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* AS SEEN THRU THE *
* JOURNAL WINDOW *
* (By the Country Editor.) *

In a somewhat isolated section of
Marion county as far remote from the
athletic sports which he so deeply
cherished in his boyhood days as he
can conveniently be, is found a truly
interesting character. Not the pro-
verbial "Village Blacksmith," but the
St. Paul blacksmith who arrived in
that little town north of Salem a few
weeks ago to pursue the vocation of
his choice after becoming an expert
along various other lines. The subject
of this sketch is none other than the
half-breed Sioux Indian, Samuel J. Mc-
Lean, known among the natives as
"Matokokepa," which, translated to
the English language means "Afraid-
of-the-Bear," and this has been his
name from the time of his youth to
the present.

"Afraid-of-the-Bear" is thirty-two
years of age, stands six feet and five
inches in his stocking feet and weighs
two hundred seventy pounds dressed.
He was born in Rosebud, South Dakota.
Mrs. McLean is a Chippewa In-
dian and also a lady of rare intelli-
gence and refinement.

Less than a century ago, when some
of his ancestors were resisting the ad-
vance of civilization in the far west
resistant to the suggestion of Horace
Greely in his book, "Beyond the Mis-
sissippi," one of these leaders in the
campaign against the savages said,
not in a spirit of playfulness: "The
only good Indian is a dead Indian."
But the adoption of education by the
Red Men has proven that the pioneer
warrior was a bad guesser. "Afraid-
of-the-Bear" is a perfect demonstra-
tion of this truth. He is truly a Sioux
Indian artist. Besides having fully
achieved all the arts of his favorite
vocation, becoming a horse-shoer of
more than average ability and experi-
ence, he is highly cultured in other
lines, and has specimens of his work
in oil paintings, china paintings, cray-
on and pen work which are ex-
hibited by few artists in this country.

Mr. McLean is a graduate of the
Carlisle, Pennsylvania Indian school,
and of a college in South Dakota. Dur-
ing his course of study he was a mem-
ber of the Carlisle athletic association
and became famous as a football play-
er and wrestler. He resigned a posi-
tion as disciplinarian in the Indian
school at Fort Hill, Oklahoma, to enter
college at Carlisle, where he earnestly
sought an education which he felt he
needed. While a member of the Car-
lisle football team he played with
Princeton, West Point, Harvard and
the universities of Chicago and Minne-
sota.

He is a perfect specimen of strength
and beauty of outline. His manner
and morals are high class and he is
worthy of emulation by the average
"pale-face."
In college "Afraid-of-the-Bear" was
a roommate of the famous football
player, Thurgood, who became famous in
the world's big games while playing
with the New York league. He was
formerly instructor in penmanship in
the college at Minn. Wash., and has
traveled extensively in Europe, and
has been in the famous Carlisle football
team in 1906-7, 8, was largely due to the power of
this big red man.

After finishing his education, "Ma-
tokokepa," or "Afraid-of-the-Bear"
was in training under the famous
Jack Doran and established quite a
record as a wrestler in the heavy-
weight class. Friends of McLean, who
are now engaged in school work at
Chemaw, recall one event when the
big Indian was put in the ring with
Speck, Barry and Allen, heavyweight
wrestlers and fighters. The big Indian
was to put each man down two times
each in an hour. The game was catch
as catch can. The first fall for Mc-
Lean was gotten in six minutes by a
double scissors hold. The second fall
was accomplished in three minutes
and he threw Allen the first time in
two minutes and the second falls were ac-
complished in two and one-half min-
utes and the big fellow was declared
the winner. The men he threw were
ex-champions, one of whom was cham-
pion in the navy and put down some
of the best wrestlers in the world
while on a tour of the world with the
United States navy. Jack Doran, his
manager, offered a challenge to any-
one in the state at that time for a
match with McLean.

In his features, face and skull
"Afraid-of-the-Bear" looks more like a
European than an Indian. One strik-
ing and beautiful feature of the giant
blacksmith is a profuse growth of
nearly combed jet black hair. If there
be truth in phrenology he is a man
above the common. The zone of the
bault, which indicates mentality, is
well developed for an Indian. The
moral sense is of medium development,
and the natural or cerebral zone is
comparatively small. The phrenologist
would be borne out by the consensus
of those who know him. Friends
agree that he is intelligent, ambitious,
self-controlled, honest and above all
not braggadocio. So modest and care-
ful is he in this regard "Afraid-of-the-
Bear" avoids publicity as much as pos-
sible, and for this reason he has ac-
creted himself and family away in the
little town of St. Paul where they can
enjoy a quiet and comfortable life in
the beautiful Willamette valley.

TO RETAIN MISS KLINE
Miss Pauline Kline of Corvallis will
be re-appointed as a member of the
board of inspectors of child labor
when her present term expires May
21. (Interview Oregonian announced Wed-
nesday.)

THE LOGANBERRY MARKET.

The April issue of the Western Canner and Packer contains
quotations showing that Australian jams and jellies are being of-
fered in San Francisco at a price considerably less than American
products are quoted, though the prices of the latter are based
upon 15 cent sugar and last year berry prices.

In addition the wholesale price of jams and jellies in Eng-
land, as fixed by the British Ministry of Food, as published,
quote strawberry, loganberry and raspberry products at substan-
tially lower prices than American products can be laid down in
London for.

While the congress of the United States has been absorbed in
playing politics to destroy American prestige abroad, to "get
even" with President Wilson, Great Britain, with the foresight
and vision that has made the British empire commercially su-
preme, has been cornering the sugar market of the world, to pro-
vide her people and industries with cheap sugar, so that British
products could compete with the world in world markets.

While Willamette Valley loganberry growers have cherished
the delusion that they had a monopoly of loganberries, New Zea-
land climate and soil have been found adapted to this product
of Oregon origin, and the New Zealand loganberry is now com-
peting in American markets with the Oregon product.

New Zealand canners and processors have the benefit of
cheap sugar, while the Oregon manufacturer must pay 25 cents
or more. When to this is added a price of 14 cents for logan-
berries, he cannot compete with the imported article—and if he
could meet the competition, high prices would curtail his market.
It is easy to see why the local manufacturers have been forced to
withdraw from the market for loganberries.

The local boom in loganberry prices was due to the invasion
of a Washington manufacturer whose object was to cripple Oregon
competition by forcing up the price of berries to the Salem manu-
facturers. He succeeded better than he planned, for the growers
he encouraged to demand excessive prices, raised his limit, and
after having succeeded in demoralizing the market, he has
withdrawn from it, leaving the growers holding the sack—a
proceeding he has followed frequently in the past.

Sometimes since the Capital Journal warned the growers of
the danger of "killing the goose that laid the golden egg" and
crippling a most promising industry by demanding such exces-
sive profits as to destroy the market for the manufactured
product, and hence their own future market and the local indus-
try built upon the utilization of their products. But the warning
was in vain.

It remains to be seen what the policy of the loganberry
growers will profit them, and whether a live and let-live policy
would not prove most remunerative in the long run.

Rippling Rhymes

MOTOR GRIEF.

All things the motorist must buy to have a corking time, are
so absurdly, beastly high, the prices are a crime. Gas costs so
much the buyer swears and madly paws the ground; I've bought
a span of old gray mares to haul my car around. The gait they
have is sad and strange, their progress is a joke, they've spavined
and they have the mange, but they don't leave me broke. It takes
the income of the rich to buy a set of tires; and when one prices
oil and such, he gurgles and expires. The punk mechanic with
his tools calls for your final red; so go and buy a span of mules
and hitch them to a sled. Five years ago I'd drive all day, and
then at night return, and when I put the car away I still had coin
to burn. Five years ago mechanics stout made my old boat work
fine; they took the measly carbon out, and got the valves in line.
Their charges never set me back so much that I would sweat; but
now I've bought a brinded yak to haul my wagonette. Five
years ago—but what's the use? The dead years are on ice; now
any seven cent excuse will do to hoist the price.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author
IDA H. MCGLONE GIBSON

A Letter from Helen

"I don't think I will feel well
enough today to go to Ruth's," I
answered Alice, "and besides Charlie
Goodwin is coming over to talk busi-
ness with me before he goes down to
the oil fields."
A shade passed over Alice's face. I
knew that she was thinking that per-
haps I might have been better after
all had I given my business interests
over to John. And yet she must have
known as well as I just what I had
gone through about money ever since
I had been married. She herself had
told me that if John was given charge
of my business I would not have the
slightest thing to say about its man-
agement, and I knew in my heart of
heart that neither would I have any
income from it that I could call my
own. That John would go on in the
same old way, thinking because he
had given me charge accounts at dif-
ferent stores and was paying my bills,
he was doing all that could be ex-
pected of him, and all that I should
desire was as patent to her as it was
to me. The only way that I could be
financially independent and happy
was to keep my inheritance in my
own hands.

Recognizes the Writing

Alice walked away and left me
alone and I turned my attention
again to my letters. I found one from
Helen. I had recognized her writing
before I had opened Bobby's. Now I
dreaded to open the envelope which
I had laid aside to be read with pleas-
ure. However, she evidently knew
nothing about what was worrying
Bobby, but she also had heard that
Ruth was in the same town with me,
and she asked me to visit her and
see if I could persuade Ruth to let at
least one of the children come to
them for a little while.
"I never thought that I should
want children, Katherine, especially
the children of any other woman.
Before we were married I seemed to
be absolutely sufficient to Bobby and
I. I think I was, but after marriage,
dear, so many other things came in.
I know that Bobby has many other
interests in his life besides me, and I
have no other interests in life besides
him. It isn't a good thing, Katherine.
No woman should bind her entire life,
her entire thoughts, her entire activi-
ties up in one man. I do not believe
that even he is happier for it. It
must surely bore him at times. Who
was it that said 'There is one who
loves and one who is loved.' By this
I do not mean to intimate that Bob-
by does not love me. I just mean to
say that I love him more, or at least
I love him more singly than he loves
me. It will be purgatory to me to
have one of Ruth's children here,
and I am sure you will understand
when I tell you this, but I think it
would make Bobby happier—at least
he will have answered his problem of
the children one way or the other
after he has seen them daily in the
house for a while. I think now he
blames the children, and he feels that
perhaps he has done them a
great wrong. I was almost sure that
Ruth would not allow one of the chil-
dren to go to her former husband
and his present wife, and I did not
know how I was going to breach the
subject to her.

Charlie Knocks at Door

I was rather relieved when a knock
came at my door and Charlie asked
if he might come in.
"Surely," I answered. "I have been

looking for you all morning."
"Well, you see I had many things
to do, Katherine. Are you still sure
that you want me to go to the oil
fields for you? I don't know very
much about the oil business, and I
may make some mistakes. If I do,
your husband will never forgive me."

"He doesn't know any more about
it than you," was my comment, "and
I presume he is just as liable to make
mistakes as any other man."
"Katherine," he said suddenly, "are
you very unhappy in your married
life? Wait!" he said as I started to
speak, "don't answer me until I have
finished. Do you know that you
have changed greatly since you have
married? You used to be the happiest
appearing girl I knew. Always smil-
ing, always laughing, and now it
seems to me I have not seen you
smile since you were married."

"But, Charlie," I protested, "you
must remember that you have only
seen me under very trying circum-
stances. The first time I came home
it was to bury my father, and this
time you know the great loss I have
sustained in my dear mother's death."
"I know, I know," answered Char-
lie, "but I also know that you have a
little look in your eyes and there
are little deep furrows at the corners
of your mouth which tell me of heart
pain. If I thought you were not
happy I would be tempted to go and
punch the face of that handsome hus-
band of yours. I did not like the way
he talked to you the other day at the
reading of the will."

"Charles, you must not talk to me
this way. I can not allow it."
"All right, my dear. Just assure
me that you are perfectly happy and
I will never speak of it again."
I looked into his face bravely. I
tried to speak, but alas I could not
say the word.

Tomorrow—A Talk with Charles

Abe Martin



If there's anything worse n' a grouch
it's th' feller that feels himsome. Some
times seem to be prominent ever-
where, but none.



BAD NEWS

When Johnnie Green fastened the
tin can to the tree in the dooryard he
couldn't have picked out a better spot
for it. Of course, he hoped that a
pair of wrens would build their nest
inside the syrup can. But what he
never dreamed was that the cherry



"Jasper Jay has heard about these
cherries," he announced.

tree was exactly the sort of tree that
wrens liked.

It was not that Rusty and his wife
cared for cherries. But as soon as
Mrs. Wren had said how much she
liked her new house, she remarked
that the old cherry tree was a fine
place to hunt for bugs and insects.

"Yes!" Rusty agreed. "And there's
an ant hill near the foot of the tree.
It will be very convenient on stormy
days, for we shall not have to go far
for our breakfast."

Not being fond of cherries, they
did not look forward to the time when
the bright red fruit should hang
gaily upon the branches above their
home. But there were others—be-
sides Johnnie Green—who eagerly

awaited that time and noticed that
the old tree was loaded with blow-
soms, which meant that later there
would be plenty of cherries.

Jolly Robin was one of those who
had a taste for cherries, no matter
whether they grew wild in the woods
or within easy reach in Farmer
Green's yard. And as soon as cherry
time arrived Jolly was on hand every
day to enjoy the treat.

He was so cheerful and good-
natured that Rusty Wren and his
wife did not object to Jolly's visits—
so long as he did not venture too near
their home. They always scolded
loudly when an outsider came too
close to their home, for they had a
big family of children, and they
couldn't help feeling that the young-
sters were safer with no prying busy-
bodies to meddle with them.

Of course, Jolly Robin never once
thought of harming any of Rusty's
family. And as soon as he saw that
Rusty—and especially his wife—
wanted him to keep away from their
side of the tree, he took care to re-
spect their wishes.

Then all was peaceful. And the
three had many pleasant chats to-
gether.

At last, however, Jolly Robin made
a remark one day that threw both
Rusty and his wife into a flutter of
alarm. Jolly Robin had not meant
to frighten them. But the news was
out before he realized that it was far
from welcome to his two little listen-
ers.

"Jasper Jay has heard about these
cherries," he announced. "And he
says he's coming over here as soon
as he can find time, for he is espe-
cially fond of all kinds of cherries, no
matter whether they're red cherries
or black cherries or choke cherries."

Rusty Wren glanced quickly at his
wife.

He could easily see that Jolly Robin's
speech had upset her. And, to tell
the truth, he did not himself

province of Oviedo, according to of-
ficial announcement. This step was
taken as a precaution against possi-
ble disturbances May 1.

The town of Halfway has started
work again on concrete sidewalks on
Main street. It is planned to build
about 2500 lineal feet.

Stone Age Stuff

(Astoria Daily Budget)

As a sample of the opposition di-
rected at the millage bills on the pri-
mary ballot for the relief of our
schools, the following argument of
Judge P. H. D'Arcy before the Ma-
rion county grand stands out signifi-
cantly:

"The whole educational system is
wrong. We do not need to educate
the boys and girls, they can educate
themselves if they are made of the
right kind of stuff."
That is one theory of government.
It has been in force in Mexico where
the people scarcely know whether
Columbus discovered America or in-
vented the automobile. We know what
Joaquin G. has obtained from his po-
litical hater.

The D'Arcy theory has been fol-
lowed in Russia, where over 50 per
cent of the people can neither read
nor write. It has been observed for
centuries in China. We know some-
thing about China.

Oregon too could follow such a
policy if it wished to do so. But we
should think twice before doing it.

The educational bills on the pri-
mary election ballot are extremely
worthy. The requests are moderate
and the granting of these requests is
imperative, if education is to be sus-
tained in Oregon. The situation is
much more critical than the aver-
age citizen realizes. The harm to come
from rejection should be tragic.

Oregon should adopt the educa-
tional bills or take its star off the flag
and frankly say it is incapable of
meeting the responsibilities of state-
hood.

Very truly yours,
C. F. STONE,
Chairman Game Commission

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED

Madrid, April 29.—Martial law has
been proclaimed throughout the

relish the prospect of a visit from
anybody as boisterous and quarrel-
some as that famous bully, Jasper
Jay.

"Can't you prevent him coming?"
Rusty asked Jolly Robin.

"But Jolly Robin shook his head.
"When Jasper Jay makes up his
mind, I know of no way to make
him change it," he said.

Banker Warns Against Policy Of "Little" Men

Pinehurst, N. C., April 29.—"Amer-
ica must not be prevented from
prevented from taking her rightful
position as a world nation by little
Americans, narrow visioned men or
peanut politicians," Francis H. Sison,
New York banker declared today in
an address at the annual meeting of
the executive council of the American
Bankers association.

Mr. Sison asserted that a national
merchant marine was impossible of
creation under the present seaman's
act. Enlarged foreign trade, he said,
also was impossible without greater
governmental encouragement in the
way of trade information and ade-
quate protection of American money
invested abroad. America's industrial
life, he told the bankers, cannot reach
its full development without a more
public spirited labor.

Tabor Case Goes To Jurors Today

Paw Paw, Mich., April 29.—The
case of Mrs. Sarah I. Tabor, 80 years
old Lawton woman, under indictment
for manslaughter, charging her with
having performed or aided in an il-
legal operation which caused the
death of her daughter, Maude Tabor
Vargo, was given to the jury at 10:45
a. m.

CHILDREN

should not be "dosed"
for colds—apply the
"outside" treatment—

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the least com-
plexion—beauty
and
lon to radiant
makes red or rough hands or arms
snowy white, yet there is not the
slightest sign of its use after appli-
cation. It actually vanishes from
the skin and the most heated atmos-
phere will not produce the least shine
or greasiness of the skin.



No matter whether you are
bleed with a poor complexion, with
freckles, crow's feet or lines around
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a simple roughness of the face,
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