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Oregon Observations

Dallas—The big sawmill of the Willamette Valley Lumber company, destroyed by fire a short time ago, will be rebuilt immediately. Work of clearing away the wreckage is now under way, and the owners expect to have the mill running to capacity again in three months.

Canyon City—A Mormon bishop, who has sunk a mine 200 feet deep, recently brought in several hundred dollars' worth of wire gold. The bishop has been at work on his mine for two years.

Portland—Ralph Schnebeck & Co. of this city have secured the contract for constructing the irrigation system of the North Unit district. A \$5,000,000 bond issue for this project was voted last March.

Portland—The keel of the second of seven 12,000 ton tank steamers will be laid by the Northwest Bridge & Iron company within the next two weeks. Only 500 men are now employed in the plant, but several thousand men will be required when steel production and transportation are improved sufficiently to allow the yard to operate at full blast.

Portland—After building the machinery for the seven largest milk condensaries on the Pacific coast, the Schaefer Copper Works of this city is continuing the good work by equipping the packing plant of the Puyallup & Sumner Fruit Growers Canning company at Puyallup, Wash. The Schaefer plant has just purchased new buildings and equipment and doubled its capacity.

Portland—Increasing cost of coal and wood is proving highly beneficial to the Hall Gas Furnace company. The mounting prices of solid fuel have caused such a demand for gas furnaces that the capacity of the Hall plant has had to be doubled to supply orders.

Portland—Though it has been running only seven months, the manufacturing plant of G. J. Mallon of this city is now marketing its product throughout the Pacific coast. The factory specializes in rolls and slides for the rapid handling of lumber on motor trucks.

Portland—The Portland Wicker Furniture Manufacturing company newly established here, is the first industry in its particular line to operate here. The product of this company includes a wide variety of wicker furniture, each article of which is completed, even to upholstery, in the local factory. The company started operations at Oreono, Or., three years ago.

Portland—By the acquisition of additional factory and show room space the Heacock Sash & sash company has enlarged its quarters to three times the original size. This concern now has an annual payroll of \$25,000.

State Fund To Pay For Slain Cattle Exhausted

Funds appropriated by the last legislature for the payment of State indemnities on slaughtered tuberculin cattle have been exhausted and owners of cattle slaughtered between this time and the next session of the legislature must necessarily wait for the payment of indemnities according to a letter addressed to veterinary surgeons throughout the state by Dr. W. H. Lytle, state veterinarian. A similar situation was brought about two years ago, Dr. Lytle points out, and the last legislature took care of indemnities accumulating up to that time.

Abe Mallin

"I've noticed one thing in the last few years," said Coroner Ike Moon today. "That is that folks that stay at home Sunday live longer." If a couple walk along the street like it was on a Sunday, they're married.

WELCOME TO THE ELKS
Salem today welcomes the state lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks—who are aptly described as the Best Fellows on Earth. Elks are here in force from all of the numerous lodges, guests of the local lodge and of Salem.
From humble beginnings as an actors' society a few decades ago, the Elks have become one of the strongest and most powerful of the fraternal orders and their influence is widely and beneficially exerted throughout the country.

Wherever the Elks have established a lodge, they have become a center of social life and activity and a progressive factor in community development. Holding high ideals and inspired by patriotism they constitute also an aggressive force for the betterment of humanity.
Salem has provided a suitable program of entertainment and bestowed upon the visiting antlered herd the freedom of the city. The Capital City extends a most cordial greeting and is glad to have the privilege of entertaining as fine a body of men as ever visited the Cherry City.

PORTLAND'S OPPORTUNITY
Portland has another opportunity to prove its interest in developing the assets of Oregon and cooperating in making the state a Mecca for sight-seeing tourists. Stephen Mather, chief of the Bureau of National Parks, has asked the capitalists and business men of the metropolis to adequately finance the hotel concessions at Crater Lake National Park—the one national park in Oregon and the state's greatest attraction for tourists. To prove his own faith in the project, Mr. Mather offers a \$5,000 subscription from his own pocket.

Ten years ago, before there was even an auto road to Crater Lake, the hotel concessions were granted to A. L. Parkhurst, the only man in Oregon who had vision and faith enough in the future of the park to risk his money in developing it. Mr. Parkhurst was not a hotel man, perhaps not temperamentally fitted as public host, but he has loyally stood-by the proposition and invested a considerable sum in permanent improvements. He has repeatedly and futilely sought the cooperation of the monied men of the metropolis.

The years rolled by. Good roads were built. The park became advertised as one of the wonders of the world and each year has seen an increasing number of visitors. Each year Parkhurst footed the deficiency in operation by the sacrifice of personal property. With the increased traffic the project is now in a fair way to become a paying one—if the additional investment demanded by the growing business, is forthcoming.

California has adequately financed Yosemite, and Washington successfully financed Ranier park—and the investments are paying ones, despite short season and isolation. Crater Lake alone among the national parks is inadequately financed. If Portland does not assist in developing Crater Lake, probably California will and the park become, to all intent and purposes, a California attraction, with San Francisco the gateway and tourists routed through Klamath to the lake and back south via Medford.

It was Medford enterprise and energy that secured highway improvements to the park and within the park, and Medford cooperation that has sustained Parkhurst in his effort. Portland has viewed Crater Lake with the lethargy the metropolis regards all of Oregon outside its immediate environs. Perhaps Portland at last realizes its obligations in the development of the state. We shall see.

"HELLO BILL!" Rippling Rhymes POLITICS

I like to talk of corking books, and motor cars and skillful cooks, and other things of worth; and so I bore the village hicks, for they will talk of politics, and nothing else on earth. Oh, how I long for some sane wight who'll talk with me by day and night of art and dragons' teeth, of Science, and her great advance, and of that pugilist from France who yearns for Dempsey's wreath! But all my longings cut no grass; the people shun me as I pass, and sometimes hand me bricks; for I would talk of human things, of cats and cabbages and kings, and they'd talk politics. Oh, would tell how my new boat can get the everlasting goat of any car I know, but more will listen while I prate; men talk of how some candidate will climb a luckless foe. And I would talk of Milton's harp, and of the bones in German carp, and of my spangle's tricks; but men won't listen worth a cent; they shoo me off—they all are bent on talking politics. And politics, that dreary theme! The failure's hope, the dotard's dream, that bore beyond compare! That makes men say the same old things, and talk forevermore in rings, nor leads them anywhere!

"HELLO BILL!" LOVE and MARRIED LIFE By the Noted Author IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

Selfishness
Isn't it a queer thing that we human beings more or less are dogs in the manger. I never have had the slightest feeling of romantic love for my cousin, Charles Goodwin, but it had been pleasant to my vanity all the years since I wore my hair in pig-tails for him to show me by word, action and devotion that he had never loved any other girl but me and had stayed single for my sake.
That is a selfish quality, isn't it? But we are all more or less selfish and it rather hurt me to find that on this, the last night in my mother's old home, which held so many childish memories for Charles and me, that he could desert me for Ruth. I told myself that it was the best thing that could happen for him and it was certainly the best thing that could happen to Ruth. They were much more suited to each other than Ruth had been suited to Bobby, but nevertheless that little hurt in my heart still ached.

To Make a Success of It
If I were writing this for publication I would never tell these intimate and somewhat sorry thoughts of mine, but instead I am trying to put down all my inmost feelings so that I may read them over and find where I have failed. Find where I can improve. For whatever else shall come to me, I am determined to make a success of marriage before I die.
Of course I know it takes two to do this, but I do not despair with this knowledge.
And so determining not to think about Charles's defection I went to my room and went to sleep.
I believe that my ability to sleep under any circumstances, if sleep is what I want, is the greatest of my reparations. Life has never put me in such a situation that, when night came and I called upon the beneficent Goddess of Silence and Repose, sleep has not come to me and with solacing fingers pressed my eyelids softly down upon consciousness, from which I have always awakened refreshed and fortified, ready to meet all that might come to me in the next waking hours.
All through the morning I made myself think only of the preparations for getting away. Charles came over early and helped me with his usual thoughtfulness and efficiency.
Ruth, with little Ruth in her train,

who since her fright had taken a dog-like devotion to Charles, whom she insisted upon calling "Uncle Sav're" because her mother had impressed upon her that Charles had saved her from death. They all stayed for luncheon and I began to see more clearly than ever what a delightful thing it would be if Charles would marry Ruth.
Charles' Manner Fatherly
They all trooped down to the depot. We walked the few blocks to the station, Ruth innocently remarking as Charles trundled the baby carriage that he had a very fatherly air, and then meeting the splash of color which suddenly appeared in his face with a blush that reddened her fair skin up to the roots of her hair.
I congratulated myself upon my thoughtfulness. I did not smile or act in any way to indicate that I had noticed anything except the obviousness of Ruth's remark and I said, "Yes, Charles, you know, is godfather to Mary." At which both of them looked relieved.
When we were settled in the train Miss Parker, the baby and I, Charles and Ruth left us. I watched them out of sight, walking side by side, little Ruth astride Charles' shoulder and her hands playing among his thick, whitening locks.
"What a splendid couple they would make," said Miss Parker. "Mr. Charles seems so fond of children."
"Yes, he is just that kind of a man to marry a ready-made family," and I felt my lips curve into a smile as I thought how sweet and kind Charles would be to those children.
"It is almost too good to be true," I said. "Blind fate seldom brings two persons together who would be so happy as my cousin Charles and Ruth Gaylard."
"Oh, do you really think that, Mrs. Gordon?" asked Miss Parker with eagerness of a woman of 35 who has never married.
"Don't you?" I parried. "You must have seen many unhappy mated couples."
Tender to the Mother.
"Oh, of course I have seen some men that were more attentive than others, but you must know, Mrs. Gordon, that most men are tender to the woman who is the mother of their children, in the first flush of parenthood, at least. I seldom see them afterward."
"Haven't you seen men who were surly and unhappy because another child had been born into the family?" I asked earnestly.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES, THE TALE OF BUSTER BUMBLEBEE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

It is not surprising that the Carpenter's answer failed to satisfy Buster Bumblebee.
"I really must know when my house will be ready!" he cried at last. "I've invited all my friends to a house-warming. And how can I have one unless I have a house to warm?"
The Carpenter slowly shook his head.
"Don't ask me!" he said wearily. "I've enough to trouble me right here as well as in the daytime," he said.
"I'll think about it," the Carpenter promised. "And now," he added, "now I must go back to my carpentering—if you'll excuse me."
And before Buster could say another word the Carpenter slipped through his doorway and vanished.
"I hope he'll do as I suggested," Buster Bumblebee said to himself, as he moved aimlessly away from the big popular where the Carpenter lived. "If I shouldn't get my house until cold weather comes I don't see how I could have a house-warming; and then all my friends would be disappointed."
The more he thought about the matter the more disturbed he became until at last on the following day he felt that he simply must go back and speak to the Carpenter again.
Buster noticed, as he drew near to the Carpenter's house once more, that there was a crowd in the Carpenter's doorway. Everybody looked so sorrowful that Buster was sure something dreadful had happened.
"What's the matter?" he asked little Mrs. Ladybug, who was wiping her eyes with a lace pocket-handkerchief.
"It's the Carpenter," she answered, as soon as she could speak. "He's disappeared. And now we've just heard what's become of him. Johnnie Green caught him yesterday and has made him a prisoner!"
That was bad news indeed—for Buster Bumblebee. He was so sorry that he swallowed hard three or four times before he could say a word. And then he began to groan.
"This is terrible!" he moaned at last. And all the Carpenter's neighbors gathered around him and said what a kind-hearted young gentleman he was, but that it was no more than you might expect of a queen's son.
"The Carpenter must have been a dear friend of yours," quavered old Bill."



"Oh, yes, I have many times but in the end most of them take it philosophically. In fact, much more so than the wives."
"That was because, Miss Porter, you did not hear all that was said. The wife had hints that no one but she could know."
"Don't you like men, Mrs. Borden?" "Individually, yes, very much; in the mass not at all."
Tomorrow—Back Home.
"Hello Bill!"

"HELLO BILL!" Caning of Girl Pupils in English Schools Criticized

London.—Caning of girl pupils in elementary schools by their male teachers, a practice which has been general in England for many years, recently has become the subject of much criticism and the Daily Mail has started an agitation for its abandonment. Many letters have been written the writers advocating infliction of corporal punishment of girls, when necessary, by women teachers. They protest that a sensitive girl may never fully recover from the "shame of being caned by a man."

"HELLO BILL!" Old Confederate Money Is Being Passed On Huns

Berlin.—American Confederate currency in large quantities has been discovered in circulation in Berlin and other parts of Germany. Outwaded Paper money has found ready takers among the unsuspecting who have rapidly exchanged it for marks at current rates. One merchant is known to have given 25,000 marks for a bundle of confederate bills. The American chamber of commerce here has issued a warning urging Germans and all others to have American money carefully inspected by banks before accepting it.

"HELLO BILL!" Bootleggers of Gasoline Keep Seattle Alert

Seattle.—Gasoline "bootleggers" are obtaining large quantities of gasoline and retailing it at high prices, are being sought by Seattle police.
Most of the "bootleggers" as they are termed by the officers, are truck drivers, who, under oil company rules, can obtain more gasoline than drivers of pleasure cars. The truck men, it is alleged sell their gasoline to the pleas-

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Daddy Longlegs, tottering up to Buster and peering into his face. "Oh, no!" said Buster Bumblebee. "But he promised to build a house for me as soon as he had finished."

Simply Worn Out



How Many Women Are Like This?
Can anything be more wearing for women than the ceaseless round of household duties? Oh! the monotony of it all—work and drudge; no time to be sick; tired, ailing, yet cannot stop. There comes a time when something "snaps" and they find themselves "simply worn out," and to make matters worse, have contracted serious feminine disorder which almost always follows the constant overtaxing of a woman's strength.

Then they should remember that there is no remedy like **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**—the experience of these two women establishes that fact:

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—"After the birth of my last child I had such painful spells that would unfit me entirely for my household. I suffered for months and the doctor said that my trouble was organic ulcers and I would have to have an operation. I would not consent to an operation and let it go for over a year, having my sister do my work for me as I was not able to walk. One day my aunt came to see me and told me about your medicine—said it cured her of the same thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash and since then I have been a well woman, able to take care of my house and family without any trouble or a day's pain. I am ready and thankful to swear by your medicine any time. I am forty-four years old and haven't had a day's illness of any kind for three years."
—Mrs. H. KORST, 617 Ellis Blvd., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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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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