

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 136 South Commercial street. Telephone—Circulation and Business Office, 51; Editorial rooms, 52. G. PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second class matter at Salem, Oregon.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 50c 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.

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Oregon Observations

Marshfield.—Andred Vernstrom, a logger, was found dead outside a bunk house at a logging camp near here Wednesday with an opened razor clutched in one hand and a wound in his throat. He had lived in the Coos Bay country 30 years and possessed considerable property. The coroner said suicide was indicated and that no inquest would be held.

Portland.—Complaint was filed Wednesday by Assistant U. S. Attorney Lusk against R. H. Hill, railroad man of Colorado, on the charge of bringing Mrs. Georgia Williams into the state of Oregon in violation of the Mann act. Hill will also be tried on the charge of using a railroad pass illegally. The pass is alleged to have been made out for himself and wife.

Portland.—Announcement was made here that the Pacific Mail Steamship company has opened local headquarters and will inaugurate a line of steam ships from Baltimore to Portland.

Rosburg.—W. F. Ramsdell, newly appointed supervisor of the Umpqua national forests Wednesday took up the duties of his new position. He succeeds S. C. Bartram, who resigned two months ago.

Portland.—W. F. Watkins, immigration inspector, left here Wednesday for Pendleton to conduct deportation hearings for Nestor Paananen, alleged member of the communist labor party, taken into custody at the time when national raids were being conducted at communist headquarters in Portland and throughout the country.

Portland.—Mrs. Nettie Connatt of Bull Run, said to be the second woman to be accused by the local federal court of operating a moonshine still, was ordered Wednesday to be placed on trial today before a federal jury.

Teachers of both Washington and Sherman counties have joined in the campaign favoring the so-called elementary school tax measure.

W. G. Frill of Fossil has filed with the secretary of state his declaration of candidacy for county attorney for Wheeler county on the republican ticket.

J. B. Mendick, former county judge of Baker county, who was recalled during his administration, will be a candidate in the May primaries for a re-nomination.

That "What is so rare as a day in June" query finds its match in the one "What is so rare as a day in March." —Butte Miner.

Charles S. Howard of San Francisco has become the sole owner of the Clatsop County Lumber company's holdings in Clatsop county.

Mr. Oliver Lodge says that some spirit talk "Rubbish." "What seems to support Sir Conan Doyle's contention that there is the next world." —Columbia Record.

Mrs. E. T. Allen To Address Women On Armenian Topics

The story of Armenia, depicting all of the actual conditions existing in the poverty stricken country, will be told to the women of the city by Mrs. E. T. Allen, at a mass meeting in the Commercial club at 2:30 p. m. Friday. Mrs. Allen spent 25 years as a missionary in Armenia and possesses more complete facts on conditions there than any other person to speak on the subject in Salem. It is said.

For two and a half years Mrs. Allen, with her two children, Mrs. M. Allen, has lived through horrors that only by few other women probably could endure.

"I could sit and hear her talk for two hours," Manager McCroskey of the Commercial club, said, who heard her when she appeared before the Salem Rotarians Wednesday noon.

Abe Martin

What gives us is how a family is ordinary circumstances lives I tell when because of the great things that



PORTLAND'S COMMERCE

Portland is contemplating the expenditure of \$10,000,000 to develop the port by purchasing Swan Island and river lowlands, digging a straight deep channel through the west half of the island and constructing a gigantic mole providing terminal and dockage facilities superior to those of other coast cities, the money to be provided by bond issue.

If Portland had a great over seas commerce, the expenditure would be justified—but Portland has already more facilities for commerce than she has commerce, more docks and warehouses than she has ships and despite the millions already spent, her shipping steadily dwindles, principally because she hasn't energy and enterprise to provide the shipping.

Uncle Sam has dumped millions into cutting a channel at the Columbia bar and other millions in dredging the Willamette, and the city and port other millions in improvements. Before there was adequate channel, or dockage, the Portland water front was a hive of industry. As the shipping facilities increased, the shipping decreased and one of the saddest sights in Oregon is the idle, empty harbor. The fault lies wholly with Portland, and other expenditures along the same line are not likely to change the situation.

Portland can best overcome the handicap of the 100-mile tortuous channel of the Columbia and Willamette by Portland owned steamer lines and Portland enterprise in developing markets and connections abroad. In this way, no advantages of rival ports can switch the commerce established. A beginning has already been made and a line established—but valuable time has been lost and other lines must follow. Commerce comes to those who seek it, to those who create it, not to those who aimlessly wait for fortune to spill it in their laps.

Portland is looking far ahead—further than the commerce in sight justifies, but ten millions of additional private capital in new steamers will go far to justify a ten million investment by the public.

JOHNSON THE LOGICAL CANDIDATE.

Refusal of the republican majority of the United States senate to ratify the peace treaty makes Senator Hiram Johnson the logical candidate of the republican leaders, for the defeat of the League of Nations cannot be construed as other than a victory for him and those who followed his leadership. He accomplished what he set out to accomplish, and the vote he receives in the primaries is the anti-peace and anti-league vote—the pro-German, the pro-Irish, the pro-Italian and other disgruntled elements.

Other republican candidates declare their position on the peace treaty in generalities, that leave their real positions in obscurity, lest decided opinions lose votes—but Johnson has the merit of frankness. There is no doubt how he stands.

But Johnson will not be the candidate of the Old Guard. He is, first of all a politician, but he doesn't take orders. He is a political boss and gives orders. He runs his own machine. And the leaders of the G. O. P. had rather lose the election than lose control of the party. They have done it before and will do it again, if necessary.

The democratic bosses are of the same stripe. It is rule or ruin with them. The big political boss is not concerned over principles—he is after spoils and power. He is partisan only for profit, and unless he helps select the candidate, and can perpetuate his control, is not averse to defeat.

BETRAYING THE DEAD.

Concerning the rejection of the peace treaty, the New York World remarks that the government of the United States could win a great war; it could negotiate a great peace; but it is incapable of performing its constitutional functions.

"There have been humiliating episodes in the history of the United States, but nothing else that was quite so humiliating as this; nothing else that so sharply challenged the capacity of the American people for self-government; nothing else that so sweepingly indicted their national self-respect and their sense of responsibility. On the whole the records of the Senate since the treaty of Versailles was formally submitted by President Wilson, July 10, 1919, constitute the most mortifying chapter in American history.

Having voted in November, 1918, to divide their government in the midst of a world crisis, the American people now find themselves paralyzed without a government that can function. Partisanship has paralyzed its members. The commanding prestige that the United States won in the war has been frittered away, and the country, after all its superb achievements, stands before the world today discredited and without a real friend. This is the penalty of that betrayal of faith which is all concentrated in the repeated refusal to ratify the treaty of peace. So far as the United States Senate is concerned, the dead of this war have died in vain."

The Oregonian is reprinting the New York Sun and Herald poll of county chairmen in various states and announcing as a result that General Wood is the strongest and most popular candidate in those states. The county chairmen in Oregon are the Wood organizers and propagandists and we presume the same is true in other states, where Wood beat Lowden to it. That's the advantage of having a million dollar campaign fund to start on—it insures the support of the county chairmen. But the people are not all county chairmen, and while they have in the past let the politicians do their choosing for them, a poll of county chairmen is hardly a poll of the people.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

THE FRISKY BACKBONE.

The spine of winter beats the band, it is an artful dodger; at times we think we have it canned, and made a graveyard lodger. We cry, "The spring has come at last, with robin, wren and sparrow!" And then there comes a bitterblast that chills us to the marrow. Then in a whitewashed ward we lodge, attended by neat nurses, and we are lucky if we dodge a joyride in some hearse. Each year the backbone seems to sag, to show that winter's ended; each year it springs the same old gag, and all our hearts are rendered. We plant our early spuds and greens, that we may eat in summer; then comes a blast from arctic scenes that puts them on the winter ended; the sky was cloudless overhead, the outlook simply splendid. I thought the backbone had the jar it long had been demanding, and so I didn't drain my car, but left the water standing. Oh, whisks! When the morning broke, the winter was renesant, the snow was flying round like smoke—I longed to cuss but dassent! And all my neighbors had the gripes, those patient watchful waiters; the town was full of frozen pipes, and busted radiators.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

My Greatest Loss
As Helen finished speaking I heard a sound from the other room, where my mother was sleeping. I walked in and the horrified exclamation that I made brought Helen to my side immediately.
"Never mind, dear," said my mother faintly, as I raised her in my arms; "never mind, dear," she repeated. "It is all right, everything is all right," and then she gave a little gasp and passed to her Maker.
For a moment I looked at Helen in silence, still holding my mother's head to my breast. I could not make it seem true. I just held her until Helen came forward, with playing help and took my mother from me. I rushed to the bed and turned the

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

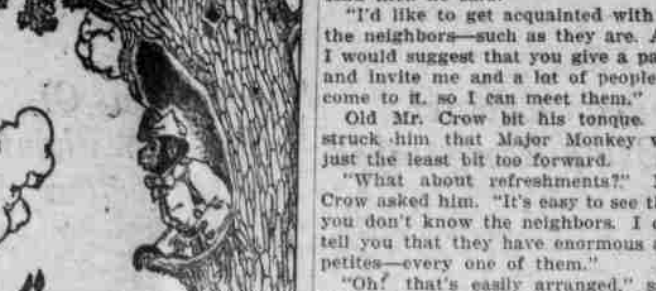


THE TALE OF MAJOR MONKEY

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

GETTING ACQUAINTED
Major Monkey and old Mr. Crow had a long talk. They got on famously together, because the old gentleman liked to pry into other people's affairs and the Major loved to talk about himself.

In reply to Mr. Crow's questions, Major Monkey explained that he was a great traveler. And having found himself in the village a few miles away, he had taken a notion to see the surrounding country.



"This is a delightful spot," the Major remarked. "And if your neighbors are half as pleasant as you are, I think I'll stay right here for the present."

"Naturally, old Mr. Crow was flattered. He couldn't remember when anybody had said he was pleasant.

"I hope you will settle in Pleasant Valley," he told Major Monkey. "As for the neighbors—well, you'll find them a queer lot, mostly."

"What's the matter with them?" the Major asked him.

"Thereupon old Mr. Crow shook his head. "They're not at all like me," he replied slowly.

"Of course, there's my cousin, Jasper Jay. He's not a bad sort—except that he's rude, noisy, and a good deal of a rascal. But the others—well, most of them are too greedy. If I didn't watch this cornfield closely some of them wouldn't care if they

to tell me that my mother had gone from me forever.

Hardly knowing what I did, I flung myself down on my knees beside her. "Come back a moment, just a moment. Don't leave me alone, dear mother," I said hysterically. "I can not let you go like this. Surely the God will not be so terrible as to deprive me of my only loved one."

"The good, God," whispered Helen, "is not terrible. Rather you must thank him for letting your mother come here in time to bid you farewell."

"Helen, do you think," I asked breathlessly, "that mother's coming here hastened her death?"

"I am not sure," she answered. "But it's very probable if that were true her journey only put off the dread moment a very little while. I am sure that you know, if you stop to think, Katherine, that your mother would have been very glad to have gone out a little sooner if the reward was seeing you as she has done this evening."

Plans To Be Made
"Yes, I guess that's true," and then, as always in these trying times, the material things had to be planned.

Helen stopped to the telephone, asked for the manager and came back to take one of my hands in hers. She said nothing, but her silence was eloquent of sympathy and love. In a moment or two the manager arrived and as soon as he found out what had happened he dispatched a messenger to find Bob and Charles. Then he took upon himself the carrying out of all the necessary duties.

"I will give you another suite of rooms, Mrs. Gordon," he said, "and I think it is possible for us to get the same nurse back you let go the other day. I am sure that she and your friend, Mrs. Gaylord, will do all the things necessary."

"But I do not want to leave my mother," I responded. "I do not see why those who love the living should be banished as soon as those loved ones are dead, while strangers prepare them for burial."

The manager realized my hysteria, and spoke soothingly.

Duties to the Living
"It is best, Mrs. Gordon, I am sure. Please allow me to advise you. After all, our duties are to the living and we must make life as nearly bearable as possible for those that are left behind. I do not believe you are able to stand the long vigil. I think, perhaps, your courage is greater than your strength."

"Come, Katherine," said Helen, "Mrs. Fulsons is right. I will stay would have it."

Slowly I turned to the bed and touched my lips to my mother's forehead and silently left the room.

Tomorrow—John Comes

Ford to Possess Car Which Won Him Motor Fame

Henry Ford is soon to be the proud possessor of "Old 999" the gasoline speed wagon in which Barney Oldfield won his first race and the first automobile to travel over a circular mile track in less than 60 seconds.

Admiral Sims complains that Secretary Daniels ignored him. If that was a fault it has at least been corrected.—Buffalo Courier.

Office 445 Court St. Salem. Phone 445. Over the top. EMPEY TRANSFER

THE BEST COUGH SYRUP IS HOME MADE

Here's an easy way to save \$1.00 and yet have the best cough remedy you ever tried.

80 Years Old Attributes Health to Internal Baths

Mr. D. C. Newcomb, 794 N. 4th Ave., Atchison, Kan., writes Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute of New York as follows:
"My next birthday is July 13th—80 years old. Have used Tyrrell's J. B. L. Cascade for more than 20 years. Best and only remedy that brings relief without the use of drugs. My experience proved that it always relieves. No danger from it. My ailments were principally uric acid, biliousness, constipation, etc."
This is by no means an exceptional letter for Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute to receive, as there are now over half a million Americans using Dr. Tyrrell's "J. B. L. Cascade" with like results.
By the scientific use of nature's cleanser—warm water—it eliminates all poisonous waste from the lower intestine and gives nature a chance to work unhampered.
You will be astonished at the difference in your feelings the morning after an internal bath.
The "J. B. L. Cascade" will be shown and explained to you by Daniel J. Fry, wholesale druggist and manufacturing pharmacist in Salem, Or., who will also give you free, on request, an interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, "Why Man of Today is Only 50 Percent Efficient."
Get this booklet and know just why internal bathing is so effective in the promotion of better health. (Adv)

The Aftermath of Flu

This is No. 1 of a series of advertisements, prepared by a competent physician, explaining how certain diseases which attack the air passages—such as Pneumonia, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Measles or even a long continued Cold—often leave these organs in an inflamed, congested state, thus affording a favorable foothold for invading germs. And how Vicks' VapoRub may be of value in this condition.

Your doctor will impress upon you that following recovery from the active stage of influenza, there often remains an inflamed, congested condition of the air passages—throat, larynx, bronchial tubes and lungs.

Frequently the cough hangs on—soreness of the chest persists—you take cold easily and there may be obstinate catarrh. This condition is slow to clear up and if neglected may favor the development of pneumonia, or later on, serious disease of the lungs.

Such cases should continue under the care of their physician—should exercise moderately in the open air—eat plenty of wholesome food—avoid overwork and sudden chills.

Nightly applications of Vicks' VapoRub may help nature to complete the process of repair. Because Vicks acts locally by stimulation thru the skin to draw out the inflammation, attract the blood away from the congested spots and relieve the cough. In addition, the medicinal ingredients of Vicks are vaporized by the body heat. These vapors are breathed in all night long, thus bringing the medication to bear directly upon the inflamed areas.

Vicks should be rubbed in over the throat and chest until the skin is red—then spread on thickly and covered with hot flannel cloths. Leave the clothing loose around the neck and the bed clothes arranged in the form of a funnel so the vapors arising may be freely inhaled. If the cough is annoying, swallow a small bit of Vicks the size of a pea.

Samples to new users will be sent free on request to the Vicks Chemical Company, 231 Broad Street, Greensboro, N. C.

30c 60c 1.20 VICKS VapoRub Your Bodyguard Against Colds. More Than 17 Million Jars Used Yearly.



The Choice Prizes of Life Are Won By the Healthy and Strong

The weak, soft, flabby-minded—those who are deficient in vigor and vital force—have ever had to suffer the humiliation of being ridiculed and shoved aside by their stronger rivals. A clear, ruddy complexion; bright eyes; hardened muscles; and a well-knit, tight body of elastic step and easy, constitute a trump card in any game—whether of love or business.

If you feel that you are out-classed, lacking the stamina to stand up and claim your own, don't delay another day in commencing to take

LYKO The Great General Tonic

It will restore that confidence you need to combat the depressing forces of social business life; it will give you the heart and spirit to do and the courage to challenge the world to your right to a place in the Sun; because it will build up your physical strength and mental power to a state of perfect health, strengthening your run-down system with better nourishment because of its great aid to digestion. LYKO is a refreshing tonic of the physical and mental realm in those abnormal conditions of the body and mind, such as nervous exhaustion, general weakness, or mental fatigue, nervous prostration, general debility, or other ailments. It's a tonic that restores the body to its normal condition, and a tonic that makes reconstructive. All druggists have LYKO. Get a bottle today and begin at once to feel and look better. Sole Manufacturers: LYKO MEDICINE COMPANY, Kansas City, Mo.

For Sale by all Druggists. Always in Stock at Perry's Drug Store.

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