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THE HIGH COST OF DYING

The High Cost of Living now has a rival in the High Cost of Dying. This on account of the war, which from any reasonable viewpoint it seems should make dying cheaper and much more convenient. All drugs, and the alcohol which is used in preserving, them have advanced in price tremendously, and even the bottles as well as the corks for them are way up in price. The printed label which tells you how and when to tackle the death-chasing dope, costs double what it did before the war. The purple paper which the druggist wraps the package in, and the colored string which secures it in place are all aboard the price zeppelins. The paper on which the prescription is written and the lead in the pencil cost more because people over in Europe are engaged in an effort to exterminate each other, and even the cedar which encloses the lead it is desired by some should be made to cost more by preventing the wood grown in Canada from competing with that from this country. The bulb on the dropper with which you measure out the dose prescribed, is affected by the war and is in the High Cost family. The spoon too is there with his claim to relationship and the napkin with which you wipe your lips after sampling the contents of the spoon indicates to you that cotton is the highest since our own "unpleasantness." As for death, and the attendant laying away of the body, it has become so expensive as to almost discourage one about even trying to die.

The Oregonian has several times sneered at the democracy for repudiating one plank of its platform which reads: "We favor a single presidential term, and to that end will urge the adoption of an amendment making the president of the United States ineligible for re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle." The Oregonian knows that it would require an amendment to the constitution to make this effective. The pledge-plank did not pledge its candidate, who at that time was not named not to make the race for a second term. It would have been foolish to do so, for that would have made a second term impossible for a democrat, while leaving a republican or any other party candidate free to make as many races for the office as he pleased. It was a pledge to help change the law that was all. It was the entering wedge which in time will result in accomplishment. There are many reasons why there should be but one term, of not longer than six years, and the democratic party took a step in the right direction in recommending the law.

There is no question but the bridge across the Willamette river at Salem should be built next year work beginning just as soon as the water reaches a stage where work can be prosecuted to advantage. If this is to be done, however, the Marion county court must get busy and reach an agreement with Polk county as to type of bridge, location and other details. To do this will take time and if the matter is not hurried along work cannot be commenced next year in time to complete the structure before the high water interferes with work. By the first of the year these preliminaries should all be arranged, or there will very likely be no bridge at all over the river by the end of the coming year.

Mr. Hughes last Monday outlined in his speech at Boston his conception of the presidency. Among other things he said: "First, we will not meddle with things that do not concern us; second, when we say we will respect the rights of small nations, we will respect them in reality." This sounds good but how does it square with the acts of his right-hand helper, Colonel Roosevelt; who when president respected the rights of a small nation by practically robbing our little neighbor, Columbia of her territory?

All materials necessary for funerals, except of course the principal one, the corpse, have increased in price from twenty to sixty per cent. This is the climax to the high price of drugs. The latter may improve the general health, and the former reduce the number of suicides.

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NEGLECTING HER OPPORTUNITY

According to some of the Hughes newspapers, the warring nations of Europe are engaged in manufacturing all kinds of goods and products to dump on our shores so soon as the war ends. Naturally most of us feel that the principal occupation in those countries is carrying on the war, and that millions of former workers are either on the battle front or have been—and are not. If this dumping statement is true and the European countries are loaded for us, why do not some of them do the dumping act now? England has the ships and the freedom of the seas, and with her thriftiness one would think she would now be dumping part of that mysterious surplus while the dumping is good and the prices at record height. Our imports from England never were less and although the wicked Underwood tariff is in effect and the rates at about 28 per cent instead of 45, the British manufacturer is not taking advantage of the conditions and unloading at the top of the market. Why this neglect of business on their part. If, as is asserted England has such vast quantities of goods why isn't she dumping them before the war is over, and when she will have, according to these dump prophets such tremendous competition? The fact is neither England nor any other country has the goods. With millions of workers at the front and other millions working double shifts in making things needed in carrying on the war, there are none to create a vast quantity of products for use outside of their own countries. It is a Hallowe'en bugaboo, a pumpkin with a tallow dip in it to scare the overly timid or very young children.

Candidate Hughes has finally made a few remarks about the Danbury hatters' case, explaining it by saying "a jury tried the case and the court could not see where the jury had made any errors." Now while this is far from satisfactory, for it shows the court could not find any justice either in the findings of the jury or from its own intelligence, will he kindly throw a little light on the Oregon-California land grant case? Will he explain how the company had, or has a grant in fee simple, with a condition to it? Will he explain how it, as the court held, was bound under the terms of the grant to sell the lands to settlers in quantities not to exceed 160 acres and at a price not to exceed \$2.50 per acre; but as no time had been fixed in the granting act in which these sales should be made, that the company need not sell the lands at all. We submit that Mr. Hughes could enlighten the public on this subject without "embarrassing the president." Will he do it?

In introducing the speaker, (C. W. Fulton) Hon. Binger Hermann declared that if Mr. Hughes is elected next Tuesday it is more than probable that Senator Fulton will be made a member of the cabinet during the next four years.—Roseburg Review.

What do you think of that? Fulton for Hughes cabinet, probably for secretary of the interior—and that, too, in face of the fact that Oregon and California railroad land grant matter is still unsettled. If Binger Hermann knows what he is talking about Hughes' election will mean that the old land graft gang that Prosecutor Heney broke up will be in complete control again.

In one column of its editorial page the Oregonian is telling railroad men they were "gold bricked" by the passage of the Adamson eight-hour day law and in another column it argues that the railroad men held-up wages of these already overpaid employees of the railroad. Of course the statements are contradicting. If one is true the other could not be—an evidence that the Oregonian and other Hughes campaigners still cling to the belief that they can fool a majority of the voters of the country.

The Oregonian compares what Wilson and Hughes have said concerning labor. Now will it also compare what the two have actually done for for it.



Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

DULL CAMPAIGN

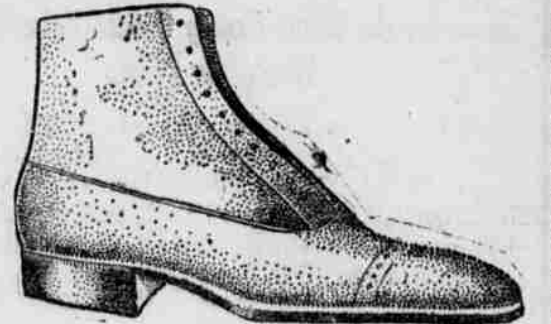
I wonder what's the matter! The statesmen rant and chatter, and yell and scream and toot; but no one seems affrighted, and no one gets excited, and no one cares a hoot. We poor, downtrodden voters are busy with our motors, for now the roads are grand; we haven't time to harken to statesmen and their barkin' of perils in this land. The weather's most enchanting, so we go gallivanting, in "sixes," "eights" or "fours;" oh, who would list to yawping, when autumn leaves are dropping, and sunshine's out of doors? Who cares about the issues? Let statesmen sprain the tissues of larynx, lung and throat; we will not linger near them, we will not pause to hear them, for here's our choo-choo boat. Who cares a prune or prism for this or t'other ism, since autumn zephyrs blow? Our problems may be deeper—but gasoline is cheaper than 'twas a month ago. The statesmen talk and twitter, but where is there a critter who'll list to what they say? The roads are fine and dandy, the good tin can is handy, and so we drive away.

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WHEN PURCHASING TRY SALEM FIRST SALEM COMMERCIAL CLUB

ABUSE BY HUGHES MAKES WILSON VOTES

La Grande, Or., Oct. 30.—To the Editor—Union county will give President Wilson a lead of at least 500 over Hughes. Although a republican by choice, I am an American by birth. I was a candidate for representative in the republican primaries, and a registered republican and expect to so register until such time as partisan politics is abolished and a citizen will be required to register as an American only. But as a disgusted member of the Hughes alliance, I am wearing the Wilson button and will hope, work and vote for his election.

Wilson will be re-elected—not as a democrat, but as a man in whom the people have confidence. The American people are thankful for the many excellent laws and policies of the Wilson administration, and when the Sphinx of Mystery suddenly became transformed into a rasping phonograph playing T. R. records condemning the entire Wilson administration as undesirable and something to be abolished the people wanted to know what he could give them as a substitute. Mr. Hughes answered, "Deeds, not words" and with all the T. R. records he has reproduced since, no words of meaning have been spoken that explain what will be substituted for the progressive Wilson legislation.

Also the "Golden Special" and other similar campaign vaudeville stunts have greatly cheapened the candidacy of Mr. Hughes. But when the star supporter of the republican camp, Theodore Roosevelt, has the nerve and indecency to say what he did last Saturday—well, the more of such talk the more votes for Wilson; that is all there is to it. Roosevelt said, "Today, so our democratic friends tell us, is Wilson day. If so, it should be appointed a day of fasting and humiliation for the people of the United States. During the past three years they have eaten the bitter bread of shame and trod the paths of dishonor under the leadership

of Mr. Wilson. The American people are not going to sanction this kind of degeneracy from any sorahel, not even T. R. —George Huntington Carver.

STRONG FOR M'MAHAN

(Woodburn Independent, Rep.) The Independent, actuated by no ulterior motive, having at heart only the interest of the people both as citizens and taxpayers, and desiring the impartial enforcement of the law by an able and efficient officer who is without fear, in this, its last appeal to you, urges that the office of district attorney be the most important one to be filled in this county, it directs your attention to the fact that Mr. Gehlhar is practically without experience as an attorney; that he never filed a criminal case to our knowledge, or argued a case to a jury; that he never argued a case in the supreme court.

Mr. Gehlhar was not the choice of the republican party. Out of a total vote of 7910 cast at the primaries, 5561 were cast against him, and he would never have dared to go before any convention or assemblage of voters where his qualifications for this office could be promptly investigated. Taxpayers urge the unreasonableness of paying Mr. Gehlhar a total of \$8400 taken from our overburdened taxpayers to enable him to pursue his law studies and build up a private practice. No other man ever asked this of us. The district attorney is the legal adviser of the county and must pass upon all its contracts. To him would be submitted all the papers relating to the construction of the proposed 200,000 bridge at Salem, and the safety and peace and orderly well being of our citizens would depend upon his official conduct.

Mr. McMahan's ability and integrity are unquestioned, while his record of active interest in behalf of good government justifies us in our efforts in his behalf and makes it obligatory upon all to lay aside party feeling, and actuated solely by our sense of re-

sponsibility to taxpayers, insist that it is the duty of every voter who places citizenship above party to vote for Mr. McMahan.

THE CHASER CHASED

Portland, Ore., Nov. 3.—Some where in Portland there lurks today a handsome, six foot youth, sadly bruised and beaten. Miss M. I. Johnston, diminutive department store clerk, is the proud exhibitor of a bent and twisted umbrella. The six footer tried to "smash" little Miss Johnston. She smote him with her parasol, stretched him half senseless on the flagstones and then chased him off the block.

Journal Want Ads Get Results.

TO THE VOTERS

Do we agree on the following points:
Cut \$100,000 a year off of the state salary budget.
Save \$50,000 a year on Game by cutting out the salaried army of special officers.
Save \$50,000 a year on Fish by withholding state aid to fish kings who get the profits of the business.
Save \$100,000 a year by making the Pen and Boys Industrial School self-supporting.
Cut out all appropriations to private or sectarian institutions.
Apply the trimming process all down the line.
Last year's taxes amounted to \$89 for every vote cast at the last election.

LEVI D. RATLIFF
Candidate for the Legislature.



MY HUSBAND AND I

by Jane Phelps

A CONTRETEMPS AT THE DANCE

CHAPTER LXVI

During the remainder of the dinner I tried to devote my attention to Leonard and to Mr. Addison, who sat on my left. They both paid me many compliments and in consequence I was happy.

The dinner over we adjourned to the music room, and until the dancing commenced a professional musician entertained us with his exquisite playing. But toward the close of a particularly beautiful selection, I heard a whispered "good evening," and Hal Lockwood—who had just arrived—said, when I asked if it wasn't wonderful:

"I would rather hear you play, little lady." Then, "You are so lovely to-night, too lovely by far for a man's peace of mind."

The music just then stopped, and Clifford sauntered over to me.

"Hello, Hammond! I am surprised that you decided to come, although after I heard—here someone claimed my attention, and I missed the remainder of the sentence. When I again turned toward them Clifford was scowling, and Hal Lockwood was laughing in a peculiar way that made me uneasy.

What had he been about to say? Was it that he was NOT surprised that Clifford had decided to come because of someone who was to be there? I had been so happy, but now all these de-

sire for the dance was gone, although when Mr. Lockwood asked me I gave him the first dance. I felt hurt and chagrined that Clifford hadn't danced it with me instead of with Mrs. Horton, and was glad when Mr. Lockwood left me.

A Caution.

"Why so sad?" Burton Franklyn had come up behind me and interrupted my musings about Clifford's reason for coming with me.

"Did I look sad, I didn't mean to!" I parried, loath to have even Burton mistrust that anything had happened to hurt me.

"Yes, you looked as though you hadn't a friend in the world," he laughed, although I noticed he was watching me closely. "Come, dance this one step with me. I dance so badly it will cheer you up."

After we had taken a few turns, Burton said:

"I don't want to interfere. Mildred, nor do I want to be inquisitive. But try to brace up. Many of your husband's old friends are here tonight. Show them what a good little scout you are. You are looking simply stunning, set your part as well as you can. Don't let any foolish notions spoil your evening."

"I won't Burton. There was someone—yes, but I'll forget it and have a good time. Thank you for helping me, but you are always kind."

"Keep a stiff upper lip. You have those old dancers beaten to a frazzle as far as looks go," he said as he left me, and his slangy expression braced me as perhaps nothing else would.

Mrs. Horton Again.

"Mildred, Mrs. Horton, you remember her, I'm sure," Clifford remarked a little later.

"Certainly," I replied, "no one could possibly fail to remember Mrs. Horton."

"You little flatterer, or—was it meant for flattery?" she shook a playful finger at me.

"I never have learned to flatter," I replied, "I was always taught it was not honest."

"Oh, you little Puritan," she giggled, then to Clifford: "You'll have to teach Mrs. Hammond the little polite deceptions of society."

To my surprise Clifford looked annoyed, and I realized that it was not with me, but with the widow.

"I rather think I should prefer her to remain in ignorance," he replied, just as Mr. Norville claimed me for a promised dance.

(Monday—Clifford Escorts Mrs. Horton Home.)