

The Capital Journal
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published every evening except Sunday by The Capital Journal Printing Co., 136 South Commercial street. Telephone 636. Circulation and Business office, 51; Editorial room, 52. G. PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher.
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier 50 cents a month. By mail 60c a month. \$1.25 for three months. \$2.50 for six months. \$4 per year in Marion and Polk counties. Elsewhere \$5 a year.
By order of U. S. government, all small subscriptions are payable in advance.

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

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Dallas Engineer Burned to Death

(Continued from page one)
He was for many years an engineer on the Southern Pacific.

Notes and Personal

A. R. Morton, mail clerk on the east side electric, spent a few days in Dallas the first of the week. Mr. Morton has been on a month's run from Astoria to Ocean Park, Wash., as an outing, and enjoyed the work on the new route.

Felicitations and good wishes are being showered upon Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Gritton (Olive Burkhalter) of West Salem upon the birth of a son Sunday August 8. Mrs. Gritton is well known in Dallas, and was very popular during her residence here.

Harold H. Rich left Wednesday morning for Newport to join Mrs. Rich, who has been spending a few days at the seashore. Mrs. Rich will return with Mr. Rich the latter part of the week.

One half of the 150 prospective teachers who entered Oregon normal school passed the teachers' examination, on the opening day of the session. The reason for which, according to officials, was that those taking the 12 weeks training course, which is necessary before a certificate is granted a student.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Clements and children and Mr. and Mrs. Ball of Portland are expected to return to Dallas this week from a vacation trip to Rockaway.

Miss Maehrea Voth has returned to Dallas from Cleveland, where she has been the guest of Miss Pauline Minner.

G. J. Lowen has purchased the fixtures in the O. K. restaurant on Main street just south of the City garage, and has reopened the place. He has first class cooks and invited the public to patronize his place.

Return From Newport
Breeze Gibson and Charley Boyle have just returned from Newport where they spent a week at the seashore. The weather was so windy and cold that they returned before they had intended to.

Floyd D. Moore, county clerk, motored to Eugene Thursday evening and returned today bringing his sister, Mrs. Strong, and family to Monmouth to enjoy a few weeks vacation with her parents.

Mark (Ora) Ford, brother of superintendent of schools, Walter Ford, is in the city for a short visit. Mark Ford has been connected with the advertising department of the Oregonian in Portland, for many years and just arrived from Bar View where he and his family were enjoying their vacation.

E. E. Barlow and family from Akad, Prempele county, Wis., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Schaefer. Mr. Barlow, who is district attorney of Prempele county, sees great possibilities for Oregon and is particularly pleased with the country around Dallas. The Schaefer and Barlows are leaving today for the coast to remain a few days. They contemplate a visit at Bar View and Bay City and a fishing trip in the Grand Ronde reservation country.

Abe Martin



Lafe Bud says he would only be twenty four but he got three years out of a blue serge suit. A porch campaign is all right if you keep your shoes on.

* THE EASIEST WAY *
* TO END DANDRUFF *

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. This dandruff is entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

Out-Classing Harding
If the women of America are given opportunity to vote at the coming presidential election, it will be due largely to the efforts of Governor Cox, who appealed personally to the governors of democratic states to call special sessions to give the ballot to women. In this he repeated the request of the democratic party as contained in the San Francisco platform. As a result of this appeal, the legislatures of Tennessee and North Carolina have been called in special session to act upon suffrage.

Senator Harding refused to make a similar appeal for the women to the governors of republican states and the governors of Connecticut and Vermont have both refused to call special sessions. Harding's attitude caused no surprise, for he has been lukewarm on the subject of suffrage in the senate.

Republican members of the Tennessee legislature at their caucus Monday refused to endorse suffrage, though their endorsement would have assured its ratification, and robbed the democrats of some of the credit for giving votes to women, for Tennessee will be the thirty-sixth state and put the federal amendment into effect if it is ratified.

On this subject, as on the peace treaty, the republicans have been outgeneraled by the democrats and Cox is proving more aggressive and more astute than Harding, and the better politician—which is not surprising, for Harding has no constructive achievement to his record, and probably ranks below the average of senators in initiative, activity and accomplishment.

But then Lodge, Penrose and Smoot, who picked Harding as their faithful follower, opposed suffrage, primaries and every other bit of progressive legislation offered the country and it is not to be expected that as presidential candidate he will develop a progressivism foreign to a reactionary nature.

Peak of H. C. L. Passed?

Sugar has taken a tumble in New York City to 17 cents a pound—with raw sugar selling at 13.04—a drop of 10 cents a pound over the high level of three months ago. It is evidently impossible for the profiteer to artificially maintain the high prices longer.

It is apparent that the peak in high prices, both for materials and labor, has been passed and that unless the law of supply and demand is too seriously interfered with by monopolies, there will be a gradual return to normal.

However a strenuous effort is underway to maintain high prices by curtailing production. Mills and factories are closing down to prevent a surplus and create a shortage, at the same time force a reduction in wages and perhaps influence the political situation.

Rippling Rhymes

EVIL TIMES

Oh, these are crucial times, my friends; each day presents its warning; and every time the night descends we think there'll be no morning. Our statesmen rag us from the stump, until they're in a lather, and say we're going to the dump, where all the bow-wows gather. Our sacred rights are trodden flat, our bulwarks badly shaken, and if we don't do this or that we're bound to lose our bacon. It is the boggy, gray and old, of Presidential seasons, the wraith that makes our feet grow cold, and undermines our reasons. At other times we do not think of chaos, in our hurry; our bulwarks may be on the blink, but we don't pause to worry. The country seems to slide along, and nothing yet has wrecked it, and if its works are badly wrong, we simply don't detect it. And then we put up candidates to cop the White House honor, and these potential magistrates insist the land's a goner. If 't'her fellow wins the prize, becomes the nation's master, then we'll confront, with startled eyes, all kinds of black disaster. Once in four years we get this scare, when candidates assemble; we walk the edges of despair, and wring our hands and tremble!

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

By the Noted Author
IDA H. MCGLONE GIBSON

Katherine's Marriage Philosophy

"I think Alice, that we had better go back to the hotel for a few moments. In fact, I am so tired that I hardly think that it will do any good to go out without making out a list. You see, dear, what I had intended to do was to go quietly back to my rooms in John's mother's house and live there until I had fitted the new house up so I could live in it comfortably, but Elizabeth spoiled all that you know."

"I can not understand what John Gordon was thinking about to let that woman come into the house before you returned," interrupted Alice furiously.

"I don't think that he really knew that she was going to do it so soon," I answered.

"Well, you may think she is a clever woman, Katherine, but I think that she is a particularly sneaky one."

"Oh, my dear, my dear; can't you see that she had become perfectly sure of John in the long time that I had been away from him. I wish I did not think that, had that flurry in oil not come to me, John would have made me so uncomfortable that I would have had to separate from him by this time. Elizabeth you can see was working for a divorce between us. Sometimes, you know, a woman becomes so thoroughly imbued with the idea that she owns a man, body and soul, that she oversteps herself and this, I think, Elizabeth has done. As it is, I am fully determined that I shall not go into the new house until I can go comfortably. John Gordon brought this on himself and, for once, he, not I, shall pay."

"Why, Katherine, I have never seen you like that."

Hurt and Exasperated

"No, my dear, you never have, for I have never been like this. I have been hurt and exasperated and furious with John, but I have never been hurt and exasperated and furious with John, but I have never been absolutely disappointed with him before. Your brother has taken something out of my life that he can never put back, and though I shall probably go on living with him. I know that he will miss wonderful things that he has thrown away quite as much as I."

Alice reached over in the car and touched my hand. I knew what she wanted to say. What she did say was totally different. "The more that I live with Tom," she explained, "the more I think that marriage entered into with mutual respect and a promise of mutual forbearance is the most successful in the end. I thought when you and John were married that I had never seen two people who loved each other so passionately."

"That is just it, Alice. The love that John has had for me is the most ephemeral that a man can have for a woman. He did not take marriage into consideration at all. And yet, while marriage may be more momentous than matrimony itself, treated

in the right way it is more exciting than any excitement that the imagination can concoct. Marriage makes the tasks of Hercules look like play, yet it is the most interesting of any vocation. Marriage is the most boring of human states, and yet it has hours of ecstatic bliss. Marriage is daily; yes, hourly; pain, and yet it gives promise of happiness always just ahead. In short, marriage is all the world can give to mortals, and they can make it what they choose."

"Woman thinks love is immortal and most men acquiesce in the theory but there is nothing in their curriculum about the object of love being immortal. In their philosophy, love is not only immortal, but omnipresent and always ready to be transferred immediately from one beloved to another."

Alice pressed my hand. "I'm sorry," she said, "it has taken all the radiance out of your life, hasn't it? I have noticed lately, Katherine, that your eyes are somber and that your mouth has lost those wonderful upturning curls that used to intrigue me. I have never seen the light come into your eyes except when you look at your child."

High Go Mad

"Well, we all come somewhere near to the place where we look upon life only through philosophical vision, otherwise we would go mad." "I am sure that you can't keep this pose."

"It is not a pose, but I have almost reached the time, dear, when I am ready to ask what is the use of it all. Perhaps there will come to me in the future something which will at least pass for comradeship and understanding. I find that I made the same mistake that most women make. I wanted to make love all. I was ready to throw duty to myself and all the world aside and throw myself beneath the chariot of eros, and I have found, dear, that just as sure as night follows the day, safety follows fulfilled desire and

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF FREDDIE FIREFLY
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



Freddie's Promise.
Buster Bumblebee did not find Freddie Firefly very easy. It was a sunny afternoon; and if Freddie was flashing his bright light, Buster was unable to see it. But at last he spied

Freddie eating a meal of pollen in the meadow.
"How would you like to work for my mother, the Queen?" Buster asked him.
"I don't believe I'd care to, thank you," Freddie Firefly answered, with a mouth so full of food that Buster heard him only with great difficulty.
"I'll wait a moment, until you have finished your lunch," said Buster.
"You'd better not!" Freddie Firefly told him. "It will be dark by that time. And Chirpy Cricket tells me your family always goes to bed at sunset."

"So we do!" Buster agreed. "But my mother, the Queen, is going to order her honey-makers to work overtime for the present. And she wants you and your family to furnish lights so they can see what they're doing."

"Oh! that's different!" Freddie Firefly exclaimed. "I thought she wanted me to help make honey. And that's something I know nothing about."

But when it comes to furnishing a light, I'm certainly a shining success."

Freddie then laughed heartily. And much to his surprise, Buster Bumblebee gave him several hard slaps on the back, which hurt him not a little.

"Don't do that!" Freddie Firefly cried.

life is made up of many things of which love is only a small part."

We had reached the hotel. I wonder if some time sudden premonition comes to you—my heart grew cold as I took the elevator to my room. As I stepped out into the hall Miss Parker met me and she held out to me a telegram, saying, "I was just going to try to send a boy to you, as I thought this might be important."

I opened it and read: "Do not be distressed over anything you may hear. I heard John wished to sell the old home and I purchased it and am, having the deeds again made out in your name."

"CHARLES."

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cried.
"I thought you were choking," Buster explained.
Freddie Firefly shook his head.
"I was joking," he said.
"Well, I didn't make much of a mistake; for joking and choking sound about the same," Buster Bumblebee replied.
"I hope your mother's honey-makers can tell the difference," Freddie Firefly grumbled. "If they can't, I certainly don't care to spend a night in their company."
"Oh, you won't have any trouble with them. They'll be working so busily that they'll hardly notice you," Buster Bumblebee assured him.
So Freddie Firefly promised to be at the house of the Bumble bee family, in the meadow, at dusk. And he said he would try to bring plenty of his relations with him, so that there might be one of them to light the way for each of the honey-makers.

And then Buster Bumblebee tried away to tell his mother the news.

The Queen praised Buster for what he had done, telling him that in her opinion he would soon be the best person in Pleasant Valley—not excepting old Mr. Crow and Solomon Owl.

Buster was so pleased that he made up his mind to stay awake that evening, in order to see the workers about the clover field after dark when Freddie Firefly and his relations would come.

Not until the next morning did he know how his plan had turned out. And since it proved to be less successful than he had expected, perhaps it was just as well that he was not present to hear the remarks that were made about him.

Even Freddie Firefly said that about Buster that night that would have been at all pleasant to Buster.

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