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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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PAYING FOR PARTY GOVERNMENT

Judge Hughes criticizes the Wilson administration because in some instances corrupt or incompetent men have been appointed to office as a reward for party services rendered. No doubt this criticism is based on facts—but the question is will Mr. Hughes be able to do any better in this respect when it is considered that he is a partisan candidate; that the workers of the republican party must be rewarded at the expense of the government in case he wins?

Perhaps Mr. Hughes as president would try always to select men of good character and ability to fill the offices, just as Mr. Wilson no doubt has done—but there is the pressure of the party leaders, the men who demand recognition of their workers in order that the organization may be maintained and strengthened. The president cannot know all these applicants personally, he accepts the recommendations of the party leaders and is frequently taken in.

The condition of which Mr. Hughes complains is one of the penalties we pay for allowing political parties to govern the country. The hordes of democratic "workers" had to be "taken care of" after Wilson was elected, just as a lot of otherwise worthless citizens must be rewarded for their good "work" for the party in case Hughes is elected. Hughes may not want to appoint these men to office any more than Wilson did, but before his term expires, should he be elected, most of them will worm in with the help of the party leaders and become attached to Uncle Sam's payroll.

Because we always have rule by political parties municipal, county, state and national government is loaded down with a horde of office-holders, many of them not needed, and a majority of them making no effort to earn the money they draw. Their "work" for the party has won them the job they hold and the people have nothing to do but pour the taxes into the treasury that provide their liberal salaries.

The one great burning issue before the people of this country today is the ever-increasing burden of taxation which is throttling enterprise and rendering real property valueless because of the burden of assessments levied against it. Government by political parties is largely responsible for these conditions because of the necessity of providing jobs at public expense for faithful party workers—parasites who flourish on fruits of another's labor.

Whether the people will ever be able to work together and vote together on a plan to make government an honest business, not dominated by politicians, conducted legitimately and economically, we very much doubt. Conditions have been going from bad to worse for many years—and both great political parties still flourish and the voters are still whooping it up for one or the other, except that there is a noticeable lack of enthusiasm during campaigns, indicating that the people generally are beginning to realize that something may be wrong, although they do not know just what it is.

One of the attractive features and perhaps the finest exhibit at the State Fair will come from Harney county, it being the orchestra composed of little bunch grassers, mostly girls, sun-browned and zephyr-kissed who will play at the fair Monday and Tuesday. They will certainly furnish Salem and Salem visitors much pleasure, and it is up to Salem to see that this is reciprocal, and that these little folks when they return to sage brush land, carry with them the memory of a most delightful visit. The good matrons of Salem can do no more kindly or pleasurable act, than getting together and arranging some plan for giving these little visitors the time of their lives. A few autos for a ride over into Polk county where they can get a view over the big valley dressed in green instead of gray as the landscape is down in Harney. A little luncheon and kindly motherly attention will make memorable their visit and give them something to tell the folks at home, those there now, and those who have not yet arrived, in the years to come. It is up to Salem's big hearted women to look after them.

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BIG AND LITTLE GAMBLING

A Portland paper yesterday contained a story about the arrest of a Chinaman for playing the China lottery. Judge Langguth in fining him fixed the punishment at \$20 and remarked that that would be the fine hereafter for all caught playing the lottery. The same day the press dispatches carried to every daily in the country the story of the day's dealings on Wall Street, and that during the day a million and a quarter shares of stock changed hands representing a value of several hundred million dollars. The deals were just as much gambling as playing the lottery, the only difference being that the latter is far the more honest game. There is a distinction however, and that is that in Wall Street Morgan, Rockefeller, Dupont and the other big ones sit in and deal, stack the cards and load the dice in a big game, while the Chinaman gives you a square guess for your money. Maybe that is the reason the law looks with favor on the big crooked game and turns in horror from the trifling one.

According to the dispatches there are many small fry winning at the big game just now owing to the fact that stocks of all kinds have advanced steadily and all who bought necessarily made gains.

Morgan and his fellow big dealers have fed out the stocks and lured the money-mad into the get-rich-quick venture. They have kept the market rising and are still boosting it. There is hardly a stock quoted that is not now far above its actual value as an investment; far above the price at which it can pay a reasonable interest on the amount paid for it. The result is that before long the limit of credulity and craziness will be reached and then stocks will tumble as reason resumes her throne.

That means a panic on Wall Street in which the "earnings" of the small fry will be swept away, as the fictitious values are wiped out. It is the little fellows only who will suffer, for the big ones gathered in millions as the stocks went up and they will gather in more millions as the water is squeezed out and stocks get down in the reaction, not only to what they are worth, but much below that figure. Yet this game is legitimate, while the Chink lottery is a crime.

The similarity of the fires on the Beaver and Congress each of which broke out about 24 hours after they had left San Francisco, has given rise to the suspicion that they may have been started through use of infernal machines. This feature of the case will be examined into by the inspectors. Why anyone should want to destroy coast-wise steamers, however, has not yet been explained. They carry no munitions and if they were fired intentionally there seems no reason for it other than just "pure cussedness."

It is far from pleasant to be shipwrecked under any circumstances but if a person has to go through with it he could not find a better place for the experiment than Coos Bay. Oregon can rest assured that Marshfield, North Bend and the balance of Coos county within reaching distance threw open their doors to the victims and treated them in a manner to make all Oregon proud, and the recipients of their bounty profoundly grateful. That's the way they do things over at the new port.

The Serbs are taking their revenge now out of their old enemy the Bulgars. Of all the fighters in Europe there are none of those taking part that have their hearts in it like the Serbs. They can be depended on to stay until annihilated. Such an enemy is unconquerable. They may be overpowered, but they cannot be whipped.

Between Taft and Teddy Mr. Hughes must feel like a machine-cut slice of ham in a railroad station sandwich, or like a Tarrytown stew; which is all potatoes and no meat.

Governor Withycombe at the Eugene fair spoke eloquently of flax as the coming industry of the state. Perhaps, but with the present management of the business at this burg, if it continues as for the past year, it will remain a "coming" industry indefinitely.



Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason

FRIENDS

It's hard to know who are your friends, so many men have selfish ends. I take a comrade to my heart, and feed him pie and damson tart, and give him love that's pure and deep, and let him in my woodshed sleep. Then he requests, in dulcet tones, that I shall lend him twenty bones. "I'd gladly lend you all you need," I say in answer, "but indeed, H. C. of L. has stripped me bare—I haven't twenty bucks to spare. If fifty cents will help you out, you're welcome to that much, old scout; but I've a wife and nineteen kids, who all are needing shoes and lids, and it's as much as I can do to dig up for that loving crew." And then my friend comes round no more, to hang his bonnet on the floor, and talk with me of vital things, of sealing wax and cats and kings. Instead, he roasts me through the town, and tries to give me punk renown, as being one who is too tight to help a comrade in a plight. This sort of thing one gets from friends, as through this woozy world he wends.

OREGON'S ROYALTY—A JOKE.

(Pendleton Tribune.)
During the San Francisco exposition a new star burst forth with effulgent glow upon the Oregon sky. For the purposes of Oregon Day at the fair an eminent citizen was to be selected to represent the commonwealth, and a committee was appointed by the Governor to make such selection. The committee membership was as follows: H. L. Pittcock, of the Oregonian, chairman; John F. Carroll of the Telegram; Frank A. Moore of the Supreme Court; Charles B. Moore of the State Historical society; Prince L. Campbell of the State University; William J. Kerr of the State Agricultural College; and Mrs. Clara A. Waldo of the State Grange. The people of the state would have not been surprised if some member of the committee had been selected. Each had filled full measure of personal duty to the state. Each would have borne worthily the honor. When the selection fell to a personage bearing the name of Simon Benson, the state immediately asked the antecedents and achievements of the man. Few had ever heard his name. It then developed that he is a very wealthy resident of Portland, who has given to that city some public fountains, who takes great interest in the Columbia highway, and who is the owner of the Benson hotel. Recently he has been active in the good roads movement, and is a intimate friend of John B. Yeon, also active in the highway propaganda.

THE GREAT FLAX CONSPIRACY.

(Medford Mail-Tribune.)
We have the words of Governor Withycombe to prove that the world is a vast conspiracy against his \$50,000 flax fizzle at the state penitentiary. Numerous and diverse are the foul plotters.

First, the Portland Journal was declared a falsifier and fraud when it called attention to inefficiency in conducting flax operations.

The Secretary Olcott was accused as a conspirator because he filed a letter with the board protesting against unbusinesslike methods employed, and a campaign was launched to defeat him for re-election.

Then Secretary Kay was added to the list of plotters when he insisted upon the removal of the superintendent of flax operations for inefficiency.

Prison Warden Minto was later denounced as having joined the conspiracy, along with Secretary Goodin of the board of control, who was accused of juggling figures, and various prison employees, who were accused of hampering operations.

Now Senator I. N. Day, republican boss of the legislature, is branded a conspirator because as a member of the emergency board he refused to sanction an illegal appropriation for continuing the experiment.

Ben Selling, speaker of the house, and S. B. Cobb, chairman of the ways and means committee, are also conspirators, for as members of the emergency board they upheld Senator Day and refused further financial aid, censuring the board for "wanton extravagance and unbusinesslike methods" in the conduct of the flax experiment, of which the governor had sole charge.

Something must be done to quell the conspiracy, and the Portland Journal has found a solution as follows:

Happily, the militia is back from the Mexican border and the governor is commander in chief of our armed forces. Mounted on Loretta, he should place himself at the head of the troops and quell this seditious interference with the orderly administration of state affairs.

What has become of the old-fashioned novel in which the heroine was a decent girl who was satisfied with one husband?

MY HUSBAND AND I

by Jane Phelps

A GLIMPSE OF THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

CHAPTER XXIII.
I too, was sleepy, but long after Clifford's regular breathing told me he had slept, I lay awake, living over the events of the evening, and thinking of Clifford's indifference.
"I must find a good dressmaker, and have her teach me how to wear my clothes," I muttered, just as I finally fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, Mandy stood by the bed with the baby in her arms. Clifford had been gone some time.
"Marse Hammond tell me not to 'sturb yo', Missy Mildred," she apologized, when I scolded her for letting me sleep so late. But it was thoughtful in Clifford, and I was happier all day because of it.
It takes so little to make a young wife happy, to keep her faith and trust. My feelings toward Clifford at this time were hard to analyze. I still loved him well enough to be either cast down or elated by his approval or disapproval. He was my husband, the father of my baby. To me, had he allowed it, he would always have been the only man in my life.
The Cold Shoulder.
A night or two afterward Clifford told me carelessly that he was going to a dinner party at the home of a Mrs. Horton—a woman I had heard him mention once or twice.
"But what shall I wear?" I asked, aghast. I had ordered a dress of a fashionable modiste, but it would not be finished. Would the same dress I had worn at the Franklyn's do?
"You are not invited. This is just a dinner party for old friends. It would be altogether too gay for you, anyway," and he turned to his dressing, without waiting for any reply.
"But—won't Mr. Horton?"
"There is no Mr. Horton! Mabel is a widow," he replied.
So he knew this widow well enough to call her by her first name and to accept her invitations when I was not included. Could she be the one the ladies at Mrs. Franklyn's were talking of, whose name I failed to catch? I felt insulted, chagrined, then hurt. He had refused to go to Mrs. Franklyn's, but he had at least been given a notice in the matter; while I had not been included in this invitation.
I had made no answer—I simply couldn't speak. It was a fatal error. Clifford thought I was sullen, and was very angry; when I was only indignant, and—hurt.
My husband always keenly resented any disapproval of his actions. He was a law unto himself, as I soon found out. And that anyone, least of all I, should dare to question anything he wished to do, always angered him.
It was 7 o'clock when he left the house, just as our own dinner was announced. With a careless good-bye he

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OPEN FORUM

Polk County Recall

McCoy, Ore., Sept. 6, 1916.

Editor Capital Journal: Permit us to make report to the Polk county tax payers league.

Being appointed at a regular meeting of our tax payers league, a committee of three, to formulate and have printed the recall petition upon the members of our county court, said committee have therefore had printed 200 petitions for recall of County Judge

Teale; 200 petitions for recall of Commissioner Wells; 200 petitions for recall of Commissioner Beckett.

These petitions are now ready for circulation for signatures. However, it now becomes necessary for the Tax Payers' league to take steps and means to designate circulators in each election precinct to obtain the necessary signatures in order to bring results from and upon your recall movement. These petitions should be signed and duly verified and filed with the county clerk not later than October 5 inst. Your committee would therefore suggest that a mass meeting be held at the court house in Dallas at 1 p. m. of Wednesday, September 20. Select circulators in the various precincts of the county that the necessary signatures be obtained to make your move effective.

Much talk is heard of limiting the recall to only a portion of the court members. Such matters can be considered at this meeting. It is now up to you to act.

F. E. RODGERS,
A. H. WYATT,
JAMES SEARS,
Committee.

The recall against County Judge Teale is as follows:

To A. B. Robinson, Jr., County Clerk of Polk County, Oregon:

We, the undersigned, citizens and legal voters of the state of Oregon, and the county of Polk, in said state, hereby

by demand the recall of J. B. Teal, as county judge, of said county of Polk, and each for himself or herself says: I have personally signed this petition; I am a legal voter of the state of Oregon and the county of Polk; my residence and postoffice are correctly written after my name.

The following are the reasons for making said demand:

Said J. B. Teal has favored certain localities and has acted extravagantly and disregarded plain provisions of law, as instance:

1. The unwarranted destruction of permanent bridge, fill and county road at Independence where no emergency existed and without shadow of excuse therefor, and contracting replacements thereof at an expense to the county of more than \$20,000; all to the detriment of other deserving sections of the county where the roads are neglected. Said bridge and fill being within the corporate limits of the city of Independence.

2. Expenditures of moneys levied for inter county bridge at Salem for general road purposes.

3. Employing a private surveyor and paying therefor more than lawful rates for doing county work, totally ignoring the legally elected and duly qualified county surveyor.

4. General extravagance: Obligations for road work far in excess of amount levied in said districts for road purposes.

5. Physically unable to attend to his office at the court house or to transact the matters of business rightly incumbent upon that office.

The petitions against Commissioners Wells and Beckett are the same, with the omission of No. 5, which refers to the judge alone.

The Salem Lojans will meet the McMinnville Tigers at McMinnville tomorrow, and with the practical assurance of seeing a red hot baseball game a considerable number of Salem fans are planning to accompany the team.

A New Experience.

About 8 o'clock the bell rang, and Kate brought me a card.

"The gentleman's in the drawing room, ma'am!"

It was Leonard Brooke's card.

"Tell him I will be right down!" I said, then rushed to my room to see that my hair was all right, and that my face showed no trace of my disappointment at being left alone. I was proud, and would not have this young man know I was neglected if I could avoid it. I was gratified to find that the excitement of his visit had brought a fine color to my cheeks, and that my simple gown was becoming. I gave my hair a pat, dusted powder on my nose, and went down stairs.

(Tomorrow—Mildred Has a Visitor.)