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WHY PAUSE FOR A REPLY?

The Oregonian commenting on a paragraph in the Capital Journal anent that paper's indorsement of Cleveland, points out that it at the time indorsed him just as it did recently. To prove this it points out and names the headings of several editorials praising him for his stand on the gold basis issue; also his stand in the Venezuela matter and then asks questions and wants to know what if Wilson would have done what Cleveland did in the Venezuela case, and if Cleveland would have done as Wilson did in the recent Mexican matter, and "pauses for a reply!" As for its indorsement in 1895 of Cleveland, it was of his gold standard position only, which was identical with the republican idea, and the Oregonian could not take any other stand without going back on its party. That it indorsed the gold standard and therefore Cleveland's position on the same is freely conceded; but that it did not keep up a round of attack on him on other matters is not. As for its questions, we frankly confess we do not know what President Wilson would have done had he been president when the Venezuela incident was acted upon; nor do we profess to know what Cleveland would do with Mexico were he president now. Cleveland took his own course and kept us out of war. Wilson with the far more dangerous situation has taken the course that seemed best to him, and he accomplished just what Cleveland did, kept us out of war. We being a "Little American" in the Oregonian's opinion, can of course not tell what other people would have done under given circumstances, but the Editor of the Oregonian being a "Big American" can tell what anyone else is thinking about; what they would do or leave undone, as well as telling what they should do or should have done, and how they should have done it. Why should it "pause for a reply" when it knows everything in advance?

President Wilson took a sly dig at Hughes and Roosevelt in his speech to the Farmers' Day audience at Shadow Lawn, Saturday, when he said: "I am not expecting this country to get into war, because I am not expecting certain gentlemen will have a chance of making a mess of it. I know the way we have preserved peace has been objected to by certain gentlemen. But these gentlemen say they would have acted in a manner that would have inevitably led the country into war. 'In the light of Colonel Roosevelt's declaration that he would have been 'into Mexico up to the hilt,' and the further statement that he would have 'seized every interned German ship,' after the Lusitania incident, the president's reply is timely. Portugal seized German ships interned with her, and the answer was a declaration of war. Is this what the gory Colonel wants?"

The whole question of transcontinental freight rates was thrown wide open again when the Interstate Commerce Committee decided to grant another series of hearings on the matter. Spokane started the row by insisting that as there is no water competition between the Atlantic and Pacific ports, the reason for the maintenance of lower freight rates from coast to coast than to intermediate points does not exist.

The interstate commerce commission has begun an investigation of the car shortage. By the time it discovers what caused it the shortage will be over. That is where the beauty of the American system comes in: Relief is always at hand when the investigators get through.

The goldbug train is on its way back east from whence it came. Its being sent out on the campaign was one of the minor mistakes of the party managers. Sending Hughes and the Colonel were the major errors, compared to which the women's special was a small affair.

Flour is now the highest priced since the civil war, and sugar is fast making a record. At present there seems no signs of either having reached the summit.

Bread is rising so rapidly that the bakers should be able to get along without yeast.

LADD & BUSH, Bankers
Established 1868
CAPITAL \$500,000.00

Transact a General Banking Business
Safety Deposit Boxes
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

A FAST DAY FOOD

A writer in the Oregonian telling of the good things to eat now in the market among others mentions carp. The carp is supposed to be a fish, probably because it lives in the water. The writer says "it is a rarity and can be bought for 15 cents a pound." The only good thing about a carp is this rarity, and anyone who has tried to eat one of these brevet fish will indorse this statement. A poreupine turned inside out would be an improvement on the internal construction of a carp. A few handfull of fine tooth combs boiled in a clam chowder until the mixture was inspissated would pass in the dark any time for a feed of carp. A couple of gross of toothpicks fried in batter would make a good companion dish, that is provided one could tell which was which, and which was a section of barbed wire fence with fish remnants clinging to it. The bones are individual and fascicular; and apparently the fish, if it can be called that, has all its fins inside of it and they have hatched there. A hungry man would starve to death while trying to pick the splinters out of his feed. The carp may be "a good thing in the market," and this being so it should be allowed to remain there.

Gifford Pinchot, notorious as the man who, under President Roosevelt, attempted to include practically the entire Pacific Northwest in national reserves for the benefit of future generations to come, spoke in Portland last night in advocacy of Hughes' election. Among other things the Oregonian quotes him as saying that the Underwood tariff bill has ruined the lumber business of Oregon. This is a funny remark to make when the Portland Telegram only on last Saturday reported the lumber market breaking records for strength with the price advanced \$1 per thousand feet, the highest level reached in years, and the Oregonian on Monday reporting three large schooners loading lumber cargoes for Australia, in direct competition with Canadian mills. And this morning the Oregonian reports the Southern Pacific company asking bids on 15,000,000 feet of lumber for building 2500 new cars, made necessary by the record-breaking prosperity of the Northwest, according to the railroad company's explanation of the present car shortage. Mr. Pinchot will find that the reign of the calamity howler is over if he lingers in Oregon long enough to mix with the people who are going to do the voting on November 7th.

Candidate Hughes is fearful lest the honor of the nation be besmirched while Socialist Candidate Benson is fearful lest his stomach be left empty. Hughes is talking fancy and Benson facts. It reminds one of an old story of a Frenchman and a German who were talking about the merits of their soldiers. The Frenchman said: "The German fights for money but the Frenchman fights for glory."

Yah, dat is right," said the German, "everybody fights for what he needs de most."

Mr. George W. Kreidt, who is a deaf mute, has brought suit in Judge Kavanaugh's court in Portland, for a divorce. He alleges that his wife called him names on her fingers. The court should take into consideration the fact that George is guilty of contributory negligence. He should have looked the other way.

Chicago is facing a hard-coal famine due largely to car shortage. It is claimed the city will be smokier than Pittsburg and that the laundries will do a big business keeping Chicagoans clean collar supply up to normal.

The Southern Pacific Company is preparing to build 2,500 cars, a proper thing today but several months behind time.

Illinois may yet get into the Wilson column. Colonel Roosevelt is to speak in Chicago Thursday.

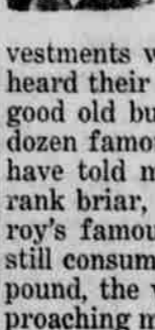
Carranza's troops are sure some league team. They make a home run every time they go to bat.



Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason

THREATENED MEN

Doc Whiskers says, "I am not joking when saying you must cut out smoking, or cross to t'other shore." I listen to the admonition of that renowned and learned physician, and then I smoke some more. The docs are fond of threats and bluffing; they like to scare you while they're stuffing their pills into your craw; they like to raise a little riot about your exercise and diet, while brandishing the saw. Long years ago the doctors told me that graveyard vestments would enfold me, unless I ceased to smoke; I heard their rede, then, late and early, I kept on smoking good old burley, and quite forgot to croak. At least a dozen famous surgeons, apothecaries and chirurgeons, have told me of my plight: "Unless you can your old rank briar, the nicotine will knock you higher than Gifford's famous kite." And still my briar is a fixture; I still consume the Four Flush mixture, and buy it by the pound, the while the docs stand round and threaten, reproaching me that I'm forgettin' I'll soon be underground.



OPEN FORUM

MR. GEHLHAR'S POLITICAL ACTIVITIES

To the Editor—Prior to the primaries, Mr. Gehlhar was widely mentioned as a candidate against Ben W. Oleott. Evidently Mr. Gehlhar decided that to defeat Oleott was too big a job for him to undertake, and not liking the idea of being out of office he turned his attention to securing the republican nomination for district attorney. To this end there was issued at the expense of the taxpayers, of this county, what is known as the "1916 Taxpayers' Guide" and several thousand copies were mailed to the voters at the expense of the county, although the "Guide" was designed to be and in fact was an advertisement personal to Mr. Gehlhar and not primarily issued either to enlighten or benefit the people to whom it was sent, but rather to promote Mr. Gehlhar's candidacy.

On the first of this folder is the statement:
"Compiled from the Marion county records and published by Max Gehlhar, county clerk, January 1, 1916."
Now the fact is, while it was compiled by Mr. Gehlhar, it was published by an order of the county court, that authorized the publication of certain facts, but did not authorize nor have knowledge prior to the printing, of the self advertisements inserted therein by Mr. Gehlhar.

This "Guide" on the front page announces to and advises the people that it is sent them "with the compliments of Max Gehlhar, county clerk." Now, the phrase, "Compliments of Max Gehlhar, county clerk," was intended to convey any meaning, it was to impress upon the people the idea that Mr. Gehlhar was sending the "Guide" to them at his own expense; and taken in connection with the statement that it was "compiled and published by Max Gehlhar, county clerk" justifies me in saying that Mr. Gehlhar designedly attempted to delude the people into believing that Mr. Gehlhar had compiled, published and mailed the "Guide" as an individual and without expense to the taxpayers. The fact is, the people paid for the work Mr. Gehlhar did in compiling it, the cost of addressing each copy and all the postage.

Why, then, except to mislead, did Mr. Gehlhar employ, without the knowledge or consent of the county court, this misleading phrase, which appears twice in the "Guide"?

On the back of the pamphlet, I find in large print, the following:
"For county information telephone county clerk's office, write county clerk's office, call at county clerk's office, Max Gehlhar, county clerk, Salem, Oregon."
That this is gratuitous self advertising at the expense of the people, is self evident. It may be as one man described it, "mighty smooth," but it is rather undignified and hardly in keeping with the idea that "smoothness" is not a requisite of the public service. And it is fair in this connection to direct attention to the fact that the tickets sold at the military balls bear on their backs, in his own writing, the name of Max Gehlhar. Evidently Mr. Gehlhar is an adept in the art of advertising.

The "Guide" is in some respects misleading and taken in connection with Mr. Gehlhar's own advertisement in a county paper that "every other office in the county has increased its expenditures," is exceedingly unjust. For instance, the "Guide" shows that the assessor's office increased its expenses from \$115 to \$650 a year, but it does not show the fact that the new law took the extension of the tax roll from Mr. Gehlhar's office and made the assessor extend it at a cost of \$700.00 annually.
The "Guide" shows that the treasurer's office, under Mr. Drager, increased its expenses about \$900 a year, but it does not show the fact that the law took the tax collecting from the sheriff and turned it over to the treasurer, and that this increase in expenses was caused by the employment of necessary clerical aid in that office on the

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

approval of the county court.

I am perfectly frank in saying that I am opposed to Mr. Gehlhar in this election. Not only does his personal advertising in the "Guide," on ball tickets and in the newspapers condemn him as lacking sincerity and dignity, but the fact that he is inexperienced as an attorney and is, in my judgment, utterly incompetent, precludes my supporting him.

Now if any person doubts these statements about the "Guide" they are at liberty to inquire of the county assessor, of the treasurer, of the county judge, as to the allegations in this letter. If Mr. Gehlhar claims to be qualified to fill this office, so important to the people, let him publish when he ever tried a case in a court of record.

In conclusion, I have this to say: If Mr. Gehlhar is elected and he cannot give better satisfaction to the people as district attorney, than he did to Company M, as their commanding officer, he would be promptly recalled.
—D. W. FISHER.

STATE NEWS

Marshfield Record:—Roderick Macleay, president of the Wedderburn Trading company, on the Rogue river passed through the city on his way to Portland He arrived Saturday night from Curry county and left for the north on the Sunday morning train. Mr. Macleay has been at his Rogue river property most of the summer and will be in Portland during the coming winter. The season was an exceptionally good one for salmon fishing. The Macleay cannery put up about 20,000 cases of salmon and the pack was the largest ever known on Rogue river. The men were paid high

prices for the fish and there has been prosperity in the Rogue river country.

East Oregonian:—As an indication of the rise in farm land within this county in the past five years the sale of a half-section of wheat land near Adams today for \$40,000. The land was sold by Art Grover, of Helix, for \$125 per acre, and this same land Mr. Nelson bought five years ago for \$24,000 or \$77.50 an acre. The land lies about four miles from Adams and is good as any wheat land in the county.

Myrtle Creek Mail:—One Myrtle Creek prune man reported a yield of \$357 per acre this year from dried prunes. Others report yields of more than \$300 per acre. This should be encouraging news, to the men who planted good land to apples several years ago and have grown discouraged and disgusted with the country. They should plant prunes.

Bandon:—A. D. Winegar and Marion Zumwalt who picked up at sea the life boats of the Congress, received \$400 as salvage. They were first offered \$150 but asked for \$500, and finally compromised on \$400 which was pretty good for two hours work.

COTTON NEARS 20 CENTS
New York, Oct. 24.—Cotton climbed toward 20 cents today. In early trading on the cotton exchange there were advances of 12 to 25 points to new high levels. July cotton sold at 19.69, up 23, December at 19.14, up 22.

She Knew.
Hunter—You mean to tell me that you have shopped all the livelong day without buying anything?
Mrs. Hunter—Yes, but I know what everybody else got.

MY HUSBAND AND I
by Jane Phelps

THE SILVER LINING

CHAPTER LVIII

After Clifford left in the morning I was so glad and happy because of his unusual amiability that I sang and laughed all day long.

"It sholy is good to see yo so pearl!" Mandy said, looking at me over her glasses. "What's don' happened, Honey?"

"Oh, nothing, Mandy!—yes, there has, too!" I qualified. "My Tammond was so nice this morning, nice to me I mean, that I can't help singing."

"Ef he wuz nice to yo all re time it wouldn't hurt him none!" she returned with her characteristic snuff. But I paid no attention to her remark, knowing how she loved me, and how jealousy she guarded my happiness.

"Come Edith, vos and mother will go for a nice walk. Perhaps we will go to see Aunt Muriel," as she had been taught to call Mrs. Franklyn.

"But I se feared it ain goin' to rain!" Mandy expostulated. "Thar's a big black cloud over thar!" She pointed out the window.

"Every cloud has a silver lining for me today!" I replied happily. "Isn't it so, Edith?" and I gave my precious girl a "bear hug."

"You are the silver lining to my clouds, darling—always," I said more soberly. Then I laughed at the puzzled expression in her little face. Her mother morningizing was something unusual.

"The very idee callin' that blessed lam' a 'linin'!" Mandy grumbled as she helped get her charge ready.

A Morning Call.

It was quite a long walk to Muriel's, but we walked slowly, occasionally stopping to rest. Edith was getting too big to be carried, and I didn't want to tire her.

"I am so glad to see you!" Muriel exclaimed. Then to Edith: "Kiss me this minute, you blessed lamb!"

"That's what Mandy called me," Edith told her as she kissed her cheek.

"Mandy's a wise old owl!" Muriel laughed.

"Be careful what you say about Mandy," I warned. "She and Edith have no secrets."

"What's happened to you, Mildred?" Muriel asked after she had found some toys with which Edith was to amuse herself while we chatted. "You look so bright and happy. Really you don't look over it. I don't believe you are Edith's mother at all!"

"She's my miver," Edith interposed, before I answered.

"Oh, I AM happy this morning! I slept so well, and oh!—everything has been so pleasant that I am—just plain happy!"

"A very lucid explanation," Muriel teased. "I understand perfectly," but in spite of her laughing tone, I imagined she DID understand. Perhaps more clearly than I had intended she should.

We remained for an hour, then walked home.

A New Costume.

After luncheon I dressed and went to the dressmaker's for a fitting. I had ordered a black velvet street suit, a coat and one-piece dress. Clifford should never again have cause to complain of my appearance if I could help it. I was now in danger of going to the other extreme. But as yet he had made no objection to the bills, so I did not consider them at all, but ordered what I fancied.

My dress was so pretty, so stylish that I was elated. It was trimmed with chinchilla fur, and had dainty yellow lace ruffles at the neck and sleeves. Otherwise it was severely plain, but fitted me perfectly. It was all finished and a sudden which seized me to wear it home. Lorraine had "built," as she expressed it, me a cunning little toque of fur, and velvet to match the costume, and I knew that I looked extremely chic as I walked home.

When about half way there I saw Clifford coming along a side street and turned to meet him.

"Whew!" he ejaculated. "What in the world are you dressed up like this for? Where are you going?"

"To meet you," I answered, taking my hand in his arm. I had seen by his expression that he was pleased with my appearance.

"You are certainly learning how to dress," he approved, "but don't send me to the porchouse!"

(Tomorrow—The Line of Least Resistance.)