

**The Capital Journal**  
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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**As Seen Thru Journal Window**

(By the Country Editor.)  
When I see some speed demons on the road trying to manipulate a motor vehicle, I feel a good deal like the old lumberman who stood on the shore and watched his son go out on the logs to break a big lumber jam. It was the lad's first star performance, and the old man remarked: "He's a fine kid and it's a fine job—but if he don't hit it right this time he'll never get back to where he can be liked for his foolhardiness." Every day I see some fellow exhibiting the same sort of foolhardiness as he sits behind the wheel, and the public is in constant danger while out on the highway when he encounters the novice motorist. And there are hundreds of them.

By exerting a little brute force and awkwardness a person on most any kind of a job can manage to make a fool of himself, but when he takes the position as automobile driver he can sit still and depend upon being made a monkey of by one of a thousand speeders in the field who is prancing around nights apparently for the sole purpose of "putting his foot" into a bad situation.

Any man with common sense stands about as much chance of doing harm to himself in an automobile as a boy with a buckskin and a big pile of wood but the speed demon on the road is a menace to humanity, and he ought to be put somewhere in a padded cell.

The list of perils that pestered the Apostle Paul look mild beside the array of pitfalls that await the man on the road with a would-be Barney Oldfield. If the holder of a wheel keeps close tabs on one or two of the enemies and watches his own weak points with particular care, he's comparatively safe, but under the present conditions in this country there is grave danger, and that danger increases with the increase of automobiles. If the people in general will do as much to prevent accident on the highway as the officers are doing, there would be fewer accidents.

**New Books At the Public Library**

"Practical steam and hot water heating and ventilating," a modern practical work on steam and hot water heating and ventilation, with descriptions and data of all materials and appliances used in the construction of such apparatus; rules, tables, etc., by Alfred G. Kline, author of "The youth of James Whitecomb Riley," the story of the life of James Whitecomb Riley from his infancy to manhood; Marcus Dickey. "The private secretary," a complete detailed description and exposition of the duties of the private secretary, together with a general discussion on characteristics of the private secretary and how they may be developed, written by Edward Jones Kilduff. "Twenty-four little French dinners and how to cook and serve them." The author of this little book has given recipes and arranged the menus for twenty-four little light dinners, for which the French are justly famous. Each of these is a welcome, tempting change from the monotony of conventional meals, by Cora Moore. "Allegra," a novel by Mrs. Harker, picturing to us dramatic life in a great city. "From place to place," by Irwin S. Cobb. A collection of short stories previously published, which offers the variety suggested in the title, for it contains all phases of the author's moods—pathos, tragedy, logic, reminiscence, humor, farce. "Up the Maracani for diamonds," by William Lavarre. The author tells the story of his canoe trip up the Maracani river in South America. He is a veteran scout and knows what boys want to hear about, and how to tell it. "The story of porcelain," the manufacturing of porcelain simply told by Sara Bassett. "All round our house," stories of things in and around the house that grown ups never see at all told in rhyme by Rupert Holland. "The pool of stars," a well written mystery story for the young people by Cornelia Meigs. "Watty and Co" an adventure story for the boys by Edward Putnam.

Returns on strawberries handled by the Apple Growers' association of Hood River show a return of from \$5.92 to \$4.05 per crate.

**Abemartin**

Miss Fawn Lippincott is at home today giving her usual much needed advice. Who remembers when a father used to call on the corner instead of the job?

**The Pose of the Politician**

In commenting upon the affect of national suffrage upon the candidates, David Lawrence, the political writer and correspondent says:

Shrewd political managers are not so sure Senator Harding didn't play his cards exceptionally well in view of the fact that women who opposed suffrage will probably use the ballot to uphold their doctrines and principles just as much as those who favored suffrage.

In other words, Senator Harding has gone after the votes of both factions in the suffrage ranks, and hopes for support from both, while Governor Cox has lined himself up very definitely against the anti-suffrage vote.

The attitude is characteristic of Senator Harding's position upon many public questions. He faces both ways to secure the support of both factions—at least until after election. It is the typical pose of the time serving politician who carries water on both shoulders and places expediency above principle—to secure office. Every public issue is passed upon, not upon merits, but upon its effects on the electorate. Hence the necessity of the front porch campaign, whose every utterance is censored in advance.

The straddle on the peace treaty, in which Harding's ambiguity is construed by Hiram Johnson as inimical to the treaty, by ex-President Taft as favorable to the treaty, is characteristic of the campaign. But to straddling Mr. Harding has added demagoguery, which is not surprising in a member of the old guard of the senate.

When Mr. Harding says that the "senate saved American nationality" by rejecting the peace treaty, and that "Article X would break down the orderly processes of the federal government by transferring from congress to a foreign council the power to decide when the nation should go to war," he is playing the role of a demagogue for no treaty limits the constitution, which provides that only congress can declare war.

Regarding the effect of the ratification of the treaty upon American nationality and the constitution ex-President Taft says: "Without any reservations at all, the covenant of the League of Nations, in so far as it purports to impose any obligations on the United States must be construed to mean that the obligation will be performed in accord with the constitution of the United States and in no other way. It does not add anything, therefore, to the ratification by the United States of the league to make a reservation of something which is necessarily implied without it."

The treaty has not destroyed the nationality of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan or any of the other nations that have ratified the treaty and joined the league of nations, and Senator Harding's talk of the senate's having preserved the nation by rejecting the peace treaty is pure bunk.

What the senate has done is to play partisan politics with the peace of the world and lose for America world leadership by breaking faith with humanity.

The Ain't Nature Wonderful Club of Quincy, Ill., has found a slice of watermelon whose red meat was traced with the name Harding spelled by white fibre. Does this mean that Harding is a "melon" for the "interests" to cut?

The New York World suggests as campaign slogans for the candidates: for Harding, "La Fayette, We've Quit"; for Cox, "Carry On."

**Rippling Rhymes**

Toil or Turmoil

I hope, in our campaigning, we won't disturb the map; too often we are straining to open up a scrap; too often, in the clangor of windsmith and haranguer, and 't'her wild slap-banger, we swat the other chap. Too oft we quit our labors, neglect our growing beans, to wrangle with the neighbors o'er neglect our growing beans, to wrangle with the neighbors o'er what this campaign means; and it were better, saner, to be a strict abstainer from tricks of the campaigner, and raise a lot of greens. The winter's drawing closer, the summer's almost spent, and wind won't pay the grocer, and talk won't pay the rent; and when the wolf is yelling before your humble dwelling, all kinds of want foretelling, your lost hours you'll lament. I hear the statesmen bellow, I see them paw the soil, but I'm the prudent fellow who sticks to useful toil; and when the snow is falling, I'll have a cow to boil. I'm working in the gardening, I'm earning useful rocks; perhaps I'll vote for Harding, perhaps I'll vote for Cox; but while the spuds are growing each day will see me hoing, not idly to-and-froing to hand out roasts or knocks.

**Love and Married Life**

By the Noted Author

IDA H. McCLONE GIBSON

**John is Anxious**  
"You see, John," said Bobby with a laugh, "that you never can bank on a woman not changing her mind. Bobby," I said with a smile. "I have always intended that this room should be hung with this beautiful gold paper."  
"Why didn't you tell me you were going to do this," interrupted John angrily. "You didn't ask me anything about it," I answered, "and I naturally supposed that, as the house was a gift to me, I should be allowed to exercise my own taste in decorations and furnishings."  
"But everything you have had here has been colonial, and so that settled that matter."  
"Probably that was the reason I wanted something different."  
"It cost me \$325 for the paper on this room," said John.

**Can Not Use Them**  
"I am sorry," I answered, "because I can not possibly use this paper with the furnishings I am going to put into the room."  
"But, but, Elizabeth said she knew—" and then John stopped in confusion passing between Helen and Bobby.

"Well, you see, John," I said sweetly, "Elizabeth was mistaken. She didn't know anything about it. I am sorry if she has gotten you into this, particularly as you say you have paid \$325 for decorations. But after this, perhaps, you will realize that I am perfectly able to decorate and furnish my own home."  
It was rather a nasty thing to say, before Helen and Bobby, because if I knew, but I felt I had to say it. I had not done so, it would have led to an endless quarrel with John. As it was, Bobby interrupted with a hearty laugh saying, "Katherine got you there, John. You had better give in."  
John subsided, but he sulked all through the Gaylords' visit, and he would not go home with me to the hotel, saying that he had a luncheon engagement with some business friends.

Bobby went away with John, and Helen accepted my invitation for luncheon at the hotel. I think she was rather curious to see if my prophecy regarding a letter from Karl would come true.  
As we went into the elevator Helen said: "Take me to see Mary."  
"Find Her Asleep."  
We went into her room and found her asleep.  
"Isn't she an angel?" I asked.  
"Certainly she is," said Helen.

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

**The Fat Lady's Secret**  
Somehow, the longer Freddie Firefly talked with Jennie Junebug, the more he wished that he might fly off and leave her there in the meadow. But he had just the same as told her that he would be glad to fly with her. And he really didn't see how he could escape that unpleasant duty.

"Well, we may as well move on," he said at last. "Where were you going when we ran into each other?"  
"Oh, nowhere in particular," she answered. "Where were you going?"  
"Freddie Firefly had to bite his lip to keep from telling her that he had



been on his way to a family party in the hollow beyond the hill. He certainly didn't want to go there in the company of that strange fat lady.

"I was going over the hill," he faltered at last. "But I'd rather stay here in the meadow with you."  
"How nice of you to say that!" Jennie Junebug murmured. "And now let's begin flying at once!" she said.

So they rose into the air. But they hadn't flown more than a few feet when Jennie once more banged squarely into her companion.

It was a terrific blow. And Freddie Firefly soon found himself lying

flat on the ground. He was so nearly stunned that he scarcely knew what had happened.

"What fun!" the fat lady gurgled right in his ear, with a horrible laugh. "Come! Let's do it again!"

"Do it again!" Freddie Firefly repeated after her, as a sudden fear gripped him. "Do you mean to tell me that you ran into me on purpose?"

"Why, certainly!" she replied. "Running into a light is more than half the fun of flying."

Her terrible secret was out at last. If Freddie Firefly had been older and wiser he would have known, in the beginning, that his first collision with the fat lady was no accident. The whole Junebug family were alike in one respect: preferring to fly at night, whenever they saw a light anywhere they made straight for it as fast as they could fly. Sometimes they landed with a crash against one of the farmhouse windows. Sometimes they struck the lantern, if Farmer Green happened to be carrying it across the farmyard. It really made little difference to a Junebug what he—or she—hit, so long as it gleamed brightly out of the night.

Well, Freddie Firefly saw at last that he was in a terrible fix. He knew now why Jennie Junebug had asked him to fly with her. It was on account of his flashing light! And the dreadful creature actually expected him to fly for her so that she might have the pleasure of bowling him over every time he rose into the air.

Such a practice was disagreeable, to say the least. Indeed, Freddie Firefly thought it was positively dangerous, for him.

"Come! Come!" Jennie Junebug urged him playfully, even while he lay on the ground trying to get his breath. "If you don't hurry and fly some more I shall knock you over right where you are!"

Freddie Firefly answered her with a faint moan. He couldn't run away from her. So he thought of hiding. But he had promised to fly with her. And she was a lady.

What could he do?

**Dead Merchants—Dead Town**

(From the Seio Tribune.)  
A stranger was in Seio the first of the week. He came with the view of purchasing the Seio Tribune. But after looking the town over turned the proposition down.

"I have no objection to your newspaper or plant," he said. "Your office is fair. I like your country, the location of your town and the prosperous outlook in general. But you merchants are dead in a live business sense. In looking over your paper I note the absence of three of your leading merchants entirely and most of the other business men advertising very sparingly."

"Your merchants are not alive to the importance of advertising their business. They seem to look upon newspaper advertising as a matter of charity to the editor. They do not realize that judicious advertising is an investment and not simply an ordinary expense. Now, I can go to towns where the business men are wide awake and are up to date. I would not have to spend the time and expense necessary to awaken them. I don't want to have to convince them that a newspaper is an asset and not a liability to a town. I can go where the fact is already known."

across two streams where bridges were burned.

Members of fire fighting crews who were injured in the battle with the flames are being cared for in hospitals here. The body of Frank Smith, a rancher, who was suffocated, was found yesterday.

**Relief From Franchise Taxes Asked by P.L.&P**

Can the Oregon public service commission extend to the Portland Railway, Light & Power company the relief from franchise taxes, bride tolls, car licenses, fee transportation for city employees, paving charges and other "public burdens" which relief was denied by the voters of Portland at the recent election, and through this relief reduce the burden to the patrons of the street railway company? This is the gist of a question submitted to the attorney general's office here this morning by the public service commission following receipt of a petition asking for a review of the order of June 10, last, increasing the street car fare from six to eight cents following failure of the city of Portland to act upon suggestions tendered by the commission for the relief of "public burdens" which had been intimately connected with the extension of similar relief to the car riders.

The petition for a review of the commission's order is signed by F. D. Broderick, 239 East 52nd street; B. H. Fisher, 107 Medical building, and V. Gladak, 53 East Seventy-ninth street, Portland, and is made in behalf of the car riders of Portland in general. It asserts the right of the public service commission to exert its jurisdiction to the extent of affording the relief from "public burdens" which was denied by the voters of Portland and insists that this relief should be extended and passed on down to the patrons of the company.

No opinion as to the jurisdiction of the commission in this matter is expected until the return of Attorney General Brown who is now away on his annual vacation.

**Osteopathy**  
DRS. WHITE AND MARSHALL, osteopathic physicians and surgeons, 506 U. S. bank bldg. Phone 859. Dr. White, res. phone 469; Dr. Marshall res. phone 534.

DR. JOHN I. LENCE, osteopathic physician and surgeon, 403-4 Oregon bldg. Res. phone 535.

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A. C. ECKHART  
401 Masonic Temple, Salem, Oregon

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**Optician.**  
DR. ALBERT F. MILLER—Optometrist-optician, eyes thoroughly examined, glasses made and fitted. 512-12 U. S. bank. Phone 341.

**Water Company.**  
SALEM WATER COMPANY—Other corner Commercial and Trade Sts. Bills payable monthly in advance. Phone 51.

**FURNITURE**—New and Edward bought and sold. Economy Auction House, 404 Ferry St. Phone 1177.

**Son Lost, Mother Is Worried; Cops Aid**  
Whether the small son of Mrs. G. F. Lichfield, 1365 Weller street, had gone forth to "lie down in green pastures," or whether he had just got lost on the way, police failed to learn Thursday night when their assistance was asked by the mother in finding her boy.

No little anxiety was manifested by Mrs. Lichfield when she phoned the police. Young Lichfield, it seems, left home at 5 p. m. ostensibly to take a horse to pasture. When he did not return by 7:45 his mother became worried.

A short time after she originally notified the officers, however, a second telephone message was received at the station explaining that the youth was safely home.

**30 Ranchers Lose Homes, Forest Fires**  
Kamloops, B. C., Aug. 25.—More than 30 ranchers or homesteaders were burned out and many had narrow escapes from death as forest fires that swept the North Thompson river district the early part of the week, according to reports received here today. Passengers on Canadian National railway trains are still being transferred

**Harding Demagoguery**

(From the New York World.)  
In a letter to The Evening World in answer to certain questions submitted to him Mr. Taft makes short shrift of Senator Harding's pet contention that under Article X, of the covenant of the League of Nations "a super-Government" could order the United States into war.

"I have often had occasion to say," replies Mr. Taft, "that without and regret the League of Nations in so far as it purports to impose any obligations on the United States, must be construed to mean that the obligation will be performed in accord with the Constitution of the United States, and in no other way."

That applies as well to every other member of the League. All the countries that have been admitted to the League have constitutions. All of them in performing their obligations are subject to the limitations of their constitutions—a fact known to every one of them.

Great Britain is a member of the League. Does Senator Harding think "a super-Government" could order Great Britain to go to war without the consent of Parliament? France is a member of the League. Does the Senator think that the League could order France to go to war without the consent of the chamber of deputies? In what respects is the United States in any different basis?

This whole issue of "super-Governments" that Senator Harding puts forth in sheer demagoguery and a known to be demagoguery by the candidate himself; for it is inconceivable that even a United States Senator could be so ignorant of constitutional government as Senator Harding pretends to be in his speeches.

There is no integrity in the Harding opposition to the League. It represents nothing better than the desperate efforts of a shifty politician to find excuses for the action of the Republican Senators in demanding reservations that would wreck the League and paralyze its power to function.

When Senator Harding insists that "we have played our part in upholding democracy throughout the world," he is guilty of a flagrant untruth. We have not played our part, and the world is holding us responsible for not having done so. Had the senate ratified the treaty of peace as the senate ratified it, all Europe would be in a state of political and economic chaos, with the shadow of Bolshevism deepening daily. And Warren G. Harding, as their republican candidate for president, has nothing to offer except a separate peace with Germany made by a joint resolution of congress.

From \$15,000 to \$18,000 worth of evergreen blackberries will be gathered and canned at Myrtle Point this season.

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