

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper
Published evenings except Sunday by Capital Journal Printing Co., 155 South Commercial.
Telephone—Circulation and Business, 81; Editorial, 82.
G. Putnam, Editor and Publisher
Entered as second class mail matter at Salem, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By carrier, 6c a month. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, 50 cents a month. Elsewhere \$7 a year, \$3.50 for 6 months \$1.75 for three months. Mail subscriptions payable in advance.

Advertising Representatives—W. D. Ward, Tribune Bldg., New York—W. H. Stockwell, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago.

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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen

Skirt: noun, an abbreviation.
What we need along the Canadian border is a dyke.

Cheer up. Greasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Excellent slogan for those boot-leg days: "Safety third."

How sharper than a servant's tooth is a tax on an income that has been spent.

Idealism: An appetite. Conservative: One who is getting along very well, thank you.

If these proposed bills have no effect there won't be any recreation on Sunday except looking at the ankles on the way to church.

That Paris street to be named after Ventuzolo will doubtless be called Champe de Bil.

Some men endorse notes as a proof of friendship, but more because they lack the backbone to refuse.

Our own opinion is that the seismograph was merely recording the gnashing of Mr. Martens' teeth.

Every righteous nation feels an impulse to disarm, but is deterred by thought of its wicked neighbors.

You will note that the man who behaves himself seldom has occasion to sue anybody for defamation of character.

If hard elder isn't illegal because nature makes it that way, what shall we say of the natural-born crook?

The dear creatures may gradually discard other ornaments, but they will always feel shamefully nude without hats.

"Now," said the disappointed office-seeker, "I shall get a mark and gun and become a collector of internal revenue."

A sponge bath may be a matter of preference, or it may indicate that Dad is using the bathtub to nurture his home brew.

Millions are starving in China, and there is reason to believe that Japan will soon appeal to the great heart of America.

When Burleson gets back to his farm, the rural mail carrier on his route may show him a few things in the nature of reprisals.

Every time Greece runs a hand into a pocket and finds nothing there to jangle, it relieves the situation by cheering for Constantine.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST (Copyrighted)

A Plea.
This is my hope and plea.
That I shall able be
Always to bear
My bit of care.

Not for the level way
I kneel to pray,
Give me the load
And the strong road.

Through the dark days and long
I would be strong!
Strength for the task
Is all I ask.

\$30,000,000 Loan
Made to Belgium
Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 21.—An offer of \$30,000,000 for Prince Loree was rejected by Captain David E. Shaw, it was learned today. Prince Loree is said to be the world's double-gaited champion. His racing mark for a mile in 2:09 and his trotting mark 2:02 1/4. He will be raced on the grand circuit again this season, Captain Shaw said.

The Man Who Works
with mind or muscle needs that sturdy blend of wheat and malted barley—
Grape-Nuts
Concentrated nourishment of pleasing flavor at low cost.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Much Ado About Nothing

If the three balloonists, Lieutenants Kloor, Farrell and Hinton, who have returned from Canadian wilds after a foolish mid-winter flight to Hudson Bay regions, with a few sandwiches as provisions, had accomplished anything worthwhile or made any important discovery, one could understand the hullabaloo raised over their trip. They have added nothing to the knowledge of the world, yet they are paraded and heralded as mighty heroes by the press, especially the New York newspapers, for any kind of an adventure appeals to the jaded minds of Gothamites.

The balloonists' experience was similar to that of many other balloonists, carried away by upper currents they were powerless to control, except that the latter were not lionized upon their return. They started on a wild flight in zero weather without adequate provision, not knowing where they were going, with no particular purpose in mind, except that of adventure, and abandoned in the wilds many thousand dollars worth of Uncle Sam's property. Their escape from death is due to luck alone and not to the exercise of any wisdom on their part.

Each of the balloonists evidently had in mind the reaping of personal profits from writing the accounts of the adventure so costly to the government, for this feature occasioned a fight between the fliers on the return to civilization. New York papers sent delegations of reporters to meet the homeward bound fliers, railroads put special cars at their service, cheering crowds welcomed them back, pictures and stories covered the first pages of extras—just as if something of tremendous moment to civilization or of benefit had accrued to mankind through the bravery and sacrifice of the principals.

Now the navy department is going to probe the unauthorized flight and congress is going to probe both the flight and the navy and thousands of dollars of taxpayers' money will be wasted in this much ado about nothing, while the lieutenants are entertained and lionized as a reward for official folly.

Neglecting the Casuals

It is to be regretted that so much of the ex-service men's energy is spent to secure a bonus for the strong and healthy while the derelicts and cripples of the world war are shamefully neglected. Until the real sufferers and heroes of the trenches are adequately provided for, the cantonment defenders can wait.

The nation owes much to the wounded and incapacitated, yet relief measures are so wrapped with the red tape of bureaucratic inefficiency that sufferers have been and are still shamefully neglected. A bill is before congress, and has been pending for months, known as the Roger-Capper bill, for the relief of these casuals of misfortune, yet the service men have neglected to put the pressure necessary for its passage.

The National Legislative Committee of the American Legion has issued an appeal to all posts and members to write or wire congressmen and senators urging the immediate passage of the relief bill, but while parades are held for the bonus, apparently little is done for the casuals.

The matter, however, is not one for the ex-service men alone, but for the nation at large. It is a national disgrace that such treatment has been meted to the real heroes of the conflict, and reflects the inefficiency of congress. Not only the ex-service men, but everyone should write the members of the Oregon delegation to speed passage of the relief bill.

The Restless Sex

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

At times, when Stephanie was not to be found, and his unhappy inference placed her in Grismer's company, he felt an unworthy inclination to call on Grismer and find out whether the girl was there. But the impulse was a low one, and made him ashamed, and his envy and jealousy disgusted him with himself.

Besides, his state of mind was painfully confused and uncertain in regard to Stephanie. He was in love with her, evidently. But the utter lack of sentimental response on her part afforded him love for her no nourishment.

He traversed the entire scale of emotions. When he was not with her he often came to the exasperated conclusion that he could learn to forget her; when he was with her the idea seemed rather hopeless.

The unfortunate part of it seemed to be that, like his father's, his was a single-track heart. He had never been in love, unless this was love. Anyway, Stephanie occupied the single track, and there seemed to be no switches, no sliding to clear that track.

However, his mind was equipped with a whole terminal full of tracks and every one was busy in the service of his profession. For a month now he had been installed in his studio-apartment on the top floor. He picked up on Fourth and on Madison Avenue enough precious rickety furniture to make him comfortable and drive friends to distraction when they ventured to trust themselves to chair or sofa.

But this writing table and corner-chair were solid and modern, and he had half a dozen things

under construction—a novel, some short stories, some poems which he modestly mentioned as verses. Except for the unexplored mazes in which first love had involved him he was happy—exceedingly happy. But, to a creative mind, happiness born of self-expression is a weird, uncanny, composite emotion, made up of ecstatic hope and dolorous despair and well peppered with dread and confidence, cowardice and courage, rage and tranquility; and further seasoned with every devilish doubt and celestial satisfaction that the heart of a writer is heir to.

In the morning he was certain of himself. He was the captain of his destiny; he was the dictator of his inspiration, equipped with the technical mastery that his obedient thoughts dare not disobey.

By afternoon the demon Doubt had shaken his self-confidence, and Fear peered at him between every line of his manuscript, and it was a case of *Childe Roland* from that time on until the pencil fell from his unsteady fingers and he rose from his work sated, half-stunned, not knowing whether he had done well or meanly. Vaguely he realized at such moments that, for such as he, a just appraisal of his own work would never be possible for him—that he himself would never know; and that what men said of it—if, indeed, they ever said anything about his work—would never wholly convince him; never entirely enlighten him as to its value or its worthlessness.

That is one of the penalties imposed upon the creative mind. It goes on producing because it must. Praise stimulates it, blame depresses it; but it never knows the truth.

Toward the end of May, one afternoon, Stephanie came into his studio, seated herself calmly in his chair, and picked up his manuscript.

"It's no good," he said, throwing himself on an antique sofa, which endured the strain and no more.

She read for an hour, her grey eyes never leaving the written pages, her pretty brows bent inward with the strain of concentration.

He watched her, chin on hand, lying there on the sofa. But the air was mild and languorous with the promise of the coming summer; sunshine fell across the wall; the boy dozed, presently, and after a while lay fast asleep.

She had been gone for some time when he awoke. He sat up, blinking through the late afternoon sunshine, a pencilled sheet of yellow manuscript paper fluttered from his breast to the floor.

"Jim, it is fine! I mean it is a splendid, viable, honest piece of work. And it is intensely interesting. I'm quite mad about it—quite thrilled that you can do such things. It's so masterly, so mature—and I don't know where you got your knowledge" of that



Daddy Longlegs' neighbor, little Mr. Chippy, had an idea. And since he thought it a good one he at once arranged a meeting of a number of his friends who lived near him.

Among those present were Buster Bumblebee, Betsy Butterflies, Rusty Wren, and several others. They met in Farmer Groop's office, and they all agreed early because everybody was eager to know what Mr. Chippy had to say.

"My idea," Mr. Chippy began, "my idea is this: since Daddy Longlegs is so changed after losing one of his legs, we really ought to call him by a different name. Now that he has only seven legs—instead of eight—we don't want to call him anything about legs in his new name."

As Mr. Chippy passed and looked about him the whole company agreed that his idea was an excellent one.

"But I don't know where we're going to find a new name for him," said Buster Bumblebee, who never had many ideas of his own.

"That's easy!" Mr. Chippy told him. "I've thought of a splendid name. And I'm perfectly willing to let you use it. . . . It's Grandfather Graybeard!"

Most of the company clapped their hands when Mr. Chippy said that. But Buster Bumblebee spoke up and said that he didn't think much of that name, because Daddy Longlegs had no beard.

"Well, for all you know he may decide to wear one, any day," Mr. Chippy replied.

And then all the company applauded again—except Buster Bumblebee.

"How do you know Daddy Longlegs is a grandfather?" he asked Mr. Chippy.

"How do you know he isn't?" woman, because she is perfectly feminine and women think and do such things, and her motives are the motives that animate that sort of woman.

As you lie there asleep you look about eighteen—much older than when I used to see you when you came home from school and lay on your sofa and read Kipling aloud to me. Then I was awed; you were a grown man to me. Now you are just a boy again, and I love you dearly, and I'm going to kiss your hair, very cautiously, before I go downstairs. I've done it. I'm going now. STEVE.

The original forests of the United States covered about 822,000,000 acres and contained 5,200,000,000,000 board feet of timber.

AUCTION SALE

40 Head of Big-Type Poland Chinas.
All Registered.
BRED SOWS and GILTS
To be held at SALEM FAIR GROUNDS, Fri., Feb. 4.
Sale Starts at 12:30 Sharp.
15 Tops of C. K. Loe, and 10 Tops of E. O. Loe, Silverton, Ore.
15 Tops of Ray J. Fox, Lyons, Ore.
GEO. SATTERLEE Auctioneer. M. G. GUNDERSON Clerk.

LANDLADY QUICK TO RIOT CALL

Mrs. E. Harshbarger conducts a large rooming house at 241 1/2 East Broadway, Long Beach, California. Mrs. Harshbarger tells in her own words just how quickly and satisfactorily she obtained relief from sickness. "I told a friend of mine of my condition and she told me of the wonderful results she had experienced from similar complaints by taking Vinol. I bought a bottle and within four or five days noticed a marked improvement in the way I felt. After taking only one bottle I felt better in every way, and I am glad of an opportunity to heartily recommend it to others who may have the same complaints that I had." Vinol is sold in this city by J. C. Perry. (adv.)

FOR SALE

January 22
COMMISSION SALES ROOM
254 S. Liberty Street

Apples, potatoes, onions, carrots, rolled oats, wheat & corns, chop hay, range, sewing-machine, cream separators, harness, 2 carriages, 2 buggy harnesses, chickens, pigs; promised cows, horses and wagons.
WE WANT
Straw, Clover Hay, Wheat, Corn, Oats for seed, Spring wheat for feed; Horses, cows, pigs, Wagons, light and heavy—Plows, and harrows.
B. G. PATTERSON, Sales Manager.
GEO. SATTERLEE, Auctioneer.

MINING ENGINEER HE SUFFERED 30 YEARS

Well Known Oregonian Declares Tanlac Has Given Him a New Lease on Life

"For the first time in thirty years I am now able to eat whatever I want without suffering afterwards," said F. C. Rogers, a well known mining engineer living at 107 1/2 East Nineteenth street, North, Portland, Ore. "I now know what it is to enjoy fine health, for Tanlac has built me up until I have gained fifteen pounds and today I am feeling better than I have in 25 years. In 1890 my stomach went back on me and in spite of everything I went down hill until I was a nervous and physical wreck. Everything I ate soured on my stomach and I would have awful spells of indigestion. "For days at a time I couldn't retain a thing I ate and I had a burning like a coal-throat and chest, were so bad some- neither lie down nor any comfort. "I had pain all over and I would not get down and I would not get up. "Nothing in the line did me any good. I had to hold of Tanlac and I hardly remember the felt better. I got it after a while. The Tanlac gave me all the breathing is free. My nerves are as strong as I sleep as sound as my life. I am as healthy, never miss a day's work and I feel like a new lease on life." Tanlac is sold in the town by drug stores.

SPECIAL

THROUGHOUT THE STORE
Down come prices, regardless of
Several lines we are completely cleared
—others we have in but a few broken
and sizes. You must see to appreciate
real value of these bargains.

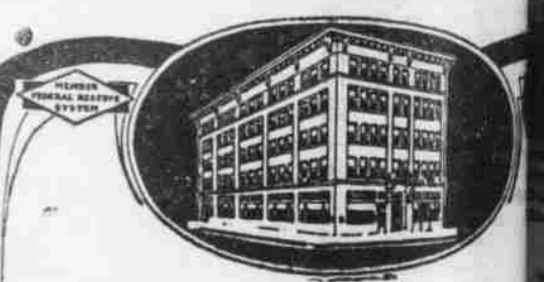
Salem Variety Store

152 N. Commercial St.

BASKET BALANCE

U. of O.
vs.
Willamette U.

TWO GAMES
Friday, January 21, 8 p. m.
Saturday, Jan. 22, 7:30 p. m.
SALEM ARMORY
Admission 50c



Thrift Week—Make a Will Day
WHY should one make a Will? To see that his wishes are carried out in respect to his estate when he is gone. It saves legal difficulties and prevents squabbles. But, if you intend to leave more than your memory to those dear ones, an account at the United States National Bank will provide the way.

United States National Bank

SALEM
LADD & BUSBY BANKERS
ESTABLISHED 1868
General Banking, Business
Office Hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

The Unemployment Problem

THE problem of the unemployed is one that the entire world faces. It is a serious one. You can help materially in solving it for Oregon. You can begin today—in your own home—in your business. Keep people at work in Oregon's factories and everything will be fine.

OREGON QUALITY
BUY OREGON PRODUCTS
ASSOCIATED INDUSTRIES OF OREGON.

OH! FINE! Gem Nut Margarine
that means good cookies, cakes, tender pie crusts.
Spread thick it adds a lot to bread, not only to the flavor but to the healthfulness, for Gem Nut is made from coconut oil, peanut oil and Pasteurized milk, all rich in nourishment.
No purer, no cleaner food to be had. Not a hand touches it either in manufacture or packing.
Order a carton today.
Swift & Company, U. S. A. Manufacturers of
Swift's Premium Oleomargarine Sweet Pure Clean

Made Daily in our Modern Northwest Factory.