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

A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN

Our esteemed morning contemporary while not mentioning the Capital Journal by name, accuses it of being a political enemy of the governor and of blaming him for taking sides with the superintendent of the prison as against a subordinate of the latter. It also asserts the Capital Journal accused the governor of "intentionally" stabbing the flax industry. It further says the governor is the father of that industry and intimates he would not deliberately stick a prod into his panting. As to being a political enemy of the governor—well we say what we think ought to be said about the official acts of any officeholder and if that makes us the governor's political enemy we can't help it.

Our contemporary, however, has nothing to back its other statements. The Capital Journal did not say a word about the governor siding with the superintendent as against the manager of the flax plant, but asserted that some way could have been found to prevent the friction without letting the one man qualified for the handling of the flax plant go. The Capital Journal said not a word as to the intentions of the governor, but simply asserted he had "stabbed the flax industry." We repeat the assertion and emphasize it. We are not close enough to the governor to act as his mouthpiece or to know what his intentions are. The governor is a nice enough old gentleman, when he is allowed to have his own way; being childlike in this respect—and some others. In fact he has so many tendencies in this direction that it may well be doubted if he is immune from whooping cough, measles and other infantile diseases. The governor is somewhat choleric, a trifle headstrong, disposed to be willful and extremely hard for his playmates to get along with. He doesn't want anyone to swing on his gate unless they swing as he directs. He would boss the manner in which they paddle in his rain water barrel and would object to their scratching his pig's back unless the gentle tribulation was as he directed, and this regardless of the gratification it might afford the pig. Barring these little things that he forgot to outgrow, he is a nice old gentleman—in fact he is anyway.

The experience of the young men called to the border during our recent trouble with Mexico should be a great eye-opener. The almost universal testimony is that the physical condition of practically all these men was vastly improved by the training, the right living and the taking of abundant exercise. If the nation heeds this lesson it will provide for military training in all the schools. There is nothing else that sets a boy up so well as this kind of training. It also teaches obedience to the commands of those in authority, and lays a solid foundation for future citizenship. There should be more training and less foreign languages taught in the schools. It would be better for the boys and girls and incomparably better for the country.

Von Tirpitz says "Germany must retain part of the Belgian coast for submarine base." This shows the German idea of peace. It means she is now only seeking a peace that will permit her to recuperate and make still more elaborate preparations for another war than she had made for this one. When the war is over there will be no need of submarines, especially by Germany, for she will have to give good guaranty that she will never again attempt to use them. If the war does not end until Germany is allowed to retain a portion of Belgium, the war will never end.

"Time flies" so says the old Latin quotation, and it certainly does with our good but somewhat choleric governor. Monday the superintendent of the flax plant, Mr. Crawford, was given until the first of December to resign, and before he could get from the governor's office to the prison where the flax plant is located, the time limit expired.

The governor having at his own request been given sole charge of the prison and with it the flax plant, as soon as a row started tried to pass the buck up to the other members of the board of control, Secretary of State Olcott and State Treasurer Kay. It did not work, for each of these shook his head negatively and said "nay, nay James." It is up to the governor to decide about that bonus to Crawford, and it remains to be seen if he will stick to it that Crawford has not made good in the face of the showing made.

The American Federation of Labor through its representatives in convention at Buffalo heartily indorsed the work of their president, Samuel Gompers, and still more heartily pledged themselves to stand firmly by President Wilson. This is indeed cheering news, but only that expected. The laboring man of the United States has a profound interest in the outcome of the war. With Germany victorious labor would be in a condition of practical serfdom.

Most of the counties are objecting to the ratios fixed by the tax commission on which the taxes of the railroads will be paid. If all the counties would comply with the law and assess all property at its actual value there would be no need of ratios. This however, despite the law which requires it will never be done. It would make no difference to the tax payers, for a certain amount of money has to be raised and the higher the assessment the lower the tax rate.

In view of the fact that there is luck in odd numbers the food commissioners were excusable for fixing the price of beans at \$5.90 a bushel, but while about it they might just as well placed it at \$6.00 so as to make the price 10 cents a pound, and make the counting up the cost that much the easier. However this is the price the government will pay, and has little to do with what the consumer must dig up if he would know beans.

News from Russia Tuesday indicated the revolutionists had beaten Kerensky and Korniloff, but as the rebels have control of the wires this must be taken with a great deal of salt. The last word received from the reliable source was to the effect the revolutionists were being badly whipped, and this is probably the true condition.

A dispatch from Geneva, Switzerland, says the presence of the American aviators is being felt in the increased supremacy of the allied air forces on the western front. Wait until those 25,000 airships now building get into action, and then note results.

With the British in Palestine running the Turks through cities and sections mentioned so many times in the Bible, and with our own architect Lazarus so continuously in the local limelight the days news reads like an assortment of Bible sketches.

If some fellow will discover a plan by which some of the extra fog of these days could be laid away for use next summer he would confer a favor that would be appreciated both now and then.

With complete official returns from all the counties, Ohio remains in the wet column by a majority of 1,723. This is a remarkably close vote considering the total cast which was 1,048,583.

With complete official returns from every county the state of Ohio remains in the wet column by a majority of 1,723. Now for a celebration in Cincinnati, and "over the Rhine."

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

THANKSGIVING

There's much, on this Thanksgiving, we should be grateful for, although we now are living beneath the shade of war. Though we may push the dagger in foemen, to the hilt, when from the scrap we stagger, there'll be no sense of guilt. We did not start to scatter the blood around in showers, no treaties did we shatter, the rough-house is not ours. The trouble we evade so long the neighbors cried that dollar lust had faded our courage and our pride. Not to impose our kultur on other nations' schools do we ply catapult or the other deadly tools. Not that our bounds may widen to take in neighbors' lands, do we to war go ridin', with pitchforks in our hands. Not that our hearts are burning with hate for Wilhelm's hordes, do we begin a-turning our stove-hooks into swords. When peace again is reigning, and seems as good as new, there'll be no shamed explaining for Uncle Sam to do. No words need then be spoken, in spirit or in sense. For this we should be grateful, while smiling cooks produce the large and brimming plateful of turkey, duck or goose.



WALT MASON

Margaret Garrett's Husband

By JANE PHELPS

A DOUBIOUS RECEPTION

CHAPTER LVIX.

All that day I considered what was best to do about telling Bob I had followed him to Chicago. Unless I decided not to, there was no need to mention it to mother and Della. I hated to take a servant into my confidence unless it was necessary; yet in some way I hated to have Bob know I had made that fool-ess journey to Chicago.

Finally I decided that I would wait until he returned. I would see him before anyone else, and I would be guided by what he said and did. Elsie came in during the day, and I told her the whole miserable experience and asked her advice.

"What would you do?" I queried after I had told her my story.

"I'd never let a man know I had made a fool of myself if I could help it!" she answered cryptically, then, "whatever possessed you to do such a thing! I don't believe I would have done that if I had been in your shoes."

"You said I never dreamed that Bob would be in Chicago, and in the net," I replied, "it was awful, Elsie, perfectly awful. Why I never had been in a big hotel in my life before unless someone was with me. That clerk looked so sorry for me, it made me ashamed."

Elsie laughed merrily, but before she left I had cautioned Della, at the same time making her a present of a dress as mine she had admired. I then telephoned mother and asked her and father to say nothing to Bob of my Chicago trip in search of him. Mother promised, although I know by her voice that she was puzzled at the request.

That night I slept soundly in spite of my anxiety. I was completely worn out. The following day I spent getting ready for Bob. I made a loaf of his favorite cake, and a jar of old-fashioned molasses cookies. He claimed no one made them as good as I did. I put the children to bed early, then dressed myself to wait for him.

When he came I was so glad to see him, so glad to feel his arms around me that I forgot everything save my happiness in having him at home again until he asked:

"Any messages for me or anything?" "Nothing that amounts to anything! John Kendall wants you to call him up!"

Without a word he rushed to the telephone. I tried to stop him, to tell him it was of no importance; that I was not through talking to him, but he had the number, and was talking before I could make him understand.

"Hello old man!" he called, then "Not on your life! I'm never too tired for you, and I have a lot to tell you anyway. Come right over."

"You don't mean that you have asked John Kendall to come over here tonight?" I asked. "The first night you are home!"

"I surely did ask him! and mighty glad I shall be to see him, too." "But, Bob, I love you and you must realize that I don't want to share you with him," and I clung closely to his arm.

I saw a look of annoyance cross his face, but he answered gently: "Son will see plenty of me, Margaret. I attended to some business for John, and naturally he is anxious to hear about it."

I noticed a queer dull flush creep over his face as he talked, and I wondered why the simple fact that he had attended to business for John Kendall should bring that flush to his face. But I was more interested in myself just then, than I was in John, so I said nothing of what I observed, only added:

"Surely you are glad I love you, Bob! Think how terrible it would be if I didn't!"

"Yes, Margaret, yes," he replied as he reached into his pocket and took out some papers. "There, dear, that will do for the present," as I again kissed him, and assured him of my affection.

I felt the tears coming but tried to hide them from him. I needn't have tried, he hadn't noticed he was so busy looking for some paper he wanted. Then the bell rang, and Della admitted John Kendall.

Always I had been jealous of Bob's dearest friend; but never so much as that night. After he had greeted me, the library. They did not close the door, and although the hangings were heavy I could hear a great deal of their conversation.

"Simply wonderful," I heard Bob say with enthusiasm. Then, "what couldn't a man accomplish with such an inspiration!"

"But, Bob, I wouldn't have asked you to attend to the thing for me had I known it would affect you like that! what would Mrs. Garrett say?"

"Oh, Margaret!" Bob replied, "She cares nothing for the things that interest me, I scarcely think she would deign to be interested in anything or anyone I cared for."

To my surprise Bob spoke more bitterly than ever I had heard him. His voice showed regret, and something



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LEAD ARMIES ON ITALIAN FRONT—Above Sir Henry Hughes Wilson, of the British staff, who has gone to Italy to aid in stemming the great Teutonic drive. Below General von Bulow in command of the German armies on the Italian front.

The Daily Novelette And He Did

THE EMMALOOOLIAN EMERALD.

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: It is a great day in the life of Theoby Tibbitts, Jr., last of a notorious line of fortune hunters, when he is accepted by the fair and fabulously wealthy Virginia Smeer, daughter of Watchme Smeer the cheese king. In order to get in right Theoby determines to roam the world in search of the finest and most expensive engagement ring that ever decorated a dear one's digit. Searching for the unique gem, he mingles with robbers in Robbania, assassins in the Assassinean Mountains, pirates in the Piratotee, vandals in Vandalusia, and highwaymen in Hiawaita-while. He has many narrow escapes, twice being shot at in the Straits and once in the Florida. He unearths and rejects priceless emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, and saffras sapphires, and finally, after a year and two months, is satisfied with a emmaloolian emerald from the peedlewoos mines. He returns and rings the front doorbell of the Smeer mansion on Fifth Avenue).

Conclusion.
"Miss Virginia Smeer, sir?" said the butler. "There is no such, sir. She is Mrs. Doodleham Willes now, sir. Married this afternoon, sir. Yes, sir, that explains all the rice about, sir."

The End.

more, a dissatisfaction with something. "We must take her in hand," John returned. "I am surprised that Elsie Barton hasn't convinced her of our worth long before this!"

"She is fond of Elsie, but she cares nothing for any of the rest of you. She seems to think you will lead me astray" and again I noted the touch of bitterness in his voice.

(Tomorrow—An Interruption.)



TO GO, LEAVE WHAT YOU ARE COOKING, AND COME HERE!
AND HE DID.

TIEZ FOR THE FEET
JAZZ FOR THE SOUL
JITNEY FOR THE Y. M. C. A.
WAE FUND
MOOSE HALL
Saturday Night

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