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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

DRUGGED OR DRUGLESS.

The drugless healers had a convention in Atlantic City recently, and they declared war against the American Medical Society and all its scientific allies.

The convention has changed its name from the National Association of Drugless Physicians to the National Association of Drugless Practitioners.

The organization purposes, though an appeal to the supreme court, to prove "that this country is not ruled by a medical oligarchy," says Dr. Willard Carver, of Oklahoma City.

"The American Medical Association has seized the opportunity to exploit systems of healing unheard of in their brutal harshness, and adventurers with terrorism as their only weapon have usurped the chief power in many of the states, and are defiling the bodies of the people and plundering and destroying at will, with their poisonous medicines and vaccines," says another drugless doctor.

Is it as bad as all that?

Of course these poisonous medicines and vaccines have saved millions of people from death by diphtheria, typhoid and small pox, but at what risk of their lives!

The "drugless healed" is starting out upon a long road when, through the supreme court, or any other agency, he seeks to abridge the laws which safeguard the health of the people, or tries to discredit the trained doctor of medicine who practices only after long study and careful examination and with a license from his state government.

ICE CREAM FOR ABYSSINIA.

There has been a mission from Abyssinia visiting the United States for the past few weeks. The members, when about ready to start home, did some shopping in New York for souvenirs of the trip to take home to family and friends.

What led the list of precious articles? Ice cream

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

SEPTEMBER AGAIN.

Oh, cut out the sighing, for summer is dying, September is here at the gate; September so winning has come for an inning, and August is pulling its freight. The summer's a season that's based upon reason, it's good for the corn and the wheat; without it the granger would soon be a stranger, and we would have nothing to eat. The summer is needed; the fields that are seeded without it would fail to produce; and so we must bear it, this season of merit, while sizzling away in our juice. Although it is splendid we're glad when it's ended, we're tired of its charms, we admit; with laughter we wriggle, we dance and we giggle, when summer goes lickety-split. Our noses are roasted, our whiskers are toasted, we're baked and we're poached and we're fried; we long for cool breezes, and Autumn, she eases the burden to which we've been tied. Oh, welcome, September! I seem to remember we had a September last year; and she was a hummer that followed the summer and filled our old bosoms with cheer. Oh, she was a daisy with distances hazy and zephyrs that hinted of frost, with nights that were chilly -- not sizzling and silly; I boost her, regardless of cost.

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freezers. One member of the party bought not one, but three, with directions for making frozen dainties. He then asked for an ice-making machine, and was disappointed in finding that this particular department store did not carry them. His ice-making machine is procurable elsewhere in New York, of course, but he seems to have believed that the one store held everything desirable in life. Quite likely he had been reading their ads.

The dusky gentlemen also bought window screens, toys, linoleum, rugs, lawn-mowers, clothes-wringers and other articles peculiarly American in character. Labor-saving devices for the household seem to have struck them with especial favor.

Yankee ingenuity scores again. Slowly the whole world learns that there is just about so much labor necessary for keeping life fairly comfortable and decent. Every hour cut off the hard performance of that labor by a machine which substitutes mechanical invention for arduous drudgery puts the whole world so much to the good.

There is nourishment and energy in ice-cream. There is comfort and disease-prevention in the ice machine. There is leisure for the advancement of the race in the lawn-mower, the food-chopper and the clothes-wringer. Abyssinia will profit by these very modern gifts of princes.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

A clear idea of the worth and weight of most of the arguments which are being advanced to delay and defeat ratification of the peace treaty in the senate is to be gained from a perusal of the speech made by Senator Knox before that body yesterday.

Declaring that "it is a hard and cruel peace which this treaty stipulates," but taking care to safeguard his own repudiation as a patriotic American by adding that he has no objections to its being so, Knox asserts that he sees no reason why we, "who do not partake in its spoils should become parties to its harshness and cruelty." In short, because the United States stands in no way to gain financially, or territorially by the terms of the treaty with Germany, Senator Knox is willing that the United States should scorn her duty to participate in the enforcement of decrees to punish Germany, who drew this country into the most bloody struggle in history, for her past crimes and safeguard the world from future outrages at her hands.

The idea is too ridiculous to receive serious consideration, but it is a fair sample of the arguments which are being presented to defeat the treaty and discredit the man and the administration which negotiated it. Knox might as well argue that the state of Oregon should not prosecute a murderer, because it does not benefit financially in his conviction and punishment, and expect the public to do other than laugh at him.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

After all, it is possible that the treaty of peace will be accepted, or rejected by the people of the United States directly.

It is growing daily more evident that the Republicans in the senate may succeed in their disastrous plan to make the question of ratifying the pact unamended a party issue and by that method prevent adoption of the pact as it now stands. It is more than probable that the vote when it is finally taken will be along strict party lines, with the exception of a few Republicans who refuse to sacrifice the national good for the sake of making political capital, and insecure capital at that.

And it is equally evident what President Wilson plans to do. He has placed at the disposal of the senate all available information and imperative reasons why the treaty should be ratified unamended and at once. The responsibility now lies with the senate. But anticipating the possibility that the treaty may be returned to him so amended as to destroy its effective value, or hinder its execution he is preparing to further safeguard it and the ideals which it champions. He has, to all intents and purposes, washed his hands of the petty scrap which opposition in the senate insists upon maintaining and is carrying the entire facts regarding the treaty and its making directly to the people. Should the senate refuse his request of ratification without amendment, it follows that he will refuse his signature and approval to the document until the people of the country have expressed their wishes in the matter through the polls in the coming election.

Hazarding a guess as to whether or not the people would ratify the treaty without "reservation", we foresee a rocky road to the White House for the candidate of a certain aspiring political organization.

General Brice P. Disque referring to his assignment to the spruce production division during the war, declares that it was a "heartbreaking" thing to have to remain on this side of the deep blue sea. Judging from the testimony of some of the witnesses in the spruce production investigation we would say that there are several others who will agree with him on that score.

Pity the former kaiser when the American housewives get on his trail. A consensus of opinion among prominent bankers of New York City says that the present high prices are to be blamed on the perpetrator of the war.

Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS

THE LESSON

Tom would not come down to my studio.

"I had enough of that pink ink stuff in my clerking days," he said; "you come with me, Sara, and we'll have a jolly little dinner together."

It will be nice to see Tom. I had searched around to show my studio to someone. I thought Tom would be the most impressed. If I cannot show him my studio, at least I shall give him some of my ideas!

I went up town to meet him. We were to meet in the lounge. There was Tom, waiting for me. He is rather nice and big. Too, he has a heavy way of taking your hand. No nonsense about Tom.

Soon we were sitting together at a little table by the windows. It was nice to look out on the lighted avenues. To see the motors flashing by.

I was afraid that our first moments would be awkward. For I had not seen him since his broken engagement. I recalled vividly the scene in which Tom took the amethyst ring from Jeanna. But he did not speak of himself. Nor his affairs.

He wanted to know about me. "How was it that I was in Washington Square?" I told him of John Carewe and Norma, his sister. That Norma had found the room for me--my studio. Of the new people I had met.

"What are you doing there, anyway, Sara?" said Tom leaning back in his chair and looking at me across the room.

"What was I doing there? I knew very well. But I could not tell Tom that I was searching for a husband."

I blushed.

"Getting atmosphere--I see," said Tom filling in the awkward pause.

We spoke of mother and Aunt Emily. Yes, I missed mother dreadfully.

"Why don't you run out and see your Aunt Em?" Tom asked.

But I am on more important business than running out to see my relatives.

As we sat drinking our demi tasse, Tom said, "Do you mind, Sara?" And he opened his cigarette case. It lay on the table. Under cover of the roses I reached over. I extracted one. With awkward fingers I was attempting to light it.

Tom was glancing over the room. He looked at me now. He saw the cigarette in my trembling fingers.

"Sara," he said "put that down!" I held it still. He leaned over, took the cigarette in his hand. Extinguished it. Then he looked at me.

"I never thought, Sara--"

"Oh, Tom," I said, "those old foggy ideas--"

"Old foggy nothing," Tom's voice had a quality in it I had never heard before. "I know women smoke nowadays. I know all those arguments. But Sara Lane, smoking does not go with your type. You are not that kind of girl. What would your mother say if she could see you?"

In spite of my emancipated ideas, I flushed.

We rose from the table. As we made one way out to the lighted avenue, Tom said, "You must promise me, Sara, that this is the last time!"

I heard a faint voice, which I hardly recognized as my own, saying, "I will."

(Monday--Contrasting Ideas.)

GARLAND-STUFFER

Miss Ida Stauffer of Hubbard and George C. Garland of Portland were married Saturday at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church at Woodburn by Rev. C. Dort. The newly wedded couple left for Portland immediately after the ceremony. They returned Tuesday and for the present will reside at the home of the bride's mother near Hubbard.

The bride is a popular young woman with a host of friends here and at Hubbard. The groom is a young Portland man. He is employed by the Osear Huber Paving company--Aurora Observer.

LYONS

(Capital Journal Special Service.) Bert Lyons and wife of Salem spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Emma Lyons.

J. O. Grimes and family with Mrs. Frank Seigmond motored to Shelburn Sunday where they visited relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardison and daughters of Portland spent the weekend visiting among their friends in Lyons.

Mrs. O. D. Brotherton of Salem is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Brown.

Miss Hazel Phillips of Gooch spent Wednesday in Lyons.

Miss Marion Taylor of Silverton is a guest at the home of Myrtle Brown.

Mrs. Nellie Hiatt is now visiting in Portland.

G. F. Johnston has recently purchased a Ford.

James Lyon of Salem is spending a few days in Lyons.

Mr. and Mrs. William Edler of Gooch was in Lyons Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Quilt of Lebanon is visiting Mrs. Quilt's sister, Mrs. Effie Monroe.

Stanley Brown of California is spending a few weeks with his parents.

Mr. Lewis and family of Scotts Mills spent Sunday with their son, Velvay Lewis of Fox valley.

Mrs. Hoeflake of Portland is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. F. Vaughn.

"The Harvest Meetings" held at the M. E. church last week were quite well attended. Everybody reported having

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SEPTEMBER 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

If you start a savings account on any one of these dates at the Salem Bank of Commerce, you will draw interest as though the deposit had been made September 1st.

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spend sermons.

Mrs. Will Brotherton is spending the week in Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berg of Oregon City spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Berg's brother, Elmer Hiatt of Lyons.

Floyd Martin and wife of Salem were Lyons callers Sunday.

WORKERS PLAN

(Continued from page one)

mately one billion dollars per annum, making the total annual wages to the railroad employes about \$2,000,000,000 while the total payable by the government for the use of the railroads is about \$829,000,000 per annum out of which \$450,000,000 must be paid for interest on bonds, leaving only about \$442,000,000 to the owners of the railroads, or less than one half of the additional or increased wages paid to labor.

"If the railroads are turned over to those operating with unlimited authority to fix their own wages and hours

of work, it is obvious that transportation rates will have to be increased again and again, until they become unbearable.

"Human nature makes it impossible that human men should be allowed to fix their own wages and own hours of work for others to pay.

"It is the people who will pay the freight rather than the railroad owners that are most interested in the Plumb plan. The farmer, whose products are worthless without transportation, the consumer of these products, the manufacturer in every line of industry and indeed, all the people will suffer the consequences of exploitation of the railroads by the unrestrained selfishness of those engaged in the operation of them.

"I do not believe myself that the mass of railroad employes understand the full effect and purpose of this proposition. When they do, I do not believe they will favor it. I am sure they are too patriotic and too thoroughly American to favor any such policy."


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