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### FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

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## A MYSTERIOUS PIECE OF MACHINERY

Death has been called "the great mystery; but in this line it is a simple problem compared to Life. Death is simply the ceasing to exist, silence, immobility, decay. Life is action, growth, fulfillment. And of all life that of the human is far the most mysterious. A wonderful mechanism is the human body, a machine which as Ingersoll said, "changed food into thought, and created the divine tragedy of Hamlet."

And yet apparently no two human beings are the same. They have their individual appearance by which, with all the countless millions, no two are exactly alike, but have some points of difference that makes them easily distinguishable from each other. Not only do they differ in appearance but in every other way. The dispatches Sunday mentioned the death of a girl at Spokane from the sting of a wasp, the end coming within fifteen minutes after. Now a wasp sting is a trivial matter to most folks, being no more serious than to cause a trifling pain and this only for a short time. Yet in this case so simple a thing caused death. What peculiar thing about this girl's life made it susceptible to such a minute particle of poison? Wherein did she so differ from the balance of mankind that what is harmless to practically all, should be absolutely fatal to her?

It is one of those inexplicable things that arise every day to awaken wonder and to baffle the wisest. One man will be torn and broken until he hardly retains human shape and yet in a little while his bones are knit and his wounds healed until he is as good as new, while another with trifling injuries succumbs. One person will handle poison oak or other noxious vegetation with impunity while another cannot get within a dozen feet of them without being inoculated.

So it goes in almost everything pertaining to life. What is one man's food is another's poison, and why it is so no one knows, and perhaps never will know. Infantile paralysis, and a host of other serious as well as minor ailments become epidemic and whole communities are exposed, and yet but a small percentage are affected. Tuberculosis is common and yet it selects here and there one for its victim passing the great majority by. The mumps highly contagious will tackle a fellow and yet be satisfied with afflicting only one side of its subject in many cases, while the other side is certainly most thoroughly exposed. The young and vigorous pass and the old and delicate survive. And on top of all Nature makes a jest of life and puts a joker in each individual pack. The tramp with an appetite like a gang saw and a stomach like an ostrich haunts kitchen doors for an occasional hand out, while Rockefeller who made \$8,000,000 Saturday has to eat bran mash and has a stomach that is on strike most of the time to such an extent that he cannot digest ten cents worth of anything a day. He has a billion dollars and can buy anything that man can make, but he cannot even for his whole billion buy the tramp's stomach or his riotous waste of good health. Its not a nice way for Nature to act but that's the way the old jester does.

The cement hearing in Portland conducted by the directors of the company, inquiring into the charges of Aman Moore, its vice-president, who charges a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, is being held behind closed doors, and the indications are will result in an application of whitewash. Attorney Logan representing Mr. Moore, got real peeved over the action of the committee which refused to have the hearing in public and also excluded him from its hearing except at such time as his client was testifying. He allowed his feelings to get the better of him and told the committee: "I am much inclined to tell you all to go to hell." Those acquainted with Mr. Logan will readily believe he would have told the committee just that, if he had thought its members would take his advice.

Germany turned all her clocks back an hour Saturday at midnight and is again running on correct time. The plan has not given entire satisfaction and it is not probable it will again be tried. The farmers especially object to it.

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President Sproule of the Southern Pacific is probably doing as he said he would and making an honest effort to do away with, or at least relieve the car shortage; but he is not accomplishing much in that line for the shortage has grown steadily until Saturday it was reported as above sixteen hundred cars. That is a pretty serious condition for the state for it shows that there are that many carloads of Oregon products that cannot find their way to market, and consequently that much material the money for which should be in circulation in the state, is practically worthless. The worst feature is that much of this material is perishable and will be a dead loss. There seems to be little hope of conditions getting better anyway soon. It will probably require some legislation the coming session to give some protection to the producer, who under present conditions is at the mercy of the railroads, and that is a quality they do not possess.

The little sage chicks from Harney county have the promise of Madam Schumann-Heink to sing for them next Summer at their home town. The diva was delighted with the youngsters and her interest in them is the greatest compliment they have received on their trip. They have had a wonderful time and they have more than paid for all the pleasure they have had by that which they furnished Salem and Portland. You see there are only a dozen or so of them to enjoy their trip while they gave pleasure to thousands.

A Hood River orchardist has just purchased some seven thousand acres of timber from the government paying the sum of \$350,000 for it. Evidently it pays to operate an orchard in that favored neck of the woods. Few orchardists down this way can dig up wealth in wads like that.

Another span of the Vancouver-Portland bridge has been floated into place and it is claimed the bridge will be open for traffic before Christmas. And just about the time the crossing is made easy the legislature will meet and more than likely repeal the law that now sends so much of the marrying business to Vancouver.



### FACING WINTER

Prepare for winter, gentle reader; put by the hoe and rake and seeder; the tool with which you mow the clover may rust a while, it's season's over. In storage put your trusty swatter, until the days again grow hotter. The goosebone seers as one are saying that winter won't be long delaying, and they insist when it's a comer, 'twill be an old time ring-tailed hummer. The signs all indicate a season prolonged and cold beyond all reason. The moss upon the trees is thicker; the woodland beasts are working quicker to lay in provender to last them till springtime comes again, dodgast them. The southward birds are flying faster, as though they scented some disaster. It is the goosebone seer who's spoken; he has observed the sign and token, and says the winter's coming early, and will be boisterous and surly. So blow yourself with eager ardor, for coal and sundries for the larder; prepare, all other labors dropping, and plan to do your Christmas shopping.

## LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS  
President American Society for Thrift



Spending or saving, wastefulness or economy are matters of sufficient importance to appeal to all classes of people. Today the admission is universally made that extravagance in living is one of our besetting evils. Be this charge justified or not, we know that American homes waste excessively, the pace for extravagance is set there. The untrained wife is the wasteful wife and to a great extent is responsible for the wasteful family, with the following results: improvidence in the management of the home; going in debt for luxuries; the charge account where the income is unstable; improvident training of the children. It is reliably stated that women spend 90% per cent of all the money spent in the United States. They regulate the expenses of the household of the nation. Until recently how little study has the average housewife given to the home income and expenditure? How little attention did she pay to the values of food, not estimated by the price but the amount of nutriment contained? Do women realize what great administrators

### THE OREGON STATE FAIR

(Pendleton Evening Tribune.)  
When Providence is kind and favors the Willamette Valley with fine weather during the week of the State Fair, visitors are always assured a high order of entertainment and a high class of exhibits. No state can excel Oregon in productions of the soil. None can present finer show animals. The management has always been broad, liberal and just. Exhibitors feel assured that they will receive an honest verdict from committees of award, and that every reasonable courtesy will be accorded them. The Autumn charm of the western portion of the state lures many from the east interior, and from the southern portion of the state, but the mass of the vast crowds who visit Salem at this time, come of course from Portland and the valley counties. It is a season of well wishing, a harvest of festival indeed. There is no public money more wisely appropriated than that which maintains the annual fair. There is no private money more happily expended than that which takes the family to an exhibit such as is being presented at the capital of the state this week.

### Court House News

A marriage license has been issued by the county clerk to Benjamin Harley Robertson and Nora Hester Word, both of Turner.  
S. A. Parks, of the Hospital station, has taken out an anglers' license.  
Hunters' licenses have been issued to the following: E. C. Natzger, B. F. LaFontaine, Lep Seifler and G. W. DeJardin, of Gervais; Will Becker, of Salem; Chet Myers, of Talbot; S. A. Parks, of Hospital station; J. J. Bretano and Bert Orent, of St. Paul.

Judge Galloway has issued an order confirming the sale upon execution of land described in the complaint of D. A. McKee against Nina Velorous Kays and Elvin Kays.

J. A. York has begun an action in the circuit court against the Farmers' and Merchants' bank, of Stayton, to collect \$150 alleged to be due him on a certain note and mortgage.

A decrease of divorce has been issued by Judge Galloway to Opha Clare, whose husband, Carl Clare, deserted her.

A motion to make the complaint more definite and certain has been filed in the case of Fred H. Hazard vs. Robert L. Tucker.

T. W. Riches, Custer Ross and Ed Adams, appraisers of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased, have filed their report.

William Donaldson has been appointed by the county court as administrator of the estate of the late Eli Ziegler. The estate, which has a probable value of \$400, will be appraised by E. N. Brausen, James Belme and Peter Egger.

The petition of Anna Simmons, administratrix of the estate of J. D. Simmons, asking for an allowance of \$363 as compensation for administering upon said estate, has been granted by the county court.

Saturday, November 4, at 10 a. m., has been set by the county court for hearing the final report of E. W. Hahn, administrator of the estate of Henry Hahn.

Seventy-five per cent of the women workers in Germany work ten hours a day or more and their wages vary from 2 1/2 to 18 cents an hour.

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# MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

## MR. BROOKE CALLS

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
The next day I kept Mandy in bed until noon. We were to start early the following morning, and I was determined she should rest.  
"Oh, Mandy! It was just glorious!" I exclaimed. "You did wonderfully."  
"Co'se I done fine. Ain't it the first dinner yo' done give dese No't'n white folks? I 'low they ain't nothin' on the cul'd folks when it comes to cookin'!"  
I was very busy all day. I had my packing to do, and instructions to give to Katie and Annie, who were to remain in the house. They were to do a good deal of cleaning while I was away, and I wanted it done thoroughly, as I intended to have everything spick and span when Clifford came home.  
The Ripening Friendship.  
Leonard Brooke called about 8 o'clock.  
"You look tired, little lady. I'm afraid your dinner party was too much for you," he remarked, after we were seated in the library.  
"Oh, no, indeed! I'm not so tired as that. In fact, the dinner didn't tire me one bit. I have been very busy all day, packing and attending to things about the house. It seems good to sit down quietly for a while and rest."

his meaning, then smiled to myself to think how silly I was. I was a married woman, a mother, so of course he didn't mean me.  
But how cheerless the room seemed after he had gone! I shivered as if with cold. It seemed as if all the warmth and light had left me when he went away.  
Misgivings.  
I laid my head back against the high-backed chair and wondered what Clifford was doing, how he was entertaining himself on the yacht. My unbridled imagination began riving. Was L. G., the woman who had written that note to Clifford, on board? Then I imagined him with Mrs. Horton, and her as fascinating. I visioned sweet intimacies that tortured me.  
And I knew that, whatever he did, however he acted, he never once would think of me, that what I did, where I went, were as nothing to him. Then, of a sudden, I realized that some sort of a crisis was at hand, that I wanted my husband more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.  
Finally I crept upstairs and into bed, my last waking thought a longing for Clifford.  
(Tomorrow—Welcome Home.)