********* THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear **Tooth Range**

By HAMLIN GARLAND Copyright 1914, Hamlin Gartand

> CHAPTER XVII. A Matter of Dress.

ELL, now," Wayland went I'm head ranger."

Mrs. McFarlane, tired, hungry and a little dismayed, accepted his control slip aside her responsibility. "Tell the

"Not a word!" commanded Norcross and the girl, with a smile, submitted to bis guidance, and thereafter his efficiency, his self possession, his tact delighted her. He persuaded the sullen landlady to get them supper. He secured the best rooms in the house and arranged for the care of the team.

Berrie was correspondingly less masculine. In drawing off her buckskin driving gloves she had put away the cowgirl and was slient, a little sad even in the midst of her enjoyment of his dictatorship. And when he said, "If my father reaches Denver in time I want you to meet him," she looked the dismay she felt.

"I'll do it, but I'm scared of him." "You needn't be. I'll see him first sud draw his fire."

Mrs. McFarlane interposed. "We must do a little shopping first. We can't meet your father as we are."

"Very well. It is arranged. We get in. I find, about noon. We'll go straight to the biggest shop in town. If we work with speed we'll be able to lunch with my father. He'll be at the Pal-mer House at 1."

Berrie said nothing, either in acceptsuce or rejection of his plan. Her mind was concerned with new conceptions, new relationships, and when in the hall he took her face between his hands and said, "Cheer up! All is not tost?" she put her arms about his neck and taid her cheek against his breast to hide her tears. "Oh, Wayland, I'm such an idiot in the city! I'm afraid your father will despise me."

She woke to a new life next morning-a life of compliance, of following, dependence upon the judgment of another. She stood in silence while her lover paid the bills, bought the tickets and telegraphed their coming to his father. She acquiesced when he prevented her mother from telephoning to the ranch. She compiled when he countermanded her order to have the team sent back at once. His judgment ruled, and she enjoyed her sudden freedom from responsibility. It piness. "But here comes our food. I was novel, and it was very sweet to the world of the trail.

In the ratiway coach Wayland tactfully withdrew, leaving mother and daughter to discuss clothes undisturb-

'We must look our best, honey," said Mrs. McFariane. "We will go right to Mme. Crosby at Battle's, and she'll at us out. I wish we had more time, warned Wayland, "It's as good as but we haven't, so we must do the this, only different." best we can."

and traveling suit," replied Berrie.

"Of course. But you've got to have a lot of other things besides." And they bent to the joyous work of making out a list of goods to be purchased as soon as they reached Chicago. Wayland came back with a Denver

paper in his hand and a look of disgust on his face. "It's all in hers-at least, the outlines of it."

read the details of Settle's assault giance questioned even before he upon the foreman. "The fight arose from a remark concerning the forest supervisor's daughter. Ranger Settle resented the gossip and fell upon the other man, beating him with the butt of his revolver. Friends of the foreman claim that the ranger is a drunken bully and should have been discharged long ago. The supervisor for some mysterious reason retains this Mrs. McFarlane politely, coldly, but he man, although be is an incompetent. It is also claimed that McFarlane put a man on the roll without examination." The supervisor was the protagonlat of the play, which was plainly political. The attack upon him was bitter and unjust, and Mrs. McFarlane again declared her intention of returning to help him in his fight, However, Wayland again proved to her that her presence would only embar rass the supervisor. "You would not aid him in the slightest degree. Nash and Landon are with him and will refore all these charges."

This newspaper story took the light out of their day and the smile from Berrie's lips, and the women entered the city allent and distressed in spite is the wife of the forest supervisor at of the efforts of their young guide. The nearer the girl came to the ordeal of facing the elder Norcross the more able feared the outcome, but Wayland kept his air of easy confidence and drove them directly to the shopping center, believing that under the influ ence of bats and gloves they would re gain their customary cheer.

In this he was largely justified. They had a delightful bour trying on mil linery and coats and gloves.

Stient, blushing, tousied by the hands of her decorators, Berrie permitted hats to be perched on her head and jackets buttoned and unbuttoned about her shoulders till she felt like a worn lothes horse. Wayland beamed with delight, but she was far less satisfied than he, and when at last selection was made she still had her doubts, not of the clothes, but of her ability to wear them. They seemed so allen to her, so restrictive and enslaving.

"You're an easy fitter," said the sales woman. "But"-here she lowered her voice-"you need a new corset. This old one is out of date. Nobody is wearing hips now."

Thereupon Berrie meekly permitted ********* herself to be led away to a torture room. Wayland waited patiently, and when she reappeared all traces of Bear Tooth forest had vanished. In a neat tailored suit and a very chic hat, with shoes, gloves and stockings to match, she was so transformed, so charmingly on as they stepped off at the girlish in her self conscious glory, that hotel, "I am in command of he was tempted to embrace her in the this expedition. From this presence of the saleswoman. But he on I lead this outfit. When it comes didn't. He merely said: "I see the govto hotels, railways and the like o' that ernor's finish. Let's go to lunch. You are stunning!"

"I don't know myself." responded Berrie. "The only thing that feels natgiadly, but Berrie could not at once ural is my hand. They cinched me so tight I can't eat a thing, and my shoes hurt." She laughed as she said this, for her use of the vernacular was consclous. "I'm a fraud. Your father will spot my brand first shot. Look at my face-red as a saddle!"

"Don't let that trouble you. This is the time of year when tan is fashionable. Don't you be afraid of the gov ernor. Just smile at him, give him your grip, and be'll melt,"

"I'm the one to melt. I'm beginning

Notwithstanding his confident advice Wayland led the two silent and inwardly dismayed women into the showy cafe of the hotel with some degree of personal apprehension concern ing the approaching interview with his father. Of course he did not permit this to appear in the slightest degree.

It pleased him to observe the admiring glances which were turned upon Berrie, whose hat became her mightily, and, leaning over, he said in a low voice to Mrs. McFarlane: "Who is the lovely young lady opposite? Won't you introduce me?"

This little play being over, he said, "Now, while our order is coming I'll run out to the desk and see if the governor has come in or not."

Wayland returned with an increase of tension in his face. "He's here! I've sent word saying 'I am lunching in the cafe with ladies.' I think he'll come round. But don't be afraid of him. He's a good deal

rougher on the outside than he is at heart. Of course he's a bluff old bustness man and not at all pretty, and he'll transfix you with a kind of eatimating glare as if you were a tree, but he's actually very easy to manage if you know how to handle him. Now, I'm not going to try to explain everything to him at the beginning. I'm going to introduce him to you in a casual kind of way and give him time to take to you both. He forms his likes and dislikes very quickly."

"What if he doesn't like us?" in quired Berrie, with troubled brow. "He can't help it." His tone was so

positive that her eyes misted with haphope you aren't too nervous to eat. think that she was being cared for as Here is where I shine as provider. she had cared for and shielded him in This is the kind of camp fare I can

Berrie's healthy appetite rose above keen enjoyment of a child, and her all her children-even her son-take get a chance at somebody else's cooking."

"Don't you slander your home fare,"

He sat where he could watch the "I want Wayland to choose my hat door, and despite his jocund pose his eyes expressed growing impatience and some auxiety. They were all well "Here he is!"

Mrs. McFarlane could not see the newcomer from where she sat, but Berrie rose in great excitement as a heavy set, full faced man with short, gray mustache and high, smooth brow entered the foom. He did not smile as Berrie took the journal and there he greeted his son, and his penetrating spoke. He seemed to sliently ask: Well, what's all this? How do you happen to be here? Who are these

Wayland said: "Mrs. McFarlane, this is my father. Father, this is Miss Berea McFarlane of Bear Tooth Springs.

The elder Norcross shook hands with betrayed surprise as Berea took his fingers in her grip. At his son's solicitation he accepted a seat opposite Berea, but refused dessert.

Wayland explained: "Mrs. McFarlane and her daughter quite saved my life over in the valley. Their ranch b the best health resort in Colorado."

"Your complexion indicates that," his father responded dryly. "You look something the way a man of your age ought to look. I needn't ask how you are feeling."

"You needn't, but you may. I'm feeling like a new fiddle, barring a bruise at the back of my head, which makes a 'hard hat' a burden. I may as well tell you first off that Mrs. McFarlane Bear Tooth, and Miss Berea is the able assistant of her father. We are all

rank conservationists." Norcross senior examined Berrie prechely as if his eyes were a couple of "He wants to marry you. Now, it take long to get rid of these things. X ray tubes, and as she flushed under seems to me that seven weeks is ve s Fm just playing a part today—for his slow scrutley he said, "I was not short acquaintance for a decision like Fm expecting to find the forest service in that. Are you sure you want him?"



She Was So Transformed That He Was Tempted to Embrace Her.

Wayland laughed. "I hope you didn't mash his fingers, Berrie."

She smiled guiltily. "I'm afraid I did. I hope I didn't hurt you-sometimes I forget."

Norcross senior was waking up. "You have a most extraordinary grip. What did it-plano practice?" Wayland grinned. "Plano! No-the

cinch." "The what?"

Wayland explained. "Miss McFar lane was brought up on a ranch. She can rope and tie a steer, saddle her own horse, pack an outfit and all the rest of it." "Oh! Kind of cowgirl, ch?"

Mrs. McFarlane, eager to put Ber-rie's better part forward, explained "She's our only child, Mr. Norcross, and as such has been a constant com-panion to her father. She's not all cowhand. She's been to school, and the can cook and sew as well."

"Mrs. McFarlane comes from an old Kentucky family, father. Her grandfather helped to found a college down Wayland's anxious desire to create

a favorable impression of the women did not escape the lumberman, but his face remained quite expressionless as he replied: "If the life of a cowhand would give

you the vigor this young lady appears to possess I'm not sure but you'd bet-

ter stick to it." Wayland and the two women ex changed glances of relief.

"Why not tell him now?" they seemed to ask. But he said; "There's a long story to tell before we decide on my career. Let's finish our lunch. How is mother, and how are the girls?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Private Car. NCE, in the midst of a lame pursuit of other topics, the elder Norcross again fixed his eyes on Beren, saying, "I wish my girls had your weight and He paused a moment, then reand very expensive hospital for nearly thirty years.'

This regretful note in his father's voice gave Wayland confidence. His spirits rose.
"Come, let's adjourn to the parlot

and talk things over at our ease." They all followed him, and after showing the mother and daughter to into their dessert before he called out, their seats near a window, he drew his father into a corner, and in rapid un dertone related the story of his first meeting with Berrie, of his trouble with young Belden, of his camping trip, minutely describing the encounter on the mountainside and ended by say ing, with manly directness: "I would be up there in the mountains in a box If Berrie had not intervened. She's a noble girl, father, and is foolish enough

> and try to make her happy." The old lumberman, who had listen ed intently all through this impassion ed story, displayed no sign of surprise at its closing declaration, but his eyes explored his son's soul with calm ab straction. "Send her over to me," he said at last. "Marriage is a serious matter. I want to talk with her-

> to like me, and I'm going to marry he

Wayland went back to the women with an air of victory. "He wants to see you, Berrie. He's mellowing Don't be afraid of him."

She might have resented the father's lack of gallautry, but she did not. On the contrary, she rose and walked res olutely over to where he sat, quite ready to defend herself. He did not rise to meet her, but she did not count that against him, for there was nothing essentially rude in his manner. He was merely her elder and inert.

"Sit down," he said, not unkindly "I want to have you tell me about my He has been telling me all about Now, let's have your side of the

She took a seat and faced him with eyes as steady as his own. "Where shall I begin?" she bluntly challenged.

"Yes, sir; I am." Hei

His voice was slightly cynical as be went on. "But you were tolerably sure about that other fellow-that rancher with the fancy name-weren't you?" She dushed at this, but waited for him to go on. "Don't you think it I can see you're a clear sighted indipossible that your fancy for Wayland is also temporary?"

"No. sir!" she bravely declared. "I never felt toward any one the way I things?" do toward Wayland. He's different. I "Yes. shall never change toward him."

Her tone, her expression of eyes stop-ped this line of inquiry. He took up snother. "Now, my dear young lady. I am a business man as well as a fa-ther, and the marriage of my son is a weighty matter. He is my main dependence. I am hoping to have him take up and carry on my business. To be quite candid, I didn't expect him to select his wife from a Colorado hand. She seems to be a person of ranch. I considered him out of the danger zone. I have always understood that women were scarce in the mountains. Now don't misunderstand I'm not one of those fools who are always trying to marry their sons and daughters into the ranks of the idle rich. I don't care a hang about social position, and I've got money enough for my son and my son's wife. But he's all the boy I have, and I don't lit's a shame to ask such a girl to marry want him to make a mistake." "Neither do I," she answered simply,

her eyes suffused with tears. "If I thought he would be sorry"-

He interrupted again. "Oh, you can't I don't say he's making a mistake in selecting you. You may be just the woman he needs. Only I want to be consulted. I want to know more about you. He tells me you have taken an active part in the management of the ranch and the forest. Is that true?" "I've always worked with my father-yes, sir.

"You like that kind of life?" "I don't know much about any other kind. Yes, I like it. But I've had enough of it. I'm willing to change." "Well, how about city life-house

keeping and all that?" "So long as I am with Wayland I shan't mind what I do or where I

"At the same time you figure he's going to have a large income, I suppose? He's told you of his rich father,

Berrie's tone was a shade resentful of his insinuation. "He has never said much about his family one way or another. He only said you wanted him to go into business in Chicago and that he wanted to do something else Of course I could see by his ways and the clothes he wore that he'd been brought up in what we'd call luxury but we never inquired into his affairs." "And you didn't care?"

"Well, not that exactly. But money don't count for as much with us in the valley as it does in the east. Wayland seemed so kind of sick and lone some, and I felt sorry for him the first time I saw him, I felt like mothering him. And then his way of tasking, of looking at things, was so new and heautiful to me I couldn't help caring for him. I had never met any one like him. I thought he was a 'lunger' "-

"A what?" "A consumptive. That is, I did at first. And it bothered me. It seemed terrible that any one so fine should be condemned like that, and so I did all I could to help bim, to make him y. I thought be hadn't long to
Everything be said and did was

A shower intercepts them and the girl
gives the youth her raincoat. There is a
rough element at Meeker's, and Norcross happy. I thought be hadn't long to wonderful to me, like poetry and music. And then when he began to grow stronger and I saw that he was going to get well, and Cliff went on the sumed with weary inflection: "Mrs. rampage and showed the yellow streak her appreheusion, and she ate with the Norcross has always been delicate, and and I gave him back his ring-I didn't know even then how much Wayland mother said. "It surely is a treat to after her. I've maintained a private meant to me. But on our trip over the range I understood. He meant every thing to me. He made Cliff seem like a savage, and I wanted him to know it. I'm not ashamed of loving him, 1 want to make him happy, and if he wishes me to be his wife I'll go anywhere he says-only I think he should stay out here till he gets entirely well."

The old man's eyes softened during her plea, and at its close a slight smile moved the corners of his mouth, "You've thought it all out, I see. Your mind is clear and your conscience easy. Well, I like your spirit. I guess he's right. The decision is up to you. But if he takes you and stays in Colorado he can't expect me to share the profits of my business with him, can he? He'll have to make his own way." He rose and held out his hand. "However, I'm persuaded he's in good hands."

She took his hand, not knowing just what to reply. He examined her fin-

"I didn't know any woman could After breakfast Berrie and Wayland have such a grip." He thoughtfully start down the trail, and about it o'clock took her biceps in his left hand. "You make camp and get dinner. "I didn't know any woman could took her biceps to his left hand. "You are magnificent." Then in ironical pro test he added: "Good God, no! I can't have you come into my family. You'd make caricutures of my wife and daughters. Are all the girls out in the valley like you?"

She laughed. "No. Most of them pride themselves on not being borsewomen. Mighty few of 'em ever ride a horse. I'm a kind of a tomboy to them."

"I'm sorry to hear that. It's the same old story. I suppose they'd all like to live in the city and wear low necked gowns and high heeled shoes. No. I can't consent to your marriage with my son. I must save you from corruption. Co hash to the marriage with the cast. tion. Go back to the ranch. I can see already signs of your deterioration. Except for your color and that grip

you look like upper Broadway." She flushed redly, conscious of her new corset, her silk stockings and her pinching shoes. "It's all on the out-side," she declared. "Under this toggery I'm the same old trailer. It don't

He smiled and dropped her hand, "No, no. You've said goodby to the cinch. I can see that. You're on the road to opera boxes and limousines. What is your plan? What would you advise Wayland to do if you knew I was bard against his marrying you? Come, now,

vidual. What can be do to earn a liv ing? How will you live without my aid? Have you figured on these

"Yes. I'm going to ask my father to buy a ranch near here, where mother can have more of the comforts of life, and where we can all live together fill Wayland is able to stand city life again. Then, if you want him to go east, I will go with him."

They had moved slowly back toward the others, and as Wayland came to meet them Norcross said, with dry humor: "I admire your lady of the cinch singular good nature and most uncom mon shrewd"-Wayland, interrupting, caught at his

father's hand and wrung it frenziedly. "I'm glad"-

"Here! Here!" A look of pain covered the father's face. "That's the fist she put in the press."

They all laughed, and then he gravely resumed: "I say I admire her, but an invalid like you. Furthermore, l won't have her taken east. She'd bleach out and lose that grip in a year. I won't have her contaminated by the city." He mused deeply while looking tell that now! Any marriage is a risk. at his son. "Would life on a wheat ranch, accessible to this hotel by motorcar, be endurable to you?" "You mean with Berea?"

"If she'll go. Mind you, I don't adin my notions of marriage, Mrs. Mc-Farlane. I grew up when women were helpmates, such as, I judge, you've been. Of course it's all guesswork to me at the moment, but I have an impression that my son has fallen into an unusual run of luck. As I understand it, you're all out for a pleasure trip. Now, my private car is over in the yards, and I suggest you all come along with me to California"-"Governor, you're a wonder!" exclaimed Wayland.

"That'll give us time to get better equainted, and if we all like one another just as well when we get backwell, we'll buy the best farm in the North Platte, and"-

"It's a cinch we get that ranch!" interrupted Wayland, with a triumphant glance at Berea.

"Don't be so sure of it," replied the lumberman. "A private car, like a yacht, is a terrible test of friendship." But his warning held no terrors for the er young lovers. They had entered upon of certainties.

SYNOPSIS

Wayland Norcross, an eastern youth sceking health in Colorado, meets Berea McParlane, called Berrie, typical ranch girl, daughter of the supervising ranger of Bear Tooth forest.

Berrie is greeted by her lover, Cliff Belden, a cowboy, supposed to be interested in a saloon at Meeker's Mill, where Nor-roes is bound. Berrie guides Norcross to his destination.

chooses Landon, the ranger, as his com-Cliff notices Berrie's interest in the ten-

derfoot and warns him away. He also takes his betrothed to task. She resents this and breaks their engagement.

They climb the high, rough trail and only make camp when Wayland is on the point of collapse. Night in the open charms Wayland.

Wayland blunders repeatedly. The su-pervisor goes after the horses which have wandered off. He is detained. Norcross arranges to sleep outside and Berrie in-

Wayland being ill, Berrie insists that he sleep in the tent. The supervisor doesn't return. They break camp. Wayland is used up on the trail.

They reach the empty cabin of Tony, a ranger. Next day Mr. Moore, a lumberman, his daughter Siona and a notorious gossip, Mrs. Belden, pass. Norcross admits he is the son of a wealthy lumber-

The supervisor returns and realizes the situation in which his daughter is Berrie, jealous of the Moore girl,

Cliff hunts Norcross and knocks his rival senseless. Berrie thinks him dead-Seoing life returning she flings herself on Wayland, covering his face with klasss.

Cliff leaves. Nash later comes upon them, helps arrange the camp and stays until morning.

Again on the trail Wayland tells Berrie her lave should be for Landon and not

The two arrive home. Wayland, after a rest, regains his strength. The gossipa tart their talk about Berrie and Way-

Wayland that his father wants

A fight between men in the service brings on an investigation by the district forester. The supervisor sends his wife and daughter away with Wayland, who onfeases his love for Berrie.

They arrive in Denver. Wayland intro-duces her to his father, who is greatly impressed with the strong western girl.

The elder Norcross is initiated into Wayland's secret and his admiration for girl makes him agree that his son chosen an excellent wife.

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In this age of automobile manufac-ture, it should be realized that some of the best brains in the world are working on this most important industry, as the automobile has become a general necessity for the American family rata-"If she'll go. Mind you, I don't advise her to do it," he added, interrupting his son's outcry. "I think she's taking all the chances." He turned to make the turned to be when first it appeared on our streets. With the general use of Davis.

Mrs. McFarlane. "I'm old fashioned come the necessity for building them goods leaving this port, San Francisco

of the automobile world, in excellence of construction, the Detroit Electric car manufactured by the Anderson Electric Car company, stands out prominently It has been found by actual comparison that in construction, the Detroit Elec-tric car is designed and manufactured as perfectly as it is possible to build inechanical article. In the production of this car, man

ufactured completely by the Anderson Electric Car company of Detroit, mod-ern machinery of the most approved and automatic type is employed to make even the smallest parts of the car, there by insuring accuracy, interchangeabil ity of parts—and large saving in labor

In many places, where in the past iron castings have been used, drop forgings now replace them. Taese forg ings are made by ponderous machine weighing many tons and driven by power plants ranging up to the hundreds
of horse power.

The chassis frames of this car are *
made of pressed steel and are drilled *

for their various side members by placing a complete frame in an immense a machine which when operated, brings a dozen or more tools into action which accurately bores the necessary holes.

This modern method of manufacturing insures absolute accuracy and saves much times and money in the production of the finished artisle. In the old advantages of the same three days, it was thought that hand work

for their various side members by plac-

was the only method which could pro-duce a finished article of the highest This method of manufacture has been This method of manufacture has been entirely relegated to the rear ranks in * the automobile industry. It is the new * method of modern manufacturing which * has enabled the American people to * enjoy today, automobiles of the highest grade which can be produced, and at * prices lower than it was even dreamed *

of ten years ago. *
The realization by The Anderson * Electric Car company that only through *installing these modern methods of * Nosh, the ranger at Bear Tooth, gives wayland points on forestry. Berric's father offers him a place is the service. Berric decides to go with them over the term of the service are comparatively low price has enabled them to market an electric car of the service. electric cars of the highest quality at a comparatively low price has enabled them to market an electric car of tan very finest quality in material and construction, at prices from \$400 to \$500 lower than would be possible if the manufacture of these the manufacture of these cars were attempted in the old way.

> WAR NEWS OF ONE YEAR AGO TODAY

> Field Marshal Lord Roberts died at the French front. Russia reported her main army only 15 miles from Cracow. Ger-many claimed minor victories in east Prussia and Poland.

Wisconsin has picked a dairyman as ts most prominent citizen. The Badger State knows by exerience the worth of a good dairyman,

War Orders Bring Large Export Increase To San Francisco Port

San Francisco, Nov. 12.-War orders and a generally increased demand for Pacific coast products were credited to-

come the necessity for building them better, making them more substantial, more simple, more inexpensive in operation and more practical for general family use.

Among the various accomplishments family use.

Among the various accomplishments that entire year were \$64,784,092; while for 1915 to October were \$68,263,706.

HOUSTON MAY RESIGN

Washington, Nov. 12 .- An insistent report that Secretary of Agriculture Houston was alated for another im-portant post and would soon resign was denied by the White House today. The story was to the effect that Assistant Secretary Vrooman would succeed

WALLACE IRWIN WILL MARRY.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 12.-Wallace Irwin, well known writer and Stanford student, will wed Miss Letitia McDon-ald here January 5,

Capital Journal Only Complete Paper Sold

The Capital Journal is the The Capital Journal is the only evening daily published in Salem that is a complete newspaper. The Portland papers peddled here are printed in the forenoon about 11 o'clock, are simply the regular edition of the day before with some changes on the first page. They are only sextras made up for are only extras made up for street sales and out of town circulation, making no pretense to being real newspapers. The Capital Journal on the other hand, contains the complete p. m., which is 6:30 p. m. in New York and past midnight in Europe, the seat of the great war. It also contains all the local news of Salem and surrounding territory that is worth while. It is a complete afternoon newspaper and the only one circulated in Salem. When you pay your money for a Port-land evening paper here you are merely being "faked" into buying a cheap extra with big headlines on the first page and yesterday's news everywhere

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