCurdy, in Sixtyon by C. A. Beauchamp, in Aurora by Aurora Drug Co., in St. Paul by Groceries Star Co., in Donald by M. W. Johnson, in Jefferson by Poshay & Mason and in Mill City by Marketier Gro. Co. (Ad)



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