

# Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

## Stanfield's Case

Here is the sad case of Senator Stanfield, arrested at Baker by a policeman on the charge of drunkenness. According to the arresting officer, the senator was eating dinner with his secretary and another woman in a restaurant and appeared sleepy, whereupon the policeman placed him under arrest for "drunkenness and disorderly conduct," cracked him over the head with his gun and with the assistance of bystanders, took him forcibly to jail.

The senator declares it was a "political frame-up" designed to discredit and humiliate him. In all probabilities it was, the senator being a candidate for renomination and election. The senator, however, is one of those responsible for making such "frame-ups" possible, through passage of laws making it a crime to take a drink in this land of the free. He is simply taking a dose of the medicine he has prescribed for others.

As a member of the Oregon house of representatives, and as a member of the United States senate, Mr. Stanfield has voted "dry" on all important measures, though personally no more dry than the majority of the legislature or congress. He has voted for all prohibition enforcement measures that he had a chance to, measures designed to make possible just such trumped up situations as that he finds himself in now.

In the Oregon legislature, Mr. Stanfield as representative and as speaker, voted as a bone dry on the enforcement measures following the constitutional amendments of 1914 and 1916. As United States senator, he voted for the treaty with Great Britain to prevent smuggling of liquors, for the Willis-Campbell bill prohibiting the prescribing of beer for sick people, and he is listed by the Anti-Saloon league as a bone-dry senator that can be counted on at all times for anti-liquor votes.

Mr. Stanfield does not differ from 80 percent of the United States senators. They line up for the dries in the senate, but remain wet personally, as it is their "own affair," just as Gary of the steel trust and other ardent advocates of prohibition for the other fellows do.

Senator Stanfield is thus, to use a hackneyed phrase, "hoist on his own petard," as senators ought to be who are not courageous enough to stand for their convictions. The place to start prohibition enforcement is among those congressmen and senators responsible for Volsteadism. When congress, which has made us a nation of hypocrites, is dried up, it will be time enough to dry up the rest of the country. Long before that happens, however, and to avoid such a contingency, congress will so amend the law as to make possible its enforcement.

## Sunday a Fizzle?

The Portland papers, having joined in the hulla-balloo to secure Billy Sunday and having for several days splattered him all over the front page, have relegated him to the short space with small heads on inside pages, whereupon the reverend slang-slinger is denouncing the press for the lack of publicity he receives. Probably they also are in league with the devil against him.

Mr. Sunday is engaged in a commercial enterprise, saving souls for a cash consideration, so many dollars subscribed, so many brands rescued from the burning, and has grown rich in the business. The papers give him all the space, and considerably more, that the news warrants. If he desires additional space, he should utilize the advertising columns.

The Reverend Sunday was brought to Portland by a coalition of preachers headed by Mayor Baker, whose cooperation was in gratitude for the work of the preachers, in uniting with the slums and dives of the North End, to re-elect him. Perhaps also, the mayor figured that a great revival was the only practical way of cleaning up the graft in the Portland police department which is under his personal charge. If money is lacking to pay for Sunday publicity, it is up to the mayor to raise it from his other allies, in return for their being left alone.

It is apparent that the Sunday revivals, which have become an old story, are not turning the town upside-down and not evoking any pronounced degree of enthusiasm. If they were, we can rest assured, the publicity would be forthcoming, for the subscribers control the policy of all the Portland papers.

## The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

HAVING THE PIPER  
It was between one and two o'clock when Patricia and Gregory Hewitt reached the Greenway country club and its colony of summer homes. Someone was giving a dance, and girls and men were sauntering across the lawns, calling to each other of plans for the next day, which was Sunday.  
"Everybody come to tea at my house," a woman cried, her voice floating through the moonlight.  
"John defied the Eighteenth Amendment again this morning, and we have a brand new stock on hand."  
"One man needed to make up a foursome at nine o'clock," came a man's voice.  
"One man needed to make up a twosome," supplemented Isobela's laughing, silvery tones. "Abe at nine o'clock—in the evening."  
Hewitt turned into the Willowby's drive, at Patricia's direction, and drew up before the door. As he assisted her from the car a blaze of light from the house next door illuminated the scene brightly, and Keith was heard to remark "It'll just make you a side bet of

personally—and to be told that he was too busy to see me!"  
"I didn't know that I was going to see him," Patricia answered, her voice curt with vexation. "I'd have introduced you to him if I'd seen you."  
"Oh, you couldn't see anybody but Hewitt," replied Keith, suddenly grown more jovial. "Did he say anything to you about that railroad?"  
"Oh, yes," Patricia was glad to clear herself on that score. "He said he wasn't going to build it."  
"Wasn't going to build it?" Keith stared aghast. "Are you sure? Did he mean that road that I'm interested in—are you sure about it?"  
"Yes, absolutely. The one in Arizona—that the one, isn't it?"  
"Dreadfully Keith nodded confirmation. "He said it was another one that he meant when he talked to me on the train."  
"Well, I guess that finishes Huber and me," groaned Keith, slumping into a chair. Carol sat on the arm of it and put her hand on his shoulder, as if to protect him from what he had just heard, as he shook her hand off impatiently. "We had an option on the land; it was to have expired in a few days, and we renewed it this morning on the strength of what you said last night. My Lord, Patricia, I wish you'd been a little more sure of yourself before you spoke. I've got a lot of money sunk in those mines out there, more than I can afford, and now there's a lot more tied up in that land."  
"But you could have found out more definitely before you renewed the option, I should think," Patricia answered. "She was sorry for him, but reluctant to take the blame for his unfortunate transaction."  
"Oh, you probably can think of a lot of things I could have done," he retorted sarcastically. "I went up to his office this morning hoping to get some sort of confirma-

tion from him—he didn't know that I held that option on the land—and if you'd done what you should have then, if you'd introduced me to him, so that I could have had a few words with him—he could just as well have talked to me; I notice that he had plenty of time for you."  
"Keith, dear, don't! Remember your blood pressure!" begged his wife. "Don't get angry; you know what it does to your poor head! I'm sure Patricia can straighten things out somehow; perhaps she can ask Mr. Hewitt out to dinner, and then you can talk to him, and we'll get the whole horrid tangle fixed up. Of course, that's just what Pat can do."  
"By George, you've got a head on you, little woman," he exclaimed approvingly. "That's just the idea. Now, you ask him out here right away, Pat, and we'll have a round of golf together, just he and I, and a good dinner, and I'll bet before I get through with him he'll put that road right through. That's the ticket! You can reach him tomorrow, can't you, Pat?"  
"I'll try," answered Patricia wearily, crossing the wide entrance hall and mounting the stairs to the second floor.

Tomorrow—Tumult.

## FATE OF TWO LEADERS AT STAKE TODAY

(Continued from page one)

especially the Wilcox forces—against which has been directed a suggestion that the corrupt practices act has been violated.  
Late yesterday Chairman Butler of the republican national committee drew the issue even finer, when he announced that in the event LaFollette is nominated at today's contest, the support of the republican national committee will be withheld from him. No decision has been reached as to what action is to be taken should LaFollette receive the nomination and other republicans run against him as independent candidates in the final election September 29.  
League Issue Enters.  
The only national issue which has developed during the campaign has been confined to the democratic party. William George Bruce, selected as the party standard bearer at a state convention, has not satisfied all members of that organization that is wholeheartedly in favor of the league of nations and the world court, with the result that Judge Charles B. Rogers has been suggested as a candidate and voters have been urged to write his name in on the ticket today.  
The socialistic campaign has been passive to a large extent. John M. Work, a Milwaukee newspaper writer, is the ultimate choice of his party.  
Daniel Woodward of Oshkosh, endorsed by the Ku Klux Klan, has made but little campaign. His name appears on the republican ballot.  
Hearst's Sway Threatened.  
New York, Sept. 15.—(A. P.)—New York city's electorate goes to the polls today to end with its ballots a most stirring and far-reaching primary campaign.  
On the surface, today's balloting is merely the expression of republican and democratic voters in choosing their mayoralty and local candidates for the election November 3. Underneath, however, in the minds of many is a struggle between two powerful figures, one a governor and one a publisher, for the leadership of New York's state democracy with a fight for presidential nomination in the offing.  
For eight years John F. Hylan, democratic protégé of William Randolph Hearst, has been the

chief executive of the largest city in the United States. During his administration the city has been confronted with many pressing problems. Subway construction, relief of traffic congestion, housing, suppression of crime, grade crossing removal and garbage disposal, have been some of the most vital questions. During six of those eight years the mayor had a nominally united party behind him, held within the firm grasp of Charles E. Murphy, the leader of Tammany hall.  
Tammany Hall Split.  
Early in 1924, Mr. Murphy died and with his relaxing grip came the split that he had combated successfully for many years. His death marked the starting point of the two democratic factions, one that looked toward Mayor Hylan and Mr. Hearst for leadership, the other that turned to Governor Smith. This latter group more and more showed dissatisfaction with the mayor's accomplishments in solving New York's problems and in displaying his intention that he should be supplanted.  
There was no open break until the democratic leaders of the five boroughs of New York gathered together to select their slate for today's primary and the election. Tammany hall, under its new leader, George W. Oliver, and the Bronx county committee, broke definitely with the mayor and selected State Senator James J. Walker, minority senate leader and long political worker with Governor Smith. Brooklyn, Richmond and Queens threw their support to re-nomination for mayor.  
It was then that all New York's political eyes were turned toward Governor Smith. Whom would he support with his great personal popularity? Popularity attested by his three terms as chief executive of the state and the determined fight made by his followers in the democratic national convention 1924 to capture the presi-

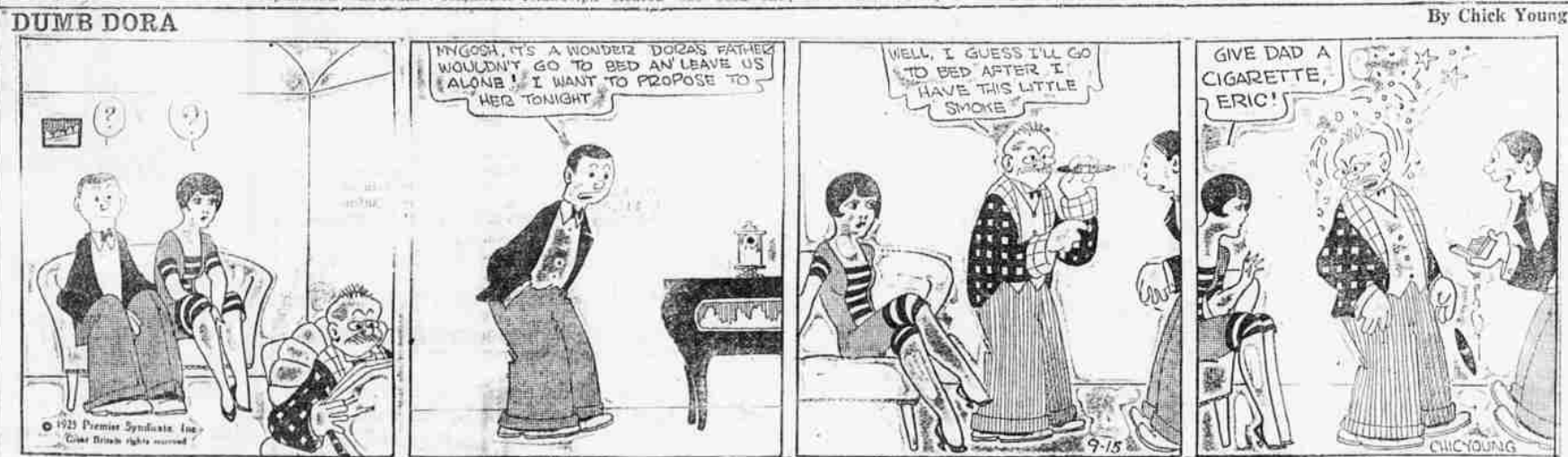
dential nomination for him against William Gibbs McAdoo. Although he had refused the leadership of Tammany hall, a post that went to Mr. Oliver, his advice was constantly sought by the democrats. He threw his support to Senator Walker and the Hylan wing opened its revolt.  
The mayor soon opened warfare on Governor Smith. He accused the governor of ingratitude, of becoming friendly with traction financiers, with supporting a \$300,000,000 state bond issue for the elimination of grade crossings at the expense of the people and for the benefit of the railroads, of opposing the nomination of Mr. Hearst for United States senator at Syracuse at the behest of society leaders.  
His fight against Senator Walker and Tammany hall was even more severe. Senator Walker has been nominated at the order of "gamblers" and "poolroom kings," the mayor charged.  
Governor Smith and the Walker followers based their assault on the mayor chiefly on his "inability and inefficiency" in conducting New York's business, his "blind, obedient, subservience" to Mr. Hearst, whom they characterized as a "super-boss."  
The governor accused the mayor of being in secret conference with the representatives of the Klan while the Smith forces on the floor of the national convention at Madison Square Garden were combating the forces of racial and religious bigotry.  
Charges and counter charges poured from both sides, denials were issued right and left and the lie was passed more than once.  
The republican fight, though less spectacular, has been equally vigorous. Frank D. Waterman, fountain pen manufacturer, was endorsed by the city's republican leaders, but two so-called insurgents arose within a short time to

challenge his selection. They charged that he was a "millionaire selected by millionaires," William M. Bennett, who defeated John Parroy Mitchell in the primaries in 1917 and was in turn overthrown by Mayor Hylan in the election, is one insurgent, and John J. Lyons, former secretary of state, is the other. A third candidate for mayor is the Rev. Norman Thomas, representing the socialist party. He is unopposed in the primary.  
The polls open at 3 p. m. and close at 9 p. m.

## An Old-Fashioned Beauty Recipe

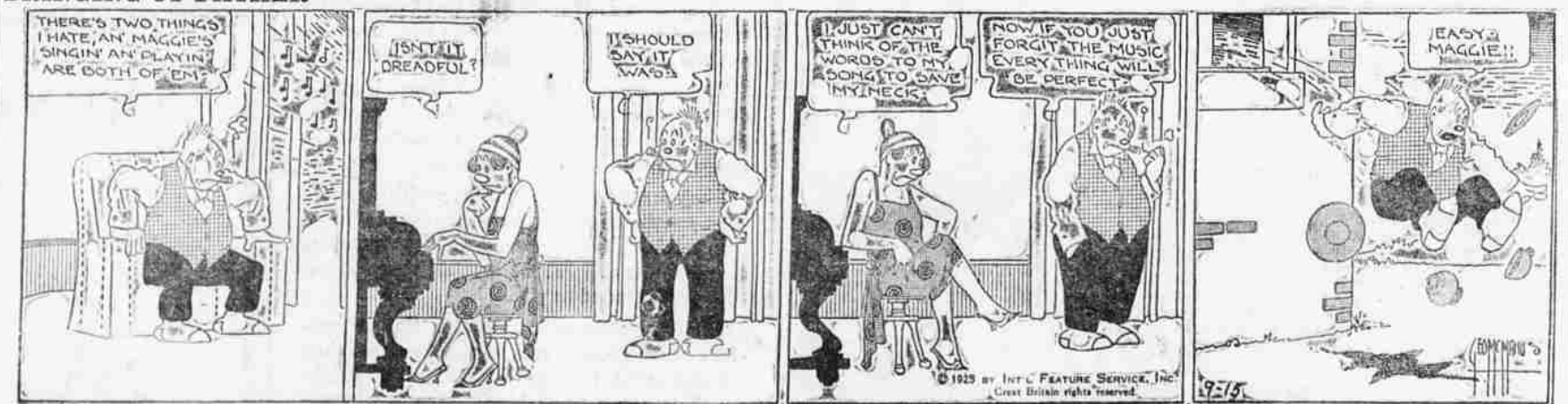
This old time application of Buttermilk and Cream to whiten and preserve the skin and remove harsh little wrinkles and, ugly yellowness is grandmother's recipe and women throughout the country are again using it to ensure a beautiful complexion and snow white hands and arms.  
Buttermilk, however, is not always obtainable, but a specialist has at last perfected a method of concentrating buttermilk and combining it with a perfect cream which you can buy in small quantities ready for use at any first class drug store by simply asking for "Howard's" Buttermilk Cream.  
There is no secret about it nor is there any doubt about the result—it's just a common ordinary buttermilk in the form of a wonderful cream, gently massaged with the finger tips around the corners of the eyes and mouth.  
If you have not yet tried this simple, easy way to beauty get a small quantity of Howard's Buttermilk Cream today and let your face be the judge. Your favorite toilet goods counter can supply you. All drugists are selling lots of it.—Adv.

By Chick Young



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## BARNEY GOOGLE

A Real Welcome

By Billy de Beck



## MUTT AND JEFF

Poor Mutl Has a Fierce Attack of Hay Fever

By Bud Fisher

