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A STOREHOUSE OF RAW MATERIAL

While Americans are awaking to the fact that the South American countries have a trade that is well worth looking after, few if any realize the importance of our neighbors, not only as a market for our surplus products, but as a great storehouse of raw material from which to draw most of the things we do not produce and which we need in our factories. As a matter of fact that section produces little that comes in contact with our products in the world markets, the only one of any considerable importance being wheat which comes mostly from the Argentine. We buy a great deal of material from Europe but this is principally manufactured products, and most of these we should make ourselves, but with South America it is different.

For instance we buy all the material from which binder twine is made from Mexico, importing it in the raw state in the shape of sisal grass. Without the hides and skins we purchase in South America the leather industry of this country would be of secondary importance instead of it leading the world. Large as the home production of cattle, and the consequent hides, we do not raise enough to supply the local demand for leather goods. The boot and shoe, harness and saddlery, binding and art leather, trunk and bag, glove, belting and auto trimming, and the tanning industries of the United States are built upon imports of cattle, sheep, horses, goat, deer, porpoise and other hides from Latin America. Without these the great leather industry of the United States, which for volume and excellence of product is far ahead of any country in Europe would sink into comparative insignificance. Likewise much of the material used in dressing and tanning these hides comes also from our southern neighbors. We import annually from 35,000 to 60,000 tons of tanning extract obtained from the quebracho tree, which is common enough in Latin America but unknown to us.

Our wool industry is great, but we do not grow enough for domestic use and so import largely from South America and Australia. Without imported wool our clothing and carpet industries could not exist except on a very much reduced scale. Prior to the European war Latin America supplied about one-eighth of our wool imports, but since, that is in 1915, it has supplied nearly one-fourth. In 1915 there were imported from Argentina alone 657,373,000 pounds of "clothing wool."

One of the most important imports of the United States is raw sugar, and over 90 per cent of this came from the Latin American countries. Sugar is a food, but in many respects and industrially it is in the same class as leather, for it must be refined and the refining industry is an important one. On sugar, too, depends the canning, fruit preserving, confectionery, baking and meat curing industries and many others. Akin to sugar is cacao, the basis of chocolate foods, and sweetmeats and certain toilet articles and medicinal preparations. Then too there is chicle, from which the American stock of chewing gum is made, and which is indispensable, in some places, especially to the school girls.

In the metals Latin America is the world's storehouse. Copper can be produced there more cheaply than anywhere in the world although just now America is producing the greater part of it. Lead is abundant and tin, which is not produced in the United States, is plentiful, though we Americans have never sought our supply there. This will be changed in the near future as our trade with our neighbors develops. It is for the reason that Latin America is such a store house of raw material that its trade is of such vast importance, for while supplying us with an abundance of raw material it also furnishes us a market for a vast quantity of manufactured products, since the newness of the country and the abundance of raw material has so far prevented manufacturing being done on a large scale. Scarcity of population and lack of skilled workmen has also held back this branch of business. While looking for trade it must not be overlooked that buying is sometimes the most profitable part of business and what we buy from Latin America is of really more importance than what we sell her.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

"The work of molding the citizen soldiers into an army capable of being handled in large units is stopped before it is well begun. This is the result of permitting a gang of pacifist and pork-loving politicians to undertake the task of devising a military policy."—Oregonian. This is simply awful! What is needed for the reorganization of the army is a swash-buckling, blood-thirsty bandit like the editor of the Oregonian, and we want to nominate Eildor Piper for secretary of war, secretary of the navy and chief of staff in event of Hughes' election. What would be the use of having three incompetents filling these places when one great military expert, spoiling for a fight, could run the whole military and naval organization, and give a little attention to diplomacy and legislation on the side!

The Chicago Tribune discussing the railroad strike troubles said: "If the railroad managers as representing over 600,000 shareholders in the American railways refused to arbitrate a dispute with their employes and a general strike were the result, the country would rise en masse against them. The brotherhood leaders representing two-thirds that number of American citizens are doing exactly that thing." Yet that is exactly what the street railway managers of New York City have done. Peruse the editorial columns of the Tribune and see how much condemnation they receive.

Orders have been issued by the war department to muster out several regiments and among them the Third Oregon. The order is to "muster them out so soon as practical"; which in the case of the Third means within a few days. Already Salem is considering plans for giving its company, a welcome fitting to the occasion. Just what form it will take has not yet been decided upon but whatever it is Salem will surely all be on hand to take part and rejoice with an exceeding great gladness.

Henry Ford has sued the Chicago Tribune for one million dollars for defamation of character for calling him an anarchist. Henry is getting touchy. With his plant netting a million a week he should not want the Chicago Tribune's hard earned million but be satisfied with what he has, or has coming. Of course that trifling amount does not stagger Henry but lots of people would let a newspaper call them any old thing for a million dollars, and stand for several encores too.

While roasting the railroad men for refusing to arbitrate their troubles, the newspapers jumping onto them can now let their safety valves blow off by noting that in the present street car strike in New York City, the companies peremptorily refuse to arbitrate. Now then, gentlemen, all together, Go to them.

The last heard definitely of Villa he was on board the Bremen sailing across the gulf of Mexico with two battalions of Mexicans or about 80,000 men mostly cavalry, or artillery, aviators or something, and he was on his way to Crockerland to lay in a supply of ice for the red cross in Armenia.

Ex-Governor Geer is devoting much time to criticising President Wilson. If he would take a look back over his own administration he might possibly find some things that need criticism much more than do the acts of President Wilson.

About six times a week the dispatches announce the Bremen will arrive at some American port within a day or two. Those who have kept close watch of the matter are pretty well convinced that "there ain't no such animal."

Is there any difference in principle between holding up a railroad train with a gun, and holding up business with a railroad. The answer is yes, the latter being much the more grave crime.



NEIGHBORHOOD WOES

My neighbor keeps a lot of bees, which much annoyance bring me, for when I sit beneath the trees, they come along and sting me. Another neighbor keeps a pup, the which I'd like to hammer; all night it shakes the welkin up, with most disgusting clamor; and when I try to do a bit of ground and lofty sleeping, that mangy bow-wow throws a fit, its noisy vigils keeping. And still another neighbor owns a husky short-horn rooster, and one may hear its strident tones from Wahoo clear to Wooster. And when the pup, whose music cloy, grows weary of its carols, the rooster springs a lot of noise—about a million barrels. Between the rooster and the bees, the concerts dog-and-catty, my mind is bagging at the knees—I fear I'm going batty. The life we live would be less raw, and peace would bless our labors, if Congress would produce a law abolishing all neighbors.

THE TATTLER

The silence was louder than usual in Wilson park last night.

When the news came yesterday that Company M is to be mustered out at least 417 wise guys of both sexes in this town said they knew all the time that was what would be done.

No sadder truth was ever told—The best of hops will sometimes mold.

With Cleo Ridgelev and Bill Hart both in town last night, some folks had a difficult time making up their minds.

Some people declare the Tattler is erroneous in calling the bean a stringed instrument.

Whatever the reason may be, this has been the quietest year in Salem police circles since Heck was a pup.

The McMinnville baseball aggregation will be the next attraction following the Barnum & Bailey aggregation—if the rain doesn't beat them to it.

The prominent Salem citizen who has been severely suspected of stealing meat and furniture has been entirely exonerated, but he is cautioned not to do it again.

It has been definitely determined by the man whose daily tobacco allowance is limited to a jitney that three fairly satisfactory cigars may be obtained for that sum.

Croakers are saying that the human fly will be swatted by a cement sidewalk some day. Now what's the use of saying discouraging things about a young man who is trying to get up in the world?

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes any one look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities in to the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through the lymph ducts which should seek only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have furred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, oaters who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

Backache? Run Down? Tired? Clean the Kidneys With Hot Water and "Anuric"

When run-down after a hard winter—when life indoors has brought about a stagnant condition in the circulation—most everyone is filled with uric acid—especially is this so of people past middle age. This uric acid in the blood often causes rheumatism, lumbago, swelling of hands and feet, or a bag-like condition under the eyes. Backache, frequent urination or the pains and stiffness of the joints are also often noticed. Dr. Pierce says that everyone should have a good sweat every day—should drink plenty of pure water and exercise in the open air as much as possible. This helps to throw out the poisonous uric acid thru the skin and the "water". But for such persons as are past middle age it's often impossible to do this and lime salts are deposited in the arteries, veins and joints, causing all kinds of distressing conditions. An antidote for this uric acid poison is to take hot water before meals and "Anuric." Ask your druggist for Doctor Pierce's "Anuric," or send Doctor Pierce's "Anuric," Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., a dollar bill for a full treatment, or ten cents for a trial package. "Anuric" is a recent scientific discovery by Dr. Pierce. "Anuric" drives the uric acid out of your body. It is a uric acid solvent so effective that it eliminates these poisons, cleanses the system, allows your over-worked kidneys to resume their normal functions, and just a few days' treatment with "Anuric" will convince you because it brings lasting relief to your painful, aching rheumatic joints—no more backache or dizzy spells. Try it now and be convinced!

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Ramona Borden Has Ended or Begun Troubles

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 8.—Ramona Borden, "the poor little rich girl," whose homelessness caused her to run away several times from places where her father had placed her, has found a home.

Announcement was made today that she had been married yesterday to Cole Parker, son of George S. Parker, a wealthy Anderson, Ind., banker and politician. The marriage took place at the home of L. B. Valk, the bride's grandfather. Today the young couple started on an automobile honeymoon through Southern California.

Following the separation of her father, Gail Borden, multi-millionaire condensed milk manufacturer, and her mother, the child became known throughout the country as "the poor little rich girl" because of her homelessness. She disappeared several times from schools and sanitariums on the Pacific coast and in the east in which her father had placed her, before coming to Los Angeles to live with her grand parents.

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MY HUSBAND AND I
by Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD RECEIVES A LETTER

CHAPTER XVI.

One morning a letter for Clifford came in the morning's mail. It was most unusual for him to receive any mail at the house, and without looking closely, I thought it was for myself, and opened it, and commenced to read. When I found it was not intended for me I knew I should have put it away and not read it, but I was very young—and why not be honest?—I don't think that even now I could put aside without reading a letter I knew to be from another woman.

Who is L. G.?

But what should I do with it? I might return it to the envelope and give it to Clifford, resentful. But I found I had torn the envelope in my hurry to open it, and he would be sure to notice. I read it again:

"Dear Cliff:

"Now that you have caught all the fish in the sea, and proven yourself a food father and loving husband by neglecting your friends, can't you drop in tonight? Some of the old crowd are to be here, and any gathering would be incomplete without you—L. G."

Just initials. How I wished a name had been signed. It was a woman's writing, small and delicate. She evidently knew my husband well; that "Dear Cliff" hurt. I had never called him anything but Clifford—I hadn't dared. Yet I was his wife. Then, too, she said that no gathering would be complete without him, and had not asked me, his wife. What kind of a woman was she? And what were Clifford's relations with her?

I put the letter back in the envelope. It was only 10 o'clock, and Clifford would not be home until after 6. I had all day to decide what to do, but when 6 o'clock came, I had come to no decision, so without giving myself time to think, I said as I handed him the letter:

"I opened this by mistake, Clifford. I thought it was for me. You so seldom have any mail come to the house, you know."

"I suppose you read it, too?" he sneered.

"Yes—I did, Clifford. It was so short I really had read it before I realized it wasn't for me."

He opened it, just glanced at it, then put it in his pocket without saying a word.

Somewhat I had felt it was just what he would do; it would not give me a chance to ask him any questions, unless I wanted to appear curious and jealous. I swallowed nervously once or twice. I wanted to talk about the letter, but Kate just then called us to dinner, and I said nothing.

I sat down to dinner with a little ache in my heart new to me. While I had snarled under Clifford's neglect, I had never considered even the possibility of another woman in his life. Why should she write him as she had? Was he trying of me already?

Trying as I would, the thought kept recurring to me. Surely I ought not to be jealous of a husband so much older than I, one who had neglected me and made me unhappy; but he was the father of my baby, and by that right he belonged to me and should be true.

An Unwarranted Familiarity.

Doubtless the letter really amounted to nothing, was of no consequence. But—"Dear Cliff"—that hurt me. Finally I made up my mind to say nothing. I'd wait and see if Clifford accepted the invitation.

Somewhat I felt that perhaps he wouldn't; that the woman who had written him might have had no encouragement from him—since he had been married—even if she had known him well before. So I chatted as pleasantly as I could all through the dinner, and related little incidents concerning the baby which I thought might interest or amuse him.

(Tomorrow—Clifford Dines Out.)