

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 60 c 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.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

Love and Married Life

By the Noted Author Idah McGone Gibson

John Is Learning.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go now, John, are you coming with me?" "No, I'm going back to the office," he answered after a little hesitation. "I've lost so much time today fussing over this house that I will have to make up, this evening."

"Aren't you coming home to dinner?"

John waited a moment before he said: "I'm afraid I can't, Katherine." And then perhaps seeing something in her face which betokened that I had an intuition of the state of affairs, he continued: "I'm going to arrange my business in the future, Katherine, so that I can cut out all this staying away from home at meal time. I really don't think it gets a man anywhere."

"And I am sure that it does not, John, I said softly."

He turned quickly and facing me squarely, he caught the afternoon sun as it came through one of the stained glass windows over the fireplace. The golden light seemed to fairly dance on my Chinese gold tea paper with which the workmen had finished covering that side of the room. Like a kaleidoscope the blue and purple and green and red, splashed itself along the wall.

"Oh, I say, Katherine, isn't that pretty?" exclaimed John as he looked across at the dancing colors. "I'm really glad that you have put something bright on the walls. The gold makes a wonderful background for the sunlight as it comes through that stained window. I like it ever so much better than I did that old-fashioned Colonial paper which Elizabeth said she knew you would want on the walls."

"You understand, don't you dear?" he said a little diffidently, "that I was only trying to hurry up our getting into the new house, and when Elizabeth suggested that it would be a fine thing to have it all decorated for you when you returned, it seemed to me she was right."

"What are you thinking about, Katherine?" asked John as I silently watched the rainbow tints of the setting sun upon the walls. "I was just wondering, John, why it is that Elizabeth always has been able to make you acquiesce in all her suggestions, while you have always treated mine with indifference."

"Either skilled at the surprise on John's face, I could see that it was a new thought with John Gordon that he had allowed any woman to influence him in any way."

"Don't you think you are drawing it rather long, Katherine?" he expostulated. "I really don't think that Boss has ever tried to influence me. She said the other day that it seemed too bad that we would have to wait so long after you arrived to have the house decorated."

"I hadn't thought of it before, but of course, as soon as she mentioned it, it seemed to me only thoughtfulness to have it done before you came."

"Oh, John, John, forgive me for smiling at you. Can't you see that Elizabeth, knowing you as she does, knew that she only had to make that remark to put the idea into your head? She's a clever woman, my dear, and her methods are exactly the methods that one should use to influence you. I expect that she has learned them by growing up with you, John. But wherever she has learned them, she knows one thing and knows it thoroughly, and that is that you, my dear husband, do not like direct methods. You want to think that the whole idea is your own. All the women folk about you have learned this."

"Except you," interrupted John with a smile.

"Yes, John, I have to be direct. It is the only thing, perhaps, that shows my egotism."

John came toward me. "Yes, Katherine, you are slightly egotistical, although I have never known you to own it, when it comes to matters of taste or culture and I guess I'll let you have your own way in them after this."

"Oh, you needn't go as far as that, John. Just do not go ahead and do everything yourself, where I am concerned, without consulting me. Inquire of me once in a while what I think, won't you? Like all other human beings, I really like to feel that I am a co-agent and can make a choice."

"You bet I'll inquire, girl, and I'll tell the world that it costs a man money to let some other woman decide what his wife wants."

"Do you suppose the other man will ever learn it, dear?"

"I think he will, especially if it costs him as much to make the change as this room has cost me."

"It costs some men much more than that, my dear, and yet they do not learn."

TOMORROW—"John Wants to Change."

The new house dryer being erected at Carter by the Oregon Fruit Growers' association is nearing completion.

Harding, Reclamation and the Farmer

In his front porch homily Tuesday Senator Harding endorsed the Roosevelt policies of conservation, advocated aid to reclamation in the west, and suggested that many former soldiers might be provided homes in the undeveloped western country. He asserted that peril to the nation would result unless there were greater development of agriculture.

Senator Harding served in the senate for six years—and during that time did nothing to speed reclamation or development of western lands. During his entire public career he stood with the Old Guard consistently against the Roosevelt policies of conservation, which he now endorses as a presidential candidate.

During his term as senator, Harding neither introduced nor championed a single big constructive measure. He did however vote repeatedly for the vicious Shield's bill which sought to present the water power interests a monopoly in perpetuity of the undeveloped power resources of the nation.

Secretary Lane of the Department of the Interior presented to congress in 1918 a comprehensive and carefully worked out plan for the settlement of returned soldiers on reclamation projects. Senator Harding did nothing for the bill, let it be killed, and did not raise his voice throughout his term in the senate for any plan to provide homes for returned service men.

Harding urges as candidate, greater development of agriculture. As senator he did all that lay in his power to make farming unprofitable. At every opportunity he opposed legislation beneficial to the farmer. He voted against the Thomas bill, prohibiting speculation in food-stuffs during the war, against the Kenyon amendment which limited the prices of what farmers had to buy as well as sell, and against the bill fixing the price of wheat, contending that a dollar a bushel was sufficient for the producer and that farmers could get rich on it.

Harding's attitude toward the farmer is best shown by the fight he made upon the farm loan bill. He denounced the measure giving the farmers the privilege of borrowing money from the government on long time, low interest payments as "utterly vicious" and "an unjustifiable use of the cash and credit of the United States government for a special class of private individuals," meaning the farmers. He declared it "absolutely unnecessary and fraught with grim disaster" and he concluded by declaring "there is no more need for a measure of this kind for the agriculturists of Ohio than for the government to step in and take charge of all our industrial and productive affairs."

How much of a friend a hopeless reactionary like Harding, would be for reclamation, the service men and the farmer, can best be judged by his record in the senate, the most pitiful in accomplishment and the most barren of achievement of all the members of the mediocre body of "statesmen"—as deficient in initiative as it is devoid of vision.

The Housing Problem

The Journal of the American Institute of Architects prints a document from the executive committee of the Philadelphia chapter signed by John Irwin Bright, an architect of national renown, which has been submitted to the United States senate committee investigating housing conditions, in which the architects admit that the housing question has got beyond private capital and that government assistance in some form must be forthcoming in America as it has been in Europe, to solve the problem.

Mr. Bright observes that the volume of the building industry is "subnormal and its characteristics are abnormal" for throughout the entire world it is impossible to build a home for those earning low wages or salaries at a cost which will allow it to be rented or sold without a loss. "In order to house decently the present population of the United States from ten to twenty billions of dollars will have to be expended. Private initiative for this purpose has entirely broken down." He summarizes as follows:

"The manufacture for profit of the skilled wage earner's home, never sufficient in quantity or quality, has now ceased. The manufacture for profit of the unskilled wage earner's home has largely speaking, never existed."

In view of these facts, the architects, propose that housing for those earning low wages or salaries be legalized as a public utility; that the manufacture of this class of homes as a profitable industry should cease in theory as it has already ceased in fact and that the government, national and local, should at once adopt measures making possible the supply of this prime necessary of life.

It is daily becoming more apparent that unless some construction program of federal, state and community co-operation is speedily forthcoming, the housing problem will become a serious factor in public welfare, contributing incessantly to social unrest.

Rippling Rhymes

Song and Succotash

When I'm not toiling at my lyre, producing thrilling waves of sound, I'm busy as a house afire, in my small plot of garden ground. When I've turned out and anthem sweet, designed to soothe men's troubled souls, I spade the dirt around a beet, and teach my beans to grow on poles. A bard may chant an ode or two, may write, perchance, some soaring screeds, but to his duty he's untrue if he neglects to pull the weeds. For what this country needs just now, when everything kerflummixed stands, is not the product of the brow—it is the product of the hands. Too many bask on beds of ease, and write or sing or paint or play, when they should hoe the stringless peas and pluck the fragrant blade of hay. If I were young I'd soak my lyre, and quit this idle graft of song, and in the furrow I'd perspire, or whack up elm the whole day long. But I am old and full of lard, and when I've worked an hour or three, the neighbors lead me from the yard and fan me with a cedar tree. And so I toot the poet's horn, but when I've earned a sawbuck green, I strive to grow an ear of corn, a carrot or a lima bean.

8 Months' Grain For Armenians

Paris.—The Armenian republic now has sufficient grain supplies for eight months, according to a telegram to the United States Grain Corporation executives here from Colonel William N. Haskell, allied high commissioner to Armenia, who has left that country to come to Paris with the staff of American army officers. The telegram says that the grain supplies will come largely from the harvest, there being a small amount remaining of 40,000 tons of flour sent from America.

Not Ill-Will, Say Californians

San Francisco.—The attitude of California in opposition to the further coming of Japanese to America is not based upon ill-will or hostility to Japanese as Japanese, but is based solely upon economic, social and political grounds. John S. Chambers, state controller, declared today in an address before the Kiwanis club of San Francisco, the Kiwanis club of Japan as a nation, and the achievements of the Japanese in the fields of art and industry are recognized, he declared. He discussed the proposed initiative measure, to be voted upon at the November election, to amend the California alien land law.

"Marriage Shop" Is Newest Idea

Topeka, Kans.—No chance to beat the "Jayhawkers." Among other things, this applies to matrimony. The "very latest" in the way of a business venture here is a "marriage shop," established by a local florist. Included in the "Exins" is an aisle of palms for the bridal march and an altar of roses, before which may be taken the "I will" vows. Frolics for an audience of 25 to hear the "life sentence" pronounced also has been made.

Australia Takes Suffrage Steps

Perth, Australia.—Among the legislative proposals to be submitted in the forthcoming sessions of Parliament there will be a bill to remove the disqualification against women of the Commonwealth as voters at parliament.

Gypsy Lad, 13, Marries Cousin of Same Age



What would your folks have said if at the age of thirteen you 'promised to love, honor and obey'? Child welfare workers in New York were recently startled when thirteen-year-old John Costello married his cousin, Rosie Costello, the same age, at Tuckahoes, N. Y. The girl at the right is the youthful bride. John appears in the panel. On the left is Mary Costello another of John's cousins, who was one of the "ladies in attendance" and who will also shortly join the matrimonial ranks. John's father had to pay Rosie's father \$3,500 before the bride could leave the paternal care of her dad. The gypsies started feasting and dancing at sunrise on the day of the wedding and continued these ceremonies for three days.

The Irresponsible Senate

(From the New York World.)

"If then we are to have open, free and responsible government the senate must be reformed, and no time is more auspicious than the present to begin with that branch of its jurisdiction as to which the people are having such a striking object lesson. Let us take a first step in the direction of popular and efficient government and amend the constitution so that treaties shall be ratified by the house of representatives."

The author of that eminently wise and practical suggestion is not a democrat but a very able and distinguished republican, Samuel W. McCall, who served for twenty years in congress and was afterwards for three years governor of Massachusetts.

Writing for the September issue of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. McCall describes the senate as "the glaring solecism of the time," and considers the method by which it has dealt with the treaty of peace as convincing proof that if the United States is to have responsible government it must begin with the reform of the senate, which is irresponsible.

Mr. McCall's conclusions do not differ essentially from those of John Hay, who was secretary of state in President McKinley's cabinet and who said of the senate's power to destroy treaties: "No such monstrous shape has the original mistake of our constitution grown in the evolution of our politics."

The senate's veto over treaties was conferred upon it at a time when all diplomacy was secret and it was regarded as unwise to trust the house of representatives. The first important treaty negotiated by the United States government was not officially made public even after it had been ratified by the senate. The original reason for requiring the advice and consent of the senate to treaties long ago lost its force. There is nothing whatever to sustain it at a time when the whole world is insisting upon open diplomacy and the nations have formally pledged themselves to have no secret treaties.

German Voters for Harding

(From the New York World.)

After making an "exhaustive and comprehensive canvass," the Evening Sun finds cause for great gratification because Senator Harding is the "overwhelming choice" of the foreign-born voters of the country, particularly the Germans. In marshalling evidence in support of their conclusion it cites various German dailies published here or in western cities as showing "the general trend of the German-language newspapers throughout the country toward the republicans." Aside from those that it mentions by name, it reports: "Not one prominent German daily stands behind Governor Cox in his drive for the presidency, and against him are added hundreds of German weekly and monthly periodicals which are rapidly coming into the field again after being virtually starved out in the war."

As illustrating the viewpoint of the German voter, the Evening Sun quotes Julius Holz, general manager of the Staats-Zeitung, which is "strongly republican" in this campaign, as impossible to speak of the German-American vote any longer. It is the American-German vote. American is first with all Germans in this country. And we do not believe that the league, Mr. Wilson or Mr. Cox are the best that can be obtained for America. And they are the worst that could be obtained for Germany."

The Evening Sun's comment is that "the Germans are unanimous in their belief that the league of nations is a thing of great danger to the United States and to Europe, which, of course, includes Germany." Furthermore, it adds, Governor Cox's successful efforts to have German as a language barred from the schools of Ohio have not been forgotten by the Germans. Hyphenated Americanism figures prominently in the republican plan of campaign. Senator Harding openly appealed to it in his front-porch speech in the Western courts yesterday and said: "An exclusive German school system has failed."

Marine Gives 48 Years In Service

Wichita, Kan.—Back in 1872, on July 13, to be exact, William C. Barthwaite, then 18, enlisted in the United States marine corps. He served with the marines and later with the army. Now he is at sergeant with the local army recruiting service. Just forty-eight years almost to a day, after his first enlistment he received a copy of his first enlistment papers in the marine, to replace a lost copy of his discharge, which occurred shortly after he left the service.

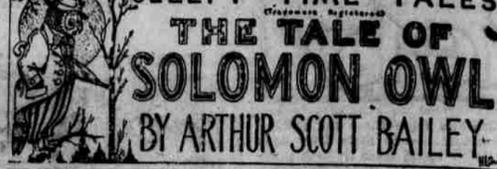
Portland Gives Wages to Swimmer

Portland, Or.—Miss Theilma Payne, while competing at the Antwerp Olympic games in the diving events will not lose her salary as chief telephone operator for the city of Portland. Recently the city council adopted a resolution authorizing payment to Miss Payne of \$250 for ten weeks, the period of her absence.

Wild Ducks Harm The Rice Fields

Woodland, Cal.—Permission to use a bomb or frighten away wild ducks has been asked of the state fish and game commission by the B. F. Conway ranch near here. The ducks, it is said, are damaging rice in the fields. An attempt was made to shoot them by a party of eight men, but the ducks were not frightened.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF SOLOMON OWL BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY



A Newcomer. Upon his arrival, as a stranger, in Pleasant Valley, Solomon Owl looked about carefully for a place to live. What he wanted especially was a good, dark hole, for he thought that sunshine was very dismal.

Though he was willing to bestir himself enough to suit anybody, when it came to hunting, Solomon Owl did not like to work. He was no busy nest-builder, like Rusty Wren. In his search for a house he looked several times at the home of old Mr. Crow. If it had suited him better, Solomon would not have hesitated to take it for his own. But in the end he decided that it was altogether too tight to please him.

That was lucky for old Mr. Crow. And the black rascal knew it, too. He had noticed that Solomon Owl was hanging about the neighborhood. And several times he caught Solomon examining his nest.

But Mr. Crow did not have to worry long. For, as it happened, Solomon Owl at last found exactly what he wanted. In an old, hollow hemlock, he came across a cozy, dark cavity. As soon as he saw it he knew that it was the very thing! So he moved in at once. And except for the time that he spent in the meadow—which was considerably later—he lived there for a good many years.

Once Fatty Coon thought that he would drive Solomon out of his snug house and live in it himself. But he soon changed his mind—after one attempt to oust Solomon. Solomon Owl—so Fatty discovered—had sharp, strong claws and a sharp strong beak as well, which curled over his face in a cruel hook.

It was really a good thing for Solomon Owl—the fight he had with Fatty Coon. For afterward his neighbors seldom troubled him—except when Jasper Jay brought a crowd of his noisy friends to

tease Solomon, or Reddy Woodpecker annoyed him by rapping on his door when he was asleep. But those rowdies always took good care to skip out of Solomon's reach. And when Jasper Jay met Solomon alone in the woods at dawn or dusk he was most polite to the solemn old chap. Then it was "How-do-do, Mr. Owl!" and "I hope you're well today!" And when Solomon Owl turned his great, round, black eyes on Jasper, that bold fellow always felt quite uneasy; and he was glad when Solomon Owl looked away.

If Solomon Owl chanced to hoot on those occasions, Jasper Jay would jump almost out of his bright blue coat. Then Solomon's deep laughter would echo mockingly through the woods.

You see, though not nearly so wise as he appeared, Solomon Owl knew well enough how to frighten some people.

That was lucky for old Mr. Crow. And the black rascal knew it, too. He had noticed that Solomon Owl was hanging about the neighborhood. And several times he caught Solomon examining his nest.

But Mr. Crow did not have to worry long. For, as it happened, Solomon Owl at last found exactly what he wanted. In an old, hollow hemlock, he came across a cozy, dark cavity. As soon as he saw it he knew that it was the very thing! So he moved in at once. And except for the time that he spent in the meadow—which was considerably later—he lived there for a good many years.

Once Fatty Coon thought that he would drive Solomon out of his snug house and live in it himself. But he soon changed his mind—after one attempt to oust Solomon. Solomon Owl—so Fatty discovered—had sharp, strong claws and a sharp strong beak as well, which curled over his face in a cruel hook.

It was really a good thing for Solomon Owl—the fight he had with Fatty Coon. For afterward his neighbors seldom troubled him—except when Jasper Jay brought a crowd of his noisy friends to

tease Solomon, or Reddy Woodpecker annoyed him by rapping on his door when he was asleep. But those rowdies always took good care to skip out of Solomon's reach. And when Jasper Jay met Solomon alone in the woods at dawn or dusk he was most polite to the solemn old chap. Then it was "How-do-do, Mr. Owl!" and "I hope you're well today!" And when Solomon Owl turned his great, round, black eyes on Jasper, that bold fellow always felt quite uneasy; and he was glad when Solomon Owl looked away.

If Solomon Owl chanced to hoot on those occasions, Jasper Jay would jump almost out of his bright blue coat. Then Solomon's deep laughter would echo mockingly through the woods.

You see, though not nearly so wise as he appeared, Solomon Owl knew well enough how to frighten some people.

That was lucky for old Mr. Crow. And the black rascal knew it, too. He had noticed that Solomon Owl was hanging about the neighborhood. And several times he caught Solomon examining his nest.

But Mr. Crow did not have to worry long. For, as it happened, Solomon Owl at last found exactly what he wanted. In an old, hollow hemlock, he came across a cozy, dark cavity. As soon as he saw it he knew that it was the very thing! So he moved in at once. And except for the time that he spent in the meadow—which was considerably later—he lived there for a good many years.

Once Fatty Coon thought that he would drive Solomon out of his snug house and live in it himself. But he soon changed his mind—after one attempt to oust Solomon. Solomon Owl—so Fatty discovered—had sharp, strong claws and a sharp strong beak as well, which curled over his face in a cruel hook.

It was really a good thing for Solomon Owl—the fight he had with Fatty Coon. For afterward his neighbors seldom troubled him—except when Jasper Jay brought a crowd of his noisy friends to

tease Solomon, or Reddy Woodpecker annoyed him by rapping on his door when he was asleep. But those rowdies always took good care to skip out of Solomon's reach. And when Jasper Jay met Solomon alone in the woods at dawn or dusk he was most polite to the solemn old chap. Then it was "How-do-do, Mr. Owl!" and "I hope you're well today!" And when Solomon Owl turned his great, round, black eyes on Jasper, that bold fellow always felt quite uneasy; and he was glad when Solomon Owl looked away.

Boy Has Novel Birthday

Brooklyn.—When Hams, Jr., of Brooklyn, turned time on his ninth birthday, he rode in an airplane, piloted by his father. With him he took his mother, two and a quarter brothers and a sister. The pilot took the party to the sky and his sister, who is only five, was blown a thousand miles up in the air. The party then returned to the ground, where the air mail was shot them down. After a aloft, at 150-mile speed.

"Bluebeard" Money of Vain

Paris.—"Bluebeard" who is charged with the murder of his victims, the police will hear when he is tried. Half this amount is alleged to have been received from the remaining half having arrived from the sale of some clothing belonging to the woman whose body he is supposed to have buried.

Biggest Steer Weighs 3,500

Clinton, Ont.—"Sir Douglas Haig," said to be the biggest steer in the world, is drawing hundreds of livestock men from various parts of Canada to the farm of Ex-Rev. Charles Stewart, in Ashfield township, Huron county, Ontario.

No Labor Problem For This Fall

New York.—The labor problem is no problem at all, Paulson, who has just returned from Copenhagen with a party of 15 children to operate a school in Minnesota. He explained that he couldn't get the work done in this force, he'd send home two or three married couples and their children.

KANTLEEK advertisement featuring an illustration of a Kanteek bottle and text describing its benefits for preventing leaks in various containers.

J. C. PERRY'S DRUG STORE advertisement for Children's Ailments, featuring an illustration of a child and text about Chamberlain's Tablets.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Tablets, describing it as a remedy for stomach and constipation disorders in children.

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Tablets, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text about its effectiveness.

Bake-Rite Bakery advertisement, featuring an illustration of a baker and text about their products.

LADD & BUSH Bankers advertisement, featuring an illustration of a building and text about their banking services.