

# The Capital Journal

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## Office Cat

(Copyright 1921 by Edgar  
Allan Moss.)

**Not a Fair Test**  
In days of old  
When knights were bold  
Men had a lot of gallant ways:  
'Twas soft, egad,  
Because they had  
No street cars in those good old  
days.

**Why Not Be Accomplished**  
(Ad. in Chicago Tribune)  
Ladies, Gentlemen, Boys, Girls,  
learn to whistle, warbling, chirps,  
finger, teeth, flute whistle imi-  
tating forest of birds. Open daily,  
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Groff, Chicago Musical Seminary,  
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Funny, isn't it, how many flash-  
ing worms you find spading the  
garden and how few when dig-  
ging for bait?

Elbert Hubbard said of Brann,  
the demon iconoclast: "He wrote  
on asbestos and dipped his pen in  
tobacco."  
Hurrah! It is reported that only  
those public libraries equipped  
with automatic fire sprinklers will  
contain Elinor Glyn's forthcoming  
novel.

**Back to Earth**  
When war waged its wide deso-  
lation  
He pulled down his fifteen per  
day.  
Now it fills him with deep con-  
sternation  
To think how he tossed it away.

There is one pest worse than  
the polecat. We refer to the hard-  
headed individual who won't apolo-  
gize when he knows he's wrong,  
and should.

One kind of lightweight is the  
man who chucks his newspaper  
out of a street car window after  
reading it, lest somebody else have  
a look.

Another advantage of that por-  
table house idea is that it would  
be so easy to move when un-  
desirable guests were expected.

Woman's intuition may be all  
that it pretends to be, but we'd  
back the chances of a well-dressed  
villain any time against those of  
a trampy looking gentleman.

When they discovered that dan-  
ger rests in ripe olives, they de-  
stroyed the sole excuse for going  
to banquets.

We have yet to see a man who  
can hold a neutral expression as  
he listens to flowery things the  
toastmaster says about him.

**Drat 'Er' O' Hide**  
There ain't no use  
To sit and scratch  
Your dome;  
The muse is such  
A fickle sort  
O' muse;  
When you can't find  
A subject for  
A poem,  
Write  
One  
Like  
This!

Let the Office Cat follow you  
on your vacation. (Adv.)

Fifteen shots were fired in an  
argument over liquor in Boston  
last week, and only a gold tooth  
was struck, thereby showing that  
the men were full of their sub-  
ject, as the Hicksville Times  
would remark.

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tion there is life—Use  
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## Woman Jurors Bill

Last of the measures to be voted upon at the referendum election Tuesday is the women jurors and revised jury law, whose purpose is defined as follows:

To permit women to serve as jurors; to provide a special notice by which women may release themselves from jury service; to require the names of qualified jurors to be ascertained from the latest tax roll and registration books and any other sources of official information; to require the proportional selection of jurors to be made from the registration books as well as from the assessment roll; to require at least one-half of the trial jury to be women in criminal actions involving a minor under eighteen years of age either as defendant or complaining witness.

As to the general proposal that women as citizens are entitled to serve as jurors there can be little dissent. There is no reason why they should be discriminated against—and none why they should be entitled to special favor. If women want to serve as jurors, they should be subject to the same treatment as men.

Jury duty is a disagreeable duty for the average man and why women should desire it, is beyond comprehension, except perhaps to emphasize their newly acquired political equality. The proposed law, however, permits preferential treatment and emphasizes sex. It includes the following provision:

Any woman desiring to be excused from jury service may claim exemption by signing a written or printed notice thereof and returning the same to the sheriff before the date for appearance, and if exemption is so claimed by reason of sex no appearance need be made in answer to said summons; provided, that it shall be the duty of the person serving any summons for jury duty to inform every female person so served of this provision and to furnish her with a written or printed blank on which to make such claim for exemption.

The measure also provides that in criminal actions in which minors under 18 years are involved, that at least half the jury shall be women—which carries the inference that women are best qualified to pass upon youthful criminals. Perhaps—but since when has sex been an essential of judgment? And if for youth, why not for maturity?

The facts of the matter is that the average woman has enough grief without having jury duty imposed upon her and the demand for jury duty comes principally from club women who have little else to occupy their time and want the privileges without the compulsion of citizenship.

## Ignore the Politician

Oregon senators are apparently wasting a great deal of time and energy over distribution of federal patronage for the state.

There are some half a dozen offices that may be considered worth the having, and the only public interest in the subject is that men capable of efficient management be appointed. Such men are rarely applicants for public office.

Politicians are of course very much concerned but the taxpayer is not at all disturbed. In fact, if the senators ignore the whole tribe of self-seeking political hacks and name capable men not identified with politics or politicians, there would be wide-spread public approval.

The approval or disapproval of politicians is the last thing that should worry the senators. As for the people, they are far more interested in the reduction of taxation, elimination of waste and restoration of prosperity than in whether Tom Jones or Dick Brown gets federal office.

The Anti-Saloon League, with which County Judge Bushey made a secret contract turning over the police powers of the county is apparently not content with the \$996.02 paid them for their illegal raids and want the county to put up additional funds. There is no satisfying the rapacity of the league. The more it gets, the more it wants and it constantly clamors for more.

The president of the state bankers association wants to abolish the initiative as a constant source of worry and trouble over freak measures. The people who object loudest to its abolition are those that never vote at primary elections.

## Better Umpiring Needed To Retain Interest of Fans

By "Spike"  
With the Senators presenting a very creditable brand of the national pastime in most of their games on the Twelfth street lot, there remains only one unfilled need to elicit the support of local fans and insure the success of the venture—efficient and capable umpiring.

Such exhibitions of officiating as marked the contest between Salem and Albany yesterday, and other similar occurrences in previous games, coupled with the incident wrangling and delay of the games while players and officials exhibit their vocal proclivities, are doing more to kill interest in the games here than anything else could.

Fans paying their money to see baseball games are not bargaining for seats at an oratorical contest or a star session of a debating society.

Along with a decent display of baseball they also demand something better than sand-lot officiating. Contrasted with the capable work of Umpire Rankin, who presided over balls and strikes yesterday, the inefficiency of Umpire Martin on the bases was little short of a crime.

Martin's ability to sleep on the job and his inability to handle the demonstrations growing out of his errors in "judgement" were two of the prize chapters in Sunday's Oxford Park comedy.

## Olcott Urges Endorsement Of Bonus Bill

Support of the soldiers' bonus bill by the voters at Tuesday's election is urged by Governor Olcott who declares that in this measure the people of the state have an opportunity to show some degree of appreciation to the men who served in the world war.

The governor's statement follows:  
"Next Tuesday Oregon will be called upon to show some degree of the appreciation she owes the soldiers of the world war who upheld and maintained the traditions and ideals of the state. It is inconceivable that the measure for soldiers and should fail. While it is true, passage of the act possibly may entail a little sacrifice, such sacrifice will be nothing as weighed against those sacrifices made by the thousands of our young men who unhesitatingly responded to the call to arms."  
"Throughout the state members of legion posts are voting to be man to accept the loan feature of

the proposed act. This indicates that our soldiers as private citizens wish to build for themselves and in so doing build for the state and their own posterity.  
"No possible investment could be found so sound as the investment the state will make in its ex-service men next Tuesday. Let's make the majority for the measure overwhelming. Oregon must not be laggard in this duty."

## Californians Still Boosting States Riggs

"In spite of bad conditions now prevailing in California, due to the failure of the lemon and orange growers to find a market for their produce, the people down there still have the boosting spirit and keep a stiff upper lip," stated Z. J. Riggs, who recently returned from a trip south.  
"Lemon and oranges are leaving their crops on the trees," said Mr. Riggs. "One man had picked his entire orchard piled it up on the side of the road, put up a big sign and inviting the public to help itself. But I

never heard any one complain. If this country had half the boosting spirit of the California, this country would develop.

The lack of market for California oranges and lemons, Mr. Riggs explained, was due to the present high freight rates which made it impossible for the growers to ship their fruit to the Atlantic coast and compete with the fruit shipped across the ocean from southern European countries.

## Albany Takes Weird Game From Locals

What might otherwise have been a passing fair exhibition of baseball suddenly developed into a weird comedy of errors and pre-miscious hitting in the eighth frame and finally terminated in a 10 to 5 victory for the visitors when the Salem Senators and Albany staged their 11-inning session at Oxford Park yesterday afternoon.

After a few spasmodic breaks in the early innings, both teams settled down the 4 to 4 score in the seventh for a few minutes held promise of early relief for the fans.

Summers however started the fireworks again in the ninth with a homer over the right field fence, which would have ended the session but for a lucky drive into the same garden by Holmes in the last half of the same canto. The ball hid itself in the weeds while "Ducky" circled the sacks.

In their half of the tenth the Albanyites clotted Berg hard and annexed three more, but with Babb delivering in the placed of Coleman for the visitors the Senators also slammed out a bevy of safe ones and tied the score.

Although the Senators placed their first two men on the sacks in the last of the eleventh, they were unable to even up the two-run lead secured by Albany in the first half.

The box score and summary follows:

|            | A. | S. | R. | H. | P. | O. | E. |
|------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Hubbard 3b | 6  | 1  | 2  | 4  | 1  | 1  | 1  |
| Gill c     | 6  | 2  | 3  | 8  | 0  | 1  | 1  |
| Hecker ss  | 6  | 3  | 1  | 3  | 3  | 3  | 1  |
| Keene lb   | 5  | 1  | 4  | 9  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Stewart rf | 6  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Summers cf | 6  | 1  | 2  | 3  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Githens 2b | 5  | 0  | 1  | 3  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Cox if     | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Duffy if   | 3  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Coleman p  | 4  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Watterson* | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  |
| Babb p     | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
|            | 49 | 10 | 14 | 33 | 15 | 7  |    |

\*Runs for Coleman in ninth.  
Runs for Hayes in sixth.  
Summary:  
Two-base hits—Hubbard, Githens, McKenna. Three-base hits—Hayes, Stewart. Home runs—Summers, Edwards. Earned runs—Salem 1, Albany 3. Left on bases—Albany 3, Salem 12. Passed balls—by Edwards 2, by Gill 1. Double plays—Coleman to Hecker to Keene. Hit by pitcher—by Coleman 2. Wild pitch—by Berg 1, by Coleman 4, by Babb 1, by Berg 1. Struck out—by Berg 6, by Coleman 6.  
Umpires—on balls and strikes, Rankin; on bases, Martin.

## Music Store Is Sold; Mr. Moore Is Proprietor

W. W. Moore, who recently disposed of his Liberty street furniture store, has purchased the Myrtle Knowland music store at 415 Court street.  
The store will in the future be known as Moore's music house. Miss Knowland has been engaged by Mr. Moore as manager of the store.



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## A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON  
The Noted Writer

Larry Wheaton  
"You seem to have thought a great deal about Mr. Early Bab," I suggested. "You have analyzed him much more carefully than I."

"Of course I have," said Bab coolly. "I was surprised that any man would look upon your morbid story with the great interest he expressed in his letters about it."

"That is why I say to you, Alix, write all the stories that you can and send them to him, and here's hoping that he takes them all—but stay away from him. Give him all the romance he wants—on paper—but keep from meeting him if possible."

"Of course you won't take my advice because he has piqued your curiosity quite as much as you have piqued his, but don't come to me in the future and say that I did not warn you."

"Warn me of what? Is it possible, Bab, that you are clairvoyant? What do you see in my future?" I asked laughingly.

"I see, Alix, that you will have many exciting experiences. Being a woman I don't know why it is that almost all men are intrigued by your personality. I think I am quite as good looking as you are—"

"Better, my dear, better," I interrupted.

"Possibly even that is true," she acquiesced, "but the fact remains that while all men fall at your feet most of them fight shy of me. You always have an air of being so dependent upon them, and you are not at all. You are just as independent as I am. In fact, I think that you are apt to be a little stubborn when your sentiment is attacked by reason and reality. You have the ability to make a man think that he knows so much more than you do, while all the time you are saying to yourself, 'I am much your superior. I am never able to do these things. I wish I could, for then Duane would ask me to marry him tomorrow, and once married to him, I am sure I would know how to be the guiding star of his life.'"

"My dear, if you did not have a sense of humor you would be impossible."

"I may have a sense of humor," said Bab with a sigh, "but I have demonstrated many times that it is the kind no man understands."

Just then the nurse brought me the baby, and having had my coffee, I picked up my letters and laid them beside the bed. After playing a while with His Adorableness, I turned Bab out of the room and proceeded to dress for the day.

Just as I finished, I heard a great commotion down stairs and I remembered that my brother Bart had been expected with Larry Wheaton. I hadn't seen Bart since the baby came, and I had never seen Larry as he was one of Bart's college friends. I had not been home when he had visited us before.

I listened for a moment to see if Bart was coming directly to my room, and I confess I felt a little hurt as the moments passed. "Oh, well, I won't see very much of them," I said to myself. "In fact, I probably won't see very much of Bab while the boys are here. They will be running around with all the young people in the neighborhood having a gay time."

I began to feel a little sorry for myself. I began to grieve for something—something it seemed to me that I had never had. I began to feel a little cheated. Life had not been fair with me. Life owed me something which was not paid. I was still young, and yet it seemed to me that every one was saying, "Your days of good times are over." All that I had to live for now was the baby. As usual, thoughts of little Hal banished every cloud and to realize my joy I rushed into the room where he was sleeping. Just as I did so I heard the boys coming up the stairs.

"Bab, Bab, where are you?"

sounded Bart's voice in the hall. Again I had a little heartache that Bart was calling Bab, not me. "Larry Wheaton is here, Bab, come out and see him."

"Come in, Bart," I called, "if you are not crazy to see me, you might at least have some curiosity about your new nephew."

From the jumble of eager young voices I knew that Bab had met them on the stairs, and after the greetings, Bart knocked loudly on my door.

"May I bring Larry in, Alix?"  
"Of course."

Bart stumbled into the room in his usual boisterous manner and threw his arms about my neck. I looked over his shoulder to encounter a pair of the most beautiful eyes that I have ever seen—dark blue with long curled black lashes. Above those eyes dark brown hair was combed back in the sleek fashion that the college boy affects today, as he did then. Tall, graceful, and somewhat shy, with color coming and going beneath his tanned complexion.

This was Larry Wheaton who had been Bart's chum at college for the last two years. He was somewhat younger than Bart, but they had been inseparable ever since they had met in their first year at college, and they had gone to each other's home in turn. This year Larry had come to spend the summer holidays with Bart.

Tomorrow—Bart's Friend.

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Plenty of Good Habits.

AN EDITORIAL ON BUYING

MAN is a creature of habit.

Some of his habits are good and some of them are bad. Most of them are good, because the human animal is so delicate an organism that there has to be a republican majority of good habits to keep him going.

In fact, good habits are not only an economy of effort—making it possible to accomplish more with less attention and less effort of the will—they are also the fundamental presuppositions that make life at all possible.

The heart has a good habit of pumping blood without your having to think about it.

The lungs have a good habit of supplying the system with oxygen.

The nerves have a good habit of sending instantaneous messages to the brain about what is happening to you.

The nerves have such good habits that when they send the message to your brain that your hand has touched something too hot they do not wait for the General Staff in your head to call a conference of your numerous impulses and inhibitions to determine whether or not to remove the hand from the hot object. Your nerves have a habit of sending back a message about what to do right away.

The same thing holds true of affairs on a higher plane.

A man keeps his contracts, pays his bills, supports his family, votes, and goes through all the ordinary actions of daily life as a citizen and civilized human being because he has these good habits, and he leads a good life when he has good habits.

A man buys largely as a matter of habit. He buys at a place he likes because he is well treated and he finds the values satisfactory. More likely than not, the word of a friend or the printed word of a friendly advertisement got him there to begin with.

And the store where he buys lets him know about any special sales of stocks, pleasantly and effectively, because they have the habit of telling him such things through their advertising, and he has the habit of noting what they say because he has the habit of reading advertisements with interest and confidence.

The American people are a friendly, good-natured race. While we have enough bad habits, we also can look ourselves over impartially and see that we have some good ones.

Pre-eminently characteristic of us is our habitual interest in and appreciation of advertising.

We know that this interest is a good habit because we know what it can do and has done for every one of us.

Advertising itself is a good habit.

In fact, advertising and reading advertising are two of the best American habits!