

Capital Journal

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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen

If we must have wars, let's adopt the pay-as-you-enter plan.

Being broke wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't so inconvenient.

A cynic is a man who thinks kissing no more than germ swapping.

A woman never really enjoys a pain unless she can tell somebody about it.

A real friend will forgive you anything except making more money than he makes.

Plucked eyebrows indicate the probable existence of a vacuum just behind them.

Insects have their heroes. When a fly alights on a bald head and goes over the top he frequently makes a splash in society.

A great many \$75-a-month clerks talk on the telephone in a \$10,000-a-year tone of voice.

The world might possibly survive another war, but it couldn't survive another peace conference.

The pouches under Mr. Harding's eyes indicate that he probably won't have a Cabinet under his thumb.

The original remarks made by very clever people seldom impress hearers who have read the same books.

After a man falls at writing life insurance and selling automobiles, he usually goes to the legislature.

History tells us almost everything except what people did with a bad cold before handkerchiefs were invented.

Shovelling snow would be just as much fun as playing golf if it wasn't necessary.

The destiny of America is in the hands of God and people who eat in the kitchen except when there is a company.

A few men have died of too much thinking, but there is no reason to suspect that the malady will ever become epidemic.

That German musician who says America has produced no great music has never heard the crack of a bat against a fast one.

A mere man always seems of least importance when there is a new baby in the house and when spring house cleaning begins.

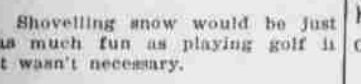
"Spring reveals new designs in ladies hats," says an advertisement. But it reveals the same old style in knee caps.

A republic is a form of government under which the people know as much about their business as officials think they should know.

The reason the children behave that way when there is company is because they see their parents acting that way when there is no company.

Woman Golf Champ of United States Sails for Europe

Miss Alexa Stirling, of Atlanta, for three consecutive years woman golf champion of the United States, photographed as she sailed for Europe from New York.



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One suspects that a great many people subscribe for the Dearborn independent in the effort to find something to sue Ford about.

The Phone Increases

Action of the Oregon hotelmen's association in demanding a rehearing of the telephone case by the Public Service Commission to secure a reduction of increases ordered and the determination to tender payment at the old rates and to fight through the courts any attempt of the company to cut off service until final settlement is made, shows how widespread is the public revolt over the increased rates.

As for the hotelmen themselves there is scant sympathy, for they pass on the telephone tolls to their guests. Every phone call originating at the hotel is paid for by the guests and the assertion that the hotels are forced to do the company's business at their own expense can be taken with a grain of salt.

The Capital Journal believes that the Public Service Commission made a mistake in granting the blanket increases and nearly everyone else save the commission itself and the telephone company hold the same view. The increase entails an undue burden on the people at a time they can least afford it, while at no time in its history has the American Telephone & Telegraph company, the owners of the company operating in Oregon, been more prosperous.

The telephone company is a monopoly that scientifically mulets the public through its various subsidiaries. Although countless inventions have cheapened the cost of rendering telephone service, there has never been a reduction in tolls to the public. On the contrary, they have continued to increase with the volume of business and the company pockets the profits. The subsidiary companies shout calamity and constantly clamor for increased tolls while the parent concern brags of its extraordinary profits.

The public service commission was created to protect the people from the rapacity of public service corporations who are entitled only to a fair return for service rendered. But the cost plus system has made it the bulwark of this corporation, which by skillful juggling and manipulating state against state, continues to pile up hundreds of millions of surplus for the parent concern and yet apparently never meets expenses for subsidiaries. All of which raises the issue of whether a national monopoly like the telephone should not be regulated nationally instead of by states.

Works Both Ways

It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Repudiation of long time contracts by growers when prices began to soar, which nearly wrecked two of the basic industries of Salem, have been sustained by the supreme court in time to benefit the industries in question, leaving them free of contracts at a time of falling markets.

The growers who benefitted temporarily by repudiation now find themselves without an assured market at a time they need one most, so that in the long run it will probably be demonstrated that repudiation does not pay.

It worked a real hardship on processors who had contracted produce at a fixed basis to have the contracts treated as scraps of paper in a boom market. It now works a real hardship on the grower to have the repudiation sustained on a collapsed market.

To have an assured market at a certain figure over a term of years is better business for both grower and manufacturer than an open market, for it stabilizes the business of both. And after all, it is the law of averages that governs successful business, not spasmodic get-rich-quick profits.

The growers' interests and manufacturers' interests are really identical and the prosperity of the one hinges on the prosperity of the other and when each recognizes this essential and harmony replaces discord, both will be upon a more substantial basis.

"Perfect" Husband And Wife Disagree; Each Seeks Divorce

Kansas City, Mo., Mar. 22.—The "articles" provided that Cupid has fallen with the Sutermeisters.

Herman Sutermeister, the "perfect husband," and Mrs. Letah Sutermeister, the "model wife," have separated permanently following a financial settlement after all of Cupid's wiles failed to win them matrimonial bliss, according to announcement made here by attorneys.

The Sutermeisters, who attracted attention in May, 1916, by their articles of specifications of matrimonial felicitation, "tried for six years to find happiness, but failed, according to the attorneys.

Short Sports

Joe Lynch, New York, bantam-weight champion, and Young Pinchot Charleroi will meet in a ten round bout at Pittsburgh, March 25.

Hans Wagner, the new athletic director at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, had his baseball squad on the field yesterday. He will turn out the best team the institution has ever known, he declares.

Walter Mails, heavy duty moundsman for the Cleveland Indians, is temporarily out of the game at the training camp at Dallas, with a sore arm. Manager Speaker reports the remainder of his championship aggregation in first class condition.

Walter Schmidt, star catcher of the Pittsburgh Nationals, who has been unaccounted for since the opening of the training season, has reported at the Pirate camp at Hot Springs. He was detained by business on the Pacific coast.

Rocky Kansas was given the decision over Willie Jackson in 22 rounds last night in New York.



EUGENE O'BRIEN in "WORLD'S APART" Coming to the Oregon Theatre next Thursday for 3 days.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1919 by Robert W. Chambers.)

But first he showed his suitcase, with his foot, over the platform's edge, as though it had fallen there by accident. . . . And, as though he had followed to recover it, he climbed down among the tracks.

There was a third rail running parallel to the twin rails. It was rooted with wood. Lying flat there in the shimmering dusk, he could look up under the wooden guard rail and see it.

Chapter XXXV
The train that Cleland took, after calling Runner's est on the telephone, landed him at the home station at an impossible hour.

As he stepped from the car the tumbling roar of the river filled his ears—that and the high pines' sighing under the stars, and the sweet-scented night wind in his face greeted and met him as he set foot on the platform at Runner's Rest station and looked around for the conveyance that he had asked Stephanie to send.

There was nobody in sight except the baggage agent. He walked toward the rear of the station, turned the corner, and saw Stephanie in the starlight, wrapped in a red cloak, her hair in two heavy ains standing there bareheaded braids.

"Steve!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth did you come—you darling!"

"Did you imagine I wouldn't?" she asked unsteadily.

"I told you over the wire to send Williams with a buckboard." "Everybody was in bed when the telephone rang. So I concluded to sit up for you, and when the time came I went out to the stable, harnessed up, and drove over here."

Her hand was trembling in his while she spoke, but her voice was under control.

They turned together and went over to the buckboard. She stepped in; he strapped his suitcase on behind, then followed her and took the reins from her gloved hands.

"They were very quiet, but he could feel her tremble a little at times, when their shoulders were in contact. The tension betrayed itself in his voice at moments, too."

"I have a night letter from Oswald," she said. "They telephoned it up from the station. He is coming tomorrow morning."

"That's fine. He's a splendid fellow, Steve."

"I have always known it." "I know you have, I'm terribly sorry that I did not know him better."

The buckboard turned from the station road into a fragrant wood-road. In the scented dusk little night moths with glistening wings drifted through the rays of the wagon-lamp like snow flakes. A bird, aroused from slumber in the thicket, sang a few sweet, sleepy notes.

"Tell me," said Stephanie, in a low, tremulous voice.

He understood: "It was entirely Oswald's doing. I never dreamed of mentioning it to him. I was absolutely square to him and to you, Steve. I went there with no idea that he knew I was in love with you—or that you cared for me. . . . He met me with simple cordiality. We looked at his beautiful model for the fountain. I don't think I betrayed in voice or look or manner that anything was wrong with me. . . . Then, with a very winning simplicity, he spoke of you, of himself. . . . There seemed to be nothing for me to say; he knew that I was in love with you, and that you had come to care for me. . . . And I heard a man speak to another man as only a gentleman could speak—a real man, rare and thoroughbred. . . . It cost him something to say to me what he said. His nerve was heart-breaking to me when he found the courage to tell me what his father had done."

"He told me with a smile his pride was dead—that he had cut its throat. But it was still alive."

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

Tommy Chases Mr. Woodchuck Tommy Fox went up into Farmer Green's back pasture, which lay even nearer Blue Mountain than the field where Tommy and his mother lived. He skulled along among the rocky hummocks, and the old stumps which dotted the pasture thickly.

Tommy's mother had explained to him that he must always hunt with the wind blowing in his face; because then the breeze brought to him the scent of any animal that might be in front of him, whether it happened to be an animal that Tommy was hunting, or some animal that was hunting him. In that way Tommy would be able to know what was ahead of him, even if he couldn't see it.

But if he were careless, and trotted along with the wind blowing behind him—ah! that was quite different. The other forest-people would all know he was coming, for then they would be able to get Tommy's scent. And some day, if he were so foolish as to go about with the wind at his back, some day he might stumble right onto a wildcat, or a dog, or a man, or some other terrible creature.

Well—Tommy remembered all these things that his mother had told him. The wind fresh in his face. And to his delight all at once he smelled a woodchuck. There was no mistaking that savoury smell. It affected Tommy very pleasantly—much as you are affected by catching a whiff of hot peanuts, or pop-corn, or candy cooking on the stove.

Tommy stole along very carefully. And as he peered around a stump he saw, not ten jumps ahead of him, a fine, fat woodchuck. Tommy crept up a little closer; and then he sprang for Mr. Woodchuck with a rush.

Tommy just in time. He turned Tommy that in time. He turned tall and ran for his life; and he was so spry, though he was quite a fat, elderly gentleman, that he reached his hole and whisked down out of sight just as Tommy was about to seize him.

Tommy was disappointed. But he was determined to get that woodchuck, and he began to dig away at Mr. Woodchuck's hole. You see, Mr. Woodchuck was smaller than Tommy Fox, and since the underground tunnel that led to his home was only big enough to admit him, Tommy was obliged to make it larger. Though Mr. Woodchuck's hole was under a shady oak tree, Tommy found digging to be somewhat warm work, so he took off his neat, red coat and hung it carefully upon a bush.

He worked very hard, for he was eager to find Mr. Woodchuck. In fact, the further Tom

my dug into the ground the more excited he grew. And he had just decided that he had almost reached the end of the tunnel, and that a little more digging would bring him inside of Mr. Woodchuck's house, when he met with an unexpected check.

To Tommy's dismay, Mr. Woodchuck's tunnel led between two roots of the big oak, and Tommy could not squeeze between them. He reached his paws though the narrow opening and crowded his nose in as far as it would go. But that was all he could do. He did not doubt that somewhere in beyond, in the darkness, Mr. Woodchuck was having a good laugh because Tommy had done all that work for nothing.

I am sorry to say that Tommy Fox lost his temper. He called after Mr. Woodchuck. Yes—he shouted some rather bad names after him. But of course that didn't do a bit of good. And Tommy Fox put on his coat and went home to think about what he could do. He didn't care to ask his mother's advice, because he didn't want her to know that Mr. Woodchuck had got away from him. But he hoped to find some way in which he could catch the old gentleman.

Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, brother of Mike, and an aspirant to the heavyweight championship, will meet Paul Sampson of New York in a 15-round bout tonight in Gotham.

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Many a Pretty Face Spoiled by Pimples

Not only are these pimples and spots disfiguring, but they lead to serious skin diseases that spread and cause the most discomforting irritation and pain. Sometimes they foretell Eczema, boils, blisters, scaly eruptions and other annoyances that burn like flames of fire, and make you feel that your skin is ablaze.

If you are afflicted with this form of skin disease do not expect to be cured by lotions, ointments, salves and other local remedies, as they can not possibly reach the source of the trouble, which is in the blood. Begin taking S.S.S., to-day, and write a complete history of your case to our chief medical adviser who will give you special instructions, without charge. Write at once to Medical Director, 162 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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Properly fitted by our Eyesight Specialist, a graduate Optometrist, licensed by the State of Oregon, with years of experience in conjunction with the latest methods and most modern, approved, scientific instruments, is

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Tomorrow 2, 7 and 9 p. m.

FROM CINCINNATI "Lying Lips," the Thomson H. Inch feature, has proved such a success that McKee & Jackson, owners of the Gifts theatre, have decided to hold it over for a third week. Attendance for the two weeks ran close to 40,000, and it is still packing the lobbies every afternoon and evening. Only "The Birth of a Nation" and "Mickey" have ever run more than two weeks in a downtown Cincinnati theatre.

SMILING LIPS