

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL

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Oregon Observations

Roseburg—Twenty five cent sugar has hit Roseburg and consumers are preparing to curtail purchases.

Astoria—The J. H. Tillman company received a contract from the county court today to pave the county road with asphaltic concrete to a width of 18 feet from the Wahanna bridge to the southern limits of the city of Seaside.

Bend—The hatching of 3,000,000 western brook trout eggs has just been completed at the Tumalo hatchery.

Roseburg—Abner Riddle, 85, a pioneer residing in this county, living practically all of his life in the immediate vicinity of Riddle, died at his home there Saturday morning.

Portland—Appointment of Ernest G. Heinrich to port captain for the Columbia-Pacific shipping company here, to succeed Captain A. F. Cann, was announced today by K. D. Dawson, manager of the company.

Portland—August Junge, automobile truck dealer, was indicted on four counts by the Multnomah county grand jury late Monday.

Portland—Oscar Overbeck, senior member of the brokerage firm of Overbeck & Cooke of this city died at a local hospital Sunday night.

Portland—Words were received in Portland Monday of the death in Los Angeles of Dr. Delmer H. Trimble, former pastor of the Centenary Methodist church of this city and builder of the First Methodist church in Eugene, Or.

Portland—Mrs. Nettie Connett, convicted in federal court recently on 3 charges alleging violation of the prohibition law, was sentenced by Federal Judge Wolverson to serve six months in jail and pay a \$500 fine.

Oregon City—Eric Benson, aged about 40, was killed on the highway near here last night when an automobile struck him as he dropped off the rear of a truck.

TRISCO SEEKS CONVENTIONS. San Francisco.—A campaign to raise \$250,000 a year for advertising San Francisco had been started by the Central Bureau of San Francisco organizations.

Abe Martin

You don't have to peddle a good thing. Nothing makes as strange an impression as a ball full of women help. In all with other women talk.

MARION COUNTY, OREGON

"Marion County, Oregon," is the title of an unpretentious pamphlet containing "plain facts without frills" issued by the Marion County Community Federation, descriptive of the resources and development of the county.

The booklet is a cooperative community affair and is not in any sense boom literature. Exaggeration and hifalutin hot air have been eliminated, as have pretty pictures, but comprehensive data and authoritative statements depict the resources and industries in attractive manner, together with a map of the county.

Soils of the county are discussed, followed by brief articles on vegetable farming, forage and grain crops, hops, poultry, nut-growing, livestock, horticulture, floriculture, dairying, berry-culture, manufacture, lumbering, transportation, game and scenery, water power, land values and climate, followed by brief descriptions of the various communities contributing to the pamphlet.

No words are wasted, but essentials are presented concerning each subject and an excellent glimpse obtained of county industry and the opportunity offered the homeseeker.

The booklet is one that should receive wide distribution and is calculated to aid materially in securing additional population to assist in developing community and county.

GLIMPING THE UNIVERSE

At the opening session of the National Academy of Science, astronomers stated that the latest powerful telescope had disclosed the possible existence of 1,000,000 universes instead of one.

In other words the universe is disclosed as being ten times greater in volume than previously believed—and it is probable that further improved observation devices will disclose it as many times greater—illimitable.

The milky way, which has been considered as our special universe, is comprised of three billion stars of which our sun is the nearest one. It takes light about 300,000 years to cross from one side to the other—and light travels 180,000 miles a second.

The mind cannot comprehend the infinite—which does not deter man from attempting to define it—nor can the human mind comprehend the universe, which is merely an expression of the infinite. Even the inch rule measurements of our scientists, expressed in endless rows of ciphers, convey little information, for we are of such limited capacity that we cannot conceive the illimitable.

Like a grain of sand upon the seashore is our own world in the stars of the universe, and the more we glimpse the infinite, the more it bewilders us. It assures us only of our relative unimportance and insignificance in the unsolved and unsolvable riddle of the universe.

Perhaps Pope was right when he wrote, "Presume not God to scan—the proper study of mankind is man." At any rate we haven't made any too rapid progress in our study of man and the field is an ample one to occupy our energies.

Portland shipyards resist a government inquiry into their profits. So do all profiteers. If there is nothing to conceal, why the effort to conceal it? Why not much-rake the shipyards and the millionaires they created? Everything else connected with the war has been muck-raked to a frazzle.

Danes have rallied to their king and defeated the radical socialists demanding a republic—showing that even in this trying period of reconstruction, conservative liberals are in the majority in Denmark as in other countries.

Iceland wants to join the League of Nations. Wouldn't that freeze you?

Rippling Rhymes OUR DAY.

I know not what tomorrow's dawn may bring along my way; perhaps by then I may be gone from this cheap ball of clay. This day, however, is my own, the day that's now on deck; and I will chase the shining bone with bells around my neck.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE By the Noted Author IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON

THE CALL OF CHILDREN One often hears nowadays that with the telegraph and the telephone letter writing has become a lost art. But if you wish to test this oft repeated sentiment allow a runner to be spread that you have come into a little fortune.

My mail at present is voluminous. It seems as though every man and woman I ever knew and many I didn't know have heard that I have recently inherited money. Each of the strangers is determined that he shall get some of it. I suppose this is what we call business.

After reading over the advertising literature describing mines and oil wells and other business propositions I had a new feeling about John. I was not as angry with him as I was at first, when he insisted that he must be the one to take care of my oil properties. I could see now that he was only following out what every successful man has had to learn early in the game of life.

My mail this morning is stupendous but I have become accustomed to sifting the chaff from the wheat and after running through it I laid a very small part of it in a neat pile to read at my leisure while I merely tore open the envelopes of the remainder to fling their contents into a yawning waste basket.

The superscription on one of two of the envelopes I did not recognize, but I knew instinctively that they were not business letters. One of them I opened casually and was surprised that it was signed by Bobby Taylor.

"What can he be writing me about?" I said to myself rather stupidly as I turned the letter over in my hand. A name, however, caught my eye and I started quickly to read.

"My dear Katherine: I am quite sure you will be surprised to receive a letter from me but I have been informed that both you and the children are spending the spring months in your town and I am going to make a request of you with which I am sure you will comply, although you will think it a strange one.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF RUSTY WREN BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



Rusty Wren edged toward the door—that little opening in the syrup can only slightly bigger than a twenty five cent piece. He wished he was already safely through it, for he did not like the look in his wife's eyes.



"Are you there my love?" faintly,—though he was generally as bold as brass. "Wait a moment!" Mrs. Rusty ordered. "Where did this tobacco come from?" She spoke somewhat thickly, for she still held the bit of brown leaf in her bill.

For President—A. Mitchell Palmer

By Rex Lampman. This is no pussy-foot person who has announced himself as a candidate for the democratic nomination for the presidency.

This is no kente pillow-fighter, no slap-him-on-the-wrist statesman. This is no gentle pillow-fighter, no passing popular whim, no weather-vane veering in the shifting winds of politics.

This man's name is Mitchell Palmer and he is attorney general of the United States, as every scorpion of the constitution and breaker of the nation's laws well knows.

Up in the 26th congressional district of Pennsylvania where Palmer fought his way into congress against the opposition of Charles M. Schwab, the steel king, who believes that the perpetuation of his riches depends on republican rule—or misrule—at Washington, the attorney general has been known since a young man as the "Fighting Quaker."

And a "Fighting Quaker" he is—and one with the vision of looking forward and seeing what the fight is to be and how to meet and win it.

Attorney General Palmer is under no delusions as to the sort of opposition he will meet from the republicans, friends of Schwab and all the other profiteers. He has got their number. Hear what he said to them at the Jackson day banquet in Washington, when he was discussing the issue of the coming campaign. Here is the platform he handed out for the party of Mark Hanna, and Joe Cannon of Lorimer and Newberry, of Schwab and Gary, and all the other crew who employ politics to fatten their already swollen purses.

"If entrusted with power, we pledge ourselves to undo all that the democratic party has done. We will immediately repeal the federal reserve law, amend the constitution to make an income tax impossible, destroy the department of labor and the children's bureau, wipe out the workmen's compensation law, abrogate the eight-hour day, legalize child labor, consign the parcels post to the scrap-heap, stop the federal aid to public highways, take the savings bank out of every postoffice, destroy the rural credit system and demolish the farm loan banks, repeal the Clayton anti-trust law, destroy the federal trade commission, strangle the merchant marine by removing the shipping board, reinstate the coal strike, let the profiteers go free, refuse to ratify the peace treaty, put the country back on a way basis, and surrender to Germany. To prove our good faith in this policy of justice and crawl, we will nominate a United States senator for president."

That's the platform that the "Fighting Quaker" says the republican party must use if it is going to meet with "honesty and courage the record which the democratic party has made."

Republican Chairman Hays, you know has offered a cash price of \$10,000 for a model platform for the morrow, O. P. Palmer says they can use the one he prescribes for them without paying him a cent.

As private citizen, as congressman, as alien property custodian, as attorney general—in all his brilliant public career Palmer has shown the priceless quality of courage without which a statesman, however clever is worse than worthless to the people. Every issue is to him a moral issue and must be fought on the field of right and wrong.

The republican's old gang in Pennsylvania whose power is embodied in the vicious Penrose machine knows this well and hates and fears Palmer most fervently. Until Palmer and a few other progressive democrats like Valley McCormick and Warren Worth Halsey arose in Pennsylvania, the state was absolutely in the dragon-clutch of the machine. Both parties were dominated by it, the republican party direct and the democratic party indirect.

Robert Paeschke, who resides near Junction City, has received from the war department a posthumous citation for gallantry in action and especially meritorious services issued to his son, Ernest Paeschke, who was killed in action in France.

Nature's Remedy Better Than Pills For Liver Ills. Get a 25¢ Box. NATURE'S REMEDY R-TABLETS-MR

inside until he was quite sure that his wife was in better spirits. "The smoker has come home again," a peevish voice called out. And instead of bursting into the merry song which Rusty had been all ready to carol, he flew off across the yard and began hunting for something to eat.

Eight Lucky Farmers Your Avery Six Tractors are Here We have eight tractors fresh from the factory and fifty men who want them! The other 42 will be disappointed just as the season opens! SALEM AUTO EXCHANGE 229 State Street

RESIDENTS Marion and Polk Counties: Residents and tax payers take NOTICE you are hereby notified to meet IN SALEM SATURDAY May 1, 1920 and the following 15 days, to do your duty in bringing down high prices and eliminating all profiteers. Full particulars will be announced in Friday paper.

People's Cash Store 186-194 North Commercial Street SALEM, OREGON.

Studebaker BIG-SIX IN the BIG-SIX, you get the finest seven-passenger car Studebaker has ever built. It is in every respect a quality car, for comparison only with the very best.

Marion Automobile Co. Salem, Ore. "This is a Studebaker Year"

New Date Is Set For Guard Dance "When you hear that bugle call, come a-runnin'!" This is the invitation company M issues to all Salem dance lovers and to all loyal boosters for the local guard unit.

EMPEY TRANSFER LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE HOUR TON, CONTRACT OR HOUR "WE STRIVE TO PLEASE OUR CUSTOMERS"

LADD & BUSH BANKERS Established 1868 General Banking Business Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.