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GERMANY'S GRIEVOUS MISTAKE

The most serious mistake Germany has made since the war began was the execution of the English nurse, Miss Edith Cavell at 2 o'clock in the morning of October 12th. She was tried by a military court on the charge of having helped English and French soldiers, as well as Belgian young men to cross the frontier and go to England. She frankly admitted the truth of the charge, and further stated that she had received letters from some of those she had aided, after they arrived in England, thanking her for her aid. It was this last voluntary admission on her part that caused her execution, for the punishment for helping them across the frontier, so long as they did not reach a country at war with Germany, would not have been death.

The killing of a woman, even by process of law has in all civilized countries been looked upon with feelings of horror; and the feeling aroused by the execution of Edith Cavell are of this kind.

The United States was guilty of this act once in the hanging of Mrs. Surratt. True the circumstances were widely different, for Mrs. Surratt had been proven guilty, of conspiring to murder our great and good president, Abraham Lincoln, and was indeed an accessory before the fact, which, under our law is the same as committing the crime. Yet with so powerful reasons for her punishment, most Americans even of the time regretted it, and certainly none of us are now proud of it.

Germany has made a mistake and must bear the consequences as she may. It is claimed the German governor hastened the execution to prevent any interference and to show his power; and that had Kaiser Wilhelm had the opportunity he would have saved her life.

For the love we bear to humanity we hope this is so, for it is hard to believe that so great a man as the kaiser, man of blood and iron though he be, would have sent this brave woman to her death, for no greater offense than aiding a few prisoners of war to escape to their native land. A blot has been placed on Germany's escutcheon whose traces will remain thereon through the centuries.

The Illinois Daily Newspaper Association recently indorsed the simplified spelling of ten words. They are: Tho, altho, thru, thruout, thoro, thoroely, thorofoare, program, prolog, catalog, decalog and pedagog. However much the general public may disagree about the others, all will unite in curtailing the pedagog. Now if the association will get its work in on the News Associations and have them simplify the spelling of some of the names of men, towns and places sent over the cable from the war zone, they will add much to the pleasure and comfort of an army of readers. The field is large and the harvest is ripe.

Through the courtesy of the State College of Washington we have received a bulletin from the Division of Botany with much interesting information concerning "Leaf Invasions by Bacillus amylovorus. Just why Bacillus' last name has a lower case letter for a starter, or what his nationality is unknown to us. After a careful perusal of the habits and work of Bacillus aforesaid, we are forced to believe the story of his depredations is allegorical, for it sounds like political history.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat, which by the way is a misnomer for it is republican and almost as rabid for high protection as that paper issued so many years at the behests and expense of the protected industries, the American Economist, comes to the front in defense of its favorite and sole policy. It says: "War taxes in time of peace are not a pleasing thing to contemplate."

It is less than fifty years since communication was established across the Atlantic by cable, that taking place August 12, 1866, yet a short time ago messages were sent across the ocean by wireless and on October 22nd Mr. Webb sitting in the wireless tower at Saybrook, just simply talked to other folks clear across the pond.

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THE PRICE OF WHEAT AND BREAD

A bushel of wheat made into bread, is worth about \$5. With the difference between the first cost of the wheat it would seem that it should not make much difference what the first cost of wheat was. Five bushels of wheat will make a barrel of flour of 196 pounds—and it will leave as a by-product about 100 pounds of bran, shorts and middlings, which are worth the same price as the same weight of wheat. At a dollar a bushel this would make the by-product worth \$1.66. The cost of making the flour in a 300 or 400 barrel mill, is said to be about 30 cents a barrel, and considerably less than this in the larger mills. This would make the five bushels of wheat manufactured into flour cost \$5.30. With the \$1.66 for bran, etc., deducted, the cost of the barrel of flour would be \$3.64, or seventy-three cents for each bushel of wheat from which it was made.

Of course there is the wholesaler and the retailer of the flour to get a commission out of this, the baker to get pay for his labor and his profits, and the retailer of the bread also to get his commission. Still it would seem that an increase from 73 cents to \$5, or nearly 600 per cent, is a phenomenally heavy one.

Among the banners to be carried in the big suffrage parade tonight are two mentioned in the dispatches today that read: "Suffrage Means Pure Milk," and "Suffrage Means Better Babies." The banners throw no light on how the better milk is to be obtained and are equally silent as to the means by which better babies are to be assured. The down-trodden male will have to do his own guessing for ballot boxes were never known to give milk or suffer the pangs of maternity.

The Oregonian worries over democracy abandoning the doctrine of "States rights." At the same time our big contemporary is abandoning its old stand and is becoming the leading champion of the old democratic doctrine. Surely it should be broad minded enough to grant to others the same privileges it takes for itself.

Now that the British fleet has succeeded in chasing the German trawlers away from their fishing grounds, the Germans will hardly know when Friday arrives.



YOUR OWN TOWN

I sing in the gloaming a dirge that is weird, while sparrows are combing the chaff from my beard. The theme of my ditty is tinhorn and snide—I'm roasting the city wherein I abide. Because I would slumber while others sawed wood. I am a back number, I haven't made good. An object of pity, I stand by the pump, and swear that the city has gone to the dump. "It's dead and decaying, a man has no show," I always am saying, as sadly I go, to scout for a handout from some kitchen wench; for I am a fanned-out—I'm back on the bench. But here in this city, which sees my distress, the chaps who are gritty have made a success. They say it's a daisy, a town full of vim, but men who are lazy can't get in the swim. Life's trodden me until I am lame, and sometimes I wonder if I am to blame. If fellows less witty, less gifted than I, can thrive in this city, and fatten on pie, then why am I busted and down at the heel, and asking disgusted hired girls for a meal? The answer has terror and awe in my sight—that I am the error; the town is all right!

Corpse Identified As Chick's Is Not His

Portland, Ore., Oct. 23.—The victim of one of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity the Portland police department has ever encountered, Lloyd W. Chick, a jewelry salesman, whose home is in Oakland, California, is with friends today and the body of a suicide, identified positively as that of himself is in the city morgue, unnamed and unclaimed.

The body was found hanging in the retiring room of the plaza block park Wednesday and was identified as that of Chick by Mrs. Eva Mayberry, a friend, Louis B. Marks, his employer, H. Ross, a fellow salesman, and finally by Miss Florence Alexander, of Spokane, and her parents, Miss Alexander is said to be Chick's sweetheart.

Last night Chick, having read in the newspapers of his "suicide" arrived in Portland from Amity, Oregon, after telephoning the police that there was a mistake in identity.

Chick's mother, Mrs. G. H. Chick, of Oakland, was hurrying to Portland to take charge of the body. A telegram was sent to her on board the train at Glendale, Oregon, and her journey was completed with joy in her heart, instead of the sadness that overwhelmed her when the report of the death of her son reached her.

HE PROVIDED A THRILL

New York, Oct. 23.—In order that movie fans may have a real thrill, Arthur Jarvis of Brooklyn, rode his horse over an 80 foot brick in Ausable chasm in the Adirondacks into 15 feet of water. All that happened to him was a broken leg.

DR. W. A. COX



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OPEN FORUM

SUNDAY CLOSING.

Editor Capital Journal: In the issue of Friday, your editorial on Sunday closing was much to the point. Yes, it is difficult to enforce the law. People as you say, differ so much and often so radically as to make it an uphill proposition. These "moral spurts" centering on shutting down the Sunday lid are commonly quite ephemeral. In the last 20 years Salem tried it two or three times but the cover didn't stay on. Public sentiment took it off.

People think they have the right to spend the day about as they please the same as other days. If they want to buy a cigar, for instance, they think they have the right to buy it any day, etc.

Another thing, thousands of our citizens forget all about the religious features of the day or care little about them. Many of these thousands know that religious times and seasons have no proper place in our civil legislation, being contrary to the genius of our plan of government.

Church and state are separate here and religion and religious institutions (Sunday being one), stand outside of civil recognition and administration—solely upon their own merits. The evolution of Sunday as an ecclesiastical institution is interesting from the historical standpoint. So is its legal record.

As to the closing of saloons on Sunday, as is now on in Chicago, they ought to be closed on all days. They are everywhere a menace to good order and decency.

But will their closing on one day each week, much weaken their evil influence the balance of the time. I will know the answer that many would make to this. But it will not stand investigation. This one day in seven proposition is like putting out the quarantine flag at the scarlet or yellow fever infected home for a day then taking it in for the six following during which kind neighbors can pass in and out carrying abroad the germs by which the neighborhood will become inoculated!

If the saloon is to be prohibited but a fraction of the time, let that time be the night and not the day. Night is the time when the saloon patron is most idle. The industrious working man is at his trade or work during the day but at night he is free and can go where the drink is dispensed. Close the saloon at 5 p. m. and open it next morning at 8. This suggestion is for those who are satisfied with prohibition for a part of the time only.

Fruitland, Oct. 21. DOCIA MURR.

I. W. W. Blamed For Burning of Hop House

Sacramento, Cal., Oct. 23.—Ranchers and citizens in the Sacramento district were incensed today when the full extent of the damage caused by the four fires on the Horst Brothers' ranch east of here became known. It is charged that the blazes, which did \$35,000 damage, were started by I. W. W. incendiaries.

After cutting telephone and power wires to the district which they attacked with the torch, the incendiaries patrolled the district, in an effort to stop messengers from summoning assistance. Paul Fielder, chauffeur for Theodore Edes, manager of the ranch, dashed past seven armed men in his automobile when they attempted to stop him from summoning aid.

At the Horst ranch warehouses, hop kilns and a press room were destroyed. The three-kiln unit, the cooling room and another kiln and one of the hop picking units on the Brewer ranch were also destroyed. Men fighting the flames were handicapped by lack of water, as power wires leading to pumps supplying fire units had been cut. It is believed the firebugs escaped in automobiles.

D. N. Looney of Jefferson Captures Big Prize

San Francisco, Oct. 23.—Petaluma girls and three Modesto sisters each weighing 200 pounds were the central figures in the milking contest at the Panama-Pacific exposition today. Forty seven milkmaids from various parts of the state entered the competition.

The northwest walked off with most of the honors in the department of livestock at the exposition yesterday in the cattle competitions. Alden L. Gile, of Chinook, Washington, won the prizes in the junior and reserve junior champion cow classes. The reserve senior and reserve junior bull classes were taken by D. N. Looney, of Jefferson, Oregon.

J. L. Smith, of Spokane, carried off the prizes in the Holstein grand champion, senior and reserve champion bulls. William Bishop of Chinook Stock Farm, of Seattle, won prizes for the junior and reserve champion bulls respectively.

LIBERTY ITEMS.

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Liberty, Ore., Oct. 23.—Miss Clara Berard, Edna Holder, Gladys, Mand and Ruth Weaver attended church at Rosedale Sunday.

Stephen Prother, while playing with powder, was quite badly burned about the head and face.

Ruth Weaver is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Dorman, of Falls City.

Miss Bloom, the primary teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Dallas.

The members of the Liberty M. E. church congregated at the home of their pastor, Rev. Nichols in South Salem on Tuesday evening, the event being a pound social.

Miss Williams and Miss McClain, former teachers visited the school Friday.

The new seats for the primary room have arrived and were installed by the school board the first of the week. The Liberty school has been in session three weeks with a large enrollment than usual. A new cabinet has been purchased in which to display the specimens recently received for the science classes. New shelves have been placed in the library which is now in use by the pupils as a reading room. Several daily papers have been secured by the school for the reading table.

The camera should be a part of every farmer's office outfit. With it he can photograph not only the family but the stock, buildings, and can carry home from his visits to fairs and live stock gatherings suggestions how to better his own business.

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