

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY, SALEM, OREGON, BY

Capital Journal Ptg. Co., Inc.

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President, Vice-President, Sec. and Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Daily by carrier, per year \$5.00 Per month .45c
Daily by mail, per year 3.00 Per month .25c

FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPH REPORT

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES
Ward & Lewis, New York, Tribune Building,
Chicago, W. H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL
Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THE HOSPITAL DRIVE IS ON

The big drive for the \$100,000 general hospital begins with the great "kick-off" tonight.

There will be a banquet at the Hotel Marion of the workers who will begin their canvass of the town tomorrow, with Senator Geo. E. Chamberlain as the guest of honor. Later in the evening the senator will address a public mass meeting at the armory on general national and war issues. As chairman of the military affairs committee of the senate and author of the new army bill, the compulsory service law, and chief floor manager of the selective draft measure, Senator Chamberlain is the most conspicuous legislative figure in the United States in the present world crisis. His address should abound with information of value to the people at this time.

The movement for a hospital worthy of the city should be backed financially by all our people to the limit of their financial ability. It is needed every day by the sick and afflicted of the community and surrounding communities. With the progress of the war it may prove of inestimable value to returning sick and wounded soldiers. For a long time the Capital City has been lacking in hospital facilities—the demands of the times now make a modern institution an imperative necessity.

This movement will call for liberal subscriptions of money but we must face the situation courageously. The young men at the front are doing the fighting for us; we must give of our means liberally for all purposes, furnishing the money for prosecution of the war and the health, comfort and equipment of the boys at the front. We who are back of the line must show our patriotism by paying the price in dollars where the soldiers pay in health and life.

Salem should build and equip a modern hospital without delay.

Argentina's wheat harvest, which begins on the 15th of this month is reported as a record one, and its quantity is placed at 185,000,000 bushels. Other crops except corn are said to be of the record kind but no estimate is made as to it, it being rather early to make any definite statement concerning it. This will give a handsome surplus, providing the Germans in that country cannot hold up the harvest.

Among the oddities of the war are the reports from Mesopotamia telling of battles with modern weapons in biblical lands. For instance, the dispatches Sunday spoke of British forces attacking the Turkish lines defending the coast city of Gaza. A few days ago a dispatch told of fighting at Bethlehem. Anyway if it does nothing else it may cause some to make a study of the Bible or at least of the old testament.

The Voter is of the opinion a mistake was made in forcing Allen Eaton to resign. It bases this opinion on the alleged fact that "dreamers, of whom Eaton was one, become dangerous when not allowed to dream in peace." The Voter intimates he may, having been "made a martyr of," do things. It intimates that from the "burning stake he may speak words that will topple dynasties." It's too bad but let us hope he will think better of it. Just now the dynasties are doing their own toppling and require no help from "dreamers at the stake."

New York City has just closed a mayoralty campaign of remarkable fierceness and extraordinary vituperation. The dictionaries have been scanned for words that wither and burn, and then the tables of synonyms have been studied so that nothing in the way of vituperative language might be overlooked. It presented a field so attractive to the doughty colonel that he came out of his retirement to limber up his tongue and practice his vocabulary. His needs no extraneous aid from the unabridged, for he is a past master in that line. Among politicians who have been reading the flood of billingsgate there is a general belief that Hylan will win.

RIPPLING RHYMES

HAIG
We hear a lot of other men who've done artistic fighting, but Haig, who's won, again, again, is unknown at this writing. He doesn't hand our Haigish news to eager-eyed reporters, nor yet submit to interviews which might be called ripplers. He doesn't hunt the "feature" gent, or leave his post forsaken, to face a look in a tent and have his picture taken. I know not if he's short or tall, I've never seen his photo; but whether he is large or small he's getting William's goat, oh! Some colonels view the hall of fame and think it El Dorado, but he who plays the mighty game is always in the shadow. I know not how he wears his beard or who may be his tailor, but more and more his strokes are feared, and Wilhelm's growing paler. I've seen no pictures of his wife, or of his sons and daughters, or of his ancient home in Fife, beside some storied waters. The grand stand looks for him in vain, no gallery knows him, but when the Prussians plant their alain, they curse him and bemoan him. With him there's no such word as can't, no obstacles affrighting; great man! like our own silent Grant, he fights and keeps on fighting.

Margaret Garrett's
Husband
By JANE PHELPS
AN INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER XLIX.
A few days afterward I had a little necessary shopping to do, I had not finished by one o'clock, and, as I felt a little faint, I dropped into the Halpin for a bite. I had nearly finished when a slight stir near me attracted my attention and to my surprise I saw Bob coming toward me closely followed by a petite young girl of about twenty-one or twenty-two years. She was very lovely and beautifully dressed.

"Where in the world did you come from Margaret?" Bob asked, as he stopped at the table where I was just finishing my simple luncheon. "Miss Riggs, my wife, Mrs. Garrett," then she acknowledged the introduction he added, "bring another chair waiter, we will sit here," my table was a small one for two.

"Perhaps Mrs. Garrett would prefer not to be disturbed," Miss Riggs remarked.

"I have nearly finished," I replied coldly, as I wondered what Bob was doing in that part of town at noon, and why Miss Riggs should be with him. The waiter quickly placed another chair and Miss Riggs and Bob sat down. "I don't suppose you will join us Margaret?" Bob remarked casually as he studied the menu.

"No thank you, as soon as I finish my coffee I will be excused and finish my shopping. Mother is taking care of Donald," I added.

"Mr. Garrett told me you had a little son," Miss Riggs said to me. Then to Bob who had just consulted her as to her appetite, "You please order for me Mr. Garrett I really prefer you should."

Bob ordered quite a substantial luncheon, while Miss Riggs made an attempt to be pleasant to me. But it was so evidently an attempt, she was so plainly surprised and embarrassed at meeting me, that a conversation was impossible. I waited for her to go, and at least appeared to be forced; and I was alone. But Bob soon dissipated that idea, for when he had finished ordering and the waiter had left us he turned to me and said:

"I'm so glad we ran into you Margaret! Miss Riggs has written a novel which promises to make her famous. We must have her and Kendall up to the house some evening soon, and perhaps a few others."

"Your husband is sort of a hero-worshiper, isn't he Mrs. Garrett? you notice he says nothing about me personally, it is all my book," but I could see that she was pleased.

I had been simply furious ever since they sat down with me. Not that I was jealous of Miss Riggs, or that I thought anything wrong; but why in the world couldn't Bob have come in alone? Then I could have consulted him about some purchases I was to make that afternoon, and we might have had a nice time together. As it was, I could say nothing of a private nature to him; I had no desire that my private affairs should be known and discussed by Miss Riggs, and her friend Mrs. Root. I was thinking of this when Bob spoke, and he started me so that I dropped my tea cup and spilled the hot tea on my lap; and on the cloth. I was horribly embarrassed, especially as Miss Riggs made so much fuss that she attracted the attention of all sitting near us.

"I'm so sorry!" she gasped, "I do hope you haven't ruined your dress."

"You should be more careful, Margaret," Bob broke in, "you might have soiled yourself severely."

"It is nothing!" I exclaimed, annoyed, "but will you call a cab at once and take me home, Bob? My shopping will have to be postponed until another day."

"I will call a cab for you at once, Margaret, but it isn't at all necessary for me to take you home; you will do very well by yourself."

"Don't let me keep you," Miss Riggs spoke.

"Miss Riggs is looking for a country home where she can be undisturbed at her work. We take a train for Jersey as soon as we finish luncheon. I have several on my list I think will suit her."

"Very well, put me in a cab, and I'll go home by myself," I said with an injured air; yet satisfied now that I knew it was business instead of a silly manuscript that interested Bob.

When he put me into the cab he said:

"I may be late tonight, don't wait for me."

"You know I will, that I never eat anything until you come home."

"Well, good bye," and he returned to his luncheon, and I drove home dis-

THE CROWD, THE ENTHUSIASM AND THE WAY THEY ARE BUYING SEEMS LIKE

The Good Old Days

BEFORE THE WAR, BEFORE THE HIGH PRICES AND HIGH COST OF LIVING FOR THEY ARE COMING TO
OUR SALE

FROM EVERY POINT, FROM HALSEY, ALBANY, JEFFERSON, MARION AND TURNER TO THE SOUTH; CANBY, HUBBARD, WOODBURN, GERVAIS, BROOKS AND CHEMAWA TO THE NORTH; SILVERTON, MT. ANGEL, PRATUM, AUMSVILLE, STAYTON, MILL CITY, SCIO, SHELBURN, GATES AND THOMAS TO THE EAST, AND ALL OF POLK COUNTY TO THE WEST FOR

OUR PRICES ATTRACT

TODAY WE ARE TOO BUSY TO WRITE ADS. WATCH THIS SPACE TOMORROW AND EACH SUCCEEDING DAY FOR WE WILL HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING TO TELL. OWING TO THE IMMENSE CROWD PRESENT SATURDAY THERE WERE MANY WHO DID NOT GET A NUMBER ON THE

Free \$50 Liberty Bond

ASK THE MANAGER FOR A NUMBER, WE WANT YOU TO COME AND ARE GIVING A FIFTY DOLLAR BOND AS AN INDUCEMENT. RIGHT HERE LET US SAY, IF YOU ARE NEEDING

Clothing, Shoes or Furnishing Goods

IT WILL BE TO YOUR FINANCIAL INTEREST TO BUY DURING THIS SALE FOR PRICES WILL NOT BE SO LOW AGAIN. TOMORROW WE WILL QUOTE PRICES FOR THE REST OF THE WEEK. GET TUESDAY'S CAPITAL JOURNAL AND SCAN THIS SPACE FOR PRICES THAT SAVE YOU DOLLARS.

The House That
GUARANTEES
Every Purchase

BENJAMIN BRICK

The House with
A CONSCIENCE

THE CORNER STORE—LIBERTY AND STATE

Prohibition of Imports To Save Nation's Gold

Washington, Nov. 5.—Prohibition of certain imports in order to stem further the overflow of American gold is imminent.

President Wilson, it is understood, will shortly issue a proclamation prohibiting certain imports and curtailing

others. A desire to keep gold in the United States and to concentrate on indispensable commerce is the purpose of imports control, authorized in the trading with the enemy act, and which will be administered by the war trade board, co-operating with the secretary of the treasury.

However, a tax could scarcely be spread out more fairly, and none could be much thinner than the postage tax.



YOU must always think of your Guarantee on every package of Lucky Strike Cigarettes as a direct personal message from The American Tobacco Company to you—not a mere business formality. Read it; this is what it says:

GUARANTEE
If these cigarettes are not in perfect condition, or if they are not entirely satisfactory in every way, return the package and as many of the cigarettes as you have not smoked, to your dealer and he will refund your money.

You couldn't ask for anything more complete, sweeping or unreserved, could you? You are protected, the dealer is protected: everyone who pays his money for Lucky Strike Cigarettes is given the squarest deal that plain English can define.

Isn't it a satisfaction to you to buy goods in which the manufacturer's confidence is so completely expressed, and the dealer's confidence so thoroughly backed up?

It gives you confidence; brings us all together—a complete circle of confidence.

Lucky Strike is the real Burley cigarette: you'll enjoy it immensely; the new flavor:

It's Toasted

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT