

Capital Journal
Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper
Published evenings except Sunday by Capital Journal Printing Co., 115 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, 65 cents a month. By mail, in Marion and Polk counties, 50 cents a month. Elsewhere \$7.00 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

Why didn't Dr. Simons suggest letting Austria pay it?
At that, it is much easier to be good than to make good.
Every time Heine says "can't," it sounds suspiciously like "won't."
These reprisals remind us that man born in Ireland is of feud days.
The annoying thing about superior people is that they frequently are.
The typewriter is mightier than the sword. This is especially true of blondes.
One who boasts of his ancestors counts himself their greatest achievement.
Russia has Reds, and Germany blues; but America has the more brilliant Hughes.
A famous man: One who is considered great by the class of people he considers boobs.
Count that day best whose low descending sun has seen in all your mail not one grim dun.
Eventually Uncle Sam may accept a place in the League, but it won't be that of official ax-grinder.
Once only the rich could get into American society. But now riches don't matter if one can box or wrestle.
Charity doesn't let its left hand know what its right hand is doing. But it lets the reporters know.
A Missouri man named Ladder has adopted a little Russian. And you know what the fellows will call him.
There is one good sign. The business of the cigar stub collector is picking up.
A lot of people who clamor for liberty have yet to learn that the more rights one has the more duties he has.
If children were able to defend themselves, parents would seldom think it their duty to administer punishment.
The thing to remember is not that the dove brings an olive branch in her bill, but that she brings an olive branch and the bill.

It is easy to believe that man is descended from the monkey, but you can't realize how far he has descended until you examine a lounge lizard.
Humor is frequently heartless. For example, there is a Georgia man who advertises near-by with a sign reading: "There isn't a head ache in a barrel of it."
Worm: A creature placed on a hook to catch a fish. Frequently eaten by small children. (2) Also the male who is part of the scenery when a girl becomes a bride.

Man Celebrates 103rd Birthday
Breckenridge, Mo., March 21.—Henry Clay's physician, Dr. Joseph Singer Halstead, has just celebrated his one hundred and third birthday. One hundred and three roses, the gift of every man, woman and child in Breckenridge were presented to the aged doctor.
Dr. Halstead and his wife, who is ninety-three, are both still hale and hearty, and held open house for hundreds of their friends from this section of the state all day who came to congratulate the venerable doctor and to view the many Henry Clay relics owned by him.
Dr. Halstead lived and practiced medicine in Kentucky during the height of Clay's career. In 1850 he moved to Breckenridge and purchased a 240-acre farm on the outskirts of the city, which he still owns.
"And I can boast of one thing that few others can," Dr. Halstead says. "That is, that I am the fourth to own this farm. The first was the King of Spain. The next was Napoleon Bonaparte and the third the United States.
The Halsteads were married in 1852. Mrs. Halstead is the belle of one of the first families in Kentucky and the niece of Charles A. Wyckoff, twice Governor of the state.
Eight children and fifty-eight grand-children, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren were among those present at the birthday celebration.

Awaiting a Magic Touch
President Harding has asked the best minds of the senate be sounded out as to the advisability of the speedy enactment of an emergency tariff to aid farmers—showing how the orthodox standpatter travels around in a circle to high tariff as the magic cure-all of all industrial and economic ills.
The old nostrum, however, is no longer efficacious. Prices of farm products are low because we have a food surplus and because we have no foreign market for our food, badly as the world needs it, because Europe has neither money nor credit wherewith to buy food from us. As long as the United States possesses most of the money of the world and most of the grain of the world, a tariff to bar grain imports is not going to help the farmer or get rid of his surplus.

Mark Sullivan, the political writer, who during the last campaign acted as propagandist for Harding declares that the republicans face a serious crisis and that unless a remedy is found, a widespread revolt of the agricultural classes is in prospect, similar to the revolt of the early 90's, when the Populist party resulted. He also remarks that within two weeks after Harding's inauguration, the New York stock market fell to a new low level, which if it had followed Cox's inauguration, would have been widely heralded as a result of democratic inefficiency, "by those to whom the word republican is panacea for economic ills."
Sullivan quotes a "wise westerner" as declaring that "the world of 1914 is gone forever. We cannot get it back, and old man normalcy is a fraud. He simply isn't"—which is one thing the republican president and republican leaders have never seemed to realize. The old conditions have forever passed away and there exists no magic of politics whereby they can be resurrected. Talk of restoring normalcy is nonsense.

Whether the politicians Mr. Harding has surrounded himself with in the cabinet, outside of Hughes and Hoover who apparently comprehend the situation, are going to be of much assistance, is problematical. Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture, has surely a limited vision, when he would restore farm prices to inflation basis by fiat. He declares "farm products must come up in price and other products come down until the normal relation between them has been restored. This talk of bringing prices back to pre-war normal is morally wrong and economically impossible."
But how is the price of farm products to be raised 70 percent above pre-war prices? A tariff will not do it. We should of course find an outlet for our great food surplus, but it can not be found on an inflated basis. Meanwhile the country anxiously awaits the restoration of prosperity so glibly promised by the party in power.

Oregon a Dumping Ground
Thanks to the cowardice of the Oregon senate Oregon is now threatened with a real Japanese invasion. California passed an anti-alien land law at the last general election. The Washington legislature has followed suit, and Japs, barred from acquiring property in California and Washington are turning to Oregon.

Senator McNary is probably to blame for leaving Oregon the open-door for alien invasion. He wired the legislature the opinion that such action by Oregon would gravely embarrass the national administration in its treaty making with Japan. How could it? California, fooled for 20 years by the national government, had already acted, and it was impossible for Oregon to add further complications.

While Oregon was still debating the alien land law, Texas passed it. And Washington has now followed with a similar law. But the pleas of Lodge and McNary and the commercialism of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, which does not hesitate to sacrifice the future for present gain, prevailed.
There is one way in which the anti-Jap bill can be put on the statutes—and that is by initiative at the next general election. The American Legion sponsored the bill in the legislature. Let the American Legion initiate the measure. It has all the machinery for securing signatures. That is what the initiative was designed for—to secure laws when the legislature failed to act. Meanwhile we lose two years in order to "prevent embarrassment of the administration."

The Restless Sex
By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers.)
When he came out half an hour later he told the driver to go to Grand Central Station, and got into the cab.
"Anne," he said gaily, "here's the two thousand. Count it."
The sheets of new bills pinned to their paper bands lay in a lap for a long time before she touched them. Even then she merely lifted one packet, and let it drop without even looking at it. So Grismer folded the bills and put them into her reticule. Then he took her slim left hand in both of his and held it while they rode on in silence through the electric glare of the metropolis.
At the station he dismissed the taxicab, bought a ticket and sleeping car accommodations to Hudson—managed to get a state-room for her all to herself.
"You won't sleep much," he remarked, smiling "so we'll have to provide you with amusement, Anne."
Carrying his suitcase, the girl walking beside him, he walked across the great rotunda to the newstand. There, and at the concessionary counter opposite, he purchased food for mind and body—light food suitable for a young and badly bruised mind, and for a soul in embryo, still in the making.
Then he went over to another window and bought a ticket for himself to Pittsfield, and sleeping accommodations.
"We travel by different lines, Anne," he said, opening his portfolio and placing his own tickets in it, where several letters lay addressed to him at his present studio. Then he replaced the portfolio in his breast pocket.
"I'll go with you to your train," he said, declining with a shake of his head the offices of a red capped porter. "Your train leaves at 12:10 and we have only a few minutes."
They walked together through the gates, the officials permitting him to accompany her.
The train stood on the right—a very long train, and they had a long distance to walk along the concrete platform before they found her car.
A porter showed them to her stateroom. Grismer tipped him generously.
"Be very attentive to this young lady," he said, "and see that she has every service required, and

that she is notified in plenty of time to get off at Hudson. Now you may leave us until we ring."
He turned from the corridor and entered the stateroom, closing the door behind him. The girl sat on the sofa, very pale, with a dazed expression in her eyes.
He seated himself beside her and drew her hands into his own.
"Let me tell you something," he said cheerfully. "Everybody makes mistakes. You've made some; so have I; so has everybody I ever heard of."
"Everybody gets it wrong at one time or another. The idea is to get out again and make a fresh start. . . . Will you try?"
She nodded, so close to tears that she could not speak.
"Promise me you'll make a hard fight to travel straight!"
"I—yes."
"It won't be easy. But try to win out, Anne. Back there—in those streets and alleys—there's nothing to hope for except death. You'll find it if you ever go back—in some hospital, in some saloon brawl, in some rooming house—I will surely find you by bullet, by knife, by disease—sooner or later it will find you unless you start to search for it yourself."
He patted her hand, patted her pale cheek.
"It's a losing game, Anne. There's nothing in it. I guess you know that already. So go back to your people and tell them the last lies you ever tell. And stick, stay put. But you, you really are all right, you know, but you got in wrong. Now, you're out!"
He laughed and stood up. She lifted her head. All her color had fled.
"Don't forget me," she whispered.
"Not so long as I live, Anne." "May I—I write to you?"
He thought a minute, then with a smile:
"Why not?" He found a card and pencil, wrote his name and address, and laid it on the sofa. "If it would do you any good to think of me when you're likely to get in wrong," he said, "then try to remember that I was square with you. And be so to me. Will you?"
"I—will."
"That was all. She was crying and her eyes were too blind with tears to see the expression of his face as he kissed her.
He went away lightly, swinging his suitcase, and stood on the very end of the cement platform look-

ing out across a wilderness of tracks branching out into darkness, set with red, green and blue lamps.
He waited, lighting a cigarette. On his left a heavy electric engine rolled into the station, drawing a western express train. The lighted windows of the cars threw a running yellow illumination over his motionless figure for a few moments, then the train passed into the depths of the station.
And now her train began to move very slowly out through the wilderness of yard tracks. Car after car passed him, gaining momentum all the while.
When the last car sped by and the all lights dwindled into perspective, Grismer had finished his cigarette.
Behind him lay the dusky, lamp lit tunnel of the station. Before him, through ruddy darkness, countless jeweled lamps twinkled, countless receding rails glistened, leading away into the night.
It was in him to travel that way—the way of the shimmering, jeweled lamps, the road of the shining rails.

Legion On Alert For New Recruits
With the slogan, "Oregon First" local headquarters Capital Post No. 9, the American Legion has organized to inform members and ex-service men of the membership campaign now on.
Legion members have been given three months from January 1, 1921 in which to renew their cards and during this time are receiving the Legion weekly, official organ of the Legion.
Dr. B. F. Pound, commander of the local post, announced Friday that the following members of the "recruiting squad," Clifford Brown, Jimmy Young, Joe McAllister, Johnny Holman and Millar McQuillan. Allan Kafoury is "top sergeant" of the committee.

Son of Oakville Man Shoots Self
Albany, Or., Mar. 21.—Word was received by C. H. Crampton of Oakville to the effect that his son, Palmer, 22 years old, accidentally shot himself Wednesday at Monument, Grant county, where he has been teaching school for the last two years. P. V. Crampton, a brother of the young man, left last evening for eastern Oregon, and will return with the body, which will be buried at Oakville.

Commissioners at Medford
Medford, Or., Mar. 21.—State Highway Commissioners, Booth, Veon and Barrat arrived in Medford at 9 a. m. today and left at once to continue their motor trip over the Pacific highway to the California line. They will be given a luncheon in Ashland at noon and will take dinner in Medford tonight after which they will leave for Portland by train.

Parents Accused Of Using Baby As Decoy In Stealing
Detroit, Mar. 27.—Mary Ida Louise Robinson did not obey an order to appear in Wayne circuit court. But Mary isn't worried, because she probably knows nothing of the order and wouldn't obey it if she did, being only seven months old.
She is the youngest child ever ordered into Wayne circuit court on habeas corpus proceedings, and she did not appear.
That was because she was sick in the House of Providence hospital, Charles C. Chadwick, county agent, told Judge Adolph E. Marschner, when he appeared in answer to habeas corpus proceedings started by the foster parents of Mary Ida Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson.
Chadwick said the police had turned the baby over to him when they arrested the parents on a charge of stealing a baby cab. Chadwick swore the police said the baby had been used as a decoy for the mother to appropriate baby cabs from the front of moving picture houses. He said she would drop the baby into the best looking cab in front, wheel it home, and there the buggy would be repaired and changed in appearance.
The case will come up in the juvenile court on the docket of neglected children. No testimony of the parents was taken in the circuit court.

Council Votes To Purchase Fire Truck at Once
Silverton, Or., Mar. 21.—At a recent meeting of the city council it was voted to purchase a fire truck. Representatives of three different companies submitted proposals to furnish the truck required. The Silverton Auto company proposed to sell a Maxwell for \$2822, Keelan Bros. offered an Oldsmobile at \$3250 and M. C. Murphy offered the LaFrance for \$3225. The latter was accepted and the order for the equipment has already been sent out. The machine will arrive here in a few days. A one mill tax will be levied to create a fund for payment of the machine.

Students Issue Annual
Stayton, Or., March 21.—The students of the high school are preparing to issue an annual, to be called "The Santiam." The price will be \$1.50 and collectors are now out after subscriptions. It is expected to be ready for distribution some time in May.

Commissioner Visits Stayton
Stayton, Or., March 21.—State Commissioner Corey was in town for a hearing of the water rate question of the Gardner & Bennett water company. If the increased rate desired is allowed by the commission, the rate on city water will be raised.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF TOMMY FOX BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Mr. Gray Squirrel certainly was mistaken, when he thought that Tommy Fox was dead and came down out of the chestnut tree to look at him. Tommy wasn't even ill. You remember that he was very hungry? And that he had not been able to find anything to eat? Tommy could not climb the tree, where Mr. Gray Squirrel sat. So the only thing left for him to do was to make Mr. Gray Squirrel come down where he was.
That was what Tommy Fox was thinking about, when he sat there on his haunches and looked up so innocently at Mr. Gray Squirrel. As Tommy sat there a bright idea came to him. So he held his paw to his stomach and pretended to be ill. And as soon as he saw that Mr. Gray Squirrel thought he was ill, Tommy fell over on his side and made believe he was dead.
Though his eyes were shut tight, Tommy's ears were so sharp that he could tell when Mr. Gray Squirrel came down the tree, and he could hear him slowly picking his way nearer and nearer. Tommy's nose was sharp, too, and he could smell Mr. Gray Squirrel. He smelled so good that Tommy couldn't help opening one eye the least bit. Just to see him. That was when Mr. Gray Squirrel noticed that his eyelid quivered. And Tommy saw at once that Mr. Gray Squirrel had caught that flicker of his eyelid, and that he was frightened. Tommy knew then that he must act quickly.
He jumped up like a flash. But quick as he was, Mr. Gray Squirrel was even quicker. He reached the tree just ahead of Tommy's fox. And though Tommy leaped high up the trunk, he was too late. Mr. Gray Squirrel scrambled up the tree so fast that his big bushy tail just whisked across Tommy's face. And in another second he was safe in the tree top, chattering and scolding, and calling Tommy names.

More Twists to Triangles Of War Brides In France



Above—Mme. Julie Vennet. Below—George Deppe. Mrs. Lee Shippey. Mrs. Guy Spiker.

New York, Mar. 21.—"For the honor of the family!"
Another triangle of the tri-color! No, the aged gentleman is not the culprit. It was not his love for the fair damsel of France that caused Pierre Bellogrette, soldier of Demblain, to divorce her.
Lieutenant Arlington Deppe, son of the man Madame awaits, is the acute angle of the triangle. He is married and has three children.
During the late conflict, a member of the ordnance department, Lieutenant Deppe was stationed near Dijon. There he met and loved Mme. Vennet.
Since he gave her an engagement ring it is probable that he didn't stress the fact that he was already married. But the husband of Madame seems to have been a man of anger, one who didn't like jewelry, particularly other men's engagement rings on his wife's finger. A divorce followed.
Father hastens to "Save Honor."
Lieutenant Deppe sailed away from Madame Batteredly, and she thought one fine day he would return. He didn't, but he had left his father's address. Mme. Vennet wrote to that gentleman and told her tale.
"This started a very warm and cordial correspondence," says Mme. Vennet from her station point at the port of New York.
Lieutenant Deppe's father became quickly concerned about his letters and was brimming over with expressions of sympathy and affection.
"He was determined that his son's busy romance with me should not be a permanent blot upon my life nor a blur upon his own family name."
So papa proposes marriage to the fair lady of France in order that the romance which wrecked her own marriage, and what has no doubt, cast a shadow over the home of Lieutenant Deppe, will not cast a blot upon her life, and that the name of Deppe may be connected always and ever with honor and its ways.
The case has been compared with the Anglo-American affair of the Spikers. Yet here the whole motive of Mrs. Perley Spiker's magnanimity is necessarily lacking to save the future of a child.
Guy Spiker, married the girl whom his brother had loved, who was the mother of his brother Perley's child.
How will this insure the honor of the Deppes?

Wireless Amateurs Hold Convention
New York, March 21.—You can send most anything by wireless these days except parcel post packages. Sputtering sparks and buzzing duts and dashes have demonstrated this at the Hotel Pennsylvania the last few days of this week, where the second district Amateur Radio Convention and Exhibition has been in session.
It was the first gathering of its kind ever held, and the lectures and demonstrations attracted thousands of amateur radio operators. The tricks of the wireless wards were all laid on the table, so to speak, and there were concerts by wireless, lectures by wireless and messages and conversations picked out of the air from far off foreign lands.
World's championship code contests for amateurs were held and prizes were awarded for the best home-made amateur apparatus.
Among the speakers were J. Andrew White, president American Radio Relay League; Arthur Hatcher, chief radio inspector second district, and Charles H. Stewart, Atlantic division manager of the American Radio Relay League.

Freight Rate On Canned Goods Is Cut, Announcement
Louisville, Ky., Mar. 21.—R. L. McKellar, foreign freight traffic manager of the Southern Railway today received notice of a reduction from 65 to 59 cents a hundred pounds in ocean freight rates on canned goods from Pacific ports to New Orleans and Mobile. A saving of about \$45 a carload would be effected, he said.

ALLEGED CORNER
Arrested by Chief of Police Moffitt last week end for cutting a corner on Cheneketa street, W. A. Roberts of this city, was cited to appear before Police Judge Earl Rice last Saturday.
Roberts failed to put in an appearance at the police court and the \$10 bail which he had put up was tossed into the city's strong box.

Michigan Man To Head Federal Pension Bureau
Washington, Mar. 21.—President Harding is said to have decided to appoint Washington Gardner of Albion, Mich., a former member of the house of representatives and a union veteran of the civil war as commissioner of pensions. He was commander in chief of the G. A. R. in 1913-14.

There'd be more spring poetry, if more words rhymed with POST TOASTIES
—says Bobby Superior Corn Flakes

Keep Looking Young
It's Easy—If You Know How to Use Chamberlain's Tablets
The secret of keeping young is to feel young—to do this you must watch your liver and bowels. There's no need of having a doctor your eyes—plumage—blow your nose in your face—full eyes—no sparkle. Your doctor will give you ninety per cent of all sicknesses comes from inactive bowels.

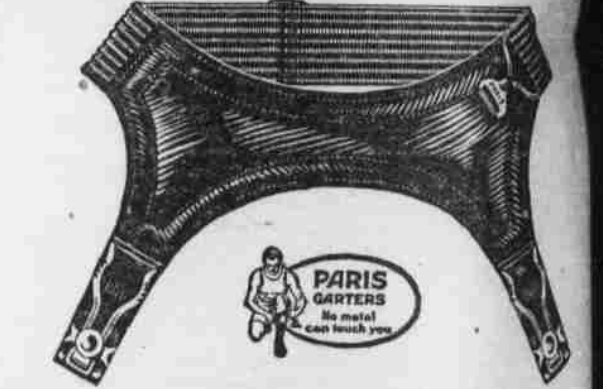
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets
A well known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets substitute for calomel, are in their action yet always active. They bring about that buoyancy which all should have by taking up the liver and bowels the system of impurities.
Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets known by their olive color, and 30c.

BRONCHITIS
At bedtime rub the throat and chest thoroughly with—
VICKS VAPORUE
Over 17 Million Jars Used Year

DO NOT SUFFER WITH NEURALGIA
Use Soothing Musterole
When those sharp pains go through your head, when your arms seem as if it would split, just rub Musterole on your temples and it draws out the inflammation, away the pain, usually giving quick relief.
Musterole is a clean, white cream made with oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not recommend Musterole for sore throats, rheumatism, croup, stiff neck, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, neuritis, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frost-bite, etc. of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). It is always dependable. 35c and 65c jars, hospital size 75c.

YOUR REASON
assures you that there is no substitute for
Scott's Emulsion
An old saying, but nonetheless true: A bottle of Scott's Emulsion taken in time, helps keep the doctor away.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.
ALSO MAKERS OF
KI-MOIDS
(Tablets or Granules)
FOR INDIGESTION

DOUBLE GRIP PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU



Attention—You Men of Muscle
Looking for a garter to stay put on those muscled legs of yours? Something that will act gently—yet firmly?
Then be good to your husky self. Right now—hike into your dealer's and get next to these double grip, double-duty-doing Paris.

Double Grip 50¢ and up - Single Grip 35¢ and up
CHICAGO
A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers Children's MICHIGY Garters
Take a tip-buy Paris today-remember they're better
LOWERED IN PRICE BUT NOT IN QUALITY

Constipation
THERE IS NOTHING equal to Chamberlain's Tablets for constipation. When the proper dose is taken their action is so agreeable and so natural that you do not realize that it is the effect of a medicine. These tablets possess tonic properties that aid in establishing a natural and regular action of the bowels. Chamberlain's Tablets have cured many cases of chronic constipation.

Chamberlain's Tablets
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