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Topics In Brief

(From the Literary Digest)
The laborer is worthy of his hire and the labor should be also.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Now would be a good time for Marion, O., to demand a census recount.—Kansas City Star.

The democrats intend to open the White House with a Jimmy.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Germany is finding out that peace is priceless, and yet not price-less.—Norfolk Virginian-Post.

Once price was an indication of value; now it is an indication of nerve.—Associated Editors (Chicago).

About everything has been done now to relieve the situation except to dig the coal.—Indianapolis Star.

America's crops would be bigger if she had more men who want a place in the sun.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Sorry, Sir Thomas, but the eighth amendment forbids lifting a cup in the United States.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

There is so little coming out of this investigation of A. Mitchell Palmer you'd think A. Mitch was conducting it.—Detroit News.

It is not at all doubted among the prohibitionists who do the selling of the liquor that prohibition is a success.—Washington Post.

A French savant says the blind type will be extinct in 100 years. This dark prediction ignores the chemical industry.—Newark Star-Eagle.

Summed up, the opinion of leading American financiers is that if the country does not sink it will remain afloat.—Indianapolis News.

Roosevelt says if elected vice president he will get action out of the senate. He must be a quiet young man.—Green (S. C.) Piedmont.

The president of a pulp and paper company was attacked in his home by a masked burglar. Perhaps it was only publisher bent on revenge.—Columbia (S. C.) Record.

One may safely assume that many of the people who are flocking to the battlefields of France couldn't have been dragged there when the war was on.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Of course the immense increase in the population will result in an increase in the number of congressmen to be elected, but we can't have everything the way we want it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An expert reports that the outflow of patients in the New Jersey state asylums. But this is merely another instance of confusing the effect with the cause.—Chicago Tribune.

The tabernacle erected and greased of the descent of prices several months ago is still waiting, and the few articles that did start down made that peculiar noise which indicated that most of the grease had dried up.—Kansas City Star.

'Growers' Picnics

Are Good Events

M. O. Evans, field manager for the Oregon Growers' Cooperative association, returned Sunday from Roseburg, where he attended the picnic of the Douglas county district of the Oregon growers. This was held August 12, and followed the successful picnic held at Salem, August 10.

P. M. Coleman, Professors H. P. Barga and A. L. Lovett, of the Oregon Agricultural college, and C. I. Lewis, of the Oregon Growers Cooperative association, were the principal speakers at both picnics. About 250 persons were present at the Roseburg picnic.

Dr. Coleman, who was one of the organizers of the successful California Prune & Apple Growers' association, stated that prunes from the Marion, Polk and Douglas districts were on a par with the finest prunes grown in the famous Santa Clara district, California.

Abe Martin

Mrs. Elm-Moore started to shoot her husband this morning, but she drew wax instead. Jesse James' purpury well considered he didn't have a car.

Discipline the Motor Mad
Efforts of the city council to enforce the motor laws will be heartily appreciated by the public. Refusal to obey the statutes has become chronic with many motor drivers and their encroachment upon public rights stamps them as public nuisances, when not public menaces.

The appalling lists of automobile accidents, almost daily reported, testify to the contempt of the motorists for life and law. Nine-tenths of the accidents, and 99 percent of the fatalities reported, are due to wilful violation of traffic ordinances designed to ensure public safety.

The lax enforcement of the law, the failure to vigorously punish offenders, has bred a contempt of the law on the part of speed maniacs and reckless drivers. Failure of courts to impose proper punishment, the leniency of juries in releasing homicides without reprimand, the complacency with which automobile murdering and maiming are regarded, has placed a premium on crime. If restoration of hanging was necessary to check murder, prison sentences are certainly necessary to check manslaughter by motors and inculcate in the minds of the motor-mad a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

The operation of trucks and cars in city streets with cut-outs open, which is defiantly continued in the face of public protest and prohibitory statutes, is blatant and noisy testimonial of the disregard of the driver for the comfort of the community. Such offenders should be treated as public pests, and the people will have a sign of relief if the protracted period of official lethargy is drawing to a close.

Rippling Rhymes

Homesick
Jack Johnsing, of the golden smile, remained abroad for quite a while. And when he left our well known shore he thought he would no more, for prison doors were swinging wide, with wardens beckoning, inside. He'd lead a glad free life abroad, and gain and blow a princely wad, and chum with foreign earls and dukes and baronets and other flukes. He stood the gaff for sight long years, still gazing homeward through his tears; at last he rose and cried, "Oh, gee, my native land looks good to me! These foreign countries all grow stale—I'd rather be at home in jail!" Said Emma Goldman, when she went, "Your boasted land's not worth a cent; I shake its dust from off my boots; it's ruled by grafters and by plutes; in Russia they've the proper plan—It's founded on the rights of man." She's had some months of Russia now, and grief is throned upon her brow. She, like a dead game sport, admits that she is tired of Russia's fits, and she would give her roller skates to see again the good old States. Unhappy is that weary wight who to this country says, "Good night," who sees the lights upon our shore, and knows he'll see them never more.

Love and Married Life

By the Noted Author
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

The Crisis.
The time has come, John Gordon, when you and I must have these matters all out.
"For heaven's sake, Katherine, do not be so tragic. You know that I have never cared for that house down in the country and I see no reason why you should keep it just to provide a resting place for your mother's maid."
"Keep still, John. I don't want to feel more exasperated and more disappointed in you than I am."
John looked up as though to speak again, but I held up my hand.
"I don't know just when the time came, John, when you first began to grow tired of me, but I think, perhaps, it was when you found out that I was a real human being instead of the plaything you evidently had meant me to be. Something with no mind you thought me, except as I reflected yours; and no ambition, except that which might belong to a petted cat that would purr as it basked in the warmth of your smile."
"Going to Tell the Truth."
"Oh, yes, I know," I said, as I noted the gray look come over his face and the smile of sarcasm transform his mouth into a thing of ugliness. "You are thinking that I am posing as an abused angel, but won't you please just for once take me as honestly saying exactly what I think. Won't you try to understand? For I am going to tell you the plain truth even if it is not put into the plain, ugly language which you so often have used. John, I don't think you ever have loved me. I think the woman you have really cared for is Elizabeth Moreland."
"Are you going back to that, again?"
"Stop! Hear me out—for upon what I am saying and upon what you shall decide depend our future lives. I do not know just what it is that attracts a man momentarily; that take him off his feet. I do not know why it is that some women will have this attraction for some men and leave others cold, but I do know, John, that I have given you that strange magnetic thrill. I know that the first time you met me you felt it as I did, and from then until our marriage you thought of nothing except that I should belong to you. But after all, John, you and I have very little in common. I can not be hypocritical, I must be frank. You in your brutally masculine way have overruled and overruled all the women-folk you have had about you. It has annoyed you greatly when I, the first woman you have ever known to do so, have stood up to you, holding my own even though your blows always reached my heart. I received this letter the other day. If you will look you will see that it is addressed to me. I do not know whether Elizabeth Moreland intended me to have this letter, and sent it to me in this way purposely, or whether she was writing to you at the same time and got the notes mixed. But it was just after my child was born. John, and I made up my mind that I would come here and fight for my own. Then, if I found that you still wanted her more than you wanted me, I determined I should take my baby and go away, back to that little haven of rest which had come to me from my mother, and to her from her mother, and on back through generations that I have hardly counted. It belonged to me and mine. But you have taken this refuge from me with a cruelty that might be thoughtless, but which you must have known would be barbaric in its torture of me if you had stopped to think at all on the subject."
John had not read the letter, and I said to him, "Read it!" He opened it mechanically. He turned ashen as he read the first line. And then he looked at me and said, "At least one woman has loved me, even though she knew that I did not love her."
"Do you mean to tell me, John Gordon, with that letter in your hand

that you do not love Elizabeth Moreland?"
"Of course I don't. I guess I have been born without the power to love any woman. The nearest I have come to loving was in loving you. You mean to me what I want. A woman who can give evidence of my prosperity. That Elizabeth Moreland never could do. What are you going to do, Katherine? You are not foolish enough to make a scandal at this late day. Perhaps you are only looking for something that will give you an excuse to get rid of me. You know that I could make it uncomfortable for you if I put a copy in any divorce proceedings that you might institute."
"How little you understand women, John. If anything would make me get a divorce that threat would do it."
"Then you won't get a divorce?" he asked eagerly.
"Not if you accede to my terms. I shall never live with you as your wife again unless something materially changes my views. Good night, John. I am tired."
I did not sleep, and it was the next morning at the breakfast table when I looked across at John, stolidly reading his paper as if nothing had happened, that I found myself wishing that he were dead.
(To Be Continued)

Society

By Ruth Lenore Fisher
M. AND MRS. HERBERT HOOVER and their sons, Herbert Jr. and Allan, were in Salem last night, and were guests at the Hotel Marion. Their visit here was very quiet and no one hardly knew of their presence in the city until they had taken their departure. They were motoring up from California and went to Portland from here.

The many friends in Salem of Miss Helen West, daughter of ex-Governor and Mrs. Oswald West, and a niece of Governor and Mrs. Ben W. Olcott, will be interested to know that she left Portland Sunday night to enter Mills college. She left with a company of 15 Portland younger society maids who will attend that college this winter.

Society will be interested to know that Mrs. George T. Gerlinger of Portland and Dallas has gone to her summer home at Dallas after a short stay in Portland. The Gerlinger family will go to Portland September 23 for the winter and will be domiciled in the Jesse C. Remick residence on Thurman street.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Olinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Caughell, Harold Olinger and John Caughell Jr., returned yesterday from Neskewin where they spent two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Monroe Gilbert have had as their guests recently, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Kuff of St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thomas of Portland. Dr. Kuff and Mrs. Thomas are brother and sister.

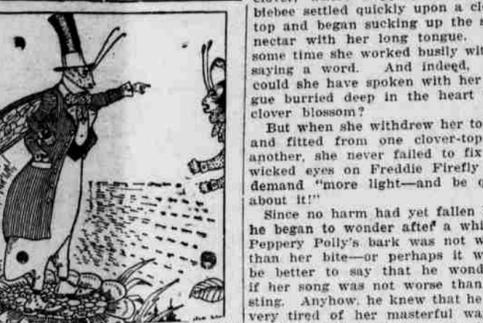
Mrs. A. N. Moore has gone to Astoria to spend a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Kinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hathaway and small daughter, Janet, returned last night from their vacation which was spent at Seaside and Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis have been entertaining as their house-guests, Mrs. W. H. Burke of Great

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF FREDDIE FIREFLY
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

A Terrible Song
It was no wonder that Freddie Firefly grew uneasy again as he listened to the song of Peppery Polly Bumblebee, while they flew towards the clover field through the darkness.



"Here's a big blossom you haven't tasted!"
The chorus, especially, filled him with alarm. And he shuddered as the disagreeable honey-maker sang it:
"I've never learned to take a joke; So if you try to trick me, You'll find that it will prick ye! It feels like fire—though twice as hot. And I would rather sting than not!"
"How do you like that?" Peppery Polly inquired, after she had finished her song.
"You have a beautiful voice," Freddie Firefly hastened to tell her.
"Yes—of course!" she agreed. "But I refer to the words. What do you think of them?"
"I think they're awful!" Freddie Firefly cried; for his companion had scared the truth out of him before he stopped to think how it would sound.
"Quite right!" said Peppery Polly.

Falls, Mont., and Miss Syble Davis of Portland. The two guests returned to Portland last night.

Mrs. M. M. Cusick is having a small but nevertheless, a delightfully planned dinner at her home to-night. She will have Judge and Mrs. George H. Burnett and Mrs. Marie Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Carrier returned last night from Mt. Hood where they camped for a week. They were accompanied up there by Miss Esthor Wheeler, who returned to Salem at the end of the week.

Mrs. J. E. Perkins and son Ned, of Fort Wayne, Ind., are visiting Mrs. Perkins parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Zimmerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wright spent the week end at Pacific City.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Beckett have returned from Rockaway where they spent an outing of several weeks.

Mrs. Joseph Mattison and daughter Leatha, are spending the week visiting friends in Astoria.

Miss Carol Dibble left yesterday afternoon for Portland to spend the week visiting friends.

Mrs. C. W. Beckett and small daughter, Gaynel, Mrs. Beckett's sister, Mrs. E. H. Lake, and their mother, Mrs. D. F. Adams, left yesterday for Tillamook to spend an outing of several weeks enjoying the seashore.

Miss Susie Sparrow, who has been the guest of Miss Eleanor Huckestein for several days left Monday for the Parkersburg where she is to be the guest of Miss Theresa Deneran for a fortnight before returning to her home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Eligh returned this morning from a vacation of three weeks spent at Breitenbush hot springs.

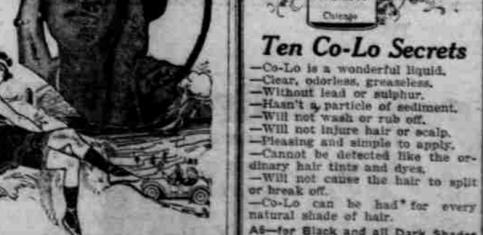
Mrs. E. V. McMechen left last night for Portland to be a guest of friends in that city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Monroe Gilbert and Miss Vivien Hargrove have returned from a short camping trip to Vitae Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Fisher and children Edward and Lucy, returned today from Albany where they visited relatives for a few days.

George Nelson of the Capital drug store left Monday night for San Francisco to spend two weeks, with friends.

Mrs. Fred Waters and Mrs. George Waters are entertaining as their



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tone," said Freddie Firefly. And he was quite surprised that the furious honey-maker didn't dart towards him and try to sink her sting into him. But nothing of the sort happened. And Freddie soon saw that Peppery Polly was in some kind of trap.

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