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* Hear, O Israel: The Lord our *
* God is one Lord.—Deuteron- *
* omy 6:4. *

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE
Award of a \$600,000,000 raise in wages for railroad employees will require a similar raise in freight rates to meet the added expense of railroad operation, and this in turn means an increased price of the merchandise and materials transported to meet the added cost of transportation—and increases the already exorbitant cost of living, supplying a new cause for still further increases in wages.

So it goes in a vicious circle. Every increase in wages means an increase in cost of production and all the increases are eventually placed on the consumer—who seeks to lift the burden by individual increases to benefit himself at the expense of the community and finds himself the victim of similar action by others.

The railroad employe pays his own higher wages by paying the increased freight charges on all he consumes or purchases. The factory worker pays his own increase in wages when he buys the products of his factory or those of other factories whose workmen have secured a raise that is passed on to the consuming public. So it goes throughout industry.

It is a scheme that works all right as long as there is an under production and an unlimited market, as long as there is more work than there are workers, but when stocks depleted by war are replenished, when surplus of products replaces shortage, when and idle men fill the land, the vicious circle will break and there will be a violent reaction toward normal.

But the increased cost of labor is only one of several factors in the increased cost of living. Almost universal profiteering is as great or a greater cause. A raise in wages is made the excuse by the manufacturer for an excess profit on the wages. The fabulous profits in the steel, oil, coal, fabric and other industries are not due to increased wage scales so much as to profiteering. The increased freight rates will not in reality be due so much to the increased wages as to the payment of interest on watered stock and inflated valuations—guaranteed by the government regardless of actual invested capital.

There are signs that the era of profiteering, of fabulous wages, of limitless extravagance is drawing to a close. Pressure by the federal reserve bank is curtailing speculation and luxury investment and forcing a gradual readjustment by deflation. There will not and cannot be a panic in the old sense, for Wall Street no longer controls the finances of the nation, but there will be a slow and steady readjustment towards normal that cannot be other than beneficial. And it will be a long time before the world shortage in supplies is replenished.

Living will never decrease to its former cost. Wages will never be down to the old level, for as a result of the war, the world is on a new and higher financial plane. The dollar will never have its former value, and much of the unrest and confusion of today is caused by failure to recognize this fact. We still insist on using the old dollar as a measure for present value. The wise man is the one who recognizes this fact and readjusts his affairs accordingly and who practices thrift and economy as a remedy for high cost of living.

Rippling Rhymes
OUR LITTLE JOBS
Some jobs are worse than writing verse, and some are more enchanting; I'd rather play a harp all day than be a statesman ranting. For office high some men will fry, in beastly summer weather; and thresh old themes and hopjont dreams, where reubens get together. I wouldn't speak six times a week to be a blooming seraph; I'd rather sing than be a king, or coroner, or sheriff. Let others rise, 'neath burning skies, our sacred bulwarks guarding; I've no desire to soak my lyre, to be a Warren Harding. The statesmen scrap and fuss and yap, and Gilbert jumps on Billy, while in the shade I drink limeade, and knock the timbrel silly. My record sleeps and no one weeps o'er crimes I have committed; the country grins when statesmen's sins are to news columns fitted. Some jobs are sick and span and spick, compared with writing sonnets, but oh, the woe that statesmen know when bees are in their bonnets! I do not sigh for office high, I wish no White House laurel; I'd rather write my rhyme tonight, and spring an ancient moral.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE
By the Noted Author
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

Hypocrisy
It was a long while after I reached my room before I was able to think coherently. Everything had been so wonderful since the coming of John until now, and now my world had been broken into pieces again. I had only one comforting thought about it all, and that was that I was glad to have John read Karl Shepherd's letters. I had always felt a little sting of conscience I regarded to them. I wanted him to know all—Karl Shepherd's position and mine—and more than all the rest, I wanted him to know about that queen chord of intimacy which stretched between me and him—more imperfectly than he—to translate ourselves to each other's side at will.

An Uncanny Situation
It was an uncanny situation, and I knew that John would not acknowledge an understanding of anything of the kind. He would say that Karl Shepherd, knowing my interest in the occult, was playing upon my romanticism. However I wanted him to know all that had passed between his friend and me, wanted him to know that it was only a paper friendship.

I wondered if I could make him realize that while I loved those letters, yet, because Karl Shepherd had written them, I never wanted to see his face again. Because he had written them I could never feel impersonal in his presence, and I did not want to feel anything else.

I waited a long time. Miss Parker came to me again and again, asking about the packing of this or that article, and I am sure that I answered more or less sanely. But at last I could stand her inquiries no longer and I said, "I am sure that you and Hannah will know just what to do, shall lie down a while."

"So much the better. Bring her to me and we will go to sleep together."

"I think I had better take her away as soon as she has finished, Mrs. Gordon."

"Oh, all right. I'll probably be asleep by that time," I said, determined to appear so at least when she came in for the baby.

I walked to my bedroom in a state of uncertainty and worry over myself and my affairs, but the moment that I felt the little, moist lips of my baby pulling at my breast everything else in all the world retreated behind the veil of content.



The Carpenter Bee
After Buster Bumblebee left the old house in the meadow, where Mrs. Field Mouse had once lived, he had no real home. Like that quarrelsome rascal, Peter Mink, he would crawl into any good place that he happened to find. Sometimes Busters chose a hole in a fence-rail, and sometimes a crack in the side of one of the farm-buildings. He really didn't much care where he spent the night, provided it was not too far from the flower garden or the clover field.

"Not being one of the worrying kind, Buster was quite contented with his lot. And it would never have occurred to him to live in any different style had it not been for a remark that little Mrs. Ladybug made to him one day.

"I don't think I'd like it very well," he said timidly.

"Are you the Carpenter?" Buster Bumblebee inquired.

"The Carpenter seemed greatly surprised at the suggestion.

"Why not?" Buster demanded.

"Well, I'm busy building an addition to my house," the Carpenter explained. "And besides, you're a total stranger. I've never seen you before; and we might quarrel if I did any work for you."

"Oh, no!" Buster Bumblebee assured him. "You couldn't quarrel with me, because I'm the most peace-loving person in Pleasant Valley."

"There!" the Carpenter cried. "I knew as soon as I set eyes on you that we were bound not to agree. . . . I've always claimed that there's no peaceful person than I am in this whole neighborhood. So here we are, quarreling already!"

"Maybe you're right," Buster said then. "I'll agree that you like peace more than I do. But remember!

"I should think—" she said—"I should think that the son of a queen ought to have a house of his own, instead of sleeping—like a tramp—where night overtakes him."

Now, Mrs. Ladybug's words did not offend Buster Bumblebee in the least. "No doubt you know best," he told her. "But how can I build a house? I've never worked in all my life. And I don't intend to begin now."

"Why not get some one to build a house for you?" she asked him.

"I never thought of that!" he cried. "Whom would you suggest?"

"I know the very person!" Mrs. Ladybug told him. "He's a Carpenter Bee; and he lives in the big poplar by the brook. Perhaps you know him. Johnnie Green calls him White-face," she said. "They do say he's a very skillful workman."

Next to you there's no one that can fight the way I do—and work, too!"

Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Doctor Tells How to Detect Harmful Effects of Tobacco
Try These SIMPLE TESTS

New York: Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital, says: Many men who smoke chew or snuff incessantly and who are seemingly healthy are suffering from progressive organic ailments. Thousands of them would never have been afflicted had it not been for the use of tobacco, and thousands would soon get well if they would only stop the use of tobacco. The chief habit forming principle of tobacco is nicotine, a deadly poison which, when absorbed by the system slowly affects the nerves, membranes, tissues and vital organs of the body. The harmful effect of tobacco varies and depends on circumstances. One will be afflicted with general debility, others with catarrh of the throat, indigestion, constipation, extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, lack of will power, mental confusion, etc. Others may suffer from heart disease, bronchial trouble, hardening of the arteries, tuberculosis, blindness or even cancer or the common affliction known as tobacco heart. If you use tobacco in any form you can easily detect the harmful effects by making the following simple tests. Read about one full page from a book if, in the course of reading your voice becomes muffled, hoarse and indistinct, and you must frequently clear your throat, the chances are that your throat is affected by catarrh and it may be the beginning of more serious trouble. Next, in the morning before taking your usual smoke, walk up three flights of stairs

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of course without a loaf of bread, and we might almost say, without a loaf of Bake-Rite bread, because our bread has come to mean the standard of quality and flavor in this community. Every family knows what to expect when our bread is served.



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Democratic Convention Snap-Shots
The Story of Nominations
By A. H. VANDENBERG

The Convention of 1892.
Although there was bitter antagonism to Cleveland in some Party quarters he was once more the dominant Party favorite when the 1892 Democratic National Convention assembled at Chicago, on June 2. Cleveland's old and persistent enemies in his home state of New York, were again the head and front of such opposition to him as existed; and they left no stone unturned to accomplish their purposes.

No sooner had the National Committee issued the National Convention call, than a New York state convention was assembled—four months ahead of the National Convention—and a "snap" delegation set up to support Governor David B. Hill instead of Cleveland. Around this nucleus, which was bitterly assailed by those who were called the "anti-snappers," the Cleveland opposition rallied; but to no avail. Out of were necessary to a two-thirds choice, 999 1/2 votes in the Convention, 607 and Cleveland's vote for a third nomination was 617 1/2 on the first roll-call. Governor Hill polled 114, and Horace Boies of Iowa was third with 103 in a total field of eleven candidates.

One roll-call for second place showed Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois leading, but not with a two-thirds

vote, with 402. His nearest competitor was a total final of eight were Isaac P. Gray of Indiana, who had been a spectacular contender in 1888, with 343 votes, Allen B. Morse of Michigan with 86 votes, John L. Mitchell of Wisconsin with 45 votes, and Henry Watterson of Kentucky with 26 votes. Following this one roll-call, however, Stevenson was made the Vice-Presidential nominee on motion from the floor, without a second roll-call.

The temporary chairman of the Convention was William C. Owens of Kentucky; the permanent chairman was William L. Wilson of West Virginia. The adoption of the Party platform was preceded by a bitter contest precipitated by a proposal that the tariff plank should carry an implied promise to "protect industries" that there would be no sweeping tariff reductions. The Convention refused any such expedient however, and by a vote 564 to 342 adopted a substitute plank denouncing "protection" as a "fraud" and declaring that the Government has no power to levy taxes except for revenue only.

The result of this campaign was the second election of President Cleveland. To be continued tomorrow with the story of the Convention of 1896.

Incorporations.
The Peninsula House Building corporation of St. Johns, Portland, Ore., articles of incorporation with the state corporation department here Tuesday. The corporation is capitalized at \$25,000 with the following incorporators: F. C. Knapp, J. N. Edhelsen and S. W. Durham.

Shipment of new potatoes in car lots will soon begin from Yakima valley. It is estimated that 150 carloads will be shipped out under ice this year.

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Oregon Observations

The Dalles—Juniper Flat, a great level plateau south of here, which contains something over 100 square miles, has never produced anything but wheat. Now it is springing up in orchards, berry patches and diversified farms. This change, which has converted a near desert to a veritable garden, is all due to the operations of the Wapinita Irrigation company, which began work here 4 1/2 months ago. Water was brought from the high hills to the east of the plateau and works have now been completed to the point where every farm on the flat can be supplied with abundant water. Juniper Flat is bounded roughly. The principal towns in Juniper Flat are Wapinita, Manpin, Tygh Valley and Wamie. The territory is tributary to The Dalles and is connected with this city by a railroad and stage lines.

Shearwater—The falls of the Deschutes river near here, which have been the site of nothing but a toll bridge and a white elephant hotel for the past 30 years, are to be harnesses soon by the Eastern Oregon Land company. Enormous potential electrical energy is now going to waste.

Harrisburg—Hundreds of tons of hay recently harvested near here are lying around and may be lost, all because there is no baling wire to be had in this vicinity for love or money.

Hood River—It is estimated that this year's apple pack will reach only 50 or 60 percent of last year's 2,000,000 box crop, but the fruit is of exceptional quality.

Bend—The two sawmills and all the logging camps of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company have resumed operations. The plant closed down for Independence day, and the mills have been undergoing repairs since that time.

Portland—Iceless refrigerators, manufactured in this city by the Iceless Refrigerator company, have been on the market less than a year, but are already selling in large quantities throughout the northwest and middle west. The iceless ice box works on a principle of water circulation and evaporation.

Astoria—A six side logging camp is planned by the Saddle Mountain Logging company, now operating a two side camp in its big tract of timber on the Lewis & Clark railroad. Two other companies are also logging along the lines of this road, and a third is moving in.

Portland—This city is destined to be the largest wool manufacturing center in the west, in the opinion of S. M. McClure, manager of the Columbia basin wool warehouse, who was a recent visitor in Portland.

Portland—The Portland Trust company is offering stock in a new motion picture concern to operate in this city.

Bend—A tract of timber 12 miles in length, containing 26,000 acres and located from 22 to 50 miles from Bend, has been purchased by the Brooks-Seaman Lumber company for about \$1,500,000. Assurance of the permanence of the lumber industry here is given in the announcement of the company that this tract of timber will not be touched for another 10 years.

Klamath Falls—Klamath county will within a few years lead the world in mint production. In the opinion of O. H. Todd, Oregon's pioneer mint grower.

Abe Martin
Bosko Moon has sold his farm as it was too confin'g. Who remembers when a woman had some money left 'er in her stockin' after she paid fer 'er eggs?



'A Fact and a Remedy

"Of the 3,000,000 widows in the United States over 65 years of age, 1,000,000 lack the bare necessities of life and 1,700,000 of the others lack its comforts."
Many of these widows received life insurance money at the death of their husband. But statistics show that most insurance paid in a lump sum is gone in a few years.
Assure your wife a steady income through a Life Insurance Trust. Make certain that she is not among the majority of widows, able only to purchase the bare necessities of life.
Ask our Trust Officer about Life Insurance Trusts.

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