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### THE CHANGE TIME BRINGS

Mr. Hughes speaks tonight in the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City and will, according to advices yesterday, have a tremendous crowd out to hear him. This is quite different from conditions in that then village along in 1857, when the Mormon war song was the popular air and the Legion of Nauvoo was getting ready to attack the United States army then on the way from the Missouri.

The martial melody went something like this, or the first verse did:  
"Old Squaw-killing Harney's on the way  
The Mormon people for to slay  
To let him perish would be a sin  
So we'll take all he's got for bringing him in.  
Dudah! Du-dah!"

They paid their respects to Alfred Cummings, of Missouri, who had been appointed by Buchanan as territorial governor in place of Brigham Young, this way:  
"Old Buck has sent we understand,  
A Missouri ass to rule the land."

However there was so much "more truth than poetry" in that stanza that the balance of the song need not be repeated, although it might be added that the soft cadences of the mellifluous chorus were repeated at the end of each verse and the singers sometimes gave it more "pep" by ringing in the chorus after every two lines. It may be said of these same Mormons however, that they found Salt Lake a desert and made it a garden. This, on top of raising Apostle-Senator Reed Smoot, is certainly going some. They are a great people and deserve all they get and the Mormons, with all their faults, have set the world an example of industry and thrift that is worthy of emulation.

### CANDIDATES AND PARTIES

The Oregonian criticises the Jackson club for resolving itself into a non-partisan body merely for the purpose of placing democratic nominees on the ballot as non-partisans as well as democrats. While it is true that a person cannot be affiliated with, or as it is usually expressed, "belong" to a party and at the same time be a non-partisan, it is quite easy to be the candidate for each party or group. We have no less an example than that of the distinguished republican candidate for congress from the eastern Oregon district, one of the ablest and squarest men in the state regardless of party, Hon. N. J. Sinnott, who is on the ballot as the candidate of the Republican, Democrat and Progressive parties. It is conceded "Nick" with all his versatility cannot be a member of all these parties at the same time, yet there is nothing to prevent him from accepting the nomination as the man all parties desire. If our big contemporary wants to tackle the Jackson Club it should hit it where it lives and where the blow might reach its solar plexus.

An indignant correspondent writing a Portland paper and signing himself "Anti-Mud Slinger" criticises the democrats who criticise Hughes and while deprecating mud-slinging generally says: "Perhaps, however, it is not to be wondered at, coming from those who make a practice of registering and voting at the primaries of a party they do not belong to—as good democrats are supposed to do in Oregon." Pretty fair stab for an anti-mud slinger isn't it? With a little practice he should be a champion mud-slinger himself.

Former Governor West generously offers to Governor Withycombe the collective advice of the Oregonian, Telegram and other papers friendly to his administration, as to the best manner of conducting the state prison. The governor having requested the appointment of an advisory board, it was real thoughtful as well as kind of Os to go to the governor's assistance. Those particular newspapers used to give West all kinds of advice on how to run the state institutions.

Reports from Eastern beach resorts indicate the girl bathers use one of their shoestrings for bathing suits.

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Assessor West says he will not put the forfeited lands on the assessment roll this year and gives his reasons which are apparently sound. He points out that the state county cannot lose by not assessing the lands unless that non-assessment runs over a period of more than five years. In other words, that at any time within five years such lands can be placed on the rolls and the taxes be collected. Another thing about the case is, that if the lands are placed on the rolls the county will not get a cent from them, but will have to pay the state its proportion of the tax although it is not collected. In other words the county would have to pay the state whatever the state tax is on these lands, collecting the money with which to pay it from taxation of other property. Unless the land grant counties feel like making the state a present of a neat little sum they will not assess the granted lands until it is discovered to whom they belong.

A special train of Portland celebrants passed through on their way to the Coos-Bay-Eugene wedding last night and should be at North Bend today. They beat Salem to it but Salem although a day late is proud of the fact that with only one tenth or less of Portland's population she sends more than half as many of her citizens to rejoice with her neighbor over at tidewater. Salem will be there Friday night and there will be something doing from the time she arrives until the last sad farewells are said.

A sensible woman writes the doctor who edits the health column in the Oregonian that she thinks men are foolish to wear collars and coats during the warm weather, and that they should don shirt waists and open collars. She is eminently correct, and men will follow her advice when she and her sisters discard that belt line armor plate known as a corset. One is about as senseless as the other, and the two make honors easy between the sexes as to blamed foolishness.

The state board of health of Louisiana is making an investigation of the water supply of the cities and towns of the state. It is announced that so soon as this is completed a survey of the milk supply will be begun. Is the examination of the water just a preliminary to getting at the real character of the milk?

When "Doc" Epley steps off the cars at Mashfield its a ten to one bet that someone cheers the arrival of the G. O. P. Fred Bynon might do the Bull Moose stunt and make the illusion still more real. This is only a hint to Marshfield folks that the Salem visit is not of a political character.

As the master bakers in the east insist the price of bread must be increased because of the advance in flour, which by the way seems reasonable enough; why does the price of bread on this coast stay at the same figures it does in the east where flour is \$8 the barrel while here it is \$6.00?

Young Ensign Green makes no mention of finding Peary's Crockerland alleged to be northeast of Greenland. Peary's alleged discovery caused an expedition to be sent to prove statement. Green, being from Missouri, was the right man for the job.

The Oregonian thinks the main trouble with our battleships is that they are too slow. Well, if that is true they can be depended on not to run away from any enemy and to give a good account of themselves if attacked.

The market quotations from Chicago showing the cost of living has increased 25 per cent in the past year, will cause Cupid to unstring his bow, ditch his arrows and go out of business, or else buy an automatic.

With all the belligerents taking part in the fighting in the Balkans the officers in command should understand about how the masons felt at the building of the Tower of Babel.



**Rippling Rhymes**  
Walt Mason  
HAPPY THOUGHT  
Just think of it—September's near us! The summer days, that badly queer us, will soon be past and gone; we'll look outdoors some luscious morning and see a film of frost adorning the orchard and the lawn. September's coming, bless her gizzard, and later on come snow and blizzard, down from the arctic pole; and you and I, oh gentle neighbor, will have to buckle down and labor, to raise the price of coal. Let winter come, with roar and rumble! It seems to me I'll never grumble again at wintry blast; it seems to me I'll hail with gladness Old Boreas, whose maudlin madness has bored me in the past. The cold will be a welcome comer, for I have had my fill of summer, and dust and heat and flies, of torrid nights and scorching breezes, and prickly heat and punk diseases, and ants and brazen skies. September's coming, gentle reader, the heat, that long has been a leader, will soon be on the wing; so let all sad and baking mortals cheer up and fill the air with chortles, and smile and dance and sing.

### STATE NEWS

Mrs. John McTaggart of Madras, Ore., believes she possesses a valuable secret in the process of making dyes from berries, roots, bark and plants. She says she was informed by an expert of the Oregon Agricultural college that dyes made from the vegetable kingdom are not a success because they fade, but on following the directions for tests her colorings came out unscathed. She forwarded to Congressman Sinnott a number of samples of cloth dyed in different colors from Oregon berries, roots and bark, requesting that tests be applied by government experts. Mr. Sinnott will ask that the materials submitted be made the subject of experiments.

Oregon City Enterprise—Classes in modeling at the University of Oregon hereafter will use silica taken from the mines of the Silica King Mines company of Oregon City in their class work. Charles T. Terrill, of the silica company, has received assurances from the big state school at Eugene that the local silica was ideal for the work. For use in modeling, the silica is placed in tubs of water until it has absorbed all the water possible and is soft. It is then moulded into the desired shapes and allowed to dry. Eugene sculptors have found that it dried without cracking and has an even surface.

Marshfield Herald: Jesse Smith, while in town yesterday, was relating an experience he and Watt Short had the other day while traveling the trails in the 25-9 country east of Allegany. They were on duty as fire wardens and had seen many deer. As they were pleasuring along on an open trail they came face to face with two large buck elk and two cows. They were within 50 feet of the animals when each party saw the other. All stopped and surveyed the situation.

Medford Sun: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president Columbia university, of New York, famed publicist, and noted in the political life of the nation for his associations with presidents, spent a few hours Thursday in Medford en route from Crater lake, which he visited with his wife and daughter and secretary. "Crater lake is one of the wonder spots of the earth," said Dr. Butler, "but I can't understand why you don't improve your roads and have more people see it. I heard of it by chance. They tell me you are waiting for federal aid. That is one of the great faults of the American people, they desire others to do their work. They always want 'George to do it.' Federal aid is too slow. I couldn't tell you in a week all the things I think about Crater lake. It is a beautiful spot."

Ashland Tidings: Few people in the Rogue river valley seem to realize that a \$500,000 cement plant has been constructed at Gold Hill and will be in operation with a capacity of 1000 barrels of cement a day, as soon as a few pieces of machinery arrive from the east and are installed. Although no definite date has been set, actual operation is expected in September, and cement will be shipped out in small quantities through the fall. At present the plant is practically completed.

About 400 men have been put to work at the plants of the Peninsula Lumber company and the new ship yard connected therewith at St. Johns, Ore.

Oregon City Enterprise: Mrs. B. A. Anderson of Maple Lane was in this city on business Saturday. Mrs. Anderson says that the coyotes in her section of Maple Lane are giving the residents considerable trouble in the way of carrying off poultry. Their yells can be heard for some distance. It is planned to rid the neighborhood of these animals. A timber wolf was seen a few days ago by Mr. Haas.

### THE SCAFFOLD FELL.

San Francisco, Aug. 24.—One man is dying and two others are in a serious condition at the Paterne hospital today as the result of the collapse of

that  
vacation  
trip should not be delayed.  
**Newport**  
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2  
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a scaffold on which they were working. D. Dalgren, Oakland, may die. John McIntyre, received body and internal injuries. J. Parsons had both feet crushed. The men were hoisting pipe to the top of a 25 foot scaffold at the Western Sugar Refining company when it gave way. Oil of cedar is one of the anti-moquito drugs.

**MY HUSBAND AND I**  
Jane Phelps  
**MILDRED ARRAIGNS HER EMOTIONS**  
CHAPTER III  
Mildred looked at the clock. She was surprised at the time—for even when we are unhappy the hours slip away—and gave a start as she saw it was nearly 12 o'clock. She had been anxious for Clifford to come, yet now she dreaded to have him see her. He would be cross when he saw she had been crying. She trembled at the thought, and the tears started anew.  
"Hello! what did you sit up for? You'll lose your beauty sleep if you do this. Did—what! been crying again? The devil! What's a man to do with a woman like you? Crying, sniveling all the time. Pretty looking object you are! I should advise you to go to bed, where you can't be seen."  
A Cold Welcome.  
Not a word about leaving her alone until so late, not a kiss when he came in; just hard words because she had been crying. And she only cried because she loved him. Couldn't he understand? Or—didn't he want to?  
Mildred had not spoken, but she left the room as her husband suggested. She undressed and crawled into bed, her slim body shaken with sobs. She must control herself. Crushing her face into the pillow she finally grew quiet, just as Clifford put out the light.  
He didn't speak to her, and she hesitated, afraid she would cry again. But creeping close to him she lay very quietly until his regular breathing told her that he slept.  
All night Mildred lay awake, trying to think what could be the matter with her. What had she done to lose her husband's love? Could she ever make him care for her again as he had seemed to when they were first married?  
She rose before Clifford awakened and when she saw how pale and wan she looked, she did all she could to remove the traces of her unhappy evening, and sleepless night. She put on a pale pink house dress that Clifford had admired, and told her was becoming, combed her hair more painstakingly than was usual with her in the morning, and determined to be bright and cheerful when he came down to breakfast.  
"What have you for breakfast this morning, Kate?" she asked the maid.  
"Some eggs and pertates, ma'am."  
"Cook some bacon, Kate. Nice and crisp, as Mr. Hammond likes. You'll have time if you hurry. He's not up yet. And—Kate—please take great pains. I particularly want a nice breakfast this morning."  
"I'll do my best, ma'am."  
Returning to the dining room, Mildred fussed around the table, changing this and that dish, putting the morning paper, folded as Clifford liked it, beside his plate; drawing the curtains so that he would have plenty of light, yet leave her a little in shadow. Perhaps he would not notice how worn and tired she looked.  
"Hurry, Clifford! breakfast is nearly ready!" she called to him.  
A Mistep.  
Mildred had not meant to make any advances, but—she couldn't help it, or so she told herself. She wanted to be dignified when he knew she had done nothing wrong; but as yet she had been unable to control her impulses.  
Their breakfast passed off pleasantly. Clifford was pleased to see Mildred had decided to ignore all that had passed, and chatted with her, reading her bits from the paper as usual. He kissed her carefully on her cheek when he left, and said nothing when she forgot her good intentions, and passionately told him of her love.  
"I'll be home early with theatre tickets," he told her. "You better lie down after breakfast and rest."  
(Tomorrow—A Look Backward)