

Capital Journal

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

The Wisconsin Election

Election of "Young Bob" LaFollette by an overwhelming majority in Wisconsin only means that Wisconsin is still in the insurgent column. The combination of the foreign-born, of socialists, of non-partisan leaguers, of laborites, of uplifters and progressives maintains its solidarity and its loyalty to the name and traditions of LaFollette. It means that the old political machine built up and held intact for quarter of a century under the leadership of the elder LaFollette, is still functioning and likely to continue to in the Badger state.

The Wisconsin election does not mean the ebb-tide of reaction and stand-pattism in the nation, or even in the northwest. Its effect is only local. As Wisconsin was the only state to vote for the third party candidates last fall, it is still the only state to remain in the third party column.

The turn in the tide of reaction will come in the nation at large from either hard times or too much prosperity. Both generate a popular discontent that politicians capitalize for a change in government with the promise of a millennium in exchange for spoils of office. The country is neither very prosperous, nor very depressed, and no immediate change is therefore likely as long as conditions hold their own or improve.

The full dinner bucket continues the only vital issue with the people, for the electorate, like an army, travels on its belly, and its expectation of material prosperity.

Growing Rapidly

For the first time the average daily paid and audited circulation of the Capital Journal exceeded 7,000 for the month of September. For the same period its average daily distribution, or gross circulation which includes exchanges, service copies and advertisers, approximated 7,500 daily.

At no period in its history is the Capital Journal growing more rapidly than at present which reflects not only the growth of the community, but the popularity of the paper. The steady progress of the Capital Journal can be judged by the following daily averages for the month of September for five years, for paid circulation: 1921, 4,500; 1922, 5,836; 1923, 6,139; 1924, 6,260; 1925, 7,077. The gain in the past year has been over 800 subscribers, or 12.8 percent.

As the Capital Journal grows, it will be improved in quality and quantity, its news service extended and bettered. Its plant in the past five years has been reconstructed and is the most complete and modern in the state. Its mechanical capacity is ample to turn out 20,000 sixteen page papers daily and it hopes in the not too distant future to reach this goal.

It is the hope of the Capital Journal to increase its subscription list to 10,000 in the coming year. To this end, we ask the continued cooperation and assistance of our patrons.

The Husband Tamer

By Violet Dare

Difficult Marriage or Easy Divorce
It was late the next morning when Pat awakened and joined Carol at breakfast under the awning outside their tent. The men had gone off to inspect some property, to Pat's great relief, but Carol handed her an envelope, saying: "Mr. Hewitt put those addresses you wanted in here for you said there really wasn't any great hurry, but it would be nice for all of us if you got the letter written and off your mind so that we could all go hiking this afternoon."

Pat smiled at her sister tolerantly, suspecting that she knew more than she pretended to about the letter in question. Should she write to his lawyer? Should she seek a divorce from Andrew? Surely she couldn't go back to him. Then why not? she mused, going off toward her tent.

But when she picked up her writing case and spread it out on her lap she found her glance was drawn out to the tent from whence the rider with the morning's mail forwarded from Chicago would come. He might have a letter for her, a letter from Andrew. He might be ill, might need her.

Such a possibility made her smile in spite of her perplexity. Andrew had never been ill a day in his life, and he would be the last to admit that he needed her eyes if he did. But such a moving scene from admitting to herself the fact that she dreaded to face that she was still in love with Andrew.

After a few minutes of scribbling on a sheet of paper, she lily picked up a petaloid prairie flower from the ground beside her, and pulling it to pieces pronounced: "He loves me; he loves me not," and when it came out in the affirmative she flushed self-consciously. "Wonder what the tip of a coin would adduce me?" she went on to herself, taking out a nickel and peering it in the air with a whispered, "Heads win!" She looked at the coin gratefully, and picked up her writing materials again. How nice it was to find that foolish superstitions and games always agreed with one's inner convictions. Slowly and carefully she addressed an envelope to the firm of lawyers Hewitt had recommended to her. Then she folded a blank sheet of paper which she enclosed in it. Then, feeling like a reckless spendthrift she addressed one to Andrew, and pouring all of her tenderness and emotional longing for him into words, covered page after page. She had no idea that she would mail it. She would give vent to her feelings only this once, then, if Andrew didn't want her, he need

never know. She was not a child. She knew enough to value the great affection which Gregory Hewitt had for her. But at luncheon time when the men came back and joined them, Pat drew Hewitt aside and told him.

He's Watch Doctor



Warren C. Jensen

Warren C. Jensen is the official Watch Doctor at the Burnett Jewelry Store and has come to Salem from Montana. He was in Lewiston for fifteen years—and got nothing off for good conduct. He decided to take Greely's advice and "go west" and here he is. He likes Salem—thinks his job—likes to meet people, and gets more fun out of fixing a demoralized time-piece than a fifteen year old had gets out of a busted Ford.

He is a graduate of the Bradley College of Peoria, Illinois, which is said to be the finest horological school in the United States. During the war Jensen had a ticklish job. Uncle Sam found out that he knew things and took him off to Philadelphia. There he was made chief inspector of panoramic sights on the guns that went to France to help break the Hindenburg line, and which sent many a lurking submarine to the bottom of the Atlantic. Mr. Jensen is married—and declares that he and his wife would have been here years ago if they'd known what Oregon was like.

"Don't press me to do anything now," she asked of him. "Let me think it out here in the hills."
"We would be so happy," he urged.
"Yes," she admitted, a vision of the wealth he offered swaying her as much as her genuine liking for him, "but—"
She couldn't go on for what she was thinking of was "But what about Andrew?" And she realized that to this new life she was contemplating Andrew would not, could not, figure.

"Take your own time to think it over," Hewitt told her; but without enthusiasm, "but don't let it be too long. I knew the first moment that I ever saw you that I would move mountains to make you mine."
It didn't make him any happier when the boy who brought the mail deposited a letter with a foreign postmark on the table before Patricia. Obviously she was hearing from her husband.

But as a matter of fact the letter didn't make Patricia much happier either, for her husband still refused to understand why she had left him.
"When you decide to come back to New York," he wrote, "you might inquire about houses down near Bayville. You have always wanted to be out in the suburbs, and there we would have easy access to the big clubs and road-houses, and it would be a nice place to entertain people. I have met several people on this trip who will be coming to the states later, and with your help I could land big things through them. I am sorry if my telegram seemed brusque, but I am sure that you realize by now how childish and unreasonable you were. You have always been so splendid about helping me."
It was with difficulty that Patricia refrained from bursting into tears. Andrew made it so hard for her to go on loving him, and yet down in her heart.

Drama of 10,000,000 Years ago Feature of Children's Matinee

A drama of 10,000,000 years ago is to be enacted for the children of 12 years or under who attend The Capital Journal matinee at the Oregon theater at 10:30 o'clock Saturday morning with "The Lost World" as the feature offering.
Two hungry prehistoric dinosaurs of the allosaurus species were out looking for breakfast. Bessie Love, Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone who, in the photoplay find the monsters of the Jurassic period still alive in South America, saw them—and scurried for a cave. From this place of safety they watched the fearsome meat-eaters, each as big as five or six elephants.

The reptilian giants came upon what they thought was a lone baby triceratops. This youngster was about the size of one elephant and the carnivorous dinosaurs decided he would do very well for his first course.
The allosauruses pounced upon the young triceratops, using their foot-long claws and teeth as big as a man's wrist.
Then they discovered the baby was not alone!
Mamma triceratops came tearing into the scene, the earth quaking under her tons of inflated flesh, for she was also as big as five or six elephants.
The triceratops species if dinosaur was a vegetarian and did not have the teeth of the meat-eaters, or the claws. But nature had endowed mamma triceratops with something more valuable in a conflict than long teeth and claws.

Over her eyes she wore two long, vicious horn or tusks and a shorter one over her nose.
As mamma triceratops charged up, the two allosauruses had killed the baby and were about to begin their repast. With one fell toss of her head she gored one allosauruse—and his career on earth ended. The other beat a hasty retreat, and being a swifter moving dinosaur than triceratops, had no difficulty in making his escape.
This is only one conflict between might monsters of the dim past that Bessie Love, Beery and Stone witness while inhabitants of "The Lost World." As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote the novel of romance and adventure, life remains unchanged in the area for 100,000 centuries.

HOWE PROVIDES COFFEE AND SINKERS FOR HOBOS

Chicago, Oct. 1.—(A. P.)—Warm fireside, hot coffee and doughnuts will be furnished the unemployed who visit the Hobo retreats throughout the country financed by James Eads Howe, St. Louis millionaire hobo, he has announced here. This year's national convention of migratory workers, as Howe terms them, will be held in Denver, November 11, a date selected, he said, because many of the delegates could sleep in the open here.

PROTEST FILED OVER ESTATE OF JUDGE DOWNING

Indications that the estate of the late Judge William H. Downing, former county judge for this county, may be dragged into litigation are carried in a petition filed with the county court over which the late judge presided, objecting to setting apart an exempt real property that the widow asks be exempted for homestead purposes, and also objecting to setting aside \$75 a month for the support and maintenance of the widow.
Objectors are Elmer and George Downing, sons of the decedent. Josephine Downing, widow and administratrix of the estate, is not the mother of the two sons making the objections, these being sons by a former wife.
The petition charges that objections to setting apart of real property asked to be exempted as a homestead for the widow's support are based on the fact that the property in question is not subject to be set aside and that it is worth fully \$500. The law allows \$500 worth of property to be set aside as exempt as the widow's homestead.
The petition further asks that the portion of the widow for \$75 monthly support money be denied on the grounds that taking into consideration the property of the widow in her own right together with the personal property of the widow that there is no necessity for it. The petition states that petitioners do not know just the extent of the widow's own prop-

erty but that it is a large amount, sufficient in every way for her maintenance.
Property involved in the estate of the late Judge Downing is principally made up of a beautiful farm in the Sublimity country, including two large tracts, one of 180 acres and the other of 240 acres. Judge Downing was considered one of the best grain farmers in his section of the country. One of the farms is said to carry a mortgage of \$6700. Under the law the widow is entitled to a 1/3 interest of one-half the property during the right time, including one-half of the rents and profits arising from the estate.
The portion of the property asked by the widow to be set apart for exemption as a homestead includes the building on the place and some acreage and contents of the same is that the value of this section is in value considerably in excess of that allowed by the homestead law.

ROME'S OPERA SEASON SHOWS HUGE DEFICIT

Rome—Moving pictures, the radio and other new fangled forms of amusement have so far claimed the affection of the Romans that the capital of the nation which is generally considered the home of grand opera is unable to support its single lyric-dramatic institution, the Costant Grand Opera house.
Playhouses dispensing light opera managed to eke out a more or less profitable livelihood during the season now ending, but the Costant which ranks after the Sala di Milan and the San Carlo in Naples, as the most pretentious of Italy's opera houses, fell upon evil days and rolled up the largest deficit in its history.

Thin, Pale, Tired? Look Out For Chronic Fatigue

One of the most insidious ailments today is chronic fatigue. Thousands are only half alive, constantly suffering with weakness, nervousness, palpitation of the heart, headaches, etc.—continually taking medicine—when in the great majority of cases, the real trouble is chronic fatigue. Chronic fatigue is entirely different from the "healthy" fatigue you feel after hard work. Chronic fatigue comes from within. Your nerves, muscles, organs, etc., have become run down and cannot function properly.

To conquer it you must go to its cause—in the blood. For it is from the blood that every muscle, nerve and tissue gets its nourishment. So when you are thin, pale, tired and run down, it is usually because your blood is thin and pale, lacking in sufficient organic iron to carry strength to the starved tissues.

What you need, then, is not more tonics, but more organic iron in your blood, so it can carry strength and vigor to every part of your body.

But don't take the older mineral iron medicines which many doctors now say do little good. Take organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which is like the iron in your blood and like that in spinach and lentils. Unlike ordinary mineral iron it will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach, but is promptly assimilated. Take Nuxated Iron for just two weeks and you'll be amazed how much stronger you feel—how the color comes back to your cheeks and the sparkle and life to your eyes. Money back if not improved. At all good druggists.—Adv.

By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



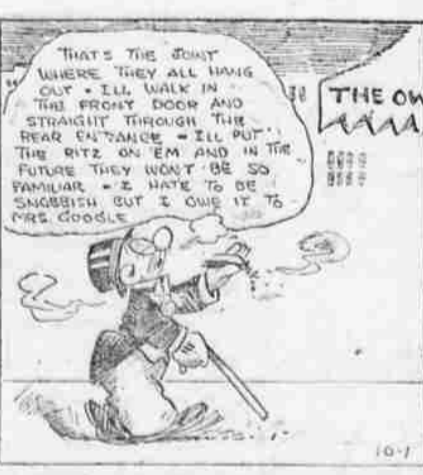
By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher