

Capital Journal

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

An Opportunity

Some one has written entreating the Portland Spectator to launch a movement to "stop our young girls and women from daubing their faces with paint, powder, rouge and white wash that makes them look more like monkeys than human beings. To this the Spectator replies declining the task, as follows:

The Spectator has never sought to accomplish the impossible. If we had sought to delay Bright Phoebus in his travels, or hold pale Luna in her nightly round, or cause a politician to cease trying to fool all the people all the time, by the utter failure of our efforts, the correspondent would have known we are not omnipotent, and would have refrained from asking us to say something that would restrain our lovely ladies from imitating the painted savages who perished on the war path. By permitting old Ocean to pursue his customary routine, by allowing Boreas to blow where he listeth, and hourly inevitable to follow his inveterate course, the Spectator has gained a reputation that we shall not imperil by asking wilful woman to quit making a plebeian, pinto money of herself.

It would be quite useless; and besides, would be an impertinence. Ladies have the inalienable right to pursue happiness by painting their ears a delicate cerise, by smearing their faces with yellow ochre, by daubing their finger nails with a bright pea green, by decorating their knees with pink snakes, or by using other lively colors on any other parts of their lovely bodies they see fit to expose for our wonder and admiration.

The Spectator is entirely too modest. Nothing is impossible, and the Spectator is admirably qualified for the task, for in its bright lexicon of youth, there is no such word as fail. All it has to do, is to make the painted lady a moral issue, enlist the uplifters and reformers, organize and secure and executive secretary to flood the oblong press with propaganda, enroll the political parsons to thunder against the iniquity from a thousand pulpits and the battle will be on.

Of course local control will not be sufficient and a constitutional amendment must be adopted banning artificial complexions. The manufacture, sale or transportation of paint, whitewash, rouge and calamine for facial purposes, or the importation thereof into or the exportation thereof from the United States and all subject territory must be prohibited.

Such a course seems the only way we can save our girls from the beauty shop as our boys have been saved from the saloon. Of course there will be complexion bootleggers, and work for an army of snoopers, but a painted face is easier detected than a perfumed breath and the penalties can be progressively increased until the prisons are filled. Moreover, we can use the army and navy, to guard our coasts against smuggled complexions.

Here indeed, in saving women as men have been saved, is a noble task for the Spectator to undertake. It can become the official organ of the crusade and find a niche at every fireside, a new "American Issue," reaping thereby fame and fortune. It can mobilize its following at the polls, coerce the politicians, and make the painted face the test of 100 percent Americanism. It can save the American woman from making a monkey out of herself even at the expense of making a monkey out of the nation.

Stanfield's Candidacy

Whether or not Senator Stanfield will be an independent candidate for reelection is still a subject for speculation as the senator has the subject under consideration and investigation, but it is hoped that he will if for no other reason than to add color to a colorless campaign by colorless candidates.

Mr. Stanfield was defeated for the republican nomination by unfair tactics—that is apparent to everyone. He was not only the victim of a framed-up fake yellow ticket but he was persistently and consistently maligned and misrepresented throughout the campaign, and a long time before by a majority of the newspapers of the state—particularly the republican newspapers.

While Mr. Stanfield was putting through the land grant tax refund bill and other measures beneficial to the people of Oregon, the Oregonian was cartooning him as absent from Washington and conducting editorially and in the news columns vicious prejudicial propaganda against him. In spite of his services to the state and to the administration, he was not enabled to present his case to the people.

Busy at Washington for Oregon, Mr. Stanfield was forced to rely upon his official record of accomplishment and this record was flagrantly misrepresented. It was repeatedly asserted that he could not be elected if nominated—a lie on its face, as everyone now acknowledges. Since his achievements as a go-getter have become known, he is 100 percent stronger than he was at the time of the primaries—so strong in fact that he could probably be elected as an independent.

It is to be hoped that if Mr. Stanfield does become a candidate that he will discard all the "advisors" who messed his campaign and pictured him as an artful dodger and be himself, speak his honest convictions, leaving the roll of pussy-footing, trimming, and straddling to his opponents. People are so tired of hypocrisy in public life that they would welcome a chance to vote for a candidate with the courage of his convictions—whether they agreed with him or not.

The Man the Women Loved

By RUBY M. AYRES

THE VAGABOND AGAIN

For what seemed an eternity neither Mollie nor Pat moved or spoke, till at last Heffron roused himself and stood up.

"You'll catch cold. You must go in."

"Yes."

He made a movement as if to leave her, and then stopped.

"I've been a blackguard," he said. "I've been a blackguard. But God knows I'm punished now!"

"She could hear his labored breathing as he struggled on."

"I've never loved anyone as I love you. You've always had the best of me, for what it's worth. I'd give my life for you gladly and count it happiness." He moved a step from her, then stopped.

"Women do forgive men for such things," he appealed desperately.

Mollie put up her hand to her throat. She felt as if she were choking.

"I couldn't," she whispered. For some moments the silence was profound, till Heffron broke it.

"Thank you for telling me that you did care—once."

She listened to his firm step dying away in the distance, and in imagination it had gone. She had told him that once she had loved the very ground he trod, and that now she loved him no more; she knew all his baseness, and his betrayal of his friend, and so she would never forgive him or marry him.

The idol was shattered. And yet when he had gone, with a smothered cry she fell down shaking and sobbing in the darkness, and kissed the place where he had stood.

Heffron stayed in the village ten days. A sudden horror of it and of himself seized him after he had heard that Mollie knew the truth.

"I never intended to stay," he apologized to Isabel Morland when he told her that he was leaving again soon. "I've turned into a vagabond, that's what it is, and I shall get worse as time goes on. I daren't I shall soon forget to shave or have my hair cut."

There was bitter disappointment in Isabel's eyes.
"I thought perhaps you were tired of wandering, and would settle down," she said with forced lightness.
"I wish I could," he answered constrainedly. "I have often made up my mind that I will, and then when it comes to the point the necessary incentive always seems lacking. Besides, I could never live anywhere except at the old place and that's gone beyond my reach even if I could afford to buy it back."
She looked away from him.
"You never found out who the purchaser was?"
He shrugged his shoulders.
"I never troubled. It was all done through lawyers." He laughed wryly. "There was no profit for me or I might have been more interested."
"I see."
Suddenly she turned, looking up at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.
"I was the purchaser, Pat," she said quietly.
"You!"
"Yes. Oh, don't look so angry! I knew you hated the thought of leaving the house, and I wanted to save it for you. I have so much money, so I bought it and I did it all up in the way I thought you would like it to be done—and now it's let—but only for a little while" she rushed on eagerly. "Only 'till—if you ever feel that you would like to live there again." Her meaning was unmistakable and a wave of emotion crossed Heffron's face.
"You're very kind—I can't thank you—I mean—but it's impossible. Look here, Isabel, we're friends, and so I can tell you the truth. There is only one woman I ever wished to make my wife, and she—"
Isabel broke in gently:
"I know, Dorothy. I always knew."
A deep frown flooded Heffron's

Court House Happenings

Two divorces are being sought in complaints filed with the county clerk. Clara Cronin, in her complaint, alleges that her husband objected to their child sitting with the family at the table and that he also called her an old hag. The fact that they were married May 13, 1917, may have put a jinks on their romance.
Clyde D. Downing charges that Adelaide Downing associated with other men and that at one time at Albany she posed as the wife of another man. They also have one child. They were married in Salem in September, 1917.
Mrs. O. D. Bower, wife of Sheriff Bower, has returned from a trip to Oakland, Cal., and Klamath Falls. At Oakland she visited two daughters, one who resides there and another who was visiting her sister; and at Klamath Falls she visited with two sisters and a daughter.
face from chin to brow, and for a moment he felt physically sick, as he realized how inadequate after all was his shamed fencing about of the past, but he only answered gently:
"No, not Dorothy—I did not mean Dorothy." And then the conversation was interrupted by John's entrance.
"What's this I hear about you running away again?" he challenged Heffron. "I thought you would stay through the summer at least."
"It's good of you, John, but it's impossible."
Morland looked at his sister.
"Can't you persuade him, Isabel?"
Isabel shook her head; her face was rather white.
"I'm afraid I can't, John."
She slipped out of the room,

closing the door behind her.
"I wish you'd stay," John said again irritably. "I looked to you to stand by me for the next few weeks."
"What do you mean?"
"I told you—if Mollie will have me."
Heffron broke in with rough passion:
"My God, that's no affair of mine! This place is sufficiently memory-haunted for me already."
John grew offended.
"Well, if that's how you look at things, how do you imagine I feel about it?"
Heffron laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.
"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that. But I can't stay, I really can't, and John—"
"Well."
"You might leave you—your new venture till I'm safely out of the way. It only means a day or two longer."
"You're not leaving us so soon?"
"I am. I wired yesterday for a berth in a boat going East on the twenty-second."
John frowned.
"You're a rum beggar," he grumbled. "What on earth did you come home for if you only meant to stay a week?"
"Because I'm a damned fool," Heffron answered.
"You'll change your mind," his friend prophesied, but he was wrong. Heffron sailed on the twenty-second as he had said, and he only saw Mollie again for a moment on the morning of his departure.
Monday—A Strange Proposal.
A surplus of old army cars in Bagdad has almost put the automobile dealers of Bagdad out of business, the people apparently being satisfied with used cars.
Japan bought 1,000,000 bushels of wheat from Australia in the past season, 3,500,000 more bushels than it ever purchased there in any previous harvest time.

STAGE WHISPERS

Marion Davies, the appealing orphan in "Zander the Great," the pliant princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the intriguing "Fely" of "Lights of Old Broadway"—Marion Davies, who has given the screen so varied a series of characterizations that nothing else seemed possible, has come forward with still another—and this time one that marks a new page in screen history.
This is her role in "Beverly of Graustark," her new Cosmopolitan production now being seen at the Elsinore theater. The world knows her as a screen beauty and as an emotional star, and lately has come to welcome her digressions into comedy in whimsical flashes in her story.
But as a crown prince—that's new.
Sarah Bernhardt did what Miss Davies has done in "L'Aiglon"—but all in a tragic vein. Miss Davies has taken the same idea and made it real—for more convincing technically, and in a serio-comic vein. There are many flashes of humor and much entertainment in Miss Davies' masquerade as a crown prince, so remarkably done that at times one could swear the Prince of Wales was acting the part. The likeness between the British prince and Miss Davies in her boyish make up is positively uncanny.
"Moana," the Paramount picture which opens at the Oregon theater Sunday, comes as an answer to that old question, "When are those much mentioned and discussed 'better movies' coming?"
According to the program, this picture was made in its entirety on a small South-Sea island without any white players. Its producer, Elbert J. Flaherty, made "Nanook

Brides of England are wearing wreaths of brightly colored spring flowers instead of orange blossoms. Angora plans to adopt either Latin characters of a Latinized modification of the present Turkish alphabet.
Mariposa, Calif.—Paul Baran, veteran miner, who shot and killed three youths on a mining claim Monday, was formally charged with murder.
"He gains wisdom in a happy way who gains it by another's experience."—PLAUTUS
Read the News!
The Local News!
The State News!
The National News!
The World News!
GAIN wisdom by observing the experience of others!
The columns of this paper give you truthful reports of all local happenings and THE ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatches give you equally unbiased and accurate reports about the successes, failures, follies, virtues, disappointments and achievements of others the world over.
Read the News in this Paper and Do Wise
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE



MUTT AND JEFF



A Member of Tunney's Training Corps Boxes With Dempsey.

By Bud Fisher