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Loganberry Laughs
By Robert Quillen.

In France a speeding car may be driven by a maniac or by a cognac.
Herpicide stops falling hair and fratricide causes falling hair.
When people were old-fashioned, clothes were worn for the purpose of concealing one's person.
Drama in high finance. Act I.—Fifty per cent in 90 days. Act II.—Fifty cents on the dollar.
So long as the modern prodigal son has access to the old man's pile he remains a feted calf.
The 19th amendment makes for the uplift. The ladies will either elevate the ballot or raise Cain.
When a fat man quits his chair and begins to walk one instinctively listens for the rattle of changing gears.



Some who are weary of this world try suicide, and some get jobs as police in Ireland.
There is a difference between the privateer and the profiteer. The privateer had to get "em on the wing."
One cannot know how thoroughly Bolshevism has permeated Europe until there is a report on the per capita consumption of soap.
The ambition of the down-trodden is to get on top and get even by treading on the down-trodders.
It may be that Lower California once lived in the neighborhood of Los Angeles and was shaken down by some prehistoric earthquake.



The wets wouldn't be satisfied with any platform; what they want is a raft.
When America has built enough cars to haul Poles perhaps she will build a few to haul coal.
Slush fund: Any sum collected by the opposition party. Must be a larger sum than one's own party has been able to collect.
The budget system wouldn't work in Mexico. They never could tell in advance what sum would be required to bribe bandits.
It may be that earlier centuries produced greater artists, but the moderns have developed a wonderful technique in drawing wages.

The Sugar Saver
among cereal foods
Grape-Nuts
No added sweetening needed.
You'll like the appealing flavor of this sugar-saving food.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE!

"Boys, Get the Money!"
Before the senate investigating committee, Dudley S. Blossom, one of the leaders in the Cleveland fund-raising drive for the republican national committee testified that the Cuyahoga county quota was fixed at \$400,000 as stated by Governor Cox, although the testimony of Fred W. Upham, republican national treasurer, testified that the goal for the entire state of Ohio was \$400,000.

C. W. McClure of Atlanta, Georgia, testified that Upham had set a quota for the national committee of \$25,000 for Atlanta alone as stated by Cox although Upham testified that the \$25,000 was the quota for the state of Georgia. Already enough testimony has been produced to substantiate the charges made by Governor Cox as to the huge slush fund being raised to elect Harding, and to discredit the testimony of the republican chairman and treasurer.
Chairman Will Hays testified that his national campaign budget was only \$3,000,000. Treasurer Upham who had previously stated that it was \$7,500,000, exclusive of state, senatorial and congressional funds, on the stand made his testimony conform more nearly to that of Hays, but submitted an "official budget" totaling \$4,800,000, or nearly \$2,000,000 more than testified to and he admitted additional congressional and state funds.

Under oath, Treasurer Upham stated that he had received \$2,551.50 from Oregon for the party fund. Chairman Tongue of the Oregon state central committee states that he had sent over \$20,000 to Upham. Pretty good grounds for Cox's assertion that Hays is a either a perjurer or Upham a liar.

"Boys, Get the Money!" is the republican slogan for the campaign—and paid workers are getting the money, according to the testimony. When all the "leads" given the senatorial probers by Cox are followed up, the statements of a \$15,000,000 slush fund will probably be found substantiated. Meanwhile workers can heed the admonition given in the national committee's official bulletin, as follows:

"Harding and Coolidge have the confidence of the people, but boys, get the money. The platform is sound enough to hold the weight of the nation, but boys, get the money. It takes time to organize, but we haven't any more time left; boys, get the money. The weather is hot, the men are on vacations, meetings are hard to get, but boys, get the money. There are hills to climb but of you want to make a hill at the same speed you have been running where the road was level, you have to give it more power. Give her the gas. Step on it!"

Bearing the Prune Market

There is evidently an effort underway to "bear" the prune market. Whether it is due to speculators seeking to profiteer or to unsettled financial conditions, the effect on the grower is the same.
Buyers have withdrawn from the market, temporarily, because jobbers have ceased to place orders. The reason given is the uncertainty of market conditions. Wholesalers do not care to stock up with high priced commodities on what may prove to be a falling market.
But there seems no reason to believe that this condition will be anything but temporary. Dried fruit is advancing, rather than falling. There is a national shortage of apricots and peaches and other dried products and there must be demand for the prune—the most nutritious and popular of dried products.
There is every indication for a normal demand for the prune at good prices when the pre-election hysteria subsides.

Rippling Rhymes
Oil

I know a dozen men who've won snug fortunes by the route of oil, and their financial cares are done, they do not have to spin or toil. They ride around in limousines, in all the pomp men could desire, and care no hoot how many beans it takes to buy a rubber tire. And when I see them in their pride, my own sad outlook makes me blue; I have a yearning pain inside—I'll go and buy some oil stock, too. Then I remember countless gents who tackled oil and hoped they'd win, and now they haven't forty cents to buy a stein of prohib gin. I see them sleeping in the park, on benches comfortless and bare, and when they wake some leaves and bark will be their breakfast bill of fare. Where one oil magnate lives in state, and has nine banks on which to draw, a thousand losers rail at fate and say there ought to be a law. And so I buy no oil well stock, nor heed prospectuses sublime; along my humble way I walk, and save a quarter at a time.

Love and Married Life

By the Noted Author
IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON

The Still, Small Voice.
I sat for a long time in the dimly lighted room just outside of the one we were using for the baby's nursery. Again I had that peculiar feeling of waiting and watching—waiting for something. I tried to make myself think that I was waiting for Miss Parker to call me and tell me that my baby was out of danger. But I knew that was not what I was waiting for, because I still had that peculiar feeling, which our grandmothers used to call "a goneness in the pit of the stomach."
It wasn't nausea, neither was it faintness, but for all that it was a terrible sensation. I caught my self pressing my hand across my stomach and I must have had rather an agonized look on my face, because Miss Parker, coming just then, said, "Does your stomach pain you, Mrs. Gordon?"
"No, I don't think so," was my somewhat hesitating reply.
"Oh, I know," she said, "it is your nerves. Hadn't I better give you something to quiet them?"
"No," I answered, "I do not want to go to sleep."
"But you should sleep, Mrs. Gordon."
"I can't sleep until Mr. Gordon comes home. I cannot see what is keeping him. He said he would be home early."
Again a voice seemed to whisper in my ear. "Don't you know that when your husband is out with Elizabeth Moreland neither of them notes the passing of time?"
"But, if it is as I suspect—the end of it all," I admonished the voice, "John will still time remember what he said to me at the house and he will be trying to break away and come to me."
"Do you think he will remember it," whispered the voice, "when he is with her?"
"I hate jealousy," I said spitefully and aloud.
"Did you speak?" asked Miss Parker, coming into the room.
"Yes, my dear, I did, but I did it involuntarily. And then I was so lonely, because I wanted someone to talk to me and because I knew that my baby must be asleep."

ing quietly, I repeated, "I hate jealousy."
I was not sure whether Miss Parker surmised anything from the sentence. If she did, she was big enough not to allow me to know, as she answered, "I, too, Mrs. Gordon, have always thought that jealousy was rather a mark of weakness. When one is jealous of another, it always seemed to me that one admits that the other must be superior, for how could one be jealous of an inferior person?"
"Sometimes, Miss Parker," I said, "jealousy is the outcome of hurt pride. One hates to feel that the person one loves can see something greatly to admire in another. But from either standpoint, it shows up just as you say. It is a despicable passion; I do not think I have it. Oh, of course, once in a while I feel a little twinge of the hurt pride that might come to any man or woman, but I smother it as quickly as I can. I suppose that is the reason I said out loud, 'I hate jealousy.'"
"Surely, Mrs. Gordon, you have no reason to be jealous of anyone. I was thinking, today, rather enviously of you. You have beauty, intellect, riches, health, a beautiful baby and a fine husband. What more could you find to be jealous of?"
"A little stirring of the baby called Miss Parker from me and as she left I thought: 'How little those who live with us and see us every day, know us.' Miss Parker had evidently seen nothing and she had been contrasting her life and mine. She probably thought that fate was unkind, for Miss Parker was a handsome, intellectual woman. I wonder if Miss Parker would exchange places with me tonight if she knew all that was something in my heart? Again that indefinable sensation of weight. I curled up on the divan and pulled its silken cover over me. I determined that if Miss Parker came in again, I would allow her to think that I was asleep."
The Lure dragged and my eyes had that smart that one gets from sleep.

The Official Truth About Harding

A Detailed Study of Official Records Compiled by Lynn Haynes and Henry Raymond Mussey in "The Searchlight."

Is Harding Wet or Dry?
During the consideration of the army bill, Senator McKeller (Tenn.) offered an amendment prohibiting the selling or giving of liquor to officers or enlisted men. Senator Underwood (Ala.) proposed making this apply to senators and congressmen, frankly explaining that his object was to make the whole thing "ridiculous." Harding voted yea on the Underwood amendment to the McKellar amendment (April 28, 1917; C. R., 1457).

When the Underwood hoseplay had failed, as of course it did, Harding proposed an amendment authorizing the president to make such regulations governing the prohibition of alcoholic liquors in or near army camps as he deemed advisable.

There were several prohibition tests on riders offered as amendments to the espionage act during May, 1917, as follows:

Senator Cummins (Iowa) proposed an amendment prohibiting the use of any "cereal, grain, sugar or sirup in the production of intoxicating liquor" during the war. It was directly a war measure, intended to conserve the food supply. The "wets" were therefore in a difficult position and they confined their efforts largely to saving beer and wine. In these efforts Harding joined.

Senator Wadsworth (N. Y.) tried to amend the Cummins amendment by making it apply to "spiritous" rather than "intoxicating" liquors. Harding voted yea (C. R., 2190).

Senator Reed (Mo.) presented an amendment to prohibit the "sale" of intoxicants. Harding voted nay (C. R., 2191).

Senator Weeks (Mass.) wanted to exempt rum used in preparing tobacco. Harding voted yea (C. R. 2192).

Senator Gronna (N. D.) presented an amendment to permit the distillation of liquors into alcohol for explosives and industrial purposes. Harding voted nay (C. R., 2194).

Harding then voted twice against the Cummins amendment (C. R., 2196, 2269).

The food and fuel control bill, considered in July, 1917, brought forth numerous amendments dealing with the liquor question. Without exception Harding voted with the "wets."

Senator Cummins proposed an amendment prohibiting the importation or withdrawal of distilled liquors from bond for beverage purposes. Harding voted nay (C. R., 4751).

Senator Robinson (Ark.) offered an amendment prohibiting the use of food materials in the manufacture of distilled liquors, thus saving beer and wine. Harding voted yea (C. R., 4792).

Senator Smoot (Utah) proposed an amendment authorizing the president to take over distilled liquors and pay the cost plus ten per cent. Harding voted yea (C. R., 4780).

Senator Reed's bone-dry amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill, prohibiting the shipment of liquors into dry states, was voted upon in the senate February 15, 1917. Harding dodged this test. He had answered to a previous quorum call that day, but neither responded nor was paired when the Reed amendment was decided (C. R., 3335, 3336).

Upon the question of enforcing the eighteenth amendment, Harding voted to pass the Volstead bill over the president's veto (October 28, 1919; C. R., 7633). Before that, however, he had expressed the belief that prohibition could not be enforced, as follows (August 1, 1917; C. R., 5648):

"I do not think a prohibition amendment will be effective, Mr. President. You cannot make any law stronger than the public sentiment which sees to its enforcement. I have watched the progress of this question from the conflict in the hamlet to the municipality, to the county, the state, and the nation, and while I stand here and freely express my doubts about its practicability, at the same time I recognize that it is growing and insistent and persistent and it must be settled."

"That is the same kind of logic displayed in several Harding speeches and decisions. He did not think that prohibition could be effectuated because public sentiment was against it; yet, in the same paragraph, he pictured that same public sentiment as so "insistent and persistent" that he felt compelled to vote with it.

(Continued Thursday)

Conscientiously I tried to go to sleep, for I felt that it was useless to expect John from hour to hour. But I could not relax, each nerve, each muscle was drawn taut. I felt that my mouth was closed tightly. I could not think of anything except that I was listening, listening, waiting.
And then—the telephone bell jangled, on my rapped nerves.
TOMORROW—A Strange Voice.

State Politics
Center Interest

Portland, Me.—Political interest for the moment is largely occupied in speculation on the outcome of the election in this state on September 15. A campaign that began in earnest on August 23 will be fought without let-up through the final week. The usual predictions of success are being issued by both republicans and democrats.

Maine is unique in its constitutional provisions for state elections which are held in September instead of November and in presidential years the local contests are viewed as of special importance. On these years the fighting is no less for the possession of state offices, representation in congress and control of the state legislature than for the psychological effect of the outcome on the rest of the country.

To what extent if any the national drift may be forecast by a victory or an increased or decreased majority here has long been a matter of dispute with politicians but certain it is that national leaders have taken the tradition seriously and have brought as many of their political big guns into the campaign in this state as possible. Four years ago, Charles E. Hughes wound up the campaign for the republicans. This year both parties have had a big representation of state campaigners and have drawn heavily on the national committee for speakers of national prominence. On September 13, a governor, state auditor, four members of congress, a state legislature and county officials will be chosen. Maine does not elect a senator this year.

Mexican Parties
Favor Protection

Mexico City.—Declarations in favor of a liberal foreign policy, with guarantees of life and property to nationals of other countries and encouragement of foreign investment are contained in a manifesto by the two opposing candidates for

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

Watching the Chickens.
Solomon Owl and Fatty Coon couldn't help laughing at what Tommy Fox said to them, as they sat in their tree near the farmhouse, looking down at him in the moonlight.
"Do you know that stranger?" Solomon Owl asked him, pointing out the horrible head to Jimmy.
"I haven't the pleasure," said Jimmy Rabbit, after he had taken a good look.
"Well," said Solomon, "won't you kindly speak to him; and ask him to go away?"
"Certainly!" answered Jimmy Rabbit, who always tried to be obliging.
"I hope the stranger won't eat him," remarked Tommy Fox, "because I hope to do that some day, myself."
It was queer—but Jimmy Rabbit was the only one of the four that wasn't afraid of those glaring features. He hopped straight up to the big round head, which was just a bit higher than one of the fence posts, against which the stranger seemed to be leaning. And after a moment or two, Jimmy Rabbit called to Solomon and Fatty and Tommy Fox:
"He won't go away! He's going to stay right where he is!"
"Come here a minute!" said Tommy.
Jimmy Rabbit shook his head.
"You come over here!" he answered. And he did not stir from the side of the stranger. He knew very well that Tommy Fox was afraid of the man with the head with the glaring eyes.
As for Tommy Fox, he did not even reply—that is, to Jimmy Rabbit. But he spoke his mind freely enough to his two friends in the tree.
"No such thing!" Tommy Fox snapped. And he looked up at Solomon as if he wished that he could climb the tree.
"Here comes somebody else!" Fatty Coon exclaimed suddenly. His keen eyes had caught sight of Jimmy Rabbit, hopping along on his way to the vegetable garden, to see if he couldn't find a stray cabbage or turnip.
Solomon Owl called to him. Whereupon, Jimmy Rabbit promptly sat up and looked at the odd trio. If it hadn't been for Tommy Fox he would have drawn nearer.



"Watch me, and you'll see!"
"I'm here to watch Farmer Green's chickens for him," said he—"to see that no rat—or anybody else—runs away with a pullet."
Farmer Green has someone else watching for him tonight," said Solomon Owl, when he had stopped laughing. "There's that strange man! You can see how he keeps his glaring eyes fixed on the chicken house. And unless I'm mistaken, he's on the lookout for you."
"No such thing!" Tommy Fox snapped. And he looked up at Solomon as if he wished that he could climb the tree.
"Here comes somebody else!" Fatty Coon exclaimed suddenly. His keen eyes had caught sight of Jimmy Rabbit, hopping along on his way to the vegetable garden, to see if he couldn't find a stray cabbage or turnip.
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The Itching Torture of Skin Diseases

No Relief in Sight Until the Cause is Removed

Just because the itching and discomfort becomes so intense, the average person afflicted with skin diseases is led away from the proper rational treatment in their anxiety for some measure of relief from its torture.
* * * * *
* Mere temporary relief from the flaming skin irritation *
* should not deter you from *
* seeking its cause and removing it. *
* * * * *
In other words, you should not be content to have only temporary relief from the terrifying itching and burning of fiery skin diseases. And that is all you can possibly get from the use of salves, ointments, lotions and other local remedies applied to the surface of the skin.
Temporary relief will do you but little good if you are a victim of itching eruptions, tetter, rash, eczema or other terrifying skin disorders. Soon all the itching and irritation will break out afresh with renewed fury, and you should be convinced that no amount of local treatment can possibly rid you of your trouble.
Such remedies will doubtless afford some measure of temporary relief, but they court makeshift remedies that can make no progress toward ridding you of your affliction?

Why Be Afraid of Good Food?

Eat What you Like Best But Follow It With a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet
When the stomach sours or becomes gassy, with heartburn, it needs the alkaline effect to offset the acid condition. This you get



from one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.
Relief is usually very prompt. The regular use of these tablets after meals gives the stomach and small intestine substantial help to digest food and you will then be bold enough to eat baked beans, fried eggs, sausage, buckwheat cakes and many other things you thought would make your stomach miserable. Get a 50 cent box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store and you will then eat whatever you like and be fortified against the acid, sour stomach due to indigestion or dyspepsia. (adv)

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Better than Pills GET A For Liver Ills. 25c Box



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The recommendations of our Board of Lubrication Engineers embodied in the Zerolene Correct Lubrication Chart are designed to better the performance and lengthen the life of trucks, tractors and automobiles. Get a Correct Lubrication Chart from your Zerolene distributor.
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The good rich taste lasts long you don't need a tobacco chew nearly as often—why it costs you less to chew this class of tobacco.
Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.
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