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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen.

Poland's new policy may be dictated, but not Red.

The fly in the ointment is the age required in suffrage.

In the south the republican party is controlled by the old-darkey.

This advertised drop in food prices is apparently a tale spin.

The only way a profiteer can tell a fine from a tax is that the fine is smaller.

A country is demobilized by a word of authority and demoralized for lack of it.

British troops operating in Arabia are Sikh of war.

An old colored brother in Salem says, "Bryan don't mind re sting ob de feet if nothin' don't hurt his tongue."

The difference between the ultra radical and the yegg is that the yegg has the courage to operate alone.

Still making a silk purse of a sow's ear should be as simple as making a silk stocking of a cotton boll.

The old fashioned chap who saved something for a rainy day also saved something for these dry days.

You can't expect much of Wrangel until he gets prominent enough to be assassinated every few days.

The bolsheviki are rendering at least one service. They are eating up all the stray dogs.

Immigrants are coming in droves. Evidently they haven't heard that this is no longer a land of spreedom.

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce speaks of a "lower level of prices." They may be lower, but they lack a whole lot of being on the level.

As Lenine parades it: "Young man, go west and loot the country."

It isn't necessary to visit Europe to see ruins. Observe a pay envelope when a landlord has finished with it.

Those we wish to hear from have nothing to say, and those who have nothing to say persist in letting us hear from them.

With one army Finn-ished on the North and another Polish on the West, will Lenine expose another to a Wrangel?

We are importing raisins from Spain—a few perhaps, for raisin pie, but more for raisin' Cain.

Massachusetts Has New Guard

Boston, Mass., Sept. 21.—Nine units of the new Massachusetts national guard have been mustered into the federal service and five more units are ready for inspection.

The accepted units, recruited to their required strength, will begin weekly drill with the advent of cool weather.

The units accepted by the federal cavalry, batteries B, 1st field artillery and B, C and D, 102nd field artillery and I, company, 1stst infantry.

Scrapping the League

"The present issue is the League of Nations. It finally culminates now in solemn referendum to the people. Mr. Cox says if he is successful, he will go in. Mr. Harding says he will stay out. Mr. Harding, happily for himself and for America, has scrapped the League."

So declares Senator Hiram Johnson, and in proof of the republican candidate's wrecking ability, quotes Harding as declaring that the "criminal League of Nations, mistakenly conceived and unreasonably insisted upon, has undoubtedly passed beyond the possibility of revocation."

"The destruction of the League through the republican party 'arouses not only our greatest enthusiasm, but our loftiest patriotism' declares Johnson. And so we see the Portland Oregonian and the Salem Statesman and all the other political organs who have championed the cause of the League of Nations, place partisanship above principle and enthusiastically help to scrap the League because the senatorial oligarchy maneuvered the party into that position and named one of its members as chief executioner.

Is it any wonder the people lose faith in partisan newspapers, when they hasten to stultify themselves at the behest of party bosses and repudiate at election times principles and purposes they have earnestly championed between elections, and blindly follow the label, regardless of what it hides, and meekly swallow the party prescription, regardless of the poison contained.

Does any one for a moment think that had this identical League of Nations been brought back by a Republican president, it would not have been enthusiastically ratified? Does any one suppose that had the Republican platform endorsed the League instead of straddling it, that the republicans would not be its strongest advocate? If the convention had named Taft, would not the republicans be solid for the League?

Johnson has been consistent and logical in his opposition to the League, Harding has veered with every wind of political expediency. But Johnson, representing but a minority of the republican party, has seen that minority triumph over the desires of the majority and helped force the republican party into the position where a vote for its wobbling candidate is a vote to scrap the League.

And now the partisan press is clamoring for a vote for the label and to vote it straight. What if you are voting against the interests of humanity and voting into power the high priests of reaction that Roosevelt tried to scourge from the party temple—they wear the hall mark of party insignia. Vote for a yellow dog—if he wears the sacred label. Vote on prejudice, on passion, on bunk—so long as you vote the label. Vote for hypocrisy, sham and insincerity, for the repudiation of your beliefs—and against your convictions—for a vote for the party absolves you from sin.

It is fortunate for the nation that a large portion of its voters—the balance of power—are not swayed by party passion or partisan appeals but vote for men and measures according to their honest convictions and best judgment. It is this independent vote, becoming larger every year as people realize the shallowness of politicians and the insincerity of office seekers, that decides elections and will decide the date of the League of Nations in this referendum to the people.

A vote for Harding is not only a vote to scrap the League of Nations, but a vote to perpetuate the power of those politicians, who for partisan purposes, have made the welfare of humanity a political football and brought upon our country the contempt and ridicule of civilization.

Rippling Rhymes

How Many?

The panic men forecasted has not yet cantered by; our flag is not half masted, and we are living high. What though the prophet rages throughout the heedless land? We're drawing princely wages, our work is in demand; we find the money growing upon the evergreens, when we are blithely going to work in limousines. Where once the guilders trickled, they now in rivers shine; how many have you pickled, how many are in brine? The times, so brisk and breezy, have lasted until now; and money's been so easy we feed it to the cow; and I am not predicting a dreadful time to come, or drearily immitting a preaching out of plumb. But if you wake tomorrow and find the boom is dead, will you be forced to borrow before the week is sped? For months you have been tickled, the dollars came so swift; how many have you pickled, because of inborn thrift? How many have you carried to some safe banker's vault, while foolish spendthrifts tarried with grape juice and near malt? It is a time enchanted, when roubles grow like weeds; how many have you planted, how many helpful seeds?

Love and Married Life

By the Noted Author Idaho McGlone Gibson

Alice stood for a moment beside the deck chair on which my baby was lying asleep, and for the first time I realized how great had been her desire and how unsatisfied her longing for a child. I knew that the one that was coming to her would seem like the consummation of her womanhood. Some way, although Alice had always told me that she had never known the great passion for Tom that we are taught is necessary to a successful marriage, I knew that of all my friends, the marriage of Alice and Tom Staunton was the most successful I had ever known. Neither had cared for the other to the extent where absolute possession seemed necessary, consequently each was perfectly willing that the other should own himself and herself.

As the years had rolled on, both Alice and Tom had come to that place where they were almost indispensable to each other. Never having known that all-consuming passion which never felt the regret when life showed them what might be—his ashes, growing colder and colder. They had always managed to keep the soft, warm firelight of mutual affection steady; and knowing it was there, they went their several ways, only to come back to face each other with that warming glow. They had grown much alike. In the years they had been together, Alice had lost much of her exuberance, much of her aggressiveness, and if the truth was to be told, much of her stubbornness. And Tom had lost that air of disinterested passiveness, that quiet repose, which always made him seem a little too self-centered, a little too sufficient unto himself.

The Official Truth About Harding

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

Harding on Taxation.

In the existing fiscal condition of the government, no question is of greater importance than that of the tax policies to be adopted. The public debt is nearly twenty-five billions. Interest and sinking-fund charges alone call for more than a billion dollars a year. A floating debt in excess of two and a half billions remains to be founded or otherwise cleared up. For the fiscal year 1920-21 provision must be made to meet claims of at least eight billions. The federal government by one means or another is going to take nearly \$250 from every family in the United States during the coming year. It is a matter of the utmost importance to all the people that tax policies be wisely framed.

What does Harding's record indicate in this respect? Whom would be taxed, and how?

Speaking on February 26, 1917, Harding said: I for one am speaking in opposition to the pending revenue bill because of the two hundred and twenty-six millions of unfair, unjust, unreasonable and uncollected-for class tax upon the great corporations of the land (C. R., 4277).

Addressing himself specifically to the proposal for a tax of 8 per cent on profits in excess of 8 per cent on capital stock, the Ohio senator went on:

I want to put into the Record, Mr. President, that this tax in the first place is not necessary; that it is revolutionary; it is unfair; it is sectional in character; it is distinctly class legislation, and not designed, but well inclined to discourage success; and then, in the last analysis, it is utterly impracticable to collect it along lines of just application (C. R., 4278).

During the last three years we have actually collected billions in excess profits taxes.

Harding said further: This 8 per cent tax on excess profits is a penalty on success, and I make bold to say, Mr. President, that 8 per cent profit on a man's investment is not sufficient if you expect to have any further American development. . . . Eight per cent money never lighted a furnace in these United States; 8 per cent money never laid a rail or stretched a wire or opened a mine. . . . our remarkable development in the last 60 years, which is ten times that of any other nation being on the face of the earth is due to this spirit of gambling in the human being whereby a man is willing to take his capital and add to it his energies and his genius and his pluck and determination, in the hope that the combination of these things will result in a profitable achievement. That is what has made us what we are. (C. R., 4280).

These quotations throw considerable light on Harding's votes on tax measures.

On February 28, 1917, Senator Norris proposed an amendment to the revenue bill providing for the automatic increase of the income tax whenever appropriations exceed estimated income. Harding voted nay (C. R., 4488).

On the same day Senator La Follette proposed eleven amendments to the measure. Harding joined with practically all the other republicans in supporting nine of them; but followed Lodge and Smoot in voting against the two providing for publicity of income returns (C. R., 4513-4517).

He also opposed the Lodge amendment exempting from corporation income tax, income derived from agriculture or from personal or professional service (C. R., 4518) and voted against the Oliver amendment exempting the income of farming and professional corporations from such tax (C. R., 4521).

Continued Wednesday.

A West End woman refusing to declare herself a republican or democrat, exclaiming: "I'm a socialist, why should I enroll as either republican or democrat?"

A woman at the Church of Advent booth asking an officer out-side to look after her umbrella while she voted:

A Cambridge woman depositing her ballot in the box and then angrily demanding that the election officer give it back to her as she had not marked it yet:

And scores of women running back into the polling booths for umbrellas they had forgotten in the excitement of the first ballot—the debut into politics.

Stunts Pulled By Lady Voters Cause Smiles

Boston.—Women of the east have taken their first plunge into the mysteries of the voting booth.

With good grace, little hesitation and no confusion, they crossed their ballots for the first time at the primaries in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

They were distinctly feminine about it, however. There were women who came to the polling booths with their baby carriages; there were women who forgot their umbrellas and had to go back to the marking places for them; there were women who used shopping tactics; there were women who wanted their ballots back after they had been put in the box because they changed their minds; there were women who demanded a new ballot because they hadn't been neat with the first; there were women who wanted to "talk it over," and there were women all affluter. But only one woman was found who came accompanied by a male protector.

Surveying the situation, one found: Lines of baby carriages with crying infants outside the voting booths in Dorchester, Roxbury, East Boston, Chelsea and other densely populated areas of Boston.

Women displaying the "shopping instinct" in demanding of precinct officers in Boston "two ballots, one democrat and the other republican, in order that they may look them over before they vote";

Several women enjoying the experience of precinct officers; Brighton women out with their automobiles "bringing in the vote, handling the ballot, well—better than some white women—in the South End section of Boston;

Ants driving automobiles all over Boston in search of the forgetful women voters;

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF SOLOMON OWL

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

The Sleep Storm.

It was winter. And for several days a strong south wind had swept up Pleasant Valley. That—

as Solomon Owl knew very well—that meant a thaw was coming. He was not sorry, because the weather had been bitterly cold.

Well, the thaw came. And the weather grew so warm that Solomon Owl could stay out all night without once feeling chilly. He found the change so agreeable that he stayed further from home than was his custom. Indeed, he was far away on the other side of Blue Mountain at midnight, when it began to rain.

Now, that was not quite so pleasant. But still Solomon Owl did not mind greatly. It was not until

later that he began to feel alarmed, when he noticed that flying did not seem so easy as usual.

Solomon had grown heavy all at once—and goodness knows it was not because he had overeaten, for food was scarce at that season of the year. Moreover, Solomon's wings were strangely stiff. When he moved them they cracked.

"It must be my joints," he said to himself. "I'm afraid this wetting has given me rheumatism." So he started home at once—though it was only midnight. But the further he went, the worse he felt—and the harder it was to fly.

"I'll have to rest a while," he said to himself at last. So he alighted on a limb; for he was more tired than he had ever been in all his life.

But he soon felt so much better that he was ready to start on again. And then, to his dismay, Solomon Owl found that he could hardly stir. The moment he left his perch he floundered down upon the ground. And though he tried his hardest, he couldn't reach the tree again.

The rain was still beating down steadily. And Solomon began to think it a bad night to be out. What was worse, the weather was fast turning cold.

"I'm afraid I'll have to stay in this week after this," he groaned. "If I sit here long, as wet as I am, while the thaw turns into a freeze, I shall certainly be ill."

Now, if it hadn't been for the rain, Solomon Owl would have had no trouble at all. Or if it hadn't been for the freezing cold he would have been in no difficulty. Though he didn't know it, his trouble was simply this: The rain froze upon him as fast as it fell, covering him with a coating of ice. It was no wonder that he felt strangely

heavy—no wonder that he could not fly.

There he crouched on the ground, while the rain and sleet beat upon him. And the only comforting thought that entered his head was that on so stormy a night Tommy Fox and Fatty Coo would be snug and warm in their beds. They wouldn't go out in such weather.

And Solomon Owl wished that he, too, had stayed at home that night.

From midnight until almost dawn Solomon Owl sat there. Now and then he tried to fly. But it was no use. He could scarcely raise himself off the ground.

At last he decided he would have to walk home. Fortunately, a hard crust covered the soft snow. So Solomon started off on his long journey.

Flying, Solomon could have covered the distance in a few minutes. But he was a slow walker. By the time he reached his home among the hemlocks the sun was shining brightly—for the rain had stopped before daybreak.

Solomon wondered how he would ever succeed in reaching his doorway, high up in the hollow tree. He gazed helplessly upward. And as he sat there mournfully the bright sunshine melted the ice that bound his wings. At-

ter a time he discovered he could move freely once more and then he rose quickly to his home—that darkness which was always so pleasant.

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Negro women voters, ranging from old negroes to young girls, handling the ballot, well—better than some white women—in the South End section of Boston;

Ants driving automobiles all over Boston in search of the forgetful women voters;