

The Capital Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 136 South Commercial street. Telephone—Circulation and Business office, 81; Editorial rooms, 82.

G. PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher.

Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 50c a month, \$1.25 for three months, \$2.25 for six months, \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere \$5 a year.

By order of U. S. government, all mail subscriptions are payable in advance.

Advertising representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York; W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas. Bldg., Chicago.

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"Problems of labor," selected articles on trade unionism, compensation, housing, industrial insurance, etc. compiled by Daniel Bloomfield.

"The Bullitt mission to Russia" testimony before the Committee of Foreign Relations, by William C. Bullitt.

"Celebrated spies and famous mysteries of the great war" by George Barton.

"Making more out of advertising," how to handle advertising details, how to reach new markets and secure the best returns, prepared by the A. W. Shaw Co.

"New words self-defined," words and phrases, many of which developed during the war are defined by means of quotations showing their original use, prepared by C. Alphonso Smith.

"The book of the naturalist," interesting little studies of plant and animal life by W. H. Hudson.

"Signs, our golden collar," a story of a dab with pleasant people told in a quiet happy manner for the lover of pets, by Katharine Lee Bates.

"September" a new novel by Frank Swinerton.

"Rolling stones" writings from the periodical of that name of which Sydney Porter was editor, and other magazine articles and unpublished material from his pen in earlier life.

"The cross pull" a western story having a dog, half wolf as its hero written by Hal G. Evans.

"The great house," a novel by Stanley Weyman.

"Girls' book of the Red Cross" by Mary Kendall Hyde.

"Winona's way" a new Winona book for the girls Margaret Widdemer.

"Red Ben, the fox of Oak Ridge," an animal story by Joseph Pippincoot.

Deputy Sheriff
Steals March On Friends In Salem

Friends of O. D. Bower, present first deputy in Sheriff Needham's office and Marion county's sole nominee for sheriff at the November election, have been enjoying a quiet laugh at their own expense.

Saturday, July 24, Deputy Bower took a two days' vacation and journey to Portland, where he was quietly married to Mrs. Grace Driscoll of Salem. Through some freak circumstance, the item escaped the notice of Salem news hounds and Mr. and Mrs. Bower returned to this city without the raucous reception that would certainly have been their portion had the many friends had an inkling of the nuptial venture upon which the couple had embarked.

Mr. Bower has been a Marion county resident for over 10 years and has been regarded as a confirmed bachelor by his many friends, thereby occasioning complete surprise by his departure from "single blessedness." Mr. and Mrs. Bower plan to establish their residence at Mr. Bower's home on North 21st street.

Alleged Murderer
Remanded 1 Week

Vancouver, B. C., July 24.—William George Robbins, charged with the murder of his wife, to whose body, covered with leaves in Stanley Park, he led the police on Thursday, was arraigned in police court today and formally remanded for one week.

When Robbins surrendered voluntarily to the police, he is alleged to have made a confession in which he is said to have admitted shooting his wife during a domestic quarrel which arose while they were walking in the park on Monday evening last. It was his intention to take his own life Wednesday, Robbins is quoted as saying in his alleged confession.

Americans Get
Tall Pitcher

Boston, Mass., July 24.—"Al" Clayton, Ohio, who is six feet seven inches in height and weighs 215 pounds, has been added to the Boston Americans pitching staff. Manager Barrow announced today that the young giant who has been playing semi professional ball would report to the team at Cleveland next Wednesday.

Abe Mallin



SILENCE THE HYMN OF HATE

On his way home from negotiating the peace treaty at Versailles, President Wilson uttered the following words, which prove that his clear vision foresaw the shadow that was falling across his life and the bitter disappointment in store for the world:

It is to America that the whole world turns today, not only with its wrongs, but with its hopes and grievances. The hungry expect us to feed them, the roofless look to us for shelter, the sick of heart and body depend upon us for cure. All of these expectations have in them the quality of terrible urgency. There must be no delay.

It has been so always. People will endure their tyrants for years, but they tear their deliverers to pieces if a millennium is not created immediately. Yet you know and I know, that these ancient wrongs, these present unhappinesses, are not to be remedied in a day or with a wave of the hand.

What I seem to see—with all my heart I hope that I am wrong—is a tragedy of disappointment.

It would seem now that President Wilson's work is virtually done, now that he is no longer a factor in politics, that some of the respect due his position should be shown by his political opponents, and that the ferocious personal and political attacks upon him should cease. For almost a year he has been fighting for life, stricken and helpless on a bed of pain—and throughout his illness, his enemies have chanted the hymn of hate and treated him with unexampled brutality—yet he has borne his suffering without complaint.

Mr. Wilson is a casualty of the great war. He lost his health in fighting the battle for an enduring peace. He is one of the great figures of the world, as Candidate Harding, boasting of his own mediocrity, sneeringly terms, a "superman," but a lonely tragic figure, and a sense of decency demands he be given fair play during the remainder of his term as chief magistrate.

Rippling Rhymes
SUGAR

The price of sugar's truly vicious—we're rationed at the place I board; the little sacks the grocers dish us cost more than tailors can afford. They give us many a far-fetched reason whyugar calls for so much kale; but little does their logic season our coffee, tea, or home brewed ale. A lot of reasons will not sweeten the pies on which the workers feed, and so the pastry must be eaten so sour it makes men's bosoms bleed. And all the reasons are but joshing, sent forth to cheer us when we dine; they'd all lose color in the washing and shrink if hung upon the line. Some fat old skates are profiteering, so we lack sugar at our meals, and from our anguish they are clearing all kinds of doubloons, bucks and wheels. Some human hogs are busy raking unholy profits to their trough, while we our bitter drinks are taking, and asking where we'll all get off. My aunts through all the days are weeping, my nieces fill the house with wails; they know the tea, which now is steeping, will taste like tar and rusty nails. When will this carnival shearing the helpless victims have an end? When will the swine now profiteering to some stone to both humbly wend?

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

Elizabeth Subdued

I was almost sure, however, that I was mistaken in Charles, for when he turned toward me, as again I repeated, "Charles, you may take us to the hotel," he showed a face as impassive as it was respectful. He helped me into the tonneau, but I knew that I was right when, instead of helping Elizabeth Moreland in, he made an excuse to be gathering up our parcels. She, however, entered the motor after us, looking much perturbed.

"I wish I could persuade you to come up to the house, Katherine. John will be perfectly furious."

"That need not worry you, Elizabeth," I answered sweetly, "and besides I am not sure that John would not rather be with me at a hotel than alone at the club, all the while knowing that I am not particularly happy, either."

Elizabeth subsided after this, but she almost had a spasm when she heard me say to Charles as we drew up to the hotel, "Go in and ask the room clerk, Charles, if the bridal suite is empty, and tell him if it is I will take it, provided he can also give me two rooms and bath for my nurse and baby."

Only \$40 a Day

She said nothing until Charles came out and said, "Mr. Oucatt said he can fix you up handsomely for \$40 a day, and he is glad to know that you are well enough to be home, and wants to congratulate you on going into your new house."

"Goodness, Charles, did he send all that message?"

"No. He just said he could fix you up for \$40 a day, but he said to me that he would be proud to have you in his hotel, and that he probably wouldn't be able to keep you long, as you would be moving into that wonderful new house of yours."

"You are a diplomat, Charles," I said, as I prepared to descend from the motor. I asked Miss Parker to get down before me and follow the baggage up to the rooms.

"But you are never going to take those rooms, are you?" said Elizabeth, laying a detaining hand on my arm.

I shook it off none too gently, and then as I reached the ground I turned and said, "I'm sorry, Elizabeth, that Charles can not take you home, but until the baby is properly housed I want him to be on call, so that Miss Parker can be able to do any shopping that I find necessary. Do you wish him to call a taxi for you?"

He Had Run Away

He probably had received a telegram from her that morning, in which she had told him she could not get out of my rooms, and he had rushed on to tell her that she must. She had made him think she could arrange it with me, but he, man like, and scenting a battle between two women, had run away.

I couldn't help but admire her courage in meeting me at the station with all this on her mind, but I felt sure that because I had given in to her so often for fear of bringing John into a scandal, she thought she could depend upon me again to take the same course.

I would have given a good deal to know just when John intended to come back, but I would not have asked her for the world. I walked into my \$40 suite smiling. I had met the enemy and she was mine.

Tomorrow—Flirting with John

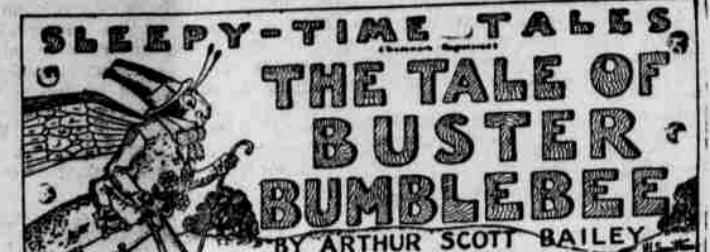
Democratic Convention Snap-Shots
The Story of Nominations
By A. H. VANDENBERG

The Convention of 1912

When the historic democratic national convention of 1912 met in Baltimore on June 25, Bryan (although not himself a candidate) was still the stormy petrel of party affairs.

The national committee designated Judge Alton B. Parker of New York as temporary chairman—against Mr. Bryan's protest that Judge Parker was not sufficiently "progressive"—taking this action by a vote of 31 for Parker, to 29 for Ollie James of Kentucky, and 2 for Senator O'Gorman of New York. Mr. Bryan promptly carried the fight to the floor of the convention, where he was defeated by a vote of 579 to 516. In this preliminary lineup, delegates favorable to the nomination of Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey threw their support solidly to Mr. Bryan and the coalition ultimately determined convention destiny.

Senator James of Kentucky—one of Mr. Bryan's closest friends—became permanent chairman of the convention and Senator Kern of Indiana, Under the two thirds rule, 728 votes



SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF BUSTER BUMBLEBEE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

The Twins in the Clover Patch

The twins—Johnnie Green's guests—each with a honey box in his hand, began at once to hunt for bumblebees. And if Buster Bumblebee had been wiser he would have flown away at once.

But he had no idea that he would have any trouble dodging a boy—especially a city boy. So he lingered on the porch to see what happened. As soon as Johnnie Green should put the Carpenter back in his prison Buster

Green stared at him in astonishment and—it must be confessed—with some disappointment, too.

Now, Johnnie knew a good many things about the field and forest folk in Pleasant Valley. He knew that the Carpenter (or Whitefaces, as Johnnie called him) couldn't sting anybody. But he had always supposed that all bumblebees stung fiercely. And that was where he was mistaken. It was true that Buster's mother, the Queen, could sting when she wanted to. And all those hot-tempered workers who lived with her had stings just as hot as their tempers. But Buster and his brothers (for he had brothers) were not armed with such weapons.

Naturally, the other twin was now more eager than ever to capture a bumblebee of his own. And since Johnnie did not want to disappoint a guest he soon suggested that they go over to the clover patch.

"There's a lot of bumblebees over there, always," said Johnnie Green hopefully.

So Buster had a free ride to the clover field; for his twin insisted on taking his new pet right along with him.

"Besides, I may want to catch some more like him," he explained.

Looking out through the glass sides of his prison, which his captor held tightly in one hand, Buster Bumblebee saw many of his mother's workers hovering about the clover-tops, gathering nectar for the honey-comb at home.

The twins saw the workers, too. They were delighted. And so was Johnnie Green.

"Take all the bumblebees you want!" said Johnnie. "My father won't care."

Both twins grabbed at the same time, too—for each of them felt a sharp pain, as if a red-hot needle had been run into his finger. And Buster Bumblebee felt himself falling. Then followed a crash of

Fulton and Wills
To Meet Tonight

Newark, N. J., July 26.—Fred Fulton, Minnesota, heavyweight, will box twelve rounds with Harry Wills, Kentucky negro heavyweight here tonight. Fulton's weight today was reported as 216 pounds and Wills 214.

Other bouts will include Jack Britton, world's welterweight champion, and Marcel Thomas, French fighter for 12 rounds.

SEALED PROPOSALS

addressed to E. M. Duffy, business manager of the State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon, will be received by the board of regents of the State Agricultural college, until two o'clock, p. m., August 2, 1920, for the furnishing of all materials and the performance of all labor required for the erection and completion of the first and second units of the girls' dormitory building, for the State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

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—nor are you as "smart" in appearance, because the unconscious strain to see, produces wrinkles.

—without good vision you can not concentrate on reading and close work.

—You may say your sight is "good enough," but the popular expression nowadays is to the effect that "good enough is no good."

—An examination will show the condition of your eyes. It is a little thing—this examination—but it is so important!

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splintering glass. And in another moment Buster was hurrying away across the clover field.

When he was stung by the worker he had seized, Busters twin had dropped the honey box. And it had fallen squarely upon a rock and broken.

If Buster had not been in such haste to escape he would have heard still another shout. For the news spread like wildfire among the workers—the news that an army of boys' tempered relation of Buster's known as Peppery Polly darted at Johnnie Green and buried her sting deep in the back of that young gentleman's sunbrowned neck.

As for the Carpenter, everybody quite forgot about him. Johnnie and the twins were too busy putting mud poultices on their wounds, to ease their aches and pains, to think of the prisoner they had left on the farm-house porch. It was not until the next day that Johnnie Green remembered his new pet. And when he went to see him then the honey box was empty. The Carpenter had cut a

tunnel through the wall of his prison. Later the Carpenter sent a message to Buster, by little Mrs. Ladybug.

"The Carpenter has lost a message," she told d Buster, "that he thinks he will never be able to think the addition to his house. So he says you'll have to get some more else to build your new home for you."

At first Buster was disappointed. But he soon recovered his good spirits.

"After all, it's just as well," he remarked cheerfully. "I know where there's a fine new house right in the clover patch. And I'll move into it at once."

Of course he meant the honey box which the boy had dropped upon the rock and forgotten. So Buster and his new house without the help of the Carpenter. And all his friends agreed that the house—when he gave new known to those parts. It took place on the hottest day of the summer. And Buster's house was so warm that three of his guests almost had strokes—and had to be helped home.



Another Sleepless Night?

It's been a busy and fretful day. Brain fagged, nerves frayed and body exhausted—conscious that tomorrow is fraught with new trials and tribulations, he realizes the imperative need of a refreshing night's rest. Yet, he hesitates and dreads to go to bed lest he roll and toss throughout the night.

Do you experience the horrors of nightmare and insomnia? Are you troubled with wakeful, restless nights? Do you get up in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed, because your rest is so disturbed and broken? Then, try

LYKO

The Great General Tonic

The hour of bed-time will soon lose its terrors and you will begin to seek your couch with pleasurable anticipation of a night free from disturbances. "LYKO" will bless you with a sweet, sound and peaceful slumber and bring you down to the breakfast table in the morning in good spirits and in fighting trim, keen for the day's activities, rested and refreshed in body and mind, and with an appetite unequalled since you were a boy.

"LYKO" is a splendid general tonic, a reliable appetizer and an excellent stimulant to the nervous system. It relieves brain fatigue and physical exhaustion; builds up the nerves; strengthens the muscles; corrects digestive disorders and rehabilitates generally the weak, irritable and worn out. Ask your druggist for a bottle today and get rid of sleepless nights.

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