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ANALYSIS OF MAINE ELECTION

The Maine election is over and the results, except as to exact figures, are known. There seems to be a wide divergence of opinion as to what, if anything, it presages. Mr. Hughes says he "is pleased and will press forward with renewed confidence." Secretary Daniels says "it is encouraging to the democrats; a happy omen of victory in November." The New York World says "neither party has anything to brag about." The Sun says "it indicates the republicans and former progressives came together in a wave that swept over democratic hopes." The Tribune puts it "the returns indicate a decisive republican victory." The Times concedes that Roosevelt carried most of the progressives with him into the republican camp. While Champ Clark briefs it into "we've had hell licked out of us."

With due deference to the World, Sun, Times and the big guns politically on either side, the returns do not warrant any of the opinions expressed by any of them. Analyzed carefully the returns show democratic gains, and important ones. The only question is were those gains large enough, supposing they hold through the country generally, to carry the democrats to victory?

In 1912 Mr. Wilson's vote in Maine was 51,113. The combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt was 75,038. The majority over Wilson of the combined vote was 23,925. The total vote was 129,637. Mr. Wilson's percentage of the entire vote was 39.44.

The total vote Monday was above 148,000 and of this vote but 593 precincts out of 635 had been counted. These gave the republican senator for the long term 78,049 and his democratic opponent 68,273; while for the short term the republican senatorial candidate received 79,368, and his opponent 66,832. The majority for the first was 9,770 and for the other 12,536. Averaging this vote between the two winners gives a majority of 11,153 each. If the other 42 precincts averaged the same number of voters as those counted this would increase the total vote on senator 9,700, and this divided in the same proportion as the balance of the vote would add 5,335 to the republican vote and 4,365 to the democratic, increasing the republican majority to 12,323, or about 12,000 less than the majority over Wilson. The total vote is given as above 148,000, but as the combined vote given for the two candidates in the 593 precincts amounts to almost that number it is fair to presume the 42 precincts were not included in the totals and that this will be about 158,000.

In 1912 Mr. Wilson received 39.44 per cent of the total vote, but this year the democrats received 45.44 per cent.

If the Maine election indicates anything it is that the result of the presidential election is in doubt. The democrats have made gains no doubt, but the question is whether these gains will offset the republican gains due to the return to the fold of the progressive voters. One thing that the Maine results does show conclusively is that the republican party, in Maine at least, is not as strong as it was in the old days before Roosevelt led his following into a new party, since a republican majority of 12,000 would have been regarded as an unusually slim one in those days, since the republican majority for president in 1904 was 36,807, in 1908 30,584, and in 1912 the combined republican and progressive majority over Wilson was 23,925. With only a paltry margin of 12,000 to go on, if President Wilson is as much stronger than his party as most persons think he is has chances for carrying Maine in November are not entirely gone, although such a thing was probably never expected by his party managers.

That forty gallons of booze was cleverly concealed, but the importing of milk from California to Oregon was what gave the scheme away. Oregon has milk to export and that is what made the policeman suspicious. The mysterious part of the affair is that the policeman tumbled to it.

The circus is a thing of the past and the opening of school a thing of the immediate future. If this situation was reversed the average school boy would like it better.

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The next event of state wide importance is the state fair. It promises this year to be the best and biggest ever. All arrangements are complete even to that for special trains from Portland and Eugene. With an unusually wet season the display of vegetables will be the finest ever seen here and that is saying much. Another feature this year that is entirely new is that Coos and perhaps Curry county, will have a full display, something that heretofore was next to impossible on account of the distance and roundabout way of travel.

The indications this morning are that in the Washington primaries, Poindexter, progressives republican, has beaten Humphreys, stand-patter, for the nomination for United States senator. The returns are coming in slowly but as between the two factions of the republicans the progressives seem to have made a pretty clean sweep. All is not peace across the Columbia, for it is so different absorbing the other fellow and being absorbed.

Wall Street is offering to bet 10 to 7 that Hughes will beat Wilson, and the same odds that Hughes will carry New York. Wall Street is simply a gambling den, is always strongly republican because under republican tariffs it is fostered—and in the present instance the wish is father to the thought. It is a pretty safe course for the balance of the country to learn what Wall Street wants and then vote against it.

Some of the emergency board talked real sassy to the governor and intimated rather strongly that the governor's fund of truth would last a long while because he was so economical in its use. It was not a nice thing to say, but then consider the provocation. The governor had accused Senator Day, who used the naughty language, of going over to the Oregon Journal and siding in with it against him.

State Treasurer Kay having made arrangements with the Ladd & Bush bank for advancing the money to carry the flax experiment until the legislature meets the flax growers can rest easy about their money. The state may get shy of funds but that has never happened to Salem's oldest bank.

The sympathetic strike that threatened New York has been abandoned and the street railway employes will have to make their fight alone. At the same time the news comes that the coal strike in Kansas and the southwest has been settled, the men winning their demands.

The coal strike in Kansas is off, the operators conceding the men's demands. We know nothing of the merits of the case, but the fact is evident to all that no coal miner ever got paid what his work and the risk he takes, is worth.

Politics makes strange bed fellows, Pinchot has crawled into the same bunk with the Oregonian. Bed might be the better word but "bunk" describes the situation more closely.

Tomorrow Portland lays the corner stone of its big auditorium and also gives the Third regiment the freedom of the city. It will be a gala day, with lots of folks there from the valley.

The band concert season is about over and one of the most delightful social features of the city will be missed for another six months. Don't overlook the next one, for it is the last for the year.

Mr. Hughes will begin his second campaign tour with an opening speech at Springfield, Illinois, September 19. If his work shows no better results elsewhere than it did in Maine, he is wasting both time and energy.

The primary election in Illinois today is a reminder of old times when all kinds of tricks were resorted to along with an occasional fist fight.



THE BULLY

You've doubtless encountered that terrible gent, who'll fight at the drop of the hat, who wanders the village, on trouble intent, as sassy as Thomas H. Cat. He says he's the Terror from Bitterreek Bend, who ne'er was divorced from his goat, and he will consider that person a friend who treads on the tail of his coat. He bullies the undersized people he meets, and wrenches the invalid's nose, and chases the cripples off most of the streets, and tramps on the patriarch's toes. The chief of police, when the bully's around, has duties important elsewhere; he's pinching an orphan for beating a hound, or chasing a hen to its lair. It may be for months and it may be for years, men stand for this delegate bad; but finally someone undaunted appears, and spreads him all over the grad. Then people rejoice with a hearty good will, no longer distraught and afraid; the bully they take to the dump on the hill, and put him to bed with a spade.

OPEN FORUM

"Back to the Farm" and City High Schools.

Editor Capital Journal: Your editorial in the issue of the Capital Journal of last Wednesday on the back to the land question should incite all serious minded people to a keen interest in one of the most difficult as well as the most important economic problems now facing the American people.

It requires years of experience to master the intricacies of practical farm management. The belief that anybody can farm is entertained by those who have never tried to farm efficiently.

If the American people are to continue to be the best fed and best clothed people in the world something must be done to meet the demands of the American farmer so he will be content to remain on the farm and continue to utilize his practical knowledge in the production of food and other vital human necessities. Hunger breeds discontent. A hungry people are a dangerous people.

A great many factors are responsible for the movement of our farmers into the city. Without attempting even to name these I shall call attention to one only which inquiry has found to be the most powerful cause for the tendency to abandon farm life. It is the want of proper facilities for the advanced education of rural children.

Oregon has wisely provided for the advanced education of such of her country boys and girls as desire to pursue their studies beyond the provision made in their district schools. These may attend any high school in the state and the amount of their tuition, computed on actual cost of instruction, will be assessed against the school districts in which they reside and paid into the city school fund.

I feel our school board is making a great mistake by trying to read into the law something that will enable them to charge an increased rate of tuition sufficient to cover interest on investment, deterioration of buildings and similar items. If such additional amount is not paid by the district the sum can be collected from the farmer by suit at law.

It will not take the average farmer long to decide how to settle these difficulties. Instead of being harassed about the amount of tuition to be paid for the instruction of his children he will rent a house in the city where he and his family will reside thereby obviating the payment of any tuition at all. By the end of the school year they will have found city life so charming that a tenant will be placed in charge of the old farm and the knowledge of the practical farmer so laboriously acquired will be of no further service to the consuming public.

Apparently some of our people are proceeding under the assumption that they have an inalienable right to support both of home and municipality from profits in the traffic which comes from the farms. If any entertain such views they will prove not only a pleasant dream. A ride awakening is even now dawning on their consciousness through the prodding of the steadily increasing cost of our daily food. And the end is not in sight.

The question as to whether we can afford to erect new school rooms to accommodate the increased enrollment from the country may very properly be answered by asking another question: "Can we afford not to build them?"

FAIR PLAY.
Salem, Ore., Sept. 8, 1916.

It might be a good idea for some of the restaurants to provide ear muffs for the protection of patrons while other patrons are eating soup.

Telling another man your troubles doesn't relieve your troubles. It merely adds to the other man's troubles.

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MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

ANTICIPATION

CHAPTER XX.

My feeling for Clifford at this time was a queer medley of a certain kind of love and disappointment. Yet, as I left him to try on the dress so that he might decide as to my wearing it, the love was uppermost in spite of his unkindness. It is not easy to quench entirely the love of a young girl who has known only one lover, her husband; especially if that husband is also the father of her child.

I knew the dress was becoming and stylish. So I pirouetted gaily before him.

"Yes, you'll do!" he said after looking me over. "I wouldn't have believed a thing would stay in style so long. Let me see—it's nearly two years since we bought that thing. I remember it cost a pretty penny."

A Sigh.

"Yes, I know," I replied happily, "and I tried to make you take a cheaper one. But you wouldn't. We were on our honeymoon, and you loved me."

The last sentence slipped out unvoluntarily. I was almost frightened to death after I had said it, and stood waiting for Clifford to make me angry reply. But all he said was:

"Go take it off, and don't be at all waxy referring to the past. It's bad 'form' and he frowned.

Much that I did at this time was evaded.

"I had form" to Clifford. I had never been taught to quell the natural spontaneity of youth, and so often said and did things that annoyed him exceedingly.

I went to my room, took off the dress, and laid the other things I had intended to show Clifford back in the drawer without removing their wrappings. Of course it was foolish to be so disappointed that he cared nothing about my happiness in going to the dinner, but I was so young, so dependent on him for everything in my life. Then, too, I was unhappy that I had unintentionally displeased him by having the things charged at the store. Had I not known that he could well afford to give me whatever I needed, I should never have thought of doing it. But I knew that he had a large business, and that our household expenses were comparatively light, so had had no hesitation in buying what I needed.

Then, too, Clifford never denied himself anything. His clothes, his cigars, his wines—everything was of the best. He was athletic, and his golf and tennis clothes were always the smartest he could find. As far as I could see, he never economized in any way.

"I do wish you were going with me," I said, when I returned to the library.

"You'll enjoy yourself all right," he evaded.

"I doubt it!" I replied, then I thought of the role I had decided to play, and added, "I shall certainly try to, however."

Clifford gave me a sharp look as I declared my intention, but made no remark, and the subject of the dinner party was not referred to by either of us again that evening.

The Man's Privilege.

But, foolishly, I couldn't help but ask Clifford where he was going that he could not accompany me. As soon as I had voiced the question, I was sorry, for he scowled at me, and returned:

"What difference does it make where I am going, so long as I have told you it will be impossible for me to go with you?"

"But would you like me to go out and not tell you where I was going?" I ventured.

"That's a different matter altogether. And, Mildred, I don't choose to be questioned!" He threw down his paper and stalked from the room. Yes, stalked from the room. Yes, stalked that's the only word that expressed his exit. I felt sure his engagement was with L. G., else why should he object to telling me. So I while distressed, was glad that I had decided to go without him; and hoped the young man who was to take his place would be agreeable.

(Tomorrow—Mildred on Her Own.)