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OREGONIAN FAVORS AN EMBARGO

The Oregonian commenting on the high cost of living, points out that we are shipping vast quantities of food stuffs to the warring nations of Europe, although we need them at home. It says in the nine months ending September 30 this country exported meats of the value of \$196,000,000. It calls attention to the fact that we have exported wheat in nine months to the amount of 113,824,817 bushels and also vast quantities of leather and 20,000,000 pairs of shoes. The things stated are undoubtedly true. It adds:

"A prudent administration, thinking more of the welfare of the United States and less of the welfare of the Mexicans, would have foreseen this result of the war and would have guarded against it. When an adequate supply of bread, meat, shoes and other necessities is in question, the principle of America first should be applied. We should feed and clothe our own people before selling to other nations. In these times of stress it is folly for a nation to permit a few of its people to grow rich by selling the materials needed to feed and clothe the rest of the population."

On what does the Oregonian predicate its assertion that a prudent administration would have foreseen this result and guarded against it? It intimates that the proper thing to do would be to place an embargo on wheat and all other things needed in this country. There is no other way to prevent our products going abroad, and in all the years since this country got out of its swaddling clothes no law has been passed guarding against the conditions that now confront us. It was because this country has always had more than it could use even after the world had been supplied, and it was never dreamed of that the granaries and resources of this great agricultural section could be exhausted.

If an embargo is used to reduce prices where will it stop short of being absolute? United States Steel has raised prices of all its products used in this country, on account of the demands on it for war material, and in order to make it reduce prices it would be necessary to stop its sending its products abroad. It would be the same with practically every other commodity. Then prices would drop and the foreign markets being cut off, hard times would follow. We remember an editorial in the Oregonian during the Cleveland administration which flouted the idea of low prices being beneficial to the consumer, and asked "what is the use of low prices, if one has no money?"

As Cleveland said it is a condition, not a theory that confronts us and it will have to be stood as best it can, until that condition changes. It is the result of the law of supply and demand, plus a large fraction of downright robbery on the part of big business, the interests and speculators. The latter element could be eliminated and conditions much improved by a law forbidding the selling of anything the seller could not deliver. But to place an embargo on food stuffs would be to throw the entire burden of meeting the high cost of living onto the shoulders of the farmers. Would this be fair to them? An embargo might help the consumer temporarily, but it would cinch the farmer, and he being pinched the balance of us would in a short time have the bill to pay, and we would be in no better condition by reason of making a man-made law supplement that of supply and demand.

At last the world is told what caused the dissensions and bickerings among the Food peace delegation, and why the armies were not out of the trenches by Christmas." Dr. Aked who has heretofore been looked upon as the boss kicker of that party, in a lecture recently asserted that the trouble came from Mme. Rosika Schwimmer who wanted "to dictate the price of the party's breakfast and the temperature of the baths." Too bad little things like those should have prevented the war being ended last year.

Colonel Roosevelt's date in Baltimore has been cancelled, and he will speak in Bridgeport, Connecticut instead. The campaign managers say he will do more good there. What they probably meant was that he would do less harm.

Mrs. Cuneo, of San Francisco has no kick against the high cost of living. On this account a judge recently increased her allowance from her husband's estate, from \$100 to \$300 a month.

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HUGHES FAVORS SALE OF WAR MUNITIONS

The Deutschland is back in our ports again and will return to Germany with goods needed in the Fatherland which American markets can supply. This is the truest possible test of the impartiality of President Wilson's neutral policy. The Germans are as free to buy supplies here as are the allies and there will be no discrimination or favoritism shown.

Hughes campaigners, some of them professional German-American politicians, have been going among the voters of German nativity or ancestry and telling them what Hughes would do for them if elected president. He would put an embargo on the shipment of munitions of war to the allies, bring England to time for interfering with our mail and shipping, and no longer interfere with the unrestricted submarine warfare of Germany. Of course, intelligent German-American voters have looked upon these promises of the Hughes campaign workers with suspicion and distrust, but there are others, not so well informed regarding American institutions and ideals, who have been inclined to support Hughes as a special friend and ally of Germany.

Yesterday, however, questions from the audience forced Mr. Hughes to state his position on the European war more clearly than ever before. He declared that he would put no embargo on shipments of munitions, and would defend the right of American citizens to travel abroad in peace and security—a complete endorsement of President Wilson's policy.

This statement from Hughes will put a lot of workers who have been trying to herd the German-Americans into the Hughes camp out of business. They will not be able to fool these people in face of his own statement and the further fear that Roosevelt's influence is likely to force Hughes into war with Germany at the first excuse that is offered.

Here is a hunch anent the high cost of living. Sam Smith, of Columbus, Ohio, was so thin that when he itched he didn't know whether to scratch his stomach or his back, got a job as city water taster, having to sample the drink once every hour. In a little while he weighed 200 pounds. Of course most cities do not have so much fattening material in their water—and it might not work where there was less food and more water in the drink.

That supposed murder case in California where Benton Barrett, an aged rancher confesses to killing his wife and her son, grows more puzzling daily. It has been reported from several sources that both his alleged victims have been seen alive since the day they were murdered, and Tuesday attorneys for Barrett said they would produce the stepson Barrett says he murdered, in court at the proper time.

The president's emphatic denial of the story repeated by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to the effect that the president had added a postscript to his note to Germany and subsequently removed it, should set that dream at rest. Senator Lodge showed poor judgment in repeating so silly a story on hearsay evidence, but then he had little else to accuse the president of and had to manufacture something on which to base an attack.

The course of true love got a jolt in Chicago Tuesday when the price of chocolates was advanced from ten to twenty cents, and ice cream sodas were fifteen. "It's on account of the war" say the pretty girls who pass the dope out, and that is supposed to settle all questions.

Sauer kraut is selling at \$20 a barrel in Cleveland—"on account of the war."

The Wild Man of Borneo need not come to town any longer. A company is installing a telephone system on the island.



WINTER'S COMING

It is a pleasant thing to know that Winter comes a-flying, and we shall have the luscious snow for which we have been sighing. Some people shudder when they speak of this delightful season; they hate to hear the blizzards shriek, and mark the brooklets freezin'. But I am glad to see the sleet, I keep my harpstrings thrumming, and clap my hands and wave my feet, for wintertime is coming. 'Tis then we sit around the fire, the whole blamed bunch together, and tell old tales and punch lyre, and laugh at stormy weather. We're closer drawn in kinship then, than warm days ever find us, the children and the whiskered men, and granny perched behind us. Home life is truer when the storm howls round the roof and basement, when our old sitting room is warm, though frost is on the casement. So light the lamp and bar the door and, keep the fireplace humming; all other seasons are a bore, and wintertime is coming.



HALLS TOO SMALL FOR HUGHES CROWDS

Candidates Voice Strained from Enforced Speaking Out of Doors

By Perry Arnold
(United Press staff correspondent)
Sullman, Ind., Nov. 1.—If Republican Candidate Hughes follows his campaign advisers' request a goodly part of his campaigning from now on until the finish on Nov. 5 will be along the Wilsonian lines. In other words he is going to follow out the president's scheme of "appearances" to the public.

Hughes' friends realize the nominee's voice has just about gone the limit of endurance and cannot be pressed any farther than the present program calls for. In the face of this knowledge they are confronted with appeals from every settlement along the railroads which the candidate travels, for stops of some sort.

The scheme decided on and which Hughes has been asked to follow is for the candidate to carry out only his present program of speeches, during four more days of stamping but to "show himself" as much as possible.

Hughes was up early after leaving Evansville at 8 o'clock today and did not miss showing himself to any cross roads crowds.

Despite his tremendous program since August 1, Hughes' voice seems clear and strong.

Personally he is supremely confident, but not letting that confidence lead him into slighting any audiences by "sliding over" and speeches.

Here through Indiana, the strain is particularly hard on his voice as outdoor meetings are necessary because no halls are big enough to take care of the crowds he draws.

It was Americanism, tariff and false prosperity upon which Hughes planned to make his appeal to Indiana voters today, on the final day of his campaigning in the Hoosier state. Tonight he winds up his middle west stamping with a mass meeting at Terre Haute and departs early in the night for the final whirlwind session in New York state.

As a mark of respect to the memory of Colonel James Jackson, United States army, retired, who died in Portland October 21, the officers of the national guard of Oregon will wear a knot of black sash upon the sword belt for a period of 30 days, by order of the commander in chief through Walter W. Wilson, major, inspector general's department, acting adjutant general. Colonel Jackson, who was well known in Salem, received his commission as Second Lieutenant of Infantry April 22, 1863, and served continuously until retired, November 21, 1897. He was detailed with the Oregon national guard under special orders of the war department in 1892 and was on continuous duty until the time of his death.

At the meeting of the members of the Six O'clock club last evening at the First Methodist church, E. R. Ringo discussed the proposed brewers' amendment. Walter Winslow spoke on "Prohibiting the Importation of Intoxicating Liquors for Beverage Purposes." Mr. Winslow claimed that a state has the right to absolutely prohibit the importation of alcohol and that this right is guaranteed a state congress. I. H. Van Winkle, assistant attorney general, also delivered a short talk. Notwithstanding

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MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

WAITING FOR CLIFFORD

CHAPTER LXIV.
After he had gone I returned to the piano and played softly for another half hour. As I allowed my hands to glide over the keys I thought of the pleasant evening I had spent, of Hal Lockwood. Surely Clifford must have been mistaken when he spoke of Mr. Lockwood as a man who made love to every pretty woman he met. He had never attempted to talk of love to me. He had been most conventional. But then came an awful thought—perhaps he did not call me a "pretty woman."
I jumped up and ran to a mirror. Yes, I WAS pretty, if bright eyes, regular features, a good complexion and wavy brown hair made a woman pretty. Clifford couldn't have meant what he said about him, or—perhaps there had been a reason, after all, why he had not made love to me. Perhaps he thought me too young; and felt like an older brother or father to me. That thought relieved my mind immediately. I hated to think it was because I was ugly or uninteresting that he had not attempted to flatter me as he did the other women he knew.
I undressed and slipping into a kimono. Then I found an interesting magazine, and cuddled up in a big chair to wait for my husband. He came in about 1 o'clock.
"I thought I had forbidden you to wait up for me," he said.
"Oh, but it isn't very late, Clifford, and I wasn't at all sleepy, so I thought

I would read until you came in."
"What time did Lockwood go?"
"About 12."
"You must have proven unusually interesting to keep him so long!" he replied, a sneer in his voice. But I made no reply.
Clifford's Orders.
The next morning I referred once or twice to the previous evening, to Hal Lockwood. Clifford seemed singularly uninterested, and with his manner there reentered the question of the night before. Had he a motive in leaving us together?
Before he finished his breakfast he suddenly put his cup down and said severely:
"I want you to understand once for all, Mildred, that I mean what I say! I will not be spied upon by a silly girl. I have the right to go WHERE I please, and to come home WHEN I please. The next time I am out I want to find you in bed and asleep when I come in. That's all. But understand I will be obeyed."
All day I thought of what he had said, and his manner when he declared he would be obeyed. I was not a child like Edith to be told when I should go to bed. I was a married woman, and a mother. I would NOT obey him, would not so humiliate myself. Then I remembered my resolution not to allow ANYTHING Clifford might say or do make me waver in my efforts to please him. I would go to bed, and if I could

not sleep why I would pretend. Anything to make him love me.
But even as I decided I wondered if I should become that uninteresting creature—a woman with no mind of her own—because of my desire to please Clifford.
An Invitation.
Muriel was going to give a party. A small dinner dance. The invitation had just arrived, and I was so excited I could scarcely wait for Clifford to come home to talk about it.
"Who's going?" he asked, as I shoved the engraved card into his hand while I talked.
"Oh, only about a dozen at dinner, but 50 more are coming in to dance and to supper. Won't it be lovely?"
"Don't get so excited. Tell me someone who is going."
"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Norville, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colton, Addison Baldwin and his wife, Leonard Broeke and us, are among those asked to dinner. Then for the dance, there's Mr. Lockwood, Mrs. Horton"—I looked keenly at Clifford, but not by the flicker of an eyelash did he show the slightest added interest—"and those nice people you introduced me to one day—Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and—"
"That will do," Clifford declared. "I'll go this time. I only hope I shall not be bored to death."
(Tomorrow—Clothes.)

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John M. Scott, Gen. Pass. Agt. Portland, Ore.

the many other attractions in the city last night, the meeting was well attended. On the evening of November 14, Carl Abrams will talk on "The United States in Mexico" before the club.

It sometimes happens that a good man's conscience doesn't keep him from accumulating a million.

Senator George E. Chamberlain has been making a good campaign for the re-election of President Wilson.

Elgin, Ore., is erecting a concrete building for her fire department.



NONE BETTER YOU'LL LIKE IT

Butter Nut

PURE AND RICH SWEET AND CLEAN