

OPEN FORUM

Contributions to this column must be plainly written on one side of paper only limited to 300 words in length and signed with the name of the writer. Articles not meeting these specifications will be rejected.

To the Editor:—Again I find myself burning the midnight electrically to answer a letter or so that I have found in the "Forum" the last two or three days.

I think I have a bone to pick with "A Highlander." I sincerely hope that the Highlander was the only one to misinterpret my letter. Truly, I did not mean to pose as a model and those who know me know good and well that I am not. If I cared to "get it back" at Highlander I might say that "a model" is defined as a small imitation of the real thing. Somebody said that the average girl couldn't do any of the things that a mother does—I simply restated the statement—that is all.

Of course, it is a matter of opinion, but I would say to Mr. Burkley that it is not cutting one's hair that furnishes a "stating" rink for flies, but that baldness comes from wearing a hat the greater part of the time.

I decidedly disagree when he goes so far as to say that "that office girl should be taking care of a home and family and let some of the young men who cannot find work have their jobs and earn an honest living for a wife and home."

Paradise, but really I have not heard a statement quite so radical in a long time. What, may I ask, do you think a girl should do—stay at home after she is of age, and have her folks support her? Well, hardly, not if I know the average girl!

"Not a Confirmed Bachelor" has stolen a march on me. But if I don't know my own mind, I should like to thank him sincerely, whoever he may be, for putting in a good word for the girls. I think if the boys would be perfectly frank about it, they would agree that the girls are not quite so bad as has been made out. And on the other hand, the girls, and I for one, will gladly admit that the boys are not half bad. Someone has already said, and I quite agree that one can always leave alone that type of person that he disapproves of.

There are girls who go with boys for their cars, or the shows and dances the boys take in. If you boys think that the girls are not as ashamed as you are disgusted, with these "gold-diggers," then you are mistaken.

One girl like this causes every boy who knows, to take it for granted that all girls are the same. I'd rather have some one boy friend that I could be a real friend to and be paid, who than go with half a dozen a few times each, and then have them come away and talk about me for my gold-digger methods. And I am satisfied that most girls feel the same way.

So long as the average boy goes with the average girl, and the virgin keeps to themselves, and the boys keep to themselves, and are compelled to mingle with us mortals, why keep throwing stones. After all most of us live in glass houses.

VIOLA ELY.

To the Editor:—The Open Forum is getting to be quite interesting. And I want to say a hearty Amen to all of the letters in Wednesday's edition. But what can we expect of generations to come, when we see how many of the children are raised. They not only rule their parents, but annoy their neighbors who are trying to raise their children right. I agree with any good neighbor, who says it seems like a sin to raise children in town. But what can we do when we are compelled to leave the farm (on which we have slaved for years) and come to town and work for wages so as to be able to pay the interest on the mortgage on the farm and keep on existing. If only the farmers had half a chance, there would not be so many vacant farm houses, and the day laborer would not have to spend half or more of his time looking for work. But as a result of the election we all know we are in for another four years of hard struggle. "Quitting a man who knew," the American people love to be hum-bugged. But in the midst of all this root-bog-ortie, if we all had some enough to teach our children that when we say a thing we mean it, instead of giving in (as they know we do) when they whine around long enough, we could expect our improvement in social life. And if we would teach our children to eat at meal time instead of continually plecting between meals, and then at meal time leave the table with their plates filled full to be scraped into the garbage can, we could cut down the poverty bill to a solidaible degree. So who is to blame for the modern flappers, and would-be dudes, if not the parents.

MRS. WHAT-YOU-CALL-ER.

To the Editor:—Getting down to brass tacks in this matrimonial tangle, let us summarize the situation preparatory to a conclusion in the matter. That a woman will have the last word as well as the first, of that there is no doubt.

As always, there is fault on both sides. The men use rouge and powder as well as the women and in many ways adorn themselves to attract the girls, hence there is no reason to blame one and not the other. These things, when artistically applied, gives a touch of neatness, that nature has failed to produce. But it is a sort of deception, that reflects on the character. If young people will deceive each other as to their looks, this trait of character may go into their lives. Honesty is the best policy in this matter as well as all others—That dancing is a sort of sex lure, of that there can be no doubt, and with all its attending evils is condemnable.

The married men, who have been scored rather hard and have failed to reply, are not altogether to blame. Ever since the Garden of Eden, the forbidden fruit has been the latest best. The fiftie girl or lady in his employ makes unusual display of her charms, leg

wearing low cut dress, no sleeves, etc. and he takes it as a sort of invitation, considering the instability of character, while his indicated.

If a girl gives the impression of being decent, a man has always respect for her and will attempt no flirtations.

A well known author said: A woman is nothing but a home and a hunk of hair, to which might be added with a drug store on the outside and a devil inside. Can a man afford to take chances on marrying her? Ask dad, he knows. A BACHELOR.

To the Editor:—Time an old bachelor took a hand in this letter writing contest you are conducting. The letter from "The Business Woman" a truly correct name for the writer was so rotten it is beyond belief. How in the world does she know so much of what these office men are doing when she has so many things to keep her busy, such as her music lessons. Surely if she wants to be as perfect in music as the business man, she must take time to practice? Where does she get the time to nose about to see all these things? "Seeing is believing" and to state the things she has in her letter for the public to read she surely must be a busy body. Some of you men who have to use of the time to earn your daily bread for your families should try to find out who she is. Guess from the way she writes there isn't a decent man in the world. Married or otherwise. She sure must have picked an awful lesson from the garden of love to have such a sour taste in her mouth. What is her object in creating suspicion in the minds of men? What does she do? Go to those many dances she speaks of alone, pay her way in just to dance with these "awful men" and a joy ride after with one who has a bottle on his hip. Women who play public dances are all alike. How can you expect respect of a moral man for their living yet. She makes me think of the song "Just the girl that men forget." She's one of them. Well "Business Woman" raved on. Your letter was amusing even though it was disgusting.

From a lover of moral women.

BIG BILL.

To the Editor:—Have been reading the different letters in the Capital Journal for several days and it is going from bad to worse. A lot of the writers are young and inexperienced in this world and just write to get someone to reply to their letter. The one who signed his name Grass Widower is looking for a wife, which is his privilege, of course, but since he has had luck in his marriage, why he had better try some other scheme than the Open Forum of the Capital Journal. Where a lot of young people make a sad mistake in matrimony is this: They get married on very little capital and seven out of ten of the average have not even a home for themselves or even let to build one on and the husband is working for a salary from \$100 to \$150 a month. That will keep them in it sure enough, if they live within their means, but they want to keep step with their neighbors, who have a better income, we will say \$250 a month, and here is where the trouble starts. They both want things, but cannot afford and soon they are in debt, and they cannot pull out and then one or the other gets dissatisfied and it ends up in a divorce case.

The women are not to blame as much as a man, because no man has a right to ask a girl to become his wife until he can provide for her in the future, but, of course, both lack may come, then, in some way and hardships cannot be avoided in some cases.

The bachelors give the girls a lot of powdering and painting, but the same fellows would not even look at a girl if she went around with her nose shining like a moon. The sheiks get my goat. They wear bell bottom trousers and enough lard on their hair to break the trust and a powder puff in their inside coat pocket and cigarettes that have an odor like a French beer garden. I know what these fellows are, as I was a passenger conductor for several years on a road in the middle states and have seen these he-females drolling up in the morning when I was on a run. To keep with them. They are mostly musicians or soda jerkers, whose pay does not exceed \$25 per week. Such people like that trying to tell other people how to live. I am a bachelor and by choice and will remain that way as long as I have to work.

JACK VAN PELTON.

Forum To the Editor:—I have been an anxious and steady reader of the letters of the Open Forum and the letter or opinion you gave on Saturday, the 15th, was the only one of my choice and sympathy of how you lost your home. I am a grass widow myself and I lost my home in just about the same way with the man indulging in gambling and drunkenness. I would like to meet you and have a talk with you, as to having a home was the height of my ambition, but I could not and I live in hopes that some day I will meet some good man that we can make a happy home together yet. Well I hope you do not think ill of me for writing to you in regards to this. I will be glad to have an answer to this.

ANXIOUS.

To the Editor:—I claim Klusung in the sense, that I am a lover of a free and untrammelled press: you are living up to the announcement of your masthead, "An Independent Newspaper."

Your editorial of November 19 is re open shop coal mine owned

Fiftieth Golden Jubilee of The National W.C.T.U.

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL W.C.T.U.



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MRS. MARGARET C. MUNNS
TREASURER



MRS. SARA H. HOGE
ASST. RECORDING SEC'Y

THE National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is observing its fiftieth golden jubilee celebration at Medinah Temple, Chicago, Nov. 14-19, with delegates and visitors from all over the world in attendance.

Miss Anna A. Gordon, world and national president of the white ribbons, in her jubilee message, included outstanding events in the organization's history in its relation to the temperance movement and suggested a program for progressive future activity.

Other noted speakers include: Mabel Walker Willbrandt, U. S. assistant attorney general, Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, Mrs. Gifford Pinchot and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

An interesting feature, "Pageant Pictures of Fifty Years," given at

the twenty-six departments of work give brief dramatic presentations of their contributions to community service.

The address of Mrs. Frances P. Parks, national corresponding secretary, shows how the W. C. T. U. has greatly increased its membership during the past five years. Mrs. Margaret C. Munns, national treasurer, sets forth the way the million dollar jubilee fund was secured and how it is being administered to benefit the country as a whole.

Mrs. Ella A. Boole, vice-president at large, nationally known for her strategic leadership in New York State, where she is president of their organization, shares the honors of presiding at alternate sessions of the convention, with Miss Gordon. Headquarters are at Hotel LaSalle.

Medinah Temple, under the direction of Pearl Alken-Smith, of the faculty of the School of Speech, Northwestern University, where Frances E. Willard was the first dean of women, has Frances Ingram, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Co., as soloist, trumpeters from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and a chorus of ninety voices.

The "do-everything" policy of the National W. C. T. U. is shown by a series of four one-hour periods during morning sessions, when all of

between the young men and women of Salem.

I just hate to have men say such mean things about us girls and I wouldn't like to think that the men were as bad as the girls say they are.

I think that both sides are talking that way because they are really ignorant or misguided as to the true facts. The men judge the girls by the characters they see in the movies and the girls judge the men from what they read about them in the awful books that are published nowadays.

I never go to movies. I don't care for them, but I do go to church, Sunday school and Christian Endeavor. I read part of "Flaming Youth" once and I craved to think that the world was so low that such things could be published. I find the paper I get at Sunday school along with the Home and Fireside, supply me with ample entertainment and food for thought.

I do not waste much time on reading. I love to keep house, am a good cook and can sew exceptionally well. Just now I am working on a hope chest because I look forward to the day when I shall have a home of my own. I don't want a career. To be a good wife and a wise mother is my highest desire. I am twenty-nine years years old and have never kissed any man except my father. I have never used anything but talcum powder and Ivory soaps—lots of it. I still have my long hair and intend to keep it. It is straight and I leave it that way rolled into a simple knot at the back of my neck.

It shocks and hurts me to think that the men don't believe that good girls still exist with all the fine old-fashioned virtues. When I get married I shall work to make our home a happy one. I shall greet my husband with a smile and cheer him all along life's hard way.

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Bring in the boys and girls and let us fit their feet in true Buster Brown fashion, and at Buster Brown prices—from \$3.50 upwards, according to size and style. You will never regret buying these shoes regularly.

Juvenile Department—Second Floor

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want to go for a hike or fishing trip the old man would have the gout or rheumatism and it wouldn't do to get his feet damp, no sir.

Girls don't get married till you find the one and only man, no matter if you're 17 or 50, and if you don't know how to cook what are cook books for anyway? And it is so nice to have a little kiddie that you and your man both love. Then he'll soon grow up and be big enough to go with you everywhere you go and is so much company while daddy is working.

Have dinner ready and on the table on time cause the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And if he likes to play cards invite friends in and play at home. Have a little lunch afterwards and I'm sure he'll find it much nicer than a dark dingy smoke-filled pool room.

You may think I don't know what I'm talkin about but I do, cause I was married when I was 17, am 20 now, have a little boy who is the pride of his daddy's heart. I love to dance too. Have been to three dances since I was married. I have my little Ford too. We get into our little Ford on Sundays and go for a picnic or on a fishing trip and I enjoy it as much as he does and feel so much better to get outside and see the beauty of the outdoors and breathe the clean fresh air.

I make my own bread too. What man is there that don't like to come in and smell fresh bread just out of the oven and don't you think that it was partly your fault that you're a grass widower or are you one of those conceited fellows that can't see any fault in yourself.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

To the Editor:—I have been reading the interesting correspondence by the Marriageable Girl and others. I hope to see all the girls land a man and live happily ever after.

I like to see the girls powder and rouge and bob their hair. But there are some good artists and also some very poor ones and you can't blame the men for not admiring a dour or smear. I have been happily married myself for almost three years and we have a million dollar baby boy. My husband doesn't leave me at home to go to dances, play pool or gamble. He's a fine "mon."

I can't agree with one thing Viola I. Ely wrote in her letter. She says "the good girls who stay home all the time marry the first thing she goes with and then is sorry the rest of her life."

I admit I went with very few fellows before I was married and also that I know very little of you. Never! Cause if you should dancing. I was married at 21. I

know the girl that dances has all the good times and gets all the dates. But if the stay-at-home gets married is no reason why she is sorry the rest of her life.

Four of my girl chums got married before I did and none of them could dance but three were married at 18.

One thing the fellow that marries the stay-at-home knows what he's getting, but if he marries a jazz baby he doesn't know how many joy rides she had to walk back from.

I might have missed something by not dancing but it wasn't sleep I believe if the fellows couldn't

have so many petting parties before marriage more of them would marry. Also I am glad I have a good man as he isn't able to hand out that spile to every girl he sees about not being able to get along with his wife.

AN OLD MARRIED HEN.

Goldfish Kill Mosquitoes

Crockett, Cal.—Goldfish are becoming useful as well as ornamental. They are killing mosquitoes in this region. Large numbers of the goldfish are being cultivated in a local nursery to be placed in the lakes and ponds around here.

SUNDAY NIGHT LECTURE

Subject—"Hell, Where Is It? Is It Very Hot? How Many Are In It? Will They Burn Forever?"

YOU WILL WANT TO HEAR IT

You have heard about Hell. It is said to be very hot. Some would have you believe that the Sinners can spend Eternity in it. Would you like to know the Truth about it?

COME AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS

Deputy Sheriff Charles Wilson of Multnomah County, will play his Euphonium. You will miss a real treat if you fail to hear him.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

Corner of Fifth and Gaines
7:30 p. m. Lectures are Free

Inspected, Reconditioned and Certified

When you buy a used car here, you get a motor vehicle that has been subjected to a most searching inspection—made mechanically perfect—and certified to be exactly as represented. You always know what you are buying. These are exceptionally attractive values.

Studebaker Special touring, nearly \$300 spent on this car bringing it back to a condition equal to new \$595

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"Quality Groceries and Meats"

TURKEYS

Nothing quite takes the place of this fine fowl with its capacity for stuffing and the display of the cook's fine art of browning it to just so and bringing it on as the center piece of our Thanksgiving dinner festivity. Of course, the turkey must be young and grain-fed to be tender and juicy and we are fortunate in having secured several fine lots, some of them now on display. Place your order at once so you may have just the size bird you want, the price will be very reasonable and will be named Monday but we do not think they will be more than 35c per pound.

Geese and Heavy Chickens

If a turkey is too large we can supply you with a fine, young fat goose or a three to four pound hen.

Fruits

Have a box of apples for the Thanksgiving feast. See the big display at our store-front.

Canned Goods

Something extra good for the Thanksgiving dinner.

Little Champion Peas 35c
Small Green Limas 35c
Extra Small Stringless Beans 40c
Libby Asparagus Tips 50c
Hillsdale Asparagus Tips 35c
Prince Solid Pack Tomatoes 20c
A. C. Sucantash 25c
French Peas, imported 30c
Libby Sliced Pineapple 35c
Libby Peaches 35c
Libby Sliced Peaches 35c
Libby Apricots 35c
Prince Finest Apricots 40c
Prince Finest Peaches 40c
Prince Fruit Salad, large 50c
Prince Fruit Salad, small 30c
Buy canned goods by the dozen, straight or assorted and get a 5% discount.

Imported Wafers

Something new in various fancy designs for teas, parties and dinners. Come in and look them over. La Touraine Cheese Wafers Edgemont Crackers

Imported Herring

Just received a shipment of Holland Milchner Herring \$1.75 kg. Alaska Herring 3 for 25c

Crown Flour Special

For Saturday
200 Sacks Crown Flour \$2.15 per sack
Less than wholesale price

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Butter Cream Doughnuts 15c per dozen

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Cakes made and decorated to order and mailed to all parts of U. S. A. Prices from 25c, 35c, 50c to 75c per lb.

We lead in cakes and others follow. Come in and ask to see our Christmas Cakes and Designs.

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100 lb. bag Onions \$1.50
100 lb. bag Nettle Gem Potatoes \$1.50
Best Creamery Butter 42c
No. 5 Cascade Lard 87c
No. 10 Cascade Lard \$1.67
3 lb. Elho Macaroni 25c
3 lb. Pacific Nut Margarine 75c

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3 1/2 lb. Sweet Potatoes 25c
3 lbs. Fancy Bananas 35c
California Head Lettuce (solid large) 10c
Extra Large Fancy Celery, per bunch 5c
Fancy Jonathan Apples, per box \$1.40
Rome Beauty Apple, medium size, per box 98c
Northern Spy Apples, per box \$1.49

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All 15c Bread 10c

Butter Cream Doughnuts 15c per dozen

Regular 50c per lb. Scotch Fruit Cake, 35c per pound. Just full of mixed nuts, cherries and citron. A cake every one will enjoy. Made from fresh eggs and butter.

Cakes made and decorated to order and mailed to all parts of U. S. A. Prices from 25c, 35c, 50c to 75c per lb.

We lead in cakes and others follow. Come in and ask to see our Christmas Cakes and Designs.

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