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PATRIOTISM AND THE ELECTIONS

The election just passed was fought with great display of patriotism on each side. There was a plethora of noise about the honor of the nation, the protection of Americans in Mexico, the right of Americans to travel anywhere, any old time, regardless of other folk's affairs; and a whoop and hurrah for old glory that made the welkin ring and set off the red fire. Mr. Hughes did a great deal of blushing for the whole country and was sorry and ashamed of the government. The vociferous colonel called the president a craven and a coward and he too would have blushed for the country had not his actions following the Bull Moose convention precluded his ever blushing at anything.

The republican press took the flag under its wings and asserted that without the elephant toting it the country was bound for the everlasting bow-wows. The democrats took a hand at the same mouthy patriotism but the republicans having beat them to it made their efforts seem tame in comparison. And when it was all over our old friend the Oregonian came out editorially and "pointed with pride" to the fact that Old Oregon had "stood like a rock" against the cohorts of the designing wretches who would ruin the country, despite the fact that it was as much their country as anybody's else.

The poet Saxe wrote somewhat sarcastically:
"Jennie is much concerned, God wot,
For the good name she hasn't got."
That is what the patriotic politician has been worrying about for four months.

A brief glance at the election, its results and the causes thereof, will convince anyone that while we were all talking patriotism that that noble attribute had little or nothing to do with deciding of the election. In California it was largely a feeling of resentment that gave Hiram Johnson 300,000 more votes than the candidate for president on the same ticket received.

In Washington it was about the same. Here in Oregon that "stood like a rock" there is a strong suspicion that Mr. Hughes. The power of the secret vote was demonstrated at the primaries, especially in Portland in June. Due, so it is claimed, to Senator Lane and the president's private secretary, a large proportion of the federal appointments were Catholics. The secret anonymous vote, it is asserted, went against President Wilson on that account.

The women's party vote was also cast for Mr. Hughes, declaredly because President Wilson had not used his power to compel congress to submit a constitutional amendment in favor of suffrage. There was no especial patriotism in that or any of the other things mentioned. Then Tammany, the great New York organization, went back on the president for reasons best known to its leaders, but whatever they were it is a safe bet that it was not any feeling of patriotism that moved that body to cast its votes against its party's nominee.

What caused the great Wilson vote in Ohio has so far not been explained, but it is safe to say it was not entirely due to a great and overwhelming wave of patriotism that swept over that state while missing all the balance.

It is just as well not to examine too closely into the causes that decided the election if we would still retain our ideas that we are actuated by patriotic motives in our elections.

It will not be long before Oregon is so dry that there will be dust on the Willamette, so to speak. Hornbrook will fold its labels and ship its goods elsewhere and the bootlegger will probably get unusually busy. The law will become effective on the proclamation of the governor, and this is one document of that kind the people generally will pay attention to.

W. Lair Thompson, president of the senate, has been defeated for re-election, and now it is believed that Senator Gus Moser, of Portland, will be elected to preside over the upper house. Such a change would indicate that Oregon politics are going from bad to worse at a very rapid pace.

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NO PENALTY IN BONE DRY LAW

The so-called "bone dry" amendment to the constitution has passed and will become the law as soon as the governor issues his proclamation concerning the same. As there was no penalty provided for a violation of the law, and as the proclaiming the same as being in effect would repeal the present law, it raises an interesting question. Should the governor issue his proclamation December first, at which time it is expected all the returns will have reached the secretary of state and have been canvassed, then the law would have no penalty for its violation, and the old law being repealed there would be no law concerning the importation of liquors whatever that could be enforced, since there would be no penalty for its violation.

The governor proposes to get around this by withholding his proclamation until the legislature meets next January and provides a penalty for violation of the new law. If it is decided that this cannot be done the only course open would be to call an extra session of the legislature to fix the penalty, and it is not likely this will be done owing to the short time before the legislature meets, and the great expense that would be incurred.

Oregon seems to have divided between east and west in the election much as the United States did, but reversing the sections as to results. Of the seventeen counties east of the Cascades four were for Hughes, thirteen for Wilson. West of the mountains of the eighteen counties, three were for Wilson. East of the Cascades there were two wet counties and west of them four. Of the six counties going wet all but one, Wasco, were for Hughes. The vote also shows that the liquor question was not divided along party lines for Multnomah which gave a majority of 5,612 for Hughes went wet by 9,775, while Marion county which gave Hughes 2,720, went dry by 602. Linn gave Wilson 142 and went dry by 1,136, and Jackson also for Wilson by 1,349 went dry by 634. It was the banner Wilson county, but by a close margin, Baker coming within two votes of a tie with her 1,347. All of which indicates that the independent voters are increasing in number, old party lines are down, and that prohibition has come to stay.

The Salem depot that is to be has been sidetracked again, this time because some changes had to be made in the plans and specifications. Now that the Adamson law has been discovered to be a gold brick and that the railroadmen will have to work longer hours for less money, the Southern Pacific should be able to build some sort of a shack that would keep the stray cattle off those waiting for a train. With \$45,000,000 surplus the company can afford it, but it will not so long as Salem says "please." The only way to touch a railroad's feelings is to hit its pocket. That is its nerve center, and a touch there sets it shivering.

If Oregon is not to be outdone by Montana, it is obvious that the logical candidate for congress from this district in 1918 is Mrs. E. B. Hanley. She according to her live wire press agent, Leone Cass Baer, is the "Billy Sunday of Politics." The Oregonian gives her credit as being of great help to the republican cause and calls attention to the fact that all classes turned out to greet and hear her. Congressman Hawley might as well make arrangements for the quiet life after the coming term. The hand writing is on the wall and it indicates Oregon is to be second, in getting "The lady from" on the speaker's list. It may happen that way two years from now.

The Oregonian paragrapher continues to sneer at Wilson despite the fact that a majority of the voters endorsed his Mexican policy, and that among these were the soldiers who were at the border.

Roosevelt imagined he was another Samson and the democrats the modern Philistines. Quite naturally in attacking them he used the same kind of a weapon the original Samson did, but it was not so effective.

Rippling Rhymes
By Walt Mason
DREAMS

I hope some day to write a song that will astonish all the throng on this old planet groping; but meanwhile, since I have to buy the children lids and shoes and pie, I'll take it out in hoping. I often think if I had time to put my best into a rhyme, John Milton would look faded; but writing doggerel that pays takes up the passing hours and days, and keeps me worn and jaded. I don't suppose I'll ever pen the ode that will astonish men, and bring me Shakespeare's laurels; and as of old my ink shall flow, expounding lessons all men know, and bargain counter morals. But when all day I've lyred and lyred, until I'm frazzled out and tired, it's pleasant to sit dreaming of that far day when I shall write an ode so full of force and light, the critics will be screaming. And thus your dream is soothing you, though you may know it won't come true, this side the river Jordan; it's good to have some kind of goal; and so, for duds and grub and coal, you struggle on accordin'.

MOSHER MAY LEAD

(Continued from page one.)

Third, Lane—Isaac H. Bingham.
Fourth, Lane and Linn—E. D. Cusick.
Sixth, Jackson—H. Von der Hellen.
Ninth, Benton and Polk—C. L. Hawley.
Tenth, Yamhill—W. T. Vinton.
Twelfth, Clackamas—Walter A. Dimick.
Fifteenth, Clatsop—C. A. Leinenweber.
Nineteenth, Morrow, Umatilla and Union—C. A. Barrett.
Twenty-third, Baker—W. H. Strayer (Dem.).

House Members.
First, Marion—Sam Brown, Charles Elgin, Seymour Jones, W. Al Jones, Ivan G. Martin.
Second, Linn—F. H. Porter, Charles Childs, W. P. Elmore (Dem.).
Third, Lane—Louis E. Bean, Allen Eaton, Walter B. Jones.
Fourth, Douglas—Charles Braud, Roy Griggs.
Fifth, Coos—Arthur K. Peck.
Sixth, Coos and Curry—Frank B. Tichenor (Dem.).
Seventh, Josephine—Charles T. Sweeney (Dem.).
Eighth, Jackson—C. M. Thomas, Ben Sheldon.
Ninth, Douglas and Jackson—William H. Gore.
Tenth, Benton—W. P. Lafferty, Eleventh, Polk—Conrad Stratton.
Twelfth, Lincoln and Polk—W. V. Fuller.
Thirteenth, Yamhill—Ira C. Garber, W. W. Lanier.
Fourteenth, Tillamook and Yamhill—Frank C. Rowe.
Fifteenth, Washington—Benton Bowman, B. P. Cornelius and S. A. D. Meek.
Sixteenth, Clackamas—George C. Brownell, H. A. Dedman and Harold C. Stephens.
Seventeenth, Clackamas and Multnomah—H. A. Burton.
Eighteenth, Multnomah—A. C. Callan, Hamilton F. Corbett, E. J. Goode, Herbert Gordon, K. K. Kugli, O. Laurgard, D. C. Lewis, Lionel C. Mackey, John M. Mann, Stephen A. Mattheu, Plowden Scott and George T. Wittet.
Nineteenth, Clatsop—L. O. Belland and William F. Schimmler.
Twentieth, Columbia—Albert W. Mueller.
Twenty-first, Crook, Grant, Jefferson, Klamath and Lake—Vernon A. Forbes and Denton G. Burdick.
Twenty-second, Morrow and Umatilla—Robert N. Stanfield.
Twenty-third, Umatilla—Roy W. Ritter and Lou Hodgan (Dem.).
Twenty-fourth, Union and Willamette—Fred Ashley.
Twenty-fifth, Union—Charles A. Small.
Twenty-sixth, Baker—D. M. Cartmill.
Twenty-seventh, Harney and Malheur—Charles M. Crandall.
Twenty-eighth, Gilliam, Sherman and Wheeler—C. C. Clark and C. O. Portwood.
Twenty-ninth, Hood River and Wasco—J. E. Anderson and Mrs. Alexander Thompson (Dem.).

zons that was advanced the theory that the planet Mars is interested with a huge net work of canals. He made numerous photographs of the planet to substantiate this theory, and recently he was reported to have asserted positively that Mars is inhabited. Lowell made this statement, according to reports, after discovering a new canal of great length on Mars and a change in vegetation and contour of the waterways.
Dr. Lowell was a member of the famous Lowell family of Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, in 1835. His father was Augustus Lowell. He was a brother of Lawrence Abbott Lowell, former president of Harvard university. Lowell established his observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., in 1894. His studies carried him to all sections of the world

Famous Astronomer Dr. Lowell, Is Dead

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 13.—Dr. Percival Lowell, world famous astronomer, head of the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., died late last night of apoplexy, according to word received here today.
Dr. Lowell was in his 63d year. He was one of the foremost figures in modern astronomy. It was through his observations in South America and Ari-

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MY HUSBAND AND I
By Jane Phelps

A DINNER IN HER ROOM
CHAPTER LXXIV.
Mr. Mayson's words had been simple enough, but his tone conveyed a great deal. Simple and unsophisticated as I was I could detect the hidden meaning. Again I thought of telling Clifford of the note so boldly given me; and again I decided that it would make Clifford angry at me, and perhaps complicate a matter already embarrassing.
About 3 o'clock I went for a long walk along the lake front. It was a cold, bracing afternoon, and I walked rapidly. Then I did a little shopping and about 5 o'clock returned to the hotel.
I read for a while, then, as my walk had made me hungry, began to think of dinner. But with that thought came another—Would Mr. Mayson, knowing I was to dine alone, persist in his attentions, and obtrude himself upon me? True he had said he had an engagement, but that might have been because of my evident distress, and to deceive Clifford. He was staying in the hotel, and what more natural than to dine there?
I would have my dinner in my room and so avoid any such commotements. So I ordered a nice little dinner over the telephone, and sat comfortably curled up in an easy chair while I ate it.
Clifford Explains.
I was all dressed when Clifford came in, and as he was late we talked but little while he dressed.
"What have you been doing all the afternoon?" he asked, as I found the tie he wanted.
"Oh, I took a long walk, then shopped a little, and then I had the nicest dinner here in the room."
"What did you do that for?" he interrupted. "Why didn't you go downstairs? The music and watching the people would have entertained you," carelessly.
Once more I was tempted to tell Clifford of Mr. Mayson's impertinence, and to tell him the reason for dining in my room; but for the last time I dismissed the idea as impracticable, as before I could say anything, he repeated his remark of the afternoon:
"Be sure you are nice to Mayson."
"Why should I be so nice to him? Why do you say so much about it?" I asked.
"Because I am trying to put over a deal with people he knows, which means a great deal to me. He is a very big man in the business world, enormously wealthy, and I need his influence. Now that you understand I hope you will use a little diplomacy. He seems to rather fancy you."
I made no reply and we started for the elevator.
The Theatre Party.
We found Mr. Mayson waiting in the lobby, very handsome in his evening clothes, although not nearly so distinguished looking as Clifford. He gave me a wonderful corsage bouquet of orchids, which I was obliged to accept

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and he has held world-wide recognition for his contributions to the science of astronomy. He entered most of his efforts on the planet Mars.
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