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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations

WHY A NEW POLITICAL PARTY?

Dispatches from Texas tell of a conference of democrats there who are seeking to "reform" their party, or, in event of failure, form a new organization. They are apposed to prohibition, which over-rides the old-time democratic opposition to all sumptuary legislation affecting personal and religious liberty and to socialistic tendencies which are now rampant. Since Texas is almost solidly democratic the movement naturally starts among the democrats there, but there is no use overlooking the fact that many voters both parties are wondering if new and vital issues will not produce a new political party in this country which will better serve the interests of the nation than the present organizations, now controlled by two contending sets of office-seekers, the only real difference between the democratic and republican parties being that one is in and the other out of the political jobs. The democratic leaders have forgotten Thomas Jefferson's injunctions except for platform use and the republicans use Abraham Lincoln's precepts mainly for camouflaging the voters on election day.

The gravest danger to the existence of a democratic form of government is no doubt radicalism, which furnishes the unscrupulous and ambitious politician with the appeal to passion, prejudice and class hatred that is necessary to assure his advancement in his struggle for power and pelf. Today many senators, congressmen, governors and even judges listen to the clamor of the mob of alien bolsheviks while the rights and interests of the more substantial citizenship of the country are disregarded. The professional politicians, who are of course the office-holders and therefore the actual government of the nation, are driving the United States toward radical socialism, if not anarchy, at a headlong pace because they lack the honest convictions that should be possessed by every citizen of a real democratic government like ours. The comparatively few of the people who want to substitute bolshevism for our democratic government and its institutions overestimates their strength and proceeds to line up with them and actually takes leadership of the radicals.

RIPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

THE OLD MAN.

As man grows older in hoof and shoulder he has a frequent pain; his back is aching, his heart is breaking at every little strain. We should remember that life's December is cheerless, cold and sad; and not act bearish, but help and cherish the poor old failing dad. The old man stumbles, and snarls and grumbles, but we should patient be; for time is sailing, and we'll be ailing, and weak some day, as he. We're hale and hearty; Age is a party who seems afar, remote; but Time's a sprinter, and soon life's winter will come and get our goat. And when we totter, and fuss and potter, as weary old men will, may those around us not stab and wound us, but ease us down the hill. As hair grows whiter the wayworn blighter needs kindness all the time; if you remind him that love's behind him, you're guilty of a crime. The flippant laddy who's rude to daddy can be no friend of mine, though that same critter may fairly glitter where social lions shine.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

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Commencing June 16th Banking Hours will be from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

old political parties on the part of the conservative, substantial voters who fear the drift of the times. They are wondering whether a new political party will be formed, or the old party names used to designate the new alignment which is sure to come before long. The old issues that divided the parties are dead, buried and all but forgotten, that is generally admitted, and new and more momentous problems face the nation. It would seem wisest to discard entirely the old political parties with their corrupt leaders, in many instances, little cliques organized for state or municipal loot, their undesirable hangers-on and camp followers, and build a new and virile organization to grapple with the great reconstruction questions, and all those issues which our advent as a world power has brought to the fore. Evidently the dawn of a new era in the history of the United States is breaking and we should not view its many perplexing questions through glasses colored by the old and senseless partisanship or allow shallow, self-seeking politicians to lead the nation blindly to destruction.

The verdict for damages of six cents in favor of Henry Ford and against the Chicago Tribune is significant from at least two different angles. It may mean that the jurymen thought Henry's character not very valuable at best, or that the Chicago Tribune's reputation was such that its attacks were not necessarily of a damaging nature. But the Tribune will have a big bill for costs to pay.

Quite possibly, as the opponents of the League of Nations maintain, the League will not end the war at once and forever. But what alternative is there that offers any hope?

Of course 200,000,000 pounds of army food will not last a nation of 100,000,000 very long, still, its distribution may serve to send prices down temporarily, at least, and set a precedent for lower prices.

The first typewriter was made some 200 years ago. And many a weary stenographer, as she reads this will suspect that she has inherited it.

There are said to be thirty-five wars still going on. And we'll bet that Pershing, with the army he had in France last fall, could stop all of them together before the combatants knew what had struck them.

Hunting a Husband

By MARY DONGLAS

FACING THE TRUTH.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It has happened! So suddenly that I have not been able to catch my breath. Not to think. I do not want to think. But I MUST. I have been staying on and on at Harriet's. I've been making her a freak or so. And she has been in delighted with my simple skill.

For in some way he learned that I walked there. Often in the afternoon he would chance by. Or so I thought. And I played my game. My game of flustering him, laughing at him, listening to him, and I am ashamed to say, leading him on.

But he has been so indifferent. Sometimes I caught a flash from those red-brown eyes, but never anything more. So I have gone on. And today—

He told me that he is going away—to be in a hospital unit over there. I was not ashamed to show him how I felt. I knew he was going to risk his life in the field service.

I said in a low, trembling voice, "I wish you did not have to go."

He said, "You care?"

I did not look at him. "Of course I care," I said with lowered head.

The next minutes his arms were about me. My face was crushed against his shoulder. Then hot kisses covered my hair, my cheeks.

I struggled against him. I tried to push him away. Useless. He held me off a minute, saying, "You said you cared!"

"That you were going," I gasped between breaths.

He almost flung me from him. His rage was sudden and terrible. "You have been playing with me—you—you—"

"His eyes were burning, fiery. All his face was set in the low, passionate words he flung at me.

"No, no, no!" I cried. "I was not playing with you."

"Then you will marry me!" It was more of a command than an entreaty.

"Give me time," I whispered. "I must think."

I did not look at him again. I only heard his nose as it stumbled down the lane.

I am so ashamed. Horribly ashamed. I thought I wanted him to care for me. Now that he does—I find I cannot. What does it mean? Am I empty, shallow?

"No, no, no," I said the word again. I must marry him—in honor bound. Is there no way out? No honorable way? (Tomorrow—Retrospect.)

Congressional Flashes

Washington, Aug. 14.—Attorney General Palmer into today issued a statement announcing that he hopes to keep the price of sugar at 11 cents under the power given the government in the four control act to withdraw licenses from dealers who profiteer.

Washington, Aug. 14.—Louis F. Swift in a telegram to Senator McKellar made public today, denied he was opposed to "some regulation of storage methods."

Washington, Aug. 14.—The house today passed a resolution of Representative Blanton, Texas, asking for more information regarding the activities of John B. Deussen, special department of labor investigator in the case of Thomas J. Mooney, convicted of bomb throwing at a preparedness parade at San Francisco.

The resolution asks copies of all instructions sent by Secretary of Labor Wilson to Deussen in his investigation, the names of all persons who had anything to do with investigation and what connection the department has had with the case since November, 1916.



Dont use cosmetics to hide skin trouble Resinol aids poor complexions

If your complexion is rough, red, or pimply, don't try to cover up the defects with cosmetics which do not conceal, but usually attract attention to the reason for their use. Begin today to clear your skin with Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap.

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Ask your dealer for Resinol Soap and Ointment

THE STORIES THE DEWDROPS TOLD

(Written for the United States School Garden Army, Department of the Interior.)

MARIA METTS THE DUSTY FAIRY.

Mothermine and Dolly and Maria MacDougall were taking an early walk in the U. S. G. A. garden. Dolly trotted along by the side of Mothermine, holding her hand but Maria scampered about as if she couldn't be in enough places at once. Maria was a very pretty Maltese cat. Her coat was as smooth as velvet. Her eyes were a bright yellow. Her tail was long and she held it up very straight. Sometimes she waved it like a flag.

Maria seemed very much excited about something. She made funny little side-wise jumps. She would run as fast as she could for a minute and then pretend to fall down in the grass. She chased a butterfly. She put her paw on a toad, but she didn't like the feel of his cold skin so she ran away again.

"Mothermine," said Dolly, "do you suppose Maria could see a Dewdrop Fairy?"

"I don't know, Dolly," said Mothermine. "What makes you ask that?"

"Why, she acts just like she could see something over there in the corner. Don't you see how funny she is? She runs up to that bunch of dusty looking plants and dances around and then she lays her ears back just like she does when I rub her head. I'm sure she sees something there."

"Well, suppose you go over and look. I will go back into the house. Fairies hardly ever come to see grown-ups. Perhaps you will be more likely to see one if I go away."

"Oh, no—please stay," cried Dolly. But Mothermine had many things to do and she went into the house. Dolly followed Maria into the corner of the garden. Maria certainly was "acting up." Her tail was all fuzzy on her back and her tail was twice as large as usual.

"Brr-rr," said Maria.

Now Dolly kept "cat talk" pretty well. She was sure that Maria was pleased about something. She looked at the spot upon which Maria's yellow eyes were fixed. It was just as she had thought—there was a Fairy, and Maria could see her. More than that, the Fairy was talking to Maria. I won't try to tell you how Maria's talk sounded. I will only tell you what it meant.

"I am so glad you have come into the garden," said Maria. "So many people forget about cats when they plant a garden. Did Billy bring you here?"

"No," said the Fairy. "The wind brought me. I came very near being torn up for a weed, but Fatherbob saw me and told them to let me stay. He said I wouldn't make any trouble and that I would be good for you if you should get sick. Fatherbob said that more herbs should be grown in gardens—for instance Thyme, lavender and rosemary."

"Fatherbob is a nice man," said Maria. "He lets me sleep on the cushion on his chair in the library. One day when I was asleep there he picked me up and put it on another cushion so Leonard got on sleeping. I like him."

Dolly thought that was very good of her father. She was much interested in this Fairy. The Fairy was not quite so pretty as some she had seen, but she had a very bright, snappy expression. Her dress was rather dull shade of green with a good deal of fringe on it. It looked as if it had been sprinkled over with fine dust. "Maria," said the Fairy, "I hope you are a good cat and do not try to catch the garden Aes or any of his family!"

"No indeed," said Maria "but may I catch the field mice?"

"Yes—if you will not make them suffer by playing with them. They make a great deal of trouble in a garden when you may catch the field mice."

"Oh, I'm just crazy about you," said Maria. She turned over on her back and began to roll about on the dusty looking leaves of the plant.

"Maria—Maria—" cried Dolly. "Oh, what is the matter with her? She acts as if she was having a fit!"

"No, indeed, my dear," said the Fairy with a laugh. "She is only happy to have a Catnip bed to roll on. Maria is a very lucky cat. I hope she will remember what I told her about the garden Aes and the other air-friends. She must never ever touch one of them. You must be sure to feed her well and keep her happy so she will not want to disobey me."

"I will be the best cat in the world," said Maria, "because I love this nice catnip bed to play in—that will keep me out of mischief. Herbs are fine! I hope the little boys and girls of the United States School Garden Army will plant sage, thyme, rosemary, catnip and many herbs."

ALKALI IN SOAP BAD FOR HAIR

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is a purified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundant of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get purified coconut oil shampoo at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

as if she was having a fit!"

Extension Of Control To Cover Clothing Is Asked

Washington, Aug. 14.—Immediate extension of the food control act would give the department of justice its most powerful weapon in the fight against profiteering. Attorney General Palmer told the senate agriculture committee today.

Palmer proposed that the law be amended to cover clothing and the penalties for profiteering be added.



Next time you buy new shoes for the children, try oiling them with BERGMANN SHOE OIL

Just as soon as you get them home. You'll find they won't hurt their feet at all, and they'll wear half as long again, and be waterproof in addition.

BERGMANN SHOE MFG. COMPANY, Portland, Ore.

For Sale at Shoe, Drug, Groceries and Grocery Stores

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WOULD WALK THE FLOOR FOR HOURS

Williams Was Nervous From 20 Years Trouble--Wants World To Know About Tanlac.

"Of all the medicines I have taken during the last twenty years, Tanlac is the only one that I have yet found that will do all they say it will do," said David Williams, who is employed as saw filer in one of the large mills in Seattle, and lives at 2114 east Columbia street, Seattle, the other day.

"When I commenced taking Tanlac," he continued, "it had been at least twenty years since I had been able to eat anything without suffering terribly afterwards. I was very careful about what I ate, but my stomach finally got in such bad condition that the very lightest kind of food would sour and cause me to be bloated up with gas for hours at a time. I would often have cramping spells after eating. I also suffered a great deal with rheumatism in my hands, and sometimes my fingers would be so cramped and drawn that I would have to stop work and rub them for a good while before I could hold my file well enough to go back to work. More than half the time I was not able to sleep on account of the pains in my hands and stomach, and would often have to walk the floor all night long. I finally got so rundown and worn-out that I was hardly able to do any work at all."

"That was the condition I was in when I began taking Tanlac, but I want to say right here, that by the time I had finished my first bottle of this medicine, everything was very different with me. Why, Tanlac has so completely overcome my troubles that I can truthfully say that I am as well and hearty now as I ever was in my life. I have a good appetite, and I can eat and digest anything anybody else can. In fact, my stomach seems to be in first class condition. I don't have to stop my work and rub my fingers now, for the rheumatism has left me altogether. I work hard every day, and when I go to bed now I am as well as getting eight or nine hours good, sound sleep every night. I can hardly realize the fact that I am a well, strong man again after all these years of suffering, and I am so happy over it all that I just want to talk about Tanlac all the time. I am glad to have the chance to publish my experience with Tanlac, for I just feel like I want the whole world to know what a wonderful medicine it is."

Tanlac is sold in Salem by Dr. S. C. Stone, in Hubbard by Hubbard Drug Co., in Mt. Angel by Ben Good, in Gervais by John Kelly, in Turner by H. P. Cornelius, in Woodburn by Lyman H. Shorey, in Silverton by Gen. A. Steelhammer, in Gates by Mrs. J. P. McCurdy, in Stayton by C. A. Beauchamp, in Aurora by Aurora Drug Store, in Donald by M. W. Johnson, in Jefferson by Foster & Macon, and in Mill City by Marketeria Gro. Co.

TELEGRAPHIC TABLOIDS

New York.—Fiddling husbands are poor support, said Mrs. Rose Edles, 23, who admitted in court she broke bottles over her violin-loving husband's head.

Hampstead, L. I.—Workmen excavating here found a century old bottle of whiskey. Police rushed in to enforce the dry law. The bottle crashed in the street.

Kansas City, Mo.—"Honey, I'm going to treat you better. You need a vacation," said Haswell encouragingly to Mrs. Haswell. He handed her \$2.50. Mrs. Kent charged non-support.

NEW SHOW TODAY
VIRGINIA PEARSON
AS MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE IN
The Love Auction
A Sensational Drama of Metropolitan High Life
SUNSHINE COMEDY
ALSO
LATEST MUTT AND JEFF
BLIGH A Big Special Vaudeville Sunday

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Perfect Health Is Yours If the Blood Is Kept Pure

Almost Every Human Ailment Is Directly Traceable to Impurities in the Blood. You should pay particular heed to any indication that your blood supply is becoming sluggish, or that there is a lessening in its strength and vital force. By keeping your blood purified, your system more easily wards off disease that is ever present, waiting to attack wherever there is an opening. A few bottles of S. S. S., the great vegetable blood medicine, will revitalize your blood and give you new strength and a healthy, vigorous vitality. Everyone needs it just now to keep the system in perfect condition. Go to your drug store and get a bottle to-day, and if you need any medical advice, you can obtain it without cost by writing to Medical Director, Swift Specific Co., 46 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.