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THE END OF HARRY THAW

Harry Thaw seems near the end of his stormy career. If he dies many will express satisfaction that his affairs will no longer fill the columns of the newspapers--others will feel a sympathy for unfortunate and perhaps misguided young man. In his case money had much to do with his misadventures and his untimely end. Raised in idleness and the companionship of the dissolute and dissipated it was easy to find and follow the broad road that leads to--death, which we are told is the wages of sin. Yet Thaw had done nothing particularly bad up to the time he killed Stanford White--and considering his provocation, and the benefit conferred upon society by the removal of that lecherous individual this act might have been condoned. But for the attraction of the Thaw millions Harry would have been easily cleared. The temptation to blackmail the mother and relatives was too strong for lawyers and the parasites that hang around them to resist, and the Thaw case dragged for weary years, worrying the devoted mother, and to the disgust of newspaper readers.

Quite likely, if the real truth is ever known, the latest charge against Thaw was mainly trumped up for another raid upon the family fortune. We would rather believe that theory than any other in the absence of conclusive testimony to the contrary.

Somehow we cannot but feel sorry for Harry Thaw, believing that too much money ruined a young man who otherwise might have been a useful member of society.

In the passing of William F. Cody, known everywhere as "Buffalo Bill," one of the picturesque figures, that connected the present with the old Plains days and the "wild and woolly West" as it has been pictured and described in many a thrilling border novel, is removed. It might be said that he was the last link between the present and those days. Of commanding figure, fine appearance, a splendid rider and pistol shot, he was the center of attraction when his big Wild West shows visited any section, and for days after was the hero of the adventurous small boy. While he saw active service on the "Plains" against the Indians and won distinction thereby, it was as a showman that he became a national character. How much he was admired by the younger generation was shown by the intense interest awakened by his sickness and the keenness with which news of his condition was pursued by those now past middle life, who, as youngsters, saw his great shows and admired the gallant plainsman. May the grass grow green above his resting place for he was in every sense of the word: "A good old scout."

The Cereo factory which started in this city is moving to Portland. It is the same old story--the biggest city in the state wants everything in the way of a factory or industry that is established in Oregon. Big and overgrown, its people are unable to realize that it cannot grow beyond the ability of its tributary territory to support it. Railroad rates are manipulated in order to force all industries into the one big city while other state towns are unable to offer inducements to secure or keep them after they are secured. Portland has never been able to grasp the idea that development of the state and the growth of its smaller cities will lead to its own most permanent prosperity. And therein lies the real cause of Oregon's backwardness as a state, Portland's capital and influence being sufficient to throttle the efforts of all other enterprising communities to go ahead.

The Oregonian and C. C. Chapman are having a little discussion as to the quantity of "gas" used in Oregon during a year. Gentlemen, you are too previous. The legislature has only met; not adjourned.

An eastern sporting authority says the Pennsylvania team was in no condition to meet Oregon. That is no news on this way; but it can be added that it never will be.

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USING THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC BRIDGE

The Southern Pacific Company will earn the gratitude of the people of Salem if it grants them the use of its bridge while the new structure is building--and it seems likely that the higher officials will grant the privilege asked.

If there should be no way for vehicles to cross the river for a year or more the loss to the business interests of the city will be heavy, and many people on both sides of the river will be seriously inconvenienced, especially during the fruit canning season. If the railroad bridge can be planked and opened to general travel it will to a very great extent remedy a bad condition. The railroad company in this event would be entitled to most of the credit for averting a grave disaster.

Another thing that people of Salem should see to is that passage of bridge, if it is planked for travel, is made free. No toll should be charged because that would mean levying a tax upon the business coming into the city. Practically the only cost of operation will be the employment of watchmen and this expense should be met by the city, county or citizens of Salem--or by all combined. A toll bridge never was a popular institution and it is less so in a case of this kind where a community is reaching out for and inviting trade.

New clues indicate that possibly Bernard Lewis was not the murderer of Mazie Colbert. These clues are strong enough to cause the detectives and officials who were so positive Lewis was the murderer, to admit they were possibly mistaken. With the story of B. C. Brown, a traveling salesman, to the effect that he saw a man jump from a window of the apartments at the time of the murder, and that he and a companion had seized the man but let him go again, and that he saw him the next day on a train, and heard his name when a friend he was with spoke to him, brings the matter up to this man to explain how he came to jump from the window at that time and why he did so. If the salesman's story is true it would seem that the new man in the case may be the real murderer. It surely has been a bewildering affair and the end is not yet.

The governor has read his message, and given the legislature his opinion as to where reductions can and should be made in the state's expenditures. On paper it makes a nice showing, and may be as good as any arrangement that can be devised. That it will be so considered by the departments cut down and those beheaded, is not at all probable. There are 30 senators and twice that many members of the lower house and it is doubtful if there are two in either house that at present are agreed as to where it is best to pare, or what, if any commissions should be combined or done away with. The message was the first shot at the target, and it is not likely that it hit the bullseye. The state fair board asked for bread and the governor tossed it a fair sized dornick. The University was given a close shave, it being cut with the Oregon Agricultural college \$131,000.

Senator Olson's senate bill No. 10 may be all right, and perhaps is. At the same time it reads in such a way that a question has been raised as to whether or not it would not prevent a person having an abstract of a piece of real estate from using that abstract in selling the property and giving the purchaser the abstract made when the seller bought the property. It is also open to the suspicion that it is calculated to shut out the small abstractor who is unable to make good any losses should they occur, due to errors or mistakes in the abstract, and permit some big company to absorb the business and drive the individuals out.

Those eastern suffragettes are evidently trying by their ridiculous acts to convince that United States that women are unfitted for intelligent citizenship.

Some one has suggested that the legislators will not adjourn so frequently for visits to Portland as they formerly have done. Portland is also dry.



AN ILL WIND

To pay the grocer for his butter I had to soak my lyre; my warlike breast was all a-flutter with forty kinds of ire. I quoted passages from Dante, in my profound despair, and said I'd wreck the grocer's shanty, and pull the grocer's hair. And then I heard that merchant mutter, "Cool down, cool down, my son! I wish that I could sell you butter at fifty cents the ton. For I get tired of hearing kickers who snort around and swear; I'm weary of the man who bickers and howls and paws the air. The grocer, friend, is in no danger of salting wealth away; it is the horny-handed granger who's getting rich today." Then I cast down my martial armor, my shotgun and my sword, and said, "If this thing helps the farmer I'm sorry that I roared. When I was young and full of yearning for manhood to begin, I used to do the weekly churning, and bring the hen-fruit in. And so I'll make no further splutter, no more I'll rant around; for I'm aware that country butter is worth two bones a pound."

OPEN FORUM

THE LIFE OF A FARMERS WIFE

To the Editor: I noticed in your valuable paper of the 8th inst. a poem with the above title, by James M. Heady, which I regard as unfair and unpatriotic; not that it is the true spirit of the gentleman but his mistaken view of the subject.

It is unfair because it paints the darkest pictures in the life of the farmer's wife that his poetic pen controls and points only ironically to her relief. Describes her labors as though she were a bound slave, with no pleasant anticipations, save the food she "eats and places to stay." It is unfair because it does not picture the dark side of city life, but asks for an answer from the gloomy pictures he has painted of a country home. He is unpatriotic for he derides the noble efforts of our pioneer mothers, who, but a little better than half a century ago dared the dangers of the emigrant trail cheerfully and bravely with her family to build up the rural homes, the foundation of our new great state.

They did not drudge as menial slaves but worked with that true spirit of womanhood that lifts true honest labor above the shackles of slavery and places it where it belongs, as the motive power of our prosperity. I am pleased to know that the daughters of those noble women, be she in the city or country, is not afraid to do her part to rear her family, build up society and do anything fair and honorable for the home and country that she so dearly loves.

When we but think that less than 5 per cent of our population are real financial successes, of which the country has her share, such as may live in the lap of luxury, and less than 15 per cent are good floaters leaving 80 per cent of our population who really must work to keep their homes and meet their obligations. This is true of both city and country, we should readily understand that the farmer's wife is not the only woman who helps keep the home, while the wife of the modern successful farmer, with the modern transmission of thought and locomotion can enjoy as high a degree of pleasure as the lady of the city.

As I stated labor is not or should not be regarded as a calamity by our women.

The wife who labors behind the counter all day pleasing customers and doing all she can to make good sales for the business, perhaps with a headache in the close confines of a crowded store may no home at night the happiest woman in the block if she but has a companion with loving sympathy who tries to make the best of home.

She looks not upon the dark side of life, but paints a pretty mental picture of how her small earnings will add to the family purse and with it rear her dear ones until they take their places among the worthy of the land. She feels that she has been faithful to her trust in the labors of the day and with true womanly pride enjoys the blessings of what she has.

This is true of thousands who work in the factories, canneries, laundries and the many other lines of business that affords labor to the families of the city.

The same conditions and results are true of the farmer's wife.

"This world is not so bad a world As some would like to make it. But whether good or whether bad Depends on how we take it."

He complains that the farmers wife rises at early dawn. Now if she does, she has slept as many hours as the city matron.

A country dog barks with as many sharps and flats as a city cur, while the solo of a frog is as musical as the creak of a street car, when we try to find too many plots of rampant grass in the in the diversified crops, to compare it with a house lot. It is as easy for a farmers wife from her well filled larder to prepare a meal as to

Some Little stories and Gossip of the Legislature

"I greatly regret that I cannot be present to congratulate personally Oregon's football players upon their splendid victory. We are all proud of them."

The above is the text of the telegram Governor Withycombe sent yesterday to the members of the University of Oregon football team that was being banqueted in Eugene by the Chamber of Commerce.

A measure that will probably come up in the house within a short time is one in which Robert E. Smith, secretary of the taxpayers league, is interested, and which aims at reducing the expenses of elections. The proposed bill plans to eliminate one election judge and a deputy sheriff from serving at the polls by making the presiding judge a deputy sheriff. The plan proposes to save \$6 a day in the 1200 election precincts of the state.

To provide against dependent old age and to encourage thrift among the people, a bill was introduced in the senate yesterday by Senator Olsen providing for state annuities. A similar bill passed the house at the 1915 session but did not get through the senate. The old age annuity is to be paid for by the beneficiary.

Reduction of the salary of the governor's private secretary from \$3000 to \$2400 a year met a favorable reception at the meeting of the ways and means committee yesterday. This committee will look into the salary lists of the various state departments and may recommend further salary cuts. The appropriation asked for by Governor Withycombe of \$5000 for the apprehension of criminals was cut to \$4000. The committee eliminated the following items: stallion registration board, \$2,000; and the board of higher curricula, \$333; and support of non-resident poor, \$2000.

This committee ordered the drafting of a bill appropriating \$25,000 for current expenses of the legislature. It is the plan of the ways and means committee to keep the expenses of this session considerably below that of last session, which was \$68,400.

The members of the committee plan to visit all the state institutions personally. These institutions will probably be cared for first and then whatever is left will be diverted to betterments and new buildings.

One of the items that will be attacked is the \$90,000 bounty appropriation

bring it home in paper sacks or wait until it is earned. The farmers wife who helps do the chores does not feel that all she gets out of it is the mere pennies of that days work.

To her as she feeds her poultry she beholds a real moving picture show, not one that vanishes with the curtain drop, but one that points to prosperity. Her calves affords another scene in the pleasing panorama of life as they feed from pails of milk or graze upon the verdant lawn.

Her colts are toys of real live beauty. In short each vegetable and flower enters into her life, and helps make up that round of pleasure known only to the person who enters into her business with the true spirit that makes life worth living.

In conclusion I will say, that in my opinion if the husband who lives in city or country will faithfully fill his obligations, and neither go to or down town to shirk his duty, be considerate of the feelings of his companion, make her feel that she is a full partner in the affairs of life, without social or financial secrets, pointing to the brighter side of each endeavor be it city or country, his wife's cup of happiness will be bubbling near the brim.

—WM. H. EGAN.

from which the governor recommended a cut of \$25,000 be made. It was openly hinted that the people of eastern Oregon bred coyotes so as to get the bounty on their scalps.

Under close scrutiny as to their usefulness are the State Humane society, which asks \$2540; the board of pilot commissioners, which was declared to have outlived its usefulness; and the traveling expenses of the state officials.

Senator Farrell of Multnomah, when roll call was completed this morning, rose to a question of personal privilege. He had seen an article on the social page, evening paper, notifying the public that President Moser, accompanied by his wife and two daughters had arrived in the city. The senator said while he congratulated the president of the senate on the sudden acquisition of two daughters so soon after his arrival, that he himself desired commiseration for having lost his stenographer, President Moser, different and bashful as he always is, having been born that way; made a heroic attempt to blush, but after the third trial gave it up.

When recess was taken, however, Gus walked over to Senator Farrell's desk, and with a puzzled contracting of his eyebrows, asked: "Say Farrell since when have you taken to reading the society pages? and what for?" Senator Farrell did not try to answer or even to blush--he realized the limit of his powers and accomplishments.

Prohibition matters have occupied a large portion of the time of the senate. One of the senate joint memorials asks congress to deny the use of the mails to all liquor advertisements written or printed, seems somewhat unnecessary, in view of the Webb-Kenyon law, under which liquor can be stopped coming across the Oregon border. When it is impossible to send liquor into the state it would seem a work of supererogation, whatever that is to bother about the advertisements. It is a safe bet that if liquor can't be sent into the state the advertisements will not be sent, through the mails or otherwise. It is surplus age and redundancy, or as the lawyers say, immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant.

So far no resolution has been introduced in either house requesting that warring nations of Europe get ashamed of themselves and quit.

One senator this morning in the lobby suggested that this should be done. He also pointed out that the committee on state house grounds had but little to do and it would be quite the proper thing if it would plant a peace tree, or at least a piece of one.

"What's the idea?" asked Chapman, who just at that time was taking a few minutes off.

"There ain't any idea," was the reply. "But its like the fellow who got his feet tickled with a feather when he had the colic. The treatment was warranted to do no harm if it did no good."

It is rather surprising when one considers the condition around the state house a dozen or so years ago when every committee room was a small air-locked room, to hear the clerk reading one prohibition measure after another, and far more surprising to see the members voting solidly for each and all of them. The water cart did not in the old days seem an especially nice vehicle for riding on and few there were who tried it. Now it is different and the entire legislature and all the employees rival each other in their efforts to get on the seat with the driver.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS

MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

UNPLEASANT INFORMATION

CHAPTER CXLIX.
After I had made my explanation to Kate Jordan, she remained quiet for a moment and remarked:

"Oh, that act have been what Mabel Horton meant when she told me that Mr. Hammond stayed out at the Country club for two or three days. They had the sweetest kind of a time, so she said, dancing, etc. Mabel was staying near the club you know. She mentioned something about Cliff, as she calls Mr. Hammond, being annoyed when he returned to his hotel because a telegram he should have seen at once remained unopened for two days. It was a shame for you to be in such trouble all alone," she finished in an indignant tone.

"Oh, I was not alone," I hastened to assure her. "My family were all with me," and then I wished people, she would stop saying that foolish "you know." I knew nothing about Mabel Horton's movements, and Mrs. Jordan was well aware that I did not.

"But having one's husband with you means so much when there's trouble," she went on. "I know if anything happened to any of my folks and Tom wasn't with me, I never should get over it--never as long as I lived."

I was angry with her, angry with myself, but oh, how I wanted to question her! I bit my lips to keep back the words. It was a sure chance to find out where Cliff and Mabel Horton had planned to be together, but I must not let Kate Jordan see that I knew nothing of Mabel Horton's visit to Chi-

cago; nothing of what she had told me. I MUST NOT give her the satisfaction of knowing she had hurt me.

Unhappy Musings.
After I left Kate Jordan's house I thought over all she had said and implied. While my father lay dying while he was being laid away forever, my husband was spending his time dancing attendance on another woman, not caring enough for me, or father, to see that his mail or messages were forwarded to him.

Had Mabel Horton met Clifford in Chicago by appointment? I felt that she had, and that all they had done had been deliberately planned to hurt me. Why had she told Kate Jordan? She knew Mrs. Jordan was a great gossip--probably wanted me to know, so told her that and in view. What was she trying to do? To drive me into leaving Clifford, so that she might have him? If I left him it would be when I got good and ready, I decided flushing with anger; it would not be to please or advantage her.

So I spent the long, dreary afternoon. My heart already sore with my sorrow, was made more so by the knowledge of my husband's defection. Then too I was terribly jealous. Burns, Maxson, Burton Franklin had both assured me that my youth was a sure asset. But it was the youth in me that was now trying to cope with the worldly accomplishments and charm of an older woman, and I felt that youth had been van-

quished, that the fight was over--for me.

If anyone should ask me what single thing in life gives most pain, most agony of spirit, I should answer, "Jealousy and injured pride"--one and the same thing.

Mildred Longs for a Confidant.
It seemed to me that I could not endure the thought that Mabel Horton was deliberately planning to take my husband from me, longer alone, I longed for a confidant. A dozen times I thought I would tell Muriel all the sordid story; then my pride would not let me, and I would decide to wait. Once when Leonard Brooke had been more than usually kind, I started to tell him, but the look he gave me at my first word stopped me, and all his urging could not make me explain further. Was anyone ever so alone and so lonely as I was?

I had said no word to Clifford about what I had heard; but had asked a few questions in hopes he would tell me that Mrs. Horton had been in Chicago at the same time that he was. But he answered my questions patiently, and changed the subject without giving me the longed-for information.

Finally I made up my mind that he didn't intend to tell me, that he didn't want me to know. Of course that to my mind made him more surely guilty. If he were not, why was he so careful to keep it from me?

(Tomorrow--Mildred Becomes Reckless.)