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Loganberry Laughs

John Barleycorn to Scotland: Et tu?

White might be able to get a job predicting victories for Wrangel.

never warm up to a low villian or a highbrow.

Illinois will have a Governor Small. A great many states have had small gover-

Martyrdom may achieve a club is more effective.

The usual cold waves were no doubt waiting until the tidal wave got off the front

In time party leaders will learn that a house divided against itself cannot stand the gaff.

A lot of these fellows who go up to hunt in the Canadian woods never get far from ma- her grey eyes.

One judges from foreign press comment that America art here and there and the rest Bohemia, with a lively appreciation of artistic thought the only country eager things."

Rohemia, with a lively appreciation of artistic things."

And the irresponsibility and liberty for a change.

If a primary teacher can't teach a child anything, it is because she didn't begin with its grandparents.

Concerning the league revision, France is willing to concede any point except the one that jabs Heinie.

Every time the political bee employs its sting, the world loses another good laborer.

Jugal is the obsolete form of conjugal., The "con" was prefixed to give point to the expression, "conjugal bliss."

Doubtless you have observed that the man who is good at nothing else is a formidable opponent in an argument.

The reason a politician can't hear the voice of the people after his election is because he thinks himself the big

Spending the next four months dodging job-hunters will probably make Mr. Harding wish he did believe in oneman government.

The question is, when the league is taken out of the treaty will there be enough of the patient left to justify sewing up.

A Boston convict refused to talk for a long time and lost the power of speech. There, Mr. Bryan, let that be s warning to you.

Always Clamoring for More

An annual tax of 1.26 mills was voted at the May election by the people of Oregon for the support of the state institutions of higher education, the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis, the State university at Eugene and the State normal school at Monmouth.

To secure the passage of these measures, the officials of the educational institutions assured the public that the in-steve?" inquired Jim Cleland, as creased support thus insured would be adequate to provide they drove back to Boston that for their present and prospective needs and would take the institutions out of politics and prevent further appeals to the legislature fo additional funds. It was upon these grounds that The Capital Journal and other newspapers supported Hastf that The Capital Journal and other in the people voted the chap. You're the measure and upon these premises the people voted the that, anyway."

Both institutions have filed their estimated budget for the ensuing biennium. The U. of O. is apparently living within the funds provided by the millage tax. The O. A. C., however, asks from the legislature an additional appropriation of

As filed the budget shows the resident instruction department estimated requirements for the next biennium are rest thing. \$2,002,004 and the estimated receipts \$2,330.000, leaving a train. He's done things in clay surplus of \$327,946 which is wanted for new buildings, although and wax—really wonderful things. many of the present structures are only utilized a few hours of the day. For the experiment station, an appropriation of \$202,000 is askeed, an increasef \$97,000, of which \$70,000 is wanted for the Corvallis station and \$27,000 for branch stations. In the extension department salaries and main- ed. tainance for the next two years are estimated at \$538,336.24 How clever he really is!"
"You hadn't met him then and receipts at \$462,745.12, a deficit of \$75,588.12.

When a producer's income fails to equal his expenditures, he cuts expenses until they meet, or goes bankrupt. When a consumer of public money fails to live within his stipulated income, he indulges in legistative log-rolling to increase an already exorbitant taxation to make the people pay the bill. Retrenchment is the last thing on the program. The efficient public servant is the one that lives within appropriations and yet maintains standards and progress. He has the producers The American people will or taxpayers viewpoint. Whether the public servant who constantly spends more than his appropriations and is always clamoring for more, if efficient, is questionable.

The mass of people, who so cheerfully voted double taxation upon themselves for higher educational purposes can not And now Mr. Harding must help but view with dismay the Oregon Agricultural college's glance through Bradstreet's insatiable demands for more money, at a time when prudence and select some ambassadors. in all business calls for economy and retrenchment until normal conditions have supplanted the abnormal conditions of the reconstruction period.

The Agricultural College management is evidently imbued with the ambition of making it the largest institution of its kind in the United States, although Oregon is one of the smallest and poorest states in population and wealth. It is an exceedingly expensive ambition to the taxpayers. The people purpose, but in the present have already provided over a million dollars a year for its imperfect state of humanity a support, and unless a halt is called speedily, will shortly have to put up another million, for its expenditures are always in excess of its income and the sky is apparently the limit.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chamb s, Author of "Barbarians" "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers)

exclaimed Grismer, Why? Do you paint?"

'No, but I'm to be a sculptor."

"It is my dream," she went on, plishment! And yet, how charm slightly confused, "to have a studio ingly informal and free from ar -not a bit fixed up, you know, tificiality!" and not frilly-but with just one or two wonderful old objects of

DEAR OLD BOY PETE!

"No wonder we feel so friend- Think what a heavenly privilege rounded by inspiration and—and atmosphere and—and such things "How wonderful! Im simply -and listening to the conversa-mad to do something, too! Don't tion of celebrated people telling you love the atmosphere of Bohe-each other all about art and how mia, Mr. Grismer?" they became famous: What a He said that he did with a lofty, emited life! What a magnimischievous smile straight into ficient incentive to self-cultivation attainment, and creative accon And yet, how charm

Grismer also had looked forward to a professional career li And the friction between

"Wouldn't it be wonderful?

And of course I'd work like fury

astisfy his articular proclivities

This corner of the U. S. mainland is so wonderful in its bigness and bustle I guess I go mouth wide open and eyes staring! Why, Pete, Texans don't talk in miles—it doesn't mean anything! They'll tell you that this place, or that, is an all-day trip, or two days and a night distant, etc. And, old yardstick, you've got the feet, just let it sink in deep that Texas is not only over 800 miles wide but it is our fifth state in population!

Heard a bird in the Adolphus Hotel say that when he comes off the west border he figures he's close home to Baltimore when he's across the Lone Star State! Talk about "jumps"! Try a few, say the one between Texarkana and El Paso!

Pete, everything grows big down here—business as well as folks' hearts! I like the way they never forget! Here I was walking on Main Street yesterday when as fine a type of man as ever wore one of those broad Texas smiles came up to me. "How are you, lieutenant?" says he. "Maybe you'll call back that day at Camp Dick when I brought over that bunch of Camel Cigarettes for the boys," he continued. Right then a Camel conference opened!

Golly, Pete, this party coins Camel compliments faster than the mint makes money! "Lieutenant," says he, "I know when I'm 'set'! Tve smoked cigarettes for five years! (NOW LISTEN, PETER!) I know Camels and I know their marvellous mild, mellow body and refreshing flavor and wonderful Turkish and Domestic blend! A million Camels wouldn't tire a smoker's taste!" Now, Pete, I'll say that's some testifying!

This corner of the U.S. mainland is so wonderful

Stephanie sighed, lest in irrides her. Again it struck him that of corn out of the big cent dreams of higher things— Stephanie was growing up very vague visions of spiritual and artistic levels from which, if attained, genius might stoop to regenerate the world.

But Grisson's artistic level from things— Stephanie was growing up very my said. "And they's mental girl—a sister to be proud of, "Did you have a good time, said.

mer's amber eyes were Steve?" brilliant with slumbering mis

"What do you think of Grismer eyes otel, awaited them both. "I really don't exactly

Do you like him? You're got to hand

"Oh, more than that, I think. artist through

"Oh, yes. He's a bird on

He sings charmingly. He draws better than Harry Bel You saw him in theath als."
"Did 1? Which was he?"

whole show!

"I didn't know it," she murmur-"I did not recognize him emarked Jim.

"But I had seen him, once," she Jim Cleland glanced around at

A Great

Ask

Anyone

Who Saw

LIBERTY

Samuel Goldson & Rex Beach

I LIVELL I

WALLACE WORSLEY

Dallas, Texas, Sunday,

Picture

We've Proven It

"Wonderful," she sighed, smil- cle Sammy snapped. ing back at him out of sleepy

Chapter IX

Stephanie Quest was introduced to society when she was eighteen, and was not a success. She had every chance at her debut to prove popular, but she remained passive. and was not a success. She had as Sandy said.

But Uncle Sammy didn't know Sandy Chipmunk had thrown it.

But Uncle Sammy didn't know Sandy Chipmunk had thrown it.

Then Sandy said he must be gothat. So he out of his own basket. So he threw it into the basket and set a success, not inclined to step upon the treadmill, unwilling to ordere handful of butternuts hefer. Sandy had carried the core. Sometimes. He's crew, Dicky, popular, but she remained passive Pudding. He's a curious charmingly indifferent to social the treadmill, unwilling to endure the exactions, formalities, sacri-ficies, and stupid routine which and slone make social position possible There was too much chaff for the few grains of wheat to interest

> She wanted a career, and she wanted to waste no time about it. and she was delightfully certain that the path to it lay through some dramatic or art school to the that

stage or studio.
Jim laughed at her and teased her; but his father worried a great deal, and when Stephanie realized "Why the Duke of Brooklyn, of that he was worrying she became ourse. He was practically the reasonable about the matter and aid that the next best thing would be college.

(To Be Continued.)

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF The Basket of Corn.

What are those nuts on the

op shelf?" Sandy Chipmunk askd Uncle Sammy Coon, Now, Uncle Sammy had been seeping store so short a time tha didn't exactly know what on every one of his shelves. Se h heeled around and looked up And as soon as his back was turned Sandy Chipmunk reached down unler the table and pulled an ear

that of corn out of the big basket. "They're butternuts," Uncle Sam-"Give me one handful," Sandy But Sandy kept him busy hunting

"Give you a handful --- " Un-But Sandy Chipmunk smiled at

Chipmunk. Sandy was longer eating those,

for the shelss were harder and thicker than the beechnut shells. But in a little while he was ready

'How about peanuts?"he asked asked. And Uncle Sammy turned his

back again. "I have a few," he said. "I'll buy a handful," Sandy told

him, as he pulled another ear of corn out of the basket. And after that Sandy bought hickory nuts and hazelnuts and

walnuts. 'Ho wabout peanuts?" he asked "I've never eaten any; but

Uncle Sammy stood up and earched his shelves very carefully. And while he was searching, Sandy Chipmunk took six ears of green out of the big basket under "I don't seem to have any pea-

nuts." Uncle Sammy Coon said at Well - have you any nutmegs?

Sandy inquired. And while Uncle Sammy was

ooking for nutmegs, Sandy Chinmunk slyly took six more ears from the basket. He had more corr than he could carry. So he quick

No Soap Better Than Cuticura





Another Sleepless Night?

It's been a busy and fretful day. Brain fagged, nerves frayed and body exhausted—conscious that tomorrow is fraught with new trials and tribulations, he realizes the imperative need of a refreshing

ns, he realizes the imperative need of a refreshing night's rest. Yet, he hesitates and dreads to go to bed lest he roll and toss throughout the night.







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namberlain's Tablets

grew in those woods.

By the time Uncle Sammy stopped looking, there was no more corn left in his basket. But there my stirred cut of his house Sandy had carried the corn away and hid it in a good, safe place. He thought that if he left it to dry it would make just as good food for winter as the wheat Uncle Sammy had And that was just what

Heavy

For cold

happened.
That night, long after Sandy Chipmunk had left the store, Uncle Sammy Coon had a great surprise. When he went to the basket, to get some green corn for his sur per, there was not a single ea

"That's queer!" Uncle Sammy Coon exclaimed. I'lt was full this afternoon. And now there's not an ear left. I don't remember eating it." He thought deeply for a long time. And after a while he said t ohimself: "I wonder if it could have been that Chipmunk boy! But he decided that Sandy was too small to have carried away all those big ears under his very nose. "I must have eaten it," he told himself. "I'm getting terribly forget ful."

And since he thought he had al-



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