

THE OPEN FORUM

The Capital Journal invites public discussion in this department—Let both sides of all matters be fully brought out—It is not the purpose of this newspaper to do the thinking for its readers.

Concerning Mr. Paget.

More trouble for the worthy Mr. Paget. And this is how it happened: When that most estimable gentleman above mentioned was proclaiming his personal merits and his qualifications for the U. S. senatorship from a Portland street corner last Wednesday evening, the small and unpretentious person previously mentioned in these columns suddenly rounded the corner and proceeded to absorb a very limited portion of space and a very generous proportion of the "noise."

"One moment," pleaded the small person, when the most estimable Mr. Paget had valiantly invited all classes to vote for him because of his wonderful business ability and his personal merits, "Will you kindly explain to us just how you propose to accomplish the purpose mentioned in the fourth plank of your platform? Please tell us just how you expect to obtain absolute protection of the rights of labor, without impairment of the rights of capital? You have just made the statement that labor and capital have most strenuously conflicting interests. How do you propose to adjust them?" Mr. Paget took a hasty look at his watch, ran his fingers through his hair and glanced nervously down the street.

"Oh—ah—ahem," he breathed courteously. Then a thought seemed to strike him amidship. He leaned over the deck of the automobile and looked searchingly at the small person standing so meekly beside it. "Are you not the same small person who asked me that question in Salem last Saturday night?" he queried. The small head nodded.

"I thought you had come to present me with the bunch of roses you are carrying," he sparrowed. "I will if you will answer the question," came the ready reply from the little figure on the walk. Clearly the answer was all that was desired. "Well, be specific, state a definite case," he began—but was interrupted by the question, "How do you expect to obtain absolute protection for labor without impairment of the rights of capital?" A mighty voice shouted from the audience, "I'll give you twenty dollars if you will answer the question." Money clinked musically. A man standing near came up to the car and offered to make it \$100, but the very considerate and conscientious Mr. Paget would not have disappointed the "deer people" who were waiting down at Lent's to hear his spiel—not for twice that amount of paltry dollars.

He consulted his watch again and said he wished he had time to discuss the subject with the small person. "You have the floor," shouted a voice from the crowd.

Plainly, Mr. Paget was—in a hurry. He turned to the troublesome small person on the walk and said tartly: "What do you want?" "I want to know," began that very persistent small being—but the perturbed Paget waved his hands and turned away, while shouts of laughter came from the crowd. "Let the small person answer the question," proposed a bystander. "Yes, yes," chorused a dozen voices; but that very small and inconsequential individual drew up his little figure to a full five feet and remarked: "I'm not a Prohibitionist, I'm a Socialist, and I'm out for the whole thing. There is no compromise. Please answer the question, Mr. Paget."

"Well, really, I—I—the crowd is waiting for me at Lent's, you know," he began.

"Hear 'im! Hear 'im!" shouted the delighted bystanders, while the

small person dodged a puddle in crossing the street and stood waiting for the car. "I wish," began the troubled Paget, as he looked at his watch again, "that I had half an hour to discuss the question with the small person." Then he called out to that individual: "Won't you get in and ride down to Lent's with me? I'll tell you all about it on the way." "No," called back the small person. "I prefer that you tell the people whose votes you are soliciting. I haven't any vote anyway."

Clearly the small person was not to be bought off with a ride in the stinkolene wagon. Fully twelve minutes had been consumed in the general melee, and Mr. B. Lee was twelve times as nervous as he was at the end of the first one. For the third time he began, "I wish I had half an hour—" but the stinkolene grinder just let the buzz-wagon make a great big noise and let out a great big bunch of bad smell and B. Lee's lovely large voice was lost in the middle of it all, as he was chugged away down the street to the next bunch of people who are trying to find out how to vote this fall.

And the small person? Well—a lady, tall and slender and plain, with a sweet, tired face, came scudding across the street just before the car slowed down, and taking the small person by the shoulders, she said: "Dear little comrade, you are making them think. That is the world's only salvation. God bless you on your little way—you small person of no consequence, keep us thinking! Good night."

Mr. Paget, Mr. Paget, how many Prohibitionists, who had never seen you before in your life, would come up to you and lay loving hands upon your shoulders and give you a full heart's blessing in the work? Come, get off the fence. You cannot serve God and Mammon. You are either for or against the laboring class and you are smart enough to know it.

That's why we delight in "rubbing things in" just because you know better and won't do better. Thus endeth the second chapter. FLORA I. FOREMAN.

SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 3.)

for the Wide-Awake embroidery club Thursday afternoon in her cozy home, 960 Trade street.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps for the month was held at the home of Mrs. A. E. Watson, on Washington street Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Watson was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. G. W. Vorles.

Sewing, with a musical and literary program were diversions; Alice Irene Skiff was a very capable little assistant during refreshment hour.

Personal Mention. Although Mr. Ernst Hofer and Mr. R. M. Hofer have disposed of their newspaper interests in this city, it will be pleasant news for their many friends to know the family will remain in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Zinkhan, Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Miles, and Roderick Miles are spending the week end days guests at a house party given by Mrs. Frederick Harlow in Portland.

Miss Pearl Sutherland, of Portland, who assisted as accompanist at the song recital Monday night, is a relative of Mrs. W. P. Lord of Salem. Miss Sutherland is an accomplished pianist and a graduate of the University of Minnesota college of music.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Miles and their baby son, Brandon Burns, arrived in Salem last week Tuesday to make this city their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baumgartner and their two young daughters, Josephine and Lenta, left on the flyer Sunday afternoon for Portland where they have taken pleasant apartments

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at "Dezendorf" 208 Sixteenth street. Mrs. Ada Strong accompanied the family to their home, where she was house guest for a few days. Mr. Baumgartner is associated with the Chapin-Herlow company, as business partner. This move from Salem is regretted by hosts of friends who are hoping some arrangement may be forthcoming by which the family can remain residents of this city. Salem has been Mrs. Baumgartner's home since childhood and Mr. Baumgartner has lived here for nearly thirty years.

Mrs. William P. Babcock and little daughter, Bertha Rosalie, returned home Monday morning from a most delightful visit of over a month in Gardena, California, the guests of Mr. and J. M. Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff is Mrs. Babcock's brother and formerly resided with her in this city. The family motored through southern California, and on September sixteenth were in Tia Juana to witness the celebration of the Mexican Independence Day. Finding the festivities were mainly exhibitions of bull fights, the preparations alone were quite enough to unnerve the party, who immediately left the scene of action.

Mrs. Ralph Richmond Matthews left Salem Saturday night to join Mr. Matthews at their home, Berkeley, California.

Mrs. David B. Brown and her daughter, Ruth, of Des Moines, Iowa, are visiting relatives in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shand returned home Monday evening after a three months sojourn in Canada and New York state. Three delightful weeks from the months of July and August, were passed at Olcott Beach, a summer resort of great beauty in New York.

Mrs. Charles Buford Miller of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, was guest this week of Miss Minnetta Magers. Mrs. Miller was Miss Edna Allen, of Albany, before her marriage which took place on her graduation day; and was room mate and friend of Miss Magers when they attended college together in Chicago.

Mrs. J. H. Murphy, of Portland, is a house guest for several days with the William C. Knightons.

Mrs. W. P. Babcock entertained Mrs. W. L. Patterson, of Baker City, who was in Salem for a day or two this week.

Miss Mary Moore, of Chicago, who has been passing the summer in Albany, came to Salem yesterday and is the house guest of the Henry Thilsons for a short visit.

The Woman's Club. The new year-book, of heavy, deep cream paper with its deckle-edge and printed in blue ink, excepting the "Red Letter Day" page, which is done in brilliant red ink, is a beautiful production of the printers' art. The program opens with this appropriate sentence, "The object of this club shall be to secure concert of action in intellectual, philanthropic and social activities." The club was organized and federated in nineteen hundred and one. Officers for the year are: President, Miss Mattie F. Beatty; vice-president, Mrs. Richard Cartwright; recording secretary, Mrs. P. H. Raymond; financial secretary, Mrs. H. J. Clements; treasurer, Mrs. Sara Steevens; auditor, Mrs. J. H. Albert. Directors: Mrs. W. C. Knighton, Mrs. R. S. Wallace and Mrs. S. G. Sargent. Calendar Committee: Mrs. Richard Cartwright, Mrs. J. H. Albert and Mrs. H. J. Bean. Social: Mrs. F. A. Moore, Mrs. H. D. Kimball, Mrs. Max Buren, Mrs.

R. C. Bishop, Mrs. E. T. Barnes, Mrs. J. C. Moreland and Mrs. A. N. Moore. Literature: Mrs. J. H. Albert, chairman, Mrs. W. E. Kirk and Mrs. F. W. Spencer. Hall: Mrs. Everett Anderson, chairman; Mrs. Jos. Palmer and Mrs. C. S. Hamilton. Press: Mrs. Richard Cartwright, chairman; Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood and Mrs. Elizabeth Case. Educational: Mrs. William Fleming, chairman; Mrs. R. J. Hendricks and Mrs. E. J. Swafford. Civics: Mrs. A. N. Bush, chairman; Mrs. Charles Weller, Mrs. H. P. Minto, Mrs. J. W. West, Mrs. G. G. Brown, Mrs. D. J. Fry.

Department leaders: Mrs. Rollin K. Page, Art; Mrs. W. E. Kirk, Literature; Mrs. Jos. Palmer, Domestic Science; Mrs. W. H. Burghardt, Jr., Music.

The club meets in the public library building the second Saturday in each month, at two-thirty in the afternoon.

PROGRAM: October Twelfth—President's Day, Club Breakfast, Hotel Marion. November Ninth—Guest Day. Women of the Executive Board, Hostesses.

December Fourteenth—Federation Notes. National Notes—Mrs. W. E. Kirk.

January Eleventh. (a) Sketch of Maeterlinck. (b) Dramatic Reading, "Mary Magdalene," under the direction of the Drama Class.

February Eighth—The Relation of Food to Health. Address, Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, Dean of Domestic Science, Oregon Agricultural College.

March Eighth—Musical. In charge of Miss Magers. At the home of Mrs. William Brown, 590 State street.

April Twelfth—Eugenics. Doctor Mary MacLachlan, Portland.

May Tenth—World Famous Cathedrals, by the Art Class.

June Fourteenth—Annual Meeting, Election of Officers.

The last Wednesday of January will be "Red Letter Day," according to the following resolutions: "That the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs adopt the last Wednesday of January as Scholarship Loan Fund Day, when every club in the state is asked to do something to increase the fund which is being loaned young women to assist in their education."

The Woman's Club carries a membership of ninety-eight and rests on firm financial support.

Directors of the General Federation were in session week before last at French Lick, Ind. The most important and perhaps most interesting item of business to be reported from the meeting, always, of course, excepting the appointment of committee members, which takes place at the first board meeting following a biennial convention, was the choice of the next convention city. This time Chicago drew the prize, and the Chicago Woman's Club will be the hostess in 1914 to the largest assembly of women that has ever come together in America. While Chicago is not felt to be the ideal convention city for women in the early summer, it is nevertheless central and will attract more people than have ever before attended a convention of the General Federation. An exchange says: "The invitation to meet in Chicago was accepted, it being the first time that a single club has taken the initiative, the State Federation being considered the only organization big enough to handle the conventions which increase in size at every biennial. The Chicago Woman's club has

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a membership of over 1,000 of the richest and most influential women in Illinois. The club is housed in the Fine Arts building, on Michigan avenue. There is scarcely an organization of any civic importance which has not its inception in the fertile brain of some member of the club, not excepting the flourishing Woman's City club, which discusses all questions affecting municipal welfare.—Oregon Journal.

The Art class has chosen "Architecture" for their study subject this year.

Blessings often come disguised, but the wolf at your door never does.

The more justice some people get the less they are inclined to boast of it.

A Portland woman of 36 denounces marriage. She has been married three times, and each attempt at happiness in double harness was a failure. The unbiased judge would probably place the blame, under the circumstances, on the lady. Anyway she is, according to her statement, happy now, and as

expressed by the poet Saxe: "Jubilate! At last in my freedom I revel I'm rid of the World and Flesh and the Devil." The wedding ring is an exclusive circle.

HOT FLASHES.

Women in middle age often complain of hot flashes. They are at that stage of life—when their delicate organism needs a tonic and helping-hand which only Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can give them. Many women suffer needlessly from girlhood to womanhood and from motherhood to old age—with backache, dizziness or headache. A woman often becomes sleepless, nervous, "broken-down," irritable and feels tired from morning to night. When pains and aches rack the womanly system at frequent intervals, ask your neighbor about

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Mrs. J. Linnor, of 221 S. Benton Street, Baltimore, Md., says: "I wrote you about nine months ago, telling you of my condition. I have a fine baby-girl—she weighed nine pounds when born. She is my third child and the strongest of them all. My suffering was only for two hours. I took several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of Dr. Pierce's Smart-Weed. I never had a well day before I took your medicine. I was sick stomach. The nurse who was with me said the medicine was wonderful because I got along so nicely after having had so much trouble before. She intends to recommend it to all her suffering patients. Everybody is astonished at me because I only weighed 102 pounds before and now I weigh 135. I have had several ladies come to me and ask about Dr. Pierce's medicine. I am willing to recommend it to all who suffer and want help. If any want information I will be glad to give it to them."



Mrs. Linnor & Child.

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