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HUGHES' ELECTION MEANS WAR

Wilson's policy in Mexico has been weak. Hughes' policy would be stronger. If he were elected the full militia would probably be called into action and Carranza made to come to terms or fight. This is what Hughes means, what Roosevelt means, and what many believe who do not take stock in any further waiting policy. In other words, the United States should not depend so much on other governments to help it out of a difficulty. Americans interested in Mexico should have their interests protected, our border made safe, and another than Carranza placed at the head of Mexican affairs. There is no use in beating around the bush over this question for the sake of politics. The United States should show less of a vacillating policy, put up a strong front, quit this cowardly game of Central and South American that it can look after its border itself, and stop with force this guerrilla warfare in Mexico. It would help the interests, but it would also be a relief to stop this tantalizing Mexican trouble. If there is eventually to be war between Mexico and the United States, it would be better to show a firmness on our part at once and fight Carranza without further delay. Woodburn Independent.

The Independent is a republican paper supporting Hughes for president. It is to be commended for its honesty and frankness. It thinks resort to arms the only solution of the Mexican problem and it has a right to think so, and to draw the inference from the utterances of the candidate it is supporting for president, Mr. Hughes, that he will force the Mexicans to submit to his demands by force of arms. We do not believe a majority of the people of the United States are in accord with this view of the situation, however.

A war with Mexico may be a trival affair or it may be a serious matter before it is over. Complications with other nations, especially South American countries, may ensue—who knows? Once the spark of war is ignited what may happen before the flames are quenched can only be conjectured.

The people of this country are fearful of a government committed to an aggressive foreign policy—they have always tried to avoid foreign complications and broils. The Roosevelt policy pursued toward European nations might lead to even more serious results and we may be fighting Germany even before a clash comes with Mexico should Roosevelt dominate the Hughes administration. The colonel is restless, ambitious, pugnacious by nature and temperament. The halo of military glory dazzles him and not to be taking a leading part in the greatest war in the world's history is giving him, no doubt, the greatest disappointment of his career. His prospective application for a commanding place in the army when Mexican affairs reached a crisis a few months ago, is an evidence of his consuming ambition. Mr. Hughes has said that he endorses Colonel Roosevelt's statements concerning the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania—but will he allow himself to be guided into war should another crisis come—and it is liable to come any moment while the great war rages? That is the question which is puzzling the country today and the answer is not forthcoming.

As the Independent, quoted above, states frankly and we believe logically based upon Mr. Hughes' campaign speeches, war with Mexico would follow closely upon his inauguration as president, but the greater question of measuring strength with Germany is shrouded in doubt, because there is no way to determine the hold Colonel Roosevelt may have upon the administration should Hughes win at the polls.

A battle was reported in progress yesterday in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, with about two thousand men on each side. This being the case the dispatches today should show that Villa was victorious. In all the clashes between the Carranzistas and the bandits the de facto soldiers apparently refused to fight. It is reported Carranza has imported quite an army from the south and that these will not run away. Yesterday's mix up may show this is as untrue as almost everything else that comes out of Mexico.

Straw votes taken by a Spokane newspaper show that Poindexter leads Turner for the United States senatorship by the proportion of two and three-tenths votes to one. Poindexter while supporting Hughes is an admirer of Wilson and voted for many of his measures. Not only voted for them but boasted about it when it was thrown up to him during the primary campaign. This is one of the reasons for his popularity.

THEIR CAMPAIGN OF INSINCERITY

"I was told today by a man who had been doing some figuring," said ex-Senator Chas. W. Fulton, who addressed one of the largest political gatherings of the year at Heilbronn hall here Saturday night, "that if the Adamson eight hour law goes into effect, the increase in freight rates will cost you 10 cents more per box to transport your apples to eastern markets."—Hood River Glacier, Rep.

Mr. Fulton was not sincere in making this statement, because he will just as quickly tell an audience of workmen in Portland that the Adamson bill was only a fake to catch their votes and will mean nothing to them in the way of increased wages. Hughes campaigners are making this statement today in the industrial centers. That is the trouble with the Hughes campaign—it lacks sincerity. Mr. Fulton, for instance, in one speech will brand the Adamson eight-hour day law as the most vicious measure ever enacted by congress, and in the next will ask the voters of Oregon to return Representative Hawley to congress, a man who voted for the Adamson bill. If Wilson should be defeated because of the Adamson law why should not Hawley meet a similar fate? Mr. Fulton, also, knows, or should know, that even if this law raises wages by shortening hours, it does not necessarily mean an increase of freight rates. The railroads made enough money during the last fiscal year to stand the raise without appreciably feeling it. Besides Mr. Fulton has not figured out the details of the raise if there is one—it will take the commission of experts weeks to do this work devoting their entire time to the work. The statement made in the Hood River speech was only a cheap sectional appeal to the people of that community in order to obtain their votes under false pretense. It is not a legal but rather a moral misdemeanor.

The Oregonian this morning contradicts ex-Senator Fulton by saying:

"A little careful study convinces the trainmen that it doesn't even increase their wages without a compensating increase in the quantity of service that they have to perform."
"They see, too, that the law practically abrogates all existing private agreements between the railroads and the men and that the railroads will have the power to exact the maximum service from their employes. In other words, they can work the men up to the eight hour limit at various odd jobs, even if their regular work is completed within the eight hours."

Of course, if the railroad trainmen have to work harder for the same money under the Adamson law instead of raising the freight on every box of Hood River apples, as Fulton says, it ought to enable the railroads to reduce rates. If it's the kind of a law the Oregonian this morning says it is what becomes of all the bunk the Oregonian, Hughes, Roosevelt, Fulton, et al have been preaching from day to day about congress being held up and sand-bagged into passing a law benefitting only the railroad trainmen at the expense of the public?

All these contradicting statements—this blowing hot and blowing cold at the same time—comes no doubt from the fact that the Hughes supporters have no real issue. They are astride the fence bidding for the support of all factions. Hughes hands out bouquets to the German-Americans while Roosevelt swats them with brickbats, and they are all juggling and quibbling and whining, not so much about what President Wilson has done, but the way he has done it.

Meantime Wilson's strength with the people is growing daily and indications point to a veritable landslide on election day which will bury the defamers of the president beyond all hope of resurrection under the name of any party in the future.

Only two weeks more and the straw vote evidence will be no more. Also the yawp of the spellbinder and swish of imported skirts will be stilled and Mr. Hughes can go home and hide his blushes.

If you have not registered remember this is the last day in the afternoon, and go and do it. This for the city election only as it is too late for the general election. Like Sarah Bernhardt's farewell tours, this is positively "the last time."

If Mexico can buy a million dollars worth of rolling stock in the "Middle West" what is the matter with the Southern Pacific doing the same thing and at the same time doing away with the car shortage?



THE HAMMER

The man who plies a hammer on everything that's good, kicks up a lot of clamor, but doesn't saw the wood. We stand up for improvement, for forward steps each day; we know the old time groove meant stagnation and decay. Improvement's banner waving, right cheerfully we hump; we want to do some paving, and buy a village pump. We get the people feeling that what we plan is right, and then we hit the ceiling—the knocker is in sight. It is a thousand pities that knockers are on hand; for hamlets might be cities, if they were only canned. The burg that's buried under a coat of mold and rust, might be a seventh wonder, if knockers bit the dust. One glum, despondent kicker, who greets all hopeful plans with ribald sneer and snicker, makes boosters also rans. The work of busy boosters is easily destroyed; the kicking human roosters soon make it null and void. So let us knock the kicker, and kick the knocker, too, and march to glory quicker than otherwise we'd do.

As I See It

1. A graduated land-tax (by constitutional amendment, if necessary) that will life a measure of the burden from small cultivated holdings and place it on the big land speculators. Let them pay for the dog-in-the-manger act.
2. State employment for unemployed citizens. Employ them in developing swamp lands, stump lands, desert lands, then lease these lands, and from the proceeds create and maintain an employment fund. Develop water-power plants and handle in the same way. Thus aid the needy, develop the State, and create a perpetual source of income for employment purposes.
3. Text-book, state printed, at cost to public schools. The school-book trust hold-up is inexcusable.
4. Prohibit teachers wearing sectarian garbs in public schools. All public functions should be non-sectarian. This principle is violated in several places in Marion county.
5. Only former public school students eligible to teach in public schools. The public school is a nursery of patriotism, a maker of democracy. It transforms our diverse feelings and sentiments and racial prejudices into a homogeneous Americanism. Those who are educated apart, having only sectarian instruction and association, are unfit. They have not the spirit of the public school.
6. Official inspection. Let all institutions be under the eye of the State. Permit no private or sectarian penal servitude.
7. No public money to private or sectarian institutions.

Levi D. Raliff

Candidate for the Legislature
—Paid Adv.

DEATH OF NEWELL S. AUSTIN

Newell Seth Austin died at the home of his brother, James A. Austin, at 12:30 last Friday afternoon, October 13, aged 78 years and one month. Deceased was a man of gentle nature, of noble character, and was greatly beloved by all who knew him. The funeral was Sunday afternoon, services being held at the M. E. church at 1:30 and well attended. The remains were then taken to Lee Mission cemetery, Salem, for interment. At the church services Rev. E. G. Decker, who officiated, read the following obituary:

Newell Seth Austin was born near Monroe, Green county, Wisconsin, on September 15, 1838. With the family he moved overland to Minnesota. He attended the common schools in Monroe and Minnesota and in 1864 attended the Hamlin University at Red Wing, one year, then joined the West Wisconsin Conference.

He was ordained deacon by Bishop Simpson in September, 1867, and ordained as elder by Bishop Simpson in October, 1869; located at his own request in September, 1873, by Bishop S. M. Merrill, since which time he supplied different appointments for six or eight years in Minnesota.

He came to Oregon in November, 1889; supplied Siletia station one year, when his wife's health became so poor that he was obliged to cease preaching. He had been a resident of Woodburn for the last ten years, living with his brother, J. A. Austin, where he left an estate beyond, for which he was well prepared. He was converted at the age of ten years and always claimed that he was called to preach the gospel at that time.—Woodburn Independent.

Mill City Items

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Mill City, Ore., Oct. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wood motored to the Round-Up then to Corvallis and Coberg, returning Sunday.

E. E. Cooper

CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF
CITY MARSHAL

I believe in civil service for the police department, and in a more full co-operation between the police department and the home, for the protection of young girls and boys. With the assistance of all good citizens, I shall if nominated and elected enforce all laws alike, playing no favorites. I earnestly solicit your support. (Paid Adv.)

H. W. Elgin

CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF
City Recorder

City Primary Election Nov. 6, 1916
General Election Dec. 4, 1916. SALEM, OREGON (Paid Adv.)

My Official Record is My Recommendation to the Voters

J. T. Welsh

CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF
CITY MARSHAL

City Primary Election Nov. 6, 1916
General Election Dec. 4, 1916. SALEM, OREGON (Paid Adv.)



"Justice to All without Regard to Wealth, Poverty or Position."
That's My Motto.

A. M. DALRYMPLE

For
City Recorder
(Paid Adv.)



JUDGE WILLIAM GALLOWAY.
Candidate for Re-Election.
VOTE 49 X.
(Paid Adv.)

Mrs. Maud Holt, Mrs. Allen, Miss Edith Sherwood and Harry Mason. Everyone reports a fine time and good conversation.

Rev. Fife preached here Sunday morning and evening. Everyone enjoyed the good sermons. He will be here again next Sunday. Everybody welcome.



A DRESS SUIT KEPT AT A CLUB

CHAPTER LV.
"But how did you get dressed if you didn't come home?" I interrupted, astonished at his assertion.
"I always keep clothes at my club," he explained freely.
So that was the way men managed when they didn't come home to dinner. I had flattered myself that I knew when Clifford remained out on business and when he went out for pleasure because of the clothes he wore. Now I never should know whether he was telling the truth or not—when he claimed it was "business" that detained him.
"I want you to understand that I won't have you running around to public cafes, dancing with every Tom, Dick and Harry who asks you! Remember, I forbid you going again unless I take you!"
"Who were the ladies with you?" I parried, hoping to avoid an answer.
"You didn't mention their names when you introduced me!"
"Never mind that! You do as I say or you'll regret it." And without another word or look he left the house.
Perplexed.
After Clifford had gone I wondered why—angry as he had seemed the night before—he had let me off so easily. True, he had forbidden me to go to public places without him, but I had not made any promise, I reflected. But he had mentioned neither my action in coming to his table and compelling him to notice me, nor had he said anything

regarding Hal Lockwood. I finally concluded that he probably had not finished all he had to say. Perhaps he was too angry. He might broach the subject again.
"Well, let him!" I thought. "I will not be so frightened next time. If I am he shall not know it. The worst of the thing was over—the dread of his displeasure. And—well, words didn't kill. Although many times I had almost wished they would.
Another possible reason for his letting me off so easily occurred to me, accompanied by a little spasm of joy. Burton Franklyn had called me a "brick!" Had the course I had taken appealed to the sporting side of Clifford's character, and had he been just a bit proud of me? Oh, if I only knew! it would help me so in the future.
Hal Lockwood Calls.
To my astonishment Clifford did not mention the subject again. And you may be sure I did not refer to the evening I spent at the restaurant. I was too glad to be rid of the matter.
A few days afterward Kate brought me a card.
Hal Lockwood had kept his promise to call.
"The gentleman is in the drawing room, ma'am," Kate told me.
"Tell him I will be down immediately." I said as I gave a hurried look in the glass, then as hurriedly changed the dress I was wearing for one becoming.
"What will Clifford say?" I asked

myself aloud as I looked at the card. Then I remembered what Burton had said. Hal Lockwood was my husband's friend, so why should he say anything? Yet I could not throw off the feeling that Clifford would object to his call, while I felt foolishly flattered that he had remembered.
"I scarcely hoped to be fortunate enough to find you in," he greeted me.
"I am seldom out at this time of day," I answered, then blushed furiously at the look he bent on me.
We chatted for a while, then I rang for tea. After Kate had left us and I was busy over the tea things, he spoke of the restaurant and the dancers.
"Wasn't their dancing exquisite?" I outstayed.
"Oh, they were all right! but professionals do not interest me," he answered in a bored tone. "Now I should say that you danced quite as well, besides being immensely attractive in other ways."
"You flatter me," I laughed, and tried to change the subject.
It was no use.
"I admired your course the other night when you spoke to me. I don't blame him for wanting to keep you all for himself; and not introducing you to his gay friends, myself among the number," and he smiled quizzically.
(Tomorrow—Youth a Woman's Greatest Asset.)

LADD & BUSH, Bankers

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