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

Midsummer Night's Dream

Come, all thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Not since Nick Bottom the Weaver awoke to find himself a jack-ass has there been anything so perfect as the performance of the Portland Oregonian in its Volsteadian crusade. Not even the wet Oregon senator who votes dry gives such a finished presentation as the dry paper with the wet editors.

Bottom, it will be remembered, cast for the part of Pyramus, promised tears: "Let the audience look to its eyes: I will move stones," and what stones could resist the Oregonian's pathetic pleas for one half of one percent? Not even the governor could wring more tears in a holy cause.

Bottom was not only to weep real tears, but play the lion, too. "I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again!'" And what a roar the Oregonian emits over suggestion of amendment or proposal of referendum for the sacred dry act. Even the Anti-Saloon League, in the part of the Duke, bids it roar and roar again.

But lest he scare the ladies, Bottom promised to temper his roaring: "I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any 'sighting'." So with the Oregonian. It tempers its roaring "as a sucking dove" whenever the portals of the "castles" of wealthy friends are raided on suspicion.

Bottom in addition to weeping and roaring, and playing the hero, would "hide his face, speak in a monstrous little voice" and play the heroine too. And so the versatile Oregonian also hides its face and in a monstrous little voice, to rescue Dame Democracy from disaster, takes Al Smith to task for the crime of making good. Only Tilly from Tillamook is its equal in rescue and uplift work.

All of which must convince the most sceptical that in the once moist but now arid Oregonian, the Volsteadians have an advocate with large and furry ears, whose sobs and roars blend in a mellifluous bray.

Economy's Hard Row

Governor Hartley of Washington, in his legislative message recommended sweeping changes in state institutions to inaugurate an era of economy. Thereby he has aroused widespread criticism and a flood of reprisal bills have already been introduced to punish him and prevent the enactment of his recommendations.

Every move to effect economy in state or national affairs, meets opposition. The simplest consolidation measure is bitterly fought by affected bureaus, jealous of their powers and enamored of their payrolls. Large lobbies are hastily assembled and the legislature and press flooded with politics and propaganda. The legislators usually follow the lines of least resistance and reform unless it is of the uplift variety, requiring an expansion of officialdom, goes by the board.

Governor Hartley is most bitterly assailed because of his attack upon the public school and higher educational systems, highway construction and reclamation, the sacred cows of politics, and declared a reactionary. Yet he has put his finger on the sources of the principal beneficiaries of taxation and if economy is to be effected, these activities must be curtailed.

One Hartley recommendation, that of a common board of regents for all higher educational institutions, could be adopted with profit by Oregon, and thus avoid expensive duplications, rivalries and competitions and so materially reduce costs. But any effort for such business-like and efficient management meets the combined opposition of each institution and its extensive following.

It is almost as hopeless a job to reduce taxation as it is to purify politics.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

UNWELCOME LOVE

Again, as on the evening of his first visit, Herbert Lindsay dined with Marie, letting his little daughter, the trained nurse eat with the housekeeper. The table was laid by the living room fire, and Lindsay sat down to the table with Marie. "Please sit down, Marie, I love you; I adore you. With you I could really live. You must—you can't refuse me! You mean everything in the world to me. You can't say no."

Frankly Marie wrenched herself from his grasp. Breathless from the struggle, she faced him with her chair between them. "I can't marry you!" she cried. "How dare you say this to me, when—"

"I've been thinking about you," he began, abruptly. "You're not married, are you? Well, you know how things are in my home; my wife doesn't care any more for me than she does for the butler; good as dead. All she wants of me is my money and what social position she got by marrying me. Now, you—oh, from the very first I've cared for you, from that day when you came into my library and I sat there and watched you while my wife talked to you about engaging you to look after Madeleine. And when the youngster was so sick and I saw you sitting there by her bed, holding her hand, hour after hour, Marie, I could no more help falling in love with you, than I could help breathing. Let me divorce my wife—I've got grounds enough, Heaven knows—and marry me! Won't you, please?"

Marie could hardly believe her

Marie was sick with the shock of his words. How cruel that any man could speak to her in this way, when she had done nothing. Was it always like this when a woman had to walk the world alone?

She turned toward the door; it was an effort even to move. "Not going now? Oh, my dear, I didn't mean to hurt you," he exclaimed, hurrying after her and taking one of her hands in his. She could not free it from his grasp, her strength seemed to have left her. "Marie, I love you—remember that. I want you to have everything that will make you happy. You must see that! Even though you don't love me, marry me, and let me show you how beautiful life can be. I'll take you abroad, to the Riviera—to Spain, to Algiers—we'll go to all the loveliest places in the world. I love you so, Marie—I'll make you love for me."

She faced him wearily. "No!" she exclaimed, and there was a note of finality in her voice that made it impossible for him to plead further with her. He released her hand, and she crossed the room and started up the stairs. There was a faint rustling of skirts in the hall above, a faint sound of rapid footsteps, and of a door closing. Marie heard but her thoughts crowded out all realization of what those sounds might mean. She had never been so humiliated, so ashamed.

"What did I do to encourage him?" she asked herself, over and over. "Why did he think that there was any chance for him, with me? Oh, can't I ever be free to be myself with people. If I'd been married he wouldn't have talked like that; he'd have known that I didn't want him. But because I'm alone he could take it for granted that I'd let a man make love to me. Well, this releases me. I'll leave as soon as I can tell Mrs. Lindsay that I'm going."

She packed the few belongings that she had brought with her to

Long Island home, before she went to bed, and then lay awake, listening to the shrieking of the wind and wondering what the future had in store for her. Herbert Lindsay dropped off to sleep on the couch before the living room fire. And in the room next Marie's Miss Eaton sat smiling over a note that she had just written, and which was addressed to Mrs. Lindsay and marked "Personal—Important."

Tomorrow—A Jealous Woman.

INDIANS DEFEAT ST. JOHNS ELEVEN

Chemawa, Ore., Nov. 12.—The Chemawa Indians scored a 26 to 9 shutout over the St. John's Bachsors in the Armistice day football game on the Portland gridiron. The Indians outplayed, and with the exception of the second quarter, outplayed the Bachsors. Twice just before the end of the half the linemen worked the ball to scoring distance, only to lose it. The first time they lost the ball on down on the one foot line and the second time they lost it on an attempted forward pass from the two-yard line.

The Indians mixed straight foot ball with a varied passing attack with good results. Excellent interference aided the Redskins. The Bachelor club has one of the most powerful teams of its class, in or near Portland.

Declaring on his deathbed, "I am ready to meet the Great Commander," Richard A. Ramsay, 49 years old, a gassed veteran of the Argonne, died recently in Camden, N. J., after having listened two days before to the execution of his final request—the sounding of "Taps" by a former army band.

METHODISTS OF NORTH VOTE FOR CHURCH UNION

Chicago, Nov. 12.—The Northern Methodist church has voted for unification with the Southern Methodists. The vote has been passed by the constitutional majority necessary was announced as 16,315 for and 811 against.

The Southern Methodists are still voting with the result there still in doubt.

Dr. R. J. Wade, secretary of the general conference of the Northern Methodist Episcopal church who made the announcement, said that although the constitutional majority had been passed on the vote of 106 conferences, 49 conferences of his church had not yet officially reported their votes.

The statement in part follows: "If there should be a two-thirds majority in the Methodist Episcopal church, South, for unification, then the Methodist Episcopal church would call a special general conference to meet with the Methodist Episcopal church, South, which meets in its regular session in May 1926."

"The Methodist Episcopal church, according to the official vote, has definitely decided for unification, and it is assumed that the majority of votes will continue to be very large. Should a two-thirds majority be secured by the Methodist Episcopal church, South, and that is more probable at the present time than for some months past, the breach caused in 1845 would be healed and the two

churches would eventually become one."

Official tabulations of the southern church vote, as made public Sunday in Nashville, Tennessee, showed 2634 for unification and 2051 against it, the former being 878 votes short of a constitutional majority on the vote to date.

1000 POUNDS OF LINEN TWINE OF LOCAL MAKE SOLD

At the close of the first month's active output of linen twine, the Miles Linen company, operating Salem's first linen mill, has sold some 1000 pounds of twine, it was reported yesterday by R. C. Miles, president of the company. Several hundred pounds more of the product are on hand now and ready for shipment, Mr. Miles says.

The twine put out by the local company is priced at exactly the same figure as the twine imported from Ireland and elsewhere, although, due to the fact that imported twine is subject to a heavy duty and substantial transportation charges, twine manufactured here could be sold cheaper than any competing output.

"We have sent some of our twine to Portland to have it tested along with Irish and other twines," says Miles. "The twine put out by the local company is priced at exactly the same figure as the twine imported from Ireland and elsewhere, although, due to the fact that imported twine is subject to a heavy duty and substantial transportation charges, twine manufactured here could be sold cheaper than any competing output."

Mr. Miles. "We find that for strength it compares very favorably with any of them." Linen twine is used largely in the manufacture of fish nets and similar articles that require a thread that is unusually strong and durable and capable of resisting the action of water.

A testing machine has been ordered for the plant here, and will be installed and ready for use late this month.

The Miles Linen company has been producing yarn on active seats for some two months. The yarn consists of fine linen threads which are later twisted, 8, 10 or 12 together, into the twine. The twine is rolled into balls resembling huge balls of darning cotton, and weighing one pound each. Each ball is marked with the label of the local company, which

COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound" Breaks a Cold Right Up

Take two tablets every three hours until three doses are taken. The first dose always gives relief. The second and third doses completely break up the cold. Pleasant and safe to take. Contains no alcohol or opiates. Millions use "Pape's Cold Compound." Price, thirty five cents. Druggists guarantee it. Adv.

carries the name, "Miles Linen Company, Salem, Oregon."

The French people in Lorraine have erected an imposing granite monument to the memory of the first three Americans killed in the World War—Corporal J. B. Cressham of Evansville, Ind.; Private Thomas Enright of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Merle D. Day, of Glidden, Ia.

There are millions of babies in the world and each one is the cutest.



Hair On Face Gone in 5 Minutes—Roots and All

Here's a safe easy way of getting rid of any irritating superfluous hair—eyebrows, eyelashes, or hair on the face. KARMIA, which penetrates into the hair roots, loosens them and when removed, gently lifts out every objectionable hair, root and all, and leaves the skin hair-free, soft and beautiful. Scientific authorities now agree that the repeated use of this treatment destroys all superfluous hair growth forever.

Why suffer from unsightly hair, when it may be banished forever so easily and so easily KARMIA is sold on a money-back guarantee—of this superfluous hair forever or no cost! Get KARMIA today!

D. J. Fry drug store, J. C. Perry, Emil A. Schaefer, Capital Drug store, Crown Drug store.

By Chick Young

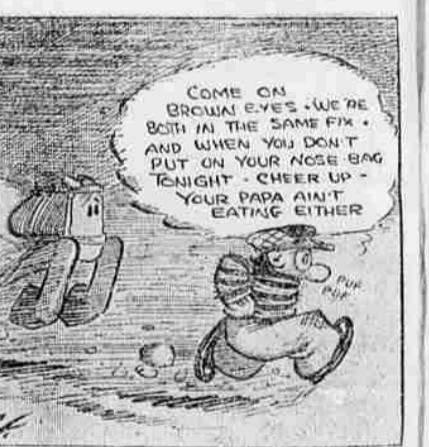
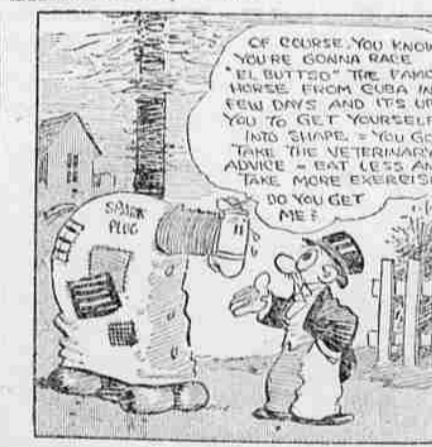
DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLER



MUTT AND JEFF



This Argument Seems to be a Fifty-Fifty Proposition.

By Bud Fisher