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MR. FAIRBANKS AND SUGAR

Mr. Fairbanks on his recent visit here scored the democrats for taking the duty off sugar, and then putting it back, which he remarked "showed they were wrong." The democrats put sugar on the dutiable list simply because the importations due to the war had fallen off so greatly that the revenue was needed. It was a revenue measure entirely and not a protective one. Mr. Fairbanks intimated that the republican administration of which, if elected, he would be a part would keep a high duty on sugar in order to encourage its production in this country. In yesterday's market reports of the Oregonian is a lengthy article on sugar, showing that it is scarce in Germany and Austria, which before the war exported large quantities of it.

The article points out that it will be years before these countries are again in condition to make more than their own needs require. The article in question closes as follows:

"This can but mean that it will be a very long time even after the end of the war before the sugar industry in these countries can be brought back to a position which will permit of heavy exportations. England has been making great efforts to encourage sugar raising in its dependencies, but thus far the effort has been a failure. In India, of which most was expected, the area planted in sugar cane this year is 7 per cent less than that of last year.

"Taking a broad view of the situation, it is evident that the remarkable prosperity of the sugar industry in this country and Cuba rests upon a sound foundation and the end of the war will hardly see the decline in price of sugar and in the value of shares in sugar companies that some people have been predicting.

"This week one refinery made a sale of 30,000 tons, which goes to Switzerland. The allies will be forced to buy heavily in this country this fall."

The Oregonian says: "None know better than the old guard that the interests need hope for nothing from him, (Hughes.)" Against the assertion of the Oregonian it is noted that these same "interests" are solidly backing him. If they expect nothing from him why this unanimity? Big Business knows no politics other than self interest and where its interests lie there it will be found at work. This would be proper enough if its interests were always honest, but this is far from being the case. It is the special privilege it wants—and generally gets, and that is what it is backing Hughes for. It may be Mr. Hughes is big enough to stand this gang of leeches off should he be elected, but whether he is or not it is plain to be seen that they "hope" for a great deal from him, and that is why they want him elected. It is a pretty safe rule in politics to first learn what, or who big business wants and then—vote against both.

The Oregonian is cheerfully pessimistic about some things. It says "There is an idea that if the spurious Land and Loan bill—officially Full Rental Value Land Tax and Homemakers' Loan Amendment, is this year overwhelmed with a tremendous vote, U'Ren will quit. We do not think he will quit so long as there is a dollar left in the Fels fund and the open door to single tax and similar hurtful agitations is left through the initiative." Oh, ye of little faith!

Candidate Hughes wishes it understood that in speaking of black listing he has no enmity toward England and talking of the Lusitania no ill feeling toward Germany. About all the reader can get out of those two statements is that Mr. Hughes does not mean what he says in discussing those events, but is "talking for Buncombe."

If you care to know just what Teddy did to his friend Taft in 1912 open your Bible at second Samuel, chapter three and verse 27. When you have absorbed that turn to chapter twenty of same verses 9 and 10 and you will discover what the colonel did to his child, the progressive party, last June at Chicago.

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COOS BAY TRADE NOT FOR PORTLAND

The Portland businessmen visiting Coos Bay have learned that that section is pretty solidly hooked up with San Francisco, and that it will take more than a friendly visit to change this order of things. Before the building of the Eugene-Coos Bay railroad, the whole southern coast of the state was isolated from the balance of it, and was nearer San Francisco, in every way, than Portland. The cities on Coos Bay are linked with San Francisco from the earlier days. It has been San Francisco capital that has helped up-build them and it is San Francisco that furnished the market for the larger part of their products. When Portland backs that section with its money and furnishes a market for its products it will secure a portion of its trade but not until then. As Portland ships most of the things that the Coos country does, it offers a poor market for the products of that section. About the only thing Portland can offer a market for is coal, and under present conditions the outlook for Coos Bay coal fields for a market there is slim. Factories these days are run by electricity, and this, here in Oregon, can be made much more cheaply from water power than from coal. So far as fuel is concerned for household purposes, the city government of Portland is running its own wood pile and supplying that demand—or some of it. On the other hand the Coos cities are bound to divert some of the trade from Southern Oregon that now goes to Portland and turn it toward San Francisco. Portland will lose more than it gains from Coos Bay.

Senator Beveridge, so the Oregonian says, joined or returned to the republican fold "because with the nomination of Hughes, he felt the Progressive fight had been won." Wonder what special fact so convinced him it was a victory? Was it the falling into line of Boise Penrose? Of Murray Crane? Of William Barnes? Of practically every big interest? If the senator thinks that was a fight won how would he describe a defeat? When the big fish swallows the little ones it takes the highest optimism to torture the fact into a victory for the fish inside the other; yet that is exactly what happened to the progressive party.

The world's series is over and the Red Sox duplicated their feat of last year and won the world's championship. There were several records broken in the contest. A fourteen inning game, the longest in a world series was played, the attendance was the largest in history and the financial returns also the greatest. Now that it is over Americans will remember there is a war in Europe and begin to brighten up as to what has been doing the past week or two. They will also remember there is a presidential campaign on and take some interest in that again.

Mr. Hughes can explain possibly, that is if anyone can, just what the supreme court decided in the Oregon-California land grant case; and he could do this without embarrassing the president or risking being misunderstood by foreign nations. Will you not Mr. Hughes, in the interest of the Oregon voter, throw some light on that decision which otherwise must always remain in a state of rayless gloom?

Villa is reported as being in possession of a good portion of the state of Chihuahua, and "getting along much better than could be expected under the circumstances." Carranza's troops seem to have a mortal fear of him and his peon followers, and can neither be coaxed or driven to attack them.

Unless the hegira from the penitentiary is stopped some other arrangement will have to be made about pulling the flax crop next year.

The election has at least served to give the people of Oregon outside of Portland a rest from that interminable quarrel about railroad rates and a water level haul.



THE ANOMALY

While riding in my buzz-buzz cart, I hit Bill Wax and spoiled his frame, and knocked his marrow-bones apart, and he remarked, "I was to blame!" I said, "This dark disaster, Bill, to my sad life new sorrow lends; I do not run my car to kill or mutilate my dearest friends. I'll pay the surgeon if he'll fix the bones I've broken, rent and bowed; and if you journey o'er the Styx, I'll see you have a Palm Beach shroud." "It was my fault," I heard him say, "and you don't have to pay a cent, for I was walking like a jay, and wasn't looking where I went. I busted every rule, I think, which ought to govern gents on foot, and now you've put me on the blink, I think a while I should stay put." Bill Wax shines brighter than a star; Bill Wax deserves immortal fame; he says the owner of a car is not in every case to blame! Hereafter, as I tour the town, in my new car that swiftly hies, I'll always try to run him down in preference to other guys.

OPEN FORUM

The Vote of the Four Million.

To the Oregon woman voter, who, like the writer, has given of time, thought, strength and money to the work of securing the franchise for Oregon women, writing, speaking, debating for the cause, and, having helped to secure it, content to devote further energy to the study of the problems we craved the privilege of helping to solve, the spectacle of our eastern sisters (whether suffragists or anti) coming pell-mell across the continent into "the wild and woolly west" to tell us how to vote, is as amazing as it is unwelcome. Current literature, their source of information, is also available to us, and most of us can "read an' write an' figger."

We declined to join a national woman's party, and we do not favor cracking the political whip over the presidential candidates heads, to force them into line in the matter of the Susan B. Anthony amendment, even though we earnestly desire to see this simple matter of justice done to all American women, and feel the humiliation of having that highest and finest act, the privilege of which American citizenship tantalizingly passed above the heads of our less fortunate, unrecognized sisters, and dropped, uncollected into the hands of the illiterate, half civilized Indian, and for the asking, into the hands of the foreigners, indiscriminately to the deserving, and the vicious, the loyal or the spy.

While President Wilson's stubborn policy of state-by-state granting of the ballot to woman—the mercifully (?) cutting off of the dogs tail, an inch at a time—man's life-long monopoly of voting naturally has left prejudice to some, gives us that tired feeling. We are, we hope, broad minded enough to set down that idiosyncrasy to the president's early—his life-long southern traditions, and pocketing our pardonable resentment, we do him simple justice to acknowledge that he is our kindest American citizen; a truly christian gentleman; loyal, humane, patriotic, of wide culture, deep learning, of upright principles, unquestionably honorable, modest and kindly, yet filling the highest office within the power of Americans to give with dignity, and best of all and above all, conducting international affairs with rare tact and wisdom. A man-sized man for what is surely a man-sized job, tiding over these hours of crisis, truly a combination of qualifications leaving little room to be desired; a character, which should and does appeal alike to men and women, but especially to woman whose greatest concern, after all, is the welfare of her household—her husband, her sons, whom he has kept out of war; her daughter whose honor has perhaps been preserved because he kept us out of war.

The hard earned and slowly saved sum, laid up for the "rainy day" or for old age, is still safe, because he has kept us out of war. And so, we predict that the great majority of our enfranchised women will feel no hampering by party or big business considerations, no coercion into support of the muddling candidate, but will gratefully cast their ballots for the man who now stands at the helm of our ship of state and who has guided it so wisely and so safely through the breakers into our haven of peace.

(MRS.) PEARL M. BARTLETT,
R. P. D. No. 2, Salem.
(Mrs. Bartlett, formerly of Grants Pass, now of the Willamette valley, was chairman of the suffrage work for Josephine county during the campaign. Has been affiliated with the progressive party which is now supposed (by the republicans) to be back in the fold, but by the above article, it will be seen some of the women voters are, so far, nonpartisan, when it comes to anything so vital as the choice of a president.)

Says Watch Out for Gems.
Editor Capital Journal: While we are all interested in Bundle Day and

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There Is No Better

HOW TO BEGIN

wish this charitable undertaking full success, we should not overlook the possible peril to which recipients of these cast-off clothing may be exposed.

Medical science has fully demonstrated that germs, or the bacilli of several of serious contagious diseases, may survive for a long period of time in clothing worn by patients during their period of illness. An instance is on record showing the germs of scarlet fever having survived during seven years in the garments of a victim, which had been stored away; and when worn again by a child communicated the contagion to the little innocent wearer.

It will be remembered that when it was proposed by the American people to send second-hand clothing to the victims of war in Belgium the health authorities in that stricken country gave notice that such apparel could not be allowed entrance into Belgium because of the very grave danger that some of the garments may carry germs of contagious diseases.

For public safety every article received by the committee in this city on the so-called "Bundle Day" should be first thoroughly fumigated under the supervision of the authorized officers of the Board of Health and any one to whom such apparel may be offered should be given assurance that the garment has been properly treated to prevent possible infection or contagion.

This is clearly in the interest of public health.

—VIGILANCE

Southern Oregon To Have New Line

San Francisco, Oct. 13.—The opening of the large section of richly productive country between Grants Pass and Waldo, Ore., is now assured, according to a report today that John Twoby and his son, Robert Twoby, of the railroad contracting firm of Twoby Bros. company, of this city, had succeeded in arranging the sale of \$2,000,000 of bonds of the old proposed California & Coast railroad.

Mr. Twoby has long been active in promoting the railroad which originally was projected to run between Grants Pass, Ore., on the line of the Southern Pacific, to Crescent City, Cal., a distance of approximately 90 miles.

The city of Grants Pass raised \$200,000, and completed, more than a year ago, 10 miles of the proposed railroad from Grants Pass to Wilderville, in Oregon. Later the road was taken over by Mr. Twoby.

It is the present intention to extend the road from Wilderville to Waldo, a distance of 45 miles from Grants Pass, and it is estimated that \$2,000,000 will be required for this construction. At Waldo are a number of productive cop-

The governor gets \$5,000 a year salary, plus \$500 traveling expenses. Cut it to \$3,000. His private secretary gets \$3,000; cut to \$1,500.

The secretary of state \$4,500; cut to \$2,500. His chief deputy \$3,000; cut to \$1,500.

The treasurer \$4,500; cut to \$2,400. His chief deputy \$3,000; cut to \$1,500.

The constitution fixes the salary of the governor and secretary of state at \$15,000 each, and the treasurer at \$800. In 1905 the legislature smashed the constitution and raised these salaries.

The attorney general \$3,000; cut to \$2,400. His three assistants \$5,500; cut to \$4,000.

State engineer \$3,000; cut to \$2,000. His assistant \$3,000; cut to \$1,800.

Labor commissioner \$3,000; cut to \$1,800.

Circuit judges (25 of them) \$4,600 each; cut to \$2,000.

Supreme court justices (7 of them) \$4,500 each; cut to \$2,400. Art. XIII of the constitution fixes this salary at \$2,000. In 1907 the legislature raised it to \$4,500. Three years later Art. VII of the constitution was amended leaving this salary open. Now which holds, Art. XIII or Art. VII? or the unconstitutional act of the legislature?

The public service commissioners (three) \$4,000 each; cut to \$2,000. Their secretary and thirteen others get \$20,000; cut to \$14,200.

Industrial accident commissioners (three) \$3,000 each; cut to \$1,500.

Here is a saving of \$101,000 a year on salaries. The margin would still be high enough to tempt brainy men now in office to seek re-election.

The last legislature appropriated \$20,000 for a sectarian institution. This use of the taxing power violates our fundamental democracy.

The fish and game institution calls for \$99,760 a year, and is of but little general benefit. Cut it out.

The pen and industrial school costs \$119,000 a year. They should be made inter-self supporting.

From all which we could save on taxes \$520,300 a year. Is it worth while? Taxes last year amounted to \$80 for every vote cast at the last election.

LEVI D. RATLIFF,

Candidate for the Legislature.
(Pd. Adv.) Oct. 14

MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

EVADING THE QUESTION

CHAPTER XLVI

"What wonderful weather we are having!" I responded, in a vain effort to turn the conversation.

"Yes, isn't it? That woman with Leonard Brooke was probably a married woman. I, for one, don't see what women are thinking of nowadays."

My heart almost stopped beating, and I felt that all the blood in my body had gone into my face. Just then Kate came in with her candles, as she always did at dusk.

"Don't light them yet, Kate! It's pleasant to sit in the dusk," I told her, glad that the growing dimness of the room hid my blushes.

"I always like to sit in the dusk, too, dear Mrs. Hammond!" my visitor gushed again, "it is such a comfy way to gossip. Let me see, we were talking of Mr. Brooke. Have you any idea who was with him? She was about your size I should judge, and wore a sun-faded coat and veil."

"I know very few of Mr. Brooke's friends," I evaded, "you know I have lived here so short a time, and an account of baby have been out very little until lately."

"That's so. Well perhaps Muriel will know. But I really must be going. I have so enjoyed seeing you again. Do call soon!"

Alone at Last.

As the door closed upon my visitor I snuk weakly upon a chair. What an escape. How thankful I was that Leonard had told me she gossiped. Had he not I should probably have at once acknowledged that I was riling with Leonard, and she would have made something out of it, while really it amounted to nothing.

One thing I decided. That telltale brown veil should be destroyed at once. I would not even give it to Kate who usually got such things when I was through with them, but I would burn it. So I wrapped it in a piece of paper and put it into the kitchen stove. Just then Mandy came out of the pantry.

"Fo' the lan's sake chile, what you doin' makin' such a smudge? Yo' giv'ings to burnin' to Mandy?" But there was a hot fire and the veil was soon destroyed.

Shall Clifford Know of Ride?

When Clifford came in I had not yet decided to speak of my ride with Brooke. I at first thought I would tell him; but the longer I considered it the less inclined I was to speak to him about it.

Clifford had told me I was old enough to know with whom I wanted to "play," and had sneered at me. Why should I continually subject myself to his sarcasm? Had he objected, and I then had gone, I surely should have told him. But as he had virtually given his permission, had told me to do as I pleased, why should I discuss my actions with him? No, I decided, just as he came in, I would say nothing. If he asked me what I had been doing I would tell him, otherwise I would keep my own counsel.

"Mrs. Jordan called today," I volunteered at dinner.

"Nell Jordan?"

"Yes, I believe that's her name."

"What did she have to offer?"

"Nothing much! It was her first call you know, although I met her some time ago. She apologized because she had not called before, and wished you would come in while she was here. She said she had known you casually for a long time, and was well acquainted with many of your friends. I can't say I care much for her, she gushes too much. Then, too, she called me 'dear' once or twice, and that I can't endure from a stranger."

"I don't like such familiarity myself," Clifford answered just as the telephone rang, and Kate called him.

Who could it be? Was he going out again and leave me alone?

When he returned to the table he gave me no information, although he had talked for some time. Neither did I ask him any questions.

(Tomorrow—Clifford Objects to Nell Jordan.)