

Capital Journal

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

Candidates

Numerous prospective aspirants for senatorial and gubernatorial honors are heroically withstanding "terrific pressure" from all parts of the state, voicing an almost unanimous urge that they announce their candidacies. Of course they are all self-starters, for under the direct primary system, it is the only way they can run, yet it is remarkable how the importunity of a few friends becomes magnified to a roar of popular acclaim in the imagination of the candidate.

There is something strange about the psychology of a candidate. He is the original optimist. Hope springs eternal in his manly breast. Once his hat is in the ring, there is no stopping him. If he has money, he is skillfully jarred loose from it by the fairy tales of politicians. As is human nature, everybody jollies him along and he swallows it all. Soon he reaches a stage when he regards anyone who attempts to tell him the truth as an unmitigated liar or a personal enemy.

The first thing a candidate in Oregon conceives his duty is to write an announcement and later a platform, both of which are laboriously and cunningly calculated to offend no one and to carefully conceal any ideas or ideals the statesman may have. As there are no party organizations, there is of course, no responsibility back of any of the utterances. Therefore they are framed innocuously enough not to lose a vote. If there are any popular prejudices, they are consistently catered to, and any real issue, it is artfully straddled.

Every candidate for every office will boldly and defiantly declare for economy and cutting taxes—until in office. Each will fearlessly favor law enforcement and upholding the constitution—by violating it. Each will be publicly and militantly dry—while privately and hypocritically wet. Each will favor any raid on the taxpayers demanded by any organized minority that promises votes—the unorganized majority can go. Each will strive to be all things to all men—and do fairly well at it.

Some of the prospective candidates, if elected, will make good despite their platforms, not because of them. Others will make bad matters worse regardless of platform, because they are built that way. And if some are elected, taxpayers will be lucky if the state-house is left them at the end of the first term—there will be no second.

For a Free Ferry

As the time nears for adopting the budget for the coming year's county expenses, the proposal to establish a free ferry at Wheatland, to be operated jointly by Yamhill and Marion counties should not be overlooked. In no other way could a similar expenditure benefit both counties more, as it would provide a short-cut connecting the West-Side and Pacific highways and furnish a market outlet in either direction for farmers in the territory affected.

Both the traveling and touring public and the residents of the region are entitled to this public service. There is no reason why either should be penalized by having to pay a toll to enter or leave either county.

If there must be rigid economy and expenses held down, the economy should be in some other and less constructive enterprise. Certainly the residents of this section of the river, midway between the bridges at Salem and Newberg are as deserving of recognition as those of the Independence section, the same distance above Salem.

The county court can make no more popular move than to grant the numerous petitions on file for this public service beneficial to all.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

Marie Makes An Enemy

A week later Marie and little Madeleine went to Heathercrest, the Lindsay country home on Long Island, to stay until Madeleine was well enough to go abroad. A housekeeper and her husband, the caretaker, were in the house, and Madeleine's nurse also went; there were no other servants, the housekeeper doing the cooking.

The nurse was inclined to gossip about the Lindseys, and Marie could hardly stop her. "She's a cute one, Mrs. Lindsay is, but she won't get far," the nurse Miss Eaton, predicted. "She's playing Dr. Randall now for all she's worth, and she'll get a divorce and marry Lindsay. I think she's really in love with him—as much as she can be in love with anyone but herself. Her maid told me that Mrs. Lindsay spends hours every day getting ready to see him she's playing up what she calls her nervous breakdown for all she's worth! She ought to know that he sees through her like a pane of glass. Watch him stop coming to the house now that Madeleine isn't there; he really likes the kid, and of course he had to keep coming to see her professionally but Mrs. Lindsay will have a hard time dragging him into the house now that the youngster's gone."

Lunch was announced just then and Marie hoped that the gossip would not be renewed, but that afternoon when Madeleine was napping the nurse joined her and took up the subject again. "Oh, let's not talk about Mrs. Lindsay," Marie exclaimed. "After all, she's our employer, and under the circumstances, loyalty—"

A little later Marie heard her chattering away to the housekeeper, doubtless finding another audience for her speculations.

Late that afternoon a motor came humming up the drive, and Herbert Lindsay ran into the house. He did not look as he had in town, he seemed much younger, and far more interested in life. He hurried into the living room where Madeleine was sitting in a big chair, playing checkers with Marie. He kissed the child, and turned, with Madeleine still clinging to him, to hold out his hand to Marie.

"I wanted to run down and see how things were going," he explained, and then, as Madeleine busied herself with the parcel of toys that he had brought, went on, "how about having an early dinner, and letting me stay for it? I'd appreciate it so much."

"Of course we'll do that," Marie agreed. She supposed that the nurse would dine with them, as she had dined with Madeleine and Marie the evening before, but the table before the fire was laid only for three, evidently by Lindsay's orders, and the nurse ate alone upstairs.

It was plain that Mr. Lindsay greatly enjoyed the little party; he told jokes, laughed a lot, acted like a boy let out of school. Marie wondered if it was his wife who was responsible for the air of depression that he always wore in town.

"I'd like to stay down here through the winter," he declared, as he got into his coat at ten o'clock that evening, long after Madeleine had been put to bed, and prepared to drive back to New York. "I love the country. But Mrs. Lindsay doesn't care for it, so it seems best to live in town."

Marie walked to the door with him, and stood for a moment on the terrace, looking up at the star-strewn sky, as he turned up his collar and drew on his heavy driv-

ing gloves. He hesitated a moment after he was ready to go, with a deep sigh, turned and shook hands with Marie.

"This is the happiest evening I've spent in years," he told her. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed it. Thank you for it, Miss Lane."

He went away hastily then, as if he had said more than he meant to. Marie stood watching as his car vanished down the long drive that led to the main road. How happy he should have been, and with a wreck his life really was. With a second wife, one who really understood him, and wanted to make him happy, what a useful citizen he might be! He had told her that he was interested in philanthropy, that he wanted to establish ideal homes for orphans and select children to live in them, children whom he would educate according to their abilities, whose lives he would make happy one. With a little encouragement he would have done much along that line. But even a man of his wealth could not carry out such a project and keep up the many establishments and extravagance which Mrs. Lindsay demanded; Marie knew that.

A second wife—that was what he needed. Must he always go maddening unhappily through life with his first one?

Tomorrow—Registers.

ON THE AIR

WEDNESDAY (Pacific Time)

8:30-9:00 p. m., Dinner concert, country Olds, Wirtman & King company; 9:00-9:30 p. m., Weather, police and market reports; sporting and news items, 8 to 10 p. m., Armistice Day program, band concert by United States 7th regiment band, Warrant Officer Arthur S. Haynes, director; 10 to 11 p. m., Concert by wire telephony from the Sherman-Clay duo-art studio.

8:30, Oakland, Cal., 4283—6:45-7 p. m., Waldemar Lind orchestra; 7:30-8 p. m., orchestra; 8:30-9 p. m., orchestra; 9:10, Silverton Cord orchestra; 10-11 Waldemar Lind orchestra.

8:30, Los Angeles, Cal., 467—7 p. m., detective stories; 8, Ventura String quartet, solo features; 9, Examiner program; 10, Patrick Marsh orchestra.

On March 14, 1907. The seven persons were marooned on an old building in the center of the raging river and were saved by Mr. Traglio and others who, at the risk of their lives, brought the people to safety by boat. The medal was received in 1910 after Mr. Traglio had become a resident of Salem.

TRAGLIO POSSESSOR OF CARNEGIE HERO MEDAL

Protect Your Child's Health

Through thoughtlessness the slight cough or cold of a child is often neglected and becomes serious. A few doses of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND, at small cost, taken at the onset of the cold brings speedy relief. Prepared, have a bottle of this safe, reliable cough remedy on hand, and give promptly when a cough or cold is detected. Equally effective for older persons. Demand FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



GOVERNMENT AIR POLICIES ARE ASSAILED

(Continued from Page One.)

smashes that there was a threat to hold pilots financially responsible for the loss of their craft.

When the captain said there were no tactical air units on the Pacific coast, Major General Howze, president of the court, asked:

In 24 Hours Ends

NEURITIS

When you've tried everything you can think of and nothing seems to even relieve those piercing, agonizing pains, just go to Perry's Drug store or some other good druggist and get a bottle of Allenburys Special Formula No. 2. Be sure you get No. 2 which comes in capsule form, for the liquid form is a special preparation for Rheumatism.

Take these little dark green capsules as directed and notice how in about 24 hours they have considerably reduced, if not entirely banished, those persistent, nerve racking pains that have caused you many sleepless nights. A few more doses and the pains have left you forever.

While this particular formula was compounded for the purpose of conquering painful, gouty conditions and what is known as Rheumatoid Arthritis—a knotty, painful swelling of the joints—it has proven wonderfully successful in all forms of Neuritis and Sciatic Nerve Pain.

You needn't be afraid of its containing dope of any kind—it doesn't. Such things are only makeshifts and can only at the best give temporary relief.

Be sure you've got Neuritis and then get Allenburys Special Formula No. 2. Perry's drug store can supply you.—Adv.

Home-made, but Ends Coughs In a Hurry

A family supply of dependable cough medicine. Easily made and saves about \$2

If you have a severe cough or chest cold, accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex in a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine New-way pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"Has Rockwell field been abandoned?"

"There is a depot there."

"Any flying personnel?"

"Only a dozen officers. They test machines turned out of the depot."

The witness said he had recommended that aviators be transferred to the Pacific coast but the general staff did not approve the recommendation.

General Howze asked him if he thought the general staff ought to be guided by his recommendations.

"As the general staff is at present constituted, I do, sir," Captain Olds replied.

Then Brigadier General Edwin E. Booth asked Captain Olds how he would organize the general staff.

2 SICK WOMEN REGAIN HEALTH

Through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read their Letters

Valdosta, Georgia.—"I was troubled with a very severe female weakness accompanied by some very unpleasant symptoms and with pains in my back, sides and legs. Since taking a treatment of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better in every way, and the unpleasant symptoms have disappeared. Your medicine is wonderful for nervous, run-down women."—Mrs. L. O. DASHNER, R.F.D. 4, Box 14, Valdosta, Georgia.

Relief from First Bottle

Battle Creek, Mich.—"I had great pains and swelling in my sides, pains so bad at times that I could not do my housework or stand on my feet for weeks and I was in a very nervous condition. In a Cleveland paper I read a letter about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had great relief from the first bottle and I shall continue its use because I believe and know it helps me. I want to help other women and I am willing to answer letters."—Mrs. C. E. PALMER, 247 Champion St., Battle Creek, Mich.

"The same as Colonel Mitchell," the captain said.

A Sensible Talk to Girls, Women



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

While he knew that constipation was the cause of nearly all headaches, biliousness, sallow skin, indigestion and stomach misery, he did not believe that a clogging "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 for those 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, sick child gladly takes it.

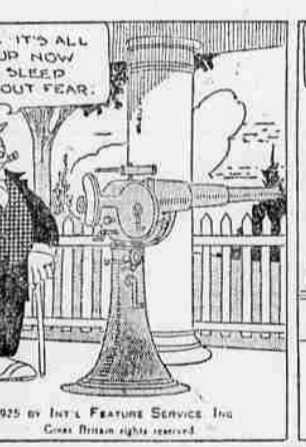
Buy a bottle at any store that sells medicine and just see for yourself.

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

By Chick Young



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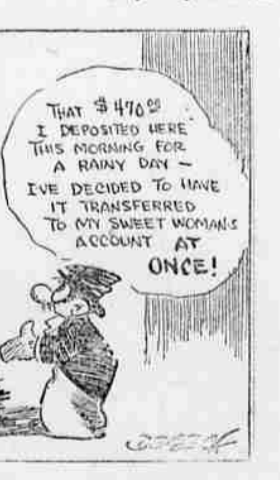
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