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Oregon Observations

Portland—A link saw that weighs just 84 pounds, yet can cut 1000 feet of timber per minute and saws through a 25-inch bone dry log in 50 seconds is to be turned out by the Peninsula Iron Works. The company has just contracted to handle the output of Wolf saws for felling and bucking timber.

Silverton—Loganberries for jam and pies and other culinary dainties are to be run through the new factory of the Silverton Canning company, which will soon be ready for operation. It will handle other seasonal fruits.

Roseburg—Down in the Rogue River valley people don't have to buy brooms any more. They can slip over into a handy corn patch and help themselves to at least the "makings." Corn raised in that section yields 1000 pounds of broom material of the finest quality. The Rogue River Broom company, which has been in operation one year, is probably the forerunner of a whole chain of such factories.

Hillsboro—Ripe, luscious cherries will be the first fruits to go through the new plant of the Hillsboro Canning company, which is being placed in running condition at a cost of \$150,000. The factory covers 343 by 50 feet of ground and will probably produce 20,000 cases of fruits this year.

Portland—Architects may well groan when they look upon the plant of the Fenner Manufacturing company, now receiving extensive additions. The company, which is the oldest making ready-built in the west and has the most complete equipment on the coast, turns out six complete houses weekly.

Portland—With the installation of new equipment in the St. Johns Iron Works, Portland now has one of the most complete foundries and machine shops in the northwest. Three new transformers, a two-ton electric furnace and two jacking machines to have handwork in making moulds make up the additional machinery. The plant occupies an entire block and employs as high as 100 men.

Portland—A one-man mechanical davit for handling lifeboats is to be the product of the United States Marine Equipment corporation, just organized here. The device, which is said to be the only one of its kind, was invented by Frank J. Super of Portland and is to be patented in six foreign countries. The new concern has a capitalization of \$500,000.

Portland—Plans are now under consideration whereby the Columbia Digger company will acquire possession of property on the east side of the river for the erection of a new warehouse to handle building material. The company has an invested capital of \$250,000.

Pendleton—Wheat as it comes from the fields and as it finally emerges from the flour mills was shown the people who attended the formal opening of the Collins flour mills last week. This new plant has an output of 1000 barrels daily.

Portland—So enormous has the demand for cans used in fruit preserving become that the American Can company is preparing to erect in this city a \$1,500,000 factory. It is to be of reinforced concrete three stories high and will cover practically a city block.

Portland—Fire, which swept part of the North Portland industrial area last week, has checked for only a short time the activities of the North Portland Box company, which is to be immediately rebuilt. The loss of \$300,000 was entirely covered by insurance.

Portland—Architects are working on plans for the new power plant to be erected by the Barnes-Lindsay Manufacturing company on the O. W. R. & N. tracks. This portion of the factory is to cost \$35,000.



All the other candidates for the presidency may be puss-footin', but we know where to find Debs. The fellow that used to say, "There's a little snare I drove seventy miles without havin' it," who'd here, now says, "I've got a little snare there's gone eighteen thousand miles, an' I've never had a wrench on it."

NOMINATING BY NOISE.
 The plan of the Johnson campaign is to force the Californian's nomination by noise and tumult. It began with the candidate's arrival in Chicago yesterday, when he was met by 6000 wildly enthusiastic supporters and cheered to the echo along the line of parade. There will be no let-up, but one continuous celebration. Chicago, the sixth German city and a Sinn Fein metropolis, is naturally a Johnson stronghold. Over 50,000 persons wrote his name on the ballot in the primaries. The Hearst hullahaloos have systematically organized their hoodlum support, the foreign element has rallied shrieking to his standard, the old Roosevelt following is frenziedly acclaiming the Bull Moose chieftain. Daily parades will shake the city with their tumult and drown with the roar of an ocean of noise, the meager showing of rivals. General Rough Stuff will elbow old Militarism and Millions out of the way, side track the Pullman car, ditch the Ohio darling of the Old Guard and slap the silencer on the silent support of the ex-food boss.

The psychological effect of incessant pounding and the deadly rhythm of thousands of voices yelling, "We want Hiram" hour after hour, is likely to shatter the nerves of the leaders, hardened though they be. Then will come Hiram himself with his roof splitting speech, shaking the convention. Bedlam will break loose and the wild frenzy of his supporters is calculated to stampede the convention off its feet, smash to smithereens the control of the invisible wire-pullers and make Johnson the nominee.

At least this is the Johnson program and as Penrose, chief executioner of candidates for the Old Guard, is ill and cannot be on hand to boss the job, Hiram may get away with it. Noise may nominate.

TAXING THE SINGLE.
 Amid scenes of tempestuous uproar, marked by frenzied oratorical outbursts, the French senate recently voted a tax on bachelors, spinsters and divorced persons. The impost increases by 25 per cent the tax on the income of any person a resident of France who is over 30 years of age, single or divorced, and has nobody dependent upon him or her, and by 10 per cent that of anyone who is over 30, who has been married two years from January 1, 1920, and has neither children nor other dependents. Persons receiving war pensions or who have lost all their children in war are exempt.

The measure is designed not only to raise additional revenue for the government by obliging those whose family expenses are less than married persons to contribute in larger proportion to the state but to encourage matrimony and children and check the French tendency toward race suicide. Owing to the decadent moral conditions in ancient Rome, at the time of Augustus, a similar tax was imposed to favor marriage. Other countries, including our own, favor the married or those with dependents by tax exemptions and the general tendency is toward encouragement of the family.

The French tax works a hardship upon single women, who under prevailing social conditions, are not to blame because they remain spinsters, because they are denied the privilege of proposal—a condition of social sex inequality of far greater moment than political sex equality. No effort, however, is made to establish such sex equality. The tax may increase state resources, but with landlords forbidding children in their apartments and dwellings, and with the growing tendency among wealthy women to shirk motherhood, it will not make children fashionable.

HIGH WHEAT PROBE.
 Termination of government control of wheat, with the passing of the federal guarantee of \$2.20 a bushel, throws the wheat market open to speculation and in all probabilities an era of high-priced breadstuffs confronts the consumer. What has happened in sugar, may happen in wheat.

Whenever government control of any staple ends, with a lessened production in sight and an increased consumption promised, we can expect speculators and profiteers to seek and reap a harvest. Yet government control must end sometime, unless we adopt the socialistic form of government. Until normal conditions are reestablished and the law of supply and demand restored, as it will be with the resumption of industry and restoration of commerce, we must struggle through the period of readjustment as best we can.

Had the government bought the Cuban sugar crop last summer, we would have had cheap sugar—but it was naturally supposed that peace would be ratified shortly and with peace declared, the Lever act would expire. When later, the president saw the senate would hold up peace, he asked congress to extend the life of the sugar board, with sugar purchases in view, but action was deferred until late in December—and it was then too late. Lack of team work between the executive and legislative branches of the government is the cause of high sugar prices—together with the doubled consumption of sugar.

"Undoubtedly the presidential primary is expensive if it is used extensively," says the New York World. "It takes an enormous campaign fund to advertise a candidate as if he were a new brand of soap or a new breakfast food. It costs money to hire press agents. It costs money to employ orators whose eloquence can be set free only by a certified check for so much a night and expenses. It costs money to rent extensive campaign quarters and conduct a presidential campaign after the method of exploiting get-rich-quick oil stocks."

Congressional probes have now found. Attorney General Palmer to blame for the high price of sugar. A short time ago, President Wilson was to blame. Everybody is to blame but congress, which fails to function.

Rippling Rhymes
 COMFORTING THOUGHTS
 The wind is tempered to the sheep whose coat of wool is shorn; and there's a balm for those who weep, for those who sigh and mourn. I've never seen so dark a day, so full of grief and care, I couldn't find a little ray of comfort anywhere. Thus, when my aunt came here to spend six months or more with us, I thought my joy must have an end; like Job, I stooped to cuss. Then I recalled the solemn fact that seven aunts are mine; if they all to my wigwam tracked, I well might shed the brine. But only one of them had come to linger in my lair, and it were folly to be glum and say that life's a snare. Whatever evil comes along, your passing days to curse, whatever ill, whatever wrong, be sure it might be worse. And if you bear that truth in mind, and paste it in your tile, 'twill ease the sad and painful grind, and help you sing and smile.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
 By the Noted Author
 IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

KARL'S LETTER.
 After I reached home I made excuses to myself for not reading Karl Shepard's letter. In fact, I hung up my coat without taking it out of the pocket, and yet I was consumed with curiosity to know what was in it. It's very human to turn an envelope over and over in your hand and wonder what the letter contains when it would be the easiest matter in the world to just open it and read the message. But with me there was something over and above mere curiosity. I really wanted to know what Karl Shepard had written, and yet I did not think it was quite right for me to read another poem such as he had written me the last time. It was too personal.
 Finally when I could make no more excuses to myself I took out the letter and read: "If you only knew, my dear Katherine, how much pleasure I get in sending my thoughts to you, you would not allow any Puritanical prejudices to stand in the way of reading them."
 Reason for His Joy.
 How do I know that you have prejudices against reading them? Why, my dear, I know you, I know you perhaps better than you know yourself. I know your loyalty and steadfastness to John and because of it I am not quite sure that you will ever read this letter; and sometimes I do not care if you never do. The joy I am getting out of it is the joy of sending my unexpurgated thoughts to you.
 I have learned, Katherine, one

G. O. P. Convention Snap-Shots
 THE STORY OF 16 NOMINATIONS
 BY A. H. VANDENBERG

Sixteenth Convention.
 The sixteenth—and last—Republican national convention again went to Chicago on June 7, 1916. Although it was utterly calm as compared to the record of four years previous, it was equally unique.

Roosevelt was still the paramount issue. The Progressive party assembled in convention at the same time and in the same city. The primary purpose of the Roosevelt was to nominate the Colonel on the republican ticket; if that failed, to renominate him on a Progressive ticket.

For weeks, however, the dominant presidential probability on the republican side was Charles E. Hughes, then an associate justice of the supreme court. Nobody had been able to find out from Hughes whether he would accept a nomination, but the convention proceeded on the theory that he would, and ultimately found its premise justified.

Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio was both temporary and permanent chairman of the convention. Preceding the actual task of selecting nominees, "true committees," representing both the republican and the progressive conventions, were in almost constant session seeking to agree upon a platform and a ticket. These efforts came to naught.

The republican convention proceeded to its first roll call on Friday June 7—with the largest list of candidates ever scored up with actual roll call votes. These included Hughes, Root, Hughes led on the first ballot, with 253 1/2 votes (494 necessary to nominate). His nearest competitor was Senator Weeks, with 105 votes. Roosevelt had 65 votes. On the second roll call, Hughes polled 323 1/2 votes, with Senator Root his nearest competitor with 93 1/2 votes, and Roosevelt up to 89 votes. After two ballots the convention adjourned until the following morning.

Before a third ballot could be taken, an official message from Colonel Roosevelt indicated that the nomination of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge would be satisfactory to him. But the proposal came too late; the stage was already set for the final scene and immediately a third ballot nominated Hughes with 949 1/2 votes out of a total of 987. Fairbanks of Indiana was nominated on a single ballot for vice-president, his only appreciable competitor being ex-Senator Burkett of Nebraska.

A few hours later the progressive convention renominate Mr. Roosevelt but received a telegram of declination. The breach of 1912 thus closed. (Continued tomorrow.)

Salem Position In Parade Honorary
 Salem Cherrians and the Salem Shrine club patrol who participate in the Shrine parade in Portland will be given places of honor in the line, according to information of the line of march received in this city Friday. The Cherrians will precede Los Angeles and Pasadena in the line, and will occupy the place of honor among visiting lodges.

The Salem Shrine patrol with its 24 members are to be the special guests of the Portland Shrine patrol, and for that reason will be permitted to march ahead of that organization, closely following the officers of the day at the head of the mammoth parade.

Secrets
 Many secrets you will find revealed in the green box of **Nadine Face Powder**. They are secrets which every woman would solve—secrets of personal charm. The secret of a rose-petal complexion—NADINE'S gift to womanhood. The secret of lasting charm—charm which endures throughout the day. The secret of skin-comfort—with never a hint of harm. To you, as to a million others, NADINE will reveal these intimate secrets. You can procure NADINE from your favorite toilet counter or by mail—50c.

Former Service Man Found Dead
 Seattle, June 4.—The body of Steve Harko, a young Bohemian and former service man, was found on a trail near the offices of the Far West Clay company at Clay City, three miles from Kapowsin, late last evening with two bullet wounds in the back. Seattle police have been asked by the Pierce county sheriff's office to assist in a search for Bert Mance, 25, who is reported missing, county peace officers reported.

There's one lunch that I like better than any other—says Bobby POST TOASTIES are good anytime

Cora Hendry To Present Pupils Friday Evening
 Friday evening at the Presbyterian church, the advanced piano pupils of Mrs. Cora Hendry will be presented in recital. The program will begin at 8 p. m. and the public is extended an invitation to attend. Miss Lucille Ross will assist at the pipe organ.

The program:
 I. Trovati. — G. Verdi
 Piano.—Thunelda Koehler
 Organ.—Miss Lucille Ross
 (a) Two Larks. — Leachigky
 (b) The Mountain Stream. — Smith
 (c) The Mountain Stream. — Smith
 (d) The Mountain Stream. — Smith



SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF TIMOTHY TURTLE
 BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



TIMOTHY NEEDS HELP.
 Everybody who lived near Black Creek noticed Timothy Turtle's new collar. And almost every one, being curious, asked Mr. Turtle where he got it, and why he was wearing it. Now, Timothy Turtle would give such folk no answer at all. But old Mr. Crow knew what had happened—of course. And he took pains to tell

all his friends how Johnnie Green had caught Timothy and tied a rope around his neck, and cut something on Timothy's back, besides. So it was not long before Timothy Turtle's neighbors began to ask him what was on his back. "My shell's on my back!" he snapped, when any one put that question to him.

"Yes—but what's on your shell?" everybody was sure to answer back. Timothy Turtle couldn't have replied to that question, even if he had wanted to. And though he always sneered when hearing it and turned his head away, as if the matter was something he didn't care to talk about, there was nobody who was any more eager to know the answer than he.

To be sure, by raising his head he could get a slanting view of the top of his shell. But such a glimpse was not enough to tell him anything. Under the constant inquiries of his neighbors Timothy's curiosity grew every day. Soon he took to staring at his reflection in the surface of the water, with the hope that he might be able to see his back in that way.

But it was all in vain. Though Timothy twisted and turned and stretched his long neck, he couldn't see his own back, no matter how much he tried. Now, there was an ill-mannered scamp named Peter Mink who happened to go prowling up the creek one day. And as he quietly rounded a bend he came upon an odd sight.

In front of him, and perched on a rock in the midst of the water, Timothy Turtle was going through the queerest motions. He seemed to be peering into the water at something, while wriggling about in a most peculiar fashion. He did not notice Peter Mink, who stood stock still and watched him for

some time without speaking. At last Peter's prying eyes got a better of him. He simply had to see something. "What on earth are you doing?" he called to Timothy. Mr. Turtle gave a great start. "I'm looking at myself—there's all the back of me. He was so surprised that he once he actually answered a question politely. His reply amused Peter Mink, but that ill-bred rascal laughed right at Timothy Turtle's face. "Time must hang heavy on your hands, if you can't find anything pleasanter to do than that," he remarked—for Peter Mink never could how rude he was. In fact he thought make unkind remarks. "Aren't you afraid," he added, "that you've got into the surface of the creek, and got into it? I shouldn't like that very well," said Peter Mink, "because you couldn't freeze in winter, and you know it's great sport to hunt muskrats under the ice."

Well, Peter's speech alarmed Timothy Turtle. And yet he felt that he could not rest until he knew what was on his back. So he asked Peter Mink to meet him on the bank. "I want you to help me," he said. "I have reason to believe that there's something written on my back. And you must tell me what it is."

According to Peter, Socrates of the Swiss bank in Geneva, Switzerland, being buried in a golden sarcophagus. Gold stored in banks has no value in Europe, he said, and many nations are at a standstill and the situation becoming worse.

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