

Capital Journal

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Loganberry Laughs

Nobody scolds Henry for "fixing" profiteers to lose.

There is no prospect of an early reduction in the wages of sin.

Even the fur profiteer is no longer able to work his skin game.

Bootleg stuff "aged in the wood" was aged before the tree was cut.

It seems logical enough that a strike should affect England's pound.

After today, somebody is going to find an editor's duties very tame and irksome.

A good party man is willing to sacrifice his time, his money and his convictions.

It sounds unreasonable, but one who sows wild oats usually raises Cain.

Judging from results in Haiti, we made our mistake that time by not sending marines.

When things begin to look desperate, Lenine simply puts on his thinking cap and his butcher's apron.

A few more weeks of this, and one will no longer be ashamed to ask for a dollar's worth of something.

You can say one thing for the coal barons. They haven't appealed to Houston for money to finance their holdings.

The next time the old ouija board is working, ask Solomon how he persuaded his wives to vote the right ticket.

The old-fashioned diplomat thinks an idealist one who hesitates to sacrifice a few thousand troops for a trade concession.

Once a gentleman loved good whisky, fast horses and beautiful women. Now he talks of bootleg, jits and chickens.

With skirts as high as they are, silk stockings are almost a necessity.

One reason why we can't finance the wheat and cotton farmers is because we must keep the Cuban sugar growers from suffering.

There will never be much democracy in the world while the opinion prevails that the people and the government are two establishments.

"Meat Disastrous to Kidneys," shouts a medicine ad. It also occasions that all-gone feeling in the neighborhood of the purse.

The coast district Pomona orange has been organized at Mapleton with seven granges in the western end of Lane county and one in Douglas county.

Joseph Vey, prominent sheep man of Pendleton, has bought six sections of mountain sheep range near La Grande. Mr. Vey owns 10,000 head of sheep.

Cause of the Landslide

By an overwhelming majority, the people have expressed their desire for a change in administration and a change in national policies.

The result of the election surprises no one—it was apparent long before the campaign began, a natural reaction following the war and due to the unrest and discontent prevalent in all nations in periods of reconstruction.

This unrest and discontent has been skillfully fomented by years of systematic propaganda to discredit President Wilson and his administration, by the senatorial sabotage to create an impasse in government and charge it to democratic inefficiency and by making foreign relations and the peace of the world the football of partisan politics.

The Republicans were well organized and amply financed. The democrats disorganized and without requisite funds. The personality of the candidates commanded slight attention.

Despite the effort to make it, the election can not be called a referendum upon the League of Nations, for the republicans appealed both for and against the League.

It will be said, of course, that the election is a rejection of President Wilson and his policies. With a maximum of achievement and a plentitude of mistakes, the Wilson administration can afford to wait for the verdict of history.

To have united the vast population of this country with its divergent nationalities, opposing creeds, and conflicting interests was a wonderful feat of statesmanship. To have raised, equipped and transported in a few fleeting months an army of 2,000,000 men across the hostile seas and landed them in Europe without the loss of a man, where their gallantry rendered imperishable glory to America; to have returned them safely and quickly disbanded them without a breath of scandal, such as followed the Spanish-American war; and to have financed the whole through the Reserve bank, a creation of his administration, are sufficient to perpetuate Woodrow Wilson's name in history.

Like the fickle Athenians, who banished their greatest leader because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just," the American people tired of the liberal ideas and lofty ideals of Woodrow Wilson have set the seal of their disapproval on their great world leader, who a casualty of the war for peace, lies stricken at the capital—thus again proving the proverbial ingratitude of republics.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1915 by Robert W. Chambers)

CHAPTER IV
In February the child departed from the Schmidt's in charge of an elderly, indigent gentleman, recommended to Mr. Cleland at an exorbitant salary. Mrs. Westlake was her name; she inhabited, with a mild and useless husband, the ancient family mansion in Pelham.

Washington Kiddie Has Real Flivver



When Bob Tranton burns up the roads in Washington with his home-made baby Suta, local motorists give him a wide berth. Steep inclines with sharp turns hold no terrors for the young speed king.

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest

The Man Who Does His Duty Well
The man who does his duty well need ask no odds of anyone. For he can face the whole wide world and pay his way and travel on;

There are degrees of skill and fame; not all men's learning is profound. The captain's reputation fades if once the ship he sails is beached.

There are degrees of skill and fame; not all men's learning is profound. But honesty is honesty no matter where'er it is found.

Bad News.
"Have you heard the news?" Tired Tim asked Brownie Beaver one day.

"What's that?" Brownie exclaimed. "What's that? I've never heard of one."

"It's a big storm, with a terrible wind," Tired Tim explained. "The wind will blow so hard that it will snap off big trees."

"Good!" Brownie Beaver cried. "Then I won't have to cut down any more trees in order to reach the tender bark that grows in their tops."

"You won't think it's very good," he said, "when the cyclone strikes."

"I will, sor." Cleland looked at Meacham and the little faded old man looked back out of wise, tragic eyes which had seen hell—would see it again more than once before he finished with the world.

"What do you think of my little girl?" Janet asked Meacham. "Did you see her?" demanded Cleland, hurriedly buttoning his collar and taking one of the scarfs offered by old Meacham.

"I did, sor—and it was like schubbing an eel. Not that she was naughty, sor—the darling!—only playful-like and contrary—all over 't' tub, under wather and atop, and pretdin' the soap and brush was fishes and she another chasin' them."

"Janet!" "Sor?" "Has she had her breakfast?" "Two, sor."

"Cereal and cream, omelet toast, three oranges and a pear, and a pint of milk—"

"Good heavens! Do you want to kill the child?" "Arrah, sor, she'll never be kilt with feedin'! It's natural to the young, sor—and she leppin' and shippin' and turnin' over and over like a young kid!—and how I'm to dress her in her clothes God only knows."

the village." "Why not?" Brownie inquired. "Because—" said Tired Tim. "Because the wind will blow every house away. It will snatch up the sticks of which the houses are built and carry them over the top of Blue Mountain. Then I guess you'll wish you had taken my advice and not built that new house of yours."

"I shall be safe enough," the lazy rascal continued. "All I'll have to do will be to crouch inside by house in the bank; for the wind can't very well blow the ground away."

"I don't believe there's going to be any such thing!" he exclaimed. "Don't you?" Tim grinned. "You god and ask Granddaddy Beaver. Hes the one that says there's going to be a cyclone."

At that Brownie Beaver stopped working and hurried off to find old Granddaddy Beaver. And to his great dismay, Granddaddy said that what Tired Tim had told him was the truth.

"It's a coming!" Granddaddy Beaver declared. "I saw one once before in these parts years before anybody else in this village was born. And when I see a cyclone a-coming I can generally tell it a long way off."

"When is it going to get here?" Brownie asked in a quavering voice. "Next Thursday or on to-morrow. Next Tuesday!" Granddaddy replied.

"What makes you think it's a-coming?" "Well—everything looks just the way it did before the last cyclone," Granddaddy Beaver explained, as he took a mouthful of willow bark. "The moon looks just the same."

Keep Warm and Keep Well
BESIDE the high-chair—in the nursery—wherever you need a little extra heat—that's when the Perfection Oil Heater shines.

Let us show you this handy, economical, efficient heater and explain "Perfection Selective Heating."

PERFECTION Oil Heaters
Wm. Gahlsdorf The Store of Housewares

Does Your Husband Come Home Tired, Nervous, Irritable?
Physician Says Thousands Of Men Are Breaking Simply Because Their Blood Lacks Iron—Tell To Convince A Husband That He Needs NUXATED IRON

To Help Make Red Blood, Strength and Endurance
"Simply because his blood lacks iron, many an American husband who ought to be feeling young, full of health, vigor and energy and in a position to show his family with every comfort and luxury is actually struggling to make ends meet—a disappointed and discouraged 'old' man who will probably end up in a nervous breakdown or be carried off by his first illness," says Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner.

Try It Out Yourself says the Good Judge
And you will find far more satisfaction little of this Real Tobacco gives you than you ever got from a big chew of the ordinary kind.

