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The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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

THE BOSTON POLICE STRIKE.

Boston has been the scene of rioting and pillaging by lawless elements as the result of the strike of the police force, in an attempt to compel recognition of the newly organized policemen's union.

The police of Boston are under state control because the politicians of Massachusetts, a Republican state, want the patronage of Boston, a democratic city—a situation existing in many eastern cities where public service is prostituted for political spoils.

The result of this situation is reflected in the dispatches, which assert that thousands of gamblers, who have evidently been protected by the police, are conducting their operations on the public commons, and have installed a reign of terror.

The municipal authorities both of Boston and other cities, are right in refusing recognition of police unions, because the first duty of the police is the protection of the public and they cannot serve two masters. They cannot be true to their oaths to serve the community and also to their oaths to serve the union, a faction of the community.

Public servants, on whom depend the preservation of law and order, must not be subject to the whims and ukases of labor agitators else we will have chaos and the scenes now being enacted in Boston, repeated in every city following every strike. It is to prevent just such scenes that we have police.

HUN PROPAGANDA.

In the "Sixth German City of the World," the home of political filth and corruption, Borah and Johnson, the bolshevik Senate leaders, found a sympathetic audience. Their unpatriotic vilification of the president was received with thunderous applause by the men who re-elected Mayor Thompson because he insulted the American flag and gave aid and comfort to the enemy throughout the war.

The incident is only a bit of the accumulating evidence that all the forces of discontent and sedition, the allied enemies of democratic government and its free institutions are opposed to the ratification of the peace treaty and the League of Nations covenant. They want the present state of unrest and uncertainty to continue until they have gathered strength sufficient to overthrow the forces of law and order and thus Russianize America. Borah and Johnson have engaged in a task for which

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

ROCKS AHEAD.

The country's going to the deuce, and anarchy is breaking loose. Whichever way we chance to turn we find new ills, and threats to burn, and if you throw a brick, by heck, you hit a crisis in the neck. We hear such bunk and bushels more, each morning in the soft drink store, where all the graybeards congregate to mourn the sinking ship of state. Cheer up! We heard the same old gag before this country had a flag; we heard it, or our father did, ere Bill Tell shot at Gessler's lid. They used to hear the same old dope when Caesar was the Romans' hope. And Noah heard it when he sailed, that time the drouth predictions failed. "Our garden's going to dogs," cried Adam, when he chased the hogs, which had destroyed, with tooth and tush, the rhubarb and the currant bush. Our distant prehistoric sires, who had no chairs or comfy fires, but had to roost around in trees, were guilty of the same old wheeze. There always will be rocks ahead, and goblins dire and bogies dread, but our old ship of state will glide to safety on the further side. So let's forget our doubts and fears, and order four denatured beers.

LADD & BUSH BANKERS

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their talents are peculiarly fitted, and it is not to be wondered that they received an ovation when their barnstorming troupe played a one-night stand in the Chicago auditorium.

FACING TWO WAYS.

The Portland Oregonian is having a hard time in supporting both the League of Nations and the Republican Senate opposing the league. Frequently in the same issue it scolds the President for not accepting the Senate amendments and then censures the Senate for not accepting the league covenants as drafted. Witness the following from two editorials in Thursday's issue:

Because they must have America, Senate committee purposes to drive a hard bargain, with its forty-five amendments and four reservations. It is not to be our league and their league. If they do not to take us in, with all our surplus baggage of change, mostly needless, they will go to ruin. Yet withal the admission is made that, with the failure of the league, the "gains for a victorious peace are imperiled." Then why not a league?

The real temper of the committee is against the whole plan of the league of nations. Not a word is said for ratification nor anything for any league.

If the proposed amendments and reservations are not a challenge and an ultimatum to our allies, they fail to express what those truculent senators clearly intended. If our allies swallow them, there will be bitter disappointment in some senatorial hearts.

Such an exhibition of wobble-wobble is pitiable, even though the public has become reconciled to the senile decay of the old woman of journalism.

But the people are not disposed to accept without change or without critical study the covenant which Mr. Wilson brought home from Paris. They desire that in doing their duty by the rest of the world, they shall not unnecessarily risk or sacrifice the interests of this country. In this matter they do not blindly accept the judgment of the president, but they attach equal weight to that of the senate as the co-ordinate treaty-making power.

In order to carry out the popular will and to speed ratification of the German treaty, the president would do well to heed this state of public opinion. His demand for ratification without reservations does not accord with public opinion as reflected in the canvass, and promises to be the real cause of delay. He is in grave danger of being held up before the people as the real obstacle to conclusion of peace.

Hunting A Husband

BY MARY DOUGLAS

ALL THE GIRLS EXPECT IT

Cousin Madeleine met me as I came down the broad stairs. She looked at my white frock critically. Then she said, "Sara, you look pale, tired." It was not encouraging.

As dinner was announced by a stiff dignitary, Mrs. Ashby swept into the room. I was bewitched. She is the "Carmen" type. All life and sparkling vivacity. When she spoke she used hands, black eyes and white teeth to help in the effect.

She wore a strange dress, veils of black and purple flying from her. I saw the dimples in her shoulders.

Cousin John greeted me coolly. But after the first glance he did not see me. He had eyes only for Mrs. Ashby. Judge Ashby did not appear. Quektais were served, I refused. I saw the sidelong glance from sparkling eyes, Mrs. Ashby "nerv" at me.

"This is the respectable branch of the family," said Cousin Madeleine, laughing me.

Last, the tall, bored figure that I had seen that afternoon, entered.

"Hello, Sara," he said. Casually he extended a hand. It was Bennie. Cousin Madeleine's younger brother! Bennie whom I had not seen since I was ten. His look did not brighten as he spoke to me. He, too, watched Mrs. Ashby. She seemed to hold and concentrate all the light of the room. Her fascinating gestures were part of her.

I saw that Bennie watched her. Yet there was no keen interest in his look. Not once did his boredom slide from him.

At dinner I sat like a silent frightened child. Mrs. Ashby entertained us. Stories—one followed another. Cousin John's eyes never left her.

"Like to look around?" said Bennie. We had finished our coffee in the room I recognized now as Elizabeth's. There was no interest in his tone. Anything to get away. Out of that atmosphere that eluded me. I said "yes," eagerly.

Bennie did not talk as we sauntered over the lawn. We stopped under a group of trees. The stars looked coldly down on us. I throw a cape around my shoulders as I came out. But I shivered.

The next moment I felt Bennie's arm around me.

"Want me to kiss you, Sara?" he asked. His tone was cool, uninterested.

"Bennie," I said and laughed for the first time that day.

"Oh, all the girls expect it!" he said. His arms slipped from me. "Awful bore."

"Bennie Thurlow," I asked, "how old do you think I am?"

"I'm twenty-five," I ended, before

he had time to go on. "And you?"

"I'm nineteen," said Bennie, shoving his hands in his pockets. "Shall we go back?"

We strolled back over the velvety turf. Somehow the little experience has kept me sleepless.

(Tomorrow—The reception.)

MONMOUTH NEWS NOTES

Monmouth, Or., Sept. 11.—The rain which began here Thursday night rained the threshmen out several days too soon, so there is still some grain left unthreshed. Monmouth people who went to the hop yards have returned to await the coming of favorable weather.

The Riley and Rodgers families who spent last week at the beach in the vicinity of Netarts report a splendid time, though fish were scarce and big game seemed to have left the country. Clams were fine and very plentiful. Several places on route road crews were encountered working the roads but traveling was very good most of the way.

Mrs. Hal H. Perry of The Dalles accompanied by Miss Camilla Percival arrived Saturday evening for a few days visit with Mrs. M. E. Percival, mother of Mrs. Perry, and grandmother of Miss Camilla Percival.

Seldon Guinn reports that his mother is quite ill at the home of Bert Guinn a brother, in Sale, where she has been visiting for some time.

Zeta Smith, who remained to clerk in Mulkey's grocery, when her people moved to Portland two weeks ago left Sunday to join them in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ebbert returned Saturday night from Portland, after spending several days taking in the sights there.

Max Bowersox made a trip to Corvallis Wednesday for the purpose of making arrangements preliminary to his re-entering the Agricultural College this fall.

The Ostrom family motored to Salem Sunday and took in the movies at the Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Seggel are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong, Mr. Seggel was a lieutenant in the regular army and returned from Germany only a few weeks ago. The Seggels are looking for a farm in the vicinity of Monmouth.

Mrs. Alice Canning has gone to Shaniko where she has a position in the schools for the ensuing year.

The Wm. Riddell, Jr. family visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hoyer of East Independence.

Mrs. Grimes and children have gone to Salem, where Mrs. Grimes is working in the cannery.

Seldon Guinn who has been visiting relatives near Woodburn and Aurora

reports much grain in that section unthreshed.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleave Prather of Buena Vista visited several days last week at the John Scott home in north-end Monmouth.

Miss Violet Denney is quite ill again from the effects of influenza which she had last spring.

Byron White has traded his seasons crop which he raised on the White farm south of Independence, for an apple crop on a farm in Washington which Mr. White, Sr., has exchanged his place here for. The sale of stock and implements took place last Wednesday.

Ernest Currey of Cottage Grove visited Thursday and Friday with his cousin Thelma Alexander who expects to leave soon to join her father in Montana.

Mrs. Emma Kramer left Saturday afternoon for Marshfield where she has a school.

Mrs. E. J. Perkins left Thursday for Portland where she will spend a time in a sanatorium recuperating from the effects of a bad case of the flu which she had last winter.

The Monmouth hotel is again in possession of Mr. Strong, Mr. and Mrs. Green moved out recently.

William Wamsley and family of Sunburst, Montana, arrived Saturday, the intention of locating in the vicinity. They visited over Sunday with Lloyd Mason and family.

The G. R. Crowfoot home was the scene of a very happy home-coming reception Sunday, August 31, when the relatives of Artie Burkhead gathered there to welcome him and his bride who stopped off for a brief visit en route from Oakland, Cal. to Olney, Washington, where Mr. Burkhead has a position in the schools. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Burkhead, Mrs. L. R. Burkhead Mr. and Mrs. Long and children and Miss Ruby Buckingham of Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Harvey and little daughter and Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Crowfoot and children. After the bounteous dinner served by Mrs. Crowfoot the party went to the home of the mother, Mrs. L. R. Burkhead to spend the afternoon. Mr. Burkhead and bride left in the evening for their new home.

HAZEL GREEN NOTES

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
F. W. Jones went to Philomath Friday for a few days visit with relatives.
Carl Morris and Miss Emma Fisher

Mr. Fruit Grower:

Don't depend on some one else to haul your fruit. A truck will pay for itself in one season.

We just received a carload of those 1 1-4 ton Bethlehem trucks--Light enough for light work and heavy enough for heavy work. We are making special prices on these trucks while they last.

1 1-4 Ton with Cab Complete, \$1555

Terms if desired. Will take your old auto as part pay.

Salem Velie Company

162 N. Commercial St. Salem, Oregon.

Eugene Woman Arrested In Portland For Using Forged Name On Checks

Portland, Or., Sept. 11.—Mrs. Mamie Good of Eugene, 23, is under arrest here, having been charged with attempting to pass forged checks on Portland business houses.

The alleged spurious checks bore the name of Mrs. Cora Washburne, wife of a prominent Eugene business man.

The young woman has been the bride of Harry E. Good, who represents a check protectograph company, ten days. The husband served four years with the Canadian army in France. His home is at 293 Willamette street, Eugene.

Mrs. Good is alleged to have confessed to the police.

On account of an increase in salaries, Aberdeen city property owners will pay \$63,607 or 34 per cent more in taxes this year than last.

Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph.

Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

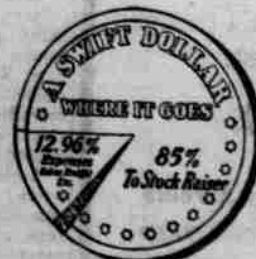
Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar". It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

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