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FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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MUCH WASTED SENTIMENT

The Oregonian is much disturbed since the election, over the disfranchisement of the negro in the southern states. It will get over it after the disappointment at the election results wears off. It knows that the south is solidly democratic since the war because the enfranchising the negro on the heels of his being given his freedom and the making of him "a man and brother," placed the whites of the south at his mercy. He was elected to office and proceeded to make the state where he chanced to be a citizen, bankrupt. We are not defending the system, but submit that it was a condition that confronted the south that had to be dealt with or the country abandoned and the whites lose their homes and property. It was a question of the survival of the fittest, and who will say that it was not the fittest that survived? It is not a question of democrat or republican in the south, it is a question of white or black.

What would any northern man who owned property in the south have done under the circumstances? Would he have seen his property destroyed, the commonwealth loaded with debt beyond its ability to ever pay or would he take such steps, no matter what they were as were necessary to protect himself and his?

It is shown what the northern man would do by our own laws without going into the southern states to see. In an election voting a tax in a school election here in Oregon the voter must be a taxpayer or he cannot cast his ballot. Why? Because the taxpayer by this means protects himself against the nontaxpayer and prevents the possibility of such voting a tax on a district that he does not help pay. Here in Oregon we disfranchise the non-taxpayer voter at the school election as a matter of protection. In the south the negro is in a measure disfranchised for identical reasons, only there the disfranchisement applies generally instead of to especial occasions, but the reason for both is the same. The south is handling one of the most difficult problems the country has on its hands in the way that seems best to it. It faces a condition and deals with it as it can. In the north the problem is a theory and is dealt with as such. The down-trodden negro is the recipient of much sympathy, until he happens to want to move next door and be neighborly, and then--well about that time sentiment takes wings and the sentimentalist develops an acute case of negro-phobia.

The negro is not to blame for this, for he was more sinned against than sinning. The crime, for it was practically that, was in giving him the ballot before he had any ideas concerning its use or of government. The best thing the north can do is to let the south handle the question in its own way, and at the same time remember on Thanksgiving day to send up an especial outpouring of thankfulness that it has not the same problem to deal with.

Secretary of State Jordan, of California, announces that he will not certify the election returns of his state because there are two precincts in which the vote is not fully shown. In one the returns show that twelve of the thirteen democratic electors were credited with 96 votes each but the other elector was not mentioned. In the other precinct the tally sheets were sealed up with the ballots and so could not be checked. The secretary, for these two trifling errors, would hold up the certifying of the returns until the courts could get a turn at them. If the precincts could make any change in results there would be excuse for this course, but if all the votes in both precincts were counted for Mr. Hughes it would not affect the result. Republican State Chairman Powell says its all a ridiculous quibble--and even Hughes has finally decided to give up and congratulate the winner.

It is no use discussing the question of bonding for paving until it is decided whether or not the matter is to get onto the ballots. It is always well enough to come to a bridge before trying to cross it.

Colonel Roosevelt has accepted the presidency of a peace society. How are the mighty fallen!

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A LIFE FILLED WITH TRAGEDY

Emperor Francis Josef, of Austria, is dead. His was indeed a remarkable life. While he set the record for length of actual reign with the possible exception of Pharaoh, he held to the last the veneration and love of his people. Few lives have held as much tragedy as his, few as much real sorrow, and few have borne with such fortitude as he those blows that strike at one's heart strings. Tragedy after tragedy, disappointments that trod on each other's heels, the tragic death of his son, the true story of which will probably never be known, the disappearance of his favorite nephew, Archduke Johann Salvator, who, heir to the throne, renounced all imperial dignities and as John Orth sailed away as captain of a merchant vessel and disappeared from among men. The estrangement of his wife and last the assassination of his heir, Prince Ferdinand, which brought on the present war in which he has seen a million of his loyal subjects march away never to return. Surely the average man has more to be thankful for than this ruler, who having apparently all the world could give in the way of wealth and power, yet was the plaything of the fates. The poet has said: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." It were perhaps nearer the truth to substitute the word, "unhappy."

Representative Johnson, of Washington, gives the Oregonian an undeserved slam when he asserted that it was that paper that carried, or as he stated "swung" the state for Hughes. If the Oregonian arrayed the German vote, especially the German catholic vote, for Hughes, than perhaps there is some truth in the Johnson statement. If the Oregonian arrayed the A. P. A. vote which was solidly for Hughes, for the fight, then it swung the state. Swinging a state that is four to one republican so that it barely scraped through and this with several radical elements in line with it, is not a feat to be overly proud of.

Now that the election in California is finally decided it is in order to call attention to the fact that the unofficial figures given from day to day by the Capital Journal were more nearly correct than those supplied through any other medium. While the official count has brought minor changes they have changed the totals little from those printed in this paper two weeks ago.

The gubernatorial bee is already buzzing under several hats in our great state. It is not probable that any of these premature buzzings will make any loud noise two years from now. That little arrangement by which Governor Withycombe was not to try for a second term is said to be called off, and there is some soreness on account thereof.

The final chapter of the election may be said to have been read when Mr. Hughes last night sent a letter of congratulations to the president. At the same time Chairman Willcox made a statement conceding the election of president Wilson. Like the man who fell from a balloon, he had to come down.

"When is a jitney not a jitney?" is the question just now disturbing our neighbor down near the mouth of the creek. Judge Languth holds that a jitney is a taxi when it behaves itself like one, but that failure so to conduct itself will make it a jitney again.

It sounds rather out of place after reading about the starving Serbians to see in the dispatches how the returning patriots when they retook Monastir were given a grand welcome and the soldiers presented with flowers. It is difficult to connect an abundance of flowers with a scarcity of foodstuffs.

Mr. Hughes discovered only last night that President Wilson had been re-elected. Altogether too slow to be president of anything but an undertakers' association!



GONE BEFORE

When some old pickled critters, who've lapped up gin and rye, and every kind of bitters, get done with booze and die, we bend above their bodies, and say, quite lachrymose, "Poor victims of hot toddies! They were their own worst foes!" When any cheap old duffer, who's failed, from first to last, concludes no more to suffer the cheerless mundane blast, we sadly gather round him, where he is lying low, and spring that gag, "Confound him! He was his own worst foe!" But it's as sure as ginger--we know it passing well--that all the failures injure the world in which they dwell. Society's a loser when any one sinks low; no man can be a boozier, and be his own worst foe. Though we have pity ample for one immersed in gin, he sets a bad example, and that's a deadly sin. He shows the human being a sodden thing and sad--a sight not fit for seeing by any growing lad. The world, for virtue yearning, must view him with alarm; at every bend and turning he works some grievous harm. And when the whiskey gluttons at last turn up their toes, we sigh, "Doggone their buttons, they were their own worst foes!"

HUGHES CONCEEDS

(Continued from page one.)

Takes Patriotic Stand.
New York, Nov. 23.--Hughes, acknowledging defeat, and President Wilson having replied to the message of congratulations from Charles Hughes, Republican National Chairman Willcox today declared it was now time for everyone to get behind the president and give him undivided support.

"I would have expected the democrats to take the same action we took had they been in our position," said Willcox, commenting on the delay marking the dispatch of Hughes' message. "But now that it is all over, it is time for everyone to get behind the president."

"I know of no irregularities in the vote in California," Willcox continued, "though I have heard some talk along this line. We waited until the official count was practically completed because we felt that otherwise, the people who voted for Mr. Hughes might have felt we were not doing everything possible to protect him and make sure that the ballots were counted as cast."

Willcox said he would return to Lakewood today and remain over Sunday. He will then resume his law practice here. Hughes, he said, plans to remain at Lakewood for the present. He said he did not believe the former justice has as yet considered any definite plans for the future.

William R. Willcox, chairman of the campaign committee, is expected to return to his law practice. Rumors in New York have linked Hughes' name with several prominent law firms.

Cornelius Bliss, treasurer of the campaign committee, will make a complete statement of expenditures incident to the campaign today or tomorrow.

Paying the Bets.
New York, Nov. 23.--The last stakeholders, who held out to the finish for Charles E. Hughes to concede the reelection of President Wilson, before paying off bets, were busy today sending out checks to the winners. It was estimated that about \$3,000,000 in bets will be paid off by tonight.

San Francisco, Nov. 23.--Steps were taken today by the democratic state central committee to correct the errors in precincts in Orange and Yuma counties announced yesterday by Secretary of State Jordan, and which Jordan said, might make it his duty to withhold certificates of election to presidential electors.

Both Democratic State Chairman Cushing and Republican State Chairman Rowell agreed today that Jordan would not be justified by such errors in permanently withholding certificates of election. Rowell, at his home in Fresno, said: "Certainly the insignificant errors in two precincts discovered by Secretary of State Jordan would not justify him, as a ministerial officer, in permanently withholding certificates of election and thereby deprive California of its vote in the electoral college. Such a proposition is too ridiculous to discuss."

Oregon Men Boost For Co-operative Work

Washington, Nov. 23.--C. E. Spence, representative of the Oregon grangers at the meeting of the national grange in this city, is an ardent booster for equal suffrage and for prohibition and has been working to have the grange once more go on record in favor of both.

Another question, of policy to be

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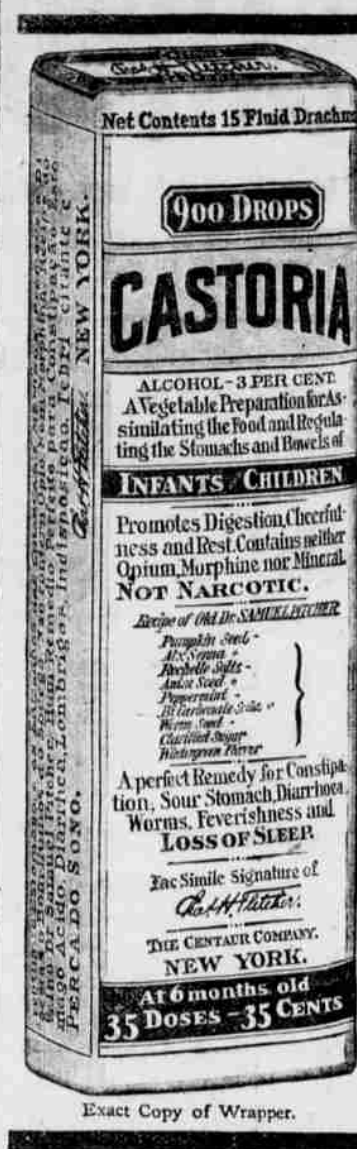


CLIFFORD REFUSES TO RETURN HOME

CHAPTER LXXXIII.
Clifford read the letter, while I squatted on the floor watching him. I saw the compression of his lips, the dreaded scowl. Then he threw the letter on the table, and said:
"Get up off the floor and put these duds away."
"But, Clifford--Edith is sick, we must go home."
"Edith has a cold, so Mrs. Franklyn says, and a little fever with it, natural to children of her age. She also says that if Edith doesn't improve she will die. The letter was sent yesterday. Had Edith not been all-right we would have had a telegram long before this."
"Oh, but, Clifford--"
"We won't discuss the matter further. Take those duds off the bed. I'm dead tired and can't sit up a minute longer."
I knew that Clifford was right, that Muriel would have telegraphed had Edith been worse--that is, I knew it after he had drawn my attention to it, but yet I felt that I COULD NOT STAY AWAY FROM EDITH.
"Can't I go, Clifford?" I begged, as I did his bidding.
"No! you'll go when I do," he answered, and I knew that it would do no good to say anything more. But it was with a heavy heart that I put away our clothes, and then sat down to write to

Muriel.
A Telegram.
Clifford was asleep when the idea came to me. At first I thought I would waken him and ask his permission. Then I determined to act on my own initiative.
I asked the telephone operator to send me a messenger; then while waiting wrote a telegram to Muriel, asking how Edith was, begging her to reply immediately, and telling her I had written.
I gave the message to the boy; I had waited by the open door so that he would not rap and wake Clifford. Then I called down and told the office that any telegram for me must be delivered at once, no matter what hour it arrived.
Having been assured on the point I went to bed, but not to sleep. I knew I could not reasonably expect an answer for perhaps several hours, yet every noise I heard I sat up expectantly.
About 4 o'clock I heard steps in the hall. They stopped at our door, and in a moment I was out of bed, had slipped into a kimono and opened the door. I signed the slip, then read the message:
"Edith all right again. Don't worry. Muriel." I read through happy tears, then went to bed.
Clifford is Awake.
"Well what was it?" Clifford asked.

I had supposed him asleep, and started guiltily at the question.
"A telegram from Muriel saying Edith is all right," I answered.
"Didn't I tell you she was all right? Perhaps in time you will learn that I know better than you do about such things. Now for goodness sake go to sleep and let me."
I didn't answer. Indeed I scarcely heard, so happy was I that my baby was all right again. I was tired and yet could not sleep. I had become so nervous listening nearly all night that now my anxiety was relieved I was wide awake.
About 6 o'clock I crept quietly into the bath room and took a hot bath, then dressed and sat down to wait for Clifford to waken. It was 8 o'clock before he opened his eyes, and almost the first thing he said was:
"Nice looking object you will be for that dinner tonight, lying awake all night for that fool telegram, then up at this time. After breakfast you had better go to bed. I don't choose that you go out looking tired and old."
I made no reply, but after we had breakfasted, and Clifford had left me, I was glad to undress and crawl into bed, as he had advised. I left word not to be disturbed until 12 o'clock, and fell immediately asleep.
(Tomorrow--Clifford is Gay.)



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dealt with which enlisted the support of Mr. Spence and other grangers from the far west was the idea of securing an extension of the work of the agricultural department's bureau of farm markets.
Dr. P. L. Campbell, president of the University of Oregon, Dr. W. J. Kerr, president of the Oregon Agricultural college and J. P. Hetzel of Salem are others who have been in Washington attending meetings in connection with cooperative educational work and conferring with department officials as to government agricultural aids in Oregon.

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