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HUGHES TAKES HIS USUAL COURSE

The Oregonian this morning prints the following in its dispatches from Philadelphia, reporting the campaign of Chas. E. Hughes:

"Mr. Hughes was asked today for his views with respect to the present submarine situation. He refused to discuss it. He said he was not in control of official agencies and was not in receipt of official information. He said further that he had no desire to embarrass the Administration in dealing with any current matters as to which the Administration had the whole responsibility."

This is in line with all of Mr. Hughes' acts. He refuses to take a stand on any question but attacks the president for whatever course he takes. While refusing to commit himself now it is safe to say that within a week he will be criticising Wilson for his action or non-action on account of this submarine raid off the American coast. Hughes took precisely this course in respect to the pending strike of railroad employes, refusing to suggest any plan of settlement while the situation was critical and immediately after the solution had been reached by the passage of the eight-hour day law attacking the president in vindictive speeches.

Hughes has never yet suggested a plan which he will carry out in regard to Mexico in event of his election, or told the country what he would have done had he been in Wilson's shoes. He merely criticises and does not do that with honest sincerity, because he accuses President Wilson of having allowed a state of war with Mexico to exist—some Americans having been killed in the past four years—but has nothing to say against Taft, during whose administration almost as many American lives were sacrificed to Mexican anarchy as have been lost since Wilson became president. The policy of President Taft was almost identical with that of President Wilson regarding Mexico, yet Hughes, as presidential candidate, savagely attacks the latter and sings the praises of the former.

Hughes has not in this campaign so far said what he will do, if elected, with the European question, the Mexican question or any other real issue; he is proving himself an office-seeking politician who would rise to power only by etaring down the work of others and offering nothing of a permanent, constructive character in its place.

The car shortage continues to grow. According to reports yesterday it is mounting up toward the 2,000 mark, being now above 1,700. The worst feature of the matter is that there is apparently no relief in sight. More than 1,700 carloads of Oregon products are being kept from market and as some of these are perishable the loss is great. It's a hard blow to business of all kinds, but under existing laws there is no remedy. Will the people of Oregon stand for it or take steps at the coming session of the legislature to prevent its recurrence?

A delegation of 100 Portland businessmen passed through Salem about 9:30 last night on their way to Coos Bay. Their trip is purely a business one being made for the purpose of getting in touch with that section and securing a portion of its trade at least, for Portland. At the same time a fine program has been made and Coos Bay will show our Portland friends how to do the entertaining stunt up just about right.

Mr. Pope, of Texas, complains that class legislation is wrong and at the same time asks congress to pass a law compelling the government federal reserve board to fix and protect a minimum 12-cent a pound loan on cotton. This is of a piece with those who object to "pork" but cannot tell it from mutton if it is coming to them.

The problem of managing the state prison is being solved by the present administration in a way that the Oregonian and other critics of Governor West hardly looked for. At the rate convicts are escaping there will be nobody left inside to guard in a few months, and as a consequence the question of what to do with the prisoners will have been definitely answered.

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A BOLD THREAT

If the Daily Chronicle expresses the views of the British government there is likely to be some serious trouble between that country and the United States. The Chronicle commenting on the visit of the undersea-boat to America, Saturday, intimates that the United States is responsible for its acts. It says "obviously if Germany is allowed to wage war off the United States coast, we must take counter measures. American trade will be hampered, and incidentally the other side of the Atlantic will become very unhealthy, not only for Germans, but for American submarines."

This is a threat not even veiled, that if German submarines are allowed off the Atlantic coast, even though outside of the three mile limit, British war vessels will not be particular about what submarines it fires at but will shoot at an American ship of this type as quickly as at a German. It is suggested to our fiery British contemporary that England had better discover first if it is unhealthy for the German submarines. So far, the epidemic of unhealth seems to be confined to British shipping.

England has long arrogated to herself the ownership of the oceans but the United States never has. Outside of the three mile limit it neither has nor claims jurisdiction, and consequently has nothing to say as to what any belligerents ships may, or may not do.

It is easily understood though that should the threat be made good and an American submarine fired on, that there will be something doing that will make our old friend Johnny Bull wonder why he did it. It is probable however that the English paper is just talking to relieve its impotent rage at what it cannot prevent.

Nine ships, was not the sum total of the sinking the German submarine was guilty of Sunday and Monday. Reports from Wall Street indicate that hundreds of small financial craft were successfully torpedoed in the stock market and went down with all hands, the cook and the bank roll. The slump caught the little fellows and the big fish had some juicy bait which they proceeded to swallow. The bunch cleaned out who have been pyramiding on a rising market, now realize that a fellow can lose money in stocks considerably faster than he can make it. The aggravating thing about it was that stocks only went low enough to scoop their margins and in a few hours these same stocks were back about where they fell from.

That was some ball game yesterday. The Brooklyns made a home run in the first when unfortunately for them there were no men on the bases. The Boston aggregation got one in the third and then it was goose eggs for both teams until the fourteenth when the Bostons copped out the winning run. The fans sure got the worth of their money.

Four weeks from today settles it all but the shouting. The betting on results is reported in New York at 10 to 8 with Hughes the favorite. It should be remembered though that New York, so far as Wall Street and its gamblers are concerned, is not in touch with the country, and knows less about public sentiment than almost any other part of it.

The Capital Journal was a trifle premature recently in saying the pennant battle having been decided the country could now pay some attention to the spellbinders and political matters. It overlooked the fact that the world's series was yet to be played and that that took precedence over everything. After next week the presidential campaign will begin to awaken interest again.

Latest advices from Germany say that Ambassador Gerard is not bringing any peace propositions from the kaiser, and that his visits to leading German officials just before starting for home had nothing to do with peace. As he is due to arrive today the truth concerning the rumor will soon be known.



Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

FALL DAYS

Oh, the frost is on the pumpkin, Mary Jane; and the farmer hauls the fodder in his wain; and the ancient claybank mare has her winter coat of hair, and the cows are bawling sadly in the rain. In the morning there's a nipping, eager breeze, and the edges of the brook begin to freeze; all the summer bloom is dead, and the pretty birds are sped, and I have rheumatic twinges in my knees. You have heard me in the summer, Mary Jane, you have heard me raise the dickens and complain, wishing for some winter sleet, telling how the sizzling heat filled my person with a punk, unpleasant pain. And already, with a sad and longing sigh, I am thinking of the beauties of July, and I swear by August, too; then the skies are bright and blue, and a man can sit in comfort then and fry. I'm opposed to Father Winter and his storm; I indorse the kind of climate that is warm; when the nights are white with frost they increase our living's cost, and it's time the weather bureau knew reform.

TO MANY FIRES WAS CAUSE OF DECISION

Holding that while it is not unusual for a man to insure his property and for a fire to thereafter consume it, but that after a series of insurances and subsequent burnings occurring within a comparatively short period it is a reasonable conclusion that the last burning is something more than a coincidence, the supreme court this morning handed down an opinion affirming the judgment of Circuit Judge Percy B. Kelly, Marion county, in the case of State of Oregon vs. Fred McClard. The opinion was written by Justice McBride.

The defendant McClard was indicted for the crime of burning property with intent to injure and defraud the insurer, which crime it was alleged was committed November 7, 1915. The evidence tended to show that McClard had procured insurance upon certain clothing and personal effects, contained in the frame building at 1745 Court street, Salem. A fire occurred in his room in this building which totally destroyed the contents of the room. The claim made upon the insurance company amounted to \$239.46. Evidence was introduced at the trial to show that McClard had been concerned in fires similar to this one on former occasions, and it was on the admissibility of this evidence that the case was appealed to the supreme court.

Other opinions:
M. T. Hutchison vs. Mrs. F. D. Crandell, appellant, appealed from Columbia county, motion to dismiss appeal allowed, opinion by Justice McBride.

J. H. Myers Heating company vs. Joseph A. Stronbridge estate et al, appellants, appealed from Multnomah county, suit to foreclose mechanic's lien, opinion by Justice Bean, Circuit Judge McGinn's judgment for plaintiff affirmed.

Katherine Kosciolk, appellant, vs. Portland Railway, Light & Power company, appealed from Multnomah county, suit for damages for injuries, opinion by Justice Burnett, judgment of Circuit Judge Morrow for defendant affirmed.

Alph Lane, appellant, vs. W. F. Ball et al, appealed from Multnomah county, judgment of Judge Gantenbein reversed, opinion by Chief Justice Moore. State of Oregon vs. H. A. Stites, appellant, appealed from Multnomah county, judgment of Judge Gantenbein affirmed, opinion by Chief Justice Moore.

State of Oregon ex rel vs. George N. Farrin, original proceeding in disbarment, defendant disbarred.

State of Oregon vs. J. Ward Evans, appellant from Multnomah county, judgment of Judge Gaten affirmed, opinion by Justice Harris.

The Tattler

Take it all in all, Sunday was quite a lively day at the penitentiary.

Maybe you've noticed that the man who remembers the Sabbath to keep it holy, by sleeping through a church service in the morning, eating a whopping big dinner, taking a nap in the afternoon, and smoking cigars and dry cigars during the less somnolent and voracious periods of the day, conducts himself after the manner of a holy terror on Monday.

It is not considered sinful to say no to a newspaper reporter or yes to a candidate for office.

The autoists are making way while the sun shines.

Many little improvements to property are noticeable in all parts of Salem.

A certain young woman of this town was overheard to say to a certain young man Sunday, "You'd better run home, little fellow, and stay there till prairie picking is over."

Opening with a rush—the theatrical

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

It is reckoned that some folks are going to be surprised when Salem high meets Jefferson on the gridiron Saturday.

When a newspaper chances to be a few minutes late, and the office of that paper becomes filled with people asking the reason why, what's that a sign of?

What some of the calmer spirits call of?

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Eastward through Nevada

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MY HUSBAND AND I

by Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD LEARNS OF BROOKE'S VISIT

CHAPTER XXIII

The next morning Clifford slept late and grumbled when I at last wakened him.

"Why can't you let a fellow sleep once in a while?" he snarped as he disappeared into the bath room.

"But, Clifford! you have told me so often never to let you sleep after 8 o'clock unless you told me the night before," I replied, the last part of my remonstrance behind the closed—rather the slammed bath room door.

I waited until he had drunk one cup of coffee, and partially eaten a very good breakfast before I said anything more. Then I ventured:

"Did you have a nice time last night?"

"Um—fairly pleasant."

"So did I! I expect I enjoyed myself better than I should had I gone among strangers."

"Where did you go?" Clifford showed a gleam of interest.

"Oh, I didn't go out. Mr. Brooke called and we played and sang until nearly 11 o'clock."

"Yes, I should imagine that kind of a time would suit you better. Pleading the bell, I'd like a hot muffin!"

I rang the bell, ordered hot muffins, then very foolishly continued the conversation.

"It seems you care as little who comes here when you are away as you do my society."

"Why should I care? You are old enough to know who you want to entertain. Your bringing up hasn't been such as to cause any uneasiness because you choose to play awhile with some young cub," he answered, scarcely veiling a sneer.

"I do wish you would meet some of the people who have called on me," I went on, nettledly. "Perhaps if you knew them you would go with me when I am invited to their homes. I am not ashamed to have them meet you; if you do feel that way about me."

"By jove, Mildred! will you stop harping on what I do, and where I go! For goodness sake try to act like a woman instead of like a baby!" and he left me without even the pretense of a kiss.

Idle Tears.

For an hour I lay on the bed sobbing in my misery. Then when Mandy had exhausted every argument she could think of to calm me, but in vain, she said:

"Don you tell Mandy you hain't never a goin' to cry no mo, and mak you pretty eyes all red?"—Morse Hammond

sholy goin' to know of yo don stop."

Mandy was right. When I cried for any length of time my eyes told the story for hours afterward. So with an effort I calmed myself, then put on my hat and veil and went out for a walk. As I strolled listlessly along thinking of Clifford, of how little he cared for me or what I did, I had all I could do to keep from crying again. Then all suddenly with the thought of the happy evening I had spent with Leonard Brooke, came the thought of what father had said when I left him.

Good Advice.

"Remember, you are a married woman now, dear, and avoid the appearance of evil. Young men are sometimes attracted to girls who are not quite happy in their married life. But in the end I reckon it always means trouble."

So father realized that I was not "quite happy," and so had warned me. But if Clifford didn't object to Mr. Brooke calling on me, I couldn't see why father should care. As for there being any danger to me—to either of us, that was silly. Father was old-fashioned, I again concluded. He didn't understand the way people live nowadays.

(Tomorrow—Leonard Brooke Meets Mildred.)