Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

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

MARKET AGENT BUNK

State Market Agent C. E. Spence, in the weekly Non-Partisan League propaganda he receives $3,000 a year and expenses of tax-payers money for issuing, declares:

Big and little newspapers of the country are in unison proclaiming that prosperity is returning to agriculture and that farmers are now in the position they were before the war. State Market Agent Spence says that under the present economic system he does not see how it is possible for general prosperous agricultural conditions except for a very small proportion, and that the instances they cite are special producers, picked here and there—isolated instances of the few who have made money. "High overhead expenses and low returns are what hold the farmers down," says the Market Agent, "and both these conditions are beyond his control. There are profits made on nearly all farm products, many of them, but they are nearly all made after they leave the farmers' hands—they are made by the middle-handling interests who fix the prices to both the farmer and consumer. The average farmer today is in about the same position of the small manufacturer, who cannot compete with the big corporations, and who has to sell his goods at cost or abandon the plant."

It is a very sad thing for those professional friends of the farmer, like Mr. Spence, who live by farming the farmer, to contemplate returning prosperity on the farm as it gives the lie to their dismal socialistic bunk that the farmers only relief is the paternalism of state help or the destruction of the present social system and the substitution of communism.

The farmers salvation rests upon himself, just as every other producer's does and there is no substitution for brains. The farmer can best solve his own problems by cooperation and increased efficiency, and the best way to help him is to cease official meddling with his business, cut out the red-tape regulations binding him, and reduce his taxation by cutting unnecessary and superfluous tax-eaters like the market master, off his payroll.

UNNECESSARY CRUELTY

In demanding that the proposed "Pony Express" run from Salem to Portland be called off, the State Humane Society is doing the right thing. There is no reason why horses should be abused by being forced to make a long gallop over paved highways, menacing both the riders and the traveling public, to serve no useful purpose, except that of a spectacular advertisement for a movie show.

That the governor of the state should lower the dignity of his office by lending its prestige to a cheap publicity stunt would be astounding except in Oregon, but it has become so commonplace here that it fails to attract attention. After all, a governor that would proclaim a holiday for a baseball game, might be expected to fall for any fake of this character.

In the days of the pony express there were no paved roads, in fact no roads of any kind, merely trails and the horses were trained to go on the gallop for hours. Now the asphalt pavements are slippery and dangerous and the concrete pavements destructive to hoofs and the animals untrained and unaccustomed to long runs at full speed.

The Humane Society exists to prevent unnecessary cruelty to animals, and the proposed pony express race is unnecessary cruelty.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

A BLOW FOR BILLY

Caroline Phillips' idea of giving her guests a good time was to provide plenty of entertainment and then let them decide what they wanted to do. She made her beautiful country home a club house for them and never interfered with their pleasure.

Marie went downstairs the second morning of the house party to find that nearly everyone had gone off to play golf or tennis, save for a few eager card players who had gathered in the sun room for bridge. She was thankful that she had not come down in time to join them, especially when she noticed Theresa Winship among them; recalling the thirty-five dollars she had lost to that enthusiast the evening before, she told herself that she could not afford to meet Miss Winship at bridge again unless their luck was reversed.

"Marie, I want to talk with you," Caroline told her, drawing her into a corner near one of the fireplaces. "You lost some money to Theresa last night, didn't you? Now, I know that this isn't according to the usual custom, but won't you let me pay you back what you lost? You see—now, don't be angry dear—but Theresa is such a shark, and I know that you're not too rich—I can see right through you, child, and I know as well as you do that you're determined not to accept the alimony Billy's paying you—and I'm not going to let you lose money in my house."

"But it wasn't much," Marie protested.

"No, I admit that, but it was too much, even so. And you always seem such a baby in the ways of the world, our world, anyway, Marie. I'm awfully tactless or I'd manage this better, but I do wish that you'd let me, well, if you don't let me return that thirty-five, at least let me help you find something to do, when you begin supporting yourself."

"I'd be glad if you would," Marie replied, gratefully. "I hadn't meant to talk this over with you, but since you seem to see right into my mind, I will. There isn't much that I can do, of course, but I'll have to find something.

"Why not be a companion and secretary to me?" asked Caroline, as if she had just thought of it that very minute. "I'll pay you two hundred a week, and you'd have all your expenses, of course——"

Marie sighed as she shook her head. Caroline was too generous, and so would be useless as an advisor or a real help.

"I couldn't do it; that would just be charity, and you know it," she said. "That salary is much too large, even if I were well trained, which I'm not. No, Caroline, I can't let you do anything of that sort. I'm going to earn the salary that I get, my dear."

"Well—why not try social welfare work? Now, there are six or seven women I know, who, like me, wants to do lots of charitable work but just can't find time for it. You could take care of it all for us; investigate needy cases and all that, you know; we'd give you so much a month, and a salary—"

"But Caroline, I know that you give a certain amount to various charitable organizations every month and that they take charge of its distribution in the best manner possible," Marie reminded her. "Honey, you're being too nice to me. Better let me make my own way; I can do it, and really, Caroline, I want to stand on my feet. I'd like to try it. I promise you that if I'm a failure I'll come to you for help."

"Truly, will you?" Caroline demanded. "If you promise me that you'll do that I shan't worry about you."

"I promise," Marie answered, knowing that she never would keep that promise unless she was driven to it by the grimmest necessity.

Caroline, too, looking into the girl's deep blue eyes, told herself that there would be no need of Marie's ever keeping it.

"She'll be married within a few months; with her beauty and charm she can't help it—unless she's determined not to marry again," she told herself. "Bob Randall's mad about her; anyone can see that. And there'll be half a dozen other men in the same boat before she knows it. Really, a beautiful young widow can have any man she wants!"

Randall crossed the hall just then, riding crop in hand; in his riding togs he looked unusually well. He came straight to Marie.

"Won't you go for a canter with me?" he asked her, when he had greeted Caroline, who promptly removed herself to a discreetly distant chair. "There's a horse in the stables that would just suit you, I'm sure, and the morning is perfect for a ride."

"I haven't ridden for a year," Marie told him. "But—oh, I'd love to do it. Only I haven't anything to wear."

"My niece left two riding habits here when she went off to school," Caroline interrupted. "I'm sure they'd fit you, and either one ought to be becoming. Do see if they aren't just what you want, dear."

Marie yielded to persuasion and ran upstairs, to return fifteen minutes later in riding breeches, coat and boots, prettier than ever. Randall saluted as she came down the stairs. Together they went out to the drive, where their horses were waiting.

Caroline, standing in the door to wave to them, frowned suddenly. A motor car had swung into the drive, with a man in it alone. He pulled up just as Bob Randall swung Marie into the saddle.

"Oh—going out?" he demanded. Marie turned, to see Billy looking up at her. His voice and face expressed the greatest disappointment.

She hesitated a moment, then gathered up her reins.

"Yes, I'm going riding with Mr. Randall," she replied, and a moment later she and Bob Randall were half way down the drive.

Tomorrow—When Jealousy Drives

p LEGALS p

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a road district meeting will be held at Macleay Grange hall in road district No. 60 in Marion county, Oregon, on Saturday the 7th day of November, 1925, at 2:00 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of levying an additional tax for road purposes in said district.

J. T. HUNT, County Judge.

CALL FOR BIDS ON BONDS

The undersigned will receive sealed bids up to 7:30 o'clock p. m. November 2, 1925, for the sale of Improvement Bonds of the City of Salem, issued pursuant to the Bancroft bonding act, to the amount of $31,308.57, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, at the office of the city treasurer on the first day of May and the first day of November of each year. Said bonds will be sold for not less than par and accrued interest.

Each bidder will be required to file with his bid a certified check for 2 per cent of the par value of the bonds, made payable to the City of Salem, which will be forfeited to the city in case the bidder to whom the bonds are awarded shall fail or refuse to accept and pay for such bonds.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

M. POULSEN, City Recorder.

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p LEGALS p

NOTICE

of Intention to Improve McCoy Avenue from Tile Road to Hunt Street

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Salem, Oregon, deems it necessary and expedient and hereby declares its purpose and intention to improve McCoy avenue from the south line of Tile Road to the north line of Hunt street, in the City of Salem, Marion county, Oregon, at the expense of the abutting and adjacent property, by bringing said portion of said avenue to the established grade, constructing Portland cement concrete curbs, and paving said portion of said avenue with a six inch Portland cement concrete pavement twenty four feet wide in accordance with the plans, specifications and estimates therefor, which were adopted by the Common Council October 5, 1925, now on file in the office of the city recorder and which plans, specifications and estimates are hereby referred to and made a part of this notice.

The Common Council hereby declares its purpose and intention to make the above described improvement by and through the Street Improvement Department of the City of Salem.

Written remonstrance may be filed with the city recorder of said city against the above proposed improvement within ten days from the date of final publication hereof.

By order of the Common Council October 5, 1925.

M. POULSEN, City Recorder.

Date of first publication hereof is Oct. 14, 1925.

Date of final publication hereof will be Oct. 26, 1925.

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LONGFELLOWS PLAN BANQUET

Approximately a dozen members of Longfellows clubs at Medford, Marshfield, Portland, Corvallis, Eugene and McMinnville, are expected to be present at the Salem Longfellows banquet Friday night, it was stated this morning by Dr. A. G. Bates, president of the local organization of tall men. Benjamin Ostlind, president of the national order, and resident of Marshfield, will probably be on hand.

Friday night's meeting will be the first regular one staged by the longfellows here, and is expected to mark the opening of a campaign for demanding the rights of tall men, which they insist have long been neglected. The official purpose of the national order is "To make life more comfortable for tall men." Just what form of action will be started to attain the stated purpose has not been definitely determined, but facetious suggestions have been flying back and forth ever since the club was first inaugurated here.

About 50 men are expected to attend Friday night's banquet, Dr. Bates says, the banquet being staged at the Gray-Belle, beginning at 8 o'clock.

No announcement has been made as to whether the management of the Gray-Belle has decided to install special chairs and tables for the occasion.

OFFICE UNMOVED SAYS BRAMWELL

Frank C. Bramwell, superintendent of banks, in answering in circuit court mandamus proceedings brought by George Putnam of Salem to compel Bramwell to keep the main offices of his department in Salem, makes denial of the materia' allegations in the writ of mandamus, thus bringing the matter to a focus on its merits.

Bramwell's answer denies, in effect, that he has removed all the files and records of the office to Portland, that he maintains only a desk and clerk in the Salem office as a subterfuge, and in general denies that the main offices of his department have been moved away from Salem.

Heretoofre the cause has been argued on legal points only, Judge G. F. Skipworth of Eugene, called in on the case, holding that Bramwell is required by law to maintain the principal offices of his department in Salem. Whether or not the office now being maintained comes under the provisions of the statute, Skipworth stated, might be a question of fact for further decision by the court.

THIS WOMAN'S RECOMPENSE

"I was so weak and nervous I could hardly do my housework," says Mrs. Harry Ashcroft of Covington, Ky. "I could not stand because of the bearing down pains in my back and abdomen. One day I read how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped others and decided to try it. I want to praise this wonderful medicine for the health and strength it has given me and ask other suffering women to try it." This is the one great dependable medicine for woman's ills.—Adv.

MRS. HARPER ALLEGES PLOT

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 23—(AP)—Mrs. Ena M. Harper, arrested yesterday under indictment for mis use of the mails in a colonization scheme on Palmeto del Verde a Mexican island south of Mazatlan, declared today that the charges against her were the result of a plot by a small fraction of the colonists, who for some reason had become disgruntled. She said that she had carried out considerable improvement work on the island and that it was not a barren waste as represented by those who assailed her.

W. H. O'Brien, associated with her in the scheme, also under indictment, still was the object of a search by federal officials today.

His Conscience Troubled Him

"I know I have done wrong, please forgive me for not doing my duty and writing you before. I am thankful to God and the good remedy He gave you, and would not take $500 for the good the first dose gave me. I have been bothered for many years with gas in my stomach and indigestion, but since taking Mayr's Wonderful Remedy two years ago have had no such trouble." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. J. C. Perry, D. J. Fry and druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Mother! Don't "Physic" a Child

To Dr. W. B. Caldwell of Monticello, Ill., a practicing physician for 47 years it seemed cruel that so many constipated infants had to be kept constantly "stirred up" and half sick by taking cathartic pills, tablets, salts, calomel and nasty oils.

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all children's little ills, he did not believe that a sickening "purge" or "physic" every little while was necessary.

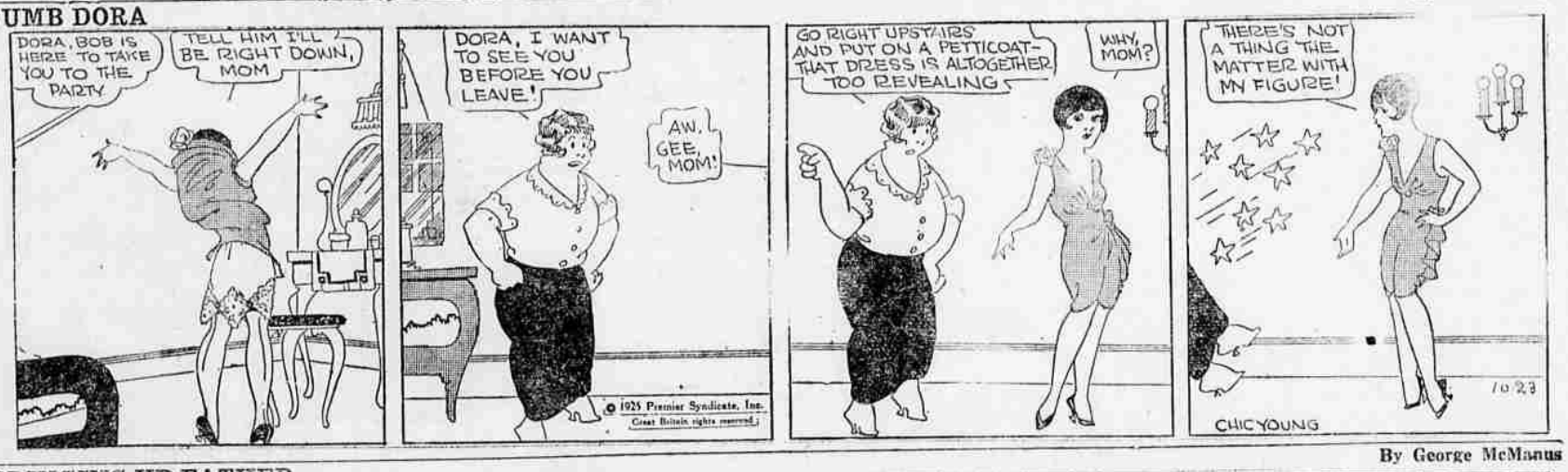
In Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin he discovered a laxative which regulates the bowels. A single dose will establish natural, healthy bowel movement for weeks at a time, even if the child was chronically constipated. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin not only causes a gentle, easy bowel movement but, best of all, it is often months before another dose is necessary. Besides, it is absolutely harmless, and so pleasant that even a cross, feverish, bilious, sick child gladly takes it.

Buy a large 60 cent bottle at any store that sells medicine and just see for yourself.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

DUMB DORA

By Chick Young



BRINGING UP FATHER

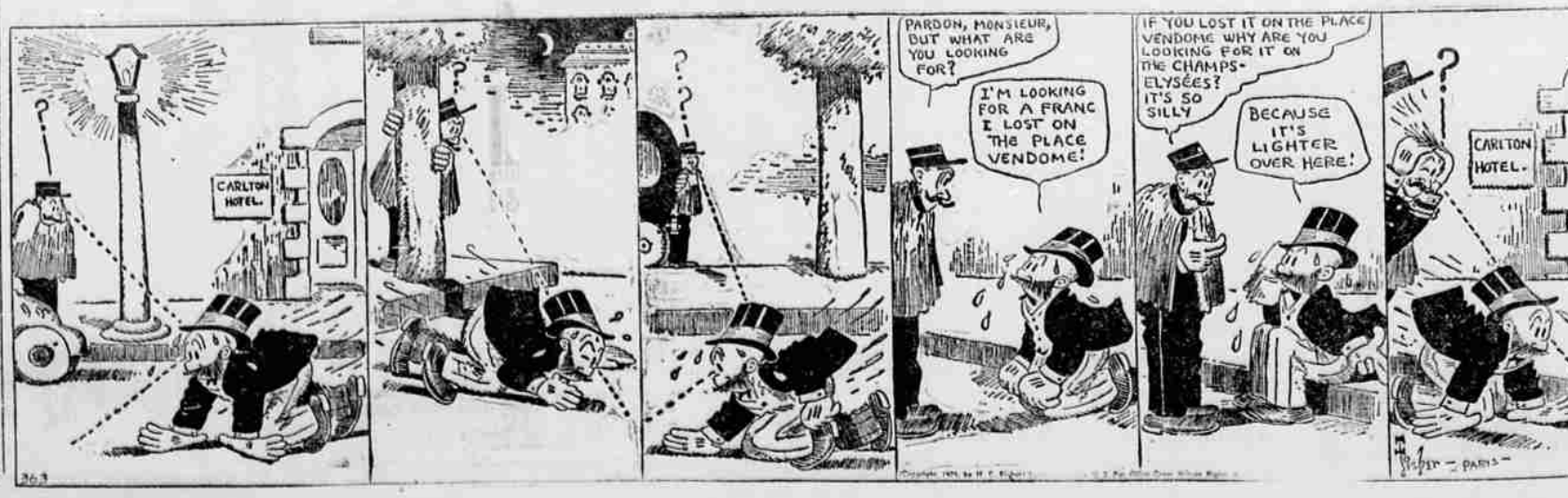
By George McManus

Barney Fills the Bill

By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

If There's a Booby-Hatch In Paris Jeff May See It Yet

By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF