

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per month 45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per month 35c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
New York, Ward-Lewis-Williams Special Agency, Tribune Building
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

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PROVING A SELF EVIDENT FACT

A faddist is never so happy as when he can get in the limelight, and achieve notoriety, no matter how short lived it may be. Just now some dietetical faddists have managed to gather a class of insane persons who are being experimented on to show that a person can live comfortably and well on forty cents a day. The class has been trying the experiment but two days, but the newspapers are already suffering from an over abundance of language on their stomachs, so to speak, from it. The news gatherers are working overtime and the otherwise decent telegraph wires are insulted with menus, conditions of the class, how the faddists are getting on and long dissertations on economics, buying, marketing, cooking, measuring the doses and all the fol-de-rol that can possibly be dug up about the silly affair. The head maid or whatever it is that prepares and passes out the doses, takes her thermometer out of her mouth long enough to say that she thinks the cost will not be more than 38 cents for each pathic, when the experiment reaches a stage where hash can be made to get in its money-saving work and "fill 'em up again" with the left overs.

What makes the whole affair so supremely ridiculous is that hundreds of thousands of families here in America where the living is supposed to be far superior to that of any other country, manage to live comfortably for much less than 40 cents a day for each member of them, and have done so time immemorial and will continue to do so indefinitely.

The average workman here in Oregon gets a wage of about two dollars a day. With a family of four which is hardly the average, and far less than many families have, the cost of living at the faddists' allowance of 40 cents a day would amount to \$1.60 a day or for seven days \$11.20. This, remember, is for the first cost of the food alone. The two dollar a day wage earner would have made, if he worked steadily, \$12, and after paying for the family supplies would have 80 cents left with which to pay house rent, fuel, lights and water, and to supply the clothing for the family. If not a day was lost in the year the family would have \$41.60 for all their wants above food.

It will be seen from this that as Oregon families get along all right and do not go hungry, that they must live on far less than 40 cents worth of food a day. In fact not long ago young fellows keeping bachelors' hall at the university here reported that they were living on less than eight dollars a month, or about 25 cents a day.

It is probable the first cost of the food for the man who works for wages and hundreds of others, is not above 25 cents a day. And yet in the face of a self evident proposition that this is being done these faddists spend their time and exhaust other folk's patience in demonstrating that a person can live on 15 cents a day more than that person is spending at the time for his sustenance. And the wires are carrying the glad news across the continent that this startling fact is so. Uncle Sam who feeds some thousands could tell them all about the cost of living without making any fresh experiments, and it would be found that the 40 cent limit is plenty large enough for anyone and that the average man cannot eat the quantity of food that can be bought for that sum, if it is properly selected.

Those who think the job of being king an easy one will be disillusioned by reading of the work the late Emperor Francis Josef did daily. As a beginning he got up at an hour when the average workingman was still soundly slumbering and that was generally from 3:30 to 4 o'clock and he was busy the entire day. In England the job seems to be much easier as one seldom hears of the king or of his doing anything. The last heard of him he had fallen off a horse at a review in France a year or more ago. According to the dispatches he has done nothing since worth mentioning.

Owing to the recent election the East has discovered there is a West, and a West that is beyond its control. Hereafter New York will not be considered the whole thing and Indiana will cease to pivot.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Commissioner Daly has put one over on the Portland city council in regard to the jitneys by creating "zones." From the amount of heat developed by his action it is fair to presume that most of them were of the torrid kind. Anent the high cost of living, one of those wise fellows who has an explanation for everything, even the fourth dimension, says that it is due to "the spineless character of the women who do the marketing." He says in olden times the woman when told that butter was 30 cents a pound simply refused to buy it, procured some substitute and continued to refuse until the falling off in sales reduced the price. Now, he says, the woman asks how much an article is worth and takes it regardless of price. Simple isn't it? There is just one factor in the equation he overlooked. He forgot that times had changed, the age of combines had arrived and that these combines saw to it that the substitutes the woman of old turned to, are aeroplaned along with the article he advises her to refrain from buying. There are no more cheap substitutes, for the reason the combines have "substituted" a higher price on them.

Do the American people actually enjoy the sight of death? It would seem so when they assemble in crowds of 40,000 to see an auto race that is so dangerous to life that permitting it is almost murder. Are we any better in this respect than the Romans who turned their thumbs down and sentenced a vanquished gladiator to death? We draw the line at prize fighting on account of its brutality, and go to see an artistic killing at an auto race. We permit football games which are far more brutal than prize-fighting, and we make it a crime to gamble with a deck of cards, while permitting the speculators to juggle our food supply and use it as a great gambling device. The moral of which, and many similar things we do, is, that we are a nation of superb hypocrites.

There are quite a number worrying already lest the proposed bonding of the city pass--and some because it may not carry. All of which is foolish. Time enough to worry after the measure is placed on the ballot, which it may not be. The Commercial Club is solid against it, which indicates it will have hard sledding if it comes up to be voted on.

It is no wonder that Chairman Willcox of the republican national committee is grouchy. If he had only realized the importance of the West and hustled up 4,000 more votes in California how different things would have seemed. However, he is not the only one to mourn neglected opportunities.

We are glad indeed to note that the Commercial club at least thinks the S. P. will soon build a depot here. No doubt it will--when it gets ready--and we sincerely hope that time is near. So far it is in the same category with the man that dreamed he almost found a quarter.

Apparently the trouble at the prison will pass without a strike or boycott. Perhaps though the prisoners are only waiting to give the new warden a try out. If they don't like him--but why worry, that remains to be determined, perhaps they will.

Siberia is now said to be a land of opportunity. Here is a chance for the rising generation still to go west and grow up with the country. That is if they do not go too far west; for in that case they would be going east and spoil the euphony of the advice.

And now it develops that the Britanic was not torpedoed but struck a mine. Thus is another story of "German frightfulness" disposed of and the scare about a renewal of the submarine warfare proven without foundation.

Nothing has been heard of the Deutschland since the tugs whistled their goodbyes and saw her steaming away on the surface for her home port. The next heard of her will probably be from Antwerp.



PROGRESSIVE PIETY

The old time brimstone preacher, when once he waded in, said every human creature was loaded down with sin. Beneath his towering steeple, in bitter, scathing terms, he roasted all the people, and said we were but worms. This poor old earth we cumbered, according to his rede, and when our days were numbered, we'd have some grief, indeed. The hymns that we were singing were of the same grim style, such lines as this one springing: "Where only man is vile." We all of us



were lepers, the baby and the dame, the cripples and high steppers--all soaked in sin and shame; the lovely girls were ditto, their beauty was a snare, and none of us were fit to pack liver to a bear. But nowadays the preacher is willing to confess that man is quite a peach, or, at least, a great success. The learned and reverend thriller no longer says I'm vile, or calls me caterpillar, or worm, or crocodile.

Central Howell Gossip

(Capital Journal Special Service.)
Central Howell, Ore., Nov. 24.--There was a surprise party on Mr. Frank and Clarence Simmons Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Branch and son, Ralph, Mr. Alvin Burns, Mrs. Pearl Miller and daughter, Creta, spent last Saturday evening with J. W. Baggett and family.

Mr. Alvin Burns and Mrs. Pearl Miller and daughter, Creta, were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Amos Branch three or four days the past week.

Mr. Pearl Burns took dinner last Thursday with his sister, Mrs. Amos Branch.

There was a Halloween social given at the Central Howell church Halloween night. Thanks to Rev. Nicholl.

On the 31st of November the children of the Central Howell school entertained Mrs. Abe Steffler on her fortieth birthday. Mrs. Peter Steffen baked a birthday cake which Mrs. Abe Steffler cut and gave each child a piece. Then when she reached home her better-half wanted her to bake an enormous amount of pumpkin pies so she became quite puzzled and wondering why he wanted so many pies, so about 8 o'clock when the guests began to arrive for the evening, she then could solve the problem easily.

Miss Dugay Lindquist took dinner with Miss Letha Shepard last Sunday.

Mrs. Arthur Binagar was visiting Central Howell school last Friday afternoon.

A new comet was formed the evening of October 31 from the reflection of a burning strawstack.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Leichly have returned from their wedding tour, which took them through Washington, Idaho, California and Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Leichly are both highly esteemed young people of Central Howell. Hoping their honeymoon will never end is the sincere wish of the writer.

The above is somewhat stale, but perhaps will be new to some.

Central Howell Limited has two regular passengers, Miss Letha Shepard and Mr. Oscar Lindquist. Miss Shepard attends the Salem high school and Mr. Lindquist the Business college.

Mr. Albert Mikkelsen sports around in a new car these days, also his father.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Durbin and son Solly, went to Vancouver, Wash., to visit Mr. Durbin's parents, returning Sunday evening.

Last Monday J. W. Baggett went to Salem on business. He went by way of the Central Howell Limited.

Mrs. Cary Mrs. Henry Werner, and Mrs. Ray Ramsden spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Hattie Ramsden.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Ethel Branch was visiting Mrs. J. W. Baggett.

Wednesday afternoon, November 22, Mr. Arthur Fearford and Miss Anzell Moores were united in marriage at the Central Howell parsonage by Rev. Wm. Nicholl.

Mrs. May Moores, sister of the bride and Mr. Frank Simmons, accompanied the happy couple.

Mrs. Adam Burns is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ethel Branch.

Clarence Simmons says he is going to let Frank get the cook, as he is too bashful, unless some girl takes pity on him before 1917.

Wednesday night the boys of the neighborhood captained by Amos Branch, serenaded Mr. and Mrs. Dear-dorff. The different musical instruments to be distinguished at a distance was a number of cowbells, shotguns, horns, dynamite and other noise, too numerous to mention. After listening to the wonderful sounds the boys were invited in and treated to a variety of good things to eat.

The boys thought they were treated so nice at Mr. Moores, they didn't feel like slighting anyone where they had an excuse to go, so wending their way toward Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Spittler they gave them a treat in harmony that they had never heard before. The boys were soon invited in and treated to fine cigars. Then they dispersed, each going to his peaceful abode feeling that they had been well paid for all their trouble.

One afternoon last week County Superintendent Smith visited the Central Howell school, causing some needed changes in the school.

Last Sunday Mr. Oliver Steffen went to Salem on his bicycle to visit his sis-

Saturday, November 25
the Oregon Electric Ry.

Will run special train to Corvallis,
Leave Salem 11:30 a. m.,
arrive Corvallis 12:45 p. m.
Account
O. A. C. and U. of O. Football Game,
Returning after game. Regular trains also
leave Salem 8:35 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 12:55
p. m..
ROUND TRIP FARE \$1.55
J. W. RITCHIE, Agent.

WILL NOT CERTIFY VOTE
Sacramento, Cal. Nov. 24.--The secretary of state today announced there would be no certification of the state vote until Monday at the earliest, and not then if the disputed precincts in Marysville and Oregon county have not been properly reported.

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In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears
the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

**NONE BETTER
YOU'LL LIKE IT**

Butter Nut

BREAD

**PURE AND RICH
SWEET AND CLEAN**

MY HUSBAND AND I
Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD IS GAY

orgized profusely, then turned to Clifford: "All your fault, Hammond that business of yours took me longer than I thought it would."

So Burns Mayson had finally been persuaded to help Clifford. Well, I was glad. Then I realized suddenly that I was to miss this man's attentions, his expressed delight in my society.

"You please take Mrs. Hammond out, Burns," Mrs. Curtis' voice interrupted my musings, and I turned to him.

"I shall miss you when you leave," he said to me. "Hammond tells me he is going as soon as possible."

"Yes, tomorrow, I think. I shall miss you too!" I impulsively added.

He made no answer, neither did he again refer to anything personal during the dinner, which was very gay. Clifford told stories and was at his best, while Mr. Curtis and Burns Mayson followed his lead. The informality of the whole evening was delightful, and when we finally said good-night to our host and hostess, I had one more regret at leaving Chicago.

Mr. Mayson rode back to the hotel with us, and when we arrived I went directly upstairs while Clifford remained down with him "to talk a little business."

The Last Day in Chicago.
It was late when Clifford came up. "It's all settled, Mildred! we go home tomorrow," he said an hour later, and for once forgot to chide me for being awake.

The next day was a busy one. I shopped all the morning, buying gifts for Edith, Kate and Mandy; Muriel, too, I remembered with a handsome present. Then Clifford had made an engagement to lunch with Burns Mayson, and in the afternoon I had to pack.

At luncheon Mr. Mayson devoted himself exclusively to me. Clifford noticed it and laughingly charged him with it. He opened up at once, and said: "Why shouldn't I? It may be some time before I see Mrs. Hammond again."

After luncheon I left them and went immediately to the hotel to pack. A big box lay on the table, and when I opened it I found Burns Mayson's card, with a wish for a pleasant trip, on top of the most wonderful American Beauty roses I had ever seen.

All the afternoon their fragrance filled the room, and when we left for the train I carried the box, and one pinned on my jacket. Mr. Mayson was at the train to bid us good-bye, and as he shook hands with me he said: "I shall see you before long."

I had no time to ask what he meant, as the train started and he had to jump off before I could make any reply.

(Tomorrow--The Journey Home.)