

The Capital Journal

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Swart at Liberty, Is Held Harmless

Investigation of the mental condition of Malvin H. Swart, alleged moral pervert who was recently apprehended while peering through windows, has been delayed until evidence substantiating the filed complaint is secured.

Swart was arrested July 18 by Officer Verdon Moffitt after many complaints had been received concerning Swart's actions. Later, Chief of Police Welsh swore out the insanity complaint stating that he did not consider Swart a fit person to be allowed unrestricted freedom and asserting that Swart's relatives had not properly safeguarded him following his release July 19.

Lad of 9 Victim of Auto Accident

Warned by a playmate, but not in time to avoid being struck by a car driven by R. A. Looney, 795 D street, Elvin DeBord, 9, son of Mrs. W. C. Little and stepson of W. C. Little, 1561 Market street, died Saturday afternoon of injuries received in the accident. The mishap occurred at about 6 p. m. Saturday in front of the Little residence, the lad succumbing while being taken to a hospital.

Jewish People Seek Place in Nations League

Paris, Aug. 23.—The committee of Jewish delegates meeting here announced today that it will wage a campaign to obtain a seat in the league of nations for representatives of the Jewish people. The committee also plans to launch a world wide movement among Jews in support of the league.

Abe Malin

Because his affection was not returned L. J. English, 24 years old, employed in a Bend box factory, took his own life by drinking carbolic acid.

Masterful Lethargy

The most monumental fizzle of the year has been the public spirited effort of progressive Salem business men to solve the housing problem.

Last winter a building association was formed and some \$50,000 in stock subscribed. Organization was completed, officials selected, a manager named, and it was announced, the building of houses would begin at once.

That is all that ever came of it. So far as the subscribers know, that was the end of it, for they have never been called upon to pay their subscriptions, no house has ever been built and there has been no evidence that the peaceful sleep of lethargy that settled gently down upon the officers upon their selection was not the sleep of death for the association.

The subscriptions were made in good faith and heralded to the world as a glowing example of the new Salem spirit of progress. Whether the chloroforming of the effort was deliberate or accidental, no one knows, but it was effectual.

Meanwhile the housing problem has grown more acute. Thousands of people have left the city, who would have become permanent residents, because there was no place to go. Some houses are kept vacant—because they are for sale. Many other houses are listed for sale, but none for rent. Rents have advanced materially, because the demand for houses exceeds the supply.

About the city, people are living in tents, waiting in vain to secure a house or an apartment. The condition is growing more acute as the new industries, like the paper mills, prepare to begin operation, with no place to house the additional population.

The apartment houses, whose construction was announced with loud trumpeting, have failed to materialize. A few homes have been erected and a few more are under construction, but there has been no serious or sincere effort to relieve the situation. The city is full of vacant lofts that could be utilized—but they are not.

There is no use to wait for building costs to shrink to their former level, for they will not. Neither wages nor material are going to perceptibly decrease in the next few years—the demand is too great for both.

The city cannot grow or increase in population, unless housing facilities are provided to care for the new comers. Buying, inflating and reselling houses already built, will not add to the population. In fact such speculation drives people away.

Salem faces a serious problem and unless a sincere effort is made to solve it, the growth of the city will be thwarted. Salem cannot remain the second city in Oregon unless housing facilities are provided for the increased population.

Curtailing Credits

Cheap credit during the war was a necessity and enabled the financing of the war. Cheap credit was continued as a policy after the war, in the hope of stimulating production, lowering price levels and stabilizing conditions.

The Federal Reserve bank holds that the theory proved an illusion, for the ease with which money was secured promoted extravagance and waste. Borrowing increased, credits expanded, production was not increased and price levels continued to climb.

When everyone is employed, when shorter hours are curtailing output and increasing demand for labor, additional credit, it is claimed, only intensifies competition for goods and labor, enhancing the price of both, and increasing industrial unrest.

Some months ago, the Federal Reserve bank reversed this policy and since then has made credit dear. Interest rates were increased, borrowing penalized, loans except for essentials discouraged. Expansion, especially of luxuries and non-essentials has been curtailed.

As a result it is claimed, bank reserves are enlarging, savings accumulating and production gradually increasing. Demand for labor is lessened, freeing it for necessities, and increasing efficiency. The cost of living seems to have passed the peak and to be slowly receding. Conditions are healthier and nearer the normal than six months ago. Time is needed, however, to receive full benefits from the check of inflation.

Any likelihood of a financial panic, such as experienced in Japan where expansion ran riot, has been averted and there is nothing to fear in the future. The resources of the country are undiminished. There is money enough for safety. A record crop is being harvested. There is no question of markets home or abroad. The industry, energy and resource of the nation assures an era of great prosperity, as the problems of reconstruction solve themselves with the aid of time.

At the same time, raising interest rates and curtailing credit to lessen speculation, has wrought real hardship to legitimate industry. The speculator doesn't care what interest he has to pay—his profits will absorb it, but it is a serious matter to industry. Consequently we see substantial business concerns seeking loans from the public at record interest rates for legitimate expansion.

The high interest rates and the consequent depression of securities, are however, checking many public improvements, such as highway work, which can just as well wait and release the money and labor for more essential industry.

Rippling Rhymes

The other evening, while I wandered beside a Cheap John inland lake, and on Dame Nature's beauties pondered, the earth reared up and threw a quake. One moment everything was quiet, no leaves were trembling on the trees; the next there was the blametest riot, and I was jolted by my knees. Insanely things began to frolic, and mountains waltzed, and buildings too; for when this planet has the colic the strangest marvels come in view. I thought, "It is the resurrection! Gabe must have blown his trumpet notes, and my renown's of such complexion I fear I'll line up with the goats. I wish I hadn't lied and cheated, when I swapped horses, in my youth, and dished up fiction, superheated, when people simply yearned for truth. I wish that I had gone to churches when Sabbath bells admonished me, and heard the pastors, from their perches, hand out the truth that makes men free. And I regret, O like the dickens do I regret the times now gone, when I went out and gathered chickens between the sunset and the dawn." Thus my dark record rose before me, and showed no gold, but heaps of dross; dark recollections came to bore me and made me feel a total loss. But presently earth ceased its quaking, my feet grew warmer in a trice, and I remarked, "It's time for taking a nice cold bottle from the ice."

Love and Married Life

By the Noted Author IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

one in his own way and at his own time, but it never seems to enter his head that there are times when it would be a greater favor and much more generous of him to do the things that his wife or his mother wanted at that moment.

"I told you I was very busy," he said, "why don't you go over and see to the home if you want anything done."

"I shall go later," I said, "but I have to nurse and bathe the baby and get her settled for the day."

"I can't understand what you pay trained nurse prices for a woman to take care of Mary if you bathe her and dress her yourself, I should think some young girl could take care of her just as well as Miss Parker if you are going to do all the important things."

Never Would Be Happy. "A young girl would assume no responsibility. I would never be happy a moment while I was away. Besides, there are complications which even I would know nothing about. Two or three times I am sure Miss Parker has saved Mary from the croup by noting symptoms that meant nothing to me."

Never mind your long winded explanations Katherine, I have told you two or three times I am in a hurry. What do you want me to do over at the house. You have already given me enough to do all morning in looking up this freight and getting it over to the house. Now, what else have you on your mind to do?"

I had forgotten about telling him that my furniture from home had come.

"I merely thought if you were going over to the house that you could air out the house for a little while. Oh, you have forgotten the way-bills for the freight," I suddenly remembered. Here they are.

"I don't know whether I will have time to take care of this furniture or not," said John impatiently, and then I knew that he intentionally had left the way bill with me, thinking probably I would attend to it."

"Oh, all right, do it when you choose. I thought you were in a hurry to get to the house," I said.

No Time to Do It. "Here, give them to me," said John jerking them out of my hand. "I will get someone to fix it up if I haven't got time to do it myself."

I turned in silence and went to my rooms. I had caught cold the day before and the baby was fretting. Miss Parker was arranging to keep her very quiet all day.

I knew I should have to write to Charles, but it was a hard letter to compose. I still was proud enough not to want Charles to know how John had hurt me by selling the house without telling me, but I also wanted to thank him for his great kindness in buying it. I had had to decide, hastily, the gift of it while still making him feel that I did not underrate his goodness in any particular.

I wonder how many times a woman puts on a smiling face to the world and tries to make her friends think that she is perfectly happy and contented with all the things that her husband is doing and saying, while in her heart she is more hurt than she will acknowledge even to herself.

However, I put these thoughts from me and sat down at the little writing desk in the hotel room, for writing to Charles just then seemed the duty that lay nearest me.

Strike Lasting 2 Months Ended

San Francisco, Aug. 23.—A two months' strike of approximately 300 teamsters on San Francisco bay was ended today following the signing of an agreement with the employers. The union announced that those running boats under 65 horsepower were given an increase of \$15 and those on boats over 65 horsepower given \$20 a month increase. The men admitted going back on an "open shop" basis.

Gives Life In Vain Effort To Rescue Friend

Eureka, Cal., Aug. 23.—In attempting to save a friend, James Spellenberg, from drowning, Dexter McCellan, an official of the telephone company here, leaped into the Eel river here yesterday and both were drowned.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF FREDDIE FIREFLY

Bad Benjamin Bat. For a long time Benjamin Bat had had his eye on Freddie Firefly. And every time the two met, Benjamin stopped to tell Freddie how plump he was growing.

"You're a queer one!" Freddie Firefly exclaimed. "But it's no wonder. People say that you've hung upside down so much that the inside of your head is all topsy-turvy."

When he heard that remark Benjamin Bat promptly flew into a rage. "You'd better be careful!" he warned Freddie. "I don't allow anybody to talk like that."

"Oh! You mustn't mind what I just said," Freddie Firefly replied. "I was only talking to myself—ahem, ahem!"

But strange to say, Freddie's answer failed to please Benjamin. "Your remark was very disagreeable, anyhow," he declared. "Well—so was yours," Freddie retorted stoutly.

"How can you say that?" Benjamin inquired with a sly look. "I didn't finish it, did I?"

"No!" replied Freddie. "But you can't fool me. I know what you meant, as well as you do."

And straightaway Benjamin Bat looked most uncomfortable because he had been thinking that Freddie Firefly had become plump enough to eat.

Indeed, there was only one thing that kept Benjamin from devouring Freddie Firefly right then and there. And that was Freddie's flashing light. Yes! Benjamin Bat was afraid that if he touched Freddie Firefly he would get burned.

Once a forest fire broke out while he was out.

Why should I do that? Freddie Firefly wanted to know.

He came upon Freddie in Farmer Green's dooryard one fine evening. "What did you say?" Freddie inquired.

"Never mind!" Benjamin Bat answered. "I was only talking to myself. It's a habit I have."

Papers Not Profiteers (From the Minnesota Tribune.) The recent increase in subscription price and advertising rates of newspapers has put publishers on the defensive against the charge of being profiteers.

State Intervenes In Lake Suits Oregon will probably be called upon to intervene in a series of suits now being instituted in the circuit court of Lake county in defense of the state's title to some 96,000 acres of land now held by the state as swamp land, according to J. O. Bailey, assistant attorney general.

Professor Scudder of the Oregon land settlement commission is at Roseburg arranging for the establishment of a model farm in Douglas county.

Resinol will heal that bruised skin quickly. Apply it freely after cleansing the injured spot thoroughly with Resinol Soap. Do not hesitate—no matter how bruised or broken the flesh may be—as Resinol Ointment contains only the purest and mildest balsams which cannot irritate. Its cooling, soothing effect is almost immediate.

MORRIS & KEENE OPTICAL CO. Rooms 202-211 Bank of Commerce Building SALEM, OREGON

Benjamin was asleep in the woods. And he didn't wake up until the tree in which he was hanging by his heels had begun to blaze. Luckily he escaped with his life. But the flames singed the tips of his wings and gave him such a fright that ever afterward he feared a fire or a light of any kind. And now he did wish that Freddie Firefly would put out his light, just for a short time, so he said, after a few moments:

"Don't you think you ought to stop flashing your light?"

"Do you mean—" asked Freddie—"do you mean that I ought to keep it glaring steadily all the time?"

"Oh, no!" Benjamin Bat replied hurriedly. "I mean that you ought to put it out for a while."

"Why should I do that?" Benjamin Bat asked.

"To please Farmer Green," said Freddie. "You know that he wants to have half the neighborhood in the neighborhood of his dooryard."

"What would be the use of putting out my light, when my relations are flashing?" Freddie asked.

"Well, maybe they'd be an example," Benjamin Bat said, "and just think what a you'd be doing Farmer Green."

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Clogged-up impurities will undermine your health. The first symptoms are usually a loss of appetite, followed by a gradual lessening of energy, the system becomes weaker day by day, until you feel yourself on the verge of a breakdown.

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