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Loganberry Laughs
By Robert Quillen.

Labor won the war; it might let Capital have the peace.

It begins to appear that woman's sphere is this hemisphere.

Even the bitter-end wet won't demand an eye-opener on resurrection morn.

This vamp business was probably started by the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Old Omar doubtless had us in mind when he spoke of the profit's paradise to come.

Lenine is advertising for inventors. It isn't an inventor he needs, but an inverter.

It might help some if every organization of workers was strictly limited to workers.

They are reducing the price of cars, but if they wish to do something handsome let them throw in ten gallons of gas.

We can't establish virtue by statute, but we can make it the lesser of two evils.

It probably won't be long until restaurants advertise as filling stations for pedestrians.

If all English-speaking people who can't have their own way would fast, there would be an abundance for starving Europe.

The price of coal is fair enough when you figure the value of the heat units in the bill.

How will the league go about stopping a war between rival country-savers of a member nation?

Very likely the prohibition agent at times sympathizes with the cat that was required to eat a grindstone.

Those who would annex Mexico should first make sure that the value of the oil will exceed the cost of the broil.

The umpire should announce the betters along with the batteries.

The candidate can no longer distribute five-cent cigars, but he can't carry five-cent sticks of candy on the new voters.

Baseball may console itself with the reflection that no other profession has produced so few as eight crooks in a generation.

One might move to the Philippines. There one may raise a thirst, the coal baron does not prey and suffrage hasn't made the mango.

Portland—Eggs produced in this state now occupy a position on the New York market, second only to the well known Pekin eggs, according to U. L. Upton, general manager of the Oregon Poultry Producers' association, who has just returned from the east. He found that when Pekin eggs extra fancy were selling at 72 cents, Oregon Nillade were bringing 48 cents.

A Campaign of Fake
In a recent speech at Boston, President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard, speaking on the issues of the election declared: "What is the main condition or fact concerning which the American voters are to render a verdict? The main fact is that a small group of Republican senators have prevented the American people from doing their part in the great enterprise which was devised and proposed by the international conference at Paris, the reasons given for their action by the members of the group being so selfish, mean and cowardly that they together constitute a slander on the national character. I must confess that I am unable to understand how any believer in the American sort of liberty with security can hesitate about his choice."

Concerning the advice of Taft, Hoover and Root, to vote for Harding, he says: "These men seem to be unanimously in favor of a League of Nations, but at the same time recommend their countrymen to put into the presidency a man who rejects the only League of Nations which has been actually brought into existence and is functioning."

We have the unique spectacle of Hiram Johnson and the bitter-enders appealing to the people on one platform to vote for Harding and kill the League and on another platform Taft and the pro-Leagueers appealing to vote for Harding, to save the League, a new "holy alliance of Root and Hearst, Taft and Johnson, Hoover and Borah, each declaring that Harding is unbecoming the other half of the combination."

What a tribute to the insincerity and duplicity of the once great republican party, which founded upon high ideals, is now united only for office under the "selfish, mean and cowardly" policy of the senate oligarchy that dominates the republican party and named the candidate!

Same Old Bunk
Those Republican papers of Oregon that for a year ardently championed the League of Nations and excoriated the senate cabal that blocked it but have been stultifying themselves since the campaign began by placing party above principle, have a poor opinion of the intelligence of the people or figure that they like to be humbugged. Either what they preached before was false or what they preach now is falsehood. Small wonder the people have little faith in the partisan press.

It is not only on the League of Nations, but on every other political subject these newspapers have reversed themselves. A couple of years ago they were all ringing with the praise of Senator Chamberlain as a patriotic American for his vigorous action in speeding up the war, and commending his courage. Now these same papers are demanding Chamberlain's defeat in favor of a millionaire war profiteer who these same papers declared "made a cool million" by hoarding wool needed by the army.

"Vote against Chamberlain and bread lines and soup houses" is one of the appeals to prejudice that replace appeals to reason in the republican organs. Old stuff, old stuff—a return to normalcy indeed, so old that it sets the clock back to '96, but then most partisans haven't any ideas anyway save those provided by politicians.

"It is highly important that throttling taxes be reduced and that wanton waste everywhere in government be checked" we are informed. Yet the republicans have been in control of both houses of congress for two years, and have done nothing to revise war taxation or reduce extravagance. All appropriations are made by congress—which alone is responsible for leaving expenditures on a war basis in force.

"It is important to vote for Harding so people will have good wages" we are sagely told—yet wages have never been so high or work so plentiful as the past few years. And so it goes—the same old, old bunk, that the sun only shines and nature only functions under the beneficent regime of a republican administration with its protection of privilege.

The Voters Choice In The Coming Election

By Charles W. Elliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University—Printed by Special Arrangement with "The Atlantic Monthly"—Copyrighted by the Atlantic Monthly Company.

America's War Objectives.
In an address delivered at a joint session of the two houses of congress, April 2, 1917, President Wilson stated with the utmost compass the objects of the government and people of the United States in going to war with Germany:
"Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and action as will henceforth insure the observance of these principles."
"A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith with it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion."
"The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty."
"We fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

This is also an exact statement of what America ought to continue to do at all risks, in order that the fruits of their military victory may be gradually secured.
The Concert That Obstructionists Destroyed.
In this address to his fellow countrymen which was given to the newspapers on April 16, 1917, the President said:
"We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind, and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself."
"We must realize that to fill how great the task is, and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and sacrifice it involves. The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together."
"And so we did, until the obstructionist Senators began to obstruct the ratification of the Covenant and Treaty."
The New Glory That Politics Dimmed.
An address at Washington on

Portland—Need for an increased output of the Beaver Nut company has led that concern to obtain new quarters having several times the capacity of the former plant. A large amount of additional machinery has been installed, including the contrivance for blanching almonds and peanuts. The company is now selling its products throughout Oregon, southern Washington and Idaho.

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Nadiol Cream
The Unparalleled Beautifier Used and Endorsed by Thousands
Guaranteed to remove tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc. Extreme cases 20 days.
Ride pores and tissues of impurities. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail, two sizes, 60c. and \$1.20.
NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, France.
Sold by Daniel J. Fry, wholesale and retail; Neimeyer Drug Co.; Capital Drug Store, and other toilet counters. (adv)

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

Pleasures.
God intended us to smile
An' joy ourselves the while.
He knew we'd come to sorrow
An' our eyes would fill with tears.
He knew we'd get upset
An' find cares that make us fret,
So He strewed the flowers o' pleasure
Down the valley of the years.
Since He gave us different minds,
He made pleasures of all kinds.
And there's no one ever lived here
But could find his special joy;
This old world is crammed so full
Of the glad an' beautiful,
That whatever suits our fancy
We can find it, man or boy.
Some of us it seems there are
Who prefer to travel far,
Seeking wonders an' excitement
An' strange scenes. An' so they roam—
With the world is just as bright,
Just as full of true delight,
An' there's just as much of gladness
For the ones who stay at home.
I'm happier, I think,
With the roses red an' pink
An' the vines along the wall,
An' the youngsters at my side,
An' my few friends true an' tried,
Than I would be sailin' oceans
Followin' fancy's beck an' call.
Oh, I've had my share o' woe,
An' the hurt of grief I know,
But I thank the Lord above me
When my sky shows bright and clear,
For the pleasures I can find
An' the rest an' peace o' mind
That are always waitin' for me
As I live my life right here.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers.)
The little girl, whose head was still turned toward the closed door behind which had disappeared the only woman who had ever been consistently kind to her, now looked around at this large, strange man in his fur-lined coat, who sat there smiling at her in such friendly fashion.
And slowly, timidly, over the child's face the faintest of smiles crept in delicate response to his advances. Yet still in the wonderful grey eyes there remained that heart-rending expression of fearful inquiry which haunts the gaze of children who have been cruelly used.
"Is your name Stephanie?"
"Yes, sir."
"What shall I call you? Steve?"
"Yes, sir," winningly grave.
"All right, then. Steve, will you shake hands?"
The child laid her thin, red, water-marked fingers in his gloved hand. He retained them, and drew her nearer.
"You've had a rather tough deal, Steve, haven't you?"
The child was silent, standing with head lowered, her bronzed brown hair hanging and shadowing her shoulders and face.
"Do you go to school, Steve?"
"Yes, sir."
"Not today?"
"No, sir. It's Saturday."
"Oh, yes. I forgot. What do you learn in school?"
"Things—writing—reading."
"Do you like school?"
"Yes, sir."
"What do you like best?"
"Dancing."
"Do they teach that? What kind of dancing do you learn to do?"
"Fancy dancing—folk-dances. And I like the little plays that teacher gets up for us."
"Do you like any other of your studies?" he asked drily.
"Dancing."
"Drawing?"
"Yes, sir," she replied, flushing painfully.
"Oh. So they teach you to draw? Who instructs you?"
"Miss Crowe. She comes every week. We copy picture cards and things."
"So you like to draw, Steve," nodded Cleland absently, thinking of his only son, who liked to write, and who, God willing, would have every chance to develop his bent in life. Then, still thinking of his only son, he looked up into the grey eyes of this little stranger.
"As fate would have it, she smiled at him. And, looking at her in silence he felt the child-hunger gnawing in his heart—felt it, and for the first time, vaguely surmised what it really was that had so long ailed him.
But the idea, of course, seemed hopeless, impossible! It was not fair to his only son. Everything that he had was his son's—everything he had to give—care, sympathy, love, worldly possessions. These belonged to his son alone.
"Are you happy here with these kind people, Steve?" he asked hastily.
"Yes, sir."
But though his conscience should have instantly acquitted him, deep in his lonely heart the child-hunger gnawed, unsatisfied. If only there had been other children of his own—younger ones to play

MEASLES
may be followed by serious cold troubles; use nightly—
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It's not a bit of trouble to have plenty of good things to eat on hand all the time, when you use Calumet Baking Powder.
Mix up a batch of biscuits—or the finest kind of cake—it's all the same. There is never but one result—the sweetest and most palatable of foods.
There is not as much worry over baking costs either. Because Calumet costs less—when you buy it—the price is moderate.

Co-Lo
Beautifies Gray Hair
Co-Lo restores the natural color, life and luster to gray and faded hair in a manner nature approves.
Co-Lo Hair Restorer is a natural beautifier for gray hair—a scientific process perfected by Prof. John H. Austin of Chicago, over 40 years a hair and scalp specialist.

Calumet Doughnut Recipe
4 cups of pastry flour, 3 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of sugar, 2 eggs, beaten together, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, 1 cup of milk. Then mix in the regular way.
Received highest awards World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Paris Exposition, Paris, France.
The largest selling brand in the world.
Pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz. Instead of 16 oz. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

again very soon. I surely, surely will come back again to see you, Steve."
Then he put on his hat and went out abruptly—not back to the United Charities, and after an hour, from there he went down town to his attorney's, where he spent the entire day under suppressed excitement.
For there were many steps to take and much detail to be attended to before this new and momentous deal could be put through—a transaction concerning a human soul and the measures to be taken to insure its salvage.
SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF BROWNIE BEAVER
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY.
The Freshet.
The rain had fallen steadily for two days and two nights—not just a gentle drizzle, but a heavy downpour.
For some time it did not in the least disturb Brownie Beaver and his neighbors—that is to say, all but one of them. For there was a very old gentleman in the village known as Granddaddy Beaver who began to worry almost as soon as it began to rain.
"We're-a-going to have a freshet," he said to everybody he met. "I've seen 'em start many a time and I can always tell a freshet almost as soon as I see it coming."
Granddaddy Beaver's friends paid no heed to his warning. And some of them were so unkind as to laugh when the old gentleman crawled on top of his house and began to mend it.
"You young folks can poke fun at me if you want to," said Granddaddy Beaver, "but I'm-a-going right ahead and make my house as strong as I can. For when the freshet gets here I don't want my home washed away."
All day long people would stop to watch the old fellow upon his roof. And everybody thought it was a great joke—until the second day came and everybody noticed that it was raining just as hard as ever.
But no one except Granddaddy Beaver had ever heard of a freshet at that time of year. So even then nobody else went to work on his house, though some people did stop smiling. A freshet, you know, is a serious thing.
As the second day passed, the rain seemed to fall harder. And still Granddaddy Beaver kept putting ne wisticks on the roof of his house and plastering mud over them. And at last Brownie Beaver began to think that perhaps the old gentleman was right, after all, and that maybe everybody else was wrong.
So Brownie went home and set to work. And all his neighbors at once began to smile at him.
But Brownie Beaver didn't mind that.
My roof needed mending, anyhow," he said. "And if we should have a freshet, I'll be ready for it. And if we don't have one, there'll be no harm done."
Now, all this time the water had been rising slowly. But that was no more than everyone expected.



TOWLE'S LOG CABIN SYRUP

Look at all the —and imagine how they taste with the maple flavor of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup.

Breakfast Cereal
—crisp with milk and delicious Log Cabin Syrup.

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—with or without sausage, most certainly with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup!

Ice Cream
—transformed into a sundae by Log Cabin Syrup.

Toast, Biscuits, Waffles, Muffins
—everything tastes better with Towle's Log Cabin Syrup.

You'll enjoy the maple flavor.

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