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L. S. BARNES, CHAS. H. FISHER, DORA C. ANDRESEN, President, Vice-President, Sec. and Treas.

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DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S DREAM

Dr. Lyman Abbott tells in the Outlook what he would have done had he been president instead of Mr. Wilson. For one thing he would have picked, so he says, "a lot of advisors who placed duty ahead of safety or anything else. He would have invited men as counsellors who would advise him how to fulfill the nation's obligations, never how to escape them. At the beginning of the war he would have told Germany that if she violated the neutrality of Belgium she would alienate all the sympathies of the American people at the outset of the war."

The Southern Pacific reports an increased net income for the year of fifty per cent. At the same time Mr. Kruttschnitt of its board of directors says that if the Brotherhood demands are granted the road will have to have still higher rates. When a big corporation kills a fat polled Angus beef critter it always generously donates the horns to the poor and needy.

The strike in New York City yesterday it is claimed did not materialize to the extent the leaders hoped. While 200,000 remained away from their work, it is claimed by the employers that this was on account of it being a Jewish holiday, and that most of these were Jews.

Chicago is debating the question whether "the painting of a nude woman watching a turtle is naughty or not." That is what the dispatches Wednesday told us, but they did not make the matter plain—they did not tell enough. Before passing on the matter that is of such vital interest to Porkopolis, it is necessary to understand whether it was the lady being "au natural," that gave them some doubts, or whether it was the prosaic act of watching anything so slow as a turtle in Chicago that was worrying them?

An item in the 25 year ago column of yesterday's Oregonian mentions the fact that the harvest in the Willamette valley is over and that the total yield is placed at 7,500,000 bushels. It would be interesting reading if the yield this year was known, just for comparison.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers Established 1868 CAPITAL \$500,000.00 Transact a General Banking Business Safety Deposit Boxes SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

FINAL SETTLEMENT IS FAR AWAY

In making his report as chairman of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific recently Chairman Kruttschnitt said the company would bring suit to test the question as to whether his company had the right to sell the timber from the forfeited Oregon-California railroad lands, so long as the lands could be sold after the timber was removed, at \$2.50 per acre. He said he hoped the supreme court would pass on this in its decision in the case now before it, the appeal from Judge Wolverton's decision that the road had only a \$2.50 interest in the lands. Mr. Kruttschnitt claims that under the supreme court decision the United States cannot confiscate its lands, and that under this decision the Southern Pacific owns the lands and can hold them so long as it desires to, the only condition qualifying its ownership in fee simple, being that if it should ever sell the lands it must follow the directions of the granting act and dispose of them in quantities not greater than 160 acres to one person and at a price not exceeding \$2.50 per acre.

Henry Ford says that the eight-hour day has been the rule in his shops for three years and that his company has made more money since adopting it. He says it will help business to make the eight hour day general, and that those who oppose it do not understand their business. Speaking of the tariff this same hardheaded businessman says: "I want to say that it is nothing but a hot-house remedy. It may make business sprout for a little while but its effect is artificial and it never can produce a hardy business plant."

Judge Langguth has discovered a new jag cure, it being nothing more rare or costly than just buttermilk. The judge says all one has to do is to drink enough of it and the desire for whiskey will vanish. Without disputing "his honor," we venture the assertion that the cure will not work unless the drinker swallow so much that he can't hold the booze. On the principle that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time it might work out.

Mr. Jason C. Moore who has undertaken the production of potash from the waters of Abert and Summer lakes in eastern Oregon announces that he will soon begin development work. This may be true but Mr. Moore has cried "wolf" so many times that most folks will consider the work started when the products are on the market.

French officials claim that since the Somme drive began the French have taken 70 square miles of territory and thirty thousand prisoners. The drive started July first so that the land recovered has been at the rate of about a square mile a day. The cost in money, not counting that in human lives, makes it an exceedingly high priced piece of land.

Habit is a great, and an unexplainable thing. Monday the weather bureau predicted fair weather, and every old Oregonian took his umbrella along when he started for the fairgrounds. Now the question is whether they placed more reliance on their own judgment or understood the weather bureau to mean "state fair" weather.

Rippling Rhymes by Walt Mason

TO THE CROSSROADS



Goodbye, old town, I'm going home, to shuck the corn and plow the loam, to prune the tree and train the vine, and feed with swill the shrieking swine. I was not built for urban life, for city tricks and city strife, and every time I walk the street I'm euchred by some smiling beat, who sees in me an easy hick, and sells me a gold-plated brick. I'm always buying costly shares in ginseng plants and Belgian hares, in silver mines and orange groves, and mills that turn out wooden clogs. The smiling fakery of the town! I simply cannot turn them down. They charm me with their sunny smiles, they fascinate me with their wiles, and sell me, from their catalogues, tin motor cars and hairless dogs, and remedies that grow new hair on domes of thought that long were bare, and lithographs of Statesman Hughes, and ships and sealing wax and shoes. Tomorrow, if you look for me, my form in town you will not see, though you may rake it with a comb—goodbye, old town, I'm going home!

South Tacoma May Cut Loose From City Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 28.—To succeed or not to succeed—that is the question that is agitating the minds of the citizens of South Tacoma today. In making up the budget for next year, the Tacoma city council has found that in order to be within the legal limits of taxation expenses will have to be slashed in every direction. Besides the necessity of reducing the city police force to nearly half its present strength, elimination of the fire station at the southern suburb was one of the means of retrenchment proposed.

THE TATTLER

People with all sorts of taste, and even with no taste at all, declare the fair a great success. All Salem went to the fair yesterday. Even those who had decided not to go couldn't resist the weather. The prophetess of rain was feeling pretty well discouraged this morning. Yesterday was a hard day for him. Some genuine aristocracy is sheltered in the stock barns. Blood and breeding doesn't make for beauty in all cases either. The weirdest man on the fair grounds last night beamed so by merely following a frail little woman during the day. And after they got home the man, who is big and strong, dragged himself to bed and the woman did up the breakfast dishes. Some folks go to the fair just to watch other folks, and they see a mighty good show. Wise parents, when they lose little Henry on the grounds, go right over to the pony barn and find him.

State House News

Dates for hearings have been set by the public service commission as follows: October 11, application of the Southern Pacific for a rate of 15 cents on sugar from Grants Pass to Portland; October 12, application for extension of train service from Cottage Grove to Drain; October 16, application for a physical connection between the systems of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company and the Home Telephone company, Portland; October 20, application for physical connection between the systems of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company and the Tillamook County Mutual company, at Tillamook.

Certificates of nomination by individual electors and acceptances thereof were filed in the office of Secretary of State Olcott yesterday by the following: Lou Hodgson, of Umpqua, Umatilla county, for district attorney for Wallowa county; J. W. Day, of St. Helens, Columbia county, for district attorney for Columbia county; W. C. Edwards, of Drain, Douglas county, for state senator, Fifth district; Maxton Smith, of Rainier, Columbia county, for representative, Twentieth district; L. H. McMahon, of Salem, Marion county, for district attorney for Marion county; A. W. Lafferty, of Portland, Multnomah county, for representative in congress, Third congressional district.

At the office of the public service commission this morning the car shortage on the Southern Pacific was reported as 1415, with 105 empty cars received at Ashland.

Articles of incorporation were filed at the office of Corporation Commissioner Schullerman this morning by the Elsie Shipping company, of Portland, the capital stock of which is \$100,000. Articles of incorporation were also filed by the Pacific Coast Investment company, of Portland, which is capitalized for \$5,000. A certificate of dissolution was filed by the Empire Manufacturing company, of Pendleton.

JUST LEARNED OF WAR

Marysville, Cal., Sept. 26.—Stefansson has been out-Stefanssoned. John Carleton, hermit-miner, came into town today from the mountains for the first time in three years, and learned there is some sort of contention among the nations of Europe. He quit taking the papers 11 years ago, he said, and since has read only the Bible.

Tacoma has a considerable population, the big shops of the Northern Pacific railroad being located there, besides numerous manufacturing establishments.

8 Fast Trains to Portland "Trains stop in the heart of town" LEAVE SALEM 7:15 A. M. Portland Local. 9:45 A. M. Portland Limited. 11:20 A. M. Portland Local. 1:50 P. M. Portland Local. 3:30 P. M. Except Saturday Woodburn Local. 4:00 P. M. Daily Portland Limited. 5:00 P. M. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Fast Special, only for West Woodburn (5:30), Woodburn (5:38), Donald (5:38), Tualatin (6:00, connecting with Local Portland train), Garden Home (6:20, connecting for Forest Grove and intermediate points), and Portland (Jefferson Street 6:40, North Bank Station 6:55). 5:30 P. M. Daily Portland Local. 7:55 P. M. Daily Portland Local. 10:00 P. M. Thursday (after evening concert) Special Portland Local, except Woodburn. Connection at Garden Home for Forest Grove Local. SOUTHBOUND 1:55 A. M. Eugene Owl. Local stops, except Corvallis. 8:35 A. M. Eugene Local. 10:10 A. M. Eugene Limited. 12:55 P. M. Corvallis Local. 4:15 P. M. Eugene Local. 6:40 P. M. Eugene Limited. Regular stops. Also Fayetteville, Tulsa, Awbrey and Ross. OREGON ELECTRIC STATION, State and High Streets J. W. Ritchie, Agent

Judge and Mrs. Galloway Back from the East

Judge and Mrs. William Galloway are home from a four weeks' visit in the central states, their first visit to that part of the United States. The judge went as grand representative for Oregon of the Odd Fellows to attend the southern grand lodge that met in Chattanooga and Mrs. Galloway as representative of the Rebekahs. Dodgeville, Wis., was the first point of interest visited and although the judge remembers but little of the country as his father brought him across the plains in 1852, yet it was of interest to him to visit the farm on which he was born. When his father sold out to come west, the farm brought \$600. Now it is one of the finest dairy farms in the state, valued at \$50,000. Senator LaFollette was called on at Madison, Wis., just after he was nominated for senator. Mr. Galloway thinks the Wisconsin senator is one of the big men of the country and found that the LaFollette feeling was strong in the state. The senator inquired after his cousin, Alex LaFollette, and was much interested in Oregon's progressive citizenship.

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MY HUSBAND AND I by Jane Phelps

AN EVENING OF DANGEROUS HAPPINESS CHAPTER XXXIII I could not help a slight sigh of satisfaction. I was so glad I looked well, and that Mr. Brooke admired me. But I answered as carelessly as I could: "There's no danger of that! No one cares much about an old woman." "I'm not so sure," was his reply, as he helped me into the next taxi. "If I were you I wouldn't bank on it." It was only a short drive to the theatre, but he chattered so gaily with me that I was surprised when we arrived. We had nice seats and the play was very enjoyable. Mr. Brooke was all that was charming, yet I was not as contented as I had been when Clifford had taken me, just before he went away. I had none of the pleasurable feelings I then had, caused by my idea that Clifford was going to be kinder. Then, too, although Mr. Brooke had admired me, it gave me no such joy as Clifford's unusual admiration had done. But Clifford was my husband, and I had so longed for his approval. The play was much more to my taste than the last one I saw and I enjoyed every minute of it. Then, during the intermission, Mr. Brooke asked me if I wouldn't like to go to the rear of the house with him, and we walked back and forth, talking, and watching the people. After the play was over he asked me if I would like to go somewhere to have a bite of supper, but I didn't feel like accepting anything more from him until I should have repaid the hospitality he had shown me. So I refused. He looked disappointed and I said: "A Library Supper." "If you like to come in, I will have Mandy get us a little supper at home. She is sure to be waiting for me." "That will be jolly—much better than a restaurant, if you are sure it isn't too much trouble." "It will be absolutely no trouble, and Mandy will be delighted to show you what she can do." Mandy met us at the door, and when I told her Mr. Brooke was going to have a bite of supper with me, she hurried off to the kitchen. "Serve it in the library, Mandy," I called after her. We discarded our wraps and went into the library. The room was my favorite one of all in the house. It was hung in deep soft reds and browns, mahogany bookshelves and furniture. I had spent almost all the happy hours I had known since we had lived in Glendale browsing among the books. So now as we drew our chairs up to the table on which a shaded lamp was burning I felt a sense of comfort, of happiness. "I seem fated not to meet Mr. Hammond," Leonard said, in response to a remark I had made. "And I should very much like to know him." "When he comes back I must try and arrange it," I replied, but felt sure Clifford would think Leonard in the same class with Mr. Granikyn, whom he had called a young cub. Mandy didn't keep us waiting long for our creamed chicken and other dainty dishes she had prepared for us. We were young, we were healthy, and we were happy in each other's society; so we ate heartily, laughing and chatting the while. Mr. Brooke is Enchanted. Mandy's old face was puckered up in a grin of delight at his unstinted praise of her culinary accomplishments, and she hovered over us like an old hen over her chicks. It was after 12 when we finished and he rose to go. "I have had one of the happiest evenings I ever remember. Will you let me come again, soon?" he asked. "Yes, do," I returned. "I too have enjoyed myself so much, and I thank you for taking me to the theatre," I added primly. "I feared I had shown too plainly how much I had been enjoying myself." (Tomorrow—Preparing for the Guests.)