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AMERICA'S PART OF THE WAR COST

The prevailing high prices for all food stuffs are unanswerable proof that supply and demand alone regulate prices. The demand from Europe for American food-stuffs has drawn on the supply to such an extent that while it is not exhausted, its scarcity forces prices up. With this, is the willingness of the foreign markets to pay the prices charged by American dealers. The price the foreigner is willing to pay fixes that which the local consumer must also pay.

It is estimated the cost of living in America has advanced forty per cent, some estimates say fifty, or even more, since the European war began. This brings home to us the fact that we as a nation must bear our portion of the cost of the war. At the same time it is pointed out that England's debt due to the war is some fifteen billion dollars. This seems a staggering sum, yet we on this side of the ocean, and taking no part in the war, are paying on account of it not less than three billion dollars a year in the increased cost of living. If the actual cost of food consumed by Americans averaged \$60 a year, then the advance of fifty per cent would amount to three billions yearly. If the food cost was as some estimates give it \$100 a year, the increased cost is five billions.

Of course England and the other warring nations, besides the war debt they are creating, have had an additional burden of living expenses to meet just as we have, only much heavier; but it is evident that we are paying our share. We point to the vast sums of gold we have accumulated and the credits we have acquired besides the debts wiped out, yet all these combined would not begin to equal the amount taken from the pockets of American consumers by increased living cost.

There is another side to the matter too. That is that the money spent for this increased cost of living has not gone out of the country to any great extent, it growing most of its own foodstuffs, so that this extra expenditure has been after all but a redistribution of the money of the country, part of it going to the farmer and producer and another and perhaps larger part to speculators and middlemen. It has undoubtedly done much to better the condition of the farmer, and this part of it is far from regrettable, but the extra rake off that has gone to the speculator is another matter. For instance when wheat went up two cents in Chicago, Wednesday, Cleveland bakers at once added one cent to the price of a loaf of bread. Yet one bushel of wheat will make 100 five-cent loaves of bread. So that an increase of two cents in the price of flour was passed on to the consumer by the baker increased fifty times. Two cents worth of flour was turned into one dollar's worth of bread. It is the same, though not to so great an extent as in the case cited, with all other products. The addition of a cent to the price of canned stuff at the cannery, grows as the goods pass through several hands on their way to the consumer. The jobber adds a cent, and the wholesaler another and by the time it leaves the retailers hands the one cent has grown to five and a ten cent can is sold for fifteen cents. The producer and canner get one cent and the middlemen get four.

The fact that Mount Ranier has so long retained that name instead of being given the title of Tacoma is due entirely to the Northern Pacific railroad, which when it started the town of Tacoma as a rival to Seattle and undertook to kill the latter place, gave it the name of the mountain. That was a red rag to Seattle and most of the balance of the state, which so soon as it had secured the railroad began abusing it. It was their road and they had a right to do this and they did it. Tacoma was not acceptable because the railroad suggested it.

It would be interesting to watch the angle of "Uncle Joe" Cannon's cigar as he reads what Candidate Hughes said about him and the other sixty-nine republican congressmen who voted for "that cowardly surrender to force", the Adamson bill. Representative Hawley of the first Oregon district was another member who voted for the bill.

The Oregonian is fighting the election of George Tazwell for county judge and supporting George M. McBride. In answering a criticism of its course it says: "It does not bow to the verdict of a primary of 40,000 or any other number of voters in its selection of a nominee for an important office who is not fit." This stand shows admirable backbone but the question still remains: "Is the Oregonian correct in its estimate of the nominee or are the voters who named him the better judges?" If it has the facts to justify its stand then it is correct, for a newspaper has a duty to perform for the public and this sometimes when the public objects to the duty being performed. No paper is worthy of the name that will endorse a candidate whom it knows to be unfit just because the party it is affiliated with sees fit to nominate him. There are times when blind loyalty to party is treachery to the community.

County Clerk Gehlher noting an editorial in the Capital Journal anent the nuisance of registering and hoping sometime a law would be enacted that would stick and permit a voter to avoid registering every time he had a few minutes to spare; called the Journal's attention to the fact that the present law provides for the registration standing until the voter changed his place of residence. We of course understand what the present law says, and only wished to note the fact that some wise legislator at the coming session would probably discover the law needed fixing and would proceed to amend it so the whole registration business will have to be gone over again. If this is done it will be about the last tinkering with the matter for the disgusted voter will do away with the whole system. Might as well have a law that permits fraudulent voting as to have one that prevents the honest voter getting to the polls.

A queer political situation exists in Wisconsin. Senator La Follette is running for re-election on the republican ticket. As is well known, La Follette voted for the Underwood tariff as well as the Adamson eight hour bill, both of which measures are roundly denounced by the republicans in general and Justice Hughes in particular. The old-time republican organ at Madison, called The State Journal, carries at the head of its editorial column this ticket: For President, Woodrow Wilson; for U. S. Senator, Robert M. La Follette; for Governor, Burt Williams, who happens to be the democratic nominee for that office. The chief editorial writer on The State Journal, W. T. Evjue by name, is a republican nominee for the legislature and refuses to support Governor Philipp for re-election.

It is hoped Portland may see its way clear to protect the Portland Railway, Light & Power company in its franchise rights in that city and keep the jitneys from making a bankrupt of it. Salem is interested in the matter because she does not want to have to make up the company's income shortages when she pays her electric light bills. You see a railway, or even a railroad company always passes the buck along to someone, and in this case Salem does not want the next deal.

The Oregonian is so hard driven to find an argument in defense of its varied positions politically that it actually has a good word for Cleveland who at one time was its favorite target, and who like President Wilson did nothing right in the eyes of the Oregonian so long as he was in the White House, but whom it now quotes as its authority. In a few years it will probably awaken to the fact that Wilson was a mighty good president.

Those Denver housewives who are suggesting the substitution of potato bread for the regular wheaten kind have not studied the market quotations. Potatoes are almost as dear as wheat now and the indications are they will soon be fully as expensive. Substituting \$2 a bushel potatoes for \$2 a bushel wheat, when the latter "goes further" is about like substituting cake for bread.

When the colonel started for the south to make Hughes speeches yesterday, good old Dame Nature undertook to balance things up with a cyclone and earthquake. At the same time on Wall street the gamblers changed their bets from two to one on Hughes, to ten to eight.

It is less than three weeks until the election and yet Candidate Hughes has not vouchsafed a word of enlightenment on the Oregon-California land grant puzzle which he helped make. If the does not enlighten the state on the matter it will probably never know what Justice Hughes and the balance of the court did to it.

The Underwood tariff is blamed for the vacant houses in Portland. This is about as sensible as the railroads telling how they are suffering from the eight-hour day which is not in effect yet.

Governor Withycombe yesterday turned loose 8 per cent of the prison population. Will the Oregonian not give us a dissertation on prison management as it used to when Oswald West was governor?

In addition to the price the war has added to the cost of all food stuffs Mr. Hughes and Mr. Fairbanks would add a tariff to make them still higher.

Congressman Hawley is to speak here sometime before the election. It is a safe bet he has nothing to say about the Adamson bill, or why he voted for it.

OPEN FORUM

Editor Salem Journal: Some time ago I saw in your paper an article which referred to the laws of Oregon as touching the title to real estate, which I think is of much and of great importance, especially to all who are owners of real estate (or think themselves owners) for it seems that about all that is needed for to get any one (though it be a poor and aged widow) in serious trouble over the title to their home, is for some witty lawyer on some rainy day when he is at leisure, to get hold of the abstract to your land and pick out the mistakes and blunders made by the carelessness and ignorance of the people who in some way are (under the present laws) connected with your title, and though you have had your warranty deed to your home for 16 years, and that there be none at any time, or none at the present time, who have claimed any right to any part of your property, if this lawyer can make it appear that any irregularities appear, by the abstract, then you will be compelled to engage a lawyer or two and go to court with your case, you will be compelled to make diligent search for all of the persons who in any way appear to be connected with your title (as appears from the abstract of title) to correct these irregularities or mistakes which other people have from time to time made, you will have to put up money (liberally) for to pay the sheriff for serving notices and for all sorts of affidavits, for recordings and publications, and the Lord only knows what all more trouble and expense will be yours to meet after the lawyer gets hold of your abstract of title, and too Mr. Editor, the abstract itself is an imposition when a poor widow must pay \$35 for a 30-page abstract of her title, why compel this poor woman to purchase the history of all the ups and downs of a family whom she knows nor cares a fig about? A friend of mine told me some time ago while I was attending our conference that his son had made as high as \$1,500 per month in the abstract business in Oregon. The abstract man and the lawyer is about all there is who enjoy any real benefit from the laws of Oregon as touching the records of the title to your home and land. I have a case, Mr. Editor, in hand, that of an aged widow, which I may give you in detail, a case which is about equal to leaving her nothing but the paper.

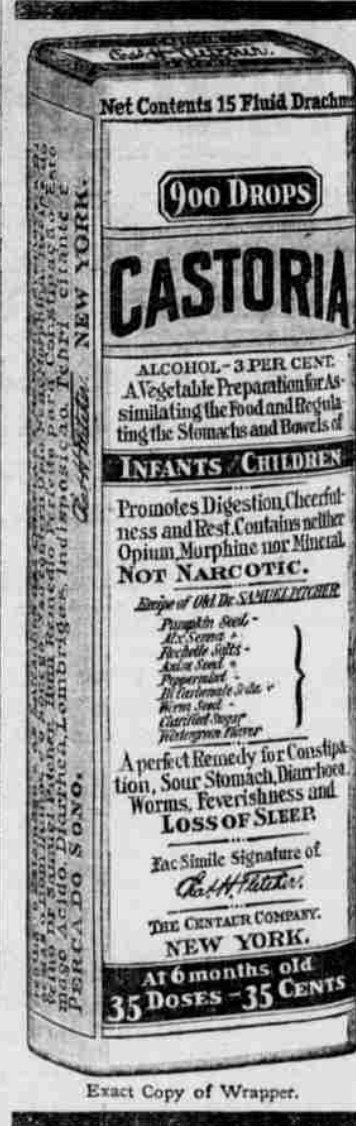
D. J. GOODE.

World's Greatest Water Reservoir Opened Today in New Mexico

Elephant Butte, N. M., Oct. 19. — When the golden key which started the waters of the Rio Grande river flowing through the spillways of the great new Elephant Butte dam was turned today 200,000 acres of fertile land in the chain of valleys in New Mexico, Texas and Old Mexico were added to our acreage. The dedicatory exercises were held here at the dam, about 125 miles up the river from El Paso and about 175 miles below Albuquerque and marked the completion of the reclamation service's greatest project, one of the most pretentious of its kind in the history of the world.

The Elephant Butte dam is a mass of concrete and steel thrown across the Rio Grande river on the desert of New Mexico at the point where a great rock, shaped like a mastodon's elephant, seems to drink from the Rio Grande. This giant impounding dam has formed the largest irrigation reservoir in the world. More than 45 miles in length and eight miles across, the lake stores the melted snows of the Colorado and New Mexican mountain ranges and these waters are allowed to flow through the spillways of the dam when the land needs moisture. At the conclusion of the elaborate dedicatory exercises, the first session of the Twenty-third International Irrigation congress was held at the dam.

"The dedication of Elephant Butte dam today is an event of world-wide importance," said James G. McNary, chairman of the board of control of the irri-



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THE BOOB

I often think that old Bill Wax should occupy a padded cell; his intellect is full of cracks, like some outworn, discordant bell. All lunatics should be in charge of keepers, at the booby place; that old Bill Wax remains at large you will admit, is a disgrace. I talk with him from day to day, no word of mine to him appeals; disputing everything I say, he makes me hot, from head to heels. When I explain that Charley Hughes is, as a statesman, truly great, old Bill hands out his moldy views, indorsing t'other candidate. When I rebuke the kaiser's course, and say his conduct is a shame, old Wax will argue, till he's hoarse, that Nicholas must bear the blame. Whatever argument I make, whatever words of truth I say, old Bill the other side will take, and chew the rag for half a day. And I have heard that he explains to those who'll listen for a spell, that I have weevil in my brains, and should be in a padded cell!

Recent borings in Texas brought to light rich deposits of potash salts. The borings were made to a depth of nine hundred feet. There is every indication that a large basin of potash lies in the vicinity.

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INTRODUCTIONS

CHAPTER LIII.
"Clifford, I want you to meet Mr. Franklyn. I am dining with him and his wife." I said in a steady voice, entirely ignoring the sensation I very evidently had made. "Please present us to your friends."
That Clifford was angry was obvious. He turned white, and the veins in his forehead stood out like great cords. But in a coldly polite tone, he replied: "It was kind of Mr. Franklyn to invite you. Ladies, allow me to introduce Mrs. Hammond, and her host for the evening, Mr. Franklyn."
Not a name had he mentioned. In a way my little ruse had failed.
"Am I not to meet your wife, Hammond? What have I done that I should be denied such a privilege?"
"It is Mr. Lockwood, isn't it?" I asked with all the aplomb I could muster before Clifford could answer. As Mr. Lockwood bowed, I extended my hand and he bent gallantly over it. A look of something very like admiration passed over Clifford's face; but was followed almost immediately by one of the scowling kind I had learned to dread. Without lingering long enough to give him a chance to say anything I took Burton's arm, and bowed to them, saying: "I have promised the next dance, so you will excuse me," and we walked away.
"By gad, but you ARE a brick!" Burton declared with emphasis when we were out of hearing.
"Am I not?" I laughed, this time glad to reply.
I felt a certain exhilaration, as though I had gone through some great battle and come off victor. Yet in my heart I knew I should have to suffer for what I had done; that Clifford would make me pay.
The Dance With Leonard.
The next dance I danced with Leonard Brooke, and as we passed Clifford, this time dancing with the woman in blue, I nodded gaily at him, and threw some little laughing remark over my shoulder. Leonard looked very handsome in his evening clothes, and danced almost as well as Clifford. I heard my husband's companion say as we passed them:
"Who is that good-looking young fellow dancing with your wife?"
I strained my ears but couldn't catch his answer; then smiled to myself as I imagined it.
"Oh, some young cub!" he had probably told her. Cub being his favorite name for very young men.
An Invitation.
We all sat out the next dance. Burton had ordered a pitcher of delicious fruit cup, and we chatted and watched the dancers while we sipped it.
I resolutely avoided looking in the direction of Clifford's party, and as resolutely tried to put him and the consequences of my action from my mind.
"You are perfectly stunning to-night!" Leonard Brooke told me. "Isn't she Muriel?"
"Indeed she is! I never saw her looking better." Then to me, "You should wear a great deal of that shade of yellow, Muriel, it is wonderfully becoming."
There was nothing small or mean about Muriel Franklyn. She was always ready with her appreciation of another woman, to compliment or praise her. Now when I am older I realize that it is a characteristic not possessed by many women.
"May I venture to ask for the next dance, Mrs. Hammond?"
I turned at the voice, and looked up into the blue face of Hal Lockwood, the millionaire who had been so anxious to meet me.
"Certainly," I replied. Surely there could be no harm in dancing with my husband's friend. I introduced him to Leonard and Muriel and then we left them.
(Tomorrow—A Request to Call.)

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